

Woman and Her Work

I think travelling must have a demoralizing effect on human nature, for next to a boarding house or a hall room there is no better place in the world for the study of character than a railway car! There you see human nature in all its plain unvarnished ugliness, and occasionally but not often, in its simple unaffected beauty. There selfishness, boorishness and weariness seem to throw off the thin disguise they usually assume, and assert themselves boldly. The woman who pays for one seat and then coolly occupies four with wraps, satchels, birdcage and lunch basket while the tired working woman who has paid just the same, rests on the arm of a seat, because the car was filled with passengers of the former type. The cad who is sumptuously arrayed in knickerbocker stockings, eyeglasses, and an English accent, and sprawls himself and travelling impediment over a double section glaring defiance at any impertinent passenger who presumes to hint that he is occupying more space than he has paid for and has no right to swallow in luxury, while others stand in the aisle, and the brute who ejects streams of tobacco juice over everything within reach. These types are only too common I regret to say but perhaps they serve a purpose after all, by showing up in higher relief the few ladies and gentlemen one sometimes encounters in travelling, and the genuine kindness of heart, and thoughtfulness for others occasionally displayed in a railway car.

Not very long ago, I witnessed a charming instance of courtesy and kindness, which went to prove how much good there was in this selfish old world after all. I was travelling with a friend, and I near us were seated a very quiet middle aged couple, evidently a clergyman and his wife off on a little holiday trip. They seemed rather reserved people, disinclined for much conversation and not by any means of the type given to make travelling acquaintances, devoting most of their time to reading.

When we were something less than a hundred miles from St. John, an old lady came on at a small station, and was settled in her seat by a young man who came on board with her, but who left her and scrambled hastily of the train, as it began to move. She seemed a very old lady, and she applied herself diligently to the study of her pass, once she was left alone. Her luggage was simply delightful from its old world air. It might have almost belonged to "Mr. F's Aunt" or Mrs. Peggotty or any other of Dickens' characters, consisting of a real genuine carpet bag with regulation two handles and fastening with a snap just like a purse; and a huge handbox tied up in a cloth with the four corners knotted in a big knot in the centre. She wore a widow's bonnet, this old lady, and a black shawl, and she was singularly devoid of the fussiness of age, sitting so quietly in her place and patiently studying her pass until the conductor came along and took it from her.

I made up my mind as I watched her that she was going to spend a few days with some grandchildren in the city, and hoped they would be sure to meet her when she reached her destination.

But when we dashed into St. John station the old lady rose up tremblingly and began to try and gather her things together steadying herself meanwhile by the back of the seat. I was off on a little newspaper spree myself, and I had no encumbrances beyond an umbrella, a notebook, and a very thin pocket-book; but my friend had two very heavy satchels, her coat, umbrella, and the inevitable potted plant with which we women delight to burden ourselves when we start on a journey. So I could only look helplessly at the old lady, and wonder if I could ask her to wait till I had helped my friend out, and could return for her. But while I thought, that clergyman's wife acted. Pushing hastily past us with the hurried apology—"I must see if I can help that old lady!" she was at her side in a moment asking if the old lady expected anyone to look after her, and if she could not help her. It was good to see the aged traveller's surprise and pleasure, and the absolute confidence with which she trusted herself and her belongings to her new found friend's guidance. There was no one to meet the old lady and the last I saw of her she was trotting contentedly off between the clergyman and his wife, and he was carrying her carpet bag, while his sweet wife carried the big handbox. It made the tears come into my eyes as I watched them, for it was a touching sight and I wanted to shake hands with all three, but I had a big satchel in one hand and an umbrella and coat in the other, and anyway they would probably have taken me for a lunatic if I had suggested such a thing, so I staggered off to

the baggage room like a sensible female, and let those other ships pass, without even speaking them. But somehow I felt the better for the little incident.

Excellent Toilet Recipes.

Beauty recipes girls, more of them! And so very practical for the effects of the cold autumn winds are they, that I am giving them more space than I can really afford this week. It is so difficult to look piquante in cold weather when the boisterous winds have roughened one's skin, reddened her nose, and probably chapped her lips, that it is a comfort to hear of something which will counteract the effects of rough weather, even to a small extent. Preservation is better than cure, and there is no doubt that a judicious preparation of the skin will make it to resist the effects of cold, and prevent that chapped blowy appearance which is such a trial to the victim.

A simple remedy for chapped hands and lips is easily made by the following rule: One quarter of an ounce of gum tragacanth soaked in one pint of rain water for 48 hours, then add two ounces of glycerine, one ounce of alcohol, well mixed, and half an ounce of attar of roses. If it seems too thick, add a trifle more alcohol and rain water.

A half pint of rose water and one spoonful of lemon juice is considered excellent for bathing the face in to remove tan.

A complexion wash, which is very highly recommended and removes freckles, is made of a quarter of a pound of oatmeal soap, shaved fine into one quart of soft boiling water, stir until it is smooth and cool, then add half a pint of spirits of wine and quarter of an ounce of oil of rosemary. Shave a little beeswax into sweet oil, and melt stir until smooth; then add a few drops of lavender oil to perfume it. Pour into a mould. This is an excellent lip salve.

To whiten the complexion use equal quantities of pumpkin, melon, and a gourd seeds peeled, and the same amount of cucumbers before ripe, chop fine, add a few drops of perfume and sweet cream enough to make a paste, thin with sweet milk when used on the face at night, wash off in the morning.

A good lotion for whitening the skin is made of one quart of camphor water, half an ounce of powdered borax, one ounce of glycerine.

Another one much liked is made of one tablespoon of lemon juice, one teaspoon of glycerine, one teaspoon of rosewater, well mixed.

To whiten the hands and arms make a paste of the following ingredients: Four ounces strained honey, two ounces yellow wax, six ounces of rosewater, one ounce of myrrh, melt the wax, honey, and rosewater in a double kettle; when hot add the myrrh, stir until smooth. Apply to the skin every night before retiring.

To whiten and soften the hands, four ounces of bitter almonds pounded fine, three tablespoons of lemon juice, three ounces of almond oil, enough spirits of wine to make a paste, mix thoroughly and use every night.

The juice of cucumbers pressed out with a lemon squeezer is one of the most effective and simple remedies known for removing sunburn.

For removing freckles take one cup of milk and two spoonfuls of grated horse radish, and let it stand one hour, then strain and bathe the face and hands in it.

An excellent paste for the hands and complexion is made of two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds, blanched, dried and pounded to a paste, half an ounce of oil of almonds, half an ounce of oatmeal soap grated fine, fifteen drops of oil of bergamot, half an ounce of spermacete. Heat slowly and stir until smooth. Pour in a small earthen or glass jar.

Glycerine Soap—Six ounces home-prepared lard, three drachms of spermacete, three ounces of glycerine two drachms of oil of verbena; mix thoroughly and melt until smooth. Pour in moulds.

A simple and harmless lotion for whitening the skin and removing sunburn is made by boiling barley in water until as thick as cream.

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

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WATERBURY & RISING,
KING and UNION STREETS.

Warts are frequently removed by applications of baking soda, moistened.

Rows of machine stitching are almost as marked a feature of dress trimming this autumn, as braiding, and a very pretty inexpensive and trim finish they are for a tailor made costume, or a cloth dress of any kind. Strange to say the stitching is not confined to cloth, but is applied to bands of velvet, which are covered with stitching the rows placed a slight distance apart, and used for trimming. Narrow bands of satin stitched on, and velvet ribbons are both combined with braid to form some of the elaborate effects brought out on the blouse bodices and short coats, which are well covered with braiding.

Bands of cloth in various widths are stitched on in conventional designs, and plain rows for a bodice and skirt trimming, simulating an overdress, which may be either short or long round or pointed, as individual tastes may suggest. The combination of cloth, and lace silk is seen amongst the new gowns, the cloth being employed for a sailor collar, and an undershirt showing a little all the way round, and finished on the edge with rows of machine stitching. A very pretty effect in trimming cloth gowns and coats is secured by outlining the seams, forming a scroll pattern at the end, with a very narrow band of colored velvet, and edging this on both sides with black braid a little less than half an inch wide. A very odd trimming is of tuck velvet, the tucks being placed in groups, and so tiny that it requires a second look to be sure that they really are tucks. This tuck velvet is used to face the revers on some blouse jackets. These tucks are set in crosswise, but in the newest silk bodices they all run up and down.

The new skirts vary in width between three and three quarters, and four and a half yards around, and are cut so that there is very little, if any godet effect at the sides. They are made almost without stiffening at the bottom; and when silk lined as so many of them are, the lining is loose, from the outside except at the waist, and in some they have a seven inch plaiting of silk set in at the edge, which is faced with a narrow band of fine crinoline covered with silk. This plaiting prevents the need of any haircloth facing, and keeps the dress out nicely. Such a dress is delightful to wear, as it is so light in weight. Some of the newest skirts are cut with a bias seam in the middle of the front and back, and if the material should be striped they are very effective, as the stripes are made to point downward where they meet. Other skirts have straight breadths all around except the front one, which is gored, and they are gathered plaited into the waist. Still another skirt shown in the imported costumes of smooth cloth is the circular cut, made in two parts the lower one being stitched on plain at the knee like a flounce.

Sleeves of different material from the rest of the dress, appear in some of the new gowns; for instance, a grey cloth dress has sleeves of grey satin, tucked in two groups of three, just below the little puffing which is permitted at the top. Other sleeves are of mirror velvet tucked the entire length. One of the prettiest models shown thus far this season has been the guimpe bodice, with sleeves to match the neck, made in alternate bows of cream and white lace insertion, and narrow bands of white satin laid in fine tucks, with a lining of dull grey green silks which matches the cloth in the gown. This is a charming way of transforming a cloth dress into a reception or dinner gown, as the guimpe and sleeves can be removable, and quite distinct from the every-day bodice. Conspicuous as the blouse bodice is at the present moment the latest advices from Paris state positively that if we wish to be in fashion a month hence we must see that our blouse is a very moderate edition indeed, as we are nearer a change

than we imagined earlier in the season. The combination of blouse and princess dress with tablier front, is set forth as one of the coming novelties, but the question is not definitely settled as yet.

About the sleeves there is no question, and we shall be safe in pinning our faith on the small sleeve for some time to come. It has evidently every intention of remaining with us, and whatever may grace the top in the shape of frills, epaulettes, or puffs, the sleeve proper is close-fitting from wrist to shoulder, though it is often trimmed its entire length in order to disguise its tightness as far as possible.

ASTRA.

THE WRECK OF THE "ALIANZA."

Some Deeds of Bravery in Connection With the Wreck.

Among the many thrilling stories of shipwreck which are told in the annual report of the United States Life-Saving Service for the year 1896, there is none which more stringently shows the mysterious ways of Providence than the official account of the wreck of the schooner Alianza, bound from New Jersey to St. John, New Brunswick, with a cargo of anthracite coal.

The coal had not been trimmed or evened off in the hold, but allowed to lie in a peaked pile as it fell when loaded, so that when, in a gale off Plum Island, February 9, 1896,—a heavy sea struck the schooner, the great pile shipped to leeward, listing the vessel so far to port that the lee rail was level with the surface of the sea and remained there. The Alianza was now unmanageable, and drifted landward, while the sailors were below vainly trying to trim the coal to windward with shovels. Before long, after darkness had fallen, and when the captain, Laurence Melanson, was still despairingly at the wheel, which never answered his hand, breakers were discovered on the port bow. The vessel drove first upon a bar, striking hard; the waves carried her over this, and hurled her upon the sandy bottom beyond. The sea had been breaking over her so hard that it was impossible to launch a boat. When she finally struck the sand the stern swung around to the beach, bringing the starboard side next to the land, but high above the water, while the port side was listed heavily onshore and exposed to the fury of the surf. Now the Alianza was a wreck, and it was every man for himself. The captain and the steward clung to the forward end of the forward house, while the mate, Andrew Nelson, and Seaman John Reed were at the other end. The three other men of the crew were clinging here and there. It was pitch dark. The men could only wait, trusting that in the final crash some chance to save their lives might offer. For this crash they had not long to wait. The after part of the schooner soon began to go to pieces; then the deck, which had been heaving and straining, burst open and broke up; the mizenmast, first to go, fell offshore, and the main and foremasts quickly followed, the mainmast splitting open the forward end of the vessel. Then the whole submerged port side broke away and rose violently to the surface, battering the rest of the hull with terrible blows, and the sea was filled with crunching timbers, spars and general wreckage. Mate Nelson was a strong man, and he wound his arms and legs so tightly around the rail and stanchions on the top of the forward house that the great seas did not dislodge him, benumbed though he was by the icy water. In spite of the darkness, he was aware when the men, one by one, were washed off the wreck.

The captain, steward, and a sailor named Campbell were caught by one big wave, which hurled the captain and the steward to their death in the midst of the wreckage, while it laid Campbell down, alive and unharmed, on the shore. The mate, clinging tightly, supposed that they had all gone to their death, and that he was but awaiting his turn.

Another great wave caught up two more sailors—Reed and Keefe by name; Reed disappeared forever, but Keefe was cast safely on the beach. One more great wave; the mate and a sailor named Collier were now alone on the wreck; the wave took Collier from his place in the fore channels, and dashed him about amongst the wreckage, but at last he gained the land. The mate was alone.

The seas washed him one by one, and each cold and heavy shock weakened him, but he still clung fast. By and by there came a crash which wrenched the top of the house from the main body of the wreck. The mate still clung to the rail; the house was hurled through the water landward, but presently it struck upon the beach, and the mate, unharmed stood upon the ground.

He shouted, and was answered by a shout not far away. He sought the place, and found Campbell, Keefe and Collier shivering on the piazza of an unoccupied summer cottage. They did their best to find the captain and the other missing men, but the sea had not yet given up its dead. The survivors saw the reflection of the lights of Newburyport on the horizon, and went toward it across the sands, but they had not to walk so far, for the winter caretaker of the Plum Island Hotel had a light in his window, and they saw it.—Youths Companion.

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