



Lace Tunics on Gowns.
Lace tunics are appearing largely on evening gowns they are a capital way of renovating a skirt the thicker the lace the more a la mode. A regrettable feature in the modes of the moment is the wearing of gowns that are suited for evening in the morning, and now satin shoes, with lace-trimmed stockings, are to be seen at many of our fashionable resorts. All stiffening is vanished from skirt linings, except just at the elbow, skirts at the hem.

A "Face" Book.
At five o'clock teas and Sunday evening suppers it is now the proper thing to have a face book. What is a face book? It is a collection of sheets of drawing paper bound together and covered in coarse linen of any hue one fancies—brilliant blue, rich scarlet or dainty violet. If a clever sketch in black adorn the front, so much the better.

In the face book each guest is asked to draw a head of some sort. Man, woman, child, animal—it does not matter what it is, or whether the guest can draw at all. If he or she draws badly, so much the better.—New York Tribune.

Dressmaker's Device.
Invention has again made life easier for the feminine element. Two classes by a little clever contrivance are glad. Dressmakers, as well as their patrons, rejoice at a whirling platform that is to save both much weariness of spirits and physical strength.

The new device is from masculine hands, and is a low revolving platform, just a step higher than the floor. This stand can be moved around at will by the fitter when draping or arranging the proper length of skirt on a customer. By this device the fitter avoids the too frequent "Please turn around, madam," and is also enabled to change from one side to the other without crowding around. It's really an ideal device for dressmakers' use.

Princess Victoria of Germany.
She has many things which other royal children have not, and she is adored as falls to the lot of few girls, royal or otherwise.

She has for a father the powerful Kaiser, ruler of the German Empire. She has six elder brothers.

Her mother is the most amiable of women.

Her uncles and cousins are upon nearly every throne in Europe.

She is the pet of the Emperor, who is never happy unless she is by his side.

To please this little daughter, whose years number only half a score, the Kaiser has had playthings sent to her from all over Europe. She owns every kind of a mechanical doll, and as she is very fond of music she has been given every musical toy that is made.

The little Princess is an excellent musician and plays the piano beautifully. She has the German's love of music and picks out all the airs of the day by ear.

While not, strictly speaking, a beauty, she is a very pretty little girl and her blond type is much admired in Berlin. The Princess is of a very sweet disposition and is the pet of the castle, for even the servants make much of her. She is fond of all her brothers, but likes the Crown Prince the best. Often she is seen by his side in the handsome turnout which he calls his own. The Princess goes to school and studies with six other little girls, daughters of the ladies of the German court.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Women as Farmers.
The farmers of Pennsylvania are vying with one another in their flattery of Mrs. J. Albert Zepp, Mrs. Andrew L. Geiman and Mrs. H. A. Garrett. These three women have carried off this year agricultural honors that have fallen hitherto to males alone.

The three live near Hanover. Mrs. Zepp's feat was the raising of a tomato stalk that bore, during the summer, no less than 300 tomatoes. The stalk had four branches each eight feet in length. It often had 40 tomatoes on it at one time. Mrs. Zepp is distributing the seeds of this wonderful plant generously. Even the application of strangers she accedes to, provided that stamps are enclosed.

Mrs. Geiman has raised a pumpkin that weighs 93 pounds. This tremendous vegetable is sound, shapely, and of a deep gold color. When Mrs. Geiman, who is short, stands behind it she is almost obscured. History has no record of a pumpkin bigger than this.

Mrs. H. A. Garrett, on her husband's farm, has grown a red beet that weighs ten pounds. The beet is on exhibition at the Garrett residence, and dozens of skeptical persons call daily to look at it and to see it weighed.

The men of Pennsylvania have little this year to boast of beside the women. Henry Redey, of Lansdale, heads the men. He raised this year an egg plant that is seven feet, three and one half in circumference, and two feet, two and one half inches in diameter. Mr. Redey's friends claim that this is the biggest egg plant ever grown in Pennsylvania, while even his enemies admit that none so big was ever grown within a radius of 50 miles.—Philadelphia Record.

To Keep Clean Expensive.
Few people realize that, as a nation, it is costing us more every year to

"keep clean." We may cut down expenses in every way but this one. It never occurs to the gentleman or the woman, however, to consider the possibility of curtailing the "expense of keeping clean."

As a nation we are the cleanest. Foreigners are inclined to think we are "expensive" in this particular. The English consider the morning bath part of the daily routine, but the necessity for frequent changes of underwear is not so apparent to them as a nation as to us.

The French are extravagant in the matter of clean and beautifully laundered underclothes, but they draw the line, as a rule, at the daily bath.

With each year we as a people are giving more attention to the details of keeping ourselves spotless. At the same time woman is wearing more lace-trimmed lingerie, fancy shirt waists and gowns, to say nothing of stocks and ties, than ever before. Thus her laundry bills are steadily increasing, since bedraggled petticoats, ruffled stocks and shirt waists are not to be tolerated.

The man who views woman in her airy summer costumes and reflects on how little a year it requires to keep such a dainty, simply-gowned goddess, will find how mistaken his ideas are on the subject of her economies if he undertakes the life task of paying her laundry bills and providing the perishable, filmy garments she wears.

Her shirt waist, for instance, once so simple in construction, has developed into one of the most expensive articles in a woman's wardrobe. Originally it could be laundered for 10 cents. Gradually it became more complicated, until this season the lace and embroidered affairs make not only a large hole in a woman's pocketbook as an initial outlay, but constitute a weekly expense of no inconsiderable amount.

An embroidered linen waist, perfectly plain in cut, might cost \$30. Additional frills are still more expensive. From 50 cents to \$1 will be required to cover the laundry bill for one of those fancy waists. The smart woman who prides herself upon her immaculate appearance will pay from two to three dollars each week to the laundry for her shirt waists alone.

Instead of ruffles and tuckings and hand embroidery, women to-day are wearing lace-trimmed underwear. In proportion to the fineness of the muslin and lace the price for laundering went up. But that fact does not lead to economy in the matter of fancy lingerie. This season's fad of "tub gowns" has been a bonanza for the steam and hand laundries. For the American girl must be spotless, regardless of expense.

No greater proof of the growing cost of keeping clean can be given than in the success of the steam laundries to be found in every town in the United States. They have increased in numbers in the ratio of 10 to one. The prices charged by them soon doubles the original cost of the garment, and the treatment it receives at the hands of inexperienced workers rapidly reduces it to an unwearable condition. Yet the American woman goes serenely on her way, buying new gowns, paying big laundry bills, devoting hours to the bath, economizing, if need be, in every way except on the one item—the "expense of keeping clean."—Chicago Record Herald.



Ostrich tips are used on handsome hats for children.

Flowing sleeves prevail for both street and house wear.

Taffeta tabs turn back over the Liberty neck ruffs in battlemented effect.

Guipure laces, especially in black, are noted on the new hats and dresses.

Capelike flares fall over the sleeves of a certain smart blouse for street wear.

Roses are caught under the brims of French picture hats with exquisite effect.

A novel stiff hat has a black silk beaver crown and a stitched white silk brim.

Authorities say velveteens will be very good style. There are certainly fine qualities.

Narrow, overlapping frills of pinked taffeta face hat brims with splendid effect.

Elaborate blouses are daintily beautified by means of Val. insertions connecting diamond insets of the same dainty lace.

Lorgnette chains of irregular coral may be worn by women, or two or three times around the neck, they serve for little girls.

A safety hat pin is one of the season's novelties. It differs only from the regulation type by the addition of an ornamental cap, which is adjusted to the point of the pin after it has been slipped through the hat.

One of the newest designs in fancy hair combs is of blond tortoise shell, inlaid with peacock design in brilliants; another is ornamented with a trellis fork of brilliants and turquoise, a third is inlaid with gold in strikingly pretty effect.



Johnny's Explanation.
Nurse was reading nature stories of the chickens, ducks and geese.

"Johnny, tell me, what's a gander?" asked she with a smile of peace.

Little Johnny looked up quickly, all his fancy turning loose.

As he answered, smiling proudly, "It's the rooster of the goose."

—Judge.

Very Simple.
A rather simple looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school, and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brassy smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple looking youngster took the coin, licked it, and slowly walked away whistling.—Chums.

Game of Knuckle Bones.
Hold five dice in your hand, throw them in the air and catch as many as possible on the back of your hand, adding their numbers. Next, a die—the "dab"—is selected and thrown into the air. Before it is caught one of the other dice on the ground must be picked up. The remaining dice are picked up one by one and laid down in the same manner. The dab must be caught only in the right hand, and must touch nothing but that hand.

There are thirteen "stages" in the game, in addition to the opening stage just described. This is known as "beginnings." The greater part of the throws are too difficult for boys and girls to perform, so only a few will be here outlined. One—The dab is thrown, and the rest of the dice are picked up one by one, without touching any dice but that selected. Two, three and four are similar to ones, except that two, three or four dice at a time are taken up after the dab is thrown.

If you miss a stage, which counts five, if rightly done, you must subtract that much from your score. If your friend is willing—for this is a two-handed game—you may, in twos, threes and fours, push into a convenient heap the dice you are about to take up, but only after the dab is thrown, of course. Short spans.—Spread out your left hand on a table and place a pair of dice by the thumb and finger. Throw the dab and pick up the pairs separately. After finishing these six stages you and your friend can agree on six more, which should grow difficult as they go on. You will have no difficulty in inventing stages, and this old English game will train your eye to see things at a glance and your hand to obey quickly what your brain directs it to do.—Washington Star.

Fishes Which Build Nests.
When ships steer southward through the North Atlantic ocean until they strike the gulf stream, that wonderful River of the Sea, they find themselves all at once amid glorious yellow vegetation, although they may be several hundred miles from the American coast. On calm days it extends as far as the eye can see, not in close, unbroken fields, but often in masses so great that they will cover several acres. For days and days one can steam without once getting out of sight of it. It swings up and down with the mighty swells of the Gulf stream, and it looks most beautiful lying there so peacefully and radiantly, with the intense blue water all around it.

After a few hours one feels as if he were passing through vast pastures all golden with our national American golden rod.

This weed is often fished up from overside by passengers and crew, for it makes a delightful ornament for the cabin until it begins to dry, when it falls apart and finally crumbles away. Sometimes, if one gets a particularly large and thick cluster of it, strange living things are found. They are creatures that rarely if ever are to be caught anywhere else except in the weed, for they dwell there and in the Sargasso sea only. Among them are very tiny but wonderfully gorgeous crabs. One of these crabs has a shell that is as shining and rich as the skies at sunset. Another still more curious creature that dwells in the weed is the mouse fish, also known as the marbled angler.

This little fish is so strangely shaped that, when he lies among the weed it requires sharp and trained eyes to see him, even when one has the clump that contains him in the hand. His colors and his markings are exactly like the tiny berries and sprays of the weed. His fins are strangely fringed and ragged, so that they look just like the wiry stems of the cluster.

This beautiful and wonderful fish builds himself a nest among the weed as it floats on the surface, and thereafter he dwells in it and rears his family in it, just as a bird would on land. But unlike a bird, he must follow his nest, for it is not fixed in its position as a nest on a tree or bush, but drifts on and on with the weed. Sometimes great tropical storms toss the Sargasso weeds many miles away from the Gulf Stream, and then the fish will swim along with his wandering home.

If it happens to be caught in a current that sets landward, the nest build or occasionally comes so near our shores that now and then one is caught. Sometimes, too, the weed travels north with the Gulf Stream itself and then a marbled angler may arrive finally off Cape Cod. But the fish cannot bear the cold water there, so he is only rarely found alive north of Cape Hatteras.

The nest is a dainty little thing, made of the glowing golden weeds and embellished with the tiny shells and other shining things that drift with it. It looks often like a bit of shell jewelry.

Fan Fan, The Fairy.
Pon-pon was a boy 11 years old, and he was a prince. His father and mother, who were king and queen, were very kind to him, and he was brought up to have a kind heart toward the poor. Over and over again the king said to him:

"Pon-Pon, when I am dead you will be king in my place. I want the people to love and respect you. I have always remembered that even the poorest had rights. It is well that you should be proud, but do not be overbearing and tyrannical. One who rules by tyranny does not rule long."

As the prince had no brothers to play with he often called in boys of his own age to indulge in games in the palace grounds. Some of these were sons of rich men, and some of poor, but he treated all alike. The people heard of this and were glad, and they said to each other:

"Ah! When he is king, Pon-Pon will be like his father, and we shall all rejoice to do him honor and fight his battles."

On the day that the Prince was 11 years old there was a great celebration in honor of the event, but it had a sad ending. One of the cannons being fired as the procession marched along the street burst and the flying pieces hit the king and queen and killed them.

Pon-Pon escaped injury, but he was left an orphan and in trouble. Some one else must reign until he had become a man, and the people selected a nobleman named Hussim, who was a cousin to the prince. Hussim was a cold, stern man, and not well liked by the people, but no one thought him the villain that he was. He scarcely had been chosen for the high place when he began to plot against Pon-Pon's life. If he could get the boy out of the way then he would be king himself.

Hussim pretended to love the prince, and he was his greatest friend; thus the lad and most of the people were deceived. After much plotting the bad-hearted man asked the prince to go hunting with him in the forest. They did not go alone and on foot, but there was a large party and they went on horseback. There were many savage wolves in the forest, and this was what Hussim planned:

When the hunt had been going on for some time he managed to separate the prince from all the others and ride far into the forest with him. When they were well away from all the rest, he asked Pon-Pon to get down from his horse and look at a wonderful spring among the rocks. There was no spring there. The prince was hardly out of the saddle when he was seized and bound to a tree. Hussim said to him:

"I shall now get rid of you and be king myself. I have been planning this for a long time."

"But you will not leave me here to the wolves!" cried Pon-Pon, as he struggled to get free.

"Aye, but that I will. They will come and devour you and no one will know what has become of you. It will be no use for you to shout, as no one can hear you."

It was a cruel, wicked thing to do, but Hussim who wanted to be king, and was naturally of a cruel disposition, rode away and left Pon-Pon fast bound. He had not got half a mile away when two or three wolves came sneaking about. When the boy cried out in his fright and distress the beasts snarled and growled in reply. Pretty soon there were six wolves, and as they came nearer, they gnashed their teeth and their eyes became like coals of fire. The would have attacked the boy in a minute, and it would have been all over with him, had not the tramp of horses made their pause. Of a sudden six horses and riders came dashing up and Pon-Pon was amazed to see a little girl among them.

"We have found him! Here he is! Here is the lost Prince!" shouted the men as the wolves slunk away.

It was the little girl herself who untied the knots in the rope and set the boy free. As he looked at her in wonder she laughed at him and said:

"You never saw me before, and so I will tell you my name. I am Fan-Fan, the Fairy. I have been watching over you for a long time past, although you did not know it. I was sure your cousin Hussim meant you ill, and today, when he hunt came off, I followed you. When I saw him tie you to the tree I hurried away and brought these people that they might know what a bad man he is. Now you are free and he must be punished."

I should like to tell you that Fan-Fan dwelt in the palace and one day became Pon-Pon's wife and queen, but that would not be the truth. She had work to do elsewhere and soon vanished. As for Hussim, the enraged people took him into the forest, and tied him to a tree as he had tied the prince, and as he was never seen again, it is believed that the wolves ate him up. If they did he deserved his fate.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



A Cement for Stoves.
If a stove is cracked, a good cement is made for it as follows: Mix wood ashes and salt in equal quantities, make a paste with cold water and fill the cracks when the stove is cold. It soon hardens and will last a long time.

To Remove Finger Marks.
For removing finger and hand marks from fresh varnish surfaces, use a soft piece of chamois skin, saturated with sweet oil. When there are paint splatters or blotches, touch first with kerosene and rub afterward with sweet oil.

To Brighten Silver Spoons.
Silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. Coal gas, and the near presence of rubber in any form, will cause silver to tarnish. One of the best receptacles for silverware cutlery is a Canton-flannel knife-case tacked to a closet door.

Bluing Clothes Properly.
An experienced laundress says that the secret of turning out clothes properly "blued" consists in having the bluing water cold and the clothes put into it after being rinsed from water of the same temperature. Clothes wrung out of hot water and put into cold bluing water are apt to emerge streaked and of a poor color.

Indispensable.
A clinical thermometer for taking temperatures is indispensable in any home. If, when inserted under the tongue, it shows a rise from normal (98 to 98 1/2 degrees) to 100 or so, a feverish condition is revealed that needs attention. "We could not raise a family without our clinical thermometer," writes a mother of five.—Good Housekeeping.

Home-Made Book-Shelves.
It is quite within the amateur carpenter's ability to put a row of book-shelves in between two wall projections, to stain or paint them, fasten a brass rod across the edge of the top shelf, holding a velvet curtain in some soft, rich color, and to place some "modern antiques" and choice volumes to the best advantage.

But when the shelf idea begins to work its fascination it opens up untold possibilities. A corner may be decorated most effectively with three graduated triangular shelves, the top one the largest and the lowest one quite small. Then, again, a door shelf when "treated" right makes a good point in the room. Brass ornaments, a beaten plaque and a candlestick look particularly well coming, as they do, immediately above the deep tones of the portiere. A shelf over a window gives a quaint colonial effect when filled with old blue or ordinary willow-ware pottery.

These shelves are very easy of accomplishment by the home tinker if she gets the side rests of iron from the hardware store. But she will find that to saw carved wooden supports is a little difficult to manage with simple tools.

Cress and Tomato Salad.—Remove skin from two or three tomatoes, cut into small pieces, stir into this a few blades of chives cut very fine, salt and pepper to taste, mix well with plain French dressing and just before serving stir in six or eight sprigs of water cress. Heap on a salad plate and serve. This requires no garnish, as it is a picture in itself.

Meat and Rice Croquettes.—Mix one cup of raw chopped beef (cut from under round) and one-third cup of boiled rice, half a teaspoon of salt, a little pepper and cayenne; cook a few cabbage leaves three minutes in boiling water, then remove; put two tablespoonfuls of the mixture in each leaf and fold leaf to enclose mixture; cook slowly one hour in tomato sauce.

Delicate Cream Muffins.—Cream three level tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat the whites of two eggs; add the unbeaten yolks to the butter and sugar and one cup of milk, half a teaspoon of salt, two cupfuls of sifted flour and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat well and add the eggs; fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; substitute one cup of graham, rye or corn meal for one cup of flour and you will have the different muffins.

Ripe Cucumber Catchup.—Choose large, nearly ripe cucumbers; pare, reject seeds, chop very fine and measure. Allow one teaspoonful of salt for every pint of pulp, sprinkle with same and drain through a colander for six hours. For every quart of cucumber allow two cups of cider vinegar, four teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish, one tablespoonful each of white mustard seed and minced red pepper (seeds rejected); bring vinegar and flavoring to a boil, skim thoroughly and set aside until perfectly cold. Then add the pulp to the vinegar, stir well, put into pint jars, lay a nasturtium or horseradish leaf over the top and seal. Keep in a dark, cool place.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Death Watches.
The British Journal of the board of agriculture has some interesting particulars regarding the so-called "Furniture Beetles." Two species of the beetle make the curious ticking noise which has given rise to their popular name of "Death Watch." This noise is made chiefly during the pairing season, and is produced by the beetles striking their heads upon the wood on which they are standing, so as to attract their mates, who make a similar noise in reply. It is made during the day as well as at night, but it is not so noticeable as at the latter time. It is said that the larva can also produce the sound, but this is not definitely known. The larvae make long galleries into the wood, and when mature pupate in little chambers from which the beetles escape by eating their way out.

The Journal recommends that when furniture or woodwork is attacked by these beetles and their larvae, steps be taken at once to destroy them. Painting with a camel hair brush with corrosive sublimate should be resorted to. The poison kills the beetles as they make their exit. Fumigating with hydrocyanic acid gas also kills. Where small objects, such as chairs, are invaded, they may be put in some closed cupboard and left in the fumes for some days. It must be remembered that this gas is a deadly poison as well as the cyanide of potassium used in its manufacture. Benzine may also be applied to polished furniture, but is best mixed with carbolic acid. Furniture so treated has, of course, the polish taken off, and will require repolishing.

Justice Grantham, of the English Bench, tries more murder cases than any of his colleagues. He tried three in one day at Leeds recently.

PAINTED HIM GREEN.

Amusing Result of a Painter's Quarrel With an Awning Hanger.
The local color in the Jefferson Market Police court was mostly green when the case of the People vs. Max Stolloff and David Fitzpatrick was called. No physiognomies ever beamed more effulgently than did those of the two prisoners arraigned before Magistrate Brann. David Fitzpatrick, whose face would have caused a glow of appreciation to burn within the artistic soul of the late Aubrey Beardsley, was most artistically daubed with green paint, from the roots of his hair to the tip of his chin. His appearance bore testimony to the fact that Max Stolloff is a painter. The parts of Fitzpatrick's face which the brush of Stolloff had neglected stood out in pale relief, a sand contrast to the verdure surrounding them. An erstwhile black moustach drooped greenly over his mouth. Underneath the paint Fitzpatrick's face was sad. It was plain that he felt the indignity of his position.

Stolloff, who literally stood in the reflected glory of Fitzpatrick's face, was prevented from smiling as contentedly as he might at sight of his handiwork by an aching void, which filled the space formerly occupied by two of his front teeth. In his impressionist work on Fitzpatrick he had himself been a bit splashed with green. In the greenness which irradiated from the two Magistrate Brann looked pale.

"It was this way," said Stolloff, in a voice thickened and impeded by swollen lips: "I was in his way, and he told me, and then I told him I wanted to paint the front of the house, only he wanted to hang the awning, and I moved away to give him room, and I told him he had no right to do so, but he hit me in the mouth and broke two teeth for me." Here Stolloff opened his mouth and showed the aching void.

With the solemnity of Solomon, Magistrate Brann asked the injured painter if the teeth were false, which was indignantly denied, Stolloff adding, "but I suppose the next ones will be."

The magistrate would not go into that, however, and turning an unused eye upon the toothless man, continued his catechizing:

"Then, when he struck you, you turned about and painted him?"

"Yes, sir; that's all I can do. That's my trade," answered Stolloff.

Magistrate Brann turned to Fitzpatrick. There was a long contemplation before the judicial lips opened.

"Fitzpatrick, I can tell by your face that you're Irish," he said.

The awning hanger had to admit that the magistrate's acumen was not at fault.

"But, man, dear," continued the court in a rich brogue, "'tis a beastly shame to give you a French goatee."

Fitzpatrick again admitted that "them were his sentiments."

"You are not as green as you are painted, however," resumed the court. "Tell me how you came to be decorated."

Fitzpatrick declared that he was engaged in putting up an awning in front of a Hudson street house when Stolloff appeared on the scene with paint and brushes and peremptorily ordered him to desist from hanging his awning, as he (Stolloff) had another coat of paint to apply to the building.

"The paint was green, your honor," said Fitzpatrick.

"Yes," replied Magistrate Brann, "'tis evident on the face of it."

"Well," went on Fitzpatrick, "I told him I would put up the awning in spite of him, and he swabbed me with his paint brush; then I hit him."

The magistrate sermoned the chromatic Fitzpatrick for behaving like "a kid," and submitted to both prisoners the alternative of paying \$10 fine each or of accepting a discharge. The choice was left to Stolloff, who was the complainant. After a moment's hesitation and a glance at Fitzpatrick:

"I'll call it square," said the painter. —New York Commercial Advertiser.