



WOMEN AT HOME

THE danger of using peroxide of hydrogen for bleaching the hair has again been demonstrated...



DELL DE FORREST

Induced to appear with him on the stage in the whirlwind dance, which has since made her famous...

A Handsome Cushion.

In many households there is very little to spend on an elaborately embroidered pillow cover...



EASILY MADE, BUT EFFECTIVE.

shade and outline in heavy black flosette in one corner three conventional flowers...

New Field for Women.

The first woman to enter the profession of pharmacy in our country was Mrs. Jane Loring, of Boston, in 1800...

The Woman's Watch.

Fashionable watches are very small; the ordinary size is about an inch in diameter...

Geneva patterns of engraved concentric lines seem to have disappeared.

There is an awkwardness in placing a watch on feminine dress. If it is pinned on one side of the bodice it looks foolishly like a society decoration...

Clara Barton's Victory.

Those who believed that Miss Clara Barton was departing on a fool's errand when she started for Turkey with relief for the Armenians...

Remarkable Wheelwoman.

Tillie Anderson is perhaps possessed of more endurance and speed—qualifications that go to make up the successful long-distance cyclist—than any wheelwoman in America...



TILLIE ANDERSON.

the stipulated time. Better still is her record in the Tattersall's race. She not only won, but created a series of new records for a twelve-lap track...

Illustrates a Phase of Clericalism.

One of the most famous of mediæval utterances is a curious mixture of diabolical wit and savage fanaticism. It is told of the Papal Legate Milo, at the sack of Beziers, in the "crusade" against the Albigeois...

Real Fire is Invisible.

No eye, says the scientific writer, has ever seen real fire. The flame is leaping in strange, fantastic form, fifteen or twenty inches upward from the coal and with it is a good deal of black, sooty smoke...

No Saving of Time.

"Before they are married," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "it usually takes at least half an hour to tear himself away from her presence."

The coral flowers, so called, are animals. A coral reef resembles a bed of anemones.

THE ELECTRIC SPIRIT.

With wild wings fettered I ride the wires. My life finds issue in blinding fires. Bright shapes are wrought by my flying breath.

Of warring winds I am king and lord; The storms come wielding my radiant sword. I laugh in light as the swift strokes fly. The sullen thunders make slow reply.

With mystic passion I yearn from far To my secret home 'neath the northern star. And thence, on the vast black walls of night, I fling great rays from my gates of light.

Time flees before me, and none may know My course as from star to star I go. For I am life. In the utmost dark God's touch entangled my fervid spark.

Think ye to know me, O ye who raise My torch of flame on the world's highways? Ask him whose throne is the central light Of countless suns in their wheeling flight.

With fierce strength fettered, I ride the wires. Prometheus spirits have tamed my fires. But God alone, in his chosen hour, Can free the force of my nameless power.

—Marion Conroy Smith.

A RUSE THAT LOST.

She was my first love, and so far as I can tell, she may prove to be my only one. She is now a buxom wife with some four or five rosy, romping children...

Dora was the only daughter of a retired London medical man. At the time I first made her acquaintance her father had retired from practice and was a widower.

But the eccentric old man would not hear of it. I remember how dejected I was after he had told me, with considerable vigor, that I could not become his son-in-law...

"You are not looking very bright," he said. "What are you worrying about?" Bligh also was a doctor. He had walked the same hospital as old Rudgwick, only many years later.

"A love affair," I confessed, with a forced smile. "Ah! I thought something of the sort. Girl thrown you over?"

"No, not the girl—the father!" "Oh, that's nothing! If the lady is willing, love will find out a way, and papa will come round."

"He is a pig headed old doctor—I beg your pardon, but I suppose a doctor may sometimes be pig headed like the rest of us?"

"Undoubtedly. Do I know him?" "Dr. Gordon Rudgwick." "Oh, yes. I am acquainted with him. I also once met Miss Rudgwick. I congratulate you, old fellow. A charming young lady, 'pon my word. But the old man—ha! ha—no wonder he rejected you!"

"Why?" "You are too healthy!" "Too healthy?" "Yes. You ought to have some interesting and deep seated disease—something complicated and lingering!"

"I—what on earth are you driving at, Bligh?" "Don't you know? He's"—and he touched his forehead with his forefinger. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes. He is mad on one point. He has a contempt for healthy people, and respects only those who are suffering from some terrible disease."

"But his daughter never told me." "She doesn't know. They have kept it from her. And this is the cause of his want of parental affection. There is absolutely nothing the matter with the young lady. Now, what he wants is a son-in-law riddled with disease. You must get some internal growth or—"

"Good heavens, Bligh!" "Come with me and I will coach you up in all the symptoms of a most interesting malady. Everything will then turn out according to your best wishes."

"But how did you discover you were in possession of this striking disease?" said Dr. Rudgwick in a state of ecstacy. "Well, I have had suspicions for a long time," I replied, "that something was wrong, but I kept the opinion to myself. A few days ago, however, I tried to insure my life, and the medical officers of half a dozen companies rejected me. I then went to a first class man, was thoroughly overhauled, told exactly what was the matter with me and informed that I was one of the most extraordinary cases that had ever come under his notice. He gives me only six months!"

Don't meddle with it, or you may spoil all.

"But perhaps a cure?" "Cure, sir! Don't talk such sickly nonsense, or I shall begin to think it possible that you could do such a mean and dishonorable thing as to rob medical science of one of the most instructive, beautiful and striking cases that have ever enriched the literature of pathology."

"What, then, is the use of pathology if doctors are not to cure?" "Pathology, sir, treats of diseases, their causes, effects and symptoms. It is a branch of knowledge, an interesting abstract study, a recreation. It has nothing to do with treatment, cures and such like quackeries."

"But what may be sport to you is death to us." "Why, we must all die, and what could be nobler than to die in the cause of science? By the way, you were speaking to me about my daughter the other day."

I shook my head in a melancholy manner. "Well, I have been thinking I spoke hastily. She is yours. I shall be proud to have you as a son-in-law. To watch the course of your complaint will be a privilege and a delight. Marry as soon as ever you like. I think you will find Dora somewhere about the house. See her and fix the matter up."

But Dora was not to be seen that day. She had gone to her room indisposed. When I called the next morning, the housekeeper told me that Miss Rudgwick had gone on a visit to friends at Brighton, but had left a note for me. I opened it and read as follows:

"I overheard your talk with papa, and am so very, very sorry for you. I do so hope that your state is not so bad as you fear, and that you will not lose courage and will soon get well."

"Of course everything must now be at an end between us. It would be madness to talk of marriage. I shall always think of you as a very dear friend, and I want you to believe that you will have my most sincere sympathy."

I put the letter in my pocket and went home. What a mess I had made of it! First I had gained the consent of Dora and failed to obtain that of her father. Now I had obtained the doctor's consent and lost the daughter's. Fancy her overhearing all that I said and thinking I was speaking the truth about the diseased state of my body!

And yet, why should she have supposed I was lying? One thing was certain. I must find her out and explain all. Dr. Rudgwick knew the name of the friends whom Dora had gone to, but he could not tell me the address. He had been accustomed to allow her to go and come pretty much as she pleased.

A week passed, several days of which I had spent at Brighton, without anything being heard of her. One morning I strolled round to Dr. Rudgwick's to learn whether his daughter had written, when I saw an empty cab standing at the door.

"Miss Dora has just arrived, sir. I'll tell her you are here." I stepped into the drawing room and waited. In a few minutes I heard the dear girl running down the stairs. My heart leaped with joy.

"How do you do?" she said, placing her little hand in mine and looking into my eyes with infinite pity. "I do hope you are better. You are looking pretty well?"

"My dear Dora, I was never better in my life. That was all untrue about my illness. I am in perfect health."

"Untrue?" "All of it. I will explain it to you another time." "Then you are not going to die in six months?" "I hope not, nor in six decades. Are you sorry?"

"Sorry? Of course not, but!" "I have your father's consent to our marriage. Darling, you will now be mine?" "Impossible!" "How so?" "Well, the fact is—I am married!"

I sprang back amazed. "You see, I thought you were a doomed man. I heard it from your own lips. Marriage with you would have been mad, impossible. And papa's strange talk alarmed me, especially when he gave his consent. I was terrified and feared his anger. So I went away to friends at Brighton. There I met Captain Ainsworth. He was my first love, and I have never really lost my affection for him. He asked me to marry him, and—well, I did so at once, as he is going out to India. You really cannot blame me, can you?"

No; I didn't exactly blame her, but I cursed my fate, and I told Bligh that he was the biggest fool in his profession, for which he has never thoroughly forgiven me, though he says he has.—London Tit-Bits.

Napoleon's Advice About Hortense. Louis, who was governing Holland with reference to its own best interests, and ordering the affairs of his own family rigidly, but admirably, received a severe and passionate reprimand from the emperor for his economy. What was wanted was pay for the troops, plenty of conscripts, encouragement for the Dutch Catholics, and a giddy court, where men would forget more serious things and where Queen Hortense could make a display. "Let your wife dance as much as she wants to. It is proper for her age. I have a wife 40 years old, and from the field of battle I recommend her to go to balls, while you want one of 20 to live in a cloister, or like a wet nurse, always bathing her child."

GUIDES TRAINS IN SAFETY.

A Young Woman of Kansas With Important Matters on Hand.

Miss Byrd Watkins of Topeka has the distinction of being the only woman train dispatcher, on a single track, in the United States, and the responsibility of such a position attaches no little importance to the young woman who holds it.

Miss Watkins is stationed at Junction City, on the Kansas division of the Union Pacific railway, a through line from Kansas City to Denver and its branches, the Junction City and Fort Kearney branch, from Junction City to Concordia and Belleville; the Solomon City branch, from Solomon City to Beloit, and the Salina and southwestern branch, from Salina to McPherson.

Miss Watkins is one of the three "shifts" working eight hours each, and is on the second "trick," as the time between 4 o'clock in the afternoon and midnight is called. She is in full charge



MISS BYRD WATKINS.

of the office during that time. Her duties as dispatcher on a single track differ materially from those of a double track dispatcher, as meeting points must be made for all trains going in opposite directions.

She is a Kentuckian by birth. Her father, who was a lawyer, died 14 years ago, leaving a wife and three daughters, of whom Miss Byrd is the eldest. She is just past 23, and her progress in the line of work she has chosen has been rapid. Her first situation was that of operator for the Union Pacific at Deer Trail, Colo. From that place she went to Topeka and was employed by the same railroad there for four years, until October, 1894, when she was promoted to Junction City as train dispatcher.

Few women have the clear head and steady nerve required to fill such a position. Miss Watkins is a nice looking girl, with a tall, slender figure, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Her manner is pleasing and refined.

"When I first went into the office," she said, "the superintendent remarked that I should be accomplishing a great deal if I learned to be a train dispatcher without swearing. I must confess that I have more sympathy with men on that score, but when I feel obliged to find an outlet for my feelings I just get up and walk round and round the table. I have had no accidents since I began—not even a narrow escape."

Miss Watkins is said to be the youngest dispatcher on the road. The Southwest Railway Record publishes a paragraph complimentary to the young lady, and an official of the road is quoted as saying, "I would not give her up for any man dispatcher on our system."—Kansas City Star.

Don't Use Slang.

Bishop Potter's word at the Vassar Alumnae association, at its luncheon recently, deserves accentuation. His talk dealt with the abuses and claims of our mother tongue. "Slang," said he, among other things, "is one of the greatest dangers to which our tongue is subjected. Just as a coin is debased, so is a language, and in this connection I will say that the dialect story, with all of its tenderness and pathos, is of doubtful value."

He urged upon his hearers the necessity to avoid the danger of which he felt sure every woman present was conscious, "that of giving vigor to expression by the aid of slang." He spoke, too, of the risky stimulant to the use of slang among young women from the fact that such words on their lips create a laugh among men. "Believe me," closed the bishop earnestly, "that on the testimony of young men themselves you can wear no charm greater than that of reserved, cultivated, choice speech. Use your eye, your mind, your lip, to lift up the great tongue, Shakespeare's tongue, which we all inherit."

Mrs. Blinn's Idea.

A reception was given recently to Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn of California at the equal suffrage headquarters, Portland, Or. Mrs. Blinn said that all the political parties of her state except the Democratic had endorsed the pending woman suffrage amendment by resolutions or planks in their platforms.

Mrs. Blinn thought that the accumulation of vast rolls of suffrage petitions had better be discontinued. She said the work of securing them was expensive and burdensome, and no attention was paid to them. What is needed is to educate men into the understanding that suffrage for women will benefit men as well as women, and then their opposition will cease.

Lady Wilde's Masterpieces.

The recent death of Lady Wilde of London recalls the fact, says a London paper, that it was she who wrote the famous leading article, headed "Jack-Alea Est," in the Dublin Nation, which constituted the chief count in the crown indictment for high treason against the editor of that journal, who is now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an octogenarian literary recluse at Nice. The article in question was published at the height of the revolutionary fever in 1848. As a sample of blood stirring English prose it still retains its place in a number of collections, and especially those issued on the other side of the Atlantic.



Five to ten drops of cardamon in hot water will relieve an infant during an attack of colic.

Charcoal is a good remedy for flatulency and acidity of the stomach. Dose one coffee-spoonful.

An exclusive milk diet is pronounced the best for one who has chronic catarrh of the stomach.

Five grains of phenacetine taken every three hours may be used with good effect in cases of neuralgic toothache.

It is claimed that cod-liver oil, cocoa butter, coconut oil or sweet oil rubbed into the skin will have a fattening effect.

A little bicarbonate of soda or some milk of magnesia, added to milk used in infant's food, will prevent it from curdling on the stomach.

A good remedy for canker sore mouth can be made by dissolving one dram of chlorate of potash in six ounces of hot water. Use as a mouth wash every three hours.

The safest treatment in washing an ear that discharges somewhat is to use a warm saturated solution of boric acid, applied with an ear syringe several times a day.

Pure sulphurous (not sulphuric) acid is a very good remedy for ringworm. The pure acid should be applied twice a day. Cases of barber's itch yield to the same treatment.

Persons suffering with nervous palpitation of the heart will find a good remedy in a mixture composed of equal parts of Hoffman's anodyne and compound spirits of lavender. One teaspoonful taken in water every two or three hours is a dose.

Quinsy sore throat may be relieved by using a gargle composed of ten drops of peppermint, one dram of pure carbolic acid and three drams of alcohol. Place ten drops of this solution in a teacupful of hot water, and gargle every three hours.

A standard prescription for a hard cough is the following: Muriate of ammonia, two drams; fluid extract of cubeb, two drams; brown mixture, two ounces; syrup of wild cherry bark, enough to make four ounces. The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful every three hours.

OUR MINISTER TO SPAIN. Man of Extreme Determination and of Highly Strung Character.

Hannis Taylor, the American minister at Madrid, who narrowly escaped being mobbed by a crowd of enraged Spaniards when the Senate's action on Cuba was made known in Spain, is a man of extreme determination and of a highly strung nature. He is a splendid representative of those Americans who believe in resenting promptly and



MINISTER TAYLOR.

plenteously the slightest insult to national honor. It was through his quick action that the scientist Concas, who reviled Americans in a public address, was forced to apologize. Mr. Taylor is a native of North Carolina, and is 43 years old. At a very early age he moved to Alabama. In Mobile he rose to eminence in the practice of law. His argument before the United States Supreme Court several years ago on the constitutionality of the anti-lottery law won much praise from the legal profession. It was read carefully by Senator Morgan, and so favorably did it impress that statesman that he recommended to Mr. Blaine, who was Secretary of State, the appointment of Mr. Taylor in the arbitration of the Behring Sea matter. Colonel W. C. Oates, Governor of Alabama, commended Mr. Taylor to the President for the Spanish mission, and he was appointed to this post on April 6, 1893.

Gladstone's Pudding. Shelley once blurted out that pudding was a prejudice, but according to a contemporary, which tells the following exciting story, Mr. Gladstone merely regards the habit of eating it too hot as a prejudice. "One day, not long ago, he was going for a drive into Chester after luncheon. His pudding was very hot, so he went away from the table, changed his clothes, got ready for the drive and came back and finished his pudding, thus saving the ten minutes during which his pudding cooled."

He Knew. Teacher—Now, suppose there were five boys going skating and they had only three pairs of skates; how many boys would have to look on? Boy—I know; the two that got the worst of the fight.—Harper's Round Table.

Drug Clerk—"How will you have your soda—hot or cold?" Customer—"Guess I'll have it hot; haven't time to wait for it to get cold."—Roxbury Gazette.