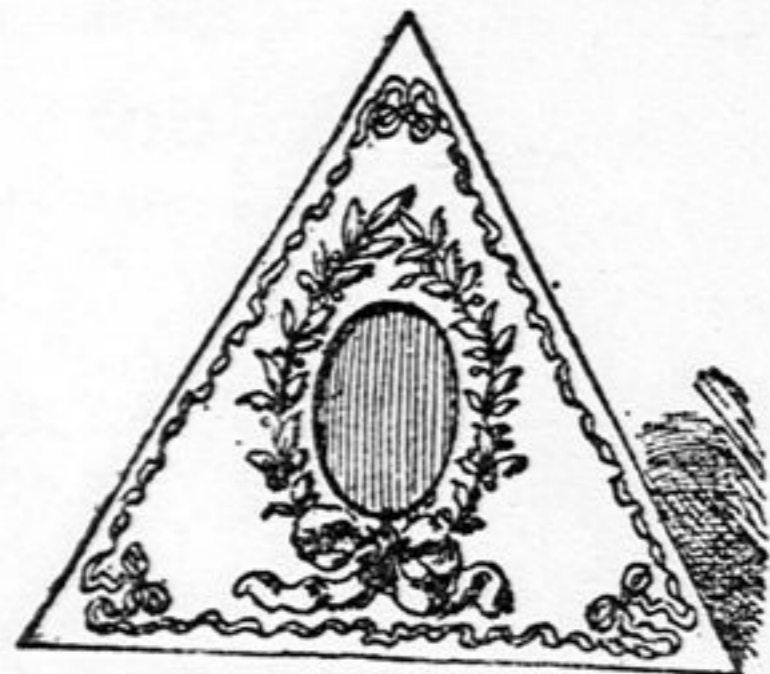


Christmas Ideas.

Embroidered picture frames make dainty Xmas gifts. All shapes and sizes are seen, and colored linens as well as white are used. A pretty frame for a gentleman's picture was made of dull, dark pink linen. The binding was satin ribbon a few shades darker, and the lovely conventional design around the opening for the photo was worked in shades of dull red with gold thread intermingled. Another of dark green linen was worked with white silk floss, which glistened like silver. Beautiful white frames with wreaths of holly embroidered on them are especially appropriate for Christmas gifts. Delicate little forget-me-not sprays, also, carry a sweet reminder at this season. On most picture frames, unless very large, small blossoms and dainty designs must be chosen or the work when finished will look clumsy. Tiny yellow buttercups, diminutive apple blossoms and wild roses are effective, and delicate Dresden designs are especially pretty, although they seem slower to work. There is one advantage about them; so many odds and ends of silk floss left from other pieces may be used up which otherwise could not be utilized. Oval, round, square, oblong and triangular frames are among the shapes to select from. Especially pretty are those with two, three or four places for pictures in one piece. They are lovely for children's photographs.

One of the nicest gifts to a housekeeper is a sofa pillow. It is not necessary that it be elaborate, but rather made for comfort. All kinds of materials are used for these pillows. Denim makes nice serviceable ones, and colored linens are also extensively used for this purpose as it washes nicely. Cretonnes, satens and plaid ginghams, too, make lovely everyday pillows. A green denim pillow had a graceful conventional design outlined



An Embroidered Frame.

over one side with black rope silk. Around the edge was a thick black cord and the ends were finished with loops of cord and tassels. To make such a pillow more elaborate the design can be doubly outlined, once with the rope silk and close up to that with a gilt thread. A very handsome green rope silk was worked with white rope silk in the long-and-short stitch. A ruffle of the same with scallops, button-holed with the rope silk finished the edge. One of the daintiest and prettiest pillows ever seen was made for a bride recently. It was of very delicate pink China silk, and had a wide ruffle of white silk all around it. But the cover was not the attractive part of it. It was filled with rose petals gathered and dried by the lady who made the pillow. The roses had been very fragrant and one can imagine the exquisite daintiness of such a pillow. It is too late now to gather sweet clover, but that makes a fragrant filling for a floor pillow. One seen recently was of figured burlap in Oriental design and colors. The clover had been picked into small pieces, the blossoms only had been gathered. This makes a serviceable pillow for common use, for hammocks, porch, or for the children's use. The figured burlap mentioned makes the prettiest of pillows, finished around the edge with a thick many-colored



Dainty Design for Sofa Pillow.

cord, which is tied with tassels at the corners. It costs but 25 to 40 cents per yard and is quite wide. A beautiful pillow was made of very fine white linen lawn. Golden yellow chrysanthemums with their foliage were embroidered over it. The pillow was covered with bright yellow sateen which showed through the transparent white material with pretty effect. The ruffle around this pillow had a half-inch hem turned down on the right side and stitched, with yellow silk, in the simple outline stitch. A few scattered petals and tiny leaves were embroidered here and there on the ruffle. Another similar pillow was embroidered with violets on white and covered with violet sateen. Still another was in great double pink roses over rose colored silk. The beauty of these pillows was that these covers

could be laundered to look as pretty as new. The designs worked on them were scattered and just enough to appear dainty and graceful.

One cannot always afford to give expensive gifts, and yet some pretty trifles must be made. A most acceptable gift is a hemstitched linen handkerchief. Fine, soft nainsook is less expensive and makes very dainty ones. A yard of sheer linen, suitable for handkerchiefs, will generally make four. Then if the threads are drawn for a very narrow hem, and the edge finished with a pretty piece of valenciennes lace, the result is most satisfactory. One pretty way to finish the edge of fine hemstitched handkerchiefs is to crochet in simple chain stitch a series of loops, caught down at quarter-inch intervals all round. Then the next row of loops should each contain a few more stitches. The third still more and so on till about five or six or more rows have been crocheted. This makes a delicate, lace-like edging when done with No. 70 or 80 thread.

For the brother who smokes a very pretty tobacco pouch may be made of satin or silk pieces. One seen recently was made of a piece of dark blue, one of red, and one of yellow satin. The pouch measures about five inches long by four wide, and is cut round at the bottom. The lower half of one side is of the red and the lower half of the other side is of the blue satin. The upper half of the entire bag is of the yellow, which is turned in at the top about two inches, where it meets a lining of cambric. About half an inch from the top edge of the pouch is a row of machine stitching forming a narrow space through which is run drawing strings. These are two fine yellow silk cords. One is run one way and the ends are fastened, then pulled under the casing to hide the joining. The second cord is run in the opposite direction and comes out at the other side of the pouch where the ends are then fastened and concealed. When these strings are pulled in the opposite directions the mouth of the pouch is drawn closely together, and holds the contents securely.

Book marks are inexpensive and pretty little gifts. They should be made of broad satin ribbon fringed at both ends, and may be any length desired. Eight or ten inches is the ordinary length. Brilliant colors should be chosen and two shades may be combined with pretty effect. A suitable motto should be painted in gilt or silver on them, of which the two following are appropriate:

"Not how many books thou hast, but how good,"
"Books cannot always please, however good."

THE THREAD TOOTH.

"You may talk about your bicycle foot and your golf arm and your meerschau mouth," said the dentist, brusquely. "Why, they're not in it with the thread tooth. Whenever a woman comes to me and complains that the edges of her teeth are all rough and jagged and she doesn't know what in the world she is going to do about it, I ask her right off what her business is. If she says she sew I am able to diagnose that case of jagged teeth at once. I tell her she has the thread tooth. Then she wants to know what I mean. 'Don't you bite your thread?' I ask. She always hems and haws for a spell before answering, 'Well, maybe I do.' And then I say, 'Of course you do,' and proceed to give her some good advice, which she, in turn, will proceed to disregard the first chance she gets.

"Some day I'm going to get up a lecture and advertise it to be delivered before women only. In that way I'll be sure to draw a big crowd, and when I get a whole grist of femininity within hearing distance, I'm going to preach at them for all I'm worth. My text will be 'The Thread Tooth.' Why you women will persist in doing such senseless things when you know the result is going to be more or less harmful is something I can't for the life of me understand, but it is a fact that nine out of ten of you who use the needle, be it much or little, will go on biting as if nothing better than teeth had ever been invented for the purpose of severing thread. I verily believe that if a woman had a dozen pair of shears within reach she would bite her thread instead of clipping it, which really doesn't take a second longer.

"But I don't bite hard," my callers always protest, when I expostulate with them. Great Scott! what an argument! Just as if a person had to bite clear through a millstone to break the enamel on a tooth. A thread is a fine, delicate thing to be sure, but so are some saws and files, and all are sure to cut their way through almost any substance if applied persistently. When I get my lecture ready I'm going to say all this and a good deal more, and I'm going to wind up with the advice that I'm giving now to every woman who handles a needle: 'Don't bite your thread. Cut it or break it, or do any other old thing with it, but don't, if you value your incisors, and your cuspidors and your bicuspidors, saw it off with your teeth.'

THE PICKPOCKET'S STRATEGY.

Mrs. Greening. This afternoon a man on the car asked if anybody had lost a watch, but nobody had. I do wonder if he had found one.

Mr. Wiseman. It is more likely that he was about to find one.

NOT GIVEN TO COMPLAINING.

Buggins—Wigwag is the most sublime optimist I ever knew.

Buggins—In what way?

Buggins—He's laid up with a sore throat, and when I sympathized with him he said it wasn't as bad as it might be if he were a giraffe.

Sole Survivors of The Brussels Ball.

Near Kilkenny, Ireland, on the banks of River Nore, lies Woodstock, the vast estate of Lady Louisa Tighe, and here, surrounded by every luxury and loved and honored by all who know her, lives the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who almost a century ago buckled on Lord Wellington's sword when he left Brussels on the campaign which amazed the world.

Dominated by its superb baronial mansion of granite, hewn and carved on the estate, Woodstock extends over a circuit of forty miles, and its walks, roads and drives, extend five hundred miles. Connected with the estate are some curious privileges, among which is the right of tenants to lay all their grievances or disputes before the lord of the manor—not entering the house to do so, but standing in a courtyard directly outside of the study window.

At a fixed hour every morning, Sundays excepted, the late Colonel Tighe always made his appearance, being under unwritten bonds never to refuse the request of the widowed or the fatherless, while the tenants were pledged to abide by his decisions, as they now are by those of Lady Louisa, well aware that so considerate and humane a "chataine" can only decide for their present good and future welfare.

Twice a year Lady Louisa has the right to free two criminals, even at the very gallows steps, and she has always exercised this privilege wisely. How she deals with dishonest persons is shown in an instance in her own household a few years ago. As was the yearly custom at Woodstock, Lady Louisa was entertaining members of the royal family, and had a large house party in their honor. Conversation turned one evening upon some of the very curious and rare gems which had come to Her Ladyship from the Duke of Richmond, especially reference being made to a black diamond, the only one of its kind in the world. The guests expressing a desire to see this diamond, the steward was sent for the cases—rarely opened—in which it and other unique jewels reposed. The man trembled and turned pale, but brought the cases, only to have it discovered that the black diamond, the Duke of Richmond's watch, an heirloom of inestimable value, and several other rare and historic gems were missing. Further search revealed that the silver chests had also been tampered with.

The suspected man broke down and confessed his guilt, but, throwing himself on Lady Louisa's well known clemency, he was punished only by dismissal and an injunction to leave that part of the country forever.

The drive from Innistagh to Woodstock is over a fine country, richly timbered and prosperous. Miles of stone terraces and several lodges are passed before the grand gateway, surmounted by a lion and griffin, is reached. Passing the fine lodge, an avenue two miles in length, leads to the mansion, an immense granite structure, its somewhat severe lines, and the entrance suggesting a royal welcome.

Within, the grand hall and stairway form a sumptuous setting for any scene, and in summer, when the gardens are ablaze with almost tropical bloom, the lower doors and windows reveal a scene which a Claude or Vermeer might have been glad to depict. In these famous Woodstock gardens are bank of lavish color, while each stone in the marble terraces is from designs of Daniel Sullivan—each different, and each representing some striking or famous scene in different nations of the earth, while far as the eye can reach billows of green and bloom extend, with walks laid out in every fashion, reaching to what are known as the "Silver" and "Gold" sand beaches viewed by old Lady Louisa from her library window, and near which is an exquisite fountain.

Not far away is a tree of enormous growth, which the Society of Forestry takes pride in, as it is the only one extant in the European world. It was brought from Egypt, and in Oriental lore is known as "The True Lovelace Tree." On being touched the leaves curl up softly, as though in gentle response to the hand caressing them.

Nearby is the shooting tower, a building overlooking the wide preserves. Though deer are killed by the hundred, only the right side of the animal is ever cooked and eaten at Woodstock. It is supposed this custom arose by a favorite animal was accidentally wounded on the left side, and its owner declared that henceforth in the length and breadth of Woodstock no deer should ever be shot or harmed unless the sportsman touched the right side.

On this portion of the grounds alone two hundred men are employed, and on what is called the "Home Farm," adjacent, three hundred men work daily in all seasons, while more than one hundred women and girls are hired simply to gather the fallen leaves and weed garden beds, Lady Louisa being, even in her extreme old age, ardently interested in her own sex. These workers, in order to preserve a picture effect, are costumed at Her Ladyship's expense in a uniform of green and white, made in the most becoming peasant style. The skirts, of shamrock-green, are pinned back over skirts of a plainer straw of the quaint cottage pattern, tied under the chin.

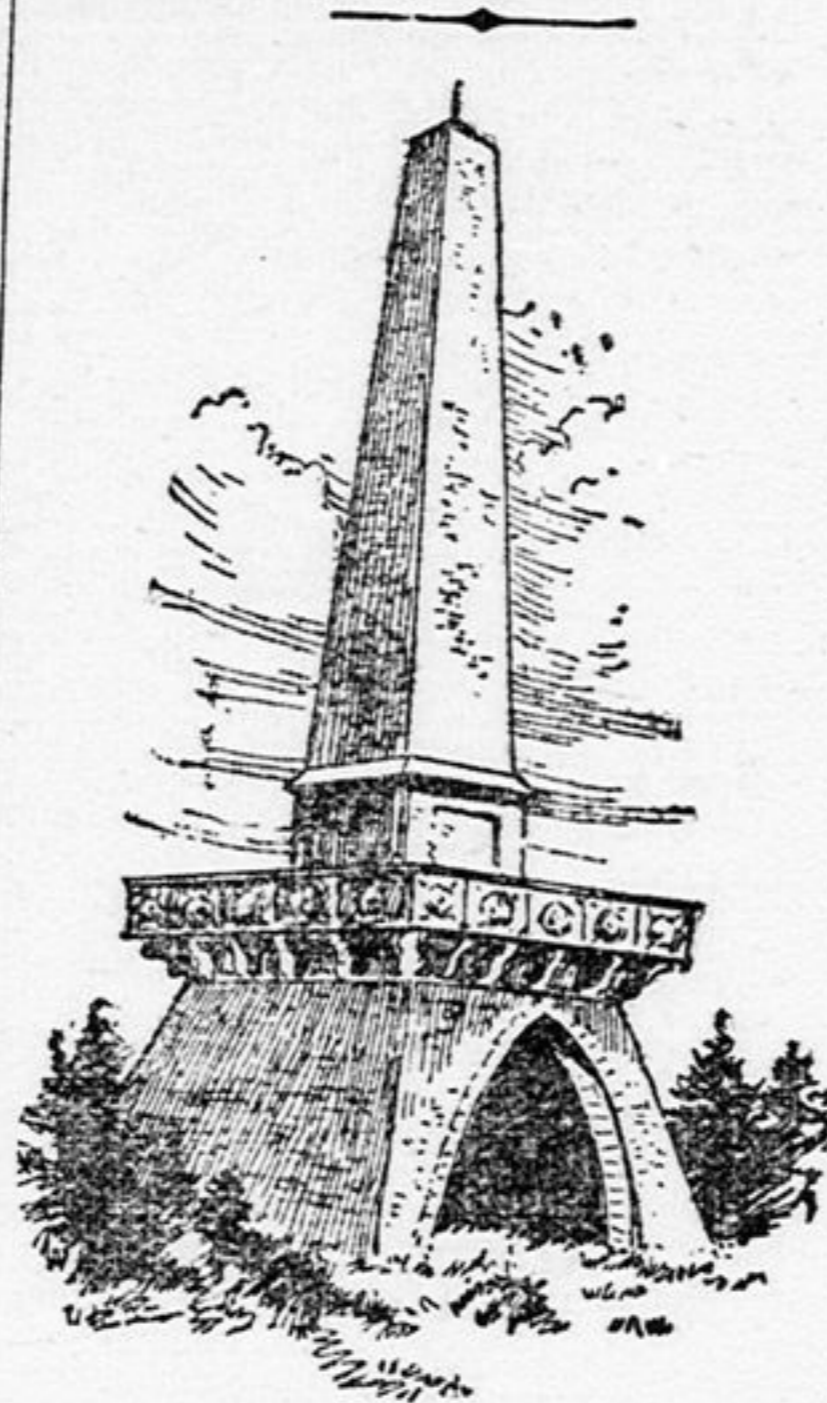
In all of the six lodges at Woodstock, the persons employed have been chosen with a direct view toward giving them especially appropriate occupations. Wo-

men who are compelled by loss of fortune to become self-supporting are installed, while the various buildings erected on the grounds also typify Lady Louisa's philanthropical mission in life. Red House, one of these dwellings, is kept entirely for the use of privileged sightseers, who, however, must arrange their dates some time in advance and have their names duly registered. They are received in a fashion unknown to any other show place I have ever visited. A luncheon is served. They are waited upon in every way, and should they desire it can take a skiff and go out upon the water.

Near by is Tiddington Cottage, where the gamekeeper resides—well cared for like all others in Her Ladyship's employ. Beyond is the woodranger's, near which is a stream, which is carried five miles to supply Woodstock with water.

Not far away is a curious spot, known as "Lizzie's Lawn." Here stand on a rich sward four arbor vitas of enormous size, which can be seen for miles around, towering high above the branches of the forest itself. These were named for the four sisters of Colonel Tighe.

Turning down this leafy walk or that, one comes upon exquisite bowers, all appropriately named—the Lennox, the Richmond, etc.—and all testifying to the fondness of Colonel Tighe for his lovely and high born wife. There is also the Silver Spring, a bubbling well of water, justifying its name, icy cold, pellucid and singularly refreshing, and from which each morning two pairfuls are carried three miles for Her Ladyship's use. To maintain Woodstock costs £3,000 every day.



THE PAARDE KRAAL.

The stone-kraal is a monument at Krugersdorp, a small town 20 miles from Johannesburg. It bears the inscription: "To the memory of those who died in the service of the Republic." This has reference in the first place to the Boers who under Andries Pretorius defeated Dingaan, the Zulu king, on the Umhatozi river, December 15, 1838. Dingaan had raided the settlements of the whites, and with only 400 mounted Boers Pretorius went to get satisfaction. They encountered a Zulu army of 12,000 men and after an obstinate engagement totally defeated them, the Zulus leaving 3,000 dead on the field.

When preparing for the rising in 1880 every Boer who passed into Krugersdorp vowed that he would only retrace his steps homeward a free man. In commemoration of his oath, each one took up a stone and threw it on a certain spot. By the time the commanding was ended, the pile of stones had assumed colossal proportions. It remained until the close of the war, when the Boers erected the monument, associating it with the victory over the British at Majuba, and as commemorating the "independence of 1881." The annual holiday of the Republic, when the Boers repair to the Paarde Kraal to make speeches and by them "Majuba day," though it is always celebrated on "Dingaan's day," the 15th of December.

WOULD GO AFTER IT.

During the last Transvaal war, by some chance or another, the Boers managed to capture a flag from the English. Of this feat they have always been extremely proud, and have never lost an opportunity of boasting showing the same to any English who might be visiting the Transvaal. During the Queen's Jubilee of 1897 an opportunity presented itself to the Boers of making known their magnanimity. President Kruger, on behalf of his countrymen offered back the flag which had been taken from the English in the last war. In reply, the English government thanked the Boers for their courteous offer, but begged to say that when they required their flag they would go and fetch it.

DON'T LIKE THEM.

It is interesting to know that there are some people who very strongly object to being photographed. The late Empress of Austria, was one of these and for many years before her death eluded the vigilance of all photographers. The dislike of the late Empress Elizabeth to the camera is shared by the ex-Empress Eugenie, who has not been photographed for 30 years. Three kin was photographed, and only once has John Hare allowed himself to be thus victimized; this was after a performance at Balmoral and by the express desire of Queen Victoria. Miss Marie Corelli is one of the very few camera people who have never sat to the

NATIVES FAVOR THE BRITISH.

Basuto Students in Ohio Resent the Boer War of 1858.

There are at Wilberforce university an institution situated near Xenia, O., maintained for the higher education of negro youth by the African Methodist Episcopal church, eleven native African students, among whom are two assuming, of noble physique, and representative in every particular of the Africa, upon whose territory the war between the English and the Boers is now being fought. These natives are all of more than average intelligence, and are among the best of the students. They display the greatest interest in the present South African war, and are in receipt of information regarding the real nature of affairs directly from the country itself. Their enthusiasm is unbounded, and they have already shown their determination to enlist in the colonial army against the Boers if necessary.

It would seem in contradiction to the press dispatches to make the assertion that these natives are not in sympathy with the Boers; in giving their reasons one of them, a Basuto woman now educating herself here for missionary work among her own people, said: "Yes, I am for the English."

"But the press dispatches say that the Basutos are enlisting with the Boers."

"No; my tribe is for the British."

"Why do the Basutos sympathize with the English?"

"Our hatred for the Dutch dates back to the cruel war of 1858, when the Boers

without any provocation save that of avarice. England offered her protection and checked the grabbing designs of the Boers. In 1857 trouble again arose, and the Basuto chief declared his tribe British subjects. This prevented open hostilities, yet the Boers are continually oppressing the natives. Still, the English are more and more making the condition of the natives better. They allow them to govern themselves and to maintain a native army and mete out to them an equality of justice and privileges with that of the whites.

"In the Transvaal the natives are compelled to sustain the government, and they do not understand its nature. For that reason you read about missionaries among the Boers being killed. The natives say: 'The Boer is a robber; he brings his book, and then his brother comes and makes us pay taxes on our land for nothing, and so we will kill him.'"

"What is the present condition of the natives in the Transvaal?" was asked. "The general condition is very bad," she said. "The natives are treated inhumanly. They are allowed no opportunity for learning to read. They have no rights in some of the cities, excepting in Pretoria itself, where Kruger is. The government officers are to blame for the present war—not Kruger, for he is a good man and would do right. The natives have had their lands stolen from them and are not allowed to purchase any property. They are really house slaves, and have no voice whatever in the government."

"What do you think will be the probable outcome of the war?" was asked. "We are hoping the English will win," she answered. "It is hard to say what will be its end. But if the English win we know our condition will be vastly improved. The natives can render valuable aid to the English. They are already armed and know the nature of the country and the Boers' mode of warfare."

The woman displayed her hatred for the Boers in answering questions, and gave much information as to the ignorant and demoralized condition of the Boer forces as she saw them, and said she felt certain of their defeat.

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Eugenic Device by Which It Is Believed Many Shipwrecks Can Be Avoided.

Wireless telegraphy is to be used in a novel and practical manner at Halifax. The harbor there is often difficult of access, especially during storms and as a result many vessels have been wrecked while approaching it. Mr. A. F. Hamilton has now invented an apparatus with the object of facilitating the approach to the harbor and of thus minimizing the danger of shipwrecks.

This apparatus consists of what may be called an electrical buoy on which is a bell connected with the land by means of a submarine cable. In addition to the bell the buoy is intended to hold a Marconi transmitter from which signals may be sent from land to a distance of four or five miles. Now the inventor asserts that in this manner all vessels provided with receivers suitable for wireless telegraphy can not only be readily warned of danger as they approach the coast but can also ascertain their exact situation if they will only pay due heed to the signals transmitted.

The inventor's intention apparently is to have a buoy placed in each spot where there is the most likelihood of peril and to have signals sent by the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy whenever there is any danger of a storm. The successful manner in which the Marconi system worked during the international yacht races has satisfied Mr. Hamilton that it may be relied upon to do good service in connection with his buoys.

The British fleet to-day consists of 499 ships, with a total displacement of 1,500,000 tons. Sixty-four battleships carry 50,000 officers and men amount 2,671 guns. There are 15 cruisers, while among the smaller craft are 218 torpedo boats and 218 destroyers, and 35 larger torpedo vessels, as well as 15 coast defense ships.

Sketch of Mme. Labori.

Madame Labori, wife of M. Labori, the world-famous counsel to Dreyfus, is a radiantly beautiful woman. The beauty is not of form and feature alone. The radiance is that reflected by one of the kindest, most generous hearts in the world. She is tall, and of graceful figure. Her hair has caught the glow of the burnished chestnut, and her eyes the calm, brown depths of forest pools in autumn. Her complexion shows a hint of crimson roses beneath the olive. Her teeth are as white and even as young corn. Her face in repose is noble and gentle. Alight with quick thought, it is arch, changeful, fascinating. A beautiful face and figure that appear centrally in a series of pictures we will name "One Woman's Life."

It is a tiny, flannel-wrapped, insignificant figure, in the first. It has an insignificant nose, scarce worth the name, and a feeble mouth and pink skin and fuzzy hair hardly worth the mention. But William O'Key, who had a father's interest in the insignificant bundle, said the eyes were quite worth looking at. Their first glance was deep and brown and meditative. That was in Australia two-and-thirty years ago.

There is something of a family resemblance to the insignificant bundle in Margaret O'Key, daughter of the "gentleman farmer" of Port Williams, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. O'Key were living on a £6,000 farm and they had built a £5,000 house. They were the finest folk for many miles about. Margaret was so happy she sang all day. Perched in the boughs of the apple tree she sent forth soft trills that set the passer-by to wondering what manner of bird was hidden high yonder among the leaves and blossoms. While they were still wondering the face of a young girl showed among the blossoms, and the laughter of a young girl followed them.

Strange are the subtleties of human intercourse. A grey day of discontent, a purple day of discord, and life is never quite the same again. The neighbors did not know, and perhaps Mrs. O'Key herself did not quite understand why she and her husband separated, and she and wistful-faced Margaret were on their way to Europe in search of a new happiness and a new home. The slim figure, wrapped in a steamer rug, looked lonely in its isolation on the deck. Margaret O'Key was thinking that childhood passed too fleetly and that she would gladly have called it back, but the young lips were set in a straight brave line, and there was a world of resolve in the candid brown eyes.

Vladimir de Pachman, the great Russian pianist, had a favourite pupil in Vienna. In time he married her. They toured America together. The critics said the pianist's wife was almost as great a genius as he.

She plays superbly, with a finished elegance and marvellous brilliancy. Her touch is at all times smooth and dainty. That was a half dozen years ago. In Madame de Pachman might be traced a faint family resemblance to the inconsequent pink bundle we have seen in Australia, and the apple girl who hid and sang in the straight tree in Nova Scotia, who stared thoughtfully from the Atlantic liner, and who knelt beside her brother's body in the English hotel.

It was a terrible revelation to innocent, sunny-natured Madame de Pachman. She had not dreamed that the Russian pianist, her husband, could be untrue. She took her two babies in her arms and cried a little. Then she went to see Maitre Labori, the brilliant young leader of the French criminal bar. She cried when she told her story.

Maitre Labori himself bowed her out of his office. He would not entrust that agreeable duty to his clerk. "Madame it shall be done," he said. Maitre Labori secured the divorce, and soon thereafter he married his fair client.

Madame Labori loved her husband. She was his bonne camarade, his sweetheart, his guiding spirit. He was her idol, her ideal, her king of all men. She always went to court to hear his speeches. Parisians wondered why the brilliant Maitre Labori's wife went so often to his office. Was she jealous? Not that. The Maitre said he could not study a case well if she were not there among his books and his documents. She laughingly humoured this whim, though it cost her many a drive on the Bois, many an afternoon at the concert, many an evening at the theatre. She was proud of the flower-covered yoke. She loved him for his loving tyranny. She thrilled to tears in court under his speech—"our speech."

She was his nurse and constant companion after the dastardly attempt upon his life. She was able to appear in court once more. She would not be separated from him for anything. If her constant care had availed nothing, and Dreyfus' defender had died, she would have died too. A white face in a coffin, close to Maitre Labori's—one that bears a faint family resemblance to that Australian baby of two and thirty years ago—would have been the last of that series of pictures in "One Woman's Life."

BRITISH FLEET.

The British fleet to-day consists of 499 ships, with a total displacement of 1,500,000 tons. Sixty-four battleships carry 50,000 officers and men amount 2,671 guns. There are 15 cruisers, while among the smaller craft are 218 torpedo boats and 218 destroyers, and 35 larger torpedo vessels, as well as 15 coast defense ships.