

WOMEN AT HOME

CHUMMY SISTERS.

THE attitude of a sister toward a brother is largely responsible for the brightness or the shadow of home life. A downright bon camaraderie, or chumminess, a confidential friendship, conduce to a firmly founded union of affection and thought that is a moral support to both of them, to say nothing of its delightful influence upon the daily domestic family round. Most girls seem to regard their brothers as necessary evils. They do not think it worth their while to be pleasant with them. When with a brother they lay aside all their entertaining ways, their attractive manners and their pleasing graces, says the Chicago Chronicle.

It is only because he meets some other boy's sister that he does not arrive at the conclusion that the sex is selfish and altogether disagreeable. And it is no wonder that he affects the society of others of his kind, speaks slightly of all girls, oftentimes gets into bad habits that he would not think of if he were made much of at home, and, in fact, acts and feels very different from the youth whose sister is a real comfort and a good friend to him. When this condition exists the two discover that being brother and sister need not interfere with their having a right jolly time in each other's society. When no other escort is available the brother acts as cavalier and is as attentive as though he were "beating" some other girl. The sister, on her side, makes herself equally agreeable, and they do not feel that an evening has been wasted because they had to spend it in each other's company.

When the time for sweethearts arrives they become more than ever confident, knowing that no matter who comes into their lives there is one niche which can only be filled by the brother or the sister, who will ever occupy a place which cannot be second because it is distinctly individual.

A Bizarre Effect.

The "Trelawny" is a unique style that has been used in England slightly ever since "Trelawny of the Wells" was first played. In America it has been seen on a few persons who are eccentric or esthetic. The effect is bizarre and is becoming to a certain few young women who are picturesque rather than chic. The modification of the ultra heavy twisted zephyr; the pompadour is worn, also the Newport coil. The latter is wound in a loose circle pinned at the top and carefully pinned in the net. The fluffy effect of the front is the pompadour, very loosely puffed, and the net is caught up and pinned with very small, thin, tortoise-shell hairpins.

A Woman's Pity.

John H. Christie, who married Miss Mary E. Preston in Westley, R. I., the other day, had just concluded the serving of a sentence of four years in prison for highway robbery. The victim of the crime was Miss Preston herself, and she was the principal witness against Christie, testifying with more than willingness and pushing the case against him with energy. Then, when sentence had been passed, that emotion which is akin to love stirred in the woman's breast. She wrote a sympathetic letter to him, then visited him, and the courtship and marriage followed.

Latest Society Fad.

The "Black Cat" fan is startling when it is first flitted open before your eyes, but you'll soon get used to it, for it is to be the thing this winter. The black cat is simply painted on the fan.

Stingy Kind of Wit.

It seems at first blush ridiculous to say that one can be too apt at repartee, but many an over-smart reply has made an enemy for the person who showed his peculiar wit in this fashion. Gay, good-natured badinage is a delightful thing, but it is the retort courteous alone that is used by the woman of tact and refinement. Very young girls—those who have not yet attained the graces of womanhood, yet who have outgrown the naive frankness of childhood—seem especially gifted with sharp tongues.

She may, at heart, be an extremely good-natured person; she may have innumerable good qualities and be only suffering from extreme crudity, but she makes a disagreeable impression upon the older ones of the hearers by her impertinence that it will take a goodly time to efface. The thing better left unsaid is continually in evidence among some young women, who haven't the faintest idea that they could hurt any one's feelings by their

gibings. It is better far never to achieve a reputation for brilliancy than to gain one at the expense of others, for society, after all, regards such a person as decidedly unpleasant, not to say dangerous.

The Pace that Kills.

The once beautiful Josie Mansfield is at the home of her sister in Philadelphia a dumb, helpless, semi-paralyzed wreck. She is the woman for whom Edward S. Stokes shot down and murdered Jim Flisk, Jr., the then king of Wall street, Jan. 5, 1872, at the Grand Central Hotel. Stokes was sentenced to be hanged, and finally on a new trial got off with only four years in jail. Miss Mansfield was a noted character in those days. In 1891 she married Robert L. Reade, a rich young man. He soon found out his mistake, but although they separated he provided for her. The paralytic stroke was due, the doctors say, to mental worry.



Home that Are Museums.

What are half the handsome homes in our cities? Museums! And without orderly museum arrangement! What becomes of comfort in rooms where even the cautious must pick their way, and the careless may come to grief? Woman is infinitely selfish in expressing her whims in her home surroundings. Men hate rooms that are over-full, and children are hampered and oppressed by what to them is a meaningless aggregation of things that must be avoided, not handled. This does not imply that children should be allowed to handle all things in the home; far from it; but things not to be handled should not preponderate in rooms where the family life is lived.—Woman's Home Companion.

Refused Royalty.

Great interest has been taken in London's first big party, a royal one, given by the pretty American widow, Mrs. Ozden Goelet, since the death of her husband at Cowes. The enthusiasm of her welcome back to the light of society knew no bounds. Mrs. Goelet, according to Vanity Fair, remains very beautiful and very young-looking, and without doubt one of the most charming Americans who ever set foot on British shores. Her daughter, too, is pliant, bright, pretty, and dances to perfection. She is credited with having refused several splendid offers from young Englishmen of high birth.

To Clean Rugs at Home.

This is the season when every housekeeper is cleaning rugs. The Turks never shake heavy rugs holding them at the ends, but always grasp a rug at the side. The best way of all is to lay the rug on clean grass or boards, face down. Beat it thoroughly to dislodge the dust, then brush it perfectly clean and hang on a line to air. It is well to select a dull day for this sort of cleaning, as the sun should not be allowed to shine on a rug for any length of time.

How to Oil Furniture.

A flannel cloth, with a very little linseed oil, is good to rub furniture with; but the greatest care must be exercised to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used.

Of Interest to Women.

The overskirt is here to stay. Dynamite is used to weight silks. Jersey City has a woman sign-painter. Black lace is used to trim new night robes. Dull finish silver is most popular for clasps. It is not good form to wear skirts too tight. Fewer housewives "put up" preserves nowadays. Dancing will be less popular than ever this winter. More women keep records of house-keeping expenses than formerly. Reception gowns and walking dresses will be made in delicate shades. The average wages of a domestic servant in London is \$1.88 a week. A Brooklyn man says every woman says "It seems to me" at least six times when she makes a speech. Crusades against slang have been begun by women in Sacramento, Cal.; Fall River, Mass.; and Brooklyn. A Philadelphia woman donned her husband's clothes and took out his street car one day when he was too sick to work. At a recent gathering of women in Providence nearly all admitted that they felt awkward when they asked their husbands for money. Henry Higgs, President of the Economic Science Section of the British Association, told an audience that house-keeping was no better understood than it was two centuries ago—perhaps even now so well. In the interval, however, the art had become enormously simplified.

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THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody!

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Spreads out the papers with such care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody!

When plunged in deep and dire distress,
When anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
Nobody!

When sickness comes and sorrow twain,
And grief distracts my fevered brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody!

But I'm resolved, so help me fate,
To change at once my single state,
At Hymen's altar I will mate
Somebody.
—Thomasville Enterprise.



"I THINK him the very embodiment of chivalry and gallantry," said Ethel Hunt, enthusiastically.

She was a dark-cheeked, diamond-eyed girl of 18, with braids of blue-black hair coiled around the back of her small Greek-shaped head, and a color as rich and velvety as the side of a July peach.

"Humph!" said Aunt Sara. "I've heard girls talk so before, and it generally ended in one thing."

"For shame, Aunt Sara!" cried Ethel, coloring up to her eyelashes. "I only mean, of course, that he is a very agreeable companion."

Now, this Aunt Sara of our little Ethel was no spectacled spinster of an uncertain age, nor portly, pillow-shaped widow with the photograph of her dear, departed husband worn, lock-shaped, upon her bosom—but a pretty young woman of four or five and twenty, with bright blue eyes and hair all streaked with golden gleams, who was engaged in the congenial occupation of making up her wedding clothes.

"An agreeable companion, of course," said Aunt Sara. "Look, Ethel, do you think white Maltese lace or French blonde, with a heading of Roman pearls, would be prettiest for this berth?"

Aunt Sara knew when to drop a subject and when to hold on to it. But while Ethel was stitching the quilting



"I SAY, YOU," HE SMILED OUT, "WHY DON'T YOU—"

of French blonde on to the white silk dress her young aunt's mind was busy upon the topic she had apparently abandoned.

"The disagreeable fellow," thought Aunt Sara. "He has somehow heard that Ethel has money, and he is determined to win it. If she could only see him in his true light; but I know what a perverse thing a woman's heart is. Just as sure as I attempted to tell her what he really is she'll make up her mind that he is the finest and least appreciated personage on the face of the earth. And I do so want to keep her heart whole until Everard Grafton comes to be Charles' groomsmen. Everard Grafton is worthy of a princess!"

And Miss Sara Martell sat and sewed away in absorbed silence, without speaking a word for the unprecedented period of fifteen minutes.

"They say he is perfectly intolerable at home," she said to herself. "Clara Waters was there once and heard him rating his sisters fearfully because the beefsteak for his late breakfast was a little overdone. If I could only manage it that Ethel should see him in his true light."

She sat and thought a while longer and suddenly the color bloomed in her cheek, the dimples into her chin. She started up.

"Ethel," she said, "I'm sure you must be tired of sitting over that everlasting stitching. I've got to go over to Susy Morand's to borrow a pattern; it will be just a pleasant walk for us."

"To Miss Morand's?" Ethel was vexed with herself, but she could not help the tell-tale blood that surged into her cheeks. "Isn't it rather early? Only 9 o'clock?"

"Early! Not a bit. Susy and I are so intimate we don't mind curl papers and calico wrappers. Get your hat and come along quick."

But, in spite of her exhortations to speed, Sara Martell smiled to herself to perceive that Ethel Hunt lingered long enough in her own room to change her black lace breast-knot for a becoming little butterfly bow of rose-colored ribbon, and to rearrange the dainty tendrils of silky black hair that dropped so caressingly over her low, broad forehead.

"She thinks we shall see Julian Morand," she thought to herself. "Well, perhaps we shall. I am putting myself entirely into the hands of luck and chance."

But when they reached the Morand



This beautiful sword, the gift of Congress to Admiral George Dewey, cost \$3,000. With the exception of the steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard, the sword is made throughout of 22-carat gold. On the weapon is carved the name of the cruiser Olympia and the zodiacal sign for December, the month in which Dewey was born. Below is the coat of arms of Vermont, with the motto, "Freedom and Unity." On the scabbard are the letters "G. D.," and just below "U. S. N.," while on the sword blade is the inscription, "The gift of the nation to Rear Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., in memory of the victory at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

mansion, instead of ringing formally at the front door, Miss Martell went around to the back porch, a pretty little entrance, all shaded with honeysuckles and trumpet vines.

"I always go in here," said she, nonchalantly, in reply to Ethel's remonstrating glance. "Sue Morand and I are just like sisters."

Sue Morand, a blooming girl of 18, was in the kitchen making apple pies. "The pattern? Of course, you shall have it!" she cried. "Just wait a minute until I get it."

"I'll go with you," said Sara. "Ethel, you'll not mind waiting for us here?"

"Not in the least," said Ethel. And she sat down by the window, where lilies, trained in bottles of water, were creeping like green jewels across the crystal panes of glass.

"Sue! Sue!" She started as the voice of her preux chevalier of the evening before came roaring down the back stairs. "Confound you all down there, why aren't my boots blacked? Sue! Mother! Nell! What's become of my breakfast? You must think a man has nothing to do but to lie here and wait all day for you lazy folks to stir around!"

There was no reply as he paused, apparently expecting one. "Mother" was down in the garden under a big green sunbonnet, gathering scarlet-checked tomatoes for dinner. "Nell" was in the front yard picking red-veined autumn leaves out of the gold and russet drifts that lay like treasures of precious stones upon the grass.

Sue was shut up among the mysteries of "patterns" innumerable, with Miss Sara Martell. Ethel Hunt sat coloring and half frightened, the sole addressee of Mr. Morand's objurgations.

"I know there's some one down there!" he shouted. "I can hear you breathe and your dress rustle. Just like your ugliness not to answer a fellow! Do you hear? Sue! Black my boots, quick. I'm waiting for them!"

And "bang! bang!" came the useful articles of wear in question down the winding stairway that led into the kitchen.

Poor little Ethel! She half rose up, then sat down again, piteously undecided what to do; and even while she hesitated, with color varying like the red and white of the American flag in the high wind, the door at the foot of the stairs flew open and in stalked Julian Morand, sallow and disheveled, with unkempt hair and beard, fretfully curved mouth, and a most unbecoming costume of a soiled Turkish dressing gown, faded pearl-colored nether garments, and stockings feet thrust into red morocco slippers.

"I say you!" he snarled out; "why don't you—"

And then, perceiving to whom he was actually addressing himself, he started back, turning fiery red.

"Miss Hunt!"

And, with a downward glance at his toilet, he fairly turned and fled, the skirts of his Turkish dressing gown floating like red and orange meteors, and, terrified though she was, Ethel Hunt could not resist the temptation to break into a peal of hearty laughter.

This, then, was her ideal among men, her gallant cavalier, her "Sir Laurence" of fancied perfection, snarling at his mother and sisters like an ill-conditioned bear, flinging old boots down the stairs at them, tumbling out of bed at 9 o'clock in the morning, while his mother split kindlings and picked tomatoes out in the vegetable garden! Like some Chinese idol, so fell Julian Morand off his high pedestal in the estimation of Miss Ethel Hunt.

She told it all to Sara Martell when they were safe at home.

"Aunt Sara," she said, "I am thoroughly disenchanted!"

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SWORD

This beautiful sword, the gift of Congress to Admiral George Dewey, cost \$3,000. With the exception of the steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard, the sword is made throughout of 22-carat gold. On the weapon is carved the name of the cruiser Olympia and the zodiacal sign for December, the month in which Dewey was born. Below is the coat of arms of Vermont, with the motto, "Freedom and Unity." On the scabbard are the letters "G. D.," and just below "U. S. N.," while on the sword blade is the inscription, "The gift of the nation to Rear Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., in memory of the victory at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

Miss Martell shrugged her shoulders and mentally thanked her lucky stars. "I could have told you as much before," said she. "These Adonises are like cheap calico—they will neither wash nor wear! Wait until Everard Grafton comes."

"And who is Everard Grafton?"

"The nicest young fellow in the world—after my betrothed husband."

When Mr. Grafton came he so far justified Aunt Sara's encomiums that Ethel really did like him. And Aunt Sara was willing to leave the rest to fate.—New York News.

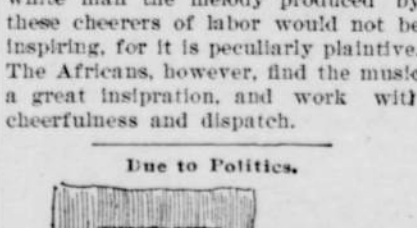
The Only Thing Left.

A grandfather, well known in the British House of Commons, was chatting amiably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh, are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet." A negative reply was given to this query also, for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be. "But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japhet, you must be a beast!"

Music Wards Off Fatigue.

A Philadelphia contractor, who has recently returned from the Sudan, tells of an interesting fact connected with the building by the English of the new military railroad in that region. With every gang of forty or fifty men are assigned two harpers and a flute player. Music is furnished almost continuously, and so long as the music plays the workmen—nearly all negroes—do not seem to feel the fatigue, and their movements are conformed as nearly as possible to the time of the music. As a general thing the players get tired before the workmen do. To a white man the melody produced by these cheerers of labor would not be inspiring, for it is peculiarly plaintive. The Africans, however, find the music a great inspiration, and work with cheerfulness and dispatch.

Due to Politics.



The Good Woman—If you are a foreign nobleman, why are you in your present circumstances?

The Tourist—Whisht, mum! Politics! Oim dthe mon that writ dthe Borders oim dthe Dhyrth case.

In a New Role.

Abe Petshs—Look a' yer, yo' Mose Jackson. De mule yo' sole me las' night is daid.

Moses—Daid! Lo'd, dat am peculiar. He neber did dat befo'—Ohio State Journal.

"It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.



IMPROVED TOURIST SLEEPERS.

Railroads Are Acceding to Demands of Middle Classes Who Want Better Sleeping-Car Service.

In response to the demand of the times the O. R. & N., and its connections are placing in operation a much better grade of tourist sleepers for Pacific coast service than at any previous time. The largely increased traffic to this section of the country has demanded all the improvements of latter-day transportation, and in consideration of this the railroads are establishing a service which is excellent in every particular. Not only are the wishes of the first-class passengers served, but those who are traveling to and from the East on second-class tickets are splendidly cared for. There are a time when a tourist sleeper appealed to a limited number of people who were traveling on the "cheap" order, in every meaning of the term. Now, however, there has been a radical change. With the better tourist sleepers in operation the class of passengers has been improved, and one may now travel upon them and enjoy all the privileges of a first-class sleeper at a greatly reduced rate.

Daily, on the O. R. & N. Eastbound fast mail, is attached one of these latest improved tourist sleepers, a model of beauty and handsome appointments. The new cars are almost an exact counterpart of the first-class sleepers. One noticeable feature of the new tourist cars is the absence of a smoking apartment. The new cars being built by the Pullman Company are not provided with smoking apartments. This new departure has been taken because of the fact that most through trains are provided with composite cars, which provide a smoker for the sleeping-car passengers.

There are few things so selfish as melancholy.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

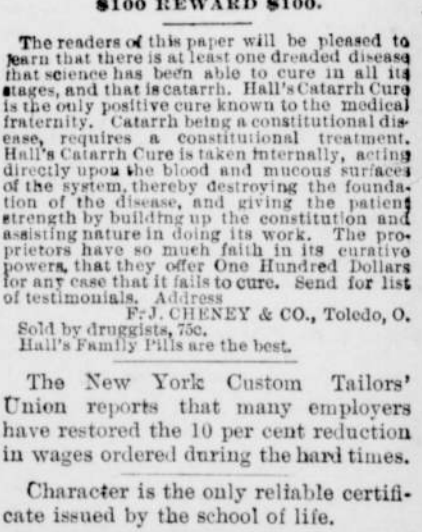
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and subversive action on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

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