

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Impressionable Girls.

The charmer will always be abroad in society, and while the world may excuse or may berate him, his influence over the susceptible girl is constantly working. Knowing that his species will never be stamped out, and that the maiden will always be found to offer her heart as a pure tablet for impressions, how important it is that she should have for a friend and guide one who will not destroy the exquisite quality of her nature, through trying to harden her so that she may become indifferent to possible rebuffs in heart experiences. What is needed is not the blunting of the sensibilities, but a development of the judgment. So that if the one nearest and dearest to her is an enthusiast, knowing the dangers of the way, while recognizing the delights of a pure and true love, she may show the inexperienced girl how to avoid the pitfalls in her relation to the other sex, teaching her to use discretion. "Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind."—Mary E. Baldwin in the Woman's Home Companion.

Modifying the Mode.

By the way, the lace or net undersleeves, so confidently announced beforehand, are by no means so generally worn as was thought would be the case. A little later on it may be different, but just now there are not so many undersleeves visible at any social gathering. It may be noticed that the lace undersleeves are comparatively small, and close fitting, not the balloon affairs of an older fashion, which unduly extended the size of the forearm. Fashionable women in America always contrive to modify a new mode to make it becoming. As Americans we have our share in the national sense of humor, and so we rob a new fashion of its eccentricity or unbecomingness before adopting it on this side of the water. In vain does an "importer" declare this or that is "well worn" equivalent to "all the rage" in London or Paris. If it does not look well on an American woman the mode is altered or adapted before being adopted here. Becomingness is a sine qua non of the wardrobe of an American girl.

Feeding the Baby.

A bottle-fed infant should always be held while taking its food, except at night. At that time he should be laid on his side while some one holds the bottle and sees that the child does not go to sleep until he has finished, or that he has taken what he wants, where the bottle should be removed. Never allow the child to fall asleep while nursing, or to keep the nipple in the mouth all night; either is a pernicious habit. From two to two and a half hours are required by a healthy infant to digest a meal; do not, therefore, force more food into the stomach before it has finished the work it has on hand; if this is done, the organ is overworked, does not get sufficient rest and will soon break down under the pressure brought to bear upon it. A young baby should be fed once in two hours; after the first four or five weeks, every two and a half hours; after two months, every three hours. As the child grows in age and strength he takes more food, and consequently does not require to be as frequently fed. During the night three feedings are enough for the very young infant; later, two; and by the time he reaches his fourth month a feeding at 10 p. m.—Marianna Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

Hot Weather Jewelry.

Fashion sanctions the wearing of a great deal of jewelry, and women, nothing loath, true to their feminine love for ornament, are wearing a great deal of it just now. New and pretty notions, therefore, are being constantly offered to cater to this fashion. The long chains of fine gold, set with cabochons of amethysts, pearls, sapphires and other gems, are quite familiar for watch, purse, vinaigrette or bonbonniere, but the chain bracelets to match are a much newer fancy. Many new notions in jewelry appear for evening wear. The smart set are very fond of wearing just one large gem as a pendant on a long fine chain, and, if it is an heirloom so much the better. This pendant is round, square, star or heart-shaped, set in a narrow gold rim as mabelle wills. Insignia of office, whether their own or belonging to some masculine near and dear, are also used in this way by milady. Another favorite fashion, with either a decollete or handsome reception gown, is to wear a single string of pearls and a fine gold chain together, from which hangs a pendant acorn, the bottom of which is one large pearl and the upper part many tiny diamonds. Horseshoes are much to the fore just now, for belt buckles and when composed of pearls and diamonds are considered the most desirable finish for the girdle of an evening gown.

The "Young-Old" Woman of Today.

Older women of this day, especially those belonging to what is termed good society, seem to have thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the grim destroyer Time and to keep up a plucky, albeit necessarily unequal, fight with him to the very death. It is really wonderful to see the spirit these frail beings display against such mighty odds, maintaining to the last a courage that is worthy of a better cause. There is a point at which it is far more dignified and in better taste to retire than to keep up a fight which must in the end be ghastly. Still

while it is possible it is good to be young, and if our modern grandmothers choose to bicycle, play golf and ride in the summer and rejoice in Parisian clothes and the social pleasures in the winter, who would begrudge it? The French have a graceful saying that a woman never grows old, and in an old German folksong a couplet may be translated as follows: Easy to be young in youth, But harder and finer when old in goodsooth.

Yes, the grandmothers should certainly be encouraged, but how about the great-grandmothers? Would it not be well for these wonderful new century creatures to accept the inevitable, content to have gained a generation of their predecessors?

"Only fancy, my wife's grandmother is learning to ride the bicycle!" exclaimed a young man laughingly, the other day, and when his auditor exclaimed with incredulity, he asserted it was a fact. To be sure, she was not so old as her title would seem to warrant, her daughter and granddaughter both having married very young, but it certainly sounded incongruous.

The following, however is delightful: "I have ordered a tandem," said the middle aged man, for "mother and myself, and we intend making a long, leisurely trip with it in Canada this summer."

"Yes," said the gentle faced, rather delicate looking woman beside him, "my son thinks it will do me good, and it certainly will be charming!"—New York Tribune.

New Feature of the Bolero.

A high turnover is the latest feature of the bolero. A model of gray nun's veiling made with a full, round skirt has a bolero laid in plaits that form inverted Vs in the back, which is cut up in the back to show a high belt of black satin. The sleeves and chemise are of embroidered white muslin. The collar of this jacket is contoured, high and turned over. The elbow sleeves are also finished with turnover cuffs, and the under-sleeves are full. As the season advances the bolero is more popular than ever, and the majority of the summer frocks are built with them. Their variety is endless. Perhaps the latest phase of this accessory of fashion is one of rich brocade, to be worn with lace frocks. An effective ecrú lace gown beaufitted and inserted from hem to waistband has a short bolero of black and white brocade with an over pattern of gold. The girdle of the cloth of gold and a band of the gold embroidered with black and white French knots encircles the neck. Double-breasted boleros are also seen among the latest importations. A model of gray ecrú, the skirt hung from a yoke of ecrú lace, has at the hem a trimming of three waving rows of puckered black satin ribbon. The bodice of gray accordion plaited mousseline de sole is finished by a bolero of ecrú lace, fastened with two rows of small steel buttons.

Pretty Things to Wear.

Very small handkerchiefs, daintily embroidered and trimmed with lace, are the fashion.

Cashmeres in pretty light colors are embroidered in small rings of white silk, which give them a new style.

Low-necked night gowns, made with a much-trimmed loose bodice and a trimmed skirt attached, are the modes for summer wear.

A new silk, which is like quicksilver in appearance, has appeared. It is plain, not figured, and is used for waists instead of taffeta.

One-button kid gloves are worn with the new sleeve, which has the dainty undersleeve banded so closely at the wrist that a longer glove is clumsy.

The elegance of the white lawn petticoat has no limit this season. It is trimmed with very handsome embroidery and lace, is made to fit the hips in the approved fashion.

Scarfs of Maltese and Brussels lace are very much worn with the soft, finely tucked silk stocks. They are carried twice around the neck and tied sailor fashion, bow on the bust.

Gold and silver ribbons, which are silk and tinsel woven together, are a new fancy and are a very pretty one for belts and collar bands. They are as soft and pliable as if they were of all silk.

A plain pale blue parazol is one of the items of a fashionable outfit this season, and a detachable cover of fine white muslin tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes lace transforms it into a dressy one for afternoon.

Paisley pattern is very much in evidence in shirts and cravats, and the latest necktie is of pale colored crepe de chine, with broad hem of paisley pattern, bearing silken fringes. These look extremely well worn with the little boleros.

Some of the hats to be seen in the shops do not look like anything else so much as the tops to baby carriages. They are low, lace-covered, with a wide, hanging fringe of lace over the edge. Almost everything in the way of a hat is large.

Some of the most elaborate white petticoats for summer wear are so filmy in material and trimming that one doubts if they are at all practical. An idea fresh from Paris is a petticoat of light weight silk, with a wide flounce of sheer linen, lace or embroidered muslin, bordered with a fringed ruche of the silk.

MISHAPS TO MAGICIANS.

THE BEST PLANNED TRICKS OF CONJURORS OFTEN GO WRONG.

An Amazing Catastrophe That Spoiled a Hermann Performance—Why So Few Prestidigitators Employ Confederates—Fatalities Attending the "Bullet Trick."

Professional magicians are invariably very smart and cautious individuals. Their tricks are generally well practiced in private before being introduced to the public, which no doubt accounts for the fact that they are, as a general rule, carried out successfully. In spite of their elaborate precautions to avoid failure, however, some of the cleverest conjurers occasionally meet with mishaps during the course of their performances, and thus treat their audience to some startling or amusing unorchestrated effects.

Herrmann frequently introduced into his entertainment the trick of producing two large goldfish bowls. Advancing towards the footlights with a large shawl, he would wave the latter mysteriously in the air, and suddenly produce from its folds a glass bowl filled with water, in which a number of live goldfish were completely swimming. This he would place upon the table, and repeat the waving motion with the shawl until he had produced another similar bowl of goldfish.

A complete explanation of the working of this trick need not be given here, says Tid-Bits. Suffice it is to say that it was accomplished by previously covering each of the bowls with an India rubber cover, which prevented the water from escaping when the bowl was inverted. One of these bowls was concealed under each armpit underneath the vest. The bowls were, of course, easily taken from their hiding places under cover of the shawl, the India rubber cover being removed beneath the cloth before the bowl was exposed to the view of the spectators.

The trick was a very effective one and rarely failed to elicit a round of applause, but one evening a ludicrous mishap occurred, which not only spoiled the trick, but also resulted in the complete discomfort of Herrmann. On this occasion he had just succeeded in producing the first bowl when by some unfortunate mischance the cover slipped off the second, with the natural result that the contents of the bowl was impartially distributed about the luckless performer's face, filling his shoes and thoroughly saturating his clothes. It is almost superfluous to mention that this incident concluded the evening's entertainment so far as Herrmann was concerned.

Few modern prestidigitators employ confederates during their performances, for although such assistants can generally be relied upon to play their parts satisfactorily, yet in times, through accident or design, they fail to carry out their instructions, and so ruin instead of assist the trick in which they take part. Some years ago, for example, DeGrisy, a very popular performer, included in his repertory a trick in which a confederate was instructed to hand up an imitation gold ring when DeGrisy required it. The magician got through his performance all right until he came to the aforesaid mentioned trick. Stepping among the spectators he blandly requested the loan of a ring, taking care, of course, to select the one offered by his confederate. With this ring he performed an excellent trick, the details of which may not be described, and then smilingly handed the ring back to his confederate. The latter examined it with apparent surprise, and, assuming an indignant air, asked:

"What does this mean? I gave you a valuable gold ring, set with diamonds and you return me a worthless imitation." The wizard was naturally astounded by this impudent assertion, but it was obvious that he could not expose the confederate without also exposing himself. In an undertone he entreated the man to cease his foolish conduct, but he would not be silenced until DeGrisy had reimbursed his supposed loss. The confederate then left the theater and was never seen there again, but it afterwards transpired that a rival magician had bribed the man to thus bring about the ridicule of DeGrisy.

Among the whole category of mishaps, however, none has proved fatal excepting those caused through the "bullet trick," a sensational conjuring trick which has brought fame to dozens of conjurers and death to at least six performers. For the benefit of those who have never witnessed this trick we had better explain that it consists in the performer loading a pistol with a leaden bullet and allowing one of the spectators to fire at him, when he catches the bullet between his teeth. The secret of this trick lies in the fact that in loading the pistol the magician deftly substitutes a bullet made of black lead for the leaden bullet; the black lead bullet is crushed to a powder with the ramrod, while the genuine bullet is secretly slipped into the conjurer's mouth as he walks up the stage. Beautifully simple, isn't it? Yet in spite of its simplicity accidents will happen.

Only a few months ago a conjurer was presenting the trick in a provincial theatre, and, as usual, he handed the pistol to a young man for the purpose of firing. While the conjurer was returning to the stage the man who was holding the pistol introduced another bullet into it. The pistol was then discharged, and the bullet crashed through the brain of the unfortunate conjurer, who fell dead upon the stage. Many of the spectators fainted at the horrible sight and the man who had

fired the pistol was immediately arrested, but as he succeeded in convincing the jury that he was not aware that he was doing anything wrong he was acquitted.

Still more tragic was another case in which an ingenious performer resolved to introduce a variation of the bullet trick. He "made up" to represent the historic William Tell, and each night he would shoot an apple from the head of his son, the bullet being found afterward imbedded in the apple. The feat was of course nothing more than a trick; but one evening, through some horrible mistake, the leaden bullet was fired from the gun, the boy on whose head the apple rested being killed outright. The unhappy conjurer was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for homicide, and shortly after his release he died in a lunatic asylum.

THE LAST OF THE BISON.

Even the Yellowstone Park Herd Has Dwindled Away.

In answer to a correspondent, a writer in Forest and Stream has this to say regarding the practical extermination of the American bison in its wild state:

"In 1865, when Billy Hofer and myself made the trip through the Yellowstone park in the winter with the purpose of counting the buffalo, it was supposed that there were 500 good buffalo left in the Yellowstone park. We could not feel in the least sure that there were over 125 after we had counted all that we could find or hear of, and then we felt that it was quite likely we had counted the same bunch more than once. Probably there were 100 to 125 head in the park at that time. There were at that time in the Musselshell country of Montana about eight or ten head of buffalo, which were later killed by the Crees. There were also then perhaps a few animals of a somewhat mythical herd in the Red Desert of Wyoming, never estimated at over a dozen head, and whose existence for the past ten years has been more than doubtful. Also the same could be said regarding the 'Lost park herd' of Colorado, where for a time, a half dozen or so buffalo were known to exist. There may have been a half dozen of them in 1893, but it is doubtful if any are alive now."

"The buffalo of the Yellowstone park met their fate the more quickly by reason of the fact that during a mild winter they wandered out from the west side of the park and were killed by men along the edge of the park. As they were picked up about as fast as they came out into Idaho or the Market Lake precincts, it is unlikely that any are left alive outside the park. Inside the park, at last accounts, during the past year, there were only about 12 or 15 buffalo supposed to be left, and these were not breeding."

"There is not, in all likelihood, a single individual left of the Staked Plains herd, out of which Buffalo Jones caught his calves in 1886 to 1889. Up in the Peace river region of the British possessions there really is a herd of wood bison left; for so my friend Norris, who was up there last year, tells me, and he says the Indians know where they are. The numbers of these are not known, and it would be only guesswork to state them, as, indeed, it is more or less guesswork to state figures as above."

"On the face of all discoverable information on this head, it is safe to say there are not a dozen live wild buffalo outside the Yellowstone park in the United States, and if there is a single one I do not know where it is. Inside the park there may be twenty head or so."

The Uses of Shopping.

He evidently had been inveigled into that most foolish occupation for a mere man, shopping with his wife. Fatigue, ennui and irritability were expressed in the droop of his figure, the expression of his face and the limpness of his manner. His wife, on the contrary, was placid, alert and apparently well satisfied with herself and others. He hung from a strap in the crowded car with an ill grace. She clung to his arm for support. He, talk was a sort of ecstatic commentary on panne velvet, liberty satin and other mysteries of fabric and dress, interlarded with allusions to the merits and demerits of Flemish oak, bamboo furniture and Renaissance lace curtains for house-furnishing.

The man stifled a groan occasionally but otherwise suppressed all indications of feeling and intelligence. At the end of several weary miles, however, he remarked bitterly, "And you have been shopping for more than three hours without finding one thing that you want to buy. What is the good of it?"

"But, Tom, I know exactly what I don't want. Don't be foolish. Here is our street."

And the men and women within hearing grinned with different kinds of appreciation as the couple left the car.—New York Press.

Preliminary Arrangement.

"These photographs are my souvenirs of travel."
"All these? Well, Miss Julia, you've been an extensive traveler."
"No, I haven't traveled at all. These are souvenirs of the travels I'm going to travel when I marry rich."—Chicago News.



The Dutch Kitten.

I have a little kitten gray; She's just a ball of fluff; Without a name to answer to— She doesn't know enough.

Her nose is kind of wobbly pink; Her eyes look greenish, but It's hard to tell their color, 'cause She keeps 'em mostly shut.

My aunty brought her 'cross the sea, More'n a thousand miles, From some warm Holland fireplace, All shiny round with tiles.

I sometimes ask my kitten gray: "Say, do you love me, dear?" And then I blow real gently in Her tiny tufted ear.

And when she shakes her head for "no" I do not mind it much, 'Cause of course she doesn't know a word Of anything but Dutch! —Fullerton L. Waldo, in Christian Register.

Found at Last.

Marjory and Brownie had been playmates from the very day that Marjory's father had brought Brownie home in his pocket, a little white puppy, mottled with brown, and with a pair of the brightest eyes you ever saw. It would be hard to find many brighter, livelier or more knowing fox terriers than Brownie soon proved himself. He took to tricks like a circus dog, and before very many weeks had passed he would jump through a hoop or over Marjory's hands; would sit with a bit of cake balanced on his nose, waiting while Marjory counted five, when he would give it a toss and then catch it in his mouth, and would stand up on his hind feet at a given signal and walk around the room, shaking hands, or paws, rather, with everybody, that was there.

You can imagine how sorrowful Marjory felt when Brownie disappeared one afternoon. Nobody knew how it happened, whether it was a case of lost, strayed or stolen. All they knew was that he had been out in the front yard, running about and playing, and that when Marjory went to call him in he was nowhere in sight. Marjory hurried to the neighbors, but no one could tell her anything about lost Brownie.

Marjory's father, when he heard the story, put an advertisement in the newspaper, telling about Brownie's loss, and offering a reward to anybody that would bring him back. For a few days after that Marjory ran to the door every time the bell rang, hoping to see Brownie, but the weeks passed without any news, and at last, very sorrowfully, she gave her pet up as lost.

Four, five, six months rolled away, and a dear little white kitten had taken Brownie's place in the house, though not in Marjory's heart, when one day a great dog show was opened in the city a few miles away. Nobody went from Marjory's home, but one afternoon an old friend of her father's, who had often been at the house, and who had been a favorite with Brownie, strolled into the show to see the dogs, big and little, that were on exhibition.

He was sauntering down an aisle between the open cages in which the fox terriers were chained, and was looking with a great deal of interest at the bright faces when suddenly he felt a pull at his coat. He looked quickly around, but there was nobody near him. He started on again, but again his coat was pulled, this time more sharply than before, as though something were very much in earnest. He turned around a second time, quickly enough to see that his coat had been caught and pulled by a small, lively, bright-faced terrier, whose face looked familiar to him, though the dog's name and that of his owner, which were posted above him, were entirely strange. Meanwhile the dog had let go the coat, and in his joy at having attracted the gentleman's attention was standing on his hind feet and trying to lick his face.

For an instant the gentleman looked sharply into the brown and white face, so close to his own, and then said in joyful surprise: "Why, Brownie, is it you, old fellow?"

At sound of the old, familiar name the dog fairly danced in his cage and tugged at his chain as though he would break it. And he began to whine pitifully when the gentleman turned and hurried away.

You can guess where he went. Straight to the managers of the show, to tell them that he had found among the dogs one that belonged to a friend. The man who had entered Brownie was sent for, but could tell nothing, except that he had bought the little fellow from a dog fancier some months before.

"Can you prove your claim?" the manager asked. "I think so," was the ready reply. "If he is my friend's dog he will answer to the name of Brownie, and will go through several tricks that he was taught."

So Brownie was unchained and was taken to the circus-like ring, where the trained dogs performed every afternoon, and went through his tricks as easily and readily as though he had performed them only the day before. The managers were quite convinced that Brownie had proved his friend's claim, and the gentleman who had entered him said that he would give up his own claims. Marjory's father afterward saw that his loss was made good.

I need not tell you how happy Marjory was when Brownie was brought back to her.

back to her, which was just as soon as possible after the little scene at the dog show. And now there is added to her fondness for Brownie a very great pride that he could make himself known and prove his claim so cleverly as he did.

Her Robber.

There had been quite a little talk about robbers, and reports had been circulated that some of the inhabitants had lost various things from their woodsheds.

These reports had greatly excited many of the residents, especially the children, many of whom never thought of going to bed without hiding their treasures and securely fastening every door and window.

In one home was a very imaginative little daughter named Mabel, who was about 12 years old. These stories had made a great impression on her mind, and she spent a good deal of time planning how she would meet them when they came. Time went on, but still the robbers made no appearance, and Mabel was beginning to feel rather slighted, because she longed for a chance to show her courage.

At last one night she thought her turn had come. She was awakened at midnight by a grating sound, which seemed to come from a closet in her room. Her courage began to waver and all her plans deserted her. She lay wondering what to do for at least five minutes, but could not decide. She had once almost decided to rouse the household, but she thought the robber would kill the person coming to assist her.

At last she could stand it no longer, so she called one of the members of the family, just to let the robber know she was awake.

Soon after that the noise ceased, but Mabel lay awake the rest of the night, ready to give the alarm. In the morning the first thing she did was to peer cautiously into the closet. To her surprise she saw nothing, but careful investigation showed that a corner of the door had been nibbled by some poor little mouse, who had made a vain attempt to escape.

That evening Mabel put a mouse trap in the closet and caught the disturber. Happy to relate, she has never been troubled by robbers since.

The Marble Witch.

(By Katharine F. Witzleben, age 10, Detroit.)

There once lived in a certain village some very rich people who had a son and daughter. They kept a good many servants, the most important ones being Rose and Mary Holmes. One day after these girls had finished their kitchen work they strolled into the forest, which was not far from where they lived, and which was supposed to be haunted or enchanted. As they sat down to rest on a big stone Rose said she did not believe there were any fairies. As she said this she instantly turned to stone. It then started to rain, and the frightened Mary ran to go home, but she could not find her way. Suddenly she came to a house which was all lighted up. She knocked, and a hideous old woman appeared. She was very dirty and slovenly. She told the girl to come in, and she gave her a bed to sleep on. The next morning she gave her some breakfast and told her she would show her treasures to her. They went through many halls, of marble, of which the furniture also was marble. Then Mary saw a great many stones lying around. All at once some men came in and killed the witch. Mary then went back to find Rose, who was slowly returning to her natural self, and soon the two girls reached their home, where they told their wonderful story.

Arch Their Backs.

It is not anger alone that makes cats arch their backs. Indeed, when two cats are preparing to fight they do not assume this attitude, but crouch low, just as they do when about to spring on their prey, the body being extended, and the hair not in the least erect. But when, on meeting a dog suddenly, fear is combined with anger, when the cat, standing at its full height, at once arches its back, with an instinctive effort to appear as big and as terrible as possible. Darwin compares it to the similar attitude of the lynx when attacked, and to that of birds which ruffle their feathers and spread out their wings and tail when alarmed. It is not noticeable that a cat will also arch its back when in an affectionate frame of mind, rubbing itself against its master's leg. At the same time it slightly raises its fur and holds its tail erect. Its whole attitude is just the reverse of that which it assumes when savage. Darwin accounts for this in the following words: "Certain states of mind lead to certain habitual actions, which are of no service. Now, when a directly opposite state of mind is induced there is a strong and involuntary tendency to the performance of a movement of a directly opposite nature, though it may be of no service."

From "Guesses at Truth," by the Hare Brothers: Moral prejudices are the stopgaps of virtue, and, as is the case with other stopgaps, it is often more difficult to get either out or in through them than through any other part of the fence.