

PAX VOBISECUM.

GRACE BOTTLED GOODWINE. When I die, shall I dream Of my radiant hopes all gleaming, Of the sunlight that touched the brown depths of my stream?

When I die, shall I grieve For the dear, bending faces I leave, For the close-tangling meshes of love that they weave? Ah, not so, Let them go— Hope, joy, even love that I know, Best of all the calm feeling Of rest that is stealing Thro' soul-fibers strained with the burdens we bear.

THE FUGITIVE OF TEZCO.

I pushed through the thicket of forest undergrowth cautiously, and passed to take breath only when I had crossed the roots that bridged the morass of the Callio. Hidden in the shadows of a wood so dense that the eye could hardly penetrate a hundred feet, I yet could imagine I heard those shouts of my pursuers which had urged me to almost superhuman speed two hours before.

"Down with Arroya! Seize the rebel!" When such greetings are punctuated with a patter of rifle-balls one naturally feels cold, even in such a warm climate as that of our republic of Tezco. He forgets that he is wounded, and that the hastily applied bandage does not prevent the spilling of some precious blood drops along the way, to decorate the leaves of the plain and stain the bayonets of the prickly-pear. The cactus thorns are sharp and the vines are all at angle with cruel fingers that tear and wound, as my scarred hands and tattered clothes could testify; but then—Menez was much more cruel, and the steel of his followers much sharper.

"His followers! Even as I ran for my life I could not forbear a smile at the grim jest which made Menez's followers mine for the time. I thirsted, but I did not dare to turn aside for any spring or watercourse, nor to linger except to get breath. The foot-hills with their refuge in the old Indian silver-caves, were before me, and must be reached before nightfall.

This was not exactly what I had pictured to myself as the result of the day's adventure, but it was the fortune of war, and must be endured. No doubt they were quite right when they termed me a traitor and a rebel, for so I was. But if any attack and desperate effort to displace Menez and reach the presidential chair had been successful—as it almost was—I should have been hero and conqueror and liberator, and all the other fine names which we Spaniards know so well how to bestow upon a fortunate general.

I did not blame Menez at all. Naturally he did not like to have a trusted general turn his troops against him and strike for the presidency. It was like a bolt out of a clear sky. That was a brief revolution even for this land, where no one hurries ordinarily, but where passion puts into men's blood the sudden energy of a panther. How often we have laughed at the impotent fussing and fuming of Northerners who have visited us, as they have been met at every turn of business with the suave, leisurely "Manana, Senor." But if they stay long enough and outlive one of our revolutions they find that we sometimes catch up with to-morrow in a very surprising and energetic way.

These things I thought over as I ran—not swiftly: the tangled vines and masses of fern and roots did not allow of anything like that. My ancestry is Indian as well as Spanish, and the ability to run all day without exhaustion is a proverbial trait; but with a wound, and in the basin of the Callio! One must see that ground to appreciate it. I passed a stream, sluggish and dark, into which the alligators slid from the wet banks. I had to search sometime for a log on which to cross; and a serpent was enjoying his siesta there, and rather than disturb him I sought a second one. Great red orchids brightened up the gloom of the rank foliage like flames. On the other side of the stream I found a wild orange-tree, and drank its bitter juice as I ran. It is a rare tonic. I remember too that a flock of parrots began to scream after me, for I had disturbed them in that repose which all tropical things, except the insects, enjoy at sunset. That not only making history, it was condensing it. If Menez could only lay his hands, those red hands of his, upon the rebel, he would make short work of him. A priest (for form's sake, because no Spaniard would deny a condemned man the consolations of the church), then a row of riflemen, an officer who stands imperiously and smokes his cigarette while his subordinate counts, a white adobe wall with a black figure casting a shadow almost as black upon it, and a long box at his heels for him to fall into. Pah! What makes one think of such things? I was hot and feverish with my wound, and that must have been why I was thinking, always thinking, as I ran: and thoughts were not always pleasant.

Of course any one would do the same as Menez if his enemy should fall into his hand. I would. I have done so. If Menez had become my prisoner, I would not have been fool enough to spare him, and he was well aware of that. What I detest in the President was not his severity, but his mismanagement of the affairs of the republic. He seemed to think that the treasury was only an extension of his private pocket-book, and everything in the country merely subsidiary to his individual interests. Well, we were the patriots, and we struck for our country and glory; and people may sing "traitor" all

they like now: had we succeeded, they would have built triumphal arches for us—the bills for which the President would afterwards be expected to settle.

Menez never forgave me for aspiring to the hand of his niece, Santiago! Does the dotard expect to keep her always like a bird in a cage? He boasts that he is pure Castilian descent. Thank God, I am not ashamed of the Indian in mine! But Senorita Pepita loved me, and that made it worse and worse. That would sign my death-warrant if nothing else availed.

What hurt me more than anything else was to think of those poor, brave fellows, with their white faces turned up to the pitiless sky, in the market-place where they fell. There were only fifty of them, but they were fifty heroes, and if I live I will have a life for every one of them. They were the flower of the army, and Menez will miss them and me in the next war.

For hiding or for stratagem nothing can surpass the forests of the Callio; but for flight, no. I would almost as soon think of making speed through the interminable meshes of a folded net. Yet there had been some progress. My hands burned with the cawick and nettles, my feet were torn by the cactus, my clothes were in shreds, and my head almost bursting with the terrible heat and fatigue of the day; but the belt of woods that lay between me and the foot-hills had narrowed so that I knew that I could reach the silver caves before the short twilight was over.

There were tracks at one point where a tiger had trodden on the moist ground in the morning. I could imagine his Majesty returning that way at night, and sniffing along my trail to discover who had the temerity to cross his. I did not fear him: there were arms in the cave.

An open, rock-encumbered swale told me that I had nearly reached the foot-hills in safety. It was a weird, terrible place, full of haunting suggestions and symbols. The trees that enclosed it formed a massive wall of shadow that was like the black sides of a tall canon. The vines that clung to them in fantastic meshes were huge and black, twisting in and out like snakes. But the most singular and terrible features of the clearing were a number of rudely carved shaggy breasts. How often had that horrid tongue been smeared with the warm hearts of victims killed in sacrifice—war prisoners dismembered by those savage ancestors of mine in this their sacred grove of the gods! I think the sight and the thought almost reconciled me to the idea of the adobe wall and the line of riflemen and the long box.

The silver caves at last. The sun was sinking as I reached them, and the twilight is so short in our part of the world that I made haste to secure myself against intrusion. Then I did not fear until the morning, and with the morning I would be again on foot, seeking more distant fastnesses, where I could gather around me again the remnant of our faction and wait for better times. There were a few scattered huts on the mountain-side, and the President had a country house not far away, but I knew that no one could find me so late. However, I barricaded as well as possible against wild beasts, for I had no desire for an interview with a tiger.

The cave was not entirely unready. I had caused preparations to be secretly made for such an emergency. There were wraps in an inner chamber, where one might build a fire at night, when the escaping smoke would not betray him. The air of the cavern was very chill and damp after the heat of the Callio basin. This was a natural cave, into which ancient workmen had come with rude instruments to get out the precious metal. As a consequence there was an incongruity between the glittering points of stalactites that hung from the vaulted roof, thrown into relief by a background blackened by the smoke of many fires, and the rich peacock markings of the emerald and indigo silver quartz that ran like a belt across one side of the cave. There was the drip, drip, drip of water somewhere; I did not care to seek it just then—a little stream by the entrance had refreshed me, and a bottle of aguardiente on a rock shelf close at hand was much nearer.

I lay in the skins and puffed my cigarette, saw the fire light, and heard the water with the perfect animal comfort of a well man who enjoys rest because he had been tired. The events of the day seemed very far away now that I had put the montana between them and me. I am not one to indulge in emotions, either retrospectively or in anticipation. What is moves me. That is enough for me. If I killed a man in anger to-day, I could hardly recall enough of that passion to-morrow to enable me to recollect why I did it. The most of my race, I feel strongly, violently, perhaps, but I do not treasure stale emotions.

So I lay half comfortable at least, in my refuge, and considered that I was a foolish fellow to try to jar the world as it moves on its axis. However, I must plan. Not much to do. "A short horse soon groomed," the negroes say. At break of day to be up, get good supply of food as I could, and strike out for the mountains. To-morrow to be a festival of the church, when thanks would be given to celebrate the victory of my enemies. Had I won, the church would have celebrated my victory. How they will avoid that dry blood in the marketplace as they parade! Some such thoughts ran through my mind. Yet I knew that when the priests and the acolytes and the choir and the maidens carried the Bambino in procession, and chanted their pretence of peace and good-will, the widows and the children of those who had fought across the square with me would check their tears and hush their sobs. Would Pepita be there? Would she think that I was dead? Would she care?

I could imagine Pepita, with that little head of hers so perfectly poised, belonging on her own shoulders and nobody else's her mantilla worn as no other woman could wear a crown, and the jasmine in her hair, that she always placed there for me, just the same; no movement or look or pallor to show that she was hurt. Yes, she would care, but she would rather die than show it. That is why I have always loved Pepita: she is not proud—she is pride.

Of one thing I was assured—no holy festival would prevent Menez's sending his hounds in search of me. I must not fail to be off by early morning—sunrise at the latest. My arm began to pain me a little when I had time to think about it, and I rearranged the bandages. Just a bullet wound, with no bones broken; it was soon more comfortable; the bleeding had been slight, and fortunately it had been my left arm. It seemed very late, but I had really

been in the cave only an hour or two, when I heard the voice of a cat, an ocelot, perhaps, or even a jaguar, crying outside of my barricade. There is one peculiar thing about the members of the tiger tribe: no matter how big and fierce the animal may be, she will make the saddest crying and moaning, like a child in pain, till I have known men leave a camp-fire and go into the forest, persuaded that it was a child crying. I had no idea of going outside, but I went as far as my outpost and listened. The creature must have jumped or fallen into the little pit in front of the hastily made wall. It was so near that I could hear every sound, and wondered that the throat of a beast could so simulate the wails of a wounded human being. As I tried to catch a glimpse of my visitor through the chinks between the rocks, I distinctly heard, "Jesus, Maria, save me!"

Of course I did the unwise and unaccountable thing—acted on impulse, as I always do, and tore down enough of my wall to get out, nor ever stopped to think what a dilemma I was putting myself into till I was lifting a pale, black-eyed boy of about ten years to my skin-pile near the fire. He had fainted when I first came out, probably with fright, and when he came to himself was too dazed and weak at first to think much. But I thought; I considered what a fool I was. Here was a sprained ankle or a broken leg, or Heaven knows what other injury, to take care of for a night, when I needed sleep for my journey on the morrow. Then what was I to do with him? Leave him? He would starve, of course. Put him outside again? The wild beasts would make shorter work of it, but not short enough. The unpleasant alternative, the least cruel thing, would be to kill him myself and make sure. I do not like to shirk a duty, but the duty of killing a child in cold blood pained me.

I could no more run the risk of Menez's men finding that boy than I could risk their not finding me. Once a wild chimerical thought crossed my mind, only to be dismissed with a smile at the childishness of it. That was, to stay there with the lad and risk capture. My life has cost so much that it must be very valuable. It is so to me, at least, and my pity for the boy did not reach to any such lengths of sacrifice as that would imply. Having made my resolve to kill him in the morning, I felt easier, for it was an unpleasant, unfeeling duty. After that I dressed his wound, a sprain, as well as I was able, and then slept beside him, and the last thing I recollect seeing in the firelight was those great eyes staring steadfastly at me.

I woke with a sense of something unpleasant to be done. Ah, yes—to put that poor little brat out of his troubles, so that I could go on with mine with a clear conscience. I turned over and looked at him. He was staring at me with those big eyes as though he had never been asleep all night. He spoke to me. "You are awake," he said. "No, I was not," I replied. "I was only pretending to be asleep." "Believe me, I found it hard to find a reply. I did not forget what I had to do, but I wanted time to think. I rose hastily, repaired the fire, and began to get breakfast.

While I was thus engaged I came near him, and he said, anxiously, "You will not leave me, will you?" "I crossed the cave, pretending not to hear him, but with a feeling that I could not quite account for. "It is a festival to-day," he said, "and I know you want to go to see Bambino, but you will not leave me, will you?" "Still he spoke. My God! what else could I do? I went kneeling down by the boy, and then I found myself, for the first time, and I had given my promise. "No, I will not leave you." Then things swam around me for a while, and that line of riflemen seemed very near, for I knew that I had signed my own death-warrant. They came after me—or after the boy—I never knew which—Menez's men. I knew they were seeking me, but they seemed more delighted in finding him, as if he was the son of some rich man, and I had wasted my sympathy, for he would have been cared for anyhow. I could make no stand when they found me, for I was sitting on the skins with the boy in my arms, and before I could put him down and turn they were upon me; besides, the odds, eight to one.

I never saw men so astonished. One would have supposed that they had seen a ghost, or at least that they had no thought of finding me. And yet, in spite of all my effort to escape, I was almost gay at heart when they led me back—not the way I had come, but by a more round-about route, as the road—to the town. For just as we were starting, I found myself, as I had done, and said, "You are good, I love you, and I hope you will have a happy journey." The boy said that, but the voice was Pepita's, and it sounded in my ears and sang in my heart all the way.

In the morning we entered the town. Pepita was there with the others and saw me, and her eyes brightened as she met my gaze without flinching, as if she were Oh, I was proud of her! She would show those people that she was hurt, though they should wring her heart, any more than I would. And yet I knew that she cared. When I was brought before Menez I accepted a cigarette from the officer who had charge of me. Menez said: "Citizens, this is a desperate who has tried to overturn the state; a general who has led a rebellion. A price is on his head, and he has been condemned to death. Having the power to condemn or to pardon, it has seemed to me good that this man, who has wrought so much mischief, should be shot by a file of soldiers."

There he stopped, and while the women stood outside and the soldiers nearer, there was a movement to take me away, and for a second I caught sight of Pepita's face again. She smiled at me, and I answered her smile. Menez continued, in that even, unimpassioned tone which he knew so well how to use: "Listen. Although you agree with the justice of the sentence I have pronounced, yet you will also support me in deferring the execution of it until the close of the ceremonies and festivities of this holy season, which have already been too much marred by bloodshed. We therefore remand our prisoner to the charge of our faithful Juan Rodriguez."

For the first time I shivered. Rodriguez, in spite of his noble name, was as miserable a dog as ever licked the platter of a ruler, and I knew that in the world I had no more bitter enemy. I had signed my own manual upon his face once with a sword, and as I looked upon him now, the scar that traversed his visage like the bar sinister that should have been there grieved him. Juan Rodriguez, my enemy, who would not hesitate at any infamy, was to be my jailer. In other words, I was to have no public execution. The President, under pretense of letting me languish in prison, and afterwards giving out that I had escaped, would avoid the danger of a popular out-break attending a public execution, and I would be at the mercy of a henchman in whom hate and ferocity took the place of conscience.

So be it. Shackled as I was, I was led away, amid the growing murmurs of a large portion of the people, and I understood better than ever why Menez had not risked an execution. Other things I may describe to you, but not the filth, heat, suffocation, and pestilential atmosphere of one of our jails; first, because it would shock your sensitive ears, and second, because you would not believe such horrors possible. I passed an eternity of thirty-six hours there, at first dreading and afterwards hoping for the assassination that I knew would end the game. At the end of the second day, when I had reviewed the events of my past life, and failed for the thousandth time to feel content that I had put many poor souls out of the way of such torment as this—as I waited, I say, for the final appearance of Rodriguez, with his scarred face and his knife, a priest came to me. Short of stature he was, cowed and sombre, a forerunner of death.

He had come from Menez, and I was prepared for the confessional, only waiting till Rodriguez, who stood scowling by, should respect the bearer of the President's ring and retire. But the priest stopped me with a gesture of his hand. "Wait," he said; "the President desires first your confession. You are scholar enough to write, or shall I write for you? This secular confession shall in no wise conflict with the more private account you shall give to Mother church."

"But Rodriguez," he said, "will respect this seal; besides, he cannot read." The tone was carefully disguised; but there was a familiar note in it. In spite of my shackles, I sprang to my feet. "Pepita?" I whispered. "No," he laughed the voice behind the cowl; "no, she is the President's cousin. Read!" He unfastened my shackles and thrust the paper into my hands, and I read: "To-night, an hour after midnight, the door will be open. Fear nothing, but come out. Turn to the left in perfect silence and caution, till you reach the palm-trees by the well." He was gone. I tore the paper into small pieces before Rodriguez's return. "I shall write no confession," I muttered to myself, but I could see that he had heard me. At the appointed hour I rose, and cautiously pushing the door of my prison, breathed the heavy night air. To the left. Three hundred paces and I had reached the palm-trees by the well. There stood the little priest, I knew him now for the son of the President, the boy whom I had saved. The slight limp with which he had entered my cell and the voice—"only Pepita's cousin"—told me all.

He took my hand and led me to where two horses were tethered. "Two?" I said, in surprise. "Yes, I go with you." "Yes," said the President? "The little monk pushed back the cowl, and two glorious eyes looked into mine. "I am not Pepita's cousin," she said.

New Month. Made for a Pittsburg Man—A Rare Surgical Operation. A wonderful surgical operation was performed at the Homeopathic Hospital yesterday by Dr. E. R. Gregg, of Highland avenue, East End, assisted by Dr. L. H. Willard, of Allegheny, and Dr. Hoffman, Shadyside. In the records of surgical operations very few cases of the kind are to be found, one in about a century. The operation was the opening of the stomach from a point on the left side near the lower ribs, and inserting a tube through which the man could feed himself. The patient is a German named William Affholder. He is 45 years old, and until a year ago had never been ill. A cancer developed in the cardiac end of the stomach and in the oesophagus, resulting in a stricture of the oesophagus and preventing him swallowing food of any kind. He was a large man and when admitted to the hospital two weeks ago weighed 275 pounds. Being unable to take nourishment of any kind, except by injection, he was slowly starving to death, and before the operation yesterday morning he was a mere skeleton, weighing only 115 pounds, a loss of 160 pounds in two weeks. His suffering by being unable to swallow and plenty of food about must have been more intense than ordinarily in cases of starvation. The operation was resorted to only when the last hope of forcing food into his stomach through his mouth had failed. The obstruction being near the stomach, the method of using a tube and syringe could not be resorted to. Affholder was perfectly willing for the operation to be performed; he was anxious for it, so that his terrible suffering could be ended either by placing food into his craving stomach or by death. As soon as he had been placed under the influence of ether Dr. Gregg made an incision between two muscles on the left side, just below the ribs, and slowly separated the tissues without cutting them until he could make an opening in the stomach. A rubber tube was placed in position and a small quantity of nourishment injected. Affholder stood the operation better than had been expected, and when he revived he showed little signs of shock. It is not proposed to leave the tube in the opening as a permanent arrangement. It will be allowed to stay, however, until the wound heals about it. It will then be withdrawn and the abdominal muscles will close up as tightly as he could close his lips. When he is hungry he can insert the tube himself, but before putting solids into his stomach he will first have to masticate them. He will never be able to swallow anything, but, unlike those who are fed through a tube or an opening in the throat, he can enjoy the sense of taste. His life depends upon the cancer. He never starves to death.—Pittsburg Post.

How He was Hoodooed. "Robinson Crusoe had a pretty tough time of it in some ways, didn't he?" "Naturally." "Why naturally?" "He ought to have known that Friday was unlucky."—Chicago Post. The old silver dollar of 412 1-2 grains fills the bill exactly. So long as it was a legal tender, it was an honest dollar worth 100 cents, and had the ring of the true metal. Remember it, and it will be again what it was for eighty years—worth one hundred cents.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 15 1876.

For the benefit of small and modest societies there are already planning how they would with the least possible outlay realize most of their Thanksgiving boxes, I should like—sufficiently in advance of the day—to submit a little plan that we found delightfully successful a year ago. We were just a little band of King's Daughters with alms far exceeding our purse strings so that we distinctly realized at our preparatory meeting that what ever scheme we embarked upon must be the least pretentious possible. The expenditure and receipts given below will give those who wish to go and do likewise, information on every point in the undertaking and will enable them to see where their outlay is exceeding the amount strictly necessary to carry out the work.

Confectioners' sugar, 17 lbs. \$1.20
Granulated sugar, 4 lbs. .70
English walnuts, 4 lbs. .70
Kernels, 2 lbs. .25
Peanuts, 2 lbs. .40
Dates, 4 lbs. .40
Peanuts, 5 quarts, 4 qts. .50
Cocoanut, 1 lb. .15
Chocolate, 1 lb. .25
Peppermint extract, .05
Wintergreen, .05
Vanilla, .05
Eggs 1/2 doz. .14
Boxes, 50 .14
Indian baskets, 7 .32
Paper bags, .10
Butter, 1/2 lb. .13

From this outlay of \$7.55 we made and sold: 50 boxes candy, at 40c, a box, \$20.00
7 boxes of candy, at 25c, .175
36 clam shells of salted peanuts at 5c, 1.80
Total, \$28.55
Which left in our exchequer exactly \$21.00. These are the receipts:

CHOCOLATE FUDGES. Two cups confectioners' sugar, one-half cup milk, 2 squares baker's chocolate, butter size of a walnut. Boil eight minutes, remove from the fire and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla; beat five minutes, pour into pan and cut into squares when cool. COCOANUT FUDGES. Make the same as the chocolate, using one-half pound cocoanut instead of chocolate. No flavoring. BUTTER CANDY. Three cups of confectioners' sugar three-fourths cup milk; boil ten minutes; add one pound pecans broken into small pieces; beat four minutes pour into pan and cut into squares when cool. PEANUT CANDY. One cup granulated sugar, one cup chopped pecans; melt the sugar in an iron skillet (which retains the heat); add the pecans and pour out very quickly. Mark into squares when cold. PEPPERMINT DROPS. One cup confectioners' sugar, one cup water three-fourths teaspoonful peppermint extract. After it begins to boil try in cold water until it forms a soft ball. Remove from the fire and set in a dish of hot water. Beat two or three minutes and drop quickly into buttered plates. WINTERGREEN DROPS. Make the same as peppermint, using one teaspoonful of winter green extract. CREAM CANDY. White of one egg and the same quantity of water. Flavor with vanilla and add confectioners' sugar until thick enough to knead. Knead until smooth. Remove the stones from dates, fill with the cream candy and roll in granulated sugar. Cover the blanched almonds with cream candy and roll in granulated sugar. One-half pound of the cream candy into small flat pieces and press a half of an English walnut into each side. In addition to these one might like to include butter scotch, which was not on our menu. If so, the following is an excellent recipe: BUTTER SCOTCH. Two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful vinegar, butter size of an egg, boil until brittle when dropped in cold water. Pour out quickly an cup into small squares when nearly cold. Wrap each square in oiled paper. Except for the peanut candy a chafing dish offers the very best possible facilities for candy making, and for the fifty pounds and more used at the candy sale two chafing dishes were entirely adequate.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. How the Venus de Milo would have grinned could she have seen to what favor she would have obtained in '96, when the whole fashionable world is striving after her women, and not the hideous hour-glass forms so long considered beautiful. To be "laced" is now considered the height of vulgarity. Fashion, frivolous as she is, does, once in a decade, strike something sensible, and this is certainly one of the times. Fancy the human figure being expected to show the neck and waist of the same proportion! Those who are trying to live up to this false ideal must have grown into deformity. It is quite natural the waist should be smaller than the bust or hips, but it need not be strangled. Few of us are constructed on the lines of the ideal woman, so that much of our beauty form depends upon good corsets. These are of primary importance. All modistes declare this, although few of them have any preference, provided the corset is suited to the figure wearing it. What is needed is a corset allowing plenty of room at the bust and on the hips, interfering in no way with the breathing and catching one in just below the ribs. They are injurious to health and most unlovely. In Paris the shortest sort of corsets are worn. Every corset should have at least two laces, preferably three, so there will be no straining at certain points.

The bolero at present in all its various forms attracts all the attention of the dress-makers; every patron desires a bolero, and it takes an ingenious brain to devise so many different styles. I have a theory that you can pretty truly tell the state of a woman's intellectual powers from the style and color of the clothes she wears. And in saying this, I mean the women who have the time and means to choose the garments which they like, for often women of taste and refinement are so restricted that they cannot select what seems to them suitable and becoming.

It is disgusting to see the extent to which some of the sex go in this matter of dress. I remember of seeing a woman on the streets of one of our cities whose appearance exactly accorded with my idea of "dowdiness." She wore a satin brocade of an intense emerald hue, trimmed with a pink approaching magenta, and I really pitied the woman for the comment she was inviting. Then some women seem to have no idea of the "fitness of things." They think nothing of wearing evening dresses to travel in, and the most elegant dresses to work in. A woman whom I have met several times on the streets wore an all plush gown of a crushed-strawberry color—a beautiful dress in its place—and a white felt hat trimmed with multitudes of long white plumes. There may have been some good reason for her wearing that dress at that time, but I can think of none, unless it be that suddenly reduced circumstances left her with numerous rich gowns to wear out; or perhaps a wealthy relative bequeathed this wonderful bit of apparel to her, and she must be dutiful and show her appreciation of the bequest.

There are too many girls in business life who seem to be entirely regardless of the necessity of having "quiet" dresses for business hours. If I were a business man seeking a young lady assistant, I would make it a point to notice the general style of the garments which the different applicants wore, and dismiss all those who were at all "loud" in appearance. If a girl is neatly dressed in an appropriate gown of subdued color—one which does not attract your attention involuntarily by reason of its showiness, you may be sure she has a large stock of common sense, and is capable of a great deal in a business way.

On the other hand, if her hat seems about to topple over with its load of decorations, and her dress is of such a brilliant hue as to make one feel dyspeptic, make up your mind that her mental faculties are not of the highest order. Speaking of hats, the "fearfully and wonderfully made" headgear of the past season reminds one of the dandy of the Fiji Islands, one who has nothing to do but to wander idly about, plucking flowers of every conceivable color with which to decorate his head. Are we yet civilized? I wish our girls would think a little more about the matter of their attire; and they would if they fully realized the important part it takes in others' judgment of them. As Dr. J. G. Holland says: "There are few habits that a woman may acquire, which, in the long run, will tend more to the preservation of her own self respect than through tastefulness, appropriateness and tidiness of dress, and certainly very few which will make her more agreeable to others."

In direct contrast with the wide, untrimmed skirts of last season are the narrow, oddly garnished designs shown at this week's openings. Paneled and slashed effects are prominent, heavy braid over satin being used in the trimming of more than a few woolsen skirts, while the flowered and brocaded evening gowns have the skirts garnished with bows or shaded ribbon, streamers of lace or rosettes and puffs of chiffon.

An extremely pretty sofa cushion seen lately was of empire green denim with the pattern outlined with white cotton soutache and novelty braids and the corners finished with large, soft rosettes of white point d'esprit. Another one of blue satin, embroidered in gold, had a heavy gold cord all around it, finished with a trefoil at the corners. There is almost no limit to the use of the jacket idea in autumn gown designing. The jacket is seldom a real one, dissociated from its gown, but merely a pair of wings stitched into the side seams and rounded or pointed to jacket shape in front. As pretty a model as any is a gem in the cigar-brown tint which has been favored by the latest Royal trossure in Great Britain. The skirts simply cut and the vest is muslin, confined by a wide black satin belt and collar. The bolero is silk covered with coffee-colored lace, and, instead of being rounded off at the corners, it is brought down to two points in front.

Perhaps the prettiest fabrics of the autumn are those reddish brown mixtures which present a warm appearance, tempered with threads of black, and trimmed and faced with black. If the complexion will stand it, that is the chic combination of the moment. The new sleeve is in a bad way. In its present form it consists of a tight, wrinkled pipe nearly up to the shoulder, where a ridiculous little puff conceals or accentuates it. As it is, it is uglier than the leg-of-mutton sleeves of two years ago.

A Candy Sale.

For the benefit of small and modest societies there are already planning how they would with the least possible outlay realize most of their Thanksgiving boxes, I should like—sufficiently in advance of the day—to submit a little plan that we found delightfully successful a year ago. We were just a little band of King's Daughters with alms far exceeding our purse strings so that we distinctly realized at our preparatory meeting that what ever scheme we embarked upon must be the least pretentious possible. The expenditure and receipts given below will give those who wish to go and do likewise, information on every point in the undertaking and will enable them to see where their outlay is exceeding the amount strictly necessary to carry out the work.

Confectioners' sugar, 17 lbs. \$1.20
Granulated sugar, 4 lbs. .70
English walnuts, 4 lbs. .70
Kernels, 2 lbs. .25
Peanuts, 2 lbs. .40
Dates, 4 lbs. .40
Peanuts, 5 quarts, 4 qts. .50
Cocoanut, 1 lb. .15
Chocolate, 1 lb. .25
Peppermint extract, .05
Wintergreen, .05
Vanilla, .05
Eggs 1/2 doz. .14
Boxes, 50 .14
Indian baskets, 7 .32
Paper bags, .10
Butter, 1/2 lb. .13

From this outlay of \$7.55 we made and sold: 50 boxes candy, at 40c, a box, \$20.00
7 boxes of candy, at 25c, .175
36 clam shells of salted peanuts at 5c, 1.80
Total, \$28.55
Which left in our exchequer exactly \$21.00. These are the receipts:

CHOCOLATE FUDGES. Two cups confectioners' sugar, one-half cup milk, 2 squares baker's chocolate, butter size of a walnut. Boil eight minutes, remove from the fire and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla; beat five minutes, pour into pan and cut into squares when cool. COCOANUT FUDGES. Make the same as the chocolate, using one-half pound cocoanut instead of chocolate. No flavoring. BUTTER CANDY. Three cups of confectioners' sugar three-fourths cup milk; boil ten minutes; add one pound pecans broken into small pieces; beat four minutes pour into pan and cut into squares when cool. PEANUT CANDY. One cup granulated sugar, one cup chopped pecans; melt the sugar in an iron skillet (which retains the heat); add the pecans and pour out very quickly. Mark into squares when cold. PEPPERMINT DROPS. One cup confectioners' sugar, one cup water three-fourths teaspoonful peppermint extract. After it begins to boil try in cold water until it forms a soft ball. Remove from the fire and set in a dish of hot water. Beat two or three minutes and drop quickly into buttered plates. WINTERGREEN DROPS. Make the same as peppermint, using one teaspoonful of winter green extract. CREAM CANDY. White of one egg and the same quantity of water. Flavor with vanilla and add confectioners' sugar until thick enough to knead. Knead until smooth. Remove the stones from dates, fill with the cream candy and roll in granulated sugar. Cover the blanched almonds with cream candy and roll in granulated sugar. One-half pound of the cream candy into small flat pieces and press a half of an English walnut into each side. In addition to these one might like to include butter scotch, which was not on our menu. If so, the following is an excellent recipe: BUTTER SCOTCH. Two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful vinegar, butter size of an egg, boil until brittle when dropped in cold water. Pour out quickly an cup into small squares when nearly cold. Wrap each square in oiled paper. Except for the peanut candy a chafing dish offers the very best possible facilities for candy making, and for the fifty pounds and more used at the candy sale two chafing dishes were entirely adequate.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. How the Venus de Milo would have grinned could she have seen to what favor she would have obtained in '96, when the whole fashionable world is striving after her women, and not the hideous hour-glass forms so long considered beautiful. To be "laced" is now considered the height of vulgarity. Fashion, frivolous as she is, does, once in a decade, strike something sensible, and this is certainly one of the times. Fancy the human figure being expected to show the neck and waist of the same proportion! Those who are trying to live up to this false ideal must have grown into deformity. It is quite natural the waist should be smaller than the bust or hips, but it need not be strangled. Few of us are constructed on the lines of the ideal woman, so that much of our beauty form depends upon good corsets. These are of primary importance. All modistes declare this, although few of them have any preference, provided the corset is suited to the figure wearing it. What is needed is a corset allowing plenty of room at the bust and on the hips, interfering in no way with the breathing and catching one in just below the ribs. They are injurious to health and most unlovely. In Paris the shortest sort of corsets are worn. Every corset should have at least two laces, preferably three, so there will be no straining at certain points.

The bolero at present in all its various forms attracts all the attention of the dress-makers; every patron desires a bolero, and it takes an ingenious brain to devise so many different styles. I have a theory that you can pretty truly tell the state of a woman's intellectual powers from the style and color of the clothes she wears. And in saying this, I mean the women who have the time and means to choose the garments which they like, for often women of taste and refinement are so restricted that they cannot select what seems to them suitable and becoming.

It is disgusting to see the extent to which some of the sex go in this matter of dress. I remember of seeing a woman on the streets of one of our cities whose appearance exactly accorded with my idea of "dowdiness." She wore a satin brocade of an intense emerald hue, trimmed with a pink approaching magenta, and I really pitied the woman for the comment she was inviting. Then some women seem to have no idea of the "fitness of things." They think nothing of wearing evening dresses to travel in, and the most elegant dresses to work in. A woman whom I have met several times on the streets wore an all plush gown of a crushed-strawberry color—a beautiful dress in its place—and a white felt hat trimmed with multitudes of long white plumes. There may have been some good reason for her wearing that dress at that time, but I can think of none, unless it be that suddenly reduced circumstances left her with numerous rich gowns to wear out; or perhaps a wealthy relative bequeathed this wonderful bit of apparel to her, and she must be dutiful and show her appreciation of the bequest.

There are too many girls in business life who seem to be entirely regardless of the necessity of having "quiet" dresses for business hours. If I were a business man seeking a young lady assistant, I would make it a point to notice the general style of the garments which the different applicants wore, and dismiss all those who were at all "loud" in appearance. If a girl is neatly dressed in an appropriate gown of subdued color—one which does not attract your attention involuntarily by reason of its showiness, you may be sure she has a large stock of common sense, and is capable of a great deal in a business way.

On the other hand, if her hat seems about to topple over with its load of decorations, and her dress is of such a brilliant hue as to make one feel dyspeptic, make up your mind that her mental faculties are not of the highest order. Speaking of hats, the "fearfully and wonderfully made" headgear of the past season reminds one of the dandy of the Fiji Islands, one who has nothing to do but to wander idly about, plucking flowers of every conceivable color with which to decorate his head. Are we yet civilized? I wish our girls would think a little more about the matter of their attire; and they would if they fully realized the important part it takes in others' judgment of them. As Dr. J. G. Holland says: "There are few habits that a woman may acquire, which, in the long run, will tend more to the preservation of her own self respect than through tastefulness, appropriateness and tidiness of dress, and certainly very few which will make her more agreeable to others."

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