

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A YOUNG WOMAN WITH MANY BUSINESS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If Miss Virginia Pope were to tell off her business accomplishments upon her fingers and thumbs in the approved manner, she would find the normal supply far inadequate. She has been an artist, a writer, a drummer, an actress, a detective, a caterer, a window dresser, a table decorator; she introduced American candies into Europe and was the first to popularize in London the tinkle of the matinee girls—ice cream soda. She has traveled from one end of this country to the other, and every town of any considerable size in the country has echoed the front from her silken skirts. She has sold to druggists and brewers, to department houses and even to saloon keepers, and there isn't a twist or turn in the drummer's profession with which she is unfamiliar and scarcely an article of trade that she has not exploited at some time or other.

And yet this intimate touch with the activities of the world has not robbed



MISS VIRGINIA POPE.

her of the dainty traits of the average girl who leads the shut life of her sex. She is quiet in speech, refined in manner and wearing spectacles, as she sometimes does, would be more apt to be taken for a Boston schoolmistress than the best known and most successful woman drummer of the day.

Miss Pope delights to design her own frocks and makes them, too, when time permits. She is an accomplished musician and paints in water colors and oils with a degree of talent that would reward her were she to devote herself to art exclusively. She is tall and slight and seemingly physically incapable of all the hard work that she has crowded into her short life. Yet she has thrived upon it, and she was never stronger than when she filled three positions at one time in New York. She was engaged by a noted New York caterer to design all his favors and bouton boxes, she was understudy for the leading lady at the Madison Square theater and was on the detective force of the New York police department. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fun at Conander Suppers.

A clever woman has invented the conander supper for raising money for charitable ends. "It is great fun for the guests," she says, "and highly remunerative to the philanthropists."

The plan is to serve a supper a la carte, presenting the bewildered guest with a menu card written in enigma. From this he must order at random—eating, of course, what is received—unless he is clever enough to guess some hidden viand.

Here is a specimen menu: "Pearl gatherers, Spring's offering. Confused and mixed. Women of grit. Herald of the dawn. New England speciality. Wood from a celebrated watering place. Boston's overthrow. Hidden tears. Klondike nuggets. One who embarked from the ark. Fragrant beans from Arabia. Earth apple salad. Cane fruits."

Of course the guests order blindly from the card. All manner of laughable mistakes and surprises are sure to follow, for if a man choose "fragrant beans from Arabia" he will be sure of a good cup of coffee at least, but if he order "spring's offering" a glass of cold water only will be his luck. "Herald of the dawn" stands for a bird.

Choose "confused and mixed," you will receive a generous dish of pickles. "Women of grit" will bring forth a couple of delicious sandwiches. "Wood from a celebrated watering place," when simmered down, amounts to "Saratoga chips." "Pearl gatherers" stand for oysters on ice. "Boston's overthrow" means a cup of tea. "Cane fruits" are sugar plums. "Klondike nuggets" will bring different varieties of ices. "One who embarked from the ark" will furnish (cold boiled) ham. And these are but a few of the puzzles that ten minutes' thought will suggest.

Each dish is paid for at its regular restaurant value, so that the end of the affair means a goodish little sum in the hands of the philanthropists, and yet each guest has received his money's worth. —Chicago Times-Herald.

The Artful Modern Girl.

"The artfulness of the modern girl," remarked a woman who was a girl years ago herself to me, "passeth understanding. I have, for example, a young kinswoman of 18, whose mother, knowing that my husband was out of town, invited me to her house to tea one day last week. The girl was so sweet to me that in the end, though I hadn't the slightest idea of doing it when I set out, I asked her to come home with me and stay the night. She assented—not too eagerly—and as we walked toward the car together—she lives on Capitol hill—she began to talk of young Mr. So-and-so, Commander So-and-so's son, who was so anxious to meet me. No woman is too old to be proof against flattery, so I expressed an interest in Mr. So-and-so and told her she might bring him to see me some day.

"It would be nice if he could come

over this evening, wouldn't it? she said thoughtfully. I agreed that it would.

"You might have sent him a note if you had known," I said, for at my age it isn't too often that young men want to make my acquaintance.

"I tell you what," she said, quite as if the idea had just occurred to her, "I'll telephone to him and see if he has any other engagement."

"We went into the nearest drug store, and idly I followed her to the telephone box, though she called my attention to something at the other end of the store. Central gave her the much desired number—the young man's brother is a physician.

"Is this Mr. So-and-so?" she asked.

"Pause."

"It's all right about tonight," she said. "Goodby."

"That's all she said. And then and not till then I realized how that innocent young thing had played it on me. As I said before, the artfulness of the modern girl passeth understanding." —Washington Post.

The "Beloved Eye" Fad.

The latest novelty in love tokens is the "beloved eye." Of course this is only an imitation of the human eye, but the miniature portraits are painted so exquisitely on ivory that the eye of the beloved one seems to be shown in reality.

The painting of the eye is a most delicate and laborious task. Only a master hand can produce the exact color and expression. This makes the fad a very costly one, therefore its popularity is confined to the wealthy set.

Many sittings have to be given to the miniature painter before his skillful strokes can convey the eyes to the ivory, so the work becomes a test of affection on the part of the man. He is compelled not only to draw heavily on his purse, but upon his time.

After the painting is completed it is encircled with a setting of precious stones, as costly as the purse can buy. Pearls and diamonds form the favorite setting, the connecting links of gold being invisible.

The miniature is then ready to be suspended from a rope of pearls or a delicate chain of precious stones. The miniature must swing low upon the corsage, so that it may be near the heart. For this reason the bauble is not fastened on the end of the chain, but hangs midway and has a fringe of jeweled links falling below it.

The token of the "beloved eye" is undoubtedly fraught with a bit of quaint sentiment, though a prominent society woman gives the reverse side. With a touch of humor she announces "that any man who presents a miniature of his own eye to his sweetheart tacitly admits that he is keeping an eye upon all overtures extended by his masculine rivals."

The "beloved eye" is a passing fad at best, doomed to be short lived by its very eccentricity and costliness. —New York World.

Women Who Carry the Mail.

There are two women mail carriers in southern Berkshire who are doing satisfactory work and appear to enjoy the business. Miss Louise Marcome drives the stage between Curtisville and Stockbridge, making two trips a day, a distance of some four miles. As there is no railroad station at Curtisville she does quite an express business and has a number of passengers. Miss Marcome is about 35 years old and has been driving some four years. She is noted for her promptness in making the trips and her close attention to business. The other woman stage driver has been on the road for about six months. She is Miss Olive Oakes of Egremont, who carries the mail from North Egremont to Great Barrington. She is 21 and was learning the dressmaking business when her father, who has the contract for the stage line, was taken sick, and Miss Oakes took his place temporarily. He grew worse and died about two months ago. She has continued to drive the stage. This is a hard trip for a woman, the distance being some six miles, and she makes two trips a day, and as she lives midway between the two post-offices this gives her considerable extra travel. These women do not use the regulation stage that is seen in pictures, but light wagons. Their principal cargo is the mail and light express packages. The passengers do not number over one or two on a trip except on special occasions. —Springfield Republican.

Telling a Furrier's Secret.

"Furs become very much soiled and need renovation as much as any other part of a woman's wardrobe," says Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal, "but among the many directions given for cleansing and renovating one seldom finds anything regarding furs. Furriers keep all such trade secrets strictly, but occasionally there is a leakage, and I am able to give the result of one. Dark furs, as seal, mink and black marten, are cleaned with fine cedar or mahogany sawdust, which is kept in stock by furriers.

"The garment is ripped free from the lining and the fur laid on a table with the hair up; then the sawdust is rubbed in the hair and neither strength nor sawdust spared during the process. When finished, shake the fur lightly over the table and save the sawdust that drops out. Then put upon the table one or two feather pillows in their usual muslin slips, and upon these lay the furs, hair down this time, and beat thoroughly with a switch until the sawdust is out and the fur as clean as a pin. Keep moving the pillows, as the fur must have a soft support while beaten. White furs are cleaned with white cornmeal applied as the sawdust is on the darker varieties. If white furs are only slightly soiled, they may be cleaned with magnesia in small cubes that is well rubbed in and then thoroughly dusted out."

The Daughters of Liberty have distributed in the last year \$65,157 in relief work, as shown by their recent yearly report.

The Professor's Wisdom.

The stern professor of the feminine preparatory school sat at his desk trying to unravel a knotty problem when a fluff-haired miss of 16 approached.

"Please, sir," she began in a tremulous voice, "will you grant me permission to go out riding with my brother this afternoon?"

Now, the old man had not forgotten the days of his youth, neither was he a fool, and looking over his spectacles he slowly said:

"So you want to go riding with your brother, do you? By the way, is this brother of yours any relation to you?" —Chicago News.

Servian Marriages.

Servian men do not marry for love, but to secure an additional worker for the household, so very young men marry women several years older than themselves, as girls are less experienced in housework. In the lower and middle classes women are always helped last, and may not sit down unbidden in the presence of the men.

There are only 3,843 left of the Ainous of Japan—the "Indians" of that country. Nearly all of them live on the northern island of Yezo.

It has been estimated that it would take a man 2,000 years to read all the standard works.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. STAMEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office at Hotel McConnell, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. Z. GORDON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Brookville, Jefferson Co. Pa.
Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett West Main Street.

G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Offices in Mahoney building, Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froehlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

E. NEFF,
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DR. B. E. HOOVER,
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DR. R. DEVERE KING,
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DR. L. L. MEANS,
DENTIST,
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