

BERRYVILLE LADIES' AID

We never had any trouble to speak of in the Ladies' Aid until that St. Louis milliner came to Berryville, an' after that we never had nothing but trouble until she left. 'Twas a shame, too, for the Ladies' Aid Society of Mt. Zion's Church had been running along ca'm an' peaceable ever since things settled down in southwest Missouri after the war, an' old Mt. Zion got opened up again.

Then two or three years ago Jim Chapman started up what he called a department store, an' sent to St. Louis after a young woman to run the millinery an' dressmaking part of it. Anybody'd a thought it wuz Queen Victoria if they'd seen that St. Louis milliner when she first come here. She said she wuz French an' that her name wuz Madimysell Sara Dutong, but the only sign I ever seen of her bein' French wuz always callin' St. Louis "St. Looney," like she couldn't talk plain. For all the rest she talked common Missouri talk like everybody else, an' I always did mistrust that her name was nothing but Sally Dutong after all.

Of course Madimysell went to church at Mount Zion strangers always do, it bein' by far the leadin' church of Berryville—an' after a while we asked her to join the Ladies' Aid, but we seen right away that we had made a mistake, for she begun to make trouble as soon as she joined.

Fanny Lou Baker wuz one of the leadin' girls in Mt. Zion, an' an officer in the Aid, an' a sweeter or a prettier girl than Fanny Lou never lived in Missouri, accordin' to my way of thinkin'. She wuz always mighty nice to strangers, too, Fanny Lou wuz, an' she went out of her way to be pleasant to that St. Louis milliner, bein', as she said, furriner, an' so fur from home.

But I noticed from the first that Madimysell always acted sorter disagreeable whenever she wuz anywhere near Fanny Lou—sorter stuck up an' scornful. I couldn't think what wuz the matter until I noticed that Madimysell wuz settin' her cap for Fanny Lou's beau, John Holt, an' then, of course, the cat wuz out of the bag.

John an' Fanny Lou had been kep' in company for a couple of years, an' everybody wuz lookin' fer 'em to be married pretty soon, an' everybody thought it wuz a good match. John wuz postmaster, an' a tall manly fellow that all the town folks liked, an' I saw right straight that that St. Louis milliner wuz makin' a dead set at him.

Sure enough it wuz long before John Holt begun to go with Madimysell a little one in a while an' even takin' her buggy ridin' two Sundays hand runnin', though I found out afterwards that that wuz accidental so to speak.

'Twas about that time that Madimysell joined the Aid an' our troubles begun. First she wanted to change the name to Saint Somebody's Guild, what ever that may be, but we soon settled that. Then she wanted us to give up plain sewin' an' let her teach us fancy needlework, an' some wuz in favor of it, but I said no, an' meant it, too, an' bein' as I wuz president of the Aid, that scheme fell through, too. Then other things come up, gettin' all the time more an' more disagreeable, an' Madimysell gainin' all the time more an' more of a followin' among the younger an' the weak-kneed sisters, until the Aid wuz near about split in two.

When things were about at the worst in the Aid, we decided to give a supper to raise money for a new carpet for the church, an' it wuz a plum scandal the way some of them women acted about gettin' ready for that supper, an' all of 'em church members, too. There wuz one meetin', I recollect, when I really believe some of 'em would have fit if they had'n been women folks. We had decided to have the supper in the Town Hall, an' wuz tryin' to make up our minds what kind of eatin' to have, but it seemed as if we jes' couldn't agree. It wuz the last of April, an' mighty warm for the time of the year, an' a good many wuz in favor of ice cream, but some, an' Madimysell especially, wanted to have an oyster supper.

At last Fanny Lou got up in her pleasant way an' moved to have ice cream. Fanny Lou wuz a school teacher, an' always talked sorter soft an' proper. She hadn't more'n set down when up jumps Madimysell an' says: "Madame President," she says, tossin' her head, "I move we have an oyster supper. Ice cream is so common and contrived, an' oysters are so much more of a rarity," she says.

Fanny Lou was on her feet in a minute, an' she never even looked at Madimysell.

"Madame President," says she, "I would like to remind the ladies of the Aid that the oyster season is about over," says she. "I suppose in St. Louis and other inland towns, where oysters are a rarity, they don't know what the season is, an' are glad to get them at any time, but many of us are from the Eastern cities, and I do not think we would care for oysters at this time of the year, especially when it is so unreasonably warm."

An' Fanny Lou set down as sudent as she got up. I could tell from the sparkle in her eyes an' the color in her cheeks that she wuz mad all over. Fanny Lou could be mighty spunky sometimes.

There wuz right smart snickerin' around amongst the members after Fanny Lou set down, an' Madimysell got awful red in the face, an' after some more urgin' an' talkin', twuz decided to give an ice cream supper in

the Town Hall, with Fanny Lou in charge of the whole thing.

We certainly had an awful time gettin' ready for that supper, for some of the members were mad an' made all the trouble they could, an' the weather kept real hot, but when at last the evening come everything was in apple order. The hall wuz decorated jes' lovely, an' we had a whole lot of home-made cakes an' candies, an' ice cream of every kind an' every flavor from Springfield. The tables were trimmed up beautiful, an' the girls that waited had made 'em new pink an' blue organdy dresses, an' about 6 o'clock that afternoon it went an' turned freezin' cold! I could 'a' cried, an' I know Fanny Lou must 'a' felt awful, but nobody ever would 'a' known it from her looks.

Well, everybody in town come to the supper, for most everybody knew of the trouble in the Aid, an' there wuz a good deal of curiosity to see what might happen, but it wuz too cold to eat ice cream much, so they all hung back, givin' an' shiverin', except a few of Fanny Lou's p'ticular friends, who'd 'a' et that ice cream if it had been pizen.

Tha' St. Louis milliner wuz a plum sight that night. She had on a heavy winter dress, made awful fussy, an' her hair wuz frizzed up even tighter than ever, an' she wuz all wrapped up in a big fur cape, same as if 'wuz lead of winter, an' once in a while she'd pull that cape up close around her like she wuz near about froze. She could be mighty aggravatin', certain.

Things were gettin' pretty uncomfortable when in come John Holt, lookin' handsome an' good natured, an' started straight over to speak to Fanny Lou, but Madimysell managed to slip in front of him an' meet him as he wuz crossin' the door.

"Good evenin', Miss Dutong," says John, holdin' out his hand to shake hands—he never would call her Madimysell—"Come and let's have some ice cream," says he.

"Thank you so much," says Madimysell, real loud, "but the weather's too cold for ice cream. If we had some nice hot oysters, now, how we would enjoy them. But I'll go and sit with you while you eat," says she.

And with that they set down at one of the ice cream tables. Fanny Lou give John an awful cool nod, an' I bet the saucer of ice cream she handed him wuz about the coldest he ever et in his life.

John Holt wuz eatin' his second saucer before he noticed that anything wuz wrong, an' then I saw him glance around the room sorter inquirin', an' at Fanny Lou settin' there lookin' unnatural calm an' serene, an' then he looked awful hard at Madimysell's fur cape, but he didn't say anything. He tried to talk to Fanny Lou a little after he finished eatin', but she pretended to be busy an' soon as he could get away from Madimysell he left the hall.

My heart sunk when I saw him go in, fer, though twuz only about half past 8, we could see that there ice cream supper wuz beginnin' to be the worst failure the Aid had ever made, an' I certainly did feel sorry for Fanny Lou.

But presently it seemed to be gettin' some warmer, an' then it got right smart warmer, an' some of the folks begun to set up to the tables, then it ack-shally begun to get hot in that room, an' people begun to lay off their wraps an' fan themselves with their handkerchiefs, an' they went fer that ice cream in a hurry.

'Bout that time John Holt come in again, an' I heard old Miss Kitty Jones tell him she believed it wuz goin' to rain, it had got so warm, an' John laughed right smart an' said it did seem some warmer.

It got so hot in there at last that they had to open the windows. I never wuz so hot up in my life—an' everybody wuz laughin' an' jokin' an' crowdin' round the ice cream tables—everybody but Madimysell. She sat there wrapped up in that fur cape, her frizzes all in strings an' the sweat runnin' down her face. She wuz a sight, certain, but I believe she would have set there an' melted before she'd took off that fur cape, jes' fer contrastness.

Well, Fanny Lou sold every drop of the ice cream, an' had to make some lemonade to finish up on, an' there wuzn't a thing left except some of the home-made candy that melted on account of the heat.

That night, after everybody had gone except a few of the Aid ladies, who were helping Fanny Lou clean up, in come John Holt again.

"Well, John Holt," says I, "what's the matter with you? You've been runnin' in an' out of this here hall all evenin'." I thought you'd gone with Madimysell Dutong," says I.

"Joe Webster took Miss Dutong home, I believe," says John, walkin' over to Fanny Lou. "I went downstairs to put out the fire and close up the furnace."

"Oh, John," says Fanny Lou, with a shake in her voice, "did you do that? I had forgotten all about the new furnace."

We were not much used to furnaces in Berryville, an' when that rascal John saw how things were goin' he slipped downstairs an' kindled up a roarin' fire unbeknownst to anybody but himself.

An' that night, as me an' ol' Miss Kitty Jones walked home behind John an' Fanny Lou, I heard her say: "Why, John, I couldn't possibly be ready before the middle of June."

An' me an' Miss Kitty had no trouble in guessin' what they were talkin' about.—Denver Republican.

No man can serve two masters unless he is a low-down politician.

A scientist who investigated the color of a cyclone found it blew.

MANAGING AN OVEN.

Few Suggestions to be Borne in Mind When Cooking Meats, Cakes, Pies, Etc.

For those who do not use a thermometer or cannot judge of the heat by the "feel" of the oven air against their cheeks, an old fashioned method is to test with flour or writing paper, the degree of color attained in a certain time marking the five degrees of heat necessary for general cooking. The most intense heat which the oven of an ordinary stove can give is required for game or roast meats, where the idea is to sear the surface of the meat at once, thus sealing up the juices. After about ten minutes of this strong heat, which would burn an ordinary sheet of paper to a char in a few moments, the dampers are turned so as to reduce the heat a little. Next to game, pastry requires the hottest oven. The heat should be as great as possible when the pies go in, and, though the draught may be slackened, the oven damper should be kept the same. The next degree of heat is for biscuit and muffins raised with baking powder or soda and cream of tartar. For these the oven should be hot enough to brown a sheet of paper or teaspoonful of flour in one minute.

For a loaf of bread the flour should brown in five minutes, and the same for meat pies.

Almost the same degree of heat is required for cake raised with baking powder or soda and cream of tartar if the cake contains butter or shortening. A loaf of cake of average size needs about an hour's baking. Pound cake and other rich cakes require a much slower oven than bread, while the most extreme example of slow baking is that required for black fruit cake raised with eggs alone. For this reason it is extremely difficult to bake a rich fruit cake in a gas oven.

Sponge cake and angel food which contain no butter, must be baked at a slow heat, though not so slow as fruit cake. Rapid baking toughens the albumen of the egg, which in a gentle heat remains united with the sugar. It takes from forty-five to fifty minutes to bake a sponge or angel cake three inches in thickness. For a meringue the heat should be hardly more than that of a warming oven—one with the heat all turned off. The popular meringue shells of bakers and confectioners' shops are really dried in a very slow oven for three quarters of an hour, then colored with a salamander or by being placed in a very hot oven a moment or two. Meringues made in this way will not fall or shrink, but be tender and delicate and of the same thickness as when first spread on.

Simple Evening Gown.

Simple evening frock in liberty satin, pink, blue, cream or ivory white. Again, the gown may be of tulle or chiffon, white over a colored lining or else all made of material the same shade. This is a model from



La Nouvelle Mode. The two deep ruffles are headed with satin ribbon crossed over in front and back and finished with a rosette at the second ruffle. The puff sleeve is quite full, finished with a fall of lace edged with the ribbon at the puff. The girle is also of satin ribbon, over which the waist blouses gracefully all around. The skirt is quite simple, falling loose and full from the belt, trimmed only with two ruffles, either lace or the material itself. This would be a pretty model copied in one of the dainty flowered nets placed over a white lining or one of the shade of the most prominent flower in the pattern. For young folks at any rate few dancing dresses have the long train, the skirt just touching the floor all around. This is a delightfully economical as well as comfortable fashion, for it was quite impossible for even the most careful dancer to hold her gown in such a way that it would not be torn.

Rehemming Tablecloths.

When tablecloths are beginning to wear out in the folds, cut two or three inches off one end and one side and rehem them. This process will change the places of the folds and will add new life to the cloth. Serviettes and towels should be treated in the same way.

PROPER CARE OF THE EYES.

Bathing, Rest and Massage Will Brighten and Refresh Them.

The first and best thing for the eyes is plenty of water, water un-aerated, and in frequent application. Hot water, cold water, tepid water, each has its uses and its occasion; and these being properly understood, there is no reason why the very best results should not be attained.

Upon rising in the morning, the first thing should be to bathe the eyes in an abundant supply of cold water. Slap it up against the lids vigorously, and be sure that the skin and flesh around the eyes get their due share of the refreshing bath. The cold water will act as a tonic shock, will brace up both the nerves and the muscles of the eyes, and will drive the blood to the deeper tissues and thus start up a healthy circulation. Where this course is followed there will be no danger of those horrid, irritating, tell-tale little lines which will in time inevitably spoil the expression of even the most beautiful eyes that ever were.

Care must be taken not to strain or tire the eyes. However, when the eyes do get tired and weary, the first thing is to rest them. Just let the lids drop down and relax the entire body. Then bathe them with water as hot as the skin will stand, and, if possible, lie down for a few minutes with a cloth rung out of very hot water laid across the eyes. Be sure that the cloth is light in weight and of soft, fine texture. Renew applications frequently, and when the eyes feel rested, always finish up with cold water. Indeed, where it is convenient, gently massaging the eyes with a lump of ice tied in a serviette will prove most beneficial.

Inexpensive Foliage Hat. A wire frame may be obtained at any millinery shop, and cover it will be required one yard of green mull, as near as possible to match



the leaves. Cover the frame smoothly with the mull, first the brim, then the plateau. Six bunches of foliage are required for an ordinary turban shape. Cut each leaf at the stem and stitch each through the center. Start at the back of the frame, sewing one-half close to the other until a whole row of leaves is completed; then start right underneath the first row, and continue until the brim is completed. Then sew the leaves on the plateau. Fold the facing of maline the same shade as the leaves. For this facing, four yards of maline, double width, is required. Line the hat with ribbon or silk. A pretty pink rose, rather large for the trimming, tacked on the left side makes a pretty addition to a foliage hat.

Blue, brown, butter yellow and champagne supplemented by green are the colors that prevail in the advance millinery shows.

A Pure Bland Toilet Soap.

Many dainty women make their own face creams and skin lotions. Some even prepare their own toilet soaps. A 25-cent piece of pure white castile—a kind on which you really can rely—a pound of fine oatmeal and a tiny bottle of weak, carbolic acid, which the druggist will prepare, will make a supply of toilet soap that will last months and make your skin smooth and white. Melt the soap with enough water to make a jelly, stir it thick with oatmeal, add a few drops of carbolic acid, which is healing in this form, and pour into cups that have been wet in cold water. Fill the cups no more than half full and you will have nice little soap cakes that can be handled with comfort.

Revision of the Redingote.

A Russian green redingote which was one of the prettiest things of the season was in three-quarter length cut perfectly straight, and buttoned single breasted all the way down the front with big silver buttons. There was a collar of French red cloth set in and a vest of the same red cloth, no more than two inches wide, just enough to make a rim of color. This was to be worn loosely over the navy blue street suit and the result was smart to say the least. It was more than smart. It was positively chic.

In deep brown and in leaf green, and in any other dark color this long, loose style, cut on the military order, strapped across the back and hanging straight in front, is good. And the woman who wants something distinguished cannot do better than secure a garment along these lines.

Shapely Finger Nails.

For shaping the nails emery boards are best. Take the emery board in your fingers and run it around the outline of the nails. Shape them as prettily as you can and let them alone. Do not keep using the emery board and do not keep clipping the nails. Constant snipping of the nails with curved scissors is responsible for many a mishap hand.

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