

The House on the Hill.

From "The Children of the Night," reviewed in the Outlook by President Roosevelt.

They are all gone away. The House is shut and still. There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray. The winds blow bleak and shrill. They are all gone away.

Nor is there one today. To speak them good or ill: There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray. Around that sunken still? They are all gone away.

And our poor fancy-play. For them is wasted skill: There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay. In the House on the Hill. They are all gone away. There is nothing more to say. —Edward Arlington Robinson.

Room Enough.

It occurred on a peak of the Jungfrau, which is perhaps vague for earnest inquirers who want to know the exact spot, time and quality of rope; but as I am about to relate some hitherto unrecorded facts connected with the incident this vagueness may not be without its charm. If Prof. Abraham K. Greystone had not slipped while Pierre was steadying him on a hideously knife-like arête and sent us spinning across an ice-polished incline, bounded on all sides by fog, it would have happened all the same. At the moment I bore no malice, and this magnanimity was not lessened by a sudden, significant slackening of what threatened to become an unpleasantly strained relation—the rope had parted and Pierre vanished, apparently guiding the professor to a speedy solution of the boss riddle of humanity.

Le strictly on your side along the outside edge of a sofa, imagine the floor a modest three or four thousand feet away—a distance n'y fall rien—and you will comprehend my bodily position. My mental attitude was one of suspended judgment. A little while the blue, snow-flecked, flattened curve of ice and rock went up, then nebulous infinity, and beyond infinity, if you allow the expression, a star. It was the first time man's absolute nothingness in the face of creation came home to me, and, although the result was sublimity, I could have wished that the visit had been reserved for a less crowded epoch. The next thing that crossed the threshold of my consciousness was a steady "draw" on the rope from behind; some one was dragging me upward. I seconded the humane effort.

"Steady," said Miss Greystone's voice in my ear: "Keep your eyes skinned. Drink. Pop's bound to come out right side up."

After a pull at the brandy as strenuous as the lady's at the rope I looked round. Florrie and I were clinging like woodpeckers on an angular ledge of twisted rock formed aeons ago, apparently in sympathetic forethought for our plight. From Miss Greystone's waist the cord ran taut to a ridge. A face showed there suddenly, dim in the shifting fog. It was Leroy; there was another at his shoulder—Zimmer.

After the wittiest conversation ever held, if brevity be the soul of wit, we found ourselves in comparative safety again. Hans, our second guide, examined the frayed end of rope trailing from me and uttered a furious oath, then he tried the spaces between us. When he reached that between Miss Greystone and Leroy he appeared about to surpass himself, but his voice died in a long-drawn "Ach!"

stunned by a bludgeon blow of amazement. I said to myself that Zimmer's strange foreboding had been speedily realized, and was edging near him to restore the packet he had privately asked me to carry on our return journey when I was presented with a purely personal surprise—the muzzle of a revolver. Under the most favorable circumstances the view could not be described as extensive, and yet there was more than enough of it. Of course, I did the regulation thing.

"Capt. Henry Dozer, I arrest you," said Leroy in cold, sharp English. "What do you mean, Leroy?" I said. He made a statement I venture to suppress. No pastry cook ever showed a whiter face than Jones did; Zimmer turned green. "If you are a detective, what is the charge?" demanded Miss Greystone. "Forgery of bank notes and causing the death of two persons by cutting that rope," replied Leroy. "I don't believe it," cried Florrie; "it's mean of you, Bon. The idea! He never touched the rope, and it's got to be proved that pop and the mountaineer are dead."

off him, Hans. Good! Now fasten him between Herr Zimmer and Mr. Jones. I'll bring up the rear with Miss Greystone."

His orders were obeyed with alacrity, and I found myself a prisoner trudging wearily and warily in the footsteps of my captors, who by their manner evidently believed Leroy. Hans in particular was most offensive, and would have made no bones about throwing me over any of the precipices in which the district is so rich. However, I promised myself a speedy revenge once we reached the confines of civilization, and cursed my folly in accepting the comradeship of chance companions. Leroy was a man whose acquaintance I made casually at Basel, where he acted as interpreter to a party of English tourists, of whom I made one. Oh why had I not gone on with them to Turin instead of wasting my time at Grindewald with Miss Greystone! Of Zimmer and Jones I had slight knowledge, being introduced to them by Leroy himself only the day before.

I recollected now that what I did know was not to their credit. The thought of conspiracy did not cross my mind, for any absurdity seemed possible in so badly-conducted a world, but I dismissed it. Who would conspire against a poor retired officer of Indian irregulars? Bitterly I left I was to blame more than any one else for having fallen into the trap of the infernal Zimmer, who I believed now was the real culprit, and I cross-examined him for the benefit of the party as well as our position would allow, but he merely sneered; Jones prodded me brutally with his alpenstock and Leroy advised me to reserve my defense. Miss Greystone amongst the faithless was only faithful found, her conversation being streaked with references to the absent "pop" and incisive satire on the obtrusive Leroy.

We could hardly be described as a merry company when we reached the Elsmere, where we encountered a relief party, signalled for by Hans, the first moment the fog lifted, and at Grindewald gendarmes took the places of my companions. I pass over the ensuing two days, they were the most anxious I ever spent. One point of light alone relieved the gloom. Prof. Greystone and Pierre were recovered from a snowdrift nothing the worse save for shock and exposure. On the third morning I learned that Zimmer and Jones had been arrested and that I was at liberty. Subsequently I received ample apologies from Leroy over an excellent breakfast.

"And now for the explanation," I said, lighting a cigar. "Quite simple," he replied. "For the past four years I have been on the track of a select gang of ruffians who have operated in every capital of Europe; two were English, the third German. When I had the honor of making your acquaintance at Basel I was close on their traces; when we met at Grindewald they were in my company."

"Zimmer and Jones?" "Those were the names by which you knew them," he replied. "Then why not arrest the rascals on the spot?" "The great detective smiles. "You judge things from the military standpoint," he answered; "we work by more subtle methods. I had information that they were journeying to meet the third at Turin, the worst of the three, a man whose cunning goes to lunacy verge—so perfect an adept at disguise that he would conceal himself from himself."

"You interest me exceedingly," I said, and the passionless Jungfrau caught my eye through the open window. "Naturally," replied Leroy, "you may be said to have a personal gratification in their capture."

"But you have your eye on this rascal at last!" I remarked, knocking off some ash. "Chance favors him! He is almost unknown to his confederates, directing their movements from afar. Jones met him once, Zimmer never. And they wanted very much to meet him," continued Leroy, blowing a smoke wreath, "because he has secured the lion's share in their last great coup, the forgery of English bank notes, and some on the Bank of France. You have no idea of the finished perfection of the plates. After their refusal to work with him longer he invited them to Turin, really, as they suspected, to get possession of those very plates, Zimmer being the artist. The chief's specialty was manufacturing the paper. They had run out of the supply and had to fall in with his suggestion."

"But why arrest me? Surely you believed that Zimmer gave me that wretched packet?" "Do you recollect the rope? It did not break by accident. Feeling that they were being watched—how, I cannot tell—Jones, who was formerly a ropemaker, got at it before our ascent, opened the strands most artfully, and cut some inches of the core with a surgical scissors, rearranging the envelop so that it was apparently still solid and would, indeed, resist a moderate strain. It was done in two places to insure its breaking. They suspected us both, but not knowing how many might be watching below planted the plates on you so that they might be found on your body when the accident came off."

"It was providential." "Yes—for Miss Greystone. If I had not seen the rope parting just at my hand it would have been serious. Then, understanding the desperate

wretches with whom I had to deal, there was nothing left but to formally arrest you, get possession of the plates which I had seen Zimmer give you, and by putting you in their custody insure the safety of the party. Your detention enabled me to make absolutely sure, and when I struck this morning they practically confessed. Miss Greystone will never forgive me; perhaps I should have told you we were once acquainted. May I ask you to explain? And now, Capt. Dozer," he continued, rising, "I am off to Turin. Will you accept this as some reparation?" And he tendered me an open envelope. It contained an English bank note for a tidy amount, I almost fainted; by the powers, it was one of our own.

Pulling myself together I bowed and returned it. The call had been close enough. "Fortune has been kind to me," I said with my frank Saxon smile, "pray accept the little sum as a humble testimonial to the cleverness which effected the most difficult arrest I have ever known. For my own part, Monsieur Leroy, I shall need nothing to remind me of the most thrilling episode in a life not devoid of experiences." An hour later the train was whirling me northward. The compartment was deserted, and having carefully shaved off the three days' stubble that had grown beneath my natty, iron-gray whiskers, now reposing on the stand beside me, I kissed my hand to the retiring Jungfrau and tried to recollect Miss Greystone's Boston address.—William Buckley in the Tatler.

MAKING SILK HATS.

Workman Explains Why His Forefinger Nail is Malformed. The nail of his right forefinger was long, yellow, horny, and the finger tip had so thickened and hardened that it seemed to be covered with pale leather. He was a silk hat maker, and it was from curling hat brims that his finger had changed so strangely. Describing hat's manufacture, he said: "The belief that cardboard forms a silk hat's foundation is an error. The hat is first built up of various thicknesses of linen—layers of linen, soaked in shellac, that by means of wooden molds and hot irons weighing twenty pounds apiece are welded one on the other till a perfect shape, brim and all complete is obtained. "The silk is next put on. This silk costs from \$10 to \$15 a yard. It looks like plush in the piece. The hatmaker cuffs it on the bias, and molds it round the stiff linen foundation. The strips must be very accurately cut, and great care is needed in their ironing and cementing, so as to give a perfect diagonal joint. Look at your silk hat's seam the next time you wear it. The joint's perfection will, perhaps, amaze you.

"The brim up to this point is flat. Now its curling commences. That is where my queer forefinger comes in. The shaping of a hat brim is purely a matter of hand and eye and taste. The brim, while being shaped, is highly heated, so as to give it pliability. "And, of course, working on this hot material, patting and prodding it, the forefinger thickens and the nail gets horny.

"Nevertheless, hat curling is pleasant, artistic work. Hat curlers have reputations the same as artists. Their work is distinctive. An expert can tell it at a glance."—Boston Transcript.

HORSE RACING A DELUSION.

So Says William Smith, Brother to the Late "Pittsburg Phil." When a man has spent 20 years on the turf and won a fortune during that time, most persons would consider him a luck man and think that he ought to stick to his vocation. But William Smith, brother to "Pittsburg Phil," no longer finds the turf an attraction to him, and says that he is done with it forever. "Brother Bill," as Phil used to call him, stood on the lawn at the Saratoga track the other afternoon, and told a reporter that horse racing was only a delusion and a snare. "There is no money in it," he said. "I won a fortune during the time my brother was on the turf, but I spent it. It's a case of easy come and easy go. Each year the game grows harder to beat. Every season more men enter the field; there are more horses and these increase the chances against your success."

"Ten years ago a man could make some money on the turf. That was due to the fact that there were only a small number of horses in each race, and that there was one horse owner to every ten now. It was during this period that all the wealthy plungers of today made their money. My brother Phil was among those who were successful. Phil, like most of the other big turfmen, found the game hard the last two or three years, and he did not gather any money together worth speaking about. I also found that racing was much harder and lost back much of the money that I have previously gained here.

"If the rich men find the game hard to solve and lose money, what chance have I got with a limited amount of cash. If you have any bad health or your horses go lame much of your investment is wrecked. No, I'll keep what I've got, visit the track once in a while, but my connection with the turf ended with Phil's death."—New York World.

A witness at a recent English investigation said that a pure election at Norwich was an impossibility.



SATIN COMING IN.

In selecting a ball gown the main desire is to have it as effective as possible while keeping it at the same time becoming and fashioned after the latest modes. Especially for the debutante and younger members of society is a gown of tulle, chiffon, and silk mousseline, attractive, but the great drawback is its extreme perishableness. It is well-nigh impossible to make a net gown last through one season even, so that if there cannot be many "best" gowns provided in the outfit it were well to have these few of some lasting and serviceable material, says the Washington Times. Already advance winter textures are for sale, but also there are some few of last year's materials still left to be disposed of, and it is among the silks and satins, which, while not of latest fashion, perhaps are still almost equally attractive, that the real bargains are to be found. Even if the gown is not to be made up immediately it is well worth while, if one can find just the piece of silk or satin desired, to invest at once, that it may be on hand and made up early in the autumn or winter.

Satin is to be immensely fashionable this season of 1905-1906, and in all shades from the palest to the most brilliant will be worn for dinner, opera and balls. If made of a heavy quality the gown is generally more or less simple, but the thinner varieties, in so far as they are all softer and more pliable, need a certain amount of trimming and elaboration to be sufficiently effective. Among the new satins or silks is the so-called "radium," an exquisitely pretty material, soft and shimmering which is already very fashionable and is destined to meet with still wider popularity as time goes on. A white or black satin gown if the material is of the best and the cut and fit perfect, may be absolutely plain, save for some little lace or maline about the décolletage and still be wonderfully effective. There need be no girldie to this gown, although waist and skirt are separate, the bodice being fastened in back beneath a band shirring.

Satin and dull finish crepe de chine are both more than ever popular and many of the handsome and most expensive models in evening gowns for this season and the next are of richly embroidered crepe. The dresses in embroidered crepe are not at all difficult to make up, and in many cases make most effective gowns at comparatively little cost.

Brocade in both large and small flower designs is destined to be even more fashionable than last winter, when the material had not been seen to any extent for some little time. Brocade must not be too much cut up with bands of lace and embroidery, as unless the pattern is very vague and indefinite, all trimming tends to shorten the figure unbecomingly. Flowered silks and taffetas of solid shade always wear well and are bound to be attractive if a becoming shade is chosen. Color contrasts are worked in with the flowered silks even more than with the solid shades.

THE KAREN WOMEN.

Like the Siamese, says Outing, the Karen women are not good to look upon and do not improve their appearance any by style of ornaments they affect. When very young their ears are pierced to admit a small round stick, which is gradually increased in diameter until by the time the little girls have become women their ears easily accommodate a two-inch disc of blackened bamboo. This stretches the ears hideously, as may be imagined; and when the ornament is laid aside temporarily—well—picture the thin strips of pendent earlobe! As a rule the Karen women wear their hair long, but, like the Siamese, some cut it short, and others again keep it cropped close, except on top of the head, where it is allowed to grow to its natural length—which does not add to their by no means overabundance of good looks. Sometimes the unmarried woman wears a breast cloth, but for the most part men and women wear a long girldie, and sometimes even that is set aside in hot weather.

To thoroughly appreciate Japanese women one should begin the far eastern trip at the Malay peninsula, journeying thence through Siam, Anam, Cambodia and China—though confess to preferring a good looking Chinese girl to the alleged Japanese beauty. Bracelets and necklaces of bamboo are the other usual ornaments, except when they can afford a narrow neckband of silver which protects, so it is believed, against many evils that lurk along life's wayside even in the jungle. The men also wear this neckband and bamboo an inch in diameter and about four inches long stuck through their ear lobes. Some of the boys are rather good looking. They wear their hair in a knot like a horn on the forehead, or at one side or the other of the head, or on top; and usually a turban crowns the top-knot. All in all, the Karens differ not a great deal from the Siamese in physiognomy, but the people in this section of the far east shade into one another rather easily.

DO NOT BE A GIRL LOAFER.

A girl loafer. That does not sound very pretty, does it? And yet there are a good many girls whom the title fits. In other words, there are girls who spend their time doing absolutely nothing. Circumstances do not render it necessary for them to earn their living, and so they stay at home and fritter the precious moments away in useless pursuits or idleness. Don't a good many of them lie in bed in the morning and let their mothers get up and get breakfast? And don't you think they also dress up in their best clothes and spend the afternoons enjoying themselves, while their mothers stay home and prepare the evening meal? And when they are home they spend their time reading trashy novels or trimming equally trashy hats.

When a girl goes to a party and is late in getting to bed she looks on it as quite proper and natural that she should lie in bed late the next morning, and all of the family accepts the fact as a matter of course. But, if the mother is up half the night with an ailing baby, neither her lazy daughter nor any other member of the family seems to think it necessary that she should stay in bed and make up her broken sleep. Perhaps if some of these girls could appreciate the enormous value of time they would not waste it. Our lives are such tiny drops in the ocean of time, and we can never, never call back one precious lost minute.

Dear girls, don't allow yourselves to be called by that ugly word "loafer," and yet you will be if you deserve it. If your brother lies around the house all day, half dressed and doing nothing, they would be called "loafers," so why not you as well as they? "Loafing" is a habit that grows on one with a fatal rapidity, and unless you want to be held irrevocably in its clutches you must break away from it at once.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WORRY AND BEAUTY.

There is a saying that "Every time a sheep bleats it loses a mouthful of hay." Every time a woman worries she loses a little of her attractiveness and takes servant of age. If your servant scorches the soup or overcooks the meat, never mind. You cannot afford to worry about it, and if you scold her you make up your mind to lose some of your beauty, to let go some of your magnetism. If the members of the family are habitually late try to remedy it, but don't worry about it. If you do you will grow older in the process. If your husband or children do things which do not please you do not nag at them. This will only aggravate the evil you complain of and it will cost you some of their love and respect. Every time you nag you will lose a little of your power to charm and attract them to you.

If the cleaners spoil your favorite dress don't get angry about it. An outbreak of hot temper will take away much more of your attractiveness than your dress could supply. If you lose your pocketbook don't worry about it. Worrying will not bring it back, but it will take out of your face and disposition that which money can never replace. If you meet with bitter disappointment don't fret, don't cry over it. If you do you pay a penalty which you can ill afford. No woman can fret and nag and worry and keep away the marks of age or retain her beauty and power to please.—Success.

TO PLUMP OUT THIN FACE.

The pretty and fashionable girl must no longer have a long oval face. It is decreed that the plump-faced damsel is quite smart, and large cheeks, red as roses, are just what every girl is aiming to possess. Beauty doctors are devising means to plump out thin faces. Not so very long ago oval faces were considered one of the greatest beauty points, and it was little less than a crime to have a round, plump, healthy-looking face, but today this has changed somewhat.

All sorts of oils are good for making the face fat, but they very often work too readily, and if the process is kept up bad results are often the outcome. It requires constant care to plump out a thin face, and the first step to be taken is the teeth. No face will become fleshy if any teeth are missing, and a trip to the dentist will work wonders. There are some very good skin foods which bring good results, and if a certain course is pursued it would be no time before a change is noticed. If the face is heated by hot applications for five or ten minutes and a skin food massaged into the pores the efforts will be duly shown in a short time. Rubbing the face at night with cold cream will plump it out, also.—Newark Advertiser.

FASHION HINTS.

Two letter monogram belt buckles may be found ready made. A bit of old crepe is the very best thing for dusting one's gowns. The flat French sailor hat with a ruching of face is being worn abroad. Many of the lawn negligees are worn over a colored lining of China silk. The most popular style of hairdressing for the moment is the coronal plait. With the linen coats and skirts are worn the most elaborate of lingerie walters.



GRAHAM MUSH. Take one quart of boiling hot water, one teacup of corn meal, one teacup of Graham flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, boil well and put into a dish to cool.

EMPRESS PUDDING.

Boil a half pound of rice in enough milk to cover, as soon as soft stir in two ounces of butter, when a little cool add three well beaten eggs; stir well. Place a layer of bread or cracker crumbs in the bottom of the baking dish, a layer of rice, a layer of jam, alternate layers of rice and jam until the dish is full. Bake forty minutes, serve hot or cold with sweetened cream.

OLD PUDDING.

Place three-fourths of a pint of bread or cracker crumbs in a pudding dish, a layer of fruit jam; mix together four eggs, two ounces of sugar, three of butter, one ounce of almonds (chocolate may be substituted) and a pint of milk, beat well, pour over the crumbs, bake one hour in a moderate oven.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.

Stewed cucumbers are not nearly as well known as they should be. The flavor is very delicate, and often puzzles the uninitiated to know exactly what vegetable is being eaten. The cucumbers are peeled and quartered, and the pieces cut crosswise three times. Stew in salted water and cook until tender. Drain and serve in a thin, white sauce.

WICKER FURNITURE.

Often-times pieces of wicker furniture grow dirty, past all cleaning. In these cases they should be dyed, and this can be done easily and successfully. In the first place, the old varnish must be removed. To do this, pour boiling water, to which a little piece of washing soda has been added, over the piece of furniture, and, after it is dry, wipe it with a piece of flannel which has been wet in either turpentine or naphtha. The next day it will have to be sandpapered. To take the dye evenly the whole surface should be wet just before the color is applied with clear hot water.

GRAVIES.

There is nothing that adds so much to a dinner for so small cost as do good gravies, and there is nothing less palatable than a bad gravy. One must have stock, or glace, to begin with, and the only way to get this is to be forever on the lookout for any bit of meat that can be boiled. Many a hardworking woman will take her corn beef from the pot and, after skimming the grease from it, throw away the wafer left in the pot. This is the poorest economy. The contents of the kettle should be poured into a stone jar, and any meat remaining after the meal should be put into it. All boiled or stewed meats, ham or beef, should be treated in this way. After the grease has been skimmed from the top and the meat used, this stock should be boiled down to a jelly, and this jelly will keep for weeks in winter, or for several days in summer, with a thin layer of grease covering the top, if set away in a cool place. Having this glace on hand, one has but to thicken it with brown flour to have a nice gravy. To prepare the browned flour, sift and spread flour over the bottom of dipping pans and brown on the stove or in the oven, stirring constantly to prevent it scorching. Prepare quite a quantity at a time and keep in closed cans. With different flavors, many delicious gravies may be made of this stock.

USEFUL HINTS.

To wash white lace boil some rice to pulp, and, having diluted this with water, wash the lace in it. Rinse in a fresh supply of rice water and then pin out to dry. This method of cleansing lace makes it a good color and just stiff enough. Windows that are too long and narrow for the height of the room may be widened and lowered in effect by hanging draperies on either side against the wall. Very strong tea will stop the bleeding from a cut. A small stiff brush such as artists use when painting in oils is excellent for brushing the dust from crevices in velvet trimming and from between ribbon folds. Very scanty fulness is the rule now for all window or door hangings and none at all for front door and vestibule panels. If a cloth is too old to be patched thus it may be cut up to make tray cloths or smaller table covers. Old pillow slips can be converted into dust bags for covering curtains that are folded and put away. One of the most successful ways to darn woools and silks is to take ravelings from the material. Split the thread into the needle with the help of wax. In this way the thread or silk matches the goods exactly. Quilts and toilet table covers are best mended by darning, and good linen towels are frequently patched with pieces of old ones.

The Osaka Electric Light Company, of Osaka, Japan, a city of 800,000 people, is equipped entirely with American electrical apparatus. At a recent oral exhibition at Bad Kreuznach, Germany, 24,000 rose bushes were on view.