VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

MORNING PIECE.

(Sea of Marmora.)

A SCARLET glory burned fantastically splendid
In the sky of dawn.
The sea stretched blue and stainless.
The wind blew fresh across the great spaces,
The white ship glided across the morning waters
Like a living thing rejoicing in its grace.
A sense of largeness, freedom, purity, infinity,
Breathed from all things.

And, huddled like animals in the hold of the ship,
And packed on the foredeck,
And swarming on the hatches,
And coiled in the ropes,
And seething beneath the awnings,
Hundreds and hundreds of Greek refugees
In their grimy clothes
Lay or sat or crouched.

And the miasma of their breathing
And of the odors of the night
Rose towards the radiant
And impassive heaven.
—I Zangwill, in Lippincott's Magazine.

TOMORROW.

Tomorrow, Oh, Tomorrow's
The day that I like best;
For though my sunset's clouded
It's golden farther west.
Observe the little sparrow!
Throughout the dark Today
She sings of her Tomorrow
And the egg she's going to lay.

I hear a sad soul sighing
To leave "this vale of tear."
But make no doubt he's lying
About a hundred years.
And feel no twinge of sorrow
When his ship puts to sea;
The ship that sails To-morrow
Sails soon enough for me.

For though my sun's declining
Behind yon hoary hill,
I know that it is shining
Beyond the summit still;
And howsoe'er I sorrow
I know 'twill pass away—
God gives a glad To-morrow
For every sad To-day.
—Cy Warman.

A BUNCH OF ORCHIDS.

Fair summer wafted gentle sighs,
And softly murmured sweet good-bys
To robin's crimson, bluebird's sheen,
To rose-red gardens, hedge's green;
But, as she fled, she gathered up
The yellow of the buttercup,
A glint of sunshine gleam of dew,
A tangle of the fern's red hue,
And, 'neath the dawn of autumn's skies,
She wove a net for butterflies,
Soft, palpitant and full of grace,
And caught them in a web of lace,
A lacy, leafy branch of green;
And lo! to-day there may be seen
Behind the florist's window glass,
What he, most learned, calls "A class
Of Latin-name Orchids, rare."
Nay, nay, these captives poised in air,
These soft, fair yellow mysteries
Are—but a swarm of butterflies!
—Augusta de Bubna.

THE SONNETS OF A BLIND POET.

The Arch of Light.

Across the ocean shines an arch of Light,
An isthmus from the Old World to the New.
It is a stretch of peaks, hung high and true,
That raise man to a rant, supernal height.
Beneath this arch, Wealth War, all worldly might,
Drift with the sun, the moon, the starry blue,
And all huge hates, the clouds of blackest hue
That growl and glare back lightning in their flight.
What is this shining arch above the seas?
The light of Genius spanning worlds afar,
And giving joy to man no mirk can mar;
Yes, your inspiring thought, O Bards of Greece
And Western Europe that vaults over War,
Time—all destruction—like the Azure's Peace!

From the Manhattan and Bronx Advocate.

To a Child Reading.

My darling, spell the words out. You may creep
Across the syllables, on hands and knees,
And stumble often, yet pass me with ease
To the clear spring upon the summit steep.
Oh, I could lay me down, dear child, and weep
These chart'd orbs out, but that you then might cease
Your upward effort, and with inquiries,
Stoop down and probe my heart too deep, too deep!
I thirst for knowledge. Oh, for an endless drink!
Your goblet leaks the whole way from the spring—
No matter; to its rim a few drops cling,
And these refresh me with the joy to think
That you, my darling, have the morning's wing
To cross the mountain, at whose base I sink.
—Edward Doyle.

Alphabetical lists of French quotations have enabled many a poor stick to get credit for the possession of wonderful culture.

THE FALLEN STAR.

Her father was a millionaire
Who made his money honestly,
And pleasing perfumes floated where
He had his big soap factory.

Her lover was a humble clerk
Who loved her for herself alone;
He had his day dreams while at work
Of joys when she should be his own.

She didn't like her father's trade—
Though soap should not be cause for shame—
She liked the money that he made,
But not the channel whence it came.

Her lover, at the 'phone one day,
Exclaimed: "You are my star of hope!"
The maiden thought she heard him say—
The wretch!—"You are my bar of soap."

Envoy.

The daughter of a millionaire
Has turned away an honest clerk;
To her the world's a bleak affair,
And all he sees ahead is work.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

WHITHER AWAY?

"Where are you going, Master mine?"—
"Mistress of mine, farewell!
Pledge me a cup of golden wine!
Light shall be dark and darkness shine
Before I tell!"

"Oh, go you by the fir woods blue,
And by the Fairies Trysting Tree?"—
"No, for the path is grown with rue
And nightshade's purple flower since you
Walked there with me!"

"O, go you by the pastures high,
A grassy road and daisies fair?"
"No, for I saw them fade and die
On the bright evening, love, that I
Sat with you there!"
—Anodos.

The Spectator.

DREAM MEADOWS.

Girt with great garths of shadow
Dim meadows fade in gray:
No moon lightens the gloaming,
The meadows know no day:
But pale shapes shifting
From dusk to dusk, or lifting
Frail wings in flight, go drifting
Adown each flowerless way.

These phantom-dreams in shadow
Were once of wild-rose flame:
Each wore a star of glory,
Each had a loved sweet name:
Now they are nameless, knowing
Nor star nor flame, but going
Whither they know not, flowing
Waves without wind or aim.

But later through the gloaming
The Midnight Shepherd cries:
The trooping shadows follow
Making a wind of sighs;
The fold is hallow and black,
No pathway thence, no track;
No dream ever comes back
Beneath those silent skies.
—Fiona Macleod.

The Fortnightly Review.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmest born of sense of right,
The steadfast heart, the quiet will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

* * * *

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
Some thought of those in lands afar
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school,
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We, in Thy watchful eyes, exceed:

That in the days to come, O Lord,
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires, who, doubly great,
Could strike, yet spare the fallen state.
—S Weir Mitchell.

CLASPING THE CLOUD.

I yearn not for the fighting fate
That holds and has achieved;
I live to watch and meditate,
And dream—and be deceived.

Mine be the visionary star
That vibrates on the sea:
I deem Ixion happier far
Than Jupiter could be.
—Edmund Gosse.

LOOK CHEERFUL.

No matter how depressed you feel,
Look cheerful!
A gloomy face is ungenteel,
Look cheerful!
Nobody cares about your woes,
Each has his sorrows, goodness knows!
So why should you your grief disclose?
Look cheerful!

Though you are blue as indigo,
Look cheerful!
You're prettier when you smile, you know,
Look cheerful!
The world abhors a gloomy face,
And tales of woe are commonplace,
So stir yourself, and take a brace—
Look cheerful!
—Somerville Journal.

TELESCOPE SHOP FULL OF ORDERS

Good Hope and Canadians Buying in Pittsburg.

TWO orders from foreign governments for telescopes have been received by Professor John A. Brashear, the Pittsburg manufacturer of astronomical instruments. The Canadian government wants a telescope for the observatory at Ottawa, and the British government has ordered optical equipment for a spectroscope at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope.

The telescope for the observatory at Ottawa will be the largest in the Dominion, with a lens 15 inches in diameter and a complete equipment of spectroscope and photographic camera. The observatory is on the Parliament grounds, and is under the charge of Dr. William King, chief astronomer. The lens itself, while not as large as some of those in use in the United States, is larger than any yet placed in Canada. It is the completeness and delicacy of the spectroscope and photographic outfit that will make it one of the costliest instruments ever built.

Before inventions were perfected, a much smaller lens had to be used in astronomical photography, and no one had thought of using more than one at a time. By the improved curved plate, 900 square degrees of the heavens can be brought into view at once, and can be thus photographed, while by the old method only 100 square degrees were visible. The uncertainties surrounding discoveries obtained by the old method were also very great. Often a three-hours' exposure is necessary for a picture, and when on a clear, dark night, the telescope is held rigidly upon a star, the movement of another body in the heavens may leave its mark on the photograph. Thus, if there is a planet moving in that part of the sky toward which the instrument is directed, it will, owing to its motion, make a little, bright streak on the plate about one-twentieth of an inch long.

As there are often little defects on the photographic plate itself of a very similar character to the little streaks of light impressed on the plate by the moving planet, an element of uncertainty enters into the observation. This made necessary the process of checking the observation. The astronomer was compelled to again photograph the same region of the sky. If on the second plate he finds the same small streak of light, sometimes slightly changed in position, he is quite sure that they have been made in both instances by a planet.

The new camera lenses made in Allegheny, besides being much larger than any hitherto in use for the same purpose, are placed in pairs and both directed by a large visual telescope. This removes all doubts as to the character of the trails on the plates at once.

An eight-inch telescope intended for the observatory at Philadelphia is now ready for shipment from Allegheny. Another is being made for the University of

MOOSE STAYS WITH BLIND MATE

The Pathetic Devotion of Brutes Told by Hunter.

THE FORKS, Me., Dec. 10.—Edward Carrigan and Joseph Lambert, of St. Stephens, N. B., have arrived here with two large moose, taken under peculiar circumstances near the Enchanted. The sportsmen early one morning found tracks made by two moose, one following directly behind the other, the hoof marks often intermingling.

The trail brought the men to a watercourse, where it was apparent the creatures had taken water. Near a large pool were tracks that showed plainly that the pool had been used as a watering place for the moose at different times, as the trails led to and from the pool from different directions. Choosing that track which appeared to have been made that morning, the sportsmen continued the chase. It was about noon when Carrigan, who was in advance, sighted a moose, and in an instant later a second one, directly ahead of the first.

The big fellows were plodding along and had apparently not heard the tramp of the hunters. Making a slight detour so as to get opposite the creatures, the hunters attracted the attention of the game. The leading moose stopped in its tracks, and the second ran against it. Both moose swung slightly around, and the hunters opened fire, and in the excitement of the moment both fired at the same moose, which fell instantly. The remaining moose lowered its head and sniffed at its fallen companion; then, raising its antlers high, it bellowed loudly. As the cry of the great creature echoed through the forest, it fell under the discharge of both rifles.

The hunters marveled at the ease with which the moose had been taken, and why they had not broken away when they discovered the presence of the hunters. Thus wondering, it suddenly dawned upon Lambert that one of the moose was blind. An examination revealed that the moose which had been following was blind, as a coating of film entirely covering the sight of the eyes was found. The last moose to be killed was the pilot. When it found that its companion had fallen it refused to leave it for safety. The blind moose weighed 760 and the pilot nearly 950 pounds.

Clothes Stealing In South Africa

ONE of the most peculiar features of the present phase of the Boer war is that the Boers usually relieved British prisoners of their clothing. As a rule the Boers take everything from their prisoners but their shirts and sometimes they take even these.

Again and again detachments of British soldiers have wandered back to their comrades wearing only a shirt—or less. So many men of the Thirteenth Hussars suffered from this fate that their comrades have named them Adam's Horse. The British officers are deprived of their clothes like the men and it is peculiarly offensive to them. Here is an incident reported by the well known correspondent Bennett Burleigh, which illustrates how this clothes stealing war is carried on.

"Left in the hands of the Boers, Major Gough and his second, Captain Cracroft, as well as others, had to undergo a shameful ordeal. As the Boers treated others of their prisoners so were Major Gough and Captain Cracroft handled. Major Gough was deprived by the burghers of coat, helmet, gaiters, and leggings, and stripped barefoot. Captain Cracroft was still worse dealt with. Everything he had on was taken—hat, coat, trousers, boots—except his shirt.

"Finding Louis Botha, Captain Cracroft said: 'Sir, I understand you are a man of education, not a common burgher.'

"'So I am,' said Botha.

"'Well, then,' rejoined Cracroft, is this the proper sort of conduct toward an enemy in warfare—to strip and rob prisoners, leaving them nearly naked? We, at any rate, are not guilty of that sort of shameful conduct?

"'Take care what you say,' angrily rejoined Louis Botha. 'You are only a prisoner, remember.'

"'I know that and don't care' said Cracroft. 'Do what you like for I wont hold my tongue. I say it is monstrous to treat prisoners in this inhuman way.'

"Botha moved off, but subsequently a burgher brought a pair of very old trousers to Captain Cracroft, which he at once donned.

"The prisoners were marched a little distance further north. When it was quite dark, seeing bush and cover near, Cracroft rose up and remarked hurriedly to Major Gough, 'I'm off,' darting away at the same instant into the nearest cover. Acting upon the impulse, all the Boer guard hastened after Cracroft, leaving Major Gough alone. The latter instantly took advantage of the situation and ran off in turn, but in an opposite direction. Separately, each of them made his way, as best he could, back to De Jaget's Drift.

The great Siberian railway is practically finished. The first rail was laid in 1891. The line with its branches is 5,542 miles long, and has cost £75,000,000. Its western terminus connecting it with the European net is Tcheliabinsk, the last station of the Samara-Zlatonst railway. In addition to the principal Eastern terminus, Vladivostock, Talienwan—a name on all our tongues when four years ago the world was discussing Port Arthur and Weihai-wei—on the shores of the unfrozen Yellow sea, is another.

De Sappee—Aw—a deah cweature intimated today that I had an inventor's mind, doncherknow!

Chollie—Pway tell me!

De Sappee—She said that my head was always full of wheels, bah Jove! Weally, doncherknow!

CURRENT JOKES.

EASY ENOUGH.

A CERTAIN member of parliament has expressed a pronounced disbelief in most of the wonderful tales told of the precocity of children. He contends that the stories are usually manufactured by older persons, with the sole object of making amusing reading. Once in a while, however, his theory receives a setback by something in his own experiences, and he confesses that he has come across some genuine humor and some unconscious witticisms. One such was brought to his notice recently.

A Sunday school examination was in progress, and the examiner put this question:

"What did Moses do for a living when he was in Jethro?"

Following a long silence, a little voice piped up from the back of the room:

"Please, sir, he married one of Jethro's daughters."—Youth's Companion.

A HANDICAP.

Wm. M. Evarts, who was a mere skeleton of a man, and Senator David Davis, who weighed upwards of three hundred pounds, used to take great delight in perpetually twitting each other about their physical make-up. One night at dinner Mr. Davis said: "If you will let me choose the course, I will guarantee that with three yards start I can beat you in a race of 100 feet." Every one at the table laughed and said: "Take him up, Mr. Evarts." The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis. This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and one hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely. Mr. Evarts could get neither past him or under him, and he called Mr. Davis back to the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him.

REMEMBERED HIS NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

Col. J. T. McLaughlin, who represents the defence in the Nome contempt proceeding, worked his way from the bottom round of the legal ladder to the position he holds. In his early practice he was glad to get anything that came along. Among the experiences that helped him to emerge from the condition of a briefless barrister he tells the following: One day a miserly old fellow came to him and asked that the young attorney draw up a will.

"How much cash have you?" was the first interrogation.

"Wall, I guess," responded the client, "somewheres nigh onto $30,000, I reckon."

"How do you wish it divided?"

"I want my old woman to have $15,000, and you can say that I give and bequeath $5,000 to each of my three children," said old man, unloading himself of the legal phrase with much gravity and deliberation.

"What else do you wish to say?"

"Say that to each of my several nieces and nephews I also give the sum of $5,000."

"Hold on, sir, this is a work of supererogation; you have already disposed of all your money. How are they to be given the sums you specify?"

"Go! darn 'em, let 'em work for it as I did," came the answer.—San Francisco Wave.

RELIEVED.

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings.

"Hold up your hands!"

The stage coach gave a lurch and stopped The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before.

"Your money."

"Here it is."

"Your watch and diamond ring."

"They are yours."

"I must say yer good-natured, anyhow," said one of the highwaymen.

"Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?"

"What in thunder did you think we wanted?"

"I was afraid"—and the politician's voice trembled a little—"you wanted an office."—Philadelphia North American.

An officer in one of the English volunteer regiments who had made himself exceedingly unpopular with the men was coming home one evening when he slipped and fell into deep water. He was rescued with great difficulty by a private in his own regiment.

The officer was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way," said the soldier "is to say nothing about it.

"But why?" asked the officer in amazement.

"Because," was the blunt reply, "if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in."—Youth's Companion.

You advertised, said the gullible one, that you had discovered the key to success.

True, admitted the fakir.

Well, it didn't help me a little bit.

The reason or that, answered the fakir, pleasantly, is that you have been buying the key instead of selling it. It has brought me success.—Chicago Post.

What is the usual procedure in marrying an heiress?

Tell the lady how much you love her and tell her father how much you owe.

IT IS NOT TO JOKE, SO SAYS WEBERFIELDS

WE are tired of having all our good things pirated, and if we have to mortgage the theatre to pay legal fees and detective service we intend to put a stop to the practice. We invite the profession to a special matinee performance, and there are some people who are conscienceless enough to go out and give feeble imitations on the road of our specialties, and even advertise themselves as a Weber & Fields road company. We are going to put a stop to this nefarious practice."

This is the burden of a complaint made by Weber & Fields, through their counsel, William Grossman, of House, Grossman & Vorhaus, of alleged piracy of their productions of "Fiddle-de-Dee," "Hodge Podge," "Hoity-Toity," etc.

"The first offender that we came across," said Mr. Grossman, "was an extravaganza company appearing in Springfield, Mass., and advertising that they had thirty members of the Weber & Fields company. Before we could get after them with an injunction, they had gone on to another three-night stand, and we could obtain no trace of them.

"Then we heard that a German comedian was playing in Washington, and was using the bank scene and other parts from the present production at Weber & Fields'. When we got a member of the firm down to Washington, the company had gone away.

"Out in the West a man representing himself as manager of Weber & Fields' road company has been operating extensively. We are still looking for him.

"Yesterday information was sent us from Boston that a company was producing "Fiddle-de-Dee" with a company alleged to be from Weber & Fields'. We retained a Boston lawyer by long-distance telephone, but before he could get an injunction the company had left Boston. We purpose to bring civil suits to recover damages in each of these cases."

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

THE famous maxim, "In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us," is true. Their adversity cheers us when we are sad or in wretched condition, and when we are prosperous their trouble is a sweet tribute to our own prudence, thrift, good fortune. But the long story of their adversity is decidedly displeasing. No sensitive person, unless he be a morbid philanthropist, wishes to hear of sordid poverty, of a distressing sickness, of outrageous injustice. And then there is the conviction from the start that the story will end in the request of a loan—this thought broods over the story as Fate, according to Schlegel, but denied by De Quincy, broods over the Greek tragedy. It would delight you to tell the other man of your shrewd speculation last Tuesday, of the present value of the lot you bought against the advice of several, of the honor paid you by a German university, of the progress of your boy in school. You are interested in these things.—Boston Herald.

Siam has no Arms Act. The result is, says the Straits Times, that there is a brisk trade in arms and ammunition in the interior, and on the border lands along the frontier of French Indo-China. Robbery under arms is now common in Siam, and will continue to be so until the sale of arms is restricted, and until the possession of arms without a license be made illegal.

One of the strangest botanical curiosities in the world is the "Wonder-Wonder" flower found in the Malay peninsula. It is simply a blossom without leaves, vine or stem, and grows as a parasite on decayed wood.

Thirty Words You Can't Remember

DR. THRELKELD-EDWARDS, of Bethlehem, and Prof. Merriman, of Lehigh university, recently subjected H. N. Pillsbury to a test of memory as interesting as it was difficult. Mr. Pillsbury had offered to memorize any thirty words that might be read to him once. Dr. Edwards and Prof. Merriman prepared a list of the following thirty words:

Antiplogistine, periosteum, takadiastase, p.asmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphelococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics no war, Etchenberg, American, Russian, philosophy, Piet Potgeiter's Rest, Salamagundi, Oomisillecootsi, Baugmamvate, Schlechter's Nek, Manzuyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomalops.

Anybody who imagines that Mr. Pillsbury had undertaken an easy feat should read over the list of thirty words given above. Then lay this newspaper aside and try to repeat them. Mr. Pillsbury repeated the words in the order given and then in the reverse order, and had no difficulty in repeating them again next day.

It is stated that the diamond tiara which plays such an important part in "The Sentimentalist" at the Duke of York's is worth £1,000, and is lent nightly by a firm of jewellers. A detective remains in close attendance, and never lets the tiara out of his sight. It must be rather embarrassing for the lady who has to wear it.

SERVIA'S EPIDEMIC OF MARRIAGES.

SERVIA is in trouble now with an epidemic of marriages. The cause is the system of marriage banks founded as an encouragement to thrift, but which have proved to have quite an opposite effect. The young men and maidens of Servia begin paying in to these institutions at an early age, on the promise of a premium on marriage. Immediately a small sum has been accumulated, the desire for marriage grows overwhelming, with the result that the first offer is snapped up. In consequence, prematurely early and unhappy marriages are general. The matter has now reached such lengths that it is seriously troubling the government, and the advisability of abolishing these banks, which are held to be the root of the evil, is being debated.—Chicago Journal.

KING'S CORONATION.

The proclamation of Edward VII. as Emperor of India promises to be quite the most surpassingly gorgeous affair in a land of gorgeous displays. As already announced, the proclamation will be made on January 1, 1903, at the old-time Mogul capital of Delhi. Distant though the date be, a committee has already been appointed, and it is confidently expected that the splendor of the late Empress' proclamation in 1876-77 will be altogether eclipsed. First, the powers that be in India assert with much assurance that the ceremony will be graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This is certainly a sanguine expectation, though it is quite true that India was vastly disappointed at not being included in the recent royal tour. Maybe this will be permitted as a compensation.

WOMEN'S FADS AND FANCIES----HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

HAIR-DRESSING is, or should be, a matter of taste and individuality rather than of fashion, for though the mode of wearing the hair has a great deal to do with whether we look fashionable or not, the contour of head and features should be studied in deciding whether a high or low coiffure should be adopted. With some faces, where the nose is retrousse and the cheeks full, low hair-dressing is fatal, and only a high knot on the top of the head can give the touch of piquancy necessary to such a type. When once the most becoming way of doing the hair is found, it should be adhered to as much as possible with the changing styles. There is a great demand for massive pins and combs for the low coiffure, and the twist which rests on the nape of the neck must have one of the new tortoise-shell slides to keep it in place; these are often jewelled or inserted with gold. The loops and twists of hair are apparently held up only by the rounded topped shell pins, which seem to have replaced the ordinary hairpins, for there must be nothing stiff or heavy about the whole effect.

* * *

Be sure that your shoes fit perfectly when you first put them on. There is no misery more distracting than a shoe that does not fit every part of the foot. Give the toes plenty of room; don't let the heels run down, and be careful that your shoes do not get dry and hard. A frequent rubbing with vaseline will prevent this. Never dry a wet shoe near the fire, but rub it with a flannel cloth and then with vaseline.

* * *

Nuts have often been considered extremely indigestible. Such, however, is not the case; they contain a large amount of nourishment, and if eaten with salt and thoroughly well masticated, are a beneficial article of food.

* * *

Cover a dozen and a half large French chestnuts with boiling water and leave until the skins can be easily removed. Return to fresh hot water and simmer slowly until tender, but not soft. Dissolve a coffee cupful of sugar in one of water, and add the boiled chestnuts. Cook in the hot syrup until they are clear, remove carefully with a skimmer, not to break the nuts, and let them cool on a sieve. Return the syrup, which should be strained, to the fire, and let it boil until it forms on being dropped in cold water. Take from the range at once, add not more than seven drops of lemon juice and a half teaspoonful of vanila. Dron the chestnuts in, one by one, turning lightly with a fork till they are thinly coated. Remove carefully and allow to harden on oiled paper.

* * *

Everyone knows how exasperating the crack of an opened door may be, but not everyone knows how readily it may be recovered so as to permit the occupant of the room to sit behind it, secure from observation. Get three-eighths of a yard of cretonne that will match the paper and paint of the room in coloring. Cut it in strips a little over a finger wide, and sew together. Line with silesia of the same coloring, and put stout loops of the goods on either end—one to catch over the top of the upper door hinge, and the other the bottom of the lower hinge. This covers the entire crack, so that the door may be left open for air or heat, while the bed or chair behind it remains hidden from persons passing through the hall.

* * *

Youthful brides cling to mull and chiffon, but most of the new wedding gowns are of white satin, panne, rich brocades and pure white velvet. Much hand work on these gowns, applique or embroidery, is shown, giving a much handsomer appearance to the whole.

While the outline of the gown is simple, the elaborate work upon it has no limit to it this season.

The half sleeve or long sleeve is shown on all the wedding gowns, and few have a decollete bodice.

Orange blossoms still reign the first flower for the bride, and lilies of the valley have been given second place for the fall bride. Orchids will not be used extensively this fall. The absolutely plain gown is always in good taste, but where the lines are simple the material must be as handsome as can be procured.

* * *

Stockings too small are soon worn into holes.

Stockings too large make the feet tender.

Cheap black stockings are a delusion and a snare.

Thin stockings should be darned with fine worsted.

Tacking a piece of net—old veiling or plain net will do—across a large hole, then take the threads in and out through this.

A good plan is to strengthen the knees and heels of children's stockings by darning them for some distance on the wrong side when they are bought.

It saves stockings to wear them systematically, each pair in turn.

As to washing stockings: Don't use soda; have the water moderately warm for both washing and rinsing. Wash lisle thread stockings in tepid water; use a little soap on the feet only. Rinse in hard water; dry quickly in the breeze, and press with a warm iron.

Silk stockings should be washed in tepid water, with mild soap; rinse them in several waters; shake them well and roll them in a cloth to dry, after pulling them into shape.

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The idea is still allowed to prevail in Russia that single life is a disgrace to women, for there are no old maids except in the religious orders. If the parents cannot arrange a marriage for the daughter, she makes a journey, and is thus lost to the gossiping community. Soon reports are circulated of her marriage to a foreigner. Long absence brings forgetfulness, so that when the story is told of the death of the foreign husband in a strange land, there are few who care to inquire further. Indeed, it is a breach of etiquette to suggest doubts, under such circumstances, and the woman finally returns as a broken-hearted widow. She has met the conditions of the country, and she is no longer a single person in society. This fiction of "no unmarried women" is preserved in the domain of the Czar.

* * *

In several waters thoroughly wash some fine, clean sand, and thoroughly some fine, clean sand, and dry it in the sun. In a box of suitable size spread sufficient of it to hold the stems of flowers to be preserved. Pluck the blossoms while they are fresh, but upon a dry day, and stand them in the sand carefully, to prevent their touching each other. Now, with a sieve, gently sift in more sand, meanwhile arranging in place every leaflet and petal. Continue until the topmost leaves are covered, and set away in a dry place for ten days or two weeks. Then gently tip the box, allowing the sand to sift out, and the flowers will remain colored and intact like so many beautiful mummies.

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There are a few new and quaint color schemes, such as a brilliant lobster-red and a faint rose-pink in combination. With pure white evening toilettes one sees wrinkled velvet or satin belts of tan or pale brown, sometimes mingled with dull autumnal green or saffron. A slight touch of bright gold sometimes relieves the sombreness of dark costumes of cloth or velvet, intermixed with silver embroidery.

A few threads of gold, silver or steel are often used in order to heighten the effect of the embroideries on dark blue and crimson. Tinsel effects are, however, sparingly employed this season, although the Czar's visit to France has brought gold and silver back again for the small accessories of dress.

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To make paper stick to a white-washed wall, wash it with vinegar or strong soda-water.

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To remove grease from matting, cover the spot thickly with chalk and moisten by sprinkling benzine on it. When the benzine has evaporated, brush off the chalk, and the spot will have disappeared.

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Here in an infallible remedy for choking: Break an egg in a cup and swallow whole. It will be found to remove the most difficult obstruction.

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Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

* * *

When choosing a duck, try its beak. If it breaks easily, you may be sure that it is young. But if its beak is hard, you may reckon on having a tough bird. A young duck has much soft down on the lower part of its legs, and the web of its feet is tender.

* * *

Pitchers and tankards of blue and white or the darker pottery tones, besides being stood upon the dining-room china shelf, are also hung from hooks below it, with good effect. Just a few here and there are placed below. Overcrowding these china shelves spoils the effect, whereas a few good pieces sparsely and thoughtfully placed are extremely decorative.

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Blue and white china dinner-sets are much sought at present, as they are the correct thing to accompany the Colonial dining-room settings—the craze just now. Copenhagen in blue and white is unexceptional, but rather more expensive than the American reproduction of the famous Canton willow ware, that is also quite attractive. Spode's tower and the Meissen onion pattern are also blue and white dinner services at which the most particular may not cavil.

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Buttons are much in evidence—not for use so much as for ornament—large, small and of medium size. The latest fancy in these is for antique coins, from one to half a dozen on bolero or coat, a style introduced last winter in Paris and which has but recently crossed the channel. Small buttons, black, silver or gold, are used in quantities on strappings.

* * *

Black lace may be washed in warm water to which a little borax has been added in the proportions of a teaspoonful to a pint. This lace should never be dried by the fire, as it will turn rusty. To sponge it, use an old black kid glove.

* * *

The newest olive dish has taken a form radically different from the low dish resting on the table to which we have been accustomed for some years. It has a short stand resembling a compote dish, with a handled bonbon or olive receptacle above. These dishes are to be had in Bohemian glass, gold etched or plain, in various colorings or in cut glass.

A medical journal tells how a saucerful of shaved ice may be kept in a sick room through a day and night, if need be, even with a fire in the room. Put the saucer holding the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another; then place the soup plate thus arranged on a good heavy pillow, and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. The paragraph adds that one of the best ice-shavers is an old jack-plane set deep. It should be turned bottom upward and the ice moved backward and forward over the cutter.

* * *

Women breadwinners have chosen strange careers for themselves in various parts of the earth. Their example may inspire others, if not to adopt like professions, to act upon the principle which guided them to choose the one thing they could do that was near at hand. For example, a Georgia woman not only personally delivers mail over a 40-mile route, riding over the scantily settled region of Montgomery county thrice weekly during the entire year, but manages a large farm as well, doing much of the manual labor, such as plowing, harrowing, sowing and harvesting, and supports by her energy and courage a family of four.

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Few people riding over the New London Northern railway are aware that the company employs the only woman train-despatcher in the world. Her responsibility is great, her hours from 7 o'clock in the morning to 9 in the evening, her duties a continual nervous and mental strain. Recently the directors of the road complimented her upon her efficient service, and it is a pleasure to add that she receives the same compensation paid men occupying similar positions.

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It is rather unusual to find a celebrated woman of affairs actively engaged in the personal management of her home, yet Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, not only is an accomplished housekeeper and does her own marketing, but is also a most successful florist and gardener. Her servants, most of whom have been with Mrs. Lowe for over twenty years, are so well trained and familiar with their work that the domestic machinery of her handsome Atlanta home moves along in the smoothest possible manner. Mrs. Lowe's greatest interest at present is centred in the advancement of the workingwoman through the action of the American clubs, and she thinks that the greatest feature in the three years just passed in club work has been the growing interest of the federation in the women and children who are wage-earners. To organize the laboring woman—for Mrs. Lowe considers that organization and education are the only things that can help the working woman and working child—and after this is accomplished to educate both the domestic servant and her mistress, are considered by the president of this great organization to be the great and important tasks that at present confront the club women of America.

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Make a syrup of a pound of granulated sugar and a half cup of water. Boil, without stirring, until a drop put in iced water is hard. Remove the saucepan from the fire and set at once into an outer vessel of boiling water. Add to the syrup the juice of a quarter of lemon. Run a silver wire or a long, smooth, stiff straw through the centre of each grape and dip it in the hot syrup. Lay on greased or waxed paper to dry.

* * *

Aprons are not always necessary for office work, but there are cases where it is very convenient to have one at hand. A black brilliantine is wiry and the dust slides off its surface. It is neat, also, and in good taste. There is a feminine instinct remaining in the most orderly and initiated of business women, perhaps, that defies the tendency to absolute severity in her garb, and for the gratification of this there is no harm in having the apron made in some dainty, pretty shape, with a pretty bib and pockets, and, possibly, a narrow ruffle around the edge. If it is desirable to have a sort of temporary affair that can be discarded when soiled, a plain oblong of paper cambric may be hemmed at one end, gathered a trifle at the other, and sewed to an inexpensive black ribbon for a belt.

* * *

If you have not started a mending basket hitherto, let me recommend you to do so at once. There is no doubt about the exceeding value of "the stitch in time," but when once you let torn articles be put away till a convenient season arrives for mending them, the chances are that they will be used again unmended, thereby very likely becoming damaged beyond repair. If, however, you systematically inspect the clothes when they return from the laundry, and consign all that are in any way damaged to the mending basket, then when you are able to spend a little time in mending, you will find your progress expedited and your task lightened by having all your work at hand.

* * *

Never fall into the error of thinking that the torn lace or embroidery on an undergarment won't be seen, and, therefore, don't matter. Fineness of trimming and daintiness of texture are minor matters, and may be dispensed with cheerfully by those with small means, but perfect cleanliness and wholeness are indispensable to anyone with refined instincts.

* * *

As a good mother I knew used to say to her children, "Always wear what you would not be ashamed of, supposing something dreadful were to happen." Nothing dreadful did happen, but her children grew up with the idea that nothing could be more "dreadful" than want of neatness and cleanliness in the matter of clothing.

* * *

The mechanical skill that has developed the trolley system has not disdained to lend itself to that common household belonging, curtain poles. Some new poles are shown by which the hanging is fixed to an attachment that works easily, in a concealed groove, after the manner of trolley wheels. A touch slides the curtain back and forth, and jerky catches are unknown.

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A beautiful shade of palest corn color and another of cameo pink are shown among the new evening gloves of glace and undressed kid.

* * *

Silk-faced sharkskin is a new fabric in silk and wool for costumes or separate waists. It comes in a dark red and black combination, very soft and heavy.

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Figured mousselines and chiffons are fine for evening wear. Some are flowered in large and medium designs, are put over bright silk, and are handsomely trimmed with lace or applique.

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Jet and cut-steel beads form a large part of the handsome applique designs. Black velvet and black jet are very tastefully employed on handsome light silks or flowered mousselines and chiffons.

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Satin crepe de chine and crepe supreme are two new materials used for evening costumes and separate waists. They are both beautifully soft and clinging, and make up handsomely.

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Ecru batiste collars and cuffs trimmed with batiste embroidery are the finish in silk and flannel waists, while gray and tan-colored waists of flannel and velveteen are made very striking by a wide collar.

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From the small leg of mutton a dish of mock terrapin can be made. A thick brown sauce, seasoned with salt, paprika or a dish of cayenne, the diced meat added with two tablespoonfuls of sherry or Madeira and simmered gently for ten minutes. At the last moment a few quartered, hard-boiled eggs are laid in, and, when taken from the fire, two tablespoonfuls more of wine should be stirred in. It should be served on a plate garnished with parsley, quartered hard-boiled eggs and slices of lemon.