

WOMAN'S WORLD

THE SUMMER PESTS OF THE HOUSE AND HOW TO FIGHT THEM.

An Autograph Skirt—The Queen's Three Daughters—Carmen Sylva's Health—A Woman Doctor of Philosophy—An Exasperating Creature.

There is scarcely any household ailment that brings with it more annoyance than the insect trifle; the very fact that the troublesome agents are in many cases minute seems to invest them with a greater power of trying the patience of the most long suffering housewife.

The appalling regularity, too, with which the enemy invades our dwellings is to say the least of it, extremely perplexing what with the black beetle whose "season" has no limits, the faithful fly, the annual moth, to say nothing of red ants, mice and homely fleas, our life is not "a happy one."

Methods manifold of ridding ourselves of these have been set before us, but still they furnish undisturbed the question to be solved is not that of extermination alone, but the most effective way of keeping them away.

First of all, it is important that all window-sill window ledges and other parts of the room where cracks may prevail should be thoroughly overhauled and closed with putty, well pressed in and slightly oiled with kerosene.

That sounds a commonplace remedy, and yet it is an infallible one, greatly lessening the invasion of the intruders. Insects of all kinds, and most of the small winged tribe, can effectively be kept off by rubbing all the wood-work of the rooms, bedsteads, etc., with a solution of kerosene, the strength of which can be increased in obstinate cases by adding to it an infusion of cayenne or bitter apple. It leaves no mark on the woodwork, and can easily be done with a flat white-washing brush.

Worms in wood, red ants, etc., will infallibly be destroyed if this is done. The great objection to the commonly known insecticides is their general offensiveness, papers in place, and far from ornamental, while the turpentine lotions, with openings underneath, through which the pest things crawl to their water hole, are positively objectionable.

Another remedy could be kept in one or two of the ornamental cups or bowls which are found in almost every apartment, whether it be study, reception room or bedroom, and is prepared as follows: Grind two ounces of pepper freshly for the purpose, mix it well with four ounces of brown sugar and stir it all into one pint of infusion of quassa.

Keep it well corked in a bottle, store it in a cool place and pour a small quantity only when wanted into some small receptacle. Some folks hold that flies will never congregate in a room containing castor oil plant. That may be, but on the other hand it attracts the green fly in a most marked manner, so that this remedy would not be without a drawback.

The encyclus plant certainly is a good preventive and, unless the leaves be deliberately squeezed, emits no objectionable odor. Suckets of the same are very strongly recommended, but presumably those who tried that particular remedy for disinfecting purposes during the influenza plague will remember that the all pervading powers of that particular oil. Of course one great thing is to keep the blinds down while the sun is full on a room.—London Queen.

Mrs. Taylor's Autograph Skirt. Mrs. Albert Taylor, the wife of the millionaire Chicago congressman, has initiated a startling unique fad, perhaps the most unique ever inaugurated by a Washington society lady.

It has been customary for a long time here in Washington for ladies to secure the autographs of senators, representatives and high public dignitaries in albums. Mrs. Taylor's ambition has outgrown the album stage. There is now passing through the house of representatives one of Mrs. Taylor's undergarments, which is known to the female sex as a skirt. A neat little note, addressed to the representative of the people in general, requesting each one of them to write his autograph upon the garment. She explains in the note that it is her purpose to embroider the names in silk, with a view to possessing when the ornament is completed an autograph skirt of the present congress.

The passage of this linen affair from desk to desk through the house has created no end of amusement among the congressmen, and many of the more modest of the people's representatives are anxiously inquiring where this autograph of the ladies is going to stop. When the garment reaches the senate that august body will probably experience a shock from which it will take some time for it to recover.—(Ct. Philadelphia Times.

Queen Louise's Three Daughters. By the way, some of these papers went a few steps too far with their admiration of the almost miraculously beautiful of Queen Louise of Denmark's three daughters. "Loveliest of the lovely," to begin with. "Time has receded from touching them with his marring fingers," and so on, with plenty more of the same sort. Well, flattery of this strength is a far remove from an honest compliment, and even the touched-up photographic portraits of the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland will scarcely support that theory of miraculous loveliness. Our own Alexandra, as all the world knows, is a beautiful face, which owes its chief charm to a sweet expression; the czarina's large, lustrous eyes constitute her one perfection, and both these illustrious sisters find the rest of their wondrous youth and attractiveness in the mighty art of dress. In the pursuit of which they must spend any amount of time and attention. It is their get up which is so marvelous, and in their elevated position it naturally draws world wide attention. As for the Duchess of Cumberland, all the least pretty of the three, illness and unappreciation have changed her into a very plain woman with an almost unbearable expression, differing greatly from the bright look she wore as a girl.—London Society.

Letter from Carmen Sylva.

An interesting letter from Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, has been received by a personal friend of the queen at Munich. It is dated from Mon Repos, the home of Carmen Sylva's childhood. "My health," she writes, "is improving day by day. This miracle is no doubt due to the shady walks in the palace garden of Mon Repos, the pure air I breathe in this place and to the delightful promenades through the green lanes of Wiesl. During my walks I often think of how your mother and I used to walk together in years gone by, dreaming fair dreams of the future and talking about the beautiful, romantic Germany of former times, so different from the Germany of today.

"Alas! your mother is dead. I am still here, ill and bereft of all illusions, although the doctors seem very hopeful about me. Life is indeed very short, and the apostle's words, 'Here we have no abiding city,' are very true."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Woman Doctor of Philosophy. Among the women who have received deserved honors during the present season is Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, of Muskego, I. T. The University of Wooster conferred upon her the degree of doctor of philosophy. This title was granted in recognition of high scholarly attainments and literary productions. Mrs. Robertson has recently completed the translation of the New Testament from the original Greek into the Muskego or Creek language.

Some of the books of the New Testament had been previously translated by others, but she revised and retranslated all, and the complete volume has been published by the American Bible Society, New York. She has likewise translated some of the historical books of the Old Testament from the original, and has compiled a Muskego glossary, a vocabulary of the Chickasaw and an English and Creek vocabulary.—Christian at Work.

An Exasperating Creature. She is usually pretty and attractive to the men, which accounts in part for her demeanor to the other girls less fortunate than herself. She is seldom over twenty-one or twenty-two, or she would be likely to have more sense, and she is very numerous, which goes to prove that there are hosts of pretty young women to be found almost anywhere in America, but especially do they thrive at fashionable summer resorts.

Her tactics are to be most affectionate. Terms of endearment trip glibly from the tongue, though they are used, as a rule, only to show her own importance and to preface some condescending remark that makes one want to tear her eyes out, yet cannot resent it owing to the very sweet manner in which it is said.—Philadelphia Times.

A Cold Kiss. Doctors say that kissing is unhealthy, but if it were possible to kiss to death we'd all make our immediate start on a blissful journey to "that bourne from which no traveler returns." The stage kiss is one to be studied. It is artistically done. Some of the old timers have a sort of careless, indifferent way of doing it. No amount of study will enable them to do it successfully; it is nature, not education, that makes an actress an experienced kisser. It is pretty hard to say who is the most artistic kisser of all the pretty women on the stage whose lines make them indulge in osculation. Mary Anderson, now Mrs. Navarro, was paragon of the cold.—New York Journal.

Women Active in Politics. Among the most prominent women in the political party which has grown out of the Farmers' Alliance are Miss Mary E. Lease, of Wichita, Kan., a platform orator of much eloquence and power, who will be constantly engaged in speaking for the People's party through the campaign; Sarah Emery, one of the editors of The New Forum, a party paper just started in St. Louis; Fanny Randolph Vick and Mrs. Gay, of Texas; and Eva McDonald-Valis, whose two years' career on the platform has been one of great credit to herself and of brilliant and efficient help to her party. She has been a self supporting newspaper writer for several years.

An Indian Belle. Tuesday the Indian woman Nellie left for Pendleton. She was richly, not to say grandly, dressed in a "toot assemble" adorned with an Easter bonnet that looked like a section of the morning glories of spring. Her red blanket, neatly rolled and fastened with a shawl strap, gave her a distinctive appearance, and the turquoise of her bearing was only equalled by the sang froid with which she grasped the car rail and swung herself aboard as the train pulled out, with the easy grace of a Pullman porter and the flushing diffidence and careless indifference peculiar to the saddle colored colored maiden of the Oregon woods.—Hood River (Or.) Glacier.

Preserving with Saccharin. It now appears that preserves and sweet for gentry people are being done up in saccharin instead of sugar. It is said that fruits preserve their figures, and around color better in saccharin than in sugar, which will be a temptation to housewives who take pride in the fine appearance of their preserves. Saccharin is understood, is a preparation of coaltar. It is expensive, but inasmuch as it is 200 times sweeter than sugar little saccharin will go a great way. The idea of preserving fruit in coal tar is enough to make our great grandfathers get up and come forth.—New York Evening Sun.

Her Father's Business. Why don't girls who spend their time sight-seeing in a career learn their father's business? A man died in this city a few years ago leaving a manufacturing business that had netted \$5,000 a year, but not one of his large family of daughters was able to conduct it, and therefore it passed to strangers, while the family went into comparative poverty. When a real estate man died in Jersey City a long ago his daughter announced her intention of carrying on the business. She had assisted her invalid father in his office and so become so familiar with the business that she is now conducting it successfully.—Newark Advertiser.

The President's Niece. Of all the people at the White House at the nomination ceremony probably none so thoroughly appreciated what it really meant to the president as Mrs.

Stomach Washing.

A SIMPLE LITTLE INVENTION VERY POPULAR WITH DOCTORS.

What a Prominent Official of New York's Health Department Thinks of "Laudering the Stomach"—A Rubber Tube and Warm Water Any One May Get.

"Laudering the stomach" is one of the newest things in medical practice. Of the wisecracks are to be believed, it means a revolution in the treatment of dyspepsia. Dr. Cyrus Edson, Dr. DeLafayette and a few other well known doctors have tried it with such undeniably successful results to convince them that at last a remedy has been discovered for this most exasperating affection. The good nature of mankind will be correspondingly improved in consequence.

"Laudering the stomach" is a medical slang phrase not to be too literally taken by dyspepsia. It does not involve the washing or ironing of the organs of digestion in the sense that the terms are used in most households on Monday.

The idea of washing the stomach, or to be more exact, the idea of rinsing it out with warm water, originated in Paris, like many other of the good things in life. In Paris it was used with most gratifying results in the treatment of celebrities who were chronic sufferers from dyspepsia. The newly Dr. Edson and other New York practitioners got hold of it, and after 10 weeks' experimentation they declare without hesitation that within a year's time the physician who does not take to laundry work will be far behind the times.

The operation consists of nothing more or less than thrusting a small rubber tube down one's esophagus into the stomach and pouring in through the tube a quart of warm water, which is afterward siphoned out in much the same way as the farmer empties the contents of one cider barrel into another.

The average human stomach holds a quart of food, and the stomach often does not recognize this limit. Therefore a quart of warm water constitutes a "dose," and four doses are given to the patient at each treatment. The water is allowed to remain in the stomach for a brief space, during which a gentle rising movement goes on, making the doctor a helpful hand, as she invariably does when she agrees with him.

The apparatus required for the treatment consists of a soft rubber tube six feet in length, a rubber funnel, a receiving basin, a pitcher, a siphon, water and a sensible doctor. It is no small trick to put a rubber tube down a human esophagus, nor, for that matter, is it a trick to be attempted by a novice who, in all likelihood, would get the tube into the windpipe instead of the esophagus. The patient is seated in a chair, and the doctor, in a suitably upright line as possible, the doctor thrusts the tube in slowly, and it slides down the mucus lined canal as easily as if it were a spoonful of Christmas pudding and the subject a 5-year-old boy.

The patient experiences a feeling of fullness, which is the first indication of the fact that his stomach contains a quart of filtered Croton. When the water has been pumped out, he is hungry. After the treatment is finished he is a trifle weak, and in the words of one who has tried it, "Your stomach is the way your foot does when it is asleep."

Dr. Edson, who has had his own stomach washed out several times, admits that the idea is rather uncanny at first thought, but consider, he argues, how much more sensible it is as a means of purging and cleansing the stomach than the use of vile medicines. He has one patient of whom he is proud. She is the pioneer among the subjects of the new treatment. When she began to use she was run down, which means that her stomach was in a bad way, and could not do more than to pay proper attention to his health. Particles of food which do not digest remain in his stomach. They become putrefied and have an ill effect upon the blood, tissue and flesh. The firebox is out of order, the flues are stopped up, and the hearth that families reverence. "Doctor, I'm all run down." Now, what doctors are going to do in the future is to clean out the firebox so that nature will have a clear path to go on with her functions.

"If we had known this in time, Mr. Brown would be here today," said Dr. Edson. "Here we were puzzling our brains over medicines when lying almost at our feet, as it were, was the simplest of remedies, and the only remedy which would have cured him. There are many other prominent men, now dead, who might still be living had they had the opportunity of having their stomachs washed."

It is not intended that you should only have your stomach washed when you have dyspepsia as well as cure it. If we are to believe the doctors, one should have his stomach washed every two months or so, just as he has a dentist attend to his teeth at intervals to remove the tartar and to see if there are any new cavities.

It won't be long before a man meeting a friend on the street will hear him say: "Is a hungry, cold man I feel all out of stomach, and I'm going to have my stomach laundried."—New York World.

An English Decision. An English court has decided that a cook, male or female, is not bound to give an employer notice before leaving, but on the other hand the employer is required to notify the cook before terminating her. The reason given is that if the cook was forced to remain against her will she might resort to violence against the members of the family, or, in case of a club, on her employer's patrons.—New York Times.

An Hourglass in the Coffin. It was an ancient practice to put an hourglass into the coffin, where burial as an emblem of the sand of life being run out. Some antiquarians are of opinion that little hourglasses were anciently given at funerals, like rosaries, and by the friends of the deceased either put into the coffin or thrown into the grave.

WHAT THEY ALL SAID.

Some Brilliant Utterances That Were Heard at a Reception.

"Oh, so glad you could come, my dear!" "Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world! I always have such lovely times at your receptions."

"Oh, do, do, do, here's Miss de Chatter." "How do you do, Miss de Chatter?" "Oh, so glad to see you."

"The rest of the conversation is wholly fragmentary. It came in bits and disconnected sentences to the ears of the writer out of the necessary 'gobble gobble' consequent upon such profitable and pleasurable affairs."

"Now, Mr. de Gussaway, you really are too kind and flattering, but—" "The same dress and the same bonnet she's had on every time I've seen her at a reception this winter."

"I don't know who she is. I wonder—" "Ha, ha, ha! You are so very, very funny. If you don't—" "They say she's awfully rich and—" "For heaven's sake look at that woman, with a face like a lobster, in a lavender bonnet!"

"Oh! Enough to set one's teeth on edge. Only delicate!" "Beg pardon!" "Aw, certainly, certainly!" "Thanks."

"The tall blond gentleman?" "Yes." "I think his name is Smythe. I'll ask for—" "I'm tired and bored to death." "This is my third one today."

"I've averaged four a week this blessed winter." "Some of them are awfully tiresome, and—" "You really suppose those diamonds are genuine?" "I doubt it, for I've heard—oh, I'm so glad to see you! Just come!"

"Just this minute. Awful rabble here." "Indeed! Why will a hostess ask 300 persons to come at one time to a house that cannot be held to more than 150?"

"That was awfully clever, awfully clever." "Ha, ha, ha!" "You say privately that her husband doesn't intend coming home again at all, and that—" "Oh, that slender woman in the tailor made gown? Her name's Wardress. She has an invalid husband at home, and I think she'd better be there with him, for—"

"The last time I was in Paris we spent four charming weeks in Yarrup—beautiful, beautiful Paris—and—" "They say they're engaged, but her father always will disinherit her if she marries him, and she—" "Oh, must you go?" "Yes, indeed."

"Oh, so sorry!" "Had a lovely time." "So glad. You'll come again?" "Yes, indeed."

"Goodby." "Goodby, dear. Remember me to your mamma." "Goodby, dear."—Detroit Free Press.

Unappropriated Syllables. In the early days of the gold excitement in California a young German from Michigan departed for California, and after prospecting for awhile settled there. His name was John G. Almondinger, and wishing to Americanize himself as much as possible he applied to the legislature of California and had his name changed to John G. Almond.

A few days later a man named John Smith applied to the same legislature, and after reciting a long catalogue of the ills to which he was subject, owing to his unfortunately common name, he said in conclusion: "And whereas I have noticed that you have curtailed the name of J. G. Almondinger to J. G. Almond and have not disposed of the 'inger,' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that the same may be added to my name."

The result of this appeal is not stated.—Youth's Companion.

Classical and Appropriate. Mrs. Treason—I'm going to put "Welcome to the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest" over the door of our new house. I wish you would suggest a good inscription for the great fireplace. Mrs. Westery—How would "Is it hot enough for you?" do?—Puck.

Shoemaker—Well, don't any of those shoes suit you, miss? Miss Flipperty—Oh, yes, indeed, but you have such a delightful way of lacing them up! I thought I would try on several pairs more.—Harvard Lampoon.

Joy. Mr. Spooner (tipping ring on her finger)—Does it please you? Miss Dash—Yes, indeed. I'm never so happy as when I have a new engagement ring.—Tit-Bits.

A Formal Call In Africa. "Here, boy, just take my card in to the ladies"—Life.

Perplexed. ARABELLA HOLLIFRIZZER. "I cannot understand at all. The way mamma goes on. When I climb trees or chase the dogs and have the greatest fun, she'll sternly say, 'Now, Arabella, don't you know a great big girl like you should not act like a boy?'" "But when I want some jewelry—A bracelet or some pretty rings—Granny may be nothing but a hat. With flowers and bows and things, or sometimes just because I want my hair to curl." "She'll say: 'That is not nice for such a little girl.'"—Clara J. Denton to Puck.

FRAUDS DETECTED.

Schemes for Swindling Insurance Companies.

Submitting to Physical Injuries for the Purpose of Collecting on Accident Policies—Losing a Hand a Common Trick—The Loss of a Wooden Leg.

The popularity of accident insurance companies has increased to such an extent that the opportunity for swindling and presenting fraudulent claims. To simulate death in order to obtain payment under a policy of life insurance requires much more scheming and also the cooperation of more than one confederate, but a man who repairs money as of greater worth than a limb, an accident insurance policy offers golden opportunities for fraud. Perhaps the most astounding instance of nerve on the part of a would-be insurance defrauder was shown by the man who crawled under a railroad station platform and hid himself under the wheels of a passing train. He had only to put his hand on the rail while the train was in motion, and the wheels naturally did the rest.

The crippled individual was congratulated by his confederates on his narrow escape from a terrible death, and his explanation that he had stumbled and fallen had under the train was not questioned. But before the company paid the claim it was necessary to have an explanation as to why it was anyone had seen the man stumble and fall, and a detective was sent to look into the circumstances. The detective hunted up a number of bystanders, and finding that none of them could throw any light on the subject, he next inquired into the man's character. The answers he received confirmed his suspicions, and he commenced doing a little investigation on his own account. His first efforts were not crowned with very signal success, but when he crawled under the platform he found the mystery solved for him.

It had been no one's business to clear away the dirt and rubbish which had collected for years under the old platform, and it was easy to see where the man had crawled, as he had left a regular trail behind him in the dust. Following this trail, the detective found it led, as he expected, toward the track, and on one of the former most posts he found evidence of a severe bump by a man's head, quite a number of hairs having been torn out in the process. Collecting these hairs, the detective next compared them with those on the head of the complainant. They were exactly the same color and texture, and the doctor who had attended the injured man recollected a severe wound at the back of his head which would naturally be caused by a man lying on the ground and suddenly raising his head with a jerk.

The claimant was taken to the platform. The officers of the detective explained to him. It was argued that he deliberately crawled under the platform and placed his hand on the rail in front of the last car. The blow on the back of the head was evidently the result of a terrible nervous shock which he had undergone, which had caused an involuntary motion of the spine and neck. A smart man of a legal turn of mind might have been able to bluff it out and to defy the company to prove so improbable a story. But the claimant had more nerve than sense. He promptly weakened and took the advice of the detective, which was to get out of the way before he was arrested. In this case the way of the transgressor was hard, for he lost his hand, premium and all, paying dearly for a self imposed lesson.

Another case in which a man is supposed to have preferred a sum of money down to the use of one of his hands occurred in New York state, where a man, now deceased, claimed compensation for a lost hand under very peculiar circumstances. In company with a doctor he went out hunting, and when he returned he had lost behind him his left hand. He had received careful surgical attendance, and his wound was in regulation style. He made his claim with perfect confidence, explaining that he had shot his left hand off accidentally. The doctor confirmed the story, and the argument ceased. It was freely suggested that the doctor had been taken on the trip for the express purpose of amputating the hand, and a strong case was made in this direction. There was, however, nothing but inference on the company's side, and the claim was compromised.

A Pennsylvania agency was caught by a somewhat similar trick. A man who had tried his hand at various professions and found them all failures, took out an insurance policy for accident, first and foremost a precaution to make a couple of hundred miles and assume a fictitious name. A month later he got caught in a thrashing machine, and by aid of the men who helped pull him out was able to put in an apparently unassailable claim for compensation for his loss of a leg. He had no business to take him to the machine, and that was the only weak point in his case. Still there was nothing to justify delay, and the claim was paid. If the claimant had again moved 300 miles and kept his own counsel all would have been well from his point of view, for it is an incredibly short space of time the thrashing machine victim was able to walk with the aid of an artificial limb.

But prosperity was too much for the schemer, who ate, drank and was merry, and as usual under those circumstances he came to talk more freely than was quite wise. In a saloon one evening he bragged loudly of how he had beaten the company, explaining that he had lost his leg 10 years before, and that all he had lost in the thrashing machine was the willow substitute with just enough of his own flesh and bone to deceive the doctor. A good deal of wonder had been expressed at the easy manner in which he took to an artificial leg, and this fact considerable color to his story. Investigation quickly proved that he had for once at last told the truth. It was made to disgorge all of the insurance money he had not spent, and by this means escaped prosecution. The case is chiefly remarkable for the perfect success of the trick and the ease with which it was carried out.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Green Gages. Woman—I want some plum colored crape de chine. Clerk (pulls out roll)—Here it is. Woman—Hot this is green. Clerk—Plums are never ripe at this time of the year, ma'am.—Hullo.

Generous. "I hope you are not angry at papa for kicking you, dearest?" "Oh, no. I never pay any attention to what goes on behind my back."—Tit-Bits.

Anatomy. Professor—How long should a man's legs be in proportion to his body? Mr. Lovestand—Long enough to reach the ground, sir.—Yale Record.

Commotion. Passenger—What in thunder is all that whistling for? Conductor—We've caught up with those darned cows again.—Yale Record.

FOOTBALL IN MALAY.

A Game That Might Give Our Own Players a Few Points.

Among the Malays football has been in existence from time immemorial, but it is with them essentially a game, as, for instance, football and shuttlecock is with us, and it is not a contest. The football is rather smaller than that used at Eton and is made of wicker work. Those who join in the game arrange themselves in a wide circle and kick the ball from one to another with the inside of, at times, with the flat of the foot. The object of the players is to keep the ball passing about without its ever touching the ground or the hand of any one. Great dexterity is shown in this performance, and the ball is usually kicked to a very respectable height. There seems to be no penalty exacted from a player who may kick the ball badly or fail to kick it at all.

We had our own game of football, and the Dutchmen, assisted by two members of our team, scored two goals to our four. During the game the natives collected in still greater numbers, and at its termination they begged us to allow them to have a game among themselves. To this we assented, and two of us acted as captains of the sides, numbering about 20 players apiece, most of whom were stripped of their shirts, and wrapped it round their loins, leaving the rest of their bodies bare.

The ball was started, and then followed one of the most extraordinary games of football that has ever been seen. The game soon ceased to be a game at all and became a veritable battle. As when a sort of josty shepherds try their force at football, each of victory. Make them salute so rudely, would to heaven, that their excesses should be less.

Hands, arms and even teeth, were used on all sides, blood flowed freely, and scattered about the field were soon to be seen the wounded, I might almost say, the slain. As some fell exhausted to the ground they were removed, and their places in the fray were taken by others, who rushed forth eagerly from the crowd of spectators.

Shouts of victory and groans of defeat rent the air, and at length things became so serious that the two captains were obliged to seize upon the ball and bolt with it to the pavilion. The game thus came to an end, and the players withdrew to their homes, with the excited crowd following at their heels. This must have been regarded as a red letter day by the native community of Medan, and the visit of the "Orange Patch" (Englishmen) will be remembered among them for some time to come. We received a hint next morning from the authorities that the natives must not be allowed to take part in our games.—Fortnightly Review.

To Be Visited Through Smoked Glass. A girl who attracted much attention from masculine passers by stood on the corner of Brattle and Washington streets yesterday. She wore a red hat, red suspenders over flannel yellow waist, red skirt and red shoes. She was a sight for gods and men, but not for men who are troubled with weak eyes.—Boston Record.

The Tale of a Tag. A woman not a thousand miles from Richmond was without doubt the most flurried female in seven counties when she discovered, after coming out of church Sunday, that her brand new hat was adorned with a tag, whereupon was inscribed the legend, "Reduced to \$2.75."—Richmond Review.

Lady Frances Balfour, the mother of the Hon. Arthur and the sister of Lord Salisbury, has undertaken a large contract. She says she will undertake no philanthropic duties until home rule is a nightmare of the past and woman suffrage an accomplished fact.

Among famous literary women who have been unmarried are Hannah More, Frederika Bremer, Mary Russell Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen (novelists), Eliza Cook, Adelaide Proctor and Joanna Baillie (poetesses).

In these days of putting up jellies it should be recalled that cotton batting is more often used by experienced housekeepers to cover the glasses than paste or papers dipped in liquor.

We have Colonel Wright's authority for believing that the pay of women for doing the same work is not so disgracefully less than the pay of men as it has been commonly supposed.

Apple blossoms in their delicate pink tints are favorite designs for table linen, and an especially splendid oblong piece of linen was worked with white silk chrysanthemums.

Spinning is the latest fashionable occupation. A number of women are learning the art, and the antique spinning wheel is no longer a mere ornament.

Loss of Confidence.

The ability of the average colored servant in the south to steal with impunity from his or her employer, as the case may be, is truly phenomenal.

"How yer comin on in yer new place?" asked Jim Webster of Mattilda Snowball.

"I've done laid up mosh den \$20, and I hain't drawn a cent of wages yet."

"Ain't yer afterfired dey will load back yer wages when dey comes ter pay you?"

"No! I've got puffed' confidence in 'em."—Texas Siftings.

Guaranteed. A little 5-year-old boy, who had been taught to repeat "Love one another" as a text to speak on at First Baptist church in a suburban school, made even the minister laugh when, on his name being called, he shrilly stated: "Love little girls."—Boston Transcript.

His Interpretation. A little 5-year-old boy, who had been taught to repeat "Love one another" as a text to speak on at First Baptist church in a suburban school, made even the minister laugh when, on his name being called, he shrilly stated: "Love little girls."—Boston Transcript.

Endowments Already Paid. American life companies have already paid \$125,000,000 in matured endowments to over 60,000 persons, who have thus found themselves enriched and made independent in a comparatively few years into view.—David N. Holway in Arena.

None but the Brave, Etc. He was poor, but merry, and she was beautiful and rich. "Will ye marry me?" he asked simply. "Why?" she exclaimed. "But ah, my dear, you won't give me time." "I can't do it," he snipped. "This is a cash transaction." "And so they were married and lived happily to a good old age."—Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed. ARABELLA HOLLIFRIZZER. "I cannot understand at all. The way mamma goes on. When I climb trees or chase the dogs and have the greatest fun, she'll sternly say, 'Now, Arabella, don't you know a great big girl like you should not act like a boy?'" "But when I want some jewelry—A bracelet or some pretty rings—Granny may be nothing but a hat. With flowers and bows and things, or sometimes just because I want my hair to curl." "She'll say: 'That is not nice for such a little girl.'"—Clara J. Denton to Puck.

The Athens of the South. And now comes the Memphis Commercial proclaiming that Memphis is the "Athens of the south." It is a little late in filling its claim, but we trust that it will be duly considered. There is not a city or town in the whole of southern country, scarcely a village or hamlet, that can boast of a high school, an academy, a college or a university, a reading club or a literary society, that does not least of being the "Athens of the south."—Memphis Knoxville Tribune.

Lines and Angles. He often wonders why his wife will spend as much on hats, and in studying over the dotted line. Which tell about a dress. And then he scans unwearily in some secluded spot. A ballad diagram to see. How Schlemmer was made that shot. —Washington Star.

A Dream. I dreamt I was an eagle once, Full soaring on the wing, And as I soared my way I dreamt I heard her sing. I dreamt I heard my lady sing As I was passing by, And then I dreamt how glad I was That I had learned to fly. —Brooklyn Life.

Appropriate. Outfitter—See here, Appletti, those apples I bought here last night were too hard. Appletti—I know, I know, but say we buy to ze times.—Boston Courier.

Don't Flase. Author—I don't think the papers treat my farce comedy right. Friend—I notice they mention it under the heading "Amusements."—Puck.

Commotion. Passenger—What in thunder is all that whistling for? Conductor—We've caught up with those darned cows again.—Yale Record.

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