THE LADIES' COLUMN.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Hints to Matrons.

The *Queen* says that the great secret of dressing well is simply never to don a bonnet, dress or jewel without being first satisfied of its suitability to the figure, face and complexion of the wearer. The fashions are so diverse now that there is no excuse for women not making a study of what suits them and choosing accordingly; yet not one in a dozen has the individuality to do it. Women of middle age, or who have passed their first youth, have acquired the knack of looking considerably younger than those of the past generation at the same period of life. Perhaps they take more pains with their faces and figures and our fashions are more youthful. Looking around at most fashionable assemblies in the present day there is little marked distinction between the matrons and the maids. The former occasionally wear more costly fabrics en grande toilette, but the hair is dressed much in the same way, and no one wears a cap habitually unless compelled. It is a feature of our nation that mothers and daughters often might be mistaken for sisters. The truth is, no one can advise on these personal matters. A wise woman watches the lines grow in her face, and studies not to strengthen them by over-juvenility of attire. A wide-brimmed hat, which throws a shadow on the face, makes a woman look years older, but the high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hats are far less trying. It requires judgment to know when to discard the wearing of hats at all. According to the present fashions, it would be best to wear high, straight collars of velvet, and, where lace is admissible, plenty about the throat. The hair should only be turned up from the nape of the neck when the throat has no sign of scragginess and the style does not tend to harden the side outlines of the cheek-bones, which have lost their youthful roundness of fleshly covering. The fashions of the day favor slim women, but slimness too often toward middle life degenerates into undue thinness, which is by no means youthful. Therefore thin women must conscientiously study their own individuality, and not take too great liberties on the score of embonpoint, which keeps off wrinkles, though it may enlarge the waist and make the study of drapery a serious one. Stout women should avoid waist seams, and carry the skirt and bodice in one down the sides as much as possible. Let them avoid fur borderings to basques, just as short women should banish them from the edge of their skirts. Tall women may indulge as much as they please in soft-falling drapery, indescribable in its arrangement; but short ones would thereby acquire tub-like proportions. It is a great mistake of English women that dark and fair, short and tall, thin and stout, adopt the same modes, whatever they may be. In all these things the appearance is the point to be considered, but, remember, a woman is as old as she really looks to others, not as she thinks she looks herself, if blinded by vanity.

Domestic Recipes.

Tapioca cream pudding is simply made and is very nice: Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca in half a pint of milk over night; in the morning beat the yolks of three eggs very light and mix them with the tapioca and half a cup of sugar; stir into one quart of boiling milk and boil for five minutes; flavor with lemon or vanilla, and when cool put the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth on the top.

An oyster omelet will be relished for lunch. Beat six eggs very light and mix them with half a cup of cream, with salt and pepper to taste. If the cream be lacking, milk may be substituted. Put a small tablespoonful of butter in a hot frying pan, and when it is melted pour in the beaten eggs and cream. Before the eggs are firm put in eighteen small oysters, and when the omelet is a delicate brown fold and serve. The frying pan should be set on a moderate fire, so that the browning process will not be too rapid.

A simple "layer cake" is made as follows: Mix one cup of sugar with butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, one well-beaten egg, and enough flour to make a rather stiff batter, sifting one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with the flour. Bake in three layer-cake pans. For the filling mix one cup of sugar with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, three teaspoonfuls of corn-starch mixed with a little water and a cup of hot water. Boil until thick and spread on the cakes.

This white fricassee of chicken is exceedingly delicate: Skin a chicken and cut it into pieces, seasoning with salt, pepper, nutmeg and mace. Put the pieces in a stew-pan and pour over them half a pint of cream or rich milk adding a little butter rolled in flour. If fancied forcemeat balls may be added. Set the stew-pan, closely covered, on the fire and simmer until the chicken is tender.

Yorkshire pudding is a nice accompaniment to roast beef. It should be served as soon as it is done. Mix six tablespoonfuls of flour with one quart of milk and three well-beaten eggs, seasoning with a little salt. Pour in a shallow pan greased with beef drippings and bake for one hour. Cut into slices and put the pieces into the pan with the beef for fifteen minutes; serve in the dish with the beef.

Apple fritters are nice for luncheon. Make a batter of the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one gill of milk, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a saltspoonful of salt, well mixed. The apples, which have been peeled, cored and cut in round slices, are dipped in this batter and fried a delicate brown in boiling fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Ham Cakes.—There will be required for these cakes four potatoes of medium size, one cupful of fine-chopped ham (the dry bits that cling to the bones will answer), three tablespoonfuls of butter and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Peel and boil the potatoes, and when they are cooked mash them until fine and light. Add the ham, pepper and one tablespoonful of the butter. Mix well and shape into thin cakes about an inch and a half in diameter. Put the remaining butter on the stove in a frying-pan, and as soon as it gets hot put the cakes into the pan. Brown on both sides and serve in a warm dish.

The shape of riding habits does not change much; still, a new style is introduced now and then, and we have, therefore, to mention the habit with bodice, much in the shape of a gentleman's dress-coat, open over a white vest or plastron, with a gentleman's collar and cravat. This bodice should be a perfect fit; it has a small postilion basque at the back. For hunting, the habit is completed by a leather belt and strap for the rifle. The skirt is much shorter than it used to be, only just covering the feet in front, but train-shaped behind. The hat is a low-crowned gentleman's hat with gauze twisted around the brim.

CONVALESCENT STAGES.

Wives Will Appreciate the Point if Their Husbands Don't.

Convalescent husband (first day after crisis)—Have I been very sick, dear?

Wife—Very, very sick.

Husband—I suppose it will be months before I shall be able to get down town again?

Wife—Not so long as that, I hope, dear. But you mustn't talk. Try and sleep.

Husband (second day after crisis)—You must be tired out watching over me, dear?

Wife—A little tired, but I am so thankful the danger is past.

Husband—You just wait until I get out again, and if I don's surprise you with something my name is not John Smith. And the doctor, too. He is a wonderful man, to have brought me around as he has. I'll remember him. I suppose a couple of weeks from now will see me all right again?

Wife—Possibly, dear; but don't worry about such matters. Let your mind rest.

Husband (third day after the crisis)—What does the doctor say about me now?

Wife—He says you are doing splendidly, darling.

Husband—Doing splendidly! Does he call it doing splendidly to lie here like a bump on a log and pick out faces from the paper on the wall?

Wife—There, there, dear, don't be unreasonable. Everything that is possible is being done for you.

Husband (fourth day after the crisis)—Isn't it about time that fool doctor was here?

Wife—He will be here presently.

Husband—Presently! Yah! You are worse than he is. I'm going down town the first of next week, and don't you and your doctor forget to remember it.

And he did go down town, and then he went back up-town, and stayed there for six weeks.

A Brute's Reply.

She was a young woman in Washington for the season, and was very fond of narrating her conquests, and speaking of her powers over men.

He was a bachelor with a heart of stone and a cheek of cast-iron.

They were talking of love and matrimony and cognate subjects.

"I've been engaged six weeks, Mr. X," she said, with refreshing candor, in view of the fact that the announcement had appeared in the society news the next day after the proposal.

"Ah?" he said, with a rosebud smile wreathed around an interrogation point. "How charming."

"Delightful, Mr. X," she continued, radiantly. "He was an old friend of our family, and he was so persistent. How long do you think I kept the poor, dear fellow waiting for his answer?" and she giggled a real swell giggle.

"Um—um," he cogitated, as if calculating an equation of time between a sun-dial and a Waterbury watch. "Um—well, I should say about a minute and a half; possibly two minutes."

There was an abrupt termination to the conversation, and the brute was left alone in the alcove where they had been talking.—*Washington Post.*

Masquerading as a Woman.

A singular occurrence is reported from county Galway. At Ballinasloe this week a retreat for the Confraternity of the Holy Family is being conducted by two friars from Dublin. Monday and Tuesday were specially set apart for women and the remaining days for men. On Monday night a very large congregation assembled, among whom was noticed a woman of about 30 years of age whose dress and style were not at all in keeping with the newest fashions. She wore an ordinary linsey dress and a cap not adapted for her years. At the close she had succeeded in getting to the porch door when some one, more acute than the rest, detected man's trousers under the skirt. The culprit, seeing that he was detected, ran toward Tea lane, followed by a crowd of people. The "lady" turned out to be a stone-cutter named Sinnott. He was arrested. The incident has caused indignation.—*St. James' Gazette.*

One Rap Enough for Him.

"George, I think it is—wh—what time did you sa—ay it was, George?" "It is ju—st 3 o'clock, Harry," replied George, as the two friends stood with locked arms before a neat little cottage on Myrtle street at 3 o'clock in the morning. "N—now, George, if you're a tr—true friend, ju—just ring the b—bell there and see if it's m—my house; will you, George?" "I'm your friend, Harry; but I'm n—not dr—drunk enough to do th—th—that! There's a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as I've got to g—g—go home from here one rap on the h—head with a m—mop handle's enough if—for me t—for one night."—*Oakland Tribune.*

An Eagle That Missed Its Dinner.

We are told that several parties in the town witnessed a rather novel sight on last Saturday evening. A flock of seven wild geese were to be seen wending their way to southern winter quarters, with a huge eagle in close pursuit. Soon his eagleship came up to the geese, when they turned on him and "made fight," the king of bird sheered off, and the geese pursued the even tenor of their elevated way.—*Eminence (Mo.) Current Wave.*

An Indian woman took the premium in butter at the Spokane, Wyoming territory, fair. She is the wife of Saltese, chie of the Cœur d'Alene Indians, and is very proud of her diploma.

SILVER IN HIS THROAT.

A Boy Coughs Up a Half-Dollar Three Months After He Partly Swallowed It—Three Physicians Puzzled.

"The death on last Wednesday of Brewer Peter Doelger's 12-year-old son Joseph from strangulation by a bone collar-button which he carried in his mouth while romping with schoolmates," said a well-known physician, "recalls a singular case that came within my experience several years ago. It happened in Peacedale, a pretty Rhode Island village just across the bay from Narragansett Pier. Willie Booth, 9 years old, was sent by his mother to a neighboring grocery. She gave him a silver half dollar for some small purchases, and to prevent the little fellow's losing it, Mrs. Booth tied the money in the corner of his handkerchief. Willie ran down the road swinging the handkerchief in his right hand and shouting. A few rods from the house he stumbled and almost fell. He had been shouting at his loudest a moment before. As he lunged forward he threw out his right hand to save himself. At the same instant the half dollar, which Mrs. Booth had evidently tied very loosely, flipped out of the handkerchief and into Willie's mouth. He regained his equilibrium, but came near choking to death.

"He coughed until he grew dizzy and staggered like a drunken person, but he could not eject the silver piece. Somehow he made his way back home and tottered into the house. Mrs. Booth peered into his throat, but could not see the half dollar. She pounded on the little fellow's back in the way customary with choking persons. Willie breathed more freely, but the half dollar did not come. Then Mrs. Booth ran for the village doctor. When they reached the house a few minutes later Willie felt much better. The strangling sensation was gone and he breathed as usual, with the exception that there seemed, he said, to be a big lump just above his collar bone. The doctor made a careful examination of the boy's throat. He failed to find the coin, and concluded it had passed into the stomach. Willie very stoutly declared that he could still feel it in his throat. This, however, the doctor attributed to the little fellow's imagination. He therefore administered a strong physic and departed. He called every day for a week, but nothing was seen of the coin, which Willie repeatedly protested was not in his stomach, but in his throat, where he could feel it.

"A few days afterward the doctor chanced to be at Narragansett Pier, where I was stopping. We met, and after describing the case he asked me to visit Peacedale and assist in a second examination of the boy's throat. I did so, and together we probed carefully and thoroughly for the half-dollar. We could not find a trace of it. At the point just above the œsophagus, where Willie continued to insist that he could plainly feel the coin, there was not the slightest lump or swelling. I agreed with my friend that the half-dollar was in the boy's stomach. After discussing the case, however, we called in a widely-known Providence surgeon, who also minutely examined the boy's throat. He indorsed our opinion that Willie had swallowed the silver piece. Stronger physics were now administered, and the next day we tried a violent emetic. Both expedients failed. It was manifest that the coin could be removed only by an extremely difficult and dangerous surgical operation. No argument could induce the family to consent to this.

"That the boy would die of slow corrosive poisoning seemed inevitable. In fact, he began to waste perceptibly within a fortnight. I remained at the Pier six weeks, and was so interested in the case that I drove over to see little Willie every few days. At the end of a month he was thin, weak and colorless. When I started back to New York he was simply a shadow. My friend the Peacedale doctor wrote me several times about the case. Each letter said little Willie was thinner and weaker. It was now the middle of November, fully twelve weeks since the boy swallowed the half-dollar, and I was surprised that he had lived so long.

"The following week I was still more surprised by a letter saying the coin had been recovered. The way it originally flew into the boy's mouth had been remarkable enough, but the manner of its reappearance was almost incredible. The boy had actually coughed up the half-dollar. Owing to his sickly condition the family had shown him every indulgence. Among other things, as the days grew colder, he was allowed to wash every morning in a basin placed on a chair near the kitchen stove. While washing thus one morning a violent fit of coughing seized him, and during it the half-dollar flew from his mouth into the basin. The silver piece was as black as the stove lid. Impossible as it may seem, the large coin had been lodged for three months in the little fellow's throat and so peculiarly placed that the most skilful search could not reveal its presence. It is not strange, therefore, that young Doelger's death was at first attributed to heart disease, and an autopsy was required to disclose the fact that he had been strangled by a collar-button. Poor little Willie, however, was more fortunate than the rich brewer's son. He fully recovered in a few months, and when I last saw him, two years ago, was a strong and healthy lad.—*New York Sun.*

A Catching Disease.

"There is something treacherous and unlucky about an opal," she said to her husband; "I prefer that my wealth should be in rubies and diamonds—if you please." "Yes, Jennie," he carelessly remarked, "but the Orientals don't think so; the Capital of Turkey is Constant-in-opal, you remember." "There!" she cried; "it's softening of the brain! I knew you'd catch the same disease that Mrs. Briggs' husband died of," and she burst into tears.—*Washington Post.*

He Understood It.

In Miss Edith's school, the other day, the reading lesson contained some reference to "a ferocious Gaul," and desiring to have the expression fully understood, she asked its meaning. There was a moment's silence when a bright boy arose and responded: "Please ma'am, it means a terrible lot of cheek."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Thanksgiving turkeys sold at 23 cents a pound last week in San Francisco, Cal.

CURRENT TOPICS.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent to the Longmore Hospital for Incurables, Edinburgh, £50 and copies of her portraits for each of the rooms in the hospital. In forwarding them the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh wrote: "The Queen thinks it will be agreeable to the poor invalids of each room to see this memento of Her Majesty's visit.

BY a new process of toughening wood it is claimed that the effect produced upon whitewood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it—this result being accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure. By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass, and some of the timber, commonly considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for example, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc. This method is applicable, of course, only to wood in comparatively small quantities or sizes.

A USEFUL discovery is announced whereby the faded ink on old parchments may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water and passing over the lines of writing a brush which has been wet in a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again, though it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the chemical action of this substance is very simple; the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by reaction into the black sulphide.

PROF. L. W. MASON was engaged to go to Japan as a teacher of music, or director teacher, and there spent three years. The pursuit of his profession has led him to examine and study the kindergarten. He says that after examining the kindergartens of Europe and seeing the improved kindergartens of the United States he has to state that the best Froebel kindergarten he has ever seen is one in Tokio, Japan. There are several such schools in Japan, but he only describes the one just mentioned. It has different rooms for different ages of childhood. The younger children are brought by the nurses, there is a building outside the main building for the accommodation of the nurses, of whom there were sixty when we were there. The children's play-room is a building about 50 by 30 feet. The play yard and building occupy about two acres. The yard contains a good sized fish pond, the children observe and feed the fish.

IN an article upon the town and port of Batoum, the Moscow *Gazette* states that its abolition as a free port by the Czar a few months ago created a great sensation. The growth of Batoum since it was declared a free port in 1878 has been immense. Nearly all the Turkish inhabitants migrated to Trebizond in 1878, leaving behind only a small population of 3,000 souls, which has since increased to 10,000. The Greek element preponderates, though there are also a large number of Armenians. The Russians are a very small minority. Batoum, from being a purely Asiatic town, has now become *quasi* European. The central meeting-place for transacting business is a cafe facing the sea. The conversation there is limited to Turkish affairs; Turkish coffee is the only beverage, and nothing is smoked but Turkish tobacco. Gambling goes on in the open air, and tables for playing games of hazard extend along the footpath. It is believed that, despite all difficulties, the future of Batoum is assured as well by the superiority of its harbor as by its geographical position. It is the best port of the Black Sea; it has a depth of water close to the shore of from 30 to 50 fathoms; and its area would accommodate 15 war vessels, without counting a vast number of merchantmen. Batoum, further, forms the outlet to a railway, 800 verats in length, connecting two seas, and transporting goods not only from Baku and Tiflis, but Transcaspian territory. The Krasnovodsk-Mevv line will supply it with considerable quantities of cotton and silk for transportation. Persian wheat is already carried thither in large quantities, along with naphtha from Baku. There is a question of constructing a canal from the latter town. It is regarded as probable that the whole trade of the decaying town of Poti will pass over to Batoum, which will also offer advantages to settlers when its marshes have been drained.

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Lately Betrothed.

She—Isn't that papa coming?

He—How provoking! I was just going to steal a kiss.

She (ingenuously)—He's awfully near-sighted, Charley—awfully!—*Tid-Bits.*

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To Strengthen Ropes.

It has been suggested that in order to insure greater strength and consequently more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes—particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fibre—such ropes should be dipped, when dry, into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and keep in soak in this solution some four days. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them for some time both from the attacks of animal parasites and from rot.—*Journal of Progress.*

STUDENTS IN ELECTION TIME.

Stirring Scenes in Edinburgh University.

The recent contest between Lord Iddesleigh and Sir Lyon Playfair for the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh aroused the interests of the students to an extraordinary degree. On the polling day the excitement became intense, and a correspondent thus reports the scenes which took place in the quadrangle of the University: The University authorities had evidently been looking forward to some rough fun, and had securely covered in the statue of Sir David Brewster at the far end of the quadrangle, at former elections the rallying point in party struggles. The fountain in course of erection in the centre of the quadrangle was similarly protected. After the opening of the poll the morning cleared, and as the quadrangle was much taken up with the plant for the erection of the dome on the front buildings, the students betook themselves to the colonade at the entrance to the classes in the Faculty of Divinity, where soon indiscriminate pea-throwing became general. By and bye the scene was shifted to the neighborhood of Sir David Brewster's statue, where an enterprising Liberal had climbed the wooden casing, and, amid a shout of triumph from his fellows, fixed his colors at the top. There was a wild rush to the spot from all parts of the quadrangle. A dozen sticks went up to knock down the obnoxious rosette, and a hundred hands peppered the unlucky Liberal on the top of the statue with blinding showers of peas, while shouts and yells from both sides rent the air. Around the statue all the forenoon a mimic warfare raged with ever varying success. Ardent Tories, eager for renown, made desperate efforts to capture the position, while a dozen hands laid hold of their legs and coat tails to pull them down. At length the Tories triumphed; one of their combatants was pushed up, and amid wild cheering and showers of peas, removed the Liberal colors and nailed the blue in their place. The Liberals again assumed the offensive, and a fierce fight ensued before a combatant of theirs fought his way up and gained a footing on the citadel. The colors were torn down and trampled under foot amid Liberal exultation. The hero of this triumph was the victim of rather a shabby trick; for when coming down he had planted his foot against the pillar beside the statue, when a Tory stick knocked it away and he fell heavily to the ground, a distance of several feet. He was severely bruised, but after recovering in the gymnasium from the shock he was able to proceed home in a cab. In the pause which followed this incident the Tories again gained the position, and the blue rosette hung for some time undisturbed till some ingenious Liberal contrived to change its color to buff with a handful of peas-meal. Indigo blue came into requisition with the Tories, and many of the Liberals carried the mark of its applications out of the fray. Meanwhile in the other part of the quadrangle fun of a milder kind prevailed, and the buff and blue colors could be seen waiving from every point where it required a little temerity to place them. Towards the close the carcase of a skate, in a very decayed state, was tossed about wherever heads were thickest.

In order to render papers as tough as wood or leather a plan has been devised which, it is said, effectually accomplishes that purpose, namely, by combining chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper, and that it is thus serviceable for making boxes, combs, etc.

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