

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PRETTY Princess Marie, of Saxa-Coburg-Gotha, was taken to Berlin in 1892, when she was just 17, and there met the handsome crown prince of Roumania, who very quickly recognized her charms. Princess Marie was equally attracted to him, for he, as well as being handsome, is possessed of great charm of manner and upright character, a prince fitted in every way to be a hero of romance. The betrothal took place not long after their meeting with the cordial assent of all the relatives of both prince and princess; and on Jan. 11, 1893, their marriage was celebrated at Sigmaringen. The beauty and youth of Princess Marie touched all hearts, and her winning manner soon made her as beloved by King Charles as if she was actually his own daughter. The Queen of Roumania is as charmed with her new niece as the king is, and looks on her and treats her as a daughter, finding in her companionship a relief from her sad memories and fits of melancholy.

The costume worn by the Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, in the portrait which accompanies this article, was worn by her at a recent festivity in Bucharest. The petticoat was of plain silk, the overdress being of richest brocade, the design of bunches of feathers tied together with true lovers' knots being very dainty and effective. The fichu of Brussels lace was draped in exact imitation of that worn by a dead and gone beauty in a portrait from which the costume was copied. Since Princess Marie's advent in Bucharest the leaders of society there have done their best to devise novel and brilliant entertainments to amuse her royal highness, and she and her handsome young husband are untiring in attending festivities and other functions in aid of charities when the presence of the royalty is desired in order to secure the success of the undertaking. Now that Queen Carmen-Sylva's health does not permit her to exert her-



MARIE, FUTURE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

self, the burden of acting as her majesty's representative generally falls on Princess Marie's shoulders.

Nourishment for the Skin.

A dry, scaly skin is a sure indication of a blood disturbance, and frequently accompanies dyspepsia. The best treatment for it is a careful diet, an avoidance of all highly seasoned food, coffee, tea and alcoholic stimulants. Sometimes a dry skin is the result of a long illness where fever has literally burned the cuticle so that it is parchment. The skin food which nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and supplies the oils that have been exhausted by heat is most efficacious if applied at night, after a warm bath. It is well to rub it thoroughly into the skin. Massage is excellent in connection with this treatment. Melt in a water bath three ounces of spermaceti, eight ounces of oil of almonds, four of lanoline, and two ounces of coconut oil. Stir briskly until cold; then add, drop by drop, one ounce of orange-flower water and ten drops of oil of jasmine. Keep sealed, except when using.

Timely and Untimely Calls.

The only objection to having a reception day engraved on your cards is that sometimes, as the Irishman said, it was "moughty unconvenient." "It is the unexpected that always happens." Fortunately the lady who has grown-up daughters or an unmarried sister who can fill her place temporarily. It requires more unselfishness than most of us possess to give up one day every week to the claims of society; so we only have the name on our cards and go on year after year missing friends we long to see, and being "at home" to numerous acquaintances whom we wish had not been quite so fortunate in timing their calls.

Novel Matrimonial Bureau.

It is reported that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Portsmouth, Va., are about to organize a unique movement under the name of the Naples Matrimonial Society. In Naples girls 14 and over assemble once every year in one of the churches of that city, and the unmarried men who so desire go there and choose wives. The Portsmouth ladies propose to work on the same principle, but both the girls and the men must register three months before

making choice, in order that investigation of character may be made.

Monogram Fans for Young Women. Seal and monogram fans are a notion of the moment among young women still in their teens. A plain white or delicately tinted fan is selected, and the gay seals are arranged upon it with what taste may be. If monograms are hoarded, it is these that decorate instead of the wax impressions. A "trip" fan means the record of a winter journey, and it holds on its sticks the pretty imprints with which all first-class hotels now stamp their stationery. If a European trip has been undertaken, so much the better, as that insures steamship and other effective insigula.

Sweater for Women.

For a long time girls, and even women, have felt that they would be happier if they could wear sweaters. It was tried by some adventurous spirits, and while found perfectly satisfactory about the throat lacked the symmetry women have learned to prize about the waist. This had led to the manufacture of women's sweaters. These lack that



THE FEMININE SWEATER.

style which made the manly sweater so desirable in women's eyes. But, on the other hand, they gather in at the waist and are entered after a manner more familiar to women than is the male sweater. At first they were only used in gymnasia, but now they are considered a necessary part of almost every woman's wardrobe. The up-to-date sweater is not only a sensible garment, but an exceedingly stylish one as well. The coming summer girl will be devoted to the sweater. She can wear it when wheeling, riding, or sailing, and in fact, they are sure to be the fastest friends, for there will be dozens of times when the little knit arrangements will just fit the occasion.

The modernized sweater is far removed from awkwardness. It fits like a glove and the sleeves are generally the long, full bishop sort, with a tight webbed cuff, which clings to the arm snugly from elbow to wrist, and over which the full upper part falls with all gracefulness that fashion demands.

One can find all colors and styles in sweaters. Sailor collars and neatly rolled-over small ones are the kinds most generally seen and they give a very jaunty effect. The act of getting into one of these garments looks to be a heart-breaking operation, but in reality it is simplicity itself. They either button on the shoulder or lace in front, and it is no more trouble to get into one of them than an ordinary waist.

Beauties of Olden Days.

Sappho is said by the Greek writers to have been a blonde.

Jezebel, the Queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black eyes that were set on fire by hell."

Margaret of Anjou had the typical face of a French beauty. She was black-haired, black-eyed and vivacious. Her features were indicative of her strength of character.

Pocahontas is described as having features as regular as those of a European woman. She is also said to have had a lighter complexion than usual among Indian women.

Theodora, the wife of the famous Justinian, was beautiful, crafty and unscrupulous. She is said to have been tall, dark and with "powers of conversation superior to any woman in the empire."

Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., was singularly gifted both in person and in intellect, but in spite of her beauty and her good sense she was never able to win the love of her dissolute husband.

Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin, tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as low, well modulated and singularly sweet in tone.

The Empress Catharine I. had a coarse, red face, generally broken out with pimples from the constant use of strong drink. She was a slave to brandy and died of a disease brought on by intemperance. In youth she had been famous for her beauty.

A Lucky Driver.

John Pursell, a driver of a peddler's cart in Bennington, Vt., received notice a few days ago that by the death of an uncle in the East Indies he has become one of seven heirs to about \$1,500,000.

LOVE MY DOG.

Duffy was the property of Caldwell of the Tenth, and was looked upon in the light of an inheritance, having come down to him from Wentworth—of the same—when the latter had been ordered away.

Caldwell went into Wentworth's quarters at once and found Duffy rubbing up a pair of his ex-master's discarded boots, with a view to using them himself. He liked the man's looks, and he liked the condition of the vacated quarters, with their slate gray painted woodwork, so he took the quarters and agreed to take Duffy at a striker's usual rate of remuneration.

Duffy entered promptly upon his duties, and was entirely satisfactory. He had no incumbrances in the way of family or sweethearts, and he was faithful to a degree that was occasionally exasperating. For six months he served Caldwell in singleness of purpose, having in that time been incapacitated only for six days—that is, for 48 hours after each of the paymaster's visits, and Caldwell, knowing the ways of strikers, made no objection. Duffy slept unconsciously in his rooms, and Caldwell made his own fires, and brushed his own clothes, and went with unblackened boots. In the interim no hour was too early for rising, none too late to sit up and keep logs on the andirons that the rooms might be warm and cheerful for the "leftenant," no duty imposed too arduous provided it served Caldwell's ends.

Blackstone, seeing the excellence of Duffy, departed from the strict code of honesty in the matter of servants which governs the army and made overtures to the model striker. Blackstone had no business to do it, and Duffy knew it, and a fine and inscrutable grin came upon his Hibernian mouth.

Blackstone had said, with an assumption of off handedness, "Duffy, what do you get?"

Having due regard for his employer's credit in the world, he answered calmly, "Twenty dollars, sor."

"Get out!" said Blackstone.

"Yes, sor," replied Duffy.

"I want to know the truth, not lies like that."

"You'd best ask the leftenant, sor. I disremember."

"He works you deuced hard."

"Does he, then?"

"My man is no good. Suppose you come to me. You won't have to sit up to all hours for me."

Duffy only smiled, but the smile was not pleasing.

"What do you think of it, Duffy?"

"I never think, sor. The leftenant says I'm to do as I'm told and not think."

Upon this Blackstone went away, and Duffy saluted him respectfully. In justice to the officer's common sense, it must be said that it was only partial intoxication which could have led him to place himself in such a position toward a soldier.

Duffy did not repeat the conversation to Caldwell, because he knew it would make trouble between the two men, and Caldwell—whose disposition was not of the mildest—had several quarrels on his hands as it was.

The lieutenant fell into the habit of keeping the striker up very late, night after night, so Duffy inspected his pockets several times in succession while Caldwell was sleeping as soundly as if justice had been the soporific, and not, as was the case, sutler's whisky, and he judged, from the fact that sometimes there was much loose change and again almost nothing, that his master was playing too much at cards. There was nothing to be done. Duffy did not consider that his duties as striker included the moral guidance of his superior. He reflected that it would be a good thing if Caldwell should get married; only then he, Duffy, would very likely lose his place. So he sat up night after night, and it grew monotonous.

Just at this period there came into Duffy's life a yellow and white dog. Exactly why it should have wandered to the door upon one wet and freezing night, when Duffy was in a particularly weary frame of mind, and where it came from he never knew. It was well after midnight and Duffy was sprawled in a leather chair of the troop saddler's manufacture, dozing, with both ears open, when there came a scratching at the door. Duffy thought it was the lieutenant trying to find the knob. It had never been so bad as that yet; nevertheless the striker went and opened the door, to be rewarded by the sight of an extremely small and miserable dog, with piteous eyes.

Now, Duffy was only a soldier, and a soldier loves nothing on earth or in heaven as he does a cur. So Duffy called the dog in and warmed it and fed it and watched it with satisfaction beaming all over his face. It was spotted and dirty and wounded and woefully thin, but Duffy took it to his heart. He spent three nights before the fire, no longer lonely, contentedly trying to find a name for that dog. At last he determined to call it "Bessie," after the much admired daughter of the commanding officer and with a complete disregard for the entire inappropriateness of the name.

After he had settled this to his satisfaction he tried to discover accomplishments in the creature. "Here, Bessie, old boy. Set up now, set up. Can't you set up? Well, then, give us your paw, here, paw, paw, now. Can't you give

us your paw? Well, then, lie down. Charge, charge, charge. Down, lie down, down. Can't you charge? Well, then, speak, speak, Bessie, s-p-e-a-k, speak now. Wow! Speak." But Bessie could only follow him with his bright, curious eyes and come when called. So the solace of many more hours of patient waiting lay in teaching Bessie these and many other tricks until he was the most accomplished dog in all the garrison and greatly beloved at the barracks. Duffy was a little annoyed about the comment the inappropriate name called forth, but he insisted that it was as good as another, and the incongruity was soon lost in Bessie's popularity.

Caldwell saw the dog only on rare occasions. It staid in its master's room and slept on his bed and waxed fat in retirement. He had spoken to it several times, but otherwise took no notice of its existence, which secretly annoyed Duffy. But Caldwell was preoccupied and not quite himself. He came home a good deal the worse for wine one night, and Bessie, being in his way, got a kick that sent him crouching to his master's side. Caldwell might far better have kicked Duffy. However, the striker understood and sympathized with the lieutenant's condition. He himself could never have kicked a dog, even after pay day, but all men are not alike, so Duffy petted Bessie and shut him up in his own room and returned to look after the bodily comfort of his master.

This, considering the wine, was pardonable, but the next offense could not be condoned. It occurred in broad daylight, and Caldwell was sober. He had been having an explanation with the commanding officer, and that gentleman had made reflection upon some of the lieutenant's fast growing habits that had exasperated the already overworked junior almost beyond endurance. He strode into his quarters and found Duffy, who was not expecting him, dividing his attention between Bessie's charms and the buckle of his master's belt. Now, Bessie's disposition inclined him to forgive. He ran to Caldwell, looked up to his face with soft, affectionate eyes and put his little paws, one yellow and one white, upon his knee. Caldwell did not dare to kick the commandant, but he kicked Bessie—and broke the yellow paw. It was the one always held out to Duffy to greet him.

Duffy bandaged the paw, and in time it grew well. But Duffy hated Caldwell with the most dangerous of hatreds—a silent and a waiting one.

Caldwell's habits did not improve. His fondness for whisky, whether good or bad, continued. He had good whisky in his room, and Duffy knew it, for he belonged to the old school of strikers, who do not look upon cigars or liquor as private property.

One day, after Bessie's foot was well, Duffy went to get a drink, because his spirits were low. There was very little whisky in the decanter, barely half a glassful, and an idea suddenly flashed into the striker's mind. Caldwell was officer of the day. He never started to make the rounds without taking enough liquor to keep him warm, and Duffy knew it and saw his revenge laid bare.

The striker took Bessie for a walk over to the hospital to show the steward the mended paw.

"Say," said Duffy, "I've got the toothache. I didn't sleep none last night. Hev you got some—what's that you give me once? Laudanum, was it? Kin you let me have a bit?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," the steward answered and went into the dispensary to get it.

"Shall I take all that?" inquired the striker, with sweet simplicity.

"Lord! No, man. Put some on cotton and stick it in the tooth."

"Oh, and what wud it do to me if I wuz to swallow it? Wud it kill me?"

"No, there ain't enough for that. It would put you pretty fast asleep, though."

"Oh!" said Duffy again.

Then Bessie went through his tricks for the steward and trotted back home at his master's heels.

That night Caldwell finished the whisky in the decanter and grumbled that the sutler was selling him vile tasting stuff, then started off a little while afterward to make his rounds. The next day he was under arrest—for drunkenness on duty.

And Duffy, who had, with well played reluctance, given some of the most damaging testimony in regard to Caldwell's habits at the court martial, which dismissed the latter, said good-bye to the disgraced man with a sparkle which was not of tears—in his eyes, as he told Bessie to give the "leftenant right paw," which was the yellow paw—Gwendolen Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

A paragraph which will appeal with much force to all men who go to the theaters is one in a recent number of Life, in which that journal remarks that it observes with consternation that the large hats are coming in again in the theaters. Life closes with these bitter remarks: "It is not too much to say that the height of the hat which a woman wears on her head in the theater is in inverse proportion to her breeding, and, as a rule, to her respectability. The women who wear the biggest and most offensive hats, and refuse to take them off, are commonly dames who, from disastrous personal experiences, have become hardened to indifference to public opinion."

POT BOILING.
From the running of the maple trough in the Spring to the boiling of the apple butter pot in the fall and all the household boiling between, there are a thousand chances of ververe scalds and burns. In all household work, winter and summer, in great factories and in nurseries where careless children play, it matters there is need of something that always of hand in such emergencies, at St. Joseph Oil files that want to the West. Who careful attention to directions for use, there is nothing more soothing, healing and curative than this great remedy. It cures promptly, and, unlike new surface, leaves no scars. The scalds or burns is acute and torturing, the relief by the use of the Oil is instantaneous and sure.

Hark, the springtime poets sing—
"I have seen the bluebird's wing."
Yes—the wretch—but what of this?
On his sweetheart a winter hat.
—Louisville Courier-Journal

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An event: She—You should have been church Sunday. The minister preached an interesting sermon. He—Indeed? She—You know it was his debut as a heretic.

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"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart as nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

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Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 10 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much. MRS. M. M. MISSENER, Freehold, Penn. This and many other cures prove that

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