

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

One of the Latest Styles—A Dainty House Robe—The Common Man and the Ideal Wife—Comfort in Bed—Our Cooking School.

I Have Loved You So. Sweet, I have loved you so these long years past. With all the passion of my ardent youth...

Dear, for one hour, one little hour tonight, we two must face the weary length of years. That looms before us, bare of all delight...

Comfort in Bed.

We spend one-third of our lives in bed, and yet beds are not made a supreme or even a very important consideration in the equipment of most homes.

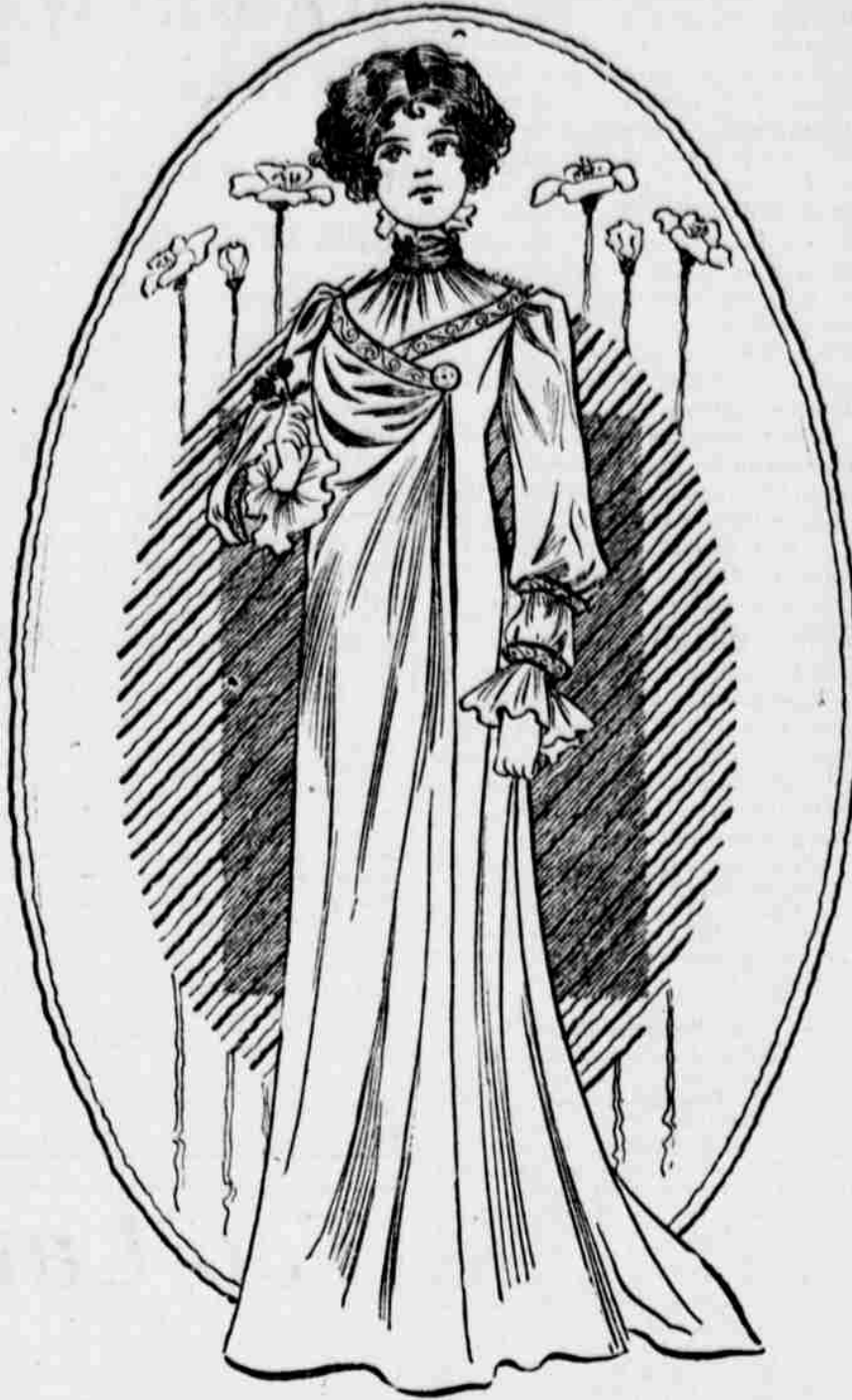
The Common Man and the Ideal Wife.

A wife's position in the estimation of her husband is always what she is—not what she claims to be. Men soon forget what they have said themselves, but their memories are singularly retentive of what their wives have said of them.

In the Sick Room.

Speak in low, cheerful but perfectly distinct tones. If there is anything to be said which the invalid must not hear, go outside of the room to say it.

A Dainty House Robe.



A Dainty House Robe to be Made of Fine French Flannel.

this allied to patience and gentleness, the duties of nurse will be much lightened.

New Handkerchiefs.

Small monograms, embroidered in colored linen thread, ornament the corners of the new handkerchiefs. The hemstitched border is quite narrow and sometimes it is of pink, blue, lilac or red to match the monogram.

One of the Latest Styles.

Dull red face cloth with decorative strappings. Renaissance lace over a light shade of blue panne velvet in neck. Chiffon scarf and bow under



chin. Turban shape. Black velvet crown. Black and pale blue velvet folds over brim. Inverted quills caught by two shades of blue satin.

The Way to Handle China.

Good china that has gliding upon it should not be rubbed, as it is liable to remove the tracing. It only requires to be rinsed in warm water, then in cold. It should be left to drain dry.

Perfume Bags for Clothing.

The excessive use of cologne is an abomination and by refined people considered a sure sign of vulgarity; but besides the delicious odor of cleanliness a suspicion of some perfume, faint but lasting, is a part of woman's toilet.

where in trunks and drawers, and the last has been found the best way. A large mat sachet may fit the bottom of each drawer, with tiny ones scattered all about.

Some Household Hints.

Thin and valuable glass can be hardened after this fashion. Tie it around with hay, place over a fire in cold water and allow the water to come to a boil.

One of the best mouse preventives is the foliage of the walnut tree. Even after the foliage has been dried it is said to be effectual in scaring away mice.

Knitting wool can be made a fast color by soaking it in a strong solution of salt and water, taking it out after a few minutes' immersion and hanging to dry in the open air.

To clean sponges thoroughly dissolve a handful of coarse salt in a pint of water. Soak and knead the sponges in this mixture for some little time; then rinse under a water faucet, and they will be as good as new.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

Fruit Tapioca.

Soak six tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca over night with enough cold water to cover it. In the morning add one and one-half pints of boiling water to the tapioca and let it simmer very slowly until the tapioca is quite clear and not at all tough.

Muffs. Mix with one pint of flour, after it is sifted, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; stir into this the yolks of three eggs, and a little salt.

Potato Pudding. Rub through a sieve six large, cold, boiled potatoes; beat well four eggs, and stir into one pint of milk; then stir in the potatoes with sugar and seasoning to taste.

Her Extensive Calling List. Mrs. Suddenrich—Did you write to the Town Talk Printing company for specimens of their latest visiting cards?

Daughter—Yes, ma; an' they just sent 'em—'bout a hundred of 'em, all sorts and kinds. What names are on 'em? Names of all the big bugs in the city. Put 'em on the parlor table.—Stray Stories.

THE EBON CROSS.

My friend, Robert Thurston, is a man whose real character, and that indicated by his appearance, are as far different as can be imagined. He is the proverbial "black sheep" of the family, and yet, despite all his wildness, he has often been mistaken for a clergyman.

I was in Paris. The city and its ways were well known to me, while my circle of acquaintances was not small.

One day, while wandering about the city alone, I came to a standstill at the corner of one of the most fashionable streets. A man passed me who looked very strangely into my face.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but is not this Alaris?"

The man was sincere, and I comprehended that I was mistaken for some other person, but I was about to deny all knowledge when the desire for a little sport overcame my more serious inclinations, and I gravely replied:

"I am so called."

"I thought it must be so," he continued, with an air of satisfaction. "Those black crosses are too uncommon to be seen in large numbers on this corner at the appointed hour."

I bowed slightly. I knew my strange friend referred to the ebon cross that hung over my white shirt bosom, but for all that his words were most mysterious.

"You are nearly an hour before time," continued the unknown, "but if you are ready we will at once proceed to the residence of my master."

"Quite ready," I replied; "lead on."

Had you been present, my dear fel-

"Col. de Lisle knew his business," I returned with an emphatic nod.

"Then, monsieur, we will to business at once. As you have, perhaps, learned, my name is M. Jules Levane. I am believed to be very wealthy, but really I am not worth a thousand louis d'ors. Ten years ago I lost nearly my whole fortune by the failure of a scheme in which I had speculated largely.

"Thus situated, I did what nearly every other man would have done in my situation. I had a ward, given to my charge five years previously, by her dying father, my early friend. This ward was very wealthy, and all her property was under my control. To save myself from ruin I appropriated her fortune that has for ten years kept my head above the tide. Now my ward has reached the age at which her fortune was to be placed conditionally in her hands. Monsieur, what shall I do? Ruin is inevitable if I give up her money."

"Let me hear your plan," said I.

"I have a son, 24 years of age, the heir of my respectability and my poverty. If Louis and Marie were to marry, the fortune would not need to leave my control, and all would be well."

"Then, let them marry."

"Ah, that is the trouble. Marie refuses to wed my son."

I began to comprehend the plot, and resolved to carry out the part I had undertaken.

"Proceed," said I, blindly.

"Did you ever hear of a marriage ceremony being performed where the bride refused to give her consent to the union?" demanded M. Jules Levane, fixing a gaze upon me as though he would read my very thought.



I TOOK THE UNWILLING BRIDE ASIDE.

low, you would, without doubt, have been greatly shocked at the course I was taking; but it just suited me, and I saw before me a prospect of rich pleasure.

So I followed on after my guide, who finally paused before one of the most pretentious mansions of the city, and applied for admission. While we waited for an answer to his summons, I read the name upon the door-plate of the mansion. It was M. Jules Levane.

The servant who answered the bell admitted us without question, and my companion conducted me through several rooms into the library, and then left me with the announcement that he would at once send M. Levane to my presence.

The mystery was deepening. This house, with its magnificence, was such as might well be inhabited by a prince, and I began to fear I had carried my joke too far.

The reflection that it was now too late to retreat caused me to determine to keep up the deception for a time longer, and I heard advancing footsteps with the utmost tranquillity.

A tall, imperious-looking man of about 50 years entered, and, while saluting me, kept his gaze constantly fixed upon me.

"You are the clergyman sent here by Col. de Lisle?" he questioned, abruptly.

"Sent to the corner of — and — streets," I amended, at a venture.

"And you are the gentleman who was directed to answer to the name of Alaris?"

"Very good. Did Col. de Lisle inform you as to the nature of the business in hand?"

"Frequently," I replied, carelessly.

"I asked the same question of Col. de Lisle," said the old villain, with an air of relief, "and he gave me an affirmative reply. He furthermore promised to send a clergyman to the corner of — and — streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. today, who would be kind enough to perform such a ceremony. Col. de Lisle was obliged to start for Lyons this morning on important business, so he could not be present. It was agreed, however, that the reverend gentleman should wear upon his breast a peculiar black cross, and it was by that man recognized him."

M. Levane here arose and went to a desk in one corner of the room. This he unlocked, and took therefrom a stout canvas bag, which was half filled with glittering gold. He laid the bag before me, and then continued:

"Now, monsieur, Marie Duchane must wed my son. If you perform that ceremony this gold is yours."

I did not hesitate an instant, but pocketing the gold, bade the scheming guardian lead the way to the bridal chamber.

I found the bride-elect, a most beautiful girl, to be firmly opposed to the union contemplated by her guardian, and so I applied to M. Levane for permission to argue the case with her. He readily consented to this, and I took the unwilling bride aside and explained the circumstances of the case to her.

She was at first inclined to doubt my statements, but I succeeded in convincing her of my truthfulness at length, and by my advice she consented to let the ceremony proceed, when assured that it would be a mere farce.

Levane was delighted at my success as a diplomatist, and the marriage was at once performed. Mile. Marie acted the part of the unwilling, but submissive, bride to perfection, and I venture to say my part was creditably performed, thanks to the experience I had had in our miniature plays at home. After partaking of a bountiful sup-

per I left the Levanes, father and son, in raptures, and, with the bag of gold in my pocket, proceeded to the office of the chief of police, where I told my story and demanded justice for the unfortunate ward of M. Jules.

I need not dwell on what followed. Marie Duchane recovered her fortune and soon after married a worthy young man.—New York News.

HAD HEARD OF HIM.

A Naples Landlord Who Mistook Dewey for Buffalo Bill.

Washington Post: In connection with the visit of Admiral Dewey to Naples, an amusing story is told. It is highly illustrative of the dense ignorance of the Neapolitans as to current events in other parts of the world. It seems that the inhabitants of that beautiful but sleepy city were not aware of the presence of their distinguished guest, although the Italian journals in other cities had contained great accounts of the exploits of the American naval commander. The English and American colonies were very profuse in their display of the stars and stripes, and the newspapers of that city might have been aware, had they not slumbered, that an American of some distinction was about to honor the burg with a visit. It was not until the day after the admiral's landing, however, that the Naples press awoke to the importance of their guest. Even then, instead of announcing the fact with adequate headlines, the mention was wedged in, with ordinary type, between the police news and the daily reports on the spaghetti output. A well-known English broker, who was putting up at one of the best infested hotels of the city, was very desirous of paying his respects to Dewey as soon as he should arrive. The broker, who butchers the dulcet Italian in frightful style, undertook to question his oily and garrulous landlord about the hero of Manila. "Corpo di Dio!" exclaimed the boniface, as he thrust his thumbs into his velvet waistcoat. "I hear speak of decco Americano; I hear one big shoe—what you call him—chow? Ze Vilda Vesta expositione—I see heem. Ho ride cowboy in Roma two, three years ago." The moral being obvious, no comment is necessary.

A Battle-Scarred Heroine.

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated, relates the Washington Post. The young woman, of course, walks with the aid of crutches. She is not in the least sensitive about the matter, and she doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident which maimed her. She has set a little limit, however, and she was compelled to use it one afternoon recently. She got into an F street car, bound for the hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-faced woman, who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her. "D'ye mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, rasply. "Not in the least," responded the young woman, amiably. "I lost it in the battle of Gettysburg."

Speed of an Automobile.

The greatest speed of a motor-car yet recorded is nearly sixty-six miles an hour. A Belgian inventor, M. Camille Jenatton, in April this year determined, if possible, to break the kilometer record of 38 3-5 seconds made by Count de Chasseloup Laubat. The course was a perfectly straight and level road running through the new sewage farm lying off the highway between Saint-Germain and Constance. The car which Jenatton rode was the "Jamais Contente," which is built of sheet-iron, and is torpedo-shaped so as to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible. The first kilometer was ridden in 47 4-5 seconds, and the second in 34 seconds, which is equivalent to 105.82 kilometers (65 miles 1,404 yards) in the hour. "La Jamais Contente" is not even yet satisfied, for Jenatton thinks that he will be able to do the flying kilometer at the rate of about 120 kilometers, or about 75 miles an hour.

An Unfortunate Blunder.

New York Weekly: Mrs. D'Avnoo—Oh, the awfullest thing has happened! Clara de Style, who never could deign to look at any one in trade, has just discovered that the man she has married is a dry goods clerk. Mrs. D'Fashion—Horrors! I should think she might have found him out by his talk. Mrs. D'Avnoo—That's just how the poor girl was deceived. He never seemed to know anything about anything, and she supposed, of course, he was a millionaire's son.

Almost a Suicide.

New York Journal: Biggs—I nearly killed my barber this morning. Boggs—Judging from the appearance of your face I should say he nearly killed you. Biggs—It amounts to the same thing. I shave myself.

Crushed Him.

Indianapolis Journal: The Shoe Clerk—Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a number five shoe you want, instead of a number three. She—Number five! You must be thinking of the size of your hat.

Self-admiration is ample proof that there is no accounting for tastes.