

FAIR WOMAN'S WORLD.

INTERESTING GOSSIP FOR THE WOMEN FOLKS.

About Fashions—All About Hairpins—Hard-Wood Floors—Her Memory Jar—An Old Cure for Diphtheria—Various Whims.

About Fashions.

Of late evening dress has been more of a covering, and in New York ladies have shown a tendency to wear them long in the sleeves and moderately high in the neck. However, this being the case, there is ample scope for pretty design in dresses of this kind, something a little poetical and unconventional may be indulged in, as on the following sketch, where there is a suggestion of the style of the Middle Ages in the puffed sleeves and Romeo like collar.

It is made of shirring pink nun's cloth and green and pink Watteau satin, the patch like decoration bodice, the lower part of the sleeves, the border of the trained skirt and the outside of the collar all being of the Watteau satin. The inside of the collar is of pale creamy satin and the other accessories are just piped with this material. The gown is made in princess shape, and is laced broadly down the front with a green silk lace. Straw hats are getting to look quite antique and lace hats look Methuselah like. It is almost too early to plunge into felt, and velvet we reserve until the snow is on the ground. But there is jet. Jet sparkling, rich, becoming, piquant, lighting up a pale face, enhancing a rosy one, harmonizing with the raven tresses, contrasting finely with golden ones. Yes, jet will be the thing to wear just now, and it is made in such variety, such distracting shapes, such tempting fashions that though it is expensive many women will prefer to have one jet bonnet to three of any other sort. There is the Marie Stuart shape which requires to be mounted on velvet and will be found very becoming, but rather matronly. For younger faces the Vassar sailor, the jet part very petite and mounted on terra verte velvet with green and black tips, is a hat that will meet with great favor. Jet butterflies have fluttered over city heads for some time past, but the jet grasshopper has only been worn lately and has not had sufficient time to become hackneyed. Redfern introduces him into his millinery department, where he disports himself on stylish hats and bonnets. As a decoration for the bosom of a velvet evening gown he is also encouraged, and the effect of him against a snow-white round arm, from which he just raises 'e sleeves, is a thing worth noticing.

All About Hairpins.

Hairpins vary in price from a few pennies a gross to \$500 apiece. Perhaps the hairpin is the most useful all around article of feminine wear. It serves not only for the purpose for which it was designed, but also as glove-button, shoe-button, cuff-fastener and even breastpin.

A distinguished West Virginian who frequently visits New York has discovered an entirely new use for the hairpin. He converts it into a file for the preservation of newspaper clippings. His method is to twist the hairpin into a hook, sink one end into the wall or window sill and file his clippings on the end that is free. He never buys hairpins but obtains an ample supply from the pavement, where they are daily shined in thousands from the golded, red, black, brown and gray tresses of New York women.

The cheapest hairpins are thinly lacquered wires bent into suitable shape. They are made by the million for little or nothing, and the manufacturers' price would fill every woman with a sense of outrage at the profits made by retailers. Small, thin, kinky hairpins are a modern improvement on the straight, old-fashioned variety, but even they are made for a trifle per gross. The costlier hairpins are not so variously serviceable as the cheap ones.

They are made of gold, silver and tortoise-shell, sometimes ornamented with precious stones, and with rich workmanship. Tortoise-shell in the ring is worth from \$3 to \$8 a pound. The finest is from the belly of the tortoise. That yields the amber-colored shell from which the costliest pins and combs are made. Small pins, of tortoise-shell, cost from \$1.50 to \$4. Larger ones cost from \$4 to \$9. Fine amber shell pins, with gold tips, cost from \$8 to \$60. After these come the jeweled pins. They may be of almost any price. Simple ones cost from \$30 to \$75. More elaborate ones, with pearls and diamonds, may cost from \$100 to \$500.—New York Recorder.

Hard-Wood Floors.

The most healthful flooring is the hard-wood, or its lumber relations, the painted or stained floors. They do not get full of dust and moths, and are readily cleaned. They remove the heaviest load from the semi-annual house-cleaning, while after contagious illness they do not need special fumigating. They are, on the other hand, expensive from their own cost, and from the rugs they require to remove the bareness and to reduce the household clutter.

Wood carpeting, or American parquetry, is a recent and successful effort to supply a floor equally as good as permanent hard-wood floor, but more easily applied. The wood, either walnut, oak, cherry, or any two alternate, is one-quarter of an inch thick and in narrow strips or blocks, which are glued to a cloth back. The straight carpeting comes twenty-eight and thirty-six inches in width, and will roll up like oilcloth, weighing seven pounds to the yard.

Such carpeting costs from \$1.50 to \$18 per square yard, that for the latter price being designed intricately with center pieces and elaborate borders in oak, cherry, mahogany, maple rosewood and walnut. These prices are for the goods uncut and measured before laying, the laying and finishing being separate expenses.

Women as Lawyers in Chicago.

Chicago is especially kind to women

who practice law, and some of them hold high places in the profession.

Judge J. B. Bradwell presided, some time ago, at a dinner of the Illinois Bar Association, and his idea on the subject may be gathered from the fact that his wife, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, has been for over twenty years the editor of the Chicago Legal News, and his daughter, Mrs. Bessie B. Helmer, has studied law, and has assisted her father in editing twelve volumes of the Appellate Reports of Illinois.

The Legal News is a prosperous and well-arranged journal. Mrs. Helmer, Judge Bradwell's daughter, was married not long ago to a young lawyer. She is president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens, another female lawyer of Chicago, answered to the toast, "Woman in the Learned Professions," at the banquet of the State Bar Association. Gov. Fifer and Judge Lyman Trumbull had preceded her as speakers, but she had sufficient self-confidence to make a graceful though modest speech.

A few sentences of her speech were: "Woman in the learned professions. As a preacher we know that she is eminently qualified to stand by the coffin and speak to those who sit broken-hearted and mourning by the side of their beloved ones; we know that out of her heart she will speak words of comfort and cheer; we know from the past that she no longer shrinks at the sight of blood; she is able to bind up the wound, yea, strong enough to use the knife and cut out that part which is infectious, and if not removed is death. In the profession of law she comes last, but she will not be behind; she comes among her learned brethren with humility

Her Memory Jar.

"That is a pretty little Satsuma pot-pourri on your mantel," I said to a woman friend the other day.

"It is not a pot-pourri; it is a memory jar."

"A memory jar?" I repeated after her, forgetting my manners.

"Yes, it is a real clever idea, but it is not original with me. I got it from some paper or magazine. The jar is intended to hold souvenirs, especially flowers, though it is perfectly proper to drop in anything that is very precious. I have just begun mine. I ransacked my desk and bureau and made a start.

"This goldenrod is part of a bunch that I picked for me one royal day last September when we were in the country. This faded maple leaf was picked up in Longfellow's yard. The pansies are some that Belle sent me commencement day; the fresher ones came from mamma a few weeks ago. That unromantic looking twig came from a tree that Edgar A. Poe planted. I got it in Fordham one day when I made a pilgrimage there. The four-leaved clover was put in one of my favorite books by a friend who is dead. Everybody ought to keep a memory jar. Mine is becoming very interesting already."

And as she carefully put the cover on she said softly Jean Ingelow's words: "For memory is possession."

Seen in a Country Boarding House.

The woman who talks loudly about the splendid place she has left at the seashore.

The man who knows it all.

The mother who deluges her little boy's plate with maple syrup in an ambitious desire to get the best of the landlady's even though her boy's health should suffer in consequence.

The dear little Good Samaritan who never retails any gossip; who is always ready to teach you a new stitch in crochet; who will lay aside her reading or work at any time to play chess with an invalid or croquet with a child or somebody's accompaniments on the piano.

The woman who plays croquet with an umbrella over her head.

The woman who reads Shakespeare regularly every day at a certain hour.

The woman who walks at just such an hour every day.

The woman whose dresses outweigh her brains.

The shy little girl who is never in anybody's way and is always doing helpful things.

The punster whose atrocious jokes even politeness refuses to force a smile.

The fat, jolly baby whom everybody loves to make her a willing pupil."

An Old Cure for Diphtheria.

The most successful cure for diphtheria is one of the old woman remedies left over from the last century. Medical science can't tell why it is good, but the facts remain that it cures as many people as drugs do.

All the paraphernalia needed is a basin, some hot water and a good sized funnel. The basin must be filled three quarters full with very hot water—as hot as can be secured—boiling if possible. The patient takes the basin in his lap and places the open end in the water. Then he blows through the mouth of it. This will send the steam from the water up from the basin to the throat and chest, and he will naturally inhale a good deal of it. After ten or fifteen minutes relief will be experienced, and if the operation is repeated frequently enough a permanent cure will be established.—New York Telegram.

Various Whims.

If you want to be happy and fashionable, say "wide" in place of swaggar, wear a limous for a tea-gown, and let your cushions simply swarm with soft small cushions, not more than a foot square, covered with soft India silk or else the beautiful art shadow silks that are a delight alike to eye and touch. Big square bolsters cushions are as old-fashioned as they are uncomfortable.

Oranges For Marmalade.

It is commonly supposed that orange peel is picked up in the streets where with to make marmalade. Probably according to the report of a case heard this year in a metropolitan police-court, rotten oranges in the condition of a "black pulpy substance," and "quite unfit to eat," as the inspector very sapiently remarked, are considered by the owners of the fruit as good enough to be "chopped up for marmalade." Oranges for this "excellent substitute for butter at breakfast" cost only a box, where, as fruit for eating costs 12s.

An Invitation Committee Meets.

Brown—Shall I invite Johnson? Don't you think it would add to the dinner to have him?

Jones—Not unless it is a basket picnic.—Kate Field's Washington.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR THEIR PERUSAL.

Dear Hunting at Night—Clumsy Fingers—A Friendship Calendar—The Rain Pool by the Way—Manliness.

Bear Hunting at Night.

In the earlier part of the present century many of the counties of the state of New York that are now thickly settled were more or less a wilderness and largely infested with bears. The hardships of the settlers at that time in clearing the land and raising a subsistence were increased by the ravages of these animals on the pig-sty, sheep-pen and grain fields. With a deer the sheep and pigs could be penned against these nocturnal marauders, but oftentimes whole acres of corn were nearly devastated.

At that time it was customary to hunt bears in the same way that raccoons are hunted at the present time. Parties with guns and trained dogs would scour the cornfields in the vicinity in the evening and if the dogs scented the bears they usually ran still until close to the game. When the bear started for the woods the dogs nipped his heels, which would cause him to take to the nearest tree possible. Small dogs were preferred to large ones, as they were better at dodging among the standing corn and pumpkin vines when the bears turned and made a short dash after them as they often did.

Some sixty or seventy years ago there lived in the wilds of Schoharie county a person noted for this style of hunting. He was named Elijah Dibble, but better known as Uncle Lige. He and his dog had slaughtered more bears than all of the rest of the hunters for miles around. This was not altogether owing to his superior merits as a hunter, but his faithful little cur never failed to place brui'n up the tree and kept him there until his master arrived.

One day early in autumn several youngsters from twelve to sixteen years of age while out blackberrying discovered unmistakable signs of bears' work in a cornfield. They visited Uncle Lige and agreed upon night when he would go with them and give brui'n a hunt. The old man was loth to go with the youngsters, fearing when he needed their help they might be found wanting. When the dog gave tongue Uncle Lige usually pushed on after it and it was required of his attendants to fire the resinous torch carried for the occasion and follow the hunter as soon as possible with the light to enable him to shoot the game before it left the tree and made for the distant mountains, as it was a difficult matter for the dog to tree them the second time. The lads made great promises of courage and Uncle Lige finally consented.

When evening came all were on hand, making renewed promises of being heroes if necessary. The night was dark and favorable for game. When they arrived at the field the dog started out and all remained silent. After waiting some time the dog began to give tongue sharp and furiously, which in a few seconds turned to cries of distress. He had come upon brui'n suddenly and pressed him with such eagerness that the bear had turned and caught him and was hugging him with a vengeance.

Uncle Lige rushed to the rescue of his dog and called to his lads to light the torch and come quickly. Instead of lighting the torch they dropped it and ran for life. Uncle Lige pushed on and soon came to the bear, which was still hugging the dog. Taking aim as well as he could in the darkness he made a lucky shot and brui'n rolled over dead. Fortunately for the dog he was too small for the bear to bring his pressure to effect and the dog was not seriously injured.

Uncle Lige soon gathered fuel, struck a light and commenced skinning the bear. After some time he heard the would-be heroes calling from a distant hill. "Uncle Lige! Uncle Lige! Have you killed him? 'Yes' the old man replied. They soon came up pell-mell, each one telling which part was his, to which Uncle Lige replied, "Not a particle of this bear will either of you get. I'll teach you not to run and leave me when my dog is in such a tuckus." The old man was as good as his word and did not give them a slice.

For years after that hunt was a standing joke at their expense, a reference to it being all that was required to silence one of the party.—N. E. Homestead.

A Friendship Calendar.

I have found, lately, a very pretty and simple way to surprise one's friend on her birthday or at Christmas.

The article is called a Friendship Calendar, and a few words will suffice to show how it is made. Cut 365 strips of paper—one for each day in the year—about three by five inches. The simpler and less expensive way is to invest in two or three unruled memorandum blocks, large enough to divide each sheet into three parts. With your pen and ink, date each slip directly at the top, or in the left hand upper corner. Make out a list of the friends of the person for whom it is designed. If you do not know all whom you think she would be glad to have represented, you can address through a mutual friend, or directly with an enclosed stamp.

Of course no one expects to find 365 different friends, so distribute your slips to the various persons, giving each from two to twelve, being careful the dates are far apart. Ask them to write a verse, a quotation, or something original, adding the author's and their own name. The donor would want to be represented every month, and possibly there might be one or two others. There will be a number who would be willing to fill out six slips, and other friends, more or less, as they stand in friendly relation, according to the discretion of the donor. It is well to prepare for making it fully three months beforehand, as the absence of even a few slips will delay the whole. As soon as the slips are all collected and in order, arrange them so that the day you present it will be the outside slip. Then take them to the bookbinders and ask him to block, cut and glue them as he would an ordinary memorandum pad.

The board at the back to which the block is to be fastened or glued, is to be about as large as those of the Dickens or Shakespeare calendars one sees at the holiday season. If one is artistic, it can be painted. It can also be made of chamois skin,

china silk or fine cretonne and saten in delicate colors, with a square cut and a photograph of the donor inserted. The block in this case would be put at one side. It will readily be seen that a pleasure calendar of this sort would bring one, whose friends are a part of their life. To the sick room what a blessing to be greeted each morning with a word, bright, serious, comforting or inspiring in the very handwriting of the absent! And then the grateful thought is turned toward the giver! It is well worth all the trouble. Try and see.—Household.

Clumsy Fingers.

"It is of no use my trying to sew," said a girl in her late teens: "I am so clumsy with a needle. My stitches are an inch long! Manana does my mending. She says when I do it myself my things look so that she is ashamed to let me wear them."

But if the mother were less self-sacrificing, it is probable that a few hours' practice under her direction would easily reduce those clumsy stitches to a respectably small fraction of an inch in length.

Another young lady admitted, the other day, with a laugh that she did wear darned her own stockings by drawing the edges of the holes together with the thread, because weaving it in and out as her mother did took so much more time and care.

Girls of this sort belong to the untrained or the lazy class. But the careless are quite as common, and perhaps more exasperating. "Oh, I'm very sorry; but you know I always was a butter-finger," explains calmly the dreamy young person who spills gravy in a lady's lap at dinner, because she is passing the gravy-boat with her mind on the last chapter of a story, and does not notice that she is tipping it.

Presently she helps to butter, with the same vague expression in her eyes, and sends the bit which she attempts to cut from the hard pat without looking at it, flying across the table. "Did it spot your dress?" she asks her sister. "I hope not; but, of course, I couldn't help it flying off. I'm very sorry." But the trouble is precisely that she is not very sorry; at least, not sorry enough to prevent the same thing from happening again.

It is worth while to remember that there is such a thing as being stupid with one's fingers. There should be direct communication between the hand and the brain; but some people, with otherwise excellent brains, do not seem to realize this fact, and allow their hands a kind of helpless liberty which works disaster among bric-a-brac, and makes many simple tasks absurdly formidable.—Youth's Companion.

Manliness.

Has the thought never entered your heads, my boy friends, that you will make of yourselves when you grow to be men?

There will be a place waiting for you if you grow to be the right kind of men. Earnest, upright men are everywhere in demand. Business men want to find young men that they can trust and rely on.

An accident is related of a Boston lad, rather small for his years, who worked in an office as errand-boy for four gentlemen. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

"Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do. "I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four many faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

What business man would fail to appreciate the manliness of such a boy? With that kind of integrity he could not help but become an honored and useful citizen.—Exchange.

The Rain Pool by the Way.

A common and sometimes rather annoying incident of African travel frequently happens, even when there is no absolute scarcity of water, that the weather is sufficiently hot and the road dusty enough to make a glimpse of a clear, fresh pool of cool rain water particularly welcome. But while the thirsty traveler is anticipating a luxuriant draught the eager discontented sight of it and, rushing forward, plunge all together into the pool, and lap the water as they bathe, while the native followers kneel among them and secure their share. The European, if he be really thirsty, must then check his feelings of disappointment and drink the liquid in the foul condition in which he finds it.

I once saw," said a traveler, "after an almost waterless journey of nearly forty miles, a broad and placid rain pool surrounded by grassy borders, in an opening in the forest. For one minute it reflected the clear blue sky and surrounding trees, but in another moment the loose article and the horses broke into a trot, the wagon oxen broke their weariness, and then the place of the rain pool was occupied by a crowd of men and animals, and vehicles, trampling the clear waters into a semi-fluid of the color and consistency of mud."

Tiny's Etymology.

"Tiny" is not quite two years old, and his whole vocabulary consists of "na-na," for grandmamma; "da-da," for grandpa, and mam-ma and pa-pa. He had never seen a banana until the other day, when grandmamma held one up and said very distinctly: "Tiny, this is a ba-na-na."

"Ba-na-na," repeated Tiny, solemnly. Grandmamma was very proud of the newly acquired word, and when grandpa came in she hastened to put Tiny's accomplishment to the test by taking a banana and saying, "What is this, Tiny?" "Ba-da-da," said Tiny, without the slightest hesitation.

When, in response to like queries from mam-ma and pa-pa Tiny called it "ba-na-na," and "ba-na-na," they concluded that there was still much in the English language for Tiny to learn.

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