

### SERENITY.

This world's but a bubble,  
The eyes declare;  
A light film of trouble  
With filling of air.  
They call it delusion  
And vow it's accurst—  
'Twill end in confusion  
And swell up and burst.

But bubbles have tints  
Blurring and bright,  
And reflect 'mid their glintings  
Much goodness and light.  
Some explosion may blow it  
To bits. Why despair?  
We'll none of us know it  
And none of us care.

### THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

BY BESSIE MORGAN

My Aunt Augusta Wilberforce lived in a little New England town on the seacoast. Her house, standing well back from the street and surrounded by magnificent elms, was one of the oldest and most aristocratic in the village.

It was a delightful place to visit, and particularly for a child of dreamy and imaginative temperament, its attractions were endless.

The garden, with its box-edged walks and old-fashioned flowerbeds, and the house, where everything dated past one generation after another, had equal charms for me.

Aunt Augusta lived entirely in the past; the friends she had lost long years before lived for her still. I used to think she too more comfort with them than many people do with their living ones.

Her walls were hung with portraits and some really fine paintings. Among them was one of which I was particularly fond, called "The Cavalier's Escape."

A handsome young man in slashed doublet and long purple hose was creeping up the stone steps, from a gloomy dungeon, past his sleeping jailer. His boots with their long shining spurs he carried under his arm, and a beautiful maiden waited for him at the top of the shadowy stairs, with the great castle key in one slender hand, while the other was lifted warningly, her frightened eyes fixed on the jailer's unconscious face.

I speak of the cavalier as young and handsome, though, truth to tell, only the back of his head, with his long auburn love-locks, was visible in the picture; but notwithstanding this fact, I have never been able to get over the idea that once I saw his face. But I'll tell you how it happened.

I was paying my usual summer visit to my aunt, and spending my time very satisfactorily to myself in reading and dreaming. I was 13 years old, and considered by my friends to possess more imagination than was altogether good for me.

But on the particular day of which I am telling you my meditations were interrupted by one of the neighbors, who came in to beg my Aunt Augusta to allow her to examine my great-grandmother's wedding dress.

Her daughter was going to take part in some tableaux and wanted an inspiration for her costume.

The wonderful gowns my aunt kept hidden away in the dark recesses of the "spare room" wardrobe I looked upon with delight and awe, on the rare occasions when she would allow me a peep at these treasures. But I was never permitted to touch any of them, though it was the desire of my life to see myself arrayed in my great-grandmother's wedding dress. After Mrs. Woodfern had gazed and admired to her satisfaction my aunt folded the beautiful satin and lace, locked them away again out of sight, and gave me the keys to put back in her desk, while she accompanied her guest downstairs.

I was obediently on my way to her room, when something Mrs. Woodfern was saying caught my ear.

"Three houses have been entered already, Miss Wilberforce. Do you think it is safe for you here, with no man to call in for protection? You have so many valuable things to attract a burglar."

"I am not nervous," Aunt Augusta answered as they passed out of sight, but I felt I must hear the account Mrs. Woodfern was giving of the burglar's desperate deeds, so I dropped the keys in my pocket and hurried down, meaning to come up at once and take care of them after Mrs. Woodfern was gone.

There was a full moon that night. It streamed into all the windows and lighted up the rooms with its splendor. Aunt Augusta went to bed early with a headache, and I wandered about the house by myself, indulging in fancies of the wildest nature.

The portraits looked at me solemnly from the walls, and I thought of Hans Andersen's stories, and wished they would come down and talk to me. How delightful it would be to see all the stately ladies and gentlemen walking about in the moonlight! But perhaps they were only waiting for me to be out of the way.

I was standing before my great-grandmother's portrait, when I remembered the keys in my pocket—I could try that wedding dress on then and no one be the wiser! I would not hurt it; there was no reason why any one should mind.

Noislessly, I crept upstairs to the big front room, that also was flooded with moonlight—I had forgotten the blinds with the keys.

Closing the door softly behind me, I crossed the floor on tiptoe and unlocked the great wardrobe's doors, holding my breath at my own daring, but in a few minutes there I stood, in the shining satin, with the beautiful old lace veil falling like a mist around me.

It really was wonderful how it all fitted me, even the little satin shoes,

with the great paste buckles, that shone like diamonds of the purest water.

I walked into the moonlight and looked down at myself. Oh, what a pity no one could see! Even I could only get half a glimpse at the glories of my costume.

If only I dared go downstairs, the long mirror between the windows in the parlor would be what I wanted!

No sooner said than done. A spirit of adventure was alive in my heart, and with my train over my arm I passed quietly down. There was no one to hear. Aunt Augusta slept soundly, and the only servant was in her room at the back of the house. Tranquil and serene, I stood and contemplated my charms; then, with a little sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, I prepared to return whence I came, since not even the pictures would not come down and bear me company.

With the thought of the pictures still in my head I stepped out into the hall, and stopped—for there was a man going softly upstairs. The light was dim, and he was wrapped in a dark cloak, but I saw he was carrying his boots under his arm, and in an instant I remembered the cavalier.

I was not as much frightened as you would have supposed. I never once thought of the burglar Mrs. Woodfern had been talking about. It seemed only natural, and a matter of course, that something unusual should happen.

The rustle of my train, as I let it fall, attracted the cavalier's attention. He turned and saw me there in a narrow strip of moonlight that fell through the hall window, and in an instant he was coming down again toward me.

I retired before him farther and farther till I was back again in the moonlighted parlor. But still he came on. I could see him quite plainly then—such a handsome young man, though wild and daring! It seemed as if I had always known his face must be like that—only his auburn love-locks were gone.

"I was told this house was haunted," he said, under his breath, looking at me with his dark eyes. "I had a vague impression in my mind that it would be a good thing if I were safely back again in my own room with the door locked; but since I was downstairs I might as well make the best of it. Perhaps it was only a dream, after all, so I looked at the cavalier steadily."

"Are you alone?" I asked. "Where are the others?" I spoke softly because I did not wish to wake Aunt Augusta.

He did not answer, but came a step nearer, amazement in his face.

"I suppose the jailer is still asleep," I said casually. The cavalier gave a tremendous start and looked over his shoulder. "If you were trying to escape," I said, "there was no use in going upstairs."

The cavalier came nearer still and caught me by my wrist, but he did not look any less puzzled.

"Flesh and blood," I heard him mutter, and certainly there was nothing unsubstantial about his grasp. But suddenly his brow grew dark. "What do you mean?" he whispered, fiercely. "Is this a trap to catch me?"

"No," I answered. I began to get frightened, and spoke hurriedly. "Escape, if you want to—quick, before he wakes up."

"Where is he, upstairs?" frowning still, but I could tell by the way he looked toward the window that he meant to go.

"No; he is in there"—pointing to the room across the hall. "But I won't wake him up; only let go my arm. You hurt me!"

"Do you give me your solemn word of honor that you will not scream or make any sound or attempt to leave this room for half an hour?" demanded my captor.

I promised readily enough, and he motioned me to sit down in Aunt Augusta's big chair, and then, without a sound, he opened the window. I thought he was gone, but no, he had stopped, and was looking back at me as I sat there in the moonlight, gravely watching him, and then he came back and stood beside me.

"I don't know who or what you are," he said; "but you are the strangest girl I ever saw—and the prettiest. Did I hurt her poor little wrist?" And then I suppose he remembered the gallantry of the days to which he belonged, for he bent his dark head down low and kissed my arm as it rested on the chair beside him. Then he vanished like a shadow and closed the window softly behind him.

I sat motionless in the big chair and waited. The moonlight slipped down from my bridal veil and across my satin lap down to my shining shoe-buckles, and at last was gone altogether; but still the jailer did not wake up, and all the other pictures stayed quietly in their frames, and I leaned my head back in Aunt Augusta's great chair and went fast asleep while I waited.

The clock was striking two when I awoke, and then I was frightened. My mind was full of vague, half-remembered terrors. I was afraid of myself, in my ghostly dress, and flew upstairs as if pursued. I had to get a candle from my room to see to put away my finery—the great spare room had grown so dark—and there were queer noises in the wardrobe, and in every corner. I remembered then about the burglar, and shook from head to foot with fear. It did seem as if I never should get those things put away.

But it was done at last, and oh, the joy when I was safely back in my room with my door locked fast behind me!

There is the story, you can call it what you please—a ghost story, or a

burglar story, or a dream. There was nothing next morning to prove which it was.

I went down as soon as I was dressed to look at the picture in the sitting-room, but the cavalier was there still, noiselessly climbing the weary stairs past the sleeping jailer. I couldn't help being sorry for him, that he hadn't escaped, after all.

I put back my aunt's keys directly after breakfast. I didn't care about keeping them any longer, and to this day I am not altogether sure whether I ever tried on my great-grandmother's wedding dress or not.

### INTELLIGENT PACK MULES.

During Their Army Experience They Learn Many Things.

"In the government service," said an ex-soldier, "the pack trains are led by a bell mare and the mules learn to follow her with a blind confidence that is astonishing. After the surrender of Santiago the army of occupation had several pack trains that were kept in a big corral near the camp. One day General Breckinridge came to visit General Shafter, who at that time had shifted his headquarters to a point near San Juan Hill, and how to provide him with a saddle animal was a serious question. The climate of south Cuba had proven very hard on our horses and they were nearly all dead or disabled. In fact, the only respectable looking beast we could scrape up was a bell mare belonging to one of the trains, and the order was accordingly given to saddle her up.

"The general mounted and was riding away toward headquarters, when suddenly a most hideous and unearthly tumult broke loose from the corral. The mules had caught sight of their leader and were frantically endeavoring to get out and follow, each one braying at the top of his lungs and every bray in a different key. It was the most horrible row ever heard in the province since the bombardment of Morro Castle, and for the time being it looked as if the crazy mules were going to tear down the stockade. General Breckinridge was startled and reined up to investigate, but meanwhile a dozen packers had jumped into the corral and went to work on the brutes with clubs, trying to get them running around in a circle so as to distract their attention. At last they succeeded, and the general fortunately disappeared down the road before the drove came to a standstill again. He would have cut a unique figure if he had ridden up to Shafter's tent leading a solemn cavalcade of 64 government mules, and that is exactly what would have happened had it not been for the presence of mind of the packers.

"A pack-mule that has seen service gets very cunning. I remember we had one old fellow who had been in the army for 12 or 15 years and he knew as much as most of the men. He was occasionally used as leader and was very fond of the job, because in that case he had no load to carry. To see him maneuvering to get to the front was very comical. The regulation pack weighs 200 pounds, and the mules soon size it up to a nicety, refusing to carry anything more. For that reason they are blindfolded while being loaded; otherwise they would be continually looking around to see whether the pack was inside the limit.

"On one occasion we received a coffin to be sent to Siboney and the old mule I referred to was selected to carry it. The coffin weighed about 25 pounds, but the mule must have concluded from its size that it weighed a ton, and he immediately began to groan in the most pitiful manner, exactly like a human being. When the coffin was put on his back he pretended to stagger and sagged down as if he was carrying a 10-inch gun. At the same time he turned his head and looked at me with a mournful expression that was as easily read as so much print: 'Good heavens! he seemed to say, 'are you going to allow me to be crushed by this enormous burden?' We were all shrieking with laughter and tried to make him take his place in line, but not an inch would he budge. Finally he deliberately rolled over and knocked the coffin off. That settled it. We let the old rascal take the bell, and I could almost hear him chuckling as it was looped around his neck. Another mule was then blindfolded and took on the coffin without trouble."

### Preservative Power of Ice.

Whales are not the only objects found in the ice. Various expeditions have reported the finding of human bodies, whales or other seamen who had been caught in the snow, buried in the ice, and preserved for years. In 1822 Capt. Burnham found the body of a seaman buried in blue ice four feet from the surface, both body and clothing being in a perfect state of preservation. Captain Kendall of the British navy, in examining the soil of Deception Island, one of the South Shetland group, found a human body that must have been there for years as it was entombed in a mass of volcanic ash that was frozen to a stone-like consistency. In this way many remarkable animals have been preserved for the edification of mankind in later ages.

### Bride's Substitute for "Obey."

Some brides insist upon having the little "obey" left out of their marriage service nowadays, but it was a witty and alert young woman who saved dispute and solved the difficulty at a fashionable wedding in an Episcopal church the other day. Her girl friends had been let into the secret, but the bridegroom could hardly believe his ears and thought that she was overcome by her emotions when his lovely bride solemnly promised to "love honor and be gay." He is learning that she means to keep the promise, however.—New York Press.

### FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

#### To Remove a Tight Ring.

An easy way of removing a ring that has grown too tight for a finger is to thread a needle with thread that is strong but not too coarse. Soap this needle and pass 1/2 eye first under the ring on the inside and toward the palm of the hand. Pull the thread through a few inches, and wind the other end of it around the finger toward the nail and then unwind the end that has been passed under the ring. With this unwinding the ring will come off.

#### Youngest Woman Preacher.

Melesin K. Sowles, a girl of sixteen years, is probably the youngest woman preacher in the world. In June of this year she preached the opening sermon at the yearly meeting of the Baptist church, Honey Creek, Wis., and she has been granted an unlimited license to preach at the quarterly meetings of that church. Miss Sowles' home is in Prospect, Wis., where her father is in charge of the Baptist church. Miss Sowles has frequently during the summer spoken from her father's pulpit. Before she was ten years old she evinced a great interest in theology, and, unaided, outlined a sermon.

#### Veils from Paris.

The newest French veil is of soft, lightweight net with a delicate cobweb embroidery, the edge finished with a narrow ruche of black lace. The tulle veil with big black velvet wafers or spots of chenille is odd and to perfect complexions very becoming, but it has the disadvantage of being very hard to adjust; the wafers are so far apart that one is on the tip of the nose, another directly in front of the eye and a third on the chin, while forehead and cheeks are covered with plain tulle only. A pretty cross bar net veil shows groups of spots in chenille and a cobweb mesh veil closely dotted shows at intervals an open space through which the skin gleams white or pink. The effect is decidedly bizarre, but Frenchy. With the advent of frosty, windy days many women don chignon veils at once, and some of these are fancifully dotted and have silk borders. Browns, blues and mauves are worn by the woman who does much walking.

#### A Measuring Party.

What promises to be a very popular form of amusement this winter is called "a measuring party," for which a dainty little leaflet is sent out, to which is attached a small silken bag, one color for the gentlemen and another for the ladies. The leaflet can be hand painted by the hostess, or one of these pretty embossed affairs to be purchased at a stationer's.

On the outside of the leaflet is written in golden letters "A Measuring Party," and on the inside the following doggerel:

A measuring party is given to you;  
It is something novel as well as new;  
The invitation is in the sack,  
For use in bringing or sending back.  
A nickel for every foot you tall;  
Measure yourself on door or wall;  
An extra cent for each inch give,  
And thereby show how high you live.  
With music and game, refreshment and pleasure,  
We will meet one and all at our party of measure.

The recipient of one of these leaflets and silken bags, if the invitation is accepted, is to put in the bag as many nickels as he or she is feet high and a penny for every extra inch.

The tallest gentleman and lady receive the first prize and the shortest couple the second. This new amusement is a boon to many a perplexed hostess when at her wits' ends to devise a new game or entertainment, especially when it is a question of keeping a large house party amused.

#### Butter Made by College Girls.

Not until some seven years ago was the first state college for women opened in the South. This is known as the State Normal and Industrial college, located at Greensboro, N. C., and has had its genesis and remarkable career in the mind of one young man, Dr. Charles D. McIver. Dr. McIver is not only a man of great enthusiasm and executive ability, but he possesses an immense capital of resource and invention. He is constantly adding new features of self-support for the students at this institution. At the beginning of the new year it will be practicable for nearly a hundred indigent girls to support themselves while pursuing their studies. This feature of self-support has been in existence for many years, and instead of creating caste among the students has resulted in a magnificent leveling process.

A new line of work which is being organized, and which will give support to a score more of girl students, is the dairy farm. This college is most fortunate in having attached to it some one hundred and sixty acres of fine farming land. This has been stocked with a piggy and some fifty head of choice Jersey cows, which are to be milked by the college girls. The dairy will not only be self-sustaining, but it will bring money to the institution from the butter these young ladies will make. This butter has the college stamp on it, and already the demand for it outside the college is greater than the supply can be.—Boston Transcript.

#### Wherein Vienna Girls Excel.

The girls of Vienna excel in all kinds of needlework, from sewing to the most elaborate embroidery. Sewing in all of its branches is a fine art, as it is undertaken in the old fashioned way, and every girl makes all of her own underclothing and prepares her trousseau and household linen.

Nowhere can there be found a greater variety or number of fancy embroidery stitches than in the schools of Vienna. In drawn work and intricate designs of cross stitches the girls are adepts. It is a part of their education also to learn to design patterns of their own.

While the Viennese girl learns all about sewing separately from the dressmaking business, she is also sent later to a dressmaking school, where she learns to draft patterns and prepare herself so that she can make the clothes for the entire family.

Household science in all its branches and in the most thorough manner is the next thing on the program of education. Formerly it was the business of the cook to teach cooking in all its phases to the daughters of the household. Now, however, the cooks have rebelled, and the girls attend cooking schools, although some of them are sent to restaurants to learn from the chefs.

Household linen is to the Viennese girl what the china cupboard is to Americans. The linen is tied up with dainty ribbons and placed on shelves in the linen cupboard, not in drawers, as is done in this country.

#### Fur and Flowers for Winter.

Among the principal novelties issued for the winter months are the fur-covered toques and hats. Sable and marten are used almost exclusively for the purpose; chinchilla is relegated to quite a third rate position, and astrakhan is altogether tabooed in the first houses. This coincides with fashions in furs generally, which gives to sable and marten the first place. Both hats and toques are covered with fur. In some cases the skin is merely stretched over the form as might be a square of velvet or a flat plateau, the piece used for lining brought over the edge in a roll. This arrangement is the one generally employed for marten, but Russian sable, with its elegant markings on the back, is subjected to a different treatment; the skin is so placed on the form that these markings form circles running parallel to the edge of the brim and encircling the crown, while instead of being stretched out flat it is made to set in slight folds, following the same direction.

A toque managed in this wise is turned frankly up on one side, the skin being fluted on the outer side, and folds fixed in their places by two small simili brooches, the four paws of the animal dangling in a tassel behind the ear. Two wide semicircular cut-outs, sable brown with cross waves of a lighter shade, are fastened behind the upturned brim and curve round in front of the crown.

Fur covered hats and toques are also trimmed with contrasting colors; turquoise or gray green velvet or satin antique, either arranged in a big pouf or in a narrow torsade about the base of the crown and tied at the side in a little pointed bow, has a charming effect. Or one of the printed panne handkerchiefs may do duty as trimming, its bright colors on a light brown ground being particularly suitable.

Flowers are also used for their decoration—bunches of violets or roses. A hat with a brim of medium width covered with marten is simply decorated by two large blush roses and their leaves; a second has two bunches of purple and reddish mauve violets; a fur toque is surmounted by a pyramidal bunch of crimson roses. One of the new ideas is to fix two or three glass dewdrops to the petals of the roses used for this and other purposes. Sable and marten skins must also be included among the very fashionable trimmings for felt hats. Two strips, cut off the sides of the skin, provide a binding for the edge of the hat, and the centre piece, with the head and tail attached, a torsade for twisting round the crown; the head and tail cross each other in front, where they are secured by a semi-circular slide. These slides, which are mounted on a flat piece of metal, are not only made of simili, but also in enamel, which has suddenly come into such favor for brooches and buckles. The enameling is executed on metal, in palegreen and yellow gold tints, most effective on dark tinted fur, felt or textiles.—Millinery Trade Review.

#### Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Fur velvet muffs adorned with huge, lace, flowers and ribbons. Pearl and other jeweled necklaces with various shaped pendants attached.

Rich cream colored laces having their designs traced with diminutive brilliants.

Parisian fur novelties in capes, collets, boleros and jackets in extremely pronounced forms.

Many evening velvets in white and light colors showing bayadere stripes of satin in self or contrast.

Crystal drapery net showing beads of various colors disposed over the surface at regular intervals.

Short capes of various furs finished with a high Medici collar and long stole ends of rich cream lace.

Fur collarettes with many tails having high Medici collars and bows of white or colored satin ribbon.

Many varieties of narrow bands of fur for trimming cloth, velvet, lace and transparent evening gowns.

Tucked taffeta four-in-hand ties with broad flowing ends finished with fringe or ruffles of narrow ribbon.

Long black velvet cloaks lined with rich white satin, finished with double revers and extremely high Medici collar variously trimmed.

Lacelike passementeries composed of bands of hand needlework in foliage, fruit and flower designs, outlined with admixtures of steel and opalescent beadings.—Dry Goods Economist

**The Eloquent Corporal.**  
"Now, then, No. 7," the corporal continues, "we'll make another start—that is, if you've quite finished feelin' if your back hair happens to be on straight this morning. It's you I'm talking to—third man from the left of the front rank. I haven't the pleasure of knowin' your name, but I expect to be writin' it down for an hour's extra duty pretty soon. Now, then, look to your front—squad 'ehun, left dress! Turn your eyes to the left—without squinting like Chinese dummies—if you can. Stand up in the ranks, too, like soldiers, not like a measly row of lopsided, spindle-shanked, cockney shop boys! Stick your chests out and put your stummicks somewhere out of sight altogether. There's 'arf of you with figures like bags of potatoes. Strike me crimson if I ever saw such a mob! Hi! you, in the centre—the ginger-headed man, I mean—don't grin like that; this ain't no perishin' beauty competition—not by no manner of means."—The Queen's Service.

#### Warmth of Birds' Blood.

The blood of birds offers some data for thought not found in the blood of any other class of animals. The blood corpuscles are shaped differently, being oval instead of round; but this is not the difference to which I refer. Birds' blood is several degrees warmer than that of other animals. To man such a temperature of the blood as birds possess would be a fever. This high temperature causes molecular changes in the tissues and brain to take place more rapidly, which would cause the consumption of more food, and brain activity would be more intense, so that for the same amount of work a smaller brain would meet all the requirements, which at a lower temperature would require one of greater size.—The Phrenological Journal.

#### That Lafayette Dollar.

Readers who may wonder why it is that their favorite newspapers do not illustrate the new Lafayette dollar among their matters of interest are informed that it is because of the peculiar wording of an act of Congress and the peculiar interpretation placed upon it by the Secret Service Department of the Treasury, which, taken together, makes it a penal offense to print a representation of any coin. According to this absurd ruling, a newspaper picture of a silver coin is a counterfeit of that coin, and must be dealt with as severely as if there were danger that it might be circulated as such.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Landor's Gallantry.

Kate Field used to take daily lessons in Latin from Walter Savage Landor, when she was in Florence, and at her entrance into the room his rugged expression invariably softened and he became what his pupil called "chivalry incarnate." One day he dropped his spectacles, and as she picked them up and handed them to him he exclaimed, "oh, this is not the first time that you have caught my eyes."—Argonaut.

Attention is called to the very useful articles contained in the premium list of the Continental Tobacco Co.'s advertisement of their Star Plug Tobacco in another column of this paper. It will pay to save the "Star" tin tags and so take advantage of the best list ever issued by the Star Tobacco.

Meal made of corn-cobs, ground, is used to adulterate many food products.

## Ayer's 20th Century Almanac

(Not the ordinary kind)

A handsome year-book filled with beautiful illustrations, and a complete calendar. It is sold on all news-stands for 5 cents, and it's worth five times that amount. It is a reliable chronology of the progress of the 19th century and a prophecy of what may be expected in the 20th.

Here are a few of the great men who have written for it:

Secretary Wilson, on Agriculture	Russell Sage, on Finance
Sen. Chauncey M. Depew, on Politics	Thomas Edison, " Electricity
Gen. Merritt, " Land Warfare	Adml. Hitchborn, " Naval Warfare
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