

DAWN AND SUNSET.

At dawn
A modest trill is heard,
A signal from some unseen bird,
Some trusty harbinger of morn;
Then from the tiny, swelling throats
A hallelujah of rich notes
In greeting to the day just born.

At sunset
When the rosy light
Is fleeing from approaching night,
And woodland shades are growing
deeper,
A chirp, a flutter here and there,
A host of wings upon the air,
And night has hushed the birds to
sleep.

—Frank H. Sweet.

THE History of a Bonnet.

BY JANE P. ROWE.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham had been married nearly 10 years. Mr. Latham was a clerk in a dry-goods store with a salary of \$150 a month. He was a man of steady habits, and greatly trusted by his employers. The whole force of his mind was given to saving money, and with this end in view he restricted his living expenses to the lowest possible sum that accorded with his position in life.

But with Mrs. Latham it was different, and she was one of those dainty little women that light colors and elegant material set off to great advantage. If she had a passion in life it was for fine clothes. But this passion was never gratified. She had few amusements, for her husband frowned on theatres, and did not countenance her going to parties lest she should be at the expense of a return entertainment. Yet she was a cheerful little body, and went on year after year, baking and cooking and sewing and mending for her great silent partner, because, as she said, she had not a lazy bone in her body.

When she was not at her household duties she was making over old clothes; she had one dress that had been turned six times, and with the assistance of the cleaner and dyer was still passably fresh looking. Every new dress came out of her savings from the daily fare. One of these, with a mournful attempt at pleasantry, she named her robe de mouton, because it had been procured through buying scraps of the least choice parts of a sheep and serving them up to a confiding husband with a deceiving sauce that effectually hid their unworthiness. Another was termed her "ashes of beef," because it was attained through reducing stinky rump steak into small fragments and investing it in an appetizing pie.

As for her bonnets, she had quite forgotten the date for their birth; they were, in fact, pre-historic. But one day this little woman met her fate. It came in the shape of a bonnet, a dream in lavender. Such an airy thing it was that she almost expected to take wings and fly away before her eyes. So afraid of this was she that she determined upon securing it at once, so she went into the milliner's and demanded the price.

"Fifteen dollars, ma'am."
"Oh, dear! That is above me."
"Well, you can have it for \$10. It is a sample theatre bonnet from Paris, and as the winter is coming on we are afraid of keeping it too long on hand on account of its delicate color."
"Well, I will think it over, and perhaps come for it on Monday."

Mrs. Latham's greeting to her husband that Saturday evening was one of unusual fervor. He wondered and was delighted, but later on was not so well pleased, for when seated at dinner his wife said,—
"My dear, we have been married nearly 10 years."

"Indeed!" he answered smilingly. "They have passed like 10 months."
"Not to me. It seems an age since I had a new bonnet."
"I'm sure the one you are wearing now looks as good as new."

"It's as old as the hills—in fact, antediluvian. And oh, John, I've just turned and remade my wedding dress, and I do so want a bonnet to go with it. And today I saw such a love—I was spellbound by it—I wonder I ever got home—"

"How much was it?"
"Ten dollars."

"Whew! That's beyond everything! No wife of a dry-goods clerk ought to wear a ten-dollar bonnet."

"But, John, I've not had a new bonnet since my wedding, and I do so want this one! It will exactly match my dress, and I am invited to Miss Simpson's wedding, and I want to go."
"Impossible, my dear," answered Mr. Latham, in his calm, authoritative way, "if it depends on your getting that bonnet."

"But, John, here have I been working for you these 10 years, without asking anything but mere board and the commonest of dresses; if I had been merely your working housekeeper my wages would have been at least \$15 a month. Surely \$10 in 10 years is not too much to ask for a new bonnet."

"My dear, I have now a nice balance at my banker's which will be yours whenever I die. Ten dollars added to another 90 awaiting it will make \$100, and bring you in \$5 a year more than you would otherwise have. I have at this present moment only one \$10 bill in my pocket, and there it will remain till it goes into the bank."

Mrs. Latham rose, and without a word commenced removing the dishes, and nothing further was said about the bonnet.

On the Monday evening following,

Mr. Latham came home in a towering passion. He had been to the bank in the course of the day to deposit his \$10, and he found the money was not in his pocket.

"Lucy," cried he, looking like a walking thunder cloud, "I never knew you were a pickpocket!"

"That shows how little you really know about me, my dear," his wife answered. "You have not thought it worth while to study my character, you know, therefore one part of it surprises you."

"But, Lucy, do you really think it right to rob your husband?"

"No, I consider it very wrong. I merely took a little of what belonged to me; your money is community property, remember. Wait till you see the bonnet; it will atone for everything."

Away she ran for it. She came back soon with a fluffy thing perched on her golden curls that made her look bewitching. She rushed up to her husband.

"There, now, sir, how do you like that?" she gaily asked, and pushed up her rosebud of a mouth for a kiss. But he, in a blind rage at being so outwitted, snatched the bonnet from her head and flung it into the fire. The little wife turned deadly pale.

"Oh, John," she moaned, "you forget that this is our wedding day!" And putting up two small hands, whose only ornament was a plain wedding ring, to hide her face, she sobbed like a child.

John gazed at her in a dazed sort of way. He loved her better than his life, but he had not thought it necessary to let her know it.

"Oh, Lucy—oh, my dear heart, stop! I've been a brute—I see it for the first time! Only stop crying and I'll turn over a new leaf. You shall have a bank account of your own; every month I will give you what I would give a housekeeper. Will that satisfy you, dear wife?" cried he, taking her in his arms and soothing her as if she were a pain-stricken child.

"Oh, John, I shall be the happiest woman alive!" she said, throwing her arms round his neck, and smiling through her tears.

And thus, in one house, the question of the wife's allowance was satisfactorily settled.

If men realized how happy the possession of money of their own makes women, there would be fewer wives who feel as if they were pensioners on their husband's bounty.—Waverley Magazine.

RAILROADING IN MEXICO.

Reasons Which Caused a Train Crew to Make for This Side of the Border.

Recently there arrived in El Paso on the Mexican Central passenger train a brakeman lately employed on the Jinalco division who had been compelled to flee from the country or take his chances of going to jail. His name is withheld by request as he said he might want to return some day and, moreover, persons ignorant of the conditions in Mexico might misconstrue his sudden flight.

On Sunday last he was running on a freight train between Jimulco and Torreon. The track is very crooked and it is impossible for an engineer to see any distance ahead around the curves. A party of five Mexicans were walking on the track and on account of the curve the engineer was unable to see them until he was only a few feet away. He instantly applied the air, but it was too late.

Two at least of the crowd, one a man and the other apparently a woman, were struck and knocked off the track. The engineer instantly put on all the steam he could carry and ran on at full speed without stopping to learn more.

At Torreon the train was sidetracked and without saying a word to any one the entire crew departed in different directions. The conductor and engineer headed for Eagle Pass, one brakeman and fireman disappeared, and one took the passenger train for El Paso that came along an hour later. The last arrived here last night without difficulty.

To a reporter he said: "The conditions are something terrible for an American railroad man in many parts of Mexico. Around the big cities it is not always so bad, but in the rural districts it is terrible. The ignorant, petty officials think an American has no rights at all and our consuls as a rule do not seem to make the least effort to protect our rights, saying we must settle that ourselves with the Mexican authorities. I know men who have lain in jail without being able to secure any trial or investigation. I know one man who had a quarrel with a Chinaman at Saltillo on the Mexican National and hit him over the head with a stick. In the United States he would only have been fined \$5 at the most. He has been sentenced to four years in the pen."—El Paso (Texas) Herald.

Pawnbrokers in China.

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the usual one-story or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which thieves might get in. These establishments are called pawnshops. But they appear more to resemble banks. It is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there in summer their winter clothing, on which money is often lent. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—No matter how many jackets and coats a woman may possess her wardrobe is incomplete without a cape that can be utilized



TUCKERED CAPE.

for theatre wear and all those occasions which mean removing the outside wrap. The smart May Manton model illustrated includes all the latest features and is comfortable at the same time that it is easily made. As shown, the material is doe colored satin-faced cloth, with yoke of darker velvet and trimming of embroidered applique, while the cape is lined with fancy taffeta in light shades, but cloth of any color, drap d'ete, Henrietta or peau de sole can be substituted, with any trimming and lining preferred.

The pointed yoke and high, flaring collar are cut together, but in sections, which allow of a perfect fit. The cloth that makes the cape proper is laid all around in backward turning pleats, forming an inverted pleat at the centre back. Each pleat is stitched its entire length one-half inch from the edge to form the narrow tucks. The pleats are then laid narrower at the top and widening toward the bottom and are pressed and tacked on the underfold to position. The cape portion is attached to a shallow yoke of lining, over which the yoke collar is laid. The stitching not alone is orna-



DOUBLE BREASTED ETON.

mental, it holds the pleats in a way to avoid all clumsiness, yet allows them to flare sufficiently for grace, but it may be omitted and the edges left plain.

To make this cape for a woman of medium size six yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide or three and a quarter yards fifty inches wide, with one and an eighth yards of velvet for collar, will be required.

Double-Breasted Eton Jacket.

Every possible variation of the Eton jacket is shown among the imported gowns. The stylish May Manton model shown in the large engraving is admirable for both separate jackets and suits. For the latter use cloth of all sorts is appropriate, as is velvet, which is much worn for occasions of formal dress. For general wear heavier cloth and heavy chevot have the preference, although black velvet is to have an extensive vogue for visiting and church wear. As shown, the jacket is designed as a costume of soft tan colored broadcloth, with bands of white, edged with tiny ball button trimming that match the cloth. With the skirt is worn a deep draped bodice belt of soft silk, which is shown at the back, where the jacket slopes up to produce the fashionable short-waisted effect.

The back is seamless and fits with perfect smoothness; the fronts are fitted by means of single darts and lap one over the other in double-breasted style. At the upper edge of the right front are three ornamental buttons that, with the buttonholes, keep the jacket closed. At the neck is a standing collar, with double flaring portions that rest against the hair. The sleeves are two-seamed and flare over the hands.

To make this jacket for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide, or one and a half yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

The Bayadere Effect.

Wide pieces of lace insertion are applied in diagonal lines across the skirt of a taffeta silk gown, thus giv-

ing it a modified Bayadere aspect. This effect should not be attempted by a very short woman, as the arrangement of lines tends to make the figure look abbreviated. With such a gown the same idea should be carried out on the bodice. The waist should be cut double-breasted across the chest and fasten on the left side. This is the best model for displaying diagonal lines of insertion on a bodice.

Modish Fans.

The small fans which will be carried with handsome gowns show the cut-out effect of so many other things. There are white lace flowers on black net, the net showing only on closest examination and the flowers standing off by themselves, conventionalized tulips perhaps, or beautiful fleur de lis with a few silver spangles to brighten them, set in black handles. Or the black lace fans will have spangles of gold and handles of gold and black.

White For Winter Wear.

Pure white toiles are to be as popular during the winter season as they have been during the summer, and are being prepared in cloth as often as in lighter materials for house and evening wear. The white cloth gown and white felt hat, in combination with heavy furs, will be a favorite fad of the woman to whom expense and durability are of no concern.

Sea Gulls on Muffs.

Sea gulls are used for the body of chiffon muffs and fancy small cape collars to match; one gull on either shoulder, the heads pointing down on the bust. Two birds are also used for the muff with chiffon frills at either end.

Black and Gold.

Black velvet embroidered with gold is used for decoration on the new rough materials. Zybeline is especially pretty ornamented in this way.

Ladies' Morning Jacket.

A simple breakfast jacket makes an essential part of every wardrobe. There are days and hours when even



MORNING JACKET.

medium size three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, will be required.

STORY OF THE GREAT WALL.

Puck's Voracious Account of How It Was Built.

Chin Chi Hwangti, emperor of China in the third century B. C., was a great man, although it is possible that his name is not at all familiar to you. He whipped everybody in his neighborhood who wanted to fight and quite a number who did not. But like many another successful man, he was subject to periodical attacks of the blues. On one of these occasions, while he was sitting in his palace, gazing dejectedly at the luxurious furniture, Ah Pull, the most influential politician in the empire, dropped in.

"What ails Your Majesty?" inquired Ah Pull. "Does the B other of the Sun and Moon sigh because there are no more barbarians to wallop?"

"Nay," said the emperor; "there are plenty of them; but I was meditating on the uselessness of walloping them if I go after them they retire beyond the frontier into the wild, if I may use the expression. If I return to my capital they cross into my dominions and raise Cain. Nor is there any glory in it when I do wallop them; for then doth the public say, 'Oh! they were dead-easy, anyhow. Pity he wouldn't!' And then I was worrying about the surplus in the treasury. This empire of mine is so blamed prosperous that we have more money than we know what to do with. Every day I get a note from some friendly power asking me for a loan."

"Just so!" said Ah Pull. "I have sat up several nights of late thinking of that surplus. Now, I have a plan to get rid of the surplus and the barbarians at one fell swoop. Build a great wall around the frontier. I shall organize a Wall Building and Construction Company."

"What do you estimate that the wall would cost?" asked the emperor.

"The surplus," replied Ah Pull, cheerfully.

"Then," said the emperor, who was not without experience in public works, "as we may reasonably figure that it will cost three times the estimate, it will use up the surplus and leave a large and interesting national debt."
"Exactly!" said Ah Pull, with considerable enthusiasm. "It will keep the Brother of the Sun and Moon hustling to pay the interest and he will not have to mope around his palace for want of occupation."

Convinced by these arguments, Chin Chi Hwangti passed the necessary appropriation. It is not recorded that he was ever again troubled by a surplus.—Puck.

The Klondike Cook.

The ideal cook should possess a Semitic incline to his soul. Initiative in his art is not the only requisite; he must keep an eye upon the variety of his larder. He must "swap" grub with the gentle understandingly; and woe unto him should the balance of trade be against him. His comrades will thrust it into his teeth every time the bacon is done over the turn, and they will even rouse him from his sleep to remind him of it. For instance, previous to the men going out for a trip on trail, he cooks several gallons of beans in the company of numerous chunks of salt pork and much bacon grease. This mess he then moulds into blocks of convenient size and places on the roof, where it freezes into bricks in a couple of hours. Thus the men, after a weary day's travel, have but to chop off chunks with an axe and thaw out in the frying-pan. Now the chances preponderate against more than one party in 10 having chilli-peppers in their outfits. But the cook, supposing him to be fitted for his position, will ferret out that one party, discover some particular shortage in its grub supply of which he has plenty, and swap the same for chilli-peppers. These in turn he will incorporate in the mess aforementioned, and behold a dish which even the hungry arctic gods may envy.—Jack London, in Harper's Bazar.

An Arab's Parlor.

A woman traveler in Egypt is amazed at the dearth of the natives' household goods, says a correspondent of the Chicago News. There is little furniture, because the Arab needs little. His life is spent out of doors, and he can sleep in any handy gutter as peacefully and happily as a child, while most of his meals are eaten in the open air.

In one exceptionally luxurious house, that of a charwoman, the traveler found a parlor. It was regarded as a sort of shrine by Fatima. She had made it a fetish, devoting to its embellishment all the money she could spare and sacrificing to it even her children's wants. The visitor was shown through a broken-down doorway into a squallid passage, where two rooms at either end revealed perspectives of greater squalor beyond. Children teemed from every entrance.

Arrived at the holy of holies, the door had to be unlocked. It was a brand-new Birmingham lock, distant Manchester had supplied a carpet blazing with roses and small creton curtains of brilliancy to match. Such things are in Cairo called "fellah" (vulgar), as none but fellahen are found to be purchasers of them, but poor Fatima's horrors are not yet quite obliterated. From some common shop in the Muski she had captured two or three glass vases, and in them—the last touch of triumph—were artificial flowers.

That Horrid Echo.

"Alice, your conduct is most remarkable. I distinctly heard Mr. Karison kiss you twice out in the vestibule."
"It isn't true; there's a horrid echo in that old vestibule."—Sondage-Nisse.



Modern Arrangement of Furniture.

Informality of arrangement is the proper thing these days in living rooms, libraries, dens, etc., or, in fact, in any room where the family live. Reception or drawing rooms may be made as elaborately handsome as desired, but those for daily, comfortable use should be tastefully consistent in their furnishing, yet not one thing to appear as too good for constant and careless use.

A Way to Improve Starch.

A hint for housekeepers is that starch is improved when a little table salt is added, but like many hopeful hints it has another side. Ironing is easier with the salted starch, but the least dampness reduces the stiffness to a limp and unpleasant state. Either borax or gum-arabic has the opposite effect, preserving the stiffness. Some housekeepers make their starch of soapy water. The soap prevents the iron from sticking. But it isn't a good idea to use soap in starch. It has a decided tendency toward turning the clothes yellow.

Fruits for the Table.

One of the most discouraging things that the housekeeper encounters frequently is the remarkably poor quality of some remarkably fine looking fruit. There is practically only one way to escape these troubles, and that is to become familiar with the popular varieties. There are difficulties in the way, but if the purchaser is insistent to know what she is purchasing, the market will find it profitable to take pains to have everything named. Peaches are a good example of possible difficulties, as many of them look much alike to the average person, but what differences in quality there are! In the case of apples one could soon learn those which are most stable in quality; some are of very little account if kept too long, but are of finest quality early in the season and others will improve by keeping.—Meehan's Monthly.

Household Decoration.

The fireplace, as we all know, must be the centre of interest in a room, representing, as it does, the gathering-place for a family. The mantel is part of the fireplace, and generally gives the keynote to the room. When it is architecturally good, as in this instance, it must be treated with more or less formality. The ornaments which go on it should be those which in themselves are interesting, on which the eye can rest with satisfaction when it travels up from the blaze beneath. Little gewgaws and knickknacks have no place on it. Dignity, simplicity, and reserve must, together with the beautiful, be suggested in every detail.

When a mantel-shelf is low, low enough to support an elbow, and when it comes over a grate, it can often be treated in a much more informal manner, and be made to enter into the daily life of the housekeeper, as it were.—Harper's Bazar.



Amber Lemon Pie—Cream half a pound of butter with a pound of sugar, beat in the yolks of six eggs and the juice and grated peel of a lemon, season with a little nutmeg and a tablespoonful of fruit juice and then beat in the whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Bake with lower crust only, and when done cover with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Eat cold. Delicious.

Fruit Meringue—Beat the whites of four eggs with one tumbler of granulated sugar for one-half hour; place a sheet of writing paper in an inverted dripping pan and pile the mixture upon it (it will be too thick to run over the sides), and bake in a slow oven for another half-hour. Whip one pint of cream until thick and add just before serving, two tablespoonfuls of strawberry preserve, cherry, apricot or any preferred fruit. Split the meringue when cold and fill with the cream.

Orange Straws.—Save the peel from oranges used in the house, put them in a large bowl of water, keeping it one week, changing it daily. This takes all the poison out of the peel and leaves it with a delicious flavor. To the peel of six oranges take one pound of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water. Boil until it hairs, then add the orange peel, which has been cut in thin strips and dried on a clean towel. Stir until the sugar hardens all over the strips, then pour on a platter. Pick the mass apart before it hardens.

Ariendorf, a Southern Corn Bread—One pint corn meal, one and one-half pints of warm corn meal mush, one and one-half pints of sweet milk, four eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. Mix the meal, mush, milk and yolks of eggs. Add whites, baking powder and salt and bake about 40 minutes in a well-buttered granite or earthenware dish in which it is to be sent to the table. To be served with a spoon and eaten with a fork; it is too soft to handle. This will make a large quantity.