

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Buttons Are Becoming Fashionable Again—New Bodice Evolved by the Late Summer Girl.

THE OUTING gown which was fresh and new in June is beginning to look as if its summer jaunts had been very wearing. There is not much left of the typical summer girl's outing frock, and yet days for long tramps are just beginning.

She must have a new dress, and one which she would not be ashamed to wear in town for a while, either. If the frock she wore at the first of the season was blue in color, dark brown will make a pleasant change.

A good quality of serge is a reliable material. The skirt may be made perfectly plain and fall or trimmed in the front with rosettes of black moire ribbon. In the latter case the bolero jacket of serge may be made extremely jaunty by a trimming of smaller rosettes. The jacket is worn over a silk or linen skirt waist. A black silk waist with voluminous sleeves, would look well when back in town, while a shirt waist of heliotrope, buff or bright scarlet, would brighten up the gown for country wear.

Buttons Everywhere. Her button gown was a great success. She was conscious of this after wearing it for the first time. Such an amount of attention she had never before received. It was an imported frock and it carried just sixteen dozen buttons. They were very small buttons of glistening gilt and they shone upon her dress like cords of gold.

The skirt of this French costume was made of fine white broadcloth, with an unusual amount of fullness at



the back. On the right side of the skirt a narrow panel of heliotrope velvet appeared to be caught to the broadcloth by a row of gilt buttons, which stretched from waist line to hem. The bottom of the skirt was finished by a band of the velvet gleaming with another line of gilt buttons. The bodice was heliotrope chiffon over silk and shirred to a yoke of white broadcloth outlined with very small gilt buttons. The chiffon at the waist line tucked into a corselet of heliotrope velvet bordered with buttons.

The draped sleeves were white chiffon over heliotrope silk. The puff was most graceful. Below the elbow the chiffon was drawn over a tight-fitting cuff, which seemed held together by a row of buttons.—New York World.

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NOTES OF SCIENCE.

LATE DEVELOPMENTS IN INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

The Ivanhoe Tunnel the Third Longest in America—A Musical Paper Knife—Some Chemical Discoveries—Notes and Comment.

HE IVANHOE tunnel, the third longest in America, is cut straight through the backbone of the Rocky Mountains from Busk, a small hamlet fifteen miles west of Leadville, Col., to Ivanhoe, another little village on the western side of the main range. The tunnel was designed to save the Colorado Midland Railway a steep climb to the summit of Hagerman Pass, and over seven miles wasted in the curves necessary to enable the engines to pull up the heavy grades. The tunnel is 9,400 feet long, and is only surpassed in this country by the famous Hoosac tunnel and the Bowler tunnel, in Montana, the latter of which is only 300 feet longer than the Ivanhoe. Where the Ivanhoe enters the mountain at Busk, the altitude is 10,500 feet. This is a much greater altitude than that of St. Gothard, which at Goshenschen enters the ground at a height of 3,640 feet above the sea level and emerges at Airolo, on the Italian side, at a height of 3,756 feet. The road over the St. Gothard Pass is 22 miles, and the tunnel, with its length of 9 1/2 miles, thus saves 12 1/2 miles. The Ivanhoe saves much more in proportion, lessening the distance between Busk and Ivanhoe by over 7 miles in its length of less than 10 miles.

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OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT PLEASANTRIES AND SHARP POINTS.

The Maiden and the Mustache—A Bill To Fit the Crime—Sagacity of the Jew—Floutsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Jokes.

O YOU KNOW THE reason why Every merry maiden's eye Is delighted with the sight of a mustache? Why the soft and sly curl, Fascinates a fellow's girl More than all his store of learning or his cash!

Yet the reason's plain to see, And I'm sure you will agree That it's given in this poem at the foot— The appendage 'neath the nose, Of the dearest of the beau; Is so pleasing for the reason 'tis his nose!

The Preparation for Starring. Theatrical Manager—You say you want an engagement to star in my theater. Your name is not familiar to me. Have you ever starred? "Would-be Actress—Never. "Where have you played?" "I never played on the stage." "Have you received any dramatic instruction?" "None whatever." "But you have at least studied the art? You are familiar with the works of the great dramatists, are you not?" "Never read a play in my life." "Good heavens! madam, what preparation have you, then, for going on the stage as a star?" "I have had photographs taken in 140 different poses." "The manager fainted.—Siftings.

The Boy of the Period. Nice Old Man—You ought not to fish on Sunday, my lad. You know President Cleveland refused to do so a few days ago. Boy—All right. When I'm President I'll keep that pointer in mind. Old Grover's no fool!

A New Faculty. "Do you know," asked the snake editor, "that color can be detected by the touch?" "No," replied the horse editor. "Have you learned the scheme?" "Not all of it, but I have learned a little." "Indeed?" "Yes, without the slightest difficulty I can tell when I feel blue."

The Bill May Fit the Crime. Client (angrily)—Say, this bill of yours is downright robbery! Great Criminal Lawyer (who has won client's case).—So was your crime.—Puck.

A Duel Incident. First Editor—Did you receive my challenge? Second Editor—Yes, I got it. "What do you mean to do about it?" "Nothing." "Nothing? Do you mean to ignore me entirely?" "You should have sent a 2-cent stamp if you wanted your manuscript returned."

A Cause of Woo. Parson Whangdoodle Baxter of the Austin Blue Light tabernacle, met Jim Webster, who was complaining of hard times, etc. "Whisky am de cause ob all yore troubles and sorrows," replied Jim's spiritual adviser. "Dat's so, parson. I feels mighty troubled when I hasn't got any ob hit."

He Couldn't Be In Love. The director of a certain bank received his cashier one morning with an evidently discomposered face. "Sir," said he, "I am unable to hide from you longer that which is on my heart." (The banker grows pale.) "I am in love with your daughter." Now the banker breathes freely, but adds: "Are you sure you never make mistakes?" "Indeed, sir, I never do." "Then I refuse you her hand, for you can't be in love."—Siftings.

Conclusive Proof. Customer (consoling).—Your brother-in-law is a very unfortunate man, Mr. Hochstatter. Only a short time ago he had to stand an examination as to his sanity, and now he falls at 10 cents on the dollar. Hochstatter (eagerly).—He was a smart man! At one sweep he wipes away all der suspicions as to his mental condition. How about it?—Puck.

MAKING MUSIC. hollow piece of furniture—the angle of a desk, for example. By experimenting all sounds of the gamut can be produced. By looking at the cut you will observe that the index finger shows the manner in which this is accomplished. Various airs can be played after some practice with this primitive instrument.

A Dustless World. If there were no dust we would have no blue sky, no clouds, rain, snow or beautiful sunsets. Dust furnishes the groundwork for all of these. The smallest particles of dust reflect blue light, hence the distant sky, where the lightest atoms float, appear blue. The smoke from a cigar is of a bluish color, that drawn through a balloon from the mouth is white, because the particles are larger and can reflect more white light. The sky in cities appears gray or whitish because there are larger particles of dust in the atmosphere. But the most important office of dust is that of a rain producer. It is the particles float about they gather moisture, which is precipitated in rain. It is said that "of all the water evaporated by the sun from the surface of the sea and land, not one drop returns that has not condensed upon a particle of dust as a nucleus." But for dust the air would be full of vapor, which would condense upon everything it reached. It would enter our dwellings saturate garments and trickle over our walls and furniture. Therefore, while we may be greatly annoyed by dust, we should be much more inconvenienced by the absence of it.

A Sengero Boy Preacher. The sensation in Atlanta, Ga., is the preaching of a thirteen-year-old negro boy, Charles Johnson, of Gibbs, La. He is of a light ginger-cake color. He was converted, he says, at the age of eight, and felt an immediate call. He is now going to a theological seminary, where he is taking a course in bible study. He has none of the awkwardness of youth, and his voice is peculiarly deep. His thoughts are of a high character and expressed in excellent language.

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THE IVANHOE TUNNEL, THE THIRD LONGEST IN AMERICA.

The Ivanhoe Tunnel the Third Longest in America—A Musical Paper Knife—Some Chemical Discoveries—Notes and Comment.

HE IVANHOE tunnel, the third longest in America, is cut straight through the backbone of the Rocky Mountains from Busk, a small hamlet fifteen miles west of Leadville, Col., to Ivanhoe, another little village on the western side of the main range. The tunnel was designed to save the Colorado Midland Railway a steep climb to the summit of Hagerman Pass, and over seven miles wasted in the curves necessary to enable the engines to pull up the heavy grades. The tunnel is 9,400 feet long, and is only surpassed in this country by the famous Hoosac tunnel and the Bowler tunnel, in Montana, the latter of which is only 300 feet longer than the Ivanhoe. Where the Ivanhoe enters the mountain at Busk, the altitude is 10,500 feet. This is a much greater altitude than that of St. Gothard, which at Goshenschen enters the ground at a height of 3,640 feet above the sea level and emerges at Airolo, on the Italian side, at a height of 3,756 feet. The road over the St. Gothard Pass is 22 miles, and the tunnel, with its length of 9 1/2 miles, thus saves 12 1/2 miles. The Ivanhoe saves much more in proportion, lessening the distance between Busk and Ivanhoe by over 7 miles in its length of less than 10 miles.

According to some recent discoveries many of the navigators of the air have been working upon altogether mistaken premises. They have failed to take into account the action of currents of air given off from the surface of the earth's surface. The first important point to decide in the construction of flying-machines is the relation between power and weight. It is held by those who have given much time and thought to experiments in this line, that fifty to one hundred pounds is the limit of weight that any machine built on recognized theories can lift from the ground. But this idea may be very far from right, especially in machines constructed so as to move with great rapidity. A water-wagon might be constructed, provided it had instead of the usual tire a series of bands or paddles that could be brought down with a sharp blow upon the surface of the water and as quickly raised. Before it could sink the water must be displaced; but before this takes place the paddles are up in the air again and ready for another blow. So with flying. The aeroplane will gain power and consequent speed just in proportion as it can use a body of air as a stepping-stone before displacing it. The more forcible, quick and elastic the blow, the more power can be accumulated before the air gives way to a derelict stroke. The blade of the aeroplane gets into position by cutting the air with its thin edge, then instantly takes a horizontal position and lifts by what may be called a slap upon the air. If the flying-machine ever becomes a success, it will undoubtedly be made upon these lines. There must be extreme strength and lightness of machinery, and extreme rapidity of motion in order to acquire lifting power. This must be obtained by aeroplanes that move so quickly that they get their purchase before the air has time to move out of the way. Fine steel is the aerial navigator's metal, as it is, without doubt, stronger weight for weight, than aluminium or any of its alloys.

Such a Convenient Design. The summer girl has discovered a new bodice. Here is a picture of it. It was first worn by a very pretty young woman at an informal dance. Then it was made of peachblow taffeta combined with green chiffon and white moire. The wide sash and directorio revers were of the moire, while the corselet and short basque were of chiffon. The buckles and huge buttons were made of green enamel. The bodice was worn with a skirt of white moire, veiled by an overskirt of peachblow chiffon.

When it next appeared the bodice was aboard a yacht. It was worn by another summer girl equally as pretty.

Well Known. "I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy looking man to a New York publisher. Publisher—"I'll look over them, but I can not promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name." Poet—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith"—White Plains Weekly.

New Use for Codfish. Woman—How are codfish selling, young fellow? Grocer's Clerk—We've had a big demand to-day. "What's the cause?" "Well, we're going out of the codfish business, and I guess the customers is buying it for souvenirs.—Judge.

Hot. The eye of a little Washington miss was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning. "Mama," she exclaimed, "it's hot-ter'n I thought it was." "What do you mean?" "Look here. The grass is all covered with perspiration."—Washington Star.

A Perfect Investment. Wiggs—I suppose that I should never have bought that stock broker hadn't assured me of a fortune in it. Biggs—Well, wouldn't there? Wiggs—Oh, these may have been, but I haven't been able to get any of it out as yet.—Journal.

But in this instance it was of serge instead of taffeta and trimmed with white broadcloth instead of filmy chiffon. In combination with a serge skirt and yachting cap it possessed a nautical air. The low-cut neck had vanished and in its place was a V shaped yoke of dark blue serge. The buckles and huge buttons were in dark red, and long, dark blue Suede gloves and short puffed sleeves.—New

York World.

the back. On the right side of the skirt a narrow panel of heliotrope velvet appeared to be caught to the broadcloth by a row of gilt buttons, which stretched from waist line to hem. The bottom of the skirt was finished by a band of the velvet gleaming with another line of gilt buttons. The bodice was heliotrope chiffon over silk and shirred to a yoke of white broadcloth outlined with very small gilt buttons. The chiffon at the waist line tucked into a corselet of heliotrope velvet bordered with buttons.

The draped sleeves were white chiffon over heliotrope silk. The puff was most graceful. Below the elbow the chiffon was drawn over a tight-fitting cuff, which seemed held together by a row of buttons.—New York World.

Hints to Camera Lovers. A photographic guest book is one of the recent variations of amateur photography. A popular hostess, who has many guests at her country home during the summer months, bought a small camera and a big and very elaborate scrap book. When her first house party arrived her collection was begun. The scenes and figures were never taken merely for the sake of a photograph, but snap shots showed the visitors at their best and in characteristic poses. Several impressions were always made of each group to be sure of getting satisfactory results. The hostess promised each person a duplicate of his or her picture; no one was ever found to object or make difficulties. It has been her practice to develop and print each set of photographs immediately after a houseful of guests departed, arrange them on several pages of blank book and beneath each print write the names of the persons pictured.