



A WOMAN'S POWER.

MAN rebels against the faintest hint of coercion. As soon as his chains begin to gall he frets and longs for freedom.

Marriage a serious vocation. "A woman who is blessed with good sense does not consider at the start that marriage is a role to be skillfully and successfully enacted, or a grand frolic of which she is to be the admired and indulged center, or a mere incident in a life crowded with other activities."

The Care of the Hands.

The hands should be washed in warm water, not hot water, and, if possible, in soft water. After washing they should be dried very thoroughly in bran or oatmeal, and great care taken that the nails are most thoroughly dry.

After the hands are washed the second time to remove the polish the nails should be rubbed briskly, either with a piece of chamois, a nail polisher, or by rubbing them again with the palm of the hand.

Art of Washing Ribbons.

The girl who goes in heavily for light-colored neck ribbons finds herself in a perpetual state of poverty. But this is unnecessary if one but knows the art of washing ribbons.

Texts for the Young Wife. There are scores of texts upon which the young wife will do well to heed exhortation—keeping herself beautiful and young and her household cheerful, orderly and exquisitely clean.

Advice About the Eyes. A clever woman who knows what she is talking about has this to say on the subject of eyes: Never rub your eyes, nor allow your children to do so from their infancy.

covered with a pattern. So eschew veils when you can, or wear the softest, clearest net when obliged to do so. Never read in bed or when lying on the sofa.

Nature's Sweet Restorer.

Do we lose time when we sleep? Or is it not the wiser economy to take as much as we need? Here is expert testimony on the subject: In reply to the question, "Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day, to do more work?"

For Pimples on the Face.

Bathe face in a lotion composed of weak solution of borax and warm water at night. Use very warm water on the face, then dry and rub into the pores an ointment made of flower of sulphur and lard.

The Model Hostess.

Even though a guest or maid inadvertently breaks a bit of china which can never be replaced, the hostess must smile on as though the loss of the entire set would but emphasize the pleasure of the evening.

Notes of Interest.

Try lemon juice to remove stains on the nails. It must be well rinsed off afterward, and the fingers carefully dried.

Sweet almond oil alone agrees excellently with some skins. Try it for a day or two. Nearly every skin requires different treatment, and the only plan is to experiment.

Fruit stains are often difficult to remove, especially when much fruit has to be picked by hand. Oxalic acid diluted will be found most useful, and should be used as soon as the stains appear.

To make the neatest possible darn of a rent in a black woolen garment, use the finest, softest darning cotton—the stocking kind. It is much more satisfactory than silk in that it merges itself into the fuzzy fiber of the goods and has no tell-tale gleam.

Nothing is better for swallow complexions than bathing in elder flower water. At night this should be allowed to dry on the skin. In the morning wash the face in the usual way, bathe with the elder flower lotion for a few minutes, wipe with a soft towel, and finish off with a soft clean chamois leather.

New corsets are shorter and not nearly so stiff as in the past. Steel springs are no longer used, the "body" being furnished by some equally strong but more flexible filling.

Now that sleeves are worn so very short gloves must necessarily be a good deal longer, and it would seem that they have been brought out in many new colors, and for the time

TRIMMING THE BACK.

A MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE LATEST GOWNS.

The Straight Line Front—Round Waists Require Distinctly Modish Skirts—Very Swell Coat for a Tailor Made Suit—New Thing in Mohair.

New York correspondence:

BE sure you are all right in the back these days, and all right you are. Indeed, the most important part of many costumes seems now to be the back.

effect upon backs. That most popular of all overskirt arrangements, the apron, is one type wherein the management of the back of the dress is more important than the front.

of wearing a last season's garment. Even the coat that goes with her tailor rig will announce itself as new, and by means of elaborations that heretofore have been unusual in tailormade accessories.

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REPRESENTATIVES OF THREE DISTINCT BODICE TYPES.

bine and continue the trimmings below the belt. Beneath these chiffon portions was the flowered grenadine, but in the yoke the silk was underneath, and the sleeves were without lining.

Another cause for rearward elaboration is a very recent but decided fancy for accomplishing an almost straight line from the bust curve down to below the waist, the line being very much like that produced by the old-time Elizabethan long stay.

Silk and cloth are being combined in many of the pretty spring dresses, and silks of daintiest effects are chosen. Wool challoes are also used with saris, and wash silks are combined with wash cottons in costumes of almost tailor effects.



THIS IS NEW IN MOHAIR.

the almost inevitable light shades. Dark blue silk of just the right shade showed when effect, and the very pretty collar, with side tabs which women absolutely refuse to give up, was silk to match.

Though this straightness has taken a great hold, both with high-class designers and with exquisite dressers, it doesn't exclude other arrangements. That is fortunate, too, for it isn't suited to everyone.

too, in having a round waist to be sure that the skirt is distinctly modish, and that some little accessory selected from the reasonable novelties is added.



A SKIRT TO COPY.

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Contracts made on Sunday may be enforced in Minnesota, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of that State.

Frogs are eaten the world over.

Caught in a Storm.

THERE are some advantages," said Ronald meditatively, "in being a cousin, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat opposite him. All about them was deep blue serenity—on one hand stretching away to meet in a line with a fainter azure, on the other merging distantly into long shining masses of greenish brown rocks, with ragged cliffs towering above them.

"But on the whole, Angelica," added Ronald, deliberately, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected with you."

"Ronald!" she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flattering."

"I dare say; but I am not 'most people.' I stand alone."

"I thought you were sitting down," interrupted Angelica. (She certainly was provoking to-day.) And I wasn't aware that you were alone. But perhaps I don't count."

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You do count, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered, politely. "You see they all say that or something equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbled in the water with her hand.

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same, I have thought lately"—he paused and then added: "Do you remember last week at Cowes?"

"Yes," said Angelica, radiantly. "On that afternoon—I don't mind telling you, Ronald—I very seriously considered falling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added, quite hastily; "I considered, and after due deliberation, decided—"

"Well, Nan?"

"Not to fall in love with any one at all."

"You mean—"

"Ronald, if you don't row how can I steer? We don't want to be swamped. Love is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. I confess I don't quite see how—"

"Well, it doesn't always go with other things."

"But is it not worth more than—other things?"

"Ronald," replied Angelica, somewhat irrelevantly, "have you any idea of the price of a Paris hat?"

"The left rope again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat? I—well, I have heard that they're something ridiculous."

"They are—absolutely ridiculous. That fact alone," said Angelica, solemnly, "is enough to make any thought of love impossible and wicked."

"Except for any one with a heart, with a soul, composed in fact of anything but shallowness and vanity?"

"My dear boy, if you go on," she said, encouragingly, "you will in time make the accomplished flatterer of the age."

"You might help me," she said, plaintively, tugging at the rope.

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them over an uneasy, ruffled sea.

"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home," she exclaimed, petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Oh, don't say it was lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh, listen!"

There was a subdued roar in the distance, now gathering ominously.

"Ronald, was that thunder?" said Angelica waveringly.

"There is generally thunder when it lightens," he answered, with bitter sarcasm.

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from home or shelter of any kind."

"I am aware of that."

She gave a pathetic little gulp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh-h! There's another flash! Ronald, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned, roughly.

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose I—ah!"

Crash, rattle, rattle, bang! C-r-a-c-k! "Put that over you," said Ronald,

sternly, wrapping her in his mackintosh coat.

"But it doesn't rain, and that makes it much more dangerous, d—doesn't it, Ronald?"

"Much more," he answered, mercifully.

"Oh, how can you be so heartless and cruel?" she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that—"

"And women never, of course," put in Ronald, with quiet irony.

"Oh, don't—don't be so hard! I know I'm a wicked girl, and this is to punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up the heavens, and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald! (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me! Oh, let us die together! I love you, oh, you know I do! Don't look at me so coldly; forgive me, oh, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelica hid her face in the cushions and sobbed.

"I can better bear to die with you, dear, than to live without you," said Ronald, tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and it did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"What's that awful light?" moaned Angelica.

"Look, dear. It's the sun."

"The sun!" she started up in consternation. "It can't be, Ronald (indignant). Do you mean to tell me the storm is over?"

"I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Only I thought—" laughingly—perhaps now, Mr. Grant, you will take me home?"

"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan. They'll be surprised, won't they, at our news?"

"News? What—what do you mean?" gasped Angelica.

"I think you know." There was no mistake about this smile now.

"Ronald," she said pathetically, "now you're not going to be tiresome."

"Nan," he answered gravely, "I do hope not, but, of course, a lifetime is a severe test."

"You know it was only because I was frightened. It's a mean advantage—it's ungentlemanly"—her voice died away weakly.

Ronald provokingly—"Are you quite sure you didn't mean all you said?"

Angelica, tearfully—"It's absurd! Mamma will be so angry."—Chicago Herald.

Outwitted His Sharp-Tongued Wife. An Englishman of Lynton had the misfortune to live in a continuous quarrel with his wife, who was a modern Xantippe, and threatened, in case she survived him, to dance over his grave. It was her lot to outlive him, but it was not so easy to carry out her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will requiring his body to be buried in the sea near his residence and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.

It takes a woman as long to select a seat at the theater as it does for the average man to pick out a new suit of clothes.