AN ILLU-Confined to w in Gennteresting

Round cases of perfumes, with three-sided bottles packed carefully in between leather-covered partitions, are at safe as they are attractive, and come in every imaginable size from

used to. And small glass cups are to be had for the people who dislike drinking from a metal cup. They have cases of a light-woven straw—strong

enough, in spite of its fragile look, to

enough, in spite of its fraglic look, to stand all sorts of knocks.

A case for collars is made of leather, and is just a little bag drawn up by a cord. The collars—it's for stiff ones, of course—are rolled tightly up and slipped inside. A bag of silk would answer the same purpose.

Shoe bags, collar and cuff cases, silkner bags nightneys or sees—made.

shoe bags, colar and cur cases, slipper bags, nightgown cases—made of handkerchief linen and valenciennes lace—with your initials embroidered on—there are attractive cases to be found, made for almost every conceivable use.

Women Are Poor Speakers. Most women in these days know how to eat. They have found out what "agrees" with them, and usual-

what "agrees" with them, and usually—we are speaking of educated women—have the sense and strength of
mind to choose it. Most women, too,
among this class take some exercise
daily in the open air. Most of them
sleep in well-aired bedrooms and a
proper number of hours each night.
But it is the exception among them
to have loose and comrortable clothing.

is sometimes tempted to ask if any one has time to rest, and, if they have

the time, whether they have the art of doing so thoroughly. Almost all

the medical prescriptions seem to concentrate in that apparently simple word "rest," but to rest properly is not so very simple after all. It is greatly a matter of habit, even with

greatly a matter of habit, even with highly strung temperaments, just as hurry and worry and perpetual rush are also matters of custom. Those who cannot rest usually have a certain lack of self-control.

in between leather-covered partitions, are at safe as they are attractive, and come in every imaginable size, from the smallest of all—a case for just a single bottle—to one that holds four; each of a fairly good size, says the Washington Times.

As to the pocket cups—the collapsible kind is still used, only it has been improved so that it doesn't collapse without warning in the way it used to. And small glass cups are to be had for the people who dislike drinking from a metal cup. They have cases of a light-woven straw—strong

ence of the emotions must mean a waste of energy and possible harm to the health, and it has been said that

"Consulting Dressmaker."

The society woman who was always becomingly dressed was in a confidential mood. "I have no more taste than a thousand other women," she said to a friend who had been complimenting her on her perfect taste, "but I strictly follow the advice of a young woman who knows more about

young woman who knows more abou

young woman who knows more about perfect dressing than any one I know in society, and I never buy anything new without consulting her. It all began with her selling me dress goods of a peculiar shade of blue. She declared it would sult my style best, although I rather inclined to a conventional light blue. I had it made up and all my friends declared it was the most becoming thing I ever had

the most becoming thing I ever had

"The next time I went into the store I stopped to thank her for such good advice and she asked me if I had bought one of the beautiful em-

broidered girdles to go with it. It wasn't her department, but she had seen the girdles and had thought how well it would go with that gown. That sent me to the girdle counter and I

been the girdles and had thought how the tex exception among them to have loose and comortable clothing.

As the exception among them to have loose and comortable clothing.

As the third was the beginning of the fact that is a considerate of the classification of the classification for more reformed with voice production. In most cases it is impossible to sustine and she invariably made an excellent sugar-stand of the classification for more reasonable to make a consideration of the fashion plates, even at a consideration of the fashion plates, even at a consideration of the diaphragm. The talking voice is most dependent for its sweet and volume, in clothes modeled after the fashion plates, even at a consideration of the diaphragm. The talking voice is most dependent for its sweet as the fashion plates, even at a consideration of the diaphragm. The talking voice is most dependent for its sweet as powerful (when they are permitted of the diaphragm of the talking voice is most dependent for its sweet appoint fancy.

Paper Clothing, New.

Wearing aparel made of paper is being manufactured in several European countries, insentors have been busy endeavoring to introduce paper and evotton are also spun tocich by a patented process. Paper and cotton are also spun tocich by a patented process. Paper and cotton are also spun together, so that in the finished years the surface of the sweet of the

lace-trimmed, and lingerie blouses combine to make interesting "best'

All-over embroideries make the pret tiest of the new lingerie blouses—all over and edgings almost wide enough

Picture hats are smaller than they have been for years, but the world millinery is getting ready for more surprises this fall.

White and silk petticoats alike come in varying lengths, instead of one length (that always has to be altered) of a couple of years ago.

to call allovers.

Some people, however, positively radiate vitality, while others as quickly absorb it, and, unluckily one meets the former but rarely in this age of turmoil and unrest. Therefore it is positively delightful when one does

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR AND THE

TERRITORY ACQUIRED BY JAPAN.

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AZTTOM

SEA

The horizontally-shaded portion of the map shows the vast area of Manchuria which Russia returns to China. The other shaded portions show the southern half of Saghalien which will belong to Japan, and Korea, which passes under Japanese control. The Liaotung Peninsula with Port Arthur and Dalny are transferred to Japan

ferred to Japan

The old house in Nantucket where Maria Mitchell was born is probably the only house on this continent which is preserved on account of being the birthplace of a woman.

The Maria Mitchell Association was formed three years ago, has purchased the house, installed an admirable curator in it and is making a collection of the control of the control of the control of the control of the Cartest and the control of the control of the Cartest and the control of the control

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JAPAN

SEA

-From the Independent.

for the family when service failed. In short, she was always ready to

grimages to the Nantucket house, and rejoice that it is to be preserved as a memorial of a nature which somewhat resembled it in its simplicity and its strength.—Youth's Companion.

CLOCK WORK ENGRAVER.

A useful engraving tool is represent ed in the accompanying illustration, from the Jeweler's Circular, and con-

FNGRAVING TOOL WITH SPINDLE sists of a movement with a mainspring which is arranged with a revolving

which is arranged with a revolving spindle, carrying puncturing or tracing cutters, by means of which a piece of jewelry or a ring may be marked with name, initials, or ciphers, by any operator of ordinary skill. The tool has two attachments, one which operates perpendicularly, and the other which may be operated at an angle, and inside of a ring.

CLASSIC SLOT MACHINE.

(O) (O)

on the island, the days when each were to take the field were arranged beforehand between the Turks and the insurgents. When the Turks were out

the latter kept indoors or away in the hills, and the Turks took care not to be out when the Cretans arranged a firing party.—London Saturday Re-

constant observations of the heavens and calculations from them. She toiled for days in the effort to adjust the cross-hairs of her telescope, which had been broken. She cooked and cleaned

pleasant. The insurgents live on their opponents' cattle or are fed by sympathizers.

In the early times of the foreign occupation, while the Turks were stil:

Light Opera War.

An insurrection on a Greek island is light opera or burlesque. This opposition instead of going on the stump goes on the hills, and with little more damage to themselves or their opponents. The summer climate in the highlands is salubrious and the nights pleasant. The insurgents live on their

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MONGOLIA

CHINESE

EMPIRE

MARIA MITCHELL'S HOME.

the house, installed an admirable curator in it, and is making a collection there of objects which belonged to Miss Mitchell, of the flora and fauna of Nantucket, and of books of science. Maria Mitchell was born in 1818. The house where the family lived on Vestal street, Nantucket, was a square one, with a huge central chimney. There was a small, lean-to kitchen, and a back yard of fair size, as well as a front yard, with beds of old-fashioned flowers.

MA

Mamma smiled, and said, softly

Love would be a good name to write in your heart album today, I think. It will shine like a little sun, and it will shine into the heart of everyone

you meet, and show you something

"Every one?"

"Yes."

"Oh-h!" said Ethel, with a deep breath. "Will it light up something lovable in the hearts of the boys that call names and throw stones, and in the heart of Maggie Flint, who treads on my heels when I am coming home from school, and in Kate Stone's heart? She is the proud girl, you know, and won't speak to me. Do you think there could be anything lovable to light up in her?"

"Try it, and see," said mamma. "Remember, you must think of nothing but the name in your own heart, and let it shine. Let all the names that you do not love go, for if you write them in your heart they will make such a smoke that the light cannot get through."

"How queer! I'm going to begin

make such a smoke that the light cannot get through."

"How queer! I'm going to begin right now."

Ethel stood still a moment. "There," she said, "I have written it six times in bright letters like sunshine, and now I am going to Sadie's."

On the way Ethel saw an old man ahead of her. He was bent over, and carrying a basket that appeared to be very heavy. His shoes were rusty, his clothes faded and patched, his hair and beard grizzled, and he muttered crossly as he shuffled along slowly with his burden.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ethel, "if there isn't that dreadful old Mr. Peter Conner. He'll scowl at me, I supose, but I won't be scared a bit this time. I'll make believe I am not scared, anyway. My! I wonder if there can be anything lovely inside of his heart. I'll shine my bright name in, anyway. It will be like a searchlight, showing up things you can't see in the dim lights.

lovely inside of his heart. I'll shine my bright name in, anyway. It will be like a searchlight, showing up things you can't see in the dim lights. Good-morning, Mr. Conner."

Mr. Conner stopped short and grunted, but he was so surprised to hear himself spoken to pleasantly, and to see such a smiling face raised to his, that he forgot to scowl.

"Couldn't I help you with your basket?" asked Ethel, "I'm real strong."

Then the old man had to smile. "I'll be jiggered if ever I saw such a gal as you miss." He had set his basket down and with his hands on his sides he straightened up a little and looked at her curiously from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Why, you see me every day almost. I am Ethel Mayhew, and I live in that white house with the long row of hollyhocks next the wall."

But the old man shook his head.
"Never saw you before," he said.
"Never saw anything but bad children
who laugh at me, and called me
names and threw stones."

names and threw stones."

Ethel's cheeks flamed so red that the man hastened to add: "Not meaning you, of course. I never saw you."

All in a minute Ethel had a thought and the smile grew into a laugh and the dimples danced in her cheek. "I've got a secret, a beautiful secret, Mr. Conner," she said, "and if you will sit down here on this big stone I will tell it to you."

tell it to you."

Mr. Conner chuckled to himself and patted his knees with his crooked hands as he sat down on the big

"As soon as I begin to be different to other folks, they begin to be differ-

to other forks, they begin to be different to me."

"Jes' so, jes' so," said Peter.

After they had told each other their stories, and Ethel had said good-by and was skipping on toward her little friend Sadie's, old Peter Conner sat in the doorway and patted his knees, and about once in five minutes exclaimed: "Well, I'll be jiggered"—Mildred Norman, in Zion's Herald.

North Carolina Girl's School Record.

North Carolina Girl's School Record.

In Concord last week one of the graduates of the graded schools completed a school life of nine years with a record that is truly remarkable. When the certificates were awarded it was announced that during her—of course it was a girl—entire school life of nine years she had never been absent or tardy. We doubt whether this record has a narallel in the state or

record has a parallel in the state or anywhere else. The young lady in this case is a daughter of Mr. John B. Sherrill, editor of the Concord Times, and a grand-daughter of Judge W. J.

"Bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem," which was the name of a religious house in London,

converted into a house for lunatics

Montgomery.

gy eyebrows.

So much water has made that as pure as snow."

Grandpa leaned out of the door and put his hand to his ear. "I believe the grape-vine is talking, too," he said. "Yes, it is saying, 'Dear me, if it had not been for this rain I should not have been able to hold on to this trellis much longer. My arms were so dry they had no strength, but see how fresh I feel now! I am going to try to reach that next railing today, and I shall do it, too!"

Gladys was listening eagerly under the full spell of grandpa's "make believe." "Are the pansies saying any thing?" she asked, earnestly.

"Listen!" said grandpa. "They are saying, There, I have a clean face at last! It has been so thick with dust I could not see beyond the path. My eyes feel as bright as can be. It is hard to be so dusty. I am sure you all looked like old ladies yesterday, with your caps all curled on the edges; but today you look as young as you did when you first took off your green hoods. I don't feel over a week old."

"Grandpa, I don't mind about the picnic at all. I think it was selfish to make them wait another day," and Gladys leaned out over the door-sill and looked down lovingly at the flowers, as if she expected them to thank her.—Margaret J. Dublois, in the Youth's Companion.

Their Holiday.

The kit-cats had a picnic in the lovely summer weather.
They took their luncheon to the woods and spent the day together.
They started very early—with the rising of the sun,
The little kit-cats shouted loud, "The picnic has begun!"

And, oh, but they were happy and the luncheon tasted good!

And what a place for hide-and-seek they found the shady wood!

They stumbled homeward sleeplly at setting of the sun,

Fach sighing "What a plty that the merry

Each sighing, "What a pity that the merry picnic's done!"

—Youth's Companion.

Voices in the Garden,

No picnic! Gladys could hardly be-lieve the words that she heard as she came down the stairs and found grandpa standing in the shed door and looking at the weather-vane on

"Even if it should clear," he was saying, "the woods would be too wet for the children to have any fun."
Gladys has promised mother if she came all alone to visit on the farm that she would try to be as little trouble on searthly the say and the say that the world try to be as little trouble on searthly the say that the say the say the say that the say the s

that she would try to be as little trou-ble as possible, and so she bravely choked back the tears that came to her eyes. "But why didn't it wait till tomorrow?" she asked, and to this question grandpa had no answer, but he placed a hand on her curls and patted a little comfort. "After break-fast I will tell you the reason," he said.

It had cleared a little and the wind subsided so that they were able to bring their chairs to the open door of the shed, where they could look out into grandpa's garden on one side and at grandmother's flowers on the other.

"Let's us listen to the voices of the

"Let's us listen to the voices of the garden," said grandpa. "Perhaps we shall learn the reason why our picnic was postponed. Hear what those beets are saying! That big one over there says, 'How good it is to run my feet down into this cool puddle! I reached down there all last week, and the bed was so hot and dry it made me feel weak. The soft, cool water is running all about me, and I feel so fresh I think I must have grown a whole inch.'

a whole inch.

a whole inch.'

"Over there I can hear another voice—it is the sweet peas. They are all talking at once. I hear one say, 'In another day I should have lost all the color I was making. It had all paled out, and I was beginning to think I could not give a blossom to that little girl at the big house. But this water helped me churn up the color, and I can see that my buds are swelling beautifully. Don't you see that lovely purple and deep pink?' 'Yes,' one of the others is saying, 'but it is not so pretty as the white. So much water has made that as pure as snow.'"

ers, as if she expected them to thank her.—Margaret J. Dublois, in the Youth's Companion.

Ethel's Autograph Album.

Ethel's Autograph Album.

Ethel run in from the porch where she had been reading her Sundayschool paper. "Just see this, mamma. The inside of Shakespeare's house was all covered with names of visitors. It was a kind of autograph album, wasn't it? The minister who writes about it says our hearts are like that house. Isn't that funny? You read it, mamma."

So mamma read it. "Yes," she said, "everything we see or hear or feel or speak or think is written on the walls of the heart. And you can try for yourself and see if catching the good in everything does not make you hap-

in everything does not make you hap

py."
"Oh, tell me how to begin," cried

"Oh, tell me how to begin," cried Ethel. "I mean to have a beautiful autograph album, and mine will be alive. Tell me how to begin; then I'll run over to Sadie's and tell her that I have a beautiful live autograph album. And she will want to see it and wish she had one, and I will tell her that she has one just like mine. How s'prised she will be to think she has such a wonderful album and does not

such a wonderful album and does not know it! How shall I begin mam-

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Consump-lds.--John b. 15, 1900.

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