

CHANGE IN STYLE OF FIGURES.



FOR WOMAN AND HOME.

General Items of Interest for Maids and Matrons.—The Home.

To Her. Her mind's a garden, where do grow Sweet thoughts like posies in a row; Her soul is as some lucient star, That shines upon us from afar; Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep, Where swirling waves of passion sweep. Aye, deeper than the deepest sea, And wide as woman's mystery; O, man, the mariner, beware— Yet will I chance a shipwreck there. —Robert Loveman in Cosmopolitan.

Hat from Paris. The dress represented in the illustration is of red cloth and has three



imitation flounces, with indentations edged with velvet. The bodice is also adorned with overlapping "decoupures" of rounded shape, and the front, which opens over a basis of embroidered white velvet, is embroidered with silver and silver thread. The collar is of white velvet and the cravat of point de Venise. This dress is by Beer.—New York Herald.

Stuttering Is Contagious. According to Dr. Guizmann, whose report has been adopted and published by the German government, involuntary mimicry plays a great part in stuttering. Like yawning, it is catching. The quicker a child is, and the more imitative, the more apt it is to imitate any defects of speech on the part of those by whom it is surrounded. Conclusive evidence of the contagious nature of stuttering is to be found in the fact that the number of stutters in a school increases steadily as the children pass upward from class to class. In the public schools of Berlin, for example, the number of stutters among the children in the lower class was 52 per cent of the total strength of the class. This proportion rose from year to year as the children passed upward in the educational scale until in the higher class

the percentage was discovered to be 1.61, or more than three times the number found when the same children were in the lowest class.

How to Prevent Coughing. The following is from a doctor connected with an institution in which there are many children: "There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I determined for one minute at least to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them to simply hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease. Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her efforts to recuperate.

Little Girl's Frock. A pretty autumn frock for a little girl is made of navy blue wool, dotted with red. The sleeves, which are slightly wrin-



kled, have a ruffle over the shoulders. The collar, waistbands and sash are of red ribbon.—The Latest.

Poisonous Plants. It is not generally understood that a large number of plants with which we are familiar contain poison more or

less deadly, according to the quantity consumed. A very small piece of the bulb of a narcissus may cause death. The leaves, flowers, roots and bark of the oleander are deadly, indeed the entire plant is dangerous to life. The jonquil and hyacinth are poisonous. Peach and cherry pits contain prussic acid enough to kill, and yew berries are responsible for serious loss of life. Most people know that the lobellias are dangerous, but that the lady slipper poisons in the same way as ivy is known to but few. The bulbs of lilies of the valley are poisonous. Crocuses must be handled with care by certain persons. The catalpa has poisonous qualities, and to poppies, especially the partly ripened seed pods, are ascribed many deaths among children.

Don't "Show Off" the Baby. One of the most important rules is that which demands perfect quiet for baby during the first months of its existence.

Babies are fussed over, talked to, and handled into a state which is sure to leave the nerves of the child in a thoroughly wrought-up condition.

The less notice outside its physical needs given the tiny one during the first year of its sojourn here below the better.

Allow the little frame to become accustomed to the strain upon it so necessary when making the acquaintance of this restless, rioting world of ours.

It is wise to continue this wholesome neglect through childhood, though very many mothers imagine a child is rendered shy if it is not pushed ahead a little each day while it is in the nursery.

Baby is compelled to make friends with every stranger who appears. It is kissed when it wants to be let alone.

If it has a cunning trick it is coaxed and teased into exhibiting it.

As baby grows older the same methods are pursued; the poor child is marshaled into the dining room to be put through its paces; play is interrupted, and the little one fretted into a state of nervousness that brings too often a punishment that is undeserved.

When your smiling friend, asks in dulcet tones to "see the baby," do not hesitate to say "No," especially if she is merely a chance caller, one of many who think it necessary to make the request out of politeness. There is always some good excuse for refusing to put the baby through a succession of "shows," and unless she is a special friend the chances are that your visitor will simply look upon the refusal as sparing her an infliction, and the baby will be all the better for his comparative seclusion.

Banana Croquettes. Six bananas, half a cup of powdered sugar, juice of two oranges, one egg, two cups of shredded wheat biscuit crumbs. Cut bananas into halves crosswise, sprinkle with powdered sugar and turn over them the orange juice. Let stand in cool place for an hour, turning occasionally until all are flavored with the orange. Roll in egg, then in the crumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve with orange sauce. Strain the sirup left after the bananas have been removed, but in saucepan; when it has reached the boiling point add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, wet with a little cold water. Cook until thick and clear, then add half a teaspoonful of orange extract.

AUNT COMFORT.

"Driver, is this Hemlock Hollow? I say, driver, where are you taking me to?"

And Miss Comfort Dikeman, with her head thrust out of the stage-coach window, eyed the lonely ravine with a glance of distrust.

She was a little, brown-faced old lady, in a bombazine dress, just the color of her false front, a quilted silk hood, edged with fur, a scarlet woolen scarf and an umbrella, which might have come out of the ark itself, so antique and ponderously fashioned was it. And her spectacles glistened in the twilight of the early winter evening like miniature moons.

"Yes'm," the driver gruffly answered from his elevated situation; "this 'ere's the Hollow."

"It's a dreadfully lonely spot," said Miss Comfort.

"Well, I never heard it called very lively," said Joseph Jones. "Come up, Whitefoot—wha' ye 'bout?"

"Are there any bears or hyenas in these woods?" heated Miss Dikeman.

"Bless your heart, ma'am, no! Hain't been these twenty year! Here's the road that leads up to Squire Ponsonby's, if that's where you're goin'."

And he drew rein opposite a grass-grown road, which wound its way into the woods.

"I s'pose they'll be down here, some on 'em, to meet you," said he, as he helped Miss Comfort Dikeman to terra firma. "I'd wait a spell, ef I wasn't behind with the Peckville mails, but—"

"Oh, it isn't necessary at all!" said Miss Dikeman, looking rather forlornly, and taking up her carpet bag and bundle. "I can soon walk there."

"It is a little lonesome," she thought, "but it will be so nice to surprise Marian and the girls."

And she turned and began to trudge up the hill, with new resolution.

"It's a long way," said Miss Comfort, dolefully, to herself, but just then a friendly red star glowed through the network of boughs—the light from the crimson-curtained windows of the old Ponsonby mansion! And Miss Comfort Dikeman took courage and plodded bravely on.

"Oh, mamma, I'm sure I heard some one step on the piazza floor. And do hear Rover barking! Mamma, do you think it's a burglar?"

"Don't be a goose, child," said Mrs. Ponsonby, but Effie could see her mother's startled glance toward the window.

"Mamma, you're never going to open the door," as a little knock came to the panels without. "Remember we are all alone in the house. We may be robbed or murdered! Oh, dear, dear, why did



"RUFFIAN, UNHAND ME!"

papa go away and leave us all alone? Why didn't he at least wait until the boys were home from college?" and Effie Ponsonby clung hysterically to her mother's arm.

"Are they never coming to let me in?" Miss Comfort Dikeman thought, with chattering teeth and nose dyed in cerulean blue. "I've a great mind to peep in at the windows and see what they're all about."

"Ring the dinner bell, mamma," cried Effie. "Patrick will be sure to hear. Papa said if anything happened we were to ring the dinner bell out of the back window. Oh, run, mamma—quick, please."

"Tea's ready," said Miss Comfort, already, in her imagination, sniffing the Chinese fragrance. "There goes the bell."

But when Mrs. Ponsonby came back, herself nervous and alarmed, she found Effie in a state of wild terror.

"Mamma, mamma, it was a ghost!" she shrieked, "with a bloody mark upon its throat, and great livid eyes! I saw it myself at that very window!"

"Effie, I'm astonished at you," said Mrs. Ponsonby, trying to speak collectedly. "A ghost, indeed! Hush, control yourself, Effie, I insist. Patrick will be here presently and then—"

"Hush, mamma!" and Effie held up her plump fingers. "Oh, thank Providence—here he comes now."

And Miss Comfort Dikeman, patiently waiting with carpet bag and umbrella for some one to come and let her in, was nearly terrified out of her senses by heavy steps rushing across the veranda, and a rough hand on her bombazine cloak.

"It's yourself, is it?" panted Patrick, "frightenin' the ladies out o' their sivin senses, when the mather ain't at home. But I'll teach yer."

"Ruffian, unhand me!" tragically cried out Miss Comfort, in her dismay; but Patrick only pulled the harder.

"An' it's here yer are, as tight as a trivet," chuckled Pat, as he drew a grating bolt outside; "an' here yer'll stay till tomorrow mornin'."

"Villains!" cried Miss Comfort, recovering her voice at last, "how dare you! Come back, I say—come back. I am your mistress' aunt."

"You're Queen Victoria's aunt, and grandmother to the pope, for all I know," jeered the irreverent Pat, and away he went, with his satellites, leaving our elderly heroine alone in the chill and darkness of her prison house.

And poor Miss Comfort began to cry as heartily as if she were sixteen instead of sixty. Yes, there had been a surprise, truly; but it wasn't altogether an agreeable one, nor was it on the right side.

"I'll never leave a cent of my money to Marion Ponsonby nor any of her tribe," said Aunt Comfort, viciously, as the sharp rheumatic twinges shot through her ancient bones. "There's no need for people to make such fools of themselves."

And then it occurred to her what a very cap-and-bells sort of a position she had put herself into and she wept more piteously than ever.

"I'm so glad you chanced to come home tonight, dear," said Mrs. Ponsonby, "because it's very cold, and I was feeling a little uneasy about that poor old vagrant woman that Patrick has locked up in the corn crib. She might freeze to death!"

"Not very likely," said the squire. "But if you say so, I'll take the lantern and go and see."

And then it happened that Aunt Comfort was awakened from a sort of feverish slumber by the red gleam of a lantern across her face and Squire Ponsonby's good natured voice.

"I say, old lady," quoth he, "look sharp, for—"

But Mrs. Ponsonby rushed forward, with clasped hands.

"Why, it's Aunt Comfort Dikeman!" she shrieked; "my dear, dear Aunt Comfort!"

And then ensued explanations, apologies, reproaches, tears—and Aunt Comfort, resolved though she was to disinherit Marian, relented at last.

"Well, I don't know that you were very much to blame," she admitted; "but it was very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable!" echoed Mrs. Ponsonby. "Oh, dear, dear aunt, I don't know how you ever lived through it. But there's one thing—we'll discharge that stupid idiot, Patrick, tomorrow!"

And so it was poor Pat, upon whose luckless head the surprise came at last—sharp, sudden and disagreeable. "For I only did as they told me, after all," said Pat.

Religious Orders in the Philippines.

Archbishop Dozal, at Manila, has given the world the first clear exposition of the status of the religious orders in the Philippine Islands. He declared that under the new state of things these orders must go, and hoped that the islands would neither remain Spanish nor become absolutely independent. The prompt intervention of a strong western power alone would save the islands from relapsing into barbarism. For the condition of affairs prior to the American occupation he laid the chief blame on the Dominicans, Augustinians and Franciscan Recoletons, the richest of the orders, and next on the Benedictines and Capuchins. In his opinion, the Jesuits were comparatively blameless. These orders were not only jealous of each other, but quarrelsome among themselves, and in the persons of their provincials engaged in unworthy acts that increased the disfavor in which they were held generally. Since the coming of the Americans the Spanish priests on the islands has been reduced fully one-half, and scarcely 500 remained.

Shade Trees in Cities.

Several large property owners in Chicago have received circulars from the Tree-Planting association, whose headquarters are in New York city, urging them to plant trees and thus furnish means of needed shade in hot seasons to come. The appeal issued asserts that the cooling effects of trees in cities are recognized both by scientists and laymen, and calls upon all owners of city property, but especially tenement-house property, to plant shade trees in front of their buildings. The association insists that shade from trees can be obtained in a few years if the right sort of trees are planted, and it offers to send free to all inquirers from its office at 61 White street full information as to what trees are most suitable, where to get them and what it costs to have them set out. The fall is the time to plant trees, so that persons who are willing to experiment according to the Tree-Planting association's suggestions should make their arrangements at once.

Another Long-Felt Want.

"It's no use talkin'," said Mr. Corn-tassel as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "This government ain't run right." "What's the matter?" asked the neighbor. "There ain't enough people to do the work. They're tryin' to put too much on to the war department. When it was decided to have a war the war department applied for men an' got 'em; it went ahead an' licked the Spaniards an' wound the business up in a few months. War was easy. But if they want to open up an office that won't have anything but busy days an' all kinds of trouble, let 'em make arrangements for a peace department."—Cleveland Leader.

A Bright Outlook.

Lady—Where is your son today, Mrs. Murphy? I hope he isn't ill. Mrs. Murphy—Sure, Mike's to be married to-morrow, ma'am, an' he's gone to bed today whole O! washes his trousers for him.—Ally Sloper.

All for One Price.

"What a lovely new coiffure Miss Oldtimer has. Where did she get the style?" "That comes with the hair."

AN AMERICAN "BLUE GROTTTO."

A Beautiful Cavern Located Beside Lake Minnewaska.

Many of the beautiful phenomena seen at the celebrated blue grotto of the island of Capri are reproduced on a small scale in a cavern at Lake Minnewaska, New York, says Science. This lake is situated on the Shawangunk range of mountains, at an elevation of about 1,700 feet; it lies in a basin, excavated in glacial times, about half a mile long and less than a quarter in width and of depth reaching seventy feet. The rock on all sides is a white quartzite known as Shawangunk grit, which rests upon shale, but no outcrop of the latter is visible at the lake. The quartzite is compact to granular and contains in places pebbles of white quartz; it is very free from feldspathic admixture, so that it yields to the water very little soluble matter. Bare cliffs rising to the height of 150 feet bound the east side of the lake, while the western banks are well wooded. The cliffs are vertical and fringed at their base by the usual talus, which, however, is made up of blocks of unusual size. The cavern is formed by several huge rocks overhanging the water, so as to form a comparatively dark hole, and the space between the under side of the sloping rocks and the water varies from about two feet to not more than two inches. The cavern faces the southwest; it is very irregular in shape, and at one point the roof and walls reverberate in response to a deep bass note. The water just at the entrance of the cavern is thirty-three feet deep and two or three feet away forty feet; it is very transparent at considerable depths. As the rocks overhanging so close to the water the optical effects can only be seen by a swimmer and it was while swimming along the shore that I discovered the American blue grotto three years ago. As one approaches the mouth of the cavern the bluish color of the water is noticeable, but the beautiful effects are best seen by entering the opening and looking outward toward the light. The water varies in color from Nile green through turquoise blue and sky blue to deep indigo blue and in all these shades exhibits the silvery appearance when agitated characteristic of the grotto of Capri. A body immersed in the water has a beautiful silvery sheen, similar to the reflection of moonlight. The water has these colors at all hours, but they are strongest when the sun is in the zenith; late in the afternoon the slanting rays of the sun enter the opening and light up the cavern, greatly diminishing the optical effects. The water retains the characteristic color (but without the silvery sheen) on cloudy days, and even during rain, but especially strong when fleecy white clouds bar direct sunlight. The relation between the different hues, green and blue, to the aspect of the sky, whether clear or overcast, is not evident. Another pleasing phenomenon must be mentioned. Just below the water line, where the rocky sides are lapped by the waves, the white quartzite exhibits a brilliant siskin-green hue; this bright color is limited to a space about three or four inches below the level of the lake and to certain walls of the cavern. The bare arm immersed in the water partakes of the green color when the light is reflected at one angle and of the silvery blue color at another angle. The interior size of the cavern is not easily given, but the face of the overhanging rocks measures about forty feet, and it is surprising that so small a cavern can produce such a variety of fine effects.

Their Sacrifices.

Mike—"Was anny of your family in the war?" Dennis—"Yis. Terrence Mulligan, what proposed to me sister Maggie, wint and fell in battle. O, it's a patriotic family we are, Mike, an' all I'm sorry fer is that she refused him."—Detroit Free Press.

His Exceptional Fortune.

"Aaron Burr was a remarkable man." "Decidedly. Notwithstanding the fact that he was vice president of the United States, he has not been forgotten."—Truth.

INTERESTING TO WOMEN.

Mme. Bergliot Ibsen, daughter of the dramatist, is a musician of no mean order. She will, it is said, perform next year at concerts in Norway. Queen Victoria's journeys are very serious and carefully arranged undertakings, and each person traveling with her is allotted a definite place, in correct procedure; fifteen saloon and other carriages being necessary for the transportation of the court to Scotland, and the annual cost of the queen's visits there amounting to about \$25,000.

Women are keenly competing with men in art and professional life in America, as is shown by recent statistics. In the United States there are 4,000 actresses and 35,000 woman vocalists and instrumentalists; 11,000 are professional artists, 890 journalists and 2,800 who are engaged in literary work of one kind or another. The number of women who are dramatic authors of theatrical managers is 600.

Mrs. Gladstone's health is not all that her family could desire. There is no cause for alarm, but it is stated that in the neighborhood of Hawarden castle it is a matter of observation that it has been found necessary to call in the family doctor more frequently of late. Up to now the venerable lady has borne her sorrow with much fortitude, but at her great age it has left an indelible impression upon her. Mrs. Gladstone still takes a keen interest in whatever in all the affairs of the world she deems worthy of her attention, and devotes much of her time to the works of charity.

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