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course, he scorns to part with his treasure. This girl found discarded lace curtains in the attic, and, taking the best patterns, she stitched them on a piece of dainty brocatelle. Then the outlined the design with iridescent scales and formed grotesque figures with the scales between the meshes. The border was of many shades of ribbon, overlaying one another and frilled all around with a peacock-blue background of satin. On the back were college and fraternity emblems, the brother's initials in big, sprawling letters in the centre.-In-

THE FOWER OF ENJOYMENT.

We lose our power of enjoyment early in life, sometimes through over-work. We are like children with so many toys that none pleases, or the poor little creatures of the slums whose burdens are so heavy that the power to enjoy is paralyzed. On rare occasions we find men and women wel along in years, but delightfully young at heart and always they are found to be persons who have so combined work and play as to tire of neither. They have avoided ruts by following fancy and can never be made to understand the plight of those who have passed from living to mere existence. There is a very wide difference between the two.

Without doubt we would be better in every way without many of the luxuries we have come to regard as neces sities. Steam heat has spoiled us by making us believe we can not be com-fortable in rooms below summer tem-We use warn water instead of cold and commit the greatest piece of folly when we sleep in warm bed-The victim of insomnia would do well to look right there for the cause of wakeful nights and restless days.

Every living creature needs fresh air and plenty of it. Human beings are the only ones that endeavor to get along without it. The woman who set tles down in her home becomes selfcentered and courts a train of petty evils. There is nothing like seeing new faces and new scenes to make one oblivious of little, troublesome cares. Did you ever try the experiment of putting away a puzzling piece of work for a day when you feel fresher? If so, you know how easy is the solution after your mind has been cleared by a rest. More can be accomplished in this way.-Indianapolis News.

A WOMAN EXPLORER.

Mrs. French-Sheldon's recent departure for Africa has been the signal for many reminiscent articles on her adventures. As a child, it is said, she was very delicate, and it was during years of enforced inactivity that the idea of wandering through unknown countries seized upon her imagination. She was brought up in the at-

mosphere of intellectual activity.

She is the daughter of the late Col. Joseph French, a great mathemati-cian, while her mother is quite celebrated as one of the first women doc tors in the United States. Men and women of light and learning were wont to frequent her parents' home and she learnt much in her early years by listening to the brilliant talk that went on around her.

She owes her regular education chiefly to Italy, where her love of music was fully indulged, and she at one time thought of making it her profession. Of recent years she has dropped it entirely, finding it too exacting a master for one of her wandering propensities. Mrs. Sheldon's journevs through East Africa are now a matter of history. And so, indeed, is her expedition in the Congo. On her return from the latter she met with a storm of rage and indignation, as she dared deny the stories of cruelty reported from the Congo. Her interest in humanity is intense. Indeed, the objects of her journeys are almost entirely ethnological, and the women of the countries in which she travels exact her chief interest. She has sympathy with her sex as a whole: therefore, as a matter of course, she wins their sympathy and confidence. Mrs. Sheldon's book on the Congo will be interesting reading. She will be back from West Africa in time to see it launched on the public.

MEDDLESOME CHILDREN.

Mothers should watch the inquisitive fingers of their children and teach them to respect other people's belongings. If allowed to rumage in your drawers and wherever they like, they will be very apt to extend their investigations into the affairs of your guests. Forbid the little ones to pry into bundles and packages, whether they belong to yourself or others, and do not allow them to take liberties with letters and papers. Suppress, in all ways, the inordinate curiosity and inquisitiveness about other people's affairs which make of some otherwise lovable children such insufferable nuis-

Do not allow children to run to the pantry or sideboard, picking over and handling the fruit, or knick-knacks, backs of the pictures, so that air comes cutting and hacking off chunks of pie between them and the wall.

or cake to suit their appetites, thus Though her actual cash outlay was ruining the appearance of your choice only \$3, the cushion a clever girl made for her brother in college was so odd and so charming that some of his chums have offered \$25 for it. Of children have picked over and hacked out of shape. Do not allow them to drink from the glass that is set out for use of the guest with the water pitcher.

Do not allow your children to exhibit undue curiosity as to the movements or affairs of your visitors. Some of their questions, aside from an ap-pearance of impertinence, may be very embarrassing, and even lead to very mortifying results. Do not allow the children to climb over or "loil" on the visitor; or to pick and handle the clothing of your guest. In some families, these attentions from the children are so disagreeable as to cause much discomfort, and often drive away your most valued friend.

Do not make the wonderful smart ness of your children too much the subject of your discourse with your friends, for some people may like to discuss other matters; they may even have smart children of their own. At any rate, they may not see the prodi-gies with your eyes.—The Commoner.

HOW SHE KEEPS HER SERVANTS Here are a few rules given by a woman who enjoys a reputation for never having trouble with her numerous servants and retaining them in her ser vice for years.

She pays good wages—that is, she pays as liberally as she can afford and is always punctual in payment. She allows her servants a reason

able share of all the dainties served the family and is liberal in the matter of their food, maintaining that good work cannot be done on an empty stomach.

She rarely criticizes, but when reproof is needed gives it with firmness and without fear, but kindly. Praise is always given when due;

she thinks it well to acknowledge good service to encourage. She allows each reasonable time for

outings and to attend church, and she does not require service when a girl is taking her afternoon off. She allows her maids time to keep

their clothes in order, and requires them to be neat, clean and orderly about their sleeping apartments. She is never familiar; only evinces a kindly interest in the general wel-

fare without becoming in any way involved in the family affairs of any one of her servants. If a matter goes wrong, she takes time to investigate before reproving

and never scolds or rebukes when an If necessary to dismiss a servant she never does so when in a temper, but waits until she can control herself, so

as to command respect. She will not allow her maids to gos

sip about her neighbors' affairs nor to make remarks about one member of the family to another.

She will not allow her children to be rude or insolent to the servants, nor will she allow too great familiarity. And her servants remain with her decades and are devoted to her.



All the new styles are designed for lender figures.

The boleros of heavy Irish crochet are used most effectively in these gowns.

Skirts are loaded with lace, frills, embroidery, and other decorations. Sleeves are also excessively ornate.

A typical model in handkerchief linen was trimmed with many yards of half-inch real Valenciennes inser-

Skirt decorations are sold to match the boleros, and with their aid a most beautiful costume is possible at slight

additional expense. The Empire gown does not admit of modification, and clever dressmakers will contrive to adapt the princess to nearly all passable figures.

Another type of the princess Empire gown was seen in a pale blue soft net dinner gown. There was a foundation of radia silk, very soft and lustrous.

The prevailing mode is Empire prin ess, and all the new two-piece suits have short, jaunty coats warranted to make a stout woman look like a tub.

If stout women would only rid them selves of the delusion that they look their best in tight-fitting garments, the dressmakers would have their burdens lessened and the landscape would be greatly beautified.

A string colored rajah silk afternoon gown made after an imported model was cut in a plain, tight-fitting priness with a draped bolero added. skirt was extremely wide at the hem and swept the ground in a wide train -a very short train, to be sure.

Pictures sometimes get spoiled by being hung on walls that are not



For the Younger Children ..

QUENTIN AND HIS JUMPERS. Persons who lunch with the President may catch a glimpse of blue over-alls on the veranda at the back of the house, if they happen to look out the windows; the little boy in blue is probably Quentin, very busy about his own affairs. He does not wear a "real lace" collar or a velvet doublet; he has on just the kind of "jumpers" that thou-sands of little American boys wear when they make their daily mud-pies or play tag or ride their bicycles.-From Maurice Francis Egan's "The President and the Boys," in St. Nich-

THE ADVERB GAME.

This is a simple little game, in which a player wins by noticing the manner in which the other players answer his questions.

The players take seats in a row, and one is sent out of the room, lots having been drawn to see who this one will be. When he is gone the other players agree on an adverb, and when he is called back he must ask each player a question-no matter what-and the answers are to be given in a manner expressive of the adverb.

Let us say that the adverb selected is "crossly;" then every question that the recalled player asks is answered in a cross or snappish manner. "mildly" be the adverb, the answers are given accordingly. "Laughingly," "carelessly," "quickly," are other ad-yerbs that might be used.

The player scores a point when he guesses the adverb, and then some one goes out in his place. If he fails to score, he has to go out again, when another adverb is selected, and he comes back and tries a second time.

He continues going out and coming back until he guesses the word.—Amer-

WHEN NATURE CLEANS HOUSE.

Just what Caracas would do without Its rainy season I cannot imagine, for the city is far from being clean and sanitary. Garbage is thrown into the vards for the vultures to feed upon; dust and papers accumulate in the streets, and the visitor is about to pronounce the city the dirtiest he has ever seen, when nature suddenly decides to put things to rights. At ordinary rainfall would not suffice now thorough flushing is needed, and nothing short of a deluge will do it.

But somewhere up in the mountain tops the deluge is forming, and presently a great, black vapor overspreads the valley. It comes slowly at first, as if to warn the people to go indoors, but when it has acquired sufficient density it falls. In a moment, almost the streets and courtyards are flooded, the fantastic waterspouts that overhang the sidewalks pour out their streams like gigantic kettle spouts, and loud is the noise of the splashing and spattering.

Half an hour later one tiptoes along the shiny pavements, as if over a newly scrubbed floor; above him is a sky of spotless blue, while the only clouds to be seen are insignificant patches of white along the mountain sides. Yet, in an incredibly short space of time the whole process may be repeated.—From George M. L. Brown's "Charming Caracas," in St.

MAMMA'S BUNNIES.

Marjorie and Elliott had the mumps puffed up. Mamma tied up their know anything about it." cheeks with some of papa's old soft handkerchiefs and the white ends, bit's ears, so she called them her white bunnies. The first few days they played with their toys and mamma take my dress off."

was only a plain bowknot, too. "Well, ly don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this read them a great many stories, and to go out of doors.

and Trixie, the pretty kittens next

"I wish we had them over here to play with us," said Marjorie.

Just then Elliott left the room, and in a little while came back with a letter written on his Christmas paper and this is what it said:

"Dear Billy and Trixie: Marjoric and I have the mumps. Would your mamma let you come over and play with us? We will give you lots of milk. Do you catch mice? Do come.

"ELLIOTT." When Mrs. Gray read the letter she said: "The dear things, they shall have those kittens."

Half an hour later Elliott's doorbell rang and there stood Mrs. Gray's Mary Ann. with a broad smile on her face and a large Angora kitten under each arm. Billy and Trixie were dressed for the occasion. One wore a red bow and the other a blue one, and at the end of each ribbon was fastened a note for each of the children, asking them over to take tea with Mrs. Gray yanen they were bet-

It was hard to tell which had the better time that afternoon, the children or the kittens. Elliott let Billy sit on one of the nice cushions and sharpen his claws, a thing he was never allowed to do at home, and Mar jorie tied a string on a spool and Trixie had such a nice time chasing it all around the room. When supper time came the kittens and their milk in the dining-room with the children, and it was a happy little time. After supper they all sat down on the fur rug in front of the fire and Elliett fold Marjorie and the kittens stories. the feelings of a mar

"They can understand." said Elliott, "and the way I know is because they purred very loud when I told them about the old black cat we used to

At bedtime papa carried Billy and Trixie home and he said they purred all the way. When mamma put the children to bed she took the handkerchiefs off of their faces and said: "Now I haven't any little bunnies!"

"But you have us," said Elliott.
"Yes, dearies," said mamma, kissing them, "and if the sun shines tomorrow you can both go out and play for a little while."—Congregationalist.

DOLLY'S WISH.

Once upon a time there was a little girl about five years old. She had blue eyes, and light hair cut straight round, and a big black bow that dangled over one eye. Like some other little girls, when bedtime came she often said,

"Oh, I don't want to go to bed!" And one night, when her mother called and said, "Bedtime, Dolly, dear!"

she said, quite crossly: "I wish I need never go to bed!"

She was down-stairs curled up in a big library chair. She sat quite still, trying to decide whether she would be naughty and run and hide or go upstairs like a good girl. She felt rather drowsy, but just then she thought she heard a little scratching sound in the chimney, and presently, puff! down came a pretty little old lady dressed all in gray, with a scarlet cloak, and in her hand she carried a long gold stick with a lovely silver reads the newspapers will have any star on the end of it. Dolly was too excuse if he is cheated by these surprised to speak, but the little old schemers in the future. lady said, pleasantly:

"Good evening, dear! I'm your fairy godmother, and I thought I heard you wishing for something. What was it?"
"Oh," said Dolly, "I wished I need never go to bed, I hate it so."

"Why, my dear, that is a very easy wish for me to grant," said the little old lady, and with that she touched Dolly gently with the end of her wand and said, "Now you will not have to go to bed at all." Then she gave a and does wrong all the time.—Phillips little jump, and puff! she was gone up the chimney in a cloud of smoke.

My, how pleased Dolly was! She

called up to her mother, "Mother, now I don't ever have to go to bed!"

"No, dear," said mother, gently. "How nice that will be! Father and I are going out to dinner, so you can just play round and have a good time."

This sounded a little lonely to Dolly, but she did not say anything.

Down came mother and father, and God of joy and of grief, do with me off they went in the carriage. Out what thou wilt: grief is good, and joy trotted Dolly to the kitchen, but Lydia is good also. Thou art leading me now and Bertha and Alice were all toc busy to pay any attention to her. Up to the nursery she went, and began to play with her dolls, but the time ought to be written on every heart: seemed very long. Somehow she beas much fun playing as she had ex-She thought about brother, feel it is absolutely necessary, and that sound asleep in his crib, and she de- God is listening while you tell it .cided it was time for the dolls to be Henry van Dyke.

tucked up, and after looking wistfully faith, of course; for few of us could out of the window for a while—the be courageous if we stood alone. It stars looked very bright and there is fed by hope and it lives by love. seemed a great many of them—Dolly But somehow it is the fine flower in began to wish that Alice or mother this troubled life of all these high would come and tuck her up. But she qualities .- Congregationalist. was a proud little soul, and of course it would never do to ask to be put to

"Never mind," she said, "I can just

Down she sat and began to untie her ward the house of her son's savior. What was the matter? She

so they had nice times, but when slid- not unfasten; her necktie would not ing began on their hill they wanted come off. The buttons flew into the "medicine is no trivial affair, and our Then they fell to watching Billy out. Oh, how tired she was! Anyway, all her clothes on, pull up the blanket | tain our families." and cry herself to sleep.

Up on the bed she clambered. How nice and soft her little pillow looked! Down went her sleepy head, when suddenly the pillow gently slipped out from under it and rolled on the floor. She was too tired to pick it up, but remaining three back in the purse, started to pull up the soft blanket. Tug, tug-it did not come; instead it |-Lippincott's Magazine. rolled off into one corner in a tight ball.

Poor Dolly! She was pretty cold, but she was so sleepy she thought she could just curl up and sleep any way. What could be the matter? The bed began rocking slowly, then faster and faster, and presently Dolly was spilled gently on the floor! This was too much. Great tears rolling down her cheeks, she wailed:

"Mother, mother, I want to go to bed! Please come!

"Why, sweetheart," said mother, "what is the matter? You must have fallen sound asleep here in the big armchair."

Ah, how glad she was to cuddle up in mother's lap! "Mother," she said, solemnly, "I think I shall always be ready to go to bed."-Margaret Dudley, in Youth's Companion.

The Evening-Up Process. Don't get gay over the saving on coal from the mild winter. You will make up for it next summer when you pay your ice bill.-Kansas City

A woman takes on a look of astonishment when told that she has hurt

THE "SOUVENIR" GRAFT GAME. An Evil That the Federation of Labo Has Been Fighting For Years.

The trade will appreciate the force nd truth of this editorial from the Boston Traveler:

The "souvenir program" grafter re ceived a well merited and, it is to be hoped, a knockout blow at the conver tion of the American Federation of Labor at Pittsburg.

There is a species of petty larceny which has netted millions of dollars to its promoters from business and professional men, political candidates and the public generally.

The scheme is worked in connection with the public gatherings, balls, picnics, etc., of all sorts of organizations, but labor unions specially.

The organization having the ball or picnic is approached and a lump sum paid for the privilege of printing the "official" program. Once this permission is given, the "souvenir" grafter, armed with his credentials, proceeds to coax, bully or blackmail advertise-ments for the program. It is always represented that patronage implies the good will of the members of the particular organization in question, while non-compliance implies proof of hostility or unfriendliness which will be re-

It is true that there is occasionally a souvenir of this sort presented to the public about which there is no deceit. Religious, social and some of the labor organizations issue souvenir programs which are managed by the societies themselves, the contributions to which go into the societies' treasuries, but the evil has come from a group of petty swindlers who have syndicated this business and turned a legitimate source of revenue to organization into a personal graft game. The Federation of Labor has been fighting the "souvenit grafter" for years, and after the decided action just taken no person who

WISE WORDS.

quit thyself like a man.-Thomas a Kempis.

To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part.—David Starr Jordan. There is a stingy caution which will and does wrong all the time.-Phillips

Brooks. Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves .- Whatley.

ocean, to trace the sources of rivers; but they neglect themselves .- Augus-God of joy and of grief, do with me

Men travel far to climb high moun-

tains, to observe the majesty of the

through joy. I take it from thy hands, and I give thee thanks for it .- Amiel. Never believe anything pad about anygan to feel very tired, and it was not body unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you

I have come to think that courage Edith, Mary and Susy were all safely is the great quality. It must rest on

The Doctor Was Fooled.

An eminent physician had cured a and their dear little faces were all undress my own self, and no one will little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps to

sticking up on top, looked like rab- just could not get the knot undone. It things which cannot be repaid. I real-The belt buckle was stuck; it would purse, embroidered by my own hands.'

"Madam," replied the doctor coldly buttonholes as fast as Dolly got them visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to susshe would just creep into bed with tain friendships, but they do not sus-

"But, doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee." "Two hundred dollars, madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five banknotes of \$100 each, gave two to the doctor, put the bowed coldly, and took her departure.

No Trouble With That One.

The sporting editor, who was temporarily acting as information editor, ppened a letter addressed to the latter's department and found this query there-

"May Government lands occupied by settlers be fenced in?" Turning to his typewriting machine,

he rattled off this answer:

"Certainly; you can fence there or anywhere, except in a church. It isn't like boxing. But what's the matter with a symmasium?"—Chicago Triwith a gymnasium?"-Chicago Tri-

The Editor on His Muscle. We thought that the citizens of

of the press. Apparently they do not James B. Parker, whose wife is tak-ing the part of Juliet in the charity series, objected to our calling her skinny and waited for us at the theatre last night. Fortunately we caught him one on the eye, which destroyed some of the effect his objections might otherwise have borne. J. Parker is a danger to the community. She is skinny, anyhow.—Athens (Kan.) Eagle.



THE WASHDAY.

seems odd that most women choose Monday as washday, when Tuesday is preferable, from the fact that it gives the housewife a whole day to sort out the laundry, to remove stains that would become set in washing, and to mend and darn any rents and holes in linens and stockings.

TO BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES.

Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one-half pints of water and in this boil four or five bruised onions. Strain off the liquid, and with it, when cold, wash, with a soft brush, any gilding dry it will shine as bright as new.

USEFUL UTENSILS.

Some simple utensils, which are always useful in any family, are marble slabs for pastry, sink strainers, salad washers, dish drainers, tiny pastry brushes, egg pcachers, cake and pie tins with bottoms on sides, that cap be removed, of all of which there are and loss numbers of strikes and sides. endless numbers of styles and sizes.

SCISSORS IN THE KITCHEN.

A kitchen convenience which is not present in every household is a pair of sharp scissors. Scissors are used to trim lampwicks—which is a wrong— and to cut papers and string; but sel-dom for trimming bacon and ham rinds, skinning parts of fowls which need skinning, and trimming salads. These are proper uses for scissors, and the use of them saves much labor.

SOILED BOBBINET CURTAINS.

Soiled bobbinet curtains do not need to go into the washtub if the dirt on them is only the accumulation of every Stand up bravely to afflictions, and without half the bother of washing and ironing. Place the half of a curtain in a large paper bag, sprinkle a pint of the meal through it, then shake the bag in every direction hard for ten minutes. Then beat out the meal and hang the curtain in the air. If the curtain does not look a good color after one bath of meal, give it a second. Curtains treated in this way do not coarsen and mill up as when they are

CLEANING FEATHERS. Many feathers beside those of geese and ducks can be made available by the farm family, if properly deodorized and cared for. The old plan was to bake them, but a thrifty sister sends me the following: "Every time you kill a chicken, try this: The fowl should be a grown one, with few or no pin feathers. Pick dry, if you choose, or scald before picking. Save all fine, soft, quilless feathers; or, if ... you choose, strip the quills and throw, the bony part away. Scald the feathers, and let cool enough to wash them well with the hands; wash until clean, if it takes a dozen waters; then pour on boiling water again, and let stand un-til cool enough to wring out by hand, wringing and squeezing them as dry, as possible; then, if the sun is shining (and I hope it is), put them out, thinly, spread, to dry on any clean place; if the sun is not shining, put them into a large dripping pan, a panful at a time, and dry in a quite hot oven (being watchful so they will not scorch or burn, as this ruins them), stirring very often. After they are all washed and dried, put them in a stout bag and beat them well, so as to make them fluffy. If they are cleaned thoroughly, in this manner, using a good soap suds to clean them, and rinsing them thoroughly, all substance tending to decomposition will be eradicated, and the feathers will smell sweet and clean.



Maple Sugar Rolls-Make a crust by mixing two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of butter and a cup of milk. Roll to an inch in thickness, spread with butter, then cover with a mixture made of chopped citron, chopped walnuts and a cup of maple sugar. Roll up jellyroll fashion, cut into inch slices and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange Cream Pie-First cut two oranges into thin slices and sprinkle thickly with sugar, allowing them to stand for three or four hours. Make a rich, flaky pie-crust and line a deep pie-pan with it, and after baking set away to become cold. Now place a layer of the sliced oranges over the bottom, cover with thick whipped cream in which a little gelatine has been dissolved and a little sugar added, then another layer of oranges, and so

Veal Loaf-This is a savory dish at picnics and simple country suppers. Mince three pounds of raw, lean veal and a quarter of a pound of the best Athens respected and desired freedom fat pork. Sprinkle through the meat half an onion grated fine, half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme, a scant saltspoonful of powdered sweet marjoram, the same amount of summer savory, one tablespoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. When the meat is minced and the seasoning added, mix in about two-thirds of a cup of cracker crumbs, half a cup of veal gravy, the yolk of an egg and the whites of two eggs well beaten to-