

DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence—
When the freight splutter low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of the long ago...

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

"Shirley, I am afraid I shall have to give up and go to bed," said Mrs. Anderson, faintly. She held herself by the door-casing and her delicate face was drawn with suffering...

"Oh mother—with those six ministers coming to luncheon and dinner! How can Deborah ever manage without you? And she's always so grumpy with company. We never—"

"Why—but, Deborah," began Shirley, in despair. "What shall I do? Mother's gone to bed with one of her dreadful headaches. She won't be able to lift her head to-day. Can't you just stay till evening? You can go right after dinner to-night. You needn't wash a dish. How can I ever—"

"If you'd stayed to home all these years and helped your ma instead of going off to school and college, you might have been some use in the kitchen," said Mrs. Deborah, unreluctantly. "No, I can't stay. Sick folks have to come before well ones, and I guess you'll have to make out your well's you can. There wa'n't no rime nor reason in your pa's asking such a passel of parsons, anyhow—"

"But Shirley's own grievance, when presented by Deborah after this fashion, assumed a different aspect. The girl crossed the floor, and with head held high, opened the outer door. "There is certainly no reason why father should not entertain as many friends as he wishes," she said, frigidly. "I won't urge you to stay. I shall manage."

"Oh!" groaned the watcher, as the little company turned in. "There are eight of them, and they all look awfully wedded—not one that could possibly be the least bit dyspeptic! Who's that boy with them? No, he's not a boy—he has a frock coat. He doesn't look twenty. What a nice face! Here they come. Oh—and mother can't—why, I must meet them!"

cordial greeting which was the hostess's part. "Mr. Southern, Shirley," said Mr. Anderson, bringing up, last of all, the youthful-looking clergyman, whom Shirley had hastily characterized as a "boy."

Shirley looked up into the clearest, frankest pair of blue eyes she had ever seen, which looked down into her own black ones with an expression of great friendliness. "What college?" asked Mr. Southern. The other clergyman had fallen into discussion of some important question to be settled in the approaching session.

"You may laugh," she said, smiling, "but in spite of my calm appearance, I'm in the most trying experience of my life this very minute." "You are?" Mr. Southern glanced round. "What's up? It is rather an ordeal to have such a lot of fellows swoop down upon you, but—oh, has the cook left?"

"He asked the question in a whisper," Shirley nodded. "How did you guess?" His face grew grave. "I've been there," he said. "And your mother is ill. And you're—a college girl?" Shirley flushed.

"Oh, I know," he went on, eagerly. "The higher mathematics don't leave much time for domestic science. That will come all right when you are free. Meanwhile—can't you give us a Welsh rabbit? I don't know about fudge—"

"But it's all right," said Shirley, hurriedly, realizing suddenly what a singular thing she was doing in revealing her perplexities to so penetrating a guest. "I shall manage all right, I'm sure. You—you all go over to the church soon, I suppose?"

"Then I can make a sublime oyster stew. It's my specialty. And the oysters will go round, and—"

"Gentlemen," said the voice of the Rev. Amos Anderson, sounding clearly above the masculine confusion of tongues, for the arguments were waxing spirited. "I think it is now time to step over to the church. We will go at once, if you please, and return at one o'clock for luncheon. That is the hour, believe me?"

"Yes, at one, father," she said, with a graceful inclination of her pretty head. She did not even take the precaution of telling him in an anxious aside not to add any more at the last moment to his list of guests. So the company fled out of the door and down the steps, the youngsters of the flock going last, as was befitting.

ed out and sneaked in without much superfluous attention. Pardon my finding my way out here, but I thought the less ceremony the better. Now for the oysters."

There was no use in being embarrassed over the singular circumstances. Max Southern simply would not allow it. His took off the frock coat and, laughing like the boy he looked, tied on one of Deborah's blue-checked aprons, which he spied hanging from a nail in the kitchen. Then he fell to work with such grace and gusto that in five minutes Shirley had forgotten the absurdity of it all and was enjoying herself as if they were at some sort of a frolic. Southern took command.

"Just the right sort of oysters! Can't make a first-class stew out of the common kind. Put them in a saucepan with their own liquor, please. No—not on the stove yet. The milk must get hot first, and the oysters themselves need very little cooking. I shall want a good chunk of butter, and salt and pepper. Let's put the soup plates on the rack here, and let them get hot. I came to know about stews at college and the sem. We used to go over to Karl Heintz's every Saturday night in the winter and have one of his famous stews. He made them before us, and I used to watch him."

"And I am watching you," observed Shirley. "I feel small." "You needn't. It doesn't take a college girl long to pick up kitchen learning when she gets the chance. Trained brains count just as much in that department as in any other. Let's see, nearly one o'clock. Time to put on the oysters. Thank you; that's right."

"I was precisely five minutes past one when Mr. Southern slipped into the room where were assembled the other clergymen, who had just come in from the church. There was a warm color on his smooth, clear cheeks—kitchen stoves are hot in early October—but his manner was unflinching. "I did not see you during the discussion, Southern," commented Doctor Deane, he of the eleven o'clock address and the distinguished bearing. "I expected to hear you take part."

"I was sorry to miss it, sir, but found it necessary to be away," explained the younger man. "I heard the address, and should hardly have felt competent to discuss it." "Like the way your modesty sticks to you," laughed Doctor Deane.

"The luncheon went off smoothly. Shirley, with no apologies, served it herself. Southern ate his stew with a gravity which was nearly too much for her, and drank the coffee of his own brewing with only one merry twinkle of good fellowship in her direction. Luncheon over, he succeeded in getting a word with her. "I'll be over at half past four," he assured her.

"Oh, yes!" "Oh, yes! Don't I know that dinner will be much harder to get than luncheon? They will be hungry as tigers, every man of them. Have you a roast?"

"Yes, I—I think it's beef." "If it's a good one, put it in by four o'clock. Put it in a big pan, shake flour over it, and pour on a cupful of boiling water." He did not seem to notice Shirley's ever-ready flush. It was humiliating to the girl that she could not be even of these simple points.

accomplished cook herself, declared she had never succeeded in equating it.—By Grace S. Richmond, in the Youth's Companion.

Islanders Tired of Hawaii.

Originally over 1,000 Gilbert Islanders went to Hawaii. They were taken there in 1880 and 1882 to work on the plantations. To make them better satisfied with their lot, each man was allowed transportation for his entire family. But the Gilbert Islander did not want to work. He found plantation life too strenuous and that he did not have to labor to live in Hawaii. It was easier to lay around in the balmy air under a cocoanut palm and live on fish, bread fruit, bananas and coconuts. Food was plenty and could be had without money.

While a few of the men, did work on the plantations and managed to amass considerable money, most of them enjoyed life in idleness. The women made hats and mats, and the men sold these—that is, if some one came to them to buy. Originally the art of weaving was taught to the Hawaiians, but they have far outstripped the latter, and the native hat, which is the product of the South Sea Islanders, is finer in texture and workmanship than the far famed Panama. And the hats were not quite so expensive as the imported article, the sale price ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.50.

With the departure of the little colony, it is expected that the Hawaiians will regain their lost art of weaving. A wealth of material is at their hand, for the natives do not let anything green go to waste. They can weave fiber, ferns, grasses and striped stalks to the oldest possible conceits. From the grasses that spring up near the sea, to the scraggy bushes that grow near the highest mountain ridges, the Hawaiian makes use of them all, what cannot be eaten is woven into something that will clothe or adorn.

The Gilbert Islanders cared less for money than the Hawaiians, and were soon in control of the industry. Now that they are gone the Hawaiians can come into their own again—and the prices of hats will mount accordingly. Altogether 230 South Sea Islanders returned on the British steamer. British Consul Hoar had been trying for some time to get a warship to return the islanders to their homes, but had not succeeded. They had all British subjects—and some took for three or four years now at home. The islanders had been anxious to get back to their old haunts. No longer contented with the easy life of Hawaii, they were anxious to return to Aotia, about which they had built up a romance for their children and grandchildren. But they haven't the money to return and so they have stayed on, until the chance visit of the tramp steamer Iselworth gave them the opportunity.

Some of the men had saved money and between them they raised the \$1,000 which was asked to pay their passage home. Overcome by the glances, those who had gone to the bank had not, so it was possible for the entire 230 to leave. It is freely predicted that the Gilbertese will not be long in their old homes before they will wish themselves well back in Hawaii. The romance they have created and embroidered for their children and grandchildren will not be there. Still, the Gilbert Islanders will be at home, and that is all they have asked.

\$35,000 for Life Prisoner.

Income to be Used as Far as May be to Better Stephan's Lot. Supreme Court Justice Scott, of New York, was asked on last Wednesday to appoint the Trust company of America as a committee of the estate of Alphonse J. Stephani, a life prisoner in Clinton prison. Dannerora, who recently inherited \$25,000 on the death of his mother in Germany. The application was made by Charles J. Stephani, the convict's uncle, and no opposition appeared it will probably be granted. The income of the estate will be devoted toward ameliorating, as far as possible, the condition of the convict.

Stephani was tried in 1891 for the murder of lawyer Clinton G. Reynolds. He pleaded insanity, but was found guilty of murder in the second degree; and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. His father died in Germany in 1888, leaving his estate in trust with Stephani's mother, to revert to him and his brother on her death. Mr. Reynolds had been engaged by Mrs. Stephani, who was named as executrix of her husband's estate. She had left the management of the estate to Alphonse, who, it is alleged, turned everything into cash. When refused to give an account. While young Stephani was in Europe, his mother, acting on Mr. Reynolds' advice, began suit for the accounting, and enjoined the son from removing securities valued at \$50,000, from a safe deposit company. Young Stephani came back and on May 15th, 1899, shot Mr. Reynolds down in the latter's office in Wall street. Mr. Reynolds died five days later.

Big Purchase of Coal Lands.

Rembrandt Peale, of New York, becomes Owner of 1,000 Acres. Rembrandt Peale, of New York, one of the biggest soft coal operators in central Pennsylvania, has purchased from D. E. Nottley, of Hastings, twelve tracts containing over 1,000 acres of coal land, lying on Susquehanna township, Cambria county. In some cases the mineral rights, while in others it calls for the coal rights only. By the deal Mr. Peale becomes the owner of the largest tracts of coal land owned by one man in the north of Pennsylvania. The deal has been on for some time, but the papers were not filed at Ebensburg until a few days ago. The coal in Susquehanna township is of a very fair grade, and the tracts are said to be worth every bit of the sum Mr. Peale paid for it, \$64,303.00. According to reports, the new owner of the property will in the spring commence several new openings. Mr. Peale already operates several coal mines in the vicinity of Carrolltown.

Thirty-One Men Died in a Wreck of Two Trains.

Head-on Collision on Big Four Results in Great Number of Fatalities. At Least Fifteen Among Injured. Bodies Still in Debris Piled on Tracks to Height of 32 Feet. Conductor Failed to Stop.

Thirty-one men were killed and at least 15 injured in a head-on collision between a freight train and a work train on the Big Four railway between Mackinaw and Tremont Ill. Thursday afternoon. Bodies of 26 of the victims have been taken from the wreck, which is piled 35 feet high on the tracks. Five bodies yet remain buried under the huge pile of broken timber and twisted and destroyed iron and steel.

On a bank at the side of the track lie the bodies of the victims, cut, bruised and mangled in a horrible manner. So far 19 only have been identified, the remaining being unrecognizable by those who knew them and are aware of the fact that they are among the dead.

All the dead and most of the injured are members of the work train, the crews on both engines jumping in time to save their lives. The collision occurred in a deep cut at the beginning of a sharp curve, neither train being visible to the crew of the other until they were within 50 feet of each other. The engineers set the brakes, sounded the whistles and then leaped from their cabs, the two trains striking with such force that the sound was heard for miles.

A second after the collision the boiler of the work train engine exploded throwing heavy iron bars and splinters of wood 200 feet. Conductor John W. Judge of Indianapolis, who had charge of the freight train, received orders at Urbane to wait at Mackinaw for the work train, which was due there at 2:40 p. m. Instead of doing this he failed to stop. The engineer of the work train, George Becker, had also received orders to pass the freight at Mackinaw and was on the way to that station. The work train was perhaps five minutes late and was running at full speed.

The collision was witnessed by Russell Noonan, a farmer's boy 14 years of age, who hastened to a nearby house and telephoned to Tremont. A special train and four physicians was made up in a few minutes and in less than half an hour was on the scene. At the same time another train arrived from Pekin bearing Superintendent C. R. Barnard of the Big Four and three physicians. The second train bore a lot of rope and these were utilized to carry out the mangled corpses of the victims.

After working two hours the remains of 26 men were taken out. One of the last bodies recovered was that of William Bailey, of Mackinaw, who had been lifted 30 feet into the air and held in place by two steel rails which had pushed up between the engine and the tender of the work train. The workmen had been engaged in laying steel rails at different points along the track and three of the freight cars were heavily loaded.

The injured were taken to the two cabooses of the relief trains, where temporary hospitals were improvised and their wounds taken care of. One coaboose was taken to Morton, while the other was sent to Tremont. The dead will lie on the bank all night, or until the arrival of the corner of Tazewell county in the morning. The victims were residents of neighboring towns and the scenes about the wreck Thursday evening were beyond description. Wives and children of men who had been missing through around, asking if their husbands or fathers had been killed. Out of the 35 men who constituted the crew of the work train only four are living and two of these are seriously injured. Wreckage is strewn along the track for a distance of nearly 200 feet and it will be 24 hours before it can be cleared.

Deaths Number Twenty.

Eighteen Bodies Taken From Debris of Big Four Wreck. The number of deaths in the Big Four collision near Menert Thursday is now put at twenty, including two which occurred after the injured had been removed from the wreck. The debris was cleared from the track during the night and eighteen bodies in all recovered. Fourteen men were injured and are now in hospitals in Peoria. Of the dead all but three, were horribly mangled, have been identified.

Fraudulent Substitution.

Much of that which we eat, drink, or even wear is not what it professes to be, and it seems to us that the public are for all practical purposes unprotected. Need further examples be quoted than the following, which we have often quoted before? A mixture of linen and cotton is sold as pure linen, a mixture of wool and cotton is sold as all wool, a mixture of silk and cotton is sold for pure silk, goods bought as pure silk are heavily loaded with mineral matter to give a spurious impression of heaviness, grain spirit is sold as grape spirit or genuine brandy, the same spirit is sold as malt spirit or whisky, Indian tea is passed off as China tea, "plantain" coffee is sold as real Mocha, and cottonseed oil is palmed off as genuine olive oil. Again, in jam and marmalade glucose is substituted for cane sugar, and glucose is also used in place of malt for making beer.

Evolution.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)—What became of the little kitten you had here once? Little Girl—Why, haven't you heard? "No. Was he drowned?" "No!" "Lost?" "No!" "Poisoned?" "No!" "Then what became of it?" "It grew up to be a cat."—Illustrated News.

Just Passing.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tubby?" "Yes; we have a passing acquaintance." "Oh, as much as that?" "Yes. We were at the same card table once. She passed, and so did I."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

—Woman to draw us on succeeds, But, by so fine a thread, Man, blinded, thinks 'tis he who leads— Unknowing he is led.

Muffs are huge, soft and rather flat and follow the lines of the cape or coat, being trimmed and ornamented to match.

Fancy hairpins are much worn this season, and hair ornaments of all kinds. Pretty ones have shell teeth and fancy oxidized top, some plain, some set with brilliants, turquoises, etc.

Large single hairpins are shown in gunmetal or gold effects.

Very quaint and old timey are the wrist frill which match the stock in style and material. These are worn with heavy winter coats quite as much as old fashioned indoor frocks. Zibeline, velvet and broadcloth suits have these wrist frills.

White wool house gowns and waists are very popular.

The waists are simply made, small tucks or box pleats being much used on them. A white albatross waist is tucked in quarter-inch tucks back and front, the sleeves being plain in the pouch. There is a high stock collar, and around it is arranged a granium red taffeta tie, knotted at the throat and twice in the long ends, small bullet shaped brass buttons, set close together, or seem to fasten the waist, in reality it is closed invisibly by flat pearl buttons. Another white wool waist is boxed-pleated in very narrow pleats and has a tucked collar overlaid with six stitched vertical straps. Under these a pale blue taffeta tie is run. Similar straps down the front hold the tie ends.

Two years ago the November event was a show of laces, last year furs were the feature; this season the fashionable woman is known by her sleeve.

There are as many sleeve novelties as there are dressmakers and a few more, to allow for the makers who invent two. Beginning in the morning with the tailcoat dress, the sleeve develops eccentricities which become more and more startling as the day and the costume progress from afternoon to evening.

Never, until preparations for the home show began has the tailor dress dared a trimmed sleeve; yet in the exhibits by the city's best makers the severest dresses intended for mornings at the rigside are finished at the wrists with ruffles of lace and chiffon. Many such dresses have elbow sleeves beneath which swell and flutter airy lace balloons.

The sleeves of a black broadcloth tailor dress built on lines of the most rigid simplicity are extremely full from shoulder to wrist, and are finished with tight cuffs swelling to bell shaped gannets which fall over deep ruffles of corn-tanned lace.

Another black tailor dress with a plain Eton jacket has sleeves that barely cover the upper arms. From these drop full under-sleeves of white silk and lace with high pointed cuffs covered with Persian embroidery.

One of the smartest of the many new afternoon sleeves is out in one with the bodice, giving a cape appearance. It is called the drooping shoulder sleeve. Beneath the cape comes a fall of lace or chiffon ruffled with lace, the sleeve fitting close at the wrist and well down over the knuckles, and finishing with an old fashioned lace frill.

Never than this is the sleeve which hangs in a loose bag from the shoulder to below the elbow, narrowing then somewhat, not much, to lace ruffles that cover the hands. In such sleeves wire hoops are sometimes introduced to take the weight off the dress sleeves, and insure constant distention.

The severity of a "tailor made" tweed or broadcloth has the rigor of jacket model mitigated by the long seam, strapped or lapped, introduced on the mid-shoulder. This is not to be confounded with the bretelle effect, for the lines do not spindle in from shoulder to middle of the waist in order to make the latter look more slender. The long glass effect is not desired. What is expected of the new and gracefully curved line is to create the impression of height and slenderness. The extremely wide shoulder effects noted in designing materials are not so desirable in heavy cloths, cheviot, zibeline or tweed.

The three quarter coat shows the new strapped seam extending in a generous curve from mid-shoulder down to what might be considered the outer "daisy" form, and then curving away again to the bottom of the jacket so as to slightly increase its distance from the joint of the jacket fronts, as it goes. In short, the long seams starting from mid-shoulder reach to the bust line, and then follow its curves to the bust, and then spring out again to the bottom of the coat.

In a dark blue camelhair zibeline the effect of these long stitched straps is particularly good. The skirt would be a ninegore, very plain, and just touching the ground.

A simple tweed suit of golden brown with touches of pale blue visible here and there, made with a long coat 27 inches deep. The two heavily stitched straps of tweed mark the mid-shoulder seams. The skirt has a deep pointed hip yoke, and from this mount descends in tucks, three on each side, to a point below the knees. The tucks are machine stitched, and so match the strapped shoulder seams.

The coat collar and lapels are of the tweed simply stitched, and the loose fitting coat sleeves is treated with five rows of machine stitching. A dainty vision of pale blue Irish linen shirt waist, worn beneath, is seen when the fly front jacket is unbuttoned. The high linen stock collar shows a dark brown satin ribbon folded once across and tied in a neat butterfly bow beneath the chin.

For the first time the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, has elected a woman, Miss Sara E. Weir, to a position in the Institute. She has been made assistant secretary.

Marie Antoinette rose wreaths form the only trimming on some very smart imported chapeaux.

Sets of crush girdles and fancy stocks to match are indispensable to the complete wardrobe.

The rough "stippled" plaster finish, either left in the natural gray or colored, is one of the most appropriate wall finishes for an accompaniment to the heavy woodwork of an arts and crafts room, and is steadily growing in favor.

Yokes extending over the tops of the sleeves in cape effect show decidedly the "1830" influence and are very fashionable.