

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

One of the Latest Styles—A Dainty House Robe—The Common Man and the Ideal Wife—Comfort in Bed—Our Cooking School.

I Have Loved You So.

Sweet, I have loved you so these long years past,
With all the passion of my ardent youth
That o'er our lives a lovely glamor cast;
I staked my honor on your ceaseless truth.
And now, with dreamy wonderment I miss
The clinging tenderness of long ago,
The gentle sympathy, the answering kiss
• • • And I have loved you so.

Dear, for one hour, one little hour to-night,
We two must face the weary length of years
That looms before us, bare of all delight,
And heralded by bitter, heart-drawn tears,
Are we to break the ever-loosening chain
That held us once so closely in its keep;
Or will the sharpness of our present pain
Be lulled by patience to a fitful sleep?

Dear, in your hands I leave our after fate,
With but one prayer for all the old love's sake;
If you should answer, it is all too late
To dream a dead affection should awake,
Speak without bitterness, around us lie
The tender memories of long ago
That witness mournfully our last good-by—
• • • And I have loved you so.

Comfort in Bed.

We spend one-third of our lives in bed, and yet beds are not made a supreme or even a very important consideration in the equipment of most homes. The fact is strangely unaccountable. Anne of Austria told her friend Cardinal Mazarin that her idea of future punishment was—to be put between linen sheets. So would say many if questioned—at least the protest against linen would be long and loud. In winter it borders upon refined torture; in summer it is fairly comfortable, but not sufficiently so to justify its expensiveness. Nice cotton sheets, made long enough to tuck generously, are the sensible thing, and good enough for the most fastidious. Sheets should measure at least two and three-quarter yards. This will make the sheet long enough to tuck it well in at the foot and give enough at the top to turn back and prevent the blankets from coming in contact with the face and hands. Why will people make sheets too short? It is one of those sins of domestic management which encourages male humanity to profanity and women to hysteria. Did any woman ever save \$10 in a lifetime by shortening her sheets? If she did, her family, if normal, have taken it out of her nerves. In providing beds for a family one should guard against misfits. If husband, son or brother is 6 feet 3, let him be spared at home the discomfort he is sure to suffer abroad in the accommodating of his superfluous inches. He is entitled to the privilege of stretching out. The length of a bed for an adult should be no less than six feet six inches.

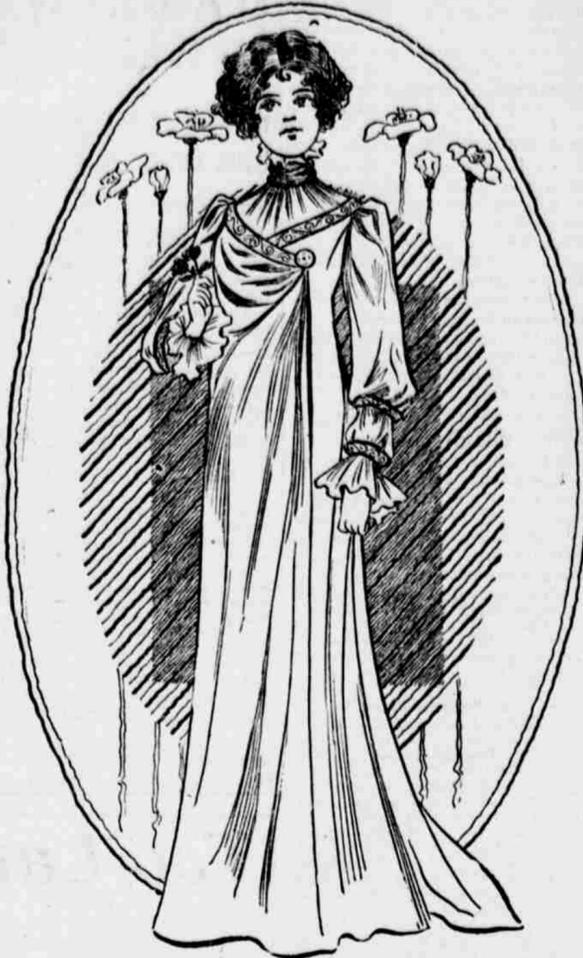
The Common Man and the Ideal Wife.

A wife's position in the estimation of her husband is always what she is—not what she claims to be. Men soon forget what they have said themselves, but their memories are singularly retentive of what their wives have said of them. Only a woman of ignoble nature fosters her husband's weaknesses; a true wife always "holds him up to his best"; without flattery she makes him feel that she is his fondest admirer. "Before no slightest revelation of the godlike does man ever stand irreverent," says Carlyle—least of all when he sees it in the woman of his heart and home. More men are made better by women than by the church. Men are grateful for forbearance in their wives. For often while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are frequently conscious that they are wrong. Given a little time and a little silence they will often show in actions—rarely in words—that they have been mistaken. A man expects his wife to be better than he. No matter how little religion a man may have himself, his ideal wife is always a woman with the purity of soul that only a Christian can have; and to a good man it is usually part of his religion to believe that his wife is morally higher and nobler than himself. No man likes his wife to be his mere echo, but there are times when he wants to be agreed with, when it seems sweet and soothing and sympathetic to feel that his judgment guides her, and that she accepts his estimate of men and things. He will be the more ready to think with her upon other occasions.

In the Sick Room.

Speak in low, cheerful but perfectly distinct tones. If there is anything to be said which the invalid must not hear, go outside of the room to say it, for there is nothing which so irritates the sick person as whispering. A whisper is more penetrating than a full tone, and it rasps every nerve. Do not speak in a loud tone, nor talk about the medicine, the disease or the food. Never tell anything of an exciting nature, and avoid all reference to what is annoying or unpleasant. If there is a jar in the domestic machinery, never let it come to her ears. It will surely trouble her and retard her recovery. It is of the utmost importance that all family troubles or vexations be rigidly excluded from the sick room, and that it be pervaded at all times by an atmosphere of cheerful and restful peace. The one special qualification needed to get on in the sick room is tact. With

A DAINY HOUSE ROBE.



A Dainty House Robe to be Made of Fine French Flannel.

this allied to patience and gentleness, the duties of nurse will be much lightened.

New Handkerchiefs.

Small monograms, embroidered in colored linen thread, ornament the corners of the new handkerchiefs. The hemstitched border is quite narrow and sometimes it is of pink, blue, lilac or red to match the monogram. Colored handkerchiefs with white corners, upon which a colored flower, initial or butterfly or other small design is embroidered in color, are odd and fanciful. A white kerchief with a spray of maidenhair delicately embroidered in one corner is very dainty and effective. As the majority of women never adopt startling novelties in pocket-handkerchiefs any more than they pen notes on brilliant purple or bright red note paper, these fanciful scraps of lawn and hemstitching will probably be given over to the school-girl. The plain white kerchiefs are as daintily simple as usual, edged with lace, hemstitched, and embroidered with small patterns or with a dainty convent-worked monogram.

One of the Latest Styles.

Dull red face cloth with decorative strappings. Renaissance lace over a light shade of blue panne velvet in neck. Chiffon scarf and bow under



chin. Turban shape. Black velvet crown. Black and pale blue velvet folds over brim. Inverted quills caught by two shades of blue satin.

The Way to Handle China.

Good china that has gliding upon it should not be rubbed, as it is liable to remove the tracery. It only requires to be rinsed in warm water, then in cold. It should be left to drain dry. Very occasionally rub this china gently with a little finely powdered whiting and a soft wash leather. Good dessert plates, tea plates and saucers should be put away in the china cupboard, protected by circles of paper placed between each. This preserves the glaze or painting from scratches. It should be noted that the china cupboard is thoroughly dry, as dampness soon tarnishes the gilding on fine china or crockery.

Perfume Bags for Clothing.

The excessive use of cologne is an abomination and by refined people considered a sure sign of vulgarity; but besides the delicious odor of cleanliness a suspicion of some perfume, faint but lasting, is a part of woman's toilet. Many women sew sachet bags in their bodices, sew them around the clothes hooks, and sew them in their corsets, as well as distributing them every-

where in trunks and drawers, and the last has been found the best way. A large mat sachet may fit the bottom of each drawer, with tiny ones scattered all about. It is also a pretty conceit for one to select a certain extract and use it alone. Very many women by experimenting with various perfumes have discovered combinations which they use continually. One such has great merit claimed for it by its discoverer. The ingredients are: One ounce each of cloves, nutmeg and tonga beans, with three ounces of orris root, all very finely powdered and thoroughly well mixed. Put this into bags of thin china silk and lay among the clothing.

Some Household Hints.

Thin and valuable glass can be hardened after this fashion. Tie it around with hay, place over a fire in cold water and allow the water to come to a boil. Then let the glassware remain in the water until it becomes cold again.

One of the best mouse preventives is the foliage of the walnut tree. Even after the foliage has been dried it is said to be effectual in scaring away mice.

Knitting wool can be made a fast color by soaking it in a strong solution of salt and water, taking it out after a few minutes' immersion and hanging to dry in the open air.

To clean sponges thoroughly dissolve a handful of coarse salt in a pint of water. Soak and knead the sponges in this mixture for some little time; then rinse under a water faucet, and they will be as good as new.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

Fruit Tapioca.

Soak six tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca over night with enough cold water to cover it. In the morning add one and one-half pints of boiling water to the tapioca and let it simmer very slowly until the tapioca is quite clear and not at all tough. Take one pound of tart fruit and add to the tapioca with sugar to sweeten to taste and cook a few minutes, till the fruit is done. Serve cold with sugar and cream. It is delicious made with oranges and cherries.

Muffins.

Mix with one pint of flour, after it is sifted, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; stir into this the yolks of three eggs, and a little salt. Then gradually stir in one full pint of cold water and lastly add the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in deep muffin cups, which must be greased and very hot before the mixture is poured in. Only half fill them, as the muffins will rise a great deal. Eat as soon as baked.

Potato Pudding.

Rub through a sieve six large, cold-boiled potatoes; beat well four eggs, and stir into one pint of milk; then stir in the potatoes with sugar and seasoning to taste. Bake in a buttered pudding dish one-half hour. To be eaten hot with butter.

Her Extensive Calling List.

Mrs. Suddenrich—Did you write to the Town Talk Printing company for specimens of their latest visiting cards?

Daughter—Yes, ma; an' they just sent 'em—'bout a hundred of 'em, all sorts and kinds.

What names are on 'em?
Names of all the big bugs in the city.

Put 'em on the parlor table.—Stray Stories.

THE EBON CROSS.

My friend, Robert Thurston, is a man whose real character, and that indicated by his appearance, are as far different as can be imagined. He is the proverbial "black sheep" of the family, and yet, despite all his wildness, he has often been mistaken for a clergyman. Here is the story of one of my nomadic friend's adventures, as related by himself:

I was in Paris. The city and its ways were well known to me, while my circle of acquaintances was not small.

One day, while wandering about the city alone, I came to a standstill at the corner of one of the most fashionable streets. A man passed me who looked very searchingly into my face. In a few minutes he returned, and again favored me with that annoying stare.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but is not this Alaris?"

The man was sincere, and I comprehended that I was mistaken for some other person, but I was about to deny all knowledge when the desire for a little sport overcame my more serious inclinations, and I gravely replied:

"I am so called."

"I thought it must be so," he continued, with an air of satisfaction. "Those black crosses are too uncommon to be seen in large numbers on this corner at the appointed hour."

I bowed slightly. I knew my strange friend referred to the ebon cross that hung over my white shirt bosom, but for all that his words were most mysterious.

"You are nearly an hour before time," continued the unknown, "but if you are ready we will at once proceed to the residence of my master."

"Quite ready," I replied; "lead on." Had you been present, my dear fel-

"Col. de Lisle knew his business," I returned with an emphatic nod.

"Then, monsieur, we will to business at once. As you have, perhaps, learned, my name is M. Jules Levane. I am believed to be very wealthy, but really I am not worth a thousand louis d'ors. Ten years ago I lost nearly my whole fortune by the failure of a scheme in which I had speculated largely. Ruin stared me in the face, I knew not what to do in such a fearful situation. Accustomed from my youth to a life of luxury and ease, and looked upon as a man whom princes dared not slight, the idea of falling was too terrible for contemplation.

"Thus situated, I did what nearly every other man would have done in my situation. I had a ward, given to my charge five years previously, by her dying father, my early friend. This ward was very wealthy, and all her property was under my control. To save myself from ruin I appropriated her fortune that has for ten years kept my head above the tide. Now my ward has reached the age at which her fortune was to be placed conditionally in her hands. Monsieur, what shall I do? Ruin is inevitable if I give up her money."

"Let me hear your plan," said I.

"I have a son, 24 years of age, the heir of my respectability and my poverty. If Louis and Marie were to marry, the fortune would not need to leave my control, and all would be well."

"Then, let them marry."

"Ah, that is the trouble. Marie refuses to wed my son."

I began to comprehend the plot, and resolved to carry out the part I had undertaken.

"Proceed," said I, blindly.

"Did you ever hear of a marriage ceremony being performed where the bride refused to give her consent to the union?" demanded M. Jules Levane, fixing a gaze upon me as though he would read my very thought.



I TOOK THE UNWILLING BRIDE ASIDE.

low, you would, without doubt, have been greatly shocked at the course I was taking; but it just suited me, and I saw before me a prospect of rich pleasure.

So I followed on after my guide, who finally paused before one of the most pretentious mansions of the city, and applied for admission. While we waited for an answer to his summons, I read the name upon the door-plate of the mansion. It was M. Jules Levane.

The servant who answered the bell admitted us without question, and my companion conducted me through several rooms into the library, and then left me with the announcement that he would at once send M. Levane to my presence.

The mystery was deepening. This house, with its magnificence, was such as might well be inhabited by a prince, and I began to fear I had carried my joke too far.

The reflection that it was now too late to retreat caused me to determine to keep up the deception for a time longer, and I heard advancing footsteps with the utmost tranquillity.

A tall, imperious-looking man of about 50 years entered, and, while saluting me, kept his gaze constantly fixed upon me.

"You are the clergyman sent here by Col. de Lisle?" he questioned, abruptly.

"Sent to the corner of — and — streets," I amended, at a venture.

"And you are the gentleman who was directed to answer to the name of Alaris?"

"I am."

"Very good. Did Col. de Lisle inform you as to the nature of the business in hand?"

"He did not," I ventured to affirm.

"Very well; I will make it plain to you. First, however, I presume you are the bold, fearless man Col. de Lisle agreed to send to me—one willing to perform a bold deed for a pecuniary inducement?"

per I left the Levanes, father and son, in raptures, and, with the bag of gold in my pocket, proceeded to the office of the chief of police, where I told my story and demanded justice for the unfortunate ward of M. Jules.

I need not dwell on what followed. Marie Duchane recovered her fortune and soon after married a worthy young man.—New York News.

HAD HEARD OF HIM.

A Naples Landlord Who Mistook Dewey for Buffalo Bill.

Washington Post: In connection with the visit of Admiral Dewey to Naples, an amusing story is told. It is highly illustrative of the dense ignorance of the Neapolitans as to current events in other parts of the world. It seems that the inhabitants of that beautiful but sleepy city were not aware of the presence of their distinguished guest, although the Italian journals in other cities had contained great accounts of the exploits of the American naval commander. The English and American colonies were very profuse in their display of the stars and stripes, and the newspapers of that city might have been aware, had they not slumbered, that an American of some distinction was about to honor the burg with a visit. It was not until the day after the admiral's landing, however, that the Naples press awoke to the importance of their guest. Even then, instead of announcing the fact with adequate headlines, the mention was wedged in, with ordinary type, between the police news and the daily reports on the spaghetti output. A well-known English broker, who was putting up at one of the best infested hotels of the city, was very desirous of paying his respects to Dewey as soon as he should arrive.

The broker, who butchers the dulcet Italian in frightful style, undertook to question his oily and garrulous landlord about the hero of Manila. "Corpo di Dio!" exclaimed the boniface, as he thrust his thumbs into his velvet waistcoat. "I hear speak of decco Americano; I hear one big shoe—what you call him—chow? Ze Vilda Vesta expositione—I see heem. Ho ride cowboy in Roma two, three years ago." The moral being obvious, no comment is necessary.

A Battle-Scarred Heroine.

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated, relates the Washington Post. The young woman, of course, walks with the aid of crutches. She is not in the least sensitive about the matter, and she doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident which maimed her. She has set a little limit, however, and she was compelled to use it one afternoon recently. She got into an F street car, bound for the hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-faced woman, who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her. "D'ye mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, rasply. "Not in the least," responded the young woman, amiably. "I lost it in the battle of Gettysburg."

Speed of an Automobile.

The greatest speed of a motor-car yet recorded is nearly sixty-six miles an hour. A Belgian inventor, M. Camille Jenatton, in April this year determined, if possible, to break the kilometer record of 38 3-5 seconds made by Count de Chasseloup Laubat. The course was a perfectly straight and level road running through the new sewage farm lying off the highway between Saint-Germain and Constance. The car which Jenatton rode was the "Jamais Contente," which is built of sheet-iron, and is torpedo-shaped so as to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible. The first kilometer was ridden in 47 4-5 seconds, and the second in 34 seconds, which is equivalent to 105.82 kilometers (65 miles 1,404 yards) in the hour. "La Jamais Contente" is not even yet satisfied, for Jenatton thinks that he will be able to do the flying kilometer at the rate of about 120 kilometers, or about 75 miles an hour.

An Unfortunate Blunder.

New York Weekly: Mrs. D'Avnoo—Oh, the awfullest thing has happened! Clara de Style, who never could deign to look at any one in trade, has just discovered that the man she has married is a dry goods clerk. Mrs. D'Fashion—Horrors! I should think she might have found him out by his talk. Mrs. D'Avnoo—That's just how the poor girl was deceived. He never seemed to know anything about anything, and she supposed, of course, he was a millionaire's son.

Almost a Suicide.

New York Journal: Biggs—I nearly killed my barber this morning. Boggs—Judging from the appearance of your face I should say he nearly killed you. Biggs—It amounts to the same thing. I shave myself.

Crushed Him.

Indianapolis Journal: The Shoe Clerk—Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a number five shoe you want, instead of a number three. She—Number five! You must be thinking of the size of your hat.

Self-admiration is ample proof that there is no accounting for tastes.