

WOMEN AT HOME

WEDDED TO A ROYAL RAKE.

Few royal personages in Europe deserve more sympathy than the queen of the Belgians, whose husband's escapades with stage celebrities and others have nearly driven his wife insane. King Leopold is 60 years of age, but shows little sign of abating the scandalous behavior which has made his name a byword for years. At one time



THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

his excesses in London landed him in a police court, and his most gracious majesty had considerable difficulty in escaping the punishment so often dealt out to plebeian roysterers—a month in jail. His scandalous doings have caused untold grief to his wife, whose tastes and habits are of a domesticated character. Her majesty has made every effort to wean him from his unseemly ways, but has met with little or no success.

Don'ts for the Summer Girl.

- Don't giggle.
- Don't listen to scandal.
- Don't defy public opinion.
- Don't play on the hotel piano.
- Don't believe everything you hear.
- Don't sleep all day and dance all night.
- Don't form lifelong friendships in three days.
- Don't have "heart talks" with every man you know.
- Don't read "Harry's" letters aloud to your girl friends.
- Don't go rowing with the young man who tips the boat.
- Don't refuse to marry a good man if you get the chance.
- Don't tell your admirers all the secrets of your girl friends.
- Don't become engaged to more than two men at the same time.
- Don't put on your bathing suit unless you're going into the water.
- Don't join sailing parties unless you can stand a little rough weather.
- Don't snub your mother or maiden aunt in public. It doesn't look well.
- Don't try to protect your complexion. Give the sun and fresh air an inning.
- Don't sing, unless nature has given you a voice which will not cause others pain.
- Don't trust the gentleman who has married unhappily and wishes to tell you all about it.
- Don't forget that half an hour of exercise in the open air is worth more than all the nerve tonics in the market.
- Don't forget that the summer hotel veranda is the happy hunting-ground of the most merciless gossips on earth.
- Don't waste too much sympathy on "poor George, working away in the hot city." George is getting along very nicely.
- Don't make your willing slaves fasten your shoestrings more than seven times in the course of one day. The novelty wears off.—New York World.

Monkey Skin Card Cases.

Professor Garner is not the only man who has found a new use for the monkey. The up-to-date jeweler is fully equal in this respect. The jeweler, to be sure, has turned the monkey to decorative rather than philological account, but the service to the world at large is still very great. This is at once apparent when it is stated that all the newest card cases are of monkey skin. They are ornamented with an applied decoration of enameled silver, patterned after the early spring flowers. The blooms are life size and as like the original as possible, both in form and color. The effect is very pretty, as the flowers lie upon their leather background as gracefully as if a careless hand had flung them there.

One Multi-Millionaire's Wife.

Mrs. Krueger, wife of President Krueger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed and always taking a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and donning a white apron she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of \$25,000,000, but it's "Aunt" Krueger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of \$2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

Saved Money and Lost Credit.

An amusing incident occurred at a fashionable wedding in this city. One friend, who determined to save her money and credit at the same time, took a broken carriage to a famous jeweler of State street and ordered the little stone to be set as a scarf pin for

the groom. As she eagerly remarked: "It does me no good, and coming from such a famous establishment they are sure to prize it and think I paid a lot of money." When the package was returned from the shop the wedding guest failed to examine her proposed present and merely dispatched it, with her card and compliments. Imagine her disgust when strolling through the rooms where the bridal gifts were displayed to find a dozen people about her offering and each one smiling. For a moment she hesitated, then pressed forward, and lo! there was the precious white satin covered box bearing the prized name. It is true, but, alas! below, "From the repairing department;" and even worse than all, resting on the blue cotton beside the pin was an old broken bit of errand, returned by the conscientious firm.—Chicago Chronicle.

Japs Reform Their Dress.
The Empress of Japan has discarded the picturesque costume of her country. Her majesty's wardrobe is made in Paris, and she has a decided preference for tight-fitting, small-waisted gowns. The royal example is followed by the ladies of the court, and state functions no longer present their former polychromatic appearance. It is a curious coincidence that the discarded Japanese costume combines all the latest ideas on dress reform embodied by its apostles here and in Europe.

Parts Her Hair on the Side.
Fluffy bangs, and even the coquetish waves that so graciously conceal the imperfections of an ugly forehead, are, as well as the girl that wears them, out of date. The mannish girl is at the height of the fashion, and she is astounding thousands of her primer sisters by parting her hair at the side.

Absolute severity and simplicity is the motto of the new hair-dressing. Twist or coil or braid or do whatever you will with your back hair, so long as the result is modest and inconspic-



LATEST EDIT FOR THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

uous, but under no circumstances must you venture to impart a feminine curl to the front locks.

Royal Wheelwrecks.
Nearly all the members of the royal family of England are cyclists. Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne and Princess Henry of Battenberg all ride and are enthusiasts. The Queen of Italy had her first bicycle lessons last summer, but is already an expert. She required only twelve lessons to become proficient.

What Women Are Doing.
During the absence of three months of Rev. Mr. Cochrane of the Unitarian Church at Bar Harbor, Maine, his wife will attend to all his ministerial duties. Three different books have recently been devoted to Joan of Arc and a fourth is coming. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a history of the maid for "The Heroes of the Nations" series.

Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope has just published the life and letters of Mrs. Frances Trollope, her mother-in-law, who wrote a book on American customs and manners that gave great offense.

Miss Gladstone, daughter of the ex-premier, who has recently accepted the presidency of the Cambridge Women's Liberal Club, made her first appearance recently at a largely attended meeting.

There is a woman dentist in New York who is fast attaining popularity and fortune. She is a German by birth, and has a large clientele among the singers and other musicians of her own nationality in the city.



Late Spring Costume.

"KISS ME GOOD NIGHT."

Kiss me good night! The day is done,
Across life's hill the sun has set;
All, all, have left me; only one
Remains to love me—or forget!
We started seaward, to love's land,
Heart-glad with flowers, sun and light—
Lost in the darkness, now we stand,
Kiss me good night!

Kiss me good night! Our lovely year
Is folded up and put away,
The mists are round us and a tear
Is all the pray'r I have to pray.
Why do I weep? I only know
Life's awful mystery aight,
You pause, and I have loved you so,
Kiss me good night!

Kiss me good night! No more be said,
For us what can tomorrow bring?
A cry of pain for what is dead?
Another New Year's song to sing?
Time's shadows close around us fast,
Our lamp of love is still alight,
Oh, that we might relive the past!
Kiss me good night!

—Clement Scott.

A WOULD BE FLIRT.

"If a woman really is in love with her husband, she cannot expect to have a very good time at a dance."

So spoke the dearest little woman in all the world late one evening on returning from a pleasant entertainment given by one of our neighbors, as she sank wearily into one of the big sofa cushions that adorned the couch of our room.

I knew by the curious way she had acted during our short walk home that something was troubling her pretty head, so I preserved a discreet silence after the utterance of the above remark. She gave me a quick glance to notice the effect of her words, and seeing me busily engaged in removing a bunch of white carnations from the lapel of my dress coat she continued:

"She may enjoy herself after a fashion, but in order to thrill as she did as a girl it is necessary to be interested more or less in somebody else."

"Still I kept silent, and gathering courage from pure lack of opposition she went on:

"If I were only able to flirt, I could get along famously. I have often seen other women add this variety to their lives, and as far as I could ever find out no harm resulted."

"Pray do not abstain from any such enjoyment on my account," I interposed.

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear," she said. "I have the inner consciousness that I have tried and failed—yes, failed utterly."

"Tried what?"

"Tried to flirt, you goose. I determined to try it just as an experiment. I'll tell you all about it if you won't interrupt me and will be real good to me for the rest of my life."

"Yes, I tried desperately to imagine myself an ill treated woman; that I hated you terribly, and finally to make myself believe that such a person as Geoffrey Gordon never existed, but to what an end! Just as I fancied I was succeeding, you would bob up serenely into vision and there you would stay, no matter how hard I tried to forget you."

Of late, after the many social functions we had attended, I had noticed a disposition on the part of my wife to answer only vaguely to my inquiries as to whether she had enjoyed herself at Mrs. So-and-so's musicale, or Miss Somebody's reception, but I never supposed for a moment there was anything serious on her mind, as the above somewhat gloomy expression indicated. So I turned all attention to hear what might be called a confession.

"Maybe you would not be averse to being given an opportunity to use my insurance money, or else a judge in the divorce court might be prevailed upon to render his decision."

But here my remarks were cut short by a demonstration that would hardly look well in words—in fact, I should be at a loss how to express such a manifestation of feminine protestation.

When she had resumed a state that made intelligibility possible, she broke forth:

"Now, Geoffrey, that is too unkind for anything. When I come to you to tell you all you stand there and make fun of me. You had better be careful, young man. It may be worse than you suppose. You know what your favorite, Congreve, says:

Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

"So keep real good till I have finished.

"You see, before I was married, whenever I went to a dance, there was always some one—four or five in fact—whom I thoroughly liked, and on whom I could count to speak to me before the evening was over and with whom I could have a pleasant chat and dance. So, no matter how distasteful my present partner might be, my anticipations were pleasant enough to make up for the present.

"There were certain men who perhaps were not actually in love with me (she said this with a perfectly straight face), but who invariably felt disposed to drift in my direction, so that I was kept perpetually buoyed up while talking with the stupid ones and absorbed after they did speak to me by delightful uncertainty as to what the future might bring forth. That, of course, was before I met you, dear.

"When I go to dances now, I seem to lose remembrance of the fact that I am married, and with woman's vanity I begin to be painfully aware that the very men who would have stood on their heads had I asked it in the past I could not count on now to take the least interest in me or to talk other than the dreariest platitudes. They were painfully polite, would advance toward me with few commonplace remarks, and when they favored me at a german with some glittering trinket, for which I used to be crazy, I felt as though it was an expression of charity, portraying that, having made my choice, I must abide by it and not expect any very great exertion on their part.

"I drifted from bad to worse till I reached a state of desperation, and when I saw Mrs. Sweetly gazing fondly into Dicky Robinson's eyes the other evening

I said to myself, 'There is a woman who really lives, and the reason she does is because she forgets she is married.'

"Then it was, Geoffrey, dear, that I tried to force myself to forget that you had ever crossed my path—that is, of course, only when I went to some social gathering. You know you are so fond of your cigars.

"Next to do was to find some suitable one on whom I could bestow my affections. Finally I thought I would try Malcolm Wharton, whom I knew to be of excellent family and who three years ago would have given his head to have stood No. 1 in my eyes.

"It was at Mrs. Beckman's reception that I determined to make my flirting debut. So, about 9 p. m., when I knew you would be smoking with the gentlemen up stairs, I purposely placed myself in the path of my erstwhile acquaintance, Malcolm, with such a gracious manner that at first he was puzzled, and then, being of a gallant nature, he soon approached me with an air of attention. I astonished myself by the sprightly, not to say flippant, style of my conversation. My heart went pat from excitement, and I was constantly rehearsing to myself, 'Now I must forget Geoffrey,' and so I went on and on, deceiving myself into the belief that I was enjoying myself.

"He became more and more confidential and fascinating, treating me in the fashion that men who are devoted to other men's wives ordinarily assume. I tried to be all animation and really thought that the way he twinkled his nose in bunny fashion was quite interesting. He persuaded me to indulge in champagne several times, and I even took his arm to the supper room. There he was devoted itself and complimented me in the most approved style. After staying some time in the supper room I proposed we should go and hear the music, but he had evidently had too much champagne or something else to be reasonable, and so, to be consistent, I could not follow him wheresoever he led. We at last found ourselves in the conservatory and were seated behind a clump of palms when his conversation, which was commonplace enough, had a ring to it that sent the blood flying to my face. His voice sank almost to a whisper, giving me to understand how miserable he had been in his later life and how I could fill that gap of woe. Now and then he would look up in my face to see if there was any evidence of sympathy that he thought should be there.

"At last I had accomplished the very thing I had longed for—here he was at my very feet—and now that I possessed it I shrank from it in disgust. Each word of his felt like ice being forced down my back, I could not find expression to my thoughts, words froze on my lips and I felt as though the eyes of the entire room were on me. The feeling of disgust changed to one of mockery, and he, seeing the change in my manner, doubtless considered me serious and became more effusive in his remarks and manifestations of love.

"The words 'what a fool you are' seemed to haunt me, but still I had to sit there in cold blood and let him go on making an utter fool of himself, for there seemed to be no way to stop him.

"What I would have done I hardly know, for he had seized my hand as though he intended to crush every bone in it. I really think he would have attempted to kiss me, when you serenely entered the room, appearing as an oasis in a desert of torment.

"I wrenched my hand loose and walked over as calmly as I could to where you were standing and greeted you as complacently as was possible. You remember the night—you were so worried about your stocks you did not notice my agitation.

"There, now, don't you think I explained my crime?"

"Of course there was but one way to assure her she had.—University Courier.

BURN AND LIVED IN A HURRY.
His Satanic Majesty Called Down the Man Who Hada's Time.

A certain man was born in a hurry, was rushed through childhood, was crammed through school and college, and was whirled madly into a cyclone of business, and through the avenues of this he sprinted daily at a speed not altogether extraordinary—in this age—but, nevertheless, dizzying.

At his office a sign thrust itself into one's countenance, reading: "Yesterday was my busy day; but to-day is worse."

Once, to a woman, he shot out the words:

"Marry me to-morrow?"

"But—this is—oh!—why not wait?"

"Haven't time."

Later he blurted out to her:

"Marriage, failure! Divorce this afternoon! All fixed!"

"Oh! oh!" said she; "can't you let me try again—just for a—"

"Haven't time."

An agent got into the office behind the orders to the contrary.

A consulting physician said to him:

"You are all run down. The strain for years has been too much for you. Rest of the faculties is what your constitution demands. Let me beg of you to leave everything and go down to Beachside for a—"

"Haven't time, sir! Haven't time."

Eventually two forms stood beside his lonely bed. One, with bowed and hoary head, watched the last grains of sand gliding silently through an hour-glass, and he made ready with a keen and ready scythe. The other merely leered and grinned and rubbed his claws, as . . . washing at the grime on them. And this last was a hall fellow, who meets many another hall fellow, being H. L. Satan, himself. He alone spoke. Touching the man who was on the bed, he remarked:

"I say, old man, death is about to carry you off—and I desire your inestimable company. Kindly take my arm and—"

Here the man jerked himself up with the last electrical ampere in him. Scowling, he cut out two words: "Haven't time."

H. L. Satan winked his mouth prodigiously: "Oh, yes, you have," said he, dryly; "you've time to burn!"—Truth.

MRS. ALBERT HERTER.

Beautiful American Lady Who Is Winning Fame in Paris.

Mrs. Albert Herter, the beautiful American artist and wife of the artist, Albert Herter, was the recipient recently of very high encomiums at a brilliant reception in Paris, which was given in honor of the Spanish Infanta, Eulalia. Among the many distinguished people, Parisians and others, who paid their compliments to the hostess and the guest were the artist and his wife. The Herter carriage was called while the princess was waiting for hers. When Eulalia's eyes fell upon Mrs. Herter the princess quickly asked: "Who is that beautiful woman? I shall never forget her face." The Infanta was told that her beautiful lady was the wife of Albert Herter. "Oh, how lovely she is," cried Eulalia, with spirit. "Among all the people I ever saw she is the most charming—the most perfect." A recent number of Leslie's Weekly published a portrait of Mrs. Herter. Husband and wife are sharing honors in their art as well as in their social life in Paris. Their home life is as ideal as their tastes,



MRS. ALBERT HERTER.

popularity and wealth can make it, and their work with brush and crayon—subtle, trained, intelligent—widely differing in kind, holds almost equal rank in salon exhibitions. They are pronounced everywhere the happiest, most idyllic couple in Paris.

Not in His Line.

The palmists tell us about the line of life, the line of fate and all the other lines," observed Mrs. Morcomb, who was interested in the science, "but the palmist who wrote this book—"

"Have you been buying a book on palmistry?" observed Morcomb.

"Why, yes."

"Had your hand looked at, too, I suppose?"

"I have."

"What did it cost?"

"Only \$5."

"Only \$5. H'm! What did the palmist say about your line of economy?"

"He didn't say anything. There is—any such line, is there?"

"If there is," snorted Morcomb, "the palmist never sees it in the hand of anybody who visits him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Before Meeting Queen Victoria.

The names of ladies who have never been presented at the Queen's drawing-room must be sent to the lord chamberlain's office a certain number of days previous to the ceremony, with that of the person undertaking to introduce them to the royal presence.



The Cream of Currents

The soprano threw the basso
In the choir a loving glance;
She was such a pretty lass-o,
And they only met by chance.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Florence—"What is the first thing you have to learn in golf?" Marion—"What to wear."—Puck.

She—"Did you see the Latin quater while in Paris?" He—"No; but I got several lead frames passed on me."—Truth.

Ignorance, bliss; knowledge, blister. —She—"When you married me you said you were well off." He—"I was; but I did not know it."—Vanity.

None Too Cordial.—The Hostess—"I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?" The Caller—"Not in that way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poetry Fed—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."—Harper's Bazar.

Just the Same Thing.—"Say, loan me \$10 for about a week?" "Can't; haven't got but five." "That'll do—led me the five for two weeks!"—Chicago Record.

The difference between a somnambulist and a messenger boy is trifling: One walks in his sleep, and the other sleeps in his walk.—Philadelphia Press.

As the hurricane swept the deck and upset a few yachtsmen it breezily remarked: "I guess I can turn an occasional summer-salt myself."—Richmond Gazette.

Wizaway—"What is meant by a passing regard?" Jubzy—"The regard in which you're held by people who bow to you but don't stop to speak."—Roxbury Gazette.

She—"We've been married four months, dear, and I haven't given you a chance to try my cooking yet." He—"Why, love, you're not getting tired of me already, are you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Really Unjust.—"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mulman—"I often hear people speak about brain work being so awfully hard; it doesn't appear to me so." Gutter—"Of course not; to men of your caliber brayin' work is easy."—Boston Courier.

Mama—"Russell, stop teasing your brother; I'm tired of hearing him cry." Russell—"It won't make any difference if I do stop, 'cos if I don't tease him he'll tease me and make me cry."—Harper's Bazar.

"How large were the diamonds?" asked the press agent, pausing in the writing of the account for publication. "About as large as chestnuts," confessed the actress, unwittingly.—Minneapolis Times.

Game warden—Look here. Don't you know that you can't shoot deer just now? Proud amateur sportsman—Can't I (pointing to the dead buck). Look at that and see whether I can't.—Boston Courier.

Winterblow—Don't you think \$200 is rather high for a tailor-made gown? Von Blunzer tells me his wife paid only \$150. Mrs. Winterblow—True, my dear, but she got hers before I got mine.—Harlem Life.

Teacher—Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year? Billy—Some fellows say the day before Christmas is, and some say the day before the Fourth of July.—Harper's Round Table.

"I don't believe you know who I am," said Mrs. Gayleigh to Tommy. "No, ma'am," said Tommy. "I don't know who you are, but I know who you was. I heard mamma telling Aunt Susan."—Harper's Bazar.

"Oh, Edith! there's that lovely escort you had last summer, the Count de Lusk, selling ribbons at the further counter!" "So it is. Don't let us recognize him, dear. He will prefer to remain incognito."—Port Jervis Gazette.

"Sing?" said the specialty artist to the manager. "I can sing to beat the band." However, on his appearance that afternoon it was noticeable that the orchestra, as usual, had the better of the contest.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. A.—I am surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do? Mrs. B.—The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What is all that row in the dining-room?" asked the dime museum manager, with some irritation. "It do be the glass eater, sir," said the Zulu chieftain. "He says th' cook give him a cracked tomler, an' he cut his tongue on it."—New York Press.

"My dear," he said to his lady love, "I've been busy all day—not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind." "Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a tender look of sympathy in her eyes which aroused him.—Philadelphia American.