

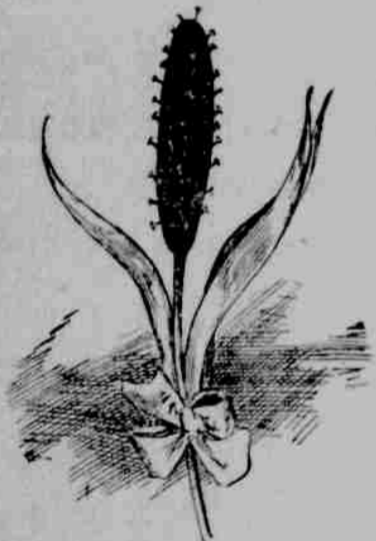
WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

LORE OF THE WEDDING RING.

SOME curious information will be unearthed by anyone who undertakes to explore the history of the wedding ring. For instance, among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the left. English women at one time wore the wedding ring on the thumb; many portraits of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days are so depicted. In the reign of George III, brides usually removed the ring from its proper abiding place to the thumb as soon as the ceremony was over. In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof for a maiden to claim her husband. It is a custom to pass little pieces of bride's cake through the wedding ring, and those to whom these pieces are given place them under their pillows at night to dream of their lovers. These "dreamers," as they are called, should be drawn nine times through the ring. Many brides, however, are so superstitious that neither for that purpose, nor at any other time, will they take the ring off their finger after it has once been placed there.

Novelties in Pin Cushions.

A pin cushion always seems to fill a want no matter where it goes. One novel design has a top made of cotton and covered with brown velvet to represent a cattail. The leaves are of ermine, covered with satin, and the stem is of coarse wire, also covered with ribbon. The leaves can be bought for a penny or two at any store and will cost less than ribbon for covering pasteboard or other stiffening. Another odd little trifle is the pea pod pin cushion. It is 4 1/2 inches long by 1 1/2 in the widest place and is covered with bright green



CAT TAIL PIN CUSHION.

satin drawn smoothly over pea pod shaped pieces of cardboard. The cushion proper, which stuffs out the bursting pod, is also covered with green satin and has peas painted down the center. Loops of green baby ribbon are fastened at the stem end. A coal scuttle pin cushion is made of copper colored velvet. Inside it is a black satin cushion for pins. Then comes a cigar pin cushion of giant size. This should be covered with brown satin of the right shade and must be tied round and suspended by yellow china ribbon of narrow width.

Care of the Hair in Youth.

When girls are young it is far more important that care should be used in dressing their hair than when they have attained the years that are supposed to bring discretion. Hasty combing often breaks the hair, making it rough and uneven. When it becomes matted brush out as much of the tangle as possible, and with the fingers carefully separate the hair into strands before using the comb. It is a mistake to think that girls' hair should be cut often in order to make it grow thick. It makes the hair coarser, but not thicker. Weak, thin hair is a sign of imperfect health, and its existence should set a mother to a careful examination of her growing girl. She is not getting proper food, is not sleeping enough, or in some way her normal vitality is not being kept up. It is also a mistake to wash the hair too often, as it makes it dry and brittle. One of the best cleansers and strengtheners for thin hair with a tendency to fall out is rosemary tea. All preparations for the purpose, however, should be used with the utmost care to the end that no injury be done to either the hair or scalp.

Smart Women of the Time.

No word which is applied to women is so often misused as "smart." It is taken to mean almost anything from a tricky, scheming woman to one who is dressed in becoming fashionable style. "There is no very perceptible outward and visible sign about the smart woman," says an English periodical, "except the general impression which diffuses of being well groomed without and within. Actual beauty does not enter into the debate. She is up to date and up to snuff, and that is just what society loves and cherishes in its bosom. Her looks, however simple, are irreproachable as to style and fit. The smart

woman will devastate a home with as much equanimity as though she were chasing cats from the tiles. Her only love is the reflection of her own face, the echo of her own ambitions. If a flirtation means advancement she will go in for it tooth and nail, and if it falls short of her expectations she will drop it like a roasted chestnut."

For Toilet Things and Medicine. Medicine bottles and toilet things have a way of collecting in obtrusive and inconvenient array on the wash stand. A neat little home-made cabinet obviates this. It is made out of three empty cigar boxes used on the plan of a bracket. Take three boxes and strip them of all labels by soaking them in boiling water. The lids you will not want. When the boxes are clean, set them aside to dry, and when in a fit state paint them with ebony enamel or green water stain, or, if you like, size them first and follow on with a coating of walnut or mahogany satin. The color chosen should correspond, if possible, with the fittings of the room. Apply two coatings of paint, letting one



A MEDICINE CABINET.

dry before putting on the next. Where the boxes are joined it is unnecessary to apply any color whatever, and, indeed, the glue will adhere all the better if there is none. Nothing can be simpler than the arrangement of the cabinet, as the boxes require no cutting and no shelves. All you have to do when you have prepared them is to glue one box endwise between the other two, which are fixed upright. These two end boxes should exactly accord in size. The center one may be larger or not, just as you choose. The easiest way of fixing little curtains upon the boxes is to gather the silk upon three bands of tape, securing these bands to the wood with tiny gilt pins. Possibly you may have some soft silk by you which will answer the purpose; otherwise get three-quarters of a yard. Measure it off accurately before cutting it, taking the height and width of your boxes and allowing as much fullness as possible.—Chicago Chronicle.

Boomer: a Society Bud.

Not infrequently it happens that when a girl is on the eve of making her fashionable debut members of the family indulge in such a vast amount of preliminary puffing that they overshoot the mark. Then immediately after her first appearance, when she comes down to receive a morning caller, the latter is appealed to in a whisper: "Isn't she lovely?" Then dear mamma falls upon her child and there is an audible oscillation, resembling the sound that is produced by the big brother accidentally treading on the pet kitten. One sister whispers to the old friend of the family, summoned to welcome the bud from school: "Did you ever see such eyes, such dimples, and her figure, isn't it ravishingly beautiful?" And so it goes. Miss Bud, fed upon the intoxicating fumes of family adoration, wonders when she goes to the first assembly ball that the men don't cripple one another in the mad rush to claim dances, and when many of the young gentlemen who habitually haunt the house, are visibly absorbed in other buds, the sparrow-on-the-house-top feeling comes over her.

Fad for Cut Glass.

Cut glass comes next to gold and silver (indeed, at present it rather ranks above the latter metal) in value for wedding gifts. Among the presents recently received by the daughter of a ten times millionaire and the prospective bride of an equally rich man was a barrel of cut glass, and it was reckoned



AN EXQUISITE VINAIGRETTE.

as worthy a place among the best of the magnificent gifts. The cutting on this one beautiful little vinaigrette in this ware is unusually rich and very artistic. The rosettes on the sides have centers that alone are worth examining, and the rest of the surface is cross hatched. The fineness of the cutting is remarkable. The stopper and neck are of gold, the former being exquisitely chased.

The tiny empire fan dangling from a chain puts the finishing touch on an evening toilet.

SOUTHERN HORSEMEN.

Their Recklessness on Green Horses Astonishes Northern Hunters.

It is hard to fathom the spirit of recklessness that most sharply differentiates the Southern hunter from his Northern brother, and that runs him amuck when he comes into contact with a horse, whether riding, driving, or betting on him. If a thing has to be done in a hunting-field, or can be done, there is little difference between the two. Only the thing must, with the Northerner, be a matter of skill and judgment, and he likes to know his horse. To him or to an Englishman the Southern hunter's performances on a green horse look little short of criminal. In certain counties of Virginia, where hunters follow the hounds after the English fashion, the main point seems to be for each man to "hang up" the man behind him, and desperate risks are run. "I have stopped that boy's foolishness, though," said an aged hunter under 30; "I give my horse a chance." In other words, he had stopped exacting of him the impossible. In Georgia they follow hounds at a fast gallop through the wooded bogs and swamps at night, and I have seen a horse go down twice within a distance of thirty yards and the rider never leave his back. The same is true of Kentucky, and I suppose of other Southern States.

I have known one of my friends in the blue grass to amuse himself by getting into his buggy an unsuspecting friend, who was as sedate then as he is now (and he is a judge now), and driving him at full speed through an open park, then whizzing through the woods and seeing how near he could graze the trunks of trees in his course, and how sharply he could turn, and ending up the circuit by dashing, still at full speed, into a creek, his companion still sedate and fearless, but swearing helplessly. Being bantered by an equally reckless friend one dark midnight while going home, this same man threw both reins out on his horse's back, and gave the high-strung beast a smart cut with his whip. He ran four miles, kept the pike by some mercy of Providence, and stopped exhausted at his master's gate.

A Northern visitor was irritated by the apparently reckless driving of his host, who is a famous horseman in the blue grass.

"You fanatic," he said, "you'd better drive over those stone piles" meaning a heap of unbroken rocks that lay on one side of the turnpike.

"I will," was the grave answer, and he did.

This is the Kentuckian in a buggy. Imagine him on horseback, with no ladies present to check the spirit or the spirits of the occasion, and we can believe that the Thanksgiving hunt of the Troquois Club is perhaps a little more serious business than playing polo, or riding after anisee seed. And yet there is hardly a member of this club who could sit in his saddle over the course at Meadowbrook or Chevy Chase, for the reason that he has never practiced jumping a horse in his stride, and because when he goes fast he takes the jockey seat, which is not, I believe, a good seat for a five-foot fence; at the same time, there is hardly a country rider in the blue-grass, man or woman, who would not try it. Still, accidents are rare, and it is yet a tenet in the creed of the Southern hunter that the safer plan is to take no care.

On the chase with greyhounds the dogs run, of course, by sight, and the point with the huntsman is to be the first at the place of the kill. As the greyhound tosses the rabbit several feet in the air and catches it when it falls, the place is seen by all, and there is a mad rush for that one spot. The hunters crash together, and often knock one another down. I have known two fallen horses and their riders to be cleared in a leap by two hunters who were close behind them. One of the men was struck by a hoof flying over him.

"I saw a shoe glisten," he said, "and then it was darkness for a while." "After Brer Rabbit in the Blue-Grass," by John Fox Jr., in the Century.

An Innocent Captivity.

Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of possessing the smallest creature ever known to have been a gunner in the Royal Artillery, or any other artillery. The Broekton Times tells the story of its exploit. At the castle, Cape Town, it appears there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and evening time. One day the military and civilians of Cape Town were surprised to hear the gun go off at half-past ten in the morning. The general commanding the station sent to inquire what such irregularity meant; the brigade major did the same. The commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town sent messengers, but no one could be found upon whom to lay the blame. The officials could give no explanation; they were as much surprised as anybody.

The general in command of the station became furious at such an unheard-of infringement of discipline. He was sure there was mismanagement somewhere, or the act would not have been possible. Strict search was ordered to be made, but although the order was carried out to the letter, the culprit remained undiscovered.

Then, when the search had been practically abandoned, the little gunner was accidentally discovered and arrested. There he lay inside the instrument that transmits the electric current from the Royal Observatory of Cape Town to the great gun. This instrument is called a relay, and is in the central telegraph office of the station. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moving a sort of light tongue which is so finely set that the slightest touch will affect it. The tongue forces the current into what are

termed the time fuses, which fire the gun at the castle.

Right inside the relay was found the little gunner. It was discovered by an official who was examining the instrument, and who was surprised to see inside—a big brown spider. In its explorations within the instrument the spider must have touched the tongue sufficiently to move it, and thus fired the gun.

The general sent the spider to the Cape Town Museum, where it is now to be seen with a card underneath entitling it the "Little Gunner," and giving a full account of its exploit with the Cape Town midday gun.

The Library Corner

Aubrey De Vere has practically finished the preparation of his "Reminiscences."

John Davidson's "New Ballads" have just been published as a companion volume to his "Songs and Ballads."

Edward W. Townsend's "Chimble Fadden" has at length found an introduction to London society through the Osgood publishing house.

The next volume in the "Stories of the Nations" series will be "The Balkans," by William Miller. Mr. Miller calls the Balkan peninsula the cockpit of Europe.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book, "Marm Liza," shows the same remarkable insight into child life as her former stories, besides a decided advance in the art of construction.

The first volume of Prof. Sloane's monumental life of Napoleon, which ran for about two years in the Century, has appeared in its new and sumptuous form. The full-page illustrations are chiefly done in colors.

Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Bronte and Her Circle," which has just appeared, contains some new material, reluctantly supplied by the Rev. A. B. Nichols, in which he "breaks the silence of forty years."

Little, Brown & Co. have issued a new and handsome two-volume edition of Herman Grimm's famous "Life of Michael Angelo." It contains over forty photographic plates from celebrated paintings and sculptures.

Renan's humble birthplace at Treznie, in Bretagne, part of a fisherman's cottage—for that was the profession of the illustrious Frenchman's father and uncle—has had a slab added to it to commemorate the birth of the celebrated villager.

Rudyard Kipling's story, "Captains Courageous," is a tale of the Gloucester cod-fisheries, and has a boy for its hero. It shows a liberal share of the genuine Kipling power in action and character delineation.

The Rev. Walter Weston's long-expected work on "The Japanese Alps" is at last about to appear in London. The work deals with the scenery in the unfamiliar mountain regions of Japan, and also with the picturesque traditions and superstitions of the people in those regions.

The French public is very much amused over a work called "Miseries of Military Life in Germany." It is an amalgamation of two volumes, "Golden Misery" and "Barraek Misery," for which the writer, Lieut. Rudolph Krafft, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment and forbidden to wear uniform. Of course, the French translators have seen to it that such a choice bit should lose nothing in translation.

Messrs. Macmillan promise a volume of travels by an Austrian princess—the Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis. She has been wandering in "Unknown Austria," meaning by that the country lying inland from Trieste. Here, she says, we have a region not only of great scenic beauty, but a region which is full of "memories and of classic associations." She instances the relics of old Roman life and grandeur, and a very historic castle, that of Duino. The Princess tells the story of this seat, and elsewhere uncovers other tales of real romance.

Observing the Properties. The colored man had tied his mule to a telegraph pole while he went into the feed store. When he came out he found the animal industriously gnawing a hole into the wood, according to the Washington Star.

"Why don't you feed your mule?" a bystander inquired.

"Feed 'um! Mistuh, I gibs dat mule five meals er day, an' dat's three mor' whut I gits. He's wuss'n er goat. Scrap iron don't stop 'im no mo'n ez it 'twus short'nin' bread."

"He must have a remarkable digestion."

"De only ting dat makes dat anamiler mule is an accident of birth. Ef he'd happened ter hab two laigs 'stid o' fou he'd of been er ostrich."

While the hitching strap was being untied the mule became restless and his owner cried:

"Whoa, dar, Sulphuric Acid."

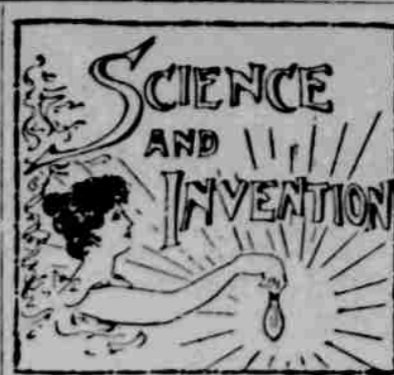
"What's that you call him?"

"Sulphuric Acid. His name useter be Julius Caesar."

"How did you happen to change it?"

"Wal, seh, I didn't name 'im Julius Caesar in de fust place, an' I nember did 'clink dat wif er lop-eared, no-count mule dat name made sense. So I kep 'er ears open for sumpin' mo' 'prinate. I was wuk'in foh er drug stoh man, an' one day when I done brok er big demjohm I hyud 'im say dat sulphuric acid am de aatin'er 'fins dat is. I didn't look no farder, but I went home an' hel' er christenin' der and ar."

A man's wife is the only woman he is permitted to talk back to.



PENNIES OF ALUMINUM.

The Mint Making Tests to See if They Are Practicable.

In the short period that will elapse before Congress convenes again in December a series of interesting experiments in coinage will be conducted at the mint in this city. Metals and alloys heretofore untried for the purpose will be tested and stamped into token coins. Their availability as substitutes for the alloys of which the minor coins—nickels and cents—are now made will be ascertained and samples submitted to Congress.

Of all the countless possible alloys to be obtained from copper, tin, nickel and aluminum in different combinations, perhaps fifteen or twenty may be found fairly satisfactory. It is possible that one or two of these may advantageously be brought into use for general coinage. No fault has been found with the present 1c. and 5c. pieces. The experiments are merely ordered to keep in touch with the times and to gain a knowledge of resources. The Philadelphia mint, while having no regular experimental department, is well equipped to make the tests.

Aluminum, which has never yet found a place in the currency of any nation, is to be worked up into trial coins. It is also to be given a chance in new alloys. Aluminum is a metal of which but little has been known until recently, and it has been found useful in so many ways that a sort of popular idea prevails that it would be good for coins. Chief among its advantages would be its very light weight. Cents made of it could be readily distinguished from coins of the same size by this remarkable lightness alone.

Dr. D. K. Tuttle, the chief refiner of the mint, who knows all about the properties of metals, is somewhat skeptical, however, as to whether aluminum will come out of the proposed tests with flying colors. It is extremely difficult to anneal, and when heated will suddenly run like butter instead of becoming plastic. There would be trouble in rolling it into the long strips from which disks are cut preparatory to stamping. Of course, it can be worked, but not with sufficient ease and rapidly to make it practicable for coining on a large scale.

Pure nickel has recently been coined in Switzerland, but it has been found just as difficult to handle as aluminum, though for a different reason. Such great heat is necessary to bring it into condition for coining that the operation is slow and expensive. While pure nickel coins might be satisfactorily made in the mints of Switzerland, it does not follow that the same would be true at the Philadelphia mint, which is called upon to turn out fifty times as many 5-cent pieces as the mints of that country, and could not spare the time to work over them.

The 5-cent coin now in use contains only 25 per cent. of nickel, the remaining 75 per cent. being of copper. Nickel, more than any other metal, has the property of giving its color to an alloy. Even an alloy of 90 per cent. of copper and 10 per cent. of nickel will be nearly white. The advantage of using a greater proportion of nickel in the 5-cent piece is therefore not apparent, especially as more than 25 per cent. of it makes the alloy refractory.

The experiments at the mint will include different combinations of nickel, copper and zinc, forming the alloys known under the head of German silver; copper and tin, which produce bronze; aluminum and copper, which make aluminum bronze. German silver has been used for coins by one of the small South American states, and proved fairly adapted for the purpose. Bronze is commonly used for coins of small value. It is doubtful if aluminum bronze in any form will be found acceptable, as it is hard to work, and has a yellow, brassy appearance, resembling gold, which is to be avoided in all coins of small denominations.—Philadelphia Record.

Worn Out Billiard Balls.

"Did you ever know what a well-known old billiard ball?" asked a well-known expert, who keeps a billiard parlor on Chestnut street. "Well, it's rather interesting. Billiard balls, of course you know, are made of ivory—that is, the best of them are. They don't last more than a year or so with constant use; after that they get cracked or knocked out of shape a bit. It has to be 'turned' over again, and after undergoing that process a couple of times it gets to be small for a regulation game. Its days as a billiard ball being over, it is new colored, and for several years more does duty as a pool ball. Naturally, in course of time it gets badly chipped or cracked, and is then usually sold to an ivory worker."

"An ivory ball can be cut up into buttons, electric bell pushes, tips for conductors' batons, and numerous other little things of the kind. Even the tiniest chips aren't wasted, for they can be used in fancy inlaid work. I can assure you that small firms of ivory workers are only too glad to purchase seasoned material second hand; and, as a matter of fact, there is hardly a more salable article in this world than a worn-out billiard ball."—Philadelphia Record.

A new life buoy, invented by an officer of the Austro-Hungarian navy, consists of a hollow metal ball filled with compressed air and a pair of semi-globular wings of rubber-covered cloth. On turning a screw the air inflates the wings, which then exert in water a lifting force of thirty-eight pounds.

The sooner a monument is put up after a man dies, the nicer the things said on it.

Almost all married people look in time as if they were living on a daily quail diet.