

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

Aluminium Hairpins.

One can get aluminium hairpins in different colors. They come in white, black, brown and auburn.

Monogram Belt Pins.

A belt pin in the form of a jeweled safety pin with the monogram of the wearer has been brought out to place in the front of the waist, and not at the back; many of the enamelled brooches in the form of flowers are pendant drops of turquoises, pearls and other stones in the matrix. The hairpins are most beautiful.

A Permanent Blush.

A society woman, tired of constantly rouging, applied to an artist to tattoo a permanent blush upon her cheeks. After experimenting a little on himself first, the artist undertook the operation. It is said that the woman emerged from it with a fresh pink and white complexion, warranted to hold its color in the wash and not to wear out.

She is an Admiral.

There is only one lady in the world who has the distinction of being an Admiral in the Russian Navy, Queen Olga of Greece. This honor was conferred upon her by the late Emperor on account of her knowledge of nautical affairs, and of her interest in Russian seamen. In this respect she excels her husband, King George, for although he served for some time in the British Navy he never attained any high rank.

Worked Her Own Mine.

Mrs. Kay, who recently struck it rich in her mine in Arizona, worked a long time for her success. Her husband was a hard working man, but there was nothing left out of his wages when the family had been provided for to develop her claim. So she developed it herself when she had time from her housework. She handled the drill and hammer, put in the charges and wheeled out the debris after the explosion. She worked in this way for a long time. A few months ago, when she went back into her tunnel after a round of shots, she found a vein opened and big chunks of ore bearing rock lying about. Now she has a force of men under her and is making money, it is said.

Adjusting the Baby's Diet.

The second year of childhood, dreaded by all mothers as the most trying in the baby's life, is rendered more so by the difficulty of adjusting the diet for a proper transition from milk to solid food. The tenement house mother of the New York foreign ward solves the question very promptly and simply by setting the youngster at the table with rest and bestowing upon him sauerkraut, watermelon and any other delectable dainties that may happen along. Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, one of the professors at the New York Post Graduate School and Hospital, gives the following menu for the second year:

Fruits of various kinds are early allowable, such as apple sauce, baked apple, stewed dried apples, stewed prunes and orange juice. The skins of fruits should never be given. All vegetables should be cooked until as tender as asparagus tips.

Begin the year with one soft, semi-solid meal a day, to take the place of one bottle. Gradually add a second and third meal. A good mixture for the very first solid food is stale bread crumbs or zwieback soaked in hot water and served in milk. A fresh egg, boiled for two minutes and mixed with crumbs, is good, and cereals cooked to a jelly and served in milk.

Choose the highest grades of oats, which have less husk, and change from one cereal to another for variety.

Meat broths, preferably mutton or chicken, may begin the second year. Between eighteen months and two years the meats may begin, sparingly and always finely minced. Scraped beef, rare roast beef, broiled steak or mutton chops, roast lamb, the white meat of the chicken, and fresh fish, boiled or broiled, may be given, in amounts varying with the amount of exercise and outdoor life the child gets. No fried food or tea, coffee or beer should be allowed. Any succulent vegetable, very thoroughly cooked, or any milk pudding, may be given. At the beginning of the second year the baby will want one night bottle, and a child can have a bottle once or twice a day if he cares for it until he is three or four years old. New articles of food should be introduced into the baby's diet tentatively. Find out what His Majesty thrives on and let him have it. A great variety is not necessary.—New York Tribune.

The Perfect Woman.

Many a woman has spent her time wondering what trait in her sex man most admires. The subject has been discussed and haggled over for centuries to no purpose. The only thing that the poor woman can think now is that a man wants her to be everything that he for the moment desires and nothing that he does not.

It is said that no two men, having seen Helen of Troy, described her in like terms. She appeared to each as the personification of his ideal, and each therefore worshipped her.

What should a woman be to be all to a man? Constancy, faithfulness, truth and honesty always command admiration, to say nothing of respect, but a man will perhaps say: "Give me the woman who is all devotion, whose love is dependent and who is trusting."

The subject was discussed at a tea the other afternoon by three women, one of whom mentioned the last sentence. One of the others said:

"Oh, yes, that's very nice when another man will say, 'I prefer the woman who 'paddles her own canoe,' who depends upon her own resources,' as you know."

Said the third: "How flattering it is, isn't it, to hear a man say: 'Give me the woman who is good, but not prudish; who loves a good time, but tempers it with good judgment.' That's the kind of man I hate—who thinks women are for amusement, nothing else."

Just then two men came near, and one of the women turned around and said, "Mr. Blank, what trait do you most admire in a woman?" This came with such a bombshell effect that the man seemed dazed, but being newly engaged that fact may have had something to do with his manner. The man who was with him turned around and said:

"If you want my opinion I'll be very glad to give it—that is, if you want an unbiased opinion. I might begin by telling the things I don't admire, and then you could judge of what I do, but I won't do that. So I will merely say that she must be unselfish, constant, not jealous, honest, intuitive and, above all, love me more than any one in the world, which will be the best of all."

The three women looked at each other, and one said, "What a pity it is that he wants one of the heavenly band, for there's no woman on this rain soaked earth that will suit his high mightiness."—New York Journal.

Jewels and the Individual.

"I like jewelry that is characteristic," she said, as she toyed nonchalantly with her chain of grayish silver and coral and smiled complacently over her brooch of Nova Scotia crystals, set in dull metals by a clever art jeweler of Halifax. "I value jewelry in proportion to its unusualness. It must have a meaning for the wearer alone, and it must, above all, be something different from that worn by other women."

"I know a woman who has a set of things I frankly covet. They are made of copper. There is a big Oriental bangle with panthers' heads on snakes' bodies; there is a big clasp for the throat of a cloak, a buckle for the waist, and a hat pin. She has deep red hair, and she wears copper clothes, and is a joy to my eye. Another lucky woman has a pendant with a big pear-shaped cabochon carbuncle hung from a piece of gold and crimson enamel-work, with a drop beneath it formed of an irregular pearl. She has a brooch shaped something like a scarab, with its round back made of a carbuncle. She has another hanging from a bangle, and an art nouveau comb, with another two or three gleaming redly in her fair hair. I know another woman with a tourmaline which is just the color of her eyes—greenish hazel. It is table-cut and quite square, and hangs from a couple of gold chains caught at the throat by a single diamond. I myself have a silver set which I am rather fond of. And old embossed cross, such as were wickedly made from the clasps of antique books, which depends from a black velvet ribbon, just held below the throat with a heart-shaped silver slide, and there is a long clasp for the waist in three pieces so as to fit the curve of the figure, and a big silver pin for the hair, which has cleverly escaped looking like a skewer or a paper cutter."

"In the days when the flat golden hearts were all too common I had one made, but with a difference, with a monogram, pierced, inside the outer rim, and I have never seen another like it. I heard of somebody the other day who collected little old oval paste buckles, and when she had enough had them made into a chain-like collar to fit round her throat over a velvet band. I saw a very pretty pair of earrings the other day, a recrudescence of the old style—long crystal drops hanging from a ball of crystal with the least gold setting possible. I don't suppose I should wear them—as ear-rings—if I had them, but I covet them just the same."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

—Pretty— Things— to Wear

Dark velvet coats come with more skirts of a light color.

Some of the choicest new costumes have blouses to match.

Metal rimmed buttons of cloth or kid to match a garment are very smart.

Black and white, all black, pale blue and green seem to be the favorite colors for ties.

Full-length one-piece lace stoles of a plastron-like shape half cover choice imported evening dresses.

Large white tulle bows, with polka dots of green velvet, are worn at the base of the neckband in front.

A bunch of cords with dangling pendants is caught to the upper left front of the modish blouse or other coat.

The monogram buckle is the latest style for the Colonial shoe. It is made of gun metal, with the monogram of sterling silver.

The style in shoes has changed greatly. Heels are much higher, toes more pointed and the curve at the instep more pronounced.

The pleated skirt, with side pleats or shallow box pleats, is evidently first favorite, and all indications point to it as the popular winter model.

A smart little reefer coat of tan cloth is double breasted and curved in at the sides. It is an exception to the prevailing mode, but is extremely chic.

French jackets of light weight coat cloth are made with double-breasted, semi-loose fronts and finished with three graduated shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

The Funny Side of Life.

Love's Prisoner.

He who flirts and runs away. Will live to flirt another day. But he who flirts and stands his ground. Will all too soon be gagged and bound. —Life.

No Give Away.

Father—"No, John, you can't have another piece of pie."

Son—"O, please, papa! I won't tell mamma—honest!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Bliss of Ignorance.

"Were you ever unconscious?" asked the Wise Guy of the Cheerful Chump. "Not," replied the Cheerful Chump, airily, "that I was ever conscious of."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Why She Quit.

"Why was it that they couldn't get along together?"

"Oh, he stuttered so badly that she never had time to wait around and get in the last word."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lover of Animals.

"He's a great lover of animals, isn't he?"

"Why, yes. But then, in another sense, I should say his regard for himself was perfectly natural."—New York Herald.

Apprehensions of Chill.

"Don't you dread the cold when you prepare for an Arctic journey?"

"No," answered the intrepid explorer; "what I dread is a frost when I am preparing for my lecture tour."—Washington Star.

A Forgetful Creditor.

"The world owes me a living," said the dreamy-eyed person.

"Even if it does," answered the busy friend, "you mustn't be too polite or too lazy to get out and dun it for what's coming to you."—Washington Star.

His Consideration.



First Bohemian (to second ditto)—"I can't think for the life of me why you wasted all that time haggling with that tailor chap, and beating him down, when you know, old chap, you won't be able to pay him at all."

Second Bohemian—"Ah, that's it! I have a conscience. I want the poor chap to lose as little as possible!"—Punch.

Quite Up to Expectations.

"Your father was disappointed in your monthly report, of course?" said the school teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied the dull scholar. "No? You don't mean to tell me he was satisfied with it?"

"No, ma'am, but he said he hadn't expected to be satisfied with it."—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Rejoiced.

"Mother writes that she is coming to spend a few weeks with us," remarked the bride of three short months as she glanced over a letter at the breakfast table.

"The saints be praised!" exclaimed the man who had once declared that he could not live without her. "Your mother, at least, is a splendid cook."—Chicago News.

A Distinction.

"What is that serious looking man's business?"

"That of an attorney," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has made a specialty of getting people who were threatened with official investigations out of trouble."

"But he looks so very artistic. I felt almost sure that he paints."

"No, He doesn't paint. He whitewashes."—Washington Star.

A Business Man's Sarcasm.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the man who is painfully accurate in his use of language, "that sign in front of your shop is improperly punctuated."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the prosperous merchant.

"Yes, sir. You have omitted a comma."

"Don't tell me any more. I can't bear to think of it. Here I've only made two or three paltry millions out of this business. When I think of the billions I might have made if that comma had been present, I am overwhelmed with remorse."—Washington Star.

Not All is Lost.

Be a disappointment in love ever so great, the fact remains that there are other things to think about sometimes. —New York News.

INDIAN TRAPPERS OF THE FAR NORTH

Picturesque Scenes When the Fur Brigade Departed and Returned.

The going and coming of the fur brigade was the one great event of the year to those nomadic people who stood watching the fast-vanishing flotilla. Were they not bidding farewell to fathers, brothers, sons, or lovers, chosen as the best men from their village of over 400 souls? Had they not had a hand in winning the treasure that was floating away? If only the pelts in those packs could speak, what tales they would unfold! During the early part of the previous autumn the Indians, with their families, dogs, and a few belongings loaded into canoes, had set out for various points in the surrounding wilderness. Then, as the little groups gradually separated, each family independently struck off in different directions, and, at last, after many days of paddling, poling, tracking and packing up the wildest of rivers, and with blanket-sails skimming over unannexed lakes, they reached their "lands" just as the spirit of winter was sweeping over that great lone country and covering the silent waters and whispering forests with her mantle of white. All winter long they had toiled with sleds, and hunted and trapped on snowshoes. Each family had trapped only on the "lands" bounded by certain streams, the right to which had been handed down from past generations. Constantly they had moved their bark wigwags as their "martens roads" played out. Sometimes there had been feasting—when moose or caribou were near—but oftener fasting. As the short days of that long season slowly passed, the Indians gradually added to their pile of skins. At last the days lengthened, the snow sank away, the lakes opened and the rivers once more ran free. Sleds were cast aside, canoes were patched up or new ones built, and the long journey to the port began. But then it was easier traveling in the spring, for the water was high and the current right.—From "The Abitibi Fur Brigade," by Arthur Henning in Scribner's.

WISE WORDS.

Subjectivity is suicide. Faith is the carrying quality. The money basis makes man a commodity.

Money can be remade, but not so character. Life's too short. Sanity consists in a small opinion of self and a great opinion of the universe.

Sad indeed is it that debts put on us by the friendship of one are not always payable to that one!

Many a man prides himself on his self-restraint, when, as a matter of fact, it is nothing but laziness.

Seek not perfection. Let not one fault in a man estrange you from him, or you will be unworthy of friendship and alone through life.

The most miserable creature on the face of the earth is the selfish man. His birth is a loss to the world, and his death is the world's gain.

Two things which make people unhappy are these: Failure to attain the (for them) unattainable; and success in attaining the unattainable.

The beauty of "going without things" and then thinking about it all afterward is sheer ugliness. The beautiful thing is really not to want the non-essentials; then it is perfectly easy and indifferent to go without them.

The Ungallant Von Menzel.

If there is one public man in Germany who detests being lionized, and, at the same time, rather dislikes women, it is the celebrated painter Adolf von Menzel, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle. He went to Kissingen this summer, as usual, to take the waters, and while there a young lady from Berlin saw him one evening sitting over his beer in a beer house. She was a collector of picture postcards, and, of course, she wanted to get one in a surreptitious manner from von Menzel. She accordingly edged herself up to the painter, with whom she was not personally acquainted, and said: "Herr professor, may I send you a postcard now and then?" Receiving no reply, she reiterated her question. Menzel edged by nodding his head. "I may, then?" "Send them, if you like," said Menzel; "I have a good large waste-paper basket at home!"—London Telegraph.

The Last of a Species of Parrot.

Ornithologists will regret to learn that Gullidge's Amazon parrot, a rare bird inhabiting the mountains of St. Vincent, has in all probability become extinct, owing to the recent volcanic phenomena in the island. The species was said formerly to occur only on the Soufriere, hence it became known as the Soufriere bird. The great eruption in 1718 drove many specimens to seek shelter in the other highlands of St. Vincent, but their numbers were considerably reduced by the fearful hurricane of 1898, and there is reason to fear, so I am told by an ornithological friend, that the few survivors have all perished in the eruption of May last.—London Correspondence of The Scotsman.

The Billycock Hat.

There is much speculation as to the exact nature of the billycock hat which has so suddenly come into royal favor. The dictionary describes it as "a stiff, round, low-crowned felt hat," but in reality it is what is popularly known as a "bowler." The origin of the word is obscure, but it is probably a corruption of "bully-cooked," a term used in the eighteenth century, and signifying hats cocked after the fashion of the bullies, or dashing young men of the period. Correctly written, "billycock" should have no hyphen between the two syllables.—London Express.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



Cleaning Stains.

To remove pitch and tar stains rub hard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric should be changed, sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored.

A Useful Bench.

One of the most useful contrivances the home tinker can make is a little bench about a foot wide and three feet long, supported on end pieces about ten inches high. It will be found the greatest comfort when placed across the lap of a sick person in bed to rest the tray of dishes upon, taking the weight from the limbs, so that one may move without upsetting the food. Paint it red, so that it will contrast cheerfully with the napery and china.

Nothing that requires so little work and trouble as this could give the satisfaction it does when in use. Make one and see for yourself.

Mistakes in Framing.

The commonest mistakes in framing pictures are in choosing frames of too ornate a character, too narrow margins or mats of the wrong color. Green is in high favor for picture frames just now, and two other very new ideas are exceedingly desirable. One is a soft silver gray or forest green frame with the corners rounded off in Japanese fashion. The second is of rosewood of a rich old mahogany tone and has "cabinet" joined instead of mitered corners. Veneered frames, really a mat of wood, made from one piece of wood, with the opening cut in the centre for the picture, are very popular.

Family Poison Book.

It would be an excellent idea for every family to have a little book giving briefly prompt antidotes for various poisons," said a prominent New York doctor. "Physicians know that there are scores of cases of accidental poisoning never heard of outside of the family concerned. I've had several cases of poisoning by an accidental dose of the chloroform and acetone liniment that almost every one keeps, and one woman gave her child muriatic acid that was kept for cleaning the marbles."

"Prompt action is the great thing in cases of poisoning. By the time one can get help from a doctor or druggist it is often too late to save the patient. A few antidotes for the common poisons would be easy to learn. Still, if there was such a book I suppose most persons would be too much excited to use it in time of emergency."—New York Times.

A Cozy Chimney Corner.

A charmingly designed chimney corner has a flight of gray black swallows above the mantel, the tiny faraway ones reaching in a graceful curve several yards to the left almost as high as the ceiling. These are painted in water colors, cut out separately and arranged on the wall, which is a warm pinkish terra cotta in color. On the rough stones immediately above the fireplace is engraved the legend in which Oliver Wendell Holmes delighted, to the effect that there is no earthly happiness like "four feet on a fender." Little "three cornered" cupboards at either side increase the apparent width of the chimney place, and below these there are low burlap covered seats fitted in. A pot of English ivy fills one end of the mantel (which is not draped). The longer growths of this are trained up on the wall, and the shorter sprays fall over the mantel. In the low window seat at the opposite side, a great fern reaches its yard long fronds to the floor, and a little gray green rag carpet rug is laid before the little brass knobbed fender, and one slender, long stemmed vase of iridescent glass near the centre of the mantel completes the furnishing of the cozy corner.—New York Tribune.

To Become an Author.

Devote as many hours a day as possible to nothing.

Learn to write one hundred words a minute on the typewriter. Then work eight hours a day.

Get your name in the papers by doing anything that will accomplish your purpose.

Be a brigadier general.

Invent some strange titles. Then write books to fit.

Go to a war.

Learn to talk about yourself.

Rewrite an ancient plot.

Write without ceasing.

If your first book doesn't sell more than a million copies, don't be discouraged. Try again.

Read all the other books. Then write something as near like them as possible.

Marry a publisher's daughter.

Join an author's club. By lending enough cash among the members, you may get a plot.

Never refuse an invitation to dinner. —New York Herald.

About Volcanoes.

Few persons have any idea of the prodigious quantity of lava and hot ashes which a volcano in a state of eruption can vomit in a few hours.

The matter which was discharged in 1669 from Mount Etna and which threatened to overwhelm Catania forms a mass the extent of which has been estimated as being not less than one thousand million cubic yards.

From the immense crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii, there was vomited in 1840 during a single eruption a mass of lava equivalent to fifty times the volume of earth which it was necessary to remove in order to form the Suez Canal.

In 1873 the Skaptar-Jokull, one of the most formidable volcanoes in Iceland, sent forth two rivers of fire, one of which ran along a valley for eighty miles, its depth along the entire distance being thirty yards. Finally, it is estimated that from the mass of stones and ashes which were discharged in 1889 from Krakatoa could be formed a mountain higher and wider than Mont Blanc.

A Wonderful Possession.

Imagination is a most wonderful thing. How often does it add a thousand dollars to a man's monthly profits?—New York News.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Potato and Egg Scallop

Cut four medium sized potatoes and four hard boiled eggs in rather thin slices; put a layer of potatoes in a baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper; then put over a layer of egg; continue with alternate layers until all are used; pour over a thin white sauce; spread over buttered crumbs and brown in a quick oven; the potatoes should be cold boiled.

Peach Cake

Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one gill of sugar. Rub through a sieve and add a gill and a half of milk, one well-beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Spread this in a well buttered shallow cake pan and cover with peaches pared and cut in halves. Sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

Green Tomatoes Stewed

Pare six large, green tomatoes; peel three medium-sized onions. Put a tablespoonful of butter or drippings into an agate frying pan and when hot slice in the onions and let them fry without browning for five minutes; sprinkle in a teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; stir about for a few minutes, then slice in the tomatoes and add half a cup of hot water. Cover and let simmer until tomatoes are tender; add a large tablespoonful of butter and serve.