



USE OF THE PIN.

The Very Important Part It Plays in a Woman's Life.

A great deal of scorn is heaped upon the woman, who, as the saying goes, is "pinned together." She is put down as untidy and lazy and generally shiftless. The scornful critics do not stop to consider that the most artistic French dresses and hats are seldom "well made;" that graceful and lovely as they are, the mere stitchery is very light and unreliable, apt to give way at any moment. French hooks and eyes, frills and bows, are all apt to come off after one sewing. Mere sewing is not the artistic thing for which one pays exorbitant prices. Any little convent girl can sew well. The great couturiere charges for deft touches, inspired adjustments, graceful drapery, beauty of outline. Clothes should be put on with art as well as with skill. There is more affinity in the cunning fold placed with the aid of a pin than there is in rows of mere strong stitchery. Personality cannot be expressed in a frock that any other woman could duplicate. It must have special touches of its own, and it cannot have these if the woman who wears it despises the use of the pin.

Many women spend large sums on their clothes and never seem on good terms with them. Their frocks are very well made—too well made to have any subtlety or illusion. Every fold is in place. Every frill is secured by a strong thread. Everything is so strongly sewed that no mystery can lurk in a fold, and no expression lie in the curves or lines of a skirt. When you have once seen a toilet, there it ends; the second time you are deeply tired of it, and finally it gets on your nerves. How you long to see a little difference in the bodies, a curve in the sleeve that you had not noticed before! But all this would mean imagination or pins! Consequently the notion of a pin is abhorrent; it is untidy; the dressmaker has not done her work properly; she has been paid for something for which she has not given full value.

With the use of the pin we get variety, while in the solidity of thread and needle it is hardly ever to be found. Women should recollect that in the sordid actuality of dress there is neither art nor beauty. Style is infinitely more difficult to procure than fashion—one is a triumph of the mind, the other is always procurable with gold. No other attribute is so necessary to those who wish to be well dressed as good style, but it is generally inherent and only to be found in the woman who possesses imagination, and can therefore rise above mediocrity. You can call it chic if you like, but neither style nor chic can be obtained in present day dressing without the aid of the despised pin.

The woman who says she never uses a pin is hopeless; she might as well say she does not wear corsets. When you have looked long and critically at such a woman, you will realize that nothing matters; her clothes cover her, and that is all one can say. Her dressmaker may be more or less of a genius, and will stitch the draperies so that they suit her fairly well; the stuff may be pretty and the style unobjectionable—what there is of it; it only lies with the dressmaker, and she has had to firmly stitch her best aspirations. Consequently there is a certain suggestiveness of heavy baked pudding throughout.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

About Elbow Sleeves.

A word here upon the effect of wearing elbow sleeves, or pronounced undersleeves, with a flaring sleeve model, in relation to one's height. It is impossible to do so without losing that precious height line, and no matter how much a short woman may admire the cut-off sleeve, or the very wide flaring one, she should not indulge herself in wearing either, but cling to sleeves which mark a long line from shoulder to wrist. If by any chance she insists upon the newer sleeve, then she must have the top fit rather closely, and below the elbow have a glove-fitting additional sleeve to wrist. This will suggest the long arm line. In the matter of undersleeves have them as small as possible, and not strikingly in contrast with the gown. By these little managements should women study their particular figures in their relation to the modishness of the day. Dressmakers in their rush of business cannot be expected to do this, nor are they much inclined to it as a general thing, as their experience proves that their clients pay no heed whatsoever to their advice, always going their sweet way in opposition.—The Vogue.

The Back View.

Puffed-up waists to shirt waists, unhooked skirts and dragged hems are called opprobriously "married backs." Of course, this is hateful slander, and

a mean way that careless folks of all kinds have of getting out of trouble and laying the blame on somebody else. But if I were one of that married coterie I would see that none of the reproach fell to me. All the more reason that you should hitch up the rear part of the toilet with extreme care is that there are small eyes looking after you and taking patterns. Bobby likes to know that mamma is well dressed, and there are no imitators in all the world equal to Fanny and her little sisters. Dress is not a power to be despised, and if you want to keep the admiring glances of the master of the house at home liven up a bit, and make your back a thing of beauty as he looks after you walking down the street.—Chicago Post.



French suede gloves in the new shades are attached with rhinestones or cameo buttons.

Small sweaters for the little ones come in blue with red trimmings and brass buttons down the front.

Slate colored suede gloves which can be worn with gowns of almost any color have as the latest finish gun metal buttons.

Slips of gayly flowered silks over gowns of black net are embellished with small velvet crescents, combined with knots and loops of ribbons.

An original gown for a bridesmaid is of ivory white corduroy, which is worn with a hat of black Irish lace adorned with several sweeping plumes.

Young girls' evening frocks are made of Pompadour striped silks or polka dotted crepe de Chine, trimmed at the foot with clusters of tiny ruffles all velvet bordered.

The newest fancy buckles are of gold or gilt metal, with a background of black satin ribbon. It depends upon the quality of the metal whether real or imitation jewels are used.

Black velvet buttons are frequently used as an effective finish to full ruffles or velvet bordered ruffles. Other late designs in buttons are covered with lace or embroidered silk.

A good idea in handkerchief cases is in those made of linen handkerchiefs, with embroidered edges, the four corners turned over at the top, and hand-painted with flowers, the inside with a silk quilted lining, and the top fastened with ribbons.

To Run Bird Restaurants.

Kenosha, Wis., women have gone into a scheme for making their town a regular "Bird City." They have formed a club, which nearly every villager has joined, for having bird restaurants in their front or back gardens. Each member of the club has agreed to erect a tall pole with a shelf on top large enough to hold a saucer of water and a tray of food, which will contain seeds, lettuce, cuttlebone and any other dainties birds crave. Once the bird restaurants become popular with Kenosha's birds, the women believe the feathered ones will impart the glad tidings to their neighbors in other suburbs, and Kenosha in a little while will have a monopoly of the songsters of the North shore.

Some of the women will even go further than to establish bird eating houses. Moss and other nesting material will be placed in the trees, where it will be of easy access, and the women reason that, with all this home-building material at hand, the birds will look no further for a cozy spot in which to settle and begin housekeeping.

Exposition of Inventions.

The American Consul-General at Vienna, Carl Bailey Hurst, reports, says the Scientific American, that a committee composed of the leading manufacturers, members of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce and representatives of prominent corporations has held a meeting at which the idea of an International Exposition of Invention and Novelties to take place in Vienna, 1903, was discussed. The programme outlined has been enthusiastically received, and the scheme is well on the road to realization. All kinds of technical inventions, and in particular those already practically introduced, are to be exhibited. There will possibly be an inventors' gallery where workshops will be opened for public inspection.

Whiskers Keep Out Cold.

There is nobody in the Senate nowadays with whiskers to equal ex-Senator Peffer's. Senator Stewart has a luxuriant growth, but compared to Peffer's hirsute adornment, Stewart's chin is like a stubble field alongside an acre of waving grain. When Peffer was in the Senate, his whiskers were a better indicator of the state of the weather than a barometer. On cold and damp days Peffer would tuck his beard under his coat and use it as a chest protector. On fine days he allowed it to fly freely, until each separate hair stood out like a doll's hair from a man's.—Washington Post.



Now, Dolly dear, I'm going away. I want you to be good all day. Don't lose your shoes, nor soil your dress. Nor get your hair all in a mess. But sit quite still, and I will come. And kiss you so as I get home. I'd take you, dear, but then, you know, it's Wilhelmina's turn to go. She's sick, I'm 'raid her eyes don't work; they open worse the more I jerk. She used to be so straight and stout, but how her saw-lust's running out. Her arm is out of order, dear—My papa says she's "out of gear." That's dreadful isn't it? But then, the air may make her well again. So, Dolly, you'd be glad, I know, to have poor Wilhelmina go. Good-by, my precious; I must run—To-morrow we'll have lots of fun.—St. Nicholas.

Correcting the Clock.

W. S. Harwood tells in the St. Nicholas what pains are taken to keep observatory clocks in time with the stars. The clock was set the night before, by a star when it crossed the meridian; but, for one reason or another, it may have lost or gained the fraction of a second. The observer at the eyepiece of the telescope watches the oncoming star with the very closest attention. The instant it comes into his field of vision, just as it begins crawling across the wires, he gives a squeeze to the telegraphic key. At the moment of this squeeze the fountain pen, attached to the key by the wire, gives a tiny jump and makes a slight bending in the line. As the star crosses each wire the observer presses the key, so that there are 11 indentations made as the star crosses the field and passes out of sight on its celestial way. It has not been stopped a fraction of an inch in its journey through space, but the observer has timed it in transit, and no matter how fast it may have been fleeing through the heavens, it has yet been closely watched by the man at the telescope until he could record its movements. As the star passed the sixth wire the pressure for that line, its meridian line, registered the precise fraction of a second at which the star crossed the line. Then, as the clock has been marking its own time off on the cylinder, second by second, the observer compares the time the clock has been making with the indentation the instrument recorded as the star crossed the meridian. Thus he can tell to the fractional part of a second the gain or loss in the time of the clock, and it is readjusted, or "set," as we say, to the unvarying time of the star.

A Well-Equipped Boy's Club.

When the small boy who lives in the vicinity of Tompkins square becomes a prosperous merchant or successful professional man and moves up town, the fashionable club will not awe him. The surroundings may be more elaborate than those of the Boys' club, where he took his first degree in club life, but the rules will be nearly the same as those with which he became familiar away down town. The Boys' club has been described as "a downtown club with an up-town atmosphere." It was founded in 1876 by a number of Yale and Harvard men for the purpose of supplying a place where boys might assemble for play, athletic exercise and social intercourse, and where they might find refining influences. It was a movement against the street, and to counteract the influence of gangs which have their meeting places on street corners and in vacant lots.

In the handsome new building provided for the club there is a lofty basement and five floors, and the building is fitted with all that is necessary in a club for boys and young men. There are three classes in the club. These are "Juniors," boys under 14 years; "big boys," between 14 and 18 years old, and "seniors," who are over 18 years old. Each class has a floor and these floors are arranged to meet the requirements of the occupants. The library is free to all, and is well patronized. There is a tennis court on the roof, and a carpenter shop in the basement, and among the smaller organizations within the institution, all of which are in a prosperous condition, are checkers, chess, natural history, whist, sports, camera, music, drawing, and law and order clubs. In the senior class dues at the rate of five cents a week are paid, but in the other classes there are no dues.—New York Tribune.

The Story of Blossom.

Winky-Wee had been visiting at her auntie's. Mamma and papa were at the depot to meet her, and as soon as they kissed her and hugged her, mamma asked, "Why, Winky-Wee, what's in the basket?" "A kitty, mamma; the dearest, sweetest white kitty you ever saw; its name is Blossom." When Winky-Wee sat down in the street car of course she had to have her basket. Pretty soon a baby mew came from the basket. "Hush, Blossom, dear," said Winky-Wee; "we're going home to such a beautiful house, where there's a doll's house and a cow cosy that gives love-

ly white milk and a cellar full of mousies, Blossom; really, true live mousies, think of that!" "Meow!" cried Blossom angrily, then she put out one little paw and before anybody could say Jack Robinson she put out another little paw, then out came the whole kitten and she jumped away out of the car—it was an open car—and when the motorman stopped so papa could get out there was not even the tip of Blossom's white tail to be seen. How Winky-Wee did cry while she rode home hugging the big empty basket! She cried till she went to bed. She did not even want to play with Jessie, her doll, or look at the doll's house or go and stroke the little rabbits.

One morning, nearly a week afterward, papa went to the back door early in the morning and called, "Winky-Wee, Winky-Wee! Come here, quick!" She came running down stairs in her little nightie and she screamed with delight, for there on the fence sat Blossom; not the snow white, fat Blossom she lost, but a raggedy, dirty, thin Blossom with a scratched nose and a bitten ear. And she never ran away again, but grew up into the loveliest, plumpest, snowiest kitty in town.—Good Housekeeping.

A Grenadier of France.

No French soldier is more honorably remembered than Latour d'Auvergne, who belonged to a regiment of grenadiers in the army of the great Napoleon. His defence of the pass, single handed, against an army of Austrians, has made his name almost as memorable as that of Horatius, the brave Roman, who kept the bridge. It was during the war with Austria in 1796, and Latour d'Auvergne was a stalwart young soldier of 30 years. During a scout he learned that a detachment of the enemy was pushing forward with the intention of securing a mountain pass, to prevent an important movement that the French army was then on the march to accomplish. The Austrians were but a few hours distant, and Latour had no time to seek the main army for assistance. He knew that the pass was defended by a force of only 30 men, who were stationed in an old stone mill that commanded the route through the mountains, and he made up his mind to hasten on and warn them, and take part in the defence. When he reached the mill, however, he found it deserted. The soldiers, having heard of the advance of the Austrians, had fled, leaving the pass unguarded. Latour understood military affairs well enough to realize the importance of holding the post, and he decided to defend himself if he could. There were plenty of arms and ammunition in the mill, and he at once set about getting ready for the expected attack of the Austrians. In a short time they appeared and demanded the surrender of the place. Latour refused and the struggle began. There were 30 muskets in the mill, and these he kept loading and discharging, giving the Austrians the impression that quite a force was defending it. They kept up a close fire on it, however, and several times attempted to carry it by storm. The sharp defence, however, forced them each time to retire with great loss. Finally, when his gunpowder was nearly exhausted, and he himself was worn out by the protracted struggle, Latour raised a flag of truce. Instantly the firing ceased, and a moment after a window in the mill was opened and a grenadier showed himself. "We desire," he said, addressing the Austrian commander, "the privilege of evacuating our quarters, with all the honors of war; with arms and baggage, and colors flying."

"Your demands are granted," replied the gallant Austrian, who immediately drew up his men in two lines to receive the devoted garrison. Then out walked Latour d'Auvergne, alone.

"Well," said the Austrian commander, "where is the garrison?" "Here, sir, as you see," answered the Frenchman, raising his hand in salute. "But where is it?" asked the Austrian, visibly affected.

"Here!" repeated the grenadier. "What? You alone defended the mill?"

"I was there alone; I was the only garrison," rejoined the soldier with a quiet smile.

"And how came you to undertake so bold an attempt?"

"The honor of France was in peril, sir. I could do no differently," answered the heroic grenadier.

The haughty Austrian bowed in admiration.

"You are the bravest of the brave," he said; and he ordered the 30 muskets to be sent after him to the French army, and wrote a letter complimenting his heroism.

Napoleon offered Latour the command of a regiment, but this he refused, preferring to serve in the ranks. "I cannot leave my comrades," he said, "and any one of them would have done the same as I."

But ever after that he was known as the "First Grenadier of France."—Philadelphia Times.

It is expected that the railway now being constructed to connect Valparaiso with the Rio de la Plata will be completed in five or six years.

Where the compensation for services rendered by husbands for their wives in the management of business belonging to the wives is more than sufficient to support and maintain their families, and there is no contract as to the amount of compensation, the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia in the case of Collett vs. Alcop (49 S. E. Rep., 34) holds that the excess is a debt due from the wives and subject to claims of the husband's creditors.

Seaboard Special Rates.

\$3.00 Charlotte to New Orleans, La., and return; \$18.75 to Mobile, Ala., and return, and \$18.25 to Pensacola, Fla., and return, account of Man a Gas—at above mentioned points. Tickets on sale February 4th to 10th, inclusive, good to return until February 15th, inclusive. \$6.05 Charlotte to Wilmington, N. C., and return account of the Poultry and Live Stock Show February 4th to 7th. Tickets on sale February 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, with final limit February 8th. For further information, call on or address A. V. H. Hill, P. T. A., 23 South Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.

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There is quite a difference between having a heavenly voice and having an un-catchy one.

Capit and the burglar both laugh at locksmiths. S. G.

MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.

"My home and my life was happy



MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by being irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; I became languid and nervous, with gripping pains frequently in the groins.

"I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said, 'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, thank God; the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a pain or ache since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3243 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Trustworthy proof is abundant that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves thousands of young women from dangers resulting from organic irregularity, suppression or retention of the menses, ovarian or womb troubles. Refuse substitutes.

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Advertisement for 150 kinds of seeds for 16c. Text: '150 kinds for 16c. It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 1000 acres for the production of one choice seed. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer: For 15 Cents Postpaid 20 kinds of finest vegetable seedlings, 15 magnificent carnation seedlings, 15 sets of glorious tomato seeds, 15 perfect lettuce varieties, 15 splendid beet seeds, 62 generously beautiful flower seeds. In all 150 kinds positively furnishing business of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Tomatoes and Peas and Beans and Squashes, onion seed at 50c a pound, etc., all only for 15c, in stamps. Write to-day. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.'