

A DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

The Directoire Frock.
Long, languid lines unbroken by a frill. Superfluous festoons reduced to nil. A figure like a seal reared up on end. And poking forward with a studied bend;

A shortish neck imprisoned in a ruff. Skin-fitting sleeves that show a stint of stuff. A waist promoted half way up the back. And not a shred that's comfortably slack;

A multitude of buttons, row on row. Not there for business—merely made for show. A skirt whose meager gores necessitate The waddle of a Chinese lady's gait.

A "busby" toque extinguishing the hair. As if a giant hand had crushed it there— Behold the latest mode! and write beneath. "A winter blossom bursting from its sheath."
—Punch.

Comb That Won't Fall Out.
There is no longer any reason for women losing their backcombs. A Massachusetts man has devised a comb that "stays put" and will not come out unless the hair comes off, so women with detachable puffs must anchor it securely. This comb is made in two parts, one of which is a plain comb with apertures at the top, and the other a plate, on which is the carrying, the gold or silver mounting or whatever there is of ornamentation. This plate has projections on it that fit into the apertures in the top of the comb proper, and by catching a few strands of hair, between the parts before they are joined the whole will be kept in place. Many a valuable comb, jewel-studded or otherwise costly, has been lost through working its way out of the hair and falling to the ground or floor unnoticed. With this new device in use there will be no danger of such misfortune, and my lady may wear the most costly hair ornament without fear.



NEW COMB.



MILLINERY

For the most part hat shapes are towering.

Among the small hats are turbans of silver with colored aigrettes.

There is a fad just now for making the color of the hat pins contribute to the trimming of the hat.

Some of the smartest of the new hat-pins are small enameled plaques in all tones of color.

The lavender sweet pea is new and is seen only on the most expensive hats.

Grapes are used as millinery trimmings and in iridescent colorings, chiefly greens, they are beautiful.

Handsome Evening Toilet.



One of the richest as well as the most beautiful gowns seen this season is an empire model of rose pink chiffon satin with low corsage and sleeves of wide bands of Irish lace. It is extremely simple in construction, but every line and fold is perfectly hung. This could, of course, be carried out in any of the soft clinging materials with equally good results.

For the Bath.

One athletic young woman indulges frequently in what she calls her "home-made Turkish bath." It is a fact, as she says, that one cannot always cleanse the skin thoroughly with only soap and water and comparatively smooth cloth. A cold-cream bath on the face will prove that. Therefore she takes a small scrub brush, of the sort sometimes sold in drug stores for nail brushes, and first wetting the body with a sponge and hot water, the soap, and a thick soap lather. This

HANDSOME BALL GOWN.



A stunning creation in coral satin, with pointed design in front of skirt and bodice embroidered in small jet and gold beads. The Greek key on hem of skirt and on bodice is done in jet beads. A hand of Irish crochet lace

outlines the square cut neck and undersleeves of same fall just a trifle below those of satin. This is one of the richest costumes shown by a well-known importer.

goes down into the pores and cleanses them, carries off more old skin and particles of dust and waste than the ordinary wash cloth, and stimulates the circulation. The soap is next thoroughly rinsed off with hot water, and the bath followed by a cold shower and a brisk rub. For the not too vigorous person, a slight rest adds to the beneficial effect, but, whether with or without the concluding soap, the treatment will be found both refreshing and invigorating.

The Home Hospital.

The hospital drawer should be fitted up with the following articles:

Two large and four small bed pads. To make these use two old bed quilts, one cut in two pieces and the other in four. Fold these together, the best side out, and quilt on the machine. Have two covers for each pad. The best is cheap unbleached canvas, as it washes white and looks well.

Three packages of thin cloth. This is to be used for mustard plasters. Cut in various sizes, some square and some longer than wide.

One roll of old linen. This cloth is used for bathing the face or for burns, cuts or sores, where lint or cotton cloth would be harmful. Save for this purpose all old tablecloths, napkins and handkerchiefs.

One roll of long strips of muslin and flannel. Use this for sore throats and sprains, cuts and abscesses.

One roll cotton.

One package large, square, soft cloths. Sew on two sides for making bran, slippery elm, and flaxseed meal poultices.

One package small sacks for dry, hot poultices, such as salt or hops.

One and one-half yards of rubber sheeting.

One box mustard.

One cake pure castile soap.

One hot water bag.

One bottle smelling salts.

One small jar of air-slaked lime and linseed oil, as it affords instant relief for burns.

Pin a label on the rolls so that no matter who goes to the drawer they can lay their hands on just what is wanted and not keep the suffering one waiting.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Plain shirt waists prevail. Checks and plaids are popular.

The extra long corset has won out.

Many variations of bolero are seen.

The dainty embroidery vogue increases.

Shoes, stockings and gloves should match the gown.

Black lace edged with velvet is the latest thing in sashes.

The turnover linen collar with jabot will be worn as of yore.

For the dressy waist the tucked sleeve is generally chosen.

Because of the thumb-length sleeves

gloves are very often omitted in the evening.

With the tailored suits coarse mesh net waists will be much worn.

The fashionable stocking is the flimsiest, laciest, daintiest bit of gauze imaginable—also the costliest.

Double effect veils come in all sorts of modish colorings, green over brown being a smart combination.

Metallic net bids fair to be much used for hats for more dressy occasions during the coming season.

ABOUT THE BABY



The best treatment for baby during its first year is to attend carefully to its physical wants and to absolutely neglect the fact that it has a mind at all. There should be no romping or playing or, in fact, anything which can interest or excite its mind. Next in importance come proper feeding and correct training in sleeping. Bad nutrition is the great cause of the nerves getting into that state which easily leads up to nervousness, stammering, St. Vitus' dance, and even convulsions.

If the nerve centers and the brain get insufficient food and sleep they become exhausted and over-strained. To be well nourished the baby must not only have suitable food, but must be fed at regular intervals. The baby's nap should be continued until he is 4; at this time he should be having fully twelve hours' sleep. Between 6 and 10, ten and eleven hours are required; from 10 to 16, nine hours.

Remedy for Nose Bleed.

For obstinate and persistent nose bleeding either put an ice pack or a cork rung out of ice water at the back of the neck just at the base of the brain, or drop cold water from a sponge held well above the head so that it will strike the crown of the head with considerable force.

The head should be kept well elevated; even in cases of extreme weakness do not allow the patient to lie down, and small wads of absorbent cotton wet with a weak solution of carbolic acid should be used to plug the nostrils.

If the arms are held above the head for five or ten minutes the bleeding, if not severe will usually stop.

The Grind That Dulls.

If the scissors grinder kept his blade on the whetstone unceasingly the scissors would soon be useless. The grind that dulls women is not daily household duties, but never letting up on those duties. The housewife who is knowing keeps herself sharpened with frequent change and recreation.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story—
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



ASA'S WIFE

Asperating breach of faith on the plea that it was due to another "high falutin'" notion Bess had taken—and now this was the woman! Plainly there was something wrong somewhere.

At first conversation lagged sadly, but finally Belle Stilton, our school-marm, resumed her breakfast table discussion with Mark Dinsmore as to the existence of a future estate.

"And do you mean to claim, Mark Dinsmore," she said slowly, "that without the hope of some future life which offers all this life denies—love and peace and the fulfillment of those dear heart desires we put away from us almost daily—without the hope of something better beyond, nine-tenths of humanity would be content to resign themselves to the dreary dig and grind of each day's toil? Why, there you class us all as little better than idiots!"

"Oh, hardly as bad as that!" replied Dinsmore, calmly. "But what I do claim, now and always, is that unless the renunciation of those same desires gave us greater pleasure than the taking of them, to a man we would reach out and grasp them at whatever cost."

"Stuff and nonsense!" broke in Miss Stilton, energetically. "Then what of the millions who have suffered even martyrdom for conscience' sake? Was their only aim to gain the greatest pleasure for the present moment? Take the hundreds of weak, loving women who are daily and hourly sacrificing themselves on the altars of duty and devotion to some worthless husband or profligate child—are they actuated only by the pleasure such self-cruelty insures them?"

"Unconsciously so—yes," was the answer. "I firmly believe that nothing whatsoever affects the action of man woman or child but his own innate, perhaps unconscious, conception of what constitutes the truest pleasure, and belief as to the present, past or future, has nothing whatever to do with it. Omar says it all in:

"O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!

One thing at least is certain—this Life flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;

The flower that once has blown forever dies!"

Evidently bitter war was imminent when Bertie manfully stepped into the breach by remarking amiably:

"Well, my belief as to the present, anyhow, is that we all seem to be forgetting this is our last chance this season to enjoy all that," with a comprehensive wave of his hand toward the magnificent sweep of waters at the base of the cliff along which we were driving. And truly, before the calm loveliness of that never-to-be-forgotten stretch of shimmering sea and sky, all petty human questionings shrank into insignificance, and we resigned ourselves solely to the enjoyment of the beauty of the scene.

As a general thing "the crowd at the Turner place" went to roost with the chickens; but this was our last night, and so, when at about half-past nine there was a low rap at the door, we were one and all on the qui vive to receive our late visitor. To our surprise we heard the voice of our "Diana," Asa's wife, asking to see "the tall, dark young man who wore glasses," so the rest of us of course withdrew to the veranda, Bertie bewailing audibly "some people's luck."

The girl evidently felt the strangeness of her position, but Dinsmore's well-bred suppression of any surprise reassured her somewhat, and she plunged at once into her errand.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said this morning," she began in a voice low and clear, though slightly tremulous, "about what makes people live as they do. I mean, and I was hoping you'd say more; but you didn't, and somehow I felt as if I just had to come to-night and ask you to —"

She stopped in evident expectation of some reply, but when her mystified listener only answered by asking, "To—what?" with a little frown she went on.

So that was Asa's redoubtable wife! We had heard much of her since our arrival, for it was generally acknowledged among the natives that Asa's wife was just a little "off" in her head, and that as Nancy, our chore woman, graphically put it: "Asa'd got his hands full and his galluses to hold up" in the management of the said better half. In fact, we had very often forgiven the fellow for some more than ordinary ex-

"I can decide." Then she turned and crossed hastily over to the old-fashioned mirror above the mantelpiece and peered curiously into her own face. "No, it isn't too late yet," nodding her head contentedly, her gray eyes alight with some strange purpose.

Suddenly, as if impelled by a new thought, she held out both her brown, well-shaped hands to the wondering young author.

"You don't know what you've done for me," she said, then, a trifle wistfully, "somehow I'd like to tell you about it—may I?" and as Mark nodded his assent, she sat down again and hesitatingly commenced her story:

"My mother was a lady," she began proudly, "and I," with a bitter smile, "am Asa Wendell's wife! It was the only way, though, for mother was sick, almost starving, and I was only sixteen—so what could I do. Asa was awfully fond of me, too, at first, and perhaps," pathetically, "if he'd had more patience I might ha' got to care for him. But he got to drinking, and then mother died, and things began to get worse and worse. After a bit the baby came—here her voice broke for a moment, but she went on bravely, "and for awhile it seemed as if everything was coming right at last; but I wasn't strong the first winter, and Asa didn't seem to care. He was always good natured to us, but he drank harder'n ever, and it seemed as if his slack, easy-going ways would kill me, if it hadn't ha' been for baby I don't know what I'd done. But one night she took croup, and Asa was too drunk to go for the doctor. I couldn't leave her for a minute, and by the time I got Asa sobered up enough it was too late—my little one died."

"I went out o' my head for awhile after that, I think, and if I hadn't been afraid of never seeing baby and mother again, I'd a' drowned myself; but as it was I just worried along somehow, and then the next summer he came. He was an artist and lodged with us, and after a bit he got to making pictures of me, and telling me about his world; and one day he—he asked me to go off with him. God only knows how much I wanted to, but somehow then two graves on the hill wouldn't let me, so I sent him away, and Asa was furious over losing the money he paid us—said it was just another of my 'cursed high falutin' notions.' That was three years ago, and he's written once every year since asking if I'd changed my mind; but I never did till to-day; then what you said opened my eyes, and to-morrow I am going away to him, and enter upon a new life."

For a moment or two after she stopped speaking there was absolute silence, and then Dinsmore began to talk. I've heard sermons and I've seen plays, but for a realistic picture of the hopeless misery of a life such as she proposed going to, I have never either seen or heard anything equal to that speech. For twenty minutes he talked, without a break. Little Belle Stilton now and then noiselessly clapped her approval, and when he had finished the girl rose slowly and said, as she turned towards the door:

"I reckon I'd rather be Asa's wife."

But the funny part of it is that both Belle and Mark claim the episode a clear proof of their respective sides in the morning's argument.—Pennysylvania Grit.

WOMAN BUTCHERS.

Trade Undertaken in South America When Men Are Scarce.

"The butchers in all parts of Paraguay are women," said Henry C. Reynolds of New York, who has just returned from a stay of some months in Paraguay, where he is interested in the cattle industry, says a Washington Herald reporter. "In the public slaughter houses the cattle are dispatched by men. The animal is skinned and otherwise prepared by women, who are dexterous in the use of the saw and knife. It is served out to the customers by women, not generally by weight, but by the piece, and the price is very low."

"Women of all ages act the part of butchers. Some are young and pretty and others are old and wrinkled. The women are great bargainers and keen to pull a new arrival almost to pieces in the hope of securing his custom. These women butchers earn good wages, and many of them in business on their own account acquire a modest fortune."

"The cause of this state of things is the heroic war waged by Paraguay thirty years ago against the overwhelming forces of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay combined. This war, which lasted five years, bore many points of resemblance to the recent Boer war. It ended in the almost total annihilation of the able-bodied male population of the country."

"When the war was over the people had been reduced to the most abject poverty and were on the verge of starvation. Worse still, owing to the destruction of the male population, anarchy prevailed, and all the work formerly performed by males fell on the fair sex. They rebuilt the houses which had been burned down, tilled the fields and wove for themselves rough homespun clothing from the cotton grown in their own fields."

Not Out of Danger.

Wiggles—I hear Bjensks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggles—Well, he's convalescent, but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—Life.

When an elderly man enjoys perfect health he is as proud of it as a handsome young woman of her beauty.

A man can keep a secret all right, if it is a mean story on himself.