ETIQUETTE OF FOX HUNTING.

MANY PITFALLS FOR THE TYRO WHO FOLLOWS THE HOUNDS.

Master of the Hounds a Despot Who Sometimes Makes a Mistake—P. F. Collier's Sin and Penance in Ireland—Crimes of Omission and of Commission.

There is an etiquette peculiar to fox hunting which, in its way, is as difficult of mastery as the rules of precedence at a White House dinner.

When a man begins hunting the fox the things he should do are not of so much account as the things he should not do. A poor seat on a horse or lack of judgment in taking jumps may escape criticism with a decent show of luck; but sins of commission are different.

The first lesson is well learned when the would be huntsman can call hounds "hounds" without having to pause to remember they are not dogs. Perhaps the second is not to get among the hounds. Then, no matter how much of a personage he may be in other fields in life, the fox hunter must realize that he is only a private in the hunting field and he must take his orders from the master.

M. F. H.—master of fox hounds: there was never greater despot created. In his pigskin throne he holds sway that might be the envy of a Czar or the dream of a Sultan. It has been said that Kaiser Wilhelm himself became master of a German hunt merely to realize the sublimest heights of power and rulership.

The master's word always goes. His slightest hint or muttered growl, or more often his gruff volley of fiery, vivid language, makes the sternest leader of men falter and squirm as though he were caught mounting with his right foot in the stirrup, and his fermented dictates are the only mandates which can curb the indiscreet impetuosities of some women who hunt.

Of course there are times when a master is bereft of his authority. When he is out with another hunt he takes rank with any ordinary member. Sometimes, though, it is hard for the past or visiting master to remember he is not as he was when he blew his own horn or chivvied a pack into covert and upon scent afresh, or when the sound of his voice was known and obeyed by every hound in the pack. Such a master has been known to make his breaks.

An American master of hounds, Peter Fenelon Collier, hunted with the hard riding Meaths in Ireland three years ago, as he has done since. At times he was a guest of the master, John Watson, who hunts hounds more days in each week than any other master in Great Britain and Ireland.

When John Watson hunts within a thirty mile radius of his kennels near Navan he is despotism personified in the field. In his home he is known to be as childishly inoffensive as he is herculean of body.

One particular, bright winter morning his hounds met at Clifton Lodge, the Irish home of the Earl of Darnley, famed in his younger days as Ivo Bligh, the cricketer, who met his wife, a Kerry girl, while captaining an English eleven in Australia. The spinnies yielded few and poorly running foxes; the sport was bad.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a small covert was being drawn. Then Mr. Collier was due to ride for a train that he should catch to keep an important engagement.

Those who show daylight in their saddles when trotting should remember that when hounds are giving tongue in a covert the waiting hunt dare not make a sound or even let a horse whinny. For a riding member to be heard munching a sandwich or unscrewing a flask at such a time would be almost enough to scare the pages of Badminton black.

The riders were gathered in loose groups in the open field behind where John Watson put the hounds into the covert to drive out Reynard on either side or at the far end. The fields on the sides of the covert were watchfully kept clear; no one dared ride over them, for he might head off and turn back the fox upon the pack, which would be baying close upon his brush.

Unfortunately, straight across one narrow field which bounded a side of the covert and through which John Watson and the whips expected the fox to break, lay the way to Mr. Collier's train. The American master of hounds started across the forbidden land.

He had got almost half way when the hunt, which was waiting with nervous expectation to see the red brown streak sneak out in full flight, realized what had happened and was dumfounded at the act of the rider with the maroon colored collar on his scarlet coat, who went galloping over the sacred ground.

"Only old Collieries!" as the younger Irishmen were wont to allude to the New York master. "Only old Collieries dare risk it!" they said to one another, as they gnawed their mustaches in fear lest the fox should be headed and wondered when John Watson's thunder would boom.

It burst with the turn of his horse, and sounded like the roar of a bull which has felt the first prod from the toreador. There was a lot of it let off in rapid fire. It made the hunt shudder. Men tugged needlessly at girths beneath their saddle flaps; women assumed the plastic semblance of polite deafness which every fair follower of the Meaths knows how to put on more readily than she can powder. Mr. Collier might have blushed, but it could not be seen because of an habitual weather creased tan.

John Watson was the only person on the field who did not seem to want to forget himself. But the immediate rein up and hasty return of the American sportsman were accepted as an apology by the master, his host, and the Meath Hunt, his fellow nimrods.

Few men who follow hounds would have been let off so lightly or so quickly forgiven by master and hunt alike. Certainly these were brought to bear those traditional vagaries attributed to Americans abroad. The incident merely shows that the habit of autocracy in the field is apt to place the master of a hunt in a predicament when he himself hunts with some one else's pack. It is, too, a warning to tyros.

The breach was, of course, far from being intentional. It was evident forgetfulness, but few men are permitted to forget. Unfair as it may read, it is nevertheless true that the man who knew before he erred is more readily forgiven in the hunting field than the man who erred and learned. The American master of hounds was readily reinstated, for he was reputed a capable huntsman and known to be a straight rider. His timber topping was the envy of men who take anything from double ditches to crazy narrow banks. A few meets later he was carried off the field on a stable door. There was not needed any further apology, nor was there left any remembrance of how the American once nearly headed the fox and spoiled a run, which goes to show Mr. Collier was hunting with huntsmen born in the land of fox hunting.

"When in doubt, jump," is the motto for a man who wants to gain the favor of the field, but lest his horse should light upon the unseated body of some unfortunate hunter on the other side of the fence, it is desirable, as a preventive to coroners' inquests and tear bespattering interviews with widows, that the tyro should in some measure adhere to the rule of jumping and look before he leaps.

There is one warning translated into all languages and heeded by horsemen the world over. Never take wire. If after the call "Ware wire!" has floated back across the field from the man who spotted the strand hidden among the wild roses rash rider and mount persist in facing the tempting gap they are certain to come croppers. Generally it means a dislocated shoulder for the rider and a broken leg for the horse.

When a man sees wire it is as much his duty to shout a warning as it is for a parent to give notice of smallpox in his family. The man who fails to warn the hunt will be ostracized; he might as well be riding horses with pink eye. He will be put in coventry; even the whips will fling him answers that are like snarls from the terrier which runs with the pack.

The rule of the hunt is that you are not to wait for somebody else's horse's ribs to be broken before you let it be known that you are riding a kicker. When a man finds he has been done in the deal and gets a brute that fences anything it meets, but kicks daylight into all creatures on two legs and four, he should securely bind with scarlet the tail of his kicker; and all who ride behind him will take warning and judge distances by a hind leg's length.

If a man hunts in the spring, when the grass is young and growing, by breaking another canon of the ancient rules of hunting he can bring chagrin to the heart of the most cordial host. He may spoil the rich, verdant gloss of the lawn or terrace by riding across it; or, with a design as sinister if less conspicuous, he may spur his mount back off the avenue and break down the borders. Not all the gardeners in Germantown can patch them in time for summer, nor can all the apothecaries find the remedy that will lull the anger felt by the owner of the place.

There are occasions in a hunt when a hurrying beginner must bide his time and wait. Because another is good enough to dismount to open a five barred gate to let the hunt pass through is all the reason needed why he should not be left at the tail end of the hunt.

Until he is again in his saddle the others cannot gallop away, for, since horses get as keenly excited with the chase as riders themselves, his would be no more willing to wait for him to mount after the others had galloped on than a fox would think of standing still for the hounds to come up.

Some men with peculiar views on many simple matters think it is the duty of whips or grooms continually to do the dismounting, but they are mistaken. If both member and whip simultaneously arrive at the closed gate naturally the latter will dismount, but when mounting again he gets the same consideration that is extended every one on the field, from red coated master to choker collared tigers.

The question of proper clothes to be worn when out hunting frequently presents pitfalls for the unwary. He should bear in mind that until fully admitted as a member of the hunt, no matter what he may wear, let the pattern be as demure as undertakers' black or fierce as the Rob Roy tartan, it is not his privilege to sport a red coat or other uniform of any hunt, any more than it is the right of a butcher's boy to strut in the uniform of an Admiral of the fleet. A few broad lines might be indicated. As a man would not wear shooting boots to a reception, so the tyro need not wear patent leather pumps to a hunt. He should bear in mind that, after all, there are hard and fast defined rules laid down for dress parades, from weddings to football matches. For hunting toggery he had better ask his tailor.

To hunt on Saturdays seems customary among some of the American hunts; the habit is disconcerting to the old country idea of that which is fair and proper. Perhaps the custom is not so prevalent among the better hunts in this country as it is with the principal ones in Canada.

The writer can recall attending on Saturdays three regular meets of a Canadian hunt club which carried off the blue ribbons for hunt teams ridden by masters and whips at Madison Square in three consecutive years. To make a habit of the custom in England and Ireland would be considered as poor form as not to attend church when staying in the country; the one would be regarded as lack of consideration for the stablemen; the other, disrespect for the padres.

Saturday is always a busy time in the stable. Besides the daily routine of exercising, grooming, bedding, feeding, saddle and harness cleaning and carriage washing, extra preparations have to be made for Sunday visitors. Altogether the day is the hardest in the week for stablemen. The fact does not seem to excite the kindly thought it deserves; but since it is so, and hunting on Saturdays is recognized and approved, the least a man can do is to see that when he returns after the day's run he brings in a horse that is dry and cool, not sweated, but fit for watering.

There are men whose natures will never let them know better; they gallop their horses into a sweltering lather in the very act of handing them over to the waiting stablemen. Those men may be generous in their tips; but even lavish tipping by the man who rides his horses dirty will not reinstate him in the good opinion of the grooms, for some stable hands think a great deal more of their charges than they do of their masters.

When a man starts hunting let him take to heart what the Lieutenant-Governor of a hill province in India said to the civil servant appointed tutor to a couple of princes of rank and distinction.

"Teach 'em, sir, to ride straight, to shoot straight and to talk straight; you may do the first two, but, by gad, sir, you can't the third."

Some men may learn to ride to hounds, but they'll never be sportsmen.

Farragut Won the Pig.

From the Youth's Companion.

David G. Farragut was but 18 years old when he served as midshipman under Porter in the battle of the Essex against the Phœbe and the Cherub. He was taken to the Phœbe as a prisoner of war, says his latest biographer, and came aboard crying from mortification. At the same moment, however, a British middy also came alongside with a young pig in his arms.

"A prize! A prize!" he was shouting "Ho, boys, a fine grunter!"

It was a pig that had been a pet in the steerage of the Essex, where it was called Murphy. Farragut at once claimed it as private property.

"You are a prisoner, and your pig, too," replied the British middy.

"We always respect private property," said Farragut, grabbing the pig, and determined to hold on till forced to surrender.

"Go it, little Yankee!" cried the oldsters present. "If you can thrash Shorty you shall have your pig."

A ring was formed, and Shorty came at Farragut bagpiper and tongs, but the American was handy with his fists. He quickly laid his opponent low. The British officers thereupon, him heartily, and the pig was declared to be his.

SOCIAL LONDON HARD TO WIN.

AMERICAN "CLIMBERS" USUALLY HAVE A STRUGGLE.

One Woman Met the King by Purposely Mixing the American Ambassador's Invitations—It Takes Money, Lots of It, to Keep Within the Inner Circle.

"Whenever I read about the triumphs of our countrywomen in Europe, especially in London," said the woman who had just returned from England, "I am reminded of a few things I saw and heard there which made it appear a little less spontaneous than I had always believed before. When I went to London first I believed that certain Americans of whom we hear so much here were sought out as guests in all the smartest houses.

"The first shock I had came when I sat next to a woman who comes from Salt Lake City and spends every summer in London. She has had some very romantic experiences, having lived in a mining camp in very humble circumstances. One night a well known Englishman of great wealth came into her box at Covent Garden. I sat in the adjoining box.

"'Brute,' she began, 'why didn't you ask me to your dinner last night? I expected to come. What was even more mortifying to me was that everybody else expected me to be there. I didn't give up hope until 6 o'clock, and when no invitation had come then I knew it was all up.'

"'It was so small,' he murmured under her torrent of exaggerated but really sincere reproach.

"'It wasn't small,' she went on. 'There were sixty persons there. You see, I know all about it. Nothing could have been more of a snub for me. Everybody in London knows how intimate we are. Not to be seen at the one smart thing you have given this summer meant, of course, that I had been left out and the only thing I can do is to tell all the people I see that I was sick and could not go. But you know they won't believe me. Half the women in London would have got up off a deathbed to go to that dinner. So my pretence of being ill will never go down. It was outrageous in you not to invite me.'

"It was perfectly plain from her voice how extremely vexed she was. I could see her bite her lips and the tears stood in her eyes.

"'I'm fearfully sorry, my dear Ida,' he went on. 'But I really couldn't do it.'

"He tried to end the conservation there, but she went back at him several times. Being away from that dinner had plainly been one of the little tragedies of her life. Waiting on the miners at the mountain camp boarding house in which she was employed had evidently been nothing in comparison with this hardship. As soon as he well could the man got out of the box. I was amazed at his courage in coming there when I heard her rowing him so.

"Now that woman is quoted on all sides as the shining example of the social success that an American woman may achieve in London. She had no social acquaintance in New York, but descended directly on London from Utah. Of course her husband has millions. Don't ever believe that any American ever made her way without money. They must have it and have lots of it and be willing to spend it. That was shown in the case of a beautiful American actress who has made for herself a position in London. Of course she does not meet young girls and there are certain conservative matrons who would not take any pleasure in her society. She goes, however, to most of the big houses and she is a very welcome guest. Of that fact there is no dispute.

"Well, she gave up her house two summers ago because to take a place for two months, equip it with servants and keep her ménage up at the necessary rate was more costly than she thought she could afford. But she did not want to miss London. So she went to a hotel and gave no entertainments that summer.

"Well, it was very, very different. To have the noted American beauty about was very decorative for one's parties. She filled up a corner most charmingly. But she found herself only asked to places where there were corners to be filled. The intimate, smart parties of which she had been a member ceased to exist for her. She no longer had the pleasure of going to very large houses to eat at very small suppers at which every guest stood high in Burke's. She had no opportunity to mention such parties casually to those Americans whom she met in London. These invitations ceased to come, and in bewilderment as to the cause she went to a woman who had lived in London long enough to understand everything about the peculiarities of the Briton as a social animal.

"'Dearie,' this compatriot said to her, 'I knew you had made a mistake when you went to a hotel. Of course, nobody expects you to entertain as I have to do. You are too beautiful for that. All you have to do, so far as large parties are concerned, is simply to come. But you must not overlook the fact that while it is delightful to have you come to small and very select parties, it is also very charming to go to small and very select parties at the home of the beautiful American actress. Of course, if you have not your own house and cannot give them, why, I don't believe you will be invited to such parties given by other persons.'

"So, you see, even this great beauty had to pay her share, although anybody would have considered it enough just to have her about. This year she went back to a house, has her parties, and, of course, is more popular than she ever was. But London would not have had any more of her unless she had done what is expected of every American who goes there with social ambitions. She had to spend or get out. That's what Americans are for over there. She will never make another mistake like that, even if she has to go up a floor higher in every Western hotel and do without a private sitting room for the rest of her life.

"Then there was the rich American widow who is supposed to have penetrated into the heart of the Faubourg Saint Germain and to be on terms of close intimacy with more French aristocrats than anybody else in the American colonies abroad. Well, France is very well and the aristocracy is undeniably very aristocratic. But London is smart. If you are going to do anything socially that is worth while, you must go to London to do it. It is better from a purely social point of view to know a smart Australian in London who has been received at Court and taken up by the smart crowd than it is to be intimate with the oldest Duchess in France.

"So this American widow realized that it was simply social hara-kiri for her to live in Paris and never to have met the King. She therefore decided on a social campaign in London of which this was to be the climax. It turned out more difficult than she had expected. The whole effort had not been a failure, but the end of July came and she had not met the King. It was at that time that the American Ambassador gave two parties on successive evenings. One was to be a dinner followed by a small musicale, to which fewer than 100 guests had been asked. Among these was to be the King. He was also at the dinner, which was limited to a very few. The second party was to include everybody in London. It was to this one, to which of course the King was not even invited, that the ambitious woman from America and Paris was asked.

"So it looked as if her last chance to meet the King was gone. She decided on very drastic measures. Thus it happened that less than an hour before the small dinner, and just as the hostess was having her final talk with her major domo, a letter arrived from the woman. In it she accepted with pleasure the kind invitation of the Ambassador and his wife for the musicale that evening. Of course she had not been invited to it. She was to come the next day.

"'What will we do?' was the question of the hostess. 'This is of course not a mistake, but a plot.'

"It was too late to do anything. In due season my lady arrived. With the greatest aplomb she sailed into the room, stopped for even less than the usual hurried greetings with her hosts and then descended on his Majesty, Edward VII. Do you suppose she waited for the Ambassador to present her or for anybody else for that matter? Not at all. There was too much uncertainty about that. She swooped down on his defenceless Highness and presented herself. He was so much taken aback by such a remarkable proceeding that he was rather amused and thought her a very entertaining and original sort of a woman until the Ambassador took pains to tell him that she had not been invited to meet him. Then with the resentment of any such audacity that he always shows when he suspects that he is to be used for social or other purposes, the King was very indignant.

"The day after that woman returned to France perfectly delighted. She had met the King. He had, moreover, talked longer to her than he had to most of the Americans that he meets. The London season had been a literal conquest for her. Of course all the American colony of London is laughing at her. So are all the Americans in Paris who never succeeded in climbing so high. But she doesn't care. She knows the King.

"But to think that it took all that scheming on the part of a woman who is supposed to have a better position than any woman who ever went to France to live. Social conquests abroad are by no means the easy and spontaneous things we think they are, in spite of our impression to the contrary. They need money, of course—money, money money. Then they need some hustling besides. In one way they are different. The recognition of cast is so strong that any American woman who marries into a titled family is sure to reap every advantage that position offers.

"If a woman, for instance, is a Countess, it makes no difference what kind of a Count she may marry. He may have been absolutely discredited. But if she is respectable and marries him she will be invited to court and everywhere else that his position would have entitled her if he had always been above reproach. She will need money to keep up any kind of a position. But she will have a chance at it if she marries a good title and has been a respectable woman herself, whatever the bearer of that old name may have been."

REST CURE FOR THE HANDS.

DON'T FIDGET, THE ADVICE FOR NERVOUS WOMEN.

That of Itself Will Tend to Make the Hands Plump—For Making the Hands White Plenty of Soap and Water Is Effective—The Houseworker's Good Hands.

"I'd give a thousand dollars for a nice pair of hands," said a business woman. "If I had nice hands I would be rich in a little while.

"Hands do a great deal for a person. You can wear a veil over your face, and shade your complexion with a hat.

"You can partially cover your bad features with your hair, and you can drape this and arrange that so that your face is not brought out into the broad, clear light of day. With your hands it is different.

"A woman can wear gloves in the street, but even in gloves one's hands show. A woman cannot put her hands behind her, no matter how stubby her nails may be, and she can't sit on them or wrap them in her apron or get them out of sight in any way.

"A good pair of hands wins the day many a time for a business woman. If she can lay her hand upon her desk, well shaped and perfectly cared for, it is worth good money to her. There is something prepossessing in a good hand.

"The woman whose hand is short and thick and whose nails look as though they were chopped off is handicapped.

"The sight of her hands makes people warlike. They can see at a glance that she is the heroine of many a battle.

"If her hands, on the contrary, are nice and soft, white and well shaped, and if the nails are long and tapering and pink to the very tips, then people like her. They want to be gentle with her. It is entirely different with the woman with a warlike hand.

"Hands are sometimes deceptive and it often happens that people who have done no hard work at all are the owners of hands that are scarred as if from battle. Bad hands mean bad management.

"A typewriter does my writing for me and an office assistant handles the mail. I scarcely soil my hands from morning until night. My business lies in walking well and looking pretty. I buy and sell real estate.

"From morning until night I am well dressed. But the trouble is with my hands. They look as though I were one hundred years old and had done hard work all my life.

"In the first place I have ten terrible knuckles. Then I have a lot of crooked fingers, lean as a bone. And my hands are colored every color in the world except the right color. I hide them all I can, but it isn't much use.

"It isn't a case of hard work with me. It is more like natural depravity of the hands. They are simply contrary and I don't know how to explain it.

"I went the other day to a hand specialist and, after holding one of my hands in hers for a while, she said:

"'The trouble with you is that you are nervous. Nervousness takes off the flesh very rapidly.

"'My advice to you is to let your hands rest. Don't always be fidgeting with something. Learn the repose of the hands. Lay your hands down in your lap and keep them quiet. Not one woman in a million can do this, but I hope you will be the millionth woman.

"'Letting the hands rest is accomplished only by easy stages. You can't do it all at once. It takes lots of time and plenty of patience.

"'Lay your hands down upon the arms of the chair, or let them drop in your lap. Hold them motionless while you count 100. See what a rest it will be to you.

"'You will quiet down without knowing why. Your nerves will get a rest. You are giving your hands the rest cure.

"'The effect of the rest cure upon the hands is quick, sure and perfectly apparent. In a very few days your hands will begin to grow plumper. You will feel as though the blood were tingling in your fingers once more.

"'If you are wise during this transition stage you will give your hands a bath in flesh food every day. You will treat them to some kind of plumping cream and you will feed the pores and the cuticle, the muscles and the nerves, all at the same time.

"'Houseworkers generally have plump, pretty hands, and the reason is plain. They spend part of the time with the fingers immersed in warm, greasy soapsuds.

"'Soap is good for the hands because it takes out the grime and grease; is good for the skin because it plumps the pores. And so the houseworker has hands of which she has no reason to be ashamed.

"'All women would have nicer hands if they washed them oftener and washed them more. The women of Pittsburg have prettier hands than the women of other cities, simply because the smoke compels them to use more soap and to use it oftener.

"'There is something funny about the skin. The more you scrape it and worry it, the more you rub and scrub it, the more you rasp the cuticle the better it will be.

"'A man's skin is lovely simply because he scrapes it every day with the razor. His hands are nice simply because he washes them so often.

"'If the woman who complains that her hands are yellow and dark, and who says she cannot get them white, would wash them often she would find a ready solution of her troubles. All hand culturists will tell you the same thing.

"'When a man washes his hands he draws a big basin of water, and he takes a cake of soap and goes over them. He uses up a cake in a few washings, and his hands are lathered until the skin is penetrated with the soap.

"'Then he draws another basin of water, in which he rinses off the soap, and maybe a third basin for a final washing. He does this, not once a day, but three or four times, and maybe more.

"'With a woman it is different. She seldom washes her hands with soapsuds. It is too much trouble and she must roll up her sleeves and take off her rings.

"'A woman came in here the other day. Her fingers were loaded with rings and she wore bracelets. She wanted her hands whitened, and she said she would give $100 if they were as white as mine.

"'Have patience, madame,' I said, and then I went to work upon her hands.

"'I took a basin of hot water and I put a very few drops of carbolic in the water. In this preparation I soaked her fingers for a few minutes.

"'Then I took them out and dried them and called for more hot water. This time I soaked her hands in soap jelly thinned with water, and I added a little borax to soften the water. This I followed with a hand scrubbing brush. By the time I had got through, her hands were at least ten shades whiter.

"'"Come in to-morrow," I said, "and I will finish up the job for you."

"'Next day she came and we went over her hands with lemon juice and water, half and half, followed by a long soak in lots of soapy water, into which we had put bran and borax. The bran made the water soothing and the borax softened it.

"'It was an admirable bleach, and we turned out my lady in an hour with hands as white as milk. She was delighted. I don't believe she knows to this day that it was all a matter of getting them clean.

"'We believe in teaching children to keep the hands clean. Most little girls are told that soap is injurious. They use it only when it is strictly necessary. But in the hand culture establishment they tell you that soap is the best friend a woman can have, and they advise her to use plenty of it, and as often as she can.

"'About shaping the nails, there is a new fad. The best shape is the horseshoe shape. This is acquired by using the new horseshoe stick.

"'It is made of orange wood, and it is shaped at one end precisely like the hoof of a horse. It is flat and the outer edge is shaped like a horseshoe. This is used to shape the nails.

"'The time to shape the nails is directly after the hands have been washed. The cuticle is now very soft, and it can be pressed back and pressed down.

"'You can really make it any shape you desire, simply by pressing it with the horseshoe orange wood stick. As a rule, the stick shapes it correctly, and all you have to do is to press hard.

"'But don't press hard enough to make white spots or marks. The white marks that come at the base of the nail are merely little white scars. They are caused by pressing the orange wood stick too hard upon the soft part of the nail.

"'About shaping the nails, there is another thing to be asked, is it best to shape them pointed or rounding? Or is it best to let them follow the shape of the fingers? I am inclined to the last course, and I am shaping the nails to fit the fingers.

"'I had a customer the other day whose nails were cut rounding, just to the shape of her finger tips. They were long, but they did not protrude beyond the finger tips. They were pink, right down to the very ends, for I understand the art of making the nails pink.

"'When I took hold of her the nails were ragged and white, and they showed great, untidy yellow ends. Nothing could have been more unattractive.

"'I forced her to wear gloves until the nails had grown out pink, and I prevented her from cleaning them until such time as the nails were tidy looking and even. In ten days they were lovely, and they will stay so unless she begins to prod them again with the cleaner.

"'I am a firm believer in the efficacy of good hands; and if I were a business woman dependent upon myself I would have them. While if I were a woman aspiring to social leadership I would not be without nice hands, for I would regard them as part of my stock in trade.'"

JONAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

How a Shy Suitor Made a Proposal of Marriage.

In all the village of Fairview there was no man quite so shy as Jonas Brown. As a child he became speechless with confusion when any one noticed him; he stumbled and stammered his way through the gawky age; and when he arrived at young manhood, although he was popular among his own sex, the sight of a girl's face would throw him into an agony of self-consciousness. He usually took to the other side of the road when he saw a young woman approaching. Every one wondered what would happen should Jonas fall in love. At length the day came, says the *Youth's Companion*.

Arabella Hawkins was an attractive girl from a neighboring town, as pretty as she was talkative, and Jonas, who first saw her at church, was captivated by her charms. A few days later he astonished all Fairview by walking home with her, and capped that performance by several tentative evening calls. But whether he strolled down flowery lanes, or sat with her on the porch in the evening, the words he wanted to say seemed to stick in his throat.

"Could you—could you—" he stammered on one of these occasions.

"Could I what?" she queried.

"Could you—could you—go driving with me to-morrow?"

It was not at all what he had meant to say; but he vaguely felt that perhaps in a buggy it would be easier to ask the momentous question. Yet even there words failed him.

"Will you—will you—" he began.

"Will I what?" encouraged Arabella again, very sweetly and patiently.

"Will you—" Jonas seemed to smother—"will you—take a walk with me to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Arabella. And so it went on. Jonas was getting desperate.

"Better hurry up, Jonas!" his friends urged him. "There's a fellow in the town where she lives wants her just as much as you do!"

Jonas groaned. What was to be done? He could rehearse it all right before he saw her, but in her presence words failed him. All one night he lay thinking the matter over, and rose the next morning weary yet triumphant. He believed that he had solved the problem.

A few days later a crate arrived for him. "Looks as if it might be a typewriter," said the station agent. Still, as Jonas was not given to literary pursuits, this guess seemed rather improbable.

That night Arabella was roused from sleep by a voice beneath her window. Slipping on a kimono, she leaned out to listen. The tones of Jonas, a bit more nasal than she had ever heard them, reached her ear.

"I love you," the voice in the dark said rapidly, "I love you more than any one in the world. I'm not worthy of you, I know; but I'll do everything I can to make you happy. Will you marry me, Arabella?"

"Yes, I will," said Arabella, and a few moments later Jonas trudged home with his phonograph under his arm.

"I've always heard it was a grand thing, and now I'm sure of it," he muttered.

Telephones in Theatre Boxes.

From the London Opinion.

To enable young married women, if they become anxious, to telephone home and inquire as to the condition of their children, telephones are fitted in every private box at the Coliseum.

It is a common thing at the opera and many West End theatres to see a queue of ladies waiting their turn at the telephone between the acts, just "to have a word with nurse."

WOMEN WITH FAMOUS GEMS.

AMERICANS COMING TO THE FRONT WITH COLLECTIONS.

Mrs. Mackay's 4,000 Pearls—The Duchess of Marlborough's Collection—Queen Alexandra's Three Favorite Jewels—Fortunes in Gems Showered on Patti.

Of her personal jewels, next to her wedding ring, the late Queen Victoria most valued an insignificant enamel ring, set with a single diamond, given to her by Prince Albert when she was yet a child, and his betrothal ring, a snake set with the finest emeralds.

These three rings were never removed from her hand and were buried with her. Much treasured, too, was the bracelet she always wore, composed of a numerous array of small golden hearts, each with a minute miniature of one of her grandchildren or great-grandchildren.

Queen Alexandra, in addition to a safeful of diamonds and pearls, owns some wonderful colored gems—rubies, sapphires and emeralds—which, however, she rarely wears. The only colored stones she really likes are amethysts, and these she has given, at Christmas and on their fête days, to her friends and relatives in such numbers, set in scarf pins, bangles, chains, hat pins and sunshade tops, that she has quite popularized the stone, hitherto little valued in England. With dresses of her favorite color, mauve, the Queen always wears amethysts.

The jewels she values above all are her engagement ring, set with a beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz, jacinth, emerald—the first letters of which spell out the name by which she has always called her husband, "Bertie"; the beautiful diamond cross given to her by the women of Denmark on her marriage, and the crown of brilliants, set in silver, bestowed by the women of England on her silver wedding day.

The most splendid jewels Queen Alexandra possesses are undoubtedly her pearls. She has ropes and ropes of them; high dog collars and pearls set in trimmings for the corsages of her ball dresses. These have been collected and given to her by the Czar and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, as well as by members of the English, Danish and German royal families, many being old heirlooms.

The Queen's pearls are surpassed only by the young Duchess of Marlborough's historic collection. This includes some of the most interesting pearls in existence—the pearls that belonged to the ill fated Marie Antoinette, which were bought by Mr. Vanderbilt for his daughter as a marriage gift. Each pearl in the young Duchess's necklace—it is an immensely long one—is valued at £1,000, and she sometimes wears the ropes wound twice around her neck and twice around her waist.

I hope I am divulging no state secret, says a writer in the *Grand Magazine*, if I state that before Queen Alexandra went last season to dine with the Duchess at Sutherland House, the beautiful home of the Marlboroughs in Curzon street, she asked her youthful Grace to "put on all her pearls," just for once, "for then I will wear mine," laughed the Queen. "After dinner we will count which has the larger number." And they did, like two schoolgirls. The Duchess was the winner by two!

Among the finest black pearls known are those worn by Lady Ilchester of Holland House, which it took Napoleon III. ten years to collect in all parts of the world for the Empress Eugénie.

What is said to be the most valuable single necklace of pearls is owned by Countess Henckel of Paris. She has also a triple necklet of pearls of especial interest.

The first string was the so-called "Necklace of the Virgin of Atokha;" the second was once the property of the ex-Queen of Naples; the third was worn by the Empress Eugénie on state occasions.

This last string contains the great pearl found in Paterson forty-eight years ago. This pearl, if it had not been somewhat injured by the mollusk being boiled before the shell was opened, would be the finest and largest gem of modern times.

Mrs. Mackay is said to have the largest number of pearls of any living woman. There are almost 4,000 of them. One pearl rope belonging to her measures 9 feet in length, each pearl being the size of a pea and perfectly matched.

Of turquoises Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Roxburghe (formerly Miss May Goelet) have the finest collections with the exception of one or two Russian Grand Duchesses. Mrs. Millard Hanscker, wife of the American millionaire, wears the largest specimen ever seen in a ring.

Some rubies, perfect in color and of enormous value, formerly the property of the late Dowager Duchess of Coburg, are now in possession of the young Grand Duke; those of Lady Wimborne, including the famous Hope ruby, are only a little less splendid. Mr. Haggin of San Francisco possessed some years ago a wonderful ruby, which had been sold by Lola Montes for a comparatively trifling sum, but which is now worth some £3,000.

Sapphires, said to feel the effects of atmospheric changes and to shrink perceptibly in cold weather, are supposed to be the coldest stones in existence and to have the power, consequently, of quenching the fires of unlawful love. The Czar and the Kaiser both wear sapphire rings, given them by their wives as talismans.

Of sapphire sets none is so precious, either in Europe or America, as that belonging to the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia; no single stone is so rich in the memories that circle around it as the dark sapphire sacred to the Hohenzollerns, which has been in their family since the time of the Crusaders.

Several ladies—among others the Dowager Countess of Dudley, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Princess Dhuleep Singh—have helped to popularize the emerald, so well does the stone become them. Lady Chesterfield wears some magnificent stones set in a girdle, while Lady Westmoreland and the beautiful Lady Helen Vincent have the left of theirs set as muff chains. Stones unequalled for color and size, at any rate in Europe, are worn by the Infanta Eulalie of Spain.

Many footlight favorites, Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Melba, Christine Nilsson, Judic and others, are owners of fine jewels; but Patti possesses the finest diamonds, turquoises and rubies of them all. The gems she carried away as a girl from Russia constituted one small fortune, those the Rothschilds have given her another. Queen Isabella of Spain, a good singer herself, bestowed sapphires and an amethyst brooch surrounded with pearls; a comb set with thirty-three brilliants was the gift of the Empress Eugénie; the Emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia all loaded her with diamonds; even Queen Victoria sent a ruby and diamond bangle—a very small one, 'tis true, but still Victorian, so Patti prizes it.

The treasures in her safe are innumerable—fans heavy with jewels; a golden canary set with yellow diamonds, and a little bracelet, the gift of the subscribers at the St. Petersburg opera house, a stave of music in gold, and on it, indicated in large rubies and diamonds, the notes la, do, re, "l'Adorée," which indeed she was of those passionate lovers of music.

The most valuable opal in the world is to be seen in the imperial cabinet at Vienna. Another, worn by the Empress Josephine, known as the Burning of Troy, which is only a little less magnificent, is in the possession of the Marchioness of Bute.

Mexican Wood for Railroad Ties.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Arrangements have been completed here by a company of the City of Mexico to ship 1,000 railroad ties a day to this city for the use of the various railroads which are building in here. The ties will all be of the zapote wood, which is harder than mahogany and which is not affected by water.

Dr. Lorenzo Syper, who is representing the company here at the present time, said that the wood had been tried in Mexico for ties, and it had been found that the minimum life of a tie of this wood was fifty years.

MUSIC IN SPITE OF BAD LUCK.

Rahway Church Can't Get an Organ—Men's Voices Made to Do Instead.

The music in the services at the Church of the Holy Comforter of Rahway goes on in spite of difficulties of a peculiar sort. The man who has made the music possible is J. E. Dale, a choirmaster with mental resources of his own.

Some years ago, as the church people tell, the old church building burned down one winter's night, when the hydrants were frozen and the firemen could not help. The wiser heads of the congregation met and took counsel over their troubles.

A fine new organ was being built for them, and they had no place to put it in. The situation was peculiar—they had a rector, an organ and a cellar full of charcoal. There was not even any church to wait at.

They decided that a building was more important than an organ, if they had to choose; and to pay for both was beyond their resources. By adding the organ money to the rebuilding funds, they would be able to put a roof over their heads, by stretching the roof a little at the edges, to be sure.

So they countermanded the order for the half finished organ, and built, leaving ample space for such organs as the future should please to send. Thus it came about that the Church of the Holy Comforter had to rest satisfied with homilies and sermons and lessons, first and second, unrefreshed with harmony from an organ.

In this state the church still would be but for the ingenious choirmaster. It seemed good to the congregation to have a choirmaster and organist, even if there was no music possible nor any organ, saving an old article of the sewing machine type, useful to steady the piping of Sunday school children.

Appointing an organist served to voice the churchgoers' sentiments—hardly more. But as for Dale, the newly appointed choirmaster organist, he was not satisfied to stand as a mere symbol for things lacking.

He bestirred himself, found a dozen boys, in the school or out of it, who as his ear told him could be taught to sing—for he was really a musician. Then he formed a double quartet of men's voices. Then, but for a lot of hard work and organizing of his forces, his problem was worked. The church should hear music.

One Sunday morning the congregation were surprised to hear the round tone of the new choir ring through the church for the first time. They sang all the choral parts of the service in full without the help of any accompaniment, save an occasional toot from the small instrument, audible when there were silences to fill in. It had taken infinite work to train the voices into the unity and volume that made the twenty sound like one mouth, while the harmonies were distinct and grace notes audible much as they would be on the vast instrument that the church lacked.

There are plenty of choruses, but a choir singing a *capella* that produces the modulations of church music without help from the pipes is not frequently heard. The members of the Church of the Holy Comforter take a good deal of pride in their peculiar possession, though not enough to make them cease to plan for the organ they hope finally to get.

A RAHWAY CHURCH'S SUBSTITUTE FOR AN ORGAN