



FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

To Wash Toilet Brushes. Wash your toilet brushes in hot soda water, but be careful it does not touch the bristles. Rinse well in cold water, says "Home Chat," and dry in the open air if possible. The quicker they are dried the stiffer the bristles will be.

To Mothers of Girls.

Mothers, spend all the time possible with your girls. Look at life from their standpoint. Do not judge from yours when you were a girl. Times have changed. I am astonished every day at the things young girls do and the knowledge they seem to have of life. And I always leave them with the hope in my heart that their home influence is strong, kind and true. And that their mothers are keeping up with the times, and have ever a watchful eye upon their children, especially their daughters.

No matter what happens, don't turn your back upon them. Remember they are given to you to cherish, protect and guide all your life. You are responsible to your Creator for the lives of your children. You must answer to him for the way in which you bring those children up.—Mrs. M. E. R. Alger in Good Housekeeping.

Preservation of Forests.

Clubwomen are working in many states for forest preservation. They have taken an active part in the agitation in Pennsylvania, which has resulted in the preservation of 700,000 acres of forest lands placing the state at the head of all in this matter. The Woman's club of Wilkesbarre has been especially interested, securing the appointment of a forester to care for forests in the vicinity. The Maine Federation has a committee on forest preservation. Maryland and Delaware are trying to save their evergreens, of which the states are being denuded at Christmas time. New Jersey wants to raise a fund of \$100,000 for forestry parks along the Palisades. Clubwomen of Wisconsin have planted hundreds of trees during the last few years. Minnesota women have labored unceasingly to secure a permanent forest reservation at the head waters of the Mississippi.

Artistic Accessories.

The little things that go to make the beauty and elegance of modern gowns are likewise the things that make the same gowns cost so much while, in many cases, appearing so simple.

A collar of banana-yellow batiste embroidered in white silk with raised flowers is a costly but effective accessory for a smart coat or bodice.

Another lovely collar of graceful, fichu shape is of ecru gullure over white satin, with elaborate silk braiding and chine flowers inset among a delicate tracery of gold threads.

An empicement to be fitted to a serge suit was of cardinal spotted linen, exquisitely embroidered and trimmed.

An empicement to be fitted to a mass of soft, faint tints upon a white ground, the fine stitching and lime-green velvet strappings toning harmoniously with the pale color they adorned.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Indispensable Garment.

An indispensable possession of every woman is the glace coat, made in black, with some decoration in the form of lace for the collar; revers are disregarded this year, and the collars are usually long and rounded. There are some wonderful imitations of Irish lace in the market which lend themselves particularly well to the collar to finish the black glace coats. This silken jacket is fashionable, either in the sack shape reaching just to the waist, or in three-quarter length, and for its trimming it will bear cord ornaments with pendant tassels, or designs worked in gathered lines of the same material as the coat itself, says the Delineator. The only drawback, perhaps, to the taffeta coat is that it has very little warmth and covers with an ill grace any thick interlining which one may be inclined to provide it; therefore, for driving the cloth jacket is infinitely more suited, and cloth coats in the palest gray and palest fawn are much in evidence, trimmed with broad stitchings, turned down collars and large buttons, and they are made in the sack shape, the Raglan with the sleeve put in at the shoulder seam being the most popular alternative.

Beetle Jewelry.

There seems to be no connection between statesmanship and fashions, at least at first sight, says the New York Evening Post. As a matter of fact, nearly every move in the world's diplomacy is accompanied by novelties and changes in woman's attire. The entente between France and Russia revolutionized modes and replaced the corsage with the Russian blouse. Our growing intercourse with Nicaragua has brought into the market some of the odd beetle jewelry for which that country is famous. Not alone Nicaragua, but all of the Central American republics are wonderfully rich in insect life. Both butterflies and beetles are marked by the most magnificent colorings known to entomology. The aborigines utilized many of the beetles for decorative purposes and their Spanish conquerors adopted the beautiful ornaments. The favorite beetle the writ-

er has found to be of three classes. One is about the same shape and size as the Egyptian scarab, though a trifle flatter and very much stronger. It is coated with a green enamel of metallic lustre, which looks like a gem from some other planet. The Indians cure the beetle by drying and smoking, and mount it with golden lenses. This is set upon a disk of white stone, carnelian, milk quartz, or even porcelain, which, in turn, is flamed with gold. This is employed as a brooch, cuff button or breastpin. Sometimes the beetle is mounted upon a thin plate of gold or silver, and is used as an earring.

The second class of beetles are of the same general outline as the tumbler, but their wing cases are of rich, changeable purple, blue and green, with metallic lustre. The tint varies with the angle at which light strikes the surface. They are not as strong as the scarab, and are employed for making necklaces and bracelets. Three or four are fastened together so as to form a bead, and a number of these beads are strung upon elastic cord or gold wire. When around a snowy wrist or neck they make a wonderfully striking display of color and light.

Face Patches Coming In.

Face patches, like all other styles, have their exits and entrances. Generally speaking, they are just now coming in.

In former times, when black patches broke out on the faces of dames and damsels like the virulent rash regular patch flirtations prevailed, and an ingenious belle could say most anything she wanted to by means of patches.

To be sure, there were combinations, and unless the public was as clear-sighted as the wearer there was danger of being thrown off the track by some unusual arrangement, but as a rule people could tell very well by the way she wore her patches what a belle was trying to convey.

Here is the ruling of a reliable French authority:

If a woman wore a patch in the corner of her right eye she was head over heels in love with somebody, for that was the "passionate" patch.

A patch in the corner of the left eye signifies jealousy, and it is a natural supposition that this decoration was not a thing of beauty in the eyes of her female acquaintances.

The patch of "devotion" was worn in the middle of the left cheek. When worn on the right cheek it could be construed as a sign of disappointment.

The nose sometimes served as the background for the patch. This was called the "effrontee" and usually spoke for itself. A patch on the lip was translated "coquette" and, like the nose decoration, needed no explanatory marginal notes. A patch in the middle of the chin meant pety.

The shapes of the patches were also significant. The round patch was called the "assassin." This was a pretty strong term, and it indicated the wearer's determination to make things lively.

The square patch was less belligerent, but not more cheerful, for "remorse" was the meaning read into it. The triangular patch denoted pity and the heart shaped devotion.

It will be readily seen that with all this material to work on a lady could, by combining certain shapes and positions, write quite an interesting tale with her heavy spots.—Washington Star.



FASHION NOTES

Velvet slippers appear in coral, turquoise and other light colorings.

Dark, large plums with their foliage are used for decoration on straw hats.

Supple serpents of metal, gun metal, or silver form the handles for many bags.

Check silks in white and gun metal gray are gaining in favor for gowns, separate waists and trimming purposes.

Gowns of tulle are the loveliest of the season's creations and jeweled corset belts the most artistic of accessories.

Full front corset covers that can be stiffly starched are especially becoming, under a shirt waist, for a very slender woman.

The most attractive and daintiest colorings are seen in the summer tweeds and friezes, the range including delicate shadings of green, gray, pink and beige.

White ribbons with wreaths of roses are charming with the green mousseline gowns, and other pretty flowered sash ribbons are a shadowy mass of roses in many tints.

The three-quarter length black taffeta coat has firmly established itself as a light and attractive garment. The most popular style of fish includes a wide, rolling collar, which in some instances resembles a cape and white revers.

The use of Irish crochet lace for smart wrist bags is rather new. A handsome bag showing the lace over white silk is mounted in silver gilt and beautified with pearls, a large baroque pearl studding the center, the fringe being of the finest pearl beads.

Some of the new parasols have leather covered handles. Natural wood handles are in many instances set with opals, maple and the turquoise are considered a good combination, while amethysts are sunk into olive wood handles.



Children's Column

When Godfrey Grows.

I wonder when it is I grow? It's in the night, I guess. My clothes go on so very hard Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough It's cause I am so slow. But then she never stops to think That children grow and grow.

I wonder when I can't find out. Why, I watch Tommy Pitt. In school for hours and I can't see Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same, There's so much else to do. In school and play, so I must grow At night, I think, don't you? —Youth's Companion.

Furnish a House on Paper.

One of the most absorbing amusements possible to find for children is the making of scrapbooks. The rainiest of days may be made enjoyable by a few large sheets of strong wrapping paper, cut in the size desired for the book and folded into two leaves, with a collection of old magazines and papers full of pictures.

A novel kind of scrapbook recently made represents a doll house, each page being a room. Advertisements furnished the pictures, each article illustrated being carefully cut out in outline and pasted in an orderly manner on the page to which it belonged.

The kitchen has a range, table, chairs, broom, cooking utensils, iron and ironboard. In the drawing-room are sumptuous couches, chairs and cabinets, with a perfect view of a fireplace and vases on the mantel.

Windows, doors and fireplaces for all the rooms were found in the advertising pages of magazines, and added greatly to the charm of the surroundings.—New York Tribune.

Sandy Went Traveling.

"Sandy" has returned and there is rejoicing in the breast of his master and his master's friends. Sandy is a dog of the sky species. He wears an intelligent air and an abbreviated tail and is clothed in a suit of the sandiest kind of hair. He also possesses an affectionate disposition and is so devoted to his master that they were never known to be separated. Wherever his master went there also went Sandy, and whatever the weather or the occasion might be it made not the slightest difference—you never saw one without the other.

When, therefore, one day recently Sandy's master appeared on Broad street without him people could hardly believe their eyes. It was evident that some great calamity had come about. Had Sandy barked his last bark and taken his departure for dog heaven? Alas, no! A much worse fate had overtaken him. He had gone traveling with his owner, and in a rash moment had left his side and climbed down out of the car upon the sandy soil of Richland county some thirty miles below Columbia, where he was left behind.

The last seen of Sandy as the train disappeared down the track he was making for the woods, and there was a whole pack of yellow dogs at his heels trying to introduce themselves to him and learn Charleston dog manners. Sandy's master exhausted every means that ingenuity could suggest to find out what became of his pet, but all to no avail. He evidently did not like the dogs that tried to push themselves upon his acquaintance, and with true Charleston exclusiveness turned up his nose at his country cousins and made for Columbia as the next best thing. Sandy trotted 30 miles up the track until the towers and domes of the inland metropolis appeared, and then he lay down and rested. When he woke up it was another day and there was a house near by. Sandy walked over to the house and sent up his card, and then proceeded to make himself at home and await developments. Life was not as exciting as it used to be on the boulevards of the city, and Sandy missed the salt air and sea breeze and, most of all, his master and old friend, but as long as the meals kept coming his way Sandy decided to adopt the attitude of a philosopher and bide a wee. Full four months went by and Sandy was just getting used to living in country style when all of a sudden one afternoon as he was lying in the yard dreaming of his family and friends and wondering if he would ever lay eyes upon any of them again, he heard his name called. It was the first time he had been addressed by his proper title in such a long time that Sandy was struck dumb with astonishment. The next thing he did was to get up and chase his tail as hard as he could for five minutes, and when that ceremony was over he paused long enough to see who had discovered him, and then went at it harder than ever.

Matters were adjusted with Sandy's landlady by the payment of certain coin of the realm, after which Sandy was transported to the station and shipped off home, where he arrived safely on Thursday. His master was at the depot to meet him and there was more excitement and tallchasing, after which Sandy was conducted home and given a bath and a feast and then taken to the club, where he held a reception lasting into the wee sma' hours. His health was drunk many more times than is necessary to state in this story.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Eagle's Nest.

Not long ago I had the good fortune to discover from a car window an eagle's nest. In September, 1899, while passing North Springfield, Ohio, not far from Girard, I noticed in the top of a dead tree a huge dark object which at once aroused my curiosity. This proved to be a well-known landmark, an airy of the white-headed eagle, which had been occupied for years and was known to every workman on the road.

Possibly no one now living in Girard can remember when there were no eagles nesting in their neighborhood. For many years this pair of their predecessors are said to have occupied an old shell of a sycamore in the midst of woods at Milesgrove, Pennsylvania, not far from the station. When this aged tree finally succumbed to the storm, the second and more famous nest was begun at North Springfield in 1855. This lasted fifteen years, until January, 1900. With the aid of the photographs of this nest, made in May, 1899, and actual measurements upon the prostrate tree I was able to determine the exact dimensions of the nest itself. It was nine feet tall and six feet in diameter, and contained enough wood, earth, and stubble to fill a good-sized hay-rack. Until its overthrow it rested in the skeleton arms of a huge sycamore which had become reduced to a shell of bark and rotten wood for many yards from its base. The top of the nest was exactly 77 feet from the ground, and the tree-trunk measured three and a half feet in its greatest diameter. The tree suffered a general collapse in its fall, but the simple construction of the nest could easily be made out. Its foundations and outer walls were composed of dead sticks of any length from six inches to four feet, laid crosswise and packed closely together. Some of the larger figots were two inches thick and a yard long. The sticks also supported the centre of the nest, where the interstices were filled with straw, weeds, corn-stubble, and mulch earth brought in with the latter. In consequence of annual repairs carried on during 15 years, this nest had risen until it was three feet taller than broad, while the first year's nest is several times broader than deep.

Though its lease may be short, the eagle chooses well in placing its airy on the commanding summit of a dead tree which stands boldly against the sky, for its home is always in sight and easily guarded; but, best of all, it can come and go with perfect freedom, there being no foliage or branches to interfere with the broad sweep of its wings. Accordingly I was a little surprised to find the new nest not only in a sycamore which had thus been preferred for the third time, but in a live and healthy one, which seemed good for 100 years. It had a girth of 12 feet at the ground, and a clean, straight bole without a branch for 60 feet, at which point it suddenly spread and bent its arms, forming a spacious and secure support for a nest of great size. This huge spreading crotch had evidently attracted the birds, although close beside it rose a stately tulip-tree, whose branches touched those of the sycamore and partly overshadowed them.

On approaching this nest not a sound was heard for fully 20 minutes, when suddenly the male came upon the scene, and circling overhead, sounded his peculiar alarm, kak! kak! kak! Then, alighting in the topmost branch of a dead tree, he expressed his emotion in the characteristic manner which he shares, in some degree at least, with other birds of kin as remote as the night-hawk. With depressed head and outstretched neck, with drooped and quivering wings, his mandibles would open and close as if moved by springs as he uttered his prolonged monosyllabic cry of distress. To my surprise, the female was sitting quietly at the nest all the time, as became evident when she suddenly left it, and, with protesting screams, began to circle over the tree-tops. Both birds had evidently become shy and suspicious of visitors since their former nest had been destroyed, and neither would now go to their young while a human being was in sight. My camera chanced to catch an eagle as it rose to the edge of its wicker platform, but ordinarily the young were invisible from below.

At this time (June 8) this bird appeared as large as a good-sized domestic fowl.

When I paid a second visit to the airy, on the following day, neither bird was at home; but both soon appeared under full sail, and in a moment the place resounded with their cries. At times the voice of the male degenerated into a low grunt as with giant strides he moved from place to place. I noticed that when the eagle wheeled in mid-air he suddenly dropped his legs, but on recovering himself drew them up out of sight.

The eagles were constantly assailed by a pair of kingbirds, who seemed to take a special delight in tormenting their big neighbors. They would be quite helpless in returning the kingbirds' quick assaults, whether perched on the wing, and apparently did not care to waste their energies in fruitless attempts. They also found trouble in another quarter where some crows possibly had a nest of their own; for whenever an eagle approached a certain cluster of evergreens it was forced to beat a speedy retreat which often brought it again into the sphere of the doughty kingbirds.

According to Audubon and other observers, the young eagles cling to the nest until they are finally driven off by their siders.—Francis H. Herrick, in St. Nicholas.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A good life defers wrinkles.—Spanish proverb.

Things promised are things due.—French proverb.

The hasty man was never a traitor.—German proverb.

Despise your enemy and you will soon be beaten.—Portuguese proverb.

Women divine that they are loved long before it is told them.—Marivaux.

We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to.—Goethe.

"I like women," said a clear-headed man of the world; "they are so finished." They finish society, manners, language, form and ceremony are their realm. They embellish trifles.—Emerson.

Truth itself, according to Locke's fine saying, will not prove us so long as she is but held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds, not wood and wool and wedded by our own.—George Eliot.

Go through the world and find those who are intrinsically weary— weary of the purposes, weary of the results, weary of the conditions of life. They are those who have lost their ideal, or who never had one.—Philip H. Wicksteed.

The highest statement of the culture of a human nature, and of the best attainment that is set before it, is that as it grows better it grows more transparent and more simple; more capable, therefore, of simply and truly transmitting the life and will of God behind it.—Phillips Brooks.

JACK PIGGOTT'S DEFT METHODS.

His Inventiveness Found a Way to Get at His Victim's Purse.

They had been talking about the clever methods of crooks up at the police station, and the conversation had naturally drifted toward the more novel things which marked some of the criminal performances of the country. "That reminds me of a story I was reading some time ago about Jack Piggott, a pickpocket of some note," said Jack Norris, who is forced to keep up with the records of criminals, because of the fact that he looks after all the Bertillon measurements for the New Orleans department. "Piggott is now, I believe, doing time in a California prison for the cleverest and boldest of the many schemes he worked to get property to which he had no claim. The robbery, according to the story told by Piggott, after it was all over in the courts with him, and by the victim, a woman, during the trial, is not without an amusing side.

"A well-dressed woman stepped in front of a jewelry store and was admiring a rather handsome winter display. Piggott had picked her out for a victim, but for a while he was at a loss to know just how to get her to take her hand from the purse which she was carrying in her cloak pocket. He had made several efforts to bring about the result in a way that would not excite suspicion but they all failed. He could not get her hand out of her pocket so he could extract the money wallet. He finally hit upon a scheme, and he was probably as much surprised as the woman at the smoothness with which the thing worked. He had a toothpick in his mouth at the time. He reached over the victim's shoulder and tickled her in the ear with the toothpick. She withdrew her hand and struck at her ear in an effort to brush away the fly, or whatever it was, and while she had her hand off the purse Piggott got it.

"He made a quick grab for the swag, but practice in the art of picking pockets made it easy for him to do the work in the allotted time. Of course there was nothing suspicious about Piggott's appearance. He was nicely dressed and did not look like a crook. He said afterward that he was very much amused over the whole thing, and could not keep from laughing heartily after it was all over the way the victim acted. He got a good wad, about \$150, for his trouble. But he has been put away where he will not have a chance for some time at least to practice these little things on unsuspecting women."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Irrigation by Capillary Attraction.

Flage Carter of Breckenridge county explains his method of irrigating a tree as follows: He first takes a vessel, a pan or bucket—anything that may be tied to a tree limb. This vessel he fills with water and attaches to the tree. A tender twig about the size of a lead pencil is inserted in the water, which is gradually absorbed by this twig. Mr. Carter states that the branch will absorb every drop of water in the utensil.

"Capillary attraction is the future irrigation," continued Mr. Carter. "I took up the matter about two years ago, but did not put it to a final test till this spring. Then I had two trees that needed attention badly, and I experimented with each. One young tree had been rubbed roughly by a horse and was wilted badly. I applied my method of watering it and within one week it completely revived. I next treated a sick apple tree and it is now all right, I am glad to say."

Mr. Carter predicts that the future irrigation of the country will be done through forest trees on the "capillary attraction" principle, and that from this mode will extend irrigation to all the vegetable kingdom.—Breckenridge News.

Excavations, now being made in the Forum of Rome resulted in the discovery of a tomb supposed to date from an epoch anterior to the time generally assigned for the foundation of the city.



New York City.—Each season brings some new and attractive style of kimono dressing sacque which differs slightly from its predecessors, and is

which is cut slightly low and finished with a band of lace. A soft drapery of chiffon is arranged around the neck and along the sides of the vest, fastening under a narrow band. The edges of the full fronts below this trimming are finished with lace.

The belt is made of rose pink panne and fastens in front with a fancy buckle. The sleeves are shaped with inside seams only, have comfortable fullness on the shoulders and are gathered at the lower edge, where they are adjusted on narrow elbow bands. Pleatings of mousseline form a dainty finish.

The seven gores in the skirt are well proportioned and fit smoothly around the waist. The closing is made invisibly at the centre back under two inverted pleats that are flatly pressed to present a perfectly plain appearance. A deep circular flounce is applied in pointed outline, flaring stylishly at the lower edge, but the deep flounce may be finished to form its lower portion if preferred. The flounces are of chiffon, edged with lace. Bands of lace that finish the upper flounce cross at the points and provide an attractive finish.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with five-eighths yards of contrasting material for vest and trimming.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require seven yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Novelty in Fans.

Quite a novelty in fans is a beautiful one in ostrich feathers; it is Egyptian in shape, mounted on tortoise



LADIES' NEGROISE TOILET.

welcomed by women who delight in cool, comfortable garments. The illustration shows a charming Japanese sacque made of violet China silk with purple satin ribbons and plain white silk trimmings.

It is simply adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams, and fits well on the shoulders, but is very loose around the hips. The front is cut low and square, a full vest of white silk falling

gracefully from a band of ribbon at the lower edge of the décolletage. A broad sailor collar completes the neck and is a pleasing addition. The sleeves are shaped with inside seams only, fit the upper arms and flare in wide bells at the wrists. Bands of broad and narrow ribbon are effectively applied on collar, sleeves and vest.

The petticoat is made with five gores, fitted smoothly around the waist and flared the hips without darts. The fulness at the centre back is arranged in an underlying pleat at each side of the an underlying pleat at each side of the closing. These pleats are flatly pressed, and present a very plain appearance, but add to the flare at the bottom.

The petticoat is made with the low-belt of circular shaping. The low-belt of circular shaping. The low-belt of circular shaping. The low-belt of circular shaping.

To make the kimono in the medium size will require two and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material, with one yard of contrasting material for collar and vest.

To make the petticoat in the medium size will require five yards of thirty-six-inch material.

A Stylish Costume.

The costume illustrated in the large drawing is made of white muslin figured with large pink and yellow roses. It is mounted on a pale pink satin lining and trimmed with white mousseline de soie and lace.

The waist is made over a glove-fitted, featherboned foundation that closes in the centre front. The back fits smoothly across the shoulders and is drawn down closely to the belt, where the fulness is arranged in small pleats.

The full vest is permanently attached to the right lining and closes invisibly on the left. It is gathered at the neck,

shell, and when shaken opens out like a leaf.

For Very Warm Weather.

Elbow sleeves are a new feature in shirt waists for very warm weather, and add an airy, cool appearance to the plainest kind of a blouse. In the waist illustrated pale yellow organdie is trimmed with ecru lace.

The back is drawn smoothly across the shoulders, and displays fine gathers at the waist. The fronts are full at the neck, and blouse stylishly over the narrow belt. They close invisibly beneath the centre box pleat that is covered with lace.

A transparent lace collar completes the neck and fastens in the centre

back. The sleeves are full puffs that are gathered on the edges and completed with flaring pointed cuffs. A band of black velvet ribbon conceals the seam, and lies in a small bow at the back.

To make the waist for a miss fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material.



SHIRT WAIST WITH ELBOW SLEEVES.