

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON THE FASHIONS.

The Modern Woman's Pastimes--Society in Lamps--Costumes for Little

SOCIETY TURNS TO LAMPS.

The fad of society women with plethoric purses and a decorative turn of mind has turned from

THE YOUNG FOLKS

TEDDY'S QUART. One brother was tall and slim. The other chubby and short-- Teddy sat looking at them one night, Apparently lost in thought.

MONKEY WARFARE

The conditions of the life of the monkey in Africa are sufficiently curious without reference to their acquired habits, though these are undoubtedly due to the dangers to which the nature of the country in which they live exposes them.

THE BOLERO.

The bolero in its infinite variations has held upon fashionable fancy as if it were a magnet. It seems as if nothing would even lodge it. There are round boleros, square boleros, short ones and long ones, and some that are scarcely more than yokes. In some cases the skirt forms appear only in front, while again an entire jacket may cover the bodice, back and front. It is a style that is almost invariably becoming, and a bolero will dress up a gown better than anything else. There is no perfect rage for them abroad.

COSTUMES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

In making little girls' clothes it is difficult to arrange them so that they may be widened and lengthened when it becomes necessary. The present style of dress, with yoke and full sleeves, is one admirably calculated to allow of enlargement, as the yoke and sleeves are usually made of contrasting fabric and may be replaced as they become too small. Skirts may be made with a fold at the top so they may be drawn down.

JEWEL SKIRT GRIPS.

With the wide skirts came in novel jewelry in jeweled skirt grips, and safety pins of gold owed their popularity to blouse, whose belt they fastened on securely to the yoke. Grips resemble handsome pins or clasps, and have a strong gold eye attached to the side, in which the hook that is usually sewed on the band of a skirt is fastened. Some of them are plain, substantial; others are a mass of intricate filigree work and studded with jewels. They are useful articles holding up a heavy gown.--Washington Star.

FIRST PATENT TO A WOMAN.

The evil war of the sexes to develop independence of American women. In the war period only a very few patents had been granted to women. Men had hardly begun to think of a woman's right; but in 1830 there were fourteen women who had granted patents, and the annual number from that time increased fast. In 1850 it was 60; in 1880 over 90, and in 1900 about 400 patents went to inventing women. Most of these patents were for small household appliances or improvements on things that women usually came in contact with. The first patent to a woman was one issued in 1800 to Mary Kies, for a method of interweaving straw with a thread. The second patent was issued to Mary Brush in 1817 for a corset.

RIBBONED COIFFEURS.

The fashion of tying the hair with a ribbon, or rosette of ribbon, is the result of an accident. In the reign of Louis XIV., at a royal hunting party, the Duchess De Fontenay, who was a court favorite, was blown off, and her long, beautiful hair about her shoulders and face. In the excitement and haste not to delay the queen, she took off her long ribbon garland, and it rolled off her head and landed in front with a bang, but it was so ingeniously becoming that she called charming, the company into raptures over what they called "the inspiration." The next day other ladies copied the effect, and the style became the rage, with slight alterations or additions for several years.

THE WORSHIP OF WOMEN.

There is no people in the world have such a conception of their own importance as the people of what were called the states, says a writer in the Atlantic. From Maryland to the West Indies there is one fixed and accepted idea which is distinct in the mind of every citizen. This idea is a high one. Honor, generosity, hospitality and respect for women are its fundamental principles. An amusing illustration of its importance came to my knowledge a few days ago. In a little mountain town in the southwestern part of Virginia a public examination of public school teachers was in progress. The principal was a Colonel Blank, a wild and greasy patriarch, unscrupulous and without a scrap of conscience. He was examining the girls under examination with some unusual privilege--he would remember and the Colonel would not. Some of the girls were so beautiful that what an opportunity they were! The style of dress was heavy wash with white and blue ribbon.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S PASTIMES.

There is truly no lack of genuine muscular exercises among the women of society this summer. Besides playing polo with wonderful long-handled sorts of tennis racquets and rubber balls, on their bicycles, at three of the most famous seaside resorts, they are to have bicycle tournaments. Newport, Narragansett Pier, and Bar Harbor are all filled with enthusiastic cyclists, who for the consideration of \$5 apiece will let the general public gather to see how cleverly the daughters of millionaires and society leaders can ride. The admission fee of five dollars is really meant to bar out the rough public; and, in fact, one can buy a ticket only if well known or guaranteed to belong to what is called "the smart set." The money taken in at the gate, in every instance, will go for charity. The tournaments undoubtedly will be worth seeing, for only expert women cyclists will appear, and they are all to contest for prizes worth winning. Tall gold vases, wonderful enameled toilet brushes, etc., a parasol with a row of lovely sapphires in the handle, a bicycle watch and a cyclometer, both set with French brilliants, are among the articles offered at the Newport contest. Here the competitions will be varied and interesting. Every rider will be obliged to wheel her way in and out a complicated path six inches wide, marked out by hens' eggs at every turn, and according to the number of eggs left intact or crushed after wheeling over the course, one will win or lose the offered prize. To every wheel-woman will be given a bicycle taken to pieces and apparently in a hopeless muddle; whoever in the shortest space of time puts the parts most correctly together again will fall heir to the handsome cyclometer. In all the competitions an impartial committee of men and women will give judgment on comparative skill displayed.--Demorest's Magazine.

FASHION NOTES.

Recent importations of dresses contain new foulards and French organdies. The hardy Scotch tweeds have a favored place among the season's popular textiles. Leather belts are of water-snake skin, Brazilian lizard, elephant hide and alligator skin. Teal, or apricot, and pale golden-green are beautifully blended in shot and flowered silks for evening wear. Three rather deep ruffles lined with a different color and fabric appear at the top of sleeve models for early autumn gowns. Cashmere house gowns are being made up extensively, and as trimmed with flowered ribbon and lace are very artistic. Ribbon wound twice around the waist in a sort of corset effect is deemed more modish than the regular sash style. Yellow in evening toilets of diaphanous nature and yellow in simple day gowns is a rival to mauve and golden green this season. Dark blue flannel striped with a white line, and white flannel with a blue line, are the fashionable materials for boating dresses. Old-fashioned silk handkerchiefs with plain centers and palm-leaf borders are used for vests to wear with cloth and pipe gowns.

Electricity and Water Power.

There is no form of energy that is so far-reaching in its benefits to the welfare and comfort of the world as electrical energy. There is no force of means so plentiful in a static condition as electricity, according to the Electrical Review. There is no kind of power that can be so absolutely controlled by a consumer as electrical power. There is no source of energy so easy of access or so richly provided as water power. There is no form of motion that is more perpetual than a waterfall. There is no machine that depreciates so little for the amount of work it performs as the dynamo. There is no medium of transmission so little wasted by transmitting power as a wire. There is no form of investment more certain of continual returns than an intelligent development of an electrical water power plant. There is no reason for delaying the use of our waterfalls, except that our investors do not as yet appreciate their importance. There are waterfalls enough to turn all the machinery required for the comforts of mankind for centuries to come, and, unlike other sources of energy, they are exhaustless. By the union of electricity and water power our great and now smoky manufacturing cities can be made models of comfort and cleanliness. By the combination of these two forces the locomotive with its soot and cinders can be hushed and sidetracked. By the adoption of these sources of energy and heat our great blast furnaces and smelting works may become odorless and clean.

A Dog's Sagacity.

Wm. H. Taylor, of Rockton, N. Y., is the owner of a liver-colored bird dog, and Mrs. Murray, his next door neighbor, owns a large Newfoundland dog. The dogs have become so much attached to one another that if either gets into a fight the other joins in the fray. Mr. Taylor has a four-year-old boy to whom both dogs are devoted. One morning recently Mrs. Taylor thought her dog Frank acted strangely. He came to her and gently pulled at her dress. The dog finding no notice taken of his mute appeal looked around the rooms apparently in search of his boy friend. Not finding him he ran upstairs to the bedroom occupied by his young master. Mrs. Taylor followed him and saw him go to the bed and pull at the little boy's nightdress, apparently to wake him. He then went downstairs, followed by Mrs. Taylor, and kept running to the door and barking. Mrs. Taylor followed him to the front of the house where she found the Newfoundland dog with his foot caught fast in some stone work, from which he could not extricate it. She loosened the stones and set the dog free. Both dogs then followed her into the house, and remained for several hours, apparently to show their gratitude.

THE WILD OX.

The yak, or wild ox of Tibet, has sufficient spirit to turn and attack a hunter. If it had more perseverance it would prove a dangerous enemy. Colonel Prejevalski, in his account of his travels in the Thibetan mountains, narrates an adventure which illustrates the yak's disposition. I was returning to camp when I saw several old yaks grazing on a little plateau. I fired on them and one fell and slipped down the snowy slope. Stunned by his fall, he lay motionless at the bottom of the ravine. I ran to him. As soon as he saw me, some hundred feet away, he arose and tried to flee. I fired, but the ball did not touch him. Then he turned and rushed at me. I had only two cartridges; I fired one at a distance of seventy feet, and one at a distance of fifty feet. He stopped when he was quite near me, holding his head down and lashing his sides with his tail. I was near enough to see his little eyes and the blood which ran from his nostrils. If he had had a little more decision and energy, I should have been lost. I could not get away, and I had no weapon but my empty gun. We stood looking at each other. Presently he raised his head and stopped lashing his sides. Evidently he was getting over his anger. I threw myself on the ground, and without taking my eyes from him, crawled backward some sixty feet. Then I jumped up and walked away as fast as possible. I did not breathe freely until some 2.0 feet lay between us.

BUBBLE PICTURES.

Oh, what fun! Nancy has a bowl of soapbuds and a pipe. She has blown ever so many soap bubbles, and each one had on its shining side a pretty picture. She did not see the pictures at first, but only the beautiful rainbow colors. But Sister Mary came by, and said: "Please let me blow just a few bubbles, Sister Nancy." "Why, yes, of course I will," said Nancy, holding out the pipe to her sister. "I hope your bubbles will be bigger than mine, 'cause you're bigger yourself, you know, and you've got more breath, so they ought to be." Mary carefully blew a big bubble, and Nancy leaned over to see it. Suddenly Mary stopped blowing. "Oh, Nancy, keep still," she cried excitedly. "There's the dearest picture of you in the bubble, just as if it was painted on. Oh! the bubble has burst. Wait till I blow another, and we'll see if your picture is in that one." Mary blew another and Nancy leaned forward again. Sure enough, there was her dear, round little face on the bubble. The next bubble went off the pipe, caught by a passing breeze. Pussy saw it, and chased it. "See! See! Pussy's picture is in the bubble," exclaimed Nancy, clapping her hands. Just then Pussy caught the pretty shining thing, and put her foot right through it. Pop! it was gone, and Pussy looked so surprised that both the little girls burst out laughing. "Let's blow some more for Pussy," said Mary. But the breeze bore the next bubble far above the kitten's head, and far above the children's. As it went sailing softly up among the trees the delighted children saw glimpses of pictured tree twigs, sprays of leaves, and even a bird on its gleaming round sides. "Oh, what fun!" said Mary. "Am I blowing your picture too long?" "Nancy meant to forget. I was so excited over the picture." "Never mind," answered Nancy. "I'm blowing lots more than mine, you know."

Expensive Tea.

G. N. Merriweather, the well-known tea merchant of this city, has in his possession about five ounces of tea that has a market value of \$175 a pound. Few persons are aware that such an expensive tea is in existence, but even at that large price this class of tea is hard to obtain. Very little of it has ever found its way into this country. It is a tea that even Kings, Queens and Emperors are not privileged to use, as the supply is so small. This \$175-a-pound tea is known as the Ceylon golden bud. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,100,000. But five pounds of this tea has ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea growers for America, at Chicago, and asked him to try and procure for her, if possible, five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,000 for her five pounds. Mr. Merriweather, who is a personal friend of Mr. Marr, received five ounces of the extra pound procured. This is the first sample of the kind that ever came to Cincinnati.

Killed by an Ant's Bite.

Near Pond Springs, Ga., Ben Harris, the eighteen-year-old son of a farmer, was hoeing cotton in a large field. A laborer working near him heard the boy give a wild scream. The young man then ran a few feet, sunk to the ground writhing and screaming in agony. In ten minutes the boy was dead. Examination showed that Harris had been stung by a "bull ant," as the insect is called in that country. The ant was found clinging to the swollen, purple ankle of the unfortunate lad, and was secured and preserved by David Hall, a Chattanooga man, who was in the vicinity. Hall said that "bull ants" are common in the Pigeon mountains, the scene of the occurrence. They are about an inch in length and have a stinger which is fully a half-inch long. In other cases is on record where the ant of the insect proved fatal.

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AN APE'S STRATEGY.

In the Transvaal, some of the fruit gardens are much exposed to the ravages of large apes, and a good guard has to be kept or the results of long labor would be lost. In some of those gardens grow certain shrubs, which are much affected by wasps, the insects liking to attach thereto their nests. These wasps, though small, have a very venomous sting. Baboons have often been noticed eyeing with envious glances the fast ripening fruit in one certain garden, but feared to gather for fear of attracting the assaults of the wasps. One morning the farmer heard terrible cries, and with the aid of a good field glass he witnessed the following tragedy: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was catching the younger apes and pitching them into the shrubs whereupon hung the wasps' nests. This he repeated again and again, in spite of the most piteous cries from his victims. Of course the wasps assumed the defensive in swarms. During this part of the performance the old brute quietly fed on the fruit, deigning occasionally to throw fragmentary remains to some female and young baboons a little further off.

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