

WOMEN AT HOME

Hope for the Homely.
WOULD you rather have a style or beauty? is a question often asked among women, and the answer is almost invariably in favor of style, while men quite decidedly vote in favor of beauty as a matter of course. A pretty face alone counts for but little, especially at a ball or any other social function if the owner is otherwise dowdy or badly dressed. An ugly woman with a good figure and distinguished carriage will give the impression of good looks and quite eclipse a beauty who has neither, even to masculine perception, for a man feels the effect of style, although unable to define what it really is, and often unwittingly calls it beauty. "A tall, slight woman can make anything of herself she chooses," is a saying quoted from a great French dressmaker, which has a good deal of truth in it, although it goes without saying that in addition a woman must have other qualities to bring about this result. She must have good taste, perception and the great knack of putting on her clothes well, which, by the way, is an art that is not understood by nine women out of ten, even the famous Worth acknowledging that to show really to advantage his gowns must be well worn. "That is what tries me more than anything else," he said one day to a favorite customer, "to know that my most artistic conceptions are dependent upon others, and may be completely spoiled by the way in which they are worn."
 A plain woman, therefore, need never feel discouraged if she is clever.

Mother of a Famous Evangelist.
 Mrs. Betsy Holton Moody, the mother of Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, was 90 years old when she passed away recently. Her life had been a simple one and marked by many privations. But in spite of all that, she reared a family of four sons and two daughters. They are Isalah, George, Edwin and Cornelia, who have always lived in Northfield, and Dwight L. and Mrs. Washburne. Dwight L. Moody was wont to say in the pulpit that to his mother's early training he attributed all his success. At her funeral, held in the Congregational Church, East Northfield, Mass., the congregation witnessed the unusual sight of a son conducting services over the body of his mother. More than this, they listened to a eulogy which had the unusual effect of causing smiles as well as tears. Altogether it was an unusual funeral. Dwight L. Moody is never theatrical, but upon this occa-



MRS. BETSY HOLTON MOODY.

sion he delivered a beautiful tribute and allowed more hymns than are generally sung at a funeral. Four hundred "maids of honor," little girls, escorted the body to the church, and 400 boys escorted it from the church to the grave. During that notable address Mr. Moody said: "It was a great honor for us to have such a mother. I cannot praise her enough. She was a wise woman. She knew more than Solomon. She knew how to govern her own sons. She was so loving a mother that when we were away from home we were always anxious to get back to her. Her love for her husband lasted all her life. For fifty-four years, to my certain knowledge, Widow Moody's light burned on yonder hill." Such passages as these Mr. Moody would follow with a story of his boyish experiences with the stern but kindly meaning woman who whipped him for his boyish misbehavior, and who insisted upon his going barefooted to church with shoes on his arm, to be put on at the door, that the wear and tear of the articles might be saved. It was at such points in his address that the congregation was forced to smile.

"Calling" and "Visiting."
 Years ago when there were fewer people, and life and time were not so "short," people visited; but that day long since passed and the short and formal call has taken the place of visits. According to the strict rule of etiquette one call a year continues the acquaintance.

Married Ushers at Weddings.
 Married men as ushers are now so common at weddings as to no longer excite comment. "Matron of honor," too, is a new term that is scarcely new any more, so often it is heard and exemplified in the attendance at the altar of some close friend or relative of the bride, of a woman who has already been there as chief actor herself. At the wedding recently in Brooklyn of Miss Dike, her only sister, Mrs. Mur-

ray Boocock, was her first attendant, and nothing could have been more appropriate. Her place then, if ever, was by her sister's side, and the fact that she has been for two or three years entitled to write Mrs. before her name did not mar her right in youthful or charming appearance to the role of first bridesmaid.

Honors for a New Woman.
 Mrs. Lillie B. Pardee, of Salt Lake City, who has been recently elected to the Secretary of the Senate of the new State of Utah, was born in September, 1864. She is a native of Ohio and was graduated from Buchtel College, where she received the highest honors ever given to a graduate of that college. Until her marriage four years ago she was professor of Greek and Latin and instructor in the gymnasium of the same college. Her maiden name was Lillie R. Moore. James D. Pardee, an attorney, of Salt Lake City, is her husband and they have a daughter 3 years old. Mrs. Pardee is a type of the younger generation of Gentile women. She was brought into prominence during the preparation for statehood through her gifts as an orator. By reason of her earnest work in the Woman's Republican League she was appointed secretary of the County Committee. In private life Mrs. Pardee is womanly and unassuming in manner. She has undoubtedly a career of brilliance and usefulness before her.

Her Ten Commandments.
 These are the new commandments ten, which wives now make for married men.

- 1—Remember that I am thy wife, Whom thou must cherish all thy life.
- 2—Thou shalt not stay out late at night, When lodges, friends or clubs invite.
- 3—Thou shalt not smoke indoor or out, Or chew tobacco round about.
- 4—Thou shalt with praise receive my pies, Nor pastry made by me despise.
- 5—My mother thou shalt strive to please, And let her live with us in ease.
- 6—Remember 'tis thy duty clear, To dress me well throughout the year.
- 7—Thou shalt in summer mild and meek, Give me thy wages every week.
- 8—Thou shalt not be a drinking man, But live on prohibition plan.
- 9—Thou shalt not flirt, but must allow Thy wife such freedom anyhow.
- 10—Thou shalt get up when baby cries, And try the child to tranquilize.

These my commandments from day to day, Implicitly thou shalt obey.
 —Boston Post.

Notes of New Fashions.
 Shot silks have lost none of their prestige.
 Spider-web brocades are new and striking.
 White duck suits are made with the belted coat.
 Very pointed toes are seen on the new Oxfords.
 All shades of green will be in vogue for the spring.
 The spring neckties are in the most pronounced plaids.
 Most women take kindly to the skirt with decorated seams.
 Ribbons figure largely as a trimming on all imported costumes.

Rose pink and turquoise blue figure largely in the summer organdies.
 Linen homespuns will be made into cool and serviceable outing dresses.
 Black satin duchesse skirts will continue to be in style throughout the summer.
 Black serge tailor gowns are being ordered by some of our best dressed women.
 Turbans will be the first millinery forms to be seen on the streets after Easter.
 House gowns of cotton crepe make a hostess look picturesque at a trifling expense.

White satin sashes on linen gowns will be distinctively elegant when summer days arrive.
 Some of the new silks look as though an ink bottle had been overturned on a cream white ground.
 Certain rich shades of green velvet will combine with nearly as many different colors as black velvet.

A New Spring Outfit.



COULD KILL A DOZEN.

HINES SHOCKED BY A 2,000 VOLT CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY.

He Is Alive and Tells How It Feels, Seemed As Though Every Nerve Was In Flame—Was Turning on a Switch—His Many Escapes From Death.

Charles H. Hines, the superintendent of the Flatbush Electrical works in Brooklyn, is 31 years old. He has been informed by an astrologer who cast his horoscope that if he survived for three months from the date of the prediction he would become very prosperous and attain the age of 78. The three months expired amid such frightful circumstances as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Hines that his escape from death on that day was little short of miraculous and might be regarded as portending the verification of the astrologer's prophecy. Mr. Hines accidentally came into contact with the two poles of the alternating circuit in the incandescent light department of the factory and received a shock of 2,000 volts.

"I really do not know how it happened," he said a few days since, "but while I was throwing the switch on the temporary switchboard to the primary circuit I became conscious of a frightful burning sensation. It seemed to me as if I were being consumed by a flame, which swept through me from right to left. Then there was a momentary blank. My thoughts were jumbled together. The one predominant thought which seemed to engulf all the others was fire."

"The next thing I knew was when I was standing at the telephone in the office and shouting 'central' to send to police headquarters for an ambulance. Then I became abnormally calm. It seemed only a moment afterward that Dr. George Dowling came in and began to look me over. By that time I of course realized that I had received an electrical shock of sufficient voltage to have killed a dozen men. The very thought of it sickened me. Suddenly things began to grow dim and vague around me. One object after the other faded away until I was in total darkness."

"When I again opened my eyes, was at my home. An ambulance had taken me there. I was told that I had had a convulsion. I felt the fit coming on again and requested to be taken back to the office in order to spare my wife and children such a frightful spectacle. The ambulance accordingly conveyed me to the office, and although the distance is only four blocks the doctor found it necessary to give me two hypodermic injections on the way in order to calm me."

"At the office I went into convulsion after convulsion, the interims being filled with such a nauseating sensation as made each awakening many more times disagreeable than death. Thanks to the doctor's unflagging efforts for three hours, my equilibrium was at last entirely restored, and I felt strong enough to go home and go to bed. I awoke refreshed in the morning. The right arm, through which the current had passed into my body, was stiff and sore, but with this exception I felt quite well and strong. I was able to attend to my duties and paid several business calls in New York without experiencing very much inconvenience."

"I am still a trifle nervous, and the pain in the arm has not altogether subsided either. Still, I do not think that my experience will entail any permanent injury either to my mind or body. 'I feel just as though I'd been having a long rest,'" added Mr. Hines. "I believe that shock did more for me than \$1,000 worth of medicine. It has cured my rheumatism. Occasionally a dizziness strikes me and I feel faint. But since striking the air I have improved wonderfully, and I feel well and strong. I have suffered a great deal with rheumatism. I am free from those pains now, and if they should return I would be willing to risk another shock to get rid of them."

Mr. Hines is modest and spoke with great reluctance about himself. But his wife and Mrs. Ella P. Hines, his mother, are exceedingly proud of him and never tire talking about him.

"My son has had many narrow escapes," said Mrs. Hines, Sr., "and some of them were not less marvelous, perhaps, than the shock of yesterday. While putting up an electrical plant two years ago in Tampico, Mexico, he received a shock which threw him across the room right into the flywheel of a dynamo. An injury to the knee was the only damage he sustained."

"He came near being shot as a rebel five years ago in San Salvador during an uprising there. His roommate was put to death, but Charles escaped and fled on foot across the isthmus. He finally got to Guatemala and was taken aboard an American ship."

"He was often shipwrecked, and once he slipped from the roof of our house, on Washington square, in New York, and saved himself by seizing the coping with his left hand. The house was four stories high. He had been shoveling the snow from the roof."—New York Journal.

Now Plain William McKinley.
 A business letter from ex-Governor McKinley to a gentleman in Columbus, O., bears the simple imprint, "William McKinley, Canton, O." It is understood that he will not engage in the practice of law or any other occupation for the present, and will have no other office than his study in his residence. Ex-Governor McKinley recently said he intended to employ no secretary, and would have no need of one at Canton.—Chicago Times-Herald.

That Ubiquitous People.
 The president of the Boers once said, "You may protect yourself against the cold air with weather strips, but there is no protection against English infiltration." The remark probably holds good if America is excepted.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

REMARKABLE SCENES.

Indiana's Prison North Undergoing a Religious Revival.

Warden Harley of the Prison North, Michigan City, Ind., thinks if Chaplain Curri of that institution maintains the good work he is doing among the convicts for a few years more the warden and all the prison employees will be out of a job.

"It is remarkable," said he, "the good that man is doing with men whom one would think could not be reached by any influence to lead a better life. The most depraved men—desperadoes, burglars and murderers—have succumbed to the good parson's preaching the 'tidings of peace on earth and good will to men.'"

"Their manners have improved, their obedience to rules of the prison is more general and from a score of cells come the singing of gospel hymns. 'Hundreds of convicts pray just before going to bed at night and begin the day with prayer. Reading the Bible and religious papers is a daily occupation with them, and they do it with interest and sincerity.' The chaplain has the utmost confidence of the convicts. They tell him their troubles, hopes and purposes. 'If they want anything, they send for him, and he does it for them with cheerfulness and readiness. I have known him to get out of bed at midnight walk a mile and a half to do some trivial service for a convict, and the worse the man's nature the more ready he is to serve him.'"

The chaplain has 300 convicts in his Christian Endeavor society, and the few months he has had the position has received into the church 130 members, who on their release from prison have pledged to unite with the church of their choice. Among the 130 some are Methodists, others Presbyterians, still more Baptists and Lutherans. The chapel services on Sunday are always largely attended. A convict plays the organ, and the singing is led by a convict choir.

The chaplain preaches and prayers are offered by convicts. In the prayer meeting the religious fervor is intense and the testimonies of hope and salvation are strong, full and heartfelt. The other Sunday the chaplain administered the sacrament to 109 convicts, each receiving it in his cell, taking the sacred bread and wine through the bars from the good parson, who knelt at the cell door outside while the communicant knelt within.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE GREEN POCKETBOOK.

Latest of Madam Fashion's Freaks as Seen in New York.

The green pocketbook is here. It is on dress parade along Fifth avenue in the hands of women of fashion. The green pocketbook came from Paris and bears the closest relation to the craze in greens, which has been the notable feature in the Parisian color trend. With the passing of the spectacular effects in gloves, which are no longer broad stitched and brilliant in hue, according to the latest edicts, the green pocketbook has been able to assert itself at its full color value.

It is distinctly a Paris green—not a subdued and dark bottle green, or a tender gray-green like the tinge on a bank note, but a bright blue green, like the back of a lizard, the grass in June or the poison that is used for the extermination of potato bugs. There are, to be sure, modifications and shades, but the green pocketbook is bright and uncompromising in its color. It made its first social debut at the portrait exhibit.

The green pocketbook has taken the place of the green carnation as a fad, but the full enormity of the Paris color will not be understood until it reaches the bargain counters and the hands of the woman who is not careful of congruity in dress, and wears a green pocketbook with a pair of ox blood dogskin gloves and a purple gown. And if Paris green in wall paper is to be decried as dangerous, what will be said of the Paris green pocketbook when it begins to retail for a quarter?—New York World.

A BIG DEAL.

Indiana Capitalists Trying to Control the Oil Market.

A company headed by Major Doxey, the natural gas king, and several Indiana capitalists, has been formed. They style themselves the Indiana Oil company, and the men interested have already got options and leases on thousands of acres of oil land in the state, now fast coming into the first rank as oil producing territory.

Major Doxey alone has 13,000 acres under lease and as many more under option. They will try to control the market, and instead of shipping to Ohio and Pennsylvania to refine will erect large refineries in Indiana.

The output at present in its crude state amounts to about \$5,000,000 per year. It is thought that in two years Indiana will be shipping \$50,000,000 worth of oil annually. It is looked upon as the great field of the future.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Way the Wind Blows.

The blind chaplain of the house of representatives caused an unusual demonstration to be made in the house the other day by his prayer for the Cuban cause. In his deep, fervent voice he appealed for "the success of struggling Cuba in her battle for independence." The prayer was short, and as soon as it came to a close there was vociferous applause all over the house, showing that the sympathy of the house is almost unanimously with the insurgents.—Washington Post.

"An Excellent Thing in Woman."

"She does not talk when I wish to think." This compliment, said to have been paid by ex-President Harrison to the woman he is now about to marry, has more than a passing value. It contains an important warning and admonition to the wives and sweethearts of thinkers, real and reputed.—New York World.

EASTER HEADGEAR.

VERY FEW NEW FEATURES ARE SHOWN.

Bonnets Seem Deliciously Dainty and Hats Are Perky and Fresh—Everything in Millinery Now Has a Decidedly Springlike Appearance.

Hats of Late Date.

LL the millinery "openings" have been celebrated, and those who attended them have settled down to the conclusion that Easter headgear will present very few absolutely new features. Yet the bonnets seem so deliciously dainty and the hats so perky and fresh that one quite loses sight of the fact that there are few changes. In general, hats are lighter, flowers are spread, brims are transparent, trimming is crisp, and everything is as spring-like as can be. Flowers and ribbons are the characteristic trimmings for the season, and there is a tendency to cut away from the heavy plumes that have made the winter hats so picturesque. Pleated silks, ribbon and gauze seem in place on all hats; indeed, one may almost say that no hat should be without something of the sort. One of the few real novelties is a little turban-like hat of the sort that comes first in the accompanying illustrations. These are in endless variety. On them are yards and yards of crisp mousseline

brim throw soft varied lights on the pretty face beneath. The hats of the season have an air of vouching for the prettiness of the face beneath, for one feels that only a pretty girl would put on such a hat, or at any rate, that she would be pretty once she got it on.

No springtime description of hats would do unless the latest demonstration of the sailor was discussed. And how unlike the simple sailor is the sailor of today! It will never on earth be buried, and by nature it is too much at home on the water to ever come to grief there. This season it has a brim of rough straw in many colors, or a brim of lace shifted closely and wired, or one that is all woven of stems of flowers, the flowers themselves adding to the criss-cross of colors. About the crown for a band, is jeweled or gold ribbon. The band should be as wide as the crown is high, and it should sparkle and glitter. Wherever the fancy elects pretty wide-spreading and many looped bows of ribbon are placed, and the ribbon must be multi-colored. Caught with one of the bows will be a bunch of high standing flowers. Such a hat must present all the colors of the season—that is, turquoise blue, bright green, soft rose, gray and black and a touch of claret. Of the result of all this elaboration you may judge by glancing at the fourth of these pictures. Of course there are other sailors, and perhaps the most frivolous demonstration of this completely corrupted head-dress is a sailor crown set on an accor-



AS IF TOPPED BY LIVING BLOOM.

de sole or paper-like taffeta crinkled into the finest accordion pleats and cut into ruffles about a hand breadth wide. Then the ruffles are pinked off along the edge, and on a tiny wire frame the ruffle, all crinkled and crisp, is laid round and round till you can't see where it begins or ends. It seems like a collection of pinks or a smother of corymbiums, and right up out of the center stands an algerette. Such a headpiece is a hat, a turban or a bonnet, just as you wear it, and if it is unbefitting, it is because you have not had sense enough to adjust its folds to the most bewitching indorsement of every good point you have. These little affairs are to be very popular. They are as light as a thistle down, and come in all sorts of bright colors, geranium, turquoise-blue and bright grass-green being three of the pet shades.

Their lightness is not an exceptional recommendation, because all the new hats are of featherweight. This is a comforting discovery, and another one is that the easy shape so long worn, the one next shown, with a medium crown and a brim scooping wide in front and narrowing to the ears and back, now appears with a wire crown and with a brim of colored grasses woven in and out between the hair-like wires. A ruche of crisp grass-green tulle is at the very edge of the brim, a loose knot of sprangly ox-eyed daisies or miniature and ragged sunflowers is laid on the top of the brim, there is a lift of gauzy ribbon all yellow and green, black and white and so on, and a few in-woven strands of colored grass cover the meshes of the wire crown. That is all, but it is so light, so pretty



ITS CROWN LOST TO SIGHT.

and so fresh! Think of the first rain? Nonsense; it couldn't rain when a girl had on a hat like that; it would be just monstrous!

Another type that was seen in abundance at the openings was the familiar

shape whose brim is pushed up in the center and that is recalled as being very fashionable only a few years ago. One of this sort comes next in the pictures. Its wee crown is there somewhere, but it is not to be seen, because of the scalloped crisp ruche of gauze in Dresden colors and a thousand plants that is laid along the top of the brim. The crown is at the base of the light bunch of flowers that triumphs out of the very center of this gauzy maze, but who cares? The flower nodes, the leaves spray prettily over all, and the many colored ribbons that are woven into the



EVEN THE SAILOR TAKES FLOWERS AND GLITTER.

brim throw soft varied lights on the pretty face beneath. The hats of the season have an air of vouching for the prettiness of the face beneath, for one feels that only a pretty girl would put on such a hat, or at any rate, that she would be pretty once she got it on.

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A GLOIFIED POKE SHAPE.

dion-pleated silken brim, all wired to stand up like a frolic of corymbiums.

The tendency in big hats is toward cutting them close at the sides and spreading only in front, but there are fewer of the crazily shaped freaks of straw that were ventured a year ago, and the fashion, always trying, even to a young face, of turning the brim up straight from the forehead, no longer claims attention as a novelty. The very piquant and very young girl who found becoming the touch of audacity such a hat gave may still wear the shape, but most of us will try the demurer brim that seems to shade the eyes and the brow. Among the demure effects of the season, and for that matter of several seasons back, is the empire poke. As seen in the last picture, this is an exaggerated Salvation Army bonnet, with its brim starting upward suddenly in front instead of drooping low, and by the tilt being as much more saucy as demureness always is when there is a twinkle in the eye and a dimple a-lurk under the prim look. Copyright, 1896.

There was not a member of the royal family within reach of the Duke and Duchess of York when their second son was born. The cabinet minister whose attendance was required by the law, arrived thirteen hours too late.

Queen Victoria owes \$2,000,000 worth of china. A Sevres set is estimated at \$500,000.