JEALOUSY A GOOD THING.

WOMEN CAN MAKE IT A MEANS TO ATTRACT MEN.

Blue the Color of the Newest Stockings—Broad, Soft Belts Are in Vogue Again—So Is the Pique Vest—Recipes for Baths—Popular Handkerchiefs—Sweaters for Children.

Woman is instinctively jealous. Man is, too, but he won't acknowledge it, and rarely shows it. Indeed, he speaks of jealousy as one of woman's few base and reprehensible traits, and declares that it is at the bottom of more misery than the devil himself. There's one man in this city who doesn't think that way. He is a physician with a large practice among the very rich and the very poor. He ought to know what he is talking about, for he has seen much jealousy in his time and watched its physical and psychological effect.

"I don't know what to do about Polly," a doting mother said to him recently. "She has the most jealous disposition I've ever known; not envious, mind you, but jealous. She is as generous and loving as she can be, and is always glad to see other people get what they want, but she is jealous of the affections of those she loves. It is such a hateful trait, and I'm sure I don't know where she gets it, unless from her father's side, for nobody in my family was ever jealous. I wish you'd tell me how to obliterate this despicable passion in her."

"Jealousy isn't a despicable passion," answered the doctor calmly, "and you mustn't think of trying to eliminate it from your daughter's nature. Jealousy has a distinct beneficial value, not only on womankind but mankind. The thing for you to do is to teach your daughter to control this passion, and not allow it to control her, as she must do, judging from what you have told me. What are her symptoms?"

"Not any different from those of five girls out of ten," answered the mother; "but I do not like them, all the same. Polly can't bear to have any one she cares for show another person any attention. She is jealous if her father caresses one of the other children a wee bit more than he does her, she is jealous if I see a great deal of any one of my friends, she gets furious if her brother pays some girl over a certain amount of attention, she is angry if her sister goes out with another girl, and she fumes and frets herself into a fever if her fiancé, who is absolutely devoted to her, so much as mentions another girl, especially if it happens to be one that he is fond of. Really, the girl's health is being affected, I believe, and I know her disposition is. She is nervous, irritable, sulky, moody and what not, and, altogether, is becoming quite unbearable. Now, what am I to do?"

"I thought so," said the doctor. "I've had lots of cases like that. Jealousy, which I hold is a fine thing in itself, has the upper hand of Polly, and you must help her to get the upper hand of it. She must do this through her will. It is a great mistake to suppose that we must surrender our will to come out of darkness into light. You know it is only through will that any progress can be made, for growth is through desire, and desire is the expression of will. You may wonder what this has to do with jealousy, but you'll see in a minute. Will is a divine inheritance given to us so that we may overcome our passions, and love is absolutely the only source of will. Passions mastered are useful and obedient slaves; uncontrolled they make slaves of us. What is in the mind expresses itself in the body, and that's the reason Polly's health is being undermined by jealousy. The emotion of jealousy is inordinately developed in her and if she continues to foster it she will drive her fiancé and friends all away from her. It is a wise provision of nature that one's family can't get away. Many a man is driven away from home, driven even to the divorce courts, driven to another woman, on account of the insane and unreasonable jealousy of his wife. In such cases the wife is the slave of this emotion. On the other hand, if she makes jealousy her slave she can chain husband, family and friends to her, especially the husband."

"Why, what do you mean?" interrupted the mother.

"Just this," answered the doctor. "Man is naturally a polygamous animal. He really never tires of honey, though he often claims to, but he doesn't like to take it forever out of the same dish. He likes to flit from flower to flower, sipping a little sweetness of one kind here and a little of another there. If his mother, or sister, or wife, or sweetheart, as the case may be, shows a proper amount of jealousy, she can bind him to her and deter this amusing but not socially approved tendency. The jealousy of married women, so much berated by their own sex, does more to keep married men true to themselves and to those they really love than all the bugaboos of the hereafter ever presented from Puritanical pulpits. When a woman is master of her jealous instinct she has a powerful weapon. She can use it to flatter a man until he doesn't know whether he is walking right side up or crab fashion. You women make a great mistake in supposing that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; it is through his vanity. The average man is immensely pleased when any woman in whom he is interested gives evidence of jealousy, provided she does it in an artistic and refined way. She mustn't sulk and pout, and fret and fume, and rear and rage, as you say your daughter does, for those things affect a woman's physical appearance, and woman makes a bad mistake to do anything or indulge in any emotion that lessens her beauty. She should let it creep out in little ways that she is jealous, and a man knocks under at once."

"But how can I teach my girl to do that?"

"An intensely jealous person thinks a great deal about herself," said the doctor. "Talk frankly and lovingly and tenderly to your daughter about this. Show her how she is making herself and every one around her miserable by giving way to this passion, but at the same time show her that the emotion of jealousy has its benefits and can be used to great advantage. Tell her that when jealousy rules a woman it is a dwarfed and dwarfing expression of love; that its tendency is narrowing and belittling. Teach her that she can conquer this emotion only through will. Help her to understand that perfect love renders fear impossible, and that, if she loves those dear to her in a true, unselfish way, she will have no fear if they chance to show affection for another than herself. Parents make such a mistake in decrying and deploring emotions that master their children, in groaning and saying that it is the Old Adam in them and can't be helped. Every passion, every emotion given to human beings is a positive benefit to the race, if mastered, and probably most of all the passions this emotion of jealousy."

Blue is certainly the predominating color in woman's dress from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. The very newest stockings are a brilliant Yale blue with lace stripes, and are embroidered in red, yellow, or white, preferably the latter. They come from Paris, are made of the finest silk, and are worn with tans or black patent leather shoes. There is only one objection to blue stockings—they fade. Unless a woman has a very large income she must launder them herself or supervise it to keep them looking at all presentable for even a short time. The patriotic stocking is also selling like hot cakes and is designed for country wear with white piqué and duck suits. It is striped in red and white half way up the leg, and has a blue top embellished with white stars. It is astonishing to see the number of refined looking, carefully dressed women purchasing such hosiery, for surely only a woman of hopelessly bad taste would trample on the flag of her country. A very pretty stocking, just over from Paris has a blue openwork foot and calf, and a top striped in red, yellow, green and dark blue. Women with large ankles should stick to black stockings. Nothing accentuates bad lines and prominent bones as these bright hues do.

Broad, soft belts are in vogue again. They are specially suited to slender, graceful women. The prettiest are made of very soft satin ribbon in bright plaids and stripes, or plain black or white. The ends are plaited into a small fancy buckle, but in the back and on the sides the ribbon hugs the figure high up, girdle fashion. Broad, soft belts have one distinct advantage over the narrow leather or jewelled ones; they can be pulled down and pinned firmly to the skirt, keeping it from parting from the shirt waist. Buckles with enamelled flags and shields are much used on these belts.

It is here again, the piqué vest. This year it is cut quite high, is single breasted, and has enough pockets to satisfy a small boy. The piqué vest gives a dark tailor gown just that look of coolness and freshness that it needs on a hot day. It is more dressy than the cotton shirt waist and equally as comfortable. Its feature, however, is not in its smartness, or the comfort of the garment, but in the fact that it is always ready. There are no cuff buttons, collar buttons and studs to be put in. Any woman will find a few of these wash vests very convenient. They look particularly well with wheeling costumes.

With some people frequent bathing is a luxury, with some others a necessity, and with still others a positive trial. Baths are about as varied in nature as fashions, and surely nothing adds more not only to the comfort but to the comeliness of the human race. The tepid bath stands preëminent in the list, though many hold that nothing equals a cold plunge. According to the St. Louis *Republic*, a good bath for persons suffering with debility is made by mixing a quart of cheap whiskey with a teacupful of rock salt. Dip a crash towel in this mixture and go quickly over the surface of the body, allowing the fluid to dry into the skin.

An alcohol sweat bath is beneficial when suffering from colds or exhaustion caused by excessive mental or physical labor. Procure a small alcohol lamp, fill and light it and place it under an ordinary cane-seated chair on which several thicknesses of paper have been placed. Divest the person of all clothing. After being seated in the chair wrap one or two large blankets around the person, chair and all. Leave no opening for the heat to escape, but let the blankets reach well to the floor. Wring a thick towel out in hot water and place on the head, and over that a light woollen covering. After perspiring freely take a plunge bath in a tub of clear water, without soap, and rub the body thoroughly dry with a crash towel. Go to bed directly.

Baths for children should be given according to age and constitution. Some require warm baths, while others find cold water agreeable. The tepid bath is generally suitable and taken in the morning. If they are under two years of age it may be taken after the first meal. A child should never have a hot bath in a cold room, and thorough drying is of great importance.

Colored linen lawn handkerchiefs have made their appearance again. Some have a white ground with queer criss-cross and zigzag figures of pale green, yellow, lilac, pink, or blue, or checks, or stripes of the same, while others are of the solid colored lawn. All are edged with fine thread or Valenciennes lace, and are not infrequently scalloped or pointed. They wash well and appeal specially to schoolgirl taste.

A fad of the hour is a sun umbrella with a gilded sword handle.

The time is at hand when nearly every housekeeper has salad on her table at least once a day. What, then, could be handier than the twin salad bottle? It is made of ribbed Venetian glass with silver mounts. The bottles are joined together in a very ingenious manner, the necks twisting in opposite directions. One bottle is for oil and the other for vinegar.

Every wee baby, girl or boy, to be strictly up-to-date, should have a sweater for its perambulator spins. In case of a sudden cool change the sweater is easily slipped on over baby's clothes. White, pale, pink and sky blue are the favorite colors.

LOST A LEG AND WON A WIFE.

A Romance Not of This War, but of the One Next to It.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

A somewhat belated romance of the civil war is that of Capt. Thomas H. Culp of Perry's Florida brigade, a South Carolinian, who happened to be in the malarial peninsula when the flag on Fort Sumter was fired on, and in that way explains why he was not in a South Carolina command under the stars and bars.

As will be recalled, Perry's brigade, after distinguishing itself at Chickamauga and other places in the West, went to Virginia and did a full share of the hard fighting that the Army of the Potomac had to do from then until the end of the war. It was in one of the battles around Richmond that the first act opened.

Capt. Culp, while leading his company in a charge on the enemy, who were strongly posted behind some improvised breastworks, was shot to the ground and woke the next morning to find that his left leg had been amputated below the knee. The strangest part of it, however, was that at the same time he fell five of his men fell around him, each and every one of whom lost a leg. The unpleasant coincidence was commented upon extensively in the army at the time, but, like a great many other things that happened in that stirring period, was soon forgotten and passed out of the minds of men.

Unfitted for a soldier, Capt. Culp returned to his old home in South Carolina and began life anew, after the war closed, as a country merchant. These were the flush times that there is so much talk about, and he prospered as he deserved, and in the course of time managed to put aside a snug fortune, ample for the simple wants of an old bachelor. His war comrades were all in Florida and South Georgia, and he gradually lost touch with them, as men will, and even forgot their names. He was a stanch old Confederate, however, and preserved his cap and jacket until the reunion in Richmond a couple of years ago, without once having occasion to wear them. Then he concluded he would go on and hear the "rebel yell" just once more, and in the fulness of his enthusiasm he brought out these time-stained relics of the bloody past. Thirty years of prosperity had played havoc with the slender waist of the young soldier, however, and the jacket was returned, with a sigh of regret, to its box. The cap was still available, and, with half of the brim shot away, was donned again.

Of course, the reunion was a grand success, and the enthusiasm highly gratifying to him, but for the first day he was fearfully distressed because he could not find one of the members of his old command. Walking was a painful process for him, and he had about exhausted his energies in the effort and seated himself on the doorstep of a handsome residence, when a weather-beaten old fellow, with a veteran's badge, came along and sat down by him. The Captain noticed that he limped suspiciously, and was not long in learning that he, too, was the possessor of a cork leg. This naturally led to the inquiry where he had lost its predecessor, and the reply was that it was in such and such a fight, on such and such a day. It was in the very fight in which the Captain had suffered his loss, and he stated the fact.

"Well, that's curious," said the veteran. "I lost mine this way: We were ordered to drive the enemy from their works on the brow of the hill, and just as we rouse up out of the underbrush to make a rush my leg was shot off, right beside a big pine tree. But you won't believe it, five other men——"

"Had their legs shot off at the same time," said the Captain excitedly, taking the words out of his mouth, "and I was one of them."

That was the signal for a little reunion of their own, and the proposition was made that they hire a hack and go out to see the spot again. It was only a few miles out, and as soon as they had concluded a bargain with a hackman they made a start. When they reached the ground, however, they found everything changed, the trees cut away, and the whole place under cultivation. They managed to find an old stump, however, and united in declaring it the remains of the "big pine tree," but there was still some doubt about the matter, and they decided to apply to the occupant of a big house a short distance away for information. They found it occupied by a handsome maiden lady of 40 or thereabouts, who blushingly confessed to having lived there as a little girl during the war, and told them what she could about it. But the Captain seemed fascinated by the spot, and returned to it more than once before the reunion closed. Then he stayed over after everybody else had gone, and in the end came away with a promise from the maiden lady. A short time ago he returned and married her, and now lives on the identical farm where he was wounded, and in sight of the big pine stump, a few hundred yards from the Darbytown road.

BLOOMERS IN EUROPE.

What They Mean in Paris and How They Are Regarded in Other Cities.

From the Providence Journal.

In Paris there are but two styles of bicycle dress, long, narrow skirts and bloomers. The bloomers are very numerous—one sees little clouds of them on the Bois de Boulogne of a Sunday afternoon and in the morning and evening they trickle through all the other streets as their wearers go to or from the Bois. But never is a pair of bloomers worn by a virtuous woman, except it be an American, who sees so many and adopts the costume in ignorance of the fact that they are in reality the badges of the cocottes and demi-mondaines of the poorest, brazenest sort in the capital. In Vienna the same is true. Bloomers are few and those who wear them know that they throw away respectability with the casting off of their skirts. In Berlin—I don't know. One does not think of fashion or dress in Berlin. It's too ridiculous. It is like thinking of quiet and repose in Chicago. There are bloomer girls in Berlin, but they look like a hard-faced lot. In London there are very many pairs of bloomers—thousands worn every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and not on other days of the week. They are, it seems to me, all worn by good women, but they are women of strong-minded tendencies and reforming aspirations. They are nearly all of the middle lower class—workwomen, radical and independent thinkers. They are so often rude and coarse and loud and noisy that the Dorking innkeeper had doubtless noticed their manners more than their trousers before he decided to refuse them the comforts of his inn.

Very many of them go through the streets in bloomers, but a greater number wear skirts in town and take them off and tie them to the handlebars of their machines as soon as they come to the green fields. They make bloomers a profession. They belong to the Rational Dress League, or to clubs whose members are pledged to popularize pantaloon displays. They divide up their neighborhoods, and either visit from house to house, begging the women to wear the trousers, or they pepper whole neighborhoods with proselytizing printed matter. They promise to go out biking in their breeches with whoever will put on the same garments until the novelty wears off and until, as their circulars say, "a lady in rational dress is accorded the same respect that is shown to a lady in silks."

The ladies of London who ride bicycles all wear long skirts and bloomers underneath. Those who wear regular bicycle suits made with a saddle seat and a skirt which hangs in a straight pleat on either side of the saddle are the most graceful and birdlike figures in Europe. Far too many wear the usual walking dress of thin material, with high boots, no underskirts, but bloomers in their place, and on windy days these well-meaning women make such sorry spectacles of themselves as to give the bloomerites a good chance to say that the rational dress is the more modest.

TALES OF BRAVE WOMEN.

AMERICAN HISTORY HAS MANY A RECORD OF THEIR DEEDS.

Patriotism of American Women in Colonial and Revolutionary Days—They Furnished Supplies and Gave Warning and Fought, Too—Patriotism of Their Daughters Now.

American women are showing, in every way possible, their patriotism and pluck; and, while a great deal of the enthusiasm finds vent in belts and hat bands, those women who have been called upon for graver proof of their loyalty have in most cases given it unhesitatingly. It takes more courage for a mother to send her son to the front than for the son to go, and the wives and sweethearts of the men who are with the fleet in Cuban waters are having a worse time than the sailors, who are wild with excitement and longing to follow Dewey and Hobson and make a bit of history themselves.

But American women have never been found lacking in patriotism, bravery and capacity for self-sacrifice. Very few of them have been celebrated, but scattered through our history from early colonial times down to to-day there are records of brave deeds that show the American spirit of bravery and independence to belong as much to the women as to the men.

Every one knows something of the sturdy courage and endurance of the women of our pioneer settlements. They faced death, day by day, and all records of the time bear witness to their bravery. There were plenty of women like the one who, having been left in charge of the farm during her husband's absence, repulsed an Indian attack, and then wrote to her husband:

> DEAR JOHN: The Apaches attacked the house and I shot six of them. The others went away. Don't trouble to come home, but send some more ammunition. YOUR LOVING WIFE.

When the Revolutionary times came, the women were no whit behind the men in their patriotism. It is a pity that the record of their noble lives is not more complete. One of the most interesting of the jubilee year exhibits in England was a woman's roll of honor, compiled by Donald Mackenzie and giving the names of all English women of the Victorian era who have made themselves famous by deeds of moral or physical courage. Such a roll of honor for American women would be a thrilling chapter of American history; but it would necessarily be incomplete, for of many interesting figures we have only tantalizing fragmentary record.

From memoirs, diaries, and old letters enough comes down to us to give us an idea of the tone of the women of the Revolution, and the mothers stand out as heroically as any Spartan woman. A Mrs. Martin voiced the general feeling when a British officer asked her whether she had a son.

"I have seven."

"Where are they?"

"Fighting for their country."

"All of them?"

"All."

The officer sneered. "Well, you sent enough," he said.

Mrs. Martin looked him squarely in the face. "I wish I had fifty sons to send against you."

Such instances pile up before the searcher, and there were mothers braver still. One of them sent an only son to the siege of Augusta. A British soldier, full of hatred for the rebels, rode out of his way after the battle to tell the woman of her son's death. She met him at the door, and, without a word of warning, he brutally announced:

"You had a son. I saw his brains blown out at Augusta."

The mother's form grew rigid, but she said proudly:

"He could not have died in a nobler cause."

There are mothers in the land to-day as brave as she, if a cause like hers should call; and, even when the cause is the liberty of another race, the mothers have been brave and stopped their tears. Women's work was needed more in the old days than it is in this time of Government supplies and a well-filled Treasury, and wherever women were needed, there they were found. Mrs. Draper of Dedham, Mass., sent her husband and her 16-year-old son to the army. Then she called in her neighbors and began baking bread and pies, which she kept on a long table before her gate, for the refreshment of all hungry American soldiers who passed that way. After Bunker Hill, when the scarcity of ammunition induced Washington to call for all available pewter and lead, the same Mrs. Draper came to the front again. Pewter was dear to the heart of the New England housekeeper, and she had one of the finest collections in New England; but without a moment's hesitation she melted it down, and, not content with furnishing the material, she obtained a mould and made the pewter into bullets, which she forwarded to the army. Then a new want arose. The men were insufficiently clothed. The indefatigable Mrs. Draper had piles of domestic cloth stored away for family use. She made it into soldiers' coats. Her splendid stock of sheets and blankets was transformed into shirts, and even her own flannel clothing was altered to men's garments.

She was only one woman among thousands like her. The famous Mrs. Motte, who had given signal evidence of patriotism, was at one time obliged to leave her handsome home, which fell into British hands. Mrs. Motte took up her residence in a farmhouse back of the American lines. The American commander became convinced that the only way of routing the British was by destroying the Motte house, but he hesitated to mention this to the patriotic woman. When he did pluck up courage to do so, he was relieved of all embarrassment. Although the place was dear to her, and was almost her only property, she assured the commander that it was altogether at his service, furnished him the bow and arrows by which combustibles were to be carried to the roof, and stood beside him, with no sign of regret, while her home and fortune burned to ashes.

Not all of the Revolutionary women had great sacrifices to make, but they did what they could; and so many of the girls pledged themselves never to accept the attentions of young men who refused to fight for the country that there was really no merit in a young man's going to the front. He was between devil and deep sea, and to stay at home would have been harder than to face the British.

American women gave up tea, too; and in that day that was a sacrifice as heroic as it would be in England now. Peggy Stewart of Annapolis went further than that in the tea fight. She was the pretty wife of Anthony Stewart, a merchant and shipowner; and when a bark, named for her, the Peggy Stewart, came in with a cargo of tea, she ordered both tea and bark to be burned in the harbor; and forced her husband to hold the torch with which the fire which destroyed his property was kindled.

Property wasn't the only thing women were ready to give up in those war days. They risked their lives as coolly as men; and many an American victory was due to woman's wit and daring. Dozens of times American troops were saved from capture by the warnings of a woman who risked her life to carry it to them. Lydia Darrah, the Philadelphia Quakeress, while her uncle was entertaining British officers, overheard a plan to capture the Americans at White Marsh. She left home in the night and walked through the snow to the American camp, gave the warning, and reached her home again before daybreak without being discovered. Dicey Langston of North Carolina rode across country in the night and swam the swollen river in order to warn American troops that the British would be upon them in the morning. The list of such warnings is too long to be given, and so is that of the women who risked their lives to save patriots concealed on their premises.

In many cases, too, women defended and saved the precious stores of ammunition which were distributed in different places, so that all could not fall into the enemy's hands, and when the ammunition could not be saved the women, in some instances, followed the example of Col. Bratton's wife. A large store of ammunition was hidden in their yard, and the British got news of it. Col. Bratton was forced to flee, but his wife refused to go, saying that there was no danger for her. She laid a train of powder from the place where the ammunition was hidden, and, at the approach of the British, set fire to it. There was a tremendous explosion, and when the raging English soldiers stormed the house they were confronted by one small woman, who held her chin very high, and announced defiantly:

"I did it; and, be the consequences what they may, I glory in it!"

Every one knows the stories of Barbara Freitchie and Molly Pitcher. Several contestants have claimed the glory of their deeds; but whoever Captain Molly was, she fought royally, and whoever it may have been who waved the Stars and Stripes about the rebel host in Frederickstown, deserves a place on the honor roll.

There were women other than Captain Molly who could fight in the ranks. In the war of the Revolution Deborah Sampson disguised herself as a man, enlisted under the name of Robert Shirtliffe, lived blamelessly, and fought like a hero for three years. She volunteered for several hazardous duties, was wounded on the head twice, and finally wounded so severely that she was sent to the hospital delirious. There Surgeon Binney of Philadelphia discovered her secret and had her removed to his home, but did not speak of his discovery even to the young soldier. When she was strong enough he sent her, still in the rôle of Robert Shirtliffe, to Gen. Washington with despatches. She was in an agony of mortification when she stood before Washington after he read the doctor's letter. But the General was as considerate as the surgeon. He merely praised young Shirtliffe's bravery, and gave him honorable discharge from the army. Deborah went home to Sharon and married. After the war she was called to Philadelphia and received a pension for bravery on the field.

"War Woman's Creek" in Georgia was named for brave, vulgar Nancy Hart, who had the reputation of being "a honey patriot, but a devil of a woman."

The two Martin girls, whose husbands were in the American Army, heard that British messengers would pass a certain way with important despatches. The girls put on their husbands' clothes, held up the three British officers, put them on parole, took the despatches, ran home by a short cut and entertained the same officers at dinner.

All through the civil war there were instances of great bravery on the part of the women of both sides, and the spirit is still living in the hearts of American women, though in the present war they are not called upon to show their courage by daring deeds. They could fight if they were needed, but, since they are not, they send sons and husbands, brothers and sweethearts, away, and, with steady lips, watch their going. There hasn't been half such a deluge of tears as reporters have supplied to farewell scenes. Our women are brave, and Dewey and Hobson and the rest of the soldiers and sailors of whom we are proud had American mothers.

NO OTHER SETTLEMENT LIKE IT.

Methods of a Society Intended to Reach Working People of Moderate Means.

The first city settlement to make Christianity its avowed object has just completed the fourth year of its existence. It remains to-day without imitators in its particular field. Its object is to reach not the wretchedly poor, but working people of moderate means.

The workers are young women of refinement and good breeding, and their work includes such tasks as teaching the elementary branches to sick or crippled children who are too feeble to attend the public schools or cannot find places in them; and giving instruction in sewing, crocheting and dancing. Nothing is given gratuitously to those who benefit by the settlement. The idea is to keep people from feeling that they are receiving charity; consequently five cents an hour is charged for instruction in the branches mentioned above, and ten cents a lesson is asked for instruction in embroidery, painting, cooking and stenography. Piano lessons cost fifty cents an hour, which is about the price charged by private teachers in such neighborhoods. The only free instruction is in dressmaking. There is a library from which books are lent at 2 cents a week, and there are many clubs. It is chiefly with the children that the work is done, although efforts are also made to reach their parents by means of entertainments to which they are invited. In all the various settlements that have been at work in the city for some time past, this is the only one that proceeds on a distinctly Christian basis. The church which founded it was one of the most ritualistic in New York.

THE PURITANS COULD DRINK.

Anything but Water Went, but Rum Was Their Favorite.

From the Independent.

Our Puritan ancestors hardly imagined that water was either a healthful or a sufficient beverage, if we may judge from some paragraphs in their letters and diaries. Gov. Bradford bitterly complains of the hardship of having to drink water, as no beer or wine was to be had. In 1629 an appeal was sent to the home company for "ministers," a "patent under seale" that their legal status as colonists might be clear and stable, and also they want "vyne planters," wheat, rye, barley, and also "hop rootes." When the answer to this appeal was sent by a ship that was provisioned for three months it carried "forty-five tuns of beere," "two casks of Malega and Canarie," "twenty gallons of aqua vitæ [brandy], and for cooking, drinking, and all only six tuns of water." The Rev. Mr. Higginson, the first minister, in writing back a glowing account of the attractions of the country, said his health had been benefited by the fine air, and he added: "Whereas my stomach could only digest and did require such drinks as were both strong and stale, now I can and doe oftentimes drinke New England water varie well."

One Wood wrote in "The New England's Prospect" that the country was well watered, and with a water unlike that to be found in England:

"Not so sharpe, of a fatty substance and of more jetty color. It is thought that there can be no better water in the world, yet dare I not prefer it to good beere, as some have done. Those that drink it be as healthful, fresh and lustie as they that drink beere."

Those hop roots must have flourished, for as early as 1631 the people of the colony had passed a law for putting drunkards in the stocks, and brewhouses multiplied, and an "ale quart of beere" could be bought for a penny. The manufacture of other drinks developed rapidly. Fifty years after Judge Sewall names ale, beer, mead, metheglin, cider, wine, sillabub, claret, sack, canary, punch, sack-posset and black cherry brandy. Everybody drank cider, which was produced on every farm in abundance. Besides these, there was a "beveridge" and "swizzle" made from molasses and water, and many kinds of beer; but the grand and universal drink was rum. Ships took corn, pork, and lumber to the West Indies, and brought back raw sugar and molasses, which once here were speedily converted into rum. There was a distillery in every inland town, while those on the coast had scores of them. The significant name "kill-divil" was universally given to it, and it was shipped to the African coast in exchange for slaves. "Flip" and "punch" were made and drunk on all imaginable occasions. Laborers would not work at the harvest, nor builders at the trades, without an allowance of rum.

Large quantities of liquor were consumed when a minister was to be ordained, as is witnessed in many of the parish records still extant. The following record is that of the town of Beverly, Mass., at an ordination in 1785:

	£.	S.	D.
Thirty bowles of punch before they went to meeting	3	0	0
Eighty people eating in the morning at fed	6	0	0
Ten bottles of wine before they went to meeting	1	10	0
Sixty-eight dinners at 30d	10	4	0
Forty-four bowles of punch while at dinner	4	8	0
Twenty-eight bottles of wine	2	14	0
Eight bowles of brandy	1	2	0
Cherry rum	1	10	0
And six people drank tea	0	0	9

Even at a raising of a meeting house large stores of intoxicants must be laid in. When the meeting house of Medfield, Mass., was raised there were provided four barrels beer, twenty-four gallons West India rum, thirty gallons New England rum, thirty-five pounds of loaf sugar, twenty-five pounds of brown sugar, and 465 lemons. When, a century ago, Gen. Washington was engaging a gardener, it was explicitly stated in the contract that he should have $4 at Christmas, with which he may be drunk for four days and four nights; $2 at Easter, for the same purpose; $2 at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon.

Every tavern displayed many decanters of liquor to be drunk with all meals, free, and the flip-iron was kept constantly heated in the tavern fire; the sideboard of every private family had a various assortment of liquors, and not to ask a caller to drink was a breach of hospitality; in short, temperance sentiment as we now know it did not exist.

NUPTIAL HOSTILITIES QUIETED.

The Normal Condition Restored in Turner and Clay Counties.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., June 2.—The romantic and sensational elopement of William Tice and Blanche Mahany from their home in Turner county to Clay county, where they were married, and the subsequent fear that murder might result from their act, has had a happy ending.

Wedding cards had been issued for the marriage of the young couple, when John Tice, father of the young man, raised some serious objections to the marriage, although his wife had given her consent. Fearing that their plans were to be interfered with, the young couple eloped. When John Tice discovered their absence the next morning he was furious, and telegraphed to all the county seats in the vicinity in order to prevent the issue of a marriage license. The elopers were located at Vermillion, and it was supposed that they had been headed off successfully, but that idea was of short duration, as it was soon learned that they had already been married by the Rev. G. E. Paddock, a license having been issued by the Clerk of Courts of Clay county.

When the elopers reached home in the afternoon following their marriage, trouble at once commenced, and from that time until a few days ago, when the elder Tice wisely concluded to subside, the whole region was agitated by the daily developments in the case. When the young couple arrived in Centreville the bride got out of the buggy at her mother's home, and the young man, after returning the team to the stable, went to the store where he is employed.

That same afternoon the parents of the young man drove up to the store, took him in the buggy and drove rapidly out of town. Communication between himself and wife was prevented. The father threatened that he would send his son out of the country, and it was thought the lad had been scared into complying. Upon this supposition friends of the young man prepared to intercept them and see that no imposition was practiced upon him. Late in the evening young Tice was taken violently ill and two doctors worked over him all night. Heated public opinion at once declared that he had been drugged. In fact, an unmarked bottle that was found in his pocket was taken care of by friends, who intended having the contents examined in the event that his illness resulted fatally. The bride was prostrated under the load of excitement and trouble. Feeling ran so high for several days that serious trouble was expected and every precaution was taken by the authorities to prevent personal encounters between partisans of the parties to the controversy.

Now word reaches here that the hatchet has been buried by the irate father and white-winged peace hovers over the home of the plucky young couple.

TAPESTRY IN HIGH FAVOR.

AMERICAN COLLECTORS WHO OWN VALUABLE SPECIMENS.

A Demand for Antique Tapestries That Cannot Be Supplied in Spite of Enormous Prices—Tapestry's Rise and Decline—Attempts to Revive the Art Here and in Europe.

The revival of interest in tapestry is becoming more and more pronounced. Architects urge its use in the superb homes which are being built throughout the country, and dealers are frantically scouring Europe for a supply to satisfy the increasing demand. Antique tapestries are, however, rare in the market, and even the men who are willing to spend enormous sums of money are, in most cases, obliged to content themselves with modern tapestry. There was a time, at the beginning of this century, when the tapestry weaver's art had fallen into disrepute and antique tapestries were not highly esteemed. Specimens which to-day would bring fabulous prices were relegated to garrets and storerooms. Few of the manufactories which had in their time been world famous were in operation, and the few which, like the Gobelins, did struggle on, barely existed.

The day of shoddy display had come, and paper hangings, woven stuffs, and other cheap substitutes took the place occupied for centuries by tapestries. In recent years a reaction has set in, and men of wealth and taste have begun to appreciate the art value of the old tapestry. European families lucky enough to possess tapestries make much of them, and Americans give much for them, which amounts to the same thing. Several very valuable pieces have found their way into American museums, but the most valuable tapestries in this country are in the possession of private collectors. W. C. Whitney and his son, Harry Payne Whitney, are both tapestry enthusiasts and have splendid examples of French and Flemish antique tapestries. The famous Henry II. set belongs to the elder Mr. Whitney. The Vanderbilts own beautiful tapestry, and McKay Twombly is another connoisseur. Mr. Yerkes's collection probably surpasses anything in this country. It was Mr. Yerkes who bought from the Princess de Sagan in Paris four remarkable tapestries several years ago. They were designed by Boucher and are said to be the four finest specimens ever produced in France.

There are fine private collections of tapestry in France and England, and most of the great museums of Europe own valuable tapestries, the Garde Meuble in Paris and the Royal Palace at Madrid being particularly rich in this line. Many of the most noted tapestries in existence are the property of cathedrals and churches. The two oldest pieces of tapestry extant are in the cathedral of Halberstadt in Germany, and they do not date back further than the end of the twelfth century, although records show that the art of tapestry weaving had reached a high degree of perfection even in ancient Egyptian and Babylonian times. Another twelfth century tapestry hung in the Church of St. Gereon in Cologne; but it was divided into three parts and the fragments were sold to the museums of Lyons, Nuremberg, and Kensington. Only one authentic thirteenth century tapestry is known to exist, and that hangs in the German Abbey of Inedlinburg.

With the fourteenth century came the rise of great French and Flemish tapestry makers at Paris, Arras, and Brussels; and from that time the admiration of tapestry became a mania throughout Europe. The Arazzi, or tapestries made at Arras, were considered the most precious, on account of their superiority in designs and fabrics; and they were the most conspicuous feature of every splendid celebration. Coronations, tournaments, banquets, triumphs were made gorgeous by a wealth of brilliant-hued tapestry. Tapestries were the most prized treasures of powerful monarchs, the most esteemed royal gifts. Thousands of workmen were employed in the workshops, the master weavers received large salaries, and immense prices were paid for the tapestries. Tapestry works sprung up all over Europe, master weavers being procured from Flanders and northern France, which still kept the lead. Italy attained a great reputation for the painting of cartoons, and furnished Flanders with designs, while Flanders supplied Italy with workmen. Francis I., Charles V., Leo X., the Doges of Venice, the Medicis of Florence, the Church chapters, the municipalities all engaged in mad rivalry over the possession of tapestries and were willing to pay almost any price. Leo X. paid Raphael $10,000 for the cartoons of the famous "Acts of the Apostles," a set of ten tapestries. The execution of the tapestries cost him $150,000 more, and the purchasing power of money in that time was four or five times what it is to-day.

These tapestries were made at Brussels, for the factories of Arras were ruined when the inhabitants of that town were expelled in 1477. At the death of Pope Leo the series was pawned for $50,000. During the sack of Rome several pieces were stolen, but later the Vatican once more obtained possession of them. When Napoleon's French troops entered Rome the celebrated tapestries were carried to France, but Pius VII. reacquired them, and they are now in the Vatican.

During the seventeenth century Brussels declined and Paris became the chief tapestry centre. The famous Gobelins factory owes its name to a family of dyers that went from Rheims to Paris in the fifteenth century and settled upon the banks of the little river Bièvre, the waters of this stream having been found to possess excellent qualities for dyeing, on account of the dissolved vegetable substances which they contained. Later the Gobelins associated with themselves two Flemish master weavers and began the manufacture of tapestry, and, under Louis XIV. and his Minister, Colbert, the little *atelier* was expanded to a Government factory, which became marvellously successful. Since then the factory has always been a Government property, and, though closed at different times on account of financial stringency, it has always been reopened.

During the reign of Louis XV. tapestry changed its character to reflect the spirit of the times. Instead of portraying victories in battle, scenes of pomp and power, it devoted itself to cupids and shepherdesses. Boucher and Watteau were the artists of the day, and, while Louis XIV.'s tapestries portrayed his triumphs, Louis XV.'s pictured his pleasures. Some of the new designs were charming, but, in their effort to produce delicate effects, the artists employed soft and fugitive colors. Where the early weavers had contented themselves with nineteen colors, the eighteenth century men had an assortment of a thousand colors, each subdivided into twelve shades from dark to light. The immediate effect was charming; and though, in a short time, the harmonious color scheme was ruined by the fading of some colors, that consideration had no weight with a society whose motto was "*après nous, le déluge.*" The deluge came in tapestry as in everything else; and, though the Gobelins factory continued to turn out a limited number of pieces, these tapestries were used, as the Gobelins are now, merely for Government purposes, and did not depend upon the taste of a public which had lost all interest in tapestry.

Many of the old Gobelins which were presented by the Government to private persons have since come into the market, and to-day they bring very large prices and are steadily increasing in value. Indeed, no other object of art has gained in value so rapidly in recent years as antique tapestry, and those persons who were so fortunate as to obtain valuable specimens at the beginning of the movement in favor of tapestry have made most profitable investments.

A few new *ateliers* have sprung up lately. In addition to the Gobelins and Beauvais Government factories, France has two private establishments, both at Aubusson, employing together about 100 workers. There are also a few small factories at Neuilly. A factory has recently been opened in Rome, and another has been started in Berlin under the patronage of the Emperor.

About twenty years ago an ambitious attempt at tapestry weaving was started at Windsor under the patronage of Queen Victoria. The works were splendidly endowed and commissions were given. A few wealthy Americans, Cornelius Vanderbilt among the number, sent large orders to the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works, but extravagance in management led to the failure of the enterprise. The British aristocracy decided that it couldn't keep up a tapestry factory for the glory of England, so contributions ceased and the establishment collapsed. The master workman of the Windsor works came to America, and, with the aid of New York capital, opened a tapestry factory out on the Bronx River, which river, by the way, was found to possess the same qualities that formerly made the river Bièrre so valuable to the Gobelins factory. The Bièrre has now, however, become so impure that the Gobelins factory is obliged to produce by chemicals the effects which were formerly brought about by the natural properties of the water. French workmen were imported for the American factory and found themselves very much at home in the French colony that clusters along the Bronx. The effort to educate American weavers and to make the industry native and independent of foreign workmen has met with a serious obstacle in the American dislike for the apprentice system. Tapestry weavers require a high degree of skill; and, for the first few years, an employee who is a novice is of comparatively little value. In the French Gobelins works boys, in most cases the sons of the workmen, are apprenticed to the trade. The Government gives them a living and an education, and when they become proficient they receive good wages. In this country a boy is in too great a hurry to learn a trade first and get wages afterward, and only through paying good wages from the start has it been possible to obtain American apprentices.

GASTRONOMIC NOTES.

The need of refrigerating ships for the supply of fresh meat for the army and navy during the campaign in tropical latitudes is one that can be supplied only after a considerable lapse of time. If we could avail of a few of the eighty-six refrigerating vessels employed exclusively in the transportation of frozen meat from Australia to England, the problem would be one easy of solution. Some of these steamers have a capacity of 70,000 carcasses of mutton or lamb at one time. This immense traffic is the growth of only eighteen years, or since 1880. During this period these refrigerating ships have carried to England from various countries 43,277,921 carcasses of frozen meat. In 1897, 6,700,000 were carried to England from Australia and New Zealand. Between 1869 and 1855 more than a hundred patents were issued for various processes for preserving meat for a considerable period in a fresh condition, none of which was successful. Although it was known that intense cold prevented the decomposition of flesh, no one succeeded in devising a commercially feasible method of accomplishing it, until about 1880, so that meat in a fresh condition could be transported indefinite distances without deterioration. So perfect is the modern system that flesh products brought from Australia, New Zealand, and the River Platte pass through the tropics, south and north of the equator, without loss.

The prejudice against frozen meat, which is fast disappearing, is due to lack of knowledge of the proper manner of thawing it before cooking. As a rule, the lapse of time between these two processes is reduced to the lowest possible limit, whereas if three or four days are allowed for the gradual transition from the frozen to the thawed state, refrigerated meat will be as pliable as that freshly killed. Poultry and game, however, do not emerge from the freezing process so successfully as other flesh. Cold storage fowls, when thawed, are almost always infected with a fetid odor, although this disappears in the cooking. This by no means implies decomposition, for a turkey that was frozen for eleven years was served recently at a dinner, with satisfactory results. If frozen meat is to be provided for our soldiers and sailors at the South, the refrigerating ships should be equipped with what are called "defrosting compartments," where it may be thawed gradually, otherwise its sudden transition from a temperature of about five degrees above zero to tropical heat will result in enormous loss through rapid decomposition.

The Brillat-Savarin of England was Thomas Walker, a magistrate of London and the editor and proprietor of a journal called the *Original*. He died in 1836. This publication treated exclusively of three topics—the art of dining and of giving dinners, the art of travelling, and the art of attaining high health. His theory and practice of the first were entirely sound, but in a country so wedded to conventional formulas as England his views were received as evidence of a diseased brain. He divides meals into three groups, the solitary, the every-day social, and the set dinner. He condemns the first and criticises the two last from the standpoint of over elaboration. Mr. Walker despises a large retinue of servants about the table. He insists that the only convenient plan when, for example, there are eight persons—a number that he claims should not be exceeded at a meal—is to have everything upon the board that is needed at the same time. If turbot and salmon are served with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster sauce, cucumbers, young potatoes, cayenne and chili vinegar, the guests can assist one another with ease and dispense with the presence of fumbling, meddlesome domestics. These he would discard entirely, except to place food upon the table. Mr. Walker is particularly caustic on the subject of the superfluity of flunkeys about the dinner table. He says that it had its origin with the vulgar rich. This was more than sixty years ago. Since then the evil has assumed larger proportions.

Mr. Walker gives practical exemplifications of his theories on the art of dining. It is easy to see that in the days when a great number of overladen courses at dinner was the fashion, he might be readily looked upon as a mild lunatic. His dinner never exceeded eight plates. Perfect cooking of a few dishes was the keynote of his principles of gastronomy. Mr. Walker gives numerous examples of his practice. Turtle soup, followed by no other fish but whitebait; roast grouse, apple fritters, and jelly is the menu of one of his dinners enjoyed by the most accomplished epicures of the day. With the turtle he served punch, with the whitebait, champagne, and with the grouse claret. He permitted no other wines, as, with amateurs of the present day, he held that great variety of wines was a mistake. At the conclusion of this dinner a glass of liquor was allowed to each person; then the table was ordered out of the room. The only heresy committed on the occasion was by one of the convives, who asked for a glass of bottled porter. Mr. Walker confesses that in the presence of this enormity he was deprived temporarily of the power of speech, and the crime was consummated before he could avail of a vocabulary sufficiently forcible to prevent it.

It is a long reach from Thomas Walker to Greece 350 years before the Christian era. In Barthelemy's *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce* there is an account of a supper given at the house of Dinias, an opulent citizen of Athens. The banquet room was perfumed with burning incense. The buffet was decorated with silver and enamelled vases incrusted with precious stones. Slaves washed the hands of the guests and placed crowns upon their heads. Lots were drawn to determine who should be king of the feast. His function was to restrict license, regulate libations of wine, and to act as toastmaster. The guests reclined on sofas placed within reach of the table. Each was waited upon by his own servant. The first course of the supper consisted of shell fish served either raw, fried, or broiled, hen's eggs and those of the pea fowl, the latter considered the greater delicacy; the small intestines of swine, pigs' feet, boars' liver, a sheep's head, sow's belly seasoned with caraway seed, vinegar and sulphium; small birds drenched with a hot sauce composed of oil, vinegar and sulphium. The second course comprised fish, fowl and game. The dessert was of fruit. Conversation was mainly on gastronomic topics.

Each person in turn extolled his epicurean accomplishments. Dinias, the host, boasted of his cook, a Sicilian. This functionary, like all of his kind, took himself very seriously. He claimed that his culinary pre-eminence was due to his exquisite sense of taste, smell, and perfect health. With these qualities he asserted that he possessed superlative talent and the widest range of knowledge. This goes to show that a lapse of 2,400 years has not changed the character of the male cook. He condescended to reveal to Dinias's friends the secrets of his profession. He employed the same ingredients that we do to-day. His sauces, farcies, methods of broiling and roasting and schemes of decoration did not vary much from our own. From whom did the Greeks learn the culinary art? It is claimed that Cadmus, the alleged forefather of the mythical Bacchus, was cook to the King of Sidon. It is probable that the art of cookery was imparted to neighboring peoples by the Egyptians. In any event, in thousands of years we have made few or no additions to the ingredients that give piquancy or savor to culinary preparations. We excel only in mechanical appliances of the cuisine.

An article by Sir Henry Thompson, entitled "Why Vegetarians?" in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century* is an exhaustive treatise on the subject of diet. He demolishes the theory of vegetarians that they are total abstainers from flesh products, as in their use of milk, butter, and cheese they indulge in highly concentrated proteid-containing food of animal origin, to say nothing of eggs, which contain the material of the developed chicken. There are few vegetarians who confine their diet absolutely to productions of the vegetable kingdom. To this practice Sir Henry Thompson opposes the argument that no form of vegetable nourishment has been discovered upon which it is possible to rear the young mammal, in which man is included. He wishes to be informed why an animal that is born into the world of carnivorous parents, which is solely dependent for its existence upon animal food—milk—should suddenly adopt a vegetable diet, and at what age such a change should be made. In the matter of food Sir Henry Thompson denies that there is any reason for exclusive forms of diet. Considerations of age, personal habits, occupation, climate, and surroundings should be the determining factors in governing a choice of food. All fads that ignore this principle, whether they take the form of exclusive adherence to a flesh or vegetable diet, are not conducive to the maintenance of health and physical activity.

The New Parisian Boutonniere.

A new fad has struck Paris. A cluster of cherries is the swell boutonnière there now, and corsage bouquets of cherry twigs, with leaves and fruit, are in high favor. The effect is said to be good, but the custom must be a sad discouragement to sentiment, and an affectionate embrace would be complicated by a cherry corsage bouquet. On second thoughts, this Parisian fad is not to be recommended for the summer season.

TITIAN TRESSES FASHION'S FAD.

Fashionable Women of America and Europe Have Adopted the Beautiful Red Shades for Their Hair.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR PRODUCES IT.

Among the Smart Set It Is the Exception Not to Have Beautiful Titian Tresses.

The thousands of ladies who read the article on the fashionable shades of hair tinting in the New York Sun last Sunday, who may not know, will be glad to find out where they may exchange the present shade of their hair for the Titian tint, on which Dame Fashion has set the stamp of her approval. There is only one means in the entire universe, and that through using the Imperial Hair Regenerator, by which the great boon may be obtained. The Imperial Company originated the Titian shade for Fanny Davenport, as the following testimonial will show:

THE WESTMINSTER,
NEW YORK, January 17, 1891.

To the Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co.

GENTLEMEN: In presenting Sardou's Cleopatra I was anxious that it should be complete in every detail. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain the beautiful Titian shade of hair, and I found it possible to do this only by the aid of your Imperial Hair Regenerator. The result of the application of the Regenerator proved most satisfactory, the color obtained being perfectly natural and all that could be desired, besides leaving the hair beautiful and glossy.

My satisfaction with the Regenerator is enhanced because I know it is perfectly harmless; therefore I have no hesitation in cordially indorsing it. In the dramatic profession 'tis invaluable.

Fannie Davenport

This wonderful preparation, which actually restores the hair to its natural loveliness or imparts the beautiful Titian shades, is largely used by the nobility in Europe. In fact, it was Adelina Patti who first introduced the lighter Titian shade there, and it is no secret that the Imperial Hair Regenerator was responsible for the improved appearance of our royal cousins, who thus started a fad which has grown to such proportions that to not have the beautiful Titian tint is an exception, where ten years ago the conditions were exactly the reverse.

Here is the testimonial from Adelina Patti:

To the Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co.

GENTLEMEN: So much has been said in the newspapers about the color of my hair, I deem it but just to say it is due to your Imperial Hair Regenerator, which I have been and am now using. I found the Court Hairdresser in London was applying it to ladies in high social position, and I first had it applied by him, and now, during my stay in New York, I have had the application renewed by you.

The result has been beyond my highest expectation. The color obtained is most beautiful, uniform, and best of all, I find it harmless. Your preparation has my cordial recommendation. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it.

Adelina Patti Nicolini

The following is from the New York Sun, and explains in detail to what proportion the hair tinting fad has grown:

"It is frequently asserted that women do not change the color of their hair as they did formerly. That is not true. More women color their hair to-day than ever before, but the art has reached a stage when it is very hard to tell the real from the unreal when it comes to color. It is a fact, however, that far fewer women bleach their hair to a Broadway blonde shade than in years gone by. There are good reasons for this. In the first place, this shade (everybody knows it) is in bad repute, and then it is produced by the use of powerful chemicals, which not only rot the hair at once, but, furthermore, in the end cause it to turn to some outlandish color, such as a bilious green. Bleached hair of this kind is one thing and tinted hair of the fashionable Titian color quite another.

"There are several shades of Titian hair, and all are worn. A woman studies her eyes, complexion, the shape of her face, her costumes, and then selects the shade which will suit her best. The tint most to be desired is the pure Titian—a rich, warm red; but few women can afford to frame their faces in this. Nine out of ten have to vary it in one way or another. Some require lighter locks and others darker, and so it goes, but all are striving after the Titian effect. Indeed, this is absolutely necessary, for blue and gray are both cold colors, and unless a woman has some warmth in the color of her hair they are exceedingly trying."

Watch the crowds some Sunday morning, or on a bright afternoon, and you will find almost every smartly dressed woman with hair of one of the Titian shades, and you will also find that our New York women are the best dressed, the most graceful, and the handsomest women in the world, and if they would tell you the secret of their beauty they would point to their lovely hair and say that they owe it to the Imperial Hair Regenerator.

The Imperial Hair Regenerator is exactly what its name implies—a regenerator of hair. It restores faded, gray or bleached hair to its natural, youthful color and texture. It imparts that wavy, soft, girlish appearance every woman so wishes for. It is the only preparation in the world capable of producing every shade of nature, just as nature gave them to you, and of keeping them so. It produces with wonderful beauty the striking Titian tints, which no other preparation can do, and to the women of mature years, or to those who grow gray early, it is a veritable fountain of youth.

No matter what the color of your hair may be, no matter if it has been bleached that humiliating straw color, no matter how uneven or streaked it may be, Imperial Hair Regenerator will recreate it, make you young again, and add a thousandfold to your beauty.

Imperial Hair Regenerator is a dainty, delicate preparation, at once a revelation and a charm to lovely women. It is sold the wide world over and comes in seven shades. The application rooms of the Imperial Chemical M'f'g Company, the proprietors of the Imperial Hair Regenerator, are at 292 Fifth avenue, New York, where every facility is offered for absolute privacy. Ladies are assured that all relations with the company will be held in the sacred honor of confidence. It will be found advantageous to send a sample of your hair, and the Imperial Company will color it free of any charge and return it to you with full information as to the number of their preparation you require. Remember, there are seven distinct shades, and remember that no other preparation on earth can produce the same tints. If you desire one of the beautiful Titian tints, send a sample of your hair and the sample will be returned to you the proper color.

The price of the Imperial Hair Regenerator is, small box, $1.50; large box, containing three times the amount, $3. Three large boxes will keep your hair in perfect color and condition for one year at the very moderate cost of $9.

All correspondence will be confidential, and all packages are sent in plain wrappers, with full and complete directions as to the method of application. Address

Imperial Chem. M'f'g Co.,
292 Fifth Ave., Between 30th and 31st Sts., New York.