

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Why Men Wait on Women.

Irreverent persons suggest that man's only object in life is to please woman and to serve her, says Harper's Weekly. Slightly exaggerated, this statement, perhaps; yet there must be some truth at the bottom of it. Otherwise, why should man wait on woman at all? Why take pleasure in being agreeable to her? Why go out of his way to assist her? In other words, why should he be chivalrous?

Chivalry is the expression of man's real, instinctive deference for woman. Although, like other instinctive feelings, it is being modified or rooted up by education and civilization, the chivalrous instinct nevertheless still makes itself felt in modern man. It impels him, when confronted with woman, to pass through three different stages. In the first one he strives to attract woman's attention; in the second, to please her; finally, to serve her.

The unconcerned are highly diverted by the first. There is no end to the things a man will do to attract woman's attention. Nothing is too absurd. One man found it necessary to spoil his patent leather shoes. He was being rowed across a lake when a girl passed by in her canoe. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged both feet into the rippling water, letting them dangle there stupidly.

Other men use other methods; some grow spry and climb fences, stumble over their own feet; some imagine themselves the proud possessors of a voice and exercise it; others whistle out a tune or twirl their mustaches. Still others grow disconcerted and forget where they are going, or lose the thread of their conversation.

So much for the desire of being noticed. When it comes to pleasing women men are more particular. They then strive for personal perfection. The intellectual ones go about with poetry in their breast pockets and learn it by heart, ready to repeat it at the first occasion. Or they dabble into art or literature or some "ism" in order to acquire the correct pose. The more matter of fact puzzle over material things; whether their hair is parted in the right place; whether the red or blue tie will make the better impression. For men are vain and dress to please.

Woman and Science.

What was the beginning of science? Take medical science, for instance. Here the first in science may have been women. Man, crippled and wounded in the chase and hunt for food, crawled home to his hut, and there the wife gathered together neighboring women and kinwomen to consider and decide what was best to save and cure the injured. And so began what might be called experimental medicine. After thousands of cases some course of treatment would be selected as most successful, and this would be handed down from mother to daughter for ages, meaning the saving of the weak—a form of artificial selection—the beginning of civilization, for without these artificialities there would be only one thing—nature—to shape all men just so, so that all people would look one just like the other, even as do savages, for in a life true to nature people unless they were shaped just so, could not survive, because they could not fit nature.—New York Press.

Pretty Curtains.

The prettiest curtains imaginable may be made from unbleached cotton or muslin. They may be simply feather stitched or cat stitched at the hems, or if you have time buy some plain colored gingham and cut a pretty conventional design from it and stitch it on the curtain at the bottom. A design of geraniums in bright red gingham would be effective, especially if a pretty red tablecloth is spread on the table when it is not in use.

Dainty Invalid Outfit.



This charming invalid outfit might easily be copied at less cost than the rather high price asked for this luxury in the shops. The outfit includes a light, soft lounging gown, a robe for the lap made of the same material, and a pretty little cap to cover an incomplete coiffure when the invalid receives her first visitors. Gown, robe and cap are folded into dainty envelope case of silk in matching color. The set illustrated is of fine, soft French

flannel in pale pink. The gown is bordered with satin embroidered with French knots and the robe with plain satin. The cap is entirely of the satin.

Tads and Fancies in Dress

Velvet flowers are proving a popular trimming with other velvets upon handsome corsages.

Liberty silks, dyed in shaded tones of red and blue, are in great favor for first season girls.

With the season's double-breasted coats the correct thing is to begin the buttons at the waist line.

Handsome plumes are now put on the fuzzy felt turbans, and sometimes they are seen with aigrettes.

Valenciennes laces, French, German and Normandy, are going to be extensively used on summer frocks.

Some of the embroidered burnous wraps, so popular this season, have handsome knotted silk fringes.

Corded ribbon is being used as a trimming on several of the daintiest of the ready-made evening gowns.

Hats are made of velvet, beaver, felt or heavy corded silk, trimmed with handsome wings or ostrich feathers.

The puff is again in evidence. It adorns the sleeve everywhere, seeming

the day at noon. The rest of the household may dine in the evening, but for the youngster so heavy a repast near bedtime is certain to be deleterious. A bundle of cold sandwiches will not serve as a substitute for the midday dinner, for the child needs not only the warm, home-cooked food, but also the walk home, the bit of play on the way and the hour's forgetfulness of lessons.—A Doctor in the Delinquent.

Needlework Notes.

A color and color-number card is a useful accessory of the sewing basket.

Spanish embroidery is wonderfully effective on a white linen shirtwaist.

Honiton applique in a dainty bow-knot and flower design make a pretty baby's cap.

A combination of French and eyelet embroidery is extremely pretty on dainty lingerie.

Motor power for running the sewing machine is proving quite popular in the home sewing circle.

A dainty necktie end of sheerest mull had a hemstitched hem and a little flower form in shadow embroidery.

Any dainty bit of lingerie with even the faintest spray of hand embroidery is one of the most highly prized of all gifts.

A Light Kitchen.

The kitchen should be the lightest room in the house. Many persons clear the kitchen, draw down the blinds and darken it during the very time that light should pour into the apartment. If there is any place in the house where light should seek every corner it is in the kitchen. Unless the cupboards and refrigerators are carefully watched mold will quickly form on the food. There is nothing that cleans the sink better than soda water, and it is always needed

TWO SMART AFTERNOON COSTUMES.



Costume No. 1, on the left, is made from a beautiful shade of wistaria satin cloth, with perfectly plain, long skirt and three-quarter length coat, suggestive of the directoire period. The latter is elaborately trimmed with black soutache braid, as indicated by sketch, and the flat collar and oddly-constructed bow at waist line are black satin, and the small buttons down each side of coat are oxidized silver.

On the right is a very smart model in smoked cloth and velvet a few shades darker—the latter forming the plain skirt. The cloth is arranged in tunic fashion, joining the bodice under a girde of heavy braid. Velvet ribbon matching the skirt laces the front of cloth yoke and outlines same, and deep velvet cuffs are finished with braid and tassels.

ly, between the shoulder and the wrist.

A smart hat for a girl of 12 is a huge affair covered with moire silk and trimmed with a large moire ribbon bow.

An adorable little blouse to accompany a white suit is of rose-painted chiffon over white satin, with a pink satin girde.

Black hats may be worn with everything and are always a wise choice for the women who may not invest in many chapeaux.

It is no longer necessary to have stockings match the footwear; instead they match the skirt, the headgear and even the gloves.

Dellate mosaic pendants, festooned with a fine chain of sterling silver plated with gold, form some of the imported necklaces.

One of the latest favorites is the little cashmere cape, with narrow shoulders and long stole ends, which comes in every shade.

The School Lunch and Dyspepsia. It is very important that the meal eaten at recess be a warm one, and whenever possible it should be prepared and eaten at home. Until a child is 10 or 12 years old it must have its dinner or principal meal of

about the refrigerator. Butter will keep sweet longer if placed in stone jars.

Hats Wedged Down.

The fashionable turban of the winter season is a lesson in wonderful construction, and bears out the principle that while headgear may be large it must be light in weight and of undoubted comfort. Whether made of beaver, fur or velvet, it is a feather-weight construction, and is worn so well wedged down upon the head that a feeling of absolute security is assured.

Brains of the Home.

The brains of the average home are not all packed away in the cranium of the male head of the household. The real ruling, managing force of the home is the wife. The husband earns the money, it is true. But if he had the spending of it, the result would be chaos. The wife is the real chancellor of the exchequer.

The Bride's Pledge.

"Jack, dearest, let us promise each other that we'll never, never, never quarrel; and if we ever do, that you'll frankly admit you're wrong."—Brown's Magazine.

It pays to advertise in this paper.

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.



CHAPTER II.

"Shandon was impatient to be off, and fixed the 23d of February for starting. The sledge and the boat were packed as closely as possible with provisions and spirits, and heaps of wood, to obtain which they had hewed the brig down to her water line. The last day the men ran riot. They completely sacked the ship, and in a drunken paroxysm Pen and two or three others set it on fire. I fought and struggled against them, but they threw me down and assailed me with blows, and then the wretches, headed by Shandon, went off towards the east, and were soon out of sight.

"I found myself alone on the burning ship, and what could I do? The fire hole was completely blocked up with ice. I had not a single drop of water! For two days the Forward struggled with the flames, and you know the rest."

A long silence followed the gloomy recital, broken at length by Hatteras, who said:

"Johnson, I thank you; you did all you could to save my ship, but single-handed you could not resist. Again I thank you, and now let the subject be dropped. Let us unite efforts for our common salvation. There are four of us, four companions, four friends, and all our lives are equally precious.

"We are all devoted to you," said the doctor; "and your words come from our hearts. But what do you think we should do?"

"My opinion might appear interesting," said Hatteras, sadly. "Let me hear all yours first."

"Captain," said Johnson, "before pronouncing on such an important matter, I wish to ask you a question."

"Ask it, then, Johnson."

"You went out yesterday to ascertain our exact position; well, is the field drifting or stationary?"

"Perfectly stationary. It had not moved since the last reckoning was made."

A discussion opened at once about what to do. Hatteras wanted still to try to reach the pole, as retreat seemed equally impossible.

"We may find rich hunting grounds," he urged. "We know the route back is barren."

The other three wouldn't listen to such a proposal and Hatteras was declaring he would start for the pole alone, when he felt a light touch on his arm. It was Altamont, the American, who had crawled out of bed and managed to get on his knees. He was trying to speak, but his swollen lips could scarcely make a sound. Hatteras went towards him, and watched him so attentively that in a few minutes he made out a word that sounded like Porpoise. Stooping over him he asked:

"Is it the Porpoise?"

Altamont made a sign in the affirmative, and Hatteras went on with his queries, now that he had found a clew.

"In these seas?"

The affirmative gesture was repeated.

"Is she in the north?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her position?"

"Yes."

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

For a minute or so nothing more was said, and the onlookers waited with palpating hearts.

Then Hatteras spoke again.

"Listen to me. We must know the exact position of our vessel. I will count the degrees aloud, and you will stop me when I come to the right one."

The American assented by a motion of the head, and Hatteras began:

"We'll take the longitude first. One hundred and five degrees, No? 104 degrees, 107 degrees? It is to the west, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Altamont.

"Let us go on, then: 109 degrees, 110 degrees, 112 degrees, 114 degrees, 116 degrees, 118 degrees, 120 degrees."

"Yes," interrupted the sick man.

"One hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, and how many minutes? I will count."

Hatteras began at No. 1, and when he got to 15, Altamont made a sign to stop.

"Very good," said Hatteras; "now for the latitude. Are you listening? Eighty degrees, 81 degrees, 82 degrees, 83 degrees."

Now the sign to stop was made.

"Now for the minutes: Five minutes, 10 minutes, 15 minutes, 20 minutes, 25 minutes, 30 minutes, 35 minutes."

Altamont stopped him once more, and smiled feebly.

"You say, then, that the Porpoise is in longitude 120 degrees 15 minutes, and latitude 83 degrees and 35 minutes?"

"Yes," sighed the American, and fell back motionless in the doctor's arms, completely overpowered by the effort he had made.

"Friends!" exclaimed Hatteras; "you see I was right. Our salvation lies indeed in the north, always in the north. We shall be saved!"

the ice, with provisions and combustibles in abundance on board.

Altamont and his crew had left her two months previously, taking the long boat with them on a sledge. They intended to get to Smith's sound and reach some whaler that would take them back to America; but one after another succumbed to fatigue and illness, till only Altamont remained alive.

"Why had the Porpoise come so far north?" Hatteras asked.

"She was irresistibly driven there by the ice," Altamont replied, feebly.

Hatteras looked grim but said nothing more.

"Well," said the doctor, "it strikes me that, instead of trying to get to Baffin bay, our best plan would be to go in search of the Porpoise. It's a third sear, and stocked with everything necessary for winter quarters."

"I see no other course open to us," replied Hatteras.

"If we start to-morrow," said the doctor, "we must reach the Porpoise by the 15th of March, unless we mean to die of starvation."

No time was lost in getting ready to start. A couch was laid on the sledge for the American. The provisions did not add much weight, and the wood was piled up on top.

The doctor calculated with three-quarter rations to each man and full rations to the dogs, they might hold out for three weeks.

By 3 in the afternoon everything was ready for the start.

It was almost dark, for, though the sun had reappeared above the horizon since the 31st of January, its light was feeble and of short duration. The moon would rise about half-past 6.

The days wore on. Progress was slow. Blinding snow storms held them back. Moreover, the men, in spite of their iron will, began to show signs of fatigue. Halts became more frequent, and yet every hour was precious, for the provisions were rapidly coming to an end.

On the 14th of March, after sixteen days' march, the little party found themselves only yet in the eighty-second latitude. Their strength was exhausted, and they had a hundred miles more to go. Rations had to be still further reduced. Each man must be content with a fourth part, to allow the dogs their full quantity.



HATTERAS FIRED AND THE BEAR ROLLED OVER THE ICE.

Worst of all there were only seven charges of powder left, and six balls.

A little game was shot, but quickly devoured. The weary men could hardly drag themselves along by now. The dogs had begun to gnaw their traces.

Their last meal, on the Sunday evening, was a very sad one—unless help came, their doom was sealed.

The next morning Johnson saw a bear of huge dimensions. The old sailor took it into his head that heaven had sent this bear specially for him to kill; and with waking his comrades, he seized the doctor's gun, and was soon in pursuit.

On reaching the right distance he took aim; but, just as his finger touched the trigger, he felt his arm tremble. His thick gloves hampered him, he threw them off. But what a cry of agony escaped him! The skin of his fingers stuck to the gun as if it had been red-hot, and he was forced to let it drop. The sudden fall made it go off, and the ball was discharged in the air.

It was the last bullet.

Dr. Clawbonny came out and saw what had happened. He dragged the poor fellow into the tent, where he made him plunge his hands into a bowl of water. Johnson's hands had hardly touched it before it froze immediately.

"You are just in time; I should have had to amputate soon," said the doctor.

CHAPTER III.

That morning they had no breakfast. Pemican and salt beef were both gone. Not a crumb of biscuit remained. They were obliged to content themselves with half a cup of hot coffee and start off again.

They scarcely went three miles before they were compelled to give up the day. They had no supper but coffee, and the dogs were so ravenous that they were almost devouring each other.

Another day—thirty-four hours since they had tasted food. Yet they continued their march, sustained by their superhuman energy of purpose. They had to push the sledge themselves, for the dogs could no longer draw it.

Then Johnson drew haggard-eyed and wild. He caught the doctor's arm that night.

"That bear is following us," he cried, hoarsely.

"A bear following us?"

"Yes, for the last two days."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, about a mile leeward."

"Terrible. And we haven't a single

ball to send after him!" said the doctor.

"He is reckoning on a good feed of human flesh!" cried Johnson, his brain giving way. "He is sure enough of his meal!" continued the poor fellow. "He must be hungry, and I do not see why we should keep him waiting."

"Johnson, calm yourself."

"No, Mr. Clawbonny, since we must die, why prolong the suffering of the poor beast? He is famished like ourselves. There are no seals for him to eat, and heaven sends him men! So much the better for him, that's all!"

Johnson was fast going mad. The situation was desperate. "Johnson," said the doctor, "I shall kill that bear to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" said Johnson, as if waking up from some bad dream.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"You have no bullets."

"I'll make one."

"You have no lead!"

"No, but I have mercury."

So saying, he took the thermometer which stood at 50 degrees above zero, went outside and laid it on a block of ice. At dawn they rushed out to look at it. All the mercury had frozen into a hard piece of metal ready for use.

Just then Hatteras made his appearance, and the doctor told him his project and showed him the mercury.

The captain grasped his hand silently and the three went off in quest of their game.

They soon sighted him, about 300 yards distant.

"Friends, this is no idle sport," said Hatteras. "We must act prudently."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "we have but the one shot. We must not miss. He would outstrip a hare in fleetness!"

"We must go right up to him," said Hatteras. "I have a plan."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Well, you kept the skin of the seal you killed, didn't you?"

"It is on the sledge."

"All right! We'll get it. Leave Johnson here to watch it."

At the snow hut, Hatteras slipped into the seal skin.

"Now, give me the gun," he said.

"Courage, Hatteras!" said the doctor, handing him the weapon, which he had loaded with the mercury bullet.

Soon a seal was making its way toward the bear. It was a perfect imitation. The bear, greedy-eyed, waited.

When the seal was ten paces away the monster sprang forward with a



tremendous bound, but stopped short, stupefied and frightened when Hatteras threw off his disguise, knelt on one knee and aimed straight at the bear's heart. He fired and the huge monster rolled back on the ice.

(To be continued.)

His Favorite Novel.

If the girl hereinafter mentioned was silly, the man was mean. Let it be a lesson to girls not to pretend, in order that mean men may not have the chance to make fun of them! The New York Times prints the story.

She was young. This may account for it. Besides that, her companion was well read, so she naturally tried to show her own reading qualities and quantities.

"You've read Dumas?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ain't he grand!"

"And Hugo?"

"Yes; he's fine!"

"Dickens?"

"I think he's just glorious!"

"How about Scott?"

"De-helious!"

He regarded her keenly for a moment. "Which of his works do you like best, 'Ivanhoe,' or—"

"Oh, 'Ivanhoe,' by all means!" she exclaimed with fervor.

He smiled. "Of course," he said, deliberately, "you've read Scott's 'Emulsion'?"

"Of course," she replied, indignant that he should ask such a question. "But," she added, "I don't think it's as good as 'Ivanhoe.'"

What he thought of it he did not say. He simply put the question to the girl on the other side of him, and she tittered.

Mistaken Identity.

"I always did enjoy that scene in which Hamlet comes out and soliloquizes," said Mr. Cumrox.

"My dear," replied his wife, "you are confused again! You have gotten Hamlet mixed up with that vaudeville person who comes out and throws his voice."—Washington Star.

Actions Speak Louder than Words.

The Sunday school class was singing "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—The Delinquent.

Cholera.

No race is safe from cholera. It is deadliest to negroes.

China has ten cities with populations of over half a million.