

Young Folks.

POINTS ON WOOD CARVING.

Have you a good pocket knife, one which contains two blades, a large and a small one? If not, get one at once. The best is the cheapest. This, and a quarter or three-eighths inch chisel, is all the sharp tools you will need. An ordinary mallet completes the outfit.

For material, get a piece of soft pine, free from knots and about an inch thick.

Now take some simple picture, which is plainly shaded, so that you can get the relief points correctly.

If you are not apt at drawing, get a sheet of transfer paper at the stationer's. Place this upon the boards, lay the picture smoothly on that, and fix the whole in place with a few pins.

Now take a sharp stick or lead pencil and follow the outlines: the transfer paper will leave them plainly on the board. Remove the papers and if the outlines are weak, follow them over with your pencil and leave them distinct. Now lay the picture handily by to refer to.

Next take the chisel, place the edge square on the outer line, and with the mallet strike lightly, driving the tool straight down into the wood. Do not try to go too far at first, as you will be apt to leave a ragged edge.

Follow all the outer lines this way, going over them again and again, until you have reached the background, chipping away as you go.

Now look at your picture, find the next points in relief from the background; carefully cut straight down again, do not leave any ragged or split places, and chip this away. Work back this way until you have finally reached the surface. Now you have it in the rough.

Take the small blade of your knife, and proceed to round over, shape out the curves, and carefully smooth as you go, constantly keeping the picture in your mind.

When you have finished, smooth the background; if you cannot do this neatly, make you a stamping tool and stamp it.

To make this, get a piece of square steel, about a quarter of an inch through and three inches long, take a three-cornered file, and file furrows across the flat end, then turn and file the other way, making a dozen or more little squares coming to a point. When using this, tap firmly with a hammer.

Now you will find this a great deal easier than you think. Try it and you will be pleased with the result; and anxious to do something more difficult. Don't say you haven't the ingenuity, for you have, if you have patience, as this is the secret of a genius.

A CAT IN PETTICOATS.

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who loved her family of dolls very much indeed. She kept them in perfect order. Each doll had its wardrobe of clothing, all neat and well made, and the tidy little girl was so fond of seeing them gowned in freshly starched daintiness, that she asked her mamma to hang them up about the room by a ribbon tied about their waists, so that she would not crush or muss them. Then she would stand back with folded hands, admiring them with such tender looks that her mamma thought there had never been such a very nice and careful little dear as she.

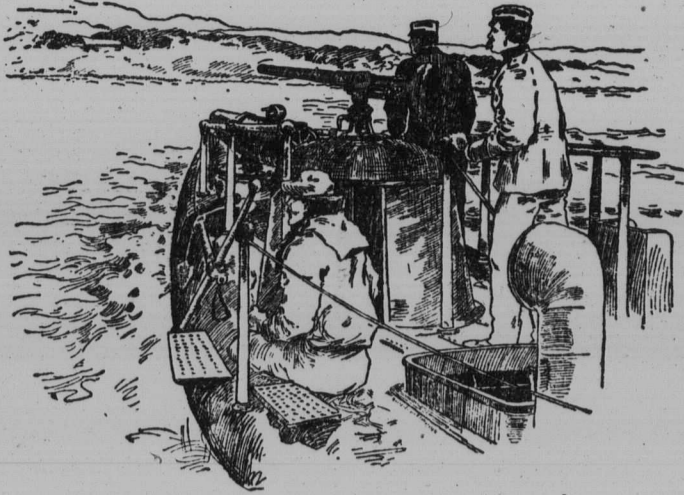
But there was another pet that the little girl loved more than her dolls, and whom she treated with still greater tenderness. That was a large black cat named Muff. Muff had played with her and the dolls ever since he was a tiny kit; and as she was very thoughtful and kind to him, never taking him unless he wished to be taken, and never frightening him in any way, he trusted and loved her in any way. He just as she liked with her, and he had gradually accustomed himself to being dressed in clothes, like the dolls.

For a long time she did nothing but lay a silk or cotton dress when she had her hands very tired, and she would sit on a stool, and she would take care that the band was not too tight to be comfortable to the easy-going, unfashionable cat, who had never worn anything but a loose fur overcoat.

Finally her mamma gave her a long baby dress that she had herself worn about eight years before, and it fitted Mr. Muff to perfection. And then she very gently put on all the garments, petticoat, dress, bonnet and shawl, and laid her live black baby down for his morning nap. And Mr. Muff not only saw no objection to sleeping in costume, but he seemed to feel rather proud of it; and he washed his paws and purred himself up to sleep with a look of the greatest satisfaction gleaming out of his big, blinking yellow eyes.

After sleeping two hours, he stirred and seemed to wish to get up and walk about. So the little girl very thoughtfully removed his clothes, as she knew he would never like her if she did not treat him exactly as she would like to be treated if she were in his place. He stretched and yawned, and went away for a walk, while the little girl folded up his shawl and his gown, and his petticoat, and laid them neatly in a drawer. The next morning at ten o'clock, when Muff got ready for his long nap, she took the clothes from the drawer and put them on again as before, being careful to dress him the very moment he asked that every morning Muff would go and sit by the drawer and wait to have the clothes put on him before taking his nap.

One day a very funny thing hap-



AN AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT APPROACHING THE CUBAN COAST.

(From a sketch.)

pened. Muff had been robed in a clean frock and was lying on the sofa with the soft silk shawl about him, which covered his black paws and quite concealed his head, when the bell rang and the clergyman was shown in. He would probably not have noticed the bundle on the sofa except for a slight movement under the skirts, which was caused by Muff twirling the end of his tail in his dreams. Thinking it was a baby the clergyman exclaimed: "Ah! how delightful! what a blessing to have a baby in the home," and stepping up he turned away the shawl with the evident intention of kissing the sleeping child. When he saw a great black cat instead of a fair, pink baby he drew back in such haste that he overstepped a chair, exclaiming: "Ah!—now, just fancy! Who would have supposed that a cat in clothes could act

Muff blinked at him disdainfully, then smoothed off his silky paws and went to sleep again; while the little girl's mamma talked to the clergyman of the weather.

For several years Muff took his naps in this droll way, until the little girl away from her home. And then, although Muff loved her very much indeed, he could not be induced to leave the old house, and before very long he died, because he had no one who understood his ways.

It is very important to understand the ways of one's friends, whether they be people or cats.

SPIRAL WIRE CORDS.

The elimination of interlinings and stiffenings in dress skirts and the new drop skirt made separate from the outside make it necessary to have full petticoats of some sort. The crinolines are not only threatened, but are already here. But not every one will wear them, although they desire the effect. Many muslin skirts are not only warm but heavy in warm weather, and so the patent novelty skirt, stiffened and shaped by a scientific application of a spiral wire cord, will probably be popular with the great majority.

It is an immense improvement over the heavy and uncomfortable steels, whalebones, feather bones, or reeds, which formed a prominent part in all those instruments of torture called bustles, paniers, tilters, etc., in the "long ago." Besides this, it cannot break.

This wire is applied by a patent process in a tape casing to all skirts cut according to the prevailing fashion of the moment as to shape and size, and the desired effect is produced by wiring the front and back horizontally to hold them out and away from the feet, and the side goes diagonally, giving a flatter appearance; otherwise one would look like a balloon ready for ascension, which is probably what we are coming to presently.

TODAY'S WORK.

One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think we cannot carry this load until we are three score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours until it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass it down a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

After-dinner coffee cups of silver are conspicuous among the wedding presents which are being showered upon the brides to be. Some of these little luxuries are of fantastic shape, fancifully chased and lined with gold; others are very plain, a narrow silver beading and stiff, angular handle being the extent of ornamentation. Fluted saucers, like shells, are rather pretty, and with these the cups have fluted edges which look like Elizabethan ruffles. The fancy for silver coffee cups extends beyond the magic circles of millionaires, and one can buy six cups and saucers with a tray and a coffee pot of chaste design for a sum out of all proportion to the air of luxury which they give the dinner table when brought in at dessert. Of course, these inexpensive sets are made of triple plate, washed with silver, but

in these days of fabulous wealth it is as if a triple plate rather than tempt their senses or live always in fear of burglars.

OUT GO THE ROCKERS.

If the once popular airs, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," are seldom heard nowadays at the fashionable gatherings of the rich it is not only because those lyrics are considered a bit "seedy," but also because it is no longer fashionable to rock. And the fashionable woman is always quite prepared to immolate at the shrine of Fashion any oldtime fad or custom, be it never so previous, even to the extent of turning her back on tuneful melodies and a rocking chair.

Yes, in fashionable circles the rocking chair is doomed. And this is by no means a sudden caprice on the part of the socially elect. Slowly, but surely, for many years there has been a more or less insidious crusade against an article of furniture built with rockers.

First of all, the new order of things was tried on the wee infant of the household—a force too insignificant, of course, to rise up in rebellion against the enemy in the person of an aggressive and impressive medical man, who grandly waved every comfortable cradle titillating on rockers out of the nurseries of upper tandom by declaring them unhealthy.

This was only the beginning. The elimination of the cradle was soon followed by the expurgation of the rocking chair from rooms of state such as the drawing room, dining room, and library, and then, not yet satisfied, fashion pursued her relentless way above stairs, even into the very boudoir of my lady, which to-day, although rich in broad divans loaded down with the downiest of pillows and veritable sleepy hollows of chairs, is, as a rule, quite bereft of rocking chairs.

But the worst has not been told. It now appears that the rocking chair—that soothing relic of the good old days—is to be banished even from the piazzas of fin de siècle country houses at fashionable watering places—Newport in the lead.

Now if there is a time and place of all others when and where a comfortable high back rocker is at a premium it is certainly on a shady piazza for some inexpressible reason. Fashion at present frowns on any of her devotees who dares include the delightful article in the furnishings of her summer piazza—an out of door drawing room really, so far as the quantity of furniture is concerned.

As to quality, of course, it is simpler. For instance, the majority of the settees, chairs and tables are of splint, rush, wicker, rattan and bamboo, with or without cushions according to preference, and some of the very smartest specimens are upholstered with matting—very fine matting, indeed, sprinkled with various colors and designs.

The newest models of chairs are low and roomy with high backs. Strange to say, there has been no embargo as yet placed on the hammock, but it is by no means safe to predict for just how much longer society will contemplate with complacency the undulating movements of that truly rural product of the manufacturer.

A most comforting conclusion, however, of the whole matter is, that, if so inclined, one may still have the privilege of electing to be unfashionable and rock.

STYLES FOR NURSES.

French nurses are no longer wearing muslin caps with long streamers of wide colored ribbons. That is quite out of date in Paris. A "bonnet" or lace cap lined with pink and blue silk, and without trimmings, has replaced it. A wreath of ribbon without ends is seen on some fine needlework caps, but the ribbons are narrower than those formerly used. Britany caps are seen in the Bois and parks, and the Bordelaise is met occasionally. It is a silk kerchief carefully twisted over the head. The Florentine headdress always attracts attention, with its fine golden pins run through raven tresses. An Alsatian nurse is recognized by her big bow, and a Spanish nurse by her black lace mantilla.

WOMEN IN WARRIOR GUISE

When Rev. Anna Shaw a few months ago announced a desire to "become a policeman" the declaration was understood to mean a prompting to serve high moral purposes rather than a preference for pugilistic encounters. The valorous inclination of women—which proverbially fails them at sight of a mouse—is usually of a shifting sort that admits of the adjustment of shoulder straps on the person of a manly substitute. Clearly, the amazonian spirit is confined to a few localities on the globe, and it is probable that generally when women have acted as warriors it has been through forced circumstances of birth and education, instead of an overweening ambition to fight.

Not that women are lacking in principles of patriotism or loyalty to home and native land, but simply in the ordinary run of events their round of duties has been prescribed in other fields than those of Mars. If ever they enter the bloody scenes of battle it is as ministering angels of comfort and mercy, and in this capacity womanly heroism has been well proved.

Miriam, the Bible heroine of war, was first introduced as a girl of 13 years, keeping watch over the frail basket among the flags of the Nile in which her brother Moses lay concealed. Later she became a joint leader with Moses and Aaron, according to the Prophet Micah, and celebrated the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea with music and dancing. This was in answer to the singing by Moses of his great "Song" the earliest recorded poetry in the history of the world. Scripture relates that "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'" But Miriam was smitten by leprosy, and, except the record that the people testified their reverence and affection for her by remaining in camp until she was healed, there is no further mention of her until the account of her death, which occurred nineteen years later.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who died about 230 years before Christ, is an example of how a womanly nature may be imbued with the heroic or ambitious spirit of the age. Her teachings spurred her sons on in their public career, her undaunted courage prevailed against the weak tendencies of her children. To her honor her sons were associated with the popular cause, yet their revolutionary measures led to their violent death. The story of Coriolanus displays like instance of the domination of brave, womanly influence over a son's weaker nature.

A name that is burnt into the scroll of history by acts of military prowess and by the martyr-pile of a May day in 1431 is that of Joan of Arc, who through actually raising the siege of a city of that name, acquired the title of the Maid of Orleans. In Joan of Arc were combined the rare elements of personal beauty, purity of character, strength of resolve and martial propensities. Her career was partly inspired by religious enthusiasm, but her power as a commander and the great influence she exerted over others were elements in the fame that has preserved her memory in the lasting story.

Another religious devotee was Charlotte Corday, who brooding over the history of Judith, went forth to free her people from the tyranny of Marat, who, being horrified at his threat that Girondists should perish by the guillotine, plunged a knife into his heart. Her belief was that this single deed would ward off civil war, and one of her dying declarations was: "A great criminal has been laid low." The happiness of my country makes mine." This was the eighteenth century heroine to whom it was proposed to raise a statue with the inscription, "Greater than Brutus."

So far the strategic powers of women have been hardly touched upon. The adventurous journey of the daring wives of Weinsberg has been chosen to fitly represent that quality of womanly character.

We are indebted to the rich folk lore of Suebia and the war chronicles of Caesar for the relation of an act of mingled wifely devotion and courageous onslaught. The ruins of an old castle at Weinsberg, thirty miles from Stuttgart, are fraught with an almost romantic interest because of what is chronicled as the procession of the "Weibertrug." It grew out of the strife between the Hohenstaufens and Welfs. In 1139 Conrad appeared before the castle and a struggle ensued in which Welf fell, wounded, and surrender was imminent. "Without grace or mercy," and both town and castle were included in his fiat. Then the town officers and duchesses and wives of the town officers decided to try the power of a personal appeal for their own safety, and also that in their escape they might be allowed to carry with them "their most precious possession." The emperor was kindly disposed upon the appearance of the women and granted them permission to leave them all they desired to take with them, and they could carry upon their shoulders. Doubtless he pictured them as a retreating foe bearing away loads of clothing, jewels and silver.

When in the early morning the gates were opened and the army of Conrad

drawn up in file, attended by Duke Frederic, the emperor's brother, they beheld the band of women, marching single file, led by, with the wounded Duke Welf upon her back. Each of the women was similarly burdened with the husband of her heart "carried upon her shoulders." Consternation filled the mind of Duke Frederic, and, turning angrily to the Emperor, he declared that this was not the nature of the compact. But whether in adherence to the belief that a king's word was not to be broken, or in convincing admiration of this exhibition of womanly faithfulness, the emperor allowed the procession to move on down the steep hillside and out into the country road.

The town and the deserted castle were left to the troops, and it is stated that the emperor generously ordered that all the ordinary treasures of the women be collected and carried out to them. The ruins that remain in perpetuation of this instance of womanly fidelity have ever since borne the name of "Weibertrug"—woman's faithfulness. In a well-preserved portion of the ruins, the castle was mainly destroyed by fire in 1525, is an oil painting commemorating of this wifely flight, which was presented in 1659 to the old Weinsberg Church. Above the picture is the inscription: "Thres Manne Herz darf sich auf sie verlassen." The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.—Proverbs, xxxi. 11.

CHINESE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

A few weeks ago at Shanghai there was a remarkable invasion of ancient Chinese customs and an event that could not have occurred outside of a fairy tale two years ago. It illustrates more forcibly than anything that has happened how modern ideas are penetrating Chinese society, and how rapidly the restrictions that have been imposed by the policy of exclusion are being broken down. Three native young women, who were educated at the University of Michigan, persuaded ten Chinese ladies, wives of mandarins of the highest rank, to invite fifty foreign ladies to be their guests at luncheon at a restaurant in a public garden in the suburbs of Shanghai, mostly frequented by foreigners, for the purpose of discussing ways and means for the establishment of a school in that city in which the daughters of the nobility may obtain a modern education. It is believed to be the first time that noble women in China, in their own country, have sat at the same table and eaten from the same dishes with women of a foreign race, and what is even more remarkable, it was at their invitation and with the sanction and at the expense of their husbands. Hitherto a barrier more formidable than the great Chinese wall has separated the women of the two races, and although the men have mingled in commerce and often in social gatherings a native woman of rank who voluntarily appeared among foreigners would have been eternally disgraced and condemned to perpetual seclusion, if not to a worse fate. But upon this occasion they sat around a table spread in European style, conversed, so far as their command of the English language would permit, ate French cooking with knives and forks, drank each other's health and even made speeches. When a Chinaman gives a dinner to his foreign friends, even when there are ladies in the party, his wife never appears, and it has been a gross violation of etiquette to allude to her.

The wives of all foreign consuls at Shanghai were asked to this dinner, the ladies who compose the executive committee of the Tien Tsu Hsui, or Natural Feet Society; several members of the missionary colony; and the wives of merchants who are prominent in educational and charitable movements. At the close of the luncheon the wife of the manager, Mr. Shoug, of the telegraph service, arose and made what is believed to be the first public speech ever delivered by a Chinese woman of rank, in her own country at least, in a hesitating manner, and in her own tongue, the desire of herself and her associates to enlist co-operation of the ladies of the foreign colony in the establishment of a school in the native section of Shanghai, similar to the school for peeresses founded by the empress of Japan at Tokio, for the education in the modern style of their daughters and other girls of rank. Their plans were not formed, and they had very few ideas on the subject because of their ignorance and inexperience, but they were anxious that their daughters should have advantages that had been withheld from them, and hoped that the foreign ladies present who had knowledge of such affairs would aid them.

The little speech was translated by one of the Michigan University girls, and heartily applauded.

Mrs. Archibald Little, an English lady, responded in an appropriate address, which was also translated, expressing the thanks of the foreign ladies for the hospitality and their sympathy with the movement, and assuring their hosts of their earnest desire to co-operate in every manner possible. At this point all the Chinese ladies arose and bowed several times in acknowledgment of the sentiments offered.

A Chinese woman physician then made a speech of some length, giving more in detail the plans for the proposed school, and several foreign women responded. Before the party separated it was arranged that another meeting should be held at a residence in the foreign settlement, at which an organization will be formed and practical steps taken for securing a building and the employment of teachers.