

THE WINTER DRESSMAKER.

Good Dressmaker Snow sits a-stitching, For winter has come with a will, And the trees are all growing impatient, And say they dread catching a chill.

The oak says she feels quite ungainly, And the elms look ashamed of their bones; The fir is endeavoring, vainly, To hinder the fall of their cones.

The cedar, superior, eyes them, They send up a cry in despair; "Be quick with our new winter garments, We do feel so terribly bare."

The mountains, although they are covered, Still yearn for a pretty white train; The meadows and hedges are weeping, "We'll never enjoy 'snow' again."

So, then, in a very great hurry, Comes down from her place in the skies A thousand and one shining garments, Exactly the suitable size.

And then, while the land is sleeping, The world is transformed into white; And, waking, she cries the next morning, "Bless me, how the snow fell last night!"

LILLIAN'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

Oh, what a lonesome day it will be! sighed Lillian, looking wistfully out across the snow bright prairie, "Not unless you make it so," responded her mother, cheerily.

"Make it so," rejoined Lillian. "How can I make it anything else? It is always lonesome here, and to-day will be the worst of all. Only think of the fun the girls will be having in dear old Deerfield, while I am off out here in this—"

She stopped short, fearing she might say too much. What she had been about to say was, "This horrid, desolate Kansas ranch."

"Perhaps the boys can take you for a drive, dear; and you know we're invited to Uncle Abner's for the evening."

"A drive!" replied Lillian scornfully. "I hate driving, all alone along these endless roads. Nothing but snow, until I am nearly blind."

tion to hang them up on the ridge-pole of his wigwam!"

"All the same, I wish he'd come," Jack laughed.

"Say, Ben," he called. "Sis wants visitors so badly, she even wishes a Comanche would call."

"I do," persisted Lillian. "I wish a whole tribe would come!"

"Are you ready, Jack?"

"Out on business," he answered.

"Are you all going?" cried Lillian, in alarm, lest she should lose even the doubtful pleasure of her brothers' company.

"We're going on the ponies, to look up some stray cattle for Uncle Abner."

"But mamma said you would take me for a drive."

"Can't this morning—too busy!"

"We're all to go this evening, you know," comforted Jamie.

"This evening! What am I to do alone all day?"

A flood of tears again threatened.

"Oh, entertain your callers!" said Harry, with scant sympathy.

Lillian watched the four boys on their ponies go down the poplar lined lane to the big way, and then too desperate for reading or study, or even helping her mother, she flung herself on a sofa and hid her face.

The day was a dizzling one. The rolling prairie on every side looked like a white ocean, with great, sweeping billows of snow as far as eye could see.

The widely separated farmhouses, with their windbreaks of Lombardy poplars and interspersed clusters of evergreens, looked like ships on this endless, shining, cold sea.

One needed a happy heart and busy hands not to be affected by the vastness and isolation.

Neither of these did Lillian have and it took her nearly the entire forenoon to get through her bitter struggle with self.

When she finally roused herself she found her mother had put the rooms to rights, and besides her own work, had done all the little tasks Lillian had been used to assume.

This made her remorseful. She got her books and began to study. But somehow the brilliant sunshine kept drawing her to the window to look out.

The sky was of an intense blue that was almost purple. The blue jays were fitting and calling. A few stray crows hovered over a distant corn-stubble—these were all the signs of life she saw.

She stood tapping a tune on the window panes. Presently she noticed, on the far crest of one of the snow billows some moving black figures.

They were mere specks against the intense blue beyond, but they fixed her attention. Almost as soon as she saw them, however, they disappeared in an intervening valley.

"That is on the Hardin road," she said, trying to fix the direction. "It can't be the boys, for Uncle Abner's road is to the south."

Almost immediately her curiosity was stimulated again by the reappearance of the figures on the next rise. She could not distinguish numbers, but she felt certain that it was horsemen.

Again they vanished from the crest into the lower lying space between the land billows. And so she watched them until they were near enough for her to see it was indeed horsemen.

"Mother," she called, "come here! There's somebody coming along the Hardin road."

Her mother came.

"Who can it be?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," counted Lillian. "There are seven of them! Perhaps they will turn at the Climbing Hill corners. They can't be coming here."

"Get the glass," said Mrs. Wyman. "See if we can make them out before they reach the valley."

Lillian ran after the glass. She adjusted it and raised it to her eyes. She had only one glimpse, however, before the descending riders were again hidden by an intervening ridge.

"They ride so wildly, mother!" she said, in a kind of breathless wonder.

"They must be skirting that hill along the creek," said Mrs. Wyman. "We'll see in a minute if they come up from the corners."

It seemed a long time before they came again in sight. Lillian had just said: "They've turned on the Climbing Hill road," when they burst into full view on a not distant summit and halted.

Lillian could distinctly see them pointing, as if discussing the way to take. Then, of an accord, they put spurs to their ponies and came wildly dashing down the slope.

Lillian turned deadly pale.

"Mother!" she gasped, "they are Indians!"

Mrs. Wyman grew pale also. During her short life in the west she had seen only one or two isolated Indians, and those always at a railway station—dull, commonplace creatures enough, and with nothing suggestive of the warrior about them.

are turning in at the lane. Oh, mother!"

"Never mind, dear. They want to inquire, perhaps."

But while she was speaking the Indians had wheeled into the gateway and swept up with a headlong pace to the very door.

They swung themselves from their saddles, tethered their ponies to the hitching rails and came quickly up on the porch.

Mrs. Wyman had thrown off her momentary fears. She stepped to the door and opened it. Lillian trembled in every muscle.

The leader of the party was a huge fellow, much taller than his followers. He was more fantastic in his dress, too, and had streaks of paint on his cheeks. The rest had turkey feathers stuck into the bands of their slouch hats, and all had blankets over their shoulders.

The chief uttered a surly "How!" and made a motion of his hand to his mouth that he would like something to eat.

Mrs. Wyman smiled cordially and said "Come in."

He obeyed directly, the rest stalking after him in perfect silence. They went at once through the sitting room to the kitchen stove and held out their hands to warm.

This done, they squatted on the floor with various low guttural sounds to each other, as if exchanging views. They apparently approved of the comfort, for a stolid silence ensued.

Lillian was absolutely spellbound with terror and could not move. Mrs. Wyman went to the pantry to prepare their food.

The chief was restless. He kept his eyes roving over everything. Finally he began to move about. He went into the sitting room. He spied the china closet door and opened it.

"Ugh," he said, as if in delight at the pretty dishes. He waved his hand at Lillian and pointed to the rosebud china, making an imperative gesture, as if to say: "We want to eat off these."

Lillian, anxious to seem to want to please these terrible visitors, nodded and smiled a ghastly smile. The very fact that she must do something seemed to relieve the spell of cold horror that had settled on her.

She took a fresh cloth from a drawer, and spread it daintily on the table. As she straightened the corners daintily, to see if they were quite even, the Indian grumbled his approval.

She took out the dishes and set seven places. She recalled, with a great thump of her heart, what Jack had said about scalping, but as yet there had been no warlike demonstrations.

She began to be more at ease. But what was that uneasy chief doing? He was prying into everything. Lillian distinctly saw him put his sensors in to his pocket. But she dared not protest.

While thus distracted, she heard her mother in the kitchen burst into a merry laugh. She ran hastily out to see what had come over her.

Mrs. Wyman was in the pantry, holding a corner of her apron over her mouth, as if to smother her amusement.

There sat the six Indians on the floor, with hats drawn surlily over their faces, and with blankets shrugged about their shoulders.

"Mother, what is it?" was Lillian's whispered inquiry.

Mrs. Wyman pointed silently at the lips again with her apron.

Lillian could not help laughing, too. "New Year's callers, after all," she said, to herself.

Mrs. Wyman had made the circle of waiting braves move somewhat away from the stove, so that she could cook ham and warm potatoes. Lillian returned to her table-setting. She placed a spoon-holder on the cloth, full of bright teaspoons.

The inquisitive chief gave a genuine whoop of delight at sight of them. He sprang to her side and openly began putting them in his pocket.

This was too much. Lillian flew at him and tried to snatch them away from him. He scowled fiercely, and jabbered at her in excited gutturals.

At once she heard a great scuffling of feet in the kitchen. The other Indians, attracted by the sound, were coming to his rescue.

In they filed in formidable line. "He shan't have them," cried Lillian, struggling to prevent the last installment going into his pocket. "He has my thimble and scissors already. Here, to the others, 'your chief is stealing. But he can't have my spoons. You"—catching hold of the nearest one—"Jack, Ben, Harry" (for as soon as she got one good look at the faces of her callers she knew them) "Jack, Ben, Harry, hold him. He's just a common thief."

A roar of laughter followed.

"Good for you, Lillian," cried Jack, flinging off his hat and blanket, and leaping on the offender's shoulders to pinion his arms. "He shan't have your spoons Lillian. But allow me to present to you our cousin Harold Wyman, just arrived from Wyoming. We found him at Uncle Abner's, come to spend New Year's with us."

Lillian, who had captured part of the spoons, blushed and dropped them on the floor.

"It's real mean of you to scare me so," she stammered. "Mother, did you know it was the boys?"

"Not until Jamie winked at me from the floor, and then it was all so ridiculously clear I could not help laughing aloud. I saw you were well over your first fright, so I thought I'd let the boys carry out their fun."

"My, but I'm hot!" ejaculated Ben. "Sis has good grit, hasn't she, Harold?"

"Yes," cried Jack, "and she kept her promise about the rosebud china. Let's have dinner. All we lack now is the coffee, Lillian."

When the new cousin and Uncle Abner's boys and the four teasing brothers were seated about the table, Lillian asked:

"Where did you get your toggery, Jack?"

"Oh, Uncle Abner's garret is full of all sorts of Indian traps. This morning when you were crying for callers—especially Indians—the thought struck us it would be lots of fun to give you your wish. We found Cousin Harold at Uncle Abner's, and he helped us out. He's been on a ranch for years. We knew you wouldn't recognize him. The rest of us kept in the background."

"If you hadn't been scared, Lillian, you would have known the ponies," said Jamie.

When they had nearly finished dinner, Lillian said:

"I'll write it all to the Deerfield girls. I don't believe they've had half as jolly a time as we have. Their calls will be just the pokey polite ones. But mine are genuine wild west."—Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in Golden Days.

Photography in Colors.

The Time is Coming When Your Red Nose Will Show Up Nicely on a Picture of Your Self.

American inventors are turning their attention to photographing in colors. That the object aimed at will be accomplished before very long there can be no reasonable doubt. In fact, the thing has been done already; the process only requires perfecting.

Photographs of the solar spectrum, showing all the brilliant hues of the rainbow, have been made, possessing the long-sought quality of permanence. This is accomplished in a way devised by a member of the National Academy of France. He lays upon a sheet of glass a very delicate, translucent film of chloride of silver, and against the film he places a vessel containing mercury, so that the latter is in contact with the film.

The glass sheet and mercury thus arranged are placed in the camera like an ordinary sensitive plate. Exposure being made, the image of the object to be photographed is projected upon the glass. The light conveyed the image passes through the glass, and is through the translucent film, and is reflected back by the mercury behind. The action of the light splits the silver in the film into thin layers, which breaks up the light rays into their component colors.

There can be no doubt that first-rate portraits in colors will eventually be made, superseding, perhaps, the work of the portrait painter. Such likenesses will reproduce the tints of the complexion, the brightness of the eyes, and all those details of varied hues which are of life itself. One difficulty to be yet overcome in this matter will relate to the intensification of color effected in photographing a human face down to what is called "cabinet" size. You can see what this means by looking through the camera at a person sitting for his or her portrait. But it would be particularly objectionable from the point of view of an individual affected with a red nose.

Eventually great paintings will be copied imperishably with the camera. Though time must destroy the originals, the photographic replicas will remain through centuries, being susceptible of indefinite multiplication.

Application has been recently entered at Washington for a patent on a process for printing sun pictures in colors—the invention of a New York photographer. By means of the camera it reproduces water color paintings with such perfect effect that the counterfeiters can hardly be distinguished from the originals.

The negatives are made on glass in the ordinary fashion, except that a red screen and what is termed a "grating" are interposed between the camera and the object. The grating is a sheet of glass with parallel lines scratched upon it, the purpose of it being to give the picture the effect of a line drawing. Three screens are used—one for red, another for blue and the third for yellow.

First, the photograph is taken in the manner described, with a glass screen interposed, which permits only the yellow rays of light to pass through it from the object to the camera. Thus, no impression whatever is made on the negative except by the yellow parts of the water-color to be reproduced, for example. Then another negative is made in the same way, with a screen that shuts out all but the blue rays; and finally a third which takes only the reds.

Now the three negatives have three glass negatives—one reproducing the reds of the water color, another the blues and the third the yellows. Prints are made from these on bichromatized gelatine, and, from the prints, by the process commonly used in photo-engraving, metal cuts are produced. One cut, being inked with red ink and applied to a sheet of black paper, puts on all the reds required for the picture. Another cut adds blues, and the third cut contributes the yellows.

The white lines made by the "grating" are almost microscopically fine and do not show, except on close scrutiny with a magnifying glass. Where one color is printed over another it forms a combination with it. Thus, blue and yellow make green, and the primary colors—yellow, red and blue—produce in this way every gradation of tint. The effect is wonderful.

Labor is Not Protected.

General Master Workman Sovereign, who succeeded T. V. Powderly as head of the Knights of Labor, in a recent interview in Washington declared: "I am an out and out free trader. I believe in no makeshifts or partial reductions of tariff taxation. The so-called protection to American labor is delusion. Labor is not protected. Free-trade capital receives a bonus in the form of protection, and it is then optional with the capitalist to give a share of the bonus to labor in the form of increased wages. But this opinion is seldom, if ever, exercised."

A Fractious Fluid.

Mother—"How did this ink get all over this table?"

Small Son—"It run right out all by its own self, quick as the bottle upset."

—God News.

The Work of the Shelter Brigade.

The Salvation Army believes in sociology as well as in heartology. Indeed, beneath its tricolored flag these two are very much intertwined, and made as twin handmaidens to serve each other. Separate them, and the one becomes empty sentiment, while the other degenerates into "charitable patronage."

Sociology, like religion, must consist in something more than theory. In economic questions, as in religious, the great lack has been in their practical side. We have found that true sociology consists not merely in a correct knowledge of the status of society, but in bringing help and deliverance to those who suffer for want of them. Too long, alas! has this science been a mere system of theorization stored away in the minds of men as a medicine, to be used only in case of an epidemic. We need in these virulent times the administering of the remedy.

It is the help of true social measures, united with the power of salvation, that has brought real divine comfort and relief into thousands of homes visited by our shelter and slum workers.

While the average captain (of whom there are now over 11,000 in command in the Salvation Army) seeks by the aid of song, testimony and personal appeal to win from the lairs of sin and meshes of iniquity the unsaved of his congregation every night, the officer in charge of the Food and Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, is exerting a personal influence over the unfed, unclothed and unworked applicants who nightly appeal for assistance.

Side by side with each other in this and other cities are two powerful agencies effecting the uplifted and rebuilding of those who have been dragged down low and helpless in the social scale—the Food and Shelter and the Slum brigade. A touching and lengthy story of these two important branches it would not be difficult to write, did time and space permit, and in speaking of the Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, we must content ourselves in dwelling upon but a few phases of the fascinating work.

Now, first, it must not be for a moment supposed that the classes reached and benefited by these social apostles are composed exclusively of those who have no intelligence and refinement. On the contrary, it would surprise the unsophisticated and uninitiated to learn the large proportion who have known every refinement, careful training, and the highest education that are found among the list of Lazaruses who throng our shelters and refuges.

We have sometimes reflected that could all those who have applied to us for food and clothing and work, who were once found in the higher walks, be gathered together, it would test the capacity of one of the largest buildings to accommodate them. Musicians, artists, lawyers and clergymen alike, who have been drawn into the maelstrom of misfortune and sin, pitifully plead at the same door with slum born and criminal-nurtured ones for tangible sympathy and help. Yet it is not for the fallen in the higher walks nor for the vicious that the shelters are particularly inaugurated. The primary object of our Food and Shelter is to help those who, while still honest and painstaking, have, through some misfortune or twisted circumstances, been left to go adrift without work, without home, and, what is worse, without a friend.

How often have we found that between the life of want and the life of sin, between that of misfortune and that of crime, there is a point at which the unfortunate can be saved—saved to gaining livelihood, to honor to self-respect!

But it must not be supposed from the above that we do not deal with the fallen one as well as those in danger of falling. Could one stand behind the counters of one of our crowded shelters, whether in New York, Buffalo or San Francisco, which at once become impressed with the variety of cases that come to our notice—all the way from the young man who, fresh to the great city, has come beneath its subtle and cunning influence, to the poor, ragged, disheveled castaway who spends his nights in covered trucks or beneath some damp archway. The good Samaritan in the Social Wing not alone finds the man stripped by thieves, but the one stripped by the hands of disease and the gaunt fingers of hunger.

There are four classes who frequent our shelters, to all of whom this poor man's refuge proves acceptable and grateful:

1. The thoroughly vicious and criminal classes.

2. The unfortunates who, whilst honest and deserving, through sudden misfortune have lost their occupation.

3. Those who have acquired drinking habits, and who through inebriety, have lost position and all belonging to them.

4. The foreigner who finds himself not as in his native country he supposed, the early possessor of the yellow metal, but hopelessly in want and despair.

If it be asked, are you able to give some help to all these classes? We gratefully reply, yes. And the following figures, which represent but three of our shelters in this country, will speak for themselves of the influence of this special branch. During the twelve months ending November, 1893, 80,391 meals have been provided at a nominal sum—1,648 beds have been supplied to homeless people, 6,360 have been furnished with employment. The number of beds provided in all our shelters throughout the movement is considerably over 2,000,000, while the meals given to the hungry destitute reach over 3,000,000.

Atchinson Overrun With Tramps.

ATCHINSON, Kan., Dec. 30.—This city is overrun with tramps. Every train brings in swarms, and a small army of about fifty are encamped in the southern portion of the city.

For and About Women.

By next September Bryn Mawr College, one of the leading colleges for young women in the country, will have a woman president, Miss Thomas, who will then succeed Dr. Rhoads as president of the college, and will demonstrate the fitness of a woman to hold an executive position of the first importance in the educational world.

The "cut" of the bodices of evening gowns varies widely this season. Though well covered shoulders are seen and are permissible, the sleeve cut low and displaying the point of the shoulder is the demerit cry. For the shapely maiden this is all well and good, but let the angular first one take heed ere she adopt this fashion. Bunches of ribbon or embroidery passed over the shoulders take away somewhat from the bareness of effect, or at any rate convey a certain sense of security to the onlooker or at least, to the uninitiated there seems no earthly or possible reason why these bodiless bodices should remain in place anyhow.

Miss Ella Knowles, who was defeated for the attorney-generalship of Montana by a small majority, and was then appointed assistant by her successful competitor, recently secured, in favor of her station, the interior department in Washington, a decision involving about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of school lands in Montana.

Elegant simplicity is the key-note of table appointments to day. Never have good taste and good form been in closer accord than in the prevailing styles of china and glass, which the best city stores show. Simple lines and forms are always the most pleasing and graceful, and fashion for once has consented to follow the dictates of artistic teaching. The colorings are, for the most part, very delicate, and the designs in the decorations are characterized by great reserve of ornamentation rather than by the lavish abundance which has been so prevalent in past years. For regular family use, or even for use on state occasions, where the means are moderate, there can be nothing more correct than a set of white English china with a decoration in printed monotone. Dull blue is the most effective coloring in such a design, which merely borders each dish, leaving the centre and sides untouched. No monograms or initials are admissible. Such sets, consisting of a complete service, cost \$250, and are really economical, as this china is especially durable, owing possibly to its being "manufactured china." This term means that its clays are made by chemical combination and fused together by heat.

White and gold is quite as popular and equally as tasteful as in the days of our grandmothers' best gold-banded set. But the gilding is not put on in plain bands and is furnished brightly. It is applied in all sorts of delicate stencil patterns and tracery and in embossed of great richness. In the elaborate patterns the finish of the gilding is generally dull in tone. Sometimes the decoration in dull gold is daintily picked out with delicate tracery in black, and less frequently other colors are sparklingly used in the borders, giving a touch like that of jewels. But however elaborate the designs in gilding may be, they are rarely allowed anywhere except as borders upon the dishes and in ornamentation of the handles. Indeed, few dishes which have for decorations printed monotonous, gilded design, or color bands have any decorations in the centres of the plates or platter or sides of covered dishes. Decoration has been recognized as inartistic, and has had its day. A set of French china with a fine stencil pattern in gold, with the handles and knobs to the covered dishes also gilded, illustrates the prevalent simplicity of form and design and the quiet elegance of the white and gold ornamentation of to-day. It sells for \$175. Similar sets in English china cost \$250 to \$300.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell is devoting most of her time to the writing of a biography of her famous mother, the late Lucy Stone. Miss Blackwell is a young woman of unusual force and beauty of character, bred in her mother's ways and purposes, and greatly interested in the cause of woman suffrage.

A woman mail carrier, Rose Shelley, carries the mail regularly between Dexter and Goshen, an eighteen-mile stretch of lonesome road in Lane county, Or. Early or late, snow or shine, she makes the trip, and no stress of weather or fear of road agents has yet interfered with her performance of her duty.

It is one of the thorns in the flesh of the fair young American that she whom the wise ones pronounce as perfect in style as the French woman, should be obliged to acknowledge that her feet are not dainty, her instep so arched, or her ankle so slender as that person, the American girl is given to foot-enlarging athletics, which the French woman shuns. But another factor is the care French women take in selecting their shoes and hosiery.

A French woman who aspires to be well dressed would as soon think of wearing ready made gowns as of wearing ready made shoes. She recognizes the fact that a shoe turned out after a general model will probably not fit a foot made on a particular model. Walking boots with pointed toes she avoids, saying those angular pieces of footwear for wear when she will not have to walk. She is careful, too, to have sensible heels on her walking boots, for high ones, by throwing the weight forward on to the ball of the feet, breed that part. She indulges in high heels and points for indoor wear to her heart's content, however.

If her feet are by nature broad and "pudgy" she wears shoes a size longer than is necessary, and thus decreases the apparent width. Flat, narrow seams she prefers, because they help to make the foot inconspicuous. Soft kid she wears because of its comfort. All her shoes fit as snugly over the instep as possible. And there is never a limply hanging button, a crossed strap, a "rubbed" spot, a run-down heel or a scratched toe.