



Fans of Fish Scales.
The tiny fans of peacocks' jays' and guinea fowls' feathers are pretty, but a newer idea is a fan made of simulated fish scales in tissue, gold deepening to copper for a carp, or silver to bronze for a salmon. All in dull mother o' pearl sequins, with a white gown, the effect is fascinating.

To Refresh the Face.
When tired and weary after a day's outing or traveling, it is a great mistake to plunge the face into cold water, which really acts as an irritant, whereas tepid water produces quite the contrary effect. After washing off the dust on face and ears, a little buttermilk, or, failing that, rose water, dabbed on, will soothe and whiten the skin, taking away the feeling irritation.

Pretty purses for Spending Money.
Bright purple, katydid green, vivid yellow and scarlet are the gay hues in which purses, cardcases and pocket-books are being made this season. The smooth-surfaced leathers seem to be as much in favor as the rough monkey skin, rhinoceros hide, elephant skin, etc., which have had such a long and successful reign.

The silver or gold mountings of these new leather goods are in a fanciful new-art style; dragon flies with outspread wings form the top of a pocket-book, while a nymph with golden hair and a cap of cowslips on her head forms the graceful mount of a purse of green leather. The bright hues and the fantastic designs of art nouveau seem to suit each other admirably.

Both New and Smart.
Do you know what causes the sleek, trim effect of a smart hat and why the smooth surface of the breast plume, which lies along the left side of the brim remains smooth and unruffled? It is because of the little cover of tulle which covers the plume like a close-fitting envelope. Very likely you have not noticed it, but it is there, otherwise you could scarcely have been out in a sea breeze or high wind without ruffling and disturbing the short, soft breast feathers. If the plume is white very likely the veil also is white. But a fine black veil on a white breast of feathers is sometimes used. When the white plume is speckled with black, you notice it has a veil on. This detail of millinery is called the plume veil.

Names of Spanish Women.
A conspicuous fashion paper, says the London Chronicle, seems to have tried to give a feminine turn to the name of two of our duchesses—Consuelo, duchess of Manchester, and Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough—by printing the name Consuela. This shows a misunderstanding of the most characteristic of Spanish names. Consuelo is "comfort" or "consolation," a masculine substantive, but a feminine name. Nearly all Spanish women are christened Mary, with some special invocation; thus Mary of the Seven Sorrows is Dolores; Mary of Mount Carmel (the religious order of the national saint, Theresa) is our wild friend Carmen and our agile Carmenita; Mary of the Immaculate Conception is Concepcion, and Mary of Good Comfort is Consuelo.

Full Throats.
The plump matron with rounded contour and full throat often finds it difficult to buy a silken stock ready made. The stock may be low or high, it is nearly always pinching tight, and not to be thought of save as an inducement to apoplexy. Sometimes cutting away the upper edge enlarges the surface, so as to make it fit. Sometimes a choker or rosette of tulle or ribbon bow with loops is stitched to one end, and the hooks that fasten the collar are then moved forward under the bow. This gives lee way, and the stock then fits reasonably; but it lacks the style of a smooth-backed stock. One must not choke, and yet one would gladly be smart in the matter of neck-dressing. Perhaps the dealers in such pretty articles of neckwear will begin to supply extra long models.

The New Skirts.
One cannot touch upon waists without mentioning the new skirts, for they are so closely allied to the waists in color and style as to pass for suits even though purchased separately.

The very latest skirts show the drop skirt, which is an entire skirt made of silk and finished with an accordion plaiting around the foot. This is the universal style for the drop skirt, which is not a scant skirt, but a very full one, quite as full as the dress skirt under which it drops.

A very successful French dressmaker, one who designs gowns for the Countess de Castellane, who is considered the best dressed woman in Paris, has a way of making the drop skirt separately, fitting it as though it were the dress skirt. It is just as full, just as well fitted to the hips, just as perfect in every way as the dress skirt. It is also very long and touches the floor in front. The back and sides are of aweeping length. Over this the dress skirt is finally made.—The Pittsburg Press.

Stylish Hats.
On millinery all sorts of flowers are used, roses perhaps being the favorites, from the tiny Banksia specimens to the beautiful La France, while some exclusive models boast large sprays of hy-

drangea in various colorings. As a rule, this latter flower disappears with the early summer, but it has found great popularity this summer and promises to remain with us for some little time to come.

The treader hat has been revived for traveling, but it shows very little trimming, indeed—in fact, nothing more than a rosette of very soft satin and a couple of quills. This shape is not universally becoming, but it is really smart when properly adjusted.

The newest toque of all appears to be a plateau shape folded in two, the principal trimming, generally a wreath of flowers veiled in tulle, being found between the two brims, with a bow of velvet ribbon at the back resting on the hair. The ordinary plateau shape continues as popular as ever.—Washington Star.

Two Odd New Games.
In European fashionable circles two new games will soon become popular, if one may judge by the enthusiasm which greeted them when they were played a few days ago, for the first time, at a large festival given by a wealthy landed proprietor.

One is known as "the necktie race." The players are horsemen, and, as in an ordinary race, each strives to be first at a distant goal. Midway between the starting point and goal, however, are several ladies, and each horseman as he reaches them is bound to dismount, hand the reins to a groom, have his necktie tied by one of the ladies, and then mount again and race for the goal. Before the race begins each horseman selects the lady whom he desires to favor him in this manner.

The second sport is known as "the apple race." On the course over which the horsemen are to go are placed four basins filled with water and each containing a floating apple, and each horseman on reaching the basins is required to dismount, kneel and grasp, if he can, one of the apples with his teeth. That this is no easy task can readily be seen. Furthermore, if he succeeds in grasping the apple he must keep it in his mouth until he reaches the goal, for if he drops it while his horse is galloping he cannot win the prize.—New York Herald.

Women in the Professions.
Sixty years ago no woman in America, so far as is known, had ever been regularly accredited as an authorized practitioner in law, medicine or theology. Indeed, it seemed then far more unlikely that women would be allowed to preach than to vote. When Antoinette L. Brown imparted to her classmate, Lucy Stone, at Oberlin, her intention to become an ordained minister, Lucy, who already aspired to become a voter, exclaimed: "You can never do it!" Yet Antoinette was ordained, and ministered to an orthodox congregation some 50 years ago, while Lucy, after a half-century of heroic effort, died a disfranchised citizen.

Of the three learned professions, medicine has proved the most generally available for women. There are now many thousand physicians of every school practicing medicine successfully in America and England, and even to some extent in foreign countries. Indeed, a medical diploma has proved invaluable to many women missionaries, giving them admission to the harems of Turkey, India and China, which would otherwise have been closed to them.

While there are thousands of successful physicians, there are a few hundred successful clergymen, who have ministered acceptably to congregations and done credit to their pastorates. But in law comparatively few women have been able to support themselves by the practice of the profession. In exceptional cases they have done so.—The Woman's Journal.



Low and flat is the word in the Paris model hats.

Panne velvet is to be seen and mirror velvet and satin.

A white chiffon boa is edged with a narrow ribbon in black and white.

Jet buckles and pins, as well as jetted laces, are very good on hats, and buttons of jet are used to finish straps in mourning millinery.

Very brilliant colors appear in some of the Paris hats, orange velvet and rich crimson and chiffon trills are combined with velvet and fur.

How are reversible skirts in silk? Black for one side and a black and white plaid for the other. The economical woman has two silk skirts in one.

New velvet ribbons are of velvet on both sides and of a solid color in the center, with edges striped with the color of the center and white. It gives a pretty shaded effect.

Many jewels and pearl embroidery will be seen upon the hats to match the jeweled effects in gowns which will be worn this winter. Gold and silver lace and embroidery appear with the jewels.

All-silk hats, taffetas, which will be worn this winter, are among the prettiest for children. They wear them to match the coats. Blue with blue, red with red, and black with anything. They are chiefly worn in colors. Other things are prettier in black.

A one-seam bishop sleeve model is being brought out for the season's uses. It may be made in full-length style with an Algon wristband or a flare cuff—or, again, in three-quarter length and finished with a frill. The lining may be omitted if desired. The sleeve is particularly suitable for shirtwaists of silk or light wool.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Counsel that favors your desires needs careful watching.

It is always easier to forget bad habits than to forego them.

The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature.

A woman condemns faults in another woman's children which she pardons in her own.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil, or temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Right is right, in all simplicity, and either the teachings of the great prophets are false, or they are to be reckoned with daily in all the common affairs of human life upon earth.

It is hard to believe that others cannot see what seems plain to us; but we cannot see the sun at night; and for all that it is quite plain to those on the other side of the world. Everything is in the position one happens to occupy.

The habit of concentrating all the powers for a certain time upon a definite object is not gained without discipline and practice. Many persons meaning conscientiously to perform the work that falls to their lot have, for want of that habit never learned how to do it with thoroughness and dispatch.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptations, but a soul. One must build up his moral deed and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.

THE COST OF WARS.

Conflicts of the Past Century Have Cost Nearly \$20,000,000,000.

A writer in the Home Magazine estimated the cost of wars on the 19th century to nearly reach the enormous sum of \$20,000,000,000. Just how much is a billion? he asks. It is one thousand millions; but that fact is not expressive. There are only 3,155,673,600 seconds in a century—that is, \$6 have been spent on war for every second of the century. If we take Archbishop Usher's chronology, and consider the world to be 5904 years old, we find that the nations have spent on war during the 19th century at the rate of \$6 a minute since the creation.

The most costly building in the world is the Church of San Pietro, in Vaticano, known to us as St. Peter's Rome. It has cost not less than \$70,000,000 since its foundation stone was laid, yet nearly 200 other churches of equal cost could be built out of what the world has spent on wars during the 19th century. The costliest building in this country is the Philadelphia building, which represents nearly \$30,000,000; yet nearly 700 copies of this great pile could be erected out of the money spent on war during the last hundred years. The world spends upward of \$530,000,000 a year on education. If it spent 37 times as much it would not equal the war expenses of the past century. The population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000; the money spent on war between 1801 and 1900 would give to each man, woman and child alive today more than \$13 as pocket money. If a man counted 200 a minute for 16 hours a day, six days a week, he would have counted 1,000,000 in eight days three hours and 20 minutes. At the same rate he would need 8333 days, three hours and 20 minutes to count 1,000,000,000, or 26 years, 195 days, three hours and 20 minutes, not counting Sundays. To count 20,000,000,000 would take 532 years 1 day six hours and 40 minutes.

Philanthropy in School Work.

Chicago has the distinction of being the first city in the world to furnish free transportation for crippled children of school age to a school of their own. The superintendent of compulsory education of the city in investigating many cases of absence found that a number of children remained from the school sessions both on account of sensitiveness because of their deformity and because, in many instances, they were unable to reach the school without an attendant, an impossibility in families all the members of which had to be breadwinners. The community had provided for the schooling of these unfortunate, but the cost of transportation fell mainly upon the parents and guardians, except when private charity furnished the means. In a building in the stockyard district, where the larger proportion of these children live, a large room has been set apart for them in order that they may not be annoyed and jostled by their healthy and boisterous mates. A smooth running omnibus with an attendant plies daily between the school and the homes of the children, and 18 crippled and comparatively helpless children constitute the first class. Similar schools are contemplated in other parts of the city. That the school boards of other cities will turn their attention from the jobbery in books and the traffic in positions of which they are too often accused, and enter into a noble emulation in the humanities with Chicago is devoutly to be hoped, even though their efforts should be crippled by the bartering of school and hospital appropriations in political corruption.—American Medicine.

ROOF-DWELLERS OF NEW YORK.

Cozy Homes in the Top Stories of Modern Office Buildings.

Perched high up in mid-air, atop the lofty office buildings of the city, are little homes as quiet and secluded as though they stood beside some country lane, instead of directly above throbbing, hurrying, maddening Broadway. Quiet little houses they are, with ample door yards, many of which are filled with brightly colored flower beds. To one who is hungry for a glimpse of country greenery they are as oases in the great stone desert that constitutes the business section of New York. These are the dwellings of the modern cliff men, most of whom are the janitors and superintendents of the great skyscrapers. Several years ago some inventive architect devised the plan of locating the caretakers and their families on the roofs of the buildings of which they have charge. The plan was so satisfactory in every respect that it has been very generally followed. Within an area of a few blocks in the down town district dozens of families are living thus above the caves of the tallest buildings in the world. They form a quaint and interesting colony.

The little dwellings which form the homes of the roof-dwellers are regular cottages, quite separate and distinct from the great structures on which they are built. They are constructed of wood or brick, and they nestle on the great skyscrapers like Swiss chalets on as many mountain peaks.

At first thought it might seem that the life of the roof dweller must be a lonely one, but he has his own diversions, and he enjoys many advantages not to be obtained by other residents of the city, not even by the wealthy householders of fashionable Fifth avenue. Sunlight and fresh air—the nectar and ambrosia of city life—are enjoyed by the residents of the roofs in unstinted quantities. They are not crowded by their neighbors; they enjoy a delightful seclusion; while at their feet is spread the vast and ever-changing panorama of the city and its glorious harbor.

From his aerial home the new cliff man can look down upon the streets below, with their swarming crowds of what, from his lofty perch, look like scurrying ants. He can see the elevated trains puffing along, looking almost like toys. Around him rise the rival sky-scrapers—modern towers of Babel, pulsating with the hurrying life within. The great metropolis stretches away to the northward, between its confining rivers, as far as the eye can reach. Here and there its uniformity is relieved by some great building looming high above its fellows. Southward the harbor's broad expanse, alive with craft of every sort, invites his eye. The roof-dwellers, too, can see the tremendous forces of nature at work in their magnificence. When a summer thunder storm sweeps the city they can observe the full beauty of its display; the black clouds veiling the sky, the great curtain of rain walling out everything around and the blinding glare of lightning, with perhaps some huge building outlined against it; or, again, they can watch the fog stealing down to veil the city and harbor in gray.

The enterprising housewife among these denizens of the roof is able to brighten her home with many delightful features. She may have her flower gardens, and even a little patch of vegetables reared in soil brought from below. Trailing vines may be trained along the cottage walls, and with shrubs and plants disposed about the borders of the roof it is possible to transform the whole into a charming hanging garden. In the long summer evenings the tables can be moved out into the yard, and here the roof dwellers can sit and take tea amid the coolness and quiet. Here, too, they can entertain their less fortunate friends who are condemned to live in stuffy flats or apartments. Hammocks may be swung to give added comfort and pleasure to life, and awnings put up in summer to keep the place cool through the mid-day hours.—Ledges Monthly.

Loneliness and Health.

A medical journal has of late been discussing on the indigestion of loneliness, says the Baltimore Sun. By this title is meant to be indicated the disorders of digestion which are believed to follow the practice of taking one's meals in solitary state. The topic is by no means an uninteresting one. Thousands of men and women living alone are compelled to take their meals for the most part without company. Week in and week out they feed themselves without a soul to talk to, and the medical journal devotes its energies to showing that the practice is not one that is likely to be conducive to digestion, to proper bodily nourishment, or to health. The solitary man soon tires of merely eating, and if he is not of a literary turn of mind his tendency is to hurry through his meal to escape from his loneliness into the society of his fellow-men. Herein, it is held, lies a danger to health.

Love Letters Buried with Her.

Before the Empress Frederick's coffin was finally closed all the love letters she received from her late husband, the Emperor Frederick, together with his last written messages, inscribed after he had lost his power of speech, were placed in the coffin over her heart.

The famous eagles which used to haunt the lakes of Killarney, making their home in the Eagle's Nest mountains, have been exterminated within the last three years.

MR. M'KINLEY'S DESCENT

HIS ANCESTRY AS TRACED BY THE REV. A. STAPLETON.

The Martyred President Sprang from the Scotch Irish Race—Head of the Clan Came to America in 1743—Great Grandfather Was a Revolutionary Soldier.

The following genealogical sketch of President McKinley was prepared by the Rev. A. Stapleton of Carlisle, Pa.: "It should be a matter of regret to all true historians that the campaign histories of President McKinley were erroneous in several important genealogical details. The data herein given may be relied on as correct, as they are the result of researches in the court records and other authorities still extant.

"The ancestors of President McKinley belonged to that sturdy race of people called the Scotch Irish, so called because in 1607 King James I. located a large number of Scots in the northern part of Ireland on lands from which the Irish had been evicted. These settlements were gradually augmented by immigration until eventually the Scotch-Irish element predominated in this region. They were staunch Presbyterians in faith and in course of time developed traits and peculiarities so marked as to almost stamp them as a distinct race.

"In course of time this noble people were overtaken by many hardships, such as the successive failure of crops, besides very unsatisfactory civil and religious conditions. Their only source of relief was in immigration to America, in which they were encouraged by agents of the American colonies. After 1715 the immigration became very extensive, the chief port of arrival being New Castle on the Delaware, below Philadelphia.

"The Scotch-Irish being citizens of the British realm their arrival is not a matter of record like that of the Germans, Swiss, Dutch, etc., who are designated as foreigners in the colonial records, and were required to subscribe to an oath of allegiance upon arrival, besides a subsequent naturalization. Hence it follows that citizens of the realm are more difficult to identify than foreigners by the historian. Our only recourse is in tax lists, land warrants, court records, etc.

"In the case of President McKinley we have an undisputed retrograde record to his great-grandfather, David McKinley. We know that he was a revolutionary soldier that he was born in York county, Pa., that he removed to Westmoreland county after the revolution, and in 1814 to Ohio, where he died. In the cemetery of the Chatfield Lutheran church in Crawford county, Ohio, may be seen two modest granite markers with the following inscriptions: 'David McKinley, Revolutionary soldier, born, 1775; died, 1840,' and 'Hannah C. Rose, born, 1757; died, 1840.'

"David McKinley was the father of James, born Sept. 19, 1783, married Mary Rose of Mercer county, Pa., and removed thence to Chatfield, where he purchased a farm, on which he died. He was the father of William McKinley, Sr., born in 1807, and died in Canton, O., in 1892. The latter was the father of President McKinley. Hannah C. Rose, buried by the side of David McKinley, was the great-grandmother of the president. She was also the great grandmother of former Mayor Rose of Cleveland.

"For the history of the family prior to David the soldier, we must rely on the courthouse records at Lancaster and York, Pa. From various documents and entries we think the evidence incontrovertible that David McKinley, the head of the clan McKinley in America, landed at New Castle and located in (now) Chancetown township, York county, Pa., in 1743. At that time he was well along in life. He was accompanied by his wife, Esther, and three sons, John, David, Stephen, and a daughter, Mary. There are frequent references to these sons in the county archives.

"The immigrant was a weaver by trade, but, like all thrifty artisans of that day, he secured a good homestead. It is possible, but not probable, that he arrived in the province earlier than 1743, but in this year his name first appears on the records in a warrant for 16 acres of land on a beautiful elevation overlooking the Susquehanna river in the distance.

"That he was a man of enterprise is shown in the fact that in 1794 he circulated a petition for a public highway, which he also presented to the court. The following year he was made supervisor and doubtless had the task imposed on himself to engineer his road to a completion. His name occurs frequently in the most honorable way, showing him to have been a man of unusual probity and worth as a citizen.

"David McKinley, the immigrant, died intestate in 1757, leaving his wife and children as already named. His daughter was intermarried with Samuel Gordon. The settlement of the estate shows personal property to the value of £220, or \$1100, besides the plantation, which was divided. Later, however, the son John (who with his mother, was the executor) purchased the entire estate.

"This leads us to the consideration of the second generation, viz., John McKinley, eldest son of the emigrant. Before entering upon details we here throw out the precautionary statement that the names McKinley and McGinley are both contemporaneous and interchangeable in our early records, owing to the carelessness of scribes. They were, however, separate families in York county. The McGinleys proper came from James McGinley, who died in York county in

1755, leaving an only son John. No relationship is known to have existed between the families, although remotely it might have been the case. The president's ancestors, so far as we have ascertained, always wrote their name as now.

"Resuming our narrative of the McKinleys, John, son of the immigrant, was born about 1728 and in his day was one of the foremost men of York county. He became a large land owner and frequently figures in important business transactions. When hostilities broke out with the mother country he staunchly supported the revolution and was made a wagon master for Chancetown township by the committee of safety. He died on his estates Feb. 18, 1799, being survived by his widow, Margaret, an only son David, great-grandfather of the president, and daughters Esther, Jean, Elizabeth and Susan. The widow subsequently married Thomas McCulloch. She died in the winter of 1781.

"This leads us down to David McKinley, grandson of the immigrant and great-grandfather of the president. He was born on the old homestead in Chancetown township May 16, 1755. In 1776 he enlisted in Capt. Reed's company of Ferrymen in the war of the revolution. This was the Seventh company of the Eighth battalion of York county militia. The militiamen, it should be remembered, were called out in emergencies and were drafted in sections for active service, making what were then called tours of service. In this way nearly all the militia of Pennsylvania saw many tours of service, much hard fighting and the most perilous kind of military life.

"The local historians of York county had been in correspondence with the president respecting his York county antecedents. He had expressed himself as much gratified by their researches and interest in his ancestry, and faithfully promised at an opportune time to visit the scenes of his ancestral abode. Several dates for the proposed visit were partly agreed on, and great preparations for the visit were in prospect, when the Spanish war compelled successive postponements of the visit.

"As a matter of interest we may add that a muster roll of the company of which his great-grandfather was a member, and ever since the revolution in the possession of the descendants of Col. John Hay, was some years ago presented to the president and received by him with many expressions of delight and satisfaction."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The oldest inhabited house in England is on the River Ver, close to St. Alban's abbey. It is octagonal in shape, and supposed to be 11 centuries old.

The first English postage stamp was black, but the postmarks were hardly visible on it, and this tone was followed by red, with the familiar portrait of Queen Victoria.

In the picturesque village of Allesley, Warwickshire, Eng., an ancient custom which is found to linger here and there, is still observed. The church bell is rung at 5 o'clock every morning in the summer and at 6 o'clock in the winter, in order to arouse sleeping villagers and enable them to start to work in good time. The curfew is also tolled at 8 o'clock each evening.

A German farmer named Obermayer, had, unfortunately for himself, taken the fancy of a strapping lass who worked in his fields. Finding languishing look and bashful advance of no avail, the girl who was gifted with almost herculean strength, repaired to the farmer's house at a time when he was sure to be alone and on prayer and entreaty proving futile bound him with a rope which she had the forethought to bring with her, and having ragged him drove him off in one of his carts to her own cottage, whence, brow beaten and cowed he departed only for the village church.

An American railway company received a letter from an eccentric individual wherein he offered a considerable sum of money for the privilege of being permitted to ride 1000 miles on the cowcatcher of a famous express. Probably the queer application arose out of a wager, but, in any case, it was refused without hesitation, and the would-be perpetrator of the extraordinary freak was compelled to travel in the more conventional manner at the rear of the locomotive instead of in front of it, a mode of progress which would hardly commend itself to prudent minded passengers.

The members of the Osterlout family of Susquehanna are the most famous wildcat and rattlesnake hunters in northern Pennsylvania. For years Herman Osterlout has tramped over the hills of Susquehanna, Wayne and Pike counties, catching rattlesnakes for New York and Philadelphia museums. He has been bitten by rattlesnakes innumerable times. He has killed more wildcats than any other man in the state. His record is 127 cats. Mrs. Osterlout is an experienced huntress, and she accompanies her husband on many of his trips. She has captured and killed scores of rattlesnakes and wildcats.

The Only Chance.

"Do you think the north pole will ever be discovered?" asked the scientist.

"I couldn't say," answered the capitalist. "Possibly a trust may some time be persuaded that there is money in it."