

WOMEN AND HOME



ABOUT one of the greatest troubles to women who are factors in the social world is that they have to struggle against the senseless custom of introducing half-educated and undeveloped girls into the world of dinners and dances before the buds have more than unfolded. No girl of 18 is calculated either physically or mentally to cope with the strain that a round of social duties entails, and it is much more detrimental to her to appear as a full-fledged woman before she really is one than if she were kept in the school a few years longer and taught, both from books and her own developing experience, a manner and habit more in keeping with those with which she will necessarily be brought in contact.

No mind, no matter how cultivated, can receive and digest a first-class education before twenty or twenty-one. Men keep on at college until they are twenty-six or twenty-seven; the woman, but little more than a school girl, is introduced at a large tea and the crudities will but naturally militate largely against her success. No girl can be supposed to be finished in mental detail simply because she has arrived

well keep quiet when the subject of consistency is brought up. Man is a noble animal in many respects and proves his superior qualities in many ways, but there are flaws in the armor of his own completeness and one of these has been pointed out.

Sugared Pop Corn.
Pick the corn over, taking out all the hard ones; take one cup of sugar, one-half cup grated chocolate, a little salt; dissolve in hot water (just water enough to dissolve nicely), then boil until it will grain; have corn in a nice pan and turn the mixture over it, stirring all the time so the sugar will reach every kernel; if boiled enough the mixture will sugar as soon as cooled a little, the chocolate may be omitted and any flavoring substituted after the mixture is boiled and ready to turn over the corn.

Don't Dress Children Alike.
There is a regular ebb and flow in fashion. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Keep any line of thought ten years and some other will interest it." The same rule applies to manners and customs, although a score of years marks the change oftener than a decade. Twenty years ago children of the same family were dressed precisely alike, to the color of a hair ribbon in girls and the turn of a Byron collar in boys. The English have always kept up this style, but it had completely died out with us. Now one is be-



MODISH COIFFURES

ed at an age when custom declares that she take up her position in society. At that time usually she is more fully equipped to study to better advantage than to fence with the worldly knowledge of those many years her superior.

To the woman who has gone through many seasons, and is, in fact, a battle-scarred veteran of society, these raw recruits entering the ranks of society year after year are the most unpleasant item of social existence. They expect recognition and consideration, yet they are not companionable, they are not on a mental equality with those whom they meet day in and day out, and after a while the wise mother recognizes the great mistake she has made in introducing a daughter at an age when she cannot help appearing to disadvantage. It is useless to press upon society these unfledged specimens, for despite the fact that sentiment proclaims in favor of youth, the real feeling is for the maturer mind and more subtle intellect.

Keep the girls in the school until they prove conclusively that they are able to appear well in the higher college of social ambition. If they need recreation let them, with others of their own age, enjoy little dances and their own reunions, but for their sakes and the sake of those who entertain the most keep them out of the swim, the maelstrom and the whirlpool until they are able to strike out boldly for themselves with no fear of being overpowered by others of larger and more certain experience.—Philadelphia Times.

beginning to see it again among the smart set particularly. The custom is not a pleasing one, and for several reasons. A garment, or a color, may look pretty in moderation and prove the proverbial too much of a good thing if repeated. A still more important reflection is that what is becoming to one individual may be most trying to another. A pert, saucy face may seem bewitching in a coquettish headgear that will only call forth unfavorable criticism on a demure little saint. More than all, it makes one's children look like an orphan asylum. Don't do it.

Transformation Skirt.
The new costume for ladies, as seen in the accompanying picture, is designed by Miss Halle Pearson, and claims to be a charming combination for ease, elegance and economy. It is especially adapted for all outdoor exercise. The first picture shows the costume as an ordinary morning gown. The skirt is buttoned on each side, and



may be most easily converted into costume No. 2 by throwing the skirt over the arm and buttoning on the shoulder, thus forming a cape, and leaving the legs and feet perfectly free. For golfing, cycling, mountaineering, and general outdoor life this costume should prove invaluable. Doubtless it will be a very welcome addition to any lady's wardrobe, being calculated to meet the most fastidious of tastes.—London Sketch.

Girls' Visiting Cards.
A young girl's visiting card should have her name on it in full, always preceded by Miss from the time she is allowed a card of her own. The first year a girl is in society her name is generally put on the same card with her mother's. When two or three girls in a family are in society at once the eldest simply uses "Miss" prefixed, while the others appear as Miss Dorothy, Miss Margaret, or Miss Gladys Anna.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG BLACKBIRD

Ah, there you are, let out alone at last. I've watched your goings on for some days past; Though you may try to hide your youth by cheek, I know your age; you left the nest last week. Come here and let me give you some advice. It shall be useful, kindly and concise; For your new life has jars as well as joys. And there are cats and catapits and boys. When on the lawn be vigilant and firm, And deftly learn to land the unwilling worm; When times are hard and every lawn is dry, Give up the usual worm and try the fly; Feast through the summer; but, when autumn comes, Abstemious be—but chiefly with my plums. Thank man in winter for his crumbs and grain. And, in the summer, praise the Lord for rain. In nesting time don't build too near the ead. Choose a thick holly, and then trust in God. Get a good mate, with kindly heart, and fall. Managed with grace, not flaunted like a fall. When you fall out, as will do hens and hobs. Don't make it known by scolding through the shrubs. And now about your singing, just a word; Practice for skill, not merely to be heard; You ought to have a voice of some repute, Your father's voice, you know, is like a flute. Keep your song low, and warble from the chest. A mellow, rich contralto suits you best; Whatever you do don't trifle with the air. But work it out with conscientious care. "Give yourself airs," but don't go on the street. Or your best passages too oft repeat; At early morn a cheerful voice maintain. But in the evening sing your tenderest strain. Work hard, be true, and for perfection search. Then in your art you'll take the highest perch. Think over what I've said; remember that Where'er you are, look out! here comes the cat! —The Academy.

THE ROSEMONDE.

As if he had been a veritable king, the Lord of Pomerolles possessed in his feudal castle all the necessary dependencies—servants innumerable, men-at-arms and retainers of noble birth. The battlements of his high, square towers were visible afar over the plain, telling of steel and fire and causing terror alike to timid peasants and warlike foes.

In front of the lordly dwelling extended the mall, bordered with lime trees, century old; then the falconry at the entrance of the acacia wood, and the smithy and foundry where the steel for making cuirasses was hammered and where gun metal was melted for the founding of the bombards, which for fifty years had replaced the old-time catapults.

The Lord of Pomerolles was preparing for war, but he hoped for the protection of heaven, and, to gain it, had taken pious counsel of the venerable abbe, whose famous monastery stood upon the summit of a neighboring hill. The abbe had promised to put up prayers for the Lord of Pomerolles, who had vowed, on the cruciform pommel of his sword, to give to the church a bell as large as the bourdon of the Cathedral of St. Hilaire. And, as a little daughter had just been born to him and had been named Rosemonde, it was agreed that the work of the bell founder should bear the name of the infant.

Then the Lord of Pomerolles returned to his castle and gave rigorous orders that the work of fabricating arms should be suspended and nothing thought of but the casting of the promised bell.

But for the due accomplishment of such an undertaking the ordinary workmen of the castle were not sufficiently skilled. An artisan was needed who was experienced in all the difficulties of this particular kind of work, capable of combining the proportions of copper and tin best calculated to produce the greatest volume of sound, and to put in practice the thousand details furnished by experience and transmitted by the corporations from generation to generation.

So the Lord of Pomerolles sent to the great city for two famous workmen. Jehan and Mathias went to the castle of Pomerolles. Both were young and strong, accustomed to the fabrication of the swords, bare-chested, in front of flaming fires, to strike in cadence the glowing blades, keeping faithfully the secrets of the old master founders, and knowing well how to guide the flowing of the terrible liquid metal from the cauldrons to the casting pit.

By order of the castellan Jehan was made master of the foundry, with Mathias for his first assistant and the old workmen under his command.

The preparatory work was begun, but an incident occurred to disturb the harmonious relations of the two chiefs, which had been perfectly maintained to that time.

A woman came between them. It was Annette, the daughter of the head butler, a maiden pure and calm, who in the porch of her parents' home, plied her spinning wheel, while singing an old refrain:

"Alas! alas! a-don-don-dell! Why may not a maiden tell A-don-don-dell, a-don-don-dell? Why may not a maiden tell When soft sighs her bosom swell? Alas! alas! a-don-don-dell!"

Jehan and Mathias both had learned this song, listening to it in the intervals in the clash of hammers beating the sparkling iron upon the anvil tops. Jehan, tall and muscular, opened his big black ember eyes, surmounted by heavy and almost meeting eyebrows. He looked at Mathias, weighing in steps of copper in the scales—looking at him

hatefully, without daring to show his hatred.

He hated him because he had seen him speak to Annette, who had laughed while listening to him and shown her range of ivory teeth. Would he win her love—this comrade with the blue eyes and blonde beard falling upon his chest like a sheaf of ripened oats?

He, Jehan, had spoken to Annette, and she had greeted him with a pleasant smile. But perhaps she had only turned on him a simple glance of scrutiny, as a stranger from that distant city about which she had heard vaguely, as one of the wonders of the world, filled with gigantic palaces and churches, with spires piercing the sky.

And as he worked Jehan asked himself whether he could bear to live far from this woman who had suddenly appeared upon his road of life, and he thought he loved her even unto death.

One day, while he and Mathias were in the casting pit kneading the loam and road dust which was to serve for the paste with which the mold for the bell was to be made, he suddenly raised his head and said:

"Mathias!"

"What is it, master?"

"You love Annette, do you not?"

Mathias blushed at first, astonished at the question; then, looking Jehan full in the face, he said, unhesitatingly:

"What you say is quite true. How did you come to know it?"

"I suspected it."

"Master, I love her more than my life! I love her as if she was a saint descended upon earth—"

Jehan turned frightfully pale, and Mathias, breaking off, gazed at him painfully.

They said no more for a while. Alone in the pit, into which later on the molten bronze was to flow; alone in this hole, seemingly roofed in by a strip of blue sky, they glared at one another like two wild beasts.

Mathias had realized their rivalry.

"You, too, love her then?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jehan, "there are two of us."

Again they fell into silence.

Then, in the blue space above them, sounded the well-known rhythm:

"Alas! alas! a-don-don-dell! Why may not a maiden tell A-don-don-dell, a-don-don-dell? Why may not a maiden tell When soft sighs her bosom swell? Alas! alas! a-don-don-dell!"

But by this time the voice of the enchantress made them shudder dolorously.

"To work!" cried Jehan roughly.

And both gave themselves up anew to their labors, finishing their task without again opening their lips to each other during the day.

The time fixed by the Lord of Pomerolles and the abbe for the casting of the Rosemonde was come; at dawn the molten metal was to be transferred.

All the preceding night the red furnaces were kept aglow, sending up their black clouds skyward.

Alone before the gulf Jehan and Mathias watched the smoking metal.

The moment approached when the withering stream would fill the molded pit prepared to receive it.

At daybreak the trumpets would sound in the castle court, and before the Lord of Pomerolles and his vassals, all in feudal attire, before the monks singing anticles, and the abbe putting up prayers to heaven, the flood of incandescent lava would be sent upon its way and the Rosemonde would be made.

Twenty thousand pounds' weight of metal seethed in the cauldron; and over this volcano Mathias stooped, silently watching the color of the copper and tin under the action of the constantly renewed fire of peat, turf and charcoal.

Near him stood Jehan, who in turn stooped to examine the liquid metal.

At that moment Mathias whistled an air.

Jehan turned upon him, his eyes flashing furiously.

It was the air of Annette's refrain:

"Alas! alas! a-don-don-dell!"

All consciousness of reality left Jehan at that instant, a veil passed before his eyes and hideous jealousy gnawed at his heart so fiercely that, seizing his companion with both hands by the waist, he buried him into the crater at his feet.

Mathias had no time to defend himself, nor even to comprehend the attack that had suddenly been made upon him. He could only cry: "Help! Jehan!"

And he disappeared in the liquid metal, and only a blue flame, shooting up from the heart of that terrible volcano, showed where the body had at that moment been dissolved.

Some months later, honored and rewarded for his successful casting of the Rosemonde, Jehan married Annette, the Lord of Pomerolles retaining him at the castle as his forge-master. And he was happy in his marriage, no sense of remorse assailing his heart, filled wholly and exclusively by his love.

Nobody had suspected the fate of Mathias. His disappearance had remained inexplicable. Time passed, and he was forgotten.

After some months had passed, with great pomp and religious ceremony, in the presence of the Lord of Pomerolles and the abbe, the Rosemonde was hung in the belfry of the abbey.

Jehan, among the ceremonial assistants, regarded his work. The ceremonial bell shone with its Latin inscription and its Redeemer on the cross. He now thought of Mathias.

All that had been his companion slept there, imprisoned for eternity in this cultrass of bronze!

But he shut his eyes, trying to forget, and pressed his arms closely about the form of Annette, who tenderly returned the embrace, for she had learned to know all the love this man had for her, and was beginning to love him as greatly, in spite of his rough manners and awkward movements.

Lost in the crowd of peasants assembled about the abbey, Annette and Jehan made their way down the hill and into the shade of a little wood near the castle, seating themselves by the

side of a lake, on which floated a large number of white swans, the property of Lord Pomerolles.

And on that bright afternoon, when the sun cast on the soft sward the shadows of the scarcely trembling leaves on a ground of gold, Jehan, his head resting on Annette's knees, went to sleep, while she amused herself with plucking the wild flowers within her reach and humming her old song.

But suddenly, penetrating the lowest depths of the valley, came the strangest, the most musical sound that had ever stirred the air of that country side; the monastery sent forth the first summons of the bell. Piously Annette made the sign of the cross; but Jehan started up with bewildered eyes, open mouth, and in his face a look of inexplicable horror.

Carried on the sonorous air, he heard the voice of Mathias mingled with that of the metal, "Help! Jehan!"

Throughout the day, in sign of joy, sounded the bell, and all day long the ears of Jehan with the supreme cry of his companion, "Help! Jehan!" It seemed to him now that Mathias was there yonder calling to him.

Each day that followed was a day of martyrdom for Jehan. The ringing of Mathias made him spring from his bed. He stopped his ears at the hour of the elevation; forever the lost cry of his friend came back to him, lugubrious, implacable, "Help! Jehan!"

In vain he sought forgetfulness by casting culverins for the Lord Pomerolles, or in beating the glowing iron upon the sounding anvil; never could he drown the resistless voice of the Rosemonde.

Oh, it became impossible to live on in this way! He must exile himself, abandon this part of the country, return to the great city, fly from the sinister voice of death!

And yet it was but a hallucination. It could have no real existence. Mathias could not speak.

Jehan was courageous. He had always been audacious. He would brave this bell which harassed him.

One evening the Lord of Pomerolles had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, and mourning fell upon all his vassals and dependents.

Slowly sounded the sepulchral knell. "Help! Jehan!" sobbed the bell.

Bareheaded, with faltering steps, as if drawn by an invisible force, Jehan mounted the hill. He reached the monastery, and requested the father belfringer to allow him to go up into the belfry. Above, the bell swung slowly to and fro.

"What do you want with me? Where are you?" cried Jehan.

Stupefied, the father belfringer watched him, white as a spectre, mounting the tall ladder.

"You are hiding yourself. Where are you?" Jehan cried, amid the tempest of sound. "I am not afraid; show yourself! If you dare, show yourself!"

Higher, higher he mounted, the bell over his head occasionally ringing. Its black clapper seeming to sway to and fro like an immense tear!

Jehan reached the bell, and, bending toward it, grimaced at it and threatened it with his clenched fist—all unconscious of what he was doing, mad.

Suddenly the monk saw his danger; he could not arrest the colossal Rosemonde in its sweeping swing.

"Take care!" he shouted.

It was too late.

In his madness, wishing to ascertain whether or not it was really the voice of Mathias that reached his ears, he had put forward his head to listen, and the bronze monster had struck him dead.—From the French, in the Strand Magazine.

Unexpected Good Fortune.

Many cases are on record where a simple act of kindness has been unexpectedly and substantially rewarded. On the outskirts of Vienna there lived early in 1880 a blind beggar of the name of Fritz. In the same house there lodged a young man who earned a scanty livelihood as assistant to a copper-smith. One day, crossing a crowded street, the blind man was knocked down by a passing vehicle, and the young man happening to witness the accident carried him home in his arms. A friendship sprang up between them and continued until the blind man died, when by his will it appeared that he had left his bed to the copper-smith. As it was a better one than his own, the young man slept for some two or three months upon it, when curiosity led him to cut it open, with the result that bank notes to the value of over two thousand dollars were revealed secreted inside. A French priest was accosted by a man in rags who begged the abbe to get him into a monastery, where he might live and die in peace. The kindly priest took pity upon him and eventually secured his admission into a Spanish monastery, and hearing no more of him forgot all about the matter. Some three or four years afterward, however, he received a letter informing him that he had been appointed universal legatee and executor of this very man, whose property in France alone was worth some millions of francs, and ever since the abbe has enjoyed an income of twelve thousand dollars a year derived from this source. Some years ago an English stage driver was in the habit of frequenting a certain modest inn of an evening, where he used often to meet a funny little old gentleman, who, in return for the driver's kindness in seeing him home, used often to promise that he would remember him some day. The driver thought nothing of the matter, but the old fellow was as good as his word, and duly willed his chance acquaintance some \$35,000—a very pretty little reward of merit.

MUNICIPAL PAWNSHOPS.

The Scheme Is as Old as Civilization Itself, and Has Been Successful. There are records of a pawnshop regulated in the interest of the borrower in Javaria in 1330, and one in the Franco-Comte in 1350, before the first Italian mont di pietà was established by a priest at Perugia in 1440, says the Contemporary Review. The movement for state-regulated pawnshops received its great impetus from the action of that statesman-monk and social democrat, Savonarola, who liberated the Florentines from oppression and gave them popular institutions. In no other direction were his services to the people more successful than in founding mont di pietà. The law for creating his mont di pietà was passed in 1495, and before many years they were established in all the principal towns in Italy and had spread throughout Europe.

The first mont di pietà in France was started at Avignon in 1577, and still exists. Their establishment in the Netherlands dates from the sixteenth century. A Spanish priest, Don Francisco Piquer, founded the mont de pietà in 1705, starting with the modest capital of 5 pence, which he found in the offertory box he had placed in the church to receive contributions for the institution. By the end of the seventeenth century there were monts de pietà, formed more or less after the Italian model, in most countries of Europe.

The characteristics of the original institutions remain with those of to-day, although they have long since ceased to be managed by the priests, or to be under the influence of the churches. The main object which Savonarola and other early founders had in view—the protection of the poor from the usurers and their relief in periods of distress—is still maintained, and the monts de pietà in all Latin countries are associated with charitable institutions and hospitals.

Weather Prophecy.

The incredulity of the general public with regard to weather predictions which are scientifically made—being based on actual observations over a great extent of country, transmitted by telegraph—and the common credulity as to almanac predictions and those made by charlatans and ignorant persons from the stars or the moon, suggest that, from a mercenary point of view, the "almanac prophets" may be justified in sticking to their "system."

Some idea of what this "system" is may be gathered from the private confession made by a man whose duty it was to prepare the weather prognostications for a certain almanac of wide circulation. "In a general way," he said, "I always used to consult my wife as to what she thought the weather ought to be at a certain date."

"Sixteenth of March—sixteenth of March," I said to her once; "what shall I put down for that day?"

"Dry and clear," she answered promptly. "That's the day I always boil my soap-grease, and I shall have to be outdoors."

"So I put down 'dry and clear,' but knowing the uncertainty of the weather at that time of year, and remembering the proverbial ill luck of Irishmen on their holidays, I put down for the seventeenth of March, 'St. Patrick's day, look out for rain or snow.'"

The prognosticator always went to Boston on the first Monday in each month, and he invariably put down good weather for that day. During June, July and August he put in an immense preponderance of fine weather. The farmers, he declared, ought to have good weather then in order to get in their hay and grain.

The farmers who looked the almanac over were delighted with this promise, and bought it in great numbers.

"And in the end," said this sage prognosticator, "I got the weather right as often as anybody else did."

Nevertheless, scientific predictions, made for a day or two or three days in advance, will be preferred by persons of discretion, even if such forecasts do sometimes turn out wrong.

Royalty's Queer Fad.

Among the many queer fads of royalty is one possessed by both the late Czar and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, namely a craze for collecting models of ships, especially cruisers. In the case of Duke Alfred they are all of silver; there are some sixty or seventy of them, several being three to four feet in length, and they form an imposing fleet in the long gallery in which they have been placed in his palace at Coburg. Those of the late Emperor of Russia, while merely of wood and brass, made up in perfection of finish and detail what they lacked in their intrinsic value, and one of the last additions to the collection was a model over seven feet long of the Cunard steamer Luconia, constructed at a cost of over \$3,000.

New Warship.

Still another type of warship is to be added to the British navy in the "fleet cruiser" ordered for next year at a cost of a million dollars apiece. They are to be 270 feet in length, 40 in breadth, with a draught of 16 feet; their engines must develop 10,000 horse power and a speed of 22 knots. The armament will consist of quick-firing and Maxim guns and Whitehead torpedoes only, as they are intended mainly for scouting service.

Miniatures.

Some painted miniatures are inserted in every imaginable article, such as powder boxes, paper knives, blotters and photograph frames. The newest application is to have them strewn among curios, on what-nots, cabinets, and inclosed in Tom Thumb metal frames affecting the shape of a trefoll, heart, diamond shape, and resting on a support.—Philadelphia Press.

Frisbie Land.

Bermuda frisks bear three successive crops in one year.

It is very much more difficult to fool a married woman than to fool a girl.