"ANY ONE may take my rifle, but there isn't a man good enough to borrow my rod," said Miss Fly Rod.

"Miss Fly Rod" is the high hook among women, and the most indefatigable angler in the Rangely lake region. She was born a Crosby, named Cornelia, and while there is a chance that you may find her if you inquire for Miss Crosby, a request to any guide for "Miss Fly Rod" is the surest.

Miss Crosby and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan of Colorado are the two most interesting women who have come to New York lately. Just as the former is first among women anglers, so Mrs. Wallihan holds the lead in her favorite sport and has killed more deer than any other woman, having lately brought down her thirty-second.

No one would take Miss Crosby for an ordinary city woman. She calls herself "straight from the wilderness," "a country girl" and "just out of the woods;" but those who expect to see a half-wild Indian meet instead a six-foot woman with tanned cheeks, a typical daughter of Maine, with breezy manners, a way of getting everything she starts for and full of business. But there really are

"MISS FLY ROD."

flies on her blue silk waist, though any woman might wear them with pleasure. One is a gaudy red and brown fly with a diamond set in the middle and arranged for a brooch. Still another pin is a couple of bear's teeth, bound with gold. "I didn't kill the bear, but I did pull out its teeth," said the wearer.

The tall young pines from Maine tried to tell how she became such an enthusiastic angler. She lived in Phillips, Me., the only girl in the family. Then her father and brother died and she was left to care for her mother.

"First I was in the postoffice, and then"——

"Miss Fly Rod, on your honor, now, didn't you read all the postal cards for summer visitors?"

"Not a postal card," laughs she.

"Then you deserve to be famous without further proceedings."

"Then I went into a bank and my health failed. Consumption has carried off all our family, and the doctor said I was doomed, too. First I said, 'No, indeed,' and I took to the woods. It has saved my life, and so I have fished to live and lived to fish ever since."

Her collection of fishing tackle is her chief pride. Especially beloved is what might be termed a "dear of a rod." It was made for her as a gift by one of those geniuses of the woods who seem to divine by instinct just what is sure to charm the fish from Maine waters. It was the first rod she had, and for twelve years has never been supplanted in Miss Fly Rod's affections by any of the gorgeous new tackle presented to her by her friends.

Many of these friends are city folks, rich sportsmen and their wives, who go to the Maine woods. Every guide in the Rangely region is Miss Fly Rod's friend, "and you can trust every one of them. I would rather live all my life in the wilderness with such men and their wives than live in this place (New York) where nobody trusts anybody, it seems to me."

There isn't a camp in the Rangelys where she isn't welcomed, and when she gets tired of one she picks up her tackle or rifle and tramps off alone through the woods to the next one. Of course she hunts when she feels like it, but it's the coquettish trout and good game fish that fascinate her. The best catch she has made is "32 fish in 44 minutes, taken on the fly, landed and cooked."

And this is what she wears: "No bloomers nor knickerbockers. Black tights, a short underskirt and a plain outside skirt, with very heavy boots. The skirt comes down to the ankles, and when I am in the woods I loop it up quite short. It has buttons and loops fixed so that I can do that. I fish from a boat almost always, and so I don't have to wear such high boots."

If one was not told that Mrs. Wallihan was a mighty daughter of Nimrod and could do all sorts of daring things it would be natural to describe her as "a dear white-haired old lady." In view of those thirty-two deer she has killed that description has to be modified. She has white hair, hanging in natural curls on her neck. And she is past middle age. But to call her old isn't correct, for she is too active to warrant the adjective.

Mrs. Wallihan says she doesn't do deer stalking alone, and most of the thirty-two deer have not been killed unless the family needed meat. Since she has learned to shoot she has usually gone with her husband, who has a set of Peffers four times as luxuriant as those of the Kansas senator.

Mrs. Wallihan is a picturesque figure, no matter what she wears. Sometimes it is a gray dress, with gray felt hat and cartridge belt. Sometimes it is a debonair-looking cap a la Russe. She isn't a dress reformer, never rides man fashion, and hasn't seen the place where she would have found it more convenient or safer to have been astride her horse. What is more, she isn't crying down corsets, although for riding trips they are always laid aside.

Her thirty-second deer Mrs. Wallihan herself skinned and stuffed. She afterward mounted the head.

Mrs. Wallihan has no children. "If I had," said she, "nobody would catch me on the trips I go now. I believe a woman has better work to do in her own home to bring up children." Just the same this deer-slayer casts her vote like any gentleman along with the rest of Colorado women, and believes in it, too.

MRS. WALLIHAN AND HER THIRTY-SECOND DEER.

Dress for Out-of-Door Sport.

Harper's Bazar.

Cycling dress would be a hopeless subject to start upon if the intention were to enumerate and criticise all its varieties. That I do not propose to attempt, for every wheelwoman has her own notion of what is suitable, and there is certainly a wide range from which to select. But there are a few observations which might be made. It will be noticed that the long full skirt is now seldom seen, and rightly it has been discarded as troublesome and ridiculous. It was continually catching in the pedals, and often tearing itself nearly to pieces, and in a wind it assumed the proportions of a balloon. At the longest, the skirt should not be less than five or six inches from the ground, with a width of about two and a half yards at the bottom, and considerable fullness at the top, pretty evenly distributed around the waistband. If a shorter skirt than this is preferred, the fullnes would have to be decreased in proportion. I do not generally admire the appearance of bloomers, but I have seen some which looked well, and if they are well made, I certainly think the style a thoroughly practical and modest one. The gaiters or leggings to be worn must depend somewhat upon the length of the skirt, and are of cloth, canvas or leather. Rubber-soled shoes are not essential; with the rubber pedals one ought to be able to keep her feet from slipping in any shoes, but if the machine is furnished with the rat-trap style of pedal, grooves to fit must be cut in the bottom of the shoe.

Sailor or Alpine hats or the ordinary bicycle caps with visors are the preferred head-gear. Nothing large is practicable, on account of the wind, but it is better that the eyes should be shaded a little.

Lone Women.

Harper's Bazar.

The cheery single woman has her work in her home as long as that blessing is spared to her, and when she is left without near and dear ones she finds that she can be a comfort to others and do good service in various helpful ways, social, personal and charitable. Mothers soon learn that she is one of their faithful aids, and proud of the title of parents' assistant. Little children love her, as she enters into their amusements and sympathizes with their small griefs, frolicking as merrily as the gayest sprite among them, and always ready to bind up the wounded heart or the cut finger. Young men and maidens confide their pretty secrets to her discretion, and older people enjoy the delicate attentions which she delights to bestow. Should work be a stern necessity of this spinster's life, she must often find herself overweighted with cares and anxieties, but, to her credit be it said, there is almost never the inclination to indulge in vain and useless repinings. Thus the real lone woman is not the one who persistently and cheerfully conquers the difficulties of a solitary life, meeting its trials with a disarming smile and guarding herself against falling into that ineffable dreary state which is meant by the designation, nor is it she who, debarred from all activity by ill health, possesses in perfection the rare art of self-effacement, and who tranquilly and deftly fits herself to her "perpetual maidenhood."

She Hath Her Reward.

Harper's Bazar.

"What a charitable woman Mrs. Gabberly is."

"Isn't she? Why, when the Hinkley failure came on, she sent for Miss Hinkley and gave her all her summer sewing to do, and paid her 50 cents a day for it. It was very nice of her, I think."

"Very; she'll get her reward some time."

"Yes; she's had some reward already. She saved 75 cents a day on all the work Miss Hinkley did."

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and treasurer of the Corinne Mill, Canal and Stock Co., of Corinne, Utah, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I consider it the best in the market."

HE modern Sandowa is yet to be introduced, and she may come from the ranks of the cultured—none can tell. Prof. Attila, who was the trainer of the strong man, Sandow, finds his most promising field of labor among the gentle sex and from the ranks of the social, the musical and the artistic world women are seeking him. The probabilities are that the new woman will supplement her shrewdness and other mental qualifications with a physical development that will fit her to meet the world militant on its own ground.

"Four years ago," said this trainer of the modern Sampson, "I inaugurated the strong man fad in London, and I became an individual more talked about than the Prince of Wales himself. I am now starting the strong woman fad, and if the fair sex is not as well able to defend itself physically as a man, then it will not be my fault."

The professor is a fine-looking man with a well-knit frame and great bunches of muscle on his shapely anatomy. He wears a Roman girdle with medals strung upon it like the scalps and trophies adorning an

DUMBBELL PRACTICE.

Indian warrior, and his chiefest enthusiasms are those of the natural teacher who forgets self in the progress of the one whose career of physical development he in this case has in charge.

He suspended instruction of his at present most promising pupil, a young woman of 18 years, with whom he expects to startle the world across the footlights next year, to talk about what his method of physical culture will do in general for women.

"I can make of the human frame anything you wish," he said, enthusiastically. "Where a woman is too fleshy, a certain plan of exercise will reduce her, and where she requires developing, I can also develop her. I have ladies coming to me daily saying, 'I wish to be reduced about the hips,' or 'I wish to have abdominal reductions,' or 'my bust needs developing,' or 'my arms and legs are much too thin,' and I have a set of exercises especially adapted to their individual wants.

"This young lady," and here the professor referred to his pupil, who expects to make her debut as a professional strong woman, "has been under my care about six weeks, and so rapidly has she developed muscle that she can now lift a 100 pound weight with as much ease as a man. I say 'as a man,' because we have been led to believe that the female constitution would not lend itself as readily to physical development as the male.

"In point of fact, my women pupils are far more ambitious, and therefore more satisfactory to train. Perhaps only one woman out of a hundred will be as susceptible of muscular improvement as a man, whereas ninety men out of every hundred think they would like to take physical culture, yet that one woman will walk away ahead of the whole ninety men.

"Then you think woman is not the weaker sex?"

"Certainly, the Creator never intended her to be the weaker," said the professor with a laugh. "Has she not the greater need of defending herself on account of her being a woman? It is all nonsense that she cannot fight; she should be taught to hit out from the shoulder, the same as a man does, for she can do it.

"See what history tells us, that the women of Budapest saved the city from the Turks by taking their stand on the ramparts and throwing stones down at the Turkish army until they retreated. I believe in the prowess of the woman every time."

"Then you think the 'new woman' will be a fighter?"

"I don't know about the new woman, as different from any other woman, but I would have them all developed physically if I had my way about it, and then they could fight when it was necessary.

"My system? Ah, that is easily explained. It is all brought about by means of the five-pound dumbbell practice. There is no muscle that requires any other tool for its development. Sandow was made what he is by my plan, of which I am the sole inventor.

Attila's system of culture is one that is within the scope of any woman to follow out in her own home. The body should be clad in a loose gymnasium suit, consisting of short skirt and blouse, and no corset, so as to allow absolutely free motion of the body. A two-pound dumbbell is best to start with, and later a five-pound dumbbell may be substituted.

SANDOWA AT WORK.

"In practicing with the dumbbells," said the modern Samson, "all exercise with arms or legs or shoulders should be made alternately and never together. There are twenty-five different exercises, and by the time each has been learned to perfection, every muscle in the body has been called into action.

"Exercise No. 1 is simply an outward motion of the arm from the elbow. Take the dumbbell in the hand and bend the arm double, placing the hand at the chest, and then alternate the movement downward. This brings out the muscle in the forearm. The movements are much the same as in ordinary calisthenics. The thumbs, wrists and fingers each have an exercise of their own.'

As Attila explained the exercises, the pupil that is, the Sandowa that is to be, took the various positions, all of which are the soul of grace. The bust developing exercise consists of a rotary alternating motion of the arms, similar to the motion of the man who is desirous of warming his hands by whipping himself in the winter time. It churns the bust, and is warranted to produce firmness of the flesh. The twenty-fifth exercise is one that is calculated to test suppleness and strength. Sandowa lay supine on the floor, and then, without moving the feet or hands, lifted her body from the waist upward until she was sitting upright. Another method of reducing the hips is that of standing firmly with heels together and knees stiff, and then bending the body over until the hands touch the floor.

After having gone through the entire list of exercises, Mlle. Sandowa lifted a hundred-pound weight straight up at arm's length over her head several times and performed various feats of strength that illustrated the practicability of the five-pound dumbbell practice.

"Do you recommend any special diet?" was asked of Attila.

"I insist upon every one's eating just what they want, the same as they always have done. I do not approve of wheat bread. It has no life in it, and I recommend in its place Bohemian bread, the blacker the better. I always eat it myself. After an hour of training my pupils are rubbed down with alcohol. I believe there are few diseases where one has a clear mind and a good muscular system. Pure air and exercise are the only physicians that ever attend me."

Stripped to Their Bloomers.

Chicago Special.

The Unique Cycling Club, composed solely of women, has made an example of two of its members who persisted in wearing skirts. The by-laws provide that bloomers or knickerbockers shall be worn in the weekly run.

Union Park was the rendezvous for the last run, and fifty members turned out. The president, Mrs. Langdon, and the captain, Miss Bunker, observed two women wearing short skirts over their bloomers.

"Take the skirts off," ordered Capt. Bunker.

"Indeed we won't," was the reply.

A crowd of 200 had collected to see the start. The president and the captain held a consultation, and then, taking several strong-armed members with them, fell on the skirtwearers and stripped them down to their bloomers.

"It was done in all seriousness," said Mrs. Langdon.

"The club's rules are made to be kept and not to be broken. Why did we take off the skirts in public? For no other reason but to make examples of the offenders. They publicly defied our rules and were punished accordingly."

WOMEN IN MEN'S CLUBS.

Barriers That Excluded the Fair Sex Are Fast Breaking Down.

Julian Ralph in Providence Journal.

Although it is only in the downtown clubs that one may dine and absorb the beautiful views above the city, the treat is not reserved for men exclusively. The merchants' clubs, which have topside dining rooms, all admit women who are introduced by the members. The Lawyers' Club, not yet on the roof of its building, the Equitable Life—was the first to extend its benefits to the wives and lady friends of its members, but the others have followed suit and the men must now withdraw to a single smoking room in each club in order to hold stag parties and to be free of the gentler sex. But though the dining clubs are so liberal, the regular uptown social clubs are still for masculines only, with very few exceptions. How very backward New York is in this respect one easily discovers by traveling around the country. Very little traveling will yield the discovery.

In Brooklyn, for instance, almost every one of the great club houses is now the nightly resort of women, who have attractive quarters, as well as frequent days for enjoying the entire buildings. In Cleveland the solid old Union Club has fine quarters for ladies. In Detroit the Detroit Club has been at great pains and expense to make the women feel at home under its roof. And while Chicago is a little more backward, yet even in the conservative and old Union League Club you may find a side entrance for women and you may see a maid in cap and apron ever ready to receive them and to show them to the section of the great club house that is reserved for their use. As far away as San Francisco, also, I found that the women were welcomed to one of the big club houses at least, so that from ocean to ocean, and lake to gulf, I have everywhere found women admitted to men's clubs. I refer to the Pickwick Club in New Orleans in speaking of the extension of the custom to the Gulf.

It may be that the multiplicity of clubs in most of the cities has led to this breaking down of the old barriers that excluded women from these stag meeting places as religiously as all of them, except, perhaps, Mrs. Lease, have been kept out of the Masonic lodges. I should not wonder if it has been done as much to make the clubs more attractive as to follow our national adherence to great gallantry towards the lovelier sex. But whatever the reason, it must have helped the clubs in capturing and subduing their strongest opponents. It has robbed woman of her sting, and domesticity has been shorn of the armor with which it fought those men who dared to find pleasure away from their fireside. Perhaps the present innovation foreshadows the glad time which an old clubman in New York insists is coming to destroy the old club life altogether.

He is very gallant to them when he encounters any ladies in the clubs of which he is a member, but in his secret heart of hearts he "views them with alarm." He sees the devil in them as truly as did the monks of the Middle Ages, who taught that women were the evil ones. He says that the exactions of society which demand after-dinner calls, and calls in response to calls, and calls of many sorts, are already so numerous and monopolizing of time that men have given up making them, and even the women complain that for one who is in society no time is left for anything but society, on account of the merely formal calls that are exacted of society's votaries. So he says he foresees that the clubs will be utilized by the women. He says to a great degree each club represents a set or social circle, and that presently the women will hold their receptions in the clubs on certain days, either all agreeing on the same days, or at least a large number coming to such an agreement. Then, he says, the men and women will be able to pay off a dozen debts of politeness at one stroke by going to the clubs and meeting a dozen, maybe twenty, women at once. At that time, my friend says, he devoutly hopes that we will be under the sod, for the best use of a man's club will have departed from it.

Efficacy of a Name.

Washington City Capital.

The junior partner in a china house says:

"We bought a gross of little stone jugs a year ago, and up to last month had only sold nine or ten of them. I stacked fifty of them in our windows and marked the pile, 'Growlers, 25c.' I've ordered a second gross since, and it is half gone now.

A Powerful Attraction.

Chicago Tribune.

Breathless Messenger—Ruggles, I have been looking for you everywhere! Your house is on fire!

Ruggles (intently watching something across the street)—I'll be along in a minute. I want to see how they're going to get that safe into that fourteen-story window.

Do You Know Its Cause?

Indigestion: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

New York, July 8.—Special.—The Newport season is now in full swing. The cottages, as the beautiful mansions kept up so superbly are called, are all opened, and the fashionable have set the ball a-rolling at a great pace. Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt has arrived and been set up with all pomp and splendor at the "Marble House," with her 300 servants and a stable full of horses that a Persian prince might envy. As for Willie K., he is taking up his abode among his relatives and friends, a man without a home, as it were. The Cornelius Vanderbilts, the Fred Vanderbilts, Mrs. William H. and George and his mother are also on hand and form a strong combination against Mrs. Willie K. But she has some powerful friends, among them the Belmont family, and with the possibility of Consuelo becoming the Duchess of Manchester—which seems not at all improbable, as she is very rich and the young duke very poor—society will never close its doors against this much-talked-of member of the Vanderbilt family. Besides, no matter how the world at large may regard the subject of divorce, it in no wise affects the social standing of the upper ten. Society no less than the police news reeks with scandalous gossip. The Vanderbilt-Belmont affair, the Yznaga difficulty—this is the kind of small talk that goes round the dinner table of the rich and socially great.

Golf is the fad of the day, although all out of door sports are having a boom, and many of the Newport belles can make astonishingly good drives. They look immensely attractive, too, in their golfing suits of Scotch tweed, with the fetching Tom O'Shanter, worn in true Scotch style, and the "sweater," which is considered an essential feature of the up-to-date golfer's toilette. It is fashioned as much as possible like a man's "sweater," only it fits more snugly to the figure and is buttoned on the shoulder, the sleeves being large to the elbow.

There are many enthusiastic yachtswomen among the smart set, who not only own their own yachts but can sail them as well. Mrs. George Gould and Mrs. Burke are among the most accomplished skippers in America. They are up in all the technichal terms, and know every vessel from a catboat to an ocean steamer. They generallly dress plainly and simply, leaving it to their guests to attire themselves in fetching costumes, regardless as to whether or not such is appropriate on board ship.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life helps us to despise them.—Cato.

A unique portiere for the library has just been designed by a young woman who is one of our most successful interior decorators. It is known as the zodiac portiere. The material is of electric green denim. The decorations (the twelve signs of the zodiac) are cut from electric blue cloth and appliqued in gold silk. The world is placed in the center in sea green satin, outlined in white silk. Instead of the zodiacal figures the signs of the zodiac may be used, and below them this old verse is traced:

"The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The man who holds the watering pot,
The Scorpion, Archer and the Goat,
And fish with glittering tails."

Tommy—Can we play at keeping shop in here, mamma?

Mamma (who has a headache)—Certainly; but you must be very, very quiet.

Tommy—All right, mamma; we won't advertise.—London Paper.

A London florist, who has hit the fashionable fancy of Mayfair in the management of her wares with considerable financial success, uses black velvet ribbon to tie her bouquets. The flowers which compose them are always loosely arranged, and the black velvet looks very effective with their bright-hued tints. A pretty arrangement of flowers for table decoration is to mass the individual corsage bouquets into one large bunch in the center of the table. One end of the ribbon from each bouquet is fastened at each guest's plate. The bouquets are easily disentangled at the close of the meal, and are carried off as souvenirs.

An extremely pretty hall for a summer cottage was decorated in green and white. Green matting covered the walls to the height of about four feet, fastened at the top with a white moulding and at the bottom with a baseboard also painted white. Above the matting was a white paper with raised green figures. The chairs and settees were likewise of green, and the woodwork was stained in the same color. The doors and chairs were painted white. The cosy corner, in its draperies and furnishings, carried out the same scheme of color. The couch cover and hangings were of cretonne, in which the shades of green and white predominated. The pillows, which fashion now dictates must be twelve in number, were of all kinds of different materials, but harmonized with the general tone of the apartment. There were two very attractive ones of Oriental design, one fashioned of black satin, embroiderd in gold thread, the other in cream-colored cashmere, embroidered with the fashionable empire wreath.

The Baltimore women have set about their work of theater censorship in a sensible way, and one which is likely to prove most effective. They have organized for the purpose of discountenancing plays of an immoral tendency, and they will act by staying awy when a performance of this sort is given. There is, however, to be no public or concerted action. "The society, as a whole," says one of its members, "will not boycott any particular play, which may be considered improper, nor do the members pledge themselves to any such united action. If they join the society they simply promise to weigh carefully in their own minds whether they honestly ought to attend the performance of any play which is generally considered immoral, and whether they ought to encourage bad conduct among the people on the stage by going to see stars whose general reputation is that of an immoral person. Any other course, any vote against a particular play would, if made public, very likely have a result directly opposite to the purposes of this society." The club also has fortnightly meetings, during the theatrical season, at which plays are discussed, and where actors of good reputation will be invited to express their views on the subject. The club is the outgrowth of an idea in the direction of Mrs. Franklin, wife of Prof. Fabian Franklin, of the Johns Hopkins university.

The largest castle in England belongs to the little Countess of Craven, who was Cornelia Bradley Martin, and who has just passed her eighteenth birthday, although she has been a lady of high degree for more than a year. Just think of such a mere school girl assuming the cares and responsibilities of a mansion like Coombe Abbey, where there are fifty guest chambers, with canopied-top couches, and polished oak rafters, dark with age, not to speak of halls, drawing, morning, dining and living rooms.

Just what to wear when one goes "biking" is a question which has long agitated the minds of women who ride a wheel. The New York World seems to have settled the matter by awarding a prize of $75 for "the ideal bicycle suit," which is said to combine elegance with utility and to fulfill all the hygenic and modish requirements set forth by eminent judges of female attire. Let us look at it. According to the World "the suit consists of three parts, bloomers, skirt and jacket. These are made so that any part may be worn without any other part. When both skirt and jacket are worn they are hooked together, beneath a belt, in the back, thereby preventing the unseemly gaping which disfigures some riders. In the back are a couple of plaits, which give a graceful fullness." This costume is chic to a degree has made an appearance of adaptability that commends itself to the "100-mile" rider. Care should be taken in selecting the quality and color of the cloth. Gray, fawn, tan and brown should be chosen in preference to black and blue, as they do not show soil nearly as quickly. Scotch tweeds are very serviceable, but rather warm for summer. In Paris most of the warm weather suits are fashioned of white duck.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Hominy. Cream.
Fried Liver and Bacon.
Hashed Potatoes.
Hot Rolls. Radishes.

LUNCHEON.
Ham Omelet.
Baked Potatoes. Cucumbers.
Buttered Toast. Jam.
Tea.

DINNER.
Clear Tomato Soup.
Olives. Radishes.
Sirloin Steak. Mushrooms.
Potato Balls. Peas in Cases.
Lettuce Salad.
Banana Fritters. Honey Sauce.
Strawberries.
Wafers. Coffee.

PEAS IN CASES.

Select ten nice white turnips of medium size; pare; cut off the tops so that the turnip will stand nicely; then cut off a portion of the bottom and scoop out the center, leaving a wall about half an inch thick, and making a cup out of each turnip; throw into boiling water and let simmer about twenty minutes; drain and fill with French peas that have been very hot, and nicely seasoned with salt, pepper and butter.

Do women know:

That a pink moonstone is the latest novelty for a stickpin.

That at a recent Pasisian function the bodices were all made without the box plaits and blouse effects, which have hitherto been such a feature of the corsage.

That the sweet-scented garden violets have been put to a new use. After wearing a bunch all day, if they are soaked in boiling milk and allowed to stand until cool they will keep the skin soft and free from wrinkles.

That if white kid shoes or gloves are wrapped in blue paper they will not turn yellow.

That knotted fringes are the correct thing on towels.

That in making cocoa it will be found much more delicious if a little vanilla be added as a flavoring.

That the best way to clean marble is to take a bullock's gall, one gill of soap lees, half a gill of turpentine, make a paste with pipe clay, apply to the marble. Let it stand a day or two, then rub it off. If very dirty repeat the application.

DOROTHY DEAN.

Paris Fashion Notes.

Harper's Bazar.

While the bolero, so-called, seems to have gone out, we saw some charming little jackets that are certainly first cousin to the bolero the other day, when we were prowling about in the big houses in search of our spring things. At Rouff's they showed little jackets in brown cloth, very short in the back, the front round and finished with revers, rolling and lying flat, the sides under the arms slashed and finished on either side of the slashings with tiny buttons. The collar turned over, and was finished in front with a flaring cravat of lawn, edged with the ubiquitous ivory lace. I noticed the greatest lot of spangles at Rouff's, especially on evening gowns. Many of the seams of these last were piped with heavy cords of the material; the bodices were blouse shape, covered with spangles or dainty embroidery—there were always flowers over the shoulders. One lovely gown of the most exquisite pink satin had an inverted pleat in the front of the corsage—that is, one very narrow at the bottom and flaring open at the top—the whole made of the pink satin, covered with delicate embroidery in silver. Many of the skirts were cut with what are called pattes on either side of the front breadth, that is two flat overlapping pieces of the material bound with a piping of white satin. A dress of glace silk in a charming design of old-blue, brown and white was made in this way, with loops of black satin ribbon inserted under the pattes in front. The bodice had a wide ceinture or corslet of guipure in a lovely pattern of wheels that came down smooth to a little below the belt, where it formed godets. It was spangled, of course, like everything else. A pretty summer gown of mauve and white taffeta in hair lines was trimmed with pale blue ribbon tied in a bow in front, as in the dresses I have described before, over a drapery of fine old yellow lace. The belt was of blue ribbon, put together to form a wide ceinture, and fastened at one side by two large buttons of Dresden china. Another little model that I have seen repeated in many different houses and in many different colors was of tobacco colored cloth, trimmed again with the Persian embroidery that is so popular. It was cut to give the effect of a long coat, was open in front over a chemisette of fine tucked lawn, trimmed with ivory lace, and came down like a princess dress to end just below the waist, on each side of the front, with the pattes that I have just described.

Chameleon Taffeta Ribbons.

Harper's Bazar.

The latest importations in millinery and dress trimmings are chameleon taffeta ribbons four to six inches wide. They are used as large bows and great choux on round hats, and also in ruches around the crown of large shade hats.

Their best use, however, is to furbish crepon gowns of last summer. As these were very generally completed by black satin ribbon as a collar and belt, with a large collarette of white lace, they are conspicuous this season as no longer new. To make them up to date the black satin is replaced by a draped collar and narrow belt of green and blue chameleon taffeta ribbon. A large algrette bow, or one with broad loops, completes both belt and collar. Instead of the white collar a shallow yoke is added in front of back net thickly wrought with iridescent green and blue spangles, and a very effective bow of the glowing ribbon is placed each side of the bust close to the armholes. The sleeves have draped cuffs of the ribbon. About 80 cents a yard is asked for wide ribbons of chameleon taffeta. These ribbons give a novel touch to very simple gowns of white muslin or crepon that are otherwise without color. The sweet pea coloring, combining blue with rose, are especially pretty for young girls' gowns.

The New Ribbons.

Harper's Bazar.

Dresden ribbons imprinted with the clear bright flower designs familiar on Dresden porcelain, now rival those with the vague chine designs. The violet and rose flowers on white or pale grounds are most popular. These ribbons are most effective as trimmings of plain fabrics, ecru, white or light solid colors, rather than when an attempt is made to match them to the designs of flowered silks, muslins or grenadines. Solid colored faille or satin ribbons are the best choice for figured goods, and should be of the prevailing color to deepen the tone. Violet is the favorite color among plain ribbons, and is used not only to match but in contrast with the material, as on pale blue taffeta, on beige colored crepons and on ecru linen batiste. Changeable rose and blue, producing the rosy violet, is especially liked. Shot taffeta ribbons are also stylish trimmings for summer gowns of light fabrics. Striped ribbons are the choice for the large ribbon collars introduced by Paquin on canvas and crepon gowns. There are also gauze ribbons, with broche flower designs all of one color, to form plastron, stock and belt, with choux, of dresses trimmed with silk gauze revers.

Veils.

Harper's Bazar.

The primary object in using a veil is not to conceal the face or hide the wearer from the recognition of her friends, though in the East, where the veil is a shrouding mantle worn impartially by females of every rank and all degrees of age, this was and is the reason for its assumption. With us no woman desires to put on an air of mystery or in any way disguise herself by the wearing of a veil. She puts it on because it is a heightening of her beauty; her eyes, her skin, her lips, it must be owned, looking prettier and softer and more bewitching through the film of lace or gauze which is tied over them, not so much a mask as an ornament. The veil receives a quantity of dust in its fine meshes, dust which would otherwise sift into the minute pores and lacelike meshes of the superficial skin. A dainty woman dislikes to face dust and wind without protection of her veil. Let her be ever so charmingly arrayed, she can arrive nowhere without fleck and stain, and with her hair in nice order, unless she does a bit of net or chiffon, and thus defies wind and sun.

The wise woman avoids anything bizarre or outre in her veil. Red or blue or lilac, or opaque white, or white with dots of black, is in doubtful taste. Pure sheer white can be worn with very light and dressy toilettes, and by very youthful women, but older persons must shun this, as trying to the complexion and apt to have a wan and ghostly effect. Black is always in order, and there is great variety to be had in it. For a journey, or for a drive in rough weather, or a sail, nothing in the line of veiling equals the old-fashioned and substantial barege, which is useful if not beautiful. As it makes no pretensions to anything except capacity for service, one should not comment on its lack of elegance.

Hints for Keeping Cool.

Harper's Round Table.

It is very much as one looks at it whether one is to suffer or enjoy most during the summer. Fretting and fidgeting and violent fanning adds to one's discomfort. To go right on with one's work and neither think nor care for the heat, often enables one to forget it, and if the mind be only held superior, the body does not so much mind being too warm or too cold. Some foolish people actually fuss and fume themselves into fevers, when summer is reigning in her bounty, ripening fruits and grains, and giving us her splendid skies and sunsets.

To keep the house cool in July, air it thoroughly in the early morning, then close the windows and screen doors, and darken bedrooms and parlors. A dark closed room will be comfortable at midday. Select a cool window, or a corner of the veranda, and carry your book and sewing there, or establish yourself under a tree. Eat cold dishes and ripe fruit. Fan moderately. Do not drink quantities of iced water. Do not let yourself be annoyed or vexed with any one. Bathe at least twice a day, and think pleasant thoughts.

A lawn party is charming for a late afternoon in summer. Invite your friends to come from 5 to 8 o'clock. Spread rugs on the grass and bring out some small tables and rocking chairs. For refreshments have lemon sherbet, sponge cake, ice cream, snow pudding, iced tea or coffee, thin sandwiches or anything else you like. Play lawn tennis or croquet, or any other game you choose.

Cold Dishes for Hot Weather.

Harper's Bazar.

Potted Salmon—Split, scale and clean the salmon, but do not wash; rub with salt and drain off the moisture; season with pounded mace, cloves, black pepper and cayenne pepper. Cut the salmon into small pieces, lay them in a pan, and cover with melted butter. Bake, drain from the fat, put the pieces into pots and cover with clarified butter.

Salmagundi—Wash and open two pickled herrings; remove the meat from the bones, being careful not to break the skin, and keeping the head, tail and fins on it; mince the fish with the breast of a chicken, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, an onion, a boned anchovy, a little grated ham or tongue; season with oil, vinegar, red pepper and salt; fill up the herring skins so that they may look plump, and shape carefully. Garnish with parsley and serve with mustard.

Salmon Jelly—Break the salmon into flakes; season with allspice, nutmeg, salt and pepper; fill a mould with alternate layers of the salmon and aspic jelly. Turn out on a flat dish and garnish with lettuce leaves and hard boiled eggs.

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