

FRESH FEMINE FINERY.

New Materials and Trimmings for Best Season's Gowns—Rain-Proof Velveteens.

For general wear next season mohair or mohair brilliantine will be greatly favored. Black, blue, gray and brown will be equally fashionable colors.

A very becoming evening toilet made for a brilliant young brunette is composed of orange colored crepe de chine with a graduated flounce of orange satin royal joined with an irregular pattern of Mechlin lace en applique, threaded here and there with black velvet baby ribbon covered with gold spangles.

Corduroy and rain-proof velveteens are constantly growing in popular favor for costumes, jackets and pretty winter suits for children.

A gown in mauve and white striped muscovite silk. The skirt is a two piece model, with a seam down the center, front and back. It is trimmed on the lower half with three boucles of silk-dotted net.

"Summer velvet" is among the list of very elegant materials to be employed in the creation of spring gowns and garnitures—and also in the formation of decoration of Easter millinery.

NEVER QUOTE THEM RIGHT.

Trite Sayings That Are Seldom Correctly Reproduced in General Conversation.

Nearly everyone is fond of quoting from the poets and dramatists, and nearly everyone commits some egregious error in his quotations.

"The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins" (Peter, 2:1), is almost always distorted into "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

"How often we hear people, quoting the passage on mercy from the Merchant of Venice, say: 'It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven,' whereas the bard wrote 'Falleth as the gentle rain.'"

"We quote with great complacency: 'The man that hath no music in his soul,' whereas what Shakespeare wrote was: 'The man that hath no music in himself.' In his 'Lycidas' Milton wrote: 'Fresh woods and pastures new,' but it is almost always misquoted as 'Fresh fields and pastures new.' In 'Henry and Emma' Matthew Prior wrote: 'Fine by degrees and beautifully less,' a phrase which has become in popular use: 'Small by degrees and beautifully less.'"

Bury Me Spoke.

He was sitting in the parlor while his fiancée was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated almost opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself, she said: "Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?"

"I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across it would make a lovely guitar."

But he never finished his sentence.—St. Louis Republic.

ELOQUENT PROTEST.

Supposititious Plea of Indian Chief to the White Father.

Recent Order Against Tribal Customs May Be Declimated Against In Following Fanciful Frame, But Not Very Likely.

Attention has been called to the fact that the interior department has directed that the Indians on the government reservations must give up certain of their oldest customs and conform to civilized ways.

These are serious changes for the noble red men, and they may lead to others almost as serious. The department may even insist upon weekly baths, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It may ask the remnants of a once mighty race to dance the two step and sing ragtime songs.

"White father, we greet you. How, how? Our brothers have sent us, and we are here. And that's a joke. We come, great chief of the dazzling teeth, to say to you that your young men are not treating us right. Ugh! They would deprive us of our inheritance and our customs. They would rob us of our birthright. Once we were more numerous than the leaves that cumber the autumn hillside from Hoopla to Raw Dog. Our camp fires blazed on every rise of ground. Now we are scarcer than honest men on a county tax list.

"The oppressor says to us: 'You must not paint your faces!' Shades of the mighty Mohicans, think of it! Think of it, ye whooping Tascororas! For shame! Are there to be no more fancy mugs among the Minnegoes? Is the art of the nose trimmed to pass like the wind that rustles in the long grass? Will the brush of Pugaobah, the smearer of red, and of Winkybo, the spatterer of white, be cast aside like the tail feathers of the Huzmaguz, the firefly? Perish the thought."

"And again they say to us: 'You must no longer dance the dance of Ah-yi, the dance of the red warriors.' And yet that dance has come down to us from the dim Puffalo, the way-back period to which memory no longer runs. And this is the dance they would destroy, a dance that combines the stately stride of the bounding buffalo with the grace of the cinnamon bear. And again the oppressor cries to us. He says: 'Get your hair cut!' Yes, great white father, that's what he says. He tells us to get our hair cut. He wants us to have it trimmed and shampooed, and even bayrummed. And what will be the consequences of this inhuman mandate? We will have to keep it combed. Ugh!

"It was not so in that older day by the laughing water, by the gurgling Minnehaha or the sluggish Kaw. Not much. When our red warriors brought a white man home with them they did not bid them seek a barber shop. No, indeed. They resorted to no such discourtesy. They said nothing about hair cuts. They just leaned him against a stake and piled a little dry wood around him and gave him a singe!

"If it ever happened that a dusky child of the forest felt that a child of the palefaces would look better with a reduced quantity of hair he took it off in a way that never drew any protest from the original owner. Alas, how different the customs then."

"Behold us here as suppliants, dread chief. Our people are scattered; our young men have taken up cigarettes and our maidens, who once hunted the graceful deer, now hunt for bargains that are dearer."

"Grant our petition, for if you do we'll whop it up for you to beat the band on the earliest possible occasion. Ugh! Calicoola has spoke. Now me done."

And wrapping his bed blanket a little closer around him, the great chief sits down.

It had been impressed upon little Mary that she must receive offerings graciously, and never fail to show her appreciation of even the smallest present.

A friend having given her a "chance" at the church grab-bag, she drew a very large and industrious-looking fine-tooth comb.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the well-trained child, eagerly, "that's just what I want. I need it the most in the world."

Mary couldn't understand why everybody smiled except her mother.—Judge.

It Didn't Work.

"I read an article on 'The Management of Husbands' in the Ladies' Own Journal which said that the surest way to put a man into a good humor was to have an elegant dinner waiting for him when he came home from work," said Mrs. Duzitt.

"And did you make the experiment?" asked Mrs. Duzitt.

"Yes; and he has been mad ever since because of the expense of the dinner."—Baltimore American.

EXTERMINATING INSECTS.

How to Rid the House of the Various Pests That Torment the Housekeeper.

Carbolic acid is one of the best aids in housekeeping, and a housewife who uses this chemical with judgment will find it a valuable friend. The cheapest form is to buy the crystals and put four ounces in a bottle. Place the bottle on a pad of paper in a saucepan and surround with cold water; place on the stove and when dissolved pour into a quart bottle which is nearly full of cold water; cork securely and place out of reach of children.

Ants are often exterminated by brushing this solution around their haunts, but the most effective method of destroying ants is to wipe the under part of shelves, floors or wherever they congregate with a cloth slightly moistened with kerosene. One application will drive them away. If they have nests about the outer part of the cellar, pour about a cupful of kerosene in their haunts.

Fleas are often very troublesome during the summer months. If the carpet or matting of a room is wiped with a cloth wrung from carbolic acid water, using two tablespoonfuls to a half pint of water, and all the wood-work wiped, fleas will find new quarters. Air the room thoroughly after using the acid, and the odor will soon pass away. If this is not effective the following preparation sprayed in infested places will drive them away. Put four ounces of oil of eucalyptus and four ounces of alcohol in one bottle; into a second bottle put four ounces of ether and two ounces of bay. Let stand half a day, shaking occasionally, then mix. Keep the bottle well corked. This preparation will drive fleas away also. Sprinkle a few drops about the room. The odor is not unpleasant, being balsamic and spicy.

Cockroaches are often very troublesome during the heated term. Cleanliness and constant vigilance is the one safeguard against them. Do not allow children to scatter crumbs, and be careful to remove or cover closely all food at night. Damp cloths should not be thrown in corners, and all soiled clothes must be placed in a closely-covered receptacle in an outhouse. Turpentine added to the water, when washing the kitchen floor, is a good preventive, and a wash of a tablespoonful of carbolic acid to a quart of water, applied with a brush, will exterminate them.

Hot solution of alum, using two ounces of alum to a pint of water, is one of best insect exterminators. It will destroy cockroaches, ants, etc., but it must be applied hot with a brush, therefore it cannot be used on varnished wood or painted articles, as it would destroy the paint or varnish also. If the hot alum water or a solution of carbolic acid has been used on the floors before the carpets have been laid moths will not be troublesome. If, however, this precaution has not been taken and moths have begun to eat the carpets, take the tacks out and turn the carpet half a yard; wash the boards and floor with a strong solution of the acid, putting it on with a brush and forcing into all the cracks. When dry lay the carpet back and tack in place, then with a sponge wrung from a strong solution of the acid, go over the carpet, rubbing it well. Change the water frequently. This will destroy all the larvae.

To exterminate bed-bugs mix in a large bottle one pint each of wood alcohol and turpentine, and one ounce each of corrosive sublimate and gum camphor. Shake thoroughly; apply the wash with a small brush, forcing it into all crevices and going over all the furniture. It is a deadly poison, so keep guarded.

To get rid of mice, one of the safest methods is to mix a cup of flour with a cup of plaster. Cover all food and place this where they can reach it. They never come back for the second helping.

To Cure Brittle Nails.

A professional manicure says that the brittleness of finger nails noticeable in winter comes from extreme cold. The temperature affects the nails of some persons more than those of others, but almost any nails are more difficult to care for in winter than in summer. It is possible sometimes to relieve this brittleness by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nails and finger ends at night, after which a pair of old gloves should be drawn over the hands. Persons whose nails show great brittleness in cold weather should be very careful not to leave the hands uncovered out of doors for a moment, and should also take the precaution to draw on a loose glove if working at the fire for any purpose, as the extremes of dry and heat and sharp cold injure some nails seriously.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Turnip Croquettes.

Mix well together two cupfuls cold minced duck or venison, one cupful cold mashed turnips, one grated raw onion, juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful grated horseradish, one cupful bread crumbs, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and seasoning to taste. Form into croquettes, roll in bread crumbs, and fry to a nice brown. Serve on buttered toast. Almost any cold meat may be used in this way. Equal quantities of mashed turnips and mashed potatoes, nicely seasoned, also make very nice vegetable croquettes.—Ladies' World, New York.

BROTHER SPEARS' DEFEAT.

When He Was Compelled to Sing in Court It Speedily Healed the Fate of His Case.

Col. C. C. Fogle, attorney-at-law, of Lancaster, Mo., relates the following legal incident, according to the Macon (Mo.) Republican.

"One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dycart, who some 20 years ago was a resident of our county. Sam, when he lived up our way, was engaged to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country by laughing and giggling. The case attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity. T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were of good families. It was their first offense. They candidly admitted that they laughed out in church, and the state insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned.

"Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of puritanic type, was the prosecuting witness. He had conducted the services, and he testified that his peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the rioters. After he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands waiting for the defendant's attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to wait. The examination went like this:

"Brother Spears, you led the meeting last night?" "I did, sir." "You prayed?" "I did, sir." "And preached?" "I tried to."

"And sung?" "I sung." "What did you sing?" "There is a fountain filled with blood," sir.

"Here Mr. Dycart pulled a hymnbook from his pocket and handed it to the witness with the remark:

"Please turn to that song, Brother Spears." "The witness did so." "That's what you sang last night?" "It is, sir." "Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please." "What!" "You heard what I said, Brother Spears."

"But I can't sing before this sort of crowd." "Brother Spears" with much apparent indignation, do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?" "No—no—but, you see—"

"Your honor," said Mr. Dycart, "I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to just as he did on the night of the alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence and very important. The reason for it will be disclosed later on."

"There was a long jangle between the lawyers, and the court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing. "And mind you, Brother Spears," said Dycart, seriously, "you must sing it just as you did that night; if you change a note you will have to go back and do it all over again."

"The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you and to a crowd of courtroom habitués. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how those old-time hymns are sung in the backwoods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement. That's the way the witness sung. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. It seemed to threaten the window lights. The crowd didn't smile—it just yelled with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The court bit his cob pipe harder and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man and the other to Sam Dycart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him. When the time for speech-making came Sam remarked to the jury:

"If you gentlemen think you could go to one of Brother Spears' meetings and behave better than you have here, why, you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls."

"That was all he said," concluded Col. Fogle, "but the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home, and court adjourned."

In Making Candy.

An experienced candy-maker advises that there should be nothing boiling on the stove to throw off steam while sugar is cooking for fondant, and that in the summer season a damp, rainy day should not be selected for the work. Uncooked fondant is much easier to make than the cooked, but needs to be used at once to be satisfactory. Measure out water equal to the whites of two unbeaten eggs. Beat the eggs to a froth, add the water, and gradually beat in confectioners' sugar until there is a paste that can be handled. This fondant makes the base for unlimited combinations of sweets.—N. Y. Post.

Beef Omelet.

Chop one pound of raw beef very fine; roll three crackers to a dust and mix with them one-half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add two well-beaten eggs and mix all together thoroughly with a seasoning of salt, pepper and powdered herbs; put a lump of butter in a baking dish, let it melt and then put in the mixture; let it bake one-half an hour. Turn out on a very hot platter, fold over as you would an omelet, and pour any kind of a meat sauce around it.—Boston Budget.

AN ODD FATALITY.

Painting of Shoshone Falls That Involved Death of Artist.

Protracted Stay in Solitude While Making Sketches Unseats His Reason and Dissolution Soon Follows.

An odd painting, the production of which drove the artist into a madhouse, was recently dug up in a curio shop in Omaha, Neb., and has been purchased by the American Art association. Twenty years ago, says a special correspondent of the Inter Ocean, Charles Dewey and other capitalists of Omaha were interested in bringing Shoshone falls to the attention of the traveling public. The Oregon Short line was then being constructed, and its opening made the Idaho wonder spot comparatively easy of access, although it is situated fully 30 miles from the railway. Mr. Dewey and his friends thought a mammoth painting of the falls would be an attractive advertisement, and Robert Landeryou, an English artist, was commissioned to paint it.

Shoshone falls are located in one of the most desolate spots on the American continent. After a drive of 30 miles across a barren sagebrush plain, the visitor finds himself on the brink of a narrow canyon, through which, 1,200 feet below, runs the Snake river. The sides of the canyon are precipitous, and descent to the river can be made only by means of a tortuous winding trail. At the end of the trail one stands on a level with the river; two rods away the stream is 210 feet below him. This is Shoshone falls. Over a ledge of rock an immense volume of water pours with deafening roar. The nearest house is at Shoshone village, on the railway.

In this awful solitude Landeryou lived while he was making his sketches, and when he returned to Omaha to begin work on the canvas it was noticeable to his intimates that his mind was affected. He locked himself in his studio and refused admittance to friends and patrons, threatening to shoot anybody who bothered him. Finally, after weeks of delay, Mr. Dewey got a posse of policemen and forced open the door. Landeryou was found raving crazy, and daubing the completed picture with splashes of ochre. He was sent to an asylum, where he died. Thinking the picture was ruined, Mr. Dewey had it rolled up and stored. Recently it rolled up into the hands of Charles A. Fogle, an Omaha artist, who succeeded in removing the daubs and restoring it to good condition, and it is now the property of the American Art association.

After Landeryou's visit to Shoshone falls Charles Wolgamott, a well-known Idaho guide, made his home on the bank of the Snake river, directly opposite the falls, where he lived for some years with his family in a tent. While game was abundant and salmon were thick below the falls, Wolgamott's principal business was the collection of gold nuggets which were swept down by the spring floods. Many of these nuggets were lodged on the edge of a little island that stands directly on the crest of the falls. When the floods had subsided Wolgamott would make the hazardous trip to the island in a frail skiff and pick out the gold. It was only a few rods away, but the journey was fraught with grave peril. Wolgamott's wife knew it, and begged her husband to abandon it and content himself with gathering flour gold on the banks of the stream. He would not listen to her. One day an oar broke, and the daring gold hunter was swept over the falls.

Burro and Bureau.

A Philadelphia man who recently returned from Mexico tells of the shipment north of a Mexican burro as a present for his boy. The donkey was transported without difficulty until the region to which burros are indigenous had been left behind. A change of curbs was made at a small northerly junction. It was in charge of a particularly dense freight agent. Having an hour to wait and thinking the donkey needed water, Mr. L— went to the freight office. Outside stood the agent beside the burro, studying his waybill in deep perplexity.

"Has he had water and feed?" was asked the man.

"Do you own that there animal, sir?"

"Yes; have you fed and watered him?"

"I ain't done nothing but try him on this here bill."

"Why, what's the matter?" "Matter is this here bill won't check. I'm a bureau short and a jackass over, and darn me if I can make it out."—Philadelphia Times.

The Going-to-Theater Face.

Will someone please explain the "going-to-theater face" of the average New Yorker? The question is suggested by a long experience in lobbies while the auditors are passing into the houses for the evening performances. The writer stood for nearly an hour engaged in the seemingly hopeless task of discovering "the cheerful theatergoer." But in they poured, men and women, each and every one with firm set jaw, gloomy brow and the look of despair. Perhaps it is because the long distances traveled on crowded cars and the thought of an equally uncomfortable home-going makes a night at the theater seem just a bit like work to the residents of this narrow isle.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The earliest mention of shoes in an Egyptian papyrus, written about the year 2200 B. C.

Of every 100,000 persons in France are accused of some crime course of a year.

All the flour consumed by the 1,000,000 people in Siam comes from the United States.

If absorbent cotton is applied once when milk is spilled on a wool dress or coat all traces of the stain will be removed.

"Ping-pong" not being a dignified enough name for enthusiasts at the game, they call it now "provision table tennis."

Several wealthy members of the American club of Havana have organized the Havana Mardi Gras company the purpose of which is to give in the city every year a spectacular carnival like those given in New Orleans.

It would be difficult to overprize the value and importance of the work done by the many excellent hospitals of New York. The annual report of Mount Sinai has just been made public, and its showing is highly commendable. More than 2,000 free patients received treatment in 1903, and in the dispensary 80,064 prescriptions were filled.—New York Letter.

CUBA'S FIRST PRESIDENT.

Thomas Estrada Palma a Patriot Who Has Suffered Much for His Country.

Thomas Estrada Palma is 66 years of age. His father was a wealthy planter in the easternmost province of Cuba and the son was well educated in Cuba and in Spain, and became a lawyer with a view not so much to the practice of his profession as to the better management of the affairs of a large estate, states the Chicago Daily News.

His patriotic sympathies led him to active service in the ten years' struggle for independence which began in 1868 and ended in 1878, and early in that period he became a general in the insurgent army. Toward the end of the war, he became the president of the provisional government, a position which at least indicated the confidence in which he was held by the Cuban people.

He was made a prisoner, taken to Spain, at the risk of his life refused to swear allegiance, witnessed, in consequence, the confiscation of his estates, and some time after the final termination of the struggle regained his personal liberty, at the loss, however, of his Cuban property and home. When he goes to Cuba, two or three months hence, to assume the duties and high honors of the presidency, it will be after an absence of 24 years.

After his release, at the end of the ten years' war, Palma traveled in Spanish-American countries, and settled in Honduras, where he married the daughter of the president of that republic and became postmaster general. Subsequently he came with his life and one little child to New York, and saw an opportunity to establish a school for young people from the Spanish-American countries.

His institute was located in the little town of Central Valley, in Orange county, New York, some 40 miles from the metropolis. He has now lived in Central Valley for 18 years, and his six children, five of whom were born there, have known no other home.

CONVICT FARM A SUCCESS.

That operated by Louisiana Authorities Has Proved Profitable as Well as Beneficial.

The experiments undertaken in Louisiana some years ago of colonizing the less hardened criminals upon farms has been attended by gratifying results thus far, reports a southern exchange. The state constitution adopted in 1895 provided that after the expiration of the leases then in force no convicts should be hired out to private contractors. The board of penitentiary commissioners bought lands and erected buildings for the housing of those convicts who could be employed outside the prison walls, and many of the able-bodied prisoners were set to work raising cotton, as well as corn and other food crops, and caring for cattle and hogs, all the results of their labor to be applied to the support of the penal institutions and their inmates.

The legislature appropriated \$200,000 for the working out of the new plan and the report of the first year's operations is now made public. From the two plantations which were established the total cash income for the first year is \$160,000. Besides this ready money the board has several thousand tons of hay, 40,000 bushels of corn and enough peas and potatoes to carry men and stock through the next crop year. One of the farms has a steam saw mill, which is run by the convicts. Some of them are employed in building levees, and others who are unable to perform such active labor are busied with light work in the prison at Baton Rouge. The good effect of the system upon the health of the prisoners themselves is shown by the fact that the mortality among Louisiana convicts has been reduced one-half. Conditions in the Gulf states are said to be more favorable for outdoor employment of convicts than they are in the north.

It Seemed Probable.

"I wonder," said the flirt, "if he has heard of my other engagements."

"Why?" asked her dearest friend.

"Oh, he didn't just seem to have the usual confidence as to the future—that's all."

"In what way?"

"Why, he intimated that he'd like to have me sign a receipt for the engagement ring. And I wanted to keep it for my collection, too."—Chicago Post.