

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



TALKS ON POLITICS.

The only woman campaign speaker in the East who addresses meetings exclusively of men is Mrs. Edward Montgomery Tillinghast, better known as Elizabeth Sheldon. She is a bright-eyed little woman, who looks as though she might better grace an evening reception than carry on an argument in a political debate. As a matter of fact, she is a most versatile young woman, and can with ready tact adapt herself either to the drawing-room, the political



MRS. EDWARD M. TILLINGHAST.

speakers' platform or the studio. Mrs. Tillinghast has a varied experience for a young woman. In school she was noted for brilliancy in debate and rhetoric, but immediately after leaving the high school in New Haven she began the study of interior decoration. Her first big audience was in Chicago, where she addressed the Woman's congress at the World's Fair. Her first speech which might be called a political effort was made before the Woman's council in Washington. The subject of political finance was not a new one to her, as her father, former Judge Sheldon, had always made it a point to discuss political questions in the family circle. Having a thorough knowledge of the political questions of the day, and having accustomed herself to speaking before an audience, Mrs. Tillinghast determined to enter the campaign as a stump speaker and address political meetings through the East.

Women on a Real Equality.

Iceland is said to be a paradise for the woman's rights, for from the earliest period the women of that little island have enjoyed a distinct individuality, having always had an equal place in the household with their husbands. In all matters of church and parish woman has her vote, and, as the church and state are combined, this is really a civic privilege. She has also full municipal suffrage, but as yet cannot vote upon matters pertaining to commerce, nor for members of parliament, though there is a strong sentiment in favor of giving her these additional advantages. Women take part in many political meetings, and talk upon all political subjects. During the althing sessions great numbers of the intelligent women of the capital city are in constant attendance. For some years there has existed a political society of women, and when momentous questions affecting their interests are before the legislative body, large meetings are called and addressed by women, setting forth their claims.

Garbed for Climbing Mountains.



Advice for Cool Weather. Openwork stockings and low shoes are very appropriate for summer resorts and sweltering days, but at the first touch of fall—after the first drop of 20 degrees in the thermometer—they ought to be put snugly and securely away with fans, parasols and all the paraphernalia of summer time. Women's shoes are, as a rule, so lightly made that even their boots are not much protection to their feet; but the low shoe is purely ornamental, and if it is worn out of season a dozen small sores will afflict its wearer to her continued discomfort. Chilled ankles and cold feet mean a low tone to the whole system and a multiplicity of petticoats will not remedy the evil. George Eliot in her later years attributed her miserable health to the fact that when she was a girl at school the stoves failed to heat the large rooms properly and her hands and feet were almost always cold. If you want to keep your com-

plexion good or make it better—if you want to escape the physical ills that so often come with October days; if you want to feel strong and bright and comfortable and well, see to it that your dainty silk stockings and bewitching ties are securely hidden out of sight and your feet and ankles are clothed so warmly that their due share of blood is where it belongs, and not in some other part of your body making mischief.

Value of Bright, Attractive Homes.

"The Touch of a Woman's Hand" is the caption of an editorial in Ladies' Home Journal, in which Edward W. Bok makes a plea for pleasant, bright homes in which are manifested the evidences of the wife's good taste and an enthusiastic interest in her household: "One reason why some men do not get along better in this world," Mr. Bok contends, "is because they have not the proper stimulant in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him the effect is felt upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand displayed in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times. But sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even though he may not directly notice it. He imbibes it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him.

Mrs. David R. Francis.

There will be a few women in Washington society next winter who will surpass in beauty or spirit Mrs. David R. Francis, the wife of the new Secretary of the Interior, recently appointed by President Cleveland to take the place vacated by Hoke Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Francis are Missourians, and have the hearty Western hospitality which



MRS. FRANCIS.

seems so usual in the trans-Mississippi region.

Just Like Other Grannies.

The little daughters of a member of the Duke of Connaught's staff were recently invited to lunch with the daughters of the latter at Government house, Aldershot. After the meal the young people adjourned to the grounds. "Do you know my grandmother?" asked Princess Margaret of one of her guests. "No," was the reply. "I am going to stay with her at Windsor to-morrow," continued the princess, "and she is going to have a company from London and some theatricals. I mean to get around grannie to let me sit up to see them. I always have to go to bed."

Evidently Princess Margaret did "get around grannie," for the day after the theatrical performance, which she was so anxious to witness, her name was among those of the spectators. During the absence of their parents in India she and her sister were so much with the queen that they probably know as well as any of the royal grandchildren how to coax their august grandmother into giving them any wished-for treat.

Said About Women.

Lucille—"Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare, I'm surprised that he puts up with you." Genevieve—"Oh, but we're engaged." Lucille—"Oh!"—Cleveland Leader.

"If Miss Gay devoted as much time to mental culture as she does to dress she would be a very learned woman." "Yes, but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of making other women green with envy."—Life.

Her eyes were read with weeping. "How can you be so cross when you promised always to think more of me than you did of yourself?" "Oh, that's easy enough," replied the unfeeling husband. "Since I married you I don't think very much of myself."—New York Press.

Now It Is the Tandem Waltz.

The tandem craze has passed from the bicycle to the waltz. The fashionable dance of the summer season rejoices the hearts of the prim, it does away with the clasping of the maiden's waist. Instead, she stands with her back to her partner, who holds her right arm extended, and then simply follows in her steps.

Dinner Table Decorations.

Sheaves of white, scarlet and rose-colored gladioli set in tall silver or crystal vases in a row down the center of a long table make an effective decoration for the late summer dinner table. A big basket of the same blooms, broad but not flat, should decorate the round table.

A PARENT'S WAIL.

Oh, me! Oh, my! Likewise Great Scott! Into what woe is this I've got? I've lately sent my boy to school, That he might not grow up a fool; And all the things I've told to him, Some based on fact, and some on whim, These days are coming back to me: Alas, alas, that it should be!

I told him once that Washington, Ere he his manhood had begun, Once with a nuttin'-chop did hack A cherry tree out at the back, And that in falling down it hit His father where he kept his wit; He told it as 'twas told to me: Alas, alas, that it should be!

And when his teacher said 'twas not The way I'd said, the little tot Got up and told her that he guessed He'd take my word before the rest; And while it might quite suit her whim, She'd best not get at stuffing him; His daddy knew about that tree: Alas, alas, that it should be!

And one by one the tales I've told, By which he's been so badly sold, But which I told him all in fun, Are proving false unto my son, Who watches me with mournful eye, Half hoping that I do not lie, But losing faith, alas, in me: Alas, alas, that it should be!

CAP'N TOM WOOLLEY.

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap'n Tom Woolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water." She came here every year. She said she never could take to anywhere like the coast of Cornwall. But after the last year she never came again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a distaste of the Cornish folk like.

Well, that's true what you say, sir—there ain't no sea anywhere like the sea here, in Cornwall. It breaks, as you may see it, all so green as emerald, round the stacks and skerries off Land's End and the Lizard. See it breaking yonder sometimes in fine white foam 'most as high as a lighthouse, round they granite peaks, and you wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oils by they artist gents at Newlyn. The Channel?—well, what's the Channel, come to think o' it, but a muddy river, in the manner of speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flooding it all with dirt and refuse? The North Sea?—no, nor the North Sea ain't much better, neither, through being filled with yellow clay by the mouths o' Thames and Rhine and Humber. I know 'em all, your 'eart, as I have sailed in coasting craft, man an' boy, this fifty year an' more, an' being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset—an' a muddier sea you'd wouldn't want nowhere than that, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, belying my own home, if I may make bold to put it so, which is as tidy a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic, where it rolls right in, all blue and green, and clear as crystal, on them Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it, for pleasure of swimming, in the British Isles, not till a man comes round again to Caithness and Sutherland.

Our Joe—him as they calls the fisherman poet—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look right down into the depths, as far as you see, and it's all transparent and it's all pure an' innocent. That's the sea, in Cornwall. The young lady's name I was speakin' of was Noe. She was a Miss Pryce o' London; but through knowin' o' her so intimate like, we always called her by her given name, Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see; and my misus was fonder of her than of any other folks as ever took our lodgings, same as she might be of your good lady, sir, begging your pardon. She was a fine built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim agin the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones stories by the rocks at nights, you'd say she was one o' these book writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine upstanding young lady, too, with a color in her cheek and a spring in her step, walking free across Mull-y-moors the same as if they belonged to her.

Well, it wasn't long before we perceived Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's—Mr. Moore from Exeter. He was a nice young doctor come to Kynance for his holiday; and when them two went out walking together, with her father and mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parents, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me, "Tom," says she, "it ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady; it's plain Alex. this morning. His name being Alexander, it was Alex. for short, as is the new fashion now, though when I was young it was all Alle or else Sandy."

"An' a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I; not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with; nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon; but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine young fellow. Or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailors from?"

"And handsome couple they'll make," says my misus, being fond of Miss Noe. Well, one of the days, Mr. Moore—that's Alex.—he went out swimming off the rocks by the cove; and Miss Noe, she was ashore sitting high on the cliff, reading a book or something. But every now and again my wife sees her raise her head and look out to sea anx-

ious like, after the heads bobbing about like buoys in the water. At last up she jumps and runs down to the cottage, all breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. "O, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex. He's swimming over there, an' it seems to me he's in some sort of trouble"—love having eyes as can see better'n a binocular.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an' I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sure enough there he was throwing his arms up wild, and trying to make signs to the shore for help.

"Is it cramp?" says the young lady. "Don't you believe it," says I; "there's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming than there need be. A man can't swim forever," says I. "Tired out; that's what I calls it," says I. And tired out Mr. Alex. was, sure enough, by the look of him.

"O, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone—let alone a Christian.

I was half way down to my boat by that time. "Save him?" says I; "is it saving of him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no friend of yours at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "come an' help me," says I. "There's a gentleman drowning."

"Drowning?" says Bill, running down and putting out. "Come on!" says Bill; "I'm with you!" His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he was young with all the young women. Well, we put off and rowed, Bill taking one of the sweeps—as is our name for them long oars—and me the other. After a while it struck me we wasn't heading outward. I looked up and saw, and we was most turned toward shore again. I'd pulled the boat around on Bill—which I didn't understand, he being then a stronger man nor me to pull—not but what, when I was in my best days, I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

"Bill," says I, sharp, "you're not a-pulling."

He looks up at me rather odd. "Mate," he quiet like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you a-rowing for?—the young fellow or the money?"

"Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out. "Pull, pull, I tell you! The gentleman's drowning—Miss Noe's young gentleman!"

He pulls a stroke or two, quite feeble. His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper. "Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft, or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here; but as sure as my name is Cap'n Tom Woolley, I'll wring your ugly neck for you!"

He holds up his sweep, and says he, "O, is that your game?" says he. "An' do you propose to compensate me?" I flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—and a man there a-drowning? Have you no common humanity?" says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow creature?"

"Five pound is a good bit better nor thirty bob," says Bill, looking up at me, sullen-like.

"Well, sir, I'll say it to your face, though your own father is a County Councillor, I always thought that one as had a law as the county could make. But law it is, all the same; and there ain't no helping it. It's 45 reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an' it's only thirty bob for bring a man alive as you save from drowning."

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row, or shall I brain you?"

Just at that minute my eyes went towards the shore; and if there wasn't Miss Noe, nor wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all—though a lady with skirts—an' swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice an' shouts: "Come along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl!" She was swimming that splendid!

Well, I rows towards her, and helps her aboard into the boat; and in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather bed to her. And she seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't work; and she cries out to me, agonized like: "Row on, Cap'n Woolley, for heaven's sake, row on; Alex. is a-drowning!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a supercargo, as you may say, to weight the boat, not yet a passenger for nothing. So, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul and I clasps an round the waist, being a older man nor him, but, heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise too much to struggle. An' I heaves an over afore he knowed where he was, and makes a Jonah of him. He come up spluttering, being the worst swimmer for a seafaring men as ever I met with. "There," says I, hitting out at him with the blade o' my sweep; "see how you like it yourself," says I. "There's 45-a-goin' beggin' for whoever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouble about you living." And off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, and leaves Bill there, to sink or swim, accordin' as he was minded.

A quarter o' a mile out we comes up to a sailing boat. Wind was nor-east, or might a been a p'int nearer east, mayhap; and a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex. was drowning. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder!" she cries, showing the

way with her hand. "Quick, quick; he's drowning!"

In a second they sees, and without one word of it they goes, luffing that sudden I wouldn't a believed it if I hadn't seen it; and they flies before me half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming through not having another kick left in him, as you may say, but he was able to float on his back and might have floated an hour more, mayhap, if so be as the chill of the water didn't numb him and send him to the bottom. They come up to him and pulled on in, I could see them a-pulling of him, but whether it was thirty bob or five pounds' worth I couldn't rightly make out for certain.

"Is it alive or dead?" says the young lady. "Well," says I, "he do look rather limp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back and get your things dried, miss."

"O, no," says she, crying. "I can't go back till I know. Cap'n Woolley," says she, "we must row on and meet them."

Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman perhaps having nothin' on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of. Still, this being a matter o' life and death, where such things can't be allowed to count, I rows on to meet them.

About a hundred yards off I stands up and shouts so as she shouldn't understand, "Is it a five-pound job, mate, or a thirty-bobber?"

And the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on an' a sail wrapped round on, and he shouts at the top of his voice, waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noe!"

I wanted to turn then, but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was at the sound of his voice, she's stood up in the boat and jumped off the seat and was swimming for dear life again to the sailing boat, where her young gentleman was a-sitting.

He was most dead when she got there. He'd just had strength o' mind to hold up till he could shout to her, and then he falls back numb-like ap white as death, till they gets him ashore again. There Bill-o'-my-soul was standin', spluttering and shivering, looking blue with cold, and saying as how I'd done him out o' five pounds, or anyways thirty shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings and gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an' such an' brandy—an' by the end o' the day he was pretty well right again. But the young lady, she didn't so much as catch a cold with it, an' afore they left this place him and her was married. An' when Bill-o'-my-soul come to hear that her father and mother wanted to give ten pounds apiece to the men in the boat an' me he was just that mad you could a heard his language five houses off, and not choice language, either.—Cassell's Magazine.

Had the Last Word.

The train-boy had a bad eye and a most unmelodious voice. His yell sent a shudder through the entire car. It was, as a matter of course, the fate of the irritable man to select this particular train for his journey. Every time the train-boy howled he jumped and looked at him with an expression of reproach which gradually became malignant and then ferocious.

"P-e-e-e-a-c-h-e-s! A-a-a-p-l-e-s! Chee-y-u-u-u-ung gum!" he vociferated, as he pushed the front door shut with a slam after holding it open long enough to fill the car with smoke and cinders.

He was just about to repeat his cry when he came to the nervous man's seat.

"Want any p-e-e-e-a-c-h-e-s, a-a-p—" "Shut up, will you?" exclaimed the nervous man. "What do you mean by keeping up that infernal racket?"

"Does that bother you, mister?" "Of course it bothers me. Every time you come along you whoop into this ear till it feels as if it were going to split."

"You mean this left ear that's next to the aisle?" "Yes, I mean my left ear."

"Don't you worry, mister. I'm sorry you didn't mention that before. We're the most accommodatin' people in the world on this road. All you have to do is to say you don't like something and we make other arrangements right away. I'll have the whole thing fixed up for you in no time at all."

"How are you going to fix it?" "I'll go out and get the brakeman to come an' turn yer seat around so yer kin ride the other way. That'll bring yer right ear ter the aisle an' give yer left one a vacation."

And for the remainder of the trip the only one of the two who spoke was the boy who yelled with even more animation than before.

"P-e-e-e-a-c-h-e-s! A-a-a-p-l-e-s! Chee-y-u-u-ung gum!"

Two Kinds.

"It's remarkable to see how much condensed milk is being used nowadays," remarked the summer boarder. "Yes," replied the guileless dairyman as he reached for the pump handle, "and how much expanded milk, too."—Washington Star.

Extinguished.

Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them. Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your silk hat?—Up-to-Date.

Met Frequently.

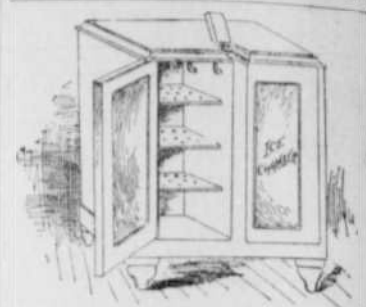
They were very much thrown together, but not as folks usually are: They merely hung to adjoining straps in the 6 o'clock trolley car. —Detroit Tribune.

People who can't make coffee never stop trying.

FOR HOT WEATHER.

Attachment for Refrigerators and Table Sherbet Freezer.

There is now to be had a novel and wonderfully compact little ice box which is a freezer and refrigerator in one. The case is made for storing in the pantry, or one can buy it in the form of a handsome walnut chest

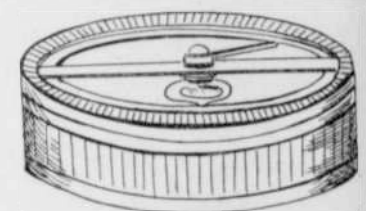


A FREEZER IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

worthy of ornamenting a dining room. One side is divided into a zinc-lined recess, showing three woven wire shelves. The other side contains ice and in the ice compartment hangs a freezer that will hold one pint of liquid.

When the day's allowance of ice is stored the freezer must be filled, and when the refrigerator top is closed only a tiny knob and crank protrude at the top. Just a few minutes before the freezer's contents are to be served this crank is given a few rapid turns and the cream or jelly will be found beautifully firm. The larger the ice box the greater, of course, the capacity of the freezer.

On many a luncheon table this summer will be noticed at the hostess' right a dainty sherbet freezer that turns water to ice in just three minutes. This small machine is usually made of finely polished bits of choice woods bound in circular form by hoops of silver. The top and handle are of silver and the minute ice machine stands about four inches high, measuring twenty-nine inches in circumference. It looks quite like a lovely round bonbonniere, but really holds snowy sherbet of some flavor with which it is now the custom at luncheons to keep the guests' glasses



DINNER TABLE SHERBET FREEZER.

filled. At intervals the hostess gives the freezer handle a few turns, and then the maid, lifting off the top, goes about filling the glasses, oftentimes with water ice flavored with limes.

HE HAS NO ROOTER.

A Hog Whose Construction Was Not Entirely Completed.

A hog without a snout was born the other day near Henderson, Ky. Its nostrils are in the roof of its mouth, and



A HOG WITHOUT A SNOOT.

In order to breathe it must keep its mouth open. Its mouth is wholly unlike the pattern adopted by well regulated members of the hog family, and the chin is round, giving the little animal an appearance disagreeably human. It has only one eye, and from all appearances that is all nature intended it should have, as there is only one socket. The pig takes food and seems to be healthy, but its feet are not mates, and it walks with some difficulty.

Diamonds in Steel.

Some time ago it was shown by M. Moissan, a French chemist, that when iron was saturated at 3,000 centigrade with carbon and then cooled under a high pressure a portion of the carbon separated out in the form of diamonds. The conditions under which very hard steels are now made should also result in the formation of diamonds, and an examination of a large number of samples of such steel has shown that this is really the case. The diamonds are obtained by dissolving the metal in acid and then subjecting the residue to the action of concentrated nitric acid, fused potassium chlorate, hydrofluoric and sulphuric acid successively. The crystals are very minute, the largest being only five mm. in diameter, but they present all the chemical and physical properties of true diamonds.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Covered Dishes.

Dishes were not covered at first for the purpose of keeping the food warm. They were covered from fear—the fear of poison. In mediæval days, and down to the time of Louis XIV., people were afraid that poison might be introduced into food between the kitchen and the table. Hence the cook was ordered to cover the dishes, and the covers were not removed until the master of the house sat down to eat.

Tacks.

In some parts of the country there are malicious persons who throw tacks in the roadway to annoy bicycle riders by perforating the pneumatic tires. To meet this difficulty it has been proposed to attach a magnet in front of the forward wheel, with the object of picking up the tacks as the machine rolls along.