

WOMEN AND HOME

BEST TO HAVE HIGH IDEALS.

THE polishing process is not always fortunate for the object experimented upon. Pure silver can be worn thin as paper, and show true metal all the way through; but the plated article must be handled carefully, and so must coarse souls, for their basis is brass. Nothing destroys freshness and purity of heart like daily contact with a sordid nature, says the Buffalo Enquirer, especially if this be one to whom bound by ties of affection. Between those who are continually together there can be no compromise in relation. There must either be contempt for sympathy, and how rare to find sympathy!

Art is the one idol whom the lover never charges with his own imperfections. Every intimacy between man and woman has its disillusion and humiliations; upon the shoulders of the other each lays the burden of the fault. But he who is enamored of an art suffers only from self-betrayals. Unconsciously perfect, it commands eternal devotion. Selfish persons do not begin their career by resolving to please only themselves, but by finding some apparently valid excuse for ignoring the welfare of others. False premises, like earthworms, attract the gaze which is lowered from heights of beauty and generally to the mire upturned by the wanderer's own feet; and to the mind which once gives itself over to specious reasoning there will obtrude a thousand proofs of the baseness of associates to one suggestion of personal reproof.

Women Lawyers.

In refusing to enroll the name of Miss Sobrati, a distinguished English law graduate, upon the list of lawyers admitted to practice, the High Court of India is behind other English colonies. In New South Wales, and even in Cape Colony, there are several women barristers. The idea that women as lawyers is a new notion is an error. As long ago as 1648 Margaret Brent, of Maryland, was duly licensed to practice in the courts of her State. Another instance to prove that the woman lawyer is not a product of the nineteenth century is that in 1457 Cassandra Fidells, then only 22 years of age, was a professor of law in the University of Padua. She is supposed to have suggested Portia to Shakespeare. The first woman admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of the United States was Belva A. Lockwood.

Decree Against Corsets.

The Minister of Education in Saxony has just issued an order that all girls and young women attending the public schools and colleges shall discard corsets and stays. The preponderance of public opinion in Saxony favors the decree, but the girls affected and their mothers are protesting vigorously.

Recent and vigorous agitation of the subject in the press and in the lectures given by professors in medical schools is responsible for the Minister's order. Tight lacing has been denounced unanimously by the physicians of Dresden and other large towns because of its effect on the health and of its increasing prevalence, even little girls indulging in the practice.

Women's Pages by Men.

Mrs. William A. White, of Emporia, Kan., made a great hit at the State meeting of clubs recently by an amusing paper on woman's pages written by men, and which invariably contain references to "a bright and cheery smile." The smile is the only help the writing man gives when the jell won't jell, the roast burns, and cream sours and the ice melts. Then there is the economical-minded man, who tells how to make a \$20 hat out of 33 cents' worth of chiffon, seven cents' worth of violets and a silver buckle from grandfather's old shoe. He has no help for the woman whose grandfather wore cowhide boots.

Culture Best Acquired at Home.

There is a mistaken idea of culture prevalent. Culture does not mean merely committing to memory a great number of facts out of text-books, but it does mean a careful and thoughtful assimilation of every bit of knowledge that comes our way for the purpose of making ourselves more intelligent, more noble, more helpful human beings, and where can be found a better school for the development of these attributes than in a wisely and properly conducted home?—Ladies' Home Journal.

Economizing Nervous Force.

The lady principal of a normal school gave excellent advice to a class of young women who were receiving their diplomas, when she recommended them strongly to room alone. Nervous prostration is not common in England, and there is a good reason for it. Americans are apt to smile at the well-known reserve of the English; but our cousins

over the sea are wiser in their generation than we take them to be, for in "shutting themselves up" they save themselves from many of the indiscriminate filchings of vitality which we pay so dearly for exposing ourselves to. A celebrated physician ascribes much of the waste of nervous force which is characteristic of Americans to our over-sociality. We respond so quickly to any sort of companionship that only by occasionally isolating ourselves can we shut off the nervous drain. No occupation absorbs more vitality than that of a teacher, and it is imperative that she should have perfectly quiet hours in which to recuperate.

She Admires Dewey.

This is a picture of Miss Marie Powers, Decatur, Ill., school girl. Her photograph stands on Admiral Dewey's dressing case in the Admiral's cabin on board the Olympia. "Every morning when I shave I look at the picture, instead of in the mirror," the Admiral told E. W. Hardin, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch correspondent. "I have already cut myself three times while looking at her, and expect she will be the death of me yet." The Admiral sent Miss Powers a big brass button from his uniform coat. She wears it constantly attached to a long gold chain. They knew nothing of each other until after the battle of Manila, when she wrote a school girl's letter of congratulation to the nation's hero. She sent her photograph and won the great, silent, fighting man's warm admiration and a photograph with his autograph.



MISS POWERS.

Rules for Beautifying Complexion.

Here are a few rules given by the celebrated French dermatologist, M. Felix Chaleux, for a clear, beautiful complexion and perfect health:

- Don't drink tea or coffee.
- Drink pure water.
- Eat grapes, apples, raisins and figs.
- Eat a few salted almonds daily.
- Don't eat much animal food.
- An egg or two a day, soft boiled, instead of meat.
- Eat an orange every day or so.
- Walk two or three miles a day.
- Bathe the whole body daily in tepid water.
- Don't fret, don't worry; be calm and quiet.
- Follow the above, you will be perfectly strong, healthy, beautiful and live to great age.

Symptoms of Over Exertion.

An eminent German physician declares that as long as a bicyclist, after a long tour, has a good appetite, does not feel a desire to go to sleep at once, and is not annoyed by heavy dreams on the night following, he may consider that he has not made too great a demand on his physical resources.



WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

It begins to look as if the shirt waist had settled down into an inseparable part of our national dress. Fortunately, it is becoming to the majority of women—the degree depending largely on the fit of the waist. It is usually supposed that a shirt waist is a very difficult thing to make, but it is a fact that many women that look the best in them are wearing waists that they themselves have made. It is a "fussy" job, but the reward is worth the painstaking trouble. Some of the handsomest waists are made with a round yoke that is finished with a half-inch insert. Small pearl buttons are largely supplanting studs for the front. Pique stocks with ties to match are the latest in neck dressings.

A pinkish white organdie is sprigged with sprays of bright pink blossoms, buds and leaves. Satin striped organdies prevail in these first exhibits, with single flowers scattered over the striped surface. A pale blue ground, with bright blue stripes, is sprigged with red. These goods illustrate fairly well the new spring shades and their great variety of tones. There are six tones in gendarme blue, from a pretty goblin tint to a deep dark one. Then there are the forget-me-not blues and several turquoise shades with greenish tints. Orient yellow is a smart color, as well as two or three other yellows under different names, though but slightly different in shade. A deep orange with a reddish tinge is known as Klondike. Reddish yellows and orange yellows bid fair to be popular.

Some persons are so perverse that they do not enjoy strawberries when they come within their purse range.

HEAVY ON THE PURSE

SUMMER COSTUMING CALLS FOR LARGE OUTLAY.

Insistent Demand for Novelty and Variety Is the Cause—Little Uniformity in Making Up at Present—Up-to-Date Summer Girl's.

New York correspondents:

EW standards that bring an insistent demand for variety are putting stylish women to big outlay for summer dresses. Naturally, too, women who are forever imitating fashionables to the limit of their purses find that sort of copying more difficult and costly than usual. As summer approaches the demand for variety is strongest in wash dresses of tailor finish. One beruffled and gauzy dress will serve far better than will only one tailor rig. Consequently even the women who have to govern their plans closely according to their means are reinforcing their stocks of tailor suits. Denim, crash or linen, and duck or pique constitute the usual range of goods, though white linen runs duck and pique hard.

As to the method of making, there is as little uniformity as possible. Because of the high value put on novelties, there is a fine showing of them, most of them ingenious, and what is more, tasteful. The accompanying pictures are eloquent of faithful endeavor on the part of designers, and are fairly representative of the best that is new in simple summer gowns. Each is described in the goods in which it was sketched, but most of them may be



FOR THE UP-TO-DATE SUMMER GIRL.

reproduced in any of the mentioned stuffs. The first model was in white linen. The material was carefully shrunk first, and then the gown was sponged after making so that the last shrinking was part of it. This is a trick long practiced by high priced dressmakers and tailors for their fine cloth gowns. The gown was finished by stitching in white silk. The jacket went over a fitted waistcoat, under which was worn a loose white silk shirt.

Cotton covers are much used for the wash tailormades, and small wonder, so attractive are they in appearance and price. The new name sounds a little better than the old one of denim, though the two mean practically the same thing, the new weave being, perhaps, a bit finer. The second of these gowns was in heavy blue cotton covert. It was stitched with white and was made with all the care and exactness that would be bestowed on cloth. Its jacket was especially clever as a compromise with the sheath back. Such a jacket may be made to go with every propriety over a white duck skirt and bodice. In this case the jacket was a bodice, which was proved by the close sleeves. Away with economy! A front of white was set in.

The shirt waist costume appeared a season or so ago and scored an instant success. Such are to be much worn this season, and the newest ones are considerably elaborated when compared with the originals. Of course, the perfectly severe shirt waist, with linen stock and scarf to match the waist, is to be worn with a severe skirt to match, but some of these suits go away beyond such simplicity. One of the up-to-date sort is sketched. It was in polka dot pique, white ground and red dots. This was made up with an over-dress of heavy white lawn, and the shirt waist of lawn with finishings of the dot and stuff. A linen collar and scarf completed the rig. It seems an odd combination of materials, but dressmakers are using cloth bands for trimming taffeta dresses, and odd combinations are the rule.

By the latter combination dresses of summer silk are made to look a bit as if the tailor had his hand in them. The last of these three dresses was of this sort, the goods being an India silk of raged-robin blue ground figured with blue, a very recent combination of color. It was trimmed elaborately with bands of blue cloth stitched with black. One may not like the idea, but if she carry it out she may be sure that no one will suspect her of a last year's gown. In this bodice there was a very elaborate management of the shield or straight front idea. It is much more difficult to accomplish this flat front in wash goods than in elastic cloth, but makers are trying to compromise. A wash silk dress is a wise provision. It will not soil as quickly as do cotton and linen goods—indeed, one can wear a dress of

silk all season, having it renovated at the cleanser's for the following summer. Then they are cool, pretty and do not "muss" and wrinkle as cottons do. Copyright, 1896.

Why Cervera Delayed His Rush.

Rear Admiral Schley, at a reception recently, in commenting on the great sea-fight off Santiago, called attention to a singular coincidence that marked the Saturday night before Cervera's fatal sortie, and that sealed the doom of his fleet. It was Cervera's intention to attempt an escape in the darkness of night. When almost ready to give the starting order, the black sky at the entrance to the harbor was suddenly lit up by the burning of a Spanish blockhouse by some adventurous Cubans. As the light of this died down, that of another loomed up, and the rise and fall of light was continued till six blockhouses had been burned. The unusual spectacle attracted the attention of every man on the American fleet, but no one knew its import.

To Admiral Cervera the successive flames had a startling meaning, for he interpreted them to be a signal from the Cubans to the American fleet that the Spaniards had six vessels in the harbor. Acting on this, he decided to postpone the attempt to escape till the next morning. Had he not changed his mind, he would have found the American fleet as fully prepared for him on Saturday night as it was on Sunday morning, owing to the mysterious lights beyond the Morro.

Mr. Gregory's Wit.

Isaac M. Gregory is the only one of the famous newspaper humorists of a quarter of a century ago who is in active harness. He is and has been for many years the editor of Judge. One of Mr. Gregory's most brilliant jests was written twenty odd years ago in reply to a statement made by Mr. Le Duc, who was our last Commissioner of Agriculture. Le Duc had quarreled with the press, and some one asked him why he didn't reply in kind. "Non-



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sense," he returned; "I shall wear no jackass' scalp at my belt." To this Mr. Gregory promptly retorted: "Oh, no, old fellow, you'll wear it where it grew!" This ended the controversy.

The Queen Her Guest.

Madame Albani-Gye is one of the few American women whom Queen Victoria occasionally visits. Mar Lodge is her home in the Scottish Highlands, and there she entertained the Queen last year. Madame Albani was born near Montreal, and adopted her name in honor of the city of Albany, whose people had been kind to her in the early days of her career. The Queen is so fond of Albani's singing that on one occasion in Mar Lodge she compelled the artist to repeat her favorite song (Tennyson's ode on the opening of the Colonial Exhibition in 1869) five times.

Mr. Harriman's Boys' Club.

The new President of the Chicago and Alton Railway system is a slender, thoughtful, retiring man of less than medium height and the softest imaginable speech. He is E. H. Harriman, one of the most successful of New York's millionaire railway financiers. He has one fad of which the public at large knows little. He is the President of the Boys' Club, the oldest institution of the sort, and the largest, in the world. It is in the heart of the East Side, and is designed to make it pleasant for street waifs. It is expected that a splendid new building will be erected for its use this year.

Mrs. McKinley's Correspondence.

It is not all pleasure to be the wife of a President of the United States. Mrs. McKinley receives about 200 letters a day, all of which she feels bound to glance at, if not read entirely, and very many of which she is compelled by circumstances to answer.

Justice Field as a Collector.

The late Justice Stephen J. Field is said to have possessed one of the finest collections of old prints in this country. His taste ran in the line of pictures of places. His portfolios were a liberal education in the history of Washington and California.

Well Grounded Dislike.

Mrs. Slindlet—You don't seem to like rice very well, Mr. Peck.
Henry Peck—It is associated with one of the most distressing mistakes I was ever guilty of.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Buzs, Etc., Etc.

When the war began Belle Boyd, of "Stonewall" Jackson and Shenandoah Valley fame, better known as "the rebel spy," was "sweet 16." She was born in Martinsburg, Va., in May, 1844, and is descended from revolutionary ancestors. Being on the frontier that divided the two opposing armies and sentiments, the latent fires of her nature were awakened by the fierce storm that raged around her. She was educated at Mount Washington female college, near Baltimore. While at home on a vacation in the fall of 1859 the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry took place, and on account of the excitement caused by this, the country around her home was filled with soldiers during the entire winter. Shortly after this she spent her first winter in Washington society and spent hour after hour listening to the debates in the capitol. As a result of these she left Washington a full-fledged secessionist. After this quickly followed the massing of troops at Charleston, the secession of the States, the bombardment of Fort Sumter and then Virginia went out of the Union. Lincoln's call for troops followed, and then came the concentration of troops in the valley of Virginia and the appearance on the scene of Jackson and Johnson.

Patterson's and Caldwell's armies from the North invaded Virginia and swarmed around her home in Martinsburg. One of the Union soldiers, a drunken fellow, insulted in the grossest language her mother, who fainted. Belle was present and drew her pistol and shot him. She was arrested and carried to General Patterson's headquarters and a court of inquiry was held. General Patterson said she did right, and under the same circumstances he hoped every Southern girl would do the same. The incident got into the Northern papers, and "like a white elephant," as she expressed it, she was pointed out as the thousands of troops came into town as being the most dangerous rebel in the country.

Jackson discovered her merit as a spy and gave her a permit to pass anywhere through his lines, and she often rode through the dark lonely hours of night to carry news to Jackson and Stewart of the movements of the enemy.

At the battle of Front Royal she ran across the battlefield under the firing of both armies with important news to Jackson. This saved the bridge from being burned and Jackson from being hemmed in. This led to her imprisonment in Washington, from which she was afterward exchanged, along with 200 Confederate prisoners, and sent to Richmond.

She was then made captain in the regular Confederate army and wore a riding costume. As captain she was aide-camp on the staff of Stonewall Jackson on detached service. In the winter of 1863 she was sent to Knoxville on secret service, also making a tour on government business to Montgomery, Mobile and Charleston. In this last place she was a guest for a week of General Beauregard. She then returned, in the summer of 1864, to the valley of Virginia.

On May 8, 1864, she sailed on board the Greyhound, flying the British flag under Captain George H. Beers, ex-captain of the United States navy, under the name of Captain Henry. They had a heavy cargo of cotton, two large kegs of gold, two other passengers, herself and her two servants, one an Irish girl who was her maid and a colored maid. On the afternoon of May 9 they were captured by the United States man-of-war Connecticut and she was carried to Boston and kept a prisoner for a few days in the Tremont Hotel. By a court-martial by reason of her being captured under a British flag she was not shot but banished. She was carried to Canada and ordered never to put her foot on United States soil again or she would be shot without trial.

A young lieutenant on the Connecticut, Sam Harding, fell in love with his fair captive. She got his signal book, which she afterwards gave to the captain of the Greyhound, whom she met in Canada. She sent the signal book into the South by way of the blockade and then sailed for England from Quebec on board the Damascus and arrived in London carrying all of her dispatches safely through. She was followed across the ocean by her lover, Lieutenant Harding, and they were married at St. James, in Piccadilly. The Prince of Wales, she says, attended their wedding. They were afterwards presented at five different foreign courts. By him she had one child, Grace Harding.

Toombs' Awful Threat.

A good story is told in the Chicago Times-Herald of how a soft answer turned a self-confident, aggressive young man into an exemplary, obedient soldier. The young man was Robert Toombs, of Georgia, then in his twenties. He had raised a volunteer company and joined General Scott, who was conducting a campaign against the Indians in Florida. Toombs was without military training, and had never submitted to rules and discipline, at college or anywhere else. Naturally, when he met General Scott it was a case of oil and water—they would not mix. Private James White, who served in a Georgia company during the war, laughs to this day over a tilt between Captain Toombs and General Scott.

The General knew the character of his enemies, and was in no hurry to

attack them in the positions which they had chosen. He waited, day after day, determined not to move until the right moment.

The delay did not suit the Georgia captain, and he made no effort to conceal his contempt for the slow methods of his commander.

One night Toombs felt that he could stand it no longer. He paid a visit to the General's tent, where he found Scott engaged in a pleasant conversation with a dozen officers of high rank.

"The Georgian was a man of superb physique, the finest-looking American of his generation, and when he marched into the tent with flashing eyes and a defiant look, everybody gazed expectantly in his direction. General Scott greeted him pleasantly and invited him to join the circle.

"General Scott," said Toombs, in a stern tone, "I desire to know, sir, whether the army will march against the enemy within the next few days."

"I am not ready yet to answer that question," replied the General, with a smile.

"Then, sir," continued the youthful captain, "I will notify you that unless the army marches to-morrow I propose to go forward with my company into the very heart of the Indian territory."

When this astounding declaration was made, the officers almost fainted, and they expected the General to administer a withering rebuke. To their astonishment Scott never changed his genial expression. His eye twinkled with good humor, and he turned a serene and benignant face upon his audacious visitor.

"Very well, captain," was his quiet answer. "Very well, Captain, use your own pleasure, by all means. Take your company to-morrow and march into the Indian country. We may follow you a few weeks later. But don't wait for us. Take your company and go ahead. Good night, Captain!"

Private White says that when Toombs heard this a look of bewilderment, disappointment and anger came over his face, but not a word fell from his lips. He saluted the commander and bowed himself out.

"Did he march his company against the enemy the next day?" was my natural question.

"No," replied White, "he said nothing more about it. He remained at his post and was an exemplary officer during the remainder of the war. And he was not chaffed about the affair, either. He was not the man to stand such treatment."

I asked White why Scott overlooked the Captain's breach of military discipline.

"Well," said the old man, reflectively, "the General was a good judge of human nature. He knew that young Toombs was a gallant fellow, who would some day be an honor to his country, and he doubtless thought that it would be sufficient punishment to answer him as he did. He could not have done a better thing. The Captain had lots of sense, and he never again placed himself in such an embarrassing position."

Washing in the Army.

"Who did your washing in the army?" a veteran of the civil war was asked.

This made the veteran laugh a little to himself, because it recalled days when he took his only woollen shirt not to the White Cloud or Opera laundry, but down to the nearest brook or water course, and there sat down on the bank and washed it himself. He explained these things to his questioner as well as he could, and told how a man always tried to carry in his knapsack an extra shirt and an extra suit of underclothing, but how there were times when a man didn't even carry his knapsack with him; when the only baggage he did carry was his two blankets—his woollen blanket, packed in a long roll inside his rubber blanket—and these slung over his shoulder like a great, thick sack; when instead of carrying extra underclothing he carried extra rations in his haversack, and maybe extra cartridges.

Then, again, he went on to tell, there were times when they had things to wear and when somebody could be got to do the washing. If the regiment was settled down somewhere in a camp for a few weeks, or possibly months, it might be that somebody in the neighborhood would do the washing; in the South in the civil war more or less washing was done under such circumstances by the colored people. Again, aside from the times when troops were in light marching order, with knapsacks left behind, there were times when supplies were short and when a man's clothing wore out before he could renew it; when he got down to his last woollen shirt and undershirt, and these, perhaps, not in very good condition; and then would come the time when he would tackle these in detail and wash them himself on a favorable day and hang them up to dry, and put them on again when they were ready.

Men did their own washing just as they did their own mending. As a matter of fact, the man in the army became self-helpful in many ways, and developed, when he was really put to it, a fine capacity for doing many things that he might otherwise never have dreamed of doing, including fighting.

"Who did your washing? Well, now, who did, indeed?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Aluminium for Violins.

Aluminium has found still another use in France. Violins and larger string instruments are being constructed with it, and are said to have a richer tone than their wooden rivals, especially in the higher registers.

Paris actresses wear paper lace, which by night looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle.