



TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

A Fashion Growing.

The fashion for dressing the hair low on the nape of the neck is growing in fame and the front hair slightly waved is parted either in the centre or a little to one side.

Chinese Widows.

In China it is an unwritten law that widows should not remarry, and to encourage them in faithfulness to the memory of their dead lords the government confers on widows over 50 years old a tablet eulogizing their virtues. If a widow should honor her deceased husband by voluntarily following him into the next world her suicide takes place publicly and accompanied by much pomp and ceremony; afterward her memory is perpetuated by a tablet being erected to proclaim her distinguished virtue.

Institute with a Large Membership. Sewing as taught in the Mechanics' Institute of Rochester, N. Y., is made most interesting to the children. There is a story for everything the children pick up, how buttons are made, the manufacture of pins and needles, the history of a thimble from the time it is stamped in metal until it is a thimble. Miss Darrow, who has charge of this department, also conducts classes for those who intend to teach sewing. This institute is said to be larger than Drexel, Pratt or Armour's institute, having over 2000 members.

New Hats.

Millinery grows apace in enchanting comprehensiveness. A bewitching chapeau, a recent apparition, is a regular plateau of natural tinted tuscany, the edge of the brim wreathed with dead white roses resting on a bed of delicate green leaves, while across the crown there spreads a great wide bow of broad, black ribbon velvet, or, in lieu of the white roses red velvet petaled geraniums look especially well and carry eminent conviction of the best style. So far as personal observation goes—and can one judge by fairer means?—there is no authority for declaring the presence of the small toque upraised at the left side, vouched for by one or two chroniclers of fashion. Wide, flat—more or less—and enveloping, the latter day toque pursues the even tenor of its way.

Look to Your Lines.

Sometimes it is a question if puffs really do make a thin girl look plump. Without doubt a good deal of material has that effect if adroitly managed, but as for full, baggy puffs, forming bodice, sleeves and a part of the skirt, we aren't so certain.

In one case where the material was extremely thin and the puffs baggy said puffs were observed to be so blown by the breeze that they looked as if clinging round the slimmest of beanpoles. In that case they exaggerated the thinness.

Fair ones often make a mistake in going in for a too extreme effect. Clever dispositions of lines in seams, as well as in trimmings, with material used liberally, will give a plump effect when more ruffles and puffs, unless gauged by the artist eye, are likely to vary in effect from anything from an exaggerated thin girl to a scarecrow.

Don't Gush.

The dictionary defines poise as "the state or quality of being balanced; equilibrium; equipoise; hence, figuratively, equanimity; rest." Poise instills grace and symmetry into the workings of the mind, just as physical exercise does into the movements of the body. It is rarely a natural endowment, but may be cultivated to the point where it becomes second nature. Poise always carries with it a suggestion of reserved force, and the woman who wishes to acquire it must learn to husband her energy as well as her time; she must not fritter away words, moments or emotions.

The woman of poise indulges in a few exclamations or superlatives, and does not waste enthusiasm over trifles. She is gracious, but never gushing, and she has acquired the habit of listening attentively, not awaiting with ill-concealed eagerness a pause in the conversation to enable her to rush in and take the floor. The woman of poise never lingers after her goodby is spoken; never, in fact, under any circumstances, talks long while standing. She does not experience the difficulty too many people have of taking leave gracefully. She says goodby, gives you a bright smile, and is off to the pleasure or duty that awaits her. You do not find out all there is to know about the woman the first time you meet her; you become acquainted with her by degrees, and grow gradually into her friendship.—Ina Brewster Roberts, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Girls and Their Interests.

A trick of preserving flowers in sand is worth trying at the seashore and bringing a supply of sand home for winter use. Fine, clean sand must be used, washed if not perfectly clean, and when dry sifted through a fine sieve into a rather deep pan or other vessel. When the sand is deep enough to hold the flowers upright, more of the sifted sand is filled around them with a spoon. Care should be taken not to break or bend the leaves and to see that no little holes or interstices are left unfilled about the flowers. When they are covered thus

carefully, so as to be entirely invisible, the pan is set away to dry for several days; they must be taken out with great care as the leaves are dry and brittle. Ferns and flat flowers like pansies are successfully treated in this way. Flowers in cup shapes are laid lengthwise in the sand, the spaces in and around them carefully filled in to make the pressure even and exclude all air.

The cotton drapery in the fish net weave, which comes now in a wide variety of colors, is of great assistance in producing an artistic effect in room furnishing. The rough brick chimney of a summer cottage which was the focussing point in the big living room was relieved above the mantel, far up its height, with this drapery of the sun tanned tint which the actual fish net takes on. To drape a door opening, too, it will be found that a width of the mesh drapery matching in color or the other hanging quickly adds grace and softness.

A young woman has occupied some of her summer leisure in marking a dozen hemstitched linen handkerchiefs intended as a Christmas gift in a novel way. From the original signature of the future owner of the articles she has traced duplicates on the linen, copying each afterwards with the finest of black working cotton such as is used to outline designs in the dollies. The handkerchiefs are men's size and might be for her father or her brother, but are, in fact, for neither.—Harper's Bazar.

Decline of the Housewife.

Mme. Henri Schmahl is an Englishwoman by birth, who, since her marriage to a Frenchman, has devoted all her time and energies to the furtherance of woman's rights generally in France, and in particular to obtaining the reform of the Napoleonic code on lines long since adopted in England. One of her most notable achievements has been to induce a deputy to frame a French married woman's property act, more restricted in its scope, however, than the English law. The measure successfully passed the chamber some time ago, but at present lies shelved in the senate. Now Mme. Schmahl attacks, not a lobbyist, but perhaps, a more vital subject.

Figuratively speaking, she makes an onslaught on the inner man. The "hausfrau" is becoming extinct. Such is her bold statement. Still more daringly she adds, "So much the better." In her opinion the modern young woman is losing both taste and capacity for looking after the house. Mme. Schmahl is openly delighted to have ascertained, as she professes to have done, that this is an undoubted fact. The woman of the future may consequently be expected to rid herself entirely of the "hausfrau's" instincts. She will no longer take the slightest interest in supervising the cook, being utterly unqualified to do so, while it stands to reason that she will have nothing whatever to do herself with her husband's dinner except to partake of it.

Mme. Schmahl foresees a further and, in her opinion, a still more beneficent consequence. When the "hausfrau" dies out the cook will vanish from the household and with her the kitchen, and all its odors will be abolished. Mme. Schmahl does not go so far, however, as to suggest that the eating of dinners should be done away with as well, and that nitrogenous tabloids are to take the place of varied menus. Her vision of the future merely forecasts the day when all food and drink will be supplied by universal providers. Breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper, when required, will be sent in to every household from the nearest restaurant by contract at so much per head per annum.—London Daily Telegraph.



FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

Pretty effects are given to gowns when the yoke of the skirt and the jacket are of lace and of the same variety.

A fichu which is draped around the shoulders below the yoke of the gown is fastened where it meets in front and is caught in again at the waist, the ends flying out below.

With the many uses of silk as trimming the effect of foulard is being tried upon linen gowns. The taffeta is all right, but the foulard is not properly managed is doubtful.

A trim little bolero is a double garment, first the short regular little bolero with revers and fancy buttons, and below that a tight-fitting little under jacket reaching to the waist line.

A pretty finish which is to be seen on both low and high black shoes is a fancy piece pointing up like a tip at the toe and continuing around the toe in fancy points and ornamented with many punches.

A pretty coat is finished with a Watteau plait down the back, fitting snugly at the waist line. Down this plait are inset medallions of lace, and more of the medallions cover the whole lower part of the coat.

Attractive purses and card cases have on the leather representations of floating clouds, done in gold, and set into the leather. Among these clouds carved in some delicately tinted stone, is the full round face of the man in the moon. These are to be found with leathers of different colors. Swans designed in meta're upon other card cases.

HOSTELRY FOR INDIANS.

Only Hotel in the Country Patronized Exclusively by Redskins.

One of the most unusual hotels to be found anywhere in America is on Third street northwest, a short distance from Pennsylvania avenue, the Belvidere house, as the hostelry is known, is probably the only hotel in the world patronized exclusively by Indians. For nearly 40 years it has been the stopping place for practically all Indians coming to Washington. In every tepee and Indian cabin throughout the west stories of its luxuries have been told, and every Indian hopes some day to be a guest within its doors.

Landlord Benjamin F. Beveridge has made a profound study of the appetites of Indians and he not only knows in a general way what the red man likes to eat, but he knows the things they like best and the manner in which the cooking should be done. An Indian, Mr. Beveridge declares, will eat as much as two ordinary white men. He wants meat principally, and plenty of it. As a general thing the Indian doesn't care for delicacies, but ice cream is a strong favorite with him, and it doesn't matter whether the frozen sweet is served with breakfast or with dinner. Many of them ate it for the first time at the Beveridge, and those who have already been initiated into its mysteries consider it great sport to watch the uninitiated attempt to swallow his first spoonful. When the dessert is served all eyes are fixed on the Indian who is away from home for the first time. If he betrays the least surprise when he discovers how cold is the harmless-looking white dish, the others "guy" him unmercifully.

The dining room at the Beveridge is in the basement. There is one long table, covered with a red cloth. There is not much of silver, or rare china, or cut glass upon it, but plates and cups and saucers, and knives and forks are used, all of the substantial kind found in railroad eating houses. The Indian traveling for the first time is frequently at a loss to know the purpose of them all, but he watches his fellows closely, and is good at imitating. The Indian doesn't talk much at meal time, though sometimes a subject of conversation is started that starts them all a-go-ing, and no banquet then could be merrier.

The Indian, traditionally, is a solitary individual, who prefers his own company to that of other mortals, but the experience of Landlord Beveridge proves this a fallacy. The redskin loves company, and if 10 or a dozen of them from the same tribe are at the hotel in a party they refuse absolutely to occupy separate rooms, but demand that they be allowed to sleep together. For this reason, instead of the ordinary small hotel bedroom, with its single bed, the Beveridge has large rooms, in each of which half a dozen or more beds are placed.

At night these rooms are the scenes of powwows that frequently last until well toward morning. There sometimes meet representatives of tribes which for generations have warred upon each other. In such cases they pay ceremonial calls, each party bringing its interpreter. The pipe of council is smoked with solemnity and the deeds of mighty men of war are recounted, and "twice they fight all their battle over again, and twice they slay the slain." In the past some important councils have been held at the Beveridge, and many treaties arranged.—Washington Post.

"Hand to Mouth" Livers.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditures, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able bodied laborer who might not become financially independent if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But, unfortunately, this is the one thing which the workman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard, to every half-dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus, in the first financial crash, when mills and factories shut down, and capitalists look up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.—Success.

Navies Promote Shipbuilding.

It is almost an axiom that the merchant marine of a nation increases in proportion to her development as a naval power. This is true of the United States. A number of her new shipyards were started chiefly to get the contacts for constructing naval vessels, for which Uncle Sam pays with unsurpassed liberality provided all requirements are fulfilled. Less than 10 percent of the American exports are carried in American bottoms and there are only about 100 American steamships in the foreign trade. The largest of these, the St. Louis, St. Paul, Philadelphia and New York, belong to the International Navigation company, better known as the American line. The St. Louis and St. Paul, built by the Cramps of Philadelphia, are the swiftest merchantmen flying the stars and stripes. They are economical coal consumers and steady ships—a gala



How's Anyone to Know?

Two little blue jean overalls, Two straw hats, mazing wide, Two rakes, two hoes, two shovels, Two gardens side by side, Two little strangers, coy at first, At last quite friendly-wise, A little conversation, And a pretty big surprise, "What's your name, little boy?" they ask Each of the other, shy, "Me? Why, I'm just a little girl!" "You are? Why, so am I!" —Youth's Companion.

Memento of Alfred the Great.

Wiltshire Downs is a tract of fairly level land in England. As you stand on an elevation and look across the country your eye catches the form of a gigantic white horse upon the side of a hill beyond the valley. It is a figure cut in the rock in the side of the Downs, and is 175 feet long from the head to the tail. It is believed to have been made in the time of King Alfred, who died 1000 years ago. The figure is rather crude but when seen at a distance the outline of a horse is very distinct. Just above the figure, on top of the hill are the remains of an old camp.

A Little Goose.

One day Willie called Dot "a little goose." That was because she didn't go to school, only to kindergarten, and couldn't read, like her primary school brother of six.

Tom spoke up at that. "Will," said he, "a papa goose is a gander, a mama goose is a—well, just a goose, but a little goose is a gosling. Dot is not a goose, she's a dear little gosling, aren't you, Dot?" "I don't know," said Dot, doubtfully.

Then, says the writer in Little Folks, who is telling the story, I told them the famous goose story that has been told to children for more than 2000 years; how nearly 400 years before the first Christmas, a baggy, yellow haired Gaul swept down like a north wind into Italy and captured Rome, all but the Capitol hill, how one night the Roman guard fell asleep, and the Gauls climbed up, up, up to the very top; how just then the goddess Juno's sacred geese, kept there by the temple, heard them, and flapped their great wings, and hissed and honked; and how Marcus Manlius heard the geese, and seized his arms, and ran to the edge of the cliff just in time to push backward the topmost Gaul. "And so," said I, "the geese saved Rome."

"Then, too," I went on, "if geese are not wise enough to read, like Master Will, they knew something about our alphabet long before men did, for the flying wild geese have always shaped their flocks into As and Vs. And if they don't know how to make all the letters, they have helped men write all the letters." "Why, how could they?" asked Dot. "Oh," said I, laughing, "they gave their big wing feathers to men, and men cut the ends into pens; and everybody, for centuries before steel pens were made, wrote with quill pens. Little children in school wrote with goose quills; and, when the points were scratched, they raised their hands and said, 'Please teacher, sharpen my pen.' And the teacher would take her pen knife and cut new points. That's how little jackknives came to be called penknives."

A Lost Scolding.

One morning Benjy happened to reach the schoolhouse very early. The place was as still as a meeting house in the middle of the week. Benjy was not afraid exactly, but he felt rather lonesome and timid; for the little white school house was hidden from the village by a grove.

To keep up his spirits Benjy began to play ball by himself. The ball he pulled from his pocket was a great wonder to all the school children. It was of rubber, almost as light as a soap bubble and was a beautiful bright red in color. Such a ball had never been seen among the Sharon boys until this came to Benjy from a cousin in the city.

He began by tossing and catching it, then he made it bound on the hard, smooth ground, but it was rather stupid to be playing alone. Then he tried to make the schoolhouse help him in his fun; and he threw the ball against the wall and up on the roof, catching it as it bounded back. This was much livelier; and he had entire-ly forgotten to feel lonesome, when the ball suddenly disappeared. There was a soft little thud inside the schoolroom, then a crash that in the quiet place sounded to Benjy as loud as a peal of thunder. One of the windows was down a few inches from the top, and the little red ball had found its way through the narrow opening.

Benjy's first fear was that he had lost his ball, and then that some damage had been done in the schoolroom. He wondered what could have made the noise that had seemed so loud. He stood on tiptoe and peeped in through a window. On the teacher's desk was a vase lying on its side. The flowers that had been in it were scattered about and the water was trickling in among the neatly piled books. Benjy was really frightened now. He tried the door but it was fastened; and he was too small a boy to climb in through a window. He thought of running home, to get out of sight of the mischief he had done; for how could he face the scolding that would come? But no one had seen him throw

the ball. Perhaps Miss Berry would never find out who it was. Then the boy shut his hands together into two tight little fists and ran down the road toward the village as fast as his feet would carry him. He met two or three boys going to school, but he did not stop when they shouted.

Miss Berry was shutting the gate behind her when a breathless little boy almost tumbled against her, crying: "O, teacher. I spilled water all over your desk. Please hurry, and perhaps the books won't be spoiled."

When she learned what had happened, she hurried on to rescue the books, leaving Benjy to follow more slowly. She had not scolded. "But she will, when she has seen the books and has time to tend to me," he thought ruefully.

As he entered the schoolroom there was quite a group about the desk, watching Miss Berry wiping off her books and putting them on a window sill to dry in the sunshine.

"I know who did it," a little girl called out, suddenly, diving into a corner where she had caught sight of the bright ball. "This is Benjy Adams' ball, and he threw it in the window and tipped the vase over."

She was triumphant over her discovery; but Miss Berry smiled at Benjy over the heads of her other scholars and said: "Yes, I know who did it; it was an honorable and truthful little boy who came straight to me with the story of his accident. There has been no harm done, Benjy. Most of the water dripped to the floor and the few books that are wet will dry and be just as good as ever."

And that was all the scolding Benjy received.—Presbyterian Banner.

A Modern Columbus.

If it had been your good fortune to be at the little harbor of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on Friday, July 27, 1866, you would have observed signs of unusual excitement. The presence of American newspaper correspondents would have told you that something of interest to the American people had occurred; the British flag floating side by side with the American, from church and telegraph station, would have shown you that England shared this interest in common with America.

This was, indeed, a memorable day in the world's history. After 12 years of greatest effort, during which Cyrus Field, the promoter of the project, had crossed the ocean nearly 50 times after repeated failure and discouragement, a cable 2000 miles long had been laid across the floor of the ocean and telegraphic communication between America and the mother country established.

Well might John Bright, the eminent Englishman, call Cyrus Field "the Columbus of modern times, who by his cable had moored the new world alongside the old." Well might congress present him with a gold medal and vote him the thanks of a grateful nation, and the Paris exposition in 1867 award him the grand medal, the highest honor in its power to bestow. Before this day of success, the repeated failure of his attempts had brought down upon him the sneers of many people, but he had never lost faith that his great idea could be carried out, and there had not been wanting faithful friends in England and America who by their generous financial aid and by their belief in him had enabled him to carry out his project.

In 1854 Mr. Field was asked to aid in building a land line across Newfoundland from Cape Ray to St. Johns. Thence fast steamers would carry news to the western coast of Ireland, and so news of America could reach England in one week. In considering this scheme it occurred to Mr. Field that the line could be carried across the ocean, and the result of this idea was the Atlantic Telegraph company, organized in London in 1856.

Both British and American governments aided him with ships, and in 1857 and 1858 expeditions set out from Ireland to carry the cable across to America. The expedition of 1857 and the first one of 1858 were failures, but in August, 1858, for three weeks communication was established. Messages were exchanged between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan, the event was widely celebrated, and then suddenly the cable stopped working.

Discouraged and doubting, the people were not easily aroused again to enthusiasm or belief. It was not until 1865 that the attempt was made again, and this time the cable broke in mid-ocean after 1200 miles of it had been laid. It is hard, however, to discourage a man who is sure he is right, and in July, 1866, the Great Eastern and the Terrible, both of which had been on former expeditions, the Medway and the Albany, set out from the coast of Ireland to lay the cable across to Newfoundland.

There was wild enthusiasm on land this time. Everyone realized the great difficulty of the undertaking, but there was an interested crowd on shore, among them many Irish peasants. Many a prayer was offered for the safety and success of this expedition, and these prayers were answered. When after two weeks the feet landed at Heart's Content, captain and officers in the little church at Heart's Content offered their thanks for the success which had come at last, and a sermon was preached from the text, "There shall be no more sea."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Explaining a Tragedy.

He—I wonder how they ever became engaged. She—Their accounts differ. She says he threw himself at her feet, and he says she threw herself at his head.—Brooklyn Life.



A Warm Weather Dessert.

Mint sherbet is an excellent summer dessert, and has the advantage of being easily made. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water over a bunch of mint, and let it stand. Boil together a quart of cold water and two and one-half cups of sugar for fifteen minutes. Strain the mint into it. Add a cupful each of orange, strawberry and currant juice. Cool and freeze. Arrange a sprig of mint in each cup.

Peanut Cookies.

Peanut cookies will prove a delight to most members of the family. To make them, remove the skins from two cups of shelled peanuts, and put them through a meat chopper. Cream together three teaspoons of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add three eggs, two tablespoons of milk, one tablespoonful of salt, the nuts and enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll them on a floured board, cut them with a small cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

A New Cranberry Pie.

A delicious cranberry pie is made of the uncooked fruit. To make a small pie, take a large cut of the ripe fruit and chop it into small pieces. Add a cup of granulated sugar. Stir a tablespoonful of corn starch into a little cold water and add a quarter of a cup of boiling water. Pour over the cranberries and sugar and mix thoroughly. Roll out the pastry thin, cover the pie plate with pastry and fill with the cranberry filling. Cover with a plain pastry, cover and bake in the oven for about forty minutes.

A Delicious Dessert.

Cherry sauce with plain boiled rice is an inexpensive and delicious dessert. Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of flour and two ounces of butter. When well blended, a pound of stoned cherries, four whole cloves and a pint of water. Allow this to simmer until the cherries are soft, then strain through a fine sieve, rubbing and mashing the cherries to obtain as much of the pulp as possible. Next add the juice of half a lemon and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Just before serving add the well-beaten whites of two eggs. The eggs must be beaten to a stiff snow.

The Breakfast Fruit.

Oranges served whole are always an acceptable fruit to be eaten before the cereal at breakfast, and the combination of sliced oranges and coconut with perhaps an addition of sliced bananas is sometimes served at this time, although it is more popularly served at dinner, for dessert. And it is found that the orange cut in squares for this dessert is better than the thin slices, as it does not pack so close in the dish.

Peel as many oranges as are required, and cut in inch-square pieces, removing all the white parts and seeds. Put a layer of these in the bottom of a glass dish and sprinkle them with sugar. Have ready a fresh cocoanut grated and spread some over the sugared oranges. Cut some firm bananas into thin slices and place a layer of them close together over the cocoanut. Repeat with the oranges, sugar, cocoanut and bananas, with a final layer of thickly sugared oranges, and a sprinkling of cocoanut. Serve with candied cherries around the edge of the dish.

Household Hints.

Tinware is made bright by polishing with newspaper.

Fewer dishes will be broken if a small wooden tub is provided instead of the ordinary dishpan.

A fernery and a candle holder combined is a novelty for table decoration found in the jewelry shop.

Salted almonds should be placed on the table at the beginning of the dinner and served with the crackers and cheese.

Dates, figs and raisins chopped together in a meat chopper and moistened with orange or lemon juice make an excellent filling for brown bread sandwiches.

When lamps are clogged with oil the burners should be boiled in a strong solution of soda and water, and allowed to get thoroughly dry before being used again.

A cupful of currant juice to a quart of red raspberries, in canning, will add much to their flavor. Currant juice will also improve red raspberries that are to be eaten raw.

Chairs that look quite hopeless after a season on the porch respond to a stain as well as to enamel paint. An application of ammonia will help to remove any former "coat."

A pinch of powdered ginger added to cranberries in cooking will bring out the flavor. They should not be stewed to a jam, but kept separate, looking more like candied cherries.

Creeks in a stove grate can be easily mended by applying ashes and salt moistened to a stiff paste. Put on at night and in the morning it will be found quite firm. Should it crumble again in the lapse of months, renew the application.

Cranberries make excellent timber for winter shortcakes. Pare, core, and cook with as little water as will prevent burning. Sweeten as for table use, and can. To use place between thin shortcake, cover with frosting and serve. You will call it delicious.