

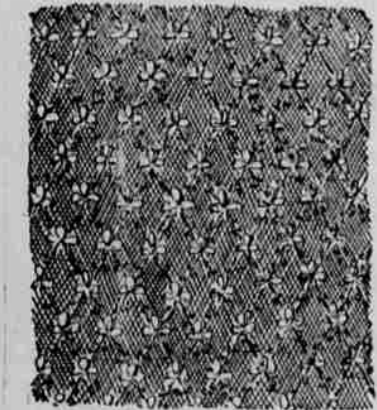
WOMEN AT HOME

TOWN RUN BY WOMEN.

GAYLORD, KAN., enjoys the unique distinction of being the only municipality in the United States whose government is composed entirely of women. It has a lady mayor and women officials and the city offices are conducted with honesty, ability, integrity and economy. There is no hint at corruption or jobbery. The streets are clean, crime is virtually unknown and not a single dollar of indebtedness lies upon the place.

Antoinette L. Haskell, mayor of the town, has held office for a year and has given the best of satisfaction in her administration. Her appointments have been wise and her knowledge of city affairs such as would reflect credit on any man. Mrs. Haskell's husband is a prosperous banker and she is the mother of two sons, 17 and 11 years old. The city clerk, Miss Florence Headley, is a native of Kansas, and is the editor of the Gaylor Herald, where she first became connected with the paper as a compositor. She is 29 years of age and is serving her second year as city clerk. Mrs. Mary L. Foote, police judge-elect, is a native of Illinois, and has resided in Kansas seven years. An odd feature of her election was that her husband was her opponent, but she defeated him by a large majority. The members of the council consist of Mrs. Mary A. White, a native of Franklin, Ohio; Mrs. Nancy Wright, born in Scottsville, Iowa; Mrs. Emma A. Mitchell, a native of Indianapolis; Mrs. Esther Johnston, a native of Ontario; and Mrs. Loella Abercrombie. They have given every manifestation of their ability to run the business of the city government and no one can question their motives.

Value of the Trellis Pattern.
The trellis pattern can be carried out in numerous ways and serves for a variety of purposes in dress and mil-



EMBROIDERED ON NET.

linery. It also answers equally well as a veiling for bright colored satin bags, sachets and pouches. A combination of tinsel thread and jet would set it off admirably.

Fashion in Calli-cards.
The Roman or block letter is becoming more popular as the style of engraving for visiting-card plates, with the fashionably thin card of two-sheet quality is eminently proper. Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter plate is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving. Ladies use the block style now on their cards for teas and receptions, as it admits of the necessary engraving of days without a smaller space than the script, and enables a smaller card being used.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chosen Queen of the Fiesta.
The annual floral festival at Santa Rosa, Cal., was preceded this year by a warm contest as to who should be chosen queen of carnival. When the contest was first announced half a score names of popular women in



MRS. L. W. BURRIS.

the city named and vicinity were entered, but before the voting was begun it became evident that only three were "in it." These were Miss Knoppenburg, Miss Hall and Mrs. L. W. Burris, who ran about neck and neck until the final day for the reception of ballots. On that day it suddenly developed that the friends of Mrs. Burris had been holding by far the greater portion of their strength in reserve. Ballots by the hundred in her favor poured in all day, and long before noon it was clear that she was the winner. The rush of Burris ballots

was greatest in the last half hour, when hardly any others were to be seen. The count of votes showed her to be first and the others nowhere, the figures being: Mrs. Burris, 11,109; Miss Hall, 1,956, and Miss Knoppenburg, 1,100.

Sleeves Copied from Paintings.
The sleeve continues to be the all-important factor of the gown. Frills on frills, Vandyke caps and epaulets are rampant about the very top of the arm, with a decided tendency toward extra tightness of the sleeve above as well as below the elbow. Often a parting is made in the center of the puff, revealing the close coat sleeve from the shoulder down. The newest sleeves, it is officially asserted, have been copied from the oldest pictures, though the "old masters," could they behold them, would hardly recognize some of the modern versions.

Bows at the Elbows.



DON'TS FOR DEBUTANTES.

Rules For Those Who Are About to Enter or Have Just Entered Society.

It is a good thing to have some rules with which to work out life's problems, and here are some that have been picked up and tested by a contributor to the Washington Star and found to be good:

Always take it for granted that every one means well by you unless you have proof to the contrary. The average person in society has a good nature, or at least a cynical, sort of tolerance and liking for you. Very few actually hate you or want to spite you. When you find out that there is some one who does, don't discuss it or quarrel about it if it can be avoided. Just drop the person from your life as completely as possible, and, above all, never descend to abuse him or her. It will hurt you worse than it will your enemy. Never treasure up a grievance; it will grow out of all proportion with nursing.

Don't snub other women and girls just because there is a man around. This is the most flagrant fault of a girl who has not learned relative values. The man will not like you any better for ignoring a girl friend and earnestly devoting yourself to him. A great many debutantes think their success depends upon the men. It is a sad mistake. It is the married women and your girl comrades who can give you a good time, or not, in the end. Very few women dislike you because of your successes. It is because of your flouting them.

Never ignore old and married men. They will not forgive it, and they wield a mighty power.

Don't wonder what construction will be put on everything you say, the way you hold your head and the way you laugh.

Don't wonder what people are thinking of your pose, and your gown, and your hands, and the position of your feet. Ten to one they don't even see you, and if they do they are not bothering their heads about you. This is not kind, but it is eminently true. A very young girl's worst fault is her self-consciousness. It may be the consciousness of her shortcomings, but that is even more vexing than an appreciation of her virtues.

Don't be wondering what you will say next. A pause is nothing deadly, if you do not make it so. Probably by the time you have finished saying what you have in mind a new topic will be suggested. Trying to say something—anything—to fill in a hiatus is the most potent cause of that mistake commonly known as putting your foot in it.

Don't frequent tete-a-tete corners. Only experienced and much older girls can do that with impunity.

Don't giggle, but, on the other hand, don't look as if you were at a wedding or a funeral.

Use your eyes to say what it doesn't happen to be practical to say with your tongue.

If you happen to be left stranded for one dance, never sit all alone on one side of the wall to be pitied. Get up and go over to some group of matrons, and don't fancy that the whole room is watching your transit. It is much too busy talking and dancing. Here, again, don't think of yourself. There is nothing so wretched as a would-be indifferent wallflower. She can't possibly look as though she liked it, and there is not the least use in trying to smile it off.

Above all things, never discuss an affair where you were a failure. Never admit that you were a failure. Keep quiet about it if you can't effuse. It doesn't do to explain the cause.

Literary Item.

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."
"But think how much slumber they furnish other people!"—Chicago Record.

OH, THAT HEARTS MIGHT FOLLOW!

Where the swift winged swallow
Flies his mate may follow,
Over land and over sea,
To the plains where peacefully
Summer reigns with fruit and flower,
Not for days, nor for an hour,
But is always throbbing there
In the balmy, song-filled air.
Where the swift winged swallow
Flies his mate may follow,
Needing on the selfsame bough,
White with blossoms as with snow,
But when to the unknown land—
Land of sleep whose wandrous strand
Meets a sea forever sleeping—
Thou, my love, hast fled, I follow
Never, never like the swallow.

But amid these fields so sweet,
Where the clover blossoms meet
In a maze of splendid flame,
Here, alone, I call thy name,
With an empty echo crying
Back my words and no reply
From the lips I loved to kiss,
Loved one, this, and only this—
I am left alone to grieve.
While the incopies never leave
Of the days when we together
Wandered through life's sunny weather,
Oh, that I had wings to follow
Like thy strong wings, happy swallow!
But, my heart, take courage now,
Though thy mate hath left the bough
Yet some day, as flies the swallow,
Thou, true heart, thy mate shalt follow.
—Brampton Press, Emery in Happenstance.

I AM GUILTY.

It is a trite old saying that there can be no love without jealousy. I was passionately attached to my wife and I will freely confess that I was madly jealous of her, and with good cause it would seem. One day I met her out talking to a strange man, who moved hastily away on my approach. She was confused, agitated, and when I taxed her with it refused to tell me who he was. His name was Leeson—that was all she would say. Constraint and mistrust rose up between us then, and we bade a long farewell to happiness.

It came to a terrible crisis when one day, returning home at an unexpected time, I found him in my house. I overheard a part of their interview, beheld the passionate kisses of farewell, and, mad, distracted, I rushed into the street. Here I met Clement Grimston, to whom I poured forth all my wrongs. He said he knew something of this man Leeson, and would take me to a little public house in Rotherhithe, where I might meet him and demand an explanation, but at the same time implored me to do nothing rash.

All that day I steeped my senses in strong drink, the fool's Letha, wherein he drowns all his troubles. I saw Grimston again, and at night we went to Rotherhithe. It was a low, horrible den, and it is strange what one who appeared a gentleman could be doing there. I met him, but by this time I was so mad and blind with drink and with passion that all that followed is an utter blank to me.

When at last I returned to complete consciousness, the first faint gray streaks of morning light were peeping between the blinds, and I lay on a couch in my own house. The only other occupant of the room was Clement Grimston, who paced restlessly up and down.

"What is the matter?" I cried, passing my hand over my brow. "What has happened? Ah, I remember, dimly. Where is Adela?"

"She is gone."
"Not with—! Oh, what happened last night? I can't remember. What a fool I was to drink like that! Tell me, Grimston, for heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Don't you really remember?" he asked slowly as he gazed down steadfastly at me.

"No."
"You met Eric Leeson. You had a terrible quarrel. You were so drunk you seemed unconscious of what you said or did. I tried to restrain you. You would not listen to me, and then—"

"Then what?" I demanded, starting to my feet.

There was a pause. We looked at each other, I stupidly helpless, he with a solemn pity and sorrow in his eyes.

"Yes, what then?" I exclaimed again. He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and bending forward whispered:

"Then you shot him dead!"

I have left the country. I am dwelling by myself in a lonely hut high up among the Swiss Alps. I did not see my wife before I left home. Thank heaven for that! How could I bid her farewell? Is she not faithless to me, and am I not guilty—guilty of murder?"

Clement Grimston was truly a friend in need to me in my present horrible situation. He had managed to get me away from the public house at Rotherhithe before my crime was discovered—before I was conscious of it myself—and he again it was who helped me to leave England.

I provided myself with money enough for my few simple necessities. Adela has means of her own and will want for nothing, whatever may befall her. It is best she should think me dead—lost to her forever. I am no longer Oswald Leeson. I have changed my identity. Would to God I could so easily change the past! I am indeed dead to the world. I never speak to a soul, save now and then the shepherds and peasants of the mountain land. When the English travelers pass near my retreat, I shun them as I would a pestilence.

Then there are the terrible nights when I wake up in a sweat from some ghastly nightmare—but not more ghastly than the reality—wake up in an agony of remorse for the human life which I have taken. And then another terrible thought generally follows upon this: Suppose I should have made a mistake? Suppose Adela could have explained had I given her time? Suppose she should have been guiltless? Ah, heaven! What difference can that make now? None, save to intensify my suffering and remorse. I never dare approach her again. I must remain dead to her, for I—am guilty! Ah, poor Adela, how I loved her once—aye, and love her as much still, God help me!

How can I go on leading this existence? How is it all to end—this living

death, this self-inflicted expiation of a crime? I often wonder. Yet here I have dragged out three horrible, weary years—three years that have seemed to me like an eternity.

One day in my lonely wanderings I came upon a spot where some tourists had been lunching. They had left a newspaper behind them. Mechanically I took it up. It was a London daily, now some three or four weeks old. With eager longing I read the news. It was the first I had seen of the old home land in three long, weary years. That journal falling in my way was one of those strokes of chance which we call improbable in fiction, but which in reality direct the destinies of our lives. Suddenly I started back as a short paragraph met my gaze:

"It is expected that the trial will take place about the 17th prox., at the central criminal court of Clement Grimston, now under arrest for the murder of Mr. Leeson at Rotherhithe about three years ago."

Oh, God! This was what I dreaded. An innocent man was about to suffer for my crime, and that man the very one who had saved me—who had screened me from justice!

Without a moment's pause I quitted my Alpine retreat. I had plenty of money still.

Oh, that horrible journey through the continent of Europe. The rattling, roaring of the trains sounded like the voices of demons rushing through my brain. So slow, so slow! Should I ever reach there?

Ah! Paris at last, the gay city that I had once so dearly loved, but the looks of all things were changed to me now. I was speeding on—to my death!

The channel, Dover, London; bustling, noisy, smoky Charing Cross, another spot fraught with pleasant memories.

"Yes, cabman, the Old Bailey! Drive like wildfire, and you shall have a sovereign!"

I rush wildly into the gloomy, solemn old court, where the sensation-loving crowd are gazing at the prisoner, whom they think the guilty one. And now that I have come to the end of my fearful journey I feel sick, dizzy; the place, the sea of faces swim round about me.

What shall I do? What shall I say? If I come forward and tell my strange story, I shall surely be put down as a madman, but it must be done. Suddenly my attention is arrested by the man in the witness box. He is a short, thick-set fellow, with a cunning face. I fancy I remember dimly to have seen him somewhere before. He is answering questions, making a statement, and his evidence is creating a profound sensation. Of so much I am conscious.

"My name is Ebenezer Startup," he is saying. "I was a publican by trade and kept the Fighting Cocks at Rotherhithe. I have known the prisoner for some time, and he knew my 'istry.' I remember Mr. Leeson too. He was a young gent in some sorter trouble. His right name was Clayton." I started. This was my wife's maiden name.

"Prisoner came one night with another gent, a Mr. Leestrange, who was mad drunk. They was in the clubroom. Then Mr. Leeson comes, and there was 'igh words 'tween 'im and Mr. Leestrange—leastways Mr. Leestrange did most' of the talk. T'other one seemed surprised like. They locked themselves in, but there was a 'ole in the door for Buff meetin's, and I saw all that passed. Prisoner knows I did and paid me to keep quiet, but oof became irregular, and my conscience prompted me to turn queen's evidence. I was a heyewitness of the crime. Prisoner kep' in the background and 'ardly opened his mouth, but he shoved a barker into Leestrange's 'and, and Leestrange didn't use it. I b'lieve 'e were too drunk and too wild with passion to notice, and Grimston fired it over his shoulder and shot Leeson dead!"

What happened after this I cannot tell. I was innocent, thank God, innocent, and so overwhelming was the joy that I swooned.

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself in a strange room, being watched over by—my own wife, who gazed down anxiously and tenderly into my face. It was as though the last three years had never been and that we had simply taken up again the broken threads of our lives.

There were yet more discoveries in store for me. My suspicions of my wife had been utterly groundless. The hapless Leeson, or Clayton, was her own brother, who, fleeing from justice for forgery, I believe, had sought for help from his sister.

Clement Grimston had been an arch enemy from the first under the guise of friendship. There had been some old family quarrel between him and Clayton and while murdering him he had made me the victim of his crime.

"Oh, Adela," I said, "how I have wronged you! Will you ever forgive me? Toward you I am guilty."

But I knew I was already forgiven. My wrongs and sufferings had pleaded for me, and the past was wiped out.—Buffalo Times.

Diversified Duties.

There was an old colored man who was general factotum at a certain summer hotel. Whoever rose early in the morning was certain to find him among the flowers, and his cheerful "Good mawnin, sah," was by no means the least pleasant thing about a very pleasant establishment. However, people are very seldom hired for the simple task of saying "Good morning," and the old man's duties as gardener did not appear to be particularly onerous. Moved by curiosity as to what else he might have to do, one of the guests passed in his morning walk to question him.

"Well, uncle," said he after some general skimming, "and what do you do besides taking care of the flowers?"

"Waal," responded the old man thoughtfully, "sides takin' keer of the flowers I cleans out the furnaces and blacks the gemman's boots and makes the ice cream, sah."—Boston Budget.

City Injilt by Insects.

Did you ever examine one of those peculiar little cities known to the common people as "an ant hill," but to the student of nature as "the city of the ants?" Their little underground cities are equally as wonderful as "subterranean London," about which all have read so much, especially to the one who loves to study nature's kinks and find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Such cities are as well built, comparatively speaking, as are the cities built by man, and are arranged with an eye to neatness, convenience, durability, etc. The homes which lie on either side of the main streets (tunnels) of these ant cities are constructed very artfully. Short corridors lead from the main tunnel and terminate in the rooms, which are quite extensive, when the size of the inhabitants is taken into consideration. These rooms have vaulted roofs, which are supported here and there, but always in regular order, with strong pillars formed of a mixture of earth and slims, which is secreted by the ant workers. Each room usually has two openings for ingress or egress, one connecting with a "street" and another with one of the numerous side galleries which ramify the ant city in all directions.

The population of these cities differs in numbers according to the species or prosperity of the colony, but is always composed of three distinct classes, the males, the females and the neuters. These neuters are the sexless workers and occupy the same position in the ant city that the neuter or worker does in the bee family.—St. Louis Republic.

Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is, of course, like Butler, in his relation to philosophy, a theologian first of all. Indeed it would not be difficult to maintain that he is more of a scholastic than Butler. A curious coincidence with the exact position taken up by those who are now trying to revive the doctrine of Aquinas may be found in a note on Butler's remark that "it is as easy to conceive that we may exist out of bodies as in them." "This," Mr. Gladstone says, "appears a hazardous assertion," and after an allusion to the spirits in Dante, who, though they cast no shadow are "absolutely visible in shapes," he goes on to say: "Compare the case of the anxiety of demons in the N. T. to be in bodies." This is precisely the position taken up by Neoscholastics against what they regard as the error of Platonism.

Separation from the body, instead of being simply a release of the soul from its bondage to matter, is an imperfect kind of existence, inadequate to the needs of the soul till it is able to resume a body. To the freer speculations of even the more orthodox among modern theological philosophers—if at least a Calvinist, from Mr. Gladstone's Anglican point of view, can be orthodox—he is not too sympathetic. A speculation of Jonathan Edwards, for example, about the origin of moral evil, is thus dismissed, "The whole speculation is on forbidden ground, useless as to results, and we see a pious man on the borders at the least of sheer impiety." The reference to "forbidden ground" is of course one form of the limitation imposed by scholastic theologians upon all philosophy.—Athenaeum.

"Shadowgram" and "Telegram."

A correspondent writes to protest against the "barbarous" word "shadowgram," which he fears is getting into the language as the term to describe Professor Roentgen's new process of photography. The only defensible word, he assures us, is sciagrapheme, assuming that the term wanted is one to describe the representation of a shadow or outline. If there were a corresponding Greek word, it would be skiagraphon for the verb form and skiagraphema for the noun form; hence, of course, "sciagrapheme."

We prefer not to kindle warfare among the scholars by expressing a very positive opinion upon this point. But our correspondent's objection recalls a similar battle long ago over the word telegram. In this case the barbarians won a notable victory over the combined forces of Cambridge scholarship, which asserted that the word "telegram" implied a blunder for which any schoolboy would be chastised. The verb, they asserted, must be telegrapheme and the noun telegraphema; hence telegrapheme and not telegram. The public, however, absolutely revolted against telegrapheme and insisted on telegram, though to the end of his days the famous Cambridge scholar Shilleto always talked about "sending a telegrapheme," never a telegram. In the case of "photograph" a curiously British compromise was arranged between the two forms. The word is quite correct so far as it goes.—Westminster Gazette.

Lying Out a Slice.

There died in Paris a few years ago an eccentric individual, one Count Napoleon Bertrand, a son of the companion of the great Napoleon at St. Helena. His eccentricity at times drove him to such extremities that he was often the subject of ridicule.

One of his most curious actions was a practice which he annually observed of hiring a room in a hotel and going to bed for three months, having previously given instructions for food to be brought him once a day, and that not a word was to be spoken by his servant. During the siege of Paris he was lodging at his hotel.

One day the bread served him was of such a bad quality that he grew quite angry, and forced his servant to tell him the reason, which of course was that the city was besieged by the German army. The count was momentarily stupefied. He got up, and for some time wandered about the hotel, saying to himself: "Paris besieged—besieged? What ought a Bertrand to do?"

After having reflected for some moments he answered the query. "Why, he ought to go to bed, and will go to bed," he added, and so he did, and slept out the siege.—Pearson's Weekly.

I WILL NEVER UNSHEATH MY SWORD AGAINST THE SOUTH

According to Commodore J. E. Montgomery, who was the greatest naval commander that the South produced during the late war, Gen. Sherman declared at the breaking out of the rebellion that he would never unsheath his sword against the South. Commodore Montgomery, who now lives in Chicago, thus recalls the incident, Sherman being a colonel at the time:

"When Fort Sumter was fired on Col. Sherman was president of the Red River and across the stream from Alexandria. The students were almost all Southern young men. The school was at once broken up, most of the boys going home to be with their families while their fathers took up arms. Sherman came down Red river to New Orleans to take a boat for his home in St. Louis.

"The next afternoon Sherman was escorted to the boat from his hotel by a large party of his Pineville cadets and a great number of the prominent citizens of New Orleans. These, together with those who had come down to the wharf in carriages and on foot to bid friends good-by, made a magnificent concourse of people at the boat's side. After Sherman had boarded the steamer a delegation was sent to him from the crowd asking for a speech. The future great Union general consented. There was great applause as he stepped out on the upper deck and advanced toward the side next the shore. The carriages drew up in line and the ladies leaned out to listen. Sherman made a speech that took all by storm. He told of his great love for the people of the South and of the great kindnesses which had been shown him since he came among them. Concluding his beautiful peroration he said: 'I will never unsheath my sword against the South.'

"The first time I had a chance after Sherman went into the war with sword and spur, I asked him about his speech at New Orleans and his promise to the people of the South. He replied that he meant what he said at the time, but that when he arrived at Cairo he found he had been badly mistaken in his idea of the magnitude of the uprising and felt it his duty to join the Northern forces."

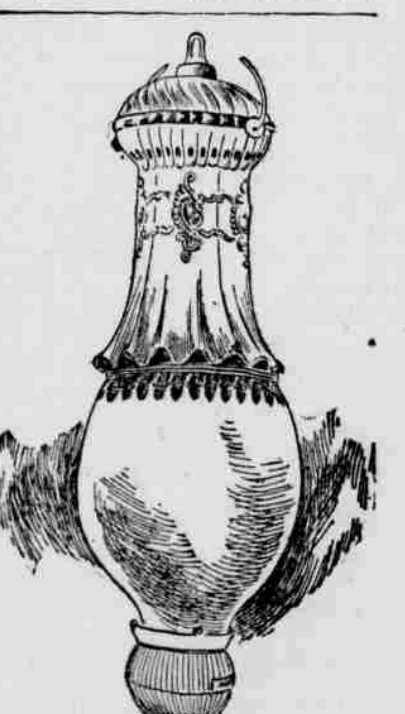
A HANDSOME ARC LAMP.

Which is Ornamental Enough to Be Hung in a Parlor.

The term "arc lamp" has always seemed to carry with it an idea of ugliness—a device having no form or shape and strung out over 45 to 50 inches of space, divided up into sections of chimneys, rods, globes and sheet-iron drums—for reasons known only to the manufacturer. The trade has always looked upon an arc lamp as a necessary evil. The demand for something better is universal.

The "A-B" arc lamp is only 32 inches in length over all and burns from 14 to 18 hours. It is a single carbon lamp with only one side rod, which causes only one shadow to be thrown. This shadow may be taken care of against the pole or building, leaving the light intended for the street entirely unobstructed.

The "A-B" lamp furnished in any finish desired—black japan, yellow brass, XVIIIth century brass, oxidized brass, oxidized copper, oxidized silver and aluminum. This provides an arc lamp good enough to hang in a parlor—it being possible to match any style gas fixture or decoration. The aluminum lamp complete weighs only nineteen pounds. The casing being of cast



NEW ARC LAMP.

iron provides a solid background for ornamentation, giving the lamp a dignified, substantial appearance, quite different from the brass and sheet iron spun work usually adopted where ornamentation on arc lamps has been attempted heretofore.

How Insects Multiply.

The power of reproduction in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beheading a slug a new head, with all its complex appendances, will grow again; so will the claws of a lobster. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces the middle produces a perfect head and tail.

A man writes to this office referring to an "intelligent man." There are no intelligent men.