

RAIN AND ROBIN.

A robin in the morning, In the morning early, Sang a song of warning, "There'll be rain! There'll be rain!"

THE BROWN WOMAN.

At a distance of about 30 miles from Harper's Ferry is situated one of the oldest and quietest towns in Virginia. Not only do its historic associations attract the traveler, but the picturesque charm of its old time houses induces him to linger there, hunting curios or plucking rhyme and myth from the garden of some ancient dame.

One evening in the month of September several ladies were gathered about a card table in Miss Polly's front parlor. The evening being cool and windy, the huge fireplace was piled high with blazing logs. So enticing did the fire prove that very soon all the ladies threw down their cards and grouped themselves close to the hearth.

"I can tell you a genuine ghost story and, what's more, every word of it is true," said Miss Blunt, a lady who, though still unwedded, could own to years and experience sufficient to expect that her word be accepted.

"Well," began Miss Blunt, who was a frail, nervous little woman, with wide open, startled eyes, which one could easily believe had acquired their present expression from frequent observations of ghosts.

"On the following day the cries of distress were again heard in the vacant bedroom, but no clew to them could be discovered. Of course the whole household was aroused and excited, and there was little rest for any of us.

"My cousin, I could see, was charmed with the success of his scheme and had the satisfied air of a man who has played a bold game and won. The wife and daughter did not appear to partake of his content. They were restless at times, and I was inclined to think them wanting in gratitude.

into one of the other rooms, and that I had better descend and send one to seek her. I went down into the library, where my cousin's wife and daughters were occupied with their embroideries. I told them about the little woman up stairs and requested that they look after her.

At this point in the narrative all the ladies drew closer together, and forming a circle about the narrator urged her to proceed.

"Some nights after this," continued Miss Blunt, "I awoke suddenly from my sleep, and there, standing by my bed, almost bending over me, I saw clearly by the street light, which fell directly into my room, this same little woman, all dressed in brown, with the white handkerchief crossed upon her breast, and looking earnestly at me as she had done some days before.

"At breakfast my cousin related my experience to the family. We discussed the matter seriously. That same day my cousin's wife heard low cries of distress in one of the vacant bedrooms. Summoned by her, we went into the room immediately, but found no one.

"A week passed. Detectives came and went, but they discovered nothing. In the meantime, however, the little brown woman appeared twice to me in my room and as often to my cousin's wife. When we called or rang for some one, she disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as she had come.

"One evening at the end of a week Mr. Graves, a young detective, called and asked to see the family. He was shown into the library, and drawing a package of papers from his pocket begged leave to lay before us some information which he had obtained.

"What was it?" asked in a whisper the group of women.

"After this house had passed from my cousin's family," continued Miss Blunt, "it was occupied for some years, it seems, by a M. Grovoche, a French wine merchant. He lived alone in Bleeker street with his servants and was supposed to have amassed a large fortune. When some years had gone by in this way, he suddenly disappeared, and for many years no explanation could be discovered. His mother, a peasant woman from the Gironde, came to this country in the hope of

finding him. She spent the remaining years of her life in the search, and the devotion and energy with which she pursued her purpose made her at one time a familiar figure to the police of New York, and especially to the people in Bleeker street, where she was frequently to be seen. The poor woman died without obtaining any clew to the fate of her son, and soon the whole matter was lost sight of by those who had taken an interest in her.

"As Miss Blunt finished her story a very handsome and stately lady entered the room. She threw off her wraps and drew near the attentive group. As she did so a blond young girl rose from her seat and said to her in a husky voice:

"Mother, will you tell these ladies who you saw in your room yesterday?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the lady. "Something so strange, I must tell you. Yesterday morning as I was dressing, when I had just lifted my face from its bath and was about to give it its usual rubbing, I saw standing before me the funniest little old woman, all clad in brown, with a white handkerchief crossed upon her breast and with the most pathetic eyes I ever beheld. They will haunt me to my dying day. Just as I spoke to her, demanding an explanation of this sudden intrusion, she disappeared, and my daughter there was awakened by my running about the room calling: 'Where is she? Where is she?'

"The wedding ceremony among the Kabyles is interesting because of its comparative resemblance to the customs of the old Greeks and Romans and even to those which still prevail in sequestered parts of France. Here it is the girl's father who exacts a wedding portion, a sum of about £8, for which the bridegroom has generally to rely upon the advances of his friends. Often, too, the young man has not a house for his bride, in which case his friends set to work and build one, no very difficult matter.

"The husband then approaches her and fires a pistol above her head to signify that she is henceforth his. Not infrequently he makes the symbol even more emphatic by firing into her forehead and setting her aflame. This done, little remains except for the youth to lift the lady in his arms and carry her bodily into his house.

"Of thirty-six women who under the leadership of Miss Annette Daisy made a run into Cherokee Strip when it was opened last September, twenty-two have proven steadfast in spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, and are busily engaged in making a home without help or hindrance from me. They are hauling the timber themselves for a house of fifteen rooms, which they will occupy, and are prepared to do their own ploughing, planting, etc. in the well-watered timber section of 480 acres which they hold. They already have three teams, cows, chickens and other stock, and neatly dressed in short skirts that come just below the knee and are met by heavy woolen leggings that cover the legs from knee to ankle, they look well able to hold their own and carry out their independent plan.

"An electric door mat has been invented which rings the bell as soon as any one steps on it.

The Lesser Antilles.

Through the Serpent's Mouth Into the Spanish Main.—Tobago as Crusoe's Island.—A Few Facts About the Leeward Islands the Windward Islands, the Virginas, the Caribbees and the Rest of Them.

To begin with, I have an especial favor to ask, viz: That you will get a map of the West Indies and keep it before you while reading these letters, as otherwise their principal value would be lost. "Neither you nor I nor nobody knows," as the children's game ungrammatically runs—at least nobody realizes until his attention has been called to it and pinned down upon it—the vast extent of land and sea that stretches off the eastern coast of the bygone which connects the two Americas.

As to our routes, not caring to unnecessarily risk the gales of the open Atlantic in a yacht we came up to Para in the regular steamer; and from that Amazonian city sailed past the great delta of the Orinoco River, through the celebrated "Dragon's Mouth" into the Gulf of Para, and thence through the "Serpent's Mouth" into the Caribbean Sea. Having visited the Island of Trinidad and its wonderful asphalt lake so little while ago, we did not land this time, but contented ourselves with cruising around its shores. Nowhere in the world can pleasanter voyaging be found than here, after the foul stripe of bottlegreen water with which the Orinoco stains the Atlantic for many miles is past and the placid land-locked Paria Gulf is entered. The scenery, through bold and picturesque always, eminently restful—the mountains dark green, with verdure from base to top except where flushed in places with crimson canopies of the "bois immortelle." Between the mountains, fertile alluvial folds, and the conspicuous sea now dashes noiselessly against the carved limestone cliffs, and now ripples softly around the feet of cocconut palms that fringe the bay.

At Boca de Monos (monkey's mouth) —one of the three narrow entrances to the Paria Gulf—the Venezuelan Mountains of Cumana loom up so near that they seem to bar the channel by an impassable wall. So much do these heights resemble the crowding islands all around that it is difficult to believe that they are part of the mainland. The scene in the Dragon's Mouth is equally striking—towering mountain, cliffs clothed to the water's edge with wild, dark forests, and silent islands bordered with palms and mangroves, paradise of plover, boobies and tropic birds, asleep in the sunshine; and, as if the passage were not narrow enough, a tiny islet, tufted with cacti and draped with coral, occupies the center of it. But we slipped safely past, out into that region of romance and beauty, the Spanish Main, where the crowding islands are clustered hills, standing out in intense clearness of green and purple and blue; where the skies are absolutely cloudless by day, and by night illumined by unfamiliar constellations and three times as many stars as are ever seen at home; where the Southern Cross is the mariner's guide in lieu of the North Star, and the "golden" moon of the tropics seems to swing nearer the earth than elsewhere.

Our first stop was at Tobago, one of the Windward Islands, only 18 miles northeast of Trinidad. The tiny domain, which France ceded to Great Britain in 1763, is only 22 miles long by 10 or 12 broad, its area being officially stated at 73,313 acres. Columbus christened it Assumption when he found it in 1498, but the name was changed by the first Europeans who came this way, on account of an indigenous weed, which they called tobago—the same which we now call tobacco. It has been spoken of in romance and history as "the Melancholy Isle," because of its gloomy-looking mountains, abrupt precipices and dense forests. Conical hills and spurs are all over it, connected by a central ridge, 200 feet high, like a huge backbone with branching ribs. Deep narrow ravines extending from the ridge broaden toward the sea into alluvial valleys between towering precipices, mostly still covered with primeval forests. Sailing around its borders, you can hardly find a break in the serried ranks of magnificent trees, except where here and there tiny patches have been cleared for cultivation. Scarborough, its chief town which contains some 1200 inhabitants, is pleasantly situated on a rocky bay; but for reasons unknown passengers from the Royal mail steamers are always landed at Plymouth, an insignificant little hamlet on the leeward shore, six miles away. Just back of Scarborough and directly overlooking it is a conical hill, 480 feet high crowned by the now dismantled Fort King George. Below another hill-spir slopes gently toward the water, ending in a steep bank, fringed with thickets of wild bamboo, behind which are grouped some cane-gabled houses. Toward the left are grassfields stretching away over the billowing foothills far back to the forests, their pale gold against the darker green wonderfully brightening the sombre landscape.

High Hills and Hot Air. You can see everything of interest in Scarborough within a short half-hour, and I recommend you to plan your excursion in the early morning or late in the afternoon, for the hills are steep and many, and the temperature eternally skylarking between 80 and 95 degrees. The Government House is prettily situated on an elevation some distance back of the village; and, notwithstanding its scanty population, there are no fewer than 18 churches—nine Episcopal six Wesleyan and three Moravian. The whole island contains less than 10,000 people—mostly a highly "colored" mixture of African and Carib, with hardly a white citizen among them. But they are remarkably industrious, peaceable and pious set, comparable with the majority of the West India blacks; probably owing to their preponderance of Carib blood; and it is said that at least one third of them has some degree of education, gained in the several excellent schools of the island. Taken all together, England has many a worse dependency than this. A great deal of sugar, molasses and rum is produced, which, with coffee, cocconut, indigo and pimento, bring up the exports to the respectable average of \$400,000 per annum. The island is ruled by a resident Lieutenant Governor, who acts as vice to the Governor of Barbadoes, assisted by a Council and a local Legislature of 16 elected members.—Fannie B. Ward.

because Columbus, when he found them, was supposed to have reached Antilla, a fabled country far to the westward of the Azores (was it Plato's Atlantis?) which had a vague and uncertain place on the charts of those early geographers. Years after the great navigator had finished his voyaging in this world, Peter Martyr wrote a book about "Antilla," which he said Columbus had touched upon; and for half a century thereafter Cuba and Haiti were known as such before a single link in the Caribbean chain was discovered.

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For and About Women.

Miss Julie R. Jenney, a daughter of Colonel E. S. Jenney, one of the best-known lawyers of Central New York, has been admitted to the bar at the general term, in Syracuse. Miss Jenney was a member of a class of 12 students, all young men except herself, who was examined at the same time. The examiners say that she was splendidly successful, and predicts for her a brilliant career.

Sashes appear in two or three forms, the most convenient shape for everyday wear is broad, lying at one side in front thus the bow does not interfere with the set of the coat. For evening wear graceful sashes are made by a double band of ribbon passed around the waist, fastening at back beneath two rosettes, with long ends reaching to the hem of the skirt. The stout woman should wear her sash in the form of a point in the front, and setting it just an inch below the waist. There it may be drawn through a buckle and fastened at the back with a short bow, a small bone on either side being of value.

This is a season when shirt studs are at a premium. Those of white enamel, studded with emerald stars, are the latest. Gold studs flecked with black enamel, are also a novelty. Pale blue and pink enamel studs are being much worn with stiff white chemisettes. Frequently the studs match in design and color the cuff buttons. The link buttons are used almost entirely. The most beautiful pair the season has displayed are oval in shape, of turquoise blue enamel, studded with tiny diamonds.

The sailor hat has appeared again, but this season the correct model has a high crown and a rim not nearly so wide as those noticed in former years. The all black ones with a veil of gauze to match, are considered very smart. English walking hats are seen and are generally put up in stiff, prim fashion, boasting large buckles, close coques, plumes and firm clusters of small flowers resembling rosettes.

Ladies wishing a smooth skin made without harm can obtain it by purchasing 10 cents worth of tincture of benzoin. Dissolve it in a pint of wine and use on the face at night. The face should first be washed with pure and fine soap, and then rinsed off in clear cold water. The benzoin can be dissolved in water, but wine is preferable. For a rough or sunburnt skin, use two ounces of distilled water, one of glycerine, one of alcohol, and half an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Without the water, and with the addition of two ounces of prepared chalk, free from bismuth, it makes a fine cosmetic for whitening the face, and is not injurious, like the expensive "balms" or "blossoms" so highly advertised.

Boil a small piece of green benzoin in spirits of wine until it becomes a rich tincture. Fifteen drops of this poured into a glass of water will produce a liquid that looks like milk, and emits a most agreeable perfume. This wash, while an excellent remedy for spots, pimples and eruptions, renders the skin clear and brilliant and the cheeks a rosy color.

The very small girls who are too young to be miniature pictures of their mamma are wearing the dearest little dresses that the shops have seen for many a day. Of course the gowns are all pure white.

One favorite design is made of sheer muslin with a short empire waist and a full plain skirt. Tiny tucks are the sole decoration of the skirts. Short balloon puffs form the sleeves. They are unlined and the baby arm is visible beneath. A deep collar of fine embroidery or lace falls over the front of the waist and the shoulders. Just above the waist line the muslin is shirred, and a row of through which a ribbon is run. This may be of any delicate color, though pure white is preferred.

Miss Dawson has been chosen by the Methodist of Hastings, England, as a delegate to the Wesleyan Conference. It is thought that she will not be allowed to take her seat because of her sex.

Sleeves, they say, were never bigger in Paris than at present. They show no signs of getting smaller here.

Cool ecrus came into such favor last summer that they promise to be very generally worn again in coat and jacket suits of various kinds. Young women of wealth who seek something new are buying these lines in imported suits made after a rather fanciful fashion, when one considers the simple fabric. Thus they have a round waist of brown linen, with jacket fronts opening on a full blouse front of ecrus guipure lace laid on white satin. A high collar of the guipure and a black satin or moire ribbon completes the waist. Gigot sleeves of moderate size have small cuffs of guipure edged with a narrow band of black satin ribbon. The short skirt, escaping the ground all around, is trimmed with several narrow folds like pipings of black satin ribbon set around it at wide intervals. A sailor hat trimmed with white rosettes and light pearl colored gloves, accompanied such a gown worn by that stylish young matron, Mrs. George Gould, when driving about in a hansom on a round of shopping on a May morning lately that was warm enough for a June day.

A pretty dinner gown is made in the Empire style of black silk, with cream-colored lace panels on either side, a deep belt of cream lace across the bust and a full front and sleeves of accordion-plated chiffon. It is not the slightest use protesting against accordion plating. It is and will be irrevocable fact, which adverse opinion cannot alter. Other gowns which always look well are tailor made tweeds when not in too large a check. The basques of all these are cut very full and rather short this season. It would not be impossible by the aid of a clever maid to make a last year's dress, if fresh and pretty, quite up to date by adding a very full, short, bias cut basque of moire with full collar and perhaps revers to match.