

# WOMEN AT HOME

## LADY PAUNCEFOTE AT HOME.

THE wife of the British ambassador at Washington is deservedly one of the most highly esteemed among the women of the diplomatic circles. Lady Pauncefote does not look the "grande dame" that one is led to expect, for she is not tall and is stoutly built; but she has the air of ages of high-bred ancestry about her, and ably is she aided in the discharge of her official duties by her four charming daughters, all of whom are in society. Her ladyship is essentially a home-biding woman, and by no means enamored of society life, though she entertains delightfully, but no oftener than diplomatic etiquette demands. She has no desire whatever to mingle in politics, as so many English women do, and believes that her duty is her position and that of her husband is discharged when she sees well to the appointments of her home, and extends a hearty welcome to their large circle of friends. She thinks that a mother has a very serious duty to perform in rearing her family to become good citizens, and that she has very

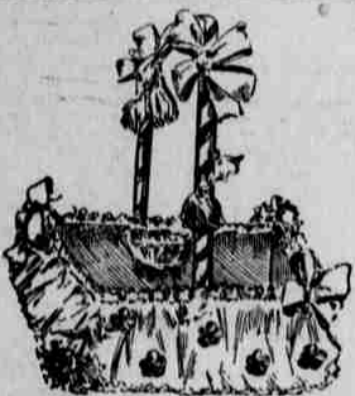


LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

nearly discharged her duty to society when the rearing is well accomplished.

There are no "official" frills about Lady Pauncefote; she is too high-bred for such snobishness as that. She believes that a lady is a lady always, no matter what her position, and that unless she is really liked by the people nothing that she might do in an official capacity would assist her husband or make her own position any surer. Lady Pauncefote is somewhat imbued with the English idea that birth and breeding have much to do with making the lady and defining social position, and that unless there are disagreeable traits of character developed in a woman she may rest secure in whatever position she may be born. Her idea of "helping" her husband support his official position, which is one of the highest in the gift of the Queen of England, is to make his home charming for his friends and to receive his guests with courtesy and kindness.

**A Pretty Work Basket.**  
Purchase a "nest" of plain white pith baskets and proceed to trim them as here illustrated, with first a lining of bright-colored silk or satin, and then lace-edged frills of figured muslin, cretonne or plain silk. Add a couple of pockets inside your basket, twist two colored ribbons round and round the handle and tie them at the top; then



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

add another bow at two of the corners and pompons at the other two.

**Girls and Boys at War.**  
Ten young ladies belonging to the best families of the town of Baden, Beaver County, about twenty miles from Pittsburg, have organized a boycott against the young men of the place. The girls have organized what they call the "Trilby Club," have vowed "never to marry men, and won't even go with the horrid things."

The cause of this strange action on the part of the ten girls is a grievance they have nursed. It seems that the boys of the town expected the girls to make some use of their leap year privileges. The girls, on the contrary, wanted the boys to be as attentive as ever. The upshot was that indignation meetings were held, and ten of the most determined young ladies formed the "Trilby Club," and took a solemn oath never to wed.

While the weaker of the girls go on as usual, the ten members of the club have remained out of young men's society. Instead, they hold meetings at their own homes. The club is about to purchase bloomers and wheels, and enjoy life without masculine aid.

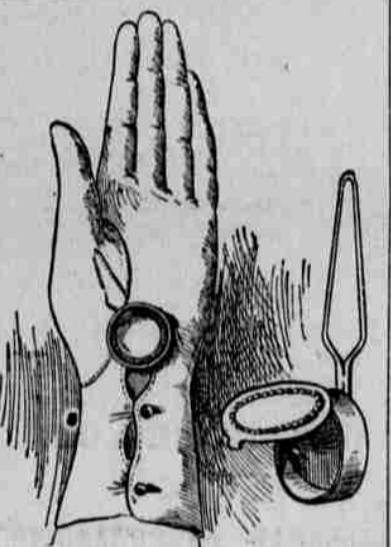
**Taking Care of the Feet.**  
Low shoes should be worn instead of high ones whenever practicable, as the low shoes allow a much freer ventilation to the foot than a high boot can possibly do. Some of the most insipid matter from the body exudes through the perspiration from the feet,

and for this reason they should be well ventilated and washed daily with scrupulous care. The neglect of the hygiene of the feet in the matter of bathing and incasing them in close shoes, through which there is no chance of ventilation, has more to do with corns, bunions and other afflictions of the feet than the worst shoes ever invented. The perfect fitting of stockings is a very important matter, the neglect of which has much to do with the complaints of sore and tender feet that one so often hears in summer. A stocking that is too long is sure to creep somewhere and irritate the foot.

**Circles Around the Eyes.**  
The orbit of the eye is filled with cellular tissue and fat, with many blood vessels. The skin under the eyes is extremely thin, and if for any reason the blood vessels are relaxed, the venous congestion is made manifest by the dark circles under the eyes. The remedy would be, of course, to find the cause and remove it. An effort should also be made to improve the local circulation, which can be done by massage treatment. Relief may also be found in hot fomentations over the eyes; for this purpose apply flannel cloths folded into smooth, compact strips, and wrung out of water so hot that the hands cannot bear it for any length of time. Many a nervous headache, caused by close application to sewing that must be finished in a given time, may be relieved in this way.

**A Phosphorescent Tea.**  
A phosphorescent 5 o'clock tea was recently given in Paris at 8 in the evening, at which no lights were used, the light coming from the ceiling, carpets, chairs, pictures, teacups and flowers. The ladies wore phosphorescent dresses, and their faces, shoulders and arms gleamed with light. M. Henry, of the Academie des Sciences, has invented a phosphorescent starch, which was used on the occasion, and which, employed as face powder, "lends a moonlight radiance very becoming to some."—Philadelphia Record.

**Purse and Glove Hook in One.**  
The Jewellers' Circular calls attention to a new article in the combination line



COMBINATION PURSE AND GLOVE HOOK.

designed expressly for women. It serves the two-fold purpose of purse for coin and glove hook and is made in sterling silver. It is easily accessible and is securely held in the palm of the hand.

**A Woman Hermit.**  
In the northern part of Lyme, near the boundary line of Salem, Ct., in a lonely clearing, surrounded by woods, stands a dilapidated old house of the seventeenth century style, with a stone chimney on the outside at the gable end. This old house is the home of Miss Desiah Wilcox, a maiden farmer, who resides there alone. In former years she used to keep oxen and cows, and till the soil, but she is getting past heavy work, and her stock now consists of a horse and a flock of sheep. The only income derived from the farm is the annual clip of wool and what little hay or timber she may dispose of, which amounts to very little. She has lived alone since the death of her parents, and seems perfectly contented and happy.—Boston Herald.

**Louis XV. Jacket.**



Mrs. Nancy McKeen, of West Stoneham, Me., has the honor of having killed the largest bear ever captured in that region. The bear was chasing her sheep, when she attacked him with a club, and, after a hard-fought battle, succeeded in laying him out. Mrs. McKeen is 81 years of age, in good health, and says she is ready for another bear.

## A QUARREL ENDED.

She looked at him with quick surprise. She looked at him with tearful eyes. Her light closed hand no motion shaped. No word her curling lips escaped. His eyes were bright, his voice was clear. "He only said, 'I love you, dear!'"

Where sweet love dwells wrath cannot stay; Her smiles chased all the tears away. She looked at him: "Ah, do not fear. I, too, can say, 'I love you, dear!'"

His smile replied, "Our hearts are near. His words were still, 'I love you, dear!'"

Ah, when the fire of anger burns And all life's sweet to bitter turns. When eyes are flashing, lips close set, Prepared to storm and to regret, Then happy we if Greatheart near Have strength to say, "I love you, dear!"—American.

## THE STORY OF IO.

One day a shepherd wandered through the forest till he came to a stream that cut off his footsteps from farther travel. The trees were in full leaf, and the banks of the stream were soft with fresh, green grass, on which the sun shone with a warmth and brilliancy so great that flowers had sprung up, decking the green with many colored patterns.

So inviting did the spot appear that after a glance around the shepherd threw himself down, and leaning against a tree he began softly to sing a sweet melody.

He was not an ordinary looking man. More indeed was he like a god than a mortal. His massive head was heavy with thick, lionlike locks, which overhung a broad, wonderful brow. His eyes were bright and piercing, but of no distinctive color, and his form and stature were glorious to look upon, for he had the strength of a Hercules combined with the beauty of an Apollo.

And indeed he was not mortal, for it was the great Jupiter himself, who had disguised himself as a simple shepherd, and who now lay beside the water. While he sang suddenly a slight commotion of the waters was visible. Bubble after bubble rose, till a fountain seemed springing from the middle of the stream. And while Jupiter looked the water took on a human form, and a fair maiden stepped lightly to the shore and saluted the monarch of heaven and earth.

It was the nymph Io, daughter of the river god Inachus. She was very beautiful, and her garments of woven sea weeds, dashed with spray and intertwined with colored shells, shone and glistened as the sunlight played over them. Her long hair fell about her like a golden shower, and she was so very lovely to look upon that it is no wonder Jupiter was pleased.

Now, it happened that while Jupiter was sitting on the bank of the stream that day Juno, his queen, was looking down upon the earth from Olympus, and seeing him there she made up her mind to join him. They did not get along with each other very well, and Juno was in constant fear that she might lose her power and her place be filled by another queen.

So she mounted her chariot, drawn by eight brilliant peacocks, and was soon beside her lord. To her surprise she saw standing near him a beautiful heifer, to which he spoke gentle words now and then. Suspecting some mischief, she asked Jupiter to what herd the heifer belonged, and he answered that it belonged to no herd, but was a fresh creation from the earth.

"Then give it to me," said Juno. Jupiter would have refused, but he did not care to provoke the queen's anger by denying so simple a request, and he gave her the heifer.

Now, this heifer was Io, Jupiter having turned her into that form as he saw Juno approach, hoping thus to quiet the fears that his queen was subject to. In this he did not altogether succeed, for Juno at once placed the heifer under the care of Argus, the watchful shepherd, who had a hundred eyes and who never slept with more than two of them at a time.

Argus was not unkind, but he was very strict and severe. He allowed the heifer freedom in the daytime, but at night he tied a cord around her delicate throat and fastened her to a tree.

So the time went on. Inachus sought his daughter far and near, and Io often wandered down to the stream when she saw her sisters at play. She let them caress her, and they made a collar of shells for her. One day her father offered her a handful of soft green grass, and she licked the outstretched hand. In vain she tried to tell him who she was. Her only cry was a loud bellow, which frightened even herself.

Suddenly she thought of how she might make herself known, and with her hoof she wrote her name in the sand. Then the sisters gathered around her and wept, and her father caressed her and bemoaned her sad fate.

But the watchful Argus saw all this and quickly came and drove the heifer back to its flock, where he kept even stricter watch over it than before.

After a long time Jupiter bethought himself of the fate of Io, and finding how she suffered he dispatched Mercury to put an end to Argus and to set Io free. For he could not restore her to her own form without the consent of Juno.

Mercury, that bright messenger of the gods, whose duty it seemed ever to be to relieve the distressed and help the true belief, put on his winged sandals and his cap, and taking his pipes, on which he played sweet music, he descended to earth, ready to perform the task assigned him.

When he reached the place where Argus generally drove the herds to drink, he put by his sandals and his cap, and keeping only his staff and his pipes he appeared like a shepherd driving his flocks. Then, when he saw Argus approach, he began to play upon the pipes.

Argus heard the sweet, strange music and was charmed, and seating himself upon a high rock, whence he could overlook the fields, he called Mercury to him. "Come hither, gentle shepherd boy," he cried. "Sit here by me in the shade of this great tree and sing me some songs upon that instrument you carry."

Mercury complied, for this was just what he wanted. He played his most soothing tones, hoping to lull the great giant to sleep. Then he told him stories and talked till the sun was high in the heavens. But, though Argus nodded and closed some of his eyes, yet he was ever watchful, and Mercury was well nigh in despair.

At last he said to Argus: "Since you like so well the strains of music I bring forth from my pipes, let me tell you how it first came to be made and used. You must know, Argus, that it is called the syrinx, as well as the pander pipes, and when you hear the story you will understand its meaning."

"There lived long ago here in this beautiful land of Greece a nymph named Syrinx. All the satyrs and other spirits of the woods and wind and wave loved her and vied with each other in gaining her slightest smile. But she cared for none of her admirers. She was devoted to Diana and the chase, and indeed she was so beautiful in her activity that no one blamed her for preferring her sport to anything else. She might have been taken for Diana herself, so skillful was she and so lovely. But her difference lay in the bow she carried. Hers was of ivory, while the queen's was of silver."

"One day as she was returning weary from the hunt the god Pan met her and immediately fell a victim to her charms. But though he praised and flattered her and offered to make her his queen, she feared him and fled, swift as the wind, from his entreaties. But though her step was light and free, he gained upon her, and just as they reached a stream of water he was about to touch her. In her fear and terror she cried aloud to her friends for aid, and in a moment her arms encircled a tuft of reeds by the stream, and as he sighed, soft and sweet music breathed through the hollow stalks. With a cry of joy he then said: 'Thus at least you shall be mine, beautiful Syrinx.' And cutting the reeds he hollowed and dried them, and fastening them together of different lengths produced this instrument which he named in honor of the lost nymph."

While Mercury was still talking he saw Argus bow his head. All of his hundred eyes were sleeping. With one stroke Mercury cut off his head, which rolled down the rocks with a tremendous crash. Then Io was set free.

But Juno was not content with that revenge. She first honored the faithful Argus by placing his watchful eyes in the tails of her peacocks, where to this day they may be seen. Then she sent a gadfly to torment Io, who, to escape it, fled over the whole world. The Ionian sea, through which she passed, was named for her.

At last, worn out and exhausted, she reached the banks of the Nile, and Jupiter in pity begged Juno to give her back her form. This the goddess did, and Io was restored to Inachus and her sisters, young and beautiful to look upon as when first we met her by her native stream.—Edward Courtney in Philadelphia Times.

**The Sharp Lord Tenterden.**  
The story of Charles Abbot has been often told—the scrubby little boy who, failing to become a chorister, ran after his father through the streets of Canterbury carrying a pewter basin, a case of razors and a bag of hair powder. The unpretentious dwelling whence the pair emerged was situated in a narrow street opposite the stately west portal of the cathedral, and its owner, who shaved for a penny and cut hair for twopence, boasted that he had thrice prepared his groans the archbishop to deliver his triennial charge to the clergy of the diocese.

A good story is told of Lord Tenterden, as this disappointed little choir boy became, having one day at his own table asked a county magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

Tenterden was habitually down on witnesses, and on one occasion told the chairman of the East India company, whom he had failed to recognize as he entered the box, "to hold up his head and speak out like a man." The ruling passion is sometimes strong in death, and just "ere the weary pulse of life at last stood still" Lord Tenterden was heard to murmur to himself: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, I leave you to consider of your verdict."—Temple Bar.

**The Word Bike.**  
Henceforth the word "bike" may be regarded as having a place in the queen's English. Her majesty in Great Britain has conferred the title of sergeant-bikeman on a young footman of the royal stables who made himself indispensable to princes and princesses in their struggles to master the bicycle.

He is permitted to wear a coat of scarlet and gold, with the chevrons of a sergeant, together with buckskin breeches, topboots, a silk hat adorned with a gold band and a cockade. If bikeman is a good word, so is bike, and so is the verb to bike in all its forms, and if the queen is not an authority as to the queen's English is it disrespectful to ask who is?—New York Ledger.

**Observation.**  
To behold is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools. To this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning and the false philosophy which prevail.—W. Humboldt.

## WHERE PRESIDENTS LIE BURIED

Twenty-one Tombs Contain All that is Mortal of American Executives.

1. George Washington died from a cold which brought on laryngitis; buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, Va.
2. John Adams died from senile debility; buried at Quincy, Mass.
3. Thomas Jefferson died of chronic diarrhoea; buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.
4. James Madison died of old age; buried on his estate at Montpelier, Va.
5. James Monroe died of general debility; buried in Marble cemetery, New York City.
6. John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives; buried at Quincy, Mass.
7. Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy; buried on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.
8. Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs; buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.
9. William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration; buried near North Bend, Ohio.
10. John Tyler died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack; buried at Richmond, Va.
11. James K. Polk died from weakness, caused by cholera; buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.
12. Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet; buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.
13. Millard Fillmore died from paralysis; buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.
14. Franklin Pierce died from inflammation of the stomach; buried at Concord, N. H.
15. James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout; buried near Lancaster, Pa.
16. Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth; buried at Springfield, Ill.
17. Andrew Jackson died from paralysis; buried at Greenville, Tenn.
18. Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer of the throat; buried in Riverside Park, New York City.
19. Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart; buried at Fremont, Ohio.
20. James A. Garfield, assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau; buried at Cleveland, Ohio.
21. Chester A. Arthur died from Bright's disease; buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

## PARROT RIDES A WHEEL.

He Becomes Speechless When He Sees a Woman in Bloomers.

A New-Yorker named J. J. Walsh has a parrot named "Don Caesar," a green and red bird of South American birth, which goes bicycle riding every day with Mr. Walsh. "Don" is a familiar sight along the boulevards, and, according to his owner, becomes speechless with rage at the sight of a woman in bloomers. He sets up a fierce, hoarse shriek, which he keeps up for several minutes, at the end of which he is in danger of falling off the handle-bars. "Don" does not push the pedals. He perches in the middle of the handle-bars, on the spot where some enthusiastic bicyclists place their babies. There he stands and vociferates and



PARROT RIDES A BICYCLE.

scratches himself. Now and then he ducks his head down to see how the front wheel is going. It is a wonder that he has never punctured the tire and dislocated his beak, but that has not happened yet. Occasionally he leaves the handle-bars and takes a fly into the air. For a parrot he is a good flyer. Having taken a view of the crowd, of the river, or whatever may be in sight, he returns faithfully to the wheel. Mr. Walsh slackens his speed slightly when the bird goes flying.

**Insurance in Nebraska.**  
The insurance companies doing business in Nebraska took out of the State last year about \$500,000 more than they put in. And this was done in a year of business depression, when the indefinite thing called moral hazard is said by fire insurance men to have pervaded the State. More than this, fire insurance companies have operated under the valued policy law, which compels them to pay the face of a policy in case of total loss. As general business improves insurance business will materially revive and a still better showing can be made.—Omaha Bee.

**A Patriotic House.**  
Captain Jud Haskins, who lives west of Mount Vernon cemetery in Atchison, Kas., is perhaps the most patriotic man in that section. He lives in a two-story frame house and has just completed the work of painting it red, white and blue.

The stripes run horizontally around the house. The first stripe, which is blue, comes up to the lower windows; the second stripe, white, reaches to the second story windows, and the balance and the roof is red. The house looms up in great shape from the road, and it is said that it looks rather artistic. Captain Haskins is an old soldier.



It was hemstitched and bordered with "beading." Then edged with this "footing," or lace. And it looked like a part of a flower. When held to her dear, dimpled face.

I thought, when it waved me a greeting. That it seemed like a fluttering dove. Then, afterward, with our hands meeting, It seemed like the white blade of love.

Will it ever be emblem of sorrow? Of pain, or of shuddering fears? Will it wave sad farewells, will it ever Receive her warm, womanly tears?

Ah, dear little bit of fine linen. I pray such a fate will not be! May you never have office less happy Than to wave a gay greeting to me!—Detroit Free Press.

## FLOOD OF INVENTIONS.

Patents for Wheelmen's Sundries Are Constantly Applied for.

The patent office at Washington has been flooded during the last year with inventions relative to the bicycle.

It is estimated that the ambitions of 500 persons are displayed in the invention of bicycle sundries submitted to the patent office every month. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the inventions sent to the patent office are of no use to the rider. Something over 100 "toe clips" have been invented. A dealer said the other day that very few of the clips were of any consequence, but that all had ready sales.

The dealer was asked if all the bicycle sundries found ready sales. He said: "No, not by any means. There are many things that are meant to be blessings to riders that are comparatively unheard of. They are just the things that the makers claim are necessary to make a bicycle complete. Why, there are things in the store to-day that we never expect to get rid of. To tell the truth, there are many of them that I would not sell if I could. I could not look the buyer in the face an hour later if I did. If a bicycle rider were to supply himself with everything that is claimed to be necessary to make his outfit complete, he would find it extremely difficult to put them all in an average-sized wheelbarrow. There are bicycle sundries and there are bicycle sundries."

**SUCCEEDS CECIL RHODES.**

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Cape Colony's New Premier.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who has succeeded Cecil Rhodes as premier of Cape Colony, is another one of the men who have gone to South Africa possessing neither health nor wealth, and he now enjoys both. Thirty years ago he was a newspaper reporter in London. His physician advised him to emigrate for his health, which had been broken as the result of overwork. When he was carried on board of the vessel which bore him from his native land he little thought that he would be premier of

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the new country to which he was being conveyed. In fact he has been three times premier, being first chosen in 1878 and serving until 1881, and then again from 1886 to 1890. From 1884 to 1886 and again from 1890 until his reappointment as successor to Sir Cecil Rhodes, Sir Gordon was treasurer of the colony. The circumstances upon which he first gained the post were similar to those upon which he now returns to power. In 1878 Sir Bartle Frere dismissed the Ministry because of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Transkeian rebellion. Three years later he resigned after a fiasco in regard to another rebellion, that of the Basutos.

The real polite member of a family is the one who does the most lying when guests are present.