

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

#### HOW TO PACK PARASOLS.

An excellent way to pack parasols of delicate coloring and material is to stuff the ruffles and folds out well with wads of tissue paper to prevent crushing. Strap the outside in tissue of a light blue tint, a color warranted to prevent the colors changing or becoming yellowed.

#### YOUNG LADIES FORM A BRASS BAND.

Minden City, Mich., has just organized a brass band composed entirely of young women residents of the place. The woman's brass band hobby seems to prevail to a considerable extent in the West, judging from the number of announcements of such bands in the Western newspapers lately. Nothing has been said yet about the performances of the bands, nor the sentiments of the communities in which they exist and practice.

#### WATCH HER VEIL.

See a Frenchwoman come into a restaurant. No matter how tight her corsage is she raises first one hand and then the other, and by a few deft touches her veil is off. When she wants it on again she gets it back in place in the same magical way. On the contrary, an American or an English woman, under the circumstances, has to do up all interest in the conversation in order to wrestle with her veil, and perhaps even has to have assistance before she accomplishes her purpose.

To wear a veil right is an art, but no degree of art can render one of these bordered atrocities becoming, and women will continue to buy them because they are something new.

"How do you like that?" asked a woman as a young girl entered the car wearing a black mottled looking veil with her sailor hat. "A great mistake," decided a judge of veils after a glance. "That kind of veil makes a woman's face look blistered, or else it has the appearance of being worn to hide pimples or blotches. A girl as young as that ought not to wear a veil at all, or if she likes the feeling of privacy which a veil gives—and I always feel a kind of protection when I have my veil on—let her select some soft, plain mesh, not a net all flourished over like that."

#### A WOMAN ENGINEER.

Mrs. Alfred Bishop Mason is probably the only woman in the States who can take out a locomotive. Certainly, she is the only society woman able to accomplish this feat. When her husband was vice president of one of the large Florida railroads, Mrs. Mason always went with him on his annual trip. She had been, as a girl, intensely interested in machinery, and it was with her an insatiable desire to take an engine over the road.

And she learned to do it in fine fashion. She began by gaining the permission of the engineer to sit in the cab with him; not doing anything but swinging on and familiarizing herself with its swing and the work required for its movement.

She says this was one of her most thrilling moments—to be able to sit with her face toward the wind that almost engulfed her, peering out into the darkness that rushed past, and being blinded by the glare of the great fires as the furnace doors swung open to be replenished.

Her next lesson was learned at the whistle. Then came the bell cord, and soon these two functions were left entirely in her hands. As the train drew up to a station in Florida, where Mrs. Mason was waiting, the engineer and fireman immediately made room for her. She knew everyone by name on the different locomotives and they all knew her. Proud was the engineer when his cab contained the bright wife of the vice president.

#### ABOUT DUST CLOAKS.

If you are going to travel on land a dust cloak is a fashionable necessity. You may not really need it, but it is the thing to have, so get one. You remember the horrible things in brown grass cloth and brown linen which were made a few years back? And how they rumbled and got unaccountable greasy spots that you could only eradicate with a pair of shears and a piece of temper? Well,

don't jump to the conclusion that those things are worn again, for they are not. The dust cloak of now is an etherialized creation of almost any color of silk, in stripes or plaids or checks, but should be of dark shades. You can make it up like an unlined teagown minus a train, and put two big pockets on the hips, a frill and streamers at the neck and lace most anywhere, and that will be a "dust cloak."

Really, it is a very nice idea. A woman likes to look well traveling, but she just can't if the mercury is climbing the hundredth round, and her stiff collar is dripping, and her dress skirt hot and dusty, and you know it. But she can change that in a jiffy with the dust cloak, for she will slip into the toilet room and jerk off that skirt and blouse waist, and slip into the loose unlined silk business, bring it round in front and button it—it must have some big buttons down the front—and after folding up the hot things she took off, she can go back to her seat, conscious that she looks as cool as she feels, and that she is even refreshing for the bored fellow travelers to look at.

These dust cloaks are made of glorias, lansdown and mohair. Mohair scratches like the mischief, however, so you had better substitute black India silk, which is cheap, and not open to the objection of snagging easily. The taffetas in fine stripes and checks are used, and a few faddish girls have actually essayed white duck and pique dust cloaks. Of course they are absurd, for they muss so quickly, then they are hot, and entirely defeat the purpose for which dust cloaks are made.

#### FASHION NOTES.

White plisse fronts of chiffon are exceedingly popular.

Bandeaux for evening wear are popular with those whom they are becoming.

The tortoise-shell Spanish combs are pretty and piquant. They measure seven by four inches.

A hat of white satin has black rosettes and small tufts of osprey against a background of white wings.

A lovely yachting costume of white flannel is made with coat and skirt. The collar and vest are trimmed with a network of braid.

A very girlish hat of yellow straw is decked with cornflowers and marguerites, and has an aigrette of grass, and on the left side a big bow of red silk.

Very little jewelry is worn this season except in full dress; but the shirtwaists and neckties afford an excuse for all sorts of pretty scarfpins, studs and neckbuttons.

Among the artistic accessories of dress are the Falstaff and Cromwell collars of point de Venise or Vandyké lace.

A pretty idea for a nun's gray crepon gown is a cape-collar of primrose moire cut square in the back, elongated in front, and turned down on the shoulders after the manner of a Marie Stuart berthe, and trimmed on the edge with lace.

A perfectly plain collarette cut with one straight line across the front and sleeves, and held down with a band of ribbon over the shoulders, ending with a rosette at each end, is a pretty trimming for a child's frock.

Mohair, grass linen and fancy taffeta silk form the three most popular dress fabrics worn this season.

A large leghorn hat with a soft, pliable brim, is trimmed with white ribbon shot with pale yellow and brocated with deep yellow cowslips.

It has been frequently announced that elaborately trimmed skirts and close coat sleeves are the latest craze in Paris, but this is not the fact.

Decidedly novel and pretty gowns of white mohair, made in the revived Louis XVI. styles, have been worn by bridesmaids at recent midsummer weddings.

Ivory white satin is a favorite textile for gowns for full dress occasions, especially for young women, its smooth finish and lustrous surface giving it a youthful appearance.

In the midst of the great number of hats with floral decorations are seen some few with feathers. A favorite combination is a deep butter-colored straw, trimmed with black ostrich plumes.

The ideal hat, which is worn with thin white gowns, is pure white straw, with a wide brim turned up a little on one side, and trimmed with white lilacs and a bow of mauve or pale green ribbon to give it a touch of color.

### BOARDING-HOUSES FOR PLANTS.

Flowers Cared for White Owners Are Out of Town.

Boarding-houses for plants are a novel institution, designed for the housing of plants for families who close up their city houses for several months during the summer. Every woman who loves flowers is at her wits' end to devise a means of having her plants cared for when she goes away. In the case of a large and valuable collection this becomes a serious matter.

It is up on Columbus avenue that the plant boarding-houses abound. Often in the spring and summer any one passing a florist's may see in his window a strip of painted glass, or some other sign bearing the words: "Boarding House for Plants, 50 cents apiece." A few of the establishments offer accommodations for 25 cents. This price covers a month's board and lodging for a single potted plant.

None of these boarding houses seek winter patronage, as the florist would hardly be paid for his trouble in caring for other people's plants, since at that time they would occupy hot house space which could be turned by the proprietor to greater advantage in raising flowers of his own. Then, too, in winter it is the custom of the florist to put in a stock of hot house plants for sale, that being the time when most flower fanciers think of increasing their collections, and naturally the profits on sales is larger than could be expected from these frail boarders that require unusual watchfulness on chilly days. In summer, however, the rate of board is an ample return for the small outlay of time and attention, when plants need only such trifling attention as being supplied with water.

Sometimes it happens, the men in the business say, that the caretaker finds that the soil in which one of his boarders stands is rooted has become impoverished. In such a case he immediately sets to work to replot the plant. All such bits of necessary care are undertaken without extra charge, being covered by the regular board bill. There is also a boy, whose duties consist in walking up and down among the boarders and seeing that they are not molested by bugs.

"I'd much prefer to keep a flower sanitarium," says a caretaker, "than to perpetually have to follow up that boy and see that he isn't napping. It would be half the trouble. And those boys are all alike. But it's a class of work that only a boy would consent to do. However, on the whole, I must confess that the plant boarding house business is rather too good to give up on account of so insignificant a drawback as a lazy boy, especially when it furnishes occupation and income in what would otherwise be a dull season for the florist."

#### Bee Industry is a Myth.

Bees, said Farmer William Russell to a reporter for the Minneapolis Tribune, are just like human beings. When they are busy they are virtuous and peaceable; but when in idleness they become vicious, given to foolish actions that dissipate the strength of the colonies and make the work of the beekeeper twice as arduous. Last year the season ran so that the bees were busy all the time. The blossoms came in rotation and the bees always had something to do. They made honey very fast and the business was prosperous.

This season there has been less honey to gather and the bees, with nothing to busy themselves upon, have devoted their time to frolic and idleness. The old rhyme, "How doth the busy bee, Improve each shining hour," is all nonsense. The bees are marvels of thrift and industry when they have work to do, but they can be quite as foolish as men.

The talk of the "idle drone" is another foolishness that has crept into the language through ignorance. The drone is the male bee. He has no business to gather honey; his function is altogether different and quite as important as that of the worker. He is the father of the hive, and when his work has been performed he is killed off as useless.

#### A Surprised Fisherman.

A Massachusetts sport, fishing for trout in Steubens River, Maine, met with a surprise the other day. Instead of getting a bite he was startled by the roar of a bull. On looking around he saw the bull coming at him full speed. There was no time to be lost so he quickly removed his rubber boots, took them under his arm and forded the river. On reaching the other side he encountered a huge bear that had been awakened by the terrible roar of the bull. After a severe struggle with the bear, he succeeded in making his escape minus one boot, which he threw at the bear. The next day the sport with a company of armed men went to hunt for him and the lost boot. After hunting a few hours they succeeded in finding the boot, but brain was nowhere to be found.

### Old Folks and Young Folks.

Southwest City, Mo., claims the champion fat baby of the country—eight months, 68 pounds.

There is in Vaucluse, Fla., a family of ten children, all born to one mother within forty-two months. There were twins, triplets and quintuplets. A local newspaper tells this story.

Scarcely less remarkable is the case of the 77-year-old citizen of Neat Falls, Wash., who is growing young again. His hair is changing from white to black, his eye brightens and his muscles are as limber as an angleworm's.

Isaac and Moses Martz of Arcadia, Ind., are twin brothers. Their wives are twin sisters. Each household has twelve children—seven boys and five girls. In each family was a pair of twins. The Messrs. Martz are 82 years old.

Alderman John Sheehan of Buffalo saved a Polack's life. The Pole, to prove his gratitude, offered Sheehan his baby boy as a gift, explaining that he was poor and had nothing else. Sheehan declined with thanks.

#### The Scrap Heap Proved Valuable.

Cycling has proved of an unexpected benefit to more than one manufacturer of a line of goods entirely distinct from those usually connected with bicycling. A large watch concern found themselves burdened with a lot of wheels and interior works of a line watches which, for some reason or another, had not proved satisfactory. The mass of material was virtually worthless, and to get rid of it, it was offered for sale at a price, but no one wanted it. An ingenious workman, wanting a cyclometer for his wheel, went to this scrap heap, selected seven parts from it, added two of his own making, and the result was an accurate, durable and economical cyclometer. Other workmen who were cyclists did the same thing until the value of the scrap heap became known to the heads of the company, with the result that from what was at one time deemed a worthless scrap heap over 1,000 cyclometers a day are now being turned out and retail at \$2 each. Reads like a fairy story this, but it is the truth, just the same.

#### Spreading Plant Diseases.

It is remarked in the Kew Bulletin that the dispersion of plant diseases through the interchange of plants is a peril requiring careful precautions. The phyloxera was introduced from England into Switzerland. The coffee-leaf disease has been conveyed from Ceylon on the one hand to Fiji (with tea seeds) where it practically extinguished the promising coffee industry, and to German East Africa on the other. It has always been a matter of the deepest anxiety lest by any accident it should be introduced through Kew [the famous botanical garden] to the New World, where it does not at present exist. It has been no less a matter of anxiety lest the coffee-leaf miner should be introduced into the Old World. Kew extends, undoubtedly, an involuntary hospitality to many strange guests, which come unbidden from one knows whence.

#### A Bootblacks' Union.

Bootblacks in Seattle, Wash., formed a union a week ago, its main purpose being to maintain prices and to shut out imported cheap labor. The price of a shine in Seattle has stood at 10 cents as long as the average bootblack's memory reaches back until recently a number of Italians drifted in from the East and began cutting prices. The union will endeavor to maintain the price at 10 cents. Any member cutting below this will be fined 50 cents for the first offence, \$1 for the second, and will be expelled from the union for the third. The union was organized with the help of the Newsboys' Union formed in Seattle some months ago.

#### Duke of Argyll's Plaid Trousers.

The Duke of Argyll has the reputation of being the worst dressed man in Great Britain. He once saw some shepherd plaid cloth in a shop window, took a fancy to it and went into the place and ordered a pair of trousers from it. He then absently said: "You can send the rest of the piece, as I might want another pair or two some day."

The piece was ninety-six and one-half yards long, and, as a pair of trousers only requires two and one-half yards, the Duke of Argyll, who is typically Scotch and careful, has worn nothing but shepherd's check trousers since 1877, the year of the unfortunate and heedless purchase.

#### Gold Dollars.

The average cost of producing a dollar of gold in the Independence mine of Cripple Creek, Col., for the first three months of this year, as given by W. F. Kendrick, of Denver, has been but .0876 cents; \$899,000 of gold was produced at a cost of \$15,000, or less than four cents in the dollar.

### An Interesting Experiment in South Carolina.

The only plantation on this continent where tea is grown successfully for the market is not very large. It is near Summerville, S. C. Dr. Charles U. Shepard, who is making tea culture his life work, thinks twenty acres enough to lay out in gardens at present, though eventually he expects to double this area. And it is a queer looking patch, this twenty-acre tea plantation. The doctor has simply made a clearing in the woods, and made a clearing in the woods as the visitor emerges from the trees into the open space he sees what is apparently a stunted peach orchard, only the leaves are too small and of a very dark green. On a closer examination the leaves resemble those on currant-bushes, though they grow on stalks thick enough for tree branches. Some plants are as high as the waist, and some nearly as high as the head. Planted at regular intervals and in rows with branches carefully pruned, they do resemble an orchard of small fruit trees, with the branches forking like peach trees. But it is not an orchard—it is a garden similar to thousands in China and other Asiatic countries. It is a genuine tea garden.

To those who have seen the cheap prints and China representation of tea bushes growing on mountain sides, these straight rows along the flat ground have an unfamiliar look, but it is the climate, and not so much the "lay of the land" that fosters the temperature happens to be the best in the country for tea growing—it is just about warm enough, and just about moist enough, and heat combined with moisture are two special requirements to make good tea leaves. The twenty acres of "gardens" contain several thousand "shrubs," we will call them. From these the owner hopes to secure this year about 1,000 pounds of black tea, which will retail at \$1 to \$1.40 per pound. Last year his crop was about 500 pounds from an area of fifteen acres. This is considerably better than raising cotton at the present prices, so he thinks.

The garden contains shrubs raised from tea seed imported from Japan, China, Ceylon, Formosa and Assam, Asia; also what are called Assam hybrids, which are considered the most profitable, and Ceylon hybrids, which are obtained by mixing the seed of the pure Assam or Ceylon with some other grade. The shrubs grow six feet apart, as they require a large amount of nourishment, and "exhaust" a large area of ground. Shingles of straw is placed over the plants when the first shoots appear, and a cage is taken to protect them from frost until they have reached a height of two or three feet, when they become fairly hardy, and can withstand usually the changes of temperature which occur during the year. The shrubs can be grown by grafting, but are less hardy than if raised by the seeding process. When the shrub is about three feet high the "harvesting" of the tea begins, and this is perhaps the most interesting stage of all. Armed with a sharp knife, the field hand cuts off in May about half of the leaves and smaller branches. If the growth has been healthy, the shrub throws out a new foliage of leaves at once. These are the ten leaves of commerce. They will run from one to two inches in length, according to the variety. They are picked off as fast as they reach a suitable size, and the operation is repeated from May until October, as often as the leaves come out. It is termed "flushing." The most profitable species are naturally those that can bear the most flushing. At Pinehurst seven is the largest number of "flushes" during the season.

#### TREES.

One variety of the Indian rubber tree has bright green leaves, bordered with flaming red.

At Oroville, Cal., there is an ox heart cherry only eighteen years old which is six feet in circumference.

The sacred tree of Ceylon is said to have sprung from a slip of the tree under which Buddha was born.

A section of a big tree exhibited at the New Zealand Industrial Exposition of 1898 measured 187 feet in circumference.

The largest oak in Georgia (on Jonathan Farmer's place, in Oglethorpe County) is twenty-seven feet in diameter.

The magnolia tree is so called in honor of Prof. Magnol, a French naturalist, who was born in 1688 and died in 1715.

The estimated age of the dragon tree of Orotava (not authentic, like the recorded age of the Boma cypress), is 5,000 years.

The foundation of a church at San Como, Guatemala, has been shifted seven inches by the growth of two large white gum trees.

The oldest known living tree is the Soma cypress of Lombardy, which the record says was "standing and of unknown age" in the year 42 B. C.

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