

A FROLIC AT THE FORD.

Geography was horrible; the sweat—was called it that—Bespoke a common misery when Billy signaled Pat. Two stubby, grimy fingers uplifted on the sly; Thereat a wink significant distorted Patrick's eye. Then Billy turned to Cummins, and Harvey, and Depew, To each in turn displaying the mystic fingers two, And lastly condescended, while the others winked in glee, To show the mystic symbol to the least of all—to me.

O ecstasy transcending what'er the future towered, When Billy bade me join him for a frolic at the ford!

The hours till noon slunk by as if they knew we wished them past; It seemed as though they'd never gone; they did, of course, at last— And O, how cool the water was, and O, how sweet the joy That filled and thrilled the boom of each sweetly little boy, When he had hung his trousers on the nearest ready bough, And shut his lips and held his nose and dove to "show 'y' how."

We dived and splashed and wrestled, we floated, raced and tread, And Billy flopped his feet aloft while standing on his head; Depew had brought up bottom from the center of the pool, When Harvey said he reckoned it was time to go to school.

"Gee whizz!" says Billy, first to quit, "that's something I forgot; An' as I live! my breeches are twisted in a knot!"

Each rushed ashore and scurried to where his garments hung, Then sudden imprecations arose from every tongue, While we had waded the cooling stream, some evasive sneak had gone, And tied our shirts and trousers so we couldn't get 'em on.

"We're late," says Billy. "Then," says Pat, "just take your time to dress; We'll fix it so's to wander in at afternoon recess."

An' each o' y' must gather a bunch o' purly flowers An' give 'em t' the teacher er she'll keep y' after hours."

The teacher worked for slender pay, so far as money went; She prayed and played and pardoned and seemed to be content, But when a boy that loved her contrived to let her know, She looked as if her gratitude was going to overflow.

I guess that she—no matter what. . . . When we six boys marched in, Each one of us a-grinning from eyebrows down to chin, And stopped in turn before her desk and laid our flowers down, We saw two tears start sudden in the middle of her frown.

As I, the last and least of all, went by, with hair askew, She stooped and said: "I love you, boys, no matter what you do."

"These flowers," whispered Harvey, "are not so bad a plan." "She's solid gold," said Billy; "she ought t' been a man!"

A TRIBUTE OF SONG.

HERE is no place on earth where utter helplessness comes out so strongly, where the ceremonies in human use fall so powerless before the majesty of the occasion, as at a funeral. It need not be that one's heart shall be interested. The obsequies of a stranger, conducted with all the pomp and vanity of church and state, with the melancholy rolling drum of the military funeral, or the gorgeousness of the Masonic regalia apron—all are alike inadequate and unavailing.

But once in my life I witnessed a ceremony that was as grand and impressive as the silent, awful occasion that was ever given to the dead. I will tell you of a funeral which lingers in my memory as the grandest, most solemn, and befitting ceremony that was ever given to the dead.

It was rumored many years ago that a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had tolled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their living companionship. But the girl had always been sickly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she had faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with its ghastly smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother.

The poor young creature was dead. For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. Cramp and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an East Side tenement where they lived, by a few looks and with some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of her funeral and ask me to attend.

The summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sheet that was wet rain and a rain that was not snow came pelting from all points of the compass. A wind that wailed in y

BABIES IN INCUBATORS.

How the Youngsters Are Made to Grow by Science. The Victorian Era Exhibition, now open in London, does not possess an exhibit of greater scientific interest than that of the infant incubator, and from a popular point of view, judged merely as a sideshow, this invention has proved immensely attractive—in fact, it is one of the most paying concerns at Earl's Court, medical men vying with the general public in their admiration for this new contrivance for saving life. The necessity for such a thing is shown by the fact that whereas in 1886 the number of deaths registered in Great Britain as being due to premature birth amounted to 1,430, the figure rose for last year to 2,534. It is also well known that a large number of deaths which are attributed to various diseases are due, indirectly, to premature birth.

The two most important considerations in saving the lives of prematurely born or very weakly infants are, of course, warmth and air, and these factors are amply provided for in the neat white metal contrivances which are now to be seen. Somewhat similar inventions have been in use for some time at the Charity Hospital, Berlin, and the Paris Maternity Hospital and the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York. The first "conceives" used in Paris in 1880 were a great improvement upon the old-fashioned style of wrapping the infants in wadding or in a sheepskin with the wool adhering; but they still left much to be desired, inasmuch as they had to be freshly warmed three or four times a day, and consequently required incessant watchfulness; indeed, the machines themselves used no watching, and the infants have only to be moved in order to be fed, a circumstance which they generally announce in the customary manner, and washed. The temperature is maintained by means of a thermostat, which works automatically. By an ingenious system of levers communication is at once established between the inside of the incubator and the boiler outside, which is heated by an oil lamp, gas or electricity, so that, should the temperature vary ever so slightly, it is increased or decreased as occasion may require. Next to the warmth for the little patient comes the question of air, and this is provided from the outside through a pipe which conducts it to the incubator, where it passes through a washing, filtering and warming process before passing inside. On the top of the incubator there is a chimney so constructed that it can only form an outlet for impure air. As a means of providing warmth of the necessary degree and absolutely pure air, this invention is perfect, and to make all dangers vanish there is a staff of experienced nurses who sleep on the premises.

"This is terrible," said I; "it's just the one errand that could take me out to-day; but I must go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence. "But I shall go with you," said the great, good-hearted creature. "Your throat, and old Bateman, and your concert to-night!" I pleaded. "If I get another 'foggy' note in my voice it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.

So she rewound her throat with the long, white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back bear, peculiar to the \$25 funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box with its ruffle of glazed white muslin stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, before that box—a group of hard-working, kindly hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable and—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful fate—of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screw-driver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the \$25 funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a cataract of conversation held outside between them as to the enormity of the weather, and, probably, the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a bad time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff and stood revealed, a regular Stiggins as to get-up—a dry, self-sufficient man, leter than the day, and colder than the storm.

He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hand vigorously together; he took himself in well-merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment plunged into business. He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like peals in a dried bladder, and he came to amen with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snaffle. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and with his umbrella dripping lumpy tears over the well-scrubbed floor he offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decree of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general, and this poor woman in particular; and then he made a horrible blunder, and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead, by saying: "He cannot come to you, but you must go to him."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment. The door swung wide, we saw the screw-driver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry wood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair, Take me, oh, take her, to your care."

The screw-driver paused in describing an airy circle; the wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs; the two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passage. The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choir of paradise paused to listen to earth's music it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.

BABIES IN INCUBATORS.

How the Youngsters Are Made to Grow by Science. The Victorian Era Exhibition, now open in London, does not possess an exhibit of greater scientific interest than that of the infant incubator, and from a popular point of view, judged merely as a sideshow, this invention has proved immensely attractive—in fact, it is one of the most paying concerns at Earl's Court, medical men vying with the general public in their admiration for this new contrivance for saving life. The necessity for such a thing is shown by the fact that whereas in 1886 the number of deaths registered in Great Britain as being due to premature birth amounted to 1,430, the figure rose for last year to 2,534. It is also well known that a large number of deaths which are attributed to various diseases are due, indirectly, to premature birth.

The two most important considerations in saving the lives of prematurely born or very weakly infants are, of course, warmth and air, and these factors are amply provided for in the neat white metal contrivances which are now to be seen. Somewhat similar inventions have been in use for some time at the Charity Hospital, Berlin, and the Paris Maternity Hospital and the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York. The first "conceives" used in Paris in 1880 were a great improvement upon the old-fashioned style of wrapping the infants in wadding or in a sheepskin with the wool adhering; but they still left much to be desired, inasmuch as they had to be freshly warmed three or four times a day, and consequently required incessant watchfulness; indeed, the machines themselves used no watching, and the infants have only to be moved in order to be fed, a circumstance which they generally announce in the customary manner, and washed. The temperature is maintained by means of a thermostat, which works automatically. By an ingenious system of levers communication is at once established between the inside of the incubator and the boiler outside, which is heated by an oil lamp, gas or electricity, so that, should the temperature vary ever so slightly, it is increased or decreased as occasion may require. Next to the warmth for the little patient comes the question of air, and this is provided from the outside through a pipe which conducts it to the incubator, where it passes through a washing, filtering and warming process before passing inside. On the top of the incubator there is a chimney so constructed that it can only form an outlet for impure air. As a means of providing warmth of the necessary degree and absolutely pure air, this invention is perfect, and to make all dangers vanish there is a staff of experienced nurses who sleep on the premises.

"This is terrible," said I; "it's just the one errand that could take me out to-day; but I must go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence. "But I shall go with you," said the great, good-hearted creature. "Your throat, and old Bateman, and your concert to-night!" I pleaded. "If I get another 'foggy' note in my voice it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.

So she rewound her throat with the long, white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back bear, peculiar to the \$25 funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box with its ruffle of glazed white muslin stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, before that box—a group of hard-working, kindly hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable and—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful fate—of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screw-driver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the \$25 funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a cataract of conversation held outside between them as to the enormity of the weather, and, probably, the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a bad time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff and stood revealed, a regular Stiggins as to get-up—a dry, self-sufficient man, leter than the day, and colder than the storm.

He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hand vigorously together; he took himself in well-merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment plunged into business. He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like peals in a dried bladder, and he came to amen with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snaffle. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and with his umbrella dripping lumpy tears over the well-scrubbed floor he offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decree of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general, and this poor woman in particular; and then he made a horrible blunder, and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead, by saying: "He cannot come to you, but you must go to him."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment. The door swung wide, we saw the screw-driver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry wood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair, Take me, oh, take her, to your care."

The screw-driver paused in describing an airy circle; the wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs; the two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passage. The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choir of paradise paused to listen to earth's music it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.

ATTACHION CLOSE SIGHTS.

Every second finds a lot of people to stand by him. Every man thinks he is something of a weather prophet. A man who is not married can make a change, but a married man can't. All the average man wants is an opportunity to make a fool of himself. The only way to keep people from knowing your age is to move every year. Poetry is popular for no other reason than that every person has written some. Occasionally you hear a man say he is tired of "notoriety." Don't you believe it. Every young man who gets married is, according to the women, the best of the boys in his family. Money is so hard to earn it is a wonder that people don't stop experimenting with it after they get it. Each party to a marriage likes to have it said of him that he was "caught," instead of that he "made a catch."

There are so many unjust kicks made that when a man kicks with justice it doesn't receive the consideration that is due it. Why do women think that little waists are becoming? Everybody knows that a little waist is a deformity, like a Chinese woman's foot. It is not considered that a woman's grief at her husband's funeral is what it should be unless the doctor has to be called to give her chloroform.

Notice how a man wears his head gear, and you can make a pretty shrewd guess as to his character. If the hat is perfectly straight and nicely adjusted to his head, you are safe in believing that he has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. If a hat slopes at the back, its wearer has good brain power; tilted habitually forward, it indicates preponderance of the material nature. The man who places his hat on one side is self-assertive, and has his vices. Men who wear hats too large for them are of a philosophic turn of mind, and wrapped up in their own thoughts. Men who go to the opposite extreme are mining, affected individuals with, as a rule, an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem. The man who throws his hat on his head any how is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of his genus lounging at the street corners.

Every occupation more or less leaves its imprint on the face of the workers, and in the student, too, we hear of the "pale cast of thought." But some work positively disfigures the workers, and alters the features so much as to render them unrecognizable in many cases. The white-lead workers are singularly disfigured, but they do not satisfy the inquiry so much as the glassblowers. The exertion of blowing glass by the bottle makers is attended with lamentable results to the workers. The task of blowing often results, not merely in distending cheeks, causing them to become baggy, and when at rest to hang down loosely, but also in cases the cheeks have been known to give way under the continuous strain, and positively break into unsightly gashes, which become life-disfigurements.

Henry Miller, the well-known rancher, was busily engaged in counting a big herd of cattle as they were driven by him, when an acquaintance approached him with the greeting: "Hello, Henry?" Miller kept on counting, nor daring to even turn his head for fear of losing his count.

"Hello, Henry," repeated his acquaintance, thinking he had not been heard. Still Miller kept on with his count "Say, Miller, you needn't be so stuck up because you are worth a few dollars," remarked his friend, angrily. "I knew you when you were peddling sausages on the street."

The rancher had just completed his count, and, turning to his acquaintance, said: "Yes, by tam, and if I don't have go any more sense as you I be selling sausages yet."—San Francisco Post.

Lady (interviewing housemaid)—Why did you leave your last place? Housemaid—Because the master kissed me, mum. Lady—And you didn't like it, eh? Housemaid—Oh, I didn't mind it mum, but the mistress didn't like it!

Belgium swindlers have been past'n thin transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The paper took the postmarks, leaving the stamps beneath uncancelled.

Shabby Individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi! you're dropping your paint all over me! Painter (coolly)—Well, you want a new coat of some sort, badly!

It is well enough to have faith in humanity, but it is much more important that humanity should have faith in you.



WOMEN AT HOME.

MADE THE BURGLARS FLEE. As trophies of her recent desperate encounter with a burglar, Miss Ellen Zorn, of New Buffalo, Mich., treasures a sandbag and a set of false whiskers. The marauder got away, but Miss Zorn has photographed on her mind a good picture of the fellow, and hopes to see the original ere long. She is the daughter of John Zora, a well-to-do and respected German citizen who resides a short distance outside of New Buffalo. Miss Zorn is 24 years old, of slight build and full of courage. She was sleeping alone in the lower part of the house, when she was awakened by a noise upstairs. She quickly arose, and on opening the door of the room from whence the noise seemed to come ran plump into the arms of a big, black-bearded man. The fellow aimed a blow at her with a sandbag, but she dodged and closed with him. Her first grab, woman-like, perhaps, was for his beard, which came away in her hand. The man struck at her repeatedly, but she escaped serious injury. Meantime she had seized his throat in one hand and the sandbag with the other, choking him so he could hardly breathe. Then he dropped the sandbag, which she seized and proceeded to use vigorously on the unwelcome visitor. Upon this he jumped from a window and escaped.

No Opening for Women. Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, says that there is no opening at all for women journalists in Paris. "The manners of the country," she says, "are entirely against it. The French press is at present in the hands of a rough, pushing, scrambling set of men, who guard their own rights most jealously against any intrusion of women. If a girl tried to force her way into a Paris newspaper office she would meet with scant courtesy and would be looked upon as an interloper who deserved no mercy."

This Is the Way. The woman who is wondering how she shall "do" her hair to be in the latest mode can look at this and be satisfied. It is a style just brought out in London, and while it requires a deft hand it is really very easy to accomplish, and the novel way in which the twists are arranged are at once pleasing and becoming. This year there has been an effort to make women wear their hair on top of their heads, but it has not been exactly successful. It is impossible to adjust a hat at a correct angle with an elaborate high coiffure, and in these busy days a woman who is embroidering by her fireside one minute, scampering down to the grocery next, receiving callers one hour and out on the golf field the hour after has no time to dress her hair every hour of the day to suit conditions—she wants a style which is at once pretty and which permits of a hat if necessary.

New Skirts. There are several varieties of new skirts—one kind is plain in shape, but much fuller in the back than those which have been worn. Trimming is put on either at the hem or over the hips. Tailor gowns have barrel-hoop rows of silk braid from the waistband to a little below the hips, similar rows appearing at the hem. Designs of many kinds, key border patterns, V's and such are formed with inch-wide silk braid on many of the winter skirts.

Wears Masculine Garb. Mme. Dieulafoy, the famous traveler and archaeologist, is one of the two or three women to whom the French Government has granted permission to wear masculine garb. She is always correctly dressed as a London swell, and she and her husband patronize the same tailor.

Secret of Beauty. Probably one of the great secrets of how to be beautiful lies in thoroughly realizing what type nature intended you to be, and then straining every nerve to be as perfect as possible in that particular line. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world and there is no more certain way of courting fail-

ure than trying to wrap yourself down or stretch yourself up to something utterly antagonistic to your nature. The Dutch-doll style of woman, with a tip-tilted nose and pink cheeks, may be perfectly conscious that hers is not the highest form of beauty; but woe betide her if she tries to make it so by the ostrich-like, proceeding of clothing herself in Grecian drapery and wearing a classical fillet in her hair.

Has Twelve Dressmakers. It is well known that the German Empress is an ideal housekeeper, as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dread of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys, and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at any court functions. Yet it is also reported that an army of twelve dressmakers is always at work for the Empress, and that it is increased to over thirty whenever the Empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her majesty charges only about \$75 for making a gown of state.

Ugly on the Wheel. As a rule American women are prepared to blindfoldly follow French styles, but most of them hope the day is far distant when they are likely to see their daughters and themselves arrayed in the unsightly plaited bicycle bloomers to be seen daily on the Paris boulevards. They accentuate all the ungraceful lines and the prettiest women look ugly in them. The riders in Paris bend forward at a sharper angle than they do here and this alone renders them ungraceful. It is a matter of wonder that French women are so unattractive on the wheel, as feminine France has always stood for *chance* and style.

The Smelling Salts Expression. The constant use of smelling salts is said by physicians to ruin the beauty of women addicted to the habit.

For the Nursery. The newest convenience for the baby's boudoir is a big-bowled, long-handled spoon of yellow wood. The bowl is a palating of a scene from the land of faries or nursery ditties. The classic cow performing her aerial feat, Simple Simon, Little Boy Blue, Little Nan Etticoat and other familiar personages ornament the bowl, whose curling edges make a frame for the gay little figures. All along the handle of the spoon are placed brass hooks, and when it is fastened to the wall by a larger and more solid hook placed at the back it makes an ornamental and very useful little rack for the children's clothes.

Petticoats of Plaid. Each year more care is bestowed upon the petticoat of silk. This season the most fetching thing in petticoats is the one of plaid silk. The shops are showing most attractive and elaborately made garments of this order. One shown in a leading Broadway dry goods house the other day was of green and black plaid, the bottom having a deep flounce done in knife-pleating cut into points and set up over another pleated flounce of black taffeta. Silk petticoats can be had now in all the fashionable plaids and their cost is in keeping with their elegance.

To Remove Tan and Freckles. Soap will not remove tan nor freckles, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Bathe the face in warm water and dry very carefully with a soft towel. Do not use soap on the face unless absolutely necessary. Never use face powder of any sort—it spoils the skin, by closing the pores. If your child suffers from sunburn, moisten the face at night with cucumber juice. Cut a cucumber lengthwise and rub it on the face, allowing the juice to remain until it dries off; or use a mild solution of baking soda.

Bernhardt's Hair. Sarah Bernhardt's hair is naturally of a dark brown and is far from luxurious. It is, however, stiff and crinkly, and now that it is bleached a reddish-gold is picturesque and pretty. This golden aureole, which frames the great actress' face, is exceedingly becoming, and she did well to refuse to accept the indifferent color conferred on her by nature.

Keep Accounts. Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not a necessity, still of the greatest wisdom, says an exchange. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs the satisfaction of knowing at the end accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

As a rule American women are prepared to blindfoldly follow French styles, but most of them hope the day is far distant when they are likely to see their daughters and themselves arrayed in the unsightly plaited bicycle bloomers to be seen daily on the Paris boulevards. They accentuate all the ungraceful lines and the prettiest women look ugly in them. The riders in Paris bend forward at a sharper angle than they do here and this alone renders them ungraceful. It is a matter of wonder that French women are so unattractive on the wheel, as feminine France has always stood for *chance* and style.

The constant use of smelling salts is said by physicians to ruin the beauty of women addicted to the habit.

The newest convenience for the baby's boudoir is a big-bowled, long-handled spoon of yellow wood. The bowl is a palating of a scene from the land of faries or nursery ditties. The classic cow performing her aerial feat, Simple Simon, Little Boy Blue, Little Nan Etticoat and other familiar personages ornament the bowl, whose curling edges make a frame for the gay little figures. All along the handle of the spoon are placed brass hooks, and when it is fastened to the wall by a larger and more solid hook placed at the back it makes an ornamental and very useful little rack for the children's clothes.

Each year more care is bestowed upon the petticoat of silk. This season the most fetching thing in petticoats is the one of plaid silk. The shops are showing most attractive and elaborately made garments of this order. One shown in a leading Broadway dry goods house the other day was of green and black plaid, the bottom having a deep flounce done in knife-pleating cut into points and set up over another pleated flounce of black taffeta. Silk petticoats can be had now in all the fashionable plaids and their cost is in keeping with their elegance.

Soap will not remove tan nor freckles, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Bathe the face in warm water and dry very carefully with a soft towel. Do not use soap on the face unless absolutely necessary. Never use face powder of any sort—it spoils the skin, by closing the pores. If your child suffers from sunburn, moisten the face at night with cucumber juice. Cut a cucumber lengthwise and rub it on the face, allowing the juice to remain until it dries off; or use a mild solution of baking soda.

Sarah Bernhardt's hair is naturally of a dark brown and is far from luxurious. It is, however, stiff and crinkly, and now that it is bleached a reddish-gold is picturesque and pretty. This golden aureole, which frames the great actress' face, is exceedingly becoming, and she did well to refuse to accept the indifferent color conferred on her by nature.

Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not a necessity, still of the greatest wisdom, says an exchange. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs the satisfaction of knowing at the end accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

Belgium swindlers have been past'n thin transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The paper took the postmarks, leaving the stamps beneath uncancelled.

Shabby Individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi! you're dropping your paint all over me! Painter (coolly)—Well, you want a new coat of some sort, badly!

It is well enough to have faith in humanity, but it is much more important that humanity should have faith in you.

The woman who is wondering how she shall "do" her hair to be in the latest mode can look at this and be satisfied. It is a style just brought out in London, and while it requires a deft hand it is really very easy to accomplish, and the novel way in which the twists are arranged are at once pleasing and becoming. This year there has been an effort to make women wear their hair on top of their heads, but it has not been exactly successful. It is impossible to adjust a hat at a correct angle with an elaborate high coiffure, and in these busy days a woman who is embroidering by her fireside one minute, scampering down to the grocery next, receiving callers one hour and out on the golf field the hour after has no time to dress her hair every hour of the day to suit conditions—she wants a style which is at once pretty and which permits of a hat if necessary.

There are several varieties of new skirts—one kind is plain in shape, but much fuller in the back than those which have been worn. Trimming is put on either at the hem or over the hips. Tailor gowns have barrel-hoop rows of silk braid from the waistband to a little below the hips, similar rows appearing at the hem. Designs of many kinds, key border patterns, V's and such are formed with inch-wide silk braid on many of the winter skirts.

Mme. Dieulafoy, the famous traveler and archaeologist, is one of the two or three women to whom the French Government has granted permission to wear masculine garb. She is always correctly dressed as a London swell, and she and her husband patronize the same tailor.

Probably one of the great secrets of how to be beautiful lies in thoroughly realizing what type nature intended you to be, and then straining every nerve to be as perfect as possible in that particular line. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world and there is no more certain way of courting fail-

ure than trying to wrap yourself down or stretch yourself up to something utterly antagonistic to your nature. The Dutch-doll style of woman, with a tip-tilted nose and pink cheeks, may be perfectly conscious that hers is not the highest form of beauty; but woe betide her if she tries to make it so by the ostrich-like, proceeding of clothing herself in Grecian drapery and wearing a classical fillet in her hair.

It is well known that the German Empress is an ideal housekeeper, as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dread of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys, and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at any court functions. Yet it is also reported that an army of twelve dressmakers is always at work for the Empress, and that it is increased to over thirty whenever the Empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her majesty charges only about \$75 for making a gown of state.

That's something I forgot; An' as I live! my breeches are twisted in a knot!"

Each rushed ashore and scurried to where his garments hung, Then sudden imprecations arose from every tongue, While we had waded the cooling stream, some evasive sneak had gone, And tied our shirts and trousers so we couldn't get 'em on.

"We're late," says Billy. "Then," says Pat, "just take your time to dress; We'll fix it so's to wander in at afternoon recess."

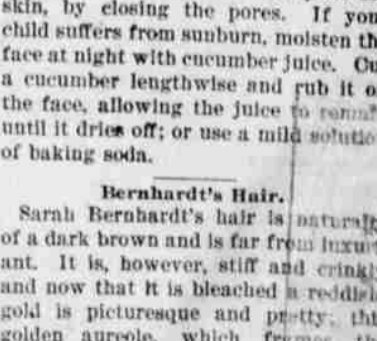
An' each o' y' must gather a bunch o' purly flowers An' give 'em t' the teacher er she'll keep y' after hours."

The teacher worked for slender pay, so far as money went; She prayed and played and pardoned and seemed to be content, But when a boy that loved her contrived to let her know, She looked as if her gratitude was going to overflow.

I guess that she—no matter what. . . . When we six boys marched in, Each one of us a-grinning from eyebrows down to chin, And stopped in turn before her desk and laid our flowers down, We saw two tears start sudden in the middle of her frown.

As I, the last and least of all, went by, with hair askew, She stooped and said: "I love you, boys, no matter what you do."

"These flowers," whispered Harvey, "are not so bad a plan." "She's solid gold," said Billy; "she ought t' been a man!"



MISS ELLEN ZORN.

years old, of slight build and full of courage. She was sleeping alone in the lower part of the house, when she was awakened by a noise upstairs. She quickly arose, and on opening the door of the room from whence the noise seemed to come ran plump into the arms of a big, black-bearded man. The fellow aimed a blow at her with a sandbag, but she dodged and closed with him. Her first grab, woman-like, perhaps, was for his beard, which came away in her hand. The man struck at her repeatedly, but she escaped serious injury. Meantime she had seized his throat in one hand and the sandbag with the other, choking him so he could hardly breathe. Then he dropped the sandbag, which she seized and proceeded to use vigorously on the unwelcome visitor. Upon this he jumped from a window and escaped.

No Opening for Women. Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, says that there is no opening at all for women journalists in Paris. "The manners of the country," she says, "are entirely against it. The French press is at present in the hands of a rough, pushing, scrambling set of men, who guard their own rights most jealously against any intrusion of women. If a girl tried to force her way into a Paris newspaper office she would meet with scant courtesy and would be looked upon