

slates is known to the stationers as No. 1. It is a white paper that is known as No. 1, while a widow uses No. 2. All jewelry is out of taste in mourning.

FASHIONABLE PERFUMES.

Three kinds that command popular favor. There was a time when the fashionable woman selected her perfume with a view to individuality of fragrance. Such is no longer the case. There are three perfumes which come out of every ten fashionable women are using. The majority of them, selecting one of the three accents, uses it on both dressing table and in the numerous sachets of her wardrobe, while others select any of the three indiscriminately.

According to a well known dealer, the most popular of the favorite perfumes is an extract of violet, which cannot be distinguished from the fresh flower itself. Though not lasting, this is undoubtedly the favorite. The next in popularity is the crushed rose, which does not smell the least bit like the ordinary extract of the flower, but rather the old-fashioned rose-jar. A tiny drop of the double extract on one woman's handkerchief will give a room the subtle, spicy perfume for which the rose-jar was so much desired, while the same perfume used as a sachet makes one's clothes smell as though fresh rose petals had been strewn among them.

The third claimant for popularity is wild clover, and makes the girl whose favorite it is remind one of a breath of spring itself. This, it is the most popular of the three, and a few drops on one's handkerchief will last as long as the article itself, neither washing nor exposure to the air appearing to diminish it.

The latest use of the sachets is for scented clothes hooks. The ordinary wire extender for bodice or skirt is padded with cotton batting, thickly sprinkled with sachet powder. Over them is drawn a silk or muslin bag, shirred full around the skirt of the extender, or tied with ribbons, so that they may be easily removed when there is a necessity for renewing the powder. Another method employed by dressmakers, in place of the dainty bags of sachet formerly attached about the bosom and sleeves of a bodice, is the new cotton or wool-perfumed padding. It can be bought with any scent, and is much more enduring.

PRACTICAL MISS HEWITT.

A Society Girl Who Runs a Farm and Can Shoe a Horse.

Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt, granddaughter of the famous philanthropist, Peter Cooper, is one of the most original young women of New York's "400." Her sister, Miss Eleanor G. Hewitt, is equally independent in thought and action. Society is away down the list in the sum of what go to make up the lives of the Misses Hewitt. It comes after the farm that they manage, the horses they shoe, the books they write, the Pompton, N. J., school board to which they belong, the restaurant in the home of their grandfathers' birth, the stone walls they build, the Ladies' Amateur orchestra, and the society they have organized. But do not think that these young women are mere dilettantes. All they do is done well, with the touch and finish of a professional, not the amateur. They are girls to the society manner born and bred, and yet with aims far beyond and above it.

They have inherited the keen business instincts of their celebrated grandfather. They are almost as original as he, enough so, at least, to be regarded by their less gifted sisters in society as a shade eccentric. The Misses Hewitt are not in the least ruffled by such a charge. The pride of lineage and the security of wealth enable them to rise above envy.

They are, it has been said, the granddaughters of Peter Cooper. Their mother was Miss Cooper of Ringwood, N. J. They are the daughter of Abram S. Hewitt, once mayor of New York. Their uncle, Edward Cooper, was likewise once mayor of that city. Their uncle, Thomas Cooper, once kept a dairy and restaurant, and their brother, Edward Ringwood Hewitt, partakes of the practical bent of the family, and evinces it in one direction at least, by having a carpenter and cabinet-maker, Mr. Patrick Cooper Hewitt, their brother, married Miss Work, the sister of Mrs. Burke Roche, and a carpenter in the matter of amateur theatricals, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt and their unmarried sons and daughters live, at such times as they are not in the country, in their mansion at No. 9 Lexington avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt are their nearest neighbors.

The Misses Hewitt are tall, slender, athletic and young. Their cheeks glow with the ruddiness, their eyes sparkle with the brightness that can be gained only from much time spent out of doors.

The young women spend but three months of the year in the city. The remaining and by far the more enjoyable portion they spend on the Hewitt farm of 2,000 acres, a few miles from Tuxedo. They celebrated their betrothal by giving a vegetable party at the Lexington avenue residence, when the spacious rooms were filled with animated calliopes, coquetish cabbage, blushing radishes and debutante Brussels sprouts.

To Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt the role of hostess is one of the least of her occupations. For instance, she can and does shoe horses. Miss Hewitt's accomplishment in the line of shoeing horses began in the way in which young women usually usurp the alleged prerogatives of their brothers.

"I would like to try," she said, with a nervous little laugh and an involuntary drawing back of her skirt.

"You may, miss," gravely replied the Ringwood blacksmith.

Miss Sarah bent over the anvil and swung the hammer timidly. She grew less afraid of the flying sparks as she saw the red metal taking form under strokes. She visited the forge daily until she had learned to hammer out a shoe on the anvil.

Miss Hewitt was not content to hammer out a horseshoe. She wanted to hammer it on. After that horseshoeing became a favorite diversion with her. She will not place a hot shoe against a horse's hoof, but insulate upon its cooling surface before she applies it. She does the work with a remarkable speed and all the blacksmiths in the neighborhood of Ringwood farm admit that Miss Hewitt can shoe a horse well and do it in less time than they can. They say she seems to understand a horse intuitively and she has never failed to conquer any refractory horse upon which she tried her art of taming. It is a very gentle means she brings to her aid, that of kindness.

The young lady superintends the twenty-

five workmen on her father's farm. Through her it has been brought to its present park-like state of cultivation during the past few years. She regards agriculture as a science and follows it in the business-like manner that is characteristic of all her pursuits.

Miss Hewitt exhibited her ability in directing important work by superintending the building of a stone wall around the park at Ringwood.

At No. 401 Fourth avenue is a neat, attractive restaurant, where are dispensed many of the products of the Ringwood farm. It occupies the ground floor of the quaint wooden house where Peter Cooper was born. "Peter Cooper's house" is the legend on the windows. This restaurant is owned, and in a manner managed, by Peter Cooper's clever granddaughters.

Miss Sarah G. Hewitt has been a member of the school board of Pompton, N. J., since March, 1896. She is the only woman on the board and the first one elected to that position in Pompton.

Three years ago a book on road making was put upon the market and was sold with astonishing rapidity. The book dealt chiefly with the roads about Tuxedo, their excellence and the manner in which they could be improved. The work had intrinsic value, and bore a name which added much to its remarkableness. The author was Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt. She is one of the finest horsewomen in the country, and drives perfectly.

Miss Hewitt is a natural leader and organizer. So it came about that she, with her sister, Miss Eleanor G. Hewitt, inaugurated the successful Ladies' Amateur orchestra, in which they were accomplished violinists. They are very fond of music.



SUMMER DUCKS.

every member of ex-Mayor Hewitt's family except himself being a musician of merit. The young ladies have collected some valuable instruments, among them being specimens of the Stravinsky, Cremona, and Amati handcraft. There were old violins, guitars, mandolins and lutes without number.

The Hewitt girls affect a severe style of dress. They are given to derby hats, ulsters and tailor gowns.

Fritill of Fashion.

Peraline mauve and pale almond or tan color are effectively combined on new Paris evening gowns and tailor costumes for special wear.

Satin royal and very elegant qualities of peau de sole are handsomely made up to spring and early summer.

Soft light tints will be very greatly favored for evening dress, despite the fact that the most intense and striking colors, such as deep orange, geranium, and poppy-red, grass-green, and imperial purple, are so much used by Parisian attelers.

A large portion of the kid gloves of the season match, in pronounced coloring, all the brilliant and showy effects in spring gowns. The new dyes are in copper shades, both light and dark, a very odd Egyptian red, vivid purple, several novel tints of green grading from very dark aureol to brightest sorrel and brass shades, mahogany, deep orange yellow, iris blue, blood orange, and a dark red shade of tan.

Fat pins are so gorgeous that they outdo the gorgeous spring hats. The newest are set with very large jadesstones, which, by the way, are having a great run, being considered as having the properties of a talisman.

Fashionable fans are growing in size. The very small Empire fans, popular for so long, are being ousted by a dress-creator that has at least a few degrees of usefulness. Ostrich feather fans, particularly those of a natural color, are again at the top of style.

Fashion is a tickle mistress. Its latest decree concerning visiting cards is that the woman who leaves her husband's cards at the conclusion of a call doesn't know anything at all about good form. This will be good news indeed for that large class of fashionable and semi-fashionable women attached to wholly unfashionable husbands, for since times out of ten they save to order and pay for their husband's cards out of their own allowance.

Pretty French waists to wear with cloth

skirts are made of liberty satin and taffeta in plain or fancy effects, the waist trimmings with tucks and pleated frills of the silk edged with the narrowest bobbe ribbon in satin. Groups of tucks crossing each other in diamond shapes all over the bodice are favorite style, and many of the blouses fasten down the front with small pearl or gold buttons, and have short wide reverse and standing collar band covered with a beautiful applique design in cream lace.

A blouse front to be worn with any sort of jacket bodice or bolero is made of pleated silk muslin covered with jet-wrought guipure. This lace outlines a yoke, and strips of the lace forming bands as wide as insertion go from the yoke to the belt, which is made of the jetted guipure, as is also the fancy collar finished with Faquin points on each side. Scores of these dainty little accessories are sold, which rejuvenate gowns that have been worn all winter and give them quite a springlike appearance.

A very stunning belt for girls who have outgrown their salad days and for women who are interested in college boys only in a stately or motherly way is made of amber or tortoise shell, and has a huge cameo for a buckle. The shell or amber is cut in very small heart-shaped pieces and set close together, giving the belt the appearance of having scales. The cameo buckle is about the prettiest part of it, however. In some cases it is encircled by turquoise and others is set in the loveliest of pink coral. Jewelers say that all the women who own the very large oblong or round cameo pins, so fondly cherished by their grandmothers and their mothers, are utilizing them for belt buckles. Some of these old pins are sur-

rounded by magnificent pearls and others by the whitest of white diamonds.

There is something distinctly new in the belt line for the college girl, or rather the girl who has a fondness for college students. The new belt made of the flags of the leading universities and colleges in this part of the world. These flags are linked together by silver chains, gilded, and the effect is as gay as a happy college boy's heart.

The highest priced tan leather shoes are always of a conspicuous color when new.

Some women turn away from them for this reason and buy the cheaper shoes of a beautiful dark tan or rich shade of brown. The former grow prettier and prettier with each polishing, while those of a darker shade grow more dreary and more dreary of deeper shade a sight to behold.

Quite inexpensive but very charming little dresses for the summer can be made for two girls of various ages, by purchasing American serge, which can be found in all the delicate tints of baby blue, rose, pink, violet, fawn color, and green, and also in bright cherry, orange and canary yellow for little brunettes. Princess silks are made of those silks, over which can be worn different dresses of dotted Swiss, India muslin, organdie, or batiste trimmed simply with dainty lace edging of the material and little bows of ribbon matching the shade of the silk. Dresses with the skirt finished merely with a wide white ribbon, trimmed with rows of insertion and shoulder frills, are also very pretty. All American serges are of good width, they wear well, and are now reduced to nearly half their former price.

Feminine Personalities.

Miss May Ferguson, who is still, the southern papers say, "in her teens," has been made teller of a bank at Waycross, Ga.

Miss Yates of Oneshunga, New Zealand, who enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman mayor in all the British empire and who failed of re-election after one year in office, has been successfully sued by the municipality for non-payment of taxes.

Miss Emma W. Whittington, who has been appointed colonel of the Third Infantry, Arkansas State Guards, is not only the first woman ever appointed to a military position in that state, but is the youngest woman holding such a position in the United States.

"I have no objection to a woman doing whatever she may please," said Mrs. Robert Stevenson to a reporter, so long as she does not make herself obnoxious to others. A woman may smoke in the privacy of her own home or room. On the piazza of a hotel is quite another affair.

Alice Shaw, a daughter of a professor at Oxford university, England, conducts a hospital for dogs at Chicago. She styles herself a "canine physician." Miss Shaw became a dog doctor when her husband, Louis Stevenson, the author, who lived there. She was born on February 29 and she grieved greatly because she did not have birthdays as often as other girls. Miss Stevenson, noting her disappointment, declared that he would give her his own birthday and drew up a legal document dealing it to her.

An Industrial Development company is being formed in Richmond, Va., with a capital of not less than \$50,000. Its object being to bring new business enterprises to the city and infuse new life into those already established by judicious loans of money when needed.

TO SUCCEED AS AN ORATOR

The Most Vital Thing is to Have Something to Say.

QUALIFICATION NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

Study Language, Cultivate the Imagination, Read Good Poetry and Fiction, and Be Sincere.—Col. Ingersoll's Recollections.

(Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

In the short list of American names of our time that stand as synonyms for brilliant and powerful oratory that of Robert G. Ingersoll has a secure place. And, in spite of much assertion to the contrary, the influence of skillful oratory has not ceased to be an element in the world's progress. The spoken word still has its share in molding popular opinion and action, as well as the printed word, though it is probably true that our national campaigns are determined more by printed documents than by platform speeches. When, however, we remember that no longer ago than 1836 the national convention of one of the two great parties was carried by storm

they should be used only for the purpose of adding strength to the argument.

STUDYING LANGUAGE.

"The man who wishes to become an orator should study language. He should know the deeper meaning of words. He should understand the vigor speech is a panorama, and the color of adjectives. He should know how to sketch a scene, to paint a picture, to give life and action. He should be a poet and dramatist, a painter and an actor. He should cultivate his imagination. He should become familiar with the great poetry and fiction, with epic and heroic deeds. He should read and devour the great plays. From Shakespeare he could learn the art of expression, of compression, and all the secrets of the story, and the great orator is full of variety—of surprises. Like a juggler he keeps the colored balls in the air. He expresses himself in a variety of ways. He does not repeat himself. He does not allow himself to be anticipated. He is always in advance. He does not repeat himself. A picture is shown but once. There should be no stufing, no filling. He should put no cotton with his silk, no common words and phrases together. Every word he uses should be as good as dusted gold. The great orator is honest, sincere. He does not pretend. His brain and heart are together. Every part of his blood is convinced. Nothing is forced. He knows exactly what he wishes to do—knows when he has finished it, and stops.

KNOWING WHEN TO STOP.

"Only a great orator knows when and how to close. Most speakers go on after they are through. They are satisfied only with a 'Thank you and good night.' Most speakers lack variety. They travel a straight and dusty road. The great orator is full of episode. He convinces and charms by indirection. He leaves the road, visits the fields, wanders in the woods, listens to the murmurs of springs, the songs of birds. He gathers flowers, scales the crags and comes back to the highway refreshed, invigorated. He does not move in a straight line. He wanders and winds like a stream.

"While I cannot tell a man what to do to become an orator, I can tell him a few things not to do.

"There should be no introduction to an oration. The orator should commence with the subject. There should be no prelude, no flourish, no apology, no explanation. He should say nothing about himself. Like a sculptor he stands by his block of stone. Every stroke is for a purpose. As he begins to speak, the workman stops. Nothing is more difficult than a perfect close. Few poems, few pieces of music, few novels and plays, few orations, are great, except a few, which should end just at the proper point. The bud, the blossom, the fruit. No delay. A great speech is a crystallization in its logic, an efflorescence of its poetry."

"Can you give a few illustrations, drawn from your own experience and observation of public speakers?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," rejoined Colonel Ingersoll, "I have not heard many speeches. Most of the great speakers in our country were before my time. I heard Beecher, and he was an orator. He had imagination, humor and intensity. His brain was as fertile as the valleys of the tropics. He was too broad, too philosophic, too poetic for the pulpit."

"Now then and he broke the fetters of his creed, escaped from his orthodox prison and became sublime.

"Theodore Parker was an orator. He preached great sermons. His sermons on 'Old Age' and 'Webster' and his address on 'Liberty' were filled with great thoughts, marvellously expressed. When he dealt with human events, with realities, with things he knew, he was superb. When he spoke of freedom, of duty, of living to the ideal, of mental integrity, he seemed inspired."

"Webster I never heard. He had great qualities; force, dignity, clearness, grandeur; but, after all, he was wrapped the seal. He kept his hand to the sun. There was no dawn in his brain. He was not creative. He had no spirit of prophecy. He lighted no torch. He was not true to his ideal. He talked sometimes as though his head was among the stars, but he stood in the gutter. In the name of religion he tried to break the will of Stephen Girard, to destroy the greatest charity in all the world; and in the name of the same religion he defended the fugitive slave law. His purpose was the same in both cases. He wanted office. Yet he uttered a few very great paragraphs rich with thought, perfectly expressed.

"Clay I never heard, but he must have had a commanding presence, a chivalric bearing, a heroic voice. He cared little for the past. He was a natural leader, a wonderful leader—forcible, persuasive, convincing. He was not a poet, not a master of metaphor, but he was a great orator. He was the opposite of Webster. Clay had large views, a wide horizon. He was ample, vigorous and a little tyrannical.

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COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

in a loud voice and accompanied by appropriate gesture, constituting an oration. I would advise the young man to study his subject, to know what he is going to say, to look at it from all sides, to know what he will write out his thoughts, to arrange them in his mind, so that he would know exactly what he was going to say. Waste no time on the how, until you know what you are to say, then you can think of how it should be said. Then you can think about tone, emphasis and gesture, but if you really understand what you say, emphasis, tone and gesture will take care of themselves. All these should come from the inside. They should be in perfect harmony with the feelings. Voice and gesture should be governed by the emotions. They should unconsciously be in perfect agreement with the sentiments. The orator should be true to his subject, should avoid any reference to himself.

"The great column of his argument should be unbroken. He can adorn it with vines and flowers, but they should not be in such profusion as to hide the column. He should give variety of episode by illustration, but

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Complexion Tonic is not a new, untried remedy, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing forever Tan, Sunburn, Moth, Freckles, Blemishes, Blackheads, Eczema, Pimples, Humors, etc., and bleaching, brightening and beautifying the complexion, it has no equal.

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humor, wit, pathos, imagination and perfect naturalness. That was in the grand years, long ago.

"Lincoln had reason, wonderful humor and wit, but his presence was not good. His voice was poor, his gestures awkward, but his thoughts were profound. His speech at Gettysburg is one of the masterpieces of the world. The word 'here' is used four or five times too often. Leaves the heart out and the speech is perfect.

"Of course, I have heard a great many talkers, but orators are few and far between. They are produced by victorious nations--born in the midst of great events, at marvelous achievements. They utter the thoughts, the aspirations of their people in the gorgeous robes of genius. They interpret the dreams. With the poets, they prophesy. They fill the future with heroic forms, with lofty deeds. They keep their faces toward the dawn--toward the evercoming day."