

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FELL IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

"The War Angel of Ayoleta," as the Cubans called Matilda Agramonte y Varona, was killed recently while fighting shoulder to shoulder with her brothers for the freedom of her country. She was the daughter of two of the great families of Cuba, heiress to the fame and traditions of two old names of Spain, and to the remnant of a fortune that was once one of the largest in the rich island. Every rebellion has found Agramontes and Varonas under the banner of Cuba Libre. Her father and a brother gave up their lives in the ten years' war. Her remaining brothers and her uncles enlisted under General Maceo, and left her alone on



MRS. VARONA.

the plantation in Puerto Principe, the only property left of the vast estate. She went to visit friends in a neighboring town, and on her return she found the family residence burned, the cane gone, the servants murdered or scattered. A Spanish guerrilla force had crossed there and destroyed the place. There was no place for the girl to go, so she asked the first band of rebels that passed that way to take her with them to Maceo's camp. Once there she asked to be enlisted as a soldier. The chief at first refused, but her brothers and uncles told him she would starve otherwise, and he relented and enrolled her. She saw only one battle. At Ayoleta, near the town of Quemado de Guines, the advance of a strong Spanish column overtook Maceo's command. The rebels were hopelessly outnumbered, and a battle meant a catastrophe. Maceo was on his way to meet the Bermuda, and two-thirds of his men were to be armed with the weapons she bought. He called for volunteers to face the Spanish army and delay their march, so that the remainder of the column could escape. The first to step forward in answer to the call were the Cuban girl, her brothers and uncles. They knew that the service meant death, but they went, and the girl stood there shoulder to shoulder with the other volunteers and fired until she fell. The Spaniards saw she was a woman, and called on her to surrender. She answered: "Viva Cuba Libre!"

Women's Views of Man.

A straightforward, open-hearted man may be safely left to manage his own concerns.—Jane Austen.

A man capable of conquering habitual indolence cannot be a feeble character.—Maria Edgeworth.

Men who have seen a good deal of life don't always end by choosing their wives so well.—George Elliot.

Remember one thing—no man can fall to fulfill his destiny but through his own fault.—George Sand.

Man is very apt to contemplate himself out of all proportion to his surroundings.—Christina G. Rossetti.

The best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it is the finest in the world.—George Elliot.

Love occupies a vast space in woman's thoughts, but fills a small portion in a man's life.—Maria Edgeworth.

Man is not made for that selfish concentration of despair which is called either abnegation or stoicism.—George Sand.

The just living of a lifetime makes a man incapable of any mere selfish handling of another's interests.—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Black Veils Best of All.

The success of the veil depends upon discretion in choice of pattern and its method of adjustment. Indeed the art of putting on a veil is a difficult one. Our Parisian sisters possess the happy knack of twisting voluminous lengths of net or gauze around their heads with an effect altogether delightful. To the careful study, then, of veil adjustment would we credit our readers, and also draw their attention to choice of design and color. The sallow complexioned woman should fly from the blue veil, she of rosy cheeks from the red, the business woman from the unpractical white, and so on, while undoubtedly the smartest and most becoming veil of all is the black, of soft fine quality and fascinating design.

Two Babies Mixed at Birth.

A mother and daughter in the town of Irish Valley, Pa., are in a quandary

such as probably has not happened before for a good while. Each gave birth to a child on Monday, and so busy was the doctor in attending to

them that the babies got mixed up and it will be a secret forever which is which. Both children were born at nearly the same time and both were placed in a cradle. One of the babies is a boy and the other a girl, and it looked to outsiders as though there would be trouble over the boy, for the younger woman was anxious to present a son to her lord. The mother at length cut the Gordian knot by declaring that she wanted a daughter to replace the grown-up woman and that she was perfectly satisfied, since she had several sons. Thus all is serene, and will be unless one of the children dies, and then nobody knows what will happen.

No Profusion of Bric-a-brac.

The age has passed for small tables so laden down with bric-a-brac as to give the drawing-room the appearance of a china shop and to cause the average male caller to feel very much in the position of the historical bull. Bits of bric-a-brac may still exist, but these bits must be of some intrinsic value and need not be grouped together as though offered for sale. The sovereign silver table will still hold sway, as this collection is really interesting in many cases, especially so when they represent the hostess' own "trip aboas," and the rich plush or velvet on which these ornaments are placed makes them a thing of beauty, as a rule.

Tribute of High Esteem.

The beautiful loving cup which Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, presented to Mrs. Joseph Thompson, of Atlanta, cannot be adequately portrayed in the accompanying illustration, but its meaning of love and good fellowship, coming as it does from the official head of the woman's department of the great national exposition to the woman who held the same position in the South's great exposition, is one which all Southern people will appreciate and take a pride in. Mrs. Palmer's gift means the warm recognition of Southern hospitality. The bond of mutual sympathy between these women in their great endeavors was strong to begin with, and was upon acquaintance made sure by personal under-



MRS. PALMER'S GIFT TO MRS. THOMPSON.

standing and accord. The loving cup will always recall to Mrs. Thompson the visit of Mrs. Palmer to the Atlanta exposition, while others looking upon it will remember happily the evening of the grand ovation given in her honor by Mrs. Thompson when the two women stood side by side, each receiving in her own individual fashion amid brilliant lights and flowers.

The loving cup is simple and elegant. The design is of a Venus riding on a dolphin and the work is exquisitely chaste and artistic.

Fashion and Home Hints.

Jacket waists are popular this season.

Fashion has run riot in dress trimmings.

Capes and jackets are popular spring wraps.

The new tweeds are rather bright in coloring.

Dress skirts are not quite so full as they were.

Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon.

Children are to wear poke bonnets, and one is occasionally seen on an adult.

Fine checks promise to be very popular, and shot mohairs are especially recommended.

Laces are more varied and elegant than ever, with no end of applique designs on net and chiffon.

Handsome lunch cloths and buffet covers that wash well are of fine linen, bordered with renaissance lace.

There is a great choice of silver candlesticks; but, after all, none surpasses in beauty the colonial reproductions.

Colonial silverware, in true octagon shape, with a novel disposition of beadwork and empire garlands, is the correct thing.

Long or one piece effects are creeping in more and more, to the delight of stout figures. Under the name of redingote and princess gowns some very pretty costumes are evolved.

Two English bacteriologists conclude that an average of 1,500 microbes must be inhaled into the nose every hour, while in London the number must often reach 14,000. The organisms are caught by the nose and pass to the digestive organs, which in health destroy them.

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

It happened about seven years ago. I had been transacting some business in London, and was returning by the afternoon mail to my home in the country. Being the only occupant of the carriage in which I rode, I broke the tedium of the journey by reading, in the dim light of the chill December day, some of the several periodicals with which I had furnished myself at the bookstall previous to my departure from the station.

The papers at that time were full of accounts respecting some startling outrages committed just previously by a band of desperate nihilists, who, in their own particular manner, were levying war upon civilization in a well known European capital. The reports were alarmingly graphic, and an air of insecurity was engendered by reading them, for rumor had it that the ramifications of these champions of assassination were well nigh limitless, extending into other lands besides their own, and it was plainly hinted that England was shortly to receive a special share of their attentions.

I read on until the growing darkness rendered the operation too difficult to be longer indulged in, and then muscled upon what I had read until, half my journey being accomplished, it became necessary for me to change my train. With a quarter of an hour to spare, I entered the buffet attached to the station at which I had stopped, with the object of obtaining some needed refreshment. Having eaten nothing since breakfast, I was hungry, and looked round for something substantial wherewith to appease my appetite.

The only available thing besides the usual sandwich was a German sausage, which I began to tackle without the least compunction. Although not an edible that I usually indulge in—to be correct, I had never before tasted it—the elegant polony seemed to my sharpened palate quite toothsome food, and I ate vigorously, and felt, as I believed, all the better for it when the time came to resume my journey.

I had a companion this time, a man who, like myself, was closely wrapped, and who occupied the seat directly opposite to the corner one in which I placed myself. In his hand I noticed that he carried a small, oblong parcel, incased in brown paper and tied with a strip of thin string, so arranged as to form a loop for the fingers that held it.

On starting my fellow traveler made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and later on, with an air of decided sociability, offered me his flask. I am aware that it is not ordinarily advisable to accept hospitality in this way from a stranger, and it is a thing I always set my face against, but in this instance I broke through my custom and took the proffered drink, and then, drawing my wraps closely around me, snuggled into my corner and tried to make myself comfortable for the rest of the ride.

I had not been long thus ensconced when a kind of drowsy stupor began to creep over me, which steadily increased, despite repeated efforts on my part to shake it off. As I sat in this semiconscious state my thoughts reverted to the nihilistic literature I had been reading, and instantly it occurred to me that the brandy I had been drinking was drugged. The thought was not a pleasant one, and, somewhat alarmed by it, I made a further attempt to rouse myself from the lethargy into which I was falling, but without success. Suddenly I lost consciousness entirely, and everything became a blank.

It was only for a few moments, however, for my senses returned as quickly as they had left me, although my power of action was quite gone. I seemed like a person under the influence of some mesmeric spell, from which there was no escape. In this condition my gaze instinctively turned to my companion, and I noticed, as I thought, a mysterious change in his appearance. His complexion had assumed a malignant air, his eyes wore a wild look and round his mouth there curled a cunning smile.

As I sat watching him, he began to undo the parcel in his hands, and drawing away the paper in which it was incased exposed to view a box apparently made of tin. A little hinged door on one of its sides, which he presently opened, showed that the interior was filled with a species of clockwork arrangement, and instinctively I guessed that the thing I beheld was one of those diabolical inventions which have come to be known by the term of infernal machines.

On beholding this horrible engine of destruction, which, for aught I knew, might be fased ready for its dreadful work, my first thought was to stretch out my hand for the communication cord, and, by stopping the train, let the authorities know the manner of man they were carrying; but, on attempting to rise, I found that my limbs utterly refused their office, and I was as helpless as though I had been bound hand and foot. My companion, evidently divining my intention, spoke:

"You are powerless to move," he said, addressing me. "The potion imbibed from my flask is a special decoction which will prevent action on your part for some time to come. So sit still and listen! You know, doubtless, what this is," he continued, pointing to the box, which he had placed on the seat beside him, "and most likely you guess what I am at the same time. In case you do

not, I will tell you at once that I am one of that noble band who have for their object in life the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of authority!"

"In other words, you are a nihilist—a dynamitar?" I suggested.

"Use those terms if you like," he replied. "There is nothing in a name. Acts are the things whereby men are judged. Hear what I have to say! The society to which I belong has decreed the immediate doom of an authoritative rule, and with that object has dispatched emissaries far and wide to carry out its behests. A big blow is shortly to be struck, and there is not a country in the whole of Europe which will escape it. Russia, Germany, Austria, France, all are condemned, and even England, the vaunted home of the free, is not to be exempt. At the present moment there are 99 picked men, armed with the most deadly bombs, in London itself, awaiting the signal to commence. One more worker is required, and I am commissioned to find some one to supply the want. I have done so, and my choice falls upon you!"

I started in my seat at these words, uttered in a fiercely earnest tone. He concluded:

"You; yes, you must become one of us; must enroll yourself under the banner of emancipation, and strike a blow for liberty!"

"And what if I refuse?" I inquired, as quietly as my excitement would allow. He leaned forward and hissed rather than spoke in my ear:

"If you will not do this, then you yourself are doomed! Mark me, unless you join our ranks you will never leave this train alive!"

"Who will prevent me?" I asked, again making a vain endeavor to rise.

"I will!" he shouted fiercely.

"I defy you!" I exclaimed, with a firmness I did not really feel, thinking that a determined attitude might possibly overawe him, for assassins are invariably cowardly. I was mistaken in my man, however, for on hearing my words he put his hand under the cloak that enveloped him and drew forth a poniard, the sharp pointed edge of which he felt critically with the tip of his finger.

"I will give you one minute in which to consider your decision," he said, "and if at the end of that time you remain obdurate, then this blade goes straightway through your heart!"

In order, I suppose, to amuse himself during the interval, he pricked several holes with the point of the instrument in his arm just above the wrist, from each of which the blood squirted in small, purple jets, showing how sharp was the weapon's edge. In a little while he said:

"The time is up! What say you now?"

"What I said before," I replied. "Do your worst!"

Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched me by the throat.

"Coward!" I cried, half choking as I was, and struggling in his iron grasp.

The epithet seemed to madden him, for his face became livid with sudden rage, his eyes glared wildly and his breath came in thick and hurried gasps.

"You shall never say that again!" he shouted, tightening his hold till the blood swelled up in my face and my eyes seemed ready to fly from their sockets.

With the energy of despair I made one final attempt to recover my power of action and felt that I was succeeding. The effect of the potion was evidently working off, and with use returning to my limbs I realized that now was my time. Concentrating all the strength I had in to one tremendous effort, I managed to free myself from his grip and immediately closed with him. We struggled violently together for a few seconds, neither gaining the mastery, and then I stumbled and we both fell to the ground, he uppermost. It seemed that my hour was come, for in his hand he held the deadly weapon. As I saw the gleaming blade descend in one swift stroke, I raised my voice and shouted:

"Tickets, please! All tickets ready!"

It was the summons of the collector. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. There was my fellow traveler sitting quietly on the seat opposite, regarding me with an amused expression on his face.

"Been sleeping?" he queried as my gaze caught his.

"I suppose I have," was my hazy reply.

"And dreaming, too," he added, with a smile. "Unpleasantly I should guess by your manner!"

It was so. The substantial repast of which I had partaken had been the means of bringing on a heavy slumber which lasted right on to my journey's end, and the fearful adventure through which I had been passing was not, as I had imagined it, a thing of reality, but only a horrid nightmare, engendered by the reception of a mass of indigestible food into a constitutionally dyspeptic stomach.

My companion of course was no more a nihilist than I was. The only fusible article inside his brown paper parcel was a box containing a hundred choice cigars, and his flask, he assured me, held nothing more injurious to the system than a quantity of fine old cognac.

As I related to him the experience through which I had gone, he indulged in a hearty laugh, and while I could not refrain from joining him, even at my own expense, I inwardly registered a vow to give German sausage a very wide berth for the future.—London Tit-Bits.

Never Satisfied.

"Yes, my eldest daughter married money."

"She is happy, of course?"

"Far from it. While she has something one could wish for, she is far from being happy. She loved another."

"Your second daughter also married, did she not?"

"Yes, she married a man for his looks."

"I suppose she is happy."

"Indeed she is not. While her husband is a good provider, he can't be said to give her what her eldest sister receives, and, consequently, she is not happy."

"And your youngest daughter, one I always thought so much of, married?"

"Yes, she married a man for his money."

"Ah, sensible little girl!"

"But her husband is very poor!"

"Still, with all her poverty, she has the man of her choice, and is, of course, happy?"

"No, indeed. She is the unhappiest of the three."—San Francisco War.

Before and After.

"Seen Jones lately?" he queried, they got on the same car together.

"Not for three months."

"But I thought he was in the habit of dropping into your office every day."

"Oh, yes, but that was before he was cowed \$10 of me!"—Detroit Free Press.

EDEN'S FLOWERS AND THORNS.

In this beautiful season of flowers, when the air is balmy and the light golden, it seems a pity that any should enter into this Eden of ours and its pleasures and blight its joy, but so ordained; man has his heritage, and even doubtful—if all of life were a pleasure—whether we could possibly enjoy it. The birds come and sing, and the sun and moon, and the stars, and the change of temperature, and it comes, as thousands know, by the purchase of St. Jacobs Oil, which is a complete and perfect cure. It is well, then, while we enjoy all these seasonal pleasures, not to be without this great remedy for pain, and to have it ready, in case we are the more liable at this season than any other to suffer from such ailments.

Little Bess—We're going to play in the house. I'll be mamma and Willy will be papa, and you'll be the baby. I'll let you be papa, only you'll be the baby. Little Tommy Harlem—Shuck! I'll be janitor!

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Is not steeper than a system liberated by shakies of chills and fever, biliousness or dumb ague by Hostetter's Stomachic. A perfect antidote to malarial poison in air. It is also an unexampled remedy for bilious, rheumatic or kidney complaints, peptic and nervousness. It improves the sleep and hastens convalescence.

skids—Did she say it was so sudden you asked her to marry you? Askin—She didn't. She was a widow.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR TARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the system and completely derange the whole of its economy, when entering it through the mucous membrane, such articles should never be used. Prescriptions from reputable physicians, that damage the system, and make it impossible to possibly derive from them, relief, can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., contains no mercury, and is entirely safe, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Caesars' Cure be sure you get the genuine. Caesars' Cure is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Free trial. Family Pills are the best.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. E. J. Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after day's use. Mergulous cures. Treatise sent free. Write to Dr. E. J. Cheney, 91 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERBERA for breakfast.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until they have carbuncles, abscesses, boils, ulcers or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or never there is any indication of

Impure

blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, prevent such eruptions and suffering. "I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor tended me over seven weeks. When abscess broke, the pains were terrible. I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it. My husband, who was suffering from boils, took it also. It soon purged

Blood

built me up and restored my health. That, although the doctor said I was not able to work hard, I have done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine. Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to operate.