

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A PAIR OF BLOOMERS.

BICYCLING became a craze with women there had never been even so much as the shadow of a wheel between Mr. and Mrs. Cranston. But after Mrs. Cranston bought a bicycle and learned to ride well was a disagreement which came very near wrecking up a happy home. They had been married three years, and they had often said that their married life had been one long honeymoon.

Tom had yielded so readily to all of his wife's whims that she had unconsciously gained an opinion that her word was law, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

But this idea was all knocked to pieces when one morning as they sat at breakfast Mrs. Cranston said:

"Tom, I'm going to order my dressmaker to make a suit of bloomers for me to-day. I do so much bicycling now that skirts are too heavy for me."

"What?" shouted Tom, dropping his spoon in the oatmeal and spattering milk all over his necktie, looking at her as though she had announced that she was going to the moon.

Mrs. Cranston also dropped her spoon and looked in surprise at her husband.

"I said," she repeated, "that I was going to get a bloomer suit. What strikes you as particularly strange about that?"

"What strikes me as particularly strange?" he repeated, with a will look in his eyes. "Do you think for an instant that I will allow my wife to race around town looking like a lithograph of a variety entertainment? Not much."

"But, Tom," said Louise, in a tone that had never failed to persuade her husband that she was right and that he was wrong. "I don't see why I can't have bloomers. Mrs. Kynaston and Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Jennings all wear them and their husbands don't object, so why should you?"

"It makes no difference why I should," said Tom, dogmatically. "I don't intend to let my friends, in the exchange coming to me and my wife, see you in your wife's wearing bloomers. Not if I know it."

"But, Tom," she began, "I—"

"Oh, don't talk any more nonsense, Louise," he broke in. "I am sick of it. You shall never see me in bloomers, so that settles it." And Mr. Cranston, whose appetite had been entirely taken away by his wife's announcement, got up from the table and started for the door.

"Good-by," he called from the hall, and then the door slammed, and Louise sat at the breakfast table wondering how it was that she had never before known that her husband had a will of his own.

She had told all of her friends, only the day before, that she would be wearing bloomers within a week, and when they had suggested that her husband might object she had said:

"What! Tom object? Why, he never objects to anything."

And now Tom had absolutely refused to allow her to wear them, with a facial expression which showed that he would not stop short of the divorce courts to prevent it.

Finally she arose from the table and went to her room.

She had an idea which she thought, if proper, to try, and so she called to Tom's consent to the wearing of bloomers. She wrote a hurried note to her dressmaker ordering a bloomer suit of a pattern which she had already selected, and then donned her old bicycle suit to pay a call on Mrs. Kynaston, who had just returned from her husband's house.

"Why, how foolish of him," she said. "I don't believe the poor man has ever seen a proper bicycling costume. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll all go bicycling this afternoon, and come back by your house at just the time your husband gets home, and he will see what a bloomer suit looks like."

And so the bicycle party was arranged, and when Thomas Cranston arrived at his house that evening he saw five women riding in front of the house and four of them in full bloomer costume. The fifth, who wore skirts, was his wife.

He was not so badly shocked as he thought he would be, and he wished that he had not been so decided in his refusal of his wife's request, but he made up his mind that it would be unmanly to yield after he had said no, and so he went to bed, and in the morning, and so with a bow to his wife and her companions he went indoors and began to dress for dinner.

That night Louise again broached the subject of bloomers, but her husband silenced her by saying:

"Now, see here, Louise, don't speak to me about bloomers again. You may go in for women's rights if you like, and you may wear standing collars and men's waistcoats, but you shall not wear trousers, even if bicycling does justify it in your case."

"Trousers?" cried Louise, indignantly. "Who said anything about trousers? I was talking about bloomers."

"I know you were," said Mr. Cranston, "and please don't talk about them any more. I'm tired of it, and I won't hear it mentioned again."

The next morning when Mr. Cranston put on his coat to start for his office his wife called him back and said:

"Tom, I'll promise you never to mention bloomers again, but if you ever change your mind about them please tell me, for I'm really very anxious to wear them."

The smile which for twenty-four hours had been absent from Tom Cranston's face came again, and he kissed his wife.

"That's a dear good girl, Louise," he said. "I hated to refuse your request, but really I don't like the idea of your wearing those things. And now if there is anything else you want to do for just name it, and I'll do it."

He went away, but returned in a moment and called out:

"Oh, Louise, I'm going to a dinner at the club to-night, and I want you to have my dress suit handy when I come home. Good-by."

"Now, then," said Louise, as she went upstairs, "I'll see if I can't make Mr. Tom change his opinion about bloomers. That promise of his was the very thing I wanted."

The hour longed for by both came at last. Tom entered the house and rushed to his room to put on his dress suit.

"Oh, Tom!" Louise called while he was dressing, "come down here; I want

SAVED BY AN UMBRELLA.

Trick of a Smart Yankee Captain to Lure a Hostile Fleet.

An interesting relic in the Charles town navy yard museum is an umbrella which was used by the Constitution in making her escape from the British fleet in 1812. This is all that is left of the card attached to it, and the umbrella is a complete puzzle to nearly every one who visits the museum. In the first place it is utterly unlike any umbrella now in use, and, secondly, not one person in a hundred is able to figure out how the Constitution made use of it in making her escape from the British vessels. It is exactly like the umbrella frame in general shape, but the stick is about ten feet long, with a heavy iron ring at each end, and is about three inches in diameter. The frame slides up and down on it, just like the frame of an ordinary umbrella, and is made of stout iron bars. Some people think that it may have been set up on the deck to give the officers a little shade on a hot day, but they cannot see how this would be of use in the escape. The purpose for which it was intended and used was for a sea anchor, and its story is as follows:

On the 18th of July, 1812, the Constitution, then commanding under the command of that famous old fighter, Isaac Hull, was surrounded by Brooke's squadron of five vessels. Before they could close in on him, however, it fell calm, and Capt. Hull at once made use of the umbrella, of which there were two aboard. A cable was run to one of the umbrellas at what would be the handle in one of the ordinary kind, and the umbrella was folded up and taken out by a boat to a cable's length ahead of the vessel. It was then thrown overboard, and as soon as the crew began to haul on the cable, which, of course, spread out, giving a drag by which the vessel could be warped ahead. While the vessel was warping up to this one, the other one was taken out, and before the British had discovered what Hull was doing, he had gotten outside of the circle with which they had surrounded him. They immediately began to pursue the same tactics, but he ran two twenty-four pound guns out of his cabin windows, and kept them from getting anywhere near him, as whenever one of the boats carrying out a drag, came up against him, he would fire with one of the "Long Toms," and in this way kept the ships from closing in. This was kept up for two days, and on the evening of the second day came up a squall, which carried the umbrella, which had been an advantage over the English men that he was able to elude them in the night, and was out of sight the next morning. Thus, but for the unorthodox use of the umbrella at the navy yard, the Constitution would probably have been captured or sunk, and some of the fairest pages in our naval history would have remained unwritten.

Burns' Last Written Words.

In July, 1796, the protracted illness from which Burns had been suffering became so acute that he was advised to go to the seaside as a last resort," writes Arthur Warren, apostle of the approaching century of Robert Burns' death, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He went off to Broom's Barn, where he died, and his last thoughts at the time were of his wife, whose condition was such as to warrant his fears. His anxiety for her increasing, he hastened back to Dumfries. He was so weak on reaching home that he could hardly stand. Barely able to hold a pen he wrote a note of appeal, begging his wife's mother, who was estranged from her daughter, to come on to Dumfries, as Jean was in urgent need of her care. They were the last words he ever wrote."

"Let us not forget that the expiring moments of the failing genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. This was the last word which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son, Maxwell, was born. The little fellow lived less than three years."

"The Scottish admiration for Burns was so great that his widow and children (three sons and two daughters) were not suffered to know what a subscription of six thousand dollars was immediately raised for him. Four years later, that is to say, in 1800, the well-known edition of the poet's works appeared. This realized seven thousand dollars more for the family. These sums made a snug fortune in those days. Fully invested, the amount yielded an income for the modest though comfortable maintenance of Jean and her children. Jean Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years."

"But! Not Irish."

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "I wish to see you. We go to bed well, and get up stone dead."

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

An English lecturer on chemistry said, "One drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English lieutenant said that the Royal Navy Company wished to kill him to prevent him going up the river with a new year.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sent. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

American Grit.

In writing to a friend about the recent tornado, Bishop Tuttle, of St. Louis, said: "The three American characteristics which I value most in whatever interested those with whom I came in contact. In his biography we find an extract from a characteristic letter which he wrote while in Rome to a sister who had remonstrated with him for being so much addicted to verse-writing."

"You see I am verse-mad," he wrote. "But you know I am subject to various kinds of madness, and of frequent recurrence. In Aberdeen I got religious mad; then I got Latin-mad; now I am verse-mad and drawing-mad, and am fast getting antiquity-mad."

"Out of this never-ending fermentation may something good arise, that I may not be eternally driven about by every wind of doctrine. But as it is, I have no more command over my whims and fancies than a henpecked husband has over his wife."

Let a wise man have good luck a few years, and he will do as foolish things as anybody.



Photographing the Center of Bones.

French surgeons have succeeded, with the aid of X rays, in producing photographs of the bones of a living person which reveal the existence of disease in the center of the bones, while the outer portions are sound.

A Vanished Land.

According to views recently explained before the Geological Society in England, the island of Jamaica was once connected with both North and South America by a stretch of mountainous land covering the region of the West Indian archipelago. There are indications that this ancient land was elevated no less than two miles and a half above sea level.

A Gorilla's Portrait.

A curiosity exhibited at a recent meeting of the Zoological Society in London was a daguerotype of a gorilla, believed to be the first and only of that kind ever brought alive to Europe. The picture was made as long ago as 1855. In these days of snapshot photography it is easy enough to get photographs of animals, but the thing was not so simple forty years ago.

Can Fear Be Cured?

Professor Angelo Masetti, of Turin, in his book on "Fear," which has recently been translated into English, says that fear is a disease to be cured. He particularly condemns the methods which are sometimes practiced by parents and nurses, of governing and controlling children by means of fear. Even more pernicious is the practice of awakening a sense of terror in children by stories of "bogies," hobgoblins and witches. According to Professor Masetti, mankind can be made more courageous by proper cultivation.

Insects and Flowers.

It has frequently been asserted that the brilliant colors of many flowers serve to attract bees and butterflies to them. Experiments recently reported to the Belgian Academy of Sciences seem to show that the perfume rather than color of the flowers is the real attraction. Bright-colored blossoms were covered with leaves and papers pinned closely about them, yet the insects not only visited the hidden flowers, but endeavored to force their way under the papers in order to reach the blossoms which they could not see.

Modifying Milk.

Laboratories for modifying and sterilizing milk through scientific processes have now been established, according to the Scientific American, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and others are to be opened in several Western cities. The milk is freed from superabundance of fat and from bacteria, and then is so sealed in bottles that it cannot become contaminated until opened for use. It is claimed that "modified milk" has saved the lives of many children who, if improperly nourished, would have succumbed to the maladies of early childhood.

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but the connection has not been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence, the breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of a smell, and we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.

Wonderful Suns.

Astronomers are not yet all agreed as to the causes of the variations of color and brilliancy which are exhibited by many stars. In the constellation Cepheus, in the northern sky, there is a star named Delta Cephei, which, in the course of about three days, alternately gains and loses a large part of its light. The spectroscopic has proved that Delta Cephei consists of two stars revolving around each other in a very elliptical orbit. He thought they never got far enough apart to be separately visible from the earth. Even when viewed with a telescope their light is blended into a single star disk. Although if we could go near enough to them we should find that they are, in reality, millions of miles apart. When brightest, the united light of the twin stars is two or three times greater than when faintest. One of the explanations recently offered by astronomers to account for these changes is that one of the stars composing Delta Cephei has a very thick atmosphere, consisting of clouds of condensed metallic vapors, and that when the stars draw near one another in their orbit the atmosphere of the nearer star disperses the obscuring veil, and permits the star to which it belongs to shine with a splendor that it cannot attain when its rays are interrupted by its envelope of clouds. It is hard to believe that invisible worlds should exist in the neighborhood of such a pair of suns as that.

A Backwoods Postoffice.

It is doubtless true that business is done in a very primitive way in the little office in some small, out-of-the-way town. But I dunno's I care much which of the lawyers gets the money."—Detroit Free Press.

Cycling Chaplains.

I have been desired to insert the following notices:

"Wanted, by a dowager, two aged to ride a cycle (84), an experienced lady cyclist, and a very good man, to accompany me. Must be able to ride twenty miles an hour, so as to keep in sight youngest daughter, who is agile and judicious. Apply to A. B. C., 62 Bellevue square."

"A lady, highly connected, is prepared to purchase on a cash basis the ambitious laughter of a millionaire. Is an expert in all paces (cycling). Can be trusted to keep always due of the swiftest, sentimental and to lag discreetly in the rear of an eligible person."—London Truth.

The people are all going to behave better, but now.

THE MASHER AND THE LADY.

He Came, Saw, and Gave Home for a Lady Two Floors Below.

Like all big cities, Paris has its mashers. They annoy the ladies often enough, but, as a rule, they are harmless fools, after all. Here is the latest little story of a masher and a beautiful lady, which the Paris papers are printing and which the Sun translates.

At the Quai aux Fleurs on market day, a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted, and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally, the purchased two big gemmings.

"Do you live far from here, madam?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an act of reflection, prompted by the size of the gemmings, she said to a commissaire, who replied, sweetly: "Rue du Louvre, 10."

"Oh," exclaimed the masher, "you can't carry such a burden so far! Allow me to help you."

She smiled, but, in the language of the dandies, instead of "allowing" to him the choice of pots, she pointed to both, and smiled again. The masher put a pot under each arm, and, equipped in that way, went off with the lady. She stopped, thanked the dude, and stretched out her beautiful little hands for the flower-pots.

But the masher politely insisted upon carrying them up to her apartment.

"You trouble me," said the lady, "I live on the top floor and there is no elevator."

"I would not be surprised if you told me that you lived way up in heaven. Angels live there," said the enthusiastic masher.

"Well, come, then," said the lady, in the golden tones in which the Duke of Devonshire, in "Geopatra," addresses her Tony.

So up they went until they came to the abode of the success. She rang the bell, and heavy footsteps were heard inside. The door was opened, and a fine-looking man appeared.

"Allow me to introduce you to my husband, sir," said the lady. "My dear," she added, addressing her husband, "this gentleman has been kind enough to carry these plants for me all the way from the flower market up the stairs, too, as you see."

"Good enough," said the big fellow. "Here, my man, here is a twenty-cent piece. Go and get a drink!"

The dude started down the stairs at a lively rate, without waiting for his portmanteau, and as he was going down, he could hear the ringing laugh of the lady and the house "hat lat" of the happy husband.

Well-Paid Writers.

In an article on "Pence Paid to Authors," published a short time ago in the Sun, the writer says that George Trevelyan's serial, "Sir George Trevelyan," now running in the Century Magazine, for the serial right of which \$18,000 is said to have been paid, "large as the sum may seem at first thought, it is relatively small; it is much smaller than the other sums paid for the product of other literary workers. Thus, Scott got \$40,000 for 'Woodstock,' and Moore got 3,000 guineas for 'Lalla Rookh.' Anthony Trollope received in all \$35,000 for his various works," etc. Forty thousand dollars is more than \$18,000. To be sure, but \$18,000 is not all that Mrs. Ward will receive for her serial. Take "Marcella," for instance. She was paid \$20,000 for the American book rights, and more for the English rights. I believe, which would make her receipts for that one book over \$40,000. For "Sir George Trevelyan," serial and book rights, she will probably be paid nearly \$50,000 for the American rights.

It has been estimated that for the three novels—"Robert Elsmere," "David Greave," and "Marcella"—she has been paid over \$200,000. Anthony Trollope, for the serial right of which \$18,000 is said to have been paid, has been paid over \$200,000 for three books, the truth of which statement, I think, will be acknowledged by the writer of the Sun's interesting article—Critic.

Marvel in Mental Arithmetic.

Wolf Blinestine, who died at Hot Springs recently, came to Orange a very poor man in 1870. He began merchandising, and while here acquired a capital estimated at between \$20,000 and \$75,000. He could neither read nor write, yet he was a marvel in mental arithmetic. Fractions no longer had any hard places in them for him. He offered the principal of the city a large sum of money to teach him to read within a year. The professor undertook the job and worked with great energy, but discovered that on each Monday morning every trace of the previous week's work had entirely faded from the mind of his pupil, and after five months of close attention to his undertaking, abandoned it as a hopeless case. A peculiarly constructed "BXX" was the nearest approach he ever made to penmanship, but that signature is attached to many valuable documents now of record in this country, and has for several years passed current at the banks in New York, Galveston and Orange, often for large sums of money. It was quite as difficult to counterfeit the character as that affixed by him as it would be to successfully imitate the signature. Galveston Daily News.

A No-El Idea.

To keep babies from being bored in Italy. The moment a child begins to cry its mother places her hand over its mouth and tips its nose, so that it cannot breathe. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, and should it make use of the opportunity to again cry, it is at once suppressed in the same way. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.

Said Ed Ance.

The finest engineers in the world, considering their size, are certain South American ants. Tunnel constructed by them have been traced a distance of two miles, one of them passing under a stream fifty yards wide. South African ants have also considerable mechanical skill, as in some of their subterranean homes have been found suspended bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning gulfs eight to ten inches wide.

Man is very ungrateful; he will forget the good that he has done, and say he never had one in his life.

It is worth becoming the under dog to get the sympathy.

SOUTH AFRICAN RUINS.

Buildings at Zimbabwe that May Be of King Solomon's Time.

It would seem that, at some far distant date, a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland, and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold-workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods, no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes in these regions, and, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold-working, pieces of ancient building executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build to-day.

These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of the granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called "herringbone" pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall thirty feet high, and from six to twelve or fourteen feet thick, incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship. There are no inscriptions of any kind, and few objects, except some rudely carved pieces of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affiliations of the people who erected this building, or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources (including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament) that there was from very early times a trade between the Red Sea and some part of East Africa; and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly probable.

Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins, and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient building already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls, and whose other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race, or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out or peacefully withdrew, or became by degrees absorbed into the Bantu, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly probable.

Danger in Excess of Exercise.

Housework, cycling, gardening, walking, climbing, chores, running, swimming and many other things give just the kind of exercise that is indicated in certain conditions, due regard being had to the physiological effects of varying dosage. Oertel has shown how he adapted to sufferers from cardiac debility by prescribing the distance and speed and the number and length of the rests on definite paths graduated according to their slope. His interesting and original work has not only given a new direction to the treatment of certain cardiac affections, but is destined to have an important influence in establishing accuracy in the prescription of exercise. Whoever has studied the map of the environs of Reichenhall, Bavaria, prepared by Oertel for the application of his method, will acquire a vivid idea of what precision of dosing in exercise means. In this map the different paths suitable for the work are marked in four different colors, to indicate those that are nearly level, those slightly sloping, moderately sloping and steep, and figures are placed along each route to show the space that should be traversed in each quarter hour.

The locality itself is prepared for its remedial use by placing benches for rest at suitable distances, and by marking on certain trees near the path circles, colored to correspond with the map, to indicate the difficulty of that particular section. By systematic practice on the easier paths the heart and system are progressively trained and strengthened. In this way, the analysis may do the same work for cycling, horseback riding, and many other familiar exercises. In this way the dosage is practically reduced to a definite number of kilometers. In a given time, and a step has been taken out of wonder and delight to the childlike Ignatius, or Eskimo. Near by were two other dwellings, but of such a nature as the homes of the Inuits Myo and Keshoo, who, with their families, had been induced to leave the neighborhood of Cape Parry and come with us—Century.

Safety Home.

In the early days of America, window-glass, being expensive, was often carried a long distance with great care. The story is told in "Old Times on the Saco" of a settler who built a log-house, and after moving his family in, went to Gorhamtown to purchase twelve lights of seven-by-nine glass, for the two small windows. This was well in a large handkerchief, and he started on his return.

He selected even places for his feet at every step, and avoided all possible obstacles; thus he moved slowly homeward. All went well until he reached his own doorway. As he approached the house, he saw his wife standing in the doorway, and shouted:

"Well, Sally, I've got my glass home!"

Alas! his attention had been diverted; he caught his foot in a small web by the path, and fell headlong. Quick as thought, he raised his hand high to shield the glass, but it came down with full swing upon a flat stone, and was broken into fragments. Then and there he registered a vow that he would never look through glass in that house, and he kept his word.

"If I fell half-way to Gorhamtown," he said, "I wouldn't ha' kepted; but it seemed to everlastin' to go down and smash 't right off agin my own door!"

When a Western girl goes East, she returns with at least five new ways of using ribbon.

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