



LONDON'S WOMEN REPORTERS.

Some of the English Females Who Have Become Known by Their Pen.

One of the most clever of the article contributors to such papers as the Queen and the Lady's Pictorial is Miss de Graesse Stevens, of New York, whose sister is married to the member for Southampton.

She is still a pretty and decidedly young looking woman, and among the successes of her pen are the instructive conversations which she managed to obtain from Canon Farrar, Cardinal Manning, General Booth and many other men who make it their aim in life to alleviate the troubles of the poor.

Another hard working female reporter is Frances Low, sister of the editor of the St. James' Gazette. She does not get any work on her brother's paper, but manages to eke out a living by contributing to the Star, The Pall Mall Gazette and some of the smaller women's papers.

Strangely to say, however, one of the most bitter writers against the Russian Jews is Miss Low's brother, the St. James'.

The most prominent, however, of London women reporters is Mrs. E. M. Waterhouse, who is called her mother-in-law to eat solid food, and can be seen trotting up Fleet street and the Strand at all hours of the day.

In a general way, however, London's woman reporter is either a very loud and over-dressed woman or a very shabby and under-dressed female. She wears her card defiantly in the air, and passes a Cerberus before the guardian animal has time to realize what has happened.

It becomes mothers, from the moment that their children begin to eat solid food, to see that they have meat and vegetables and milk, eggs, fruit, bread and porridges of the unbleached grains, and as little pastry, fine flour bread, and confectionery as possible.

The northern woman buys her own car tickets, checks her baggage, gets aboard, buys a newspaper, looks around for a seat, and waits her turn for one with all her dependence and courage of any man that can be produced.

When molasses is used in cooking it is a great improvement to boil and skim it before using. The raw, rather unpleasant taste of the poor qualities of molasses is much improved by this process.

What a contrast there is in the general appearance of some men and their wives. Some of them look as if they had made a mistake and gobbled up a woman that ought to have been some other man's wife, and some women—a good many women—look like victims of some kind of a mistake.

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them some fruit. They would not eat it until mamma had a "bite."

The father was radiant and dignified and grand. He never got a kiss, nor a "bite," nor a word from those four children.

Women and Ladies.

There have been some amusing instances of the misapplication of the word lady, which custom has decreed to mean social culture instead of its original meaning, "lady giver."

There is a story of the mistress of a fashionable house who, on being left without any servant, answered the door bell and was confronted by a stout girl, who asked: "Are you a woman that wanted a lady to work for?"

A minister who was very polite changed a portion of Scripture to read, "Ladies and gentlemen created be them;" and a lecturer who cared more for the plain phrases of politeness than for the plain statements of the truth, rang this query upon an astonished audience as he discoursed on the characteristics of women:

"Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulcher? Ladies."

There is a good deal of talk, it is said, about helpful daughters. I have seen a helpful son. He is almost two-and-a-half and quite a society boy, but in a domestic emergency of last week he came to my rescue as perfectly as any practical housekeeper would have done.

A Hint for Mothers.

"There is a good deal of talk," said a mother, "about helpful daughters. I have seen a helpful son. He is almost two-and-a-half and quite a society boy, but in a domestic emergency of last week he came to my rescue as perfectly as any practical housekeeper would have done."

A Pall to Fill a Long Felt Want.

A Scotchman woman has invented a household utensil that will fill a want that must have been in existence for a long time, even if it hasn't been felt. The invention is so simple that the wonder is that nobody has ever thought of it before.

Who "Carrie Careless" Is.

Mrs. Augusta Prescott, who is known to the newspaper as "Carrie Careless," is a widow of a prominent scientist and professor of natural history at an educational institution in Albany.

Agnes Reppeler is one of the few quiet and careful essayists among women. She is a native of Philadelphia and lives a quiet, studious life among her books, sending frequent and serious articles to the Philadelphia and New York journals and The Atlantic Monthly, and delivering occasional lectures during the season.

Matilda Aston, a young lady of seventeen, completely blind, has matriculated at Melbourne university. Anna Chamberlain, also blind, has been trained as a masseuse, and is meeting with considerable success, as many people prefer her sensitive touch, and are not at all opposed to a masseuse who cannot see.

Among the women's clubs in New Jersey are some that have named themselves "The Sparrows." Because they live on the crumbs that fall from the birds' tables. In other words, they have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the state.

Civil engineering is the only profession in which women have not as yet figured conspicuously, but it is known that for some years the sisters of J. Edgar Thompson, the railroad magnate, have worked with their brother in the father's office at civil engineering.

Mrs. Chandler Harris' wife is the author's best assistant. She looks over his manuscripts before they go out, often advises upon them, and keeps a scrap book filled with press notices of her husband's published writings.

The Baroness von Tuffel, better known to Americans as Blanche Willard Howard, is reported to be singularly happy in her married life. Her husband is very proud of her literary gifts, and encourages her in her work.

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Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular novelist, has been the mother of fifteen children. It is only of late years that she has discovered her ability to write stories.

The Cause of Homely Necks.

The scrawny necks on American women," said a man dressmaker, "are due as much to the high and tight collars which they have been wearing during the past six years as to anything else. The fashion was started by the princess of Wales, who has a scar on her neck, and it was eagerly taken up here. Street gowns and jackets were fitted with tight velvet, cloth or braided collars, and these pressed the neck so closely that when women took them off after having been in a hot room they not infrequently found them saturated with perspiration.

When the waist part is covered with cotton cloth and kept clean and moist.

Women's Physical Proportions.

Celia Logan, speaking of woman's physical proportions, says that the bust should measure ten inches more than the waist. If the waist is less than this, the abdomen is pressed down and the bosom up, the result being to cause both to billow out to an unusual size.

Women and Tobacco.

I have heard men remark complacently that they were glad their wives did not dislike tobacco, as they did enjoy a pipe by their own fireside.

Covers for Earrings.

Surprising it is that shells or little coverings for diamond earrings are not more worn in this country. The safest place to carry the precious gems is in the ears, but the shells are so simple that the wonder is that nobody has ever thought of it before.

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A FISHER MAID'S SONG.

The poplars tall kissed the cold gray sky, And in front was the hungry sea, And the river sweet dark and drearily by, While the wind sighed mournfully, Away in the west the low sun died.

And the fishermen's boats were far away On the ocean's heaving breast; And the red lights gleamed wide over the bay.

From the high hills the wind came, And I saw again my lover's boat With her white sails all outspread, Like a joyous bird o'er the waters float When the evening skies were red.

Tomorrow the sun in the east will rise, And the fishing fleet come home To gladden the weary, waiting eyes, Wet with more than the salt sea foam. But, ah! for the boat that left the shore That eve when the stars were red, For the fisher lad I shall see no more Till the sea gives up its dead.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

Kate Tynedale reined her horse to the roadside under a spreading clump of trees and wiped the perspiration from her heated brow.

It was a warm day, even for the month of June. Vague thoughts of sunstroke and dread of a thunder storm, which had been coursing through the child's mind for the last hour or two, were now almost dispelled by the cool, grateful shade of hemlocks.

Naomi, Kate's sleek bay, appeared equally thankful for rest and gave expression to her feelings by a low whinny of satisfaction.

The little girl dismounted and proceeded to brush the flies from her dumb companion's glossy coat.

"Twenty miles from home!" murmured she, whereat Naomi turned her head and gave the speaker an intelligent look out of her great brown eyes, quite as though she understood the significance of the words and had caught the half-smothered sigh which accompanied them.

It was, indeed, a long way for a child of twelve to have come alone, and upon such an important mission, but Kate was a plucky girl and not in the least homesick nor at all afraid of anything but a certain tiny black cloudlet in the west, a "cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

It was the prophesy of a storm, and a thunder shower meant unutterable things to Kate Tynedale.

She wouldn't have started out today, but her father was sick and, Mr. Steinfeld's note being due, the old gentleman wanted his money. Securely buttoned inside the little gray bag were the \$200 which was to cancel her father's indebtedness.

"Quite a fortune!" thought she, feeling very womanly over the trust reposed in her.

There had been a commotion in the Tynedale household the previous evening when Kate had announced her willingness to go over to Rydal with the money.

Mrs. Tynedale had promptly declared that such a thing wasn't to be thought of for a moment; but her husband had laughed, in a good natured way, and asserted that it was a capital idea, and he would sooner trust his boy than any man in the neighborhood.

He often called Kate "his boy," partly because of the assistance she rendered him about the farm work, but chiefly in consequence of her skillful management of a horse.

In the end Mr. Tynedale and Kate had carried the day. So here she was at noon, and ten miles from her destination. She had only been over this road once before, and that was some years back; but she remembered every rock and turn of the entire distance perfectly.

Directly ahead of the place where she had halted by a long stretch of unbroken, uninhabited woodland, a timid person would doubtless have been affrighted at the prospect, but our young friend hadn't a thought of fear.

Her courage was soon to be put to a test. After a brief pause she left Naomi and climbed to the summit of a gently rising knoll beside the way to get a better view of the westerns.

Behold! the threatening cloud had entirely disappeared, drifted away down behind the blue hills.

Kate drew a deep breath of relief, and ran back to the foot of the hill.

"You shall have a nice, long rest, Naomi," exclaimed she, patting the arched neck of her favorite.

Mentally Kate made a note of two facts, the first of which was that both men were villainous looking specimens of humanity; secondly, their horses were reeking with sweat and apparently much exhausted.

Leaving the animals to feed by the wayside, the two presently crossed the road and struck into a path leading down to the brook, one of them pointing with his rattlesnake whip to Naomi's footprints in the black soil.

Katie heard her name pronounced by the most savage looking one, and a moment later the scoundrel passed by, scarcely three feet from her place of concealment. Within easy reach of the coveted treasure, he was, luckily for Katie, unconscious of the fact. With his heavy whip he struck an ugly little blow at the identical bush through which bright eyes were peering. For a moment, as the little girl afterward admitted, she was "almost afraid."

On her hands and knees she crept back a short distance, ruefully mindful of the fact that numerous sharp stubs and roots were ruining her Sunday gown. When far enough away she arose to her feet and fled back to Naomi with the speed of a hunted hare.

Unfastening her coat, she started to lead her toward the road, though she knew not what obstacles might intervene, the thick growth of young trees rendering it impossible for the eyes to penetrate many yards in advance.

They were almost out; so near, in fact, that some oddly twisted birches, which Kate remembered to have observed growing upon the opposite side of the track, were in full view, when horse and leader were both brought to a sudden halt.

A huge fallen tree lay directly in front of them, shutting off all hope of escape in that direction. On one side the gnarled, earth covered roots of another prostrate monarch of the forest presented an equally formidable barrier, and at her right lay many dead branches, the cracking of which would inevitably betray her presence to the human bloodhounds so close upon her track. Poor Katie!

In a moment Katie felt a great, glad thrill of hope springing up within her heart. Instantly she resolved to mount Naomi and make a bold dash through the brush at all hazards. Accordingly she climbed to a seat in the saddle preparatory to making the attempt.

Naomi, however, was an intelligent brute and had no notion of running the gauntlet in such a reckless manner. To Katie's surprise she obstinately refused to advance a hair's breadth in the direction her mistress desired, but, instead, commenced backing off. Being taller than Kate, it may be that she had made a discovery which the girl certainly had not, i. e., that a pair of extremely fierce, black eyes in that quarter were watching every movement with a sinister interest.

A few paces back the mare stopped; then start rapidly forward and, almost before Kate comprehended what she was about sufficiently to tighten her legs, the horse went over the gigantic log with something of the agility of a kitten, her hind feet sending out a ringing echo as she struck against the hard wood.

"Bravo!" cried our heroine, forgetting prudence in her admiration.

A loud shout, followed by a hoarse impudience, instantly gave her to understand that her whereabouts had been discovered. However, the way before her was clear enough now. Naomi swept into the track and galloped away at a breakneck pace.

For the life of her Katie could not have refrained from sending back a triumphant little huzzah to the discomfited rascal who stood watching his prey thus make her escape.

His reply was a bullet, which went whizzing by her head so close that she felt the breeze it created in passing. The other man, warned by his confederate, came running up, and hastily mounting their horses, both started in hot pursuit. But those weary steeds were no match for Naomi, who, fresh from her bounding, appeared to exult in the wild race she was leading.

For a mile or two the chase was kept up, but curses and flying shots proving alike ineffectual in recalling the brave little maiden, they at length turned their horses in an opposite direction and rode sullenly back, and were seen no more in those parts until some months later, when Nemesis hunted them down on a charge of horse stealing, which was proven against them. So far as the writer knows they are still under government surveillance, and likely to be so for some years to come.

Without further adventure Katie reached Rydal, and had the satisfaction of seeing old Mr. Steinfeld in possession of his money.

The sheriff of the county, who was a friend of Mr. Tynedale, accompanied her upon her return.

In spite of being an accomplished equestrian, our young friend nowadays never ventured upon such long journeys unattended.

The Tynedale family and their friends are still disposed to honor her in consequence of the episode above narrated, but Katie modestly waves all claim to heroism, declaring that it was Naomi who brought her safely through—De-light Wayback in Montreal Star.

Hairy and Hairless People.

The Lambs are the nearest hairless and the Ants the hairiest of all human beings. The last named have for centuries been famed as having more hair and less brains than any other species of the genus homo on the face of the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Where to Look for Commercial Leaders.

Our generals of commerce may come from among the men who built a Chicago, a Denver, an Atlantic, rather than from cosmopolitan New York, New Boston or peaceful Philadelphia. The campaign is likely to be most successfully carried on by men of the loose jointed power and broad optimism of the Mississippi valley rather than by the tightly organized but more cautious leaders of the seaboard.

The merchants and manufacturers of the coast are perhaps too conventional in their methods. They have been forced to fight defensively too long to lead where broader and bolder action might best succeed. The commercial general must be Lincoln and Grant; patient, constant, enterprising, and imbued with an absolute confidence in themselves and in their highly organized, highly paid armies of workmen.—Ulysses D. Eddy in Forum.

Advertisement for 'Don't Kick' featuring an illustration of a man kicking a sign that says 'Don't Kick'. Text includes: 'because your business is bad, but advertise. If you don't know how to write to us and we will tell you. We will prepare your advertisement or give you advice and assistance to aid you in preparing it yourself. We will have the advertisement set in type and procure illustrations if any are needed. When a satisfactory advertisement has been produced we will furnish proofs and an electrotyped pattern to be used in duplicating the advertisement if the display or illustration make an electrotype desirable. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for 'THE WICHITA EAGLE' by M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors. Text includes: 'PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS. All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee our work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.'

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Advertisement for 'SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.' Text includes: 'Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper. PRICE LIST: Single Book.....\$ 3.00 Three Books.....\$ 9.00 Six Books.....\$ 15.00 Single Book by mail, prepaid..... 3.75 Address: THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas. R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager. 100% Order by mail promptly attended to.'

Advertisement for 'Wichita National Bank.' Text includes: 'PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$250,000 SURPLUS.....50,000 DIRECTORS: R. H. Kahn, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, H. A. Walton, S. T. Tuttle, N. F. Niekirk, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Rullan. Do a General Banking, Collecting and Brokerage Business. Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. United States bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal bonds bought.'

Advertisement for 'Fourth National Bank.' Text includes: 'WICHITA, KANSAS. PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$100,000 DIRECTORS: J. T. Campbell, E. R. Powell, G. W. Laffner, Oscar Barton, H. O. Graves, Angus Ross, Joseph Morse, H. T. Bean. The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and all points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida, and all points South and Southeast.'

Advertisement for 'MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.' Text includes: 'SOLID DAILY TRAINS - BETWEEN - St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and Denver, - WITH - Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars - VIA THE - COLORADO SHORT LINE. The Shortest Route to St. Louis. 5-DAILY TRAINS-5 KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars. H. C. TOWNSEND. DIRECTORS: John B. Coker, George W. Walker, W. F. Green, J. T. Campbell, E. R. Powell, G. W. Laffner, Oscar Barton, H. O. Graves, Angus Ross, Joseph Morse, H. T. Bean. ESTABLISHED 1854. A complete stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand. Office and yards on Mosley ave. between Douglas ave. and First st. Branch yards at Union City, Okla. and at Reno, I. T.'

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