THE INTERESTING SEX.

Some of the Things It Does and Its Way of Doing Them.

COOL COSTUMES FOR JULY.

They are Constructed for Exercise, Appearance, and Comfort.

English Women Not so Temperate as Their Neighbors of the Wine-growing Countries—A Band of Female Robbers in Spain—Methods for Preventing and Curing Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn—Mrs. Edison Doesn't Like Electric Lights—A Million-dollar Collar of Pearls.

Costumes for boating are of necessity limited to materials that will accept with equal compliance both rain and sun. Consequently the river dress is bounded by the sailor hat on the north and by the serge skirt on the south. Individuality finding its only medium of expression in the manipulation of the bodice, the cut of the coat, or the jaunty style of the blouse. If a girl really expects to handle the sculls herself—and never does the slight, willowy charm of girlhood appear to better advantage than when bending to the oar and swaying back and forth in rhythmic grace—she hangs up her corset, loosens her girdle, wears a blouse that gives perfect freedom to shoulders and arms, with plenty of room inside for the breathing apparatus to perform its functions. If, on the contrary, she intends to sit at the stern of the boat in the becoming shadow of a gay parasol, holding the rudder ropes and looking unutterable things into the eyes of the young man she is fortunate enough to have row for her, her river costume, though it is of the prosaic and practical serge, is idealized into the trig tailor-made smartness of the illustration, which emanated from the fertile fancy of the one and only Worth. The skirt of the dress has a three-inch band of crimson cloth set on with a fine gold cord, and is as carefully fitted as if intended for the afternoon drive. The seamless bodice, slightly full in front and crossing surplice fashion to one side, has a collar of crimson, with a gold cord at the edge and gold anchors, embroidered in bullion, in the corners, and opens over a plastron of crimson, crossed with gold bars. A soft sash belt of the gay color fastens beneath an anchor buckle on one side, and the cuffs have anchors in relief for decoration. The sailor hat of crimson straw has a braid of blue straw, with an edge of gold tied in a stiff little bow on one side.

The girl who is lucky enough to be invited to go camping, who is plucky enough to accept the invitation with its consequences, will do well to avoid the flannel gown which every one who has never been camping will recommend to her as the proper choice. Everything will cling to that flannel gown, from pitch pine to burdock burrs; everything will tear it, and a shower will shrink it almost out of sight. You may want to take home some souvenirs of the trip, but it isn't quite pleasant to carry them about on your gown. Of course, you do not care how you look, but still, one's self-respect does take such a header into the depths when one is conscious of looking like a frump for two weeks. To avoid such undesirable consequences, coax your brother, or some other girl's brother—the latter choice usually involves less laborious conditions and more satisfactory results—to take you to the nice place where he buys his things. Select there some cloth, light, fine, and durable, with smooth, firm surface, and in color neither very dark nor very light. Gray twill will be a desirable choice, and this should be made with an abbreviated skirt bound round with leather, suède stitched down many times, or smooth kid, and buttoned on one side. It is a great deal nicer after you've been caught in a shower or saturated by a spill in the river to have a gown that will come off without being pulled over the head. A plain, tight bodice, turned back with little revers to show the gay silk shirt and tie beneath at the neck, a belt of cloth like the dress, leggins of cloth also like the dress, or of wool or linen, like its trimming, stout boots, and a "Tam" of bright wool or a felt hat, complete the camping dress. Underneath this dress there is no petticoat at all, but one or more pairs of Turkish trousers or knickerbockers, full if you like, and fastened with elastic bands at the knee, and those are worn over a union suit of wool, light or heavy according to the weather. Fine linen and frills are as much out of taste for camping as a diamond necklace for the morning walk or a tailor made gown at a ball.

For hunting dresses, now that we are no longer content to simply appear at the luncheon on days when our husbands and brothers are out stalking or shooting, but claim our places among the "guns," fight for "hot corners," and contribute toward the spoils well-filled bags, the favorite choice is Scottish cloth in Durham red, a rich brownish crimson tweed. This dress has a double skirt, the upper one turned up to the depth of nearly half a yard in a pocket, which is converted into several pockets by rows of lengthwise stitching. The bodice is plain and belted, showing a bit of scarlet at the throat. A fringe jacket or cape coat to wear at night when you sit around the camp fire telling about the wonderful things you have never done only in imagination, and later, when the tales are told and the fire a mass of coals, the most comfortable thing in the world to go to sleep in is a steamer robe of wool, with a hood to protect your hair from the peregrinating insects which seek to explore its labyrinths. The best sporting shot of the sex has been Lady Florence Dixie, who now writes quite as enthusiastically against the sport as once she followed it, who has two grizzly bears shot in the Rocky Mountains to her credit. The Princess Metternich and the Duchess d'Uzès are also crack shots, and Lady Eva Quin slaughtered with her own rifle several tigers in India. Lady Colin Campbell is the champion among fisherwomen, she is a very beautiful woman as well as a clever angler and starts out gayly for whipping the brooks for trout or the lock for salmon in a pair of tweed knickerbockers, a tweed kilt, a loose coat with many pockets, woollen stockings, and coarse hob-nailed shoes.

In Austria steeplechasing is a favorite amusement with great ladies, of whom the most daring is the Countess Ugarte, one of the ladies in waiting to the Empress of Austria. These ladies of rank wear the ordinary riding skirt, and a colored silk jacket and cap like those worn by the ordinary jockeys.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

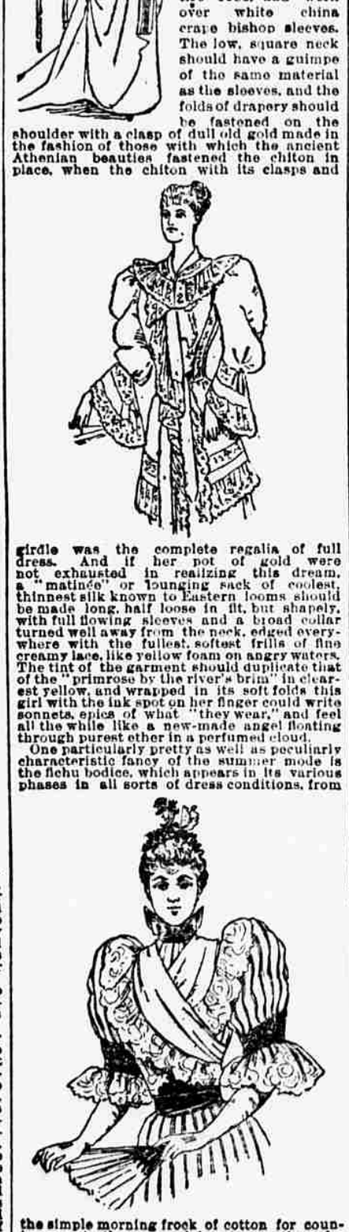
Some of This Summer's Suits Are Plain as Plain Can Be.

Probably every one has heard the story of the man who, complaining to his tailor that a gentleman in a dress coat could be so easily mistaken for a waiter, was asked promptly, "Have you ever been mistaken for a waiter?" But has any one been led to reflect from this upon the elegant grace wherewith my lady fair wears the severely simple gowns peculiar to this season's mode, which her own maid would scorn as too plain and commonplace for dressy occasions. Take, for instance, this little frock of pale pink and blue striped zephyr which recently graced the veranda of one of the summer hotels where for a man's name to appear upon the register is proof positive that the owner of the name either has a seat in the Stock Exchange or has resigned it to try and spend the interest of his money. The plain striped skirt, cut carefully on the cross, with the little raised cords of pink meeting in acute angles up the back, had no decoration except five exquisitely painted china buttons which closed the pocket hole on the side. A folded belt and broad plain revers of black velvet finished the seamless bodice, which opened in front over an exquisitely fine but plain white inner waist. Not a flutter of lace or snitch of needlework, and not a hint of a frill except on the petticoat, which rustled deliciously when she moved and which was a mass of shimmering, changeable pink and blue flounces edged with flimsiest lace. Yet you would never have taken its tall and queenly wearer for a maid on a half holiday any more than you would mistake the Queen of England in her crown jewels for the grandmother of the green-grocer's children.

COOL COSTUMES.

Some of the Garments to be Worn on These Hot Summer Days.

An ideal tea gown is made after the old Greek model of finest white samite, which can be bought under a less poetical name at the wool places, and is really a wool veiling of exquisite texture. All the borders of this graceful gown should be wrought in the Greek key pattern in pale, soft blue, outlined with just a thread of gold. The long, loose sleeves should be lined with blue silk, as, indeed, should be the entire robe, and worn over white china crape bishop sleeves. The low, square neck should have a guimpe of the same material as the sleeves, and the folds of drapery should be fastened on the shoulder with a clasp of dull old gold made in the fashion of those with which the ancient Athenian beauties fastened the chiton in place, when the chiton with its clasps and girdle was the complete regalia of full dress. And if her pot of gold were not exhausted in realizing this dream, a "matinée" or lounging sack of coolest, thinnest silk known to Eastern looms should be made long, half loose in fit, but shapely, with full flowing sleeves and a broad collar turned well away from the neck, edged everywhere with the fullest, softest frills of fine creamy lace, like yellow foam on angry waters. The tint of the garment should duplicate that of the "primrose by the river's brim" in clearest yellow, and wrapped in its soft folds this girl with the ink spot on her finger could write sonnets, spies of what "they wear," and feel all the while like a new-made angel floating through purest ether in a perfumed cloud.



One particularly pretty as well as peculiarly characteristic fancy of the summer mode is the fichu bodice, which appears in its various phases in all sorts of dress conditions, from the simple morning frock of cotton for country wear to the more elaborate creations for dinners and balls. A pretty illustration of the fichu for day wear is copied from a gown of pale blue moire, striped with dull dark green lines. The belt and cuffs to the sleeves, made in the new French fashion, with only a frill below the elbow, are of deep apple green velvet, and the fichu, which is the chief feature of the dress, is of pale blue tissue so fine and thin that the whole width of the material folds softly about the neck in a narrow band, crosses in front, passes under the arms, and pins at the back. It is frilled all the way round with fine lace to match that used in the ruffles on the sleeve. Forevening wear the fichu forms a cape-like fulness, falling back from the low neck, slightly frilled on the shoulders, and then in a knot in front, where the long ends hang down to the bottom of the dress. Such a fichu of blue gauze, embroidered by hand with pink roses and gold leaves, was worn the other day by a stately maid in a trailing white gown with no other decoration than this.

Since the chief interest of the dress centres ever in the bodice it cannot be out of place to reproduce another new and odd waist, which came a long distance in the hold of an ocean steamer to the pretty woman for whom it was designed. As it is a part of a gown of striped grenadine, black with green and red in lines, the waist is of rose brocaded chiffon, and made with a Swiss belt of black, from which narrow black velvet bands cross in the front and at the back, passing over the shoulders, where they tie in many looped bows. The sleeves are what might be called "cross gartered" with the velvet, the strands describing ever larger diamonds over the full material and finally encircling the puff at the top and form part of the shoulder bow.

Natty yachting coats of blue cloth are made with an outer coat, full fronted, of the blue, lined with bright plaided silk and finished with three rows of braid at the edge. This full front falls open and shows a fitted undercoat, double breasted, and with deep revers, which may be of the same or a contrasting color with the coat. A braided belt passing across the loose back of the outer coat, running through slits prepared for the purpose, belts the inner garment, which above the belt is closed by three fancy buttons.

For a dressy little wrap to be worn with dainty summer gowns on cool evenings nothing could be prettier and more picturesque than the little Henri VIII. capes of black velvet, lined with brilliant red or yellow, with changeable taffeta or rich brocade. Very fine, sparkling jet is introduced on the collar and yoke, and a small jewelled clasp fastens the cape at the neck, though the jaunty little garment usually hangs gracefully from the shoulders without being fastened at all.

CARE OF THE HANDS IN SUMMER.

Suggestions for Women Who Dislike Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn.

The young woman who values her smooth, soft, white hands leaves silk and lace gloves behind when she starts on an outing, or relegates them to boxes containing house and evening finery. She believes that what hands need most in summer is protection. They must not be exposed to the effects of atmosphere when moist with perspiration, nor must sun and heated dry air be allowed to parch and brown them.

Soap is not necessary for oily skins, or for thin, dry skins. When the hands are soiled, dry, or even unpleasantly moist, dip them in warm water in which a drop or two of aromatic spirits of ammonia has stood for a few moments. Once wet, dip them in a jar of fine corn meal, and, turning one within another a few times, immerse them again in the warm water. Then turn cold water over them to create a reaction of skin, and to prevent puffiness or wrinkling. Dry them with soft linen, and dust over them fine, pure rice powder.

The effect of warm water is to open the pores of the skin, thus emitting more oil than is desirable, but the rice powder counteracts that and is among the most harmless agents to check perspiration, undue moisture and shine on the skin. While corn meal has softened them, aromatic ammonia has removed oil and soil and added to their whiteness. Rice powder may be scented with a wild rose or sandalwood sachet. Creams, glycerine, or emollients, preparations of cucumbers, and other fatty substances should be avoided by oily skins. Acids like lemon, astringents like benzoine, the more harmless powders and starchy preparations, are beneficial to them at night, when a loose pair of kid gloves should be drawn on.

Some women never expose their hands to atmospheric effects in summer. They are consequently neither hardened, as the skin of the face is often, by contact with dry air, and are unblemished, not so much from the fact that the sun is not allowed to shine on them, for it frequently does in the house, as that they are spared the action of air on their delicate surfaces, especially after the use of water, and it is that which works havoc with the delicacy and beauty of hands. It is so natural to feel that one must have the cool hands every little while on the warm summer days to do away with perspiration.

Bathe them as seldom as possible, unless in the dry bath of meal, removed with chamois skin. Even then dust on some simple powder. At night try a taste of cornstarch, lemon, and a little borax. Canadian girls use it, and it can be recommended for brunettes.

Silk or lace gloves, for out-of-door use, should be tabooed, no matter how warm the weather. In their stead many society women who have transparent skins provide Danish reindeer skin gloves. Reindeer skin is heavier and has a closer texture than other skins, yet it possesses a softening power on hands.

After a dip in the ocean the hands should be immersed in a solution of borax and ammonia. The action of the sun on hands wet with sea water is to draw the contents of small glands beneath the skin to the surface, irritating tan, and sometimes freckles. The brine helps to "set" the color, and should, therefore, be counteracted as speedily as possible. But too much ammonia makes the skin yellow and old in appearance. If the hands become blistered rub in the following mixture: Oil of almonds 1 part, rectified spirits 1 part, rose or elderflower water 1 part.

For stained hands try citric acid, spirits of rosemary and glycerine, and remove with distilled water.

WHAT FASHIONABLE WOMEN WEAR.

The crowning glory of summer dress is the parasol, which has been metamorphosed into flower bells and chalices, taking the exact shape of roses and tulips, or, as green is very much the fashion, of a fine head of lettuce. The handles are of fine Dresden or Sevres china in delicate garlands of flowers, the knot showing the powdered head of some favorite of the French court.

The fashion of the moment in jewels is to mount the pins and stars and floral sprays on a black or red satin ribbon arranged across the front of the bodice from right to left. Tiaras are less worn than formerly by ladies of high degree. The coronet is despoiled of its diamond stars, which appear in more modest arrangement in a comb, or pins studded here and there through the hair. "Creole" or hoop earrings are taking the place of cluster or solitaire earrings, where earrings are worn at all. Worth's latest novelty is a necklet to wear out of doors, which is made of pearls, the best imitation, strung on silver cord, with a knot between each pearl, and finished, oddly enough, with jet tassels.

Hats certainly belong to the realm of the marvellous. They are at once surprising, grotesque, and picturesque. They are adorned with crazy wind-mill bows which well carry out their name planted in front, and with flowers planted literally in the crowns as they grow in flower pots, white hydrangeas, daffodils, and azaleas, but by preference roses of the largest and most vividly bright varieties. The Alsatian velvet bow of wide velvet ribbon, and the butterfly bow of glistening china satin, are both in favor. A picturesque innovation is the large rice straw sheperdess hat with bright elements round the crown and long ribbon bows at the back. The Gainsborough, with its graceful curves and sweeping plumes, the picturesque, if eccentric, hats copied from those worn by the beauties of Rubens's time or the piquant belles whom Watteau has immortalized, all are called into service to emphasize the fairness of modern faces. Probably the culmination of oddity was reached by a bonnet recently worn, which consisted of a gaudy colored artificial butterfly poised upon a round bit of straw about three inches in diameter. One thing to be remembered, if you elect to wear a veil with your big hat, is that you must not arrange it over the brim, but underneath. To do this it is best to run a little gathering at the top of the veil to make it fall loosely over the hair and not catch your eyelashes.

There is certainly a revulsion from the very long trains even for evening. In the daytime they simply rest on the ground for full morning dress, and in the country they are positively short, to clear the ground. If you wish to make new sleeves out of your old ones simply cut them off just below the elbow, put on a deep frill of lace, and wear *suède* gloves to meet them.

The unconventionality of dress adopted by equestrians in Rotten Row is grumbled at as untidiness by conservative critics, for the straw sailor and covert coat, the soft shirt and blazer, have replaced the elegant exactness of the tall hat and trim bodice with its immaculate linen and mannish tie.

At every dress function it is decidedly apparent that two materials lead the list of favorites for gowns—silks and crepons; that two kinds of trimming prevail, and these are lace and ribbon. Velvet ribbons in all colors and seldom more than an inch wide are rarely absent from smart gowns. Another noticeable fact is that the newest of summer gowns are trimmed with an abundance of black instead of white lace. It is more dressy, we are told, especially on thin, light materials.

Women in Paris have a code of symbols in sealing wax, the white signifying a proposal of marriage; violet, condolence; green, hope; blue, constancy; yellow, jealousy, and brown, melancholy. Invitations to dinner are sealed with chocolate color; vermilion is used for business letters, and ruby by fortunate lovers. Imported veils two yards long come in dark and light crape, with chenille dotted and satin striped borders, and are worn twisted about the hat, crossed at the back, and tied in front in large, soft bows.

Great fluffy bows of polka-dotted silk are also tied of the new scarfs, which now come eleven inches wide and a yard and a half long, with becoming effect.

Black silk Russian blouses trimmed with silver cord and black Russian lace, and belted with old silver girdles, are among the striking things worn by artistic women.

Black-edged paper for mourning has been replaced by dead white dull-finished paper, stamped with the address in black letters and sealed with a mourning seal.

INTERESTING WOMEN.

The Troubled Career of a Duchess—Princess Louise's Paintings.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, mother of the youngest of royal fiancées, has had a strange and troubled history. As Archduchess Marie of Russia she was the adored only daughter of Czar Nicholas, and her marriage to the sailor son of the Queen of England was considered by many a mesalliance; but her love for him conquered all obstacles, and what was looked upon by many as a mere political arrangement was really dictated, on the one side at least, by the most fervent girlish affection.

DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

The Duchess is not popular in England; the deep-rooted feeling of distrust against the Russian nation which has obtained in Great Britain since the Crimean war extended itself to her, and, proudly sensitive, she did not care to try and conciliate the affections of those who credited her from the first with want of sympathy and dislike of her husband's people. She has, however, been an admirable wife, and Princess Marie, Roumania's future Queen, has been extremely well brought up, and is the most winning member of the royal families. Since the tragic death of her father, the Duchess has never seemed to have had the cloud of gloom entirely lifted off. She is much beloved in her own circle, and the present Czar is never so happy as when she is spending a short holiday in her native land.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is the only member of the English royal family who might have been, had she chosen, a professional artist or musician. Her sister, the Empress Frederic, draws very well, but Princess Louise's work commands respect from such men as Watts and Millais. She generally exhibits in the Royal Academy, and her specialty is portraits. Her Royal Highness strongly resembles George III.'s favorite daughter, Princess Amelia, and, although thought to be eccentric by many, is so devoted to art that she does not care to go into society, her days are spent in the company of a few chosen friends.

Princess Louise considers that her greatest artistic achievement has been done this year, namely, the portrait of Paderewski exhibited by her in the new gallery. In order not to interfere with the pianist's many engagements, Princess Louise informed him that she would only require three sittings of two hours each. After having sketched his features and the general coloring, the Princess with pencil and sketch book attended every one of his public performances. Paderewski, with his shock of red pre-Raphaelite hair, dreamy green eyes, and sensitive clear-cut features, stares out of the canvas straight into futurity. Her studio is in Kensington Palace, and without any of the somewhat theatrical properties that may be seen in the workrooms of some well-known painters.

Her royal highness felt deeply the death of Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor. They worked together, and it was owing to his tuition that she acquired some of her power. For years it has been her ardent wish to go to Paris and study, but neither her husband nor Queen Victoria will permit that lapse from royal etiquette. The Princess plays several instruments, including the mandolin and the guitar, and sings rather better than most amateurs. When she takes the trouble she is always well dressed, for her artistic mind enables her to make up a happy choice of design and material. She attends every private view, generally during the luncheon hour or early in the morning, when the galleries are almost empty, and is gowned in some simple sombre costume and attended by one lady in waiting.

Miss Agnes Balfour not only keeps house for the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, but is consulted by him on important points. She is the favorite niece of Lord Salisbury, and although, of course, a strong believer in the coercion bill is very fond of the Irish people. As if to prove that she could turn her hand to anything, Miss Balfour once wrote a couple of very interesting magazine articles on a tour she made with Balfour through the west of Ireland. She has a cool, critical judgment, and is an influential member of the council of the Primrose League.

Although scarce a month passes in which she is not credited by some journal with matrimonial intentions, those who know her well declare that she will never leave her brother, unless he should make up his mind to take a wife. Miss Balfour is a tall, agreeable-looking woman, on the right side of forty. She generally dresses in brown, and can hold her own conversationally with any member of her Majesty's Cabinet. Her brother declares often that his greatest political help is her custom of going through the morning papers and marking what is useful for his perusal.

Marie Corelli is one of the most mysterious literary women in the world. No one seems to know exactly who she is or where she came from, and certainly none can tell whither she is going. She has a strong objection to having her portrait reproduced. As a matter of fact she is the daughter of Charles Mackay, at one time editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and an intimate friend of Dickens and Thackeray. Miss Mackay adopted as her nom de plume the pretty sounding name of "Marie Corelli," because of her great love of Italy and things Italian; but she is a thorough English woman, and no one would take her for anything else. Her novel, "Romance of Two Worlds," made a deep impression on a certain section of the reading public, probably because, like "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," it touched on certain problems which are agitating all thinking minds.

Louise Abbema has attained what few women have in an artistic career—originality—originality of coloring, conception, and design. She was one of the first to adapt Japanese curios to the purposes of the painter. She is a Belgian, and, with her father and mother, a quaint old couple, she lives in a flat on the Boulevard des Italiens, fitted up in Eastern style and ever filled with blossoms.

At the Salon private view she attracts considerable attention, owing to her half masculine habiliments. Small, slight, and dark, she affects over a short clinging skirt a man's frock coat and tie, while on her brown hair is tilted a tiny billycock. Sarah Bernhardt is her most intimate friend, and she is never so happy as when working in the latter's studio. It is said that she contributed to the marriage of Maurice Bernhardt with the Princess Jablonska, the fair Polish girl who came to Paris to study art. Mlle. Abbema rarely, if ever, takes a pupil; she has an independent fortune and has never been anxious to sell her pictures. Hence, probably, her vogue.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

It is said by those within the pale that over-indulgence in intoxicating beverages is lamentably on the increase among fashionable women in England. French, German, and Italian women are, in spite of their wine and beer drinking propensities, really more temperate than English women. In country houses the hostess offers her tired guests sherry and seltzer instead of tea, and doctors prescribe a half wineglass of Burgundy when one is weary or faint. Many English women call for a brandy and soda at any hour in the day when they feel fatigued, others pin their faith to a half bottle of dry champagne as an antidote for exhaustion, and nearly all of them have a glass of whiskey and water before they retire.

Of all royal women "Carmen Sylva," the sweet songstress of Roumania, is the best beloved by women for whom the dazzle of the queen's coronet has less attraction than the rare, sweet womanliness of she who wears it. After the death of her little daughter, Carmen Sylva took up her pen for pastime, not devoting it to the record of her daily life, after the fashion of sovereigns, or to the writing of memoirs to be read after her death, but rather to rescuing from oblivion the songs and traditions of her people, and to the honor of true womanhood. She has partially recovered from her serious illness, but is still a patient sufferer from nervous and spinal weakness.

Women suffragists have more ardent supporters of their cause among men in England than do the women of America. Great indignation prevails over a circular recently published advising the exclusion of lady speakers during the coming election, "lest advantage is taken of such opportunities to advocate female suffrage." One man writing of this says: "If the antagonism to woman suffrage which is a characteristic of Mr. Gladstone is to be made one of the tenets of his followers also, I, as a man free from party bias and purpose, trust that every woman will use what little influence her unrepresented position leaves her to prevent the accession to power of a party which denies her any political voice, while carefully giving to an illiterate Irishman, who can only make his cross at the instruction of a priest, a vote in making the very laws which are to govern a woman with perhaps as much intellect and education as the voter and the priest put together."

The election of a woman Attorney-General is among the possibilities for the State of Montana, where Ella L. Knowles, the only woman lawyer in the State, has been nominated by the People's party. It was through the influence of Miss Knowles that the bill was passed to admit women to practise law in the State, and she was herself the first candidate for admission under the new law. Her practice is large and lucrative.

Among the most prominent women in the political party which has grown out of the Farmers' Alliance are Miss Mary E. Lease of Wichita, Kan., a platform orator of much eloquence and power, who will be constantly engaged in speaking for the People's party through the campaign; Sarah Emery, one of the editors of the *New Evangel*, a party paper just started in St. Louis; Fanny Randolph Vickery and Mrs. Gay of Texas, and Eva McDonald-Valish, whose two years' career on the platform has been one of great credit to herself and of brilliant and efficient help to her party. She has been a self-supporting newspaper writer for several years.

There was a short time ago in a Western town a woman's club, which shall forever more remain nameless, as it is now broken up and among the things that were. A young bachelor, teased by the young women on his state of single blessedness, made a solemn vow to marry any member of the club who on secret vote should be chosen to be his wife. There were nine members in the club, and when the votes were counted it was found that there were nine different votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man is still unmarried, the club broken up, and the nine girls agree now on one subject only, that the young bachelor is as horrid as he can be.

A band of robbers composed of women has been discovered at one of the interior towns of Spain. They have the regulation romantic cave wherein their booty is stored, and plan their depredations according to the orthodox bandit's code. They dress like men, wearing beards and sombreros to hide their faces.

The Countess de Nurasol, Etta Hughes, and Franklin Paula, Spanish, English, and Austrian governesses of the Infantas of Spain, receive each $4,000 a year for their services, besides a home in the royal household.

The Duchess Karl Theodor in Bavaria is, like her husband, an opthalmic physician, and assists her husband in his large practice.

Queen Christina of Spain is bringing her influence to bear against the national pastime of bull fighting. Since the death of her husband she has been seen but once in the royal box of the arena. However, her attitude of aversion has as yet accomplished little besides emphasizing the fact of her being a woman of strong and true character, for every Sunday the arena at Madrid, accommodating 10,000 people, is filled to overflowing.

Mme. Bernhardt has set the seal of her approval upon Oscar Wilde's new one-act play by promising to appear in it during her stay in London.

By special decree of the University of Oxford Cornelia Sorabji, B. A., of Bombay, a student of Somerville Hall, who has been reading law for two years, was admitted to the examination for the B. C. L. degree. Miss Sorabji was considered equal to a second class, an achievement which will be better appreciated when it is known that none of the men were placed in the first class; the two men in the second class had been reading law five years, while several of the other candidates were practising barristers.

Rosa Holub, who shared the dangerous experiences of her husband's expedition to Central Africa, has been honored by the Emperor of Austria with a special medal in recognition of her services and bravery, and by a most graceful tribute paid by her husband in his book to the wife's endurance and helpfulness and the courage with which she bore the suffering during the eight months' flight from hostile savages.

In four weeks' time the Woman's Club of Chicago raised $118,190 toward the $200,000 fund needed for the erection of dormitories for the women students of the new university. Of this sum Elizabeth G. Kelly gave $50,000 and Nancy Foster, widow of the late Dr. Foster, $50,000. This liberality on the part of women for women's education marks the beginning of a new epoch. Hitherto gifts from women donors have been devoted to benevolent purposes or to the aid of men's institutions of learning.

With the usual perversity of fate, Mrs. Edison prefers the light of old-fashioned tapers to all the magic forms of illumination evolved by her husband's wonderful genius.

A Danish woman of wealth recently made a remarkable will, providing that the interest of her fortune shall be distributed annually among twenty unmarried women or widows in her native town.

The Princess of Egypt is the only native lady of Cairo who dares to go about unveiled, to give dinner parties and entertainments admitting male foreigners, and at which she appears arrayed in magnificent décolleté dresses of Parisian make. Having an independent fortune of her own, she enjoys herself in her own way.

The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Carlisle will be associated with Lady Henry Somerset in the *White Ribbon*, the new temperance paper which will ventilate all questions concerning the progress of women, hours of labor, and social reform. As the capital of the new publication is $50,000, it is anticipated that its attitude upon these questions will not be influenced by its subscription list.

Heidelburg University intends to admit women to the philosophical department of the university and to give them a degree. Upon the success of this experiment will depend the generosity of this faculty in future concessions.

In a New Hampshire town a woman is the President of street railway company; another woman in New York makes a business of furnishing flats. In Louisville a woman earns a good income by making special shopping trips to Paris, and in Buffalo a woman runs a street-cleaning bureau. Kansas City has a woman in its fire department, and Chicago boasts a woman embalmer. New York has several successful woman blacksmiths, and a Vassar student keeps herself in pin money by combing hair at twenty-five cents a head. Nobody but a woman could have invented the new combination dress stand and fire escape which a London woman has recently patented.

There are more than sixty co-operative societies of women of national scope engaged in the philanthropic work of the country. The Woman's Relief Corps, the King's Daughters, Young Woman's Christian Association, working women's guilds, and working girls' clubs, educational and industrial unions of various kinds which own and erect buildings, establish schools, day nurseries, and kindergartens, and collect and disburse vast sums of money to the needy.

One million dollars is the price of the five chains of pearls forming the collar worn on state occasions by the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and these worn by her sister are scarcely less valuable. The sister of Mme. Thiers, Mlle. Dosne, is also the owner of valuable pearls, which she has been collecting during thirty years of her life. The Empress of Austria has the most valuable collection of black pearls in the world. A story is told of a famous French actress who wore pearls of such enormous size in a play that she was criticised by one of her friends. "It is true," she said, "the lady I represent probably wore smaller pearls in real life. But what can I do? I have no small pearls."

Lady Dufferin has invented a new garden party beverage, over which Parisians are raving as only Parisians can. The drink consists of strawberries mashed in cream and sweetened, upon which Cliquot Irappe is frothed from a syphon.

THE STORY OF TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

Suggesting an Explanation of Reports of Mr. Blaine's Health.

Those who read sketches of Mr. Blaine have been puzzled by the seeming inconsistency of reports made regarding his health. Sometimes he is described as looking old, careworn, feeble; in fact, like a man who is breaking up with old age. Other reports assert that he retains that marvellous alertness of glance, vigor of manner, and impressive suggestion of intellectual power which characterized him when he was Speaker in Congress. Perhaps the mystery may be explained by telling the story of two photographs.

When Mr. Blaine was in New York city in the early part of June he was urged by a photographer to sit for a number of photographs, and he consented. A dozen or more negatives were obtained, and two of the finished photographs suggest that the writers of these inconsistent accounts were entirely truthful. The two photographs were taken at almost the same minute, in fact the first negative and the second were taken with an interval of less than a minute. The mounted picture taken from the first negative is one of the finest photographs of Mr. Blaine ever made. It suggests the ideal Blaine. It is the face of a man in vigorous health, of superb intellectual powers, and would be to anyone who had never seen Blaine in his best moments, a sufficient explanation of his extraordinary power of impressing men with his intellectual ability.

The mounted picture made from the second negative seems to reveal a man upon whom the touch of age has fallen. His eye lacks lustre, his cheeks seem haggard, and the expression on the face would leave the impression that he was old and feeble and weary. A person who had never seen Blaine would say that this is the picture of a sick and feeble old man. Yet so short was the interval between the taking of the two pictures that Mr. Blaine had not time to change his position or even to adjust the strap of his eyeglass, which fell loosely over his collar.

If these two pictures were the pictures of an actor who desired to display the capacity of the face to express vigor and decrepitude with the celerity of thought, they would be regarded as marvels of mimetic skill on the part of the subject. The only explanation which the photographer can give is that Mr. Blaine's mood changed instantly between the taking of the two pictures. When the first one was taken he was interested, but before the second one was captured he had become tiddless, wearied, and, as it seemed to the photographer, his mind had wandered away from the business of the moment. It was the most extraordinary change of face which this photographer had ever experienced in thirty years of picture-taking, during which time almost every man of note in America has stood before his camera.

KNEW MORE THAN THEIR MOTHER.

Experience of a Bear's Cubs with a Nest of Yellow Jackets.

SCRANTON, July 16.—Nicholas Treat of Goldenrod Mountain saw a she bear and two cubs picking and eating huckleberries a few yards from the foot of a bluff, on the top of which he had stopped to rest on the afternoon of the Fourth. Treat didn't stir after he had caught sight of the four-footed berry pickers, and the bears worked through the low brushes toward the base of the bluff, clawing off the ripe fruit and putting it in their mouths as they advanced. The old bear was ahead, and the cubs kept close to her haunches.

Presently the mother bear came to a halt a few feet from a sapling, raised her nose, and began to sniff. At that the cubs stopped picking berries, and huddled up to the sides of the old bear. She had spied a yellowjackets' nest as large as a half bushel basket hanging from a limb of the sapling four feet from the ground, and that was what she was sniffing at. In a minute or so she took a couple of steps toward the sapling, stuck her snout within a yard of the nest, and then backed off with a snort, as though she had made up her mind that she knew what inhabitants the nest contained.

Seeing that its mother was afraid to approach the big white ball, one of the cubs stole up to it, arose on its hind toes, and was about to strike the nest with its paw, when the old bear gave a growl, ran ed at the cub, caught it by the neck, and pulled it away just in time to prevent it from tearing the nest apart. Then she cuffed and scolded the cub for being so daring and inquisitive, and while she was doing so the other cub ran up, grabbed the nest with its paws, and tore it from the limb.

Instantly a horde of infuriated yellow jackets poured out of the ruined nest and darted at the bears. The cubs squealed with pain, and began to roll and tumble in the huckleberry bushes, and the old bear roared, danced around, and rooted in the undergrowth as though a hundred of the angry insects had stung her on the nose. After she had thrashed and bellowed for a minute or two she started off on a run, calling to her cubs to follow her. The young bears were whirling so hard that they didn't hear her, and, the old bear can lack, gave the cubs a good cuffing and drove them away in front of her. The yellow jackets chased them, and when they dashed out of Treat's sight they were bellowing and squealing at the top of their lungs.

Lived for Years in a Hollow Tree.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MILAN, Tenn., July 9.—William Snooner, about 70 years of age, died suddenly to-day. He had gone to a neighbor's house and eaten breakfast, when he dropped dead. For eight years he has refused to live in a house, and for a number of years lived in a hollow tree, doing his own cooking and washing. He was robbed of several thousand dollars, and this loss probably unbalanced his mind.

Never Questioned.

The superior purity, strength and wholesomeness of Royal Baking Powder is never questioned.

While other baking powder makers are exposing the impurities and shortcomings of the powders of their competitors, and the official tests by the Government are revealing the improper ingredients, the low strength, and lack of keeping qualities of other brands of baking powder, no question is raised, no doubt is entertained of the great qualities, the absolute purity and efficiency of the Royal Baking Powder. It stands alone, above suspicion.

Do not permit the grocer or peddler to substitute any other brand in place of the Royal.

SHE'S A WOMAN OF NERVE.

A Feminine Aeronaut Who Drops Two Miles with Her Parachute.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Mme. Crawford, Aeronaut," is the way her cards read. "Libby" is what her uncle and manager, G. W. Richards, calls her. Whether her name be Madame or just plain every-day Libby, she is a brave little woman and in truth "flies very high." One would not take her for a professional female of any character. She is plain of speech and demure of manner. There are no frills about her in private life, even if she does appear in public in bedizened toggery. A reporter had an interesting hour's chat with the daring aeronaut yesterday evening in her home at 4,729 Garfield avenue. She had just got up from a sick bed. Monday she soared far above the clouds in the awed presence of 100,000 St. Louisans at the fair grounds and shot down to earth again, dangling to a parachute. She was sick then—suffering terrible agony—and her physician told her not to make the ascension, but with an injection of morphine to allay her pain she swung to the trapeze when the ropes of the big balloon were cut, and she went twirling up into the cloud region, "just because the ascension was advertised and I could not disappoint that monster crowd of 100,000 people." As a result she is liable to be sick for many a day to come, and maybe she'll never get well.

"I don't know," said Mme. Crawford, "what impelled me to become an aeronaut, but my uncontrollable passion for adventure, I guess. It was two years ago when the desire seized me, and I haven't rid myself of it yet. Since then I have made 100 ascensions, have had three ribs broken, and my spine telescoped, and I think I am now the only female balloonist left in the country. At Farmington, Mo., soon after I had started in the business, my parachute got cranky when I had cut myself loose 8,000 feet above the earth, and it was a wonder I wasn't killed. I sailed down easy enough for the first 4,000 feet, but at 2,000 feet I struck a new counter current of air which twisted the parachute around rapidly and plunged the top down so that I only prevented it from turning inside out with the greatest difficulty. I knew that I was in danger, but my presence of mind never left me for an instant. When about seventy feet from the ground another gust of wind overpowered me and turned the parachute completely inside out. The ropes tangled with my feet, jerked my hoop loose from the bar, and I plunged downward head foremost. I saw a huge tree directly under me, and I reached my