

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Swings Clubs for Charity.

ABOUT two years ago Miss Rita Mylotte, a charming young girl of Oakland, Cal., being in poor health, was advised by her physician to go in for athletic exercise as a means of building up her condition. Miss Mylotte obeyed the medical man, and among other things took to Indian clubs. Within a month or two she became exceptionally clever, and soon gathered about her a class of children whose parents were too poor to purchase the necessary apparatus. Miss Mylotte keeps up her work with the clubs regularly, and has for some time been able to do most of the tricks affected by professionals. The promoters of a charitable entertainment finally induced her to appear in public.



MISS RITA MYLOTTE.

and since then no such affair is regarded by Oaklanders as complete unless Miss Rita furnishes one of the numbers. In speaking recently of her favorite exercise the clever young athlete said:

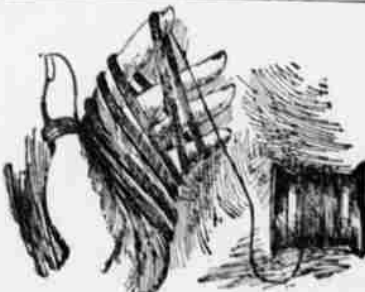
"Club swinging I regard as the best of all exercises in this line, because almost anyone can practice it. There is no costly apparatus to pay for, and all the exercise that is wanted can be taken in one's room on arising in the morning or just before retiring. I would not advise too long a practice at a time to beginners, for the exercise brings every muscle in the body into play, and one feels the effect after a few minutes. Many young women of my acquaintance swing clubs now, and I am sure that if girls knew the benefits to be derived they would soon secure clubs. The limbs are soon developed from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of strength and fullness, and the whole body feels the change a few lessons will bring. There is also a fascination that grows on one as she becomes proficient, and shortly exertion or strain is rarely felt."

Weakness of the Womanish Man.

"Womanish" men are, after all, a very small proportion of the male population. But men who are afflicted with this weakness sometimes carry their foibles to extraordinary lengths. A certain commercial traveler—a capable business man—has one little vanity. He always carries a small pocket mirror, and from time to time, particularly when traveling by train, he refreshes himself with a glance at his handsome features. When anyone is in the car with him he secretes the looking-glass inside the book or newspaper which he pretends to be reading. A London solicitor, popular as a society man, some seasons since hit upon the appearance-improving expedient of having his hair "waved." The experiment was a great success, and at his evening engagements he ever after adopted it. But he has not the courage to face his clerks and clients with curly locks. And so, on his return from a festive evening, he spends an hour or so dampening his hair and laboriously brushing it out straight again.

A Helpful Hint.

Every quick-witted woman will appreciate the following: Pass round the



HOW TO WIND A SKEIN.

thumb one end of the skein, which entwines round the palm of the hand and slip the opposite end on the first finger.

the rubbing also from the temples backward and downward. Much and heavy rotation at the base of the brain should follow; also crosswise rubbing on the back of the neck and stroking from the head down back of the ears to the shoulders, for the purpose of emptying the veins.

To Relieve a Headache.

Often massage will relieve a congestive headache. The movement should be made with the palmar surface of the fingers and should be vigor-

ous enough to induce more active circulation. If the woman who is subjected to such headaches dashes cold water on the base of the neck before the morning bath she will find, however, that there will be less need of any treatment, for her headaches will be fewer in number. To give the massage begin on top of the head and continue the treatment backward and downward to the base of the brain. Continue

How a Woman Earned a Dollar.
Each member of the local Christian Endeavor Society at Springport, Mich., pledged herself to turn into the treasury \$1 earned by herself, and Mrs. Jennie Clay earned hers in a unique way. Two tramps called at her house and demanded food and lodging. She went into a room, got her husband's revolver, and ordered the tramps to throw up their hands, which they did. She then commanded them to march, and started them to the village lock-up, where they were caged for the night. In the morning they were registered and allowed to depart, Mrs. Clay giving them breakfast. She then presented a bill to the Village Council: "To arresting two tramps, 50 cents each, \$1," and that body, after a good deal of humorous debate, allowed the bill.

Women never cared more carefully for their nails than now, but the woman of taste avoids extremes in this as in all things. Pink nails are admired because a perfect nail should be thin enough to show the rosy blood beneath, but a nail glowing with the red salve of the toilet table is no better liked than lips and cheeks which owe their brilliancy to the rouge pot. Nor is an artificial polish to be recommended; the natural gloss merely should be maintained and heightened. The best authorities forbid the use of the nail brush. Any dust or soil may be removed with a bit of cotton wound around a wooden toothpick or bit of orange wood; the small emery boards which are sold everywhere for the purpose keep the under surface of the nail so smooth that little or nothing can adhere.

New Jackets.

The new features in jackets for young ladies are strapped seams and small pearl buttons. On the strap extending down from the shoulder on the sleeve, there will be a dozen small pearl buttons on each of the three straps, and six on the straps pointing upwards from the wrist. The front is closed with hooks on the left side, and two pearl bullet buttons are set close together near the top, and two about six inches above the top, and two about six inches above the edge below the waist.—Womankind.



Window screens of Japanese cedar fretwork are in favor; they are used either in the natural light color or finished to resemble olive wood, cherry, ash or mahogany.

Slumber rolls of down, also rolls stuffed with curled hair and covered with good ticking, are offered ready made for covering. They are easily covered, and make a rich accessory in furnishing by any clever housewife.

Picturesque trifles in furnishing often give a touch of refinement; for instance, there are the lovely little porcelain candlesticks, in the form of a full-blown pink rose, resting on a spray of green leaves in fine porcelain.

Very decorative screens, three-fold, in scarlet silk embroideries with long trailing branches, of blossoms and with tropical birds, all in fine silk, are attracting enthusiastic admiration. They are especially handsome in large parlors, where they light up somber corners most effectively.

Where windows are built low, as in very old-fashioned houses, leaving considerable space between their tops and the ceiling, pretty railed shelves, treated like old-fashioned over-door shelves, make a pretty furnishing. They may be ebonized, mahoganyized or decorated to match the woodwork of the room.

The newest iron bedsteads which are making their appearance are very decorative, and not unreasonable in price. Besides the brass finish, these bedsteads are finished in enamel effect and all the delicate colors used in enameling furniture, and this finish is associated with ornamentation in brass knobs, balls, bars and spindles.

Fancies for Springtime.
The trimming under the brim of the modish hat is quite as important a feature as that which is on top of it.

Big-brimmed hats are of shirred chiffon trimmed with wide gauze ribbons are airy enough to be worn by a veritable Titania.

A gown of pale gray crepon, lined throughout with rich white taffeta and otherwise absolutely untrimmed, will be worn by an Easter bride.

Modish sleeves in the Louis Quinze coats terminate in a long, bell-shaped cuff, which makes the dainty gloved hand beneath look very diminutive.

THE WISH.

So you would kiss the poet's lip
And catch the music his heart feels;
Would in his honeyed garden sip
The sweetness that each flower conceals.
Oh, you have asked a foolish thing.
The poet's lip is not divine;
It cannot through its passion fling
The secret of the jealous nine.
But if you truly love, and he—
A poet-lover—loves you, too,
His lip will drop a melody
More golden than the sirens knew.
—Charles T. Lusted in Blackwood's Magazine.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

When 15 years old, I was one of a crew of three that manned the little 28-ton schooner Ornament, which lay moored in Monhegan harbor—a deep, narrow strait between the islands of Monhegan and Manana, Maine. The entrance is from the south, and is unobstructed, while to the north the passage is barred by a rocky islet called Smutty Nose. This is separated from Manana by a narrow passage on the westerly side called Drunken Gut. The harbor is fairly good shelter except when the wind is from the southwest.

At daylight on the morning after our arrival at Monhegan there was a stiff breeze, with rain from the southwest, and by noon it had risen to a heavy gale. All day coasters, traders and fishing vessels ran in till about 20 sail were in harbor when night fell.

They were anchored as near together as they could be and yet swing clear of each other. This compact gathering would be well enough in a smooth harbor, but on little Monhegan, exposed to the increasing gale, with night coming on and the probability of a heavy sea running into the strait, the prospect looked serious. Should a vessel part her cables or drag her anchors, collision with those to leeward of her would be inevitable, and the result of collision might be disastrous.

When darkness came, the gale's fury increased. The unobstructed sea rolled into the narrow harbor in huge billows that dashed against Manana or Smutty Nose, or raged as breakers on the reefs about Drunken Gut. The vessels, hampered by their anchors and unable to rise freely on the surges, strained at their cables, plunging and rolling wildly, while nearly every wave toppled its crest upon their decks, or swept them from stem to stern.

About 9 o'clock, when the gale seemed at its height, a little craft that had been anchored all day just on our port bow dragged her anchors. Her crew, like some others, had sought safety on shore long before night. Swinging to our broadside, she began to pound against us and to break into pieces.

Her bowsprit snapped, her bulwarks crashed in fore and aft, her masts went over her tailrail. At last, plunging from the top of a big sea, we crashed down upon her forward deck. Her windlass bits gave way, and off she went, broadside to the wind, till she was lost in the gloom and rain.

Anxiously we crouched by the windlass, the captain's hand almost constantly upon either one cable or the other, that he might detect the first vibratory motion, indicating that the anchors were being dragged over the rocky bottom. But they seemed to hold securely. Our danger was of another sort.

I was crouching in the lee of the foremast to shelter myself from the wind and spray, when I heard the captain suddenly shout:

"Up, up with you, boys, quick! There's a coaster adrift, coming right for us!"

Through the driving rain, sure enough, came a big schooner stern first, wildly swinging to and fro, now topping on a crest, now wallowing down in the hollow depths. Her gunwales almost rolled under, and her main boom, free from its lashing, swayed madly from side to side.

Just as we were receding from a rolling swell she crashed into us and snapped our bowsprit. Then she hung square across our bow.

"Quick, quick! Give me the ax!" cried the captain.

In a moment he severed both cables at the windlass, and we were drifting with the gale. No vessel lay directly astern of us. The captain's hope was that we might not only go clear of the coaster, but drive upon a small, sandy beach at the end of Smutty Nose. But the heave of the sea and the slant of the wind drove us to one side, and we went upon the rocks instead.

There was a shock, a grinding crash as she struck. Then we seemed to stop, and now the sea broke over us in fury.

"To the dory, boys! The schooner will go to pieces!" shouted the captain. Without much difficulty we got the dory into the water to leeward. Jack, my shipmate, flung his clothesbag into the stern of the boat, while I threw a coil of small rope into her ere I tumbled in myself. There was but one pair of oars. These the captain took and began to pull toward Manana.

Away from the lee of the schooner we were exposed to the full fury of the gale, and the course to which we were compelled kept us in the trough of the sea. Every moment it seemed as though we must be swamped, and in spite of all that we could do we were drifting rapidly toward Drunken Gut.

Suddenly a thole pin broke. Before another could be put in the place we were afoul of the standing rigging of a sunken vessel, the dory almost on her broadside and we in imminent danger

of being washed overboard. But clinging instinctively to the uppermost gunwale we succeeded in righting the dory and working her clear of the wreck. Again we were adrift indeed, for we had lost an oar and now had but one.

Our destruction now was apparently but a question of moments, for if we escaped the reefs and boiling surf upon one side we were almost certain to be dashed against the iron sides of Manana upon the other.

I was in the bow, peering ahead, when the hull of a vessel suddenly loomed up almost directly before us and apparently at anchor. While the captain endeavored to keep the dory headed for her I bent one end of my coil of line to the painter ring. Then, grasping a light in my hand as the dory grazed the schooner's sides, I made a spring for the rail and climbed on board. Then I caught my line round a cleat, checked the drift of the dory and brought her alongside.

We soon found that the schooner was deserted. Her crew had sought safety on shore. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate that their vessel had been in our way.

But we had been upon the deck scarcely 20 minutes when the captain started us with the announcement that the vessel was rapidly filling. It was evident that she had dragged from the harbor, and first striking upon the reef had swung to her present position.

While the captain searched for a spare oar, I grasped the line by which I had fastened the dory and was horrified to find it slack. No dory was there—the rope which had held her trailed away astern and was lost in the darkness. Our last hope seemed to have departed.

But no—as I peered through the gloom I caught sight of a boat attached to a long warp that trailed over the taffrail of the schooner. It was a seine boat. We quickly drew it up and got into it.

Our drift in the dory had carried us considerably to the leeward of Smutty Nose, so that in our present position the force of the sea was much broken. As we crouched beneath the gunwale of our new refuge, momentarily expecting to see the abandoned schooner go down, a light from Smutty Nose gradually shone out over the waters.

We saw that a fire had been kindled upon the island. Down at the water's edge people were moving about among the rocks. In a little while a boat seemed to leave the shore and drift slowly toward us.

As her erratic movements seemed to indicate that she had no one aboard, but was drifting at the will of the wind, I attached no special significance to her appearance, though I glanced toward her occasionally. Yet nearer she came, sometimes directly toward us.

At times a heave of the sea would throw her far to one side; then she would seem to linger a moment, to start off anew in our direction. Half dazed from exhaustion, I watched her with flagging interest until she was close at hand. Then I saw the captain reach out and grasp her by the gunwale and hold her fast alongside.

He shouted for us to get into her. No sooner had we all obeyed than she started swiftly for the shore. Then I perceived that a long warp led from her to Smutty Nose and that the people there were pulling us toward them.

Owing to the direction of the current the boat could not be dragged back to the point from which she started, and we struck the outer edge of the wide reef of rocks. It was nearly low tide, and though the sea did not break upon the reef every wave that rolled through the narrow passage boiled up over it in a swelling flood, submerging the rocks many feet, to subside again, leaving them entirely bare.

To run this gantlet was our next trial. Waiting until a sea retired, we started over the slippery, weed grown rocks and ran as fast as we could until an incoming wave overtook us. Then we flung ourselves flat upon the reef, while the flood boiled up over us, clutching the rockweed with both hands and clinging to resist the terrible undertow backward.

When the reflux left the reef bare again, we rose and ran once more. Four times the flood passed over us. Then, breathless, bruised and half dead, I felt a grasp upon my collar, and I was dragged up out of the grip of the sea, safe at last.—George H. Hosea in Youth's Companion.

Passing down the streets of Canton at night, my attention was called to numbers of blind girls from 14 to 18 years of age dressed in brilliant outer garments, with their faces rouged and their hair ornamented with flowers. A woman, carrying a musical instrument, led several of these girls, and I have since learned that they were owned by this mistress, who conducted them, by night, to the lowest parts of the city, and by their playing, singing, and in most disreputable ways, she secures an income through them that enables her to live in ease and comfort. I have met no class of persons that seemed so pitiable as these blind singing girls. It is regarded an affliction for a girl to be born in a Chinese family, and when the girl is blind, her life is one of ceaseless neglect and cruelty, and often, if the family is poor, she is sold for a small amount to one of these dealers in human bodies, who plies her nefarious business until death snatches her victim from her.—Baltimore Sun.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Pint of Peanuts.

Many playthings can be made for by from peanuts and wood toothpicks. A tiny chicken is made from a small peanut. Make eyes with ink pencil at the beak shaped end, and in two toothpick legs.

Next a squirrel. Take a nut like in the picture. The pointed end make the head. Draw the two eyes. Stick



short pieces of toothpick firmly in the peanut, near the bottom, for hind legs, so the squirrel can stand up; stick two farther up, for fore feet. Last, a little strip of paper and clip it like fringe; fold it and fasten it to the lower end of the peanut with a pin for bushy tail.

To make two boats split a peanut and use each half shell. Cut out paper sail, like those in the pictures, and gum the on toothpick masts, letting the sails ends stick out. Cut from a cork two little cubes and gum to the bottom of the boats, inside. Press the masts into the corks, and the boats will sail in a wash bowl sea.—Marion Beatty in Dear News.

Games For Parties.

These should always be arranged before the visitors arrive. When you have invited friends, you should make sure of pleasing them as well as feeding them. Some of the old games are still the best. Do you know rumor? It is played in this way: Let the company be seated in a semicircle. A person at the end whispers into the ear of one sitting on his left a short story, which is repeated down in writing for future reference. The second whispers it to the third, the third to the fourth, and so on to the last, who relates it out loud, after which the original is read, to the great amusement of the company, for the two versions are generally very different.

If you have friends who are good at rhyming, the game of poetry is excellent. Here is a genuine impromptu rhyme composed by a boy only 9 years old, who was playing the game with a large company. The words given to him were Russia, Prussia and armchair, and after the time limit—five minutes—he came up with this:

First I'd go to Russia
And sit in an armchair,
And then I'd go to Prussia
And do similarly there.

The same game may be played by putting three words into a sentence without requiring rhymes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Blind Children.

It was the general hour for recess at the great New York Asylum for Blind Children. Down the bare wooden stairs a troop of eager boys clattered with as much of the usual bustle and push that one could hardly believe were it not for now and then a pair of cautious hands extended that all those restless, bright eyes were sightless. Out through the open doors to a small, barren playground they rushed. The feet of a foremost boy felt under them the joy of ice. There was a scream of pleasure. The two or three visitors standing near smiled at one another. It was merely a tiny, contracted patch of frozen drippings from the eaves that boys who know whole rivers and ponds of winter pleasures would have passed unnoticed. But, lo, this little afflicted one, whom we had been pitying as having lost most of life's pleasures, had found the key to that most precious of all earthly possessions—contentment. He threw up his happy little arms in a transport of pleasure. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, sliding down the narrow confines. "Come on! Come on! Here's a lake of ice."—New York Letter.

Women in Municipal Affairs.

In the city of Waltham, Mass., Mayor Lyman has nominated as overseer of the poor Mrs. C. H. Daniels; as trustee of the Leland fund, Miss Anna Adams, and as director of the public library, Mrs. J. L. Harvey. Those who know these women think that the mayor's nominations have reflected great credit on himself, for they are all distinctive women of marked ability. This new departure will result in a more general participation of qualified women in municipal affairs.

Live to 100.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson still gives it as his fixed opinion that every man and every woman should attain the age of 100. According to Sir Benjamin, the would-be centenarian must have a blonde complexion, with hazel eyes, light brown hair and reddish cheeks. He must never smoke nor drink, must eat very little meat and he must not work by artificial light.—London Globe.