

# THE VIGIL OF ADAM.

Far in Asia, with the legend,  
On a peak whose nameless towers  
Use the plains a hundred miles off  
For their dial of the hours;  
Where the tallest Himalaya  
Rises and because so lonely,  
Whence the eagle swoops in terror,  
And the stars of God are only;  
Sixth one of ancient things,  
One more strange than ought below him,  
One who lived so near to God once,  
That for man we scarce should know him;  
Far above the busy world tribes,  
Miles above the pine trees, bending,  
Lonely as when God first made him,  
There he kept watch unending.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

# MR. MOUSER'S SAWBUCK.

Mr. Mouser and his merry little wife occupied a charming cottage in the suburbs of a large city in the "Fatherland." His business connections were of such a nature that he was usually at leisure after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Mouser prided himself on being a man of originality and brains. Mr. Mouser also liked a little joke, at other people's expense.

It was autumn. Mr. Mouser had just laid in a goodly supply of winter fuel. Wood was chiefly used for this purpose in the land of Mr. Mouser's birth.

Sitting by the window of his cozy living room, enjoying a royal smoke from the long stemmed porcelain pipe, Mr. Mouser watched the wood sawyer plying his trade, made easy by long habit of handling wood and saw. As Mr. Mouser gazed and pondered an idea crept into his head. It was grasped—as ideas quickly become captive there.

"Lizbeth," said he to his wife, "it is singular I never thought of it before—I generally think of such things—but it strikes me that I could saw that wood myself."

"A bright one, isn't it? A big saving, too! Just see with what ease it is done—the man cuts through the sticks as if he were slicing bread and butter; besides, I require more exercise; my health is not what it has been."

"Why, dear, do you feel ill?"

"No, but a man needs to exert himself if he does not wish to run down in muscular power. My habits are too confining; a sense of this fact has been growing on me lately. But I have solved the difficulty while watching that man play on his sawjack."

A merry twinkle of the eyes and a laudable endeavor to maintain a serious expression would have convinced the beholder that Lizbeth also had ideas, but like a properly respectful wife she kept them to herself until called for.

"Do you think, Lizbeth, that a little gentle muscular activity is what I need to stimulate appetite?"

"You might paint the house or do some easy tireless work than wood-sawing," replied Mrs. Mouser.

"Oh, you underestimate my capacities, my dear. And sawing wood is not such hard work. Come and see how simply it is done, yet how every muscle is brought into play. I am enchanted with my idea, and shall carry it out. The man can finish this job, but it shall be the last I ever pay for."

Mr. Mouser meant business. He at once ordered the very best kind of a sawjack made. He purchased a splendid saw, with sharp teeth and a light frame. He ranted about, happy as a schoolboy, with his yellow and green paint splattered all over his person, until finally the saw came suited him in its bright yellow coat. The sawjack he painted a lovely light green.

Daily he promenade impatiently round the sheds where the wood was stored, and grumbled because the fuel used so unusually long. At intervals he added another coat of green paint to the lightly decorated sawjack ("sawbuck" is called sometimes), and bade all his acquaintances and friends come and inspect his patent calisthenic toys, until very one for miles around became familiar with Mr. Mouser's green sawing jack.

At last the longest day arrived. A big load of fire-wood had been piled up in close proximity to the tools of decimation.

Mr. Mouser was all excitement. He assayed by his amused wife with important air, and scarcely gave himself time to devour his dinner, he was so eager to start work.

"Nothing more, thanks," he replied, as his wife wished to replenish his cup, saying, he hastened to handle his pet with an ardor that caused Lizbeth to smile knowingly as she watched him pick at the very smallest and most slender and sticks.

This was a great mistake on Mr. Mouser's part. He should have tackled the difficult ones first, on the simple but useful theory that custom would have veined his toil with the balm of easier ease.

My! how the saw rented and the abominated sticks tumbled to the ground! Lizbeth, who was peeping with lighter brimming eyes, noticed that at a third cord stick work seemed to sicken just a little, but seven were slashed, and Mr. Mouser came in, declaring he felt glorious.

The second day Mr. Mouser remained table a trifle longer. Four cord sticks broken lengths licked the dust, however.

Third day—Mr. Mouser took time to sneeze over The Daily News after dinner. "Lizbeth," said he, "I think I've been eaten in the saw jack. It is not put together on as practical a plan as I was led to believe. It wriggles."

Fourth day—Mr. Mouser toyed over his dinner extensively. He smoked his pipe and read the paper. He glanced over his mangle magazine until dark, and then started up, exclaiming:

"Mrs. Mouser enjoyed the situation immensely, but said never a word."

Fifth day—Mr. Mouser rose with a use of injustice resting upon him. All he was haunted by the outrageous fate it made him the owner of a sawing jack.

"My dear, we require more wood than I saw today and to-morrow, washing and drying days, you know," said Mrs. Mouser as soon as he got home.

"I never saw anything like the way you men manage to consume fuel!" and Mouser grabbed his hat and strode frantically toward the woodpile. A few sticks before the sawer's manipulation of the wheel, Mr. Mouser's snoring kept silent time to the wild motions of the wheel.

With a crash he sent the saw flying to the woodpile. This was too much. His wife was a brute to expect him to work like a slave during the few months he could call his own free from these druggeries. But if he gave up he

# EXPECTED TO KNOW THEM ALL.

How Some Travelers Try to Bluff Conductors Into Giving Free Rides.

"No one knows, except a conductor, the ways attempted by some people to deaden their way on a train," said a ticket puncher, as he handed back the reporter the remainder of a pass.

The reporter asked what made the conductor drop such an insinuation just then.

"Oh, some people are cheeky, and will do their best to beat you. A conductor is expected to have about twice as many eyes and ears as ordinary people. He is expected to know personally, or in an indirect way, every deadhead between New York city and the Golden Gate. If a particular friend of the superintendent, general passenger agent, or any director, or even down to the head train dispatcher, comes along, the conductor is asked to pass Mr. So-and-So on account of another Mr. So-and-So."

"This deadhead business becomes a well worn chestnut in the course of time. One-half of these unknown, but all important would be free riders never have any pass. They will come in, and, with as much assurance as cheek will warrant, ask to be passed. Then again, there are others who are intimately acquainted with the conductor, and of course ask to be deadheaded. We never do this kind of business' doubt work in any case, but then it is a veritable nuisance which ought to be abolished. Why, you would be astonished at the methods resorted to by some fellows who are professional 'deadheads.'"

"Remember not long ago striking a cheeky dog agent. He boarded the train, and was dressed in the height of style, silk tie and all. It was a dark, rainy night, and the mud was fearful. When I came to Mr. Book Agent he went into his spacious pocketbook—his ticket seemed to have slipped out. He fumbled through a lot of well worn papers, blank receipts, but no ticket could be found."

"Finally, looking up, he said: 'Just wait a moment; I have placed it in my valise.' Slowly he opened the big valise filled with circulars, dirty linen and the other necessary outfit of a book venter. I went through the train and came back to the bewildered agent, who was still overhauling some back number papers in search of something he did not have. 'Ticket, please,' I said. 'I have lost it,' said he, 'and cannot find it.' 'Pay your fare then,' said I.

"The truth was he was 'busted' and hadn't a cent. His station was several miles ahead of us, and as there was no regular stopping place between where he got on and where he expected to get off, he would make his last ticket racket work like a charm. The conductor, he thought, would not stop the train to put a 'gentleman' off in the rain and mud. He was fooled."

"Pretty soon we came to a water station out in a big field where the mud was shoe top deep. It was raining torrents, and our unfortunate passenger had no umbrella. When the train came to a standstill I requested him to move out. A scene followed, and trouble was threatened. It was a disgrace, he thought, to put a gentleman off in the rain. But he went out into the dark rain and mud. He was elegantly dressed, and his clothes must have been ruined before he found shelter."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

England's Bright Journalist.

Mr. Lang writes leaders for The Daily News; yet he goes and comes as he pleases, and his duties as a journalist are not suffered to interfere with his other literary work, his lectures, etc. A share of his time is spent in Edinburgh. It is said that when he reports at The News office he asks if any particular topic requires treatment at his hands; he is so thoroughly informed and so facile that, assigned a theme for editorial treatment, he will sit down in all the noise and confusion of the editorial room and read off a delightful essay, full of learning, wit, of allusion and of quotation; this, too, without referring to any book from which it may be desirable to take extracts, or to which it may be desirable to turn. In fact, Lang is looked upon by his journalistic associates as a cyclopedia of learning, a fountain of wit and a master of all that is charming in style.—Eugene Field's Letter in Chicago News.

Weak Hearts Worse Than Weak Heads.

A weak heart seems to be decidedly more practically inconvenient than a weak head. If a man or a woman be a little feeble about the region of the brain, it is generally of little moment. Some post or other will be provided if the conduct be respectable; and lack of brains is too common to excite any particular attention in the persons concerned, or in those about him. But a weak heart insists upon putting itself in evidence in all sorts of convenient and inconvenient times. If its possessor finds himself rather late for his morning train and makes a "spurt" to recover lost time, the exertion is usually followed by such a "bad quarter of an hour" that he resolves in future rather to lose a dozen trains than to risk temporary suffocation or permanent syncope again.—American Analyst.

Labor of Authors.

William Dean Howells, indisputably a man of genius, confesses without a blush that he is unable to write but some three hours in the course of a day, and that he toils as laboriously over his manuscript as if it were a piece of actual machinery. Bret Harte, whose creations read as if they had come from his brain without flaw or hindrance, showing brilliancy of thought with the grace of the artist, is yet another writer who passes days and weeks upon a short story or poem before he is ready to deliver it into the hands of the printer, which speaks volumes of praise for the author of the most strikingly original productions in prose and verse which have ever come before the reading public.—Exchange.

There Are No Equinoctial Storms.

Weather Prophet Gen. Greely observes: "The equinoxes are imaginary points at the intersection of the circle described by the earth about the sun with the plane of the earth's equator extended till it strikes the imaginary dome of the sky, and they are nothing more than this. Hence it is very evident," he says, "that they can have absolutely no influence on storms. It might be thought that somehow the lengthening of the day at the spring equinox might affect the weather, but, as this lengthening amounts to only two and one-half minutes daily, and is a continuous action, lasting for weeks before and after the equinox, the effect is absolutely nothing."—Chicago Times.

The Color of Flame.

The color of flame depends partly on the temperature, but principally on the nature of the substances undergoing combustion or incandescence. The flame of an ordinary fire is yellow, because the heat is not sufficient to render the carbon a white heat. The flame will burn much brighter when air is supplied to it freely, as by raising out the chimneys at the bottom of the grate or blowing the fire with a bellows, because with every fresh rush of air there is a new supply of oxygen. The red flame is caused when there is a rapid union between the combustible gases and the oxygen of the air, which is frequently the case in the outermost zone of a candle flame.—Montreal Star.

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## A MAN WHO KEPT HOUSE WHILE HIS WIFE WORKED OUT.

The English Drawing Room Costume. Bonnets at Small Cost—Poorly Cared for China—Portraits of the Queen. Dressing in a Sleeping Car.

The household of William Hergeneroether, a German optician, living at 66 Attorney street, has long been an unhappy one. William has a young and comely wife, who is as thrifty as her husband is lacking in industry. For two years she has supported herself, her 6-year-old daughter and her husband and taken care of things at home. Mrs. Hergeneroether declares that the sole contribution of William toward the maintenance of the family during this time amounted to \$2. He simply would not work.

One day Mrs. Hergeneroether proposed that both she and her husband go out to find work. If she was successful in her search William should become house keeper, while she would provide for the family. If, on the contrary, William found a job first he should accept it and work, while his wife cared for the house. In keeping with other men, William fancied housework very easy indeed, and supposed he could dispatch the duties of housekeeping in half the time his wife took. Seeing a life of ease before him he readily agreed to the proposition. He called it a snap.

Mrs. Hergeneroether is a tailor, and in a few hours she returned with the news that she had secured steady employment. William was home. Of course he had been unable to find a job, so he took charge of the kitchen. The novelty had a surprising effect on the man. He became wonderfully industrious. His cooking was really excellent after a few days of practice. Steak was never more nicely fried. Better coffee Mrs. Hergeneroether never tasted. As for the pancakes they were always browned precisely right. William displayed great cleanliness in his housekeeping. His little girl was always tidy, the window panes shone like some of William's pebble glasses in the bygone days when he worked at his trade as optical goods maker, and Mrs. Hergeneroether always found a good meal awaiting her on her return from work.

All this was too good to last. It continued two or three weeks, at the expiration of which William showed signs of fatigue. The quality of his cooking fell off; the coffee was cold and bad, and sometimes there was no supper on the table when the wife came home.

Mrs. Hergeneroether got mad. She had performed her part of the contract faithfully and did not mean to submit to any imposition, and she soon had William in the hands of the law. When arraigned at Essex market on a charge of non support she said he would resume his labor at home if the court would release him. As he could not furnish bail to pay his wife \$4 a week he was locked up. His wife left him to his own reflections and a prison cell for several days. William did not relish confinement, and bestirred himself to effect his release. Through a friend he secured a job in an optician's establishment. Justice Taintor approved of this move and released him so that he might go to work. William's brother, an Attorney street barber, says that this is the first time that William has been able to find work.—New York Press.

The English "Drawing Room" Costume.

London is agitating the question of holding the Queen's drawing rooms in the evening instead of in the afternoon, and the papers are being deluged with the opinions of various correspondents. One writes to The Graphic: "Drawing rooms at night would indeed be a boon. The evils of daylight drawing rooms are not dissipated by a soft wind and a clear sky. Far from it. The weather, which reduces our physical suffering to a minimum, is responsible for a great aggravation of our mental tortures. People read in a complacent spirit the glowing account in the daily papers of the brilliant scene in the Mall and about the palace, and of the great crowds assembled to witness the victims of etiquette in the prescribed deshabille.

"The 'good nature' of the crowd is dwelt on with the airy 'good nature' of people who are not the objects of the spectators' regards. Drawing room dress is disconcerting, if not positively unbecoming, by daylight to all but a favored few. And in place of being exposed to the observation and criticisms of those who are in the same boat as ourselves, or at least governed by the polite conventions of our own circle, we have to sit, impassive cyanozores for hundreds and hundreds of eyes, whose gaze cannot by any stretch of goodwill be considered flattering.

"The spectators crowd about us, they stare, they point, they criticize with a frankness which shows that they have no idea that the gorgeously arrayed damsels and matrons have the same sort of feelings as their own highly respectable mothers and sisters. The self-control which is a second nature to all well-bred people prevents our general critics from suspecting that their attentions are painful and offensive. Seeing ladies so arrayed of their own will in the full glare of daylight, the sight seeing public apparently puts us on the same footing as a circus procession or waxworks, and sometimes records its approval of a face or a toilet in the simplest good faith."

A Variety of Bonnets at Small Cost.

A clever girl has hit upon a novel way of varying her hats and bonnets during the summer at very little expense. She is a born milliner, and always trim, and sometimes makes her own headgear, and is fond of having a quantity of pretty hats and bonnets. Having found by experience that expensive flowers fade just about as soon as cheap ones, she has decided to buy the latter this season instead of the former, as usual, and when they fade to substitute others for them. Besides, too, she says she gets tired of the same eternal flowers, and when

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August comes she does not want to be wearing the hat she wore in June trimmed with daisies. And what girl wants to be known by a hat?

So this year when she leaves town she will carry in her trunk a box filled with a variety of cheap but pretty flowers, and plenty of velvet and ribbon of the best quality. One may wear cheap flowers on one's bonnet, but never cheap ribbons. The flowers cost but twenty-five cents a bunch, and the ribbons are as much as a yard. The green leaves that are attached to the flowers may be of too glaring a color; in that case a few fern or ivy leaves, that are suitably worn with any flowers, may be bought separately and used in place of the others; or the artistic girl, who always has a paint pot on hand, will touch up the bright green with a darker shade. This is a bright idea, and one that is well worth imitating.—New York Star.

Portraits of Victoria.

In another room there is a full length portrait of Queen Victoria in her royal robes, painted soon after her accession to the throne and showing that the grim old dowager of the present day was a very charming girl fifty years ago. The peculiar sweetness of the large blue eyes and the pretty, rosy mouth, the bloom and freshness of the fair, young face, and, above all, the perfect molding of the arms and shoulders and the graceful neck, make a most winning image of royal girlhood. Had I been Queen Victoria I think I would have imitated the example of one of the most beautiful of my female contemporaries, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria—would have remained content with this portrait as my official likeness, and never would have sat to any painter again.

But in the Waterloo chamber there is a portrait of the queen painted five years ago, which will show to posterity what a staid and severe looking old lady she was, in contrast to the grace and sweetness of her youthful likeness. There is, however, one quality about the queen which is never lacking, and that is her regal bearing. She looks "every inch the queen" in the heavy, somber robes that she wears today, as she doubtless did in the crimson velvet and ermine, the white satin and jewels of her coronation dress.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dressing in a Sleeping Car.

There is no way in the little dusty plunging den of a sleeping car's dressing room to practice such fine arts, with only the aid of two towels as big as handkerchiefs; still much may be accomplished by well directed effort. To begin with, the night toilet must have been complete—that is to say, the hands and face bathed, the teeth and hair brushed in the dressing room. Then, standing inside the curtains, the garments removed one by one and folded. Let no woman attempt to sleep in any of the garments worn during the day. Poor rest and fatigue the next day is the result.

Remove everything, and slip on a night gown, over which should be added in cold weather a gown—a perfectly plain one—of flannel, to avoid colds. Put the stockings and garters inside the shoes, and hang them in the net. A traveling woman should always provide herself with one of the neat, stout little bags that hang from the belt, and here her hairpins, jewelry, purse, gloves and veil and small impedimenta may be put for the night, and the bag put under the covers at her feet, where it is much safer than at the pillow. In this way there is no danger of small articles of attire being missing when needed in the morning.—Harper's Bazar!

Poorly Cared for China.

I wonder if this country has any idea where its china is kept. There isn't a gentleman's house in the land that has not better accommodations. There it is, all the elegant ware which former mistresses of the White House gathered with so much pride and in the face of so many growls from the congressional appropriation committees which supplied the money, tucked, crammed and jammed into an unfinished closet which would hardly kennel two mastiffs. No wonder that so much of it is broken and nicked that each succeeding mistress of the White House almost sheds tears over the ruin of the thing most dear to a woman's heart—rare china.

Until President Arthur's day there was not even this closet, all the valuable china being stored in the basement; but he had this closet cut from the little hallway by the elevator. There are two rows of shelves about three feet deep, and there the three sets which belong to the service are kept, one-third of them being on the floor. Mrs. Harrison says that of the 1,000 pieces, made at so great an expense in the Hayes administration, there are not more than 400 left.—Cor. New York World.

An Unpatented Refrigerator.

Light boxes, spring refrigerators are not usually provided with refrigerators, but you may make one for twenty cents. Buy two tin pans of the cheapest quality, as you will want to throw them away when you leave. Choose one slightly smaller than the other, so that its rim and ears shall just rest on the rim of the larger one. Punch the bottom of the smaller one full of holes or get a tinman to do it for you. Keep the ice wrapped in quantities of old newspapers and afterward in old flannel. Five cents worth of ice kept in the coolest and darkest corner of your apartments will furnish ice water and keep the milk and butter cool for twenty-four hours. The former in its glass bottle and the latter in a large jelly glass with a screw top can be placed in the larger pan beneath the one holding the ice, and will be kept cool by the slow dripping of the ice water upon them.—New York Herald.

Mary Anderson's Successor.

Already a successor has been chosen for Miss Mary Anderson, who, as the world has been given to understand, will end her professional life with her marriage. The lady is Miss Julia Nelson, an English beauty who made her first appearance on the London stage two years ago, with a minimum of talent

and a maximum of good looks and good breeding that captivated society and disarmed criticism.

From her very first appearance under the auspices of and in the company with the very actress whose place she is destined to fill, there were abundant signs of a passionate heart and good judgment, as well as a fair face, a rich voice and a noble presence. She was a woman as well as a queen. She made her emphatic success as Clarice in Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy." Miss Nelson is in her early twenties, has a good social and financial backing, is an indefatigable student and is today within measurable distance of being a fine actress.—Exchange.

Mme. Carnot's Diplomacy.

If Mme. Carnot is not popular in France it is certainly not from lack of taking trouble to win public favor. She rivals the ex-Empress Eugenie in the thousand little ingenious devices she practices for securing popularity. She visits hospitals, assists at bazars, entertains all classes and showers down little acts of kindness upon all whom she encounters. Above all, she never misses an opportunity of appearing in public resplendent in lace, velvet and feathers, all of which have been purchased in France, the wife of the president being much too patriotic to have any dealings with foreigners. She sends direct to Normandy for her laces, to Lyons for her velvets and silks, and whenever she pays a visit to a town noted for laces she makes large purchases.—Modern Society.

Summer Sashes.

Sashes are worn universally in endless variety. A broad ribbon tied in a bow at the back; a round belt fastened at the side by a rosette from which dangle single ends of ribbon finished with butterfly bows; festoons of ribbons falling over a tablier or starting from the point of a grille to be carried to the back; or long breadths of silk or crepe arranged in folds below the waist and knotted without bows with their fringed ends falling nearly to the hem of the dress and in every known tint and shade. Black sashes, especially in velvet, give little Frenchy air to light dresses and relieve their monotony, but ordinarily this detail of the toilet is in harmony with the rest, either matching the material itself or one of the delicate tints in the embroidery.—New York Sun.

Bracelets in the Hair.

It is very stylish just now to wear a diamond bracelet in the hair, arranged in such a way that only the gems may be seen. It may confine the catogan braids or coils in the neck, or flash high in the coiffure, with a pouf of hair drawn through. Some jewelers claim that earrings are fast losing popularity; children are rarely allowed to have their ears pierced, and young girls object to the relic of barbarism, which renders the jeweled bracelets and pins all the more elaborate and expensive. As the bracelets are not worn with long evening gloves, their use in the hair is quite desirable, for one must display one's diamonds if one is so fortunate as to possess them.—New York Sun.

Women as Physicians.

Every day brings news of the advancement of women. Slowly but surely they are working their way into the various professions and trades, and approaching that ideal of equity in work with men which the progressive woman has always persistently cherished. The appointment of Miss Belle Smith—who, by the way, is said to be only 23 years old—as resident physician of the Woman's prison at Sherborn, a position of great responsibility, is another evidence of the fact that in this country women are advancing, and advancing rapidly. In this connection it is interesting to note the increasing number of women who are adopting the profession of medicine.—Boston Traveler.

Men Attend Sorosis.

Sorosis gave a breakfast May 28 in honor of Mrs. May Riley Smith, who was so long secretary of the society. A number of gentlemen were present. Since the founding of the society, twenty-two years ago, gentlemen have never been admitted to day sessions or entertainments, but on complaint of some members that they could not attend the breakfast without escorts it was decided to ignore the custom on this occasion.—New York Telegram.

"She Grew."

The legend as to the origin of woman is different with different nations. Not more than four nations accept the legend that she was made from a man's rib. The Japanese believe that she grew on a tree, the Laplanders that she was once a rabbit, the Persians that she fell from the heavens, and the Australians that she was first a toadstool.—Detroit Free Press.

Mattings should be swept carefully and wiped off after each sweeping with a cloth wrung out of salt and water. They will not then need cleaning at the end of the season. It is next to impossible to renew the freshness of a matting which has not been taken proper care of.

Not long ago a dress was received from a modiste, and in the pocket was a court plaster case an inch square filled with beauty spots. The collar of the basque was high and rolling, and the patches were intended to cover a blemish on the lady's neck.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, ex-president of Sorosis, is a member of twenty-seven different societies. She is a widow, with a bright mind, a sweet temper, a city and country home and a snug little estate of good paying interest.

Miss Somsabaugh, teacher in an Indian school in Philadelphia, has resigned her position, having married one of her red pupils named Alexander Hanson. The bridegroom is of the Mahawk tribe.

A teaspoonful of benzoin dropped in the wash basin before making the toilet produces an exquisitely delicate and luxurious tone for the skin.