

TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our life's waters, bitter-sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbs passion, and with lead-
strong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and
shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and
still
It comes with the blessedness unto the
heart
That welcomes it aright, or-bitter
fate!
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a
smart
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate.
And then, ah me! When love has ceased
to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which
hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings
its best.
A love, as far removed from passion's
heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the falling feet
Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire.
In youth's bright heyday hottest love we
seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it
dies,
God grant that later blossoms, violets
meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn
skies;
God grant some loving one be near to
bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!
—San Francisco Argonaut.

A "SAFE" AFFAIR.

Philip Marsden, senior partner of
Marsden & Rylott, bankers, sat alone
one evening in his counting house. The
season had been a very prosperous one,
for much money had changed hands
through the unsettled state of the pub-
lic mind, occasioned by bank failures
and the explosions of public companies,
but Marsden & Rylott's bank had
stood unshaken, for it was conducted
upon a sound financial basis, with a
large capital, and had become quite an
old-established institution.

In consequence of the aforesaid fail-
ures, the receipts at Marsden's had ex-
panded enormously, and Mr. Philip,
whose heart and soul were in the life-
long work which his great grandfather
founded, frequently drove across and
stayed behind for an hour or so of late
to glance through the transactions of
the day carefully and quietly. It was
perhaps a little indiscreet so far as his
health was concerned, for Philip was
traveling toward the "sundown" of
life, having passed his three score years
and ten. His medical adviser had fre-
quently enjoined him to avoid mental
or physical exertion, but when the
banker laughed and pooh-poohed the
idea the doctor, with a merry twinkle
in his eye, prophesied that Marsden
would assuredly die in the harness.

The latter almost believed it, too,
while admitting that his intellect was
not so keen, his judgment and discrimi-
nating faculties not quite so clear, nor
his strength what it was some forty
years back. He had been a master
financier in his early days at the bank,
conjugating with monetary problems as
boys do with marbles, and giving the
strictest attention to the work and to
the secure custody of the documents
and cash within its walls. Some very
ingenious devices in the construction of
the building and its rooms were attrib-
utable to his foresight, artifice and care.
Marsden was a dear old gentleman,
genial, happy, and exceedingly kind to
the staff in his employ, who, in return,
performed their duties to the very let-
ter, knowing the esteem in which their
services were held and substantially
recognized.

The moments wore on, and Mr. Mars-
den with a yawn, rose from his seat,
and was just about to depart when a
knock at the side door of the office de-
manded his attention. Upon opening
the door a police sergeant and two stal-
wart officers in plain clothes confronted
him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe, sir,
the head of the bank?" inquired the
sergeant in an anxious undertone.

"That is so, I am Mr. Marsden."

"I have some most important evi-
dence to communicate, if you will grant
us a few minutes in private, sir."

"Indeed! Certainly. Step inside.
And these two gentlemen, who might be
they?" asked the banker, turning on
his heel.

"Two detective officers engaged upon
their duty," replied the sergeant, and
the trio were quickly ushered into the
private sanctum of the banker.

"I am staying rather later than usual
to-night; it is fortunate I had not gone."

"Very fortunate, for our visit con-
cerns you most seriously."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Philip, opening his
eyes widely and popping his gold-rim-
med spectacles up on his forehead.

"Yes, sir, from information which has
come into our possession, and which I
must ask you in the interests of public
justice not to divulge, but to afford us
what assistance you can, I have to in-
form you that a daring robbery is con-
templated upon your bank to-night."

"Never!" said Mr. Marsden, starting
aghast. "Why, these premises are
proof against anything."

"You may think so, but you don't
know these men. To go into the mat-
ter, sir, it came about in this way: We
were on the scent of a notorious little
gang of three expert bank robbers and
safe-breakers a short time since, and
thorough smart fellows, too. But, un-
fortunately, we only succeeded in run-
ning one to earth—the others eluded
us. The prisoner was convicted and
sentenced to ten years' penal servitude;
but, like similar cases we have known,
it subsequently came to his knowledge
that his confederates had since his in-

carceration not acted up to their prom-
ise in making provision for his aged
mother out of their ill-gotten gains, so
he, in a spirit of revenge, peached upon
them, and furnished us with full in-
formation concerning their where-
abouts and future intentions. From
this point these two other officers can
better explain than I."

"Great heavens! you astound me!"
said the aged banker, who became fur-
ther agitated.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; they will
fall into their own trap, rest assured,"
continued one of the detectives, taking
up the thread of the narrative. "Yes,
acting on the statement made by the
prisoner, my colleague and I instituted
careful and, I might say, cunning in-
quiries, for these wily fellows are diffi-
cult to track. We have been unable
to come upon the two individuals them-
selves, but after indefatigable efforts
from a roundabout course—a woman,
as usual, being at the bottom of it—
we have learned that they intend forc-
ing Marsden & Rylott's bank to-night,
and leaving by the boat express to-
morrow for the continent."

"The scoundrels?"

"But they will just be deceived, sir.
We have hit upon a plan, and ask you
to acquiesce in our carrying it out."

"Most certainly, whatever you think
best. What do you suggest?"

"Well, we want to catch them red-
handed, as it were, and ask your per-
mission to secrete ourselves upon the
premises for the night, so as to fully be
prepared and waiting for our men."

"Yes, yes. I presume you have a
written authority?"

"Certainly, sir."

And the plain-clothes gentlemen drew
from their breast pockets the author-
ized official document bearing the name
of the chief of the department, which
was quite satisfactory.

"After consulting with our superi-
ors," continued the officer, "we think
that the plan we have suggested, with
your permission, the most likely to in-
sure success. We should like you to
furnish us with your private address,
so as to communicate with you during
the night, should your servants be re-
quired."

"Yes, of course—The Hollies, 15 Win-
stonian crescent—"

"Well known, sir. That will be suf-
ficient, thank you."

And the officer jotted it down quick-
ly in his pocketbook.

After pointing out a ponderous iron
safe which he hoped the villains would
not turn their attention to, Philip Mars-
den bade them good evening, requesting
them to let him know the instant he
was wanted.

He departed in a feverish state of
anxiety, wondering, naturally, what
the night would bring forth.

Now, directly the old gentleman had
left the real character of the pseudo-
police officers was apparent. It was
quite true that a notorious "little" gang
of bank robbers contemplated an attack
on the bank that night, and those
scoundrels were actually none others
than themselves! Their warrants were
forged, and the sergeant's uniform
the perfection of imitation to the last
button. No time was to be lost. From
the coat-pockets of the sergeant came
some of the finest tempered steel
drills and other implements for forcing
and boring iron safes that ever graced
the person of the most experienced crib-
cracker. Deftly manufactured skele-
ton keys for picking the best and most
complicated locks were brought forth;
in short, everything needed for a thor-
ough, daring and successful burglary.

"We've got a long night's work, Char-
lie, I'm afraid," said one. "It's now 9
o'clock, and if we get through this safe
under ten hours we're lucky. We must
set to work with a will."

Accordingly the "sergeant" speedily
turned his attention to the back pre-
mises with a view to a hurried escape
should they be disturbed, while the two
others directed theirs to the huge iron
safe spoken of by the banker. Drills
were quickly applied behind the hinges
of the door, and boring began in real
earnest, for these "gentlemen" burglars
knew pretty well everything worth
knowing as to the construction of most
safes in use.

Progress was very slow at first, but
the men never ceased. Drill, drill, drill,
on went the work almost in silence.
Now and then just a short spell for a
"breather." Midnight arrived, and a
little better progress, for they labored
harder than ever. One, 2, 3 o'clock,
and now the huge iron door began to
yield and crack a little.

"Tough work, Jim. But it'll pay us
in the end, old fellow. Keep it up. We
must finish it by 6 o'clock, for perhaps
some blessed office cleaner may be here,
or people be moving outside."

Four o'clock, and a good aperture
was made. Five o'clock, and they were
perspiring like blacksmiths at a forge
in July, and they worked like demons
with their drills and levers. Presently,
with a united and terrific effort, the
outer door was loosened from its sock-
ets.

"Good!" muttered one, as they gradu-
ally, yet laboriously, lowered the
mighty piece of metal to the ground.
The inner compartment is very short
work, chumme."

And so it proved, for with the utmost
dexterity one pried the lock as the other,
with a thin chisel as hard as adam-
ant, started forcing the door.

"One more wrench, Jim, and then for
the spoil!" And he rubbed his hands
with glee.

Clang! And open flew the door. But
what?

Foiled! Frustrated! Ruffed! The
safe was empty!

The scoundrels, who had instantly
dived their hands into the interior,
sprang back aghast, swearing and
pouring curses upon the old banker's
head.

"Bah! the old blackguard! He has
done us, Jim! And who'd have dream-
ed it?"

"There's no time to lose," blurted his
confederate, smashing anything he
could lay his hands on, in sheer wan-
tonness. "It's striking 6 o'clock, and
work people are about."

Tools were hurriedly collected and
pocketed again, and the "sergeant,"
with a disappointed growl, suggested
that they should go out by the door they
came in by, as nobody was stirring
much, and the back way meant scaling
walls and roofs. This they did, but
immediately on emerging into the street
they were met by Mr. Marsden in com-
pany with three constables. The old
banker had experienced a sleepless
night and risen early, calling at the po-
lice station, innocently enough, on his
way to ascertain the news, if any, and
he was there astonished to learn that
they believed it to be a bogus affair, as
they knew nothing of it.

There was a desperate effort on the
part of the burglars to escape, but one
or two passing workmen at the cry of
"Help!" rendered assistance and the
"police officers" were strongly secured.

Philip Marsden, on stepping into the
bank, although greatly unnerved and
agitated at the state of affairs, could
scarcely suppress his laughter on find-
ing that his "decoy," as he called it, had
given so much trouble, and thoroughly
done them, although he was quite ig-
norant of the plot he had unintention-
ally laid for them.

The "decoy," an old, insecure safe,
which was always purposely kept empty,
was one of Mr. Marsden's ingenious
ideas for throwing burglars off the
scent, being fixed in a prominent po-
sition to attract notice, while other
safes containing the valuables were far
away from the rooms in ordinary use.

The pseudo-detective officers are in
safe custody now. They have their
regular "drills," and instead of picking
locks, pick oakum.—Liverpool Mercury.

WASHINGTON COUNTY HATCHET.

AGED PAIR OF TWINS.

They Reside in Maine and Are Said to
be the Oldest Twins in America.

Maine boasts that it has the oldest
twins in the United States. They are
Mrs. Mary Woods of Belfast and Mrs.
Almira Belden of Palermo, who were
born on March 14, eighty-two years
ago. French was the name of the two
women before they were married, and
they were the daughters of Nathan
French, who came from New Hamp-
shire to Maine and was among the
earliest settlers in the town of Mont-
ville. They were born in that town,
and there they grew to womanhood.
During their lives they have never been
outside of Waldo County, the three
towns in which they have lived being
all within the limits of that county.
Palermo, Mrs. Woods' home, is twenty
miles from Belfast, where Mrs. Bel-
den lives, and the twins frequently
visit each other.

Mrs. Belden has been three times
married, having outlived two of her
husbands. She first married Timothy
Jackson of Montville. When he died
she married Nehemiah Smith, whose
home was in Freedom, another small
town in Waldo County. Her present
husband is James Belden, a prosperous
farmer of Palermo. She has three liv-
ing children and has always enjoyed
good health. Her sister, Mrs. Woods,
is a widow and now lives in Belfast.
Her husband was Phineas Woods of



OLDEST PAIR OF TWINS IN AMERICA.

A RUSH TO GUIANA.

A Californian's Letter Drew Crowds
to the Gold-Fields.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs
in Venezuela, I departed for British
Guiana, where life and property were
secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the
beautiful capital of the colony, with
about sixty thousand inhabitants, I
found a hundred California miners
stranded and full of indignation. They
had been lured to Guiana by a letter
which had found wide circulation in
the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A
man who had served as cook in a Cal-
ifornia mining camp had gone to Guiana
and had found a good position as man-
ager of a placer-mine on the Barima
River. Elated by his good fortune, he
wrote a glowing account of his pros-
pects to his wife in California. She
showed the letter to the editor of the
local paper, who published it as an
item of important mining news.

This letter within a short time had
the effect of starting groups of men
from the coast mining fields, some of
them even from British Columbia. It
was a time of depression in the mining
industries of the Pacific coast, and a
great many miners were out of employ-
ment. Though the writer of the letter
had no intention of attracting others
to his El Dorado, the Californians, who
had assumed that it would be as easy
to prospect for gold in Guiana as in
California, regarded him as the author
of their misadventure, and indulged
freely in threats of vengeance. No
harm came to him, however, because it
is not a light matter to violate the laws
in British Guiana. As these stranded
miners had no money, they were unable
to prospect, which requires a more or
less expensive outfit; and they could not
find employment in the diggings for the
reason that white men are not em-
ployed on the placers, except as man-
agers; and in fact nearly all the man-
agers, like the laborers, are colored
men.

The Californians had great difficulty
in getting away; some of them reached
home as stowaways; a very few ob-
tained situations. One of them was
engaged for six months as manager of
a placer-mine on the Potaro River,
owned by a syndicate of colored men,
which produced from three hundred to
four hundred ounces of gold a month.
He fell ill just as his time was up.
When he recovered he invested his sav-
ings in an outfit, and started up the
Cuyuni River, but found nothing. An-
other man secured a situation partly
through the fact of his being a free-
mason.—Century.

A Profitable Bargain.

Mr. Wood, Slater, of Laurencekirk,
purchased at a sale a bundle of five
books, one of which was described by
the auctioneer as Burns' Poems. The
sum paid for the lot was about five
cents. The volumes were stored away
until lately, when Mr. Wood noticed
that a high price had been paid for a
copy of the Kilmarnock edition of
Burns, and remembering that his copy
was printed at Kilmarnock, he brought
it under the notice of Mr. Greig, bank-
er, Laurencekirk, who pronounced the
book one of the original Kilmarnock
editions, and further, that an inscrip-
tion was probably in the bard's own
handwriting. The volume was sent to
Southys, where a great sale of books
had just been concluded, when, for his
2d. worth, Mr. Wood has obtained \$350.

Nothing to Them.

First Moth—For heaven's sake, let's
get back to the city where I can get a
decent meal.

Second Moth—What's the matter?

First Moth—I haven't struck anything
but bathing suits since I came here.—
New York World.

Worked Both Motions.

Squidig—My wife called me up by
telephone this morning.

McSwilgen—What for?

Squidig—To call me down.—Ex-
change.



BERTRAM A. HART.

Young Athlete Who Has Obtained a
National Reputation.

Few athletes have attained the promi-
nence of a national reputation in so
short a time as Bertram A. Hart, who
won the championship of America in
the one mile swimming race at Wayne,
Pa., near Philadelphia. Before the
championship events at Wayne, Hart
was little known excepting in certain
parts of the West, although those who
knew him or had seen him perform in
the water realized he had a great
aquatic future before him. The best
thing he had done up to the time he
went east as a representative of the
Chicago Athletic Association was a
victory at Oconomowoc, Wis., when he
swam fast enough to justify the many
good opinions that were expressed
about him. Hart was born in London,
England, in 1870, and took to swim-
ming naturally at an early age. He
showed such good form when 19 years
old that he was entered in the half-mile
race for the championship of England.
He was not fast enough to finish better
than fourth, however, in a large field.
That was considered an excellent per-
formance for so young a man. He tried
again the following year, 1890, in the
same fixture, but could not improve his
position, again finishing fourth after a
desperate race, in which the winner
came close to record time. His parents
then came to America, going first to
the South and a year later to Chicago.
He uses a long overhand stroke in his
races, and during a stroke his entire
body and head are submerged. He ob-

tains breath by bringing his head out
of the water at the completion of the pow-
erful kick with the legs. His endur-
ance is marvelous and easily accounts
for his having American records to his
credit.

Not to Be Cheated.

Dealer—I'll sell you that wheel for
\$50. It weighs twenty-two pounds.

Rube Scudder (from Cœurless Cross-
roads)—Why, my boy Ab bought one
for \$25 'other day that weighed ninety
pounds. You can't soak me, by gum!

How It Affects Her.

On a twenty-mile run Miss Betty
Starts out, looking witchingly pretty;
And the shine of the sun,
Ere the hot day is done,
Makes her frowzied and touselled
And hopelessly, vulgarly "sweaty."
—Indianapolis Journal.

His Companion.

"Last night I took a long stroll with
the one I love best in all the world."

"I should think you would get tired
of walking by yourself."—Exchange.

No Use in Lacing.

A very large and stout woman, who
carries her gowns as a duchess is sup-
posed to carry hers, explains her the-
ory as follows: "There is no use in
a stout person lacing. A thin woman
may draw in her stays to make a waist,
but the stout woman has already too
much waist. I wear about my hips
a band of strong linen, which is fast-
ened with strong safety pins. It is
comfortable, keeps the stomach down
and pushes the flesh up in the back.
It keeps the skirt nice. No skirt will
hang well after a dozen wearings if
the owner is too large in front and too
little large in the back. Then I have
very good corsets, with a strong steel
down the front and flexible bones on
the sides and in the back. My corset



BERTRAM A. HART.

WOMAN'S REALM.

LESSONS IN ECONOMY.

WHILE the avenues for wage-
earning by women have
wonderfully increased in the
last years and in numerous instances
financial enterprises are successfully
carried on by women, it yet remains
true, and ever will, that a large class
of wives, not to mention daughters,
handle very little money. For these
women are not supposed to be needy;
they are generally placed in comfort-
able homes, with tasteful wardrobes,
bountiful spread tables, and, to the
casual observer, no apparent lack in
their surroundings. But the house-
mother knows how many times she
recons over the household supplies to
see what article can be left unbought.
It is little money which causes so many
women to hunt the bargain counter,
to the derision of husbands, who are sub-
limely unconscious of their wives' slender
purses. It gives interminable shop-
ping in the search from store to store to
find the best article for scanty means.
And these vexations are not the worst
which come to her with little money.
She must bear with what grace she
can imputations upon her taste when
she selects perforce some cheap com-
mon thing in preference to the more
elegant one which a beauty-loving nature
may cry out for. She must often curb
with a stern hand her natural gener-
osity of spirit, and forbear giving to the
friend or cause she loves, or at most
strive to content herself with a meager,
almost shabby token. "I never have
had enough money with which to run
my household comfortably. I have had
to plan and contrive in order to get
something out of every cent in the dol-
lar," said one, considered a fine house-
wife and manager (and she was), who
lived in fine style in a handsome man-
sion. It brings lines all too soon to
women's faces, and gives to many eyes
an all too wistful expression. But it
also helps to develop valuable qualities
which in a state of more abundance
some women would never have shown.
It sharpens invention, ingenuity and
carefulness, and, like many a disagree-
able thing in life, teaches patience and
self-denial.

Ran a Campaign of Smiles.

To Mrs. Jessie Brace Weber belongs
the honor of being the first woman to
break a political slate in Missouri. At
the recent Democratic convention in
Jefferson City her father, Judge Theo-
dore Brace, was renominated for the
Supreme Court against very strong
opposition, and chiefly through the ef-



MRS. JESSIE BRACE WEBER.

forts of his daughter. Although one of
the most prominent jurists who ever
sat upon a western bench, it seemed
that Judge Brace was going to be de-
feated, because he and Frank Pitts,
the unopposed candidate for the nomi-
nation as State Treasurer, came from
the same county. To put two men
from the same county on one ticket was
something unheard of. None of the
wise geographers ever supposed it could
be done; but it was done. Mrs. Jessie
Brace Weber was the handsome teacher
who taught the politicians the lesson.

Mrs. Weber took charge of her father's
campaign from the start, and her wide
State acquaintanceship made her a
most valuable manager. A few days
before the convention she opened head-
quarters at the Madison House and
flung her father's banner to the breeze.
It was a campaign of smiles. The dele-
gate called, was charmed and before he
left the smiling campaigner had in an
artless way coaxed a promise that he
would vote for father. No Missouri
man—not even a politician—ever broke
his promise when given to a Missouri
woman, and the nomination of Judge
Brace, in a storm of enthusiasm, was
the feature of the convention. If Mrs.
Weber cried a little over her victory,
that was her privilege as a woman, it
does not in the least alter the fact that
she is a shrewd political manager, and
that her charming smile and the wom-
anly wisdom which taught her how to
manage men won a victory over the
most clever political managers in the
State.

Wielding a Fan Correctly.

The average man or woman, equipp-
ed in from a walk or snatch at a few
minutes' rest from some exertion, will
seize a fan and ply it with frantic force,
unevery effort makes the last stroke
worse than the first, and the constant
breeze blowing on the face causes in-
stead of a heat more disagreeable than
the first flush of discomfort. Fans
are as old as history, and the ancient
Egyptians well knew their use, but it is
not impossible to imagine those stately
queens of ancient days permitting in
their presence anything so vigorously
undignified as the modern method of
fanning. Language, ease, grace and
moderation not only make a woman
fanning herself a pleasing sight to
look upon, but they alone give the fan
an appreciable sense of com-
fort.

The surface of the sea is estimated at
150,000,000 square miles, taking the
whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000,
and its greatest depth supposedly
equals the height of the highest moun-
tains, or four miles. The Pacific ocean
covers 78,000,000 square miles, the At-
lantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

Hadrian was the first Roman Em-
peror to wear a beard.

maker gives me six front teeth with
every pair of stays. Not that I breed
them, but as soon as the front teeth
curved I change it. A careless habit
in sitting will so bend the steel that
adds to the apparent size of the ab-
men instead of decreasing it."

Miss Margaret Reid.

Miss Margaret Reid is one of the
pretty young American women who
have made a warm friend of the Brit-
ish public. She has had a successful re-
gime at the Covent Garden Theater dur-
ing the London "season" this year as per-
sona in grand opera. Her first ap-
pearance at the Covent Garden was in
part of Nedda in "Pagliacci." Her per-
formances of acting were not quite equal
to the rather difficult role, but she more
than atoned for that, in the opinion of
the critics, by the great skill and charm
with which she rendered the beautiful
music. During the season Miss Reid



MISS MARGARET REID.

sang with great success at many pri-
vate concerts and musical at home.
This is her first visit to London, and
the warmth of the reception, public and
private, that has been given her will
be a guarantee of many returns to the
big city. Her last operatic success was
in Mme. Patti's great part of Zerlina in
"Don Giovanni." She threatens to
make England her future home.

First Chosen Woman Elector.

Mrs. Sarah Malloy, of Cheyenne
Wyo., has been chosen a Presidential
Elector by the Republicans of Wyom-
ing, being the first woman in the United
States to attain that high position.
This is the most pronounced victory for
the cause of woman's suffrage so far
recorded, and marks an era in the po-
litical progress of the female sex. It re-
realizes the wildest dreams of Mrs. Sen-
B. Anthony and the other prominent
advocates of woman's rights. From
this nomination to the choice of a wom-
an for Governor of a State is now only
a step, and the possibility of a female
President seated in the White House
at Washington looms up with startling
clearness. That Wyoming should have
been the first to break down the barrier
that kept woman out of the Electoral
College was to have been expected. It
was here that the political equality of
the sexes was first recognized. Mrs.
Malloy has been active in politics ever
since Wyoming adopted woman suf-
frage. She was one of the first workers
in the cause in the West, and helped
materially to secure the adoption by the
Legislature of what was then the Ter-
ritory of Wyoming of the law giving
woman the franchise. "If we are good
enough," she argued, "to raise and
train the boys who are to go up to the

polls and vote, then we ought certainly
to be good enough to vote ourselves."

Wielding a Fan Correctly.

The average man or woman, equipp-
ed in from a walk or snatch at a few
minutes' rest from some exertion, will
seize a fan and ply it with frantic force,
unevery effort makes the last stroke
worse than the first, and the constant
breeze blowing on the face causes in-
stead of a heat more disagreeable than
the first flush of discomfort. Fans
are as old as history, and the ancient
Egyptians well knew their use, but it is
not impossible to imagine those stately
queens of ancient days permitting in
their presence anything so vigorously
undignified as the modern method of
fanning. Language, ease, grace and
moderation not only make a woman
fanning herself a pleasing sight to
look upon, but they alone give the fan
an appreciable sense of com-
fort.