

nuded. Secretary Wilson will be the only member of the cabinet, after the retirement of Mr. Hitchcock in March, not of President Roosevelt's original choosing. He was placed at the head of the department of agriculture by President McKinley, and if he should retain the position to the close of President Roosevelt's administration, he would break the record for continuous service in the cabinet, not even excepting Albert Gallatin.

L. W. THAVIS.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ART

HER SECRET OF BEING CHIC IN DRESS AND FIGURE.

Housework and Diet Keep French Woman's Figure Trim—Makes a Friend of Her Mirror.

New York Sun: "The American woman is not chic," said a physical culturist and beauty lecturer, "and she never will be until she learns the arts of the French woman.

"There never were so many pretty American women as now. The girls are tall and fair and the women are voluptuous and blooming. All wear costly dress.

"When it comes to being chic, however, they are not in it. A thousand times I have been asked: 'How can I be chic?' and I hardly know what to say.

"One of the principal reasons why the French woman is chic is her underwear. It is always dainty to the last degree.

"There is a subtle something by which you can tell it. It may be only the suspicion of a rustle; it may be only a chance display of lace; it may be just the merest suggestion of lingerie, but you get the idea that there is more daintiness than shows upon the surface.

"The American girl wears expensive enough lingerie, but she seldom makes it chic. There is something lacking.

"She may lift up her skirt and show an all silk petticoat, but it is not a petticoat that bewitches. It is merely a piece of silk. The French woman, if she were to lift her skirt, would bewitch you.

"The explanation is this: The French woman never makes a mistake. In taste she is superb.

"If her skirt is a French pink you may be sure that her shoe heels are French heels and her stockings pretty stockings. She never mixes things up.

"The English girl, on the other hand, is quite pathetic in her combinations. Under a petticoat of charming hue and irreproachable style she will display boots that are uncompromisingly masculine.

"The American girl, charming as she is, has a great deal to learn of the

French woman. One thing is how not to get fat, for one explanation of the chic of the French woman is that she is thin.

"It is said that the French woman is naturally lean and that she keeps her figure by simply doing nothing at all. Yet this is not wholly so. She diets and she exercises in her own way.

"The French woman would hardly go to a gymnasium mornings, for it is too much like hard work; but she exercises in other ways.

"She does her own housework and glories in it. She is not lazy. True, she does not go into the kitchen and polish the brass kettles, but she does a deal of work around the house.

"From cleaning out the fireplace and setting the fires—an occupation which her dainty hands are not wholly above—to buying the meat for dinner, she is always occupied.

"The American woman does not like to market, and she despises the grocer. She dislikes the details of her household and she abhors light housework.

"There is, then, nothing left for her but the gymnasium, and she must take to it to keep her figure.

"The French woman has a little waist, and she keeps it small by her diet. She eats very little that she does not want to eat.

"The American woman cannot resist the temptation to eat. She passes from soup to fish, from entree to roast, from this to salad, and so on all the way along to dessert, without refusing anything. The French woman never does that. She eats in moderation.

"The French woman sits down and eats long, if not heartily. Her drink is a little weak red wine, and she partakes of a meat, a salad and a little coffee. Very seldom does she eat anything more. It is this dieting that keeps her thin.

"The American woman is apt to have a pretty figure at the start. At the age of thirty her waist line begins to thicken, and by the time she is forty, it is gone. At fifty it is so wide and so high that you would not recognize it as a belt line.

"The French woman, at least those of her nationality who aim at good form, never gets stout. And, if stout, she learns what to wear. She has the art of looking chic, no matter how fat she may grow. But the American woman—never.

"The fat American woman puts on a white shirtwaist. She divides her skirt from her waist with a belt which cuts her in two and makes her look short and she wears a skirt that is dumpty in its line.

"The stout American woman revels in satin although it may make her look twice as big as she is. You will not find a French woman—should she ever be so unfortunate as to become stout—in a satin gown with her shoulders shining and jet twinkling from every pillow-like curve.

"The French woman studies her mirror. The American woman never does this.

"The French woman has a pier glass the length of herself, no matter how poor she may be. The glass may be a bare affair draped with mosquito netting and hung in a corner, but it is a looking glass just the same, and it is kept where she can see herself in it as others see her.

"The American woman does not believe in mirrors. She has one, it is true; and after she is dressed she takes a sweeping glance into it.

"But she does not treat it as a companion and guide. It is merely used for consultation and for effect.

"The French woman dresses in front of her glass. She gazes and gazes, and she never puts on even so small a thing as a bow of ribbon without first asking the glass if it is becoming.

"The American woman, on the contrary, seldom looks in the mirror. She puts on her bows, she pins on her laces, she clasps her bracelets upon her arms and adjusts her pins with only a passing glance.

"When all is completed she looks in the glass. If it is not right she jerks off a bow or two. The real reason for the poor effect escapes her. It is that she has not dressed with sufficient care and has failed to ask her friend the mirror a sufficient number of questions.

"The French woman loves to wear trying styles simply because she knows that she can do so. She is the only woman in the world that can wear difficult things. Other women are not built for princess gowns and for effective empire costumes.

"An English physical culturist has invented what he calls Empire exercises. He took them to Paris, but he found that the women there did not need them.

"The women in other lands do need them, though. They are for the reduction of the belt line and they are said to be very effective.

"The Empire exercises are simple enough. Put on a loose dress. Step forward and sink upon one knee. Regain your position and step forward with the other foot and sink upon the other knee.

"One foot goes forward and the other knee bends. That is the way to do it. Keep on until you are pretty well tired out.

"The next exercise consists in bending from side to side. This is hard enough and a strain on the muscles; but one can take hold of a chair by way of assistance and not bend too far either way. The idea is to bend the body until it feels supple. The more one bends in moderation the better.

"The neck must be small if one is going to get the Empire figure. The French woman always insists on having a little throat and little ankles.

"The exercises for the redemption of the throat are pretty. The head is thrown back and the throat is exercised.

"The head is thrown back upon the arms and rested there. Then it is lifted and rested again. Then it is thrown back again. This is a very easy exercise.

"The French woman is too economical to spend much upon her gown. Her money goes upon her home and upon her dogs, upon her church and her household, and into her savings; but when she does buy a gown she makes the most of it.

"She gets a cheap and becoming dress

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and puts it on slowly and carefully. When she is gowned she looks as if her dress was built for her, it is so perfect.

"The American woman will be nearer to being chic when she learns to keep her figure down. Until then she had better stick to something plain.

"As soon as she realizes the importance of the waist line, then she can branch out into the glories of the Empire and the svelte delights of the princess; but not before."

Raisuli, the Brigand

London Times: Just as the whole Morocco question has lately become centralized in events at Tangier, so the Tangier question has during the last few days become essentially a question of Raisuli. What will be the end of the famous brigand? In a week's time the Shereefian troops will have arrived, and we may know; but today all is speculation. Will he remain at Zinat and fight; will he fly to the mountains; will he attempt to compromise with the sultan; will he meanwhile carry off another European from Tangier? Every one has his own reply, but no one knows. "The spider is weaving its web round the fly," said a Moor to the writer today, "but the fly is strong, and the spider, though large, feeble. The fly may break the web and throttle the spider." It is possible, but not likely. The presence of the coming troops will deter Raisuli's followers from being too courageous. They are cowards, these mountain Moors, and their villages burn very easily, and the sultan's troops have horses and the country is open, Raisuli, it is true, states that he will show fight, but he cannot show fight if his people desert him, and he trusts no one.

The situation is certainly one of great interest, and is perhaps, too, a little sad, for Raisuli, after all, has his good qualities, and there are many who would willingly see him escape the fate that must be in store for him if he falls into the sultan's clutches. He may possibly deserve to die, tortured in a dungeon, for he has tortured and killed others in his time, but one cannot help hoping that it will not be the case. After all, he has been very little more than a robber, and very little crueller, than any other Moorish official, but he has had this misfortune—that his scene of action has lain in the proximity of a town where there are many Europeans. Anywhere else in Morocco he would have been considered a strong and successful governor, but the temptations which contact with Europeans held out to him have been his ruin. For him treaties have never existed, and do not exist today, and twice he has saved his life probably, and certainly his liberty, by acts of brigandage. But Mr. Perdicaris forgave him long ago, and personally the writer bears him no grudge for three weeks of captivity. After all, if the sultan or his vizier had ever possessed half of Raisuli's vitality, Raisuli himself would never have existed. His period of governorship has not been entirely bad. He has opened up the trade routes and been able to guarantee a certain security in his jurisdiction. He has acted according to his lights, and if his lights have been of an exasperating nature it is no reason he should be tortured to death. To fall fighting would be a better end—but all is speculation at present.

Mulai Ahmed ben Mohammed er-Raisuli is a man of about forty years of age. He is by birth sprung from one of the most aristocratic families in Morocco and is a Shereef, or direct descendant of the prophet, through Mulai Idris, who founded the Mahomedian empire of Morocco and was the first sovereign of the Idrisite dynasty. The children of Mulai Idris were established in various parts of the country, and it is from Mulai Abd-es-Salam, whose tomb in the Beni Arros tribe is a place of great sanctity, that the famous brigand is directly descended, his family, and he himself, still holding a share in the lands, the rights and the privileges which were enjoyed by their renowned ancestor. A branch of the family settled in Tetuan, where a fine mosque forms a mausoleum for his more recent ancestors and it venerated as a place of pilgrimage.

Possibly it was this holy ancestry that turned Raisuli from the paths of virtue, for after having received an

excellent education in religion and religious law at Tetuan he took to the adventurous, lucrative, and in Morocco by no means despised, profession of a cattle robber. It is a risky business and requires courage. You may just as likely be shot yourself as shoot any one else, but prestige tells in favor of the head of the band, and a reign of terror of the young Raisuli ensued. He became celebrated. He was a youth of great courage, of the most prepossessing looks, and he and his followers earned money easily and fast, and spent it still faster. But cattle robberies led to other crimes. Murders followed, and it must be confessed that Raisuli's hands are none too clean in that respect, but murder in Morocco cannot be classed with murder in England. Life is cheap and the dead are soon forgotten. By nature he was, and is, cruel, and the profession he had adopted gave him unlimited scope to exhibit his cruelty. On one occasion a Shereef who had married his sister proposed, according to Moslem custom, to take a second wife. Raisuli's sister, enraged, fled to her brother and complained. Nothing occurred till the night of the new marriage, when at the height of the festivities Raisuli and his men entered his brother-in-law's house and put to death the young bride and her mother.

At length his acts became insupportable. The whole country round lived in terror of his raids. The late sultan ordered his arrest. His greatest friend betrayed him; he was seized and sent to prison in the dreaded dungeons of Mogador. When, three years ago, I was Raisuli's prisoner at Zinat he narrated more than once to me the history of those four or five years spent in prison. He showed me the marks of the chains on his ankles, wrists, and neck; he told me of a file in a loaf of bread; of five months' patient work at night; and of a long delayed flight. He escaped; but for a very few hours He did not know his way about the town, and he had forgotten that the chains would almost prevent his walking. He entered a street that had no outlet and was recaptured. Fresh chains were heaped upon him, and it was not till two years later that he was released on the petition of Haj Mohammed Torres, the sultan's representative at Tangier. He came back to his home meaning to live a quiet and peaceful life, but he found that his friend who had betrayed him had become governor of Tangier, and confiscated all his property. He applied for its return, but could not obtain it. He threatened, but they laughed at him—and then he took to his old profession again and became a brigand.

It was at this period that I first met him. I was camping on a shooting expedition near Arzella when he and his men paid me a visit and spent the night at my camp. I confess that his personality was almost fascinating. Tall, remarkably handsome, with the whitest of skins, a short dark beard and moustache, and black eyes with profile Greek rather than Semite, and eyebrows that formed a straight line across his forehead, Mulai Ahmed er-Raisuli was a typical and ideal bandit. His manner was quiet, his voice soft and low, and his expression particu-

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