

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Various Items of Dress That Are Just Now in Favor with Followers of the Fashions.

The barbaric custom of smothering a helpless infant in heavy knit woolen face covering has given way to the use of silk or chiffon selected especially for this purpose.

Bonnets for little girls are masses of shirring, tucks and plaits this season and are deeply frilled about the face and around the bottom.

A Japanese wrapper, made long, of soft figured silk wadded and tufted, is a novelty for the little people this season.

Mirrored nainsook, a soft, silk finished cotton goods, is one of the season's materials for children's frocks.

The round turban has jumped into sudden favor in London, and the reason for this is traced to the recent visit of the shah of Persia.

Word comes from Paris that violet is a color to be avoided during the coming season. Its place is to be taken by pinkish mauves, also pastel pinks.

Artificial flowers are no longer worn singly or in light sprays in the hair, but in short garlands or rosettes, one on each side of the head just above the ears.

The newest designs in French printed handkerchiefs are being much used for corset covers and collar and cuff sets.

A leather fob in lieu of a tassel is a novelty in umbrella handles. With boxwood the leather is black with furze brown.

INSTANCE OF IMAGINATION.

Chemical Agent of Wonderful Properties Was Nothing But Distilled Water.

Two bright young men attended a lecture in the city a few days past, the lecturer's subject being one dealing with the rather occult features of the mind as exemplified in physical phenomena.

This use of the colored prints is quite new. In children's novelties for the coming season there are attractive designs in fairy nursery series.

A leather fob in lieu of a tassel is a novelty in umbrella handles. With boxwood the leather is black with furze brown.

It was at this point that the two young men, or one of them, made good. He began to smell immediately and regarded his companion with sundry rib-jabs and remarks on the strength of the odor about.

But his friend was from "Missouri," and had to be shown. His olfactory nerves responded to no sensation. According to the terms of the lecturer's request those who smelled held up their hands.

After a number of hands had been raised the bottle was recorked, but this man was so very sensitive that he could even then detect the odor, and said so.

When after a little further talk the speaker announced that the bottle contained nothing but distilled water the young man lowered his head as well as his hand and was quiet. Buy even now he is sensitive on the subject.

AIRING A SICKROOM.

How It May Be Done Thoroughly Without Injury to the Patient.

The airing of a sick-room in winter need not be difficult. Throw something lightly over the patient (large blankets are best), sheltering even the head and face; and, in serious cases, set a screen along the edge of the bed.

Immediately open all the windows, top and bottom. If they are numerous, and it is blowing hard, that may be sufficient, and you can go around and close them; remove the blankets by degrees, and consider your task done, says Ladies' World, New York.

If, however, the wind does not rush in freely, be ready—one, two, or even three of you—with towels and stout fans, and hurriedly beat out the air from the corners and from under beds, toward the windows avoiding, so far as possible, fanning the patient, which might prove harmful.

A towel grasped by two corners and sharply flapped (as if shaking dust out of it), downward near the floor, upward near the ceiling, brings about the very speedy change of air. In the contracted spaces use a fan. Two or three minutes will do the work, and you can shut up. Then promptly begin to draw off the extra cover. Study the sudden coldness of the room and leave enough on, for a time, but do not cause over-heating.

That is one evil more easily prevented in a hasty than in a gradual airing; another being a heavy, sluggish chilling of the sick person; another, a too lasting cooling of the solid woodwork, walls, etc.

Finally, it may seem to you worth while to fan again a little, close to the heater, so as to spread the warmth more rapidly.

If it is bedtime do not adjust the ventilation for the night until the temperature rises somewhat, and probably you should not remove much of the added bedclothes until the room feels warm.

All is plain sailing, except the altering of the cover, which requires care. This process, modified for ordinary use, would give a more healthy night's rest to a child sleeping where people have been sitting during the evening.

REST AND MILK CURE.

A Simple Remedy for Producing Plumpness Prescribed by One Who Has Tried It.

"Want to learn how to increase your weight and gain strength and nerve force in the easiest possible way?" asked the plump little woman, as she settled into a corner of the divan for a comfortable chat.

"I've tried it and I think I'm a pretty good illustration of the effectiveness of the milk diet. Four months ago I was a nervous wreck. Couldn't stand anything; wept if the least thing went wrong at home, jumped a foot every time the door bell rung, and was fast becoming a nuisance to myself and all the rest of the family.

"Fortunately, I have a little common sense, and my doctor has more, so when I was ordered to drop everything and just 'rust' for awhile, I did it, with the result that I have gained 51 pounds in weight and my health is completely restored.

"I lived on milk, as I told you, and rested according to directions, spending my time in a lovely old rest-cure home up the state. The diet and the rest effected a cure without any medicine whatever. I might add, though, that the milk was not the ordinary delectation served by the dealers of the metropolis, but a rich, creamy substance furnished by the finest breed of Jersey cows.

"How hard it was for an active body like me to 'rust' for 16 weeks you strenuous folks can appreciate; but if you want to become plump and contented with the world in general, just try my remedy."

Cayenne Pumpkin Pie. In making this pie, which Theodore Gaylor says stands first on the list of pies, select a solid meated, glossy golden-ellipse. Wash well, then cut in two-inch cubes without peeling.

Scrape out all the inner shreds that hold the seeds and boil the pumpkin with just a tiny bit of water in the kettle to keep it from sticking, until rich, sweet, tender and nearly dry. This will usually require five to six hours' slow cooking.

Strain through a colander, and to four cupsful of the strained pumpkin allow four cupsful of rich milk, five well-beaten eggs, a large cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, half a grated nutmeg, a dusting of mace and two teaspoonfuls ginger. Beat well and taste to see if it is sweet enough. Pour into deep pie plates, lined with flaky crust, and bake for three-quarters of an hour until a rich golden brown hue. —N. Y. Herald.

Butternut Pudding. Soak one pint of bread crumbs in one quart of milk half an hour; to this add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful currants, chopped raisins or citron, one cupful butternut chopped, one teaspoonful of salt and four eggs beaten separately. Bake 30 minutes. Serve with foam sauce. —Ladies' World, New York.

Pie! Pie! Pie! Client—How about that account I left with you to collect on shares? Collection Agent—Oh, I collected my half all right, but it's simply impossible to collect yours. —Chicago Daily News.

A MAMMOTH GRAPEVINE.

One in Santa Barbara, Cal., Bore Ten Tons of Fruit in a Recent Season.

Wherever the fame of Santa Barbara has spread, that of her big grapevine has likewise expanded. The vines are of the mission variety, brought from Spain by the mission fathers. There was many a pang of regret when, in the centennial year, it was known that the old landmark in the Montecito Valley was to be cut down and a portion of it removed to the exposition at Philadelphia; but it was whispered that relentless time, who is no respecter of grapevines, was beginning to impair its vitality, and that the inevitable was only hastened by the intervention of man, says the Scientific American.

No record was kept of the time of planting, but from events connected with the family upon whose ground it grew, it was believed to be 75 or a hundred years old. The measurements of its trunk is given as three feet ten inches in circumference, and the arbor was about 75 feet square. Its death was believed to be premature, the result of changing, the course of a small stream that had flowed near its roots.

But another vine nearby, a cutting from the original, had attained this size, so that Santa Barbara could still boast of having "the biggest grapevine in the world." In 1899 this vine succumbed to a disease of the roots, perhaps invited by age, and its body now rests in the Santa Barbara chamber of commerce. Its irregular trunk attained a girth of four feet four inches at 18 inches above the ground, or five feet seven inches at 42 inches, and its maximum yield was four tons in a season. It was believed to be 75 years old.

In the Carpinteria Valley, a few miles further from the city, a third vine has surpassed both of the others in size. It was planted in 1842 by Joaquin Lugo de Ayala, and has therefore just completed its three score years. The first election in Santa Barbara county under American rule was held beneath its ample shade. This latest candidate for the world's record is double from the surface of the ground up; the two parts are knit together in a David-and-Jonathan-like embrace to a height of about five feet seven inches, where they separate into huge branches, the largest having a circumference of three feet. Six inches above the ground the vine measures eight feet five, and one half inches in circumference, and it covers an area of 115 feet square (the whole back yard), 60 posts supporting the framework. The owner says that, were provisions made, it would spread over a greater surface, but it is pruned every year. Fabulous tales are told of the grapes this vine produces. That it did actually yield ten tons in a recent season seems to be authentic.

An effort was made to secure a part of the original Montecito vine—taken to Ohio after the centennial—for the Santa Barbara exhibition at the world's fair, but terms could not be made with the owner. At the time of the succeeding midwinter fair at San Francisco an offer of \$10,000 for the Carpinteria vine was refused, else its lease of life would have been cut short.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

When the Pioneer Cleared His Land and Lived in a Cabin Made of the Tree Felled.

So my parents set up their simple housekeeping, and passed, I have no doubt, their happiest days—as happy, very likely, as any their children or numerous grandchildren or great-grandchildren have enjoyed, in the stress of a more complex civilization, writes J. T. Trowbridge, in Atlantic. She sang at her work; his ax resounded in the forest. He made a clearing, and planted corn and beans and potatoes between the stumps. Their first child was born in that hut. The clearing grew, and before long a larger, well-built house replaced the primitive cabin. This more substantial house had one large room on the ground floor, about 20 feet square, a low-roofed chamber, to which access was had by a ladder, and, in the course of time, a "hinter" (lean-to) addition. The "hinter" was framed, but the main part was built of logs. These were hewed on the inside, and the cracks between them filled with a plaster made of clay. The filling was liable to crack, and it was necessary to patch the broken places every fall. This was called "chinking up the house," and it made a happy time for the older children (I had not yet appeared on the scene), there being always some of the moist clay left over which they could use in making cups and saucers for their playhouses, and other ornaments. The floor was of dressed chestnut planks, the beautiful grain of which was kept scrupulously clean and polished. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, with great iron andirons, and iron shovel and tongs in the corners. In the "hinter" were the spare bed, with its white counterpane, a tall brass-handled bureau, and our father's large oaken chest, with its complicated tills, always a marvel to the younger children, who would run and peep wonderingly whenever he went to open it.

Accum—And what profession is your son to follow? Peter—I don't know yet, but that's about all he'll do, I guess. "What? How do you mean?" "He'll follow some profession; he never seems able to catch up to anything." —Philadelphia Press.

WOMAN'S BEST AGE.

People Seem to Have Discovered Again That It Is Between 30 and 40.

There's no mistake about it. To be young, to be in the first flush of youth, is no longer fashionable, says the New York Sun.

The fashionable age now for a woman is between 30 and 40. Have not their majesties, the king and queen of England, given notice that the young person is not to monopolize social attention?

The doctrine of middle age is being preached in London, and from the innermost centers of Mayfair exclusiveness to the outer circles of Bohemianism the women who are the most popular are those who have lived. The same is true of New York.

It is hard to get at the reason for this inversion of fancy. Somebody says it is because the girls of the present day are older and more world-worn than the women who have passed the first stage of real youth. Whatever the reason, the chief interest seems to center about women who have left the white muslin stage and crept out to the once dreaded verge of maturity.

The women of whom most is heard, whether in New York or in London, have certainly no longer any right to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seem to glory in it.

So people seem to have discovered that the period succeeding youth is more desirable than adolescence. The strange thing is that it has not been discovered before, with all the examples that exist in history. The women of France and England who were noted for their power and attractions reached the zenith of their glory after youth had flown.

Those who have lived and seen the world must always have a greater power for swaying humanity than those who are equipped only with the charm of youth. No one is disposed to underestimate this charm, for it comes to all once, and partakes not only of the sweetness of the flower, but also of the evanescence.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and another that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because she has had all her life in which to grow beautiful." The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings of the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, serenity of the face—these things no fiftieth year or two of goodness gives. Only habitual graciousness within will give them all.

It is interesting to remember in connection with this that many of the women who have been famous for their beauty and fascination for men achieved their greatest triumphs between the ages of 30 and 40.

Josephine was 33 when she married Napoleon, and, judging from the letters written by the absent husband during the early years of their union, she inspired him with intense love and jealousy. It has been said that she was the only woman Napoleon ever really loved.

Mme. Recamier was most beautiful between the ages of 35 and 35, and Mme. Mare at 45 was at the zenith of her triumphs. Diane de Poitiers was 36 when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed.

Anne of Austria was 38 when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe, and Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de Lenclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of France, and she was 72 when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her.

Bianca Capello was 33 when the Grand Duke Francis of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Mme. de Maintenon was 43 when united to Louis, and Catherine II. of Russia was 33 when she seized the empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young Gen. Orloff. Up to the time of her death, at 67, she seems to have retained her powers of bewitchery.

Cleopatra was nearly 40 when Mark Antony fell beneath her spell, and the most famous beauty the world has ever known, Helen of Troy, was long past 30 when she perpetrated the most notable elopement on record and set the Trojan warriors to fighting for her sake.

Talking Too Much. Many stories are told to illustrate the folly of a tongue that wags too freely, and the point is one which needs to be emphasized to the attention of humanity. Not long ago a neat and well-dressed girl was arrested in New York on a charge of shoplifting, and her appearance was so greatly in her favor that the police were about to release her, believing that a mistake had been made. Then she opened her mouth and spoke, saying: "I s'pose my mug will have to go into de picture book for dis." Whereupon her captors held her tightly in the iron grasp of the law, and shortly thereafter secured her commitment to jail, and put her "mug" in the "picture book" as that of a thief. And all because she talked too much.

Hated to Undo His Work. He was wandering in Ireland and came upon a couple of men "in holts" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened. "It's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he. "If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "you wouldn't be talking like that." —Philadelphia Inquirer.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Prof. Morisani, of Naples university, who holds the position of physician to Queen Helena of Italy, is both in stature and proportions the most diminutive doctor in the world.

I. H. Stone, of Carrollton, Mo., with his wife and eight grown children, held a family reunion recently, some of the family coming from quite a distance to attend. Mr. Stone remarked on the stalwart appearance of those present, and all were weighed. The total weight was just 1,989 pounds, an average for the ten of a fraction less than 200 pounds each.

Sam Hildreth, a horse trainer at the New Orleans track, started betting the other day with what the sports call a "shoestring." He won several successive bets, and by night had nearly \$1,000. He then visited a faro bank and won \$2,500. Turning to the roulette wheel he increased his winnings by about \$4,000. He successively made ventures at other games, and by morning was \$26,000 richer. For three days he pressed his luck, and at the end of that time found himself worth over \$60,000.

Gilbert's Lord Bah does not compare with Pook Raglan, governor of the Isle of Man. He is president of both houses of the island parliament, he can initiate laws and taxation, he is chancellor of the exchequer, president of the government board, chief justice of the courts, admits members to the bar, is head of the military forces and police, besides being commandant of the prisons. In fact, he is invested with such multifarious authority that he may be regarded as an absolute monarch. So far, however, his lordship has been a wise ruler.

Dr. Roswell Park, the Buffalo surgeon who performed the operation on President McKinley, was talking to some professional and other friends about the wonderful advancement in medical and surgical science of late years. "It has been demonstrated," he said, "that you can look in the throat of a child and see upon which foot it is standing, because the blood collects on the other side of the body." One of the laymen present said: "That's not so very wonderful. Why, I know a man who by looking in his pocketbook can tell what he is going to have for dinner."

Years ago Mr. Chamberlain, the British colonial secretary, while a guest at the legation in Washington, attended a ball. An American girl with whom he danced summed him up in this way: "He's nice enough, but he doesn't know how to waltz. He takes such funny little, short steps that one would think he must have practiced on a postage stamp." It was during this visit that he met Miss Endicott, who afterward became his wife. Mr. Chamberlain said on his return to England that he had made a treaty "with which the august senate of the United States had nothing to do."

JEWES WHO WEAR QUEUES.

There Are Nearly 5,000,000 of Them in China Who Follow the Native Manners and Customs.

Joseph Soss, the well-known western contractor, after completing the new statehouse in Helena, Mont., last spring, started on a tour around the world, and reached the starting point a few days ago. In an interview Mr. Soss gave the following information concerning the large number of Jews who are living in China, says a special correspondent of the New York Times.

"There are nearly 5,000,000 Jews in China who speak the language of the Chinese fluently and who wear queues and strictly adhere to all the ordinary customs and dress of the Chinese.

"When I arrived at Shanghai I made the acquaintance of a Chinese Jew of high standing. He said that the Jews came to China 3,000 years ago, and that their religion has been handed down through the ages. They have adopted, he said, all the Chinese customs, and speak the language as fluently, if not more so, as they do Hebrew. This old fellow introduced me to many Jews and, as they all spoke the Hebrew language, I had no difficulty in conversing with them.

"I was shown a number of synagogues about the city, and learned that the ritual is similar to that used by Jews all over the world. Saturday is a holiday with them, and they observe all the other Jewish holidays.

"The Jew is honored more in China than he is in any other country in the world. In fact, the Chinese, who are heathens, are more quickly converted to the religion than they are to Christianity. If a Jew has a complaint to make he is given every consideration by the government."

Mr. Soss witnessed the execution of eight Chinese criminals while in Shanghai. "It was far from being a treat," he said, "and I nearly fainted when I saw those eight heads separated from the bodies. The men were marched out with their hands tied behind their backs, and then forced to kneel and place their heads on a long block. One of the guards got hold of the hair while two others seized the shoulders and then the executioner, with a sword that looked to be nearly six feet long, did the deed.

"That I was a guest at such an affair only serves to emphasize the influence of the Jewish race with the Chinese officials."

Better Left Unaided.

Witless—Who is that handsome girl standing near the piano? Mrs. Homer—That is my daughter. Witless—Indeed! She doesn't resemble you in the least. —Chicago Daily News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Culture—Bath—"Mr. Jenkins has such an air of culture, hasn't he?" Tom (jealously)—"Hum, yes, agri-culture." —Kansas City Journal.

A Sore Thing.—Phibbubs—"Do you suppose that girl Bikkins is to marry as rich as she is said to be?" Pinbedds—"No question about it—I know Bikkins." —Smart Set.

Secret of the Calumet.—Spartacus—"I wonder why the Indians used just one pipe in their conciliatory conferences?" Smarticus—"Because they didn't have a pipe apiece." —Baltimore American.

"Why does Bimler always come out of the house with such an ugly expression?" "I suppose he is looking for trouble." "Well, I don't see why he has to go away from home to find it." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Appropriate.—"You will notice," she said, desiring to illustrate the value in which woman is held, "that a woman's head adorns all our coins." "Yes," he replied, "and it's very appropriate, too. Woman is very closely identified with the expenditure of money." —Chicago Post.

"No," said Yabsley, as he strode into the dining-room, "I never missed a train in my life." "I believe you," remarked the sarcastic lady in front of him, as she turned to examine and ascertain how many breadths had been ripped loose from her skirt-band. —Baltimore American.

"A magnificent work, his latest story, you say?" "Magnificent! Why, it's the finest story that has been published this century." "Indeed? What's the general idea?" "Oh, half-morocco, gold or uncut edges, cloth edition, finished in four colors, with illuminated pages—to every chapter." —Baltimore News.

BLACK BIBS FOR GRAY BEARDS.

One of the Newest Developments of the Barber's Ancient and Useful Trade.

"The newest wrinkle of the barber's trade," said the middle-aged man, relates the New York Sun, "I discovered yesterday in the black bib. Many of the new features that mark the great progress made in recent years in this ancient calling I had already encountered. I had my mustaches done up in curl papers and so left while the barber was dressing my hair; I had had a strip of cotton batting tucked in around my neck, between the towel and it, to keep stray splinters of hair from irritating me when I had my beard trimmed; to keep such splinters out of my eyes I had had placed over them wire goggles with a bridge-piece of lead that could be freely bent so that the goggles could be adjusted to a face of any contour; I had had my face sprayed with witch hazel and dusted with face powder from sprayers and dusters that could be, like so many nozzles, attached to the end of a flexible tube hanging in front of the barber's chair, through which compressed air was conveyed from an air compressor somewhere on the premises; and then I had my face cooled by air from the same pipe; and how many other new things I had met with I don't know, but the black bib I saw for the first time yesterday."

"When the barber had trimmed my hair and I had lain back in the chair and placed my head on the head-rest and the barber had roughed off my beard before proceeding to finish it, he took from his drawer under the ledge along in front of the row of chairs, a black-bib, a little black apron which he put around my neck to spread thence over my chest. And then he went on with his work.

"What was the black thing for? Why, that was to bring my gray beard into relief. The great apron or coat or whatever it may be called that is commonly put over the customer in the chair has a white ground against which a black or brown beard shows plainly; not so, however, in case of a gray beard, which blends with it and makes accurate trimming over it correspondingly difficult.

"But with the little black apron under it, every hair in the gray beard is brought out clearly and could be handled easily, and the exact result desired could be attained.

"So," I said to myself, and it was rather pleasant to think that I had run across this newest touch in modern barbering; but it was not so pleasant to reflect that I should not have discovered it if I had not been growing old."

Overheard in Gun Store.

Desperate-Looking Party—I want to buy a revolver. Dealer—Yes, sir; here's the three latest styles; this plain, substantial arm is much used for self-defense; this silver-mounted one with pearl handle is used for shooting sweethearts, and this cheap common affair is usually used to shoot wires. It's very popular just now. —Baltimore American.

The Wrong Place.

Mrs. Casey—Oh, but I lost a fine little chiny vase that Mike brought me when he come home last from the dimmeocratic rally. 'Twas 'st his own carissima, too. Mrs. Cassidy—Did he drop it or break it? "He carried it home in his hat. Shure, he might 'a' knowed that'd be the first place I'd sock 'am." —Philadelphia Press.

A Monster Bird.

Freddie—Ma, the bat is the biggest bird that flies, ain't it? Ma—By no means, Freddie. "Well, anyway, some of 'em must be mighty big, 'cause I heard father say he was out on one last night." —Richmond Telegraph.