

Wichita Daily Eagle HENLOPEN'S SAND WAVE

A MIGHTY ROLLER THAT IS SWEEPING ACROSS THE CAPE.

Neither Marshes Nor Forests Have Been Able to Obstruct Its Course—Uncle Sam's Lighthouse Buildings Mainly Buried—A Frank of Wild Nature.

Without doubt one of the most interesting features of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and in fact, one of the most interesting phenomena of the whole country, is the traveling hill of Cape Henlopen.

In 1845, when Gen. Jos. Johnson, as a government engineer, was engaged in surveying this part of the coast, he found on the north side of Cape Henlopen a great ridge of sand, it was in appearance like the ridges that divide the Great South Bay of Long Island from the sea, and that it covered several feet above high water mark.

It was a ragged ridge, with coarse grass growing over a few parts of its surface and a few gnarled and stunted pines on its southern or land side. Behind it was a tall marsh or valley, where the water was from an inch to two or three feet deep at the lowest ebb tide.

In making the survey, Engineer Johnson noted that whenever the wind came from northward it picked up the sand on the weather side of that great ridge in such clouds that no one could travel along the ridge except when the face was covered with a thick wave and even then only with great effort and much pain.

It was a sand dune, and it was the sand that was carried up over the brow of the hill, across the narrow plain on the southern side, where the wind formed an eddy that could not support the weight of the sand.

The sand that piled up by the wind was carried up over the brow of the hill, across the narrow plain on the southern side, where the wind formed an eddy that could not support the weight of the sand.

As the years passed the receding wave began to uncover the old surface of the ground that had been buried. Old landmarks along the edge of the marsh reappeared. Here and there the old buildings, with the old sand dune easily recognized, appeared, and finally the wind scooped the sand out of the hollows of the marsh, and today the tide ebbs and flows there, and at low tide the water is steadily advanced, and the people sail with wonder the forest buried before their eyes.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

MYSTERY OF THE ACCORDION SKIRT CLEARED UP AT LAST.

Sensible Remarks on Dress—Dignity of Housework—Women as Farmers—Train the Girls' Hands—Patents for Babies. How to Wash Laces.

It has been the good fortune of a reporter to find a solution for what has hitherto been popularly regarded as a first class mystery—namely, the process of making that manner of garment so beautiful to the eye and so dear to the fashionable feminine heart, the wonderful "accordion skirt."

The method whereby the so called accordion plait is made has been kept religiously a secret ever since the introduction of the novelty. You can procure a skirt so prepared from any dressmaker, dry goods shop or sewing machine place; but the work is not done on the premises.

The origin of this is a good sized iron box without a cover, with parallel wires stretched across it in two layers, one layer of wires below the other. The stuff to be plaited is first wet and then passed through the wires in and out, over an upper wire, under a lower one, then over the next up wire, under the next lower one, and so on until as much of the material is taken up as all the wires will accommodate.

These ups and downs of the cloth form the lines of the plaits, and behind the last of the plaits is a square iron bar running parallel to the wires, which being pressed up with a powerful screw, folds up all the wires compactly together like a book, pressing the plaits into the smallest possible compass. It only remains now to dry the material in that shape, and for this purpose the iron box is taken out of the cover with a perforated top and permitted to bake there, the moisture that evaporates from the stuff going off as steam.

When sufficient time has elapsed to allow for a thorough drying of the cloth, the iron box is taken out of the cover, the screw undone, and the cloth is withdrawn beautifully plaited accordion fashion and ready to be made up. One Baltimore man produces several hundred yards of accordion plaiting daily, and, inasmuch as the consumer pays fifty cents a yard for the work, there must be a reasonable profit in it.

However, it is likely that this monopoly will be wiped out before long by the placing on the market of a very simple contrivance recently invented, which any man can afford to buy and will have skill enough to use. It will cost less than \$1 to manufacture, will be sold for \$3, and will do to perfection not only the accordion plaiting but knifing, the machine consisting of a little more than long strips of brass adjustable to table and a wooden roller. Each plait, after being folded by the machine, is ironed separately with a hand iron, and the stuff comes out all ready to be put on to the belt, supposing that it is intended for an accordion skirt.

But of course many other things besides skirts are made according to fashion nowadays, such as capes, cloaks, lamp shades, etc. It will be cheering news to the ladies that the fifty cents a yard rate is not likely to be maintained very long. It will not be a great while before every woman who makes her own dresses will perform the accordion process as a matter of course upon the material she buys.—Washington Star.

Some Sensible Remarks on Dress Reform. You see we are grown modest and fearful of some nameless, imaginary moral evil. We have become ashamed of the way God made us, and we cover ourselves up, just as if the human figure were a deformity. Who first invented the idea of covering up the body with a garment which makes one look like a stuffed animal, or a piece of furniture? The ancients showed the lines of the female figure and gave a glimpse to its pliancy, its graceful flexibility. Today the women put themselves in stays and load themselves with bustles and stick umbrellas, and all sorts of trappings, until they look like a piece of furniture, or a piece of machinery. I don't believe the Grecian women, those from whose figures goddesses were modeled, had a bit better forms than the women of today.

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When clean and pressed, a wringing them in a bowl of soapy water and setting them in the sun. Point lace can be tacked on a suitable cloth, keeping all the points stretched. Then, with a fine brush and a little of castile soap, it can be rubbed gently over the surface, and the other side treated in the same way. Then let it be rinsed in clean water, in which a very little alum has been dissolved to take off the soap. With a little starch water go over it on the wrong side, and then iron it. When dry it must be opened and set in a wooden rack. If not much soiled, lace can be cleaned by rubbing in flour or rice powder.—New York World.

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She goes from house to house making weekly visits, and serving two and sometimes more of her customers in one day. Her duties are inspector and director. She goes over a house from cellar to garret, looks after the linen, furniture, decorations, and has authority to give directions to the servants or resident housekeeper as she sees fit. She prepares a daily menu a week ahead, audits the accounts of tradesmen and very often has the entire supervision over dinner parties and receptions. No detail in the management of a household escapes her, and her employers, without exception, pronounce her a perfect treasure, for at a comparatively trifling cost she takes upon her own fair shoulders the worry and bother of that portion of household affairs which is the most vexatious and troublesome and wearing.—New York Journal.

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Patents for Babies. Women have patented many things relating to children, and a California woman invented a baby carriage which better her own \$2000 one. Children's toys form some of the best paying patents that have ever been invented, and the man who made the rubber ball attached to a little rubber string cleared \$500,000 with it. The dancing negro baby gave its inventor an annual income of \$300,000. Pharaoh's serpents, or those jointed wooden snakes, brought in more than \$50,000, and there are toys which have made fortunes. There is a little toy called the wheel of life which is said to have brought \$500,000 into the inventor's pocket, and \$100,000 a year is the income which is received from the common needle threader.

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Keeps House in a Dozen Homes. In Philadelphia there is a little woman who was left a widow two years ago, with no source of income and three small children to support, who today makes a very fine living by a profession that is uniquely distinctive. She is a perambulating housekeeper, and has a dozen or more clients on her list, in fact, in fact, as she can comfortably take care of a family of five.

She goes from house to house making weekly visits, and serving two and sometimes more of her customers in one day. Her duties are inspector and director. She goes over a house from cellar to garret, looks after the linen, furniture, decorations, and has authority to give directions to the servants or resident housekeeper as she sees fit. She prepares a daily menu a week ahead, audits the accounts of tradesmen and very often has the entire supervision over dinner parties and receptions. No detail in the management of a household escapes her, and her employers, without exception, pronounce her a perfect treasure, for at a comparatively trifling cost she takes upon her own fair shoulders the worry and bother of that portion of household affairs which is the most vexatious and troublesome and wearing.—New York Journal.

Dress of English Women. The English seem strangely indifferent to dress. One can wear almost any kind of apparel here and not excite comment. I have seen things parading the streets here

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