

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

How to Cover the New Toques and the Materials That Are Now Being Used.

Variety is often attained for toques and small hats by the manner of arranging the material with which the shape is covered, be this velvet or piece felt, or a combination of the two, and is best explained by descriptions of the most typical among the latest models.

The former style is chosen for a toque of pale beige angora felt, trimmed with mounts made of the head and tail wings of the tawny owl set among the folds of the box plait; the latter for an elegant toque of dahlia-covered velvet.

FAITHFUL MARRIED MAN.

Fear of His Wife is the Beginning of Wisdom with Him in Rainy Weather.

In one of the most frequented of the haunts of men and the marts of trade there appeared one day a well-known business man carrying with firm grip an umbrella with a slender, oval-shaped handle touched with silver.

"Not on your life," said the married man. "I value my domestic happiness too much for that."

"Your domestic happiness?" they cried, all together. "What's domestic happiness got to do with umbrellas?"

"It's this way," responded the married man. "This is my wife's umbrella. I've lost six of my own in the past month, but I borrowed this on the express condition that I shouldn't lose it, and I shan't. No man gets this umbrella, except over my dead body. You hear me?"

And they saw the reason of the strong grip.—Philadelphia Record.

Bits of Fashion. Corsages are out in front like stays with a Louis XV. yoke.

The double turned-down linen collar prevails just now for men and women. The newest skirts are entirely without lining and worn over silk skirts with trills.

Fetching neck bands of white velvet with applications of heavy guipure lace are being worn.

Stitched bands are much used in trimming tailor frocks and should be lighter in color than the habit cloth.

The latest fad in neckties is the long band of silk gauze which passes twice round the throat and terminates in front in two bows and long ends.

The lace shawls that have passed through one or more generations are now being used in the beautiful lace frocks that fashion decrees.—Detroit Free Press.

Rapid Telegraphy. A Vienna journal declares that a local electrician named Pollack has invented a way of telegraphing 60,000 words per hour over a single wire.—N. Y. Sun.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Odd Items of Domestic Information for the Young Housewife.

In planning refreshments for the halcyon party, nuts, apples, crullers and sweet cider are considered the appropriate concomitants of the fateful night, while their service should be as simple and informal as possible.

Messles are most infectious in the early stages, scarlet fever and scarletina during the peeling of the skin. Typhoid is usually conveyed by germs from the excretions of the patient.

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"Don't sprinkle your maiden-hair ferns on their foliage," say the florists to the women who are eagerly buying the dainty greenings for dining table decoration.

In screwing a glass globe on to the gas fixture care should be taken not to screw it too tight, as when the gas is lighted the globe will expand, and if space is not allowed the globe will crack.

The cheering teapot has lately found its way into Italy, and Italian signoras now chat over the tea cups and delight in all the dainty accessories of the tea table.

A proxym of coughing may often be arrested by a tablespoonful of glycerine in a glass of hot milk.

Stale crackers are improved by placing in a hot oven a few minutes before serving.—Washington Star.

DECORATION NOTES.

Points on Pretty Furnishings Suitable for the Parlor and Hallway.

Pillows add greatly to the decorative effect, as well as to the comfort of a divan, lounge, settee or sofa.

Coronin braid is very prettily applied to designs stamped on pillow covers; it shows with fine effect on bright red, blue or yellow canvas or linen cushion covers, and is especially pleasing on silver-green linen in association with flat braids.

A pretty border for an orange silk curtain for a hall window is made by turning up an inch-wide hem and heading it with herring-boning in heavy orange silk threaded with turquoise blue beads.

The embroidered silk screen panels, sold in Japanese stores, make lovely hangings to place in the opening between parlors.

A lovely pair made of slaty-gray silk, wrought with a design of airy bamboo trees in soft greens, with here and there a gay bird, was tastefully mounted on amber-colored momic cloth and finished at the bottom by a heavy fringe, showing subdued shades of the embroidery colors.

This pair of hangings looked very artistic mounted on an ebonized pole by means of heavy brass rings.—Ladies' World.

Little Civilities. If, as the old saying has it, civility costs nothing, it certainly gains much, both in the way of liking and of kindness; therefore it seems a great pity that so many people dispense with it in small matters of daily life.

It is manners that "maketh man," it is most certainly woman who both makes and mars men's manners, for there is no man, however rough and untaught in manner, who is not influenced and to some degree softened by contact with a courteous and gracious-mannered woman.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

All musical compositions are notable productions.—Elliott's Magazine. There is no good substitute for wisdom, but silence is the best that has yet been discovered.—Shaw.

No man would care to have his wife know just exactly what he thinks of himself.—Philadelphia Record. An exchange asks: "What will the next century bring?" "One hundred years, of course."—Norristown Herald.

When we see how anxious some people are to hold up their heads, it seems fortunate for them that their heads are light.—Puck. A foolish man set the clock by his watch, and then judged his watch to be right by comparing it with the clock.—Ledger Monthly.

Confirmed.—First Rabbit—"Some people think it's luck to have a rabbit's foot." Second Rabbit—"So it is. We're dead lucky to have ours."—Puck. Some young women adopt affectations with a view of appearing "nice" when they are young, and keep it up until they are ridiculous when they are old.—Atchison Globe.

His Own Error.—"Did you ever make a serious mistake in a prescription?" "Never but once," answered the drug clerk, as a gloomy look passed over his face. "I charged a man 20 cents for a prescription instead of 35."—Washington Star.

FISHING IN THE WEST.

A Favorite Place with Former President Harrison for Casting a Line.

Such streams as the Fox river of Illinois, the Kankakee, the White or the Tippecanoe of Indiana, afford at times even to-day very good sport to the fly rod.

Ex-President Harrison and a few chosen friends often take a fly-fishing trip for bass along the Tippecanoe, which was once a famous bass water and even yet is not quite shorn of its ancient glory.

This stream may be waded on many of its best reaches, though it is best to take along a boat, and some anglers prefer to fish it from a boat all the way.

The bass of this river are very good fighters, and show the leaping instinct of the small-mouth species, sometimes springing out higher than one's head as one stands playing the fish.

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CYANIDE'S ATTRACTION.

Those Who Handle the Deadly Drug Are Drawn Almost Irresistibly to Swallow It.

"Just now we are engaged in the making of tons of cyanide of potassium," said a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists, "and of all poisons, this, to my mind, is the most dangerous, because of a singular quality it possesses. It is in appearance so very attractive to those who handle it that they are often seized with an almost overwhelming desire to eat it. To one man it probably suggests sugar, if he have a fondness for saccharine substances, and to another snow newly fallen; but to both it is so alluring that they may only overcome the temptation to put it in their mouths by great force of will power."

"The very men who make it and who are most familiar with its deadly properties are pursued by an unreasonable desire to eat the poison, and as long as they remain in its vicinity this extraordinary craving endures. They know that to give way to the craving means death almost instant and horrible, and as a consequence are usually able to resist the strange temptation, but during the last ten years we have been engaged in the manufacture of the drug for our most intelligent and steady workmen have committed suicide in this way."

"Ever feel like eating it yourself?" asked the reporter. "Yes," the manufacturer replied. "Many times when in contact with the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave work precipitately in consequence. So well is this curious fact known in all works where cyanide of potassium is made that there are always two men at work together, and a jar of ammonia, which is the antidote to the poison, is kept at hand."

Potassium is one of the most interesting substances known to chemical workers. The metal itself is scarcely used at all in the arts, but its many salts are of immense practical value, being used largely in the production of gunpowder, fertilizers, medicines and dyeing compounds. Cyanide is a compound of cyanogen with a metallic agent. Cyanogen is a colorless, poisonous liquefiable gas which has the odor of almonds and burns with a purple flame.

Cyanide of potassium is made by burning cyanogen gas, and is really a prussiate of potash. It is produced also in blast furnaces in which iron is smelted, with coke or coal, and is permanent when kept dry, but decomposes readily in moist air. It crystallizes in dry, octagonal blocks, and is extremely soluble in water. It has the odor of prussic acid and kindred bitterness of taste.

Cyanide of potassium is also used in electro-metallurgy and photography to a considerable extent. It will remove metallic oxides, the juices of fruits and indelible ink.—N. Y. Sun.

ABOUT THE RAND.

The Mineral Wealth of the Country Has Plunged It Into War with England.

When the Dutch settlers in South Africa were crowded out of Cape Colony, they went northward across the Vaal river and founded a republic in the interior, where they fancied that they would be allowed to live in peace. Without knowing it, they built their capital, Pretoria, in the edge of the richest goldfield in the world.

When Mr. Gladstone restored their country to the Boers in 1851, and made a treaty of peace, by which their independence was recognized, nobly suspected that there was in the Rand a great gold basin extending 30 miles east and west and ten miles north and south. It was not until 1857 that the value of this rich district was understood.

It became a magnet to draw gold-hunters and adventurers from every quarter of the world. In other regions gold had been discovered either in the beds of streams or as small nuggets, or in veins of quartz of uncertain and variable extent.

In the Rand there were three parallel reefs of stoneware, quartz and other stone, and this conglomerate was powdered with gold. It was a new and previously unknown kind of gold deposit. A scientific industry, which costed machinery, was created for the extraction of the gold from the reefs.

The sandstone and quartz were broken up at deep levels, crushed to pieces and treated with various chemicals until nearly all the gold was got out of it.

Johnannesburg was the center of this wonderful industry—an English mining city richer and more populous than all the other territories of the Boers. Millions of capital were invested in the mines and immense fortunes were made by the largest owners.

The thrifty Boers smiled whenever they thought of their good fortune in seeking a quiet lodge in a vast wilderness and finding a goldfield. Their English neighbors, who were forced to pay tribute to them and to submit to Dutch government, groaned whenever they remembered that Mr. Gladstone had hunted back this rich gold basin to the Boers.

In this way there has come about a race feud which has ended in a war for the control and possession of the Transvaal with its goldfields.—Nouth's Companion.

She Knew. Squidlig—"Yankee Doodle" is an absurd song. Who on earth was Macaroni, anyway? Mrs. Squidlig—"Why, my dear, don't you know? He was the man that invented that wireless telegraphy."—N. Y. Press.

A Good Substitute. Clara—"So that Grotz girl didn't succeed in capturing a lord after all? Maude—"No; but she married a baron, and they say he gets as drunk as a lord."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Ten denominations have established and maintain missions in Alaska. The Evangelical alliance in Boston asks for a half day off for policemen on Sunday so that they may attend church.

Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale, has received from the Japanese emperor the third-class decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun.

The native Christians in Uganda, Africa, purchase every month more than \$500 worth of books and stationery, a large part of the books being Christian.

Among the women students at German universities the most favored studies are the literature and philology of modern languages, philosophy (psychology, logic and ethics) and history.

The Hebrew Educational Society of Milwaukee has recently been established under the leadership of Rabbi Caro, and has for its purpose the establishment of a school, primarily for Russian Jews.

The Gospel mission to the Tombs of New York has been at work for nearly 24 years. It is managed by a board of ministers and laymen, representing the Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Reformed and Reformed Episcopal churches.

The chaplain holds services Sunday and week days and visits the prisoners in their cells at all times. In this way he comes in contact with 25,000 prisoners annually.

AN EFFECTUAL EFFORT. The Eloquence of Three-Finger Sam Proved Too Much for the Tenderfoot.

"Talkin' about oratory," said Broncho Bob, "you ought to have been out to Crimmon Gulch last fall, so as to hear some of the real thing."

"We have some pretty luminous specimens in congress," ventured the man who felt it incumbent on him to show a little local pride.

"Not a circumstance, I've read some of them kind of speeches. I've heard 'em, too. A feller come from the east and started in to tell Crimmon Gulch what it ought to do. Some of the boys allowed things was gettin' rather slack, an' they took his advice an' changed away an' organized a city council."

"I see. You held an election?" "Nary. We didn't want any bloodshed. We jes' passed the word around that the city council was goin' to be held an' made it an open game. Everybody was there except Nevada Bill, an' he didn't dare show up because he was under suspicion of sittin' in a poker game with a private stack of blue chips which he had bought unbeknownst from a store down in San Antonio. He wasn't long until, under the instructions of the tenderfoot, we had the city council goin' in good shape. Only officers was allowed to wear their weapons durin' the proceedings, an' nobody was barred from debate. The first business we took up was the case of Nevada Bill. We reckoned that it wouldn't be no more than decent local pride to prevent the importation of any poker chips except by the duly regulated authorities for said importation. Rattusnake Pete said the only way to make the law breakin' it should be shut at least once. The tenderfoot got riled in a minute. He jumped to his feet, an' got off the most long-winded talk about constitutionality an' the rights of citizenship an' whereas and therefore that I ever heard. He talked hard, an' he showed he had read books. But you arter have heard Three-Finger Sam's historic oration. It jes' showed how quick a man who has the gift of genuine eloquence kin end an argument. Crimmon Gulch hasn't got through talkin' about it yet. Three-Finger Sam drawed himself up to his full height and piked his finger at the tenderfoot. "I don't desire to use harsher words than is necessary," says he, "but I'd like to know what you mean, you low-down, leoparded jack rabbit, by comin' in to this town and tryin' to tell us whither a man needs shootin' or not. Have we got to wait for some lantern-jawed coyote to come wanderin' in off the prairie and tell us what's good for us?"

"Forward," says Three-Finger Sam, still pluckin' his finger an' growin' more eloquent every minute. "Behave, you bow-legged burro. Don't you think you can come here an' overawe people because you wear specs. Have a care, or the first thing you know you'll be travelin' out of this town with a bunch of patriotic citizens on your trail, every one of whom is dead anxious to shoot a freckle off the back of your neck." The tenderfoot didn't have another word to say, an' he left town the next mornin'.

A Dancing Procession. A peculiar, but famous, dancing procession annually takes place at Echternach. In Belgium, France and Germany excursions are organized to the little Luxembourg town, whose church contains the remains of St. Willibrord. The pilgrims to Echternach excrete in a certain rhythm what is called the dance of the "leaping saints." It takes the form of advancing three steps, making a step backward, advancing three more steps, and so on. It is in this quaint way that the procession, in which 10,000 persons take part each year, starts from the bridge on the Lure, the place of assembly, to the church.—The Hall Room.

What "the Queen's Shilling" Is. According to the British system of enlistment, a "queen's shilling" is paid over to every man who enters the service. The "queen's shilling" by the way, is not a coin of special design. It is exactly like every other coin of the same denomination and is termed "the queen's" from the fact that its acceptance from a recruiting sergeant makes the receiver a "queen's man," body and soul.—Chicago Chronicle.

MARK TWAIN'S DEBUT.

How the Famous Fun-Maker Became "A Literary Person." Thirty-Three Years Ago.

Mark Twain's first appearance in an eastern magazine was made over the name of "Mike Swain." How it came about he explains:

In those early days I had already published one little thing ("The Jumping Frog") in an eastern paper, but I did not consider that that counted. In my view, a person who published things in a mere newspaper could not properly claim recognition as a literary person; he must rise above that; he must appear in a magazine. He would then be a literary person; also, he would be famous—right away. These two ambitions were strong upon me.

This was in 1866. I prepared my contribution, and then looked around for the best magazine to go up to glory in. I selected the most important one in New York. The contribution was accepted. I signed it "Mark Twain," for that name had some currency on the Pacific coast, and it was my idea to spread it all over the world, now, at this one jump. The article appeared in the December number, and I sat up a month waiting for the January number; for that one would contain the year's list of contributors, my name would be in it, and I should be famous and could give the banquet I was meditating.

I did not give the banquet. I had not written the "Mark Twain" distinctly; it was a fresh name to eastern printers, and they put it "Mike Swain" or "Mac-Swain." I do not remember which. At any rate, I was not celebrated, and I did not give the banquet. I was a Literary Person, but that was all—a buried one; buried alive.

My article was about the burning of the clipper ship Hornet on the line, May 3, 1856. There were 31 men on board at the time, and I was in Honolulu when the 13 lean and ghostly survivors arrived there after a voyage of 42 days in an open boat, through the blazing tropics, on ten days' rations of food. A very remarkable bit of history, and I was conducted by a captain who was a remarkable man, otherwise there would have been no survivors. He was a New Englander of the best sea-going stock of the old capable times—Capt. Josiah Mitchell.

I was in the islands to write letters for the weekly edition of the Sacramento Union, a rich and influential daily journal which had a use for them, but could afford to spend \$20 a week for nothing. The proprietors were lovable and well-beloved men; long ago dead, no doubt, but in me there is at least one person who still holds them in grateful remembrance; for I dearly wanted to see the islands and they listened to me and gave me the opportunity when there was but slender likelihood that it could profit them in any way.

I had been in the islands several months when the survivors arrived. I was laid up in my room at the time and unable to walk. Here was a great occasion to serve my journal, and I not able to take advantage of it. Nevertheless, I was in deep trouble. But by good luck his excellency, Anson Burlingame was there at the time, on his way to take up his post in China, where he did such good work for the United States. He came and put me on a stretcher and had me carried to the hospital where the shipwrecked men were, and I never needed to ask a question. He attended to all of that himself, and I had nothing to do but make the notes. It was like him to take that trouble. He was a great man and a great American, and it was in his nature to come down from his high office and do a friendly turn whenever he could.—Century.

GAMBLER'S FEVER. When Men Have It They Can Utter Almost Anything to Satisfy Their Desire for Game.

"If a man's naturally inclined to gamble you can't keep him from gambling," said a floor walker to a Times-Democrat man, the other day in a big dry goods house.

"Yesterday afternoon," he continued, "two sporty looking men were sitting in front of that notion counter over there waiting for their wives to get through shopping. The top of our stools, if you will notice, revolve on a pivot and have a row of brass tacks around the edge.

"Well, sir, one of the sporty men took out a pencil while he was waiting and marked a number opposite each tack on the stool next to where he sat. There's a pretty good wheel," he said to the other. "How would you like to make a little play against it?" The other man fished out a hat of bills, quick as a wink, and they went to playing right before the women and everybody. I was so shocked and surprised I didn't know what to do.

"The man that started the thing would give the stool a whirl and then they would watch and see what number came opposite a tackhead in the counter. If the other fellow called it right he paid twelve for one, and in less than five minutes half the clerks in this end of the store were edging up to watch the game.

"I must admit it was pretty exciting, and I was just wondering how I could break it up without giving offense, when along came a big fat woman and planked herself down on top of the stool. The sporty men tried to get her to move, but she wouldn't do it, and while they were hunting for a vacant stool that revolved easy, so as to make another lay-out, their wives got through and carried them away.

"It's just as I tell you—if a man wants to gamble he's bound to find some way to do it.

"But that's the first time we ever had a roulette department in this store."—N. O. Times-Democrat.