

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PURCHASE OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AND ITS RESTORATION.

A Woman's Long Voyage—The New Dummy—Aristocracy Perplexed—Exercise for Working Girls—Prescribed by the Sun—Coping Americans.

The purchase of Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust...

After purchasing the structure the trustees had next to become the possessors of the more interesting relics which it contained...

Some fifty-five years ago her father sold the house to J. M. Barnes, a farmer, for \$200...

The trustees will restore the cottage to its original condition, and in this Mrs. Baker's recollection of things long ago will be of great help...

A Woman's Long Voyage in a Small Yacht. The little 6-ton schooner yacht Wally was moored at the foot of Broadway, Oakland...

The classes are free to all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges, and daily instruction is given...

Prescribed by the Sun. The sun is about the finest worker of lace and the quickest known to us...

Women are already accepted as fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, with the privilege of speaking at the great meetings...

Mrs. Elizabeth Plankinton, of Milwaukee, has offered to build and furnish a working girls' boarding house...

Lemon juice is one of the best and safest remedies for freckles. Wet the spots with a small brush dipped in the juice every night...

An Exhibition of Stamps. Stamp collectors will do well to visit this city to see the exhibition of postage stamps...

Heliotrope the Old Ladies' Color. Miss Carmel on a recent occasion demonstrated in her own person the eternal truth of the science of fashion...

To keep tortoise shell combs bright rub them after each wearing with soft leather. When they become dim clean with rotten stone and oil applied with chamois.

WOMAN'S CLUB AT BAY RIDGE.

They Have a Reading Room Which Contains Over Two Thousand Books.

Brooklyn has been called the City of Churches, and today it deserves to be called the city of suburbs...

For fifteen years there had been at the Athenaeum a small library of unattractive books not adapted to popular need...

The women have telegraphic and telephonic communication, which did not exist until they made it possible...

Last year Mr. E. W. Bliss, who owns the use of his magnificent new carriage house for an art museum...

The doctor and the father stood aside to let her pass, and without noticing them she descended the stairs to the parlor...

Dr. Hammond held a large book between her eyes and the picture she was apparently looking at so that she could not possibly see the latter...

Then Dr. Hammond held a lighted sulphur match under the young lady's nose, so that she could not avoid inhaling the gas which escaped...

The young lady now began to pace the floor in an agitated manner, wringing her hands and sobbing violently...

A gentleman of a very nervous temperament informed Dr. Hammond that on one occasion he dreamed that his place in heaven was on fire...

A large number of somnambulists act as though they saw in rooms which are perfectly dark. A lady in this city often walks in her sleep...

One Boston clergyman at least is up to date. Last Sunday he preached on Whittier in the morning and on the Sullivan-Corbett fight in the evening...

A postmortem examination was made at Franklin yesterday of the body of Lem McDaniel, whose strange and sudden death Saturday had been reported...

The year's railway accidents. A board of traffic report upon railway accidents in the United Kingdom for 1891 is issued...

Horse racing, bicycle racing and croquet are some of the out of door sports recently reported as having been carried on by the aid of electric light.

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A Great Big Hoax.

"Big Mike" was the terror of southern Wisconsin," said Patrick O'Farrell.

A few years ago a bully known as "Big Mike" was the terror of southern Wisconsin," said Patrick O'Farrell, "Big Mike was monarch of all he surveyed, and his rights there was none to dispute...

"I saw Geronimo and a dozen of his Apaches do something in Arizona in 1887 which I never would have believed possible had I not witnessed it with my own eyes.

The Apaches are unquestionably the most dreaded tribe of Indians on the continent. They are tougher, more enduring and more unscrupulous than any other of their race.

He will go for days without a morsel of food or a drop of water; he will live on snakes, mice and refuse, or, if the worst comes to the worst, will shoot his horse and eat what he wants of him raw.

There were twenty-five of our cavalrymen returning from one of our fruitless pursuits of the terrible Geronimo. Our horses were worn out, and so were we.

It was one of the hottest days I have ever known in that throbbing furnace of a country. We had several miles of baked alkali plain still to traverse before reaching the fort, where we could secure shade and water, and what we needed most of all—rest.

Whew! but it was hot! Had not the air been perfectly dry neither man nor beast could have stood it. The metal work on our guns was so heated that one could bear to touch it with the naked hand.

North, east, south and west was one level stretch of plain, on which not a tree, shrub or even a blade of grass grew. Far to the westward could be seen the outlines of the fort, oddly distorted through the quivering atmosphere, but in every other direction was the naked, burning desert.

We were strung along for a distance of several hundred yards. In fact there was a squad of five horsemen much farther than that in the rear. All the animals were plodding slowly through the sand, which it seemed to me was hot enough to roast eggs, their heads drooping, while we were simply enduring it, grimly closing our teeth, holding out to reach the post.

Was there anything to be apprehended from Geronimo? Could we old campaigners be entrapped? Low, level sands on every hand. Well, right there in the midst of that flaming plain, with its horrible sandy waste, in which no spear of grass could find root, that frightful chieftain and his Apaches ambuscaded us. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact.

Suddenly I heard rifle firing at the rear. It had a dull, rattling sound, but it was close at hand, and as I turned in the saddle I saw that the squad farthest away were engaged in a desperate fight with a party of Indians, who were on foot, shooting, striking and darning hither and thither like so many demons.

We instantly wheeled and hurried back as fast as we could to the help of our comrades, but before we could reach them three saddles were emptied, and Geronimo and his warriors were scurrying across the plain at a greater speed than any to which we could force our exhausted ponies, who sank to their fetlocks at every step.

We gave them a parting volley, which wounded several, but they managed to limp off with the help of others, and all were soon beyond danger. I don't know how far they traveled off over that burning desolation, but it may have been many miles, for they were capable of doing it if they chose.

The Apaches must have discovered our approach, while we were a good way off. Knowing we were on our return to the post they could easily calculate where we would pass. Then they barrowed in the sand, covering themselves entirely with the blistering particles, so that only their snake-like eyes peered forth. Thus we enveloped in a few rods of them without suspecting their presence.

In conversation with General Crook about the extraordinary incident, that old campaigner smiled and replied: "I am not surprised. I have seen them do the same thing myself, but the Apache is the only Indian that can do it."—Chicago Mail.

"Say Your Nasty Little Prayers!" Mr. Sala in his journal relates the following experience of Mr. William Black, the novelist: "When at work Mr. Black loves intense quiet, and cannot bear the slightest noise. For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study. At one time it was his misfortune to live in what he describes as a jerry built house, and while endeavoring to work in the early hours of the morning, as is his custom, he tells of one amusing inconvenience that he was called upon daily to put up with.

"The nursery of his next-door neighbor was in a line with his study, and in this a somewhat numerous family was located. Every morning as regular as clockwork Mr. Black could hear the elder sister call out, 'Now then, you horrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers!' A profound silence would follow, but the interval was a brief one. Then came a rush and clatter, and the shrill voices of the children were heard exclaiming, 'We have said our prayers; we have said our prayers!'"

A Year's Railway Accidents. A board of traffic report upon railway accidents in the United Kingdom for 1891 is issued. The total persons killed numbered 1,168, comprising 102 passengers, 549 servants and 416 described as "other persons," including trespassers and suicides. In addition to the above the companies have returned 79 persons killed from accidents.—London Tit-Bits.

INDIAN STRATAGEM.

HOW GERONIMO FOOLED A SQUAD OF UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRYMEN.

A Band of Apaches Harrowed Into the Blistering Sand and Lay in Wait Until the Soldiers Came Up—They Are the Only Indians That Can Do It.

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