Edna Dean Proctor Writes.

flower landed the Pilgrims.

ERESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.

Lone islets of the northern sea,

A merciful star to the mariner

In summer eves ye shine Like the happy isles where the bies

Far out on the gleaming brine.

And fair White Island lifts its light

Through all the wintry weather.

The historic Isles of Shoals lie off Ports-

mouth, N. H., ten miles to sea. Climate

depends as much upon environment as upon

latitude—the conformation of shores, the

mountain barriers, the trend of the valleys,

the prevailing winds. It is not merely the

fancy of enthusiastic visitors that these

islands have a soft clearness of sky

and a tempered coolness of air peculiar to

the reach of water and coast lying between

Cape Ann and the headlands of Maine.

may sit upon the piazza and see the black clouds gather over the lower course of the

Merrimack and its mouth at Newburyport, and watch the slanting rain fall and hear the thunder roll, while in that charmed cir-

On a Steamer in Portsmouth Water

O, the joy of fleeing from the heat and

hurry and dust of New York and Boston, and finding one's self in the late afternoon

on board the Shoals steamer in Portsmouth

water! Around are the quaint old ware-houses and churches of this interesting lit-

tle city, which was in its prime 100 years

best harbors on the scaboard, passes the navy yard on the left and Newcastle on the

right, with its picturesque mansion, the resi-dence of the last Colonial Governor, the

cool, salt breeze comes refreshingly to your brow; you catch the faint sound of the bell as the buoy floats with the tide; the coast recedes, the weight of care is lifted, is for-

gotten and rest comes as balm to your soul.

Those dim outlines on the horizon, grow-

ing stronger and more rosy as you advance in the glow of the setting sud, are the Isles

of Shoals. They are seven or eight in num-ber, as you view them at high or low tide,

some 600 acres in extent, and Appledore, Haley's and Star are the largest three. Be-

tween Appledore, Star and Portsmouth the boats ply thrice a day.

How the Islands Got Their Name.

still bears his name, and a poor marble monument on the highest point of Star re-

ords his exploits and seeks to honor his

Were Going to Eclipse Boston.

ious and educational influence, and quite to eclipse the Puritan town by the sea.

The Shoalers seem to have been, in the main, notwithstanding their succession of

excellent clergymen, rather indifferent to both law and religion. Jenness, in his his-

both law and religion. Jenness, in his his-tory of the islands, speaks of them as a vig-orous, lawless population, given to strong drink and independence, regardless of rules, and as little amenable to fines as the codish

in the sea. He narrates that one of their preachers, desiring to produce an impres-sion upon them, told them of a wreck in Ip-swich Bay, and asked them what they would

o if death stared them thus in the face.

'What?" exclaimed one of his hearers;

Fishing was their livelihood and riotous fun their diversion. Everything yielded to the

Went on Strike for Bonnets.

The church even was sometimes used as a

any moment if a school of mackerel ap-peared. Some 50 years ago, when the popula-

tion of Gosport had greatly diminished, and a "missionary" came to them at stated

wore "bunnits" to church instead of hand-kerchiefs or uncovered hair, and as they

pirates roving the seas and glad to put in at a safe and remote harbor; fugitives from jus-

tice; enterprising traders scouring the coast and computing the chance for gain; keen

eyed shipmasters turning everything to their own account; and now and then some

weary, broken-hearted voyager, glad to bury himself in the obscurity and wilderness of

And Women to Mate Them,

weather-beaten as the men they welcomed

home with the boats. Now all are gone, and the wind blows over the cliffs and dies

away on the deep as if it had never wafted their songs or their lamentations. Some

years since the last native proprietors sold

their homes and went to live on the main

Many of the wisest and brightest and best of the land have met and still meet

the New World. These,

"h'ist the fores'l and scud away to Synam!

necessities of "the catch."

ale of the seas all is light and peace.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS, July 23.

## MIDSUMMER FASHIONS.

Odd Fancies in Hats-Costumes for the Ruces A Sult for the Tennis Court-Two Seashore Tollets-Fubries for the Beach. The but isn't much of a consideration for the summer girl shown in the first illustra-

tion of this article. The spectator cannot get rid of the idea that it is placed on top of her head merely to give her the excuse for saying that she doesn't go barcheaded. The first consideration is the make-up of her hair and this hat. which The Season calle a tailor hat, makes no concessions, as regards the hair being dressed

high on the head. But will, what is more oming to a fresh young face. A white straw trimmed with black velvet is the micest, though any colored velvet may be fusion. thusen, it is good taste only to wear the miler but at the senside, or in the country. For elegant tollers the lace or large, soft designed by Harper's Basar for sea-side wear and snything prettier and more appro

A round Japanese hat is much affected at priate would be hard to conceive. The one at the left is of pink striped white wool. It is made with a plain skirt and a jacket bodice, the jacket opening on a pleated shirt front of white China silk, buttoned have le of course natural-colored straw arent stripes at the edge, and a and of straw inside to give the especial with small gilt buttons. The revers and cuffs are faced with white silk. The one at the right is a white serge gown trimmed the right is a white serge gown trimmed ide and is twisted lightly over with graduated disks formed of blue and

migne gown, intended to be worn at ariborough House garden party, says Mantilini in Pall Mall Budget, is of stepon, with wings of the same color shoulders. The skirt has two shotsels placed on either side of the fundraped front, and a bow of gauseoff at the neck. There are two pairs eves. The outer ones are of crepor handkerchief-fashion. It was a brilfor the shoulders. The owner of the s a woman who loves to create a senappearing in something startling be way of millinery. "At any rate,"

dy Margaret Seymonr is going to wear grown of cream-colored cashmere, with seed pearls. The bodice is and on Greek lines. Another pretty for the same affair is of black grenapatterned with tulips. The flowers large as life and quite as natural. rimming whatever on the skirt. e and sloeves are of pale green d about the lower part, and fin-I with a rosette at the back. The swill be quite as lovely as those Acon. A pretty parasol, intended orn with a pink gown, took the form se, and was made of shaded petals. wood handle with roses twined round it. Another parasol was made of cornflower blossoms.

A Toilet for the Races. The toilet here shown should have been



wit springing from the side seams. if fringe and the fronts of the bodice arun important feature of the costume: inare not made of silk or cloth; the shape twilled stripes are woven in it, giving the imple and the trimining easy to arrange. bey are just those veritable Pari-les which can be only lightly put by skilful fingers. About half a my by skilful fingers. About half a drop, and edged with a broad fringe,

mer, for the English have by for balls in midsummer. One resaid, East, which is quite up to the lidest tales of cisatlantic extravagance.

A Tennis Suit of Serge. Now that lawn tennis has become so popu-

lar in Pittsburg, the matter of costumes suitable for the consideration. The one illustrated beneath is

from Harper's Batar. It is of dark blue serge, with white serge sleeves. The kilt pleated skirt is quarter wide, and ornamented tous along the f out, apparently t ie buttons on the ice is made with the lower edge i sairt, and is com-

a room has a northern aspect the light which comes in is of a cold and glaring charseter, and hard colors should never be used Given two bare rooms, one facing the north and one the south, and furnish them identi-cally alike and you will find utterly differdoor amusements ent effects. A room getting its light from the north should be furnished in warm tints ecessful bazaar -yellow or golden brows. which had some ovel features. held recently in a New York sub-

titleor affair, says the Times, the stalls being tents and marquees arranged in a semi-circle on a level lawn. Every stall was beautifully trimmed with flowers and

and the like, and a really fine rockery, or grotto, arranged in the foreground made an

effective and efficient entrance barrier. A

dairy stall was something of an innovation,

and the dainty little hampers holding but-ter, eggs, and cream cheese, sold off very rapidly. Fruit packed in decorative bas-kets also turned an easy penny, and several

small circular tent open all around. The ticket takers stood on either side of a huge

floral screen, cleverly fashioned from two or three fine-meshed discarded hammocks. These were stretched between poles, and,

having first been plentifully stuck full of

greens, were picked out with beautiful roses, the fete having been arranged just

when these levely flowers are in great pro

The costumes shown below are especially

white braid. The disks extend across the

bottom of the front of the skirt and up the

wide pleat on either side. The skirt is quite

wide, four yards and a half, and folded in

two deep pleats at either side of the front. The jacket opens on a shirt front of the

same material, which is ornamented with two gold studs, but is fastened on the left

side under the revers. A pleated basque is added at the back of the jacket. The collar

Fabrics for the Beach

Soft cotton cheviots entirely without

dressing are the wash fabrics most worn at

the seashore, as they have no starch to be destroyed by the dampness. These woven

cottons, so pleasant to wear, are made up by

tailors in very pretty frocks for morning wear, in stripes of crossbars of blue, pink or black on white. They have usually a shirt

waist, platted down with a slight fullness into a bodice or wide girdle that is a part of

the skirt, being sometimes cut in one with the skirt, in other cases sewed on as a Swiss

belt. The upper edge of the girdle or bodice is scalloped or pointed, and bound with braid; whalebones inside keep it in shape. The skirt may be quite plain, or

else a colored border to match the stripe i

sailor collar and deep cuffs are made of the

plain material.
Cotton bengaline repped crosswise is an-

other limp starchless fabric much worn at

beach are those of rough wirv serge, woven

in wide diagonals, in corn-flower blue-a lighter, brighter shade than the regulation

navy blue of English serges. A new fancy

is to make this serge with a vest, or shirt front, of much lighter blue cotton cheviot

gathered very full into a wide girdle. A broad sailor collar and deep cuffs turned up

outside the serve sleeves are of the pal-

on the skirt, or else it has a false hem piped

with the light blue. Yellow is a favorite color, apparently at all the resorts.

IDEAS IN DECORATIONS.

Pretty Arrangements for Windows-A

Shelf for Bric-a-Brac Over a Door-Im

itations in Papier Mache-Cost of Amer

[FROM THE UPHOLSTERER.]

the white and gold room is not all that

fancy paints it. The restless fly has had

There is nothing which more directly af-

proper results one should consider the

source from which his room is lighted. If

lurid ecstacies of the Louis XVL room,

Now is the time when we discover that

ican Castles-Hints for the Home.

added, or a piping cord is set in the hem.

and belt are braided.

of them, for its presiding genius. A honey stall had its headquarters in a tent simulatstail had its headquarters in a tent simulat-ing a beehive, upon which was painted in very free-hand design large bees.

In lieu of the perennial scrap basket, a wishing well furnished a pretty substitute.

This was made by sinking a large washtub rotten strap work the verdigris and tarnish on the metal, and rusted riveta. Here is a pile of war clubs, battle axes, swords, cimeters, gauntiets and key of the bastile, in price from \$2 to \$10 and dead-sure copies of the originals. All of these things are used in house decorations. They are clustered in wall ornamentation; they form part of the over door drapings; battle into the earth about three feet, piling a rim of stones which came up above the turf perhaps 18 inches, and which were moss covered at the top. A well sweep was im-provised with a pole and bucket, and a library stepladder, also moss covered, made a suitable post for the little girl who drew up the bucket for you from the well for "5 cents a time." This was arranged under a

With India Silk Alone.



idea very effective, which consists simply of India silk with a small ball fringe. The fringe should be of balls of alternating colors white with a shade of trifle darker than the India silk, caught up as we here illustrate. The treatment is very graceful.

We now and then hear of "castles in Spain," and we, who live in "blocks," are disposed to feel that we are behind the age in the castle business; and yet there are plenty of houses in this country whose cost runs into the millions. The widow of Uncle Mark Hopkins has three houses which took to build and furnish close on to \$2,000,000 a piece. Whitelaw Reid's new house at White Plains will cost \$2,000,000. Huntington's Fifth avenue residence, New York, will cost over \$800,000; and everyone else with means is spending a lot of it in matters decorative. We read what Mrs. Lorillard Spenser is doing with her seashore furnishings, or how Sally Margous' home is furnished, or the Gould patronizes, or Austin Corbin's craze for old furniture; but the most curious fad in accoration is that practised by Lord Lisle, an Irish peer, who has covered the walls of his dining room with colored clay pipes, arranged in stars and crosses in a way to make effective designs. Thus he has employed 500 pipes, all of which his "ludship" has smoked.

A Place for the Bric-a-Brac.

The illustration we show represents the application of an idea over mantel for a doorway or window, with place for bric-a-It will be seen that this is a departure from the ordinary shelf, which



in any form, to the barren, desolate charac ter of the average over door or window top, which is the last thing one seems to think

and now they are introduced as part of a chair. A conversational chair, recently

picture. The table is finished in different forms. There is the giddy style for the sweet girl graduate, which preserves her diploma therein, or the more funereal style, edged in mourning, for the widow of a "late deceased." Friends put in writing how much they thought of him and enclose their

Novelties in Decorations.

Amone the novelties which the importers are bringing out, but not showing to the pub

lic, are lace curtains, appliqued with designs in fancy colors. ANTIQUE curtains are being sold as low as

much to do with our discovery, for he has spurned the sugar bowl and revels in the THERE is very little hand-embroidery done now for the upholstery trade, for the reason that importers bring over an endless feets the character of one's furnishings than locality. Light varies, and to obtain

> A NOVELTY is a cupid made of brass about a foot and a half high carved in wood, fat and angelic as cupids ought to be, and posed with its hands extended to grasp the ends of a drapery. One foot of the cupid is provided with a screw and thus easily finds a resting

manufacture of Nottingham lace curtains. combining dotted Swiss muslin with China | Folks who use Brussels, turn up their nose at Nottingham, but there are nearly 2,000,000 pairs of English Nottingham curtains, just the same, used in America each year. A Nottingham machine costs \$5,000 and is a marvel of mechanical construction, and one machine can make from 300 to 700 pairs of lace curtains each week.

room where every glance and breath brings inspiration, or to roam the breezy heights on either hand, or dream by the cliffs that guard the shore. If all the deep and eloquent thoughts that have been uttered here were recorded they would make the rarest volume. And here are throngs of attractive women from the dainty girl wholly absorbed in the fancy of "drawn work"—one such has even been to Fayal to learn new stitches—to her works. to her commanding sisters who as philan thropists, teachers, authors, social forces

such flowers as his northern skill can tempt such flowers as his northern skill can tempt to unfold on the bare slope—marigolds, asters, nasturtiums, sweet peas, and many another brightly-tinted bloom—flowers which, tied into nosegays, are sold daily by his fair-haired little daughters.

Turning the point you enter the Shoals harbor, and lo! Star Island and White Island with its lofty towes are full in view.

Crossing the sheltered water whose graft.

Crossing the sheltered water whose craft lie moored for the night, you land at Star, and walk up the flower-bordered path feeling that you have, indeed, left the world and its frets behind. Appledore is larger and greener, but for pure delight commend me to Star—so high, so airy, so open that to dwell here is like being in a steady ship at sea! Somewhere a cool breeze is always blowing the read that here is like being in a steady ship at sea! blowing; the sea and the neighboring islands lie, as if tributary, about it, and every wind seems to blow and cloud to sail for its special delectation. It is really but a mass Careful observations show that the thermometer here has unusual steadiness, and often while Boston and Portland may be lost in fogs or drenched with rain the shoals and the opposite shore have serene days unmarred by mist or storm; and one of rocks scarcely hidden by the soil, and the smooth lawn which extends before you to the water was made by covering this part of the old site of Gosport with earth brought

> Sparkling Gems for the Marinen. How peaceful is the view across the har-bor! Opposite lies Appledore, and beyond it and the islands which almost shut out the ocean to the sight you catch a glimpse of Duck Island, on whose ledges, even in calm weather, the waves dash high in spray, while to the left are the miles of weltering water fronting the New Hampshire coast. Before you are the yachts with watch set and white wings folded, the music of their bells com-

ago, and whose spacious antique dwellings could tell many a tale of the stately men and women of bygone days. As the boat glides down the Piscataqua, whose broad, deep channel makes Portsmouth one of the best harbors on the scaboard, passes the beside them ride the fishing boats, eager for the morning.

The superb revolving light of White Island, nearly a mile away, fishes across the waves to greet you—White Island, with its steep rock and lofty tower, one of the most picturesque spots on the Atlantic seaboard, a gem set in the deep. And if you will but take a few steps up the ledge you can see the star of Newburyport and the "twin lights of Cape Anne," while to the right Newcastle displays its coronet of electric splendors, and beyond shine the lights of Portsmouth and far Boone Island. These are some of the charms of evening, but with are some of the charms of evening, but with every hour

There Is a Changing Panorama. The sea reflects the blue or gray of the sky. Sometimes through mirage or floating vapors the horizon disappears, heaven and earth are blended and the distant ships seem sailing in the clouds: and sometimes, when storms have passed, and there is not a film in the air between Canada and the coast, the dim pyramid of Mount Washington rises in the north, 100 miles away. Peerless State that has this regal summit for its throne and Star Island for its footstool!

The sea in this vicinity teems with fish, especially cod, and it was from these great schools or shoals that the islands were named. They were included in a grant of land each side the Piscataqua river made in 1631 to Sir Fernando Gorges and Captain Now the lively strains of the orchestra John Mason. In 1635 the owners divided them, annexing them to their respective provbetween the two islands. Perhaps you re inces; the northerly half, including Appledore, going to Maine, and the southerly half, including Star and White Islands, to New Hampshire. For over 50 years Appledore, which has more than half the acreage of the entire group, was the principal settlement; but in 1679, when New Hampshire became a royal province, most of the people crossed the silence and the beauty out of doors and elimb the rocks to the quaint old church whose weather vane, a slender fish, glitters in the risen moon; the church which stands Years before the Mayflower dared the sea, navigators and fishermen had cruised along the coast and noted these islands, and in 1614 Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, described them particularly, took possession of them as proprietor and called them Smith's Isles. A cove on Appledore still bears his name, and a poor markle monument on the support of the support of the supporting ledge.

Recalls the Older Theorem 1981 and 1982 and 1982

brough the open belfry and lighting the plain interior worn with the tootsteps of a ranquished population. The great gathering guests, with its sights and sounds gives place in your fancy to the fishing village of The settlers here and in New Hampshire old with its rough men and women, the strong, hearty race, wresting their living from the uncertain sea. They throng the cliffs; they call to each other from the boats; and Maine were principally adherents of the royal cause and of the State Church and were, therefore, obnoxious to Puritan Massachusetts. It seems strange at this day to know that the Episcopalians of that time had little belief in the growing and lasting importance of Boston. A company of them from Holderness, Yorkshire, settled in a pleasant spot near Lake Winnipescukes, called it Holderness (its present their jovial songs ring up from the cove; they bemoan their dead; their happy couples walk apart and pity the poor girl who seeks the loneliest rock to lament her lover lost in the winter storm. saukee, called it Holderness (its present name) and intended it to be a center of relig-

What! Do their ghosts yet haunt the hill? Who are these coming down the seaward path with swift swinging gait as if bent on some midnight tryst? Only sailors from a yacht in the harbor, hastening back after a ramble on shore. No, the old islanders have gone forever, and you might watch through the summer darkness till the sun rose over Katahdin, but you would never see man or woman of them more. So you follow the retreating forms to the corridor, and at-tended by the great company of stars—for the heavens seem fuller here than elsewhere -and with the encompassing ocean to chant your lullaby, pass to the chamber of your

Newport, or wherever the whim of the oc-cupants may lead them, and the fishing storehouse, and service was broken up at boats have sped eagerly to the near banks where the great cod wait the fortunate sportsman who shall surpass the record of one caught here whose weight was 76

times, he noticed one Sunday morning that none of the women were in attendance, they dash against the shore with the incom-ing tide. The harbor is still and you take Inquiring the reason, he was told they had heard that the women on the mainland your way past the church more beautiful by day with the orange lichens clinging to its walls and tinting the gray rocks around, and cross the ledges thinly clothed with summer regarded their presence merely as a favor to the preacher, they had resolved not to go green to the eastern side, where the cliffs mass themselves and tower to breast the unless they could have "bunnits," too.
Going back to Portsmouth he made a collection of castoff headgear and dispatched it
to the Shoals. At the next service all the whole force of the Atlantic. You gain the cliffs and as you sent yourself on some smooth-worn stone with the whole splendor women, young and old, were in their seats, satisfied and smiling, their bronzed faces encased in the styles of the previous quarof ocean breakers and breasting rocks at your feet, with the dreamy distant sails, wheeling gulls, and a fresh breeze all the ter of a century.
What a rugged, rollicking, boisterous set way from Spain fanning your brow, you will say with me that Star Island of the of fellows must have congregated at these islands in the early days; the reckless, dare-devil sailors and fishermen of many a port; Shoals is a place for pure delight.

BETTING IN CHINA.

Gambling Scheme.

It is a very common practice for the owners of fruit stands to run a small gambling business. One favorite scheme is to bet on the number of seeds in an orange. A passer-by brown, bold beauties in gay kerchiefs and kilted skirts; hard-working mothers in short gowns and petticoats; shrill-voiced fish wives as sturdy and vociferous and stops before a fruit stand and bets against the owner, who is the bank. The player picks out an orange; the amount of the bet s fixed; the orange is cut open and the seeds counted.

If the man guesses right, he gets five times his stake and the orange besides; if he loses, the stake goes to the shopkeeper. In winter they gamble on the weight of fish and pieces of meat hanging in the shops.

Congratulate me." said a young lover to an old cynic. "The girl I love has given me the key of her heart."
"Humph!" growled the cynic, "she'll have the lock changed to-morrow." FOR WORKING WOMAN.

Shirley Dare Draws a Pen Picture of a Home for the Worthy.

COMFORT, CONVENIENCE, FREEDOM

Novel and Meritorious Idea That May Seme Time Be Realized.

RAISING BERRIES FOR REVENUE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On a highway that ran, sunny and deserted, between green borders which loitered temptingly under the shade of drooping trees, rose a scent of blended rose, cut grass and ripening fruit from the fields within. The expression of the scene was inviting-not close clipped, shorn to the roots and pruned to a skeleton like model places or kept in pharasaic primness, with grass plot and rose borders saying, "Come, look at me and see how nicely I am tended;" nor did it wear the look of neglect. Rather it was superlatively well kept, without losing grace, and the grass, deep in color, was three inches longer than an American gardener would tolerate.

Above the tall arch of the gate woodbine and evergreen ivy swung their garlands, white pillar roses bloomed inside and jessamine and clematis were further down the walk. I could hardly frame the wish to enter when my friend rang the bell at the little portal, which opened so freely from within, but gave guarded entrance from the road. The plain, gray-gabled house rose out of turf and flower borders, its threshold only one step above the path, its broad windows framed in the cool Japan ivy, with upper casements swinging open in the sunshine. To the rear one caught sight of broad, open piazzas, without roof, where women were at work.

Deliciously Cool and Fragrant. But the front had Lord Bacon's mignonette

border under its windows, with fragrance coming and going like sweet music and filliug the rooms within, which were deliciously cool in matting, ratsam furniture and white linen cushions that day after the Fourth of July. The wide stairs, with square turn-July. The wide stairs, with square turnings, were cool in polished chestnut, and red Leeds pots and gray-blue Flemish jars full of bay, myrtle and fragrant olive incensed the entries to the roof. The interior was very simple, as I remember it, but coolness, freshness and excellent finish were everywhere. We did not peep into closet or corner that was not finished in paint, plaster and carpentry as well as any outer view. My friend was a familiar of the house, and we went through to the back parth which was the fine weather sitting porch, which was the fine weather sitting

room of the family.

A porch 15 feet wide, open to the blue overhead, with railing hung with flowers, looking on garden and orchard, is the fit place for work, and one had her embroidery frame with basket of rich hued silks, and another her easel, three or four ensconced in ow Shaker chairs had their sewing and kniting, and presently came two more, with berries to pick over for tea, who seemed to be quite as welcome as the rest.

Worked Wherever Convenient.

"Emily is up stairs," said a sweet voiced girl. "We are sure who you are looking after. You will find the back way nearest."

Another roomy, sunny hall, with square staircase and the same exquisite neatness, with window seats built out for twilight reveries, and shelves and closets, up stairs, showing that it was used as a sewing room. howing that it was used as a sewing room. But the people seemed to work all over the house where it was convenient. Down a narrow, cheerful corridor we turned, where little rooms with screen doors bolted and swing windows open gave luxurious airiness, swing windows open gave luxurious airiness, and were welcomed at one of them. It was a little room, but so nice the adjustments to individual wants that it had more space than larger ones with our cumbrous furniture. The slender bed of turned railings, like the Vienna bent wood, took up no useless room. One corner was a draped toilet, snother by the window held shelves, and there was place for a writing table, wall bookcases and overdoor brackets for pretty things without crowding, while a trunk closet amply held the wardrobe. How dainty that room was-how peaceful and full of flower scents! Before the call was ended the inmate had turned up her bed to show how clean, fine hair materesses and woven springs, had taken me to the large light bathrooms and linen closets, which proved the comforts of the house fell short of none of those in more pretentious

Growing Fruits for Hard Cash. I beg your pardon for these details, which mean much to women who earn their bread. But the sunny orchard was inviting us, and down the espaliered walks we went, where fruit and flowers disputed that this was not Eden. Rods and rods of pinks there were, clove gilliflowers for scent bags, where you could cut and come again and not miss a blossom; hedges of roses, fuller of fragrance in this cool climate than in the hot South, and you can gather many bushel baskets of roses from 500 feet of rose border, besides basil and lavender, lemon verbena fragrant things unknown, worth their

weight in gold.
"We cannot afford to grow common qualities of things," said the quiet woman who went with us down those lovely paths, where sun and shade were so nicely that one might work in comfort any sum-mer day. "Our berries have done finely mer day. "Our berries have done finely this year," she went on, stopping at a bed which breathed delicious odor. "All our best sold for 50 cents a başket faster than we could pick them, and none were less than 35 cents.

than 35 cents.

"You see it pays to grow such berries as these," and she put the leaves aside to show the great Belmonts in their deep carbuncle red. A fully ripened strawberry of choice variety is a rarity in these days, and it was like eating jewels of priceless flavor as well as beauty.

An Easy Way to Earn Money.

"Few women can earn 50 cents easier than by growing and picking a basket of large berries like these," said the guide. "Our September berries will bring \$1 a basket for invalids," and she turned to another bed where the tiniest berries were making up for size by the exquisite fra-grance and flavor of the everbearing Alpine strawberry, one or two of which perfume a room. "When we can have a strawberry room. "When we can have a setamon, house it will coin money for us and be so nice for sick people. They crave things out "Come this side the walk and have some-

thing fresh, won't you?" said a cheery voice, and we were in the raspberry border. There may be easier ways for women to work than in that half light, sitting by the loaded bushes in low chairs, with broad hats, cool linen dresses and fingerless gloves, the very poetry of usefulness. They were nice, ladylike girls as any playing tennis at the beaches. Down the slope another, with a voice like a blackbird, was singing "Burd Helen" while the wrought preferring her Helen" while she wrought, preferring her happy loneliness. "She has an object for her thoughts," laughed one of the others,

fancy free. "Then 'objects' are permitted?" "Of course!" opening her eyes at the idea. "They woo and marry, and leave us, and come back when they are widowed and helpless.

"Is not that a burden?"
"Why should it be? We all work and expect to be worth our living and som thing over."

There's a Difference in Women. "But I have often been told that women would not work," I said, to draw her out; to which she responded significantly that "there was a difference in women." I have observed the same thing myself.

"We can't try field culture," said the carden girl. "We know our limitations, garden girl. "We know our limitations, but all the work about these berries was done by our own hands, after the ground

was plowed and harrowed. We know how to ripen fruit, and don't wash the flavor out with overwatering or coarse fertilizers. De cayed sods, leaves and grass with ground bone dust make our berries. Notice the substance and the weight. No watery ber-ries here. Ours will keep firm a day longer than most others in market."

It was pretty to hear the girl bragging over her berries, and who had a better right? We went strolling down the orehard to the beehives and the pigeon cote and hennery, for the girls had picked a bushel and a half of black raspberries in less than two hours, which would be \$7 for the three when sold, and they could afford to enter-

tain visitors. While we watched the pig-eons wheel and flirt on the grass-tame,

petted things—the supper bell rang and we were carried off to a home tea. No Wonder Complexions Were Good. There was bread and biscuit as you find in the country once or twice in a life, butter to match, saucers of berries half an hour from the bush, relishes and such cake as one gets hungry for. And strawberry short-cake, with those great Sharpless berries. For your sakes I forbear further description. tion. No wonder the girls had such nice complexions and the older women looked so different from the sallow, drawn faces one sees in working women of the city. The garden girls were so hungry they insisted on a plate of salad, which they owned was only an improved version of the cold boiled vegetables which farmers used to eat. With watercress garnish and mayonnaise it looked all that a salad ought. After supper the fruit was to be sent to the depot and there

was a brisk hour for the girls. It is pleasing to see women work who are trained, and in the mind for it-the clean celerity of movement, the certainty, the absorption, the exhilaration of work in the open air put a new face on the ancient curse. The lounge in the starlight with a dozen or twenty women in a breezy humor was pleasant, and as it was anticipated and arranged I was very glad to stay the night. The pretty guest chamber, the pride of the house, with its cool, pale blue and white, its bed linen smelling of lavender and rose leaves, its wax candles and bottles of rose water on the toilet of marvellous embroideries, was enough to tempt sleep away, but the cool freshness settled on my eyes and the evening and the morning were the next day.

"Now tell me," I said to my friend over the toilet, "whence and why this place is? It is like nothing of our feverish modern

Then she told me the story of a woman, gifted and fair beyond the measure even of beautiful women, blameless and high natured, whose was yet one of loss and grief, too pitiful for telling there. She saw much of the suffering of woman's lives, and in her last years she willed all that was left of a handsome woman, whose aim should be to give each one as much, not as little, as pos-sible, for her work. It was not for those who seek support without effort, or by half work, but for those who work at a disadvantage, or for scant, heartbreaking uncertainty. It was a beginning only, but the aim was sweet, generous and just—one of those seeds which have life in it. There was enough at first to give a home to a few select souls, women glad of a sure place for weary feet, and a welcome for worn hearts which had no suspicion of charity about it. It was only proposed to give them what they could earn, but in the shape of the comfort af living as well as bare existence.

There were plenty to detest living in a house of women, fortunately; they left place for others who could live with their own sex. It had no place for those who slighted or despised work, or picked upon their neighbors. Quiet, friendly hearted, honest women found in it much that was best in life. No woman's past was pried into, her future only concerned those about

The Reserve of a Convent.

All admitted were free to enter, free to go, to receive friends as in their own home, but inside those walls was the security, the peace, the inviolable reserve of the convent without its bareness and restrictions. Of course not all could enter who desired, for it was no stepping stone for adventuresses. Certain sincerities were indispensable, but those who entered, with few exceptions, stayed because they found no place so good,

so safe, so pleasant.

There are women who realize that the best and the whole of things are not for every one, and are thankful to get a share and to help others to theirs. For such the house was opened. In the morning they showed me the work done in the house as

showed me the work done in the house as well as in the garden.
"Why you are doing the old French work," cried my friend in raptures over the great piece of embroidery under skillful fingers. "I thought that was not known this side at all."

"The poor little French woman who came here in such trouble last winter had learned it at a convent, and when she grew better taught two or three and we sent over for patterns. Isn't it graceful-something between embroidery and lace. Everybody brings us something fine. We are all useful, not to say invaluable here," and there was a ripple of soft laughter round the circle.

Treasures in Store for Winter.

"Even your woman who had never done are. She has done our strawberries in a miraculous manner so that they have the flavor of berries and are not spoiled sugar. I must show them to you."

"She wants to show off the storeroom."

said my friend, mischievously, and we were glad of it. Fancy a room 14 feet square lined to the ceiling with shelves and racks inside, with rows upon rows of fruit preserved and canned to perfection—such fruit, such canning as you do not see citen outside French provincial factories.

There was a coquetry in the way they were put up—in clear glass, in crystal, in fancy pottery, with filigree papers and crochet covers. One side was a room where the canning was done with white tables

the canning was done, with white tables piled with baskets of berries and fresh herbs, and a row of bright kerosene stoves looking as if they were polished for show.

Alas that this is a vision as yet, save in the purpose and bequest of that sweet spirit who left her all toward making it a reality, upon whose grave the roses have not ye bloomed. One of the silent singers, he name may yet be sweet to women for the kindness she planned for them. Its men-tion brought a radiant smile to lips unable to speak their gladness in it, and whether these weak hands are able to carry it out or not, the sacred picture will be dear to true-hearted women. Shirley Dars. grouse and other game birds.

CHAUTAUQUA'S COOKS. Bits of Wisdom That Fall to Those

Who Sit at Mrs. Ewing's Feet.

ORUMBS FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

A Light Soup Goes Best With a Heavy Dinner and Vice Versa.

NEW POINTS ABOUT SALAD MAKING

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. CHAUTAUQUA, July 24 - What worms would not, if she could, go and dip knowledge from the teachings of the wisest Lead on Household Science! The practical possessor of this wise Lead, Mrs. E. P. Ewing, is ever ready with dainty fingers to show you just how to cut and trim the materials that go from the kitchen to the table. In fact cooking has become, under her management, an art, such as to tempt housewives and young girls alike to study it with new interest and become her enthusiastic followers. Everything looks so easy, so pretty when Mrs. Ewing does it and as I trust that some crumbs falling from the table of her domestic wisdom would not be unwelcome to the fairer portion of THE DISPATCH readers. I will try to make you familiar with some of the methods of her art.

My first lesson was about soup makinggood, well-flavored soups that men delight in and never forget. Most soups are made of beef bones surrounded by a little coarse meat, It is well to know that the bones of the lower portion of the animal, unfit for roasts and stews, are just the thing for soups, as these coarse parts have the finest flavor. If you are making stock, the more bones and the tighter they are shut in the pot with just enough cold water to cover them, the stronger and richer the stock will become and the easier to put away and keep.

Many Soups From One Stock. Now, this stock can be made into many kinds of soups. Our teacher divides them into five classes—plain soups, clear soups, vegetable soups, white soups and mixed soups. One must remember that to begin a heavy dinner a clear soup is preferable, while before a light repast a rich soup, such as white soups, made of cream and flour, or

eggs, is served.
Would you not like to know just how to Would you not like to know just how to prepare an ideal beef tea? Take the juicy meat of a round of beef, minus fat, have it cut or ground fine and put with cold water to cook, adding salt to help draw the juices out. Stir and press it with a wooden spoon, and as soon as it boils it is done. Despite some doctors, who would allow the broth to boil ad libitum was follow the teachings of Man. libitum, we follow the teachings of Mrs. Ewing and will not allow the strength and to evaporate in rising fumes. broth being less nutritious than stimulant. it is as welcome a tonic to the epicure as t the invalid.

Should you want to color and flavor clear stock you can make a meat caramel by cooking down and reducing the broth and put-ting it in the clear liquid.

Next day was a lesson on salad making, and the table looked most inviting, garnish d with crisp, green lettuce and here and there celery and ruby radishes.

French Teachings on Salads.

The subject of salad making is a tremen-dous one. Of course, the A, B, C part of it can be given here, but everyone must perfect it according to her ability. Any edible, alone or combined with another, can be made into a salad. The French have long ago learned how to add attractiveness to flavor, and it is to them we turn for those dainty, light inventions like hors-d'oeuvres and side dishes that go to make up light

repasts.

In olden times people had nothing so enjoyable as banqueting and devotion, but within 100 years new interests have entered our lives, and prolonged feasts are things of the pust! Women have great in-fluence in this dominion, and should use it

In mixing salads the suitability is the first thing to be considered. As it is with different characters that cannot agree, so with some ingredients, they will not be brought together in a harmonious combina-tion. Oranges, grapes, bananas and lemon juice make a delicious whole—while pine-apple with bananas would clash and take one from the other their special aroma. Fruit salads are made less sweet when served with meat. A good and simple salad dressing for those who do not relial

oil is this: A Dressing Without Of

Take six spoonaful of vinegar, three eggs; beat the eggs and pour in the vinegar which has been heating and set it all together on the fire, stirring while it cooks slowly. Then stir in butter one-half ounce to each egg. After it has cooled you can add more ingredients to suit the materials you are making into a saiad. If for meat add salt, pepper, sugar, celery, onion and whipped oream for potatoes, salt, pepper, onion, parsley, pickies or capers, thin oream and so on to suit your tasta.

Oil dressings are, of course, the finest. He who likes not oil knows not the fine de-He who likes not oil knows not the fine de-light of the salad. All the materials should be cold. Best the yolk of one egg, pour in oil slowly; add a little lemon and so on till you have a sufficient quantity. Mrs. Ewing advises everyone to oultivate a liking for all estables; it will be a great help, as one ought to taste the ready dishes before they are served.

We are all saked to bring a napkin to the lessons; as one dish arrives to perfection it is passed around and each lady takes a taste, which is usually followed by an exclamation of delight over its excellency.

A Plugue of Mice.

Many of the sheep runs in Dumfriesship county in Scotland, are overrun with mice. The mice are nearly as large as rate, and tear up the plants from the roots, thus rendering further growth impossible. The plague is attributed to the destruction by keepers of birds which prey upon mice, or

## **Ladies of Experience**

Endorse

Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts.

Marian Harland's Daughter Says:

"I have given Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts the most careful trial and have found them thoroughly satisfactory both in strength and taste. Every American housewife who wishes to have the certainty of achieving the best results in her cookery should use Dr. Price's Flavoring Extracts."

Christine Terhune Herrick.

Eliza R. Parker.

A great authority on cooking, writes as follows:

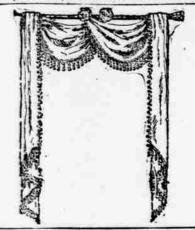
"I unhesitatingly pronounce Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts superior to all others in purity and strength and take pleasure in recommending them to the use of housekeepers who desire well-flavored Pastry, Cakes, Custards, Creams, etc.

With Muslin and China Slik. Here is a way of arranging a window by

silk or brocade. The muslin is sold in styles showing small colored details, and if the silk drapery which combines with it is of the same general shade, the effect is complete. potted plants, hanging baskets, terneries, brass rod with metallic ornaments which

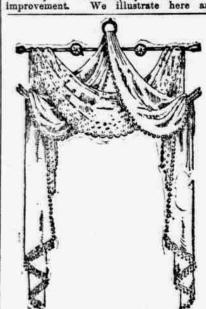
can be easily had for the asking. For the anuslin no fringe is used, but for the silk, a small ball fringe is desirable.

Delicate tables of gold and rich brasswork are now imitated in plaster and gilt. Even the Sheraton furniture of inlaid colored wood is done in stenciled designswords paint-doen. It's only the things Beautiful Gems of the Sea of Which merely paint-deep. It's only the things that are good that are imitated. Take bronze and metal work. Some of the reproductions are as good as the originals, in all but substance. There is only one firm in this country making papier mache armor. They show a breastplate in reproduction of that of Henry VIII. and the details of the original new in the British Museum are faith-ONCE A PISHERMEN'S STRONGHOLD. Their Story Goes Back Before the Mayfully followed, even to the mutilated and THE DELIGHTS OF THEIR CLIMATE



form part of the over door drapings; battle axes and cimeters protude from medizval

portieres-and all paper. Many people use lace curtains at their windows with nothing in conjunction therewith, although a very little in the way of over drapery will be an





of treating. Six or seven years ago the rage began for what is called piano lamps—those tall, lean-stemmed, long-shafted contrivances that run five or six feet up and are top-heavy with radiant shades. They have been made by the thousands and hundreds of thousands

seen by us, has one of those piano lamps rising from the center of the arm. A memorial table is the latest whim. It is provided with a top, overset or covered with glass, finely beveled, heavy and sub-stantial. Beneath this can be placed resolutions or regrets or other epistolary commu-nications, accompanied by photograph or picture. The table is finished in different

\$8 a pair' and Arabian lace curtains have for the first time in their history been brought out in low grades, cheap enough for almost

variety of embroidered fragments in every conceivable style, and these tragments are arranged and appliqued onto the plain goods by the dealers. place upon a cornice or curtain pole over a doorway. It gives the decorator an oppor-tunity of getting far away from the ordinary hanging of a portiere.

A NEW and rising American industry is the land, and now Appledore and Star are only places of resort for summer visitors.

help to mold the world. From Appledore to the Others. The last passenger has landed. The steamer glides on its way. The place retreats from your gaze, and as you pass the broad hill of Appledore you note its verdant knolls and hollows, and its pretty pavillon overlooking the scene. Below the hill is the only habitation on Appledore apart from the housing of summer visitors the rough but tidy house of a thrifty Northe rough but tidy house of a thrifty Nor-wegian, who to fishing adds the raising of

from afan ing faintly, now and then, to the ear, and beside them ride the fishing boats, eager for

steal from the dancing hall, for this is "Star night" with the band which divides its time spond to the enticing summons, and watch for awhile, or even join the merry company as they whirl through the latest compli-cated figure or fill the room with the echoes of their steps in an old-fashioned reel. More likely you turn from the brilliant hall to

Story of the Morning Sun. How delicious are the mornings here with the cool breeze rippling the water, and the sun facing you gloriously as if these islands were his only care! But long before his coming the yachts have spread their white wings for Bar Harbor or Marblehead or

Hark! the low thunder of the waves as

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

The Keepers of Fruit Stands Have a Novel Thicago Inter-Ocean. 1 The Chinese make a bet of everything.

New York Recorder. ]