

The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION

WINNSBORO, S.C., OCTOBER 15, 1898.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

WOMEN TRAINERS.

ONE OF THE NEWEST OCCUPATIONS TAKEN UP BY THE LADIES.

In the New England States there are half-a-dozen women who have gone into the Light Harness Horse Business—Feminine Veterinary Surgeons.

Horse training and driving is the newest of the occupations taken up by women. In the New England States there are half-a-dozen women who have gone into the development of the light harness horse as a business. They are Mrs. Sarah E. Crosby of East Brewster, Mass.; Mrs. Hattie Meader of Winslow, Me.; Mrs. May Gould Woodcock of Ripley, Me.; Miss Leota Elliott of Danforth, Me.; and Miss Esther A. Prescott of Pittsfield.

For the last two seasons these women have trained their own horses and driven them in circuit races. They are all young, educated, represent good old Yankee families and have become first-class whips. Each of them has been familiar with horses from childhood, and from their affection for and the care of their favorites they have become interested in the development of finely bred horses. At the circuit races where they have driven each is accompanied by her husband or members of her family. They have been well received and treated with politeness and deference. No critical or unpleasant expressions seem to have been heard from the great crowds who saw them race.

Recently, at Pittsfield, Me., these women all entered horses in the 2.24 class trotting race, and the 10,000 spectators cheered themselves hoarse as they answered the call of the starter's bell. It is the second race that has ever been trotted on a circuit track under the rules of the National Trotting Association in which women appeared as drivers, and it was a fair and earnest effort for the best horse to win.

Mrs. Meader landed the race. Her horse, Meader Boy, is a fine bay 4-year-old gelding, which was trained entirely by her. Mrs. Meader is 23 years old, a brunette and of small stature. Her driving was skillful and she remained cool and undisturbed at the finish, when the crowd went wild with excitement. Mrs. Meader wore a costume similar to that generally adopted by women for bicycling—short skirt, high boots, shirt waist and small, close-fitting cap.

Mrs. Crosby drove Linnie G., trained by herself, and won second money. She has the reputation of being the best woman driver in America. She has an attractive appearance, weighs 140 pounds, and is tall and graceful. On Cape Cod she has a breeding and racing establishment, where she has a number of first-class driving and trotting horses.

Miss Esther Prescott's horse was third in the race. She is an expert driver and managed her horse well. Pretty, blonde Miss Elliott, twenty-one years old, won fourth place, driving Lady Goodwin.

Mrs. Woodcock, who drove Mollie C., has been driving and handling her own horses for fifteen years, and counts them as her best friends. At her home at Spring Dale farm at Ripley she keeps half a dozen horses always in training, and has also acquired a reputation as a teacher of acting horses. After experimenting with many styles of dress, Mrs. Woodcock has finally adopted a bloomer costume for track driving, which she finds is suitable.

The first woman's race with bicycle sulky in the world was started last year on the same track. The experiment was so successful that it was repeated in the circuit races just held.

Other branches of the horse business that are successfully conducted by women are stock raising and veterinary surgery. At Roslyn, L. I., Mrs. Phoebe Tabor Willets has a large stock farm and dairy, which, after years of hard work, she has developed into one of the best establishments of its kind. Mrs. Willets started in with butter making, then became interested in the breeding of cows, and finally gave her attention also to horses. She does a large business in all three departments and is a member of the Guernsey Cattle association.

Veterinary surgery has been practiced frequently by women for the last five years, and in many cases with more than the ordinary degree of success. Last year a number of young women entered the veterinary college in New York, and one of the pupils of that institution of a few years ago has established a paying veterinary practice on Long Island.—New York Sun.

MUSIC AS A HAIR RESTORER.

Last September Dr. Ferrand read to the French academy a paper on music. He showed its effect on the body and mind of a patient by practical demonstrations. Dr. Betzelsky, the famous Russian savant, told of the therapeutic worth of music. He pointed out the fact that musical composers usually have very heavy heads of hair, and proposed to prove that music is directly responsible for it.

Piano players always have tremendous quantities of hair. Paderewski being one of the many cited to prove the theory. Harpists, violinists and cellists, too, usually have a fair amount of hair, as the long-locked M. Ysaye witnesses.

If a little experiment proves the doctor's theory correct a well-equipped orchestra may become part of every properly conducted hairdressing establishment, and floods of melody from a big cornet may pour upon the customer's head after the electric fan has done its duty in drying the hair.—Chicago Record.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S JOKE.

How He Gave an Exhibition of His Unerring Marksmanship.

Colonel Thomas H. Barry, adjutant-general to Major-General Otis, before leaving for Manila told a good story of Major-General Shafter's shooting in the days when he was a colonel on the Mexican border. A day before he took ship for the Philippines Barry, with Brigadier-General Hughes and a Chronicle representative, discussing Shafter's gallantry before Santiago, said:

"I was Shafter's aide three years ago when we both were bronzing under the hottest sun that shines in these states. Shafter was known as the best shot not only in his regiment, but in the whole country about. One day an officer from another regiment, not acquainted with Shafter's ability in this line, visited the post and seemed it apparent to us that he esteemed himself about as expert a marksman as ever pulled a trigger. We secretly laughed at his opinion of himself, and whispered to each other, 'Just wait till Pecos Bill gets after him.'"

"Well, his time came. One morning Shafter and I started out to ride forty miles or more to another post, and the visitor asked to be allowed to accompany us. We trotted along easily until about noon, when we halted to eat our luncheon, which we packed with us. At that time officers carried short carbines on such service, and I had one strapped to my saddle. The conversation drifted from the topography of the country to marksmanship, and the officer—call him Smith—said: 'Say, colonel, have you got any shots in your regiment?'"

"Shafter smiled and replied: 'Have I? Why, I've got some men that can discount the sharpshooter's you read about. Officers, too. I'm not much myself, but when you get back to the fort I'll tell a few of the good ones to show you a thing or two.'"

"Just then an antelope sprang up a quarter of a mile away, and all seeing it at the same moment reached for their carbines. Shafter was quickest, and in a second adjusted the sights to 600 feet and blazed away. Down came Mr. Antelope, and when we rode up to where he lay we found a bullet hole over his head."

"Smith examined the wound, looked over the carbine, and then muttered, half aside, 'Not bad. You say you're not in it with other officers in your regiment, colonel?'"

"No," said Shafter, "I'm ashamed of myself alongside of them." "A couple of hours later another antelope appeared, but farther away. Smith fidgeted a moment and then said eagerly, 'Colonel, may I go after him?'"

"Pshaw. You wouldn't chase him on horseback at that distance," exclaimed Shafter, seizing the weapon and leveling it as he spoke. "I'll put lead in his head."

"He fled and we saw the animal bound away. Smith was gleeful. 'A little high, colonel,' he shouted as we galloped on. Reaching the place where the game had been, we were on a high rising piece of ground, and, looking down fifty feet, Shafter pointed to a dark object and said quietly, 'I guess I got the head.'"

"Sure enough, the antelope was lying dead, with a bullet hole through his left ear. Smith looked as disgusted as any man I ever saw."

"And the officers are better?" he queried. "Shafter's eyes twinkled. 'Lieut. Smith,' he replied, 'with assumed sternness, I want you to say nothing of this at the post. I ought to have hit him in the eye, and I feel ashamed of my poor aim.'"

"Smith, who had no sense of humor, was dumfounded. For years after he spread the fame of Colonel Shafter as a marksman far and wide."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Railroad's Thoughtfulness.

Commuters on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad in New Jersey are inclined to challenge a new regulation which has just been enforced on the ground that it smacks of paternalism. As each brakeman calls a station, as for instance, Hackensack, he does it in this fashion: "Hackensack! Don't forget your b-n-d-l-e-s." Occasional passengers find these calls very amusing and as each station is announced they grin at the brakeman, who doesn't enjoy the new regulation, and then look around to see the commuters pick up their bundles. Undoubtedly this new regulation was suggested by the number of bundles which commuters left behind them in the cars and then bothered the railroad company to look up for them. "I object to this regulation," said one of the commuters. "If the railroads are going into this business, the first thing we will know the brakeman will call out: 'Hackensack! Have you forgotten to mail your wife's letter?' or perhaps it will be 'Montclair! Remember to stop at the butcher's.' I invited a friend to come out and spend the night with me a short time ago, and he began to laugh when the first station was announced. 'As station after station was reached, and the brakeman sang out monotonously at each: 'Don't forget your bundles,' his merriment increased. 'He would talk about nothing else at dinner, and when he said 'good night' to us, he added: 'Don't forget your bundles.' It's kind of the railroad, of course, but I don't like it.'"

Vesuvius' Output of Lava.

Lava streams that have flowed out of Vesuvius during the last three years have deposited 105,000,000 cubic metres of lava on the sides of the mountain. A cone of lava 330 feet high has been formed, out of which fresh streams are flowing. The valleys on either side of the observatory peak have been completely filled up.

GOOD ROADS FOR CUBA.

THE ISLAND IS A NATURAL PARADISE FOR WHEELMEN.

The Picturesque Beauty of the Scenery is Sure to Attract the Attention of the American Cyclist—The Militant Apostle of Better Highways is General Stone.

It might seem a trifle premature to consider Cuba as a favorite resort for wheelmen. The island is not now blessed with many roads available for anything more than mule trains, but the militant apostle of good roads, General Roy Stone, has shown in Porto Rico what a little Yankee energy can do for the improvement of highways and, of course, the same can be done in Cuba, and doubtless will be done now that the island has ceased to be a colony of Spain. For one thing, the picturesque beauty of the island, enhanced by the charm of its semi-tropical verdure, is sure to attract the attention of American wheelmen, and when wheelmen get their eye on a country it is certain that the condition of its roads will speedily improve. In the case of Cuba, however, wheelmen will find that their task will be not so much the improvement as the creation of roads, for practically no roads worthy of the name exist, and even the streets of the cities and towns are in a wretched condition. Were the people native mule endowed with speech like his kinsman of the Bahama story, he would undoubtedly cry out against what passes for a street in a typical Spanish town. It will sound a little strange to read of century runs being made in Cuba, but the thing may happen, and that, too, before many years.

In the winter, with the improved sanitary conditions that will soon obtain in the Cuban cities, the island will become a favorite resort for a multitude of Americans. The beautiful Isle of Pines will probably become one of the most popular places in the West Indies. Even in the midst of their fierce fighting our sailor and soldier boys were struck by the charm of the country around Santiago. Scattered about in the sugar districts of Cuba are splendid sugar plantations owned by Cubans and Americans, whose owners, under a decent and stable government, would soon open up the country by good roads and other improvements. Then there is the centre of the island, as yet practically unexplored and forested, but said to contain great forests of valuable woods. "It will not be long before this terra incognita will be opened up under the stimulus of American enterprise. Towns will arise, railroads will be constructed, and then about that time along will come the wheelmen, not long after which we shall hear of this, that and the other bicycle path or path running it may be, through a grove of palm trees, while the air is laden with a tropical fragrance and the stillness of the forest is punctuated with the notes of strange birds. If the adventurous American wheelman fails to take advantage of this new and delightful experience, we have very much misjudged him."

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

Captain Sigbee's Lost Dinner.

Somebody aboard the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul got a fine dinner that wasn't intended for him, and Captain Sigbee was the loser, says the Philadelphia Record. While the St. Paul was making the run from Montauk Point to New York, the captain's cook prepared for him a fine pair of mackerels, of which Captain Sigbee is especially fond. "Orders had been given to the cook to be particularly careful in the roasting of the birds, and he brought them forth from the oven nicely browned. The captain, upon the bridge, had had his mouth set for them all morning, and occasionally fancied he could smell their cooking. Just a few minutes before dinner time, while the cook's backs were turned, somebody whisked those two delicious birds out of the galley, and disappeared with them. The St. Paul is a big ship, and the thief had ample opportunity to hide himself, while he got on the outside of the post-duck. At any rate, he was never caught, nor was there any clew to identify. Captain Sigbee was obliged to content himself with a can of sardines."

False Report.

"I was very sorry to hear that you had failed, Jones," said his next-door neighbor.

"It was a slander, sir. I did not fail. It was my plans that failed, sir. Had they succeeded I could have paid every dollar I owe and had a handsome fortune left."—Detroit Free Press.

Bananas in Porto Rico.

Porto Rico's annual product of bananas is given as 200,000,000 and of cocoanuts 3,000,000.

TRAGEDY OF CAT ISLAND.

A Chapter From Early Missouri River Steamboating History.

"There used to be a place in the river north of here that was called Cat Island," said Billy Alford to a St. Joseph, (Mo.) News man the other day. He is an old time engineer, and many years ago was familiar with every mile of the Missouri river. He was assured that an island bearing the same name is still in existence. "It may be the same place, and it may not," said Alford. "The river is so treacherous that it may have washed that island away and formed another one in its place since I knew anything about it. There was a big tree on the island as I remembered it, and we used it once to hang the rankest gambler on the river. We tolerated that man three seasons, because the river men did not want to resort to violence. At first he seemed to be square, but we began to hear whispers about him. It was in 1858 that he fleeced a young fellow out of \$5000—just a plain case of robbery. He had let the young fellow win just to get him interested, and then aimed to take in the whole thing. Somehow the young fellow got hold of the wrong cards when there was \$9000 in the pot."

The youth reached for all the money on the board, but the gambler made a grab for it, and took as much as his hand would hold. Stuffing it into his pocket as he ran, he jumped overboard and made for the shore. By the time we realized what was going on he was far astern; but the captain sent a boat after him, loaded with armed men. They had to shoot him and break his arm before he would stop. That was near the place known as Cat Island, and we headed the Henrietta—that was the name of the boat—for the shore. The mate and a dozen men did the job, and the inexperienced young man from the east got his money back. The young fellow left the boat at Omaha and came back down the river ahead of us. When we returned the body of the gambler was still hanging to the tree. The other young man, who had been fleeced, had come to St. Joseph and committed suicide on account of remorse—his body and money was sent back to his father, and I heard afterward that the old man said that the boy was worth more dead than he was alive. He said the youth left home with \$10 and a new suit of clothes."

"It seems that he knew his cards himself, and that he had got the best of the man we hanged in a former game at Cincinnati. We used to feel mighty queer after that when we passed Cat Island in the night. I never knew why it was called Cat Island, but I imagined it was given the name because it was inhabited only by cats. I know I could hear their cries every time we passed the place after that hanging, and it made the cold shivers run down my back. There is a close connection between cats and murders and ghosts, anyway. I have wondered a thousand times who the man was we hanged on the island that night with this little ceremony. He was not a young man, but he was a handsome fellow, and might have had a family somewhere. I have wondered if some woman and little children did not wait years and years for him to come back, and wonder what had become of him. They might have believed him to be an honest man, engaged in a legitimate business, and might have loved him just as well. I don't believe the body was ever taken off the island, but I don't really know what became of it. I never heard anything more about it."

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelman, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

Washing Streets for Diamonds.

Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Kimberley, South Africa, the diamond city, is the "street washing," which has been a recognized industry for some time past. With the exception of two or three of the principal thoroughfares all the streets have been subjected to the washing process, and some of the debris washers have done very well. The "washing" consists of overhauling the earth for diamonds.

At nearly every meeting of the borough council applications for permission to wash streets or portions of streets are received. The would-be washer has to obtain the consent of persons resident in the street or road, to put the latter into sound repair again and pay title to the municipality in the shape of 10 per cent. on his gross finds. Last year \$4800 was paid to the municipality in that way, a good proportion of which represented commission on street finds.

In the early days of the diamond fields the ground was washed in a very primitive style, many diamonds being thrown away in the debris, as it is called. This debris was subsequently used for street-making purposes, and now, years after, with better machinery at their disposal, people find it pays to "wash the streets."

Many houses built on "maiden" debris are removed in order to wash the latter, and stones of comparatively large size are frequently found by the energetic debris washer, who literally works from morn to night, from sunrise till sunset.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Historical Quilt.

One of the exhibits which attracted widespread attention at an historical exhibition given in Saunteries recently was a quilt, the property of Mrs. Richard Lewis of that village, who is a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Judson, a clergyman, who came over on the Mayflower. The figures of the quilt were colored an indigo blue, with a die spot, in vogue at that period. The colors in the quilt are in a good state of preservation.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

An Afternoon Gown.

For an afternoon gown, silk mousseline is not thought too perishable for glove sleeves, and a shaped flounce skirt with lace gimpura insertion at both edges of the knee flounce; waist of gimpura of a creamy shade over white or colored silk, and a high stock collar of the same, with a quaint silver and enameled buckle at the back. Sash of white ribbon with the accustomed buckle at the back, which now accompanies every well tied sash.

Queen Victoria's Maids.

The eight unmarried ladies who hold office as Victoria's maids of honor have some privileges. They are given the prefix of "Honorable" and on marrying receive from the Queen the gift of \$5000. One or two maids of honor reside for a fortnight at a time at Windsor or Osborne. The distinctive badge worn by maids of honor is a bow of scarlet ribbon on the shoulder, while the ladies in waiting wear a white bow with the Queen's cameo portrait. The dowry of a maid of honor has been given for at least 150 years, but is according to her majesty's pleasure, and in 1868 it was refused to one lady who engaged herself in marriage without the consent of her royal mistress.

One Woman's Funeral.

Mrs. Nancy L. Baker, a rich woman of St. Louis, Mo., who died recently, was a woman of very strong opinions. Although her death was sudden, her funeral was as she desired it should be, having long since given instructions to her friends; how she wished it conducted. After cremation the ashes were carried to the undertaker's in a small copper box. There the ashes were poured into a handsome Edgeworth urn, which was heretofore used to a foundation of wood covered with heavy black velvet. Two silver handles were on each side for the pallbearers, and on one side a silver plate, with name and date of death. The urn and foundation were then put in a heavy oak box and carried to her home in Indiana, the vase being finally placed in the family vault.

Pelerin in Style.

An article of particular interest and prominence in the world of fashion, and one which, like the phoenix, has risen from the ashes of his former self with new glories and new endowments, is the cape.

With its form this useful garment has changed its name—pelerine it is now called, and it is generally made of cloth. Its shape is long behind, reaching to about 20 inches from the ground, and sloping in soft curves toward the front, where it fastens with but one or two hooks or frogs under the chin and over the chest. The graceful curves are invariably edged by the omnipresent serpentine flounce, and the large faring Stuart collar encircles the neck. The modern pelerine is a garment which appeals at once to practical as well as to artistic tastes, as it combines with elegance of form all those qualities which so long endeared the cape to its wearers, besides offering greater protection from inclemencies of the weather.—Brussels letter in the St. Louis Star.

A Girl's Voice.

A distinguishing difference between the English and the American girl is in the voice, and comparison does not result favorably for the latter. The low tones which Shakespeare recommended and which are among the most attractive charms of the 19th century English women are the exception, not the rule, with the American.

The girl whose father's bank account is sufficiently large to send her to a school of the "finished" type is expected to return with a certain amount of knowledge and mental discipline, but to her social abilities and charms much more thought is given. Least of her accomplishments, she must dance, have some music, perhaps sing; she must be perfect mistress of herself at teas, dinners and receptions, with small talk ever ready. But to the accomplishment of all she does, her speaking voice, how much, rather how little, real attention is directed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Romance of Cameos.

It was Mrs. Freddy Gebhard who discovered a little old genius, hidden away in a back street in Richmond, Va., chipping lovely profiles out of agate stones.

A price was offered on the spot, and the old fellow put to work on a big and beautiful cameo of Mrs. Gebhard herself.

It proved a striking one, the lovely head being cut in white against a background of sapphire blue stone.

This Mrs. Gebhard had framed in diamonds. She wore it like a miniature brooch.

The cameo cutter's lucky stars were out just then. Every woman who saw Mrs. Gebhard's brooch and could afford one, went to do likewise. Orders tumbled in and they are coming still. The heirlooms of future generations will be treasures of art.

From the cameo comes the "cameo photograph" and women who can't afford the little stone cutter are going to the photographer to get those pure cold profile effects in a different likeness.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen.

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require from time or eternity?

No matter how many mistakes you may have made. The point is—what have you learned by them?

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept full; convenient food and aliment only will inflame it with a desire of knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Be sure you give men the best of your wares, though they be poor enough, and the gods will help you to lay up a better store for the future. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.

SLOW-BURNING POWDER.

The Brown Prismatic Powder and the Way It is Loaded in Charges.

E. B. Rogers of the United States Navy in an article on "Big Guns and Armor of our Navy" in the St. Nicholas says:

Black powder, with its glistening grains, is unfitted for our modern guns, because it explodes too quickly, and when the charge is fired it turns almost instantaneously into gas, exerting immediately all its force, which, of course, decreases when the shot moves toward the muzzle, because the gas has more room (that is, the inside of the gun) to expand in.

But nowadays what is called "slow-burning" powder is used. When it is ignited the projectile at first moves slowly; but as the powder continues burning, the quantity of gas, and consequently the pressure, is constantly increasing; thus the speed of the shot becomes greater and greater as it goes out of the gun. Sometimes grains of powder still burning are thrown out when the gun is fired, which shows how slowly it ignites.

English Lace for Dresses.

In view of the extensive use of lace for the dresses by Paris dressmakers, a correspondent of the Ladies' Pictorial has been investigating the subject. She says: I found the lace dress delightfully an evidence in the practical form of beautifully shaped overskirts of lace, all ready just to be sewn into the waistband of the silken underskirt, while material for the bodies is also provided. One lovely lace skirt in black marquis lace, and another in ivory tambour lace in the loveliest of designs—a close floral border, headed by festoons of flowers, which give the fashionable flounce effect—lace for the bodice being in each case provided.

In view, too, of the Parisian popularity of black Chantilly lace, above all others, let me tell you that there are some skirts in this lovely lace where the design takes the form of stripes, radiating outward from the waist and then curving round above the deep flounce effect.

Lace apart, there are, too, some daintily lovely white muslin robes, the skirt shaped and the bodice provided with insertions of lace alternating with stripes of embroidery for trimming, while others are in fine muslin, bordered with we're tucks headed by the effective openwork laderstick, and further decorated at intervals with insertions of lace and a fine tracery of embroidery.

White chiffon flouncing, too, bordered with an applique of fine black lace, headed by true lovers' knots, is a very desirable acquisition of the moment. And then there is a delightful little novelty—a boa of ruffled point d'esprit, all edged with white satin baby ribbon, or again in white, edged with black or colored ribbon. You can also have it in white chiffon, with a narrow bordering of black lace. It is the most delightful finish to a summer costume, and it hangs with a particular grace over the bodice.

Fashion Notes.

Black and white laces are finished with the narrowest satin ribbon over part of the pattern as though it was an embroidery.

China crepe and mousseline dresses are worn over taffeta, with an interlining of mousseline to give them the desired fluffy look.

A brooch that represents a standard, useful and safe style for those who buy only at rather long intervals takes the round form, having one large center stone with others radiating from it.

The novelty in umbrella heads has taken a step toward reviving the old style of hammered silver in pondarou designs of various round shaped heads. These are mounted on hard wood and are both artistic and attractive.

Bangles are being shown at the silversmith's. They are made of heavy plain or chased silver, to slide over the hand in the manner of Japanese bracelets. When the bangle is large only one is worn, but little silver wire bracelets are worn in great numbers. A newly engaged girl wears a plain gold bangle of this sort, which is soldered on her arm.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen.

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require from time or eternity?

No matter how many mistakes you may have made. The point is—what have you learned by them?

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept full; convenient food and aliment only will inflame it with a desire of knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Be sure you give men the best of your wares, though they be poor enough, and the gods will help you to lay up a better store for the future. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.

SLOW-BURNING POWDER.

The Brown Prismatic Powder and the Way It is Loaded in Charges.

E. B. Rogers of the United States Navy in an article on "Big Guns and Armor of our Navy" in the St. Nicholas says: