FASHIONS

Poor Man Couldn't Rest.

She made up sofa pillows
Till they spread like gorgeous billows
O'er the couch that held the 'natomy of him
she loved the best.
She kept on adding pillows,
Funny patterns, pansy willows,
Pillows, pillows, pillows, pillows—till the
poor man couldn't rest!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RIOT IN RED FURBELOWS

Gorgeous Midsummer Girls Suggest by Their Brilliant Plumage Humming Birds.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 16.—The type of the seaside cottage has changed.

Instead of the gaudy awnings and brilliant, bizarre furnishings once thought desirable, the whole scheme of coloring is soft, restful and dark, relieving the eye after the glare of sea and sun and sands.

An effect of coolness and repose is the one thing now sought for.

Subdued tones indoors are the more necessary because in matters of dress, the midsummer riot of color is already under way. The annual blaze of red demands a background.

Furbelow-loving woman, unlike the gaudy lapwing and burnished dove, celebrated by the poet, does not take on her most varied crests and livellest trises until she feels the ripening influence of the sun. But when pale Spring, with her shadowy grays and watery greens has departed, and the crimson poppy and swamp lily and the black-eyed susan are up and doing then feminine nature yearns irresistibly toward color, and plenty of it.

Whene'er you take your horseless carriage drives abroad, to clubhouse verandas, casino piazzas, sea beaches and lawns, this fact is patent, and, strange to relate, the daring pellmell of rainbow tones, which a month ago would have made the eyes water, now seems the most natural and agreeable scheme of color harmonies possible.

Today the Summer girl wears red.

In the morning you will see her on tennis court or golf links, wreathing her waist with a broad scarlet sash or crowning her white pique frock with a scarf of black and crimson; or, for a round of village shopping, she will wear a striped red and white gingham, a hat wound with ripe meadow grasses, and, hoisted above all, a parasol of Venetian red cotton or one of white splashed with egg-shaped dashes of red.

Cherry Red Tulle.

In the evening she will turn herself out in a cheerful little costume of cherry-red tulle, with the all-important hors d'oeuvres of an evening toilet, such as hair ornaments, slippers, hose, etc., of the same shade.

A gown of red gauze falling on a petticoat of a similar color, with the dangerous tendency to florid emphasis relieved by a tambour pattern in black worked on red gauze, is the type of costume an ethereally blonde or richly brunette woman carries off to advantage.

"About — this—time—look—out—for—the—red—sun—bonnet" should be the warning displayed in the Old Farmers' Almanac. Everywhere you see it—on the beaches where walks the bathing girl, tied to the handle bars of bicycles, dangling from the pommels of saddles—wherever the Summer girl passes she trails gray scarfs and wraps and ribbons.

Perhaps it is at picnics and lawn parties that she is most brilliant and bewitching.

At an outdoor reception yesterday one could not help noting the hand-painted muslin frocks decked with huge Jack roses or gorgeous tulips, giving the costumes they adorned much the appearance of the Doily Varden gowns of years ago. The Louis Seize and Charlotte Corday hats worn with these coquettish dresses were picturesque enough to lend to the big garden the look of being peopled with humming birds.

An elaborate toilet worn by Mrs. George Gould was of pale pink crepe de chine, of that lovely soft, glossy quality that is so tempting and so quickly perishable. The trailing skirt was decked with roses of a brighter pink, which were in part painted on the frabric and in part composed of lace and artificial flower petals.

The bodice was flower trimmed also, the blending of lace and chiffon, embroidery finsel and paint being too intricate to admit description. The soft white chiffon vest was outlined with deep, rose-colored velvet of the hue of an enormous chiffon rosette that nestled under the chin.

Mrs. Gould wore a garden hat of yellow Tuscan straw, trimmed with roses. She carried a rose-toned chiffon parasol.

Dainty Costume.

A dainty costume worn by one of the Summer debutantes was of India muslin of that peculiar yellow that that comes with age—or dye.

Her sash, rosette and belt were of red Madagascar spider silk, almost as gauzy as the web itself. Her quaint fichu, of ruffled and embroidered mull, was trimmed with rows and rows of lace insertion with waved edges, and fluffy lace rosettes were tucked into it at irregular and provoking intervals.

Bodice and skirt were arranged in clustered tucks, with a bewildering interweaving of lace-trimmed ruffles and flounces at the bottom. The sleeves were a lattice work of lace insertion, and the parasol was a big, soft, white Summer cloud.

One of the loveliest dresses in evidence was made of a transparent lily white veiling. The graceful skirt was arranged in three deep flounces, each flounce side-plaited and edged with a narrow line of white silk embroidery.

A folded girdle fastened with costly buttons of odd design defined the waist, and above it fell a small plaited bolero, with silk embroidered revers. The quaint hat was wreathed with water lilies.

A pretty costume seen yesterday at the Casino was of a lovely tint of golden green gauze. It is difficult to describe exactly its effect, for, as a rule, the dresses that make the greatest impression at brilliant Summer functions make the least show on paper, their beauty and charm depending on subtleties not easily rendered.

This dress had a flowing, open overdress trimmed with flounces run with golden ribbon. The underdress was plain. The waist was wound with a wide golden-green velvet girdle. The bodice, which moulded the figure with a peculiar, airy grace, had simple lace ribbon trimmings.

Powder-Blue Muslin.

One of the most effective costumes that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is wearing is composed of powder-blue muslin sprinkled with white. The skirt, simply gathered at the waist, is encircled with rows of handsome lace insertion and with bands of the material set in a lattice effect over white guipure. These bands are stitched, of course, after the manner of all such bands, and they trim the skirt in graduated widths around the hem.

The broad corselet of powder-blue velvet opens over a lace vest, and an exquisite, drooping lace collarette is partly hidden by a long black velvet tie.

Another Casino costume is of rather bright primrose muslin, mounted upon silk of the same shade of yellow. The skirt is fitted tightly about the hips by means of little plaits, which extend much farther down the front than in the back, so that the flare of the lower part of the skirt is adjusted as if by a shaped tunic.

The skirt at the hem is trimmed with white embroidery mounted upon palest mauve muslin. The same decoration appears on the corsage, where it borders a yoke in tucked white muslin and lace insertion.

Just above the waist the slight fullness

Dress for a Summer reception.

of the corsage is confined by a series of tiny tucks corresponding to those on the hips. The sleeves have cuffs of the embroidery. The white hat is trimmed with white plumes. ELLEN OSBORN.

WEARING FALSE JEWELRY.

Done Nowadays by Some Fashionable Women Openly.

The Polish Princess who was supposed to have lost pearls valued at $50,000 in a London hotel and who later begged the police not to trouble themselves about the matter as the thieves had taken not her original gems, but reproductions of them, has been the subject of more ridicule than sympathy since her loss. She seems to have made the unpardonable mistake of allowing herself to be found out. Few persons believe the story that she always wore reproductions of her jewelry while traveling, rather than risk the loss of the real stones, and the opinion most frequently expressed condemns her for having called attention to the matter.

The wearing of false jewelry is one of the things that women now do without concealment, although the women of a former generation would have considered it beneath their dignity to wear a stone that was false. It might be that an amethyst or a garnet was the extent of a woman's jewelry 30 years ago, or she might have nothing more valuable than a hair pin. But she was very much better satisfied with such things than she would have been with a string of false pearls that came to her knees. The woman of today would rather have the false pearls, however, and the probabilities are that she would have very little objection to letting her friends know that she was not adorned with the genuine article.

Pearls in particular, says the New York Sun, are very becoming to certain women, in chains and necklaces they produce effects that are not to be got from any other kind of jewelry. It is not in the power of every woman who knows that her looks would be improved by a string of pearls to pay the prohibitive price asked for them. So with pearls began the wearing of false jewelry which years ago would have been thought inconceivably vulgar and in hopelessly bad taste.

It is not wholly economy that has made these false stones popular. Women who might own the genuine prefer to have the newest and most becoming settings. For less than the average jeweler would charge to reset stones, it is possible to buy the imitations which in many cases, notably pearls, are scarcely to be distinguished from the genuine. A new view of artificial jewelry is also characteristic of the women who wear it today. They do not as a rule intend that the jewels shall be mistaken for genuine stones. Often the jewels are worn by women who could not begin to afford to pay for such stones if genuine, and their intention is not to deceive their friends into believing that they have become possessed of anything so valuable.

The Princess in London was supposed to have remarkably valuable jewels, and for that reason her exposure had its comic side. If she had frankly admitted to her friends that the pearls were imitation, she might not have been laughed at. It is more the custom abroad than in this country for women to have valuable family jewels imitated, rather than run the risk of losing the originals. But even in Europe this is done only by persons with whom jewelry has a certain significance. Royalties, for instance, who wear jewels to call attention to their rank on certain occasions, may wear exact duplications in artificial stones of their real possessions. But imitation jewelry under other circumstances is likely to mean that the owner could not or did not care to pay for the genuine. And fashion does not nowadays look upon that state of affairs as in the least out of the way, unless there has been an unnecessary attempt to make them seem the real thing.

THE SUMMER TOILET.

Some Things That Every Vacation Girl Should Have.

There are some articles which are generally deemed necessary for the Summer girl to have on her toilet table, and there are many luxuries the use of which have long remained the cherished secrets of a few.

No toilet table is complete without borax; it softens the water and removes grease from the face without parching the skin as ammonia is apt to do. Be sure your cold cream is made from vegetable fat, and that you keep a sufficiently generous quantity on hand for its many different uses. A little cold cream rubbed on the skin and puffed over with rice powder will do much toward preventing sunburn.

The wise Summer girl will have a small bottle of fresh lemon juice put on her toilet table every morning. It will draw the inflammation from prickly heat, as well as subdue a too ruddy complexion. It will remove stains from the skin or nails, and if used daily with an orange stick will hinder any growth of the cuticle. Put in water it is splendid as a skin tonic, or taken internally, two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water every morning, will serve as a mild purgative.

The victim of sunburn should provide herself with lime water, which is effective to relieve her misery, especially when combined with linseed oil.

Bicarbonate of soda is very popular, and may be put to many uses. It is good for dyspepsia or indigestion when taken internally. Two teaspoonfuls in a quart of water makes an excellent lotion to bathe any skin eruption, particularly to soothe the itching which results from contact with poison ivy. This same lotion used as a rinsing water is splendid to make oily hair soft and fluffy.

The list of toilet articles is not complete without a phial of tincture of benzoin. It softens the water, adds brilliancy to the skin and imparts a subtle fragrance to the person of the bather.

Pennyroyal is highly recommended by experienced mosquito warriors who have defied their enemies for years to persons who dread mosquito persecution. Camphor also is effective in keeping away these tiny pests, as well as in soothing their bites. A place should be found on every toilet table for a piece of cocoa butter, as it is the best known skin food. All athletic girls must realize the value of witch hazel for the strains and bruises so frequent during Summer outings. Violet, lavender and almond toilet waters are very much used, but the old fashioned eau de cologne will always be popular. A tiny box of white vaseline, with which to coax the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows, should not be forgotten.

RIBBONS MUCH IN VOGUE.

Great Aid to Girls and Women of Moderate Income.

Ribbons are much in vogue this year, and there are 20 shades today to choose from where there was one shade 20 years ago. This inexpensive yet charming adornment is Dame Fashion's mercy to the woman of small income, at a period of elaborate and extravagant dressing.

The girl who is able to purchase the most expensive embroidered or hand-painted ribbons will look no fresher, no prettier than her poorer sister, whose artistically arranged bows cost but 25 cents a yard.

A new garment, even though humble, always appeals to us more than an old one. But new dresses are not always possible. A change in the color and arrangement of ribbons suggests a fresh costume, and pleases the eye and gratifies the pride. What pleases the eye rests the mind; what benefits the mind benefits the body, and so is conducive to health and happiness.

It is wiser, says the New York Herald, to have two or three simple dresses and a variety of pretty ribbons to choose from than to put their value in one frock, which must necessarily soon become tiresomely familiar as well as untidy.

Keep each shade of ribbon in one or two pieces. With a little practice a four-, five- or six-yard length of ribbon can be artistically arranged, without cutting and by using but two or three pins.

To handle ribbon is an art to master which requires patience and perseverance. Everybody can tie an ordinary bow. To make a four-loop bow do not tighten the knot, but take first one end and then the other and repass them through the knot from their respective sides. Then the knot can be tightened by pulling the original loops. Many loops of different sizes may be made in this way, always repassing an end through the knot from the side on which it is.

To make an elaborate bow, when you have only one end, is very confusing. Make a loop and hold it just where you desire the knot to be. The end passes around to form the other loop and knot, as usual. It will make it easier to remember that where your ribbon comes from forms the other end of your bow. Many loops are made by passing and repassing that solitary end through its knot, always being sure to enter the knot from the side on which it is. Tighten very carefully the two original loops, and your bow is complete.

MEN'S BELTS NARROWER.

An Article of Dress Responsible for Stomach Troubles.

"Men's belts and stomach complaints have duly arrived," remarked a physician, as he pointed to the window of a men's outfitting establishment the other day. "Men's belts have been getting narrower for several seasons. This year an inch is the proper width. Black and white leather has succeeded the two and two and a half inch canvas or tan leather bands.

"A buckle with a single prong has supplanted the two and three toothed affair. Plain patent leather is the favorite material, though a linked effect in dull black leather is growing in popularity. This belt is made up of a series of V-shaped pieces of stout leather, reinforced with a piece of leather on the back to better withstand the strain.

"As soon as it gets warm men are prone to discard suspenders and substitute belts. To hold their trousers up comfortably they pull in their belts, so that their waists are constricted to an unwonted degree. After luncheon or dinner the genus homo feels a pain in the region of the hypogastrium," continued the physician. "His stomach and abdominal muscles are protesting against their restraint, but Mr. Man just ponders over what he has eaten.

"'I don't think it was the cucumbers or the ice cream, though it may have been the lemonade, I had, doctor,' he moans.

"The fact is, it's the belt, not the edibles, that ails him. If he'd loosen his boa-constrictor contrivance after eating, he wouldn't suffer any more from his Summer diet than he does when he mixed mock turtle and mince pie with his midwinter insults to his stomach. And, of course, the narrower the belt, the worse the Summer complaint."

CANES FOR WOMEN.

Quite the Proper Thing for Modish Summer Girls.

"Are women to carry canes? That's the question, says the New York Journal, that the man who walked through the shopping district the other day, idly looking in the store windows, wants answered. He saw a window arrayed to tempt the Summer girl, and conspicuous among the novelties shown were canes. Were they purely ornamental, or were they made for the Summer girl to carry? That's what this mere man wants to know.

They were most remarkable canes from the masculine point of view. In fact, they were distinctly feminine canes. If such a thing can be imagined. That's why this particular man who saw them felt as though they must have been made solely for the Summer girl's use.

They were of wood, painted in delicate colors, and had most elaborate handles. One looked as if it might have been made of pink enamel, the paint had such a glossy finish. At the top it ended in a round ball, and over this and reaching a third of the way down the cane was a network of steel. Another cane, which was surely never designed for a man, was painted pale green, and at the top was a good-sized daisy, very natural-looking, indeed, with a topaz for its yellow center.

Now the shopkeeper is very glad to inform the man in question and any other passer-by that the canes were made for the Summer girl, that she buys them, and that many canes have been made to order to match special gowns.

DEMORALIZED BY A "PASS."

Economical Plans for Vacation Upset by a Free Ride.

"It would not have happened," declared the girl who was lamenting the wreck of her plans for an economical vacation, to a reporter of the New York Press, "if it had not been for the pass. I had everything calculated to a penny and a sufficiently generous allowance made for the accidental, when Uncle James turned up and offered me a pass, a thing I had always regarded as the half mark of enviable distinction. His influence or authority—or whatever was the source of his ability to get passes did not extend far enough to cover the whole of my itinerary. I had to travel two hours to meet it, and almost as far after it had terminated. It provided free passage, however, for at least two-thirds of my journey, and I was elated.

"There were special rates about that time to the city, which was my destination, which I would have regarded as a Godsend ordinarily, but which, in the pride of my possession of a pass, I dismissed from my notice.

"In view of the unexpected gift, I proceeded to add to the purchases wherewith I was fortifying myself for vacation days. Little luxuries that I had denied myself sternly seemed perfectly legitimate under changed conditions.

"Moreover, when I had started, I found myself committing unwonted extravagances such as taking a cab instead of the street cars to the station, letting a porter carry my bag and feeling him well. The stringency of my money affairs ordinarily has precluded my riding in a parlor car, but this time I decided to have that experience of superiority, on account of the saving I had made through my pass.

"A woman traveling in a parlor car could not eat a lunch from a box as a day coach passenger might, so I patronized the dining car and buffet to the further depletion of my purse.

"Before I arrived at my journey's end I felt apprehensive as to the success of my economical methods, and I finished my vacation in a much more democratic fashion than I had begun it. But, even so, I found that I had exceeded my vacation allowance by $10, every penny of which would have been saved had it not been for that demoralizing pass."

JAPANESE WEDDING STAMPS.

Curious Marriage Customs in the Mikado's Empire.

Japan has recently issued a new series of postage stamps that will be of great interest to philatelists. They commemorate the recent marriage of the Prince Imperial.

In the oval frame is pictured a low table, spread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solemnized. The table is decorated with bamboo stalks and plum twigs and blossoms, and at each corner rises a spray of pines. The pine and the bamboo, being evergreens, represent that in which there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning; the plum, on the other hand, stands for that which buds, blossoms and fruits for the good of man.

The decorations of the paper table cover are the crane and the tortoise; of these the bird is symbolic of 1000 years and the turtle of 10,000 years. Here sit the bride and bridegroom and pass each other cups of saki to the number of nine, and so they are married, for the nine drinks together symbolize the perfect Japanese marriage.

This in Japan is the emblem of wedlock, and for that reason it has been reproduced in the commemorative stamp issue on the wedding of the Crown Prince. At just such a table, says the Chicago Chronicle, sat he and his bride, and the stalks of bamboo and sprays of pine and the blooms of the plum all joined in wishing them both all health, wealth and happiness without changing, and the crane and the turtle fixed a sort of generous time limit to all the good wishes by suggesting that it might possibly come to an end 5000 or 10,000 years hence.

That is the way the Japanese set forth the meaning of the picture on the new stamp, and for confirmation they point to the legend, which they stoutly aver is a statement of the name of the Prince and the Princess and the date when they sipped the nine cups of saki.

To Restore Faded Silks.

Faded silks can be restored by being sponged with weak ammonia water and afterwards rubbed with a soft cloth. Old black silks are improved by a sponge bath of spirit and water, and cloth dresses by being brushed with blue water. After the gown has been beaten and dusted thoroughly, dip the bristles of a clothesbrush into blue water and brush the dress quickly. To remove grease spots from a skirt of woolen or other material use benzine. Unpick the hem or band of the skirt and lay a piece of flannel or blotting paper beneath the soil; above it put a second piece of blotting paper, and on this rest a hot iron until the stain is removed

TWO PRETTY CONCEITS

Quaint costume of muslin. **Afternoon dress of painted muslin.**

FASHIONS IN PIPES.

VARIOUS NOVEL DESIGNS FOR USERS OF THE WEED.

The clay dudeen, smoked by the ordinary unskilled Irish laborer, is not particularly inspiring in an art sense. There are many other forms assumed by the common clay pipe, of which this is equally true. Some of these common and for the most part generally unconsidered trifles, however, have a story to tell us that is well worth heeding. They have in the past reflected the spirit of the times, and not all clay pipes are lacking in art value.

In the group of pipes here shown, the two portrait pipes in what would be on a map the southwestern corner are of Brooklyn, N. Y., manufacture. The light one represents P. T. Barnum and the dark-colored one Grover Cleveland. The twisted pipe comes from Holland, and shows Mercury, with extended caduseins as a side bowl decoration. Neptune holding trident appears upon the reverse side. All the other pipes are French clays. The one in the upper left-hand corner shows a French cap as a decoration, glazed or enameled in white, black and yellow. The pipe just below is the Shah of Persia, decorated in blue, green, saffron, black and cerise. The English pug dog is in national tints. The extended female figure rests upon a blanket in white enamel. The parrot has white plumage, with black eyes, beak and claws. Immediately below the parrot pipe is Le Diable pipe, in flesh tints, pink eyes, black hair and horns. Next to it is Victor Hugo in black and white.

On the pipe in the lower right-hand corner appears as decorations Les Trois Maudits, which are portraits of Bismarck, Louis Napoleon and Emperor William of Germany. The French goddess in Phrygian cap and flowing hair is on the same pipe just below. Just above is a green lizard, whose tail entwines the pipestem and the body is in the act of climbing the bowl. The top of the acorn pipe can be unscrewed, the tobacco put in and the top replaced. A hole at the apex provides draft. Neptune in green and white glaze and modeled in high relief rests among lily pods and leaves and cat tails. The stem of the pipe above it is the Eiffel tower in pink and blue. A bird's claw grasps the bowl of the pipe left of it. Below is a blue turbaned Turk and a dog daintily sculptured.

WOMAN

Made Him a Shirt.

More years ago than I shall name
I sought to win a good wife's fame,
I knew not how—but all the same
I made a shirt.

I cut, I stitched with many a tear;
Hollowed it out, both front and rear,
I carved the armholes wide, for fear
They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true.
The band must fit—that much I knew
I'd heard so oft. All else I drew
And puckered in.

At last 'twas done. A work of art,
Complete, I hoped, in every part.
"Come, John," I called with quaking heart,
"Try on your shirt."

I must confess it bulged somewhat
In places where I thought should not,
But John, the brute, yelled out, "Great Scott!
Is this a tent?"

And such behavior—language, well!
He uttered things I'll never tell—
I may forget them when I dwell
In higher spheres.

O woman of the present day,
To you's inscribed this tiny lay,
You little know the man you pay
Your homage to.

If his "true inwardness" you'd know,
Have him your idols overthrow,
And sentiment to four winds blow,
Make him a shirt.

—From the Literanian.

WHINING AS A FINE ART

Fretful, Complaining Tactics of a Feminine Nuisance, Whose Sole Thought Is of Herself.

The complaining woman was as bright and cherry a girl as one would choose to meet on a May morning. But when she entered the state of wifehood and motherhood, then did her troubles, and those of all about her begin. She is now an habitual invalid; every little ailment is dwelt upon with a tiresomeness long-drawn-out. One cannot utter the greeting, "How do you do, Mrs. Painful?" with precipitating a landslide of tedious details, as to the "cricks" in the back, which prevent her from rising up when she is sitting down, or from sitting down when she is standing up. Or it may be a realistic description of how she suffers with sciatica in the foot, supplemented by: "And the doctor says it is liable to settle around my heart, and that I must avoid all excitement; everybody around me has to be so careful. But, of course, the baby had to fall out of bed this morning, and I almost fainted, and if Fred hadn't found the camphor right on the mantel-shelf, there's no telling what would have happened."

"The baby, oh, he wasn't very badly hurt—just a big bump on his head, and a bad 'nose-bleed.' I was so ill from the fright as to be useless, and poor Fred had his hands full for a while, I can tell you."

Poor Fred, indeed! The complaining woman's ailment is a mysterious one, as a rule baffling all the doctors and the wise old women. This, of course, marks the invalid, as one set apart for special interest. The pleasure of describing her recent symptoms to an attentive listener is her height of enjoyment.

A Stock Phrase.

"I never was so sick in my life," is a stock phrase of hers; and all the while she has such an appetite! She devours so heartily the delicacies sent in to her by sympathizers that you venture to suggest that her obscure malady is a "tapeworm." So far from feeling the irony of that remark, she finds food in it for her morbid fancy to feed upon. She regards the idea with high favor, and has something sensational wherewith to startle all inquirers, until some one suggests "cancer," or "recurrent appendicitis." Then it is all off with the tapeworm. She reads up on those maladies, and finds to her pleasurable horror that she has their every symptom, just as set down in the "Family Physician." She can't locate the cancer, but it is somewhere in her "system," and will doubtless "break out" soon.

Accordingly, every pimple is regarded with minute attention. That wart on her left shoulder-blade is getting troublesome. It is in a position where it is almost impossible for her to get a close look at it, but Fred must needs turn an eagle eye upon it, at frequent intervals, and report progress. As time rolls on and the wart remains a wart, and nothing more, she is as much disappointed as relieved.

The complaining woman's husband is never safe for a moment. In the still watches of the night, or in the midst of a meal, he is more than apt to be called upon, plaintively, to hurry up with a mustard draught, or a hot infusion of herb tea, or any old thing that requires

Harmony in blue and tan.

trouble. And the queer part of it all is that, nine cases out of ten, the "Fred" never grows weary or impatient, as the years go by.

When, as a kindred theme, you introduce your neuralgia to the complaining woman, you find in her but an abstracted listener. In fact, she is so anxious to inform you of her recent attack of bilious headache that she can hardly wait for you to give her an opening. When the time does come, she rushes in at the breach, with:

Dreadful State.

"My goodness! I thought my head would split last night. I was never so sick in my life. Fred had to change the cold bandages on my temples every five minutes, for three solid hours. My temperature ran up to 105, so you may know by that what a state I was in. And all that time, the baby fairly yelled—just to torture me, I do believe. I suppose he was neglected, but what could we do? Fred couldn't leave me long enough to run over for Mrs. Goodwill, who is my main reliance when I am sick."

If you find the complaining woman looking well, and say so, you do her no favor; like Dickens' "butler," "she is hinjured in 'er most tenderest feelin's." It is no compliment to tell her she is the picture of health; she aspires to look the confirmed invalid.

To find herself surrounded, in the unhallowed hours of the night, by ministering neighbors who apply hot-water bags and drench her with stimulants, is to her the acme of bliss. She is then so cherished, so interesting!

So she fares along her self-complacent way, posing and lamenting, and overdrawing her sympathy account, until she becomes a by-word and a scorn for those who read her shallow pretenses, and a burden to her husband. And, in the end, she outlives him and half the robust people she knows, for has she not had the very best of care all the days of her selfish, useless life?

Her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Goodwill, poor soul! contracted a cold from arising hurriedly on a bitter Winter's night, and rushing over to Mrs. Painful's insufficiently clothed, and there to minister to her for hours. Mrs. Goodwill's pneumonia fortunately carired her off very quickly, and she was unconscious of her suffering for the most part. Mrs. Painful was grieved beyond anything. There was positively no one else who could arrange her pillows at just the right inclination, "and as for hop poultices, I don't know what I am to do! Poor Fred is well meaning, but so clumsy."

Hears the Truth, for Once.

Mr. Goodwill came over one fine day to say a few words to Mrs. Painful, who was never quite so surprised in her life.

"The idea! Who ever heard of such impudence? I'm sure I am not to blame if Mrs. Goodwill was so careless as to come tearing over here half dressed. I suppose Fred made me out worse than I really was, if that were possible, for I never was so sick in my life."

Mrs. Painful never speaks to Mr. Goodwill now; nor did Fred, who considered his course unjustifiable, until he went also on his way.

And thus, coddled by some and censured by others, the complaining woman continues to interest all, but chiefly herself. And when her Fred, overtasked by day to obtain means for the living and the doctor bills, and by night attending to her wants, suddenly collapsed in the prime of his years, she is ready to call all the gods to witness that never was there such an abused woman as she.

She must now sit up with herself and watch the clock for pill and powder time and apply her own hot fomentations. The consequence is that, thenceforward, she sleeps soundly, like other people, and never ceases to wonder that she can do so. But the baby is growing up, and will, no doubt, in due season, have his tender sympathies strained to the utmost by his poor invalid mother, whiust he bestirs himself in her service.

MARY C. BELL.

CHILDREN AT THE SEASHORE.

Sea Air and Bathing Good for Them, With Proper Care.

The Summer exodus of mother and child has already begun. Some are seeking health and strength in the heart of the mountains; others in quaint, vine-clad farmhouses in the country, where the children can wear old clothes, climb, ride on hay wagons, fight hornets' nests and eat green apples unmolested; and other happy bands, armed with their little spades and shovels, are on the way to breathe the ozone from the sea. To the mothers of those seaward-bound, a few suggestions, taken from a writer in the New York Herald, are offered.

Too often little ones are brought home ill in a few weeks, mothers declaring it was the food, or "the malaria from a pond back of the hotel," or "the bad drinking-water." More often it is because the mothers have allowed their children most injudicious liberty. Sea air, with all its tonic effects and ozone, cannot digest crab salad in the stomach of a 5-year-old child. The diet must be watched. The sea bath should never be taken immediately after eating, nor should children be allowed to stay in the sun immediately after a meal or a sea bath.

The clothing of the child at the seashore should be warmer than that worn in country or city, for damp, foggy mornings come, and piercing winds. Then long stockings should be put on; for, in spite of all the views on hardening children, this custom of exposing the tender flesh of babies to the cold is all wrong. Flannel sacques, shawls and probably woolen shirts for a few days must protect the little bodies.

Children should be kept in the air as much as possible. Babies are better in carriages, but the walk in the nurse's arms is very good, too. One of the best exercises in the world for both healthy and sick children is playing in the warm, dry sand in a shaded place. The sun at the seashore is very strong and glaring, and the eyes should be rested.

How happy the children are in a sand heap! Their little muscles are expanded and strengthened as they work over their mud pies and forts and castles. The child who has been denied the joy of making mud pies and serving them to loving fathers and mothers has missed much that is happy in childhood.

The hour for the bath is the event of the day. Children who are timid should never be forced into the water. They should be dressed in a bathing suit and allowed to paddle. Gradually, as they see other children venturing in, they will lose their fear and the bath will become a delight. A child should never bathe long, as the exhaustion following is intense. Foolish fathers often carry shrieking babies into the surf. Of course, the little ones are afraid! The nervousness coming from the fright undoes any good the salt bath may do.

With many children warm water should be used, as some little bodies cannot stand the cold water shock. This is an age of fads and faddists, and one of the most hurtful fads is the idea that the cold plunge is good.

The seashore is recommended by some of the great specialists on children's diseases. Dr. Holt, of New York, writes that convalescents from scarlatina, measles and eruptive fevers generally do well by the sea. A French doctor reports the cure of a case of scrofula of 10 years' standing. The child came to the sea weak, almost denuded of flesh, with no appetite, and insomnia. Constant sea bathing, good diet and sea air cured him after a year, for the Winters by the sea are quite as much to be recommended to the sick as the Summers.

Children suffering from Potts' disease, hip-joint disease and anthritis of the knee all do well, gaining in flesh and improving in appetite without medical treatment. Rheumatic cases, especially when chronic, do well by the seacoast. The best results will be obtained from baths given on alternate days, followed by thorough friction of the body by a masseur or an intelligent nurse. Warm salt water is advisable in rheumatic cases. Children convalescing from St. Vitus' dance are much helped at the seaside.

Hard Luck.

The maiden strolled along the beach,
With sobs her frame was lurchin';
She cried, "There's not a man in reach,
Not even a sea-urchin!"

—New York World.