

WOMAN'S SPHERE

GOOD MILK DINNER.

How a Really Good Table May be Set on a Vegetable Diet.

These people who are suspicious as to the possibility of setting a really good table on a vegetable diet should examine the following menu as described in the *New York Recorder*.

In this good, substantial feast meat is omitted, vegetables taking their place, all well cooked, and pure milk is one of the principal ingredients. Cereals, corn, potatoes, pecheese, good home-made bread and creamery butter, with a dessert of bread or custard pudding, forces this interesting menu. For the first course, oatmeal, rice or small hominy carefully prepared is the main diet, and served with powdered sugar.

For the piece de resistance, a prepared with milk. To prepare this dish to perfection, the corn should be freshly and carefully picked, and all the ears should be full grown and tender. After it has been stripped of its silk, split each row of kernels with a sharp knife, then cut off the outer edge of the entire ear, after which with the point of a knife scrape out all that remains, leaving the dry cob. Cover with fresh sweet milk and boil for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and season with butter, pepper and salt to the taste.

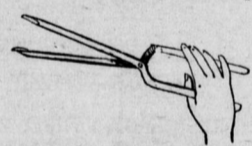
Potatoes can be scalloped, and when done to a turn form a palatable dish. Or they can be creamed and appear on the table in all their snowy whiteness. Not everyone knows the best way to scallop potatoes. To make the dish all that is claimed for it, cut cold boiled potatoes into small slices. Fill a baking dish with layers of these thin slices, each sprinkled with flour and seasoned with pepper and salt, and plentifully supplied with bits of butter. When the dish is full pour over the whole one pint of thick rich cream. Dredge the top with flour, cover over with bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for a full hour. When cooked the top should be brown, and all beneath the top layer rich, creamy, delicious.

The dessert for this milk dinner should be bread or custard pudding, which, if rightly made, is excellent in its way. Pitchers of rich milk should grace each corner of the table. Potcheese made into small balls and revolving even the Neufchatel cheese, with crackers and cream coffee, is the charming ending of this palatable meal.

INVENTIONS FOR WOMEN.

Novelties in Tongs and Molds Which Housekeepers Appreciate.

English manufacturers have a facility for inventing those trifling novelties that add so much to a housekeeper's happiness. The woman who kills bugs only at the expense of all her nerves and her peace of mind will feel like burning incense before John Bull's shrine for his latest gift to her especial world in the shape of a pair of metal tongs, the ends of which are flattened out making convenient "nippers," between which his bugship can be caught



THE IRON BUG TONGS.

and crushed to death without making his murderer unduly uncomfortable.

Another invention of a somewhat different character will please people, who sometimes give dinners to enthusiasts of one sort or another. This



TWO MOLDS.

consists of a set of individual molds for jellies or blanc mange, the patterns of which show golling tools, billiard balls and cues, masonic emblems, or even small bicycles.

Recipe for Soft Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in boiling water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon and two eggs. About five cups of flour, work in four first, adding the fifth cautiously until the desired thickness is obtained, which is a trifle thicker than cup cakes. Mix the molasses, sugar, butter and spice together. Warm them slightly and beat until they are lighter in color than when you began. Add the milk, then the soda. Having mixed all well, put in the flour. Beat very hard five minutes, and a half pound of seeded raisins cut in pieces may be added. Dredge them with flour before putting them in. Bake at once in a loaf, or in small tins.

Drying Her Clothes.

A huge captive kite is used by Mrs. Mary Rumson, of Beaver Fall, Pa., to dry her clothes. It is a picturesque sight to see the kite soaring in the blue empyrean with a long tail of table cloths, napkins, red and striped hosiery. The clothes always get like Mrs. Rumson's husband, who is regarded as the driest man in the village.

The Parting.

She wept upon his shoulder, but as he had on his linen duster preparatory to going away for a year, the damage amounted to but little.

"And shall I find you unchanged when I return, dearest?" he asked.

"I—I do not know," she sobbed.

He could feel his hat cracking under the stress of the wave of doubt and jealousy that swept through his brain. He gasped and moistened his parched lips, but could frame not a word. She continued:

"I don't know, dear. I cannot tell at this early day what color of hair will be in style then."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Expecting Too Much.

Little Mabel—I don't like my new doll. It doesn't know a thing.

Little Maud—Why doesn't it?

Little Mabel—It can't stand up nor sit down, nor hold its arms out, nor anything.

Little Maud—When did you get it?

Little Mabel—Yesterday.

Little Maud—Pretty mother you are; expecting a baby to act like a grown doll as soon as it's bought.—*N. Y. Recorder*.

Inconsistent.

"A designing man I hate!" cried Nell. With scornful head erect, And yet within a year she loved And wed an architect!

—*N. O. Times Democrat*

HIS PREFERENCE.



Dentist—Will you have gas?
Ole Si Tuttle—Wa'! I swow! We don't know much about gas 't hum. I guess you'd better give me kersene.—*Judge*.

A Domestic Crisis.

Two ladies were conversing together, when one of them remarked:
"I am troubled with nightmare almost every night."
"Well, I'd rather have the nightmare seven straight nights than do what I've got to do," replied the other, whose husband is a very stingy man.

Thomas Was Right.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said: "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.—*Boston Home Journal*.

One Way Out.

Sweet Girl—Oh, papa, I have found a way for you to escape the income tax.
Father—Guess not.
Sweet Girl—Yes! I have. You give half your stocks to Mr. Slinpurshe, and then I'll marry Mr. Slinpurshe, and so all the money will be kept in the family, and the government won't get a cent.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Parental Obligation.

"George Washington is the father of his country," said one boy, thoughtfully. "Of course he is," replied the other. "Well, I'll bet that he'd feel like taking his country out in the wash-bud if he could see how it's carrying on to-day."—*Washington Star*.

Found an Angel.

Husband—Got a new girl, I see.
Wife—Yes, and she's an angel, too.
"How can you know that? She hasn't been here half a day, yet."
"True; but she tells me that she once lived with your mother, and stood it for three weeks."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Echoes of the Wedding.

"It's all nonsense, dear, about wedding cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamed of nobody."
"Well?"
"And the next night I ate it and dreamed of everybody!"—*Life*.

Not Wholly Disinterested.

Lea—Bimley is much interested in passing a law to help out the present depleted revenues by taxing all bachelors between the ages of twenty-five and thirty.
Perrins—Yes; he has five unmarried daughters.—*N. Y. World*.

After Famous Authors.

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Howells so much."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Blessings of Ignorance.

Visitor—Is that cat really so old as you say?
She plays around like a kitten.
Little Girl—Yes; cats hasn't any family Bibles, and they never know how old they are.—*Good News*.

Explained.

Maude—That Swattles girl is wildly infatuated with her new chum, that Molly Jamesy.
Molly—What does it mean, I wonder?
Maude—It means that Molly has a brother.—*Chicago Record*.

Plety vs. Style.

Faith—Is Carrie really as plous as people think she is?
Gertrude—Oh, yes, I am sure she is.
Faith—What makes you so certain?
Gertrude—Why, all her gowns fit her so badly.—*Truth*.

FAMOUS IN HIS WAY.

For Years Worth Had been the Autocrat of Feminine Fashions.

Charles Frederick Worth, the famous man-milliner of Paris, who died March 11, was born in England at the little town of Bourne, Lancashire. His parents wanted to make a printer of him, but he early evinced a distaste to what his parents regarded as work and went to London. There he obtained a position with a dry goods firm, and within a year was in the employ of Swan & Edgar, the Regent-street drapers. Here he attracted the attention of some of the firm's buyers by his peculiar taste in dress. According to the generally accepted story it was their commendations which caused him to go to Paris,



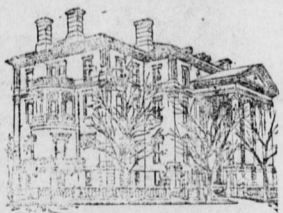
CHARLES FREDERICK WORTH.

but there were those who said a woman at that time swayed him and took him to Paris. This story was at one time so well believed in England that neither the queen nor any of the royal family would patronize him after he became famous. Soon after his arrival in Paris he became connected with the firm of Gagnin & Co. When the Franco-German war broke out Worth had hard work to keep his head above water. The firm with which he was allied, but the same protectress who had looked after him before helped him now, and he weathered the storm. The same was the case, too, of his ultimate success. The French people followed the depredations of the siege of Paris by the wildest extravagances, and Worth, who had founded the firm of Worth & Boberg, shared in the general boom. The fame of the "man-milliner" spread, and it was not long before he was the autocrat of society. During the rest of his life Worth's position was never attacked. Royalty, society and the stage were at his feet and he plundered them royally. He considered \$5,000 quite a small price for a gown, even at the beginning of his career, and the people who patronized him paid it gladly. Worth's peculiarities rendered him singularly distasteful to most men with whom he was thrown in contact, but he was a great favorite with his customers. For those who were his special favorites he would spend days over a dress. Sitting, gorgeously attired, with his head on his hand, he would have the customer pose for him and, like a musician conducting his own opera, would rise and with great gestures explain his conceptions. He never designed dresses. He "dreamed" them. Perfumes he abominated. He would permit none of his employees to use them and would almost go into hysterics if one of his customers had perfume about her. The queen of England would never tolerate him and would not permit his name to be mentioned in her presence. The prohibition extended to his work and if a Worth costume got into her majesty's drawing-room it was not paraded as such.

THE LEITER MANSION.

Considered One of the Finest Residences at Washington, D. C.

The Leiter residence in Washington, D. C., where the wedding of Miss Leiter to George N. Curzon, M. P., will probably be celebrated, is one of the most recent accessions to the great number of fine dwellings at the national capital. It is located on Dupont circle, stands fifteen feet back from the sidewalk and is somewhat irregular in shape. Its greatest width is 105 feet and it has a depth of about 70 feet. It is



WASHINGTON RESIDENCE OF L. Z. LEITER.

surrounded by evergreens and shrubbery and is attractive from its unique architecture of the old colonial style. The structure is built of white brick, with white stone trimmings and an inferior finish in hard wood, the whole being from plans drawn by T. P. Chandler, of Philadelphia. On the main floor of the residence is the library, reception-room, music-room, a spacious dining-room and a tea-room. The erection of the residence commenced in 1891; it was finished in 1893, and immediately occupied by the Leiter family. Joseph Leiter was seen by a *Chicago Herald* reporter, but would not state the cost of the structure. However, it is considered one of the most costly in Washington. It is conceded to be one of the most elaborately furnished of any of the many fine homes in that city.

The Best Friend Lawyers Have.

Who is the greatest benefactor of the legal profession? Prof. Wood, of the Edinburgh chair of conveyancing, recently told his students how, at a dinner of English county solicitors, the oldest practitioner present was asked to propose the greatest benefactor of the profession as a toast, and how he rose and said: "Gentlemen, fill up your glasses. Here's to the man who makes his own will."

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THE GARDEN BIRD.

His sense for the beautiful is remarkably well developed. In New Guinea there is a bird which not only builds a house but has a garden, too. He is known by the name of garden bird.

When he is going to build, the garden bird first looks for a level spot of ground which has a shrub in the center. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss. Next he brings small green twigs from other plants; these he sticks in the ground so that they lean against his shrub. On one side he leaves a place open for the door. The twigs keep on growing so that his little cavern is like a bowler.

Last of all, in front of the door, the bird makes a lawn of moss. Upon this lawn he scatters purple berries and pink flowers, and these he always keeps fresh.

He is about as large as a thrush or black bird. His head, back, his wings and tail are brown, and beneath he is greenish-red.—*W. H. Campbell, in Our Little Ones.*

The Crown Prince of Prussia.

Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia is now in his 17th year. He is so far advanced in his studies and so mature for his age that Emperor William is thinking of giving him an establishment of his own, with a separate retinue of servants, in order that he may early learn to govern. The crown prince is a remarkably bright lad, and is said by an English visitor to the place to speak our language fluently and talk it, not only rapidly, but well.

Makes His Dog Run the Press.

Thomas Meredith, a Chicago lad, owns a printing press and a Newfoundland dog. At first glance there doesn't seem to be much connection between them, but Thomas has made one. He has rigged up a power tread-mill, in which he fastens the dog. In this way he gains sufficient power to run his printing press, which is of course not a very large one.

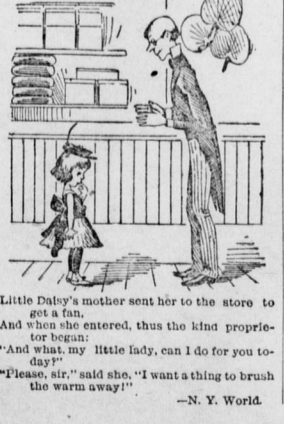
A Crack Shot at Seven.

It is not often that a seven-year-old boy is a fine rifle shot, but Joe Thorne Holland, of Atlanta, Ga., is an exception. He is a bright little fellow, with a true eye and a steady hand, and he can put his ball in the bull's-eye at fifty feet. That is what he has done more than once.

Like the Sound.

Finnicus—I cannot understand what satisfaction it can be for Mrs. Gabbleigh to talk as she does to that deaf old Waxton.
He can't hear a word she says.
Witicious—No; but she can.—*Puck*

DAISY GOT A FAN.



Little Daisy's mother sent her to the store to get a fan.

And when she entered, thus the kind proprietor began:
"And what my little lady, can I do for you today?"
"Please, sir," said she, "I want a thing to brush the warm away!" —*N. Y. World.*

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