

A QUIET OLD AGE.

Privations of the Western frontier

Mrs. John C. Fremost in Her California Home.

Privations of the Western frontier and life at the courts of Europe form the two extremes in the romantic carrier of Mrs. Jessle. Benton Fremont, who is enjoying the closing years of her life in Los Angeles, Cal.

A Virginian by birth, plunged at fourteen into the brilliant society which gathered about her father, Senator Bendon, in Washington, she cloped at sixteen with a fascinating young lieutenant, John C. Fremont.

Though she returned almost immediately to her father's home, she aided and abetted the schemes and explorations which brought her husband such renown as the "Pathinder," shared his conquest of California, which meant to him not only political honors, but the possession of gold mines as well; returned with him to Washington when California sent him there as her first Senator, and in the heyday of his prosperity and National fame queened it royally in St. Louis in a little court of her own. From this she expected to return to Washington to reign as mistress of the White House, but General Fremont was defeated by Buchanan in the Presidential race.

This disappointment was drowned in a foreign trip, made memorable by the high honors with which General Fremont and his wife were received at the English and European courts, where the beauty and wit of the accomplished Mrs. Fremont made a strong impression. A good linguist and accustomed from infancy to distinguished and cosmopolitan society, she made many warm friends. Among them was the Empress Eugenle, with whom she still corresponds.

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warm friends. Among them was the Empress Eugenle, with whom she still corresponds.

Mrs. Fremont's old age is spent in the charming Los Angeles home—a spacious two-story cottage presented to her by the women of California. At the advanced age of seventy-six, Mrs. Fremont retains much of her brilliancy and beauty. It is difficult to think of her as old, or even helpless, although she practically is so, owing to a broken hip, which confines her during the day to an invalid chair. Before this catastrophe, two years ago, she was the gayest of the gay, and the accident is another of those pat illustrations of the old saying that pride the time that she was rejoicing in a glorious sense of health in which she hoasted one day, and in an excess of spirits danced across the floor to display her exuberant vitality. But she did not reckon on that sane or snares—rugs on a pollshed floor. There was a slip and a slide and down she went, her walking as well as her dancing days forever over.

She is of large build, wherein she takes after her distinguished father, senator Benton, who was over six feet and of powerful physique. She has

takes after her distinguished father, Senator Benton, who was over six feet and of powerful physique. She has strong, handsome, aristocratic features and an expressive countenance, with a regal poise of head and mien so majestic that as she sits and bows a smile of welcome to her visitor she gives the effect of a gracious personage receiving in state. The bow is accompanied—if the visitor takes her fancy—by a wave of the hand to indicate the seat nearest her, for this grande dame is a little deaf and does not participate as much as formerly in the general conversation.

and developed. A full, clear, fexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding.

Second—Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

Third—Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth—Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

Sixth—Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you consider very entertaining nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly. Seventh—Be cheerful. If you have no great trouble on your mind you have no right to render other people miscrable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will generally be avoided.

Eighth—Above all, be cordiat and sympathetic. True cordinality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated, and are certain to secure the popularity so dear to every one.—New York World.

Leave Taking.

The old-fashioned flowing veils have called out some pretty pina. Circles of pearls and oval lattices in pearls and diamonds are attractive conventional designs, while bees, butterflies, dragon flies and other insects in brilliant enamels and colored gems will warmly welcome the winter season.

A little nicety of leave-taking that is practiced by a certain well-bred woman, says the Dundee News, is to rise to end the visit while she is the speaker. In this way she is apparently leaving while she is much interested. This is better than to start at the end of a pause, or to jump up the moment your hostess's voice drops. One way implies boredom; the other waiting for a chance to get away.

This may seem a trifle of observance, but it is worth while if only to train one's self in the habit of easy leave-taking—a rare accomplishment even among women with wide social experience. Once standing, leave promptly, and avoid spinning out a second visit in the hall.

Keep Your Shoes "New."

Keep Your Shoes "New."

Some people always buy the most expensive footwear, and always manage to look ill shod. Others haunt bargain counters and wear unpretentions shoemaker's shoes, and somehow the boot toe peeping from beneath their skirt is always of the neatest.

All boots, shoes and slippers intended for ordinary wear should be kept on their tree when not in use, and whenever the walking boots get damp, they must be rubbed with vaseline as soon as they are taken off, first, however, removing the mud and afterward padding them with soft linen rags or paper. This will preserve their shape and prevent shrinkage. Shoe polish should be used sparingly, and only after the dust has been wiped off, for more shoes are destroyed by the reckless use of polish than is generally supposed.



mas issue of The Journalist, which is long since out of print.—A. F., in The Journalist.]

I found upon my table the other day, among the clippings piled there by the exchange reader, a bit of an extract credited to the Scion. A strange name that for a newspaper. I wonder whether the exchange reader knew what a string of reminiscences that odd clipping would start in my mind when he placed it on my table! That paper was called the Scion of Temperance when I first knew it thirty odd years ago. It was in the office of this queer little journal that I learned to set type, that I acted as roller-boy and "devil," and it was for this director of public opinion that I wrote my first article. In the little Southern Ohio town in which I was chiefly reared, the general industry centered around the court house, and the two newspaper offices in which the rival weekly organs were printed. There was a blacksmith shop and a store or two, and a couple of taverns, but the lawyers who sat under the court house trees in the summer time and discoursed politics, and the publishers of the county printing were the oracles of the town and the controllers of its destinies.

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destinies.

I had a fancy for the printing offices. I remember well the drowsy summer afternoon when I strolled into the office of the Scion and asked the editor—his name was Samuel Burwell, and he is living yet, the dear old soul—to teach me how to set type. He stood me on a candle-box in front of a case, placed a lot of wooden letters in the boxes and showed me how to set the types in a stick. Before I left the place I had mastered the boxes. Knew them all. That was the beginning of my journalistic career.

From setting type I advanced to roller-boy. The paper was issued on Thursday. The press used in that office was an ancient contrivance of the Ramage pattern. It had immense wooden uprights, a very clumsy "devil's tail" and it took two pulis to print one sheet on one side. That is to say, the platen was only half the size of the bed. The press that Ben Franklin danced around in Philadelphia was scarcely less primitive. The ink was applied with a short, hard roller. Each page had to be inked in turn, the distribution being performed on a piece of marble tombstone on a table. We wrenched off an edition of about 400 on this ramshackle press, my friend the editor, working the machine and a briar-root pipe at the same time. The paper off I would help to distribute it through the village. That was a real delight in those quiet, prosy afternoons. With my little bundle under my arm I could wander listlesly and burefooted through the side streets and alleys where cows runninated and hogs dozed; stopping here to filing a paper over a fence, thrust it under a door, or climb upon a roof perchance to idle away some time with men engaged in shingiing. Then there were boys to play marbles with, dogs to stone and apples to be stolen from branches nodding over forbidding fences. The route was not a heavy one, but it never took less than three or four hours to go over it. I did a good deal of this sort of work for very light compensation—a promised interest in a Carrier's Address.

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The Tea Face.

If diction not quite in accordance with its subject may be pardoned, a certain acquisition of the women of to-day may be described as the "tea face."

It is seen on nine out of every tenwomen at any afternoons, vapid expression which can any arternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which can on any afternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which can on any afternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which women at any afternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which women at any afternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which women at any afternoon tea, and it is a streamous, vapid expression which women at any afternoon tea, and it is an attenuous, and expression which women at any afternoon tea, and it is seen on naived ones. Lowely effects are arrived at by shoughnt spirits enable them to enjoy even teas.

But the women who are perfunctorily attending the function, to whome list of four or five, these women as the state of the continual furtive glance that is the contin

tion of unbounded joyousness—and we are grateful.—New York Herald.

Eight Rules For Popularity.

First—Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed. A full, clear, fetxible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding.

A String of Reminiscences Started by a Newspaper Clipping—The Beginning of Careers—A Mother's Pride in Her Boy's "First Appearance in Type."

INote. In compliance with the first electric message ever transmitted. I am contemporaneous, you see, with the elegraph and the big printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first lesson in journalism—the Scion—is still prefutly sided over by my patient, assiduous cause to find pleasure in life.

Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth—Be sminable. You may hide a relief to the Scion. A strange name that for a newspaper. I wonder what a string of reminiscences that "The Reckless Dog."

A String of Reminiscences Started by a Newspaper Clipping—The Beginning of Clip and Baltimore was still tingling with my big too in a cradle the experimental telegraph wire between Washington Clity and Baltimore was still tingling with the first electric message ever transmitted. I am contemporaneous, you see, with the first electric message ever fransmitted. I am contemporaneous, you see, with the telegraph and the big printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first lesson in journalism—the Scion—is still present the following printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first lesson in journalism—the Scion—is still present the following printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first lesson in journalism—the Scion—is still present the following printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first les

sure he has improved with age.—John A. Cockerill.

The Reckless Dog.

"Did you ever notice that a dog will not wait for a street car to pass if he wants to cross the street?" asked an observant man. "Well, he never will do it. He will dash wildly in front of the car every time, and very often he takes his life in his hands, as it were, in order to make the crossing. Why it is I do not know, but the average dog will become panie-stricken in a way if a car rolls along at a time when he is anxious to get on the other side of the street. With a desperate plunge he will dash in front of the car. In many instances the car will not miss the dog the fraction of an inch. I have talked to street car men about the matter, and motormen have assured me that nine-ty-nine out of every 100 dogs will do this very thing. It may be that they do it just for the excitement of the thing. Dogs seem to love excitement. They seem to be particularly fond of anything that smacks of the chase, anything that will give them a chance to develop speed and show fleetness of foot. We have all noticed how they will run after and bark at any object that is in motion. I have known dogs that would run 100 yards or more after a cloud shadow, or the shadow of a buzzard, as it skimmed along the landscape. They will run after flying birds. They will run after flying birds. They will run after flying birds. They will chase anything that is on the go, whether the object is animate, or inanimate. They will run after a cloud shadow, or the shadow of a buzzard, as it skimmed along the landscape. They will run after flying birds. They will run fere flying birds. The

westminster's stained Glass.

Westminster's Stained Glass.

The great rose window in the south transept of the Abbey, which has just been dedicated to the memory of the late Duke of Westminster, reveals the poverty in the matter of stained glass of our national Valinalla. The Puritan Iconoclasts made short shrift of the magnificent and priceless glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Fragments alone could be found to form "the extraordinary patchwork" of the great east window where scarcely any figure is distinguishable. The great west window belongs to the reign of George II, whose arms are in the centre. From the same period dates the window in the south transept. Then there is a window in the southwest tower, given by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the memory of the two religious poets, George Herbert and William Cowper, both Westminster students. True, the Chapter House close by is not so badly off. Its windows, setting forth various incidents in the Abbey story, were presented by the late queen and by American and English subscribers. But as the space available for monuments diminishes, the stained glass window seems an appropriate commemoration for men of more national importance than the late Duke of Westminster.—London Dally Chronicle,

A Governor who was an account of the sunday and the sunday and the sunday and the subscribers.

A Successful Son of a Poet

A Successful Son of a Poet.

A Governor who was an experiment and has turned out a successful one is Lord Tennyson. There were people who shook their heads over the selection. They thought his father's son must inherit some of the self-consciousness that is a 'radition in the Isle of Wight, where every sparrow on a tree was suspected of having come from England to view the bard, and the frog that leaped out of his path was accused of having swam the Atlantic. The poet lived by nis popularity, but would not, with the half-pence, take the kicks. Now, one of a Governor's chief uses is to show himself. He is there to be seen. How then, the people argued, would the moods and modes of Farringford be possible at a Government house? Time has solved the problem. Lord Tennyson, going on his far journey, left all the poet's impedimanta behind him. He was turned upside down—"literally," and his views of men and things underwent an answering reversal. As a result, he is proving himself thoroughly acceptable; and there are people in South Australia who think that Downing street might do many a worse thing than send Lord Tennyson from Adalaide to the Governor-General's quarters in Sydney and Melbourne.—London Dally Chronicle.

Angora Goats to Clear Land.

A company has been organized in St.
Louis with a capital of \$100,000. It
proposes to buy 25,000 acres of waste
land in Southwestern Missouri and
Northern Arkansas, which is covered
principally with scrub oak, briers and
hazel brush. Then it will turn loose
several thousand Angora goats, which
will clear the land better than men can,
and bring in an income while doing
so. Once the tract is cleared it will be
put on the market as fruit and farm

HOUSEHOLD * * * * * * * MATTERS

Stains on Porcelain Tubs.

Kerosene applied with a finnnel cloth is most efficacious in removing discolorations in metal or porcelain tubs. These are often occasioned by the mineral properties contained in the water, but sometimes by a lack of daily care. In either event a brisk application of kerosene will effectually remove all trace of them.

Hint to Housewives.

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The musty taste and odor that sometimes clings to a metal tea or coffee urn which has long been in disuse may be removed by putting a red hot cinder on a bit of tin or fragment of china in the bottom of this and letting it remain until cold. The top is, of course, allowed to remain on during the cooling process, and when removed the air inside will be found as pure and "sweet as sunshine."

as sunshine."

A Swinging Portiere.

Occasionally in household decoration it is desirable to hang a portiere or door drapery on the same side as that on which the door opens. This, of course, is very awkward, as the door is almost sure to catch the hanging each time it is opened. To obviate this trouble, which heretofore has only been accomplished by changing the door to open in the opposite direction, where possible, a sliding curtain rod has been devised. One end of the rod has been devised. One end of the rod is supported on a bracket on the door frame, while the other extremity is supported on the door itself. The necessary give is provided in a number of ways, all comprising some scheme of sliding support.

Lamps For the Library.

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Lamps For the Library.

The newest lamps for the drawing room and library are of metal and naturally form a fitting foundation for those beautiful bent glass domes in leaded effects or other metallic settings. A number are in art nouveau effects; one of these is of oxidized brass. In shapes they range from graceful forms (not the very squat shapes) to tall monumental affairs of the banquet variety.

A clever thing of Grecian form with low, graceful supports is in mandarin bronze, and is very attractive.

One charming oxidized bronze lampis in the old Dutch style, a simple, sturdy loving cup as to shape and the column resting on three savage looking griffins.

Choosing a lamp is easier than choosing a shade, for a shade must look well when lit up, and it must be becoming.

New York American.

hen lit up, and it must be becor New York American.



Pear Marmalade—Wash the pears well in cold water; remove stems and blossom end; cut the pears in small pleces; put them in a kettle with very little water; set in another vessel holding water and cook until reduced to a pulp; then rub through a colander. To every pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Cook until smooth and thick enough to drop from a spoon in clots. Fill into glasses or jam pots and when cold cover with paraffin. Squash Biscuit—To half a cup of cooked squash add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a level teaspoonful of salt, four level tablespoonfuls of butter and half a cup of scalded milk; when lukewarm add one-third yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup of tepid water; then add about two and a half cupfuls of flour; cover and let rise over night; in the morning shape into biscuits; let rise two hours and bake in a rather quick oven twenty-five minutes.

Cocoanut Sponge—Thicken one pint

ingin; in the morning snape into one cuits; let rise two hours and bake in a rather quick oven twenty-five minutes.

Cocoanut Sponge—Thicken one pint of milk with two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt; stir until thickened and cook ten minutes; when slightly cool beat in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and one cup of fresh grated eocoanut and turn into a mold; serve with a soft custard made with the yolks of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk; stir in the double boiler until thickened or creamy; serve cold.

Risen Parsnip Fritters—Pare and boil the parsnip suntil very tender; drain and rub through a sleve; measure and to each cupful of the parsnip pulp add one pint of scalded milk with two tablespoonfuls of butter dissolved in it; one teaspoonful of salt, half a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water, and flour enough to make a drop batter; beat well and stand aside until light; then add flour to make a soft dough; knead well and let rise a second time; when light, mold into biscuits, set close together, in greased pans and when well risen bake in a hot oven; when taken from the oven brush over with a little milk and serve.

Potato and Nut Turnover—Put ten tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes into a bowl and whip them until very light; then season to taste with salt; stir in gradually six tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes into a bowl and three tablespoonfuls of milked turn out on a floured baking board and roll out an inch thick; cut in rounds with a large cake cutter or a small bowl; put in the centre of each cake a spoonful of ground prepared nuts slightly moistened with stewed tomatoes; moisten the edge of the rounds with the white of egg and fold into a little turnover pinching the edgestogether; brush with beaten egg and brown in the oven or fry in deep hot fat until a light brown.

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LOTTERIES RUIN PEOPLE. Continental Europe Still Clings to Them For Revenue.

The lottery gambling system was created in this city in the eighteenth century. From Gonon it has spread over the entire continent of Europe, and the masses of Austria and Germany in particular lie entirely under its sway. The lottery nowadays is as governmental as the sale of opium, and equally as noxious in its influence. But it brings to the respective governments millions of pounds sterling regularly in commission profits, and it prevails. The procedure of the lottery, from a governmental point of view, is very simple.

The State declares that a lottery is to be held for, say, £8000, and advertisements are issued to the newspapers. Then tickets, like glorified bank checks, are printed, bound up in volumes and issued to the government tobacco shops. The lottery is advertised, and masses are drawn to the gamble like files to an empty treade cask. The tickets are dealt out. The prices rarely range above a shilling per ticket. The tobacconist receives his or her small commission on the sales; the government dollars and the bitterly pathetic procedure—bitter, indeed, to those who fully realize the horrid curse that the lottery system really is—of drawing the winner takes place on the appointed day.

The counterfoils are thrown into a wheel-shaped urn, with sides of glass. The wheel is seven feet in diameter and four feet in width. When filled it is whirled round rapidly, and ther the trap door is partially opened, and amid breathless silence a specially chosen bey inserts his bared arm and picks out the winning counterfoil. The figures printed on it are advertised as the winning numbers, and the 'haupt treffer,'' as the winner is named, calls at the State bank with the ticket and receives the huge stake he has won, less, of course, government commission. The lottery is a fair and simple procedure, as this description shows, but there is another side to the picture. No greater curse blights the condition of the poorer classes abroad. Philanthropists have denounced it in the bitterest terms, but efficialism, while Correspon Appeal.

Correspondent Cincinnati Commercial Appeal.

An Abbreviated Snowstorm.

"Mechanical devices are now made wonderfully real on the stage," said the old stock actor. "It hasn't been so many years ago since even the simple device of depicting a snowstorm was regarded an achievement. I remember on one occasion I was out with a 'ten, twent and thirt' company playing repertoire, and in one melodrama—I don't even now recall the name, for it was a pirated play—I took the part of an old man whose daughter, the heroine, had been abducted. I was supposed to be blind, and my strong scene was the third act, when I went out in a snowstorm in search of my daughter. She was lying in a drift, and as I hobbled across the stage I kept crying: 'Me che-fild; where is ne che-fild? Well, it was early in the season, and the play was the first attraction at that theatre. The scene painters had been at work, and had dropped several paint brushes, hammers and other articles into the sheet that held the snowstorm. As the stage hands in the files shook the sheets to make the snow come out a couple of hammers came down and just missed me by an inch. I was blind and didn't dare to look up, but when a monkey werench just grazed my temple I had presence of mind enough to yell; 'See yonder moon! The storm is over! The stage hands took their cue and let up on me, and the audience never stopped to question how a blind man could see yonder moon."—Philadelphia I lecord.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the Maine man

A Costly Experiment.

A Costly Experiment.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the Maine man whose immense fortune and more recently his knighthood came from the invention of the rapid-fire gun which bears his name, has never lost his Yan-kee quick wit and readiness to cope with a difficult situation. That characteristic appeared very clearly in the first government test of his gun.

The rapid-fire weapon, then a novelty, was offered for test in the presence of a number of military experts and government officials.

The inventor was asked to have ten thousand rounds fired at the greatest possible speed. This was readily done, but the experts were still unsafisfied.

"Can you guarantee," one of them asked Maxim, "that your gun would go on firing automatically for twenty-four hours?"

"Certainly," answered Maxim, quietly, 'on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That the government shall pay for the ammunition used."

This seemed reasonable, but when the experts figured it out that the twenty-four hours' test would take over eight hundred thousand carridges and that the cost would be about twenty-eight thousand dollars, they magnanimously withdrew their request.

The Private Car of Nicholas I.

The Nicholas Railroad (St. Petersburg & Moscow) has unearthed the ear built for the Emperor Nicholas I, about fifty years ago and placed it in the Railroad Museum of the Ministry of Transportation. It is a very plain car, with a table in the middle, and cushioned scats along the sides. The windows are set so high that the passenger had to stand up to see out. In these days it would not do for a second-class car even.