



CHANGE IN WOMAN'S ATTIRE.

To the delight of artists and other lovers of nature the growing tendency in woman's attire is to allow the female form to assume more and more the lines of nature. The inartistic effects in woman's fashions which gave the figure unnatural proportions are being gradually eliminated, and looseness, flowing lines and gentle curves are the order in new gowns. This interests not only the women and the modistes who made their gowns, but men who have for years jeered at and ridiculed, secretly perhaps in many cases, the absurdities of woman's fashions, tight corsets, wasplike waists, bulging hips and other abominations. Women have for years gone on imagining that



they were making themselves beautiful by just these means and getting farther and farther away from nature and her lines. The climax was reached ten years ago, with the bustle and the hump it produced, and since then there has been a gradual return to natural lines until now the new fashions are almost ideal.

More women are now well rounded and proportioned, and it is attributable to nothing save the spread of the athletic fever among women and the consequent abolition of the tight corset and tight gowns. The American public had become accustomed to the deformities which the prevailing styles seemed to inflict upon women, but they were none the less inartistic and objectionable. The new fashion, being on the lines of a return to natural lines, is indeed welcome and a marked improvement.

A Modern Diana.

Mrs. Eugene Belden, a resident of the Boston suburbs, has proved that a woman can point a gun straight and big game. During the past two seasons she has killed in the Maine woods as many deer as the law will allow. Her husband is an enthusiastic sportsman. Some time ago he persuaded her to try shooting bottles thrown in the air. She was successful in breaking most of them and was soon eager to try her skill at something with more risk and excitement about it.

She always dresses so that she can get about just as easily and noiselessly as a man. Her costume consists of corduroy knickerbockers and cap, a heavy sweater and high boots. The first year that Mrs. Belden was in the woods she stood in the runways and waited for the guides to scare up the game, but afterward she exchanged this somewhat tiresome method for the fascination of the still hunt.

She Uses Her Light.
A man said to me not long ago, "What has got into the girls? Has it become the fashion to economize? All the nicest girls I know are talking of the value of money and how much is wasted unthinkingly. Are we poor bachelors to take courage and believe that we can afford one of these beautiful luxuries in wives?"

Alas! It is anything but a hint to take courage, for this heavenly phase of the new woman means that when she has learned that she can support herself, so that in case her riches take wings she need not be forced to drudge at un-congenial employment, or to marry for a home—it means that she will be more particular than ever in the kind of a man she marries. For in fitting herself for marriage she is learning quite as well the kind of husband she ought to have. And she will not be as apt to marry a man on account of his clothes, or because he dances divinely, as once she might have done.

I do not mean to say that the new woman will not marry. In point of fact she will, if properly urged by the right man. But she will not marry so early, so hurriedly nor so ill-advisedly as before. And therefore the men whom new women marry will do well to real-

ize the compliment of her choice, for it will mean that, according to her light, he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Of course, the other women marry on that principle, too. The only difference between the new woman and her sisters is in the amount of her light and the use she makes of it.—Woman's Home Companion.

College Women as Wives.

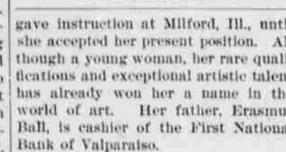
Women of a higher education bring to motherhood and wifehood a better preparation than do those of smaller opportunities. The reasons for this are both physical and mental. They are, as a rule, older, physically mature, and the opinion is held by some physicians that, for the sake of the physical perfection of the race, no woman should marry until she is 25. They have a wider knowledge of physiological and psychological laws—or they have the ability to acquire it—which must bring forth beneficial fruit in the rearing of their children. They know more profoundly the responsibilities of motherhood, and their realization of the importance of details in the training of a child disposes them to look upon what might seem drudgery to other women as glorified, educational opportunity. Besides, when an educated woman is mated with an educated man there is intellectual companionship between them and each has sufficient respect for the other's mental and moral sanity to make possible a government for the home and the children, not by "managing" each other, keeping clear of a pandering to each other's foibles and prejudices, but by frank and fearless discussion as to what is reasonable and right.

Entirely Too Formal.

Dolly Swift—Young Mr. Pencil, the editor of the Weekly Visitor, has just made me a written offer of marriage.
Sally Gay—He is a handsome fellow. What will be your answer, dear?
Dolly Swift—He is handsome, I'll admit, but I shall be forced to decline him with thanks. He is too horribly business-like. After requesting an early answer, he added: "Please write briefly, to the point and upon but one side of the paper. Sign your full name, not for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, and do not forget to inclose a postage stamp if you desire a reply." Sally, a man like that would calmly smoke while the baby fell downstairs.

Director of Art.

The youngest and first woman director of an art institute is Miss May Ball of Valparaiso, Ind., who now occupies the chair of fine arts at the Northern Indiana Normal College, located at that place. After being graduated from the Chicago Institute of Fine Art Miss Ball



MISS MAY BALL.

gave instruction at Milford, Ill., until she accepted her present position. Although a young woman, her rare qualifications and exceptional artistic talent has already won her a name in the world of art. Her father, Erasmus Ball, is cashier of the First National Bank of Valparaiso.

Kittens' Heads for Bonnets.

Cute little kittens with small, dainty heads, will soon be in great demand if a fad lately introduced continues to grow. An enterprising milliner, anxious to appease the numerous Audubon societies, decorated several bonnets with kittens' heads in lieu of birds and the innovation was a decided success. Already she has received more orders than she can fill, and her agents are scouring the town for suitable kittens. Black and mottled, though occasionally a white head, is used on a dark velvet bonnet. Kittens are more artistic than owls and the milliner defends her practice as much less barbarous than the use of birds, for the decapitation of cats will save many a hapless feline the miseries inflicted by malicious youngsters.—Chicago Chronicle.

Drove an Express Wagon.

For five weeks Clara Priddy, aged 20, living near New Castle, Ind., conducted her father's express business. Priddy operates a stage line from Cadiz to New Castle, carrying the mail, merchandise and passengers. This business was his only means of livelihood. He was taken ill with typhoid fever. No one could be got to take his place. His daughter Cora, however, resolved to take charge of the business, and she did, driving to New Castle each morning in all kinds of weather, assisting in loading heavy cargoes of merchandise and caring for her team.

THE STEPMOTHER.

She looks just like her mother, and somehow, I don't know why it is, I can't begin to love her as I ought to, or allow my heart to open wide and let her in. Perhaps it is because he often says, "She looks just like her mother," and then sighs. As though perhaps the pretty baby-ways called up her face, her vanished smile, her eyes.

And here I kneel for hours and sadly gaze into the baby face so near my own, and think with terror of the coming days. He only dreams of happy years now flown.

I try in vain to take her to my heart—She looks just like her mother and I feel somehow that she is holding me apart. As here beside the tiny bed I kneel.

Night after night he gently stoops above His baby's bed and gazes on its face As I do now, and feels for it the love Which I expected when I took her place. 'Tis not the baby's fault, of course, but still She looks just like her mother, and in vain I struggle hard my aching heart to fill With love for her, and find there only pain.

He never notices, because I know A man doesn't always see such things right, And if he knew that it would hurt me so He'd try to hide his feelings from my sight. He wouldn't tell me, when I look at her, "She looks just like her mother," if he knew; His baby is his all, his comforter, It has her face, her smile, her eyes of blue.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

THE NEW HOME.

It, well, it is your own fault, Clara," said Walter May. "Of course it is," cried old Clara, passionately, stamping her feet on the carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—O, so cruelly hard to bear!" The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hothed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of stocks and bonds.

"Clara," he said to his young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was not overshadowing his lives, "would you like a country life?" "O, dear, no," said Clara, involuntarily recoiling.

"Because," said Walter, somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the farm and I think they would like to have us come and live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara, "and mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further.

But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them, and all the pretty, new furniture, Eastlake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hothouse plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the housekeeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel Mr. and Mrs. Walter May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There was no doubt about that. She had given "recher" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach, and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-besprinkled letter to her mother, who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year, and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding. And Clara, who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter, sadly. "And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.

"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "O, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said doggedly. "or else starve!"

So Mrs. May packed up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazelcove farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor, dear Walter." As for the farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with plows and pigs and barrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her tears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazelcove farm! Mr. Noah May's. Here's th' 'ouse, ma'am."

A long, gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms, and the scarlet autumn leaves running down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been all her preconceived ideas, when she found herself clasped in the arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said old Mrs. May, caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of pine logs, and tea was brought in, and the two old people cosseted and petted her as if she had been a 3-year-old just recovering from the measles.

There was not a word of reproach—not a questioning look, not a sidelong glance—all welcome and tenderness and loving commiseration. And when Clara went to sleep that night, with a wood fire glancing and glimmering softly over the crimson hangings of the "best chamber," she began to think that perhaps she had been mistaken in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confidential talk with her father-in-law, while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What is that, my dear?" said the old man.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—O, such a dreadful bill! I hadn't any idea it could possibly amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"O, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to bring the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"O," she cried, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother in law were such terrible personages! O, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May, smiling, "but you are wiser now and you will not be afraid of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse, dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that situations do not grow, like blackberries, on every bush; he had met more than one cruel rebuff, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover, he fully expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife, for he knew well Clara's inveterate prejudices in regard to country life.

But to his infinite amazement and relief Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you got a new situation?"

He shook his head sadly.

"I'm glad of it," said Clara brightly, "for we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says he is getting too old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am to keep house and take all the care of mamma's hands. And, O! it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So, if you're willing dear—"

"Willing!" cried old Walter May, ecstatically. "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I have always longed for. Good-by to city walls and hearts of stone; good-by to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections, "I was sure there would be a 'but.'"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations?"

Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," she said. "And, O, so much happier!"

So am I!" said Walter.—Amy Randolph.

A Strange Fish.

Africa still contains much that is unknown and mysterious, notwithstanding the many explorations and discoveries of recent years. In Lake Tanganyika, for instance, there lives a species of large fish which rushes at the paddles of passing boats, but of which no description has yet been published. For years travelers had heard about this fish from the natives, but Mr. J. Moore appears to have been the first European to have seen it. During his recent explorations of Tanganyika he saw the mysterious fish rushing at the paddles, but learned little more about it than the fact of its existence, although he caught enormous numbers of fish of various species, some weighing as much as sixty pounds.—Earth and Man

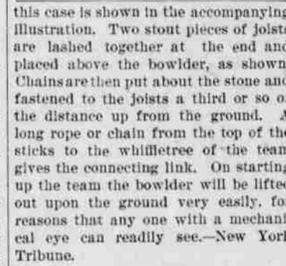


FARM AND GARDEN.

also at the ends until the bottom is of the desired width. On this build the rick as you would wheat or rye, only keep the center higher by letting the tops of the middle row of bundles lap a little. In feeding from such a rick take the fodder from the end, beginning at the top and going to the bottom. This will not expose the heart of the stack to the weather.

For Lifting Bowlders.

Getting out bowlders from hay and cultivated fields is a matter of no little labor, especially if the bowlder is deeply imbedded in the earth. A very large stone, even, can be handled readily when upon the surface, but much laborious digging is required if the bowlder is to be hauled out by "main strength" by a team. A simple act of engineering that will greatly help in



this case is shown in the accompanying illustration. Two stout pieces of joists are lashed together at the end and placed above the bowlder, as shown. Chains are then put about the stone and fastened to the joists a third or so of the distance up from the ground. A long rope or chain from the top of the sticks to the whiffletree of the team gives the connecting link. On starting up the team the bowlder will be lifted out upon the ground very easily, for reasons that any one with a mechanical eye can readily see.—New York Tribune.

Producing Beef.

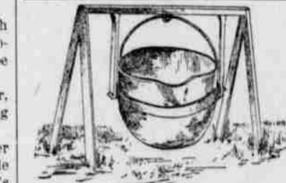
When farmers produce beef from beef breeds they save time and gain in the weight of their animals. If a steer can be produced in a year it becomes a rival of the hog and sheep in rapidity of growth. At the recent Chicago fat stock show the weight of the prize yearling was 1,000 pounds, and its net weight, dressed, was 743 pounds, or 68.16 per cent of dressed meat. The two-year-olds ranged from 1,312 pounds to 1,735 pounds alive, and dressed from 60 to 69 per cent. Such steers should pay well, and they bring better prices per pound than is usually obtained, but it is useless for farmers to attempt to attain such success unless they are willing to resort to the breeds that will accomplish the objects desired. Using any kind of steers for producing the choicest beef is but a loss of time and food.

If You Have Not Money Enough.

Build a fine, big red barn, if you have money enough, but if you have not go out in the woods, cut down some good, straight poles, set them in the ground, buy some rough boards and building paper and make a good, warm stable that will never freeze with the cows in it in the coldest weather. It does not make much difference what a stable is built of so it is warm, has plenty of sunlight and ventilation and is convenient to feed and arranged to keep the cows clean and healthy. Make the winter condition just as near like June as possible, and as to water have plenty of the pure, clean, warm article. You know milk is 87 per cent water and sometimes more. If the water gets cold, make it warm.

Kettle Crane with Dump.

This iron framework for suspending a kettle used for boiling food for hogs and other stock upon the farm is most convenient. The iron kettle rests in



IRON KETTLE CRANE.

an iron ring, which is pivoted to the side arms so that the kettle can be readily tipped and its contents poured out into pails. These arms could be omitted by bringing the end support nearer the kettle, and having the iron ring pivoted to a crosspiece secured to these ends. This would be a more stable arrangement but would not give so free a space for building the fire, although this would not cause material trouble. The principle involved will be found very convenient, however the ring, which may be made from an old wagon tire, is supported.—American Agriculturist.

Stacking Corn Fodder.

In some sections of the country corn fodder is tied in bundles and stacked like grain. The bundles are bound with straw bands in convenient size for handling. To begin the stack or rick, lay down three bundles side by side, then two on top of these and one on top of the two. Duplicate this pile until the rick is as long as desired. Now set bundles on each side of this foundation and

also at the ends until the bottom is of the desired width. On this build the rick as you would wheat or rye, only keep the center higher by letting the tops of the middle row of bundles lap a little. In feeding from such a rick take the fodder from the end, beginning at the top and going to the bottom. This will not expose the heart of the stack to the weather.

Cob Coal for Hogs.

One who raises from 100 to 150 pigs should aim to save at least 200 bushels of corn cobs for charcoal. Make a pit 4 1/2 to 5 feet deep, 12 to 18 inches in diameter at bottom, 4 1/2 to 5 feet at top. Have a sheet iron cover made large enough to cover the pit and project six inches over the edge. Start a fire in the bottom with shavings and add by degrees a bushel of cobs, and let them get well aglow. Then add three to four bushels more, and when well on fire add more, and so on, until the pit is rounding full. When all the cobs are well aglow, even blazing freely, cover the hole with sheet iron and seal the edges with earth air-tight and leave it until the next morning, when the charcoal can be taken out, and if the job is well done there will be from nine to twelve bushels.—Farm, Stock and Home.

Who's Grain for Fowls.

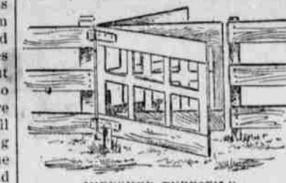
All kinds of poultry have very strong digestive organs, provided they have the gravel with which to fill the gizzards, and have enough exercise to keep in vigorous health. They are positively injured by having the bulk of their food ground, moistened or cooked so as to make its digestion easier. Young chicks are most apt to be injured in this way, the popular idea being that as they are very small their gizzards cannot digest hard substances. We always began feeding young chicks with cracked wheat, giving in addition some milk curd pressed hard, which is quite as difficult of digestion as the wheat. They will not eat much wheat at first, and it is best they should not. Little and often should be the rule with all young animals, chicks included.

Real Farm Profit.

The profit from a farm may be larger than supposed if the family is credited with all that is received. Profit is not altogether that which is sold from the farm, for the farm itself is to a certain extent a market for the products grown thereon. Every article consumed by the farmer is equivalent in value to the sum that would be received for it if sold, and a strict keeping of accounts, in which the farm is credited with everything taken therefrom, may show a fair profit. If a farmer supports his family, and also has something left, he is more fortunate than many.

An Improved Turnstile.

The ordinary turnstile that swings from the middle is an awkward affair at best, and is more or less unsightly. The cut shows an improvement. It has three "leaves" and is hinged to the side of the opening like a gate. One is not thus crowded, as in getting through the old style affair. Nor does it continual-



IMPROVED TURNSTILE.

ly sag, as does the one supported by a single center stake. For neatness of appearance the form shown in the cut exhibits its own superiority. Such gates are exceedingly convenient on the farm.—New England Farmer.

Killing Pork Early.

After severe cold weather begins, though the appetite of fattening hogs improves, they need so much of the carbon in their food to furnish heat that a much smaller part of it can go to make fat. There is very rarely any profit in keeping fattening hogs after the first of the New Year. During the holidays there is a glut of fresh meats in market, so that pork does not sell so well as it does either earlier or later. But it is often late in spring before pork makes much advance over what it was early. This advance the farmer can get just as well by putting his pork in the barrel instead of keeping it on the hoof, eating grain without enough gain in weight to pay for it.—American Cultivator.

Smoke.

French peasants often make a very smoky fire on the approach of a thunderstorm, believing that safety from lightning is thus secured. Smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away electricity slowly and safely. In 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 63 churches and 85 mills were struck, while of factory chimneys there were but 0.3.

Swine.

It is easy to "save at the spigot and waste at the bung" when keeping growing swine. There is most profit in keeping them growing steadily and fast. The sow with a long, deep, flat side makes the best brood sow. The closing-knit, plump, rounded sow rarely has large litters and she is as rarely a good mother.

Bee Buzzes.

Moth worms bother Italian bees very little. Spring dwindling is the result of bad wintering.

The Nourishment of the Bee.

The nourishment of the bee consists of honey and pollen. It is an advantage always to furnish a new swarm with a frame of young brood. Good chaff hives are quite a protection to early brood rearing if managed properly. Bees when building comb commence at the top and hang in heavy clusters to their combs.