









FOREIGN GOSSIP.

By an Italian law, any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme...

By a new French law anyone found guilty of revealing the contents of a private letter will be punished with imprisonment for six days...

absorbs the moisture of the body, prevents one from taking cold, and is the coolest, lightest garment for wear...

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Apple Macaroni—Stew some nice tart apples, sufficient to make about two pints...

Lemon Custard: For two pies wet four tablespoons of corn starch with a little water, pour on three cups of boiling water...

Bread Fritters: To a quart-basinful of stale bread, broken small, put a quart of boiling milk...

NOW PUFF AND POMPADOUR.

Old-Time Coiffures Which Are to Be Worn This Season. The coiffure of the up-to-date woman is ever changing...

AUSTRALIAN RIVALITIES.

Changes Effected by the Introduction of Railways. As we look away from the cliff, dazed with color and drunk with ozone, the eye rests gratefully on a placid, undulating landscape...

FOR THE WOMAN CYCLIST.

Suggestions That May Prove of Great Value to Her. No less a person than an observant physician offers a word of well-meant counsel to feminine cyclists...

Memory Albums. Begin the album by looking over your collection of plates, and select such as have been made on special occasions...

Powers of Vision Still Fair. Lawyer—"Now, sir, did you or did you not say you saw the defendant at the time this occurrence took place? You did see him? Very good. Now I should like to have you state to this jury, sir, whether or not your eyes'ght is defective? ..."

A Poem. Alas! I am a graybeard: My years are fifty-three; I'm old and grave, but Bessie ne'er Will wait upon my knee...

Confession. Tho' in words she never told it— Tho' she dreams not I have guessed That she loves me, yet my lady Her sweet secret has confessed...

The First Boy. What is it fills the father's heart With pride and joy enough to start A first-class, wholesale blessing mart?

Little Brown Eyes. Bright little Brown Eyes from Babyland Is winking and blinking at me. I feel the touch of a dimpled hand As he chambers upon my knee...

THE man who considers himself all wool and a yard wide wants to make himself felt.—Galveston News. SUE—"The groom seems quite cool." He—"The bride is from Boston."—Life.

WHERE one person desires to be heard ten are satisfied with being seen.—Milwaukee Journal. "NO, MAUDE, dear, it is not good form to wear baggy trousers with a sack coat."—Philadelphia Record.

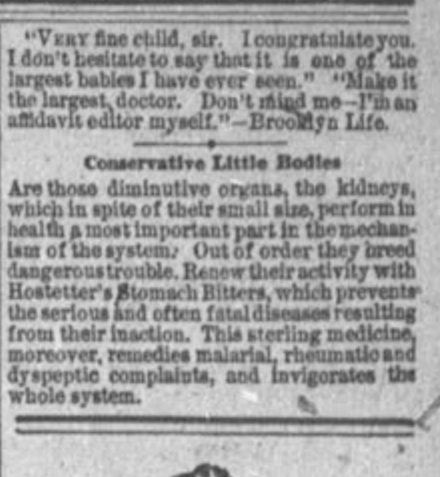
SELF-DENIAL is the result of a calm, deliberate, invincible attachment to the highest good.—G. Spring. MAX is the merriest, the most joyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition.

SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. The Great SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Drugstore, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure. All others contain alum or ammonia.

Conservative Little Bodies. Are those diminutive organs, the kidneys, which in spite of their small size, perform in health a most important part in the mechanism of the system?



Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the Remedy.

Epworth League, Chattanooga. The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder.

A Cheap Trip to the East. The Big Four Route and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. have been announced the official route from Illinois and Indiana by the Baptist Young People's Union which holds the Fifth International Convention at Baltimore, Md., July 18th to 21st.

A HOBBY sometimes runs away with its rider, but unfortunately it can't throw him and kill him.—Galveston News. "THE COTTON KING" will remain for a week or two at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, commencing his third week May 20. Seats secured by mail.

SAFETY to mother and child and less unpleasantness after confinement, result from use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists. LAWYER—"We'll get at the truth." Client—"Well, you know what to do with it when you get at it."—Brooklyn Life.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI. Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike. ADAMS & SONS CO., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

KNOWLEDGE. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the Remedy.

For Cure of Sprains, Bruises, ST. JACOBS OIL on the .. BASE BALL .. Field is just what all players call it, "THE BEST."

IMPERIAL GRANUM. THE BEST FOOD FOR INVALIDS. JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

RISENING SUN STOVE POLISH. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

LEWIS' 98% LYE. THE STRONGEST and PUREST LYE made. Unlike other soaps it brings a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid.

ESTLEY PIANOS. 300,000 OF THESE ILLUSTRATED INSTRUMENTS. ESTLEY & CAMP.

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS. Look for our separator in the NEXT issue of the Housewife. It will show a list of our DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS.

ESTLEY PIANOS. 300,000 OF THESE ILLUSTRATED INSTRUMENTS. ESTLEY & CAMP.









STANDING IN THE DOOR.

Opie Read Tells a Story He Heard in Texas.

The Old Negro Mother Had No Idea of the Flight of Time and After Half a Century of Waiting Still Looked for Her Girl.

[Written for This Paper.]

How odd it will sound after awhile to hear some one say: "I saw a human being placed upon a block and sold to the highest bidder." And yet many of us have seen this. But how dreary and shadowy it seems, away back yonder in that past that the thrill of childhood makes hallowed. The world is swift and in the feverish hall that comes at nightfall we can hear a cry of distress—we know that life is full of greed, and that men trample upon the weak and forget the dying in their race for the dollar, and yet we must acknowledge that the world is better than it was when a human being was placed upon a block and sold.

Some time ago, while in Texas, I heard a story that affected me greatly.



I was at a farmhouse, sitting on a porch amid an entanglement of morning-glory vines. An old negro woman came out of the house and stood upon the steps, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the road. "No, da ain't in sight yet," I heard her say.

"Who is not in sight?" I asked. "Law me, is you listenin' ter my foolishness? You musn't pay no 'tention ter me, chile. An' I know you'd laugh at me if I wuz ter tell you who I wuz lookin' fur."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Sho'nuff, now? Well, I ain't tole it in so long dat I would jess like ter tell it ergin."

I assured her that I would not laugh; and I urged her until she told me the following story:

"I wuz er livin' erway back yander in Tennessee. Ole mars an' ole miss wuz po' folks, an' I wuz tellin' you dat it wuz allus bad ter b'long ter po' people, fur you didn't know how soon da'd hatter sell you. Niggers wuz jes like any uder property, an' it didn't make no difference how much dar owners wuz 'atched ter 'em, w'y sometimes da had ter gib 'em up jess de same. Ole mars an' ole miss wuz monstus kino ter me—doan' b'liebe da ever did whip me—but o' cose I had ter work hard an' dat wuz ter be 'pected, fur da wuz po'. Da owned one uder nigger, er gre't big bench-laiged feller named Ben. An', ez I growed up, da wanted me ter marry Ben. I didn't like dat nigger, ho wa'n't my style er tall, an' I tole ole miss dat he wa'n't. I tole her dat she had dun raised me so particular dat I wuz mighty keertful who I married, but ole miss kep on er sayin' dat I oughter marry Ben. An' dat triflin' nigger hung round my cabin do' most all day, sometimes o'er Sunday, er beggin' me ter marry him. But I allus tole him dat I wouldn't. Huh, I tole him dat he didn't walk ter suit me. I didn't want er nussan dat went er wabblin' er long like him. He put me in mine o'er er wagin dat didn't track. I uster tell him ter git outen my way ur I'd scald him, but de rascal knowed dat I wouldn't do dat, an' so he kep on er hangin' round dedo'. Ole marster he tuck 't inter his head dat I must marry Ben. I loved one day dat I



"ga cryin' fitter to kill herse'." wuz ole eruff ter marry an' be wuth mo' den de simple work I wuz doin'. Wanted chillun, doan you see—mo' niggers, you understand. O' cose da could er wanted me marry him any time da wanted ter, but da didn't like ter do dat. Ole mars an' ole miss had er daughter, de puttiest lady you eber seed, named May. I lubbed her an' she lubbed me, an' she wuz all time tellin' me dat she didn't blame me, dat she wouldn't marry Ben nuther of her wuz in my place. An' I uster tell her dat I neber would marry Ben till she tole me ter, but I know'd dat she would neber tell me. Wall, one night Miss May she come out ter my cabin er cryin' fitten ter kill herse', an' she tole me dat I would hatter marry Ben—said dat if I didn't da would hatter sell me. It wuz er awful blow, I tell you, but I tole her dat I would. Wall, da made me er nice dress—Miss May made it herse', an' I ricollected dat she cried ober it—an' da put it on me an' da stuck some dogwood blooms in my hair, an'

so I wuz married. I neber could farn ter like Ben, but I did worship my chile, er little gal. Ter me she wuz de puttiest thing dat eber libed. Dar wa'n't no uder chillun round nowhar, an' after dat chile got big eruff she used ter go round de yard, singin' wid de chickens, an' she got so she went jest like er chicken, too. An' dem chickens used ter sing back at her—used ter call her, it peered ter me like —an' yere she'd come an' march round de yard wid 'em.

"One day ole marster tuck sick. De had er doctor frum way ober de creek an' one frum de town, but it wa'n't no use, fur he died; an' den it didn't pear mo' den er month fo' ole miss she died, too. I thought dat de worl' dum come ter er end, sho, but I ricollected dat I still had my young miss an' my little gal. But, bless you, de fust thing I knowed yere come some folks dat da said wuz de law, an' da 'gun ter take everything on de place. But I had thought dat me an' Miss May an' de little gal could manage ter live somehow—I didn't think erbout Ben—but in de ebenin' young miss she come out ter my cabin an' 'gun ter cry, an' when I tried ter quiet her she cried wuss, an' she tole me dat da had dun tuck me away frum her an' wuz gwine put me on de block an' sell me. Oh, dis news mighty nigh broke my heart, specially when she tole me dat in all reason I wuz gwine to be tuck off souf an' dat de little gal wuz gwine be kep' back. I didn't sleep none dat night, an' I held dat little angel in my arms, all through de dark hours. De roosters crowed, an' my heart wuz tore, fur I knowed dat daylight wuz er comin' an' dat soon de law would be dar. De little angel wuz er asleep, wid one han' on my breast.

"Day come, an' I wondered how de sun could shine jess ez bright ez it did yistidin', an' I wondered how folks could laugh, but I yered de law laugh ez it come er crowdin' inter de yard. De sheriff wuz dar, an' some ladies wuz dar, an' I wondered er any o' dem ladies had little angels at home. I wuz er standin' in de do', an' my little chile wuz er clingin' ter my dress—ter my weddin' dress, fur da wanted ter make me look ez well ez da could. De sheriff he called me an' I went out, er swallerin' my heart, an' stood up on de block. An' den da 'gun ter auction me off. I yered er chicken sing an' den I seed dat little gal o' mine run out an' jine de chickens, an' bof o' 'em an' some mo' chickens stood up in de cornder o' de fence, er singin'. Da got through er biddin' on me atter while, fur er man frum Texas had dun bought me. I seed de pale face o' young miss at de winder when I stepped offen de block. Da tole me ter tell de little gal good-by. I called her an' yere she come, wid de chickens er follerin' her.

SONG BIRDS.

Something About the Warblers of Different Countries.

India has the joosee baibua, often called nightingales for their remarkably sweet voices. The Hindoos train them to sit on their hands and be carried about the bazars. The black-faced thrush is a very fine songster, and can imitate almost everything he hears.

The white-eyebrowed, or spectacled laughing-thrush, has a loud, powerful song and some melodious notes. He is sometimes called the Greater Peking nightingale, or Japanese mocking bird.

The Japanese robin is a pretty bird to look at, and very lively in his motions, but is overrated as a singer, his notes resembling our Baltimore oriole's, only shriller, with little variation.

Australia has the piping crow, which is more of a shriek than a true crow. His song is rich and varied, the notes resembling a flute. He can be taught to speak and imitate many birds as well.

From Africa are shipped large numbers of little birds to this country called African singing finches. The plumage is handsome, and often very odd. They lack voice, only one, the strawberry finch, having a song of any power. They are cunning, however, and pretty to have in an aviary. A gentleman in New York has a cage containing some thirty-five varieties of small birds, and among them many African finches. As one of the canaries sings a small finch will fly to his side, and placing his head against the singer's breast, listens closely until the canary gives him away.

A weaver bird with a thick red bill, in this same happy family, will take all the threads given him and weave a close network down the side of the cage and out on the perches. His owner says that if he would give him enough material the bird would weave until he shut out the daylight.—Philadelphia Times.

WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

Facts as to the Distribution of the Female Population.

According to the most reliable estimates the world to-day contains 380,000,000 grown women. Among civilized nations the United States have actually the largest share, their feminine population being 30,554,370. Russia comes next with an adult feminine population of 23,200,000. Then a long way after comes the German empire with 10,930,000; Austria, with 9,680,000; Great Britain, with 8,706,000; France, with 8,586,000, and Italy, with 6,850,000. Spain comes next on the list with 4,130,000 of the fair sex, and she is followed by Belgium, with 1,340,000; Roumania, with 1,260,000; Sweden, with 1,170,000; Portugal, with 1,080,000, and Holland, with 1,070,000. The countries whose adult feminine population does not reach 1,000,000 are Switzerland, which has only 690,000; Norway, which has 465,000, and Greece and Denmark, which are tied at 400,000.

In this estimate it will be noted that the entire female population of the United States is given and only the number of grown women in the different countries of Europe. As a matter of fact, in proportion to its population this country has fewer women than most of the others mentioned.

The proportion of women to men in the United States is greatest in New England, where the women are in excess. It is least in the far west, where the number of men exceed that of the women. Wyoming has the smallest female population, 21,362; New York the largest, 3,020,990; while it is said that one factory in New England employs 12,000.—Buffalo Commercial.

Napoleon at Montebello.

Not far from Milan, on a gentle rise, stands the famous villa, or country-seat, of Montebello. Its windows command a scene of rare beauty; on one side, in the distance, the mighty Alps, with their peaks of never-melting ice and snow; on the other three the almost voluptuous beauty of the fertile plains; while in the near foreground lies the great capital of Lombardy, with its splendid industries, its stores of art, and its crowded spires hoary with antiquity. Within easy reach are the exquisite scenes of an enchanted region—that of the Italian lakes. To this lovely residence Bonaparte withdrew. His summer's task was to be the pacification of Europe, and the consolidation of his own power in Italy, in France, and northward beyond the Alps. The two objects went hand in hand. From Austria, from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Parma, from Switzerland, and even from the minor German principalities whose fate hung on the rearrangement of German lands to be made at the congress of the empire, agents of every kind, both military and diplomatic, both secret and accredited, flocked to the seat of power. Expresses came and went in all directions, while humble suitors vied with one another in homage to the risen sun.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Light on a Dark Subject.

Rivers—Supposing it to be true that Luther did throw an ink bottle at Satan, why do you think he did it? Banks—I presume he wanted to see if he couldn't make him blacker than he was painted.—Chicago Tribune.

He Said Everything.

He—What did your father say when you told him I wanted to marry you? She—I'm sure I can't think of it all. Better ask me what he didn't say.—Texas Sittings.

No Longer Good Form.

Little Agnes—Do riches bring happiness, mamma? Mrs. Hauteur—I trust not, my child. One's position in society will stand anything but being odd.—N. Y. World.

How Dust and Man Differ.

Willifrid (to Burke)—Do you believe man is made of dust? "Not all of them," said Mr. Burke. "Dust settles, and I know men who don't."—Pearson's.

An Insultation.

Mrs. Brown—I didn't know he was a member of your club. Brown—Oh! yes—has been for years. Mrs. Brown—Why, I thought he didn't drink at all.—Puck.

The Way of It.

"Women have no sense of humor." "This the dietum man hath spoken! Little dreaming—rath' presumes—He's ter eternal joke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An authority on anthropology says that the ears of women are set further forward on the head than those of man.

NO USE FOR A CAMERA.

The Old Mountaineer Didn't Want His Picture Taken.

An hour before noon I overtook a young man with a camera who was making snap-shots by the wayside. A few minutes later we met a mountaineer on a mule with a sack of corn behind him, and after salutations had been exchanged the artist said he would like to take his picture.

"Is that thing fur takin' pictures?" "Yes—takes a regular photograph." "Would it look like me?" "Of course."

"And the mewl?" "Yes." "Then I'll hev to disappoint ye. Thar wuz a feller up yere with a squintin' masheen like that, and he met my brother Bill. He sot Bill on a rock and squinted at him and jogged along. When he got down to Knoxville he fixed the pictur' up and was showin' it around when a fellow says to him: "Whar' did ye meet this yere critter?"

"Up above Cumberland Gap." "And mought his fust name be Bill?" "I reckon."

"And his last name Scott?" "The same."

"That's about all they said, but in the cose of three days a lot of revenue officers cum along and gobbled on to Bill, and he's in the Albany prison doin' time yet. They dun reckoned he wuz in Texas 'till they saw his pictur'."

"But as the revenue officers don't want you, that removes the objection," explained the artist.

"It 'pears to, but it don't do it," replied the old man, as he looked up and down the road. "You take my pictur'. You go down to Clinton. You show it around. Purty soon a feller cum along and says: "Durn my hide, but that looks like ole Jeb Scott, up in the hills!" "Yes, it's the ole cuss hisself."

"Whar'd ye meet him?" "Over on the Clinch river."

"The dear ole critter! How peart he's lookin' on that ole mewl o' his! I'd gin a dollar to shake hands with him!" "Wall," continued the old man, "in about three days I'd be roostin' in jail and hev only myself to blame fur it, while them revenue fellers would be jest tickled to death."

"But I thought they didn't want you!" protested the artist.

"No, I reckon they don't, but they would as soon as they saw the pictur'." Some of 'em would recognize the in-nercent ole critter who locked seven of 'em up in a stable while the boys were totin' a moonshine still out of a ravine and over the mountains, and as I hain't much of a hand to talk I'm afeared I couldn't explain how I happened to fall asleep and leave 'em thar 'till they cut thar' way out through the roof. You can squint at the ole mewl and the bag of co'n all day if it will oblige ye, but don't pull trigger 'till ole Jeb Scott gets down and hides behind a log!"—Detroit Free Press.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

For Woman Rain Means Only Slush and a Weary Spirit.

There is something very pleasant about a soft spring rain. It has a soothing effect at night if one listens to its gentle pattering on a tin-roof. It is also very pleasant, not to say amusing, to watch from a comfortable seat in a broad window the passers-by on a principal thoroughfare.

There are other agreeable phases of a spring rain, not to speak of its practical value; but to a part of the human race the agreeable phases are not evident and the soothing qualities are of no avail.

Women are out of their element on a rainy day. At the end of a three days' rain the most virtuously indignant woman who ever disdained the feminine knickerbocker, trudging along, supporting with her tired arms pounds of wet skirts, has longed for—something. A woman on a rainy day is a pitiable object. She is blessed with a comfortable abundance of skirts in ordinary weather. To these she adds a gossamer—over her coat—out of respect to the pneumonia warnings of the doctors through the daily papers. It pins her arms down and bundles up her throat.

If she is obliged to go out at all she goes for a purpose and that means usually a bundle or bag. With one hand she holds a thick bunch of skirts, including the thick skirt of the coat, and sometimes the gossamer. She tucks her bundles under the other arm, drops her skirts and gets up her umbrella.

The skirts will get drabbed with the best of care after two or three trips up and down the elevated stairs or out of and into the surfaco cars. They drag across her ankles with a melancholy flap-flap that outrages every feminine sense of comfort and daintiness.

Her hair, at first arranged in becoming waves, stands out on all sides at depressing angles. A hairpin is rearranged and a comb is put in a place of greater usefulness at every convenient stopping point and with all that a long, unmanageable lock brings her to a standstill in the middle of the street to clear her vision before venturing across dangerous car tracks. There is a little additional weight of water in the skirts each time they have been dropped for this purpose.

The average woman on a rainy day will cross the worst puddle in the street with desperation to avoid meeting her best friend—particularly if it be a man—and she melts quickly into the first shop door to avoid acquaintance.

If she has neglected the little hole in the heel of her overshoe and has one wet foot, so much the worse. Anyway, by the time she has endured two or three hours of the misery she is tired from actual physical exhaustion. She is warm, she is cross, and if she confines herself only to mild expletives she is sometimes said to be.—N. Y. Press.

Kept All Food Covered.

Every article of food should be kept covered until it appears on the table. Milk and butter should be kept in airtight covered vessels. They take up every odor flying in the air, and are positively harmful to the stomach after standing uncovered for an hour or two. Not only odors, but the animalcules that fill the air are attracted to milk and butter. Uncovered jelly is a menace to family health, yet in two-thirds of the pantries in the city will be found half-used dishes of jelly standing uncovered.—Good Housekeeping.

This Sounds Good.

An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardines, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a chafing dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.

Coloridge was so absent minded

that he often passed his most intimate friends in the street without recognizing them.

WOMAN AND WOME.

TEN-MINUTE EXERCISES.

If Taken Every Day They Make Women Look Truly Beautiful.

Everything in a woman's life should be done temperately, especially the wearing of corsets. This eternal lecturing upon the evils of corset-wearing is all folly; to condemn tight lacing is another thing, but the loose, wide-made corset is to be commended.

Of course all exercise should be taken with the waist perfectly free, and when vigorous out-of-door sports are indulged in no stay should be worn; but when in the street or at home or at social functions the corset worn sensibly is a necessity of all women who claim any degree of that intangible something called style.

The rules for health and beauty are really very simple. Rise, a half-hour before breakfast, open the window, whatever the weather or season, and

go briskly through the ordinary calisthenic exercises with the arms and legs and body for ten minutes—no longer, for the half-hour of vigorous exercise which some advocate is trying to the nerves and taxes a woman's strength altogether too much; even five minutes may be found sufficient day after day.

The motions should be made evenly, firmly and with sufficient rapidity to get up a pleasant warmth.

The lungs should be filled through the nose with fresh air from the window and emptied through the mouth with a quick ejection. This should be done four or five times. Then the position should be taken for the exercises—legs together, hands on the hips and chin held up. Then a rotation of the body as in the first illustration. This tends to make the waist slim and mobile, and the muscles may be felt alternately stretching and relaxing under the hands as the motion is described.

The second sketch illustrates the exercise for widening the chest, increasing its bust and strengthening and knitting the spinal muscles generally.

The other exercises to be taken are made according to the well-known routine, hands from shoulder up, ten times, then down, then from the shoulder straight out in front the same number of times. All these should be done briskly.

After the exercise a cold sponge bath should be taken, accompanied by vigorous rubbing, and every other week a cupful of common salt should be thrown into the water each day, and when this is used it must be remembered that soap cannot be used, as the two do not agree.

After dressing slowly a breakfast should be eaten of fresh fruit, grain foods and eggs or chops, according to one's taste.

At night, just before retiring, the same exercise should be gone through and a sponge wet with alcohol rubbed over the body; bathing the feet in warm, almost hot, water is soothing and healthy also, as it helps one to sleep soundly and sweetly.

To give a woman an erect and beautiful figure there is no surer way than to

TOP BUREAU DRAWER.

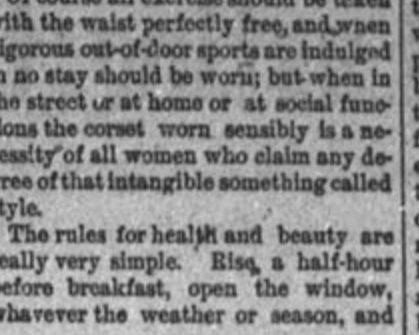
Said to Be an Absolute Revelation of a Woman's Character.

Harriet E. C. Caber says that a woman's bureau drawer—the top drawer, that either is or is not a catch-all—reveals character more than any of her possessions, and it could almost tell her fortune by looking into it. Is it a pot-pourri—gloves, lace, hairpins, frizzes, collars, letters and a hundred other things? This denotes an uneven, unsystematized, happy-go-lucky life, one that fate loves to pursue. The orderly woman who establishes a standard for people to live up to always keeps this bureau drawer in order. Her life is of the tranquil kind. The woman who fills her bureau with boxes possesses an excess of order that makes life a burden to the ones who live with her. She is conservative and not very adaptable nor tolerant. While order is the first lane to Heaven, order does not by any means produce Heaven. However, the bureau drawer never poses. You may profess sentiments that are not yours, and your milliner and dressmaker lend you a personality which you do not possess, and pose successfully for what you are not; you can buy correct books and pose for a litterateur by living up to their bindings. In your house and its furnishings you can buy artistic effect and harmony of color and grand pictures, and even the atmosphere that belongs with these evidences of culture will hover about. You can have a Louis Quinze room without knowing why you have it, and you can buy your coat of arms and your antiques and your ancestors, and you may escape the soul of all that they represent and the world will be none the wiser. But let the world have a peep in the top drawer of your dressing table and it will find out things about your real character of which it has never dreamed.—Philadelphia Times.

FANCY WORK BASKET.

Two Medium-Sized Peach Baskets Constitute Its Foundation.

A standing work basket is such a comfort when one sits down to mend or sew. First of all, because it is more capacious than the ordinary little basket. Then it is such an independent sort of an institution, being able to stand alone, that it quite relieves its



SUPPLING THE WAIST.

owner of the many little attentions she must bestow on the unpretentious small basket. A very convenient and attractive basket may be made at home, using two peach baskets, as shown in cut. The lower one may be left unfinished inside, merely serving as a support. The upper one should be lined inside, and furnished with numerous pockets and a cushion or two for needles and pins. Cover the outside with pretty cretonne or silkoline, putting a band and bow where the two baskets meet. The top is made of a long, straight piece of the right width to gather up in the center with a drawing-string, the other edge being fastened under the upper frill. The drawing-string should be long enough to let all the fullness out, so that the top may be turned down on the outside when the basket is in use.—Rural New Yorker.

INTRODUCE THEM.

Boys and Girls Should Be Presented Formally to Adult Visitors.

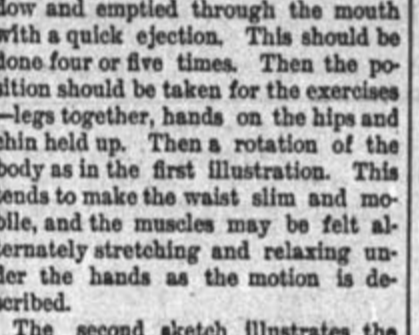
It is a common oversight in too many households not to introduce the children to visitors. Guests are formally presented to the adult members of the family, but the younger boys and girls are either ignored altogether, or else introduced in a general way without giving their individual names. This course is almost certain to result in awkwardness and constraint on their part when grown. There is a difference between putting children forward unduly and giving them their just measure of recognition. And pray take pains, in making introductions, to speak the names distinctly, and, above all things else, do not omit their mention. How many of us have been annoyed to have a hostess greet an intimate friend, to whom we were entire strangers, with some such salutation as: "O Henry, so pleased to have you meet Miss Blank," leaving us to discover his surname as best we may. It is not a bad plan for the family to rehearse by themselves some of these little social formalities.—Congregationalist.

Chafing Dish Parties.

So great is the rivalry among the owners of fine chafing dishes and choice recipes to be cooked in them that cooling clubs, of both men and women, frequently meet and prepare a luncheon or ten o'clock supper entirely over the chafing dish. Each person brings or sends his dish and the materials for making it in advance, and the feast is cooked course by course by the different chefs. To prevent a superabundance of one kind of food, each guest is notified of the dishes that will compose the menu, or permitted to send in word of the concoction at which he is most skillful. In this fashion a chafing dish party may have much of the delight and terror of a summer picnic.

Toothsome Fig Cakes.

Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 3/4 cups flour, 1/4 cup sour milk, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 1/4 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 pound figs, shredded, 5 eggs, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla, little mace, whites of 5 eggs for frosting.—Mrs. J. L. B. Trusk, in Farm and Home.



BROADENING THE CHEST.

stand with the hands on the hips as often as possible, with the abdomen in and the chest thrown well out. When one is at home it is easy to stand in this way for several minutes at a time or to walk about the house so. It works like magic, too, for giving one a fine carriage.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that all the walking in the open air one can possibly do, unless it is in the hot sun, serves to add to one's health and beauty, and a woman should be out of doors all that she possibly can, as nothing brings the bloom into her cheeks so quickly or so beautifully as God's pure air and sunshine.—Marie Jourean, in Chicago Record.

Keep All Food Covered.

Every article of food should be kept covered until it appears on the table. Milk and butter should be kept in airtight covered vessels. They take up every odor flying in the air, and are positively harmful to the stomach after standing uncovered for an hour or two. Not only odors, but the animalcules that fill the air are attracted to milk and butter. Uncovered jelly is a menace to family health, yet in two-thirds of the pantries in the city will be found half-used dishes of jelly standing uncovered.—Good Housekeeping.

This Sounds Good.

An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardines, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a chafing dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.

Coloridge was so absent minded

that he often passed his most intimate friends in the street without recognizing them.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

# Special Sale at KRATZE'S

## Lasting through the month of June.

This will be an extraordinary bargain month with us. Not on any single line of goods but takes in the entire stock of **Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Men's and Ladies' Hats, Etc.**

Anything in our immense big stock can now be bought at a saving to you. Remember this sale will last throughout the month of June.

The prices placed on our goods for this sale **ONLY** is far below anything we have ever undertaken. On many goods which we are overstocked on, our cost has been lost sight of.

We are determined to do business. The slashing of prices on all goods for this greatest of all special sales in Escanaba, will move the goods in a hurry. Don't delay buying for the convenience of your own pocket books.

**KRATZE'S, 608-610 Ludington Street.**

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many News Items Gathered From Our Various Exchanges.

All Sorts of Items, From All Sorts of Places, Concerning All Sorts of Persons and All Sorts of Haps and Mishaps.

For three years Judge Gresham has not drawn his \$30 a month pension from the Chicago pension office. He had never surrendered it, but for some reason never made any call for it. There is now an accumulation of over \$1,100 to his credit, which Mrs. Gresham will get.

From an Illinois town comes this, Monday: "A blind preacher, blind from his birth, received his eyesight last night, and is to-day the happiest man in the city. He is a preacher for the United Brethren here and his eloquence has long been a matter of note."

The death of J. F. Andrew of apoplexy at the age of forty-four recalls the fact that his father, the great war governor of Massachusetts, was only forty-nine when his death occurred from a like cause, and under somewhat similar circumstances.

Ex-Governor Flower is out in an interview for Whitney as the next democratic leader. The ex-governor has waited long to be selected as the national Flower, but it refused to blossom except in the Tammany conservatory.

Curtis Lake, Frontier county, Nebraska, burst its banks last Sunday and carried devastation and death down the valley of Medicine creek to the Republican river.

George Dashman, aged twenty-eight, was shot three times and mortally wounded by Mrs. Susan Foster, whose daughter he had betrayed and refused to marry.

Boston suffered, Sunday, a temperature of 102 degrees in the coolest spots. "New York got off with 94, but that sent everybody to Rockaway or Coney Island.

The incipient boom for Gen. Schofield for president was frost-bitten by the general's declaration that he had never voted and knew nothing except soldiering.

The strike at Sheboygan is off; the men have lost \$125,000 and the employers as much or more, and nothing has been gained by either.

Mrs. Pope, who contrived the killing of her husband at Detroit to secure the money for which his life was insured, goes to Jackson for life.

The two Germans who have tramped from Buenos Ayres arrived at Chicago Sunday. They have been nearly three years doing it.

The democrats of Illinois, in state convention assembled, declare for free silver and Senator Palmer is re-elected.

Twenty million packs of playing cards are made annually in the United States and two million packs are exported.

Menasha has a small-pox scare. Three cases occurred and many persons have been exposed to the contagion.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has been deposed on account of mental infirmity. He is eighty-nine years old.

E. A. W. Hunter left \$500,000 by his will to Pennsylvania university to a free surgical ward in its hospital.

The Onward Presbyterian church of Chicago let out its pastor because he was too stiff a sabbatarian.

Gov. Altgeld condemns the decision of the supreme court in the Debs case, but that don't help Debs.

Another brutal woman murder in San Francisco last Saturday and a state senator under suspicion.

Wm. Rinck shot Alma Von Glahn, of whom he was enamored, on Saturday last at Chicago.

Robert E. Scanlan, who had carried a 38-caliber bullet in his brain fourteen years, died Sunday.

Grip patients at Cincinnati turn yellow, as though they had jaundice, and the doctors are puzzled.

The Grand Turk don't want the powers meddling in the affairs of his empire and tells 'em so.

The saloons of Washington were closed Sunday but there were fifteen cases of sunstroke.

They've a "civic federation" at Terre Haute but the clergymen object to playing "tail" to it.

George Gould must employ a body-guard and Bat Masterson is the man selected for the job.

Minister Ranson can not endure the climate of Mexico with safety and is coming home.

Corbett and Fitz can fight at Dallas, Texas, and a purse of \$41,000 is hung up for them.

W. J. H. Ballard, consul of the United States at Hull, England, died Sunday.

Spain has, finally, apologized for the insult to the flag—the firing on the Alliance.

Edward Albert, of Wales, will visit the United States again this summer.

Life-saving stations are to be built at Plum Island and Bailey's Harbor.

Forest fires are doing much damage in the Pennsylvania oil region.

The National Cordage company is to be wound up by a receiver.

Chinese mobs are destroying missions. No lives reported lost.

Oscar Wilde has gone crazy and is kept in a padded room.

Orange Judd reports the wheat crop short thirty per cent.

Melville E. Stone was spoken of as successor to Gresham.

Four deaths by sunstroke in Chicago last Monday.

**Ford River Notes.**

The T. J. L. on the evening of June 1st entertained at Scandia hall. Nearly two hundred people assembled to pay their compliments to one of the worthy citizens of Ford River. A short hour was spent in the merry dance while a committee of "venerables" was hunting the "conspicuously absent." The dancing ceased for a few moments and Mr. Williams led O. E. Nelson to the stage and there addressed him in behalf of the citizens of Ford River. Mr. Williams made an eloquent speech, speaking very highly of the life and character of Mr. Nelson. He then presented a beautiful, thirty-two degree masonic badge containing a brilliant diamond. Mr. Nelson's surprise and pleasure nearly unfitted him for making a speech, but his few words of thanks were received with three lusty cheers from the audience. The presentation over, the whirl of the dance, refreshments, the "wee small hours" and the "surprise" are among our pleasantest memories.

Through the kindness of the school board and Mr. Ward the pupils of our schools enjoyed the 31st of May, visiting the cemetery and other interesting sights in Escanaba.

**Low Rates to Colorado.**

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., the North-Western line will, on July 4, 5 and 6 (and also on July 7, for trains reaching the Missouri river on that date), sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo, at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with \$2.00 added for membership fee); tickets good for return passage until September 1st, 1895. This rate is available to the general public, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity is offered for an enjoyable and economical trip to the "Rockies," as well as Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake and the health and pleasure resorts of the west and northwest. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway. 21-4

**Men and Teams Wanted.**

Call at 600 Ludington street and you can get employment part of next week, at least, in hauling away flour, feed, grain, hay, etc., provided, however, you take the money to pay for it. Pat Fogarty would like to introduce his Minnesota flour, good hay, feed, etc., and takes this method of giving the public an opportunity.

**Lake View Cemetery Association.**

The annual meeting of the Lake View Cemetery Association will be held at the secretary's office in the city of Escanaba, on Tuesday the 11th day of June, A. D. 1895, at seven o'clock p. m. EMIL GLASER, Secretary.

**Art Parlors.**

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Radolf Evans, a young Washington sculptor, is modeling a bust of Secretary Morton.

Emily Faithfull is dead at sixty years of age, and Sir James Bacon at ninety-seven.

Mrs. Cleveland has gone to Gray Gables and the president will follow next week.

The Bellair, O. Wire Nail company is about to build a \$300,000 tin-plate mill.

The latest from Cuba is that the revolution makes head against the Spanish forces.

She also gives lessons in the production of such work, and solicits the patronage of the Ladies of Escanaba.

22-4

Merchant Tailor.

**\$20.00 Suits**  
**\$25.00 Suits**  
**\$30.00 Suits**  
Suits in Any Style  
But a Bad One.  
Suits of Any Material  
But Shoddy.  
Suits at Any Price  
But a High One.



CALL ON  
**PETER OLSON,**  
801 Ludington St. MERCHANT TAILOR.

Drugs and Medicines.

**FOR DRUGS THAT ARE PURE**

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**MEAD'S**

Every article comprising our complete stock is new, fresh, crisp and sparkling, and guaranteed to be pure.

**OUR LINE OF DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES**

Is equaled by few and excelled by none, and among other includes and finest perfumes ever put on the market.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WALL PAPER.

Merchant Tailors.

Suits at \$20, Good Suits, too. Suits at \$25, Worth as much more. Suits at \$30, Cheap at that. Suits at \$35, Full value.

**SUITS AT ANY PRICE!**

And Satisfaction Guaranteed in every case, by  
**EPHRAIM & MORRELL'S**  
420 Ludington Street. Escanaba, Michigan

Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE  
**Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries**  
Which I wish to keep on the move and my prices will do it.  
Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts. **E. M. ST. JACQUES.**

Building Materials.

**JAS. DRUSH & CO.,**  
Wholesalers and Retailers in  
Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Brick, Tile, Etc.  
Dausman St., Near the Engine House. ESCANABA, MICH.

Lumber Yard.

**THE I. STEPHENSON CO.**

GEO. T. BURNS, Manager.

**LUMBER**

Lath and Shingles,

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting,

ETC., ETC.

ESCANABA, MICH.

Dry Goods.

**SPECIAL**  
**JUNE**

**SALE**

AT

**ED. ERICKSON'S.**

Goods 'way up.

Prices 'way down.

NOTE THESE!

Taffeta Silks cut from 75 to 48 cents a yard.  
Jap Silks, small figures, 23 cents a yard.  
Silk Waists down from \$4.00 to \$2.50.  
Ladies Hosiery cut in price 50 per cent.  
Ladies' Ribbed Vesta reduced from 30 to 18 cents.  
Kraiki, a new article for waists, reduced from 50 to 20 cents.  
Prints and Challies 4 cents a yard.

These Prices are During June Only

"Make hay while the sun shines."

**ED. ERICKSON.**