# IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

### A FAMOUS WOMAN DESIGNER.

**Plenty of Fame and Money Earned by Originating Patterns.**

"Yes, the work is most fascinating," said Miss Glenrose Bell, in answer to my question, as we stood looking at an exquisite design of orchids slightly conventionalized, upon a cardboard some four or five feet square, ready to be sent to Ireland, whence wrought into beautiful damask—it will return to the United States in time for the great linen sales of next January.

Miss Bell is one of the very few artists in America who design exclusively for table linen; and so charmingly effective and adaptable is her work that she has been solicited several times over to furnish designs for famous European houses. She is, however, under contract to one of the largest firms in America, with whom she has arranged for the sole right to her clever sketches, and earns a very large yearly income.

Miss Bell has been passionately devoted to drawing from childhood, and has had the benefit of a course in art at the Art institute of Chicago, and later on won her B. A. at the university. She, however, never had any specific training in design, but seems to have been born with the gift fully developed. Her father, who is at the head of the linen department in a large establishment, brought home one day, while she was still in the High school, an unsatisfactory design, and asked if she could not readapt it. She made the attempt, and was so successful that she began at once to try her hand at original designs, and was delighted to find that they met with immediate and eager acceptance.

"What are my methods? Well, fashion, you know, changes nearly as often in table linen as in sleeves. There is always some prevailing idea that runs through all lines of artistic manufactures—wall papers, carpets, furniture, draperies, etc. It seems to be in the air, and not infrequently originates in the arts themselves. For example, take the empire rage of a few years ago, when Napoleon articles flooded the magazines, and 'N's,' bowknots, wreaths, etc., were endlessly repeated in the arts and crafts. As a reaction from the small, delicate, conventional patterns of that period, everything now must be on a large scale, and done with a free hand. My table linen designs must, of course, be more or less determined by the general trend of the public taste. The poppy and chrysanthemum, naturally grouped, were amongst the most popular of my last year's designs, and I expect these orchids to have a similar vogue next season. It usually takes me about ten days to complete a design. I then enlarge it to the size it will be in the table cloth, drawing with a hard pencil on medium cardboard one full corner, with a corresponding portion of the center. In exactly this form it goes to our manufacturers in Ireland and Scotland. The difference in the sizes of the cloths is made by increasing or diminishing the space between the border and the center. Whenever it is possible I draw directly from nature, frequently using colors in the beginning for the better study of shading. Yes, the work keeps me occupied the year round, although I am much busier at some seasons than at others. Just now, for instance, I have orders for a large number of designs, that must be sent to our manufacturers in Europe at the earliest possible moment, in order to be ready for next year's trade. I am, therefore, forced to use every bit of available daylight."

### HOTELS FOR WOMEN.

**Do Working Women Prefer to Live by Themselves?**

In view of the number of women now engaged in business and the professions, says the Chicago Tribune, it is not surprising that a hotel to be managed and used by women alone is announced as soon to be opened in the downtown section of Michigan avenue.

In a recent article on "Municipal Affairs" John Lloyd Thomas declares that in New York City alone there are from 60,000 to 70,000 self-supporting women and recites the formation of a company to erect in that city a woman's hotel to accommodate 500 guests, the rooms to cost not less than $3 per week, board to vary according to the choice of the guest and the rules to be only

EVENING DRESS OF KLONDIKE SILK WITH QUEEN MARGOT SCARF.

such as obtain in ordinary hotels. He asserts that there is an urgent demand there for "comfortable and cheap hotels for women," managed on a business basis, that women can and will live together in them and that abuses can be avoided in them as easily as in ordinary hotels. Indeed, he declares that there exists "a rapidly increasing need for all grades of permanent lodging for women, beginning with the little orphan cash girl who works from 8 in the morning until 6 at night for $2.50 a week and ending with the gentlewoman who through misfortunes suddenly finds herself confronted with the problem of how to earn her daily bread." This need, however, he alleges to be especially marked in the case of women of incomes from $40 to $50 per month, who, not constituting a defined group like working girls, have won less attention to their residental needs.

Since the conspicuous failure many years ago of the Park Avenue hotel, designed for women alone, the feasibility of women's hotels has been the subject of much doubt. It is claimed, however, that needless and meddlesome regulations killed that project and that no such fate need befall such an enterprise today.

It is doubtful if many women would prefer thus to live apart by themselves and it is probable that in most cases they would feel as free and as much at home in an ordinary hotel, with its possibilities of privacy, as in one exclusively for their own sex. The chief reason why a women's hotel will succeed, if it will succeed, is the fact that, through greater simplicity in arrangement and management a given degree of comfort can there be secured at a lower charge than in the usual hostelry.

The segregation, however, of women from men in their ordinary lives is not a thing to be desired and while in cases it may involve an improvement upon otherwise trying conditions, it must still be considered as a specialized and more or less abnormal social condition.

### STORIES OF ROSA BONHEUR.

**"Buffalo Bill's" Gift to Her—A Fortunate Autograph Hunter.**

Mme. Isbert, a well known miniature painter of Paris, says a letter from the French capital, once visited Rosa Bonheur at By, and in the course of their conversation brought out an album in which she said Mlle. Bonheur might be interested. In it nearly all the great names in the literary and artistic world of France for the last fifty or sixty years were inscribed. Rosa Bonheur put on her spectacles, and, drawing her chair up to the table, spread out the album before her. Immediately she became intensely interested in its contents. There were pen and ink sketches, water colors, a few measures of music, poetry and philosophical and witty sayings, signed by such men as Meissonier, Coret, Millais, Sainte Beuve, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Gounod, Massanet, etc. Looking up from the last page the artist said abruptly:

"And now I suppose you want Rosa Bonheur's name here; that is why you bring it." With a most comical expression on her bright little face she peered over her spectacles at Mme. Isbert, who, much confused, stammered meekly that she would be greatly honored to receive such notice. The artist declared that she would be charmed to be in such good company, and, in her usual businesslike way, took the measure of the page, promising to draw something and send it in a short time.

A few years ago Mlle. Bonheur wanted to paint a picture of the wild little American pony of the plains, of which she had often heard. She owned Breton, Arab, Norman and Percheron horses, but had no animal in her stables to serve as a model for this new picture. "Buffalo Bill," hearing of the artist's desire, gave her two typical broncos, and, using them as studies, she produced an admirable picture, pronounced by critics at the time to be equal to the best of her previous work. Not long afterward, in recognition of Colonel Cody's kindness, Mlle. Bonheur painted and gave to him a portrait of himself on horseback.

The following amusing description of her appearance and manner was given by a newspaper writer who paid her a visit some years ago and sought to obtain what the artist most dreaded and avoided—an interview:

"A funny-looking man came toward me knitting his brows. He wore an enormous straw hat. Under it was a soft, beardless face, browned by the sun and lighted by chestnut-colored eyes; a small nose exaggerated the size of the large mouth, with rows of superb teeth, and there was a breezy flow of long hair.

"'Who are you? Where do you come from and what do you want?' he said sharply, stopping and thrusting his small hands in the pockets of gray, ribbed trousers.

"This sharp questioning disconcerted me for a moment, but, recovering, I answered: 'I am a journalist, and wish to see Miss Bonheur.'

"'Well, look at her,' said the little peasant, taking off his great hat. 'You must excuse me; I am obliged to keep intruders away.'"

It is interesting to note that Mlle. Bonheur had no patience when she was at the head of an art school with attempts on the part of her girl students to imitate her peculiarities of dress. With her these oddities had come about naturally and for sufficient reasons; with them it was affectation, which she would not tolerate.

### CASHING HER FIRST CHECK.

**Experience of Young Women Taught to Tell the Truth.**

While on a visit to New York not long ago a girl had occasion to cash a check. She hadn't much experience in such things and she wasn't quite sure how it ought to be done, but she thought the best way was to present the document at the bank upon which it was drawn. At 9 o'clock, the hour at which suburban banks open, the girl presented herself at the portals of the metropolitan institution. The janitor and two or three scrubwomen were the only human beings in sight, and the girl knew enough to know that none of them could cash the check. The janitor, indeed, looked much shocked at the sight of the girl, and in no mild accents told her to go right away and not to come around again until—oh, well, not until 11 o'clock at any rate. At that hour the girl returned, to find the bank in full working order. She first indorsed the check neatly, and with an extra flourish to the line she always drew beneath her autograph; then, after presenting it at four wrong windows, she handed it at what she hoped was the right one. Apparently it was the right window, but—"H'm," said the man at the window, glancing at the signature. "You—er—you—ah—have you any way of identifying yourself, Miss Blank?" "Oh, no, indeed," replied the girl, sweetly, not having the least idea what he was talking about. "Er—well," went on the man, "you know some one, of course, who can assure us that you are Miss Blank?" "No one at all," answered the girl in George Washington cherry tree accents—she had always been told to speak the truth, and it was a fact that at that time she knew no one in the big city save the editor who had just given her the check. The girl art student whom she was visiting didn't count. "H'm," said the man at the window; "oh, well," with a scrutinizing glance at the girl, "you probably do most of your shopping when you come to town at Ells & Inches across the street. They might identify you." "We do all our shopping in Boston," replied the girl, who comes from a suburb of the Hub. "I never bought anything in a New York shop until this week." The man looked again at the check, then he looked again at the girl. A queer look came into his eyes. "Excuse me one moment, Miss Blank," he said; "I'll just see—" and he vanished. By this time the girl was worried. Could it be that he wasn't going to give her the money? Why, there the check was, made out in her own name, and with her own name, that she had written herself, right on the back of it. Suddenly the girl remembered that in her pocketbook she had several visiting cards; they, of course, would identify her, and, with a happy smile, she offered one of these to the man when he returned to the window. "Oh, it's all right, Miss Blank!" he cried, without glancing at the proffered card, and in tones almost of self-arraignment. "Of course it's all right. Here's the money," counting out the notes—the check was for $75—"so sorry to have given you any trouble. Anything we can do for you at any time, remember — good morning." "Humph!" said the girl's father when he heard the story. "The fellow had no right to do it. It was a risky business, I don't care who—by the way, was he young?" "He—he wasn't very old," answered the girl.

### BACHELOR GIRL COLONIES.

**Pleasant Homes Provided for New York's Self-Supporting Women.**

In several of the uptown avenues, right in the heart of upper tendom, says a New York letter, live the colonies of bachelor girls of New York. They are women of refinement and culture, some means and undoubted business capacity, with ideals beyond the hall bedroom and its cheerless and lonesome environments and at the same time they are women who are alone in this city and self-supporting. To such women "how to live" becomes a question of absorbing and irritating moment. Driven by one after another of the exigencies of business life here to seek new quarters as the city moves uptown, they do not know where to turn until the common law of necessity drives them into communism. They do not call themselves by any high sounding name, or by any name at all, but they just get together to form some sort of a co-operative establishment that will give them a general table, a roof tree and a place to call home.

"Oh! you know, we can live so much better and cheaper this way," they said, when I questioned some of them.

"And you never quarrel?" I asked.

"Oh! you ought to see how well seven women can get along together," they answered, laughing.

The colonies have for their typical flat a set of eight shut-off rooms—not a continuous flat, with everybody running in and out and no place to call one's own, but a room

TAFFETA SILK COAT WITH LACE.

for all and a room for each girl which none dares invade. A general dining room, pantry and laundry, with well lighted, speckless kitchen, complete the inventory. Of course, they have a girl or general servant, who, for "extras," adopts the part of maid to each one who wants a button here or a tape there or a well brushed skirt. Much fun and good humor prevail where seven or eight girls are common sharers of apartments that mean "home" to them all and many of the old time traditions for women have faded away within those walls. A piano, a library of a few choice books and many well selected etchings adorn the drawing room belonging to one well known circle of bachelor maids and they manage to get along very well without any masculine heads to the departments. The apartment is rented in the name of one; repairs and demands are made of owner or agent through her; the marketing is done by one with a domestic tendency; the accounts are kept by a girl with ability in that line and all the colony affairs are carried on with system and precision.

"As fast as a girl gets engaged," they say—and it appears they are not too "advanced" to outgrow the good old story—"we throw her out." And so the law of change affects the colony, making way for some other girl.

### THOSE MISSING DOILIES.

**Strange Story of Covetousness, Repentance and Restitution.**

The upper crust of Washington society is just now agitated by a little sensation, relates the Chicago Record. It is a trifling matter, to be sure, but it involves a mystery and the good name of one of the prominent women in the diplomatic corps. Last winter several women who gave fine dinners and luncheons missed doilies. Some of them were of expensive embroidery, others of rich lace and, while they are little, useless ornaments, a set represents a good deal of money and to lose one of a set is to make the others practically useless, as everybody knows. It is common at state dinners to call in caterers, who provide the table atendants and many a serious consultation took place between fashionable caterers and hospitable women over the disappearance of these doilies, which, of course, was charged to the servants. Finally the leading caterer of the capital called the attention of one of the cabinet ladies to a singular coincidence.

Doilies had been missed at every one of half a dozen dinners and luncheons he had served where the wife of a certain foreign minister had been a guest. None had ever disappeared when she was not present. It was a startling suggestion that would not do to repeat. The lady might be a kleptomaniac, but to accuse her of stealing would cause international complications for which nobody cared to assume the responsibility. The caterers whose waiters had been accused held a conference. They decided among themselves that the woman referred to was guilty, but dared not accuse her even to exculpate themselves; so they devised a novel scheme and when they found her name on a dinner card they removed the valuable doily from her plate at the table and substituted one of those cheap paper affairs that you find in the restaurants. The ruse was successful. There was no more complaints.

Three or four months passed by. The incident was almost forgotten, when a matronly woman, evidently of Irish blood, who declined to give her name, called at the residences of the vice president, several members of the cabinet and diplomatic corps and at private houses where the upper cult are frequently entertained and inquired if the lady of the house had missed any of her doilies last winter; if so, would she kindly get the pattern. When a sample was brought the mysterious visitor retired into a corner with an apology and pretty soon handed back the sample with the missing piece of lace or embroidery. In this way nearly all of the missing doilies have been returned without any further explanation, although the general understanding is that their recovery is due to the confessional of the Catholic church.

### FOR HOUSEKEEPERS TO TRY.

**Some Odds and Ends that Come in Handy This Time of the Year.**

To clean oil finished paint or hardwood use weak tea, almost cold, to remove the dust and discoloration, and then rub it over with a flannel cloth dipped in furniture polish made of one-third linseed oil, one-third turpentine and one-third vinegar. Shake it well together in a bottle, pour it into a saucer and rub hard. It is a very satisfactory polish. To revive gilt frames take of the white of eggs two ounces and of chloride of potash or soda one ounce; mix well; blow the dust off from the frames and apply with a soft brush. To take fly specks off gilt frames moisten them with the white of an egg; let it remain about fifteen minutes, then wipe off with a silk cloth. Plaster busts and statuettes may be cleaned, where it is not desired to paint them, by dipping them into thick liquid starch and drying, and when the starch is brushed off the dirt is brushed off with it. Old leather covers of books may be freshened by first wiping clean with a flannel rag, then rubbing lightly with the well beaten yolk of an egg applied with a soft sponge and, lastly, by passing a hot iron over a piece of thin paper laid over the surface of the cover. Oxalic acid diluted with water will remove ink stains from the pages. Apply with a camel's hair brush.

Marble figures, statuettes, etc., can be cleaned by using a paste of whiting and water, allowing it to dry, and brushing off with soft brush. Smoke made from burning a piece of gum camphor will clear a bedroom of mosquitoes. Wall paper may be cleaned if wiped with dry Indian meal on a dry cloth. Do not rub colors. Grease stains in carpet can be removed while fresh if coarse brown paper is placed over the stain and ironed with a warm iron. Or cover spots with Indian meal; remove when grease strikes through. Use ammonia in water for washing woodwork; or, better still, use kerosene oil instead of water to remove finger marks or stains, then wash. Very little force is necessary and varnish, oil or paint are not injured. Use whiting in the water for washing white and delicate shades of painted wood—of bedsteads, etc. Clean piano keys with soft rag dipped in alcohol. Use same for cleaning prisms on candelabra or chandeliers. Use salts of lemon for the stains on ivory.

### OUT OF DATE JEWELRY.

**Old Fashioned Designs Are Rapidly Coming Into Favor.**

"By the way," said a fashion oracle, "bring forth now all your old-fashioned jewelry, for it is decidedly to the fore, and old boxes and jewel cases are being ransacked with the hope of bringing to light long-forgotten treasures. Heavy gold-jointed bracelets are, for instance, turned into clasps for opera cloaks, and very handsome they look. Smaller ones are used on traveling capes. Old-fashioned lockets are allowed to dangle at the end of gold chains, or are being converted into match boxes to be worn on a chatelaine. The inside of the locket may be taken out, and a small bar of gold inserted to keep the matches in place. Tops of earrings make buttons for nightdresses, and the longer drops make pretty safety pins for camisoles."

**Frills of Fashion.**

A novelty in wraps is a half coat of lace, rounded up the back and trimmed with ruffles of chiffon.

Gold pencil guards, enameled and set with precious stones, are useful additions to the chatelaine.

A collar buckle of gold is in the shape of two maple leaves with small pearls set along the lines of the veins.

Scent bottles of cut glass, with tracings of silver, have covers of gold handsomely enameled and set with precious stones.

Pineapple bunting, a new pretty summer textile, is like a sheer but strong grenadine, in little open meshes, but of the texture of gauze.

A handsome purse has a border of gold openwork, which has the appearance of being cast. It is set with small precious stones.

A collar buckle of gold, in the shape of a fleur de lis, has the appearance of being cast. The centers are embossed and relieved by bright cutting.

Lorgnette chains, with pearls set at intervals of from two to three inches, are greatly in demand. Others are mounted with emeralds and rubies.

Skirts of many of the thin gowns are tucked down several inches at the back, thereby giving the desired flat effect and some fulness at the same time.

Waists belted at the back, with open jacket fronts, are quite a feature of tailor gowns of summer cloth, white or colored pique, duck, Holland and English drill.

The articles comprising a toilet set for a lady are mounted in gold, the back of each article having a miniature in very bright colors on an emerald green background.

Charming dancing dresses for debutantes are made with plain bodices almost covered with lace-trimmed fichus, the sleeves being nothing more than Louis XIV bow knots of wide velvet ribbon.

Black point d'esprit net continues to be in great use, both for making new toilets and fancy waists, and for freshening gowns and bodices of black satin, taffeta, faille, Indian silk and grenadine.

Very fine open meshed veiling is the favorite for summer wear. It has either large dots far apart or no dots at all, and in either case the veils are so thin that they will not serve to disguise a poor complexion.

The contrast afforded between laces, nets and light evening silks and tulles and black velvet ribbon and black chenille bands and special devices en applique are among the most artistic and becoming effects in French gowning.

The taffeta silk coat and skirt, tailor made, is a very stylish costume for general usefulness, and when worn with a white chiffon or lace vest, a sailor knot of lace and lace falling over the hands the effect is charming.

A handsome brooch, in the shape of a star, has an unusually large turquoise set in the center surrounded by a circle of diamonds. The edges of the points are studded with emeralds, the centers of the points containing large pearls.

One of the best hat trunks is without the cushion on the inside on which to pin the hats in traveling. A woman who has an affection for her hats dislikes to make any more pinholes in them than possible. Enough will be made in the course of ordinary wear.

The dense mass of jets, spangles and fancy sequins which have so long been popular on gowns of lace, net, satin, etc., are gradually giving place to a later and more comfortable fancy for black Chantilly and Venise point appliques over white mousseline de soie, tulle, chiffon or crepe lisse.

All sorts of pretty thin goods are made up into sunbonnets, and they are more used this year than before. There was once a pretty maiden who traveled home from Europe with a sunbonnet for a head covering. It was extremely becoming to her doll-like prettiness, and she looked altogether so much like a doll that no one thought of criticising her little whim in the way of a traveling bonnet.

Millinery designed for midsummer wear has lost much of its bold and erratic appearance, the greater portion of the latest models being made of white straw of some description, with delicate garnitures of soft draperies of white mousseline de soie, white lilacs or white violets, maidenhair fern fronds and fluffy, snowy ostrich plumes or long slender white wings.

The golf and bicycle girls wear suits this year more on the style of those worn by the men than ever before. The man wears knickerbockers of a stylish plaid and a coat of some rough mixed goods, giving the effect of a solid color which matches the predominating color in the plaid. The girl wears similar plaids, a little quieter, perhaps, with a natty little tight-fitting jacket of the plain color in the mixed goods. Her shirt waists are somewhat more quiet than the man's shirts, and she is likely to wear

A GOWN OF SPANGLED NET.

with them a little string tie of the same material, while the man may wear a more elaborate scarf.

**Feminine Personals.**

The women of Alabama are raising a fund for a testimonial to Miss Annie Wheeler, the war nurse and the daughter of General Wheeler.

Mrs. Susan Young Gates, a daughter of Brigham Young, is a delegate to the International Council of Women to meet in London.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Lowe, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has the reputation of being the best housekeeper in Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Amelia Barr is the mother of fifteen children and has written several books. She is entitled to the versatility pennant in the authorship race.

Without in any way ignoring the social demands Miss Elsie W. Clews, daughter of the New York banker, has found time to win the degree of doctor of philosophy at Columbia college.

Mrs. Charles Havemeyer, wife of the sugar magnate, is, feature for feature, an exact counterpart of the beautiful duchess of Portland, and Lady Curzon, vicereine of India, is the double of the empress of Russia.

Kate Defougherty of Kansas City is perhaps the only woman switchtender in the United States. Her position is an important one, as she throws the switches that all the passenger trains in and out of the union depot in this city pass over.

The Albany (N. Y.) Mohawk chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, gave last week an elaborate luncheon in honor of Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the general and national society. Mrs. Manning is the widow of former Secretary of the Treasury Manning.

It is not generally known that the ex-Empress Eugenie's mother was a Scotchwoman, viz., Miss Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, who married, at Grenada, the Comte Cyprian Montijo. Through her the empress traces, without a flaw, through Euphemia, sister of King Robert Bruce, her descent up to Kenneth McAlpine, king of Scotland, A. D. 823.

Elise Polko, who might be styled the Mrs. Hodgson Burnett of Germany a generation ago, died on May 15 in Munich. She had lived there in retirement many years, and her name remained only a pleasant memory to the old school reading public. She wrote children's stories in great number and completely endeared herself to the maternal heart in the days when women were not ambitious for a university career.

**Thousand Tongues**

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure: "It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

Envelopes can be rapidly dampened and sealed by a new German apparatus, comprising an absorbent pad with a dry surface of similar shape to the flap, a pressure pad being hinged above with a wire gauze face which decreases the spread of the water.


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THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

A Woman Was the Inventor.

Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Bell, the now famous Complexion Specialists, of 78 Fifth avenue, New York City, offered the public their wonderful Complexion Tonic. The reason so many failed to make this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balms, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, hence the failure.

The MISSES BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC has a most exhilarating effect upon the cuticle, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing tonic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhilarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately and it speedily banishes forever from the skin freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness, eruptions and discolorations of any kind.

In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all callers at their parlors one trial bottle of their Complexion Tonic absolutely free, and in order that those who cannot call or live away from New York may be benefited they will send one bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents (stamps or silver) to cover cost of packing and delivering. The price of this wonderful tonic is $1.00 per bottle and this liberal offer should be embraced by all.

The Misses Bell have just published their NEW BOOK, "SECRETS OF BEAUTY." This valuable work is free to all desiring it. The book treats exhaustively of the importance of a good complexion; tells how a woman may acquire beauty and keep it. Special chapters on the care of the hair; how to have luxuriant growth; harmless methods of making the hair preserve its natural beauty and color, even to advanced age. Also instructions how to banish superfluous hair from the face, neck and arms without injury to the skin. This book will be mailed to any address on request.

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