

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

A paragraph on the script of notables says, "Lillie Devereux Blake writes a tangle of curls and whirls that defy translation."

A black pearl necklace worn by Lady Ilchester at a recent entertainment is said to be worth \$125,000. There is only a single row of the gems.

Ten-year-old Edith Brill, of Woolwich, England, has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of two little boys who fell into King William's dock.

Mrs. Augustus M. Rodgers, the first woman inventor in the United States—is still living—a very beautiful and striking person, whose hair has been snowy white for many years. She lives with her married daughter in Jacksonville, Fla.

FASHION'S FADS.

High heeled shoes are now worn more than for years, and it is a fashion to be regretted.

The fancy for white ribbon ties around the braided knot of hair still continues. The ribbon should be about an inch wide, of grosgrain, with a corded edge.

Ecru linen batiste, scalloped and dotted with red or wrought with a Persian border, is used as a full vest, sailor collar and cuffs on dark blue English serge dresses.

Low necked bodices of many dancing dresses are trimmed with Recamier folds, draped berthas and long dainty scarfs of petit point, silk net festooned across the top of the back and carried in bretelles down the front.

Striped gauzes with a filet of thread of black in each stripe are very pretty transparencies for freshening the silk gowns of last summer. The gauze may be the color of the silk or in contrast to it, the latter imparting a shot effect.

A pretty trimming for white and light evening dresses consists of three rows of falling loops of baby ribbons, forming a band nearly nine inches wide. With the same on the waist and sleeves it is a very effective trimming and inexpensive.

The new Watteau hats have brims of even length all around, slightly curved in front and on the sides. The space where the crown should be is filled up with a mass of roses, orchids, or some other flower, with their foliage, which is held together by a bow of satin ribbons.

A CLEVER SUMMER GIRL.

Girls as a rule have an aversion for mathematics, but occasionally one is found who is able to distinguish herself in this difficult study. Old Orchard Beach has just such a girl this year, and she applies her knowledge in a most practical and interesting manner. With the knowledge of how much a young man weighs as a foundation, this bright miss can tell at a glance how long his arm is, how much pressure it can apply to the square inch, how slowly he can walk on a lovely moonlight evening, how strong a hammock will safely hold their combined weights, the length of his step in dancing, the power of his stroke in swimming, and many other useful facts.

JOAN OF ARC IN TAPESTRY.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has decided to send to the new museum now being formed of relics of Joan of Arc at

Domremy, in the house in which the heroine was born, an interesting tapestry representing Joan on the ramparts at Orleans. Its dimensions are small—3 feet by 2—and in execution it is somewhat cold, partaking of the taste of the period in which it was executed, 1829. It acquires its principal interest from the fact that it is the sole piece of French tapestry the subject of which has been inspired by the story of Joan. Louis XIV. had tapestries made representing episodes in his life only, and under Louis XV. the artists who worked for the state turned out hunting and court scenes. The great Napoleon followed the example of Louis XIV., and it was reserved for the Restoration to think of the valiant Joan. This example is without historic interest, and its value from an art point of view is mediocre.

In the museum at Orleans there is a tapestry dating from the time of Joan the historic value of which is considerable. This is a German creation, manufactured thirty years after her death. It represents her on horseback, with men at arms, en route for Chinon. She wears a suit of armor, with a coat of arms. Over her steel cuirass she has a short mantle, denticulated and without sleeves. Her neck is protected by a thick gorget (or neck piece) of armor, and she wears a head piece ornamented by a tuft of feathers which rounds off in the shape of a turban. A long and heavy lance is in position, to which the ancient royal standard of France, ornamented with the fleur de lis and embroidered with figures of male and female saints, is attached. The cortege, of which she is the centre, is wending its way toward a castle surrounded by a fosse, across the drawbridge of which the Dauphin, wearing a crown, is passing. This unique work offers great resources for a study of the costume of Joan.

A WELL-BROKEN HUSBAND.

They were certainly a very likely and respectable looking young couple, and they were as loving and tender toward each other as though they were not married. The probabilities are that in the early part of June, or, the greatest, not longer than the middle of May, they were made one and inseparable, and on this particular occasion they were to be parted for a few brief hours for the first time since their marriage day. At any rate, they were at the depot very early in the morning, and appearances indicated that the young wife was going home to spend the day.

"You surely will not miss the train to-night?" he inquired for the fifth or sixth time.

"Oh, no," she assured him, solemnly and impressively.

"If you should, I would just go about wild," he declared.

"So should I," she replied.

"Well, then, you must be sure and not miss it," he repeated with a scare look in his eyes.

"No, I certainly must not," she said, with an earnestness that carried conviction with it. Then she continued, "You will find me a real nice seat, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, I will get you a seat all by yourself," he said, with an assurance that meant that if he shouldn't happen to find a vacant seat in the car somebody would

be thrown out of the window to make room for his birdling.

"And you will not be afraid to kiss me good-bye right in the coach, will you?" she inquired, looking tenderly into his eyes.

"Oh, I guess I'd better kiss you here, before we get into the car. People always stare so," he answered evasively.

"But I like to have you kiss me the last thing," she pouted, "and I don't care how much people stare, do you?"

"N-no," he replied. "But I guess I'd better kiss you in the depot before we go out."

"Well, if you are ashamed of me probably you had," she flashed. "I didn't think you would be ashamed of me so soon," and her lips trembled.

"I am not ashamed of you, my dear," he began, "only I thought there might be some coarse persons in the car that would make fun of us if I should kiss you good-bye there."

"I'd like to know what that is but being ashamed of me?" she exclaimed. "I just don't care a snap whether you ever kiss me at all or not. I think you have no business to treat me so, and I don't care if I do miss the train to-night."

"Settle it! settle it!" shouted a voice over in the other corner, where a drowsy drummer was stretched out with his head on his grip and his legs over the end of the seat. "Kiss her in both places or else let me."

And the young people walked out on the platform and around the other side of the building. When the train was ready fifteen minutes later, he walked right into the car and found her a seat, and then bent down and gave her a smack that sounded like the blowing out of a cylinder head. As the train moved away the drummer turned around and said: "I congratulate you, young lady. You've got him well broke."

THEY MUST WASH.

Life has gone hard with the Russian of late. Taxed to the last limit, starved to death's door, smitten by the pestilence, driven from home a wanderer, deprived of the consolations of religion, buried alive by overhasty officials, life has not been passed on a bed of roses. And now, as he reaches the star of the hope of nations—America—as 100,000 of him did last year—he is confronted with a new horror—one that overbalances all the others; one that the Black Czar even never tried to inflict. He must wash. A new Czar, the health officer, descends upon him with ill-smelling chemicals, and among them one never known to him till now—Soap. Soap, with a large S. He must remove his clothes—which fact in itself is unusual and repellant to his mind—and bathe himself, using a certain ill smelling compound called Soap, provided by his thoroughly aroused Uncle.

Such is the law. No alien real estate can be imported into the United States. And with the dirt that is washed out into the harbor to form new sandbars to annoy Yankee skippers, goes many a germ of disease and death. Uncle Sam's first gift to the emigrant is hope; his second, soap; his third, opportunity. All that he asks in return is a good citizen. Will he get him?

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GRUNDY SAYS.

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