

# The Home Circle.

## THE SPOKEN WORD.

By Martha Sheppard Lippincott.

Could we but know, with spoken words,  
What good or harm they'll do,  
More carefully we'd weigh each  
thought,  
Before another knew,  
And we expressed the word which  
might  
Alleviate our sorrow cause,  
We'd longer think before we spoke,  
And heed our Saviour's laws.  
The Golden Rule would be our guide,  
We would not wish to harm,  
All to forego result of words  
Would often cause alarm.  
So oft a little thoughtless word  
Will bear a hidden sting  
That wounds some hearts to which we  
never  
Would wish to sorrow bring.  
Then let us ever careful be  
In thoughts we may express,  
For if they wound another's heart,  
It's hard to give redress,  
It's easier to keep a thought  
Than to recall a word;  
Be careful then to not condemn,  
A soul that hath not erred.

## GRANDMOTHERS' APRONS.

It is rumored that the apron for dress of semi-dress affairs is to be revived, but probably it will not be very generally worn for the remembrance of the apron habits of our grandmothers is too strong to make it probable that the women of to-day will take kindly to the idea. A generation from now, the old styles having been forgotten, the dress apron may be revived in this locality as a novelty of a bygone age. To-day, it is too fresh in the minds of the older folks, and yet too old to be attractive as a fad.

Yet the aprons for this purpose as made to-day are so dainty and beautiful that the grandmothers of the generation could never have devised them. The older aprons were plain, or ugly and over-adorned, and seldom struck the note of daintiness and art.

A girl was reading the other day a magazine account of the society customs at the early part of the century, and very naturally she inquired of her grandmother, who sat near, knitting, how it could be that the belle of the old days could carry about with them in little trunks for horseback or stagetop use. The reply was that elegance and variety of dress as to-day understood, is a much more intense thing than it was in the old days, and that the phrases speaking of the

**SPLENDID AND VARIED COSTUMES** of the travelling belles must not be taken too literally or interpreted in the spirit of modern dress and what is meant by splendid style and variety of costume to-day.

Then, again, the gowns of those days were not wide; they were seldom gored; they were made of soft, clinging material and were worn over a single petticoat. The necessity for the use of the Saratoga trunk had not yet arrived.

As to aprons, this grandmother of to-day promptly went to the attic and brought down a carefully wrapped package, containing the wedding apron of her own grandmother. It was of silk, with the finest embroidery of the day, and was no doubt considered a wonderful confection in its time.

Another apron, said the grandmother, that she remembered as having been worn by a society woman of Hartford years and years ago, was one that came from China. It was of pink silk, embroidered in gay colors—a band of embroidery about three inches in width extending down the side and across the bottom. Black silk aprons were a part of the stock in trade of all the stores.

They were 22 inches wide and three-quarters of a yard in length, and were gathered at the top and there furnished with a band to go about the waist.

## THE DRESS APRON.

It may be compared to the style of the sash, which, of course, had no other use than that of adornment. But the apron also carried with it the idea of protecting the dress, and so it was universally worn as long as it was in style. And the practice was continued after the thing had gone out of style, by every careful woman over 30 years of age.

The apron and the cap went together. It was an unthought-of thing for women of middle age and beyond to have tea with their neighbors without wearing the cap and apron. Baskets were made under the name of "cap and apron baskets," a little round wicker cage with a lid, in which the apron, neatly folded, was placed at the bottom, with the cap laid in above.

Common dresses for work and ordi-

ary wear were plenty enough, but the gown for dress was a rare and precious article. One Westfield woman, it is recalled, had a fine wedding gown, which was so carefully kept that she did not find it necessary, to buy another silk dress of any kind, but wore it on the great occasions, from year to year, until her first son was 21 years old. Then she decided she could afford another, and bought a silk gown as the successor of the wedding costume.

## DRESS AND HAPPINESS.

Dress is a very important stepping stone to happiness. As all nature is the garment of God, by which he is manifest to us; as the spirit is clothed by the body, and the body in turn is made beautiful or repulsive by the dwelling soul, so is dress related to the body. For, supposing a man or woman to have sufficient money to dress according to desire, then attire becomes to mind all that form is to substance. It is an index, a symbolic language; so much so, that a lover having seen his mistress in her various costumes, has the key to her character, if he have wit enough to use it.

Take, as a sensational index of character, dress is the outward sign of a people's peculiar genius. Their square, graceful, scant clothes were as characteristic of the Egyptians as their pyramids and obelisks. The loose, ample robes of Asia were the natural drapery of a luxurious temperament. The elegance of the ancient Greek costume was the raiment of a race to whom form was more than color. The homeliness of Saxon fashions, the rude magnificence of Norman barons, the picturesque garb of the Scotch clans, indeed, all national costumes have a far deeper significance than vanity, and some Daniel will yet arise who will judge the centuries by the way in which they have dressed themselves.

## CLASS COSTUMES DISAPPEARING.

More familiar to us is the cosmical change going on under our own eyes—change that as a sign of our era is quite as remarkable as any indicated—the rapid disappearance of all national and class costumes. The pretty, suitable dresses that clothed the peasantry of all countries are being rapidly abandoned, and men and women grow more and more cosmopolitan in matters of attire. In every land women now wear the same gowns and bonnets, and every respectable man on the planet is supposed to have a tweed suit and a derby hat. This means much more than fashion and vanity, it means the grinding to powder in the democratic mill of all signs and symbols of slavery, feudalism, and man's inequality. It means that men and women are everywhere throwing off the bondage of caste, and asserting through their coats and hats and dresses that one human being is just as good as another.

Now, if dress has such a pronounced and wide national significance, its personal power is even more remarkable. We are all influenced, not only by what others wear, but by what we wear ourselves. The business suit of good, dark tweed, the white, fine linen, the stiff collar and cuffs, give a kind of moral support and inspire confidence. A loose, careless dress conduces to a loose, careless habit of mind. There is a positive value in the different suits that men wear, because they are a positive help to the frame of mind necessary for the occasion.

A suit that is associated with the respect due to the sanctuary is best for that purpose; there is a sober, respectable dress that fits naturally into business moods, another that seems proper—because usual—in formal festivities; another of loose, easy comfort for domestic relaxation and rest.

## FLOUNCE SKIRTS.

We have reached a certain stage in the progress of the season now, whereat whimsical fashion serves us with fresh surprises.

Sudden reversions to lately ostracised notions of dress appear and unsuspected revolutions from styles which at first promise to monopolize the season's favor are also discerned. No sooner do we begin to congratulate ourselves upon mastering the intricacies of the winter models when, lo! a change appears. We rub our eyes and wonder if we see aright and if the bewildering array of advanced styles were but capricious experiments.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of these caprices of fashion are the latest fashions. After all the bustle and talk about the revolution in skirts, after the new models showing inverted pleats and gathers in the back have been duly avandered over, admired and adopted, Paris, with beguiling inconsistency, is sending over the most charming confections in gowns, the skirts of which almost invariably show a reversion to the box-pleat back, and when the style is not in evidence, the old flounce skirt after

two years of strict seclusion and absence from view, is again to be seen. Skirts which were utterly impossible for smart folk a year ago, and which have come back to us as if having given them away or cut them up and made them over. But after all, these tricks of fashion upset us very little. It only means that there is more laxity and leniency toward individuality of style than ever before and that while the glistering changes of fashion are placed before us with ever increasing rapidity, the old cycle of seven years to bring us back again to a lost fashion is shortening to one or two years, and the world spins around as merrily and more swiftly than ever.

New York, too, is showing some spirit of its own as to styles, and is not so much under the dictation of Paris as formerly. Parisian fashions enjoy the same reverence and respect as ever and are accepted without question, but are not followed with that whole-souled blind love which once was theirs.

In the matter of taking up the box-pleat back again, since its sudden appearance and disappearance last spring, New York is a trifle reluctant and so we can wear what best pleases us, knowing that fashion's sanction is upon many different forms.

The skirt, with shaped circular flounce graduating from a shallow front to hold the length of the skirt in the back, seems to find more favor with us than the revival of the more recent box pleat back. Some of our very latest gowns show this skirt. It is a graceful, convenient and becoming style and one to which women become too truly attached to give up for many seasons.

A velvet gown, the waist of which was the new Russian blouse, the sleeves cut in the latest approved manner, and in every way showing the marks of perfect modernity, appeared in a Fifth Avenue window this week in company with other dazzling modern companions. The skirt of this charming gown was exactly in the style of the flounce skirts of three years ago, save that where it was joined to the main skirt the extra fullness was held in by small box pleats which were graduated into points a few inches below the joining line. Another point which Paris is making and which New York refuses to take up is the color of brown. Brown and the dull shade of green, subdued exposition green, are colors which Paris insists upon giving us. While in New York, these somewhat lifeless colors fail to call forth the admiration they should. The exposition green, however, is worn considerably on hats, where the necessary, yfod, does can be added by gas foliage and flowers.

**THOMAS LIKE HER.**—Tena McLeod, Seven Brides, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me early last winter." In order to give a quinine to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

## LINGERIE HINTS.

A Swiss or a Paris lawn petticoat is too bodiless a thing to be sufficient foundation by itself, so that a soft mull or lusterless china silk skirt is worn beneath it, and the edge is decorated with lace frills.

Just a shade smarter and newer than the above described evening underskirt is the princess. The princess is made of batiste that is almost as thin as Swiss, and is cut to play double role of corset cover and petticoat line. It fastens in the rear with embroidery buttons, and the snug fit of it, over bust and hip, is due to the tucks that run down from the shoulders. Lines of lace follow the tucks, and where the fulness of the skirts flower out, lace figures are set into the fabric. A soft white silk or cotton skirt is worn under this.

Cotton is the preference always with the women who have so eagerly taken to white underclothing. It can be woven in a finer, softer web than flax, it is in whiter, far warmer than silk, and the best and finest French jaconet and the sheerest English mull are no cheaper than silk or linen.

The handkerchief corset has almost vanished, except for use with very loose negligees, and a flat shoulder trimming is invariably used for the chemise. Sometimes a series of handkerchief corner revers softens the shoulder line of the garment, and the women who promote the best and most elegant fashions in underwear use none but white or pastel tinted wash ribbons threaded in their lingerie. Jeweled stay in lace, gold tags for laces, and panno ribbon are reckoned the rightful property of overdressed women.

**ALWAYS ON HAND.**—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

# CHILDREN'S CORNER

## STORY-BOOK LAND.

In story-book land—it is there you will find  
The wisest and bravest and best of mankind  
And women who step from perfection's fair mould,  
Well worthy of heroes so splendid and bold  
And the villain unblushingly, revels in sin,  
Proclaiming himself with a leer or a grin  
It's easy to see all the cards in his hand,  
They're fair and above board in story-book land.

And fortune awaits, just as fortune should do,  
Ere the volume is closed, on the good and the true,  
And the schemes of the sordid are certain to fall,  
The righteous rejoice and the wicked ones wail,  
Oh, it's hard to return to the bustle and glare,  
From the literary, rosy, secluded, from care,  
To the strange struggling world which we can't understand  
When we might be so happy in story-book land.

## ROMANCE OF THE GOLDFIELDS.

There died recently in the Rockhampton Hospital, in Queensland, a poor man, named Donald Curtis Gordon, who by the bitterest fate escaped being one of the world's richest men. Originally (writes a correspondent of the "Standard") he was a squatter in Central Queensland, owning two thousand head of cattle. Long droughts killed off nearly all of them. Hearing that copper was to be found in the district, he engaged a geologist to report on his land, a good deal of which was black mountain. The expert came, saw, and found nothing. His stock gone, Gordon was compelled to hire himself out as a cowboy. He sold his land to three brothers, Morgan for £610. Soon after taking over the ranch they found that the black mountain contained gold. They worked the mine for themselves for some time, and then sold the property to a company for a million sterling. In dividends the mine has already paid over £3,000,000, and the original owner of the property, worth at least £10,000,000, has just died a pauper in a public hospital. So reduced to destitution was Gordon before selling the farm, that he sold the jumble of junk from the now famous Mount Morgan in Rockhampton for cleaning doorsteps, never dreaming that the quartz contained ten ounces of gold per ton. It was not a matter of ignorance of his part, for his geologist could not detect gold when looking for copper.

Marshall, the man who discovered gold in California in 1848, and thus gave the fabulous wealth of the Western States to the world, died in poverty. On land owned by Captain Sutter, Marshall built a saw mill on the Americano River. The mill race washed away the loose earth of the banks and one morning Marshall saw shining yellow sparks on the corroded bank. Rubbing about he picked up twenty or more nuggets. Keeping his discovery secret, he spent some days picking up gold. Then an Indian recognized the golden glitter, and the secret was out. Soon California was alive with diggers and prospectors. But Marshall did not realize a fortune; he died in destitution. None of his associates in the mill amassed anything like wealth. Captain Sutter, whose property the gold was found, was stripped of all the land through legal technicalities, and in his later years was kept from actual want by a pension granted by the Legislature of California.

The enormously rich land in the midst of which Johannesburg now stands was bought less than thirty years ago for £800. Already the land has yielded millions to its present owners. Its quondam purchaser and owner was a few years ago a destitute circumstances through no fault of his own. This gentleman, Mr. James Butterson Pratt, was formerly an officer in the army. Entering the old East India Company's service as a cadet, he spent his furlough in fighting in the Kaffir War of 1852-3, and also in the Crimea, he is present with the Naval Brigade at the taking of Sebastopol. There he was severely wounded. In the Indian Mutiny he commanded the Calcutta Naval Brigade and was present at Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Delhi. He served in China with Gordon and afterwards held a district magistracy in Bombay. Invaded home through a severe attack of sunstroke, he fell into so critical a condition on the voyage that he was landed at Cape Town for better nursing than a ship could afford. He was reported dead to the navy ever after. He served in the Zulu War under Lord Chelmsford, and accompanied Sir Theophilus Shepstone to Pretoria at the time of the annexation. With the intention of settling

there, as a farmer, he bought some 15,000 acres for the small sum of £100. That the ground was rich in gold and diamonds was not dreamed then, it now comprises the famous Rand. During the Boer rebellion of 1880-81, Pratt fought on the British side. His house, belongings, and the titles to the land were all seized by the Boers. After the Convention of 1881, Pratt refused to take the oath of allegiance to the public, and suffered confiscation of all his property. Among the State papers Pretoria, he said to be his deeds for the land, marked as having been forfeited for refusing to take the oath. Endeavors to obtain justice was futile, and crushed by disaster, the willow owner of Johannesburg, the Golden City, returned to England.

## THE COST OF METALS.

The most costly metal is gold, and silver comes next. That, said a chemist, "is what the average man would say if you should ask him, but he would be very far off the truth. Indeed, gold is worth \$310 a pound and silver \$13, but there are a score of metals worth much more. Chromium and tellurium cost, for instance, \$700 a pound; white titanium, \$1,200 a pound; and osmium and zircon, which are used in the making of electric mantles, \$1,420. Barium cannot be gotten under \$2,100 a pound, and rhodium and niobium are worth \$2,650. Strontium's market price is \$1,500; didymium's is \$6,300, and thorium's is \$8,100 a pound. Rubidium is a metal worth \$11,200 a pound and vanadium is worth \$13,000. Above all these, however, gallium stands, a metal discovered in 1845, a pound of which, if it were procurable would be worth \$77,500 or 228 times as much as a pound of gold, and 5,061 times as much as a pound of silver."—Philadelphia Record.

## THE SPIDERS' DIVING-BELL.

There is, it appears, a small spider, such as may be called the diving spider, although rather rare. Like all its kin, it is an air-breathing creature, and dives below the surface of ponds and spends a large part of its life under water. It manages to do this much in the same way that a man in a diving bell is able to live and work for a considerable time at the bottom of the sea. It surrounds the whole under part of its body, where its breathing organs are, with a bubble of air, and encased in its crystalline bell, it keeps the water out and is able to breathe freely. Exposed to the attacks of many enemies above water, it seeks to escape from them by making a hiding place for itself at the bottom of the pond. This it does by drawing together the tops of some of the weeds growing there with a few threads which it spins so as to make a little bower. It then ascends to the surface and brings down a bubble of air with it, part of which it squeezes out and leaves in the inside of the bower, whose stems meeting over it prevent it from getting out of its place and rising to the top as air bubbles always do when disturbed or released. The spider, then, with the bubble which it has kept to itself, ascends to the surface a second time and fetches down another bubble of air, part of which it secures in the same fashion and with the remaining part ascends to the top to bring down some more air. It repeats this curious proceeding until within the bower it has succeeded in forming a bubble of air as big as a plum, concealed and kept in its place by the silken meshes of the weeds, like the network of a small balloon. Thus the spider, in the same way that a mason carries stone and lime to his building, carries down bells of air from the surface to build for itself a crystal palace whose clear, transparent dome, and walls thin as the finest film, are yet sufficiently strong to keep out the great body of water and to enable the creature to live at the bottom of the pond as easily as if it were on dry land. In this luminous nest it lays its eggs and rears its young in perfect security, and when the air within threatens to be exhausted it is renewed from time to time by the visits of the creature to the surface of the pond.

## A DOG'S SENSE.

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said, "There, that is far enough now."

There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home." She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would do a small brother in a pleasant conversational voice. Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning?" "No, dear, I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the garden. He did not sink away, as some dogs do, when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue. The Athenian, watching him until he had disappeared beyond the gates then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—Exchange.

## TALLESS CATS.

The Isle of Man is the home of the talless cat. It is termed the Manx cat, and while domesticated, prefers to live outdoors and secure its own food. It tackles anything from a mouse to a hare. The Manx cat is much bigger and stronger than the common domestic "Pussy," and has a rounder and proportionately larger head, with fuller and fiercer eyes. Its hair, also, is coarser and thicker, and not only are its hind legs much larger than the other, but the hind quarters are formed almost exactly like a hare. Indeed, at first glance the creature seems to be a typical hybrid with the outlines of the hare predominating, but closer inspection of the massive head, strong teeth, long, sensitive whiskers and terrible claws tells that it is very much a cat.

In its original home the Manx cat has peculiarities of character which always distinguish it from its common brethren. It is not only shy, but is suspicious and treacherous. Scientists have been very much puzzled in their endeavors to account for the absence of tail in the Manx cat. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the peculiarity originated in some disease of caudal vertebrae, resulting from the excessive humidity of the climate and the dampness of the soil. (The effect of the disease is supposed to have been that the tail rotted off, and that in the course of time its absence became hereditary. It has existed on the island as far back as history or tradition reaches, and its presence there probably antedates the first settlement of Man by the Celts.)

## GOOD OPPORTUNITY IN YOURSELF.

Thousands of young people in this country are hunting for good chances, and seem to think they have very little to do with the good opportunity themselves except to discover it. But, no matter where you go, young man or young woman, no matter who your ancestors were, what school or college you have attended, or who helps you, your best opportunity is in yourself. The help you get from others, is something, outside of you, while it is what you are, what you do yourself, that counts.

A habit of depending on self, a determination to find one's resources within oneself, and not without, develops strength. Crutches were intended for cripples, not for able bodied young people, and whoever attempts to go through life on mental crutches will not go very far, and will never be very successful.—Success.

## SUCCESSOR TO BISHOP WIGGER.

The question as to the next bishop of the Catholic diocese of Newark, to succeed the late right Rev. Winthrop Wigger, is interesting to the Catholic clergy and laity of the archdiocese of New York. Among those mentioned are—Very Rev. John J. O'Connor, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Newark, and at present administrator of the affairs of the diocese; Dean William McNulty, of St. John's church, Paterson; Rev. J. J. Ryan, St. Lucy's church, Jersey City; Rev. Lawrence C. M. Carroll, St. Patrick's church, Jersey City; Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, St. Patrick's church, New York; Rev. Patrick F. Mooney, of the New York archdiocese and rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, New York. It is also reported that right Rev. John M. Farley, of New York, or right Rev. James A. McFaul, of the Trenton diocese, might be transferred to Newark.