

THE PILGRIM

Little one, dear, with deep eyes glowing. Standing at morn on the broad highway. I am a pilgrim, backward going. Where? Ah—where? If there's any knowing Only you can show me the way.

I am weary, grave little daughter. Broke in my staff with the steep hill climb. Dry is my flask of the holy water. Drained of the rose when the new had sought her.

Long ago at the matin chime. I have tarried too long in the sordid towers. That seat the vallon on vonder side. The gold is worn from the morning hours.

But somewhere blossom the old-time flowers— Somewhere, child, for the world is wide!

Lead, little feet that are light with laughter. Back, far back, ere the end of day. On the highroad, stumble after. Only you can show me the way.

—Margaret Belle Houston, in Ainslee's.

THE EXCEEDING WILLNESS OF MRS. MIMMS.

Mrs. Syram Mimms sat upon her low front porch and looked with disconsolate eye upon the village landscape before her. By all the canons of valley housewifery she should have been canning peaches for the family's winter consumption; but there are conditions of the spirit when one does not care whether one's family has peaches to eat or not, and as Mrs. Mimms's family—consisting of one husband—had just treated her in a notably unkind manner, she was suffering from one of those conditions.

The circumstances were these: Mrs. Mimms ardently desired a new dress for the Association, and, realizing the difficulties of the situation, had, like a prudent general, planned her campaign with the greatest care, and made her request after Mr. Mimms had just consumed a dinner consisting of all the eatables he most liked. But even the most famous generals are but slaves to small circumstances. Unfortunately, in the interval after dinner, in which Mrs. Mimms washed the dishes, her husband took forty winks in his chair on the porch, a wasp had assaulted Mr. Mimms. He was in the act of extracting the weapon of the vicious but short-sighted insect from his hand when she hastily made her plea.

As a result, she was not only told shortly that the money was not to be spared—that she had been prepared for—but also that the dress was not needed, and, moreover, that she was getting too old and gray to care about such toffery. As her last dress dated back to the meeting of the same Association four years before, the injustice as well as the disparaging nature of this remark had cut like a knife, and Mrs. Mimms, contrary to custom and to her previous intention, had retired from the field without further ado.

Now she sat and thought it over, and the more she thought the more it became apparent to her that Syram didn't love her any more or he would never have spoken so cruelly. The disappointment about the dress was swallowed up in the pain of that thought.

The sight of a lilac sunbonnet coming along by the fence usually a harbinger of pleasure, brought no balm to her soul. She knew that it was Homey Story bringing the last number of the Female Fireside Friend, to which they subscribed in common, and of which Homey, in her capacity of dressmaker, had first gleanings. Mrs. Mimms had looked forward to saying to her, with open indifference, which masked hidden pride, "By the way, Homey, I've decided to buy that gray alpaca down to the store, an' I want you to come over next week an' make it up for me for the Association," and to receive Homey's envious congratulations therefore. Now this pleasant prospect was ended.

Homey came up the steps, mopping her plump red face with the strings of her lilac sunbonnet. She was too hot and hurried to miss the usual enthusiasm of her friend's greeting.

"Here's the Fireside Friend," she said, breathlessly. "I thought Ma was never goin' to be through with it. It looks like the less hot her mind has of things the more she seems to cling on to 'em. She's be'n goin' over that fashion plate for the best part of three days, an' I'll lay she couldn't tell a thing that's in it."

herself in it she proceeded to go through the paper, taking a cursory nip, as it were, at each page—pausing appreciably longer over the page of wasp-waisted, be-ruffed figures heralded as the "latest things from Paris."

She proceeded in a thoroughly conscientious manner, taking the pages consecutively from cover to cover. Not for worlds would she have opened the paper at random, nor looked over the seventh page before the fifth. When she had carefully read the advertisement of assorted candies on the back cover, she turned back to the front and settled down to real business on the article accompanying the pompadour female. It was entitled "The Wiles of the French Wife" and ran as follows:

"Our American women would do well to take a lesson from their French sisters in the art of managing a husband. The French woman is past mistress in the art of keeping alive the interest of her husband in herself. None knows better than she man's love of variety and change, and she is far too smart to bore him with sameness of appearance and manner. She is constantly appealing to his side of his nature in the trivial matters of every-day life—constantly experimenting with new ways of doing her hair and new styles of dress. She changes her moods and humors, too—always taking care that they are pleasant, if she is truly wise. She makes little mysteries with her hair to excite his curiosity and stimulate his interest in her. She actually fights with her own husband—just think of it! And as a result the French husband is far more courteously attentive and lover-like to his wife than the American or English husband. He keeps her supplied with bonbons and flowers, and is thoughtful of her in all the small matters of life."

Mrs. Mimms laid down the paper, when she had finished reading the article, and sat lost in thought. By degrees a great light broke over her countenance, which twenty years of drudgery in a narrow valley household had not been able entirely to rob of its youthful enthusiasm. It seemed to her that these were the words of wisdom. She sat and studied the situation carefully for some time. Then she took up the paper and inspected the picture again until its very detail was impressed on her mind's eye.

At length she arose and went into the house, and before the little mirror on top of the high old walnut chest of drawers in her bedroom took out the tuck-comb and two wire hairpins that confined her light grizzled hair in a tight knot on the back of her head. With the aid of a horn comb she began to twist and arrange the hair into as near a resemblance to the pompadour in the picture as the scantiness of the material and her own time would allow. It required a great deal of pulling, combing, and puffing, for hair that has been parted in exactly the same line and brushed flat for forty years has contracted habits that are hard to overcome.

When she had finished constructing the pompadour there was nothing left for the Lady Teazle curl or even for the smallest knot behind. But Mrs. Mimms, her blood being fired by what she considered the success of her efforts, recklessly supplied the deficiency by snipping off a pale blue ribbon bow from the picture and pinning it on so as not only to shield the vacancy behind, but to present two coquettish loops in front. Then she went into the "compny room" closet and dived into the cedar chest in which her own and Syram's best clothes were kept. She dared not sacrifice the blue nun's-veiling on the altar of a waning affection, as it seemed that it must be her only dependence for the future, but her second-best dress, a brown cashmere of ten years before, which had been turned and made over until it was too faded and worn for anything but rainy Sundays, that she decided she might venture on the extravagance of using.

She divested herself of the black and white calico which was her ordinary attire, and put on the brown dress, turning in the neck in a very modest, yet in front, around which she folded a large white handkerchief. Then she stood off and surveyed herself. To her eyes the result was wholly satisfying, and a most pleasing and artistic variation to her usual appearance. She even ventured upon a bit of black ribbon around the throat, but the feeling that this was going to be a failure would not let her. She would be characterized by Syram as "tom-foolishness" made her take it off rather regretfully. She thought it did much to increase her resemblance to the young female in the picture.

A glance at the clock cut short her admiring scrutiny and sent her hurrying to the kitchen. These unaccustomed preparations had taken far more time than she had realized, and she well knew that no amount of mysterious attractiveness on her part would atone in Syram's eyes for any deficiency in the matter of supper.

Half an hour later Mr. Syram Mimms, coming up from the stable with a foaming milk-bucket in either hand, was halted in his progress by the sight of Mrs. Mimms feeding the chickens in the back yard. She had denied even the common justice of a checked gingham apron to the brown cashmere dress for fear of spoiling the effect, and she was doing her best to appear unconscious.

"Whar've you be'n?" demanded Mr. Mimms. "I hain't be'n nowhere." "What be you a-doin' rigged out in them togs, then?" he asked, severely. Mrs. Mimms tilted her head to one side and smiled up at her husband a somewhat shy but coquettish smile. "I was jest expectin' of somebody," she said. "Who?" "I hain't a-sayin' who."

Mr. Mimms's eyes almost bulged from his head at the unexpected nature of this reply. He set the buckets carefully down on the ground, that he might concentrate his attention upon the matter in hand. It can't be Scratch Behan or Mina Smoot," he soliloquized, half aloud. "She wouldn't dink up so for them; and the circuit-rider ain't due for two weeks yet. It must be Tish Chapman from over 't Court-House." Tish Chapman was a first cousin of his wife's, who had money in her own right, and of whom Syram didn't approve because she was too "dressy" and wasted her money and put notions into his wife's head.

"Never mind who. You'll know in good time," retorted Mrs. Mimms. She was in hot pursuit of the advice to "make little mysteries with one's husband," and she was enjoying herself immensely. Mr. Mimms picked up the milk-buckets with a violence that sloshed some of their contents over the legs of his overalls and strode away in a high state of indignation.

Having strained the milk into the row of waiting crocks on the porch table and set it away in the cool spring-house over the little branch, he washed his face and hands at the pump and fastened his wavy hair in front of the little mirror which had reflected the decorative attempts of Mrs. Mimms—this last an unusual and wholly unwilling concession to the expected presence of Tish Chapman—and responded to his wife's call to supper. As he entered the kitchen, he looked apprehensively around the room, even giving a furtive glance behind the door; but there was no one there save his wife, hospitably beaming at him behind the coffee-pot, and he was too much displeased to ask further explanation.

"Will you have a cup of coffee, Mr. Mimms?" asked his wife, in exactly the same tone that she would have used to the circuit-rider. "Of course I'll have coffee," replied Mr. Mimms, exasperatedly. "Ain't I be'n a-havin' it these forty years? What'd you suppose I'd be'n doin'?"

Mrs. Mimms made no direct reply. "Let me give you a piece of this egg bread," she said, with sweet cordiality. "It's real good, of I do say it as shouldn't." Again Mr. Mimms caught himself looking involuntarily around the room. The term "egg bread" was one reserved only for company use—the name "batter bread" being the ordinary appellation of the delicious mixture of corn-meal, eggs, soda, and butter-milk, which formed the main feature of every valley breakfast and supper.

"Yaas, I'll have some of that, too, fer a change," replied Mr. Mimms, sarcastically. "Seem as thar ain't nothin' else to have, an' a man as is be'n wrastlin' with young steers all the evenin' feels the need of leetle somethin' to stay his stumblin'." "I'm sorry to hear as you've be'n havin' trouble with the young cattle," remarked Mrs. Mimms, politely conversationally. Her husband made no reply, and the conversation languished. He continued to watch her furtively as the meal proceeded, marvelling greatly at the change in her appearance, though, mankind, he could not tell where the difference was.

"I made a diskivery to-day, Syram," said his wife at length, "that you'll be interestin'." "What was it?" demanded her husband, briefly. "Guess what," said Mrs. Mimms, coquettishly. She was in further pursuit of the little mysteries detail, as she interpreted it. "How kin I tell what it was!" inquired Mr. Mimms, irritably. "It mout have be'n most anything. I can't tell what it was."

"I found a big wasp's nest 'n the front porch roof," said Mrs. Mimms, with determined spiritfulness. "The subject was most unfortunate. Mr. Mimms pushed back his chair with a harsh, rasping sound, arose in wrath, and stood towering over her. "What is the matter with you woman?" he shouted. "What's come over you? Who are you a-lookin' for, and what in the nation have you got on your mind?"

His wife looked up into his face with a sweet and engaging smile. "I was only a-lookin' for you, Syram," she said, demurely. Now, by all the canons of the Fireside Friend, Mr. Mimms at this juncture should have been in a loverlike and affectionate manner. But he didn't. He stared long, with bulging eyeballs. Then he turned on his heel and went out.

On the front porch he sat down in the chair lately occupied by his wife, and he scanned the paper as he used to do. He stared long, with bulging eyeballs. "I never would have drempt it!" he said at length. "I never would have drempt it! I've always known as how her aunt Jinny went this way, but Sarah's always be'n so quiet and peaceable like, I've never seen anything so different or bein' crossed in anything brings it out, but Sarah is too sensible to take on so 'bout a leetle thing like that. I hope she ain't a-goin' ter git violent! She ain't that kind, neither, but I've often heard her tell 'bout how her uncle Macs woke up one night an' found her aunt Jinny a-leanin' over him with the cyarvin'-knife a-screechin' out somethin' 'bout killin' hawgs."

Cold sweat suddenly broke out upon the brow of Mr. Mimms. He looked anxiously down the passage to see if he could see anything of old Dr. Lindsay coming along home on his way to supper, but there was no one in sight. In the house he could hear his wife singing as she washed the dishes, and he noted with increased anxiety that instead of, "Here I'll raise my Ebenezer," as usual, she was humming something about "Meet me when daylight is fading"—a ditty he remembered to have heard long years ago when he was a young man and used to go across the mountain every other Sunday to "keep compny" with her, much against the wishes of his parents, who wanted him to marry a valley girl. He had never regretted his choice. She had been a good and "biddable" wife to him, and had never crossed him save in the matter of extravagant notions in the way of dress, which he had been prompt to curb.

As he listened anxiously to the sounds in the house and watched for the doctor, Mr. Mimms mechanically picked up the Fireside Friend from where his wife had dropped it, and idly looked at it. He disapproved absolutely of the paper as a foolish and needless expense, but was in the habit of reading it for two reasons: to be able to quote such portions of its advice to women as seemed to him most glaringly silly, with scathing criticisms to his wife, and also to get the money's worth out of the paper. He reasoned that two people reading it would be more apt to do this than one. The picture on the front page caught his eye, and after gazing with disfavor at the simpering young woman he turned half unconsciously to the article. As he read on his expression became more fixed, and presently a look of comprehension began to dawn on his rugged countenance, followed by an expression of extreme relief. After he had read it through once he turned back to the beginning and read it again. At the close he laid the paper down with a chuckle. "Wal, of all the tarntion fool pieces that ever I read this beats 'em," remarked Mr. Mimms. "An' to think she should have be'n actin' up to it that way."

Suddenly a look of noble resolution took possession of his hard countenance. So the French husband keeps his wife supplied with flowers and bonbons, does he? I wonder what in the nation bonbons are? The flowers seemed too frivolous even for the frivolity of the occasion. As he idly pawed the magazine his consideration of the matter, enlightenment came to him. On the back cover the picture of another young lady engaged in eating, with great apparent relish, a number of small round objects from a box labelled "Best Assorted Bonbons" caught his eye.

"Candy!" he ejaculated, succinctly, and he seized his hat and started down towards the village. When his wife came out on the porch some ten minutes later, he was just coming up the steps with a bulging bag in his hand. It was Mrs. Mimms's turn to stare. Some half a dozen times in her married life such a bag had been presented to her, and this limited experience told her—or tried to tell her, for she was too incredulous to believe it—that the bag contained lemon and peppermint stick candy.

"Here's your bonbons!" said her husband, with something more of indulgence in his face than it had worn for twenty years. "An' I think I can manage to git that thar dress for you—ef you wote make it. The 'Discovery' he added, proudly.—By Daisy Rinehart, in Harper's Bazar.

To get an idea of the prevalence of "Stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease. Medicine is not life; Blood is life. Medicines hold disease in check while Nature strengthens the body through blood, made from the food received into the stomach. If the stomach is "weak" Nature works in vain. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must not be classed with the pills, powders and potions, which have at best a palliative make. The "Discovery" is a medicine which absolutely cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, and by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands increases the blood supply. It is a temperance medicine and contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotics.

—Every flock of 50 or more animals will be better off under the care of a sheep-dog.

Don't Be a Slave. Don't be a slave to pills. Every pill user is in danger of such slavery, unless he recognizes the fact that violent purgatives are hostile to Nature. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are small sugar-coated pills, which act on the bowels, stomach and liver with an invigorating action. They cure disorders of these organs and do not beget the pill habit.

It Was Tuned to Play a Costly Air For Banker Fould. Rachel, the famous actress, did not neglect any means of turning a more or less honest penny. In his new life of her Francis Grubbe tells the following story of a guitar:

Rachel first saw and admired it in an artist's studio. "Give it to me," she said. "I want to pretend that it is the guitar on which I earned my living as a street singer." The jest seemed a pleasant one, and the artist handed over the instrument. Rachel embellished it with ribbons and hung it in her own apartment, where it duly attracted the attention of Achilles Fould, the banker. Hearing its story, he expressed the wish to possess it. "Very well," said Rachel, "you can have it for a thousand louis."

"Five hundred," said the banker, trying to bargain. "No, a thousand," said Rachel, expressing her disdain for those who haggle. And the banker actually paid a thousand louis for the worthless knick-knack. It is said that he learned the truth when he tried to sell his treasure at the Hotel Drouot and that the discovery of the hoax nearly sent him into a fit on the floor.

Devoted to Duty. "Are you ever coming to bed?" he called out. "I don't know," she replied. "I promised Mrs. Jones that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home if I have to stay up all night."—Detroit Free Press.

Went Further. "Didn't I tell you that when you met a man in hard luck you ought to greet him with a smile?" said the wise and good counselor. "Yes," replied the flinty souled person. "I went even further than that. I gave him the grand laugh."—Washington Star.

Forget Them. If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the fault finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

A Sensible Start. "My wife has joined the reform movement." "What does she propose to do first?" "Get some reliable woman to take care of baby."—Pittsburg Post.

Room For Improvement. Agent—"Wouldn't you like to try our new typewriter for a spell, sir? Business Man—"Not if it spells like the one I'm employing now, sir.—Baltimore American.

Death From Imagination. How faith may kill as well as cure is shown by one of the cases mentioned by Dr. Charles Reinhardt in "Faith, Medicine and the Mind." A convicted murderer had been handed over to the physiologists for the purpose of an experiment. He was told that his hour had come and that it had been decided that he should be bled to death. His eyes were bandaged, and he was pinioned, opportunity first having been given him to see the formidable array of surgical instruments, the vessels to catch the blood and the other terror inspiring paraphernalia of the vivisector's laboratory. A blunt instrument was now drawn sharply across his throat and a stream of warm water was made to trickle from his neck into a vessel below the operating table upon which he lay. After awhile the sounds, which had previously been continuous and near at hand, were gradually reduced until the patient, doubtless supposing that he was bleeding to death, gradually lost consciousness, fainted and expired.

The Panama Hat. A popular comedian at a Lamb's club gambol in New York told a panama hat story. "A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a panama last year. Then the day before the Fourth he got a couple of complimentary for a picnic, clam bake and corn roast down the river, and he wired the girl: 'Meet me at pier 13 tomorrow morning at 7. Picnic. Bring panama.' The next morning as he stood on pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advancing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed, and on the boat, as soon as he could get her alone, he hissed: 'What did you want to bring the old folks for?' 'Why, Will, you told me to,' she said, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read: 'Bring pa and ma.'

Whistler Before Whistler. Mortimer Menpes told the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery, ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, caressing his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us and uttered but two words: 'Bravo, Jimmy'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

King's Quaver Present For a Queen. In all probability the king of Dahomey's present of pipes and loon cloths never reached Buckingham palace. On one occasion, however, Queen Victoria had publicly to accept a gift of quite as embarrassing a nature. This was in 1857, when the king of Siam sent a mission to England. On being presented to the queen, who received them seated on her throne and wearing her crown, the envoys crawled from the doors to her majesty's feet on their hands and knees and then each drew a present from the folds of his robes. The first object placed in the queen's hands was a silver spittoon.—London Chronicle.

Catechism of the Twenties. Brooks Bowman commenced running an hourly stagecoach between Boston and Roxbury on March 1, 1826. He left the town house on Roxbury hill every day in the week except the Sabbath at 8, 10, 12, 2, 4 and 6 o'clock and, returning, started from the Old South church at 9, 11, 3, 5 and 7 o'clock. The fare was 12½ cents each way.

Her Good Advice. They had been courting for only four years when Silas spoke as follows: "I think you oughter give me jest one kiss, Sary, you know; it's far better to give than receive." "You don't say?" said Sary coyly. "Then it seems to me some folk oughter practice what they preach!"

Descriptive. One little girl was telling her mother how another little girl was dressed at a party. "And would you believe it, mamma," she concluded, "her slippers were so tight I could see all the knuckles on her toes."—Chicago News.

He Was Playing. First Actress—You say you are hard up. Isn't your husband playing this season, then? Second Actress—Yes, he is. That's just the trouble. First A.—Why, what's he playing—Hamlet? Second A.—No; cards!

The Other Extreme. Parke—Poor Pilfer! His wife is a spendthrift. Is there anything worse, I wonder, than a wife that's too extravagant? Tame—Oh, yes; one that's too economical.—Brooklyn Life.

Thin as a Rail. "Is he as thin as I have heard?" "He's thinner. Say, when he tried on a double breasted coat one row of buttons was up his back."—Exchange.

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.—Terence.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

The mind is the master over every kind of fortune; a great mind becomes a great fortune. At present buyers are giving considerable attention to the lines of cloth coats which are now being sold by manufacturers, says the Dry Goods Economist. Garments made of heavy, rough materials are the most desirable. The majority of these are double-faced, with the reverse side of a plain color, which is used for the trimmings. Scotch tweeds, melanges, ratines, fancy mixtures, chevots and fancy woven serges are being taken by many of the buyers, who expect that they will be the great demand during the coming fall and winter.

For walking or shopping the kind chosen is heavy, so much so that no trace of skin shows through. Such silk, thick as it is, has an entirely different effect from hosiery of the best quality of cotton. It is not always "clocked," but may be if one prefers. Thin transparent silk may be embroidered over the instep in black for afternoon use if a girl wishes, but it is understood that she is not supposed to do any walking in such hosiery. For evening, stockings chosen are so fairlike as to be literally gossamer. The lower part may be entirely of lace, or open work so fine as to appear like the latter. There is a fad for light colored hosiery in the evening, with black satin or patent leather pumps, but it is not regulation, shoes and stockings matching as a rule.

Any girl whose mother or grandmother has a silk shawl, no matter what the size, should endeavor to have it given to her. Just now the loveliest summer shawls and matinees are being made from them, and the fact that the delicate material need not be cut is apt to make the owner more willing to transfer it to the younger member of the family. As the shawl is large or small, it is manipulated pointed or square. The best effects will be gained in the latter, if the wrap is of the smaller variety. It is taken for granted that the shawls have fringed edges, but should this not be the case a silk fringe as wide as one can afford should be carefully sewed around.

It is impossible to match the color, white may be substituted, although a black fringe on a white shawl is especially effective. If the square is a small one the top is turned over wide enough to form a deep border, 12 inches at least. With this shawl, the shawl is folded squarely in two up and down. Then 20 inches from the middle the top border is tacked together. This may be done with a pin to try the best proportion. The wrap is then put on, the pin or tack coming at the middle of the back of the neck. It is then necessary to have another tack put on at the bottom of the V formed at the back, and the wrap is complete.

It requires no lining, of course. Ribbons, or a fancy scarf may be put on, to hold it together over the bust. Variety is given by making the tack a little to one side of the middle. The fastening then laps over in front, when the wrap is worn. When the shawl is wide, it should be folded first three corners, regulation shawl fashion, except that the top is not turned over quite so far. Tacking is the same as with the other shape.

Rainy days seem to have been invented as a test of a woman's order and neatness. At least so it seems from the number of dilapidated and shabbily attired specimens of the feminine sex that are seen with the rain. It is enough to make Dame Fashion add to the downpour with tears of vexation for her flouted fancies to see the disregard of popular modes in the rainy day attire. When the girl who is going out gets up in the morning and sees the cloud veiled sky she immediately hires herself to a remote corner of the closet and brings forth her "old suit." This old suit is in any stage of decadence, from second best to several seasons back. It may be shiny, it may be faded, or it may be merely nipped out of fashion, but the result it makes the wearer look frumpy and in accord with the weather. Then she meets all the people for whom she particularly cares just because she is not well dressed and comes home with a feeling of having left behind a decidedly unpleasant impression.

One man was so impressed with the pleasing appearance of a girl he knew when he met her one rainy day that he decided on the spot to win her for his wife. "I met Ruth downtown one gloomy afternoon," he said in relating the incident, "when the rain was chasing everybody off the streets and people looked about as much like drowned ducks as possible. She wore a neat gray raincoat buttoned snugly up to her chin; high, sensible looking black shoes, and the snappiest little hat wound with some sort of red scarf. I decided that any girl who could brave the weather and bob up serenely like a flower that simply reveled in the rain was a pretty good sort of girl to win. The chances are she would meet the overcast skies of real life in the same glad fashion."

Attractive rainy day outfits are inexpensive. The well dressed girl will see the wisdom of spending a little less for her evening gowns and putting the extra amount into clothes suitable for wet days. Side frills will be one of the prominent items in fall neckwear, says the Dry Goods Economist, and will be featured in two effects—those made of materials more adapted to wear on tailored coats and one-piece dresses and those that are of a more pressy character, being fashioned from very sheer materials and filmy maline laces intended as an embellishment on dressy gowns of silk or kindred materials.

Tomatoes With Bacon.—A popular dish in Denmark. Lay large square crackers in the bottom of a shallow pan. On each cracker put a thick slice of tomato—either canned or fresh—sprinkled with salt and pepper, and on each slice of tomato lay a thin slice of bacon. Put the pan in a hot oven. When the bacon is crisp the tomatoes are ready to serve.

Mocha Filling.—Cook together one cup of cream, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and a heaping teaspoonful of butter. As soon as it threads remove from the fire, add a quarter of a cup of strong coffee, and cool well before spreading.