

TALKS + ABOUT WOMANKIND

How to Buy Hosiery.
 Vests and stockings, the latter of which are stern necessities, can be purchased at various prices, but in this regard no stinting is advisable, especially in the matter of the "base" cashmere.

Four pairs of day wear and two of silk or openwork lisle thread for evening are necessary. At the least suspicion of a hole waste not a minute ere proceeding to darn it, for in no instance more than in stockings is the truth of the old proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine."

The Always-With-Us Waist.
 Soft, full blouses in all shades of Oriental satin, very much tucked and with lace insertions, are the ideal underbolero for wear with the trim tailor suit. A pretty blouse or odd waist of white China silk with many tucks has a large collar edged with exquisite Maltese lace. The cuffs are novel and fall over the hands in four points, each edged with the Maltese lace. A strikingly odd shirt of coarse linen is inserted generously with Irish crochet and has a yoke and strappings of artistically colored and worked embroidery—new and very stylish.

Duties of a Woman Colonel.
 The southern girl, Miss Mamie Gertrude Morris, who has been appointed colonel of the military staff of Gov. Allen D. Chandler of Georgia, finds her position a most enviable one. Her duties thus far have been chiefly confined to reviewing regiments, attending public functions and making speeches, and she is everywhere hailed with enthusiasm by the regiments. Colonel Morris, who is a resident of Chatanooga, Tenn., and a native of Georgia, received the honor that has been conferred upon her in recognition of services rendered in entertaining Gov. Chandler, and his staff on the occasion of their visit to Chattanooga for the dedication of the Georgia monument in Chickamauga park. She is said to appear to utmost advantage in her uniform with sword and other regalia.

Brims for Summer Hats.
 For the summer a taste for very wide brims has been revived, but more as the exception than the rule. Several of the wide-brimmed hats are signed Carlier. They are trimmed low, generally with a wreath of flowers running right around, and have very low crowns. One in fancy white straw is encircled by a wreath of large white poppies, slightly shot with gray and green; a second, in cerise chip, is wreathed with white cherry blossoms; a third, in palest mauve straw, is trimmed with pink roses; a fourth, in mauve straw, has a garland of cherries; a fifth, in white straw, is surrounded by a full quilling of black tulle, relieved by a windmill bow of corse velvet on the left side; a sixth, in rose-pink straw, has two large rosettes of pink tulle on the right side, and on the left several large white roses. In all cases foliage is mixed with the flowers or fruit; there is often also a small cluster of flowers under the brim on the left, either squeezed in between the brim and the hair or placed on a small band that tilts the hat very slightly on one side.—Millinery Trade Review.

Rest for Working Women.
 Since Princess Charles of Denmark expressed her practical sympathy with Mr. Holmes' scheme for a home of rest for London's working women, the scheme has advanced rapidly toward realization. Thomas Holmes is the North London police court missionary, whose recent book, "Pictures and Problems from London's Police Courts," has attracted so much attention. He tells this story of the inception and progress of his scheme:

"For a long time," he said, "perhaps a dozen years, I have wanted to do some good for these poor people—the women who made ladies' skirts, blouses and other garments in their own homes. They are far more helpless than those who work in factories; they cannot organize, and people outside know but little about them.

I could take you to see women who work 15 hours a day, sometimes more, for seven days a week, stooping all the time over their machines. In a foul atmosphere. For this a woman will get perhaps 1s. 6d. for sewing a dozen skirts, and have to find her own machine and thread. Sometimes the pay is as low as 1s. a dozen.

"Our home at Walton-on-the-Naze is to give 100 women a month's rest every year—some have not had a holiday for 15 years. We have been offered the lease of a furnished house right on the beach, and as soon as the public give us £200 for the furniture, etc., we shall start. We have about half the money already and all the women, and we must set the home going soon after Whit Sunday."—London Daily Mail.

What Colors to Wear.
 In the art of selecting the colors of a dress from artistic points of view—that is, to say, in such a manner that the dress, hat and set of ornaments, etc., not only correspond, but harmonize with the person—the French women are said to lead the world. The smart Paris set really study chromatics as carefully as the best French painters, who have to weigh each tone

and its probable effect, and in many instances the magazine of fashion give many valuable hints in this direction. It was not only recently that the *Moniteur de la Mode* contained several columns giving pointers about the choice of colors.

The *Moniteur* pointed out that bright colors, such as red and gold-yellow, are not well suited for brunettes, as is often supposed. For brunettes with delicate complexions and velvet-like eyes the *Moniteur* recommends pale blue, Chinese rose and bleu pervenche. The delicate soft tone of these colors harmonizes wonderfully with the complexion and forms a "splendid all-over tone, reminding one of the effects of a pastel."

For gold and red blonde ladies the *Moniteur* recommends "medium colors," such as pence, emerald, rubine red or violet. The complexion is usually so fresh that in connection with these opposite colors a most effective contrast is attained. Ladies with less and more delicate blonde complexion should select cherry red or current red; all blue colors from marine blue up to pale blue are also preferable and effective. A similar happy effect can be attained by the delicate rose color of the hydrangea or by one of the so-called ophelia and peach colors.

All blondes are earnestly warned by the *Moniteur* against any yellow tones which might in the least resemble the hair; if these blondes insist nevertheless upon yellow tones, the Paris paper continues, they should by all means try to make a good combination with other bright colors.

A brighter chestnut brown of the hair demands the same tones as does blonde hair. The belles with chestnut brown hair of darker complexion and the brunettes should select maize colors and dark blue. Ashy blonde women with delicate complexion increase the elegance of their appearance by the choice of covered colors, such as gray, beige and pale blue.

In connection with these hints the *Moniteur de la Mode* treats the symbolic importance of colors. We are reminded that in the Orient in China, white is the mourning color, probably because the contrast of this color and the dark complexion of the peoples of those countries creates a certain rigor and austerity of tones.

The same may be said about the black mourning color of the Occident, which shows the same contrast for the white people of these countries. Besides this and signification, black and white have as yet another. Black without connection of other colors signifies pride and distinction, while white is the symbol of purity and innocence.

The red color is the most ostentatious and most popular. It animates and embellishes everywhere, and is throughout nature, with the birds, the flowers, the clouds and at the bottom of the ocean. Red signifies magnitude and dignity, for it attracts attention.

Blue, like white, is the symbol of purity, goodness and clemency. Yellow is the favored color of all the people of the far East. The Chinese call it "divine color," resembling the sun.

Green is the color of the spring and hope. The Persians, the Arabs, the Turks and all Mohammedans have selected it as their national color, for the reason that it was the favorite color of the prophet.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

One can find cotton crepe parasols to carry with cotton crepe gowns.

Linen parasols are good form. With linen gowns hats trimmed with bright colors are in evidence.

Get any tartan you need in your neck scarf. It may not be beautiful, but it means something.

Black silk or satin with colored broche or embroidered flowers makes handsome tea gowns, tea jackets and petticoats.

What makes a pretty waist is black taffeta stitched with white, having a yoke of white set with French knots in black.

A deep shoulder collar of lace, which falls from the throat well over the shoulders, is a feature of many of the dainty summer dresses.

A pretty little blue frock which has a vest and stock of the finest Hamburg "all-over" has a broad collar or revers of cream lace, which makes a pretty contrast.

The "lingerie" for boys is gorgeous in colors. Small shirts have striped wristbands and shirt fronts on plain bodies of the predominating color in the stripe.

A parasol which is good style has black figures upon the red and something of a bandanna effect. The black figures are outlined with a fine line of embroidery in white.

A pretty material which has been used for bridesmaids' gowns is white silk, with small flowers upon it, a pretty design being in rosebuds. That rosebud design on white is a revival of an old fashion, and is to be seen in plaques, which are charming for children.

The cross stitch Russian embroidery is stylish and fashionable this year in handwork as well as the machine imitations of it. A pretty feature of a little outer linen blouse which is trimmed with the embroidery is a pocket upon which is worked in the cross stitch the monogram of the wearer.



Naomi.
 Wonder who is Mischief;
 Bother me all day.
 Tags me in the garden
 Where I go to play.

Fought I'd pick some flowers.
 Fought I'd pick 'em all.
 "Careful, dear, there's Mischief,"
 Heard my mamma call.

Picked 'round 'mong the posies.
 Touldn't see one fig.
 'Cept one little birdie.
 Drest a gown to sing.

Never told see Mischief.
 Always hides away from me.
 But my mamma best him
 Many times a day.

Says he's in the pantry.
 Him on the shelf.
 Where I climb for cookies.
 Says he is an elf.

Prooly he's a Brownie.
 Tired of being good.
 Wish he'd stay in Elf-land;
 I-est-wish-he-be.

Something About Icebergs.
 Navigators of the North Atlantic have to be constantly on watch during the summer months, for the icebergs that come down from Greenland and other Arctic regions. Some vessels are fitted with apparatus that gives immediate warning of the vicinity of one, but where there is no such apparatus, the temperature of the water is taken at intervals, for an iceberg is taken a vast extent of sea cold. An iceberg is nothing but part of a glacier that has been detached by the action of water, washing and beating against it. Some of them are of enormous size. It is generally accepted by scientific men that only one-eighth of theberg appears above the surface. If, therefore, the part that is visible rises 50 feet above the surface, the part under water would measure 350 feet. No wonder the sea captains have a holy horror of them.

Misc Dog Was a Sabbatist.
 A little white dog that sits on the music box of a blind man in Minneapolis, and permits people to drop pennies in a basket tied around his neck by a ribbon, on last Fourth of July refused to attend to business. He snarled and showed his teeth when any attempt was made to put on his uniform. The little fellow frisked and gambolled, tugged at his chain, but refused to let his master conduct him to the stump talk of his stray companions and generally misadventured himself.

The blind man says that the dog has never been asked to work on Sunday. He thinks that Sunday ought to be a day of rest for blind men and dogs as well as more fortunate beings, so every Sunday the dog gets an extra five breakfast, consisting of both live and full liberty to do precisely as he pleases. Thus the little curly dog has come to regard Sunday as a full holiday, and he knows when the day comes around, because on that day his master puts on a white shirt and his best hat. The blind man is patriotic, and so on the Fourth he wore his white shirt and best hat, before the little white dog thought that it was Sunday, and refused to work.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Doll with Real Hair.
 There are dolls and dolls, but Naomi Oles, a Pennsylvania girl, has in her possession one which is considered as valuable as any in the country. It has caused no end of comment in the locality where she lives, because of the hair on the doll's head.

If any of our girl readers were to make a demand on their fathers for several locks of hair, to give realism to the head of a doll, they would probably be denied the boon, as young fathers have no hair to spare, while others, haunted by signs of approaching baldness, are not anxious to make a sacrifice for a member of the nursery.

The hair of Naomi's doll actually came from the head of her father, who died in this way: Twenty-one years ago Mr. Oles was the proud possessor of silken locks with a natural tendency to curl. As he grew older his mother thought it was not becoming that a boy of his age should wear such pendants, and it was with much persuasion that she finally induced him to have her cut it. When she shined her hair cut and placed them away for safekeeping.

Recently she had a doll's wig made of the hair, and having had it placed upon a pretty doll, the grandmother became so proud of her gift, and is extremely thorough in realizing the value of this doll with natural hair so peculiarly secured. Naomi's present is the envy of all the little girl friends in the vicinity of her home.—Young People's Magazine.

Tabitha's Generosity.
 There is a close bond of sympathy and affection between Alice Searles, a five-year-old St. Louis girl, and her cat, Tabitha. They were both born on the same day. One of the first things Alice can remember about her babyhood is Tabitha. Ever since the littler girl could toddle around, the cat has been her playmate, as she has no brothers and sisters. Alice and Tabitha have slept together, and what is more unusual, they have eaten together.

When Alice had her first high-chair and sat at the table with gowns, Tabitha teased to be given a place at the table also. Alice insisted on Tabitha's right to a place, and so the cat was placed in a high-chair by the side of her mistress. A napkin was placed under Tabitha's chin, and a plate of fish was set before her. Tabitha behaved splendidly. In a dainty way she helped herself to the fish, and quite won the favor of the family, much to the delight of Alice.

From that time Tabitha was given a seat repeatedly at the table, and she was as prompt at her meals as her little mistress. She learned to know the sound of the dinner bell as well as any one in the house. Tabitha especially enjoyed dinner on Fridays, for the family was accustomed to have fish on that day, and if there was any dish that the cat loved it was fish.

One day this led to a remarkable happening. The dinner bell had rung and all the family were in their seats except Tabitha, whose place was vacant. The dinner proceeded, and the dessert had been reached, when the cat came bounding into the room with two mice in her mouth. Before any one could stop her she jumped into her chair, and put one mouse on her plate, depositing the other on Alice's plate. Tabitha's generosity was not precisely what older people call good form, but evidently she meant it kindly, and the entire proceeding was so pleasing to the members of the family, including Alice, broke into full, round laughs. Of course the mice were removed from the table, at which Tabitha looked grieved. She seemed so sorrowful about the loss of her mice that Alice's parents decided to forgive her for her breach of etiquette and call the score even.—Young People's Magazine.

Damon and Pythias.
 Damon and Pythias were two little children who lived in a large farm-yard with a great many other chickens. Just like themselves. Their mother, as every good mother hen should do, taught them well how to hunt for tiny worms and insects, to eat, by kicking up the gravel and knocking aside little heaps of dust with their bills. But the time they liked best of all was when the farmer brought out in an old milk pan full of moist cornmeal, and then they tumbled over one another like little fat putballs, always managing to fall into the pan in their excitement, and staying there till it was wholly empty.

One day in the early summer, when the long, sunny afternoons began to grow uncomfortably hot, Dolly came to spend the summer at the farm. Now, Dolly wanted to have a chicken which was all her own, and picking out the downiest yellow one she bought it for five cents and kept it apart from the rest. Whenever it uttered its "peep, peep," she felt sure it was hungry, and gave it cornmeal. That seemed very kind treatment, surely, but when at the close of one day she found the poor little fellow lying stiff and cold, and another and yet another whom she tried to adopt came to the same sad ending, she decided that farmers did know more than little girls, after all, and it was not good for chickens to be always eating.

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On rainy days they were taken indoors, where they delighted to pitter around, and when Damon discovered a rag carpet mat he tried to kick it up with an astonished air because the kinks from his tiny flying claws, or the taps from his bill, failed to root out food. Soon they both began to recognize their names, and would hurry to their mistress when she called. When Dolly went to school Damon would follow her about, and they became so affectionate that they could not bear to have her out of their sight. When she shook her forehead at them and said: "No, you can't go," they seemed to understand her words, and gave dismal "peeps" that lengthened into loud squawks if they were left alone.

When Damon was very young, he was very fond of one of the other chickens, and when he saw the two all the other chickens were standing about thinking of their night's rest and feeling as sleepy as could be, but Damon and Pythias had jumped up suddenly on their mother's back and were carefully balancing themselves there. They were a pretty pair, for Damon was jet black and Pythias was creamy white. Dolly pulled out her small purse at once and paid for them on the spot. From that time on a new life began for Damon and Pythias.

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As the days went by Damon and Pythias grew too plump for the box of cotton wool in which they slept, and a large cage, with a perch in it for each, was prepared for them. Regularly at 6 o'clock the chickens walked into the house and went to roost, each on his own perch.

When the summer was over and Dolly returned to her city home she carried her strange pets with her in their caged cage, and they soon became used to their new life.—New York Tribune.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.

A Curious Mental Condition at Yet Explained.
 "Students of the occult have as yet been unable to explain that condition of the human mind which produces what are termed presentiments of death," said a specialist to a Washington Star reporter. "That certain persons have experienced this condition cannot now be denied. I know, however, of but two authentic cases which have come under my personal knowledge in a practice of medicine of over 40 years.

"While in Cumberland, Md., a number of years ago, I saw two men, both employes on the railroad, one at Cumberland and the other at Piedmont. Both were quiet, steady-going men. They were brothers-in-law, each having married the sister of the other.

"One day the Cumberland man, who was my patient, came to me and stated that he had dreamed the night before that his brother-in-law had been killed in a railroad accident. So vivid was the dream that he even described to me the wounds and their location on the body. He said that he was on his way to Piedmont, where he was a conductor, and that he had dreamed the night before that his brother-in-law had been killed in a railroad accident. So vivid was the dream that he even described to me the wounds and their location on the body.

"The second case was that of a miner at Louisa, a few miles from Cumberland. He, too, was a patient of mine. One evening, before going on his shift in the mine, he talked with me for over an hour about the many fatal and other distressing accidents he had seen in the mines. He talked of nothing else, though it was the first time he had ever broached the subject to me, as he was a hardy, fearless miner. While I did not question him, I was convinced that he had had a presentiment of death, but felt it unmanly to speak to his physician about it. He was in the mine, and I would ride with him on the subject of death, and he undoubtedly took that means of relieving it, hoping to quiet his apprehensions.

"The significance of it lay in the fact that that day was to be his last on a contract he had in the mine, and having completed his work, he had gone into an adjoining chamber for a shower. As he stepped over, reaching for the shovel, a lot of slate, which is hard and sharp, fell from the roof, striking him in the back and nearly cutting him in twain. He lived long enough to tell his comrades that but for going back for the shovel he would have escaped with his life.

"Speaking about accidents, reminds me of one of the many which I saw in the mines that illustrate how hard it is to kill some men, as it brings to the ease with which other men meet their death. A man will dislocate his neck or break his back in a fall of three feet from a step ladder. Others have the nine lives of the proverbial cat.

I knew of a miner who missed his footing on the narrow track inside of a coal mine upon which the cars run, and six of the loaded cars passed diagonally across his body. The car upon which he was loaded, in order to extricate him, his fellow miners found it necessary to run one of the cars back over his body. Strange to say, the man lived. He afterward went back to work in the mines, and so far as I know, lived for many years. He was alive when I left the region. It stood that ever came under my observation of the tenacity of life under conditions which ordinarily produce death."

Advice to Mothers.
 She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wags has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't be nasty, and say something about girls and their brains; that's so old.

He—Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so.

She—Well, can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.—London King.

The Bill All Right.
 "My dear sir, it strikes me that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes, I have sent it around often enough to make it appear so, and now I hope to get it squared."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED
 Three Card Monte Sharps Caught—Rain Destroys Crops—Destructive Electrical Storm—Hermil Discovered.

The pension list was increased during the week by the following additions: James R. Keeney, Altoona, \$8; John Scott, Clifton, \$8; William Stutz, Brady's Bend, \$8; Thomas S. Thompson, Home, \$8; Amos Poehl, Mahanungo, \$17; Davis S. Hiern, Tinsville, \$10; James M. Anglin, Hollidaysburg, \$12; Jacob Schmidt, Butler, \$10; Benjamin F. Lewis, West Elizabeth, \$12; Stewart Hosler, Blair, \$10; Althab Larned, regular center, \$12; Philip Brady, Allegheny, \$12; Charles Ray, Kipple, \$8; Sarah Swank, Connelville, \$8; Sarah Fleming, Shebocks, \$8; Letitia Kline, Indiana, \$8; Zebina Parker, North East, \$8; William H. Wilton, Verona, \$8; Levi Dague, Washington, \$8; Sumner E. Ors, Warren, \$6; Henry T. Graves, Millport, \$12.

Maj. G. W. Symons, in charge of the improvement of Erie harbor, reports to the chief of engineers that the extension of the north pier to 3,246 feet has been completed and one projection jetty has been built outside of Presque Isle peninsula. A contract for dredging 400,000 cubic yards of material from the channel was awarded during the year. The excavation of a entrance channel has been completed, and up to September last 439,673 cubic yards of material were taken out. The excavation has been carried out to a depth of 21 feet.

Bearing a disturbance in his hen-house James Durr, a chicken fancier, at Bellefonte, entered to find a six-foot blacksnake feasting on his prize-winning collection. He gave battle with a shovel, and after a vigorous contest succeeded in killing the reptile. Six valuable chickens had been killed by the snake, which was one of the largest ever seen in that neighborhood.

W. L. Keenan and A. Reeves were fined \$300 and costs and ordered out of the county by Judge Wallace at New Castle for swindling Coston Burns, a well-to-do Ellwood City man, out of \$1,000 by the familiar three-card monte game. They were ordered to return \$428 to Burns, who will be out the balance.

Charters were issued by the state department Wednesday to the Mahoning Gas Company, Allentown, capital, \$1,000; Rose Valley association, Philadelphia, capital, \$25,000; Northern Pennsylvania Telephone Company, Weilsboro, capital, \$12,000; Mahoning Powder Company, Scranton, capital, \$25,000.

The contractors of the temporary court house at Greensburg have announced that the building will be ready for occupancy by August 15. The work was begun five weeks ago and is now being completed. The new building is of brick and iron and three stories high, with all modern conveniences.

Dickinson college, Carlisle, through Twasler Evans, sold the Thomas Reiver endowment of the chair of English literature, amounting to \$35,000, the same being an interest in bonds of the Mont Alto Mining Company, to the State Forestry department for \$14,000.

Samuel Long, a Baltimore & Ohio telegraph operator, employed at Versailles, was taken from a train at Connelville in a ravine condition. At the police station it was found he had been given knockout drops. His watch and \$25 had been taken.

The Pennsylvania brigade, uniformed rank, Knights of Pythias, went into camp Monday at Waldemar Park, on the Lake Erie, under the command of Gen. L. C. Thomas, member of the state legislature from Westmoreland county.

The Redrock Mining company has been formed at Sharon, composed of P. T. Kimberly of Sharon; C. A. Rader of Youngstown; George Stage and E. S. Templeton of Greentville, to develop gold mining property in Arizona.

New Castle boasts of a hermit who has been a recluse for more than 30 years. He lives in a hole in the earth on what is known as "sheep hill." He has never cut his whiskers or hair, and both have attained a remarkable length.

Louis Maroni, an Italian miner, was arrested at Monongahela for placing ties on a street car track in order to wreck a car, because the motorman would not stop between street corners to let him aboard.

Anthony Ruppel, 35 years old, anticipated the hangman by committing suicide in his cell in jail at Uniontown. He did so by intentionally making a rope of his shirt and bed ticking.

First Lieutenant Vance, of Company B, Sixteenth regiment, N. G. P., of Meadville, has gone to Washington, having been appointed a second lieutenant in the regular army.

Oil City citizens turned out Monday at Smithman park, where a public reception was tendered 40 young men who have recently returned from two years' service in the Philippines.

The Sharon Boiler company has commenced the erection of a large addition to its plant at South Sharon, which will furnish employment to about 50 more hands.

The severest electrical storm in years broke a four weeks' drought in Erie Monday. Lightning struck in a dozen places. Several residences were damaged.

The justices of the peace and their constables of Beaver county have called a meeting at Beaver, July 25, for the purpose of organizing a union to protect their rights.

Brakeman Harry Morris was seriously injured in a riot on a Southwestern train at Greensburg, and four billiard were arrested.

George Kirsch, a Summit farmer, tried to murder his wife by beating her into insensibility and laying her on a railroad track.

At Miles Grove Mrs. William Case was probably fatally scalded by upsetting a boiler of hot water she was carrying.