

**TELLING HER GOODBY.**  
Somehow, can't keep back the sigh  
When I'm tellin' her good-by!  
Try to pull myself together—  
Wish her joy an' pleasant weather—  
Hope she'll lan' that safe an' soun'.  
But, good people, I'll be bovin'  
Et the tears ain't in my eye  
When I'm tellin' her good-by!

Since she's got to go, I'm glad  
When it's over! an' half mad  
That I can't keep in control  
That upheavin' of my soul!  
Whistle—try to sing a bit,  
But that ain't no heart in it!  
Sun an' stars have left life's sky  
When I'm tellin' her good-by!

That's the way with women! They  
Steal yer heart, an' slip away.  
Like some bright an' sunny beam  
You've been seein' in a dream!  
Jest the minute that you know  
You air lovin' of 'em so!  
Hope's done left me—life's a sigh—  
I've been tellin' her good-by!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## When Man Proposes.

"Do I look perfectly calm?" inquired Polly, climbing into the wrong side of the sleigh and trying to tuck the laprobe around the dashboard. "Because," she went on, beginning to take off her gloves, and then, as she re-collected herself, nervously drawing them on again, "though you might not suspect it, I'm—ah—little—excited. I've just finished getting proposed to."

I gave the check rein a violent jerk that must have insulted a horse like Marc Antony.

"I wouldn't even ask who—" I began.

"Oh, you needn't," said Polly. "It was only Bobby Paddington."

I started. The check rein slipped from my fingers, and I let the whip fall with a thud into the snow.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Polly. "It isn't polite to be surprised when a girl gets proposed to. It looks as if you had thought she couldn't—"

"Oh, it isn't that," said I. "Anybody could get proposed to by Bobby Paddington—and in leap year."

"Pooh!" said Polly, as I stepped into the sleigh and tucked the robe around her. "Leap year has nothing to do with it—nor Bobby Paddington, either—if a girl has really made up her mind. Leap year merely gives her a privilege which a woman can take whenever she likes. It's like the kiss under the mistletoe, entirely a joke. You wouldn't dare kiss any girl under the mistletoe whom you wouldn't dare kiss anywhere else. And no girl would think of asking a man to marry her on leap year, or at any other time—that is, no girl with a particle of common sense or delicacy."

"Or womanliness," I declared.

"Or knowledge of men," said Polly.

"Or breeding."

"Or experience."

"Oh, I wonder," said I, "if any woman ever did use that leap year privilege."

"Never," said Polly, "since she has had the every year privilege of making a man propose to her. It would have been so very unnecessary. Any woman who uses a little tact and sets out to can get a proposal. The difference between proposing herself and making a man propose to her is the difference between using a whip and spur. You don't have to whip a horse—that is, a horse worth having—do you? But you do often have to spur him when you come to a jump. A man is like a horse; he hates a whip, but he minds a spur."

"Oh, I see," said I, chuckling to Marc Antony until the sleigh sped over the frozen road; "a proposal is like a hedge. A fellow wants to get over it, but he is afraid of what is on the other side. He may land in a tangle—or he may get a cold water dousing."

"Or he fancies there might be a ditch somewhere."

"Or a trap," I suggested gently.

"Exactly," said Polly, "and that is why it needs a little mental suggestion from the girl to spur him on. If she attempts to drive him with a whip he balks. But mental suggestion—"

"That isn't anything like—hypnotism—is it, Polly?"

"Well—a little," acknowledged Polly. "It's making somebody think something that isn't so."

"Making him think that there isn't cold water on the other side?" I inquired.

"Yes, or a tangle," said Polly. "The average man dreads getting tangled up worse than he does plunging into cold water. But if you can hide all the cords of a binding engagement and all the bonds of matrimony, or can make them look like garlands, or cover them with silk and can persuade him that a proposal isn't a hedge at all, but just a bower of roses that he can slip over without any discomfort, and that the water on the other side couldn't possibly be cold, but just warm tears of affectionate sympathy, and that there aren't any ditches in which to be entombed alive, or any traps in which to be caught, and then can make him believe that you don't care whether he takes the leap or not—"

"He will go pell mell on to his doom," I finished tragically.

"Like Bobby Paddington," Polly giggled.

"Oh, Bobby Paddington," I remarked with disgust. "He is just like some fool horses that would take any hedge, if it was brick wall—and always land on their feet. There is a divine Providence that protects Bobby."

"I'm very sure you're very uncomplimentary," said Polly. "And, besides, Bobby Paddington landed right in the ice cold water this time. I refused him—as hard as I could."

I looked down at the demure little huddle of fur beside me, with one curl and a nose sticking out of the big collar.

"Did you do it for my sake, Polly?" I asked softly.

"No," said Polly, "for Bobby's. He needed the lesson. His conceit was something atrocious. Besides, I had made a sort of wager with Kitty Carter—" Polly stopped.

"Well?" I suggested.

"Oh, well—that I could—that should—I mean—Oh, don't you understand, Mr. Heavyfeather—by twelve o'clock. I finished refusing him at five minutes of five, while you were waltzing with—"

"How do you know with whom I was waltzing?"

"Oh, I had only to keep one eye and an ear on Bobby—and not my heart," said Polly sweetly.

I melted beneath Polly's smile, as the snow beneath the sun.

"Polly," said I, "tell me how you managed the mental suggestion in Bobby's case—how you managed it, anyhow."

"I began by telling him that the jam was in the closet, but that the door was locked."

"I don't understand," said I.

"I told him," said Polly, "that I never intended to marry, never!"

I jerked the reins so suddenly that Marc Antony threatened to stand up on his hind legs.

"What did you tell him that for?" I exclaimed.

"Bobby would hate to think anybody who was in the matrimonial market had entangled him," explained Polly. "He likes to think he is pursuing somebody who doesn't want him. That's the funny thing about most men. They always want the girl who they think doesn't want them, and thereby lay the foundation for the divorce court proceedings right there in the parlor where the proposal is going on. It is nearly always safe to begin making a man propose to you by telling him you are unobtainable. It is like telling a small boy that there is a jelly cake in the pantry, but that it's locked up. He immediately begins to look for the pantry key."

"Polly," said I, gazing down upon that small bundle of fur with real awe in my eyes, "are you sure you aren't a reincarnation of Plato—or Socrates—or somebody? For an unreasonable little person you can reason better—"

"Oh, it didn't come naturally," laughed Polly. "It's the result of—well, you might say long experience."

I winced. I was searching my memory; and somewhere, at some time, it slowly occurred to me. Polly had positively vowed to me confidentially that she never intended to marry.

"Oh, I see," I remarked, as the light dawned on me, "you always say that, just as you say, 'Charmed to meet you,' when you're introduced. 'Come again,' when a man leaves the house, or 'Pardon me,' when you step on his toes."

"No-o-o," said Polly, "you wouldn't dare tell a timid man that the pantry door was locked. He might take you literally and go away frightened or discouraged. And I told you that I didn't treat them all alike by any means."

"Well," I remarked, flipping Marc Antony quite unnecessarily, "what did you do next as regards Bobby?"

"I don't remember. Let me see—oh, yes. I believe I pointed out to him why I wouldn't marry, but what a perfectly charming wife somebody was missing; and how entirely ideal marriage between two sympathetic souls could be made, and how awful it would be if a man should marry the wrong girl; and—"

I leaned over and looked Polly squarely in the face.

"Did you say all those things, Polly Lee?" I demanded.

"Look out!" cried Polly. "That's the second time you've almost driven into a snowdrift."

"Polly Lee," I repeated, "did you say all those things?"

"Why of course not, silly!" said Polly, turning pink. "I only suggested them. My words were quite—well, he never would remember the words, anyhow, so they don't count."

"Well, what does count, anyway?" I retorted, flipping Marc Antony spitefully.

"The looks," said Polly, "and the tone and the attitude."

I gave Marc Antony the first lash he ever had.

"What attitude, Miss Lee?" I asked in a cold, hard voice.

"The mental attitude," answered Polly, without the quiver of an eyelash, "and the mental atmosphere. Oh, it's something you can't explain, but most girls understand it. It's just like feminine logic. There isn't any explanation, and you can't prove it, but it's true, just the same."

"There is," said I, "just about \$5 difference between feminine logic and masculine logic."

"I don't understand," said Polly.

"I mean," said I, "that there is five dollars difference between Bobby Paddington's logic and your logic."

"Please explain," pouted Polly. "You're always so intricate."

"For instance," I went on, "when Bobby Paddington bet me five dollars this morning that he would carry his flirtation with you to the point of proposing within twenty-four hours—"

"Mr. Heavyfeather," exclaimed Polly, sitting up perfectly straight. "You don't—mean to say—Bobby Paddington knew I was engaged to you!"

"Oh, yes; I told him all about that only this morning," I replied, nonchalantly.

Polly was looking straight ahead of her with flaming cheeks and snapping eyes.

"And, as I remarked to you," I went on, slipping my arm across the back of the sleigh and glancing aside at Polly, "Bobby Paddington would take any sort of a hedge, even if he knew it was a brick wall."

Polly didn't even notice my arm. As she leaned back into the depths of it and the sleigh, with a long breath, there were tears of mortification in her eyes.

"Then," she said, looking pathetically up at me, "he was only flirting—with me—all the time."

"Polly, dear," said I, bending over and kissing the top of the fur cap softly, "and what were you doing?"

—Helen Rowland, in Washington Post.

## THE TONKAWAS.

Story of Tribe is a Sad One in Indian Annals.

While the early history of the Tonkawa Indians is wrapped in mystery, a legend exists that at an early period the earth was covered with Tonkawas; that a great flood came and scattered the tribes, which were never able to come together again.

The home of the Tonkawas was the Wichita mountain country, which now constitutes south central Oklahoma. At least, the Wichita mountain country is the first authentic location to which civilization has traced the Tonkawa and to which the oldest living members of the tribe date back their knowledge of their ancestral habitat.

The Tonkawa, or Nez Perces, reserve which is made up of four townships adjoining the Ponca reservation, and where the tribes settled in 1880 under the leadership of the renowned Chief Joseph, was so thoroughly distasteful to them that in the early spring of 1885 they went to their northern home in Montana, later locating at Spalding, Idaho. During the great civil conflict the Tonkawas remained neutral, their attitude bringing upon them the hatred of the Comanches, Caddoes, Wichitas, Delawares, Shawnees and Kickapoos, who combined in efforts to wipe out the entire nation of Tonkawas.

When the Tonkawas were first found by the European explorers and the historians they were the most powerful nation of Indians in the Southwest of the main continent of America, a fact which tends to throw some light on the legend they so respect concerning the time when the earth was covered with Tonkawas.

At this time the Tonkawas were the only Indians with any start toward advancement and civilization, and theirs as a crude advancement—in advance of civilization. They understood the art of weaving cloth, for which they used a species of silk weed bark fibre, and they kept historic and religious records by strands of beads, which by their variety were made to convey information to the exclusive set of professors who were bound to reveal the truth and always read aright—for if they should add to or take any part away of the subject of this bead history they would suffer the penalty of death.

The most extreme law of the Tonkawas—and one that has puzzled students of human nature and historic customs—was their law of marriage and divorce, any infringement of which was punishable by cutting off the ears for the first offence, cutting off the nose for the second and by death for the third offence. A grown man who did not do his share of work in the little maize tracts was denied the right to marry.

Numbering about 1,000 souls, the Tonkawas have remained since 1885 in Idaho, near Spalding. About one mile from the agency proper in Oklahoma can be seen a small inclosure dotted with scores of little mounds—the resting place of the Nez Perces dead, large and small, who lie buried two and three in a grave, a mark which commemorates the scourge that played sad havoc with the Nez Perces one winter during their short stay in Oklahoma.—Kansas City Journal.

## THE "PITCH LAKE KING."

Conrad F. Stollmeyer, known as the "Pitch Lake King," and the wealthiest man in the Caribbeans, is dead at Port of Spain, Trinidad, aged ninety-one years. Though a penniless German immigrant to the United States, he became the editor of a German paper in Philadelphia, which pro-slavery partisans tried to wreck in 1845. Again penniless, he became an adventurer in Trinidad, and finally the owner of an asphalt lake worth millions, which he discovered. Stollmeyer, although born in Germany, where he received a university education, was a British subject, having been naturalized by a special act of Parliament in 1848.

Theatre fires are to be studied experimentally in Austria by building a theatre one-fifth the normal size and subjecting it to various tests.



## SUIT FOR THE SURF.

The shirtwaist bathing suit and the Russian coat suit are the popular costumes for the surf bath.

Taffeta, mohair and pongee are the most popular fabrics.

For decorations pipings of bright silk, with collar, sash, bandana and stockings to match, are very much in evidence.

Shepherd's plaid mohairs trimmed in this fashion make up some of the most charming and practical suits.

Red silk finished mohair makes up a stunning surf costume for a brunette beauty.

Among other materials employed are serge, duck and awning cloth. For girls serge or flannel is liked.

Coats to don after the bath are somewhat more used than formerly.

Long sleeves in the bathing suit are more in evidence than usual, owing to the prevalence of short sleeves for afternoon and evening frocks, and the consequent necessity for untanned arms.

But there are short sleeved suits, and with these gloves are worn if the arms are to be kept from brown-

ing. Trimmings carry out the "match" fad seen elsewhere, and silk sashes hung with fringe are worn.

A suit of blue and green mixed mohair has a deep yoke outlined with blue silk piping. The collar and girdle and the scarf lacing the front of the blouse are also of blue silk.

The cap is of the tartan class, mingling blue, green and black with a touch of red. The stockings are blue.

White mohair as a bathing suit material has a disadvantage in taking on transparency after it is wet.

A man-of-war regulation suit is the newest style. It has anchors embroidered on sleeves and shield.

## HEARD BY A WOMAN.

There are many ways to make life more tolerable in very hot weather, and suggestions for keeping cool are always in order. First of all, in the morning, after breakfast, take a shower bath and you will feel better for it the rest of the day. The thinnest of underclothing should be worn, the best material being white linen mesh. Changes should be frequent and strict cleanliness observed. All articles which come in direct contact with the skin should be changed as often as they become soiled. A daily change is often recommended. The sense of cleanliness itself is cooling.

White thin cotton stockings are preferred to any other and the shoes should be thin soled and must be comfortably large. The dress should be of some thin material. If possible do not wear gloves or a hat. Everything that is worn should permit full and free circulation of the blood and air, as well as prompt evaporation of the perspiration. Drink little, or if one must drink, cooled but not iced things.

Among the smartest of parasols to be worn with the pongee gowns this year are those of linen. They are of the heavy butcher's linen, and are to be found in all colors, different styles and qualities. They have handles of bogwood, light in color, and peculiarly marked. In some of the parasols the raised lines which wander over the bogwood sticks are touched with the color which predominates in the parasol.

## THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the "World's Work," says that doubtless the enlargement of woman's educational and industrial opportunities has been accompanied by some intellectual errors and some practical evils. The most serious of these errors is the opinion that equality of character involves identity of function; that because woman is the equal of man, therefore she is to do the same things which he does. Those of us who have been interested in claiming and pressing on woman this larger life, feminine and masculine spheres of activity, and that each sex renders the best service to society within its appropriate sphere. What we object to is the endeavor of the male philosopher to evolve woman's sphere out of his own consciousness, and shut her up within it; what we insist on is that both sexes shall have equal liberty and equal largeness of life, and that each shall find its appropriate sphere for itself.

## WAIL OF THE GOLFER'S WIFE.

I am a golfer's wife, who has been dragged from her home in the Midland counties for a fortnight's holiday nominally at the seaside. I find that with unspokeable gulf my husband has lured me to a golf station called Sandwich.

He gets up early in the morning and scurries for a morning round, and leaves me to breakfast alone. When I join him on the links he hurries me through sand hills and heavy grass until I am ready to drop with fatigue.

I sit down lonesome on a little hill and ponder on the broken vows of men and the heavy hearts of wives (or rather widows) like myself, and then a crowd shout and hoot at me,

makin frantic signs with arms and sticks.

I tearfully wish Mr. Balfour had kept his horrid game among his Scotch clansmen.—The King.

## JAPANESE WIDOWS.

Widows in Japan—of whom there will soon unfortunately be a greatly increased number—cut their hair short and comb it back plainly without a parting, unless, indeed, they are prepared to accept fresh offers, in which case they give a broad hint of their inclinations by twisting their hair round a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Marriageable maidens distinguish and, as it were, advertise themselves by combing their locks high in front and arranging them in the form of a butterfly—which is something to be caught—or a fan half open, and adorning these significant designs with bright colored balls and gold or silver cord. Speaking generally, the dressing of the hair, which is changed at intervals from childhood upward, is an indication of the age and position of the simple-minded and fascinating female Jap.

## COMFORTING A BABY.

My uncle was riding in the train behind a mother with a cross baby. Everything had been done to pacify the child, to no avail, and the mother was worn out. Uncle had just removed his stiff, hot, new shoes for the comfort of a pair of slippers, and noticing that the child's feet, frequently elevated above the back of the seat, were also encased in new shoes, he leaned over and whispered, "Madam, remove the child's shoes."

Without deigning a reply the exasperated mother snatched off the shoes. The crying stopped immediately and in two minutes the baby was fast asleep.—R. A. W., in Good Housekeeping.

## FASHION NOTES.

Many women are still hunting for novelties for shirt waists and fancy blouses. Shirtwaist suits in the better materials have been in vogue only two or three years, and early in the spring it was suggested that they might not be so popular this season, but they are quite the smartest thing. The simpler style of shirtwaist suit is disappearing, and the very elaborate take the lead.

Years ago a morning gown of silk would have been regarded as extravagant. Now it is so cheap that it is within the reach of almost every woman. Never before has taffeta had such a sale, and probably it will still hold first place among the silks next fall.

Braided taffetas, embroidered pongees and embroidered linens are supplanting plain materials for shirtwaist suits, except in the case of strictly tailored gowns.

Last season white linen was regarded the smartest, but this year colored linens are becoming popular and fashionable. They do not soil so easily, and if care is taken can be worn throughout the season without being cleansed. Many of the linens and muslins are made up just as elaborately and expensively as some of the silks.

The gray voile and crepe de chine gowns are becoming more and more a favorite. These costumes are heavily trimmed, dyed lace the exact shade, though not new, being especially pretty. These gowns, too, are fashionable in the walking length.

The evening gowns for summer wear are daintier and prettier than ever. Silks of all kinds, flowered taffetas, crepe de chine, flowered nets and gauzes, muslins and chiffons are fashionable. Embroidered crepe de chine is expensive, and chiffon is perishable, especially at the seashore.

The skirts this season are shorter and fuller, and are trimmed and fastened with may ruchings, garlands of lace, and sometimes old fashioned pinked ruchings.

The waists are simpler, and are fashioned after the old style baby waists, with berthas, fichus and capes of lace as trimmings. Many of the bodices and sashes are of flowered taffeta ribbons.

Some of the waists are sleeveless with just a band over the shoulders, while others have deep ruffles of lace ending at the elbows.

It is not surprising that a man bearing the name of Ion Perdicaris should not be recognized as an American by the Morocco bandits. Evidently he was Greek to them.

The American interjection "hello" has been added to all the languages in which the telephone is used.



## POTATO AND MEAT BALLS.

Add to some hot mashed potatoes half the quantity of any cold meat, with a little boiled ham, all chopped fine, one egg, salt and pepper, a little minced celery or celery salt; shape into balls and fry in hot butter or dripping.

## PINEAPPLE ICE.

One-third cupful of chopped fresh pineapple, one-quarter cupful of cold water, one-quarter cupful sugar, juice of half a lemon or less. Bring to boil, set aside until cold, strain through cheese cloth and freeze.

## RHUBARB PIE, WITH CREAM.

Line tartlet moulds with a rich paste and fill with rhubarb, cut in very short lengths, which has been cooked till nearly tender. Use plenty of sugar. Put on the top crust and bake. Just before serving, lift the top crust and put a teaspoonful of whip cream into each tartlet.

## GINGER ICE CREAM.

Three parts of thin cream, one cup of sugar, one-quarter pound of Canton ginger, one-quarter cup of ginger syrup, three tablespoons of sherry. Cut the ginger in small pieces and mix with the other ingredients. Freeze, using one part rock salt to three parts finely crushed ice.

## GLUTEN BREAD.

Add one pint of boiling water to one pint of milk; also one level tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of salt; let this stand until lukewarm; dissolve one-third of a yeast cake in a little of the milk and water; add to it the other milk and water and gluten flour to make a soft batter; cover the bowl and let it stand in a warm place several hours; add gluten to make a soft dough and knead it well; form it into three or four loaves, put in well greased bread pans; let rise again and bake in moderate oven one hour, gluten flour does not require as much yeast or as long a time to rise as the ordinary flour.

## MUTTON A LA PORTUGAISE.

Select a medium sized leg of mutton or lamb, turn well and make an incision in the first joint. Season the meat with salt and pepper, rub a little butter over it and roast in a quick oven for one hour. Turn the roast two or three times while it is cooking, and remember that it should be well done. In the case of mutton the blood should follow the knife when it is cut. Serve on a hot platter with timbales of rice. To make the timbales, fill six small, well-buttered moulds to about half their height with hot boiled rice, well pressed down, and place them in a hot oven for two minutes. Place a small stuffed and roasted tomato on each timbale and arrange them around the meat.

## PUMPKIN PUDDING.

The pumpkin should be thoroughly cooked. It may be stewed in very little water, and when soft, let it remain on the back of the stove uncovered until the moisture is nearly all evaporated. It should be pared and freed from seeds and spongy pulp before stewing, and to ensure smoothness of texture sift it through a coarse strainer when cooked. Allow one pint of pumpkin, one and one-half cups of scalded milk, one heaped tablespoon of butter, one-fourth cup of sugar and four eggs. Flavor with a mixture of cinnamon and mace, or with ginger and lemon. If you have cream to spare, use that and omit the butter. Avoid having it too sweet; there is a natural sweetness in the pumpkin which is developed in the long cooking and should not be overpowered by an excess of sugar. Bake the mixture in a buttered pudding dish about forty minutes, or until it puffs and a knife comes out clean or free from milk.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Red cedar paint for the inside of closets and chests is offered as a preventative of moths.

Decorative furniture to match is one thing the modern housewife avoids. It is a theory long exploded that carpets, curtains and wall paper should follow any rule of discipline beyond that of natural sympathy and harmony.

The latest idea is to bind porch and window awnings with white braid when the stuff is striped pattern; that is, white and a color. This gives quite a cool, summery appearance to the awning, besides being more durable than the colored braid usually seen, as it does not fade or run as the colored order are apt to do.

Verdure stuffs of sprawly pattern and brilliant colors are among the late offerings for country house draperies and upholstery.

The swinging seat has quite relegated the hammock to second place as a desirable summer porch fitment. A long bench, or settle, from wall to porch rail is a very useful, as well as attractive, addition to the end of the porch of either town or country house.

Utility, or shirt waist boxes, for summer bedrooms are assuming the proportions of trunks lately. These come in bamboo, covered with Japanese matting, or in wood, covered with delicate flowered cretonne.

Reproductions of Colonial pressed glass lamps, with the bowl supported on a long twisted column, are very pretty, yet inexpensive lamps for out of town house bedrooms.