THE NEW SLEEVE

It is Quite Tight, But It Admits of Variations.

PRESENT STYLE WILL STILL PREVAIL

Draped Skirt is, However, Among the Possibilities.

JACKETS FOR SPRING

THE NEW WOMAN sleeves—for morning, afternoon and evening—are still oddities, but they are absolutely the only element of novelty or of menace in the changing season.

The new sleeve is not a thing of compromises. It knows no half-way measures. It is "take me or leave me." It is "whose is not for me is against me."

When Mary E. Wilkins came to New York the first winter during which the big sleeves were worn, she went to a literary reception, and that remark of hers which was quoted most widely was no question of problem novels or of idealism in art. "Aren't their big sleeves just cunning?" said Miss Wilkins, with pardonable enthusiasm, speaking of the pretty girls present.

"Just cunning," too, is the new sleeve, mainly because for some time we have been quite unused to it. It is quite tight. It may be wrinkled transversely, a la mousquetaire. It may be masked at the shoulder by a cape, or at the elbow by a frill, but its own blessed self is caressingly snug. And who can blame it, in such a case as that of the divinely tall and most divinely fair young girl in the tea gown, strong in the self-command to which some women are born, the big figured stuff of her gown caught at the bosom and falling thence in a Watteau plait, but elsewhere close-fitting; the decolletage filled with soft lace; the hair falling in a golden mass about the head like a framing aureole? I am sure the

The New Sleeve.

three stiff frills at the bottom of her elbow sleeves must have been abominably ugly—as if by some accident an epaulet had broken loose and slid down the arm—but I could not make them seem so, and I know the total effect was quaint and charming, of the gown itself and of her who wore it.

The afternoon tea is but a pretense. We have no "five-meal, meat-fed men," in Mr. Kipling's phrase. Our newspaper and business offices do not serve tea at 5 p.m., and suspend work for an hour for laughter and chatting. The high tea is a purely domestic institution, gaining ground rapidly, almost for women's sole use, and hence a mere parade for gowns. Chipper and birdlike in a picture hat of frilled satin surmounted by a satin ribbon, striped of black and white, and the satin gown of the afternoon caller had three mink-edged capes and five rows of trimming at the hem and three basque flounces without the fur. The sleeves were of wrinkled satin, the belt was black and very wide, with a huge buckle, and a simple lace tie replaced the elaborate, bow-adorned stock collars of the recent past; no peace to the ashes of the choking, uncomfortable nuisance!

The new sleeve is uncompromising only in non-essential articles of faith. It will admit a shoulder cape; or it will make headway by cunning evasion of the issue, as in an evening gown I have seen exhibited, whose sleeves are mere folds of chiffon, drawn rather snugly across the upper arm, leaving the shoulders bare but for magical black satin straps with big cherry bows on top. This gown was covered with spotted net in a tint, the bodice folds were drawn up to a big bow and rosette just below the left shoulder, there was a cherry red sash, and I am very sorry to be compelled to add that at the bottom were four or five such "tucks" as careful mothers used to put in little girls' gowns, so they could be "let out," as the girl grew; and, oh, I wonder why we never see any of those careful mothers nowadays.

Those variants of the new sleeve are all I can describe in detail, but there are others. There is a general preference for

Luxury in the Evening "Smartness" by Day.

transparent effects in the sleeves of tea gowns and ball dresses. I have noticed:

Tight sleeves of pale blue glace silk, with two chiffon frills at wrist and two at shoulders.

Tight sleeves of dull red satin, loosely veiled with black spotted net.

Tight sleeves of pale blue, with veiling of pale green; or pale green and pale pink; or red net over gray or black.

Perhaps this use of a diaphanous veiling over a snug sleeve may serve to bridge over the awkwardness of a transitory period; but as fashion is always in such a period, doubtless she needs no such assistance. Meanwhile the average woman, not the first by whom the new is tried, may rest positive that big sleeves will be in the decided majority for—who knows how long? And that the tight ones will for the present be worn much oftener indoors than out.

Reassuring to one who has her wardrobe for the present complete and her allowance spent is the spring jacket. Big sleeves lend themselves to luxury in the evening, "smartness" by day. And smart enough is a street suit of rough white cloth, made with piped seams, with a plain, full skirt, a big-sleeved open coat along whose collar and within whose hem is a narrow line of black Persian lamb. The lining and the face of the lapels within this black strip are of yellow cloth, and there is a cascade jabot, I believe they call it, of tulle and lace, and big enamel buttons plenteous in number and size. The hat worn with such a white suit is of white straw with a black edge, white frills of chiffon, black edged, and three black plumes.

The swellest of open coats will linger in my dreams, I fear. It is black, with a luster of satin. About the neck, along the shoulders and down the front run a continuous collarette and stole of beautiful brocade, pale pink ground, with richer red and pale blue flowers, all edged with close

For Afternoon and Evening.

shirred chiffon, which forms at the bottom of the stole a heavy pendant quite to the hem of the skirt. The cuffs show the same brocade and the same edging of chiffon frills.

The tucked, frilled and flounced skirt is here, in increasing numbers, worse luck to it! The draped skirt threatens.

Big, short, loose jackets of velvet, jet and fur will be worn late into the spring, which promises to be not precocious in the matter of weather.

A boy's costume: A frilled shirt of a very narrow stripe of white and heliotrope; tan knee breeches and black stockings; short tan jacket with clouded white buttons.

The sable tails, which are not easy to counterfeit, have had a triumphant run this winter, and this is one reason why women with slender purses will welcome the spring.

A gown in terra cotta red; smooth cloth skirt, plain; velvet bodice with a pouched front, and a yoke and tiny vest of white satin, with cream lace over black lisse.

We are all preparing for dress goods woven with the biggest of big figures and flowers.

ELLEN OSBORN.

QUEER MOCK MARRIAGE.

The Result of a Peculiar Difference in State Marriage Laws.

From the Chicago Record.

What purported to be the wedding of Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan and Miss Anna Laura Barber of Chicago at Akron, Ohio, was only a mock marriage. Probably not six of the guests who were present knew that this was the true state of affairs. The matter has been kept a profound secret and it was intended that it should remain so. The facts are as follows:

Last Wednesday Dr. Bevan secured a marriage license in Chicago. After he had secured it he learned that by the laws of Ohio it was impossible for a clergyman to perform a ceremony on a license from an outside state. Mr. O. C. Barber, the father of the bride, was informed of this fact by wire. He immediately went to the probate office in Akron and made application for a license. When Judge Stuart asked him if Miss Barber was a resident of the county he replied that she was not, but that her home was in Chicago. This again placed a stop to performing the ceremony in Summit county. The arrangements for the wedding in Akron had already been completed and the invitations issued. The parties were in a quandary as to what to do.

Last Thursday night Miss Barber left Akron. Her most intimate friends supposed she had gone to Cleveland to make purchases. No one but relatives knew that her destination was Chicago. She arrived there Friday morning and was met by the groom. They went together to the Lakota Hotel, where words were pronounced that made them husband and wife. The father of Miss Barber and relatives of Dr. Bevan were present. Mrs. Bevan returned to Barberton the same evening, reaching there Saturday morning. The secret was most carefully guarded, and no one but the relatives were any the wiser.

The ceremony that night was just as brilliant and real as though the supposed bride and groom were not actually already married. The mock wedding took place in Barberton Inn, a palatial hotel erected a few years since. Dr. Bevan's bride is the daughter of Mr. Olin C. Barber, the millionaire match manufacturer, president of the Diamond Match Company and largely interested in other extensive manufacturing concerns.

NEEDLE WAS FOUND.

And the New Photography Saved the Seamstress' Life.

Berlin Letter to New York Journal.

The Central Roentgen Photograph Association, recently organized for the purpose of promoting experiments with the cathode ray, has already established a large laboratory in Berlin.

The first Berliner to benefit by the wonderful discovery of Dr. Roentgen was a poor young seamstress, who had swallowed a needle.

Every day of her existence since seemed an age of agony. Her physician despaired of her case, as the poor woman could not retain the lightest food on her stomach. Frequent spells of vomiting increased her unendurable tortures.

It was noticed that the patient expectorated blood early mornings, which caused the doctor to surmise that the needle was imbedded somewhere in the lining of the stomach, causing a flow of blood at every sudden movement.

The physician called an eminent surgeon of the university staff in consultation, who did not believe that her life could be saved, as the incessant expectorations of blood gave evidence of considerable ulceration having ensued. It was determined, as a dernier resort, to bring the patient to the Roentgen laboratory in the hope that the X ray would locate the needle, and that the same might be extracted without endangering the young woman's life.

To the great joy of all interested, the experiment at the laboratory this afternoon proved a brilliant success.

A camera holder containing a sensitized plate was placed against a heavy block of wood at one side of the bared breasts of the patient, who, in order to secure a steady position, was bound to the back of a heavy oaken chair.

When all was in readiness the electric light was turned on, and after five minutes the current was cut off, the bandage loosened and the plate taken to the dark room for development.

All felt highly gratified at the results, as the plate plainly showed every bone of the upper part of the body, and the needle was found lying point downward in the lower right angle of the stomach. Its position accounted for the patient's loss of blood, as it would puncture the flesh whenever she would get up from the chair or bed.

Surgeons being present, it was resolved to remove the needle at once. The patient was placed under the influence of chloroform, and the cause of her excruciating sufferings, which threatened her life, was taken from the stomach by skillful surgical manipulations.

The patient is doing well tonight and is pronounced entirely out of danger.

A Young Republican.

From Punch.

Little Lord Charles—"Oh, I'm going to be an omnibus conductor, when I grow up."

Fair American—"But your brother's going to be a duke, isn't he?"

L. L. C.—"Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know!"

LOVER AND HUSBAND

Mrs. Grant Tells Some New Stories About the General.

HOW HE TREATED WOMEN AND CHILDREN

He Never Used Profane Language and Was a Model Husband.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

I RECEIVED A NOTE from Mrs. Gen. Grant this week asking me to correct some of the many ridiculous stories which are now being printed concerning Gen. Grant. Some of these stories are published by the very best magazines and newspapers. They are given out by parties who pretend to have had a close association with the general and Mrs. Grant, but who, on the contrary, hardly knew them, or, if so, only in the most distant way. I called on Mrs. Grant at her home on Massachusetts avenue the other afternoon, and had a long chat with her, in which she spoke of such matters, and told a number of new and striking things about General Grant's character.

Gen. Grant and the Colicky Baby.

"Here," said Mrs. Grant, as she handed me a paper, "is a story about General Grant and a sick baby, which, I am sure, has no foundation whatever. The story describes how the general during one of his earlier campaigns called upon a Union doctor, a Mr. Goodler, in one of the southern towns. According to this story, while the doctor's wife was engaged in frying the chicken, and the general was talking to the husband, the baby of the family, a three-months-old infant, began to squall with the colic, whereupon General Grant went to the crib, and, taking the baby in his arms, walked up and down the room with him, singing and whistling till the little fellow quite forgot his pain and, in the words of the narrator, 'fell fast asleep in the arms of the man who was to become America's greatest military leader.'

"Now," said Mrs. Grant, "this is all very nice, but any one who knew General Grant would not have made such a statement. In the first place, he was not fond of babies. He was, in fact, a little afraid of children until they got to be at least as high as his waist, and the idea that he would voluntarily take up a colicky baby and nurse it is preposterous. One of his greatest trials while he was in the White House was the children brought in by young mothers and offered to him to kiss. He would perhaps see them before they got near him and would turn around in a helpless way, so that you could see he was uneasy. When the doting mothers at last reached him and held up their children for him to salute, he sometimes blushed to the roots of his hair before he kissed them, and did it in such an awkward way that you could see he was not serenely enjoying the operation.

Gen. Grant's Musical Ability.

"And then, this man says that Grant took the baby and walked up and down the room, singing and whistling until he soothed it to sleep. Now, it is a well-known fact that Gen. Grant could neither sing nor whistle. The truth is, he could not turn a tune, and he had no great appreciation of music.

"During our trip abroad," continued Mrs. Grant, "we sailed through the Mediterranean on the United States man-of-war Vandalia, visiting Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land. While on this voyage we passed the island which is so celebrated in Homer as being the place upon which the beautiful sirens lived and where Ulysses landed and was brought to grief by their singing. As we neared this island a number of the naval officers came to me and warned me to put cotton wool into the general's ears lest he be affected by the sirens of today, just as was the great general of the past. I told them that there was no danger of Gen. Grant being influenced by music, as he did not know one note from another, and that the singing of a thousand sirens could not charm him. The officers then said that the danger was not altogether in the voices, but also in the faces of the sirens. They were so beautiful that if the general heard them he would be drawn to the shores and lost, and they again urged me to use the cotton wool. I told them that the Ulysses of Homer had been deluded because he was alone and had left Penelope, his wife, at home. I said I had learned a lesson from old Penelope and had accompanied my Ulysses, and with me I did not think he was in danger.

Grant's Treatment of Ladies.

"And here is another thing about which I would like to say a word," continued Mrs. Grant. "That is as to the part of this article which purports to give the general's conversation with some young ladies who were visiting his camp. The doctor who owned the baby introduced the young ladies to General Grant and asked him if he did not think he ought to arrest them. To this, according to the story, the general replied: 'I am very fond of ladies' society, and I miss their refining influence in the camp. Don't you think, girls, I ought to make you my prisoners?'

"Now, the truth is that the general was never familiar with ladies. I don't think he would have addressed those young women as 'girls,' and I am sure he would not have talked as he is here reported as doing. He was most courteous and respectful to my sex, but he was never familiar. The general was, you know, rather dignified and reserved than effusive. He was not what you call a hail-fellow-well-met kind of a man. He was fond of his friends, but he did not make much fuss over any one.

Grant Did Not Swear.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Grant, "from the way this article is worded, you might think the general was rather slangy in his talk. He was not. He never used anything but the purest and choicest of language. I have seen stories, in which he has been reported as profane. I never heard him use a word of slang or profanity during all the years that I knew him. For instance, I never heard him use the word 'damn.' He did not use the milder expletives, such as 'confound it,' or 'the devil,' which you know are often used by people who do not swear. It was the same with his thoughts. General Grant had the highest ideas of purity and virtue. He never referred to women except in terms of the highest respect, and he did not gossip nor tell stories about them. On the other hand, he liked to hear a good story, and he sometimes repeated innocent ones he had heard to us at home."

"He was very domestic in his tastes, was he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grant, "he spent all of his leisure at home. He always cared more for his home than for society."

The Story of Gen. Grant's Courtship.

I here referred to a story which I had heard concerning the general's courtship. It described how Mr. Grant, who was then a young lieutenant, had met Miss Julia Dent at a wedding, and, according to a custom which the writer said was prevalent in Missouri, had taken her home on his horse behind him, she holding on as best she could. During the journey the two had to cross a stream, and while in the water and fighting their way through the waves, as the writer stated, Lieutenant Grant proposed and was accepted. The couple then went on to the Dent farm, where Lieut. Grant found Miss Dent's father, a rough-looking old farmer, sitting on a wood pile and whittling a stick. He was asked to sanction the match, and in rustic language consented. I knew this story could not be true, for I was always aware that Col. Dent was one of the wealthiest planters of Missouri, and that Mrs. Grant had been as well educated, perhaps, as any girl in the United States at the time Grant proposed to her. When I asked her as to the truth of it, however, Mrs. Grant replied:

"Of course the story is not true. I was very indignant when I first heard it, and especially so as it put my father in the light of an uneducated man. This he was not. He was one of the prominent citizens of the state. He had a plantation of eleven hundred acres very near St. Louis, upon which we lived, and he owned lands in different parts of Missouri. This story puts me in the light of an uneducated farmer's daughter. The truth is that I had spent seven years at Prof. Moreau's school in St. Louis, which was one of the most famous finishing schools of the south and west. I was eighteen years old at the time and had just come home from school.

When Grant Proposed.

"The story is only correct in that Mr. Grant proposed to me the day we attended a wedding together. One of my friends was about to be married and the wedding took place in the morning. Lieut. Grant was among the guests invited, and he came to the plantation to accompany us to the wedding. He came to our house on horseback, but before we left for the scene of the festivities he asked my brother to take his horse and to allow him to use the buggy and drive with me. To this my brother consented. I remember that the day was a beautiful one. The sun shone out in all its splendor, but the roads were rather heavy from a previous rain. It was some distance from our house to that of my friend, and in going there we had to cross a bridge that spanned a little river. When we came to it I was surprised and somewhat alarmed to find that the stream had risen and that the gulch was filled with a rushing current, the water reaching almost to the bridge. Lieut. Grant was very quiet, and it seemed to me that he was afraid of the bridge. It was an old one, and I was by no means certain that it would stand the strain. As we neared the bridge I asked Mr. Grant several times if he thought it would be dangerous for us to cross, and I told him that I would rather go back than take any risk. He assured me, however, that it was perfectly safe, and he said it so quietly that I believed him. As we came to the bridge, however, I said, 'Now, Mr. Grant, if anything happens, remember, I shall cling to you, no matter what you may say to the contrary.' Mr. Grant simply said all right. He gave the horse the whip, and we were over the planks in less than a minute. Shortly after we left the bridge he asked me to be his wife, referring to my threat to cling to him to break the way. That same afternoon he wanted me to set the day, but to this I would not consent. I told him that it would be much nicer to be engaged for a time than to be married, but he did not seem to approve of this sentiment. We decided, however, that it was best not to say anything about our engagement that evening. Mr. Grant was rather afraid to speak to my father, for he feared that father would refuse. He left the house late in the evening to go back to his regiment, and a few days later General Taylor sent him to Camp Salubrity in Louisiana. Before he went, however, he wrote to my father, asking his consent to the marriage. My father was not willing to give this, and he did not answer the letter. He told me that he did not think I ought to marry an army officer. He said my husband would be away most of the time, and that he did not consider the marriage a desirable one. He told me that I was too young and that Lieutenant Grant was too poor, and that Lieutenant Grant hadn't anything to give me. I then told father that I was poor, too, and that I hadn't anything to give him."

Gen. Grant as a Lover.

"How long was it before you saw the general again?" I asked.

"It was nearly a year," replied Mrs. Grant. "He was back then on leave of absence, and it was at this time that he asked father in person as to the marriage and got his consent. I can remember now just how Lieut. Grant looked as he rode up to our house in his new uniform. It was one Sunday evening, and we were all sitting out on the porch. Father was going to Washington the next day. It was a great trip to go from St. Louis to the east in those days, and a number of our friends, perhaps twenty of them, from the surrounding plantations, had gathered there to bid him good-bye. I remember I was sitting on the porch when Lieut. Grant came up. I gave him my hand and he shook hands with the rest of the party. The next day, when father went into St. Louis, Mr. Grant went with him, and it was during this trip that he asked father's permission to marry me. My father consented, but he said that he did not think the wedding ought to take place very soon. Lieut. Grant offered to resign from the army if father insisted upon it. This was just about the time of the opening of the Mexican war, and Lieut. Grant asked my father if he had any objections to his writing to me. He said no, and during the next four years, while Lieut. Grant was absent in Mexico, I received letters from him every mail. I have those letters now. There are hundreds of them. Every one of them is full of affection, of love and war. Some of them have pressed flowers between the pages, some were written on the heads of drums which our troops captured from the Mexicans, and many of them were sealed with red wafers. I can remember still how I used to watch for the mail, and how I read my last letter over day after day until the next one came."

Grant's Poverty.

"Mrs. Grant," said I, "I have often wondered whether the stories are true as to the hard times which you and General Grant are said to have undergone just before the civil war."

"We did not have hard times," replied Mrs. Grant. "A great many people seem to want to reduce the general during his early life to the dregs of poverty in order that they may exalt him the more by his rise. This fact used to annoy him considerably, as it rather belittled his relatives. General Grant was never very poor. His family were what was called rich a generation ago. His father was a man of considerable means. He had property in Ohio, and the leather store at Galena—of which so much has been made by some—was a branch store, which was afterward moved to Chicago and burned up in the great Chicago fire. While we were in Galena we lived very nicely indeed. We were among the best people of the town and had all of the comforts that one could wish. I see a ridiculous statement now going the rounds of the press in which Gen. Grant is published as having been a teamster in Galena, and from it you would imagine that his business was that of a coachman or cab driver. I don't know whence this story comes, but I pronounce it an entire fabrication, as are also many other stories now being published. The truth is, the only horses that Mr. Grant drove while he was in Galena were our own. We had a very nice little wagon, something like a surrey or a park phaeton, and a team of good horses. This belonged to the store, but it was used as a carriage team by us and by Mr. Grant's brother. Mr. Grant often took myself and the babies out of an afternoon for a drive.

Grant on the Farm Near St. Louis.

"And then, again, the stories of Mr. Grant's poverty at St. Louis," Mrs. Grant went on. "A great deal has been made of his having hauled wood from our farm to the city. It is true that he often took a load of wood with him when he went into the city. We lived, you know, not far from St. Louis, and a load of wood was worth from five to six dollars. We had no money to throw away at that time, but still we had plenty to live upon very comfortably. My father had given me the farm, and we had a very good home and all we really needed."

"Did Gen. Grant care for money?"

"No," replied Mrs. Grant; "I think not. He was very charitable, and he often wanted me to give away more than I did."

"He must have been a good husband," I said.

"He was the perfection of a husband," replied Mrs. Grant. "He was kind, true and loving. He was, I believe, one of the best husbands that ever lived."

Grant's Religious Belief.

"I have often wondered, Mrs. Grant, as to whether the general was a Christian, and as to what he thought about a future state."

"Yes, he believed in Christianity," replied Mrs. Grant. "He went to church regularly. I remember he always liked to be at church on time, and would be much annoyed if I was not ready. During his stay in the White House he attended Dr. Newman's Church, the Methodist Church, though he sometimes went to Dr. Sunderland's, which is, you know, a Presbyterian church."

"Did Grant ever think that the war would go the other way?"

"I think he realized that it might," replied Mrs. Grant, "but he did not worry about the future. He did what he had to do. He laid out his plans, and worked with all his might to carry them out, borrowing no trouble as to what possibly might occur later on."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A tried friend, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Rice waffles will be a good excuse for using up left-over rice. Mix a cupful of cold boiled rice and a pint of hot milk together till smooth, then add a teaspoonful of salt and three well-beaten eggs. Stir slowly into this enough flour only to make a thin batter, and fry as you would griddle cakes. If you want more cakes, add milk and flour.

You can clean decanters and vinegar cruets with very fine shot, ashes and water. Or you can take the fine, gritty ashes from the ash bin. Put a tablespoonful or two in the bottle, then a few drops of ammonia and warm water, shake for a few moments, then rinse the bottle, and you will find it as clear as crystal.

If your store room is very warm you will find it hard to keep lemons. Try packing them in sawdust, taking out a few at a time.

The woman who will persist in washing oilcloth in soap and water hasn't the first instinct of economy in her makeup. Both water and soap eat out the oil and rot the cloth. Use buttermilk or skim milk and a clean cloth. It will take very little, and will save you dollars. The little dribs of milk that are left over will do as well as anything, if saved, no matter if sour.

It is said that cockroaches can be killed by sprinkling borax about the room that they infect. Another method is to place a deep tin vessel with perfectly smooth sides in the middle of their run, and put some sweet cake in the bottom. Then place a lath or two from the floor to the top of the bucket on the outside. The roaches will run up the laths to get to the sweet cake, and, dropping over, are unable to get out, and are at your mercy in the morning. It is related that houses badly infested with them have been absolutely cleared by this means.

Lots of people sniff at the idea of eating dried fruit. They don't know how to cook it, you know. It should be well washed in several waters, then set to soak over night in enough water to cook it in. In the morning put it on the back of the stove and cook slowly for an hour or more, if necessary to cook done. Put in the sugar with a liberal hand, and, for goodness sake, don't stir and stir and stir till the fruit is a hopeless mass. Shake it gently now and then to keep it from cooking to the bottom of the pan, and cook in a stone pan, too. Then you will have fruit that is fit to eat.

Some people who have children ought to have wooden dummies to practice on awhile. Do you know that you run the risk of giving your baby brain fever when you tax its little few-weeks'-old brain by talking to it and chirping to make it smile? Do you know that it is positive cruelty to animals to take a wee bit of a baby out on a noise-racking cable or electric car? Let your baby stay at home the first year of its life, except the daily airing it takes in its cab, or mother's arms, and when it grows up it won't have rickets, weak eyes, deaf ears, and "nerves." Mothers are largely responsible for the ills of their children. And thoughtlessness is their besetting sin.

If coffee seems to disagree with you, try drinking it without cream or sugar.

Order in the house should be a smiling presence, not a sour tyrant.

To remove a stubborn glass stopper from a bottle light a match and run around the neck of the bottle. Sometimes it will take two matches. If that doesn't start it, immerse the bottle in warm water and let it come to the boiling point, or almost there. That is sure to start it.

A red hot bath—that means a bath in water just as hot as you can possibly endure it—will sometimes put you to sleep in five minutes, even when you are on the verge of desperation with insomnia. A change from your warm bed to a cold one will often produce a feeling of drowsiness. Rubbing down with a towel dipped in salt water is another excellent remedy, or one dipped in hot water. Some people lie with the head lower than the feet and find relief that way.

Every few days some new cosmetic comes out, and the silly moth who have a complexion like tanned leather rush off and try it. Finding that the cosmetic is not what it ought to be, they resort to "making up" to make them presentable. This making-up business is simply awful! No woman with a grain of sense would expect to fool people by painting her cheeks as red as a Comanche Indian, and filling the pores of her skin with white lead, bismuth and the like, for she knows that the subterfuge is patent to all. It makes people feel sorry for the poor, deluded woman, too. It was, perhaps, a doctor who said: "All the lotions and creams, the paint and powder, in all the beautiful establishments in all this beautiful world will not give an unhealthy woman a good complexion. Her digestion must be good; her blood must be well nourished and her skin must be absolutely clean if she wants to be attractive. That means a sensible diet, plenty of exercise to aid digestion, plenty of fresh air to refresh the blood in the lungs and a full bath every day to keep the skin clean. The kitchen and gymnasium are more important than the toilet table in developing good looks, and the bath room is most important of all."

NOTES OF FASHIONS.

Some of the Latest Novelties and Suggestions.

Violet and blue seems to be a favorite combination this year, and I was surprised to see two young ladies making their prelenten visits arrayed, the one in a blue velvet skirt; the other in one of violet.

Rich, heavy velvet has supplanted satin for skirts among the ultra fashionable—probably because satin was within reach of the ordinary mortal and was, therefore, getting common. The velvet skirt in any desirable shade is worn with fancy waists in the same way as the black silk and satin skirts have been worn for two years.

A pretty wrap for a matron reaches to the bottom of the dress and follows the lines of the figure. It does not come together in front, but has a silk or mull front that is a little full. Large lace revers stand out past the shoulders, reaching down to within four inches of the waist, and below them on each side are two butons.

Ladies of middle age may congratulate themselves that the small hat is going to be the correct thing this spring.

A young girl or budding woman is bewitching in a picture hat, but on a woman who is beginning to fade is made less attractive by framing and thus emphasizing her charmlessness.

A dress for a young girl of twelve years may be made all in one. The skirt is gathered on the waist, and for waist trimming there is a double collar crossed at the side over the hip. A large hat trimmed with knots of ribbon is correct for a girl of this age.

For a younger miss, a dress with a square guipure yoke and the bodice gathered on is very pretty. The yoke is bordered with velvet ribbon run through buckles at the corners. Velvet ribbon forms the belt with a buckle on each side the front. Another band of velvet goes around the skirt and does not quite meet in front, terminating in a buckle on each side. This band is about five inches from the bottom. Bishop sleeves are finished with a plain band that forms the cuff.

Sleeves are so long for both old and young that some of the gloves have only one button—a fashion which will remind many a grandmother of her young days and set her to dreaming of the youthful gallant who perhaps held that glove with the hand in it in days gone by.

Speaking of old fashions that are resurrected, I had been told that visiting cards are to be made much smaller, to admit of being carried in the tiny silver or gold card cases that are coming in with the other Louis XVI styles. If this rumor proves true, it will be an easy matter to have one's cards trimmed to be proper size at any printer's establishment—much easier than it will be to change back when the wheel turns around again.

Overdone.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You remember Mary Simmons, who married Will Finnix chiefly on account of his super-neat appearance?"

"Yes. What has become of her?"

"The poor thing has to stay at home all the time to see that there isn't a speck of dust visible about the house when he gets home."

Learned in Biography.

From the Chicago Post.

"We had a very interesting discussion in regard to Napoleon at our club today," said she.

"Then I suppose you know all about him now," he replied.

"Yes, indeed," she responded, promptly. "He's the man the magazines have been booming for the last year or two."

ALMOST CRAZED

THOUGHT HER CHILD WAS GOING TO DIE.

The Terrible Ordeal of a Mother—Her Little Girl Almost Faded Away—Saved in the Nick of Time—A Story That Will Touch the Heart of Every Mother.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

A very grateful mother is Mrs. A. L. Hartness of 676 Grandy avenue, Detroit, for the wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Said Mrs. Hartness: "Yes, my daughter's life has been saved by using Pink Pills, thanks to a kind friend who recommended them to me.

"Blanche was sick for over three years. She had the care of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble was spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches. We gave up all hope of her recovery. Her long, thin, listless face made me nearly crazy, and we did everything in our power to give her strength and induce her to take an interest in anything.

"One day a friend told me about the Pink Pills, and Mr. Hartness went down town and got three boxes. She had taken about one box, when, to my amazement, one morning I heard her playing on the piano. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over a year since the piano had been opened.

"Soon she began to take short rides on her bicycle, and soon she went singing around the house, our own happy, hearty little daughter once more.

"She thinks nothing of a spin on her wheel over to Mt. Clemens or Pontiac, and is as well as she ever was.

"I had a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from impoverished blood, and who received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills.

"If this information can be of any use to help some poor sick one, it is given with the greatest of pleasure."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing-down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE CATLESS AUDITOR.

The Cat Was Once White, but Time and Paint Had Changed Its Looks.

From the Grafton Record.

Frank Briggs, North Dakota's popular auditor, has lost his cat. Mr. Briggs and family feel the loss keenly; it has been in the family for twelve years, having been a present to Mr. Briggs' father when a kitten. It was originally a white cat, but since living in Mandan it changed color every time the house was painted, and at the time of its disappearance was yellow, with white trimmings. It wore side whiskers and sandburrs in its back hair, with a changeable tail. A big scar adorns one hip, which it got in the civil war the night it slept in the cannon. There was either some misunderstanding about the time of starting the cannon, or the cat overslept, and it struck a tree three miles in the country, and was lame for a week.

It had always borne a good character, was amiable, modest and always seemed satisfied with Mandan mice or meat-market liver. Two years ago it fell in with a bad dog and lost some of the expression on its left side, but no one ever blamed the cat in the matter, and the dog didn't live long enough to be blamed. When Mr. Briggs moved from Mandan to Bismarck, a few weeks ago, he carried the furniture and Mrs. Briggs carried the cat in a large basket. Everything went well until the bottom dropped out of the basket, and the cat hastened away. Mr. Briggs' friends are doing everything in their power to assist him in recovering the cat. His office hours for inspecting stray cats are from 2 to 4. They are brought and sent to him from all parts of North and South Dakota, and he has opened up a branch office in Montana, the manager of which is now confined to his room from too close inspection of a wild cat brought in by a cowboy.

BARE-NECKED SKATERS.

Holland Women Appear on the Ice With Ball Gown Bodices.

From the Chicago News.

We are accustomed to see women bundled up in furs as they glide over the ice. To witness a woman's race in Holland would give us a greater chill than to meet a ghost at midnight. A correspondent for the New York Herald in mentioning a contest on skates describes it as follows:

"It was snowing slightly, but in every available moment between the races troops of men were told to clear off the course. At a given signal six women started for the first race. They were dressed in very short skirts and transparent-looking blouses, low necked, with no sleeves at all. We were told they were from among the lower peasant people, and that the shop classes never entered the lists at all. The speed they went at was quite wonderful, and especially remarkable at the corners. For the most part they raced with their arms behind them, but the girl who won the prize (£2) skated with hers folded in front."

Bare arms and necks in midwinter! Our physicians think women are courting death by wearing low-necked dresses in ball rooms. What must it be to wear them as outing costumes?

Little Willy, after much begging, receives for a present a beautiful, dear little pup, that has caught his fancy at the dog show.

Little Willy and his beautiful, dear little pup after two weeks.

Little Willy and his beautiful, dear little pup after two months.—Life.

RAILROADS.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

THROUGH THE GRANDEST SCENERY IN AMERICA. ALL TRAINS VESTIBULED, ELECTRIC LIGHTED, STEAM HEATED. ALL MEALS SERVED IN DINING CARS. STATION SIXTH AND B STREETS.

Schedule in effect November 17, 1895.

2:25 P.M. DAILY—Cincinnati and St. Louis Special—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Parlor cars Cincinnati to Chicago.

11:10 P.M. DAILY—F. F. V. Limited—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville without change. Pullman sleeper to Virginia Hot Springs, without change, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sleepers Cincinnati to Chicago and St. Louis.

10:57 A.M., EXCEPT SUNDAY—Via Richmond for Old Point and Norfolk. Only rail line.

2:25 P.M. DAILY—For Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Staunton and for Richmond, daily, except Sunday.

Reservations and tickets at Chesapeake and Ohio offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station.

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Station corner of 6th and B streets.

In effect January 6, 1896.

10:30 A.M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10:30 A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet, Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

3:40 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Chicago.

7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago.

7:10 P.M. SOUTH-WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars to St. Louis, and Sleeping Car Harrisburg to Cincinnati.

10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7:50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport and Lock Haven, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo.

10:40 P.M. for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

FOR PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND THE EAST.

4:00 P.M.