ON THE SEWING DAY

DON'T WORK YOURSELF UP INTO A NERVOUS FRENZY.

See That the Machine Is Carefully Cleaned, and Go About Your Work in a Hopeful Frame of Mind.

Do you begin feeling that you will go mad before the garment is completed? Do you tote your sewing from room to room, losing this, that and the other, and never knowing where needles and thread are? Do you wait till sewing day before cleaning the machine? If you do any one or all of these things you are wrong. The fates of the thread and needle must be coddled—and all the job begins with a hopeful frame of mind. You have made Jenny's dresses and your own before this; why should you fail now?

So first buckle on your armor of faith in yourself. Then, if you haven't done so already, the week before the important business begins try and turn a good part of a light, airy room into the sewing establishment. If a whole room can be given up to it and kept for the purpose all the better. Have the room cleaned before you begin on any important part of the feat, for cleanliness is a great rest to the spirit. Have a little crockery bowl or pretty pitcher somewhere with a bright flower that you can look at when your heart gets tired. Put the sewing machine near a window and arrange it and the chair so that the light will fall over your left shoulder. Clean it the day before the work is to begin, and if it seems dusty oil it thoroughly with kerosene oil, and after cleaning it well with this put on a fresh but light supply of machine oil. On the sewing day see to it that no particle of grease is left about the needle or foot to soil the dainty material that is to be made up by sewing a scrap over and over until the thread shows no soil.

For all the big cutting-out try and have a large table, for this is more convenient than the lap board, which is never long enough for some things. Put this table conveniently near the sewing machine, and have a smaller and lower one alongside it with all the sewing traps—shears, smaller scissors, a paper of needles, one of pins, hooks, eyes, button tapes and whatever linings or facings are to be used. But put the dress material on the big table on which it is to be cut out and have somewhere in the room a bit of muslin or dress lining which may be cut up to try effects with collars, cuffs, trimmings, etc. Then fasten the shears with a long braid to your belt, put the tape measure in the pocket of your sewing apron, and pin a small pin cushion to the left side of your dress waist, stabbing it first with several needles and pins.

With this get-up, which is, of course, for the actual sewing day, little more than ordinary good sense is essential. In using all flat-paper models it is necessary to read the directions on them and not go contrary to their rules. They should also be bought by exact bust or waist measurements, and with any change—increasing or decreasing the size—the alterations must not be made at the edges of the model, but midway in its length or breadth.

For the rest, be kind to yourself—and to the next day. Eat a good luncheon and never put up work for the night without laying each band, gusset and seam, as you might say, where is surely can be found the next morning. Through all the sewing taboo the visitor and sit straight in your chair, never bending the chest or stomach.

Use basting thread—it saves making mistakes that take a long time to alter.

BONNET EFFECT.

This is one of the attractive mixed straws popular among the new millinery, and its quaint shape gives the effect of an old-time poke bonnet. There is a full wreath of small yellow roses around the crown and a large bow of dark blue satin ribbon on right side caught with a dull silver buckle. A band of ribbon is drawn across front from side to side.

STYLES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Three Pretty Ideas That Are Not Beyond Skill of the Home Dressmaker.

The little frock on left is in a delicate shade of mode silk cashmere, trimmed with bands of brown satin, fagoted to the material with brown silk. Brown satin-covered buttons

trim the front box plait. In the center is a misses' modis coat suit of dark blue serge, with pipings of black satin used on seams as indicated in cut. The deep shawl collar and turned cuffs are also of black satin. On the right is shown a little frock of checked gingham, a one-piece affair, with plaited front. Fulness on sides is confined with wide bands of plain material, matching that used on front and for shaped cuffs. Smoked pearl buttons furnish additional decoration.

HOME-MADE HAIR ORNAMENT

The New Ones of Plaited Ribbon Are Inexpensive to Make But Costly to Buy.

Have you seen the new ornaments of plaited ribbon with a single cabuchon as fastening or one at each end? These are expensive to buy, but may be easily made at only the cost of enough ribbon to go three times around the head and a small box of pearl or colored beads.

Cut the ribbon into three equal parts and fastening it at one end plait into a loose braid. Gauze or satin ribbon about two inches wide is the best choice. A novel effect is given by using two or three colors, preferably different tones of the same shade or soft pastel tints. A central strand of black is used with good results.

While cabuchons can be bought at small cost they may be made perhaps more cheaply by stringing beads of different sizes on a fine gilt or silver wire, then twisting it into coils or ovals to form a solid ornament. This may be made quite flat or the wires can be bent to have it moundlike in form.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE DOT

Those Who Embroider Will Find It More Useful Than Any Other Form of Fancy Work.

If you embroider even a little, make friends with the dot. You will find it more useful than any other form of fancy work, especially if you like to make your own designs.

Other styles of fancy work come and go, but the dot is always in favor for personal embroidery and household decoration. It is wonderful what you can do with dots. Each time you rearrange them you have a new motif.

Run them in a single line and you have a neat finish for a box plait or tuck. Put them in the curve of a scallop and at once a simple edging takes on an air of elaboration. Put them together and you have a trefoil; run them on each side of a central stem; there is a vine-like foliage; arrange five around an imaginary center, you get a forget-me-not. A stem and one dot make a cherry; a stem with ten dots makes a bunch of grapes.

Make a circle of eight dots with three in the center, you have a good-looking motif for the end of a jabot. Make a larger circle and there is a medallion or frame for monogram or initials. Arrange dots to form diamond, or octagon, insert a bit of lace, and you have an intricate effect with little work and cost.

Not only can much be done with the single dot of a fixed size, but think of the possibilities of the graduated dot, rows of them decreasing from the outside in, and you realize what stylish borders can be made for parasol, ruffle to a petticoat, or as stripes in a tailored blouse.

What is an eyelet but a hollowed dot? Include it in your dot embroidery and unlimited combinations are possible. Elongate your dots slightly and you have oval effects that add beauty and variety.

Embroidery of solid dots is much in favor this season. Whole yokes are made with only dots scattered over the entire surface. Coat sets in linen and pongee have a straight buttonholed edge and the surface covered thickly with coin dots. Collars and tabs are smart with similar embroidery.

For the Lingerie Waist.

A tight-cut lingerie waist of white lace and embroidery gains wonderfully in elaborateness by the addition of the latest French fancy. This is a broad band of net in a pastel shade, embroidered in soutache braid of the same color and applied just over the bust. With this is worn one of the new neck scarfs of chiffon, in a color that exactly matches and with the ends embroidered in the soutache. Both of these are easily made up at home by any clever needlewoman, and will go a long way toward hiding the deficiencies of a pretty but aging lingerie waist. The chiffon scarf is especially charming when embroidered its entire length with large coin dots in satin stitch.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

Modest Custodian of Millions

James Gilfillan, Whom President Garfield Made Treasurer of the United States, Kept the Good Will of Official Washington.

Shortly after General Garfield had been inaugurated president of the United States, he found that it was expedient for him to name a new treasurer of the United States. But he would have none of the persons who had made known their anxiety to fill that post of little or no discretionary power, yet one of great responsibility.

"I am anxious," he said to Secretary of the Treasury Windom, "to appoint, if I can find him, some man who has served as clerk in various grades in the treasury department and who will size up the position. It is a good chance for me to show that this administration is in favor of civil service."

Secretary Windom and other friends of the administration made inquiries concerning various treasury clerks, and at last they directed the president's attention to James Gilfillan, who had been a clerk for many years in the department, but who, in all that time, had become known to but very few persons in official life. But when the president heard his name he was delighted.

"Why," he exclaimed, "why didn't I think of him before? I knew him at Williams college. I have known him as a faithful and competent clerk, and unless I find some serious objection to him, I shall nominate him as treasurer of the United States." And thus it came about that an humble treasury clerk was suddenly lifted up to the treasurership of the nation.

I had known Mr. Gilfillan for some time, and after he had qualified as treasurer I called upon him in his new office to extend congratulations. To my pleasant surprise, I found him absolutely unaffected by his sudden and altogether unexpected promotion to be the custodian of some hundingly, "that your new responsibilities haven't changed you a bit."

Mr. Gilfillan laughed in turn. "No?" he said. "I hope not." Then his face and voice grew serious.

"I have been in Washington long enough," he continued, "and have had many opportunities to observe the careers of public men sufficiently to have forced upon me the conclusion that the one great danger which has overcome so many brilliant men, and so many subordinates, in the government service is one to which too little heed is given. I intend, if possible, to avoid that danger.

"You look surprised, and, I suppose, you are wondering whether I mean bad habits, especially whisky drinking, of which there is far too much done by public men and other government servants in this city. No, I do not mean whisky drinking, or gambling, or any of the other vices which would naturally come to mind. I am talking dreds of millions of dollars—as modest and unassuming as he was in the days of his government clerkship.

"I see, Mr. Gilfillan," I said, laughabout a far greater danger, a more insidious enemy to great public promise, and one which besets not only men who gain a little notoriety, but a lot of it, in public life. It is the 'big head.'"

Mr. Gilfillan held up his hands. "Why, I can count now, on my fingers," he exclaimed, "a dozen men who came here with great promise and didn't fulfill it because they yielded to the 'big head' the moment they felt themselves lifted up a little above their fellows. And in each case that I have in mind the 'big head' impaired the man's judgment, gave offense to all who came in contact with him, played the very old Harry with its victim's mental capacity, and speedily sent him back to private life unhonored and unsung.

"No, whatever else I do here as treasurer of the United States—or don't do—I expect to maintain myself quietly, modestly and unaffectedly, as though I held the humblest office in the gift of the government."

And that was Mr. Gilfillan's record during his four years as custodian of Uncle Sam's millions. And when he retired as a result of Cleveland's election, the good will of practically all official Washington went with him.

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Helped Make an Artist Famous

Henry Ward Beecher, Through His Love of Brilliant Colors Discovered George Inness and Predicted He Would Be Famous.

"It is sometimes the merest chance or accident that brings a great artist and his work prominently before the public, and in this connection I often think of the manner in which the public came to take George Inness," said to me a year or so before his death, in 1902, the now famous American landscape painter, John Henry Twachtman, whose works did not attract attention or command high prices until after he had gone.

"You have probably heard," continued Mr. Twachtman, "that Henry Ward Beecher was a greater lover of paintings and especially of vivid colors. He used to say that he could not carry a painting around in his pocket, but that he could get the gorgeous colors of one by carrying around loose gems, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires; and these precious stones he would frequently take from his pocket, hold them in his hand and look at them long and earnestly, as though fascinated by the vivid colorings which they flashed forth.

"Well, it happened one day that a friend saw Beecher looking at his gems in this manner. Finally, Beecher turned to him. 'I wish,' he exclaimed, 'I could find on a painter's canvas something that would fascinate me as much as these gems do. I mean some new painting that I have never seen before. I go to the galleries and the art exhibitions to see the old masters—but I want something new.'

"A day or two later, Beecher, all excitement and enthusiasm, hunted out the same friend.

"'Come with me this instant,' he cried. 'Do you know, I discovered only yesterday just the landscapes that I want and that I spoke to you about. There is a man that I never heard of who is painting landscapes of that kind. I saw his studio and just walked in. He has some gorgeous ones there. I want you to come with me and look at them.'

"'Who is the artist?' the friend asked.

"'His name is George—George—let me see—I have it written down on a memorandum,' and Mr. Beecher took from his pocket a small memorandum book and consulted it. 'Oh, yes,' he cried, 'it's Inness—George Inness.'

"Together the two men went to the studio of Inness, and spent a couple of hours there. Mr. Beecher was in the seventh heaven of delight. He did not profess to be an art critic, nor an expert, but he knew what he liked and why, and as he and his friend left the studio he earnestly said to the latter: 'I predict that this man Inness will become recognized some day as the greatest of American landscape painters—that he will become one of the immortals among artists.'

"That happened in the late sixties—and, do you know, pretty soon it began to be passed from one to another that Henry Ward Beecher had discovered an obscure artist and predicted that he would become recognized as the greatest of American landscape painters; laymen began to flock to Inness' studio, rich men began to buy his pictures, the artist's name and those of his works began to creep into the newspapers—and, at last, and in brief, George Inness became as famous as Henry Ward Beecher had prophesied.

"I sometimes wonder," concluded Mr. Twachtman, "what would have been Inness' fate had not Henry Ward Beecher discovered him in a most accidental way? Would he have had to die to gain fame, as has been the case with so many other artists? And how small a part of that fortune which he won with the brush—the greater gained through work by any American artist up to his time—would he have enjoyed in life?"

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Music in Famous Calumet Mine

How Welsh Methodist Miners at the Close of Work Each Day Sang Hymns Deep Down in the Earth.

In the summer of 1882 I was the guest, in Calumet, Michigan, of the late Charles Hebard, a man of large wealth, who had done much to develop the lumber industry of northern Michigan, and who, at that time was regent of the University of Michigan. And as we were in the very heart of Michigan's world-famous copper district, it was natural that there should be talk of that metal.

"I have been told," I said to Mr. Hebard, "that prospectors, who were searching the upper peninsula for the true vein of copper, one evening saw a pig rooting at the stump of a tree. Taey went to drive the pig into his pen, when, of a sudden, they saw something glisten, and, upon examination, discovered that it was a vein of copper, which subsequently proved to be the vein leading to the working of the now famous Calumet and Hecla mine."

"Well," answered Mr. Hebard, "I have heard that story many times. I have also heard that it was a dog that was pawing at the root of the tree which led to the discovery of the great vein, and I have always been of the opinion, since I have lived here, that the romantic story of the finding of the Calumet and Hecla, which, I suppose, has yielded greater wealth than any other mine in the United States, has some foundation of fact. But I am going to show you this afternoon something which I think is of far greater value and deeper significance than any one can find in the material wealth that has come from this mine."

Mr. Hebard broke off with a smile, and would say nothing more. But shortly before five o'clock that afternoon he led me over half a mile of country to the opening of the great shaft of the Calumet and Hecla, at that time several hundred feet in depth.

"Stand here and listen," he said. He looked at his watch. "It is now five o'clock. I want you to listen attentively."

For a minute or two, strain my ears as I would, I could hear nothing. Then, from far beneath the surface of the earth, there was wafted up to me what seemed like a faint yet distinct sound of music. I could not identify any melody; the music seemed to have the quality that is in the aeolian harp when the wind strikes the telegraph wire at the right angle.

There was a weird beauty of sound. Gradually, it became more and more distinct, and then I seemed to hear, vaguely, the melody of a gospel hymn. A moment later I was sure of it, and the creaking and grinding of the apparatus by which the miners ascended and descended into the shaft, seemed at the moment to be the appropriate diapason of the music.

"Listen," came the voice of Mr. Hebard. "Do you know that song?"

"It is, 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee,'" I answered.

"Yes," he whispered. And even as he spoke the melody changed, and up from the depths of the earth came voices singing in perfect unison that fine old hymn which has brought balm to many a wearied soul, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

I stood as one spellbound, listening; and as the music of that choir invisible played strangely on my feelings, a car shot out of the shaft's mouth and came to a stop, a score of begrimed Welsh miners, with smiles shining through the dust and soil of the lower earth on their faces, stepped to the earth, grouped themselves about the shaft, and with touching simplicity and bared heads raised their voices in the measures of the long meter Doxology. Then, quietly, they disappeared, each on his way, to his own home.

With a feeling akin to awe, I watched them out of sight. Then Mr. Hebard turned to me. "They do this every day when their work is over," he said, "and to me the sense of moral and religious obligation which these men express in their songs as they come up from the bowels of the earth, and in their final praise of their creator, as they safely stand once more on earth, is of far greater value and importance to mankind than all the millions of wealth that they and their predecessors have taken from the Calumet and Hecla mine."

And I could not do aught but agree with him, with the songs of those sturdy Welsh Methodist miners still strangely ringing in my ears.

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Legend of Mt. Chicarrowa

Indian's Curse Before Tragic and Undeserved Death Seems to Have Been Fulfilled.

A weird legend is attached to Mount Chicarrowa, which is one of the chain of White mountains and lies 20 miles southeast of Mount Washington as the crow flies.

Many years ago Chief Chicarrowa, the last of his tribe, inhabited a rude hut of birch bark on the southern slope of the mountain and supported himself by hunting and fishing. In their season he gathered berries and wild grapes, which he exchanged among the farmers in the valley for salt, meal, molasses and other luxuries dear to the Indian heart, including an occasional jug of firewater. A white man went up the mountain one day to drive down his cows from the rich pastures on the slopes and plateaus, and he never came back. His body was found in a clump of blackberry bushes near old Chicarrowa's cabin with his kull crushed in. The Indian was seized and, despite his protestations of innocence, was condemned to a speedy death. He was given the choice of a bullet from the gun of the dead man's brother or a more dignified exit from life by means of a voluntary leap over the steep cliff.

Chicarrowa asked and received permission to commune for the last time with the Great Spirit. Standing on the edge of the precipice over which he was so soon to make his death leap, he extended his arms with a sweeping gesture that embraced the whole mountain, while he called down his curse upon it and every living thing thereon from base to summit. As he finished the solemn invocation he leaped over the verge and was dashed to death on the rocks far below.

A few weeks later the real murderer was discovered and made to pay the penalty of his crime, and the regretful farmers gathered up the chief's remains and erected over them the customary monument of his tribe, a rough pile of logs laid criss-cross to form a square. The grave can still be seen on the mountainside, though many of the logs have fallen in. Since the Indian's tragic death it is said that no cattle will live on the mountain, but pine away and die, though the grass grows rich and green almost to the top. When harvested and used for winter fodder no living thing will thrive on it. Nuts on the mountain are empty when they fall, blackberries shrivel on the bushes while they are still green and the wild grapes wither and drop long before they are ripe. The gray rock where Chicarrowa fell is splashed and spattered with red, and the country people point to it and say it is the Indian's blood.

Like Father Like Daughter.

Miss Walstreet—Papa, Mr. Margins proposed to me last evening.

Papa Wallstreet—Well, he's worth a cool million. Did you accept him?

Miss Walstreet—Not exactly, but I secured a ten days' option on him.

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