

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MARGARET SIDNEY'S RECEPTION IN HONOR OF MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

A Delightful Woman—She Wasn't Afraid. New York's Girl Cyclists—The Question of Bedbugs and Other Bugs—A Woman with a History.

Mrs. John A. Logan was the recipient of most distinguished courtesies during the recent G. A. R. encampment in Boston, but the reception given in her honor by "Margaret Sidney" (Mrs. D. Lothrop) eclipsed all other entertainments in magnificence. The summer home of the Lothrop is at Wayside, Concord, where they occupy the old historic house of the Hawthornes. The two hundred guests rambled at will through the narrow gabled doorways, lost themselves in the queer winding passages, peered into the curious wall cupboards, and ascended to the tower room, where the desk, at which Hawthorne stood and wrote, remains intact.

The company then assembled on the spacious lawn, with its beautiful background of pine woods, and were presented to Mrs. Logan, at whose right stood the little 6-year-old daughter of the host and hostess, arrayed in the quaintest of costumes. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Logan, Jr., Mrs. B. A. Alger and her two charming daughters, and Miss Ellen Emerson, a sister of the poet, were also in the receiving party. Refreshments were served on the lawn, while an orchestra played national airs, after which there were interesting literary exercises, conducted by ex-Governor Long.

The author of "America," Dr. S. F. Smith, related the history of the hymn; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came from her Newport home to recite the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and letters and poems were read from Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. E. S. Phelps Ward and other celebrities. The venerable Dr. A. P. Peabody made felicitous remarks, and selections were read from Margaret Sidney's "Minute Man."—Harper's Bazar.

A Delightful Woman. The most delightful woman at a summer resort is the woman with a Sunday husband. She is always to be found in some of the quieter resorts near the large cities; she is always pretty, usually young and the most devoted wife in all the world—on Sundays. During the week, while her husband is down in the city, she is the leader in all the gayeties that are going on. She plays tennis with the college boys like the best of them; she firms with the elderly men, who quite understand her, and she turns the heads of all the quite young men, who don't understand her. All this during weekdays. But on Saturday night everything is changed.

When at such the big stages come crashing up to the little hotel, with their long seats filled with tired, dusty-looking men, she stands, the best dressed, the most eager eyed, affectionate little woman in all the assembled crowd of guests, and when Tom comes stepping up to the piazza she gives one wild little cry and settles down on his coat collar as if she had done nothing all the week but mourn for his absence. And Tom puts her fluffy head and feels sure that he has the dearest little wife in all the world, and they walk off, she clinging fondly to his arm quite like a pair of lovers, while all the men who have been her slaves all the week look foolish and would like to punch Tom's empty head.

But they don't know, poor souls—and neither does Tom—that the whole thing was gotten up for their benefit. For a woman always likes to show a man the endearments that may be in store for some man, even though she has no wish or purpose that they should be for him. —New York Evening Sun.

She Wasn't Afraid. Mrs. O. E. Draper, the dressmaker, is receiving many compliments on her bravery in throwing an exploded kerosene oil stove from the window on Saturday. Mrs. Draper was in her sitting room at work, while the kerosene oil stove had been lit and was burning on a table in the shed some distance away.

Mr. Handy's family, who live over the Draper flat, smelled smoke, and went down stairs to see what the matter was. Opening the shed door they were met by a dense smoke which nearly overcame them. Mrs. Draper was called, and she at once, surmising the cause, went through the smoke, grabbed the exploded oil stove and threw it out of the window, thus averting what might have been a lively fire.

Members of the family are modest about relating the facts in the case, but the bravery of Mrs. Draper is the subject of much comment. It is said that as soon as the oil stove was thrown from the window it exploded with great fury in the air, and actually went off like a skyrocket. Flames caught shavings in the yard and made quite a little blaze. —Lewiston Journal.

Girl Cyclists. The unusual spectacle of four girls on bicycles coming down Madison avenue in the wake of ten or a dozen male cyclists, at the rate of about a mile in two minutes, rather startled the conservative residents and quiet pedestrians on that fashionable thoroughfare the other evening. For a year or two past bicycling has been recognized as one of the outdoor recreations in which young ladies are entitled to join the young men, but it was something of a novelty to see a quartet of fair maids, with divided skirts and regulation cycling costumes, actually in a race with their masculine rivals—a novelty which even now some women find it hard to become reconciled to.

Two years ago nobody dreamed that bicycling would become a pastime of the ladies. If any one had presumed to predict that the wife or sister of a respectable and respected member of the "four hundred" would be seen on the road, mounted on such a masculine invention as the "bike," the proper pious-prisms matron would have been horrified, and the rest of mankind and womankind would have sneered and said:

"The bleached haired, music hall type, if you please, but not our friends and ourselves." Today, however, every woman whose taste runs in that direction has a bicycle, and she is not at all afraid to be seen on the most fashionable street or in Central park, riding her hobby to her heart's content. Of course the ladies' bicycle is an improvement upon the one used by the men. It never takes a header, for it isn't built that way. It is a sort of combination between the ordinary bicycle and the velocipede, with the beauty and speed of the former and the comfort and safety of the latter.—Elton Leigh in New York Star.

A Woman with a History. Mrs. Charlotte Abadio Bournonville, almost a nonagenarian, and widow of Dr. Anthony Bournonville, of Philadelphia, was recently injured by falling down stairs at Astbury Park. She was taken to 153 Lexington avenue, the home of her son-in-law, Hugh B. MacCanley, and died there.

Mrs. Bournonville was born in France. Her father was a civil officer under Napoleon I. In 1816, when she was just in her teens, she came to Philadelphia with her brother, Eugene H. Abadio, who became a United States army officer in 1836, and was a brevet colonel when he was retired in 1867. His sister married Dr. Bournonville before she was of age. He was of French lineage, and an uncle, the Count de Bournonville, was a warrior statesman whose portrait is in the Louvre gallery. His name is inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe.

Dr. Bournonville spoke seven languages, was a litterateur, and held the office of master of the grand lodge of Pennsylvania for two terms. His wife shared his literary enjoyments, and when Gettysburg was fought was an officer of the sanitary commission. She went to the front and cared for the wounded for several months. She was a Roman Catholic, and her husband a Protestant, but they settled all questions of faith for their children by allowing the girls to choose their mother's religion, while the boys became Protestants.—New York Times.

The Bedbug Question. I will try and help on the buffalo bug question. Every year I buy two pounds or more of a mixture of "powdered borax, camphor and saltpeter"—equal quantities—and apply dry in liberal handfuls under the edges of carpet, in drawers, chests—anywhere, everywhere. It is the most effective agent known to me. One year I was in a house where, knowing the "bug" had been very troublesome and wishing to make assurance doubly sure, I painted the closet floors all over, and chamber floors a foot deep all round, with corrosive sublimate, in addition to the mixture. Corrosive sublimate is a poison. Pour into an old sauce or odd cover, a five cent brush wood lot. Afterward throw both away.

By daily watching through the summer less than two dozen were found, and they were so sluggish that none escaped. If they abound in closets the clothing must be taken down every other day and shook over a sheet spread on the floor, and the "pesky varmint" will drop—the only good thing I know about them.

"A Reader" desires a remedy for "bedbugs and water bugs." The latter I know nothing of, but a never failing remedy for bedbugs is: Take mercury, or quicksilver, and the white of an egg, well shaken together. Apply with a feather to every crack and crevice, and persist in it. I have not seen a bedbug for years, and this is the only remedy ever used.—S. J. B. in Good Housekeeping.

"Wanted—Board for a Young Couple." So begin many advertisements in the large urban dailies. What a mistake that a young couple should enter conjugal life in so unnatural a manner. What a mistake that they should not, in the sacredness of a home of their own, consecrate their life long promise to walk hand in hand for weal or for woe. What a mistake that the sweet home cares, which sit so gracefully on the young wife and housekeeper, should be thrust aside for the flippant conversation of a public table or the meaningless etiquette of a boarding house parlor.

What a mistake that the husband should not have a "home" to return to when the daily duties of office or store are over—instead of a "room," made up by the chambermaid, without the touches of dearer feminine fingers. "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."—New York Ledger.

An Old Woman Who Gets Mad. What hope is there for the rest of us if a woman 115 years old cannot control her temper? Mrs. Eliza Stanton lives at the foot of Muncy mountain, ten miles west of Bellefonte, Pa., and it is pretty well authenticated that her age is 115 years. When asked the other day if she killed snakes she replied: "Oh, yes; I do. They bite me and that makes me mad and then I go for them with sticks and stones." Mrs. Stanton's father was a half Indian and her mother a country born American. She is believed to be the oldest woman in Pennsylvania.—Exchange.

Mrs. Annie A. De Barr has received a license as mechanical engineer from the Chicago board of engineers. For eighteen months she has had full charge of the engine and machinery of a large steam laundry. Her engine room is a model of neatness, her natty uniform is spotless, and she does not put on a look of Bunby like wisdom, and shake her head mysteriously when a question is asked her about the mysteries of rods and cylinders as some of the United Brotherhood do.

The London Queen tells a romantic story of Capt. Mayne Reid's courtship. As it is told by Mrs. Reid it is doubly interesting. He fell in love with her when she was only 13, and though he loved at first sight, she was such a child that he made little impression on her. He lent her his romance, "The Sculp Hunters," and that aroused her interest, and when she met him two years after, his courtship began on the instant, and his speedy proposal was met by a happy acceptance.

Another American heiress is about to become one of the English "upper ten." Miss Garner, the cousin of Lady Vernon, a daughter of the ill-fated gentleman who was drowned in New York harbor some years ago, will shortly be Lady Gordon-Cumming. Sir William is a colonel in the Scots Guards and very good looking.

Blouses, Josephine corsets and French supper jackets of Chantilly lace, both black and white, are worn with skirts of striped foulard, velveteen or satin, with pretty falling ribbons at the belt matching one of the colors in the striped skirt. A like color in plain silk is placed beneath the lace cuffs and deep Stuart collar.

Miss Abigail Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, conducts a "Bible talk" in Secretary Blaine's drawing room at Washington on Sunday afternoons. Her audience is usually composed of members of the so-called "American court." Mrs. Harrison not infrequently being present.

Olive Logan, for many years a popular writer and newspaper correspondent, has received quite a distinguished literary honor. She has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is the president and Walter Besant the secretary.

A Swedish woman, Mrs. C. Milon, has won the prize of £150 offered by Dr. Ostison, of Chicago, for the best biography of a distinguished woman. Mrs. Milon chose for her subject her country woman, the novelist Fredrika Bremer, and she certainly made a happy choice.

The latest matrimonial engagement announced from England is that of Miss Garner, daughter of the late William T. Garner, to Sir William Gordon Cumming. Miss Garner's parents were drowned in the yacht Mohawk fourteen years ago. She has a great fortune.

In the life of "Carmen Sylva," the queen of Roumania, recently translated from the Baroness Staekelberg's work, there are glimpses of the gifted queen's youth which seem to show that her temperament was as ardent and her fancy as vivid as Marie Bashkirtseff's.

Among the notably natty novelties are Stanley jackets for autumn wear over stylish tailed waist visiting gowns. They are of lawn colored Venetian cloth, with kid trimmings, pointed and dotted with real silver ornaments.

Vernon Lee, otherwise Miss Violet Paget, author of "Euphorion," "Hauntings" and other works, has lived in Florence for many years, and is the devoted companion of her half brother, who is a chronic invalid.

Some of the handsome black Spanish lace dinner toilets are enriched with girdles, mousetaire collars and deep tufts of fine gold lace.

A Refreshing Bath. A warm salt bath is very refreshing to any one suffering from exhaustion of travel or of a long shopping expedition, which is as trying to mind and body as anything which can be undertaken by a woman. A warm salt bath is a very simple substitute for sea water in a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. When the salt is irritating to the skin, take a warm bath and sponge off with a mixture of violet or lavender water and alcohol, about half and half, and rub briskly with the warm friction towel. Such a method prevents the exhaustion and danger of cold which follows a warm bath.—Herald of Health.

Two Ways of Eiding. The Princess of Wales is responsible for the right and left positions in the saddle now obligatory to every equestrienne. Owing to a chronic lameness in her right limb she is forced to use a left side saddle. To make the fact less conspicuous the princesses

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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THE CHINESE. Say, When the wind blows your fire, it is useless to fire yourself. About half of your toil can be avoided by the use of Sapolio. It doesn't make us tired to tell about the merits of SAPOLIO. Thousands of women in the United States thank us every hour of their lives for having told them of SAPOLIO. Its use saves many weary hours of toil in house-cleaning. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist upon having just what you ordered. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

Have been trained to ride in both right and left saddle seats. A few horsewomen in New York while abroad caught the idea and have since introduced the fashion of two saddles. There is in consequence great rejoicing among the saddlers and riding teachers.—New York Letter.

A Female Inventor. Miss Jessie McIntosh, daughter of Judge McQueen McIntosh, of Georgia, about two years ago invented an apparatus for the preservation of fruit during transportation by rail. She sold the patent for a handsome sum, which, by judicious investment, has almost tripled itself within the two years. It is said that Miss McIntosh, who has a great talent for mechanics, has just perfected another invention, more remarkable than her first, but its nature is as yet a secret.—Exchange.

A True Sister of Charity. A daughter of the late Archbishop Tait resides in a very humble way in one of the slums of Lambeth, at the call of any one who requires help. She nurses the sick or attends upon the infirm, working as a charwoman. The sacrifice is purely one of love for the cause of charity, as Miss Tait is well provided for.—New York Telegram.

Bats Are Blind. Just why the bat doesn't hit the ball that is on a curve inclined. It is possibly because the bat is proverbially blind. —Philadelphia Times.

Ice Water in Radiators. An enterprising hotel keeper in Kansas became so much fatigued with having guests come up to the center and fire the ice-hot-enough-for-you shot at him that he resolved upon a mild and agreeable revenge. His house is fitted with steam radiators, which in the winter carry steam and bring mosquitoes from their haunts in February, reminding the guest of a summer hotel on the Jersey coast.

Queen Natalie's Physical Wreck. Queen Natalie, of Servia, troubles have told terribly upon her. In two years she has aged twenty. It is said that she suffers from want of sleep and has recourse to opiates. Her beauty is gone and with it her youth, and the wreck of her former self is all that is left to tell the tale of her life. She is the personification of a political riddle, in the solving of which a nation is rendered wretched, a queen outraged and a mother disconsolate.—New York Telegram.

As near as can be discovered from the evidence, the project for Mr. John D. Rockefeller to found a \$20,000,000 university has been seriously considered by a number of other persons, but Mr. Rockefeller himself has not been in it, so to say. This was quite an unfortunate omission.

The following notice is posted on the main street at Athens, Ore.: "To my neighbors—If my spring chickens are disturbing your garden kill them and eat them. Don't pile them out in the alley to become a nuisance. John Edington."

A Little Fellow's Reasoning. There is a wee fellow in one of the suburban towns who combines in his small frame a sense of justice and a fund of humor quite sufficient for a man of much larger growth. A few days ago he had a severe pain in that part of his anatomy especially devoted to infantile aches, and in this case as in many others the stern visitation resulting from an unlicensed indulgence in green fruit.

"Mamma," asked the inquiring youngster in one of the intervals in which he had leisure to indulge in abstract speculation, "mamma, who gave me this pain, God?"

"Yes, Frankie; God did."

"Why, mamma?"

"To punish you for being a bad little boy, Frankie, who disobeyed his mamma and ate green apples."

"But you just whipped me for that."

"Then followed a few moments of pain, during which there was generated the resentment which broke out in the following: "Well, mamma, I'd just thank God to let a fellow alone that's got his mother to punish him, and save his punishments for orphans and children that haven't got anybody else to be that they get punished for being bad."—New York Evening Sun.

Had His Growl, but Paid His Fare. When the March blizzard of 1888 was in full swing a night car was stopped at the corner of Ninth and Sanson streets, and for hours and hours the one solitary passenger was kept waiting. Finally he grew tired and bunked for the night at a neighboring store. But he has never forgotten that a ride for which he had paid ten cents was cut short. On Wednesday night opportunity was offered this gentleman to get even with the company. He awaited the night car at that same corner where he left her more than two years ago. He boarded her, recognized the driver as the man who collected his fare on the morning of the blizzard. He reminded him of the fact and demanded that he be allowed to finish the ride, but the driver couldn't see it and compelled him to drop another dime. This he did, but devoted the forty-five minutes of his ride to wrangling over that dime.—Philadelphia Record.

Little Reprobates. Nine juvenile prisoners, whose ages do not aggregate 100 years, were in a Chicago court the other day charged with raising a riot. Six of them were girls. A large woman, with a big lunch basket on her arm, was the accuser. She owns a vacant cottage which was invaded by a dozen children who proceeded to "play house." She drove the crowd out with a "shoe," and refused to give them their

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Found a Hundred Pounds. A waiter in the smoking room of a well known London restaurant one night noticed a packet of papers lying on the floor after two customers had left the room. On picking these up he was surprised to find himself in possession of £100 in £10 bank of England notes. The careless diner who throws his money about in this fashion may consider himself more fortunate than he deserves to be if he learns, from this intimation that his money is in the hands of an honest man, who, on finding the money, counted it in the presence of witnesses and put it away till called for.—London News.

Canal Projects in France. There are now under consideration two projects, which if carried out will have an immense effect on the trade of France. The first is the project of making Paris into a port by canalizing the Seine, so that sea going vessels can make the passage from Havre to Paris. The second proposal is for the construction of a canal to connect the Mediterranean with the bay of Biscay, with the intention of intercepting a great part of the shipping which at present passes through the straits of Gibraltar.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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