



LADIES

Girls that are fair on the heartstone. And pleasant when nobody sees. Kind and sweet to their own folk. Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls. That know what to do and say. That drive with a smile or a soft word. The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense. Whom fashion can never deceive. Who can follow whatever is pretty. And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls. Who count what a thing will cost. Who use with prudent, generous hand. But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts. They are wanted for mothers and wives. The strongest and truest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl. There are very few of them. But O for the wise, loving, home girls. There is a constant and steady demand.

A Chapter on Correspondence.

It is well known that the art of letter-writing is an art by itself; that it is an index of the culture of the writer and carries his personality in more ways than one. A letter may be written by a very scholarly person, who has traveled and seen much of the world, and yet fall where the letter is concerned, and, on the other hand, a person may have but little education and spare observation and still excel in correspondence.

Men as a class are terse and concise on paper, and the ordinary letter does not lengthen in their case. Whole chapters can be said by the pen in a page or two, so far as they are concerned, except in the case of a love letter, when both men and women view the letter in another sense.

There is no doubt that women are more gifted as letter writers than men; they are vivacious naturally, and possess that social gaiety and lightness of touch which are part of an epistle's charm. All young women delight in a voluminous correspondence. It is regarded as an important social function, and keeps them in view by those whom distance separates.

For the mere manner of the letter, every season brings us new fashions in note and letter paper. A high-class stationer mentions the Worcester, gray wove, and antique parchment as among some of the best in vogue at the moment. The envelopes may be square or oblong as preference dictates, with, however, a fashionable leaning toward the former.

Rule paper betrays an ignorance of social customs and in reality belongs to children and uneducated persons, who cannot write without lines.

For headings of stationery tastes differ, and a considerable choice, any of which is permissible, is offered at the shops of known authorities in such matters. A crest, a coat of arms, a monogram, or merely the initials or addresses are all used, taste only stipulating there shall be nothing garish or outre. Elegance sanctions nothing like red paper with black lettering, or green and gold, or any similar dazzling combinations. A few pale tints and some slightly roughened surfaces are not objectionable, but as a rule, smooth white or cream paper is the safest choice. It may be added that there are unwritten laws of suitability in this matter, as in most things, and an exaggerated elegance and flourish of stationery on the part of persons in modest circumstances adds want of taste to waste of money.

The etiquette of letter-writing is almost without end. First, we are told that the letter sent on business should have a stamp and envelope inclosed if an answer is expected at an early date. Then every letter either of business or otherwise, should be answered promptly. It is not considered form to begin a letter with an apology for not writing, that is, expressed directly, and some particular letter writers always slip the opening sentence about so that that pronoun "I" shall not be the opening word. Another rule is the avoidance of flourishes and eccentricities of handwriting.

Postal cards are to be employed for a business message or an inferior. In polite society their usefulness extends no further. There is a distinction, too, in the matter of address, "Dear Mrs. Hopkins" showing a less degree of intimacy than "My Dear Mrs. Hopkins." These forms are, however, quite as often used interchangeably, such use not being regarded in the light of a heinous offense. There is a certain intuitive courtesy in the knowing when to drop the formal "Dear Sir" and "Dear Madam," a sort of recognition of one's claim to acquaintance, that is possessed by some persons and is indefinably enjoyed by those to whom it is extended. It is like the bit of breeding which forbids an introduction, where the two persons about to be introduced are perfectly well known to each other, either by sight or because, under existing circumstances, neither could be anybody else.

In the matter of signatures there is again an opportunity for the nice discrimination of degrees of intimacy and formality. "Very truly yours" is a shade more cordial, perhaps, than the "Very truly" of pure business.

and so through "sincerely," "Cordially," and "Faithfully" with and without the adverbs "most" and "very." Women of tact and courtesy know how to put a pleasant warmth in their letters by just the closing of them—perhaps that is why they are apt to be such acceptable correspondents—and they rarely err, either, in knowing when to put it.

Punctilious persons, either men or women, never avail themselves of hotel or clubhouse paper in notes of ceremony. To such their portfolio is almost as individual as their soap dish. And punctilious men do not use office paper for social correspondence. At a friend's house or aboard a friend's yacht, however, the host's stationery is welcome. And it may be added as a final word that the punctilious guest always sends his letter to the house or yacht mail bag stamped.

Two Ways of Doing It.

Just how they began talking of compliments not one of them could have told. Probably it was when the Chatterbox told the Distressed Damsel that "some one" had said such a pretty thing about her, but she wasn't going to tell what it was or who said it.

Now the chatterbox was just longing to tell both these items, so she was horribly disappointed when little Mrs. B. said:

"Talking of pretty speeches, the pleasantest compliment that ever drifted my way I received the other day from an absolute stranger."

"Which accounts for the compliment," muttered the Chatterbox to her work. But then the Chatterbox was cross. She had been cut short in her career of chatter.

"I was hurrying through Madison street," continued Mrs. B., "when I saw approaching me a woman whom I thought I knew. I took her for an out-of-town friend, and my pleasure at the meeting was the greater from its rarity. I hurried forward to meet her, not waiting to fairly reach her before beginning my delighted greeting. The words froze on my lips, however, as we actually met, for I saw that though the likeness was extraordinary, even at close quarters, she was not at all the person for whom I had taken her."

"Oh," I said, with a smile of apology, "I beg your pardon; I thought you were a friend of mine." She smiled, too, and then, after a second of survey and hesitation which subtly pointed the remark, said, with a graceful bow and an air of breeding, "I wish I were, madam, and passed on."

"The whole thing took only a breath to do, though it has taken several to tell, and she was out of hearing almost before I could rally and call 'Thank you' after her. I shall never see her again, of course, but I shall always remember her quick, tactful courtesy."

"That reminds me," said the Chatterbox, in high, good humor again, now that she could have her sayings, of a story Aunt Mary used to tell. The reminder is entirely by force of contrast. It seems that Aunt Mary saw some one she thought she knew in one of the big stores. She had not seen the particular friend she thought she saw for a long time, and started toward her with outstretched hand. For some reason the woman in question thought that she knew Aunt Mary too, and came to meet her equally delighted. Almost as their hands met the two women discovered their mistake.

"Oh," said Aunt Mary, impressively, "I thought it was you!" So did I, replied the other, distinctly aggrieved. And then they separated, each probably thinking how stupid the other was. —Chicago Times.

The Aeolian Harp.

Among the other bright ideas of an English duchess, she caused an Aeolian harp to be slung up close to the front door of her London home, and her visitors learned to like its plaintive rushes of music so well that many a one thought of following her example and to take a harp unto themselves.

If you wish to manufacture an Aeolian harp at home here are some directions which I have culled: Take some good quarter of an inch thick and make a box the length of your window frame, five inches deep and seven inches wide. Now bore some holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box. Put the box into your window and secure two bridges, just like fiddle bridges—one to each end, stretching across strings of fine catgut, with the help of strong screwing pins. Tune to one note. Then pull up your sash when the wind is making itself known, and the air passing over the strings and through the holes will produce very charming and unexpected sounds of music.

Here is another and even more simple method. Take pieces of button-hole twist and thoroughly wax them; tie each end firmly to a peg and thrust the pegs down the crevices between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. This second and uncomplicated device is the means of bringing you equally sweet sounds of music as the first.

The early Greeks were the inventors of the Aeolian harp, and there were few Athenian gardens without a tree among whose branches there was not slung a harp fashioned in the way I have done my best to describe.

Women Everywhere.

Princess Louise and the marquis of Lorne have purchased a villa at St. Catherine's on the shore of Loch Fyne, Scotland.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of "Prisoners of Poverty," is taking a post-graduate course in social economics at the university of Michigan.

The engagement is announced in Boston of Miss Olea Bull, daughter of Ole Bull, to Mr. Henry J. Vaughn, a Harvard '90 man, engaged in the study of law.

EGYPT EVER THE SAME.

Time Seems to Pass the Egyptian, for Nothing Changes in His Land.

The characters in the "Thousand and One Nights" may be almost imagined to step out of their setting of words and to take form and glow with the generous warmth of life before one's very eyes. The natives still drink the same coffee and out of the same cups; they smoke the same pipes; they wear generally the same dress; they play generally the same primitive instruments that whisper the same strange and plaintive tones; the funeral processions wend their way along the streets as of old; the popular festivals of moolids are still observed with the same untiring capacity for enjoyment; the public refreshers still practice their profession before admiring crowds; the water-carriers still carry their burdens so welcome to thirsty lips; except in the houses of the rich and thoroughly Europeanized, food is still eaten with the fingers and in the same manner, and the hands are washed in the same basins and ovens; the mosque of El-Azhar still attracts its crowds of students.

Even the old wooden locks and keys are still in use and the water jars are still kept cool in the lattice work of the overhanging mushrabiyyeh window frames. Instances of this sort might be multiplied a hundred-fold. It is indeed a wonderful change and contrast that is presented to the eye when you leave the European and enter the native quarter. And the mind and feelings turn in unison and become attuned to the changed scene. The sense of taking part in a new and different life steals over you and you temporarily throw off your affinity with the West and the nineteenth century. The clock of time is for the moment put back for you.

SHORT ON SAMPLES.

A New York Lawyer's Experience With a Party of Drummers.

A New York lawyer traveling in the Southwest found himself one evening in the smoking compartment of a sleeper, the other occupants of which were drummers.

The traveling salesman were, as usual, friendly and communicative. They talked of trade and of averaging expense accounts, and at last all became very well acquainted.

The lawyer, however, remained silent, communing with himself. He had been retained upon a delicate case, and was traveling toward a city, the objective point also of the commercial tourists, to attach a stock of goods. He did not, therefore, care to reveal his identity.

After a while one of the drummers attempted to open up a conversation. His first remarks were civil enough and were promptly answered. Then the drummer made bold enough to ask him his business.

"What line do you carry?" he asked. "I beg your pardon, I don't understand you," replied the lawyer.

"Traveling from New York?" "Yes."

"What house?" "Oh, I am in business for myself."

Then came a long interval, in which no one spoke. Finally, in desperation, the drummer asked: "May I inquire what you sell?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer; "I am selling brains."

Another long interval, and then the drummer turned to one of his more communicative friends and whispered: "I say, Tom, that fellow carries a damned small lot of samples."

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKS.

Wedding in a Memphis Jail, After Which the Groom Took a solitary Tour.

Something of a social function occurred in the county jail at Memphis, lately, when Charles E. Ward, who is imprisoned for counterfeiting, was married to Miss Nora Alderson of Woodstock, Tenn. Ward is about 30 years old, while Miss Alderson is about 20. The ceremony was performed by Squire Garvin in the lobby of the jail, and was witnessed by a score or more of people, some friends of the parties, while others were attracted by the novelty of the proceedings.

Ward was a farmer until he tried to better his condition by making and passing counterfeit money. The money he made was a very rank counterfeiter and easily detected, which is the cause of his present situation. Ward pleaded guilty to the charge of counterfeiting before the United States court, and his sentence is pending.

He has been engaged to Miss Alderson for four years, and she was willing to marry him regardless of the fact that for several years he will be compelled to make his residence in the penitentiary, and he thought it would be better for all parties concerned that it should be so.

Views Far Above Sea Level.

The most elevated river in the world is the Desaguadero, in Bolivia. It is of considerable depth, and its whole length, from the village of Desaguadero, at the south extremity of Titicaca, to the north end of the Lake Aullagas, is about 180 miles. The average elevation of the valley or tableland of Desaguadero above the level of the sea is about 13,000 feet. The river whose source lies highest in the Andes, which rises on the north of the Kailas Parbat mountain in Tibet, 22,000 feet above sea level.

A Woman's Gift to Harvard.

The Harvard overseers have voted to name the Harvard Annex Radcliffe college. This is a somewhat tardy recognition of the first woman who encouraged the college with a gift of money, one Dame Moulton of England, whose maiden name was Anne Radcliffe, and who, in 1640, sent to the new world institution 100 pounds sterling for its benefit.

TRICKS OF A FAKIR.

How He Talked Off Palm Water for Cologne at Fifteen Cents a Bottle.

The atmosphere of Chicago on Darnborn from Madison to Monroe was redolent of perfumes the other evening. The pleasant odors came from a basket which a peddler had placed on the sidewalk near the middle of the block. The basket when it was first placed there was filled with bottles of various designs and sizes. It did not need the husky shout of the peddler to proclaim his wares, for the atmosphere bore testimony to their character. He nevertheless lost no opportunity in telling that he had the finest perfumes on earth.

"Here's yer best brand o' cologne," selling 'em out at ten and fifteen cents apiece. They're real genuine cologne. There's enough in one o' these 'ere bottles to perfume six dozen o' handkerchiefs, and the perfume'll never leave them till the handkerchiefs are worn out in washin'."

The crowds around the basket were buying up the bottles almost as fast as he could hand them out to them. One of the purchasers was a cute young man who thought he could make his wife a nice present and not have it cost him very much. He handed over fifteen cents to the fakir and selected the nicest looking bottle in the basket. The purchaser then stepped into a hallway to have one smell of the contents. He drew off the cap, pulled out the cork, and placed the bottle to his nose. There was not a particle of odor in the pit of liquid. It was water and nothing else, except a little coloring stuff. He brought it back to the fakir and demanded his money back.

"You had better take it back," said the young man, as he placed his foot against the basket.

The peddler took the hint, gave back the fifteen cents, and took himself off to another quarter of the town. The sweet odors which permeated the air came from straw in the bottom of the basket, over which this fakir from time to time sprayed a little perfume from a bottle with a nozzle attachment.

FRISCILLA MERELY SMILED.

At the Man Who Tried to Propose to Her on the Street.

The neighbor was disturbed. His fingers twitched. The corners of his mouth dropped, dismally, and he looked the picture of hopeless desperation until the gentle girl whispered: "Tell me all about it." Then he sighed and twisted his mustache.

"There's not much to tell," he remarked. "I tried to propose to a girl as we were walking through the shopping quarter to-day. That's all."

"Well?" smiled the gentle girl. "And I failed most successfully. It was my last chance. We were going to meet some friends and I knew I wouldn't see her alone again before she left town. I began by saying: 'Priscilla, dear, in the most lovable tones imaginable, but a dozen trucks and a few cable car bells silenced my first efforts, and Priscilla never heard them. Then I pressed her hand and burst forth with: 'Emphatic! dearest. When I turned toward her to see how she received my advances I found myself looking into the eyes of an elderly lady with three umbrellas and a bird cage. Priscilla had stopped to study some dress goods that filled the big window."

"We walked a full block before I felt strong enough to try again. I said, 'Can't you see that I love you?' to a red-nosed fat man. I whispered, 'Don't you care for me at all?' to a fellow who was peddling flowers, and finally shrieked, 'Priscilla, will you marry me?' into the ear of a stout lady, who immediately glovered through her jorgonette and made me wish that I could dissolve into thin air and float away on the breeze. "Through it all Priscilla was as sweet as she could be. She had a mischievous twinkle in her pretty eyes when I left her, and, but for that, I'd believe she was blissfully unaware of the violent attempts I had made to propose to her."

Took Her Nap Standing Up.

Janitor Eastman of the new school-house in Perryville, Maine, says that while the pupils were at play in the yard the other day he looked out of the window and saw a number of them gathered around a little girl. Their actions indicated alarm, and he went out to see what the trouble was. He found the child to be sound asleep, while yet standing upon her feet. Janitor Eastman took the girl in his arms and carried her into one of the teachers' private rooms and fixed up a bed and pillow for her out of shawls and various kinds of wraps. Here she remained for over an hour, sleeping as soundly and as peacefully as though in her more comfortable bed at home. After her nap she appeared refreshed and was eager for play again.

Buckingham Palace Uninhabitable.

So serious have been the disconcerts in connection with the sanitary condition of Buckingham palace that the question is now being discussed as to whether it can ever again be used as a royal residence. Not only is the drainage in a shocking condition, which will necessitate the expenditure of a fabulous sum to set right, but it has also been found that one of the largest of the main sewers of the metropolis passes immediately under the palace, and that the gases arising therefrom permeate the foundations of the royal abode. The proposal to alter the course of the sewer in question is declared impracticable.

The Rich Chinese.

It appears to be a rule in China that the richer a man is the more he separates himself from his womenkind. A prosperous merchant never eats at the table with his wife and daughters; his sons' food must be prepared separately and served in another room.

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