

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Handkerchiefs With Colored Borders.
Colored bordered handkerchiefs have come back into style. Some women like them, but they are apt to be the women who enjoy wearing highly colored gloves and veils. The least irritating of these new handkerchiefs to a woman with really refined taste have merely a scalloped edge of fine colored embroidery and a tiny initial in one corner.

Flower Embroidery.
Flower embroidery forms a conspicuous element in the trimming of gowns, writes a Paris correspondent; indeed, there is a danger that it will overstep its purely decorative place and transform a costume into a display of the needlework. Purely decorative and conventionalized patterns seem better suited to the adornment of dresses than even the most marvelously worked patterns designed after nature, but it is the latter that is to be considered.

Shoes for Pet Dogs.
Dogs belonging to some fashionable women are now made to wear shoes. These shoes are made of chamois and have light leather soles. The idea of the inventor was to protect polished floors, but the women who have adopted the shoes for their pets say they have done so to protect, not their floors, but the tender feet of the dogs from cold, heat and rough weather generally. The next thing pet dogs may be turning out in trousers and gowns.—New York Sun.

From Clerkship to Partner.
Miss Marie Catherine Finegan enjoys the distinction of being a member of the firm of commission merchants in Chicago, and has risen to that position from the lowest rungs of the clerical ladder. Fifteen years ago she began work for the firm as cashier, at a salary of \$5 a week. The second week she asked for a raise and received it, this being the only time she was obliged to ask for more pay. By watching closely the work of others she soon obtained a knowledge of their tasks, so that today she is so well posted in all the details of office work that she can, at a moment's notice, take charge of any of the many books used in the commission business.

German Wives and Their Property.
When a woman marries in Germany her property becomes her husband's, absolutely and forever. He can dispose of it whether she objects or not, and if the couple are divorced the property still remains with the husband. When she marries she gives up the small degree of independence she had before. Her husband can compel her to work, and she has no relief or protection, should he prove harsh and unkind, except public opinion.

While German wives, as a rule, seem contented enough with the present venerable law, wealthy American girls who have married German nobles in haste and in ignorance of it, have frequently repented at leisure.—New York Tribune.

Butterflies' Last Hat Trimming.
The ladies who wear alpine hats, pry into other people's affairs, make a desperate howl about "the cruel slaughter of birds to appease woman's vanity," and who eat fried chicken and spring lamb when they can get it and never murmur anything about "the slaughter to appease the glutton," can change their cry. Birds, except the white doves, are no longer used on hats. The fact is not due, however, to the hue and cry of the ladies in the alpine hats and who would look absurd in a picture hat. Fashion has so decreed it. Butterflies on invisible wires hover over the dainty concoctions of lace, chiffon and flowers that grace my lady's head. Sometimes there is a flock of butterflies and each with jeweled eyes and head.

A Common Pocketbook.
The pocketbook question is one of the most serious difficulties of married life. There are very few women who find it pleasant to ask for money, and the number will grow smaller as rapidly as the years go by, for every year more and more girls learn the sweetness of independence. A girl who has earned her own living, even for a little while, never will be entirely satisfied unless made to feel that she has as much right as her husband to what he brings into the house. He may comply with her requests ever so cheerfully, but she will not feel quite fairly treated so long as she is compelled to ask him for what she wishes to spend. There must be a common pocketbook, or the wife must have an allowance, the spending of which is never to be questioned.

Lavender Perfume.
Old-fashioned lavender perfume has come back to favor among the many other revivals of nearly a century ago. It appears in the list of French extracts and sachets, and its delicate fragrance exhales from the petals of choice Parisian made artificial flowers. The odor of lavender is agreeable to many people who do not like other perfumes. In imagination it is always associated with freshness, sweetness and housewifely daintiness. Poets have sung the praises of lavender, and in general estimation the odorous gray-blue-tinted spike ranks next only to the regal rose and the modest violet. Lavender produces a sense of refreshment, and the modest color of the flower seems in perfect unison with its scent. The lavender plant was formerly considered an emblem

of affection, and, sweet and fresh as it always is, has become, from association, the synonym of anything carefully laid by for future use.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Land of Make Believe.
I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not so far away
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand
No matter how short the day;
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there's never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there's nothing beautiful, brave and bold
That one may not achieve
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make Believe!

So spread the sails and away we go
Lighted through the fairy straits;
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow
And the wonderful harbor waits.
On our prow the foam-flecks glance and gleam,
While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the children's dream
Of the Land of Make Believe.
—St. Nicholas.

Some Great Men.
Hans Holbein, the Swiss artist, who lived the early part of the sixteenth century, was only sixteen years old when engaged in painting altar pieces for the churches of Basel, Switzerland.
Benjamin Franklin first discovered electricity by means of a kite made of two cross sticks, a silk handkerchief and a key.
David Rittenhouse, the American scientist, born in 1732 and died in 1796, made the first calculation about eclipses on his plow handle. His name is handed down by Rittenhouse square, one of the aristocratic residence places of Philadelphia.
Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish painter, was educated by his mother, to whom he attributed all his success.

Polly's Mirrors.
Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time, but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.
But last Saturday mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked what she was doing.
"Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully.
So mamma came to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon, and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes, and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh!

Then she scoured another spoon, and soon there was another tiny looking-glass, and another queer little Polly, as funny as the first.
When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play after all.—Youth's Companion.

Playtime in Japan.
The afternoon in every Japanese town or village is devoted to recreation. The boys go out to sail their kites, which are amazing creations of bamboo and paper. A kite fight is an amusement sufficient to bring out the entire adult population. Two kites, sometimes five or six feet in diameter and belonging to rival boys, are sent up. The long tails of the kites have been covered with powdered glass, made to adhere to the tails by means of glue or some sort of mucilage. The fun consists in seeing which kite can longest escape with string uncut by the tail of its rival. As to handle these kites requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of aerial tactics the game becomes a very interesting one. The kite which is cut belongs to the victor—that is, in case it does not go floating off through space.
Mechanical toys are popular. Almost every Japanese boy, provided he lives near a stream, is expert in the manufacture of water wheels and similar toys. Toy dealers abound, and Japanese parents are generous in their gifts of rin, a coin equivalent to the American cent, although only worth about two mills.
The Japanese children have many games. Most of these are quiet and sedate as compared with those of European or American children. The games are largely imitations of the occupations and pastimes of their elders.

A True Story.
"Oh, if I were only a man!" exclaimed Rebecca Bates, a girl of fourteen, as she looked from the window of a lighthouse at Scituate, Mass., during the war of 1812, and saw a British warship anchor in the harbor.
"What could you do?" asked Sarah Winsor, a young visitor. "See what a lot of them the boats contain, and look at their guns!" And she pointed to five large boats filled with soldiers in scarlet uniforms, who were coming to burn the vessels in the harbor and destroy the town.
"I don't care; I'd fight!" said Rebecca. "I'd use father's old shotgun—anything. How still it is in the town! There is not a man to be seen!"
"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."
"The drum!" exclaimed Rebecca.

"How can they use it? It is here. Father brought it home last night to mend. See! They are going to burn father's sloop! Where is that drum? I've a mind to go down and beat it."
As flames began to arise from the sloop the ardor of the girls increased. They found the drum and an old file, and, slipping out of doors unnoticed by Mrs. Bates, soon stood behind a row of sand-hills.
"Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!" went the drum; and "Squeak, squeak, squeak!" went the file.
The Americans in the town thought that help had come from Boston, and rushed into boats to attack the red-coats. The British paused in their work of destruction, and, when the file began to play "Yankee Doodle," they scrambled into their boats and rowed in haste to the warship, which sailed swiftly away.—Mail and Express.

An Affectionate Cat.
There are many who would say that cats feel no genuine affection even for those who have treated them kindly. But, in my judgment, says a writer in Our Animal Friends, this opinion is erroneous. An incident in my own life proves to my own satisfaction that cats do love those who treat them kindly, and that in no small degree.
At about six or seven years of age I came into the possession of a gray kitten, which soon became a treasure to me. I looked after "Tom" myself, gave him his meals regularly—something, too, very often between meals—and lavished upon him all the affection I could. Very soon he showed an affection for me which he bore to no other member of the family; in fact, on more than one occasion he ran away from my brother, who was rather given to teasing him, and came to me for protection.
I used to smuggle Tom to bed with me and hide him under the blankets until I was satisfied no one would come near me again for the night. Then would I drag him forth in triumph from his hiding place and hug him closely to my breast. Tom showing his appreciation by purring loudly and diligently rubbing my neck and chin with his soft cheek. To my sorrow it was only once in a long while that I was allowed this pleasure, as very often my mother in her final look at me for the night would spy my pet or hear him purr, and then Tom would be banished from the room.
Sometimes, when particularly anxious to be with me, he found a way to manage it. During the night, if the window was not open, he forced his way through a pane of glass, and I awoke to find him nestling on the pillow beside my cheek. This may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and I think that Tom must have felt a deep love for me, or he would not have been so eager to be with me. Of course he did not do this sort of thing regularly, but I remember several occasions on which he did so. Every morning he visited me before I was out of bed, and we generally had our breakfast together.

The school I attended was distant about two miles. At first, though loth to leave Tom behind, it never occurred to me to take him with me. But after a time he sometimes accompanied me, either sitting on my shoulders or in my arms or running along by my side. During school hours he remained close by, outside in the woods. At intermission I sought him out, and during the dinner hour let him share my lunch. When school was over he accompanied me home. But he had not the opportunity of doing this very long, because when I was about ten years old I was sent to a school about twenty miles away, and then I saw Tom only about once in three months.

The Columbus of the Skies.
Lacaille has been justly called the true Columbus of the southern skies. Born near Rheims in 1713, and left destitute at an early age, he was educated at the expense of the Duke of Bourbon; having acquired proficiency in theology, like Laplace, he abandoned that profession for the study of science, and by the favor of Cassini became one of the surveyors of the coast from Nantes to Bayonne, and in 1730 took part in the remeasurement of the French arc of the meridian. The perfection with which this work was done secured him admission to the academy of sciences, and a professorship at the college Mazarin, where he worked energetically in a small observatory fitted up for determining the places of the fixed stars. While occupied with this work he became impressed with the need of good observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly he proposed an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, which was officially sanctioned and carried out with marvelous rapidity and success. Landing in April, 1751, at the cape, which was then a mere signal station for Indian vessels, he secured a location in the wild country near the great Table mountain, and in fourteen months had observed the positions of nearly ten thousand stars with a degree of precision never before attempted in that region of the heavens. The great catalogue which he formed from these observations was published in 1763, and reprinted in 1847 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and until within the last twenty years was the chief source of our knowledge of the southern hemisphere.—Atlantic Monthly.

Memorial to Caedmon.
Caedmon, "the morning voice of England," the monk who first sang of the creation of the world's growth, is to have a memorial in the form of a Gothic cross erected on the old abbey heights on the chalk cliffs of Whitby. The inscription will be lines from his poem in Runic letters with a translation in modern English.

Schools and Colleges. Trespass Notices

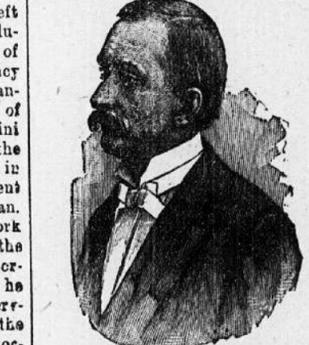
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MRS. I. L. MATTHEWS.

WARNING.
The public is hereby warned against buying wood, posts or timber of any kind from tenants on "Live Oak" plantation.
E. L. NEWSHAM.

Trespass Notice.
From and after this date hunting with dogs or firearms, also seining on the Green Oaks, Seven Pines, Catterwhite, Home and the Carr plantations is positively prohibited under penalty of trespassing. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
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