

WOMEN'S HOME

Swings Clubs for Charity.
ABOUT two years ago Miss Rita Mylotte, a charming young girl of Oakland, Cal., being in poor health, was advised by her physician to go in for athletic exercise as a means of building up her condition. Miss Mylotte obeyed the medical man, and among other things took to Indian clubs. Within a month or two she became exceptionally clever, and soon gathered about her a class of children whose parents were too poor to purchase the necessary apparatus. Miss Mylotte keeps up her work with the clubs regularly, and has for some time been able to do most of the tricks affected by professionals. The promoters of a charitable entertainment finally induced her to appear in public.



MISS RITA MYLOTTE.

and since then no such affair is regarded by Oaklanders as complete unless Miss Rita furnishes one of the numbers. In speaking recently of her favorite exercise the clever young athlete said:

"Club swinging I regard as the best of all exercises in this line, because almost anyone can practice it. There is no costly apparatus to pay for, and all the exercise that is wanted can be taken in one's room on arising in the morning or just before retiring. I would not advise too long a practice at a time to beginners, for the exercise brings every muscle in the body into play, and one feels the effect after a few minutes. Many young women of my acquaintance swing clubs now, and I am sure that if girls knew the benefits to be derived they would soon secure clubs. The limbs are soon secured from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of strength and fullness, and the whole body feels the change a few lessons will bring. There is also a fascination that grows on one as she becomes proficient, and shortly exertion or strain is rarely felt."

Weakness of the Womanish Man.
 "Womanish" men are, after all, a very small proportion of the male population. But men who are afflicted with this weakness sometimes carry their foibles to extraordinary lengths. A certain commercial traveler—a capable business man—has one little vanity. He always carries a small pocket mirror, and from time to time, particularly when traveling by train, he refreshes himself with a glance at his handsome features. When anyone is in the car with him he secretes the looking-glass inside the book or newspaper which he pretends to be reading. A London solicitor, popular as a society man, some seasons since hit upon the appearance-improving expedient of having his hair "waved." The experiment was a great success, and at his evening engagements he ever after adopted it. But he has not the courage to face his clerks and clients with curly locks. And so, on his return from a festive evening, he spends an hour or so dampening his hair and laboriously brushing it out straight again.

A Helpful Hint.
 Every quick-witted woman will appreciate the following: Pass round the



HOW TO WIND A SKEIN.

thumb one end of the skein, which entwines round the palm of the hand and slip the opposite end on the first finger.

To Relieve a Headache.
 Often massage will relieve a congestive headache. The movement should be made with the palmar surface of the fingers and should be vigorous enough to induce more active circulation. If the woman who is subject to such headaches dashes cold water on the base of the neck before the morning bath she will find, however, that there will be less need of any treatment, for her headaches will be fewer in number. To give the massage begin on top of the head and continue the treatment backward and downward to the base of the brain. Continue

the rubbing also from the temples backward and downward. Much and heavy rotation at the base of the brain should follow; also crosswise rubbing on the back of the neck and stroking from the head down back of the ears to the shoulders, for the purpose of emptying the veins.

How a Woman Earned a Dollar.
 Each member of the local Christian Endeavor Society at Springsport, Mich., pledged herself to turn into the treasury \$1 earned by herself, and Mrs. Jennie Clay earned hers in a unique way. Two tramps called at her house and demanded food and lodging. She went into a room, got her husband's revolver, and ordered the tramps to throw up their hands, which they did. She then commanded them to march, and started them to the village lock-up, where they were caged for the night. In the morning they were registered and allowed to depart, Mrs. Clay giving them breakfast. She then presented a bill to the Village Council: "To arresting two tramps, 50 cents each, \$1," and that body, after a good deal of humorous debate, allowed the bill.

Women never cared more carefully for their nails than now, but the woman of taste avoids extremes in this as in all things. Pink nails are admired because a perfect nail should be thin enough to show the rosy blood beneath, but a nail glowing with the red saive of the toilet table is no better liked than lips and cheeks which owe their brilliancy to the rouge pot. Nor is an artificial polish to be recommended; the natural gloss merely should be maintained and heightened. The best authorities forbid the use of the nail brush. Any dust or soil may be removed with a bit of cotton wound around a wooden toothpick or bit of orange wood; the small emery boards which are sold everywhere for the purpose keep the under surface of the nail so smooth that little or nothing can adhere.

New Jackets.
 The new features in jackets for young ladies are strapped seams and small pearl buttons. On the strap extending down from the shoulder on the sleeve, there will be a dozen small pearl buttons on each of the three straps, and six on the straps pointing upwards from the wrist. The front is closed with hooks on the left side, and two pearl button buttons are set close together near the top, and two about six inches above the top, and two about six inches above the edge below the waist.—Womankind.

Window Screens of Japanese Cedar
 fretwork are in favor; they are used either in the natural light color or finished to resemble olive wood, cherry, ash or mahogany. Slumber rolls of down, also rolls stuffed with curled hair and covered with good ticking, are offered ready made for covering. They are easily covered, and make a rich accessory in furnishing by any clever housewife. Picturesque trifles in furnishing often give a touch of refinement; for instance, there are the lovely little porcelain candlesticks, in the form of a full-blown pink rose, resting on a spray of green leaves in fine porcelain.

Very decorative screens, three-fold, in scarlet silk embroideries with long trailing branches, of blossoms and with tropical birds, all in fine silk, are attracting enthusiastic admiration. They are especially handsome in large parlors, where they light up somber corners most effectively.

Where windows are built low, as in very old-fashioned houses, leaving considerable space between their tops and the ceiling, pretty railed shelves, treated like old-fashioned over-door shelves, make a pretty furnishing. They may be ebonized, mahoganyized or decorated to match the woodwork of the room.

The newest iron bedsteads which are making their appearance are very decorative, and not unreasonable in price. Besides the brass finish, these bedsteads are finished in enamel effect and all the delicate colors used in enameling furniture, and this finish is associated with ornamentation in brass knobs, balls, bars and spindles.

Fancies for Springtime.
 The trimming under the brim of the modish hat is quite as important a feature as that which is on top of it.

The beef-eater crown is in again, but as it admits of an indefinite variety of brims it does not become monotonous.

A velvet crown of violet with a brim of butter-colored straw is a fetching Easter combination seen at a modish milliner's.

Big-brimmed hats are of shirred chiffon trimmed with wide gauze ribbons are airy enough to be worn by a veritable Titania.

A gown of pale gray crepon, lined throughout with rich white taffeta and otherwise absolutely untrimmed, will be worn by an Easter bride.

Modish sleeves in the Louis Quinze coats terminate in a long, bell-shaped cuff, which makes the dainty gloved hand beneath look very diminutive.

A GOPHER AS A HYPNOTIST.

Held by Its Glittering Eye, a Rabbit Awaited Certain Death.
 A gopher snake at Escocido has been the cause of much earnest discussion among local naturalists recently. The question discussed was, "Do Snakes Charm or Hypnotize Their Prey?" One of the naturalists had the unusual but fortunate experience at Escocido of happening upon a large gopher snake just as the reptile was about to overcome a trembling cottontail rabbit and envelop the animal in its deadly coils. For some time the naturalist watched the snake's movements.

It was within 10 or 12 inches of the apparently fascinated rabbit. Silently and almost imperceptibly the snake had wormed its way nearer and nearer to its victim. Its eyes glistened with an intense brightness. Not a movement did it make which might alarm the timid rabbit. The forked tongue, which to the eye of a human being is so repulsive and intended to be terrifying, appeared to exert an entirely different influence upon the mind of the innocent rabbit.

This darting tongue either excited the victim's curiosity or caused the animal to concentrate its mind on the snake's tongue as to throw that mind into a hypnotic condition of such strength that it could not break the spell and run away from impending death. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls in the cloth. The lithe body crept nearer and nearer. The rabbit was motionless. Its eye was fixed on the piercing eye of the snake. Even the waving of the wind kissed shrubs about the rabbit failed to break the spell, and softly and slowly grim death in snake form wreathed its folds about the creature. Then was the spell broken.

To the naturalist who watched the capture of the rabbit it appeared as if the snake had certainly fascinated the animal. As a gopher snake is not poisonous and has no well developed fangs, its only means of killing prey is by constriction. In order to catch an animal it seems almost necessary for the snake to fascinate the victim.—Washington Post.

HE HESITATED.

But the Lover Discovers That His Objection Was a Mistaken One.
 The dotting father was reflective. "You will find Mabel a splendid housekeeper," he said at last.

The lover's face was blanched. "I—I had not heard of her accomplishments in that direction," he said hesitatingly. "Then it must come to you in the nature of a glorious surprise," returned her father, "for I assure you there is no more careful housekeeper in the city." "I presume," faltered the young man, "that she takes a very pardonable pride in her ability in that line."

"Of course, of course. She is naturally proud of her economical management of a household." The young man groaned. "I never knew but one woman who was considered a really first class housekeeper," he said, "and I had hoped that Mabel would have none of those traits. I do not like to eat up an average." "Eat up an average!" exclaimed the old man. "Yes. According to my understanding of the subject, a good housekeeper is one who allows no waste. She studies your hunger and your capacity for about a week, strikes an average and then insists that you must eat up to it ever after. If you don't eat enough, she grumbles about the waste, and if you eat too much somebody will find a shortage, and she will call your attention to the fact that you were far below the average the day before and caused considerable waste."

"I see your point," returned the old man, "but you misunderstand me. I said she was a good housekeeper, not a good boarding house keeper."—Chicago Post.

Goes to Church Once a Year.
 Of all Catholic sovereigns King Leopold of Belgium is assuredly the least devout. He goes to church and attends divine service only once a year—that is, on his namesday. A special service is performed in honor of the event at the ancient cathedral of Ste. Gudule, which everybody belonging to the male sex attends in full uniform. The king is received in grand ecclesiastical state by the prelates of the kingdom and by the clergy of the basilica at the main entrance, and marches in procession up the central aisle under a magnificent canopy to his seat within the chancel rails. He carries in his hand a gorgeously bound mass book, which he peruses with an appearance of devotion throughout the ceremony, and which on his return to the palace at Laeken is locked up once more out of sight until the recurrence of St. Leopold's day 12 months later.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Misapprehension.
 "Isn't it astonishing how cheap matches are made nowadays?" asked the statistical passenger. "Eef you mean to insult me, sara," said the foreign looking passenger, "here is my carte. I hold myself, sara, at no less than one million of your American dollars!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eyeless Worms.
 Worms that have no eyes are believed to gain information of the presence of light from some other sense than that of sight. Light is always dangerous to an earthworm, and when taken from the earth and placed in the light a worm will always exhibit uneasiness and make an effort to conceal itself.

The drag used for recovering bodies from the bottoms of ponds or streams is modeled after the well known grapple plant, a thorny bush common in South America and Africa.

The orchids are true parasites, growing on other plants and drawing their substance from them and from the air.

SOLACE.

Do summer's sunnily mighty gay,
 Do winter's mighty sober,
 But jes' betwix 'em an between
 An gorgeous ole October,
 So don't git downed 'bout de froe'
 Dat mak yer 'in' de wood;
 De 'simoon an a-ripenin an
 De 'possum's gittin good.
 De watahmillion's done played out,
 But dah an joy in sight;
 De punkin's mighty temptin of
 Yeh only cooks it right.
 So take yeh pardners an rejoice
 De way dat people should;
 De 'simoon an a-ripenin an
 De 'possum's gittin good.
 —Boston Globe.

FOR ANOTHER'S SIN.

Sir Mortimer Barbican was an old man, one of the old types of English aristocrats—stern, imperious and inordinately proud of the integrity of his name and ancestry. At the time I went into his employ, years ago now, he was living alone with his only daughter at his family seat in Gloucestershire.

A strange looking, tall lady was Miss Linda Barbican, with large, black eyes and pale, hard set features, bearing the traces of some inward sorrow.

Sir Mortimer, I learned, had had a son, whom he had disinherited and disowned, owing to some act which had brought dishonor on the name of Barbican, and he forbade all mention of the scapegrace of the family.

A young man, shabbily dressed, with a reckless albeit a handsome face, stood on the doorstep and scanned me nervously as I looked questioning at him. "Is my—Sir Mortimer Barbican disengaged?" he asked huskily.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you please come in?" "Is there any one in the library?" "No, sir."

"Then show me in and tell your master I must see him." "Very well, sir! What name shall I give?" "Oh, never mind the name! He'll know me fast enough," he added bitterly.

Sir Mortimer looked up in a surprised way when I communicated to him that a visitor had arrived and wished to see him. He opened the door and strode in to the room.

That was all. One short, despairing cry, and father and son stood face to face once more.

A gray, drawn look stole over my master's face as for a brief moment he stood eyeing the prodigal who had so mysteriously reappeared. Then he found his tongue.

"So it is you, you bound!" he said, his features working strangely, while there was a tone of suppressed rage in his voice; "it is you, is it? Have you forgotten how we parted? Have you forgotten, how I cast you off and forbade you ever to step in my house again? Be off before I forget myself and whip you out, as you deserve."

"I will speak," cried the younger man. "As there is a God in heaven, I am innocent! But since you will not hear me, I will not try to save you. May it be on your own head, and may you reap as you have sown! But you will have the comforting assurance of knowing that you have sent me to the devil, and I curse you!" And, striding from the room, the younger man passed out into the hall.

I hastened to open the door for him. As he was passing out into the night he turned.

"You are a stranger to me," he said, after a brief space, "but your face looks like an honest one. If you can contrive it, meet me tomorrow, about this time, at the drive gate. It is a matter of life and death."

The next morning after breakfast Sir Mortimer turned to me and said: "If you value your situation here, Parkin, you will bear this in mind; Not a word of what you saw and heard last night, and never mention my name to my son's name to me again under pain of instant dismissal. That is all."

It was with some feeling of trepidation that I repaired to the trusting arrival that same evening to await the arrival of the disinherited son. Having inquired my name, he began:

prehesion that I looked forward to the work which was before me, for I was no fighting man. Of course I had not mentioned the meditated robbery to the baronet, but that would have spoiled everything.

At 12 o'clock I stole noiselessly down to the kitchen and quietly waited till the burglars should arrive. I had not long to wait. I heard the muffled sound which warned me that they had commenced operations, and, slipping away as noiselessly as I had come, I departed to apprise my master of the outrage on his property.

I found him sitting in his bedroom on a chair, clad in his dressing gown and slippers. His face was buried in his hands, and he was evidently lost in thought. At my entrance he started violently up and gazed with wonderment, not unmixed with anger, at me, as I intruded myself on his solitude. I at once came to the point.

"Sir," I said, "there are burglars trying to force an entrance at the back." Now, my master's bedroom was at the extreme wing of the building, so that had it not been for the fact that I already knew of the contemplated robbery he would probably have heard nothing of the burglars, taking for granted that they succeeded in reaching the dining room, where the family plate—their object—was secured.

He gazed at me curiously for a few seconds and then calmly walked across the room to his chest of drawers, which he opened, taking therefrom a small revolver, which he slipped into his pocket, handing another to me at the same time.

Sir Mortimer took the lead, and, following close behind him, I noiselessly stole along at his heels. Arrived at the kitchen door, the sounds inside told us we had come at the right moment. The baronet threw open the door. The gas had been lighted, and standing in the middle of the room were the three men, young Mr. Geoffrey, apart from the other two, pallid and haggard looking.

And then I do not rightly know what happened, it was all done so quickly. Sir Mortimer, stepping calmly into the room, raised his revolver and fired at his son, who was waiting for me, who had lost all presence of mind, to act on the initiative. With a groan he threw up his arms and fell forward with a dull thud on the stone floor. The other two did not wait for more, but with incredible swiftness darted through the pantry, and, locking the door behind them, made good their escape.

Just then a white robed figure appeared at the open kitchen door and gazed wildly about her. As her eyes fell on the body of the man lying prone and lifeless on the floor Miss Linda Barbican, for it was she, rushed forward and with a moan threw herself down beside her brother, apparently dead, killed by his father!

"My sin has found me out!" she moaned. "My sin has found me out!" And then, her eyes wandering to the little pool of blood which was crimsoning the cold flags, she cried out: "I can bear it no longer! Father, father, the forgery was my work!"

Casting one look of concentrated hate and anguish on the wretched girl at his feet, he brushed her tremblingly aside and knelt down, moaning softly to himself, beside the body of his apparently lifeless son.

Mr. Geoffrey did not die. His father had shot somewhat high, and the ball had glanced along the collar bone, making a long, jagged wound. But still he was seriously ill, brain fever setting in afterward, and for some time he lay hovering between life and death.

I explained fully to the baronet the scheme his son had formed for thwarting the burglars, who, by the way, were captured some weeks after the attempted burglary, and Sir Mortimer's feelings of remorse and sorrow at the way in which he had wronged Mr. Geoffrey were terribly poignant.

As for Miss Linda, her story can be briefly summed up in the following: Years ago she had a worthless lover, with whom she was completely infatuated. Gambling and other forms of excess had left him in low water, and his sweetheart had forged the check to give him the money he had needed so sorely, laying the blame on and weaving her subtle net of accusation around her innocent brother. What ultimately became of her I never knew.

If I had only kept my presence of mind and carried out my instructions, the baronet's hand might have been staid and Mr. Geoffrey would not have been shot. But then perhaps Miss Linda would not have confessed. Thank heaven, there are not many women like her in the world.—Chicago News.

Asked by an Insurance Company.

Here are some of the questions which a new insurance company requires to be answered satisfactorily, and the public will agree that there is more reason for them than many of the old queries: "Do you ride a bicycle? Single or tandem?"

"Do you eat (a) hot cakes, (b) tamales, (c) mince pie, (d) welsh rabbit, (e) raw onions?"

"Do you swallow grape seeds?" "Do you drink any mixed drinks?" "Do you ever sleep in a folding bed?" "Do you smoke (a) cigarettes, (b) nickel cigars?"

"Have you a mother-in-law?" "Did you ever attempt suicide?"—San Francisco Post.

Deaths Due to Chloroform.

It is stated that 61 deaths have occurred within the past year in the United Kingdom, of which 52 were from the administration of chloroform. This would be a fearful indictment against the use of that anesthetic if we only knew what was the relative proportion of patients submitted to its influence and to the influence of other anesthetics. In other words, if the number of chloroform cases were 52 times the number of nitrous oxide cases, chloroform would be no more dangerous, although it might have caused 52 deaths for one death caused by the latter anesthetic.—Medical Press.



WHAT UNCLE WILLIAM SAYS.

A man once came to me and paid me a debt of \$10 which had stood so long that I had forgotten it, but while I was yet shoutin' his praises as an honest man he borrowed \$15 of me and disappeared and I never expect to see him more.

I hev allus noticed that people who argue that they hev but one life to live and should therefore enjoy it manage to kill themselves off as soon as possible, and that without takin' any real pleasure in the few years they exist.

Human natur' is a funny thing. A man will argue for you—fight for you—peril his own life to save yours, and yet some day when his dog chases your cat and you refer to the matter he'll declare that you hev allus bin the meanest man on the face of the airth.

I don't argue that the whipping-post makes men better, but statistics fail to show that the same man comes back for a second dose except in rare instances. If it doesn't better him towards the world it certainly makes him afraid of repeating his offense, and that's about the same thing.

If we sit down on a carpet tack there ain't the least doubt that some one is to blame for it and ought to be held responsible. If we remember that we left the tack there ourselves then our only consolation is to hold three or four others in fault to excuse our own negligence.

The idea of gettin' sunthin' for nuthin' seems to hev bin inborn with the best of us, and I don't mind tellin' you that's the reason why I paid a feller a dollar for a fifty-cent jack-knife. He offered to throw in a whet stun' with ten cents, and I couldn't let sich a bargain pass me by.

When a man comes to me and says: "Now, Uncle William, you've allus bin my friend and I want some candid advice," I look fur a chance to run away from him. If my advice agrees with his opinion I git no credit, while he feels flattered. If contrary to his ideas he sets me down as an enemy and a crank and we are no longer friends.

A POLLO OF CONGRESS.

Wallace T. Foote, Jr., the Handsomest Man in Congress.

Congressman Wallace T. Foote, Jr., of Port Henry, New York, has been voted the handsomest man in Congress. Mr. Foote has had a dangerous rival in the person of Congressman Charles Bennett, of Brooklyn, but feminine Washington has at last decided in favor of the man from Port Henry, and so he has been named the Apollo of the lower house. Bennett, of Brooklyn, has a fine figure and is a fashion plate in dress. Foote is at least three inches under Bennett, but of a heavier build. He dresses quite as well as Bennett, but the latter is bachelor, which was at first considered greatly in his favor, for Foote is a married man. Bennett's mustache is curly and blonde; Foote's dark and graceful. The eyes of Bennett are steel blue; Foote's dark and expressive. The hair it was which set-



WALLACE T. FOOTE, JR.

led the matter and turned the victory over to Foote. Mr. Foote has a nobly shaped head covered with masses of wavy, tumbling, prematurely gray hair. It tosses picturesquely about his head and is altogether quite irresistible. Mr. Foote is a lawyer. A few years ago he married Miss Mary Witherbee, a daughter of a very wealthy iron family in the neighborhood of Port Henry. Mrs. Foote does not reside in Washington. She is an invalid. The Apollo of Congress and his former rival, Mr. Bennett, live at one hotel.

Disastrous Famines.

The most disastrous famine which has occurred in modern times was that which prevailed in Northern China in 1877-8. It was so severe that 9,500,000 of the inhabitants perished. The sum of \$500,000 was collected and forwarded to China for the relief of the distress caused by it. The famine in India in 1878 caused the death of 3,500,000 people in the Madras district and 2,436,000 people in the Oude district. The potato famine in Ireland in 1846-7 was responsible for over 1,000,000 deaths. In Northwest India, during the famines of 1857-8, over 750,000 persons perished, while in Bengal and Orissa in 1855-6 1,000,000 deaths ensued. Two years afterwards, in Rajpootana over 1,500,000 perished from hunger.

Raises Fishworms for Market.

A monopoly of the delightful industry of raising angleworms for the market is enjoyed by Charles Reineke, a farmer of Lyons, N. Y. He has an incubator and all the latest and most scientific apparatus, and is able to sell his wiggly merchandise at \$1 a quart.