

## THE DOORWAY.

In the heart of the day I strayed to the heart of a tangled wood,  
And there, like a dream, before me a  
decolate portal stood.

Strange and solemn and sombre it  
stood—and I was alone;  
Mystery fell like a fog; fear swept  
by like a moan.

It was bolted strongly above, and  
bolted below again,  
And one of the bolts was Sorrow, and  
the other bolt was Pain.

Two dim lights hung in the shadow,  
two red and misty spheres,  
And my soul sank as I saw them, for  
I knew they were Blood and  
Tears.

The way was lost behind me, back-  
ward I dared not go;  
I beat upon the portal, and my heart  
broke with the blow.

Bruised, and bleeding, and blinded,  
I forced the bolts to move—  
I passed through the dreaded door-  
way . . . and the other side was  
Love!

—Ella Heath, in Lippincott's.

## Cupid's Mechanism

BY WALTER ROE.

He stood listening. It was the most delightful sound that can reach a musician's ears—one of his own compositions being played by a complete stranger. It is all the more delightful when the composer is not entitled to the adjective "popular," and has not often submitted to the experience.

On or two people, who knew what they were talking about, used to say that if Charlie Barnard had not been born so enormously rich, he would have achieved something considerable in musical art. As it was, he had written one or two pieces of real merit, which, however, not being designed to tickle the public ear, were known only to a small band of connoisseurs.

He stood there listening with a smile of pleasure on his face. The piece was being played with remarkable accuracy and not a little taste, and his hands unconsciously beat time to the rhythm, while his head nodded approval.

He had come to Switzerland for a ramble, and had not expected to be greeted by the sound of one of his own works. Presently the music ceased, and a moment later, a lady came out of the room whence the sounds had come. She was tall and gracefully built, well-dressed, obviously American and undeniably pretty. "Married," reflected Charles Barnard, "but"—on second thought—"a widow."

Their eyes met. In a small Swiss hotel it is possible to speak even to a pretty woman without an introduction, if she gives one a decent excuse.

Her eyes, in addition to being bright and intelligent, were agreeable, and he bowed. "I fancy I have to thank you for an unusual pleasure," he said with a smile. "It isn't often I hear my compositions played so charmingly. In fact, to tell the truth, it isn't often that I hear them played at all."

She looked at him for a moment in doubt. Then her face flushed a little with pleasure. "Are you, then, Mr. Charles Barnard?" she asked.

"I am that much neglected individual," he said. "In this case, however, a very fortunate person."

They felt an instinctive liking for one another, that odd sense of community of interest, which very young people mistake for love at first sight. They were not exactly very young; she was perhaps eight-and-twenty, and he was about seven years older; but they were instantly aware of the community of interest.

"I am very fond of music," she said. "I think I may say, without affectation, I am passionately fond of it, and, of course, I admire your 'Danse des Fees.' I suppose everybody does, who knows it."

"Perhaps so," he said with a kind of cheerful cynicism. "That is to say I am admired by about a score of intimate friends."

She opened her eyes widely. "It is not popular?" she asked.

they climbed them together. Mrs. Weston was active and unaffected. She climbed quite as well as he did, and seemed to enjoy it.

"Music was tabooed from the conversation, at his request. 'I live in an atmosphere of music,'" he said, "and I have come to Switzerland for fresh air. I write stuff that nobody wants to hear, and you play stuff written by me. So we are bound together by the bond of eccentricity."

She looked at him curiously. He was not the first musician she had met, but he seemed to be quite different from her notion of what a composer ought to be. His hair was not long and his dress was not slovenly. He looked like a barrister or a doctor; clean, cheerful and very like a man. This man puzzled her. She liked him—quite apart from music. As they became more intimate, they became more confidential. Mr. Barnard heard all about the late Joseph Weston, of whom she spoke with sincere affection, and she let him know, in that indirect way only possible to women, that she was wealthy.

"You don't often hear of a man making a fortune by music," he said. She was silent for a moment, and then said, "But royalties on compositions should bring in a large income."

"I have published twenty or thirty little pieces," he said, with a smile, "and I can lay my hand on my heart and state that I have never earned as many pounds out of the lot."

Her face clouded sympathetically. "And yet you go on working?" she said.

"I write stuff because I like writing it," he said simply. Charles Barnard always spoke of his work as "stuff"; he was perhaps one of the most genuinely modest men in the world.

"I suppose teaching pays best," she remarked.

"Oh, the whole it does," he said, "some men make quite respectable incomes by it."

He didn't mention that he had never had occasion to give a music lesson in his life, because he was not given to discussing himself.

"It must be terrible to be obliged to waste one's powers and energy on the drudgery of an art, when one has capacity for really good work," she said wistfully.

"It is," he said thinking of one or two good fellows he knew, who were struggling for fame in the midst of poverty. "I know more than one man who might turn out really excellent work if he didn't have to earn a living."

And she treasured the saying in her heart, thinking it applied to himself.

They lingered on for nearly a month in the cheap little hotel—for it was outside the beat of the ordinary tourist—daily becoming more necessary to each other.

Of course, he didn't propose. Men seldom propose in real life. But it came to much the same thing in the long run. One night they were strolling back to the hotel. She was tired and he made her take his arm. There happened to be no other visitors about and they went out on the veranda and gazed at the mountain they had climbed some half dozen times.

He put her arm around her waist and she submitted. It had not occurred to him to do such a thing before, and if he had she would probably have laughed at him and called him to order. But the psychological moment had arrived. When she wished him good-night, he kissed her. She laughed at him softly, but not a word was said about a deep, dignified passion.

"I'm afraid this mountain air is getting into our heads," she said. "Makes one feel ripping, doesn't it?" he said unpoetically.

But the following morning he spoke of their being married as if it was all arranged.

"Are we going to be married?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Suppose we go in and have some music," he said. "Isn't it funny, I haven't heard you play since the day I arrived?"

She turned scarlet from her chin to her brow, but he did not observe it.

"I remember standing and listening to it," he continued happily. "I believe my heart went out to you at once. Hello! What's the matter?"

"I have deceived you horribly," she said. "But really, I hardly gave it a thought. I can't play the piano at all."

He looked at her in astonishment. "Then who was it?" he asked. "I'll swear there hasn't been any one staying at the hotel with a touch like that."

"It was one of those mechanical things," she said weakly. "You know, you wind them up and they strike notes. It—it had been sent to the hotel on approval and was taken away the next day. I happened to put in your piece, and when you chose to think I had been playing it, I—I let you."

She was nearly crying, because she could not understand his expression. "I'm awfully sorry," she whispered with trembling lips. "I didn't mean to deceive you. In fact, I meant to tell you, but—"

They had seated themselves on the veranda to drink tea and he had tossed off his cap aside. Now he reached for it and stuck it on his head—askew as usual.

"Where are you going?" she asked putting down her cup.

"I'm going into town," he said, "to see if that jeweler chap has anything decent in the way of rings. You had better come with me."

"All right," she said meekly.

"And look here," he added, "don't tell anyone that I didn't know the difference between one of those mechanical things and a human being. But I'm rather glad you don't play."

"Are you really?" she gasped.

"One person in the house is quite enough," he said with a grin. "Do you like diamonds?"—The American Queen.

## FIRST AMERICAN COINS.

Copper Half-Cents Were Issued From the Mint in 1793.

The Treasurer of the United States on May 6, 1903, redeemed two half-cent pieces. This is the first time in the history of the country that any such coins have been presented for redemption. It is more than a century since the first half-cent piece was coined, and it is nearly fifty years since the Government discontinued minting them.

Possibly not one person in a thousand now living in the United States ever saw a half-cent piece.

The last annual report of the Director of the Mint, page 82, shows that 7,895,222 of these coins, representing \$39,476.11, were issued. For almost half a century each annual report of the Treasury Department has included them among the "outstanding" obligations of the Government.

The half-cent piece was the coin of the smallest denomination ever made in this country. It enjoys the distinction also of being the first coin issued and also the first whose denomination was discontinued.

The United States Mint was established in 1792, and copper half-cents and cents were issued in 1793. Half the total number of half-cents issued were coined previous to 1810, after which year their coinage, with few exceptions, was limited. None was coined for circulation from 1812 to 1824, nor from 1836 to 1848. Finally, in 1857, their coinage, with that of the big copper cent, was discontinued. On account of their limited issue in the last years of their coinage, they practically had disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs of adopting the half-cent as the lowest value-computing factor for a coin were made in the early days of the Republic. Colonial half-cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation, and many articles were priced and sold in half-cents. With the progress of the nation values rose and the needs for a half-cent disappeared, and their use, following the first decade of the century, was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coin have found oblivion, the half-cent is the only one of which the Treasury reports do not record some portion of the issue redeemed. This singular and unexplained fact has been one of frequent comment and inquiry from mint and Treasury officials.

Large quantities of half-cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The commonest dates are sold at a good premium and the extremely rare ones are worth their weight in gold.

Ferran Zarbe, of St. Louis, was the man who sent the two half-cent pieces to Washington for redemption. He now prizes highly the little voucher calling for "one cent," which was sent to him with that amount of current coin in exchange for the two half-cents he had forwarded.

## To Keep Away.

"Now that I am engaged," said the young man, "I suppose it is up to me to resign from my club."

"Not necessarily," replied the sage from Sageville, "all you need to do is keep away from it until after you marry and settle down again."—Chicago News.

Wooden plows are still in use in Paraguay.



## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

### WOMANLY DEVOTION.

Dorothy Wordsworth and Fanny Mendelssohn are often cited as noteworthy instances of sisterly devotion. So they were. But Miss Alice Balfour is said to have devoted her life to her brother in quite a whole-hearted fashion, says the New York Tribune. Although a small, slight woman, she manages her brother's estates, engages and manages his servants and acts as his business agent generally. At the same time she is his companion, always ready to read or play to him, to tramp a dozen miles around the golf links or take a spin with him in his auto. Probably her own brother scarcely realizes how much petty worry she saves him from.

### NAVAJO BLANKETS.

Navajo blankets are made by the squaws of this roving tribe. They wash, dye and spin the wool, the rugs being woven on looms into primitive designs, largely geometrical. It is a noticeable fact that no two rugs are exactly alike, although many hundreds of rugs have been made by the women of this tribe. After the wool has been prepared it takes a month of steady work to weave a rug four by six feet. The patterns of most of these are small, the leave quite close, and one very curious fact is that, although the Navajos have never been Christianized, the design of the cross is frequently used.—New Haven Register.

### RUSSIAN OLD MAIDS.

Russian parents have an ingenious method of avoiding the disgrace of having an old maid in the family. When they see a daughter getting on toward old-maidhood without any prospect of marriage, they take her abroad for a time. After a year or two she will reappear among her old friends as a widow, and, though they may suspect that her late lamented husband never existed outside the imagination of those who invented him, yet the fiction is useful in giving her a certain status in society and enabling her to avoid the mortifications of the "unappropriated blessings."

### JAPANESE LOVE.

The boys and girls, the young men and young women, of Japan, do love each other, I suppose, but one never sees the slightest shadow of evidence to prove it. The spirit of love does not dominate the national life as it does in America and the countries of Europe. Japan's poets do not sing of love; her story writers tell no tales of love that can thrill an Anglo-Saxon heart, and her artists paint no pictures of love that can reach the Anglo-Saxon understanding.

One never sees a woman caressed in Japan, not even with a glance; one seldom sees a baby fondled; in fact, all human tenderness, or expression of human tenderness, is conspicuous by its absence, and I believe that is the one impassable great gulf that is fixed between us and this people which is endeavoring so earnestly to become one of us. And yet the people are happy, with a simple, sweet happiness that is charming. It is an atmosphere that mildly charms, but never thrills, the Western heart.—Eleanor Franklin's Japan Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

### RED COAT, WHITE SKIRT.

"Angela" writes in The London Sphere: I spoke of the fashionable red coat as being so popular abroad with well-dressed women who are wealthy enough to possess half a dozen coats and at Harrogate last week I saw a well-known woman wearing one with a white cloth skirt. The coat in question had quite a short-fitting basque and was cut away abruptly from the part below the bust where the narrow tapering revers met. At the waist and on the fronts were two dull gold buttons, a size larger than those which fastened the double-breasted white cloth waistcoat, which was cut very low to show the lace chemise. As emphasizing the favor shown for short sleeves those fitted into the coat in question reached only to the elbow, but were fairly full and finished with a loosely-plaited frill that was cut narrower at the inside seam and widening out towards the elbow at the back. From beneath it came a second frill of lace meeting the long white gloves, whilst the toe was composed entirely of white lace with an osprey and bunch of bright red carnations.

### PROTECT BABY'S EYES.

It is recognizable that an increasingly large proportion of young people are under the necessity of wearing glasses. It is very natural for us to attribute this weakness to strenuous habits of study, to overtaxing the eye, etc., and by applying this casual explanation we are very likely to stop thinking further. In this way one may quite unconsciously close his eyes to other more subtle and far-reaching causes of this weakness. To illustrate this point the writer has information from an elderly lady of observing tendencies and of long practical experience. This lady says much of the weakness of young people's eyes must certainly be the result of a lack of protection for the

infant's eyes from bright light. Little caps vs. the old-fashioned sunbonnet for the baby; the baby buggy much taken out into the sun vs. the crib in the milder light indoors; lights burning all night vs. economy's restful darkness—these are some of the features to be considered. This is but a single theory where many doubtless exist, but it is a very reasonable one.—George P. Williams, in The Epitomiast.

### NEW TEA TABLE FADS.

With the approach of the social season in town importers and dealers in Japanese and other Oriental wares are setting forth a tempting array of trinkets for the tea table or cart.

The very newest offering is the broad, low, shallow tea cup, which has entirely superseded the slender, high cups heretofore associated with the tea service. These new cups are as broad as or broader across the top than the ordinary family coffee cup and not more than an inch or two inches in height. They are prettier in the egg-shell patterns, with the exceedingly fine and translucent lining. Wedgwood is also popular.

For use with these cups comes a new spoon, almost as small as an after-dinner coffee spoon. In fact, if the hostess selects her cups carefully she can employ the small spoons she already uses for demitasse. For many years the vogue has been for a collection of odd and widely different tea cups, but now the demand is for complete sets.

The latest fancy in a teapot is of Satsuma ware, which looks like in laid work, depicting tiny Japanese scenes. The pot is small with a flat bowl, and has a spout six inches in length, which is longer than the teapot itself.

### THE FRENCH IDEA OF HOW TO DRESS.

In the matter of dress the French man, admitting the continued necessity of clothes as elsewhere his philosophy accepts the fact of the continuance of the corruption of human nature, contentedly appropriates whatever pleasure is possible to be derived from the painful destiny incurred by Eve, subjecting us to milliners and tailors. So the Frenchman makes of the dress problem an art problem, while we Americans, writes the Paris correspondent to Harper's Bazaar, rebelling always against the hampering influence of clothes, would have it a common sense problem; we pride ourselves on rising superior to everything in dress that is not, first of all, utilitarian—that is to say, which does not serve our national pride in doing things. Therefore is it that we American women, generally speaking, are either dowdies or dressed up, according as we are sensible or coquette, which latter term we understand as meaning something scarcely less sinful than flirtatious. To the French the term coquette implies a virtue; they have a proverb as binding on a woman as any one of the Ten Commandments, which says, "The young woman should be coquette to please; the old woman should be coquette not to displease." Thus the Frenchwoman makes her toilet as conscientiously as she performs any other daily devotion, and here in Paris, I, an American woman, have come to feel that the neatness and becomingness of my coiffure and the chic of my robe de chambre, not to speak of the eternally irreproachable character of my petticoats and dress bindings, shall powerfully influence the final judgment accorded me and the reward of my immortal soul.

### FASHION AND FANCY.

Can you believe we will have short or panner overskirts this fall? Next to white linen there is hardly any material for immediate wear as satisfactory as white mohair for suits. Medallions of ecru lace are let in very effectively to a waist of embroidered white lawn.

Broderie Anglaise, or eyelet embroidery, is a trimming for linen gowns that is growing in popularity amazingly, and for linens it is exceedingly appropriate.

Within the past two or three years there have been some marked improvements in trunks, particularly in the way of trunks whose contents even at the very bottom can be gotten at without the least trouble.

Now while the fashion prevails for going without hats every woman will be interested in the new back and side combs, both mounted and unmounted, amber, shell and the particularly pretty fashionable white ones.

Brown is to be a very good color this fall—all shades in all kinds of cloths.

Plain colors and smooth cloths are to have a marked vogue the coming season.

Don't get a lavender veil if you haven't a lavender dress to wear with it.

Hats have a big velvet bow on top of the crown.

Skirts pleated on yokes are shown again in the autumn models.

Those shiny black leather handbags are very smart looking and wear well. Now is the time to lay in a stock of really pretty jewelry.

## HOUSEHOLD TALK.

**Small Cucumber Pickles.**—Pack very small cucumbers in glass jars. Mix one cup of salt, one cup of sugar, and four quarts of vinegar, and pour into the jars until full. Put a piece of horseradish root and a little red pepper on top and seal tight.

**Tomato Soup.**—Put into a saucepan three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes, and boil till tender, or use a tin of tomato pulp. Add the onions as for onion soup, and proceed in the same way, omitting, however, the potatoes, and adding a bouquet of herbs and a teaspoonful of sugar.

**Lentil Soup.**—Wash one and a half pints of lentils and soak them in water all night. Put one and one-half ounces of dripping into a saucepan, add the lentils, let them cook twenty minutes in the dripping (keeping the saucepan lid on), then add three or four pints of water, an onion, a stick of celery (sliced), and simmer gently for three or four hours. Rub the lentils, etc., through a sieve with the liquid and serve very hot.

**Green Tomato Pickle.**—Slice half a peck of green tomatoes, spread on platters, strew with fine salt and leave over night. In the morning wash off the salt and chop them. Put into a preserving kettle and add half a pint of whole mustard seed. Two large onions, three green peppers, fine seeds and all; one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one scant tablespoonful of cloves, one cup of sugar and vinegar. Cook slowly two or three hours at the side of the fire, stirring often.

**Spiced Grapes.**—This is seasonal. Take ten pounds of Concord grapes. Pop them from the skins and cook the pulps in a preserving kettle till the seeds can be pressed out in a colander. Return the sifted pulp to the kettle with the skins; add four pounds of sugar, half a pint of good vinegar, one level tablespoonful of ground cloves and one large one of cinnamon. Cook gently about an hour, till it is thick. The grapes must be stirred constantly to prevent sticking or burning. This will keep well and may be sealed or not.

**String Bean Compote.**—New string beans make a good compote to serve as a relish with meat where a sweet is demanded. Green ones only are to be used, the cream or wax beans not being suitable. Boil till soft in slightly salted water, then drain, add brown sugar, a little race ginger and diluted maple syrup to the beans. Give them a "dusting" of corn starch and let them simmer till almost jelly-like in consistency. Serve hot or cold.

## HINTS TO THE HOUSEWIFE.

The little soft cotton dish mops make excellent dusters.

The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol.

A little soap mixed with stove blacking will produce better and more lasting luster than without.

Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease. To remove peach stains soak fabric in sprits of camphor before wetting.

The smart woman saves time and patience by keeping a shoe horn with the children's rubbers to make their donning easy.

If stovepipes are well rubbed with lard and tied in several thickness of newspapers, they can be safely stored without fear of rust.

Alum, the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in a pint of starch, will brighten the color in muslins, ginghams and calicoes after washing.

Grass stains on linen should be soaked for a few moments in kerosene, then washed in very hot water with a generous supply of soap.

If non-rust hairpins are used to fasten them down, curtains can be as nicely dried on a good thick grass mat as on regular stretchers.

Several thickness of newspapers laid between the bed springs and mattresses are equal in warmth to another mattress. Laid between the blanket and quilt they equal an extra blanket.

Clean enameled shoes with sweet milk after all dust and dirt have been removed, allowing the milk to remain on for a minute, then wiping with a soft, dry cloth.

Medicine can easily be administered to a cat by mixing it with lard and rubbing it on the forelegs near the shoulders, where it can be licked off, but not rolled on.

A fair substitute for maple syrup is made with equal parts of granulated white and very dark brown sugar boiled with one-half the quantity of water until of the desired thickness. When cold two or three drops of vanilla extract is added.

There is now made a "Frying shield," an appliance which fits onto a frying pan, preventing all possibility of the fat running over on the range and causing the disagreeable odor of burning fat.

It may take a very few more minutes in the preparation, but the effect is sufficiently attractive to be worth the effort if escalloped codfish is cooked in individual baking dishes having buttered bread crumbs on top. In fact, all creamed dishes are attractive if served in ramkins.

In frying croquettes in deep fat be sure to plunge the wire basket in the hot fat before the croquettes are placed in the basket, otherwise they may adhere to the wire and fall apart when lifted. If food to be cooked in deep fat is warmed before put into the fat, the latter will not be cooked.