

CHRISTMAS FANCY WORK.

Photograph Holders and Other Articles Suitable For Gifts.

Among novelties which are useful and may be readily made for Christmas gifts are photograph holders of silks or satins. A standing or easel photograph holder is made thus: Cut four pieces of cardboard about eighteen inches long by nine inches wide. Cover two of them with handsome moire silk or velvet of a dark, rich color, and the other two with satin of a delicate color. One made of olive moire and pale blue satin will be found to be particularly pretty. The covered pieces of board are overhanded together, putting a light and dark one together. Then fasten the two sections together at one end by means of three strong bars made of twist and worked in buttonhole stitch, and finish the edge with a small olive cord, covering all the stitches.

For the pockets to hold the photographs, cut six triangular pieces of cardboard, three for each side, nine inches in width and about six inches deep. Cover them with light blue satin embroidered in a pretty design. Apple blossoms will look well upon the blue for two of the pockets, and on the third or top pocket put a monogram embroidered in olive and gold colored silks. Line them with olive moire and finish the edges with a silk cord leaving two loops at the top point. Sew these pieces securely across the lower edge upon the large covered pieces, putting them at equal distances on the moire side and fasten the upper point to the moire. At each side of the lower edge of the top pocket sew a piece of gilt cord, finishing the end with a tassel. Tie the sides together with the cords so that they will stand firmly. With photographs stuck in the pockets, this makes a very useful as well as pretty decoration for the table or desk.

Another receptacle for photographs is the standing book cover. One that was particularly attractive was covered with yellow satin and lined with crimson. Graceful branches of the blackberry vine, with the ripe berry as well as the red fruit and the little green berry just forming, and their beautifully shaded leaves were embroidered diagonally across the yellow satin. In the lower corner were the three initials of the receiver of this dainty gift worked in shades of crimson silk. To make this cover, the embroidered satin is fastened smoothly over a piece of thin cardboard 22 inches long by 14 inches wide. A second cardboard of the same size is covered with crimson satin. Fastened lengthwise on this satin are two strips of inch-wide ribbon, at equal distances from the edge. Fasten the ribbons to the satin with three tiny stars worked in yellow embroidery silk at the half and quarter lines, letting some of the stitches go through the cardboard to hold the ribbon more securely. Overhand the two pieces of covered board together and finish the edge with a fine cord. The board is then doubled evenly together, and the doubled edge pressed with a heavy flat iron to crease the cardboard. Photographs may be placed under the ribbons, and the cover may be stood upon the table or any convenient place.

A dainty fancy-work apron forms a very useful present and is easily made. Take one and one-quarter yards of the widest white wash silk. Put a narrow hem upon each side, fastening it in place with a row of double feather stitching done in pink wash silk. Turn the bottom of the silk up on the right side for a depth of fourteen inches, to make a twelve-inch pocket, allowing two inches for the hem. Sew the sides together and catch the pocket in the centre to the apron part. Have a branch of apple blossoms stamped upon the pocket, working them with wash silks and doing the knotted stalks in brown tints, the blossoms in shades of pink with yellow centres, the bursting buds with a tinge of bright color in the bed of green, and the tiny unfolding leaves of the same color. Finish the top of the apron with a two-inch feather stitched hem and run through the hem a good width pink ribbon for ties, which can be removed when the apron is cleaned, and you have an exquisite gift.

Fine laces are now found in delicate shades of pink and blue, and may be used for more simple aprons. They are embroidered with sprays of white daisies or dogwood blossoms. These laces are also to be had in all the light pretty colors, and they really seem to be no limit to the dainty things that may be made with them. Pretty handkerchiefs and necktie cases for the dressing table can be made to match in color the decorations of the room and may be embroidered with wash silk. Night robe cases, bureau covers and travelling cases are other suggestions. These laces have the advantage over wash silks of not requiring the same care when they are washed.

The new opera bags are made of suede, fine chamois skin, or moire silk in beautiful delicate colors, and ornamented in patterns done with iridescent sequins, jewelled out beads and fine embroidered silks. These bags are made in two shapes, the long and narrow bag, which is only large enough to contain the opera glass and holder, being as popular as the square bags which can hold the fan, handkerchief and glass, besides many little articles. These bags are drawn together at the top by a double silk cord, leaving an inch trail for a finish.

It is always fashionable to have nice white teeth and sweet breath. The use morning and evening, of "Odoroma," the perfect tooth powder, assures this, and eases the mouth in a delightful state of freshness. "Odoroma," is used by refined people everywhere. Druggists—25 cents.

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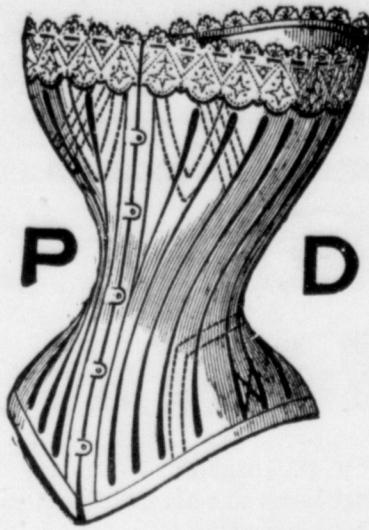
Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

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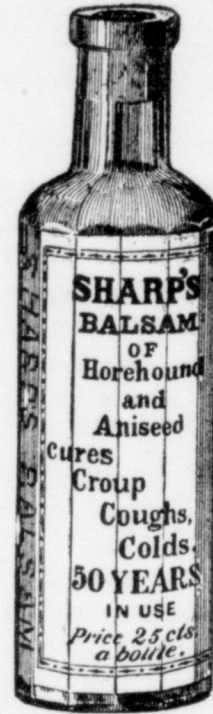
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BROWN & WEBB
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Take no imitations.

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DOMVILLE BUILDING,
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is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

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WHERE THEY WEAR TROUSERS.

Costumes of the Young Women Herders in the Alpine Oberland.

If trousers signify higher feminine civilization, then the most progressive women of the century are the female muleteers and goat herders of Switzerland. The conventional ease with which these hard-working girls of the higher Alps wear their breeches would fill Dr. Mary Walker with envy, and take the timid dress reformer's breath away, for plain, ugly homespun pantaloons are their daily and only, costume for the greater part of the year. These masculine garments, however, are not assumed as a badge of independence by the Alpine damsel, or in recognition of equal rights with man, and nobody would be more astonished than one of these herdswomen should she be hailed as a new woman.

As a matter of fact, she passes her life too high above the valleys to know anything at all of modern progress, feminism, or otherwise, and her pantaloons are worn for storm convenience only, and in obedience to the rigors of the rough, hard life she leads. They are hand-woven hand-sewed, cut out on a naively ugly pattern, and are about the only uniform suitable for the special work and climate known on the higher Alps.

Moreover, breeches came into fashion in the Oberland long before bloomers arrived or the bicycle trouserette appeared to excite public comment. Somebody was obliged to look after the goats and grass on the mountains, and there were not enough men to do it, when factory work and emigration began to make inroads on the rural districts of Switzerland, so the hardy Swiss women took the matter actively in hand. There was no flinching, either from any of the duties involved, and the betrothed girls who run about the Alpine uplands are wonderful workers. They wear in addition to the hideous breeches, hob-nailed shoes, beside which a cowhide brogan or a wooden sabot is dainty slipper; their heads are rarely covered, and a sort of plain, semi-masculine linen shirt, with a close woolen purkin, completes the primitive costume. From early in the spring till late in autumn these buxom Swissers live upon the mountains a life that any Mississippian steamboat roustabout would think hard. Rye bread, pickled cabbage stalks, and chunks of tough cured meat are their diet, and though herding cows and goats, not a drop of milk or spreading of butter ever graces their rough meals.

Every day is passed watching the cattle on the mountain pasture and reaping the tough Alpine grass. At sundown the animals are driven back to the summer pens, about a little hut, and the reaped grass packed home on the herdswoman's back. By dusk everybody has gone to bed, a number of women living together in one hut, and at 2 o'clock in the morning breakfast is eaten, the milking begins, and off to the pasture girls and herds tramp again. Besides cutting and storing the winter supply of cattle food, these women carry down on their backs all the firewood needed during the months of snow, and sleep, clad all in their working costume, on sacks of dried hay or leaves, laid over the hard floor.

It would really be difficult and absurd to picture such heroically sordid labor carried out in all the useless inconvenience of flowing skirts, but the preference for the petticoat springs from the feminine breast, and if anything would prove the fruitlessness of trying to persuade women to adopt bifurcated garments, the example of these Alpine herders should. When the summer season is over, the cattle ready to descend to the valley, and the mountain actually scraped clean of everything edible either by man or beast, these vigorous young women get promptly into the common garb of their sex. This is the very first thing they do in getting home to the valley, or even before the descent begins, especially if, by jodeling across the highlands, some distant young herdsman has signified his desire to drive his flocks in the company of a particularly good-looking herdswoman.

Worth Trying.

Wives with lazy husbands, if there are any such among the readers of the Companion, will appreciate the following dialogue borrowed from the Washington Star says the Youth's Company:

"Jaslar," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "its coming 'along purty near 'lection-time."

"So it is."

"I s'pose they'll be a lot o' fool wagers made."

"There usually is."

"Well, if you git drawed into any of 'em, I hope you'll let me make a suggestion."

"Me and Jabez Stackle's wife he's been a-talking' it over, an' ez long ez ye're of opposite political beliefs, we thought ye might come together."

"Ye don't want me to risk my money agin Jabez's do ye?"

"No. Its wrong to bet money. But we thought ter, instid o' havin one man wheel the other round the country in a wheelbarrow, er wovin' not to shave off his whiskers you an' Jabez could agree that the loser should carry in two armfuls of wood every day all winter. It seems ter me that a 'lection bet of that kind 'ud be real interesting an' 'humorous."

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Suffering
Women.

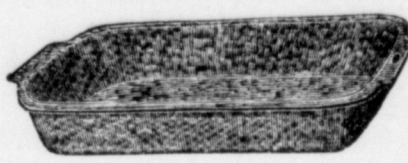
Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the

depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,



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THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Most Unexpected Recovery of a Long-Lost Dog.

'Speaking of watch dogs,' said the retired burglar, 'I never owned a watchdog, but I did own once a jolly little mongrel dog that we called sometimes Nibs, but mostly Nibsey: a lively, sensitive little fellow, but no watch dog. You might have played a brass band outside and he'd never hear it; but let anybody that he knew walk across the floor and he'd wag his tail in his sleep.'

'Well, after we'd had Nibsey a number of years we lost him; he just disappeared one day and didn't come back, and we didn't know whether he'd been run over by a train of cars or strayed away and got lost, or whether somebody had picked him up and carried him off, or what was the matter: but he didn't come back, and we missed him very much, because we all liked Nibsey.'

'Now, maybe you can guess what happened: One morning early, about 2 or half-past 2, some months after that, as I was moving slowly in the dark, across a room, on the second floor of a house that I had called at some fifty miles from where I lived, I felt the legs of a small dog thrown against mine. I couldn't see the dog at all, but it was standing on its hind legs and resting its fore legs against me, and I could tell by the movement of them that he was wagging his tail violently. It was Nibsey, of course. He'd known my tread, soft as it was, and woke up to receive me.'

'Well, you know, glad as I was to find Nibsey, I'd rather not have found him right there, because he was almost certain to make trouble for me. He began to whine with joy, the first thing, and then he gave a little yelp. That was just what I was afraid of. He didn't want to make any trouble for me, but that one yelp was enough. A man in the bed sits up and pulls a string and turns on a light: and says:

'Now, what's the matter?'

'And I puts up a great polar bluff and says: 'You swiped my dog, and I've come to get him.'

'Swiped nothing!' he says. 'I'd swipe you in about a minute,' and he wasn't slow in getting at it either; he was getting out of bed and coming for me all the time he was talking, and a good healthy, powerful looking man he was, too. But Nibsey was bright. Nibsey made just one dive at the man's feet, but that was enough to stop him until I'd got turned and started; and a minute later I was going down the road with Nibsey coming on behind.'

HORSE DIES FROM GRIEF.

He was Separated from His Mate and Died in a Short Time.

The emotional side of a horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind, which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in a little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

He ate his food, and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless, and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ear caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with the injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased, his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had had charge of the injured horse, returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead.

The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was called remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief. It is possible for all the mental faculties of the horse to become abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause death, how much more does he appeal to the sympathy and regard of mankind.

Felt Through the Earth.

Prof. John Milne, who studied earthquakes for many years in Japan, where they are very frequent, now has an "earthquake observatory" on the Isle of Wight. In describing his observations there during the past year, he recently remarked that his instruments enabled him to feel heavy earthquakes at great distances, even right through the earth. For example, on August 31st last a disturbance of the instruments led him to conclude that a violent earthquake had occurred about 6000 miles away. Afterwards it was learned that there had been an earthquake in Japan at that time, and the distance through the earth between the Isle of Wight and Japan is about 6000 miles.

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