NOT ALL DOWN HILL.

E. S. L. THOMPSON. Ah, no, it is not all down hill, Life's upward paths bear carol still; Sun and joy amid the sorrow Heart of hope can always borrow, Love's laugh runs with a tender thrill; Thy destiny is not down hill!

O, hark the rush of upward wings That through the grieving shadow spri No careless hand thy soul doth till, And truth prevails—'tis not down hill! There's healthful gain amid life's pain, For hope shall find its noon again!

This holy sacrament keep
The tides of Time, Ah, ye who weep;
The skylarks song the stars doth thrill,
Thy destiny is not down hill!
Some joyful angel sings and sings,
Unfettered thy immortal wings.

Rise from the clod, toward thy God,
In heigher heights the soul hath trod!
Take thou the good, take thou the ill.
This chorus rings. "Not all down hill!"
The strong grows stronger in His Will,
For honest hearts there's no down hill!

— Womankin

KULAMEA.

A Little Romance of an Island in the Southern

BY RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS. It was a perfect day in Honolulu. The trade winds were blowing fresh from the mountains, conteracting the effects of the sun and preventing the

air from being oppressively warm. In such weather one's thoughts naturally reverted to Waikiki and a bath in the surf, and when Francis Balfour at last stood on the beach at the "Villa," after an enjoyable ride from the

hotel in town, he found a merry party romping in the waves. "Pau, Kulamea, pau," cried a young

girl, as one of her companious, after diving out of sight afar off, came up beneath her and gave her a surprise and a ducking at the same time. A good natured, wet battle ensued, and for a moment nothing could be seen but a cloud of spray and whirling arms and legs. At last the combatants paused, sputtering and choking. After a short rest, in which they bobbed up and down and amicably ate seaweed together, Kulamea seized a board floating near by, and waiting until a huge wave came along, she mounted it and audaciously rode over two or three breakers. She was evidently quite at home in the water, and no form of aquatic sport seemed unknown to her. In the meantime several of the others, waiting a good opportunity, rose with the bounding surf and were washed up on the sands near Mr. Balfour, who thus had a chance to observe them more closely. He saw they were all Hawaiians which probably accounted for their daring and enjoyment in this rather boisterous tide. Finally Kula-mea forsook her board and joined them. An unusually high crested roller brought her almost to the feet of the young man who was watching her with interest. For a minute she lay breathless, then she wiped the salt water out of her eyes and opened them

with a frank and friendly gaze. "Aloha, Mr. Balfour," she said, with a charming smile, which showed a flash of the whitest teeth. "You are coming in, eh?

As she spoke he remembered having met ber the night before at a band concert at the hotel, but he had been introduced to several at the same moment and merely bowed. He had thought, at the time, that the young girl looked like an oriental princess, with her graceful dignified figure and beautiful face, and he had learned that she was the daughter of a wealthy Hawaiian, descended from a long line of

"Are you going to stay in long enough to make it worth my while?" he asked.

"Yes indeed," she declared. "The water is so warm one can be in for any length of time without getting a chill, you know."

41 will be with you in a minute, then," he cried, as he dashed off to

put on a bathing suit. He had always prided himself on his swimming, but he found that Kulames was a match for him. She had been brought up in the water from the time she was two years old, she laughingly told him, and did not deserve any credit for her powers.

They saw a great deal of each other during the days that followed.

In the morning Kulamea would go downtown, in her little phaeton. She would be sure to meet Mr. Balfour and, after a few moments chat, he would get in and drive with her while she accomplished her errands. Before they parted some arrangement would Punchbowl, where they would rest for a while, or they would go to an open air band concert, or perhaps, spend the afternoon in the large airy lanai of Kulamen's home, where Mr. Balfour would lounge in a hammocck and Kulamea, when sired of talking, would sing her pretty native songs to the accompaniment of her ukelele softness; and so he felt thoroughly at home and

free to come and go as he pleased. Any one would have noticed what a good looking couple they were as they stood, side by side, on the veranda of the palace one evening, about a week after they had first met. On a large imposing card, with a crown engraved in gold and red on its white surface. Francis Balfour had been informed that, by command of her majesty, the chamberlain of the household invited thim to be present at a ball at Iolani Palace.

In response to the invitation he had appeared promptly at 9 o'clock and soon after he was making his best dancing school bow before Queen Liliuokalani. That ceremony over he had sought Kulamea, whom he found looking unusually beautiful in a gauzy white gown which set off her dark,

rich coloring to the best advantage. "Is it not interesting!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of delight and in- interjection rang plaintively.

deed the scene before them was a brilliant one.

"you certainly seem absorbed," said Mr. Balfour reproachfully, "You have five minutes."

Kulamea's eyes sought his with a soft light in their depths. "I have not forgotten you," she said

half gayly, half seriously.
"No, I am here to see that you don't," he responded. "But how will it be a month from now, when I am gone? Will you remember me then, I wonder ?"

"I shall never forget you," she said

"Have you never been away from here?" he asked after a moment. "No, I have never left the islands,"

she replied. "Trips to Kadai, Mani and Hilo have been the extent of my travelings."
"How I should enjoy taking you

with me to Washington next winter!" he said. "Your enthusiasm would effectually prevent me from being bored." There was a pause. She toyed with her fan and did not reply.

"Would you like to go-Kulamea?" he asked softly. At last she looked up into his eyes. He flushed a little and, after a moment, he rather abruptly

"This is one of the waltzes you promised me. Shall we go in and dance?"

With a slight start she took his arm aud they went into the immense ball room and soon were gliding over the polished floor to the music of the well known Hawaiian band.

The next morning Kulamea started out quite early. She was going to drive through Kapiolani Park to the house of an old Kanaka whom she wanted to have lomi-lomi her mother, who was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and by arrangement Mr.

Balfour was to accompany her. "How are you?" he asked, as he stepped into the phaeton and shook hands with her. "You don't look a bit tired after all that dancing.' "No, I slept well," she responded,

"and I am thoroughly rested."
"Who was that fellow with whom you danced so often?" he continued in an aggrieved tone.

"You do not mean yourself, eh?" laughingly. "Not exactly! That tall, handsome man who was hanging around you all

through supper." "He is the the luna of the sugar plantations, Non Mai. I have known him for so many years that he is like a brother."

"I have no faith in adopted brothers," he said, "and I am inclined to be terribly jealous. Every time you spoke to him I wanted to choke him.' "Ah, I can sympathize with jeal-ously," she earnestly rejoined, "but you have no cause—"

"I know I have not the right to be jealous of you," he interrupted hotly. "I did not say right," she gently resumed. "Our friendship gives you the right, but it should also preclude the cause." Her mouth trembled.

he cried, with a repent ant ring in his voice, "I know you are my dear, true, little girl, but when one is fond of a person one is apt to be un-reasonable."

"Yes," she said, reflectively," would be utterly so." Then she added with intensity: "I could die of the misery of being jealous."

"Better kill your rival and live to regain the love that had wandered," he rejoined lightly. "No, my nature is revengeless. I

might admire a character capable of so much force, but I should simply give up and pine away, I know myself wel enough to be convinced of that." He did not answer, and for a few

tween them. "Well, last night's gayety brought its reaction to day. afraid," said Mr. Balfour at last. "W are getting positively gloomy. Come! tell me about your luau to-night. What penalty is attached it you don't

minutes a deep silence prevailed be-

eat poi?" do not give a thought to the idle talk Kulamea laughingly assured him that the charm of the evening feast lay in the fact that it was a free and easy affair, where one did as one pleased and everybody was happy and

"You must not come to see me this evening," she added, "I shall be too a walk with the girl who was causing

"Ah, let me help," he pleaded.
"No, no," she said. "You would be in the way. You must not come before 7 o'clock."

"What shall I do all the afternoon," he groaned. "I don't see how I am to get along without you." "You foolish boy," said Kulamea.

be made for the atternoon. They in her soft, caressing voice, "can you would mount their horses and ride up not read, or write letters, or make a call, or-"No, I shall make use of the tele-

phone in Honolulu style, and ring you up every half hour for a little chat. will hear you speak, anyway, and will try to imagine how you are look-

Her errand accomplished, Kulamea insisted upon hurrying home and shortly after they were bidding each other good-bye until the evening. "Be sure to come to the telephone

when it rings," were Mr. Balfour's parting words, uttered in the most doleful tone of voice. He looked very handsome, in his light flannel suit, with his straw hat

pushed back on his close cropped fair hair, as he walked briskly up Nuuanu valley in the cool of the evening, toward Kulamea's home.

Kulamea was receiving her guests. looking very handsome in a simple white muslin with a lei of yellow flow ers around her neck and a smaller one wound in the coils of her dark hair.

"Everybody must wear a lei at a poi supper," she said, as she took one. made out of the sweet-scented maili. from a basket beside her, full of the pretty wreaths, and tied it on Mr. Balfour. "You did not telephone this afternoon, eh," she added, and the little

"I-I-did not like to disturb you," he said, with a slight flush.

"Good boy! But I would not have minded, really. I missed you, too, alnot looked in my direction for fully though I was busy-Oh, here is Miss Roswell. Is she not lovely? You must not lose your heart. She came on the last steamer and brought a letter to us from some friends in San Francisco.

She greeted the young lady in her graceful, cordial way and then-"Let me introduce Mr. Balfour to you," she said.

"Oh, we are old friends," cried the girl. "We met to day at lunch and spent the afternoon together!" Kulamea glanced quickly at Mr.

some more of her friends. It was several moments before she smile. spoke to the couple at her side again. "I think we will go into the lanai "I was toolish to walk in the sun." Oh, now," she said, addressing them at how glad she would be to get home last. Her bright color had somewhat again and in her own room. paled and her voice sounded a little

spiritless. "Will you give your arm to Miss Roswell, Mr. Balfour. I have put you off; of the many trials and few pleasnear the centre, next to me."

Kulamea was very quiet, and at make in the world. times seemed hardly to hear the laughter and fun around her.

Why so pensive?" asked Mr. Bal-ur. "I don't believe you like poi affour. ter all." "Oh, one cannot always be jolly," she said, with attempted carelessness. "That is true. I did not feel very jolly this afternoon when I could not

see you." "And yet you did not telephone. You were too well entertained to remember I existed," she said quickly. He looked at her steadily a moment and then turned away and addressed a

remark to Miss Roswell. For some little time Kulamea vainly tried to laugh and talk with those around her. At last she could stand

t no longer. "Have you tasted bread fruit yet, Mr. Baltour?" she asked. "Yes, thank you," he replied grave-

ly and coldly. There was a pause. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Ah, nothing," he said. "But your manner is so changed,"

she protested. "Oh. I merely feel hurt. I don't suppose you care or you would hardly have spoken to me in that unjust way. "I do care," she answered warmly, "I was wrong, but I'm so sorry. You

will forgive me, eh? Of course they were good friends after that, and Kulamea promised to spend the next afternoon with him. But Miss Rosswell was a very at-

tractive girl and she was staying at the hotel, where, of course she would constantly meet Mr. Balfour, and the cloud on Kulamea's horizon was not blown away, though the brightness occasionally around it might have partly dispelled it at times. While she was with

she was convinced that force of circumstances only and not inclination was responsible for this change. But when she was alone a hundred a guments assailed her to prove that a man's will was his way. "Somebody told me this morning native.

that you were 'simply wrapped up' in Miss Rosswell," she said to him one day with exaggerated carelessness. "Honolulu is a great place for gos-sip," he responded, with a laugh. "Not more so than any place of its size," she rejoined. "When a man is

markedly devoted to a girl it is commented on all over the world. "How absurd!" he exclaimed. The Roswells have been very kind to me. They are constantly writing me and doing nice things for me, and I try to be as polite as I can, in my turn. But there it begins and ends. Miss Lucia cannot hold my attention for any length of time. She amusesme for awhile, but at the end of two hours I am always ready to leave her. Ah! Kulamea, why do you listen to what others say of me? Is that acting like a loyal friend? Judge of me for yourself. If I ever fail toward you, then tell me, but

of outsiders." And Kulamea was ashamed of her suspicions, until a day or two later, when he asked her to change the hour of an engagement he had with her, and she found it was to enable him to take

her so many heartaches. Under any circumstances she could not have felt contented, for, with the rapidity for which the flight of time is noted in Hawaii, the sailing day of the Mariposa, that was to carry Mr. Balfour away, was drawing near, and then

-and then-It occurred to her to go into the office of the steamship company and see if he had been booked to leave.

"Good morning, Alfred," she said to the clerk who came forward as she entered the office. "I want to see who s to leave on the Mariposa." "Did you meet Mr. Balfour? He left

here just before you came in," said the young man as he handed her the list. "I did not see him," she said rather absently, as she eagerly scanned the names, A heavy black line was drawn through that of Francis Balfour. "What did you say, Alfred?" she

asked. Her eyes were shining like which to some degree offsets the stars, her cheeks were flushed. "I beg antness of living in their inns. your pardon; I was thinking of something else." "I said he was lucky to be able to

Risky to leave it so late." "What-who-" "Why, Mr. Balfour; he decided to

berth." Kulamea did not answer. "Let me see if I know anybody else going," she said at last, slowly. Her voice sounded very queer, surely; or was it her imagination? She cleared her throat. "It is so hot," she added, with an effort, as she glanced quickly

down the new page he gave he.

suppose everyone - everyone - will -

"What is the matter, Kulamea? I never saw you look so pale. Would you like a drink? The heat has been too much for you.'

Kulamea heard his voice, as if in a dream. Her eyes were staring at the paper on the counter before her. Francis Balfour, she read, and a little

further along, Miss Lucia Roswell. Those two names seemed to stand out as though they were raised from the paper. She could see nothing else. "Drink this, Kulamea," she heard Alfred say. "I will ring for an express Fletcher, a priest of the Church of Engto take you home."

There was a feeling in her throat as Balfour and then turned to receive though she could not talk, and her mouth seemed so stiff. She tried to had delivered that Ittle band of adven-"I-I'm all right," she murmured.

> That afternoon Mr. Balfour called. He talked of the too long neglected business affairs that were hurrying him

ures of a man who had his way to Kulamea said very little. She was

proud and she was inscrutable. The two day were gone, as if they were but as many minutes, and Kulamea found herself edging her way through the throngs of the people on the deck of the Australia. It was a bright, gay scene. The wharf was crowded with a motley mixture of many nationalities. Stationed in their midst, attired in their white duck suits, was the Hawaiian band, playing alternately

sprightly and sad airs.

Kulamea found Mr. Balfour standing in the midst of a group of girls, who were animately chatting and laughing as they artistically wound their leits about him.

All too quickly the minutes flew by. The gong had sounded. Alohas were heard on all sides: Some tears were being shed, but for the most part all seemed liveliness and light-heart jo-

Kulamea turned to Mr. Balfour, and, raising her arms, threw over his head California. an exquisite and rare lei of violets.

"Do not forget me, Kulamea," said softly, and, separating a few of the sweet scented blossoms, he gave them | fles that the cross is to spread to her. For a moment they looked at influence to the ends of the earth. each other in silence. The band was playing "Eleile." It had been their favorite song, and the one she had sung the lighthouse at the southern extremmost often to him.

"Lipolipo ka wal o eleile Huibul I ka noho a ka ohu I mehana ka lau a ke aloha. I ka pili acao ana iho."

She whispered slowly, and seemingly half absently, with the music.

The last sad, soft strains died away and she held out her hand.

"Aloha nui," she said simply. In another minute she was gone. All that afternoon and evening Mr. Balfour was restless. He could not him forget the look in Kulamea's eyes.

"I could die of the misery of being jealous," she had said. "I should simply give up and pine away." But, pshaw! he was growing maud-

He wished Lucia Roswell was not seasick. It was very dull. He could not get interested in a book—he could not even smoke. How that song rang

in his head: "Lipolipo ka wal o eleile Huibul I ka no bo a ka ohu—" He really believed he had been in

Chinese Inn's Peculiarities Its Chief Glory is Its Waiters, but Its Attendent

tion of the vessel after all.

Animals Are Attractive.

No one who has ever stayed at a Chi nese hotel, says a London paper, is like-They are ly to forget his experience. all built on the same plan-a large court-yard, around the four sides of which are built rows of small rooms, the restaurant and office being in front. The buildings are built of sun-dried bricks, and are usually in the last stages of delapidation. Each small room contains a brick bed in which a fire can be lighted for warmth in winter. There is no furniture but a rough chair and perhaps a table, while the windows are

kinds, pigs, and camels, while in the Carter Rivers had advanced about thirrooms where the weary traveller is supposed to rest is also a rich variety, the the centipede, often taking stinging measures to repel any attempts at friend- the sink and Colorado. One of these is ship. The chief glory, however, of the inn is the waiter. This important functionary in China has that patronizing air which distinguishes his confreres of

the profession in other countries. The inevitable napkin always accompanies him. With it in summer he mops his sweating brow or bare shoulpers, while in winter, wrapped around his head, it protects him from wind and rain. At all seasons of the year it is the only article he has with which to Chinese clean tables and chopsticks. landlords are reasonable in their charges which to some degree offsets the unpleas-

get a stateroom, as he seemed so anx- the conveyance which takes prisoners to ious to go on that particular steamer. jail, is said to have its orign in the story that in colonial days Maria Lee, a gigantic negress, kept a sailors' boarding house in Boston. At one time she go on the Australia, the day after to- took three drunken sailors to the lockup morrow, instead of waiting for the herself. The authorities came to rely Mariposa, and I gave him the very last on her aid in arresting sailors, hence the synonym .- Boston Globe.

He treasured dear the single leaf She was so kind to send, And vowed he would not part with it Until his days should end.

But when he looked at it his heart For horror almost stopped—
That leaf was but a symbol mute,
Significant of "dropped."

A Plymouth Rock.

Cross to Be Erected on the Pacific Coast in Memory of Rev. F. Fletcher-He Was With Sir Francis Drake-The first Prayer Was offered Up There on June 24, 1579-A Gift of George

W. Childs. "The Plymouth rock of the Pacific' is at last to be marked with a memorial worthy of its importance. The spot where divine services were first held on the western shores may well be deemed of sufficient note to be distinguished by a cross, idicative of the service to which it was dedicated more than three centuries ago. It was there that Rev. Francis land and Chaplain to Sir Francis Drake, first knelt in thanksgiving and praise for the protection of Providence that turous mariners from the dangers of the sea, and that had brought them safely

to so fair a haven. The cross is to be erected at the expense of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and will cost several thausand

dollars. Most interesting are the inscriptions that are to embellish it. The consecration has been fixed for the 25th of October, and that date will be carved on the stone above the arms of the cross. legend on the front or face of the cross is as follows:

Consecrated October 25, 1893, by the Church Missionary Council, as a memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, A. D., 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England, Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake; Chronicler of the Service.

The design followed is that of the ancient Celtic cross, and is modeled particularly on the lines of the venerable cross of Monasterboice, Ireland. The stem is to be richly carved after the manner of memorial edifices among the early Celtic Christians. The subbase will be seven feet high and appropriately chased in runic designs, each facade presenting a cross in counter part of the main shart.

The principal device, above the arms on the face of the cross, will be a representation of a book of common prayer. on the opposite side will be engraved the seal of the Episcopal diocese of Following the Celtic form the arms of

the cross will be connected with a circle. The circle typifies the world and signi-The spot chosen as a site for the cross is about three-quarters of a mile from

Salton Sea Will Reappear.

ity of Point Reyes peninsula.

Water Now Flowing into the Colorado Desert in

The famous Salton Sea is likely to reappear at a very early date. Whether it will make a permanent stay of it this time or not is, of course, a mystery, but that it is coming back is the opinion of that it is coming back is the opinion of the same style of embroidery as that the desert men. Two years ago the on the skirt, above which the light tone sea startled the world, and for a time it | lar and jabot bow of fine guipure. A appeared as if the great basin which tiny round hat, trimmed with green velturies ago had been a continuation lin. He had done nothing. Besides, she must have realized that she was a way the break in the bank of the Coloway the brea rado River, whence the water came, was closed, the supply ceased and the rays of

the sun soon knocked out the same. E. W. Lang is one of the most experienced desert men in the country, and he has a large bunch of cattle now in the vicinity of Indian Wells. "Yes, the water will come into Salton basin again this year. Whether it will be as large as love. But perhaps it was only the mo- last time or larger I cannot tell, but the flow from the Colorado River has been going into the desert for some time past. and may continue. There was a very large fall of snow last winter in the mountains of Montana, Idaho, and Utah, and the melting of this caused the present break into the desert. The overflow of two years ago was the first in twenty years, but everything indicates that a few hundred years before, the basin was literally a sea, as the beaches are still plain about the foothills, and the rocks

show water wearing.

"When the overflow of two years ago occured the water followed the identical channels that had become almost obliterated from age. The water is now running into the desert in two branches. One is the Carter River, and leaves the Colorado about fifteen miles Yuma. The other channel is New Rivnothing but frames covered with paper. er, and is forty-five miles further down The average Chinese inn is usually a menagerie and zoological garden comrivers. The water has been flowing in-In the yard can be seen and heard to both of the breaks I have named for mules, donkeys, dogs, cats, fowls of all several weeks past. Both New and ty five miles when I left, and I think the water will be into Salton in a few scorpion, and at times a small variety of the centipede, often taking stinging goons have already been filled between fully ten miles square. It will not take long before these depressions between the river and the big basin are filled. and then the water will slide over into Salton."

How to Test a Watermelon.

I draw my thumb nail over the melon, scraping off the thin green skin. If the edges of the skin on each side of the scar are left ragged or granulated. and the rind under the scar is smooth, firm and white, and has something of a glassy appearance, the melon is ripe. But if the edges of the scar are smooth and even, and the thumb nail has dug -The term "Black Maria," given to | into the rind in places, and the skin does not came off clean, then the melon is green. You can easily learn on two melons, one ripe, and the other green, noting the difference after they have been cut open .- Southern Farmer.

A True Kentuckian.

Washington Star. "Have you heard about it? said the Philadelphia man. "I can't say; not knowing what it

is,' replied the major.
"An alleged shortage in the mint." But we can at least he thankful that the julep season is about over."

For and About Women

Hannah Allen, who has been a member of Sorosis from the beginning, says that when she dies she wants ice cream served at her funeral. She wants people to remember her with pleasure

Cream is no longer poured from the pitcher. Instead there is the cream lalle of silver, with richly chased handle.

Stock collars, if made of satin without lining, are cool and comfortable to wear and just now are very fashionable, The satin is cut bias five or six inches wide and as long as is required to go around the neck, with four inches added to form two small frills of the material doubled at the ends. The edges are bound with thin silk binding ribbon, and two small frills are formed by two of shirring are held by narrow ribbons underneath. The collar is fastened in the back.

Nothing can go on a plaid in the way of trimming but velvet or black braid and the less of that the better, and nothing on the skirt. The largest plaid is to be make up on the bias.

Choose any green and you are still in the fashion, even as you are with any shade of violet, beginning with the pale glycine and going on to the deep color called "Pope's" purple. You go through the pinks and you may take in dark red and even scarlet, both of which are fashionably worn.

White stockings for regular wear are an abomination. When they used to be worn it was because the process of dyeing was as yet unperfected, and they were the only thing to wear. Besides high shoes or very low slippers were then the rule. With a high shoe the stocking was not supposed to show, and when it did the effect was an unpleasant one. It would be the same now. As to a white stocking with the now ruling Oxford, or what is commonly called "low shoe," it would be ugly in the ex-treme. What ankle could look trim under such circumstances? The only use for a white stocking is with a white costume and a white low shoe.

It would seem that the era of plain skirts is gradually drawing to a close, and before long that a return to tunics and draped over skirts will be affected. It is only a threatened revival, however and most of the models still retain the familiar and simple form, and are only plainly trimmed about the hem. A pretty little costume I was shown to-day, is of moss green lady's cloth. Its sole ornament consists of two narrow panels from waist to hem, of cloth, cut in fret work design, and embroidered with fine black silk, tiny jet beads and small bronze-green spangles. This embroidery is laid over pale green satin which gleams out prettily from the dark openwork. The corsage has a long basqued coat, lined, and turned back with black moire silk, over a half waist coat. transformation of the Salton sink on the of green satin forms a small shirred Colorado desert into a vast but shallow chemisette nearly hidden beneath a colvet and a bunch of black feathers pow-

> A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water will remove mildew from linen. Strain the solution after it has stood long enough to thoroughly dis-solve and dip the cloth into it. Repeat if a first application is not sufficient, but wash the mixture well out of your goods when your object is accomplished.

> Lemon will do for the yellow white sailor what shoe polish does for the worn black one. Remove the ribbon hand and with a slice of lemon

> clean the straw thoroughly. Chinese lantern sleeves are the latest

Woolen night-dresses of softwool are growing in favor with those who are sensative to the chill of autumn and

winter weather. Soft, rich tartans of all wool, finished with a corded silk blouse-waist, com-pleted by bretelles, sleeve-puffs, and col-lar of velvet, are among the pretty dresses designed for misses' best wear this fall.

A pretty visiting dress of gray cloth may be handsomely trimmed with gray and black curled ostrich feathers. most effective outer garment to wear with it is a black velvet cloak trimmed in the same manner, with the addition of a little jet about the shoulders. Belts in the waists of dresses are no longer fastened with hooks and eyes; one end is "stayed" and the other has a nickel-plated buckle, such as tailors use on the back strap of vests. These buck-

les are a great improvement, as they allow the belt to be tightened or loosened as comfort may require. A picturesque autumn costume recently seen was of rough red serge-a red that fitted in well with the sumach and the cardinal flower and the first bright leaves. It had a broad black braid to hem the plain skirt, and a nondescript bodice with revers and double capes with black braid edgings. The hat which went with the costume was a rough black straw, with masses of cardi-

nal flowers and one goldenrod spray, knotted with black ribbons against the crown. Epaulettes appear to be quite as much a feature of fashion as ever. Some, like the Medici collar, are wired to keep them in position. The rolled or tubular form of epaulette as worn in the reign of Charles IX. of France is one of the new styles. It is less aggressive in appearance than the flat, very flaring t, and much more becoming to broad The exshouldered women especially. tremes to which some of the jet and velvet epaulettes are carried on some of the new toilets and costumes are hid-

eous. A comparatively unknown wife of a prominent writer is Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner. It is a matter of regret to "An alleged shortage in the mint." her friends that more people have not "You don't say so! It isn't possible! the pleasure of knowing her, for she is a woman of strong character, an ideal hostess and a very fine musician.