

# AUNT CHILLY.

By E. C. S. MARSH.

My first remembrance of our old Aunt Chilly was when, as housekeeper at my grandmother's, she sailed about through the hall and library in a bright dress and snowy apron, with an energetic fling to her brilliant turban, arranging flowers and dusting china; or when she stood in the great kitchen with one hand raised to her cheek and "bossed de niggahs." We children had such wholesome awe of her that if we were planning mischief the cry, "Aunt Chilly's coming," was a signal for rapid rout.

Tho' I feared her twitching mouth and scornful eyes about as much as I feared sin and Satan, still there was a strange fascination about her, and I would often stand in the kitchen doorway for an hour at a time to see her scold brown Tilly, and cuff black Randolph, and occasionally mutter strange things about my grandmother which it was hard to understand. Sometimes it was: "Mrs. Gray got no business to ruin dem debillish chillen wid cakes," or "Pity 'bout Mrs. Gray. She had better mind how she asks folks to break-fas 'dout tellin' me."

Only at meal time did she throw off her habitual grimness. Then, seated at the head of a long table surrounded by woolly heads, some turbaned and some bristling with pig-tails, she would brandish a chicken-bone and tell of her adventures in the great world—what she had seen in New York—when visiting my mother, how she had traveled in elevated cars, and had been to the hippodrome, and seen a lion and tiger and cooked in a basement kitchen, and ridden in an elevator. Her motions were so dramatic and her language so vivid that I wondered why I had not heard before what a realm of wonders I had lived in, and how superior we were to the other grandchildren who had not ridden in elevated cars and did not have basement kitchens. Sometimes a loud "Haw, haw," would ring around the table, and rows of white teeth glisten, and sometimes strange queries came from the listeners. "Aunt Chilly," said small Margaret Ann, her eyes glinting with eagerness, "is it nicer out der fen what it is in yer?" Aunt Chilly eyed the questioner contemptuously, and, not wishing to commit herself, bit a corn muffin in silence. Then the conversation changed to "Punch and Judy," and still she took the lead. With her head cocked on one side she squeaked "Judy's" song and the laughter woke the echoes.

When she had her fill of applause, and the chicken bones were picked, she would commence again to sail about, and frown and mutter and whack.

On Sunday afternoons, when we children and Aunt Chilly were locked up in the nursery to be kept quiet, she would condescend to tell us tales of former glory, of our uncles and father's "reed bird suppers." "Marse George was so fussy, wouldn't hab nobody cook his supper but me."

"Do you remember Colonel Rombey, who died in the war?" I once asked. "I member Colonel Rombey," said Aunt Chilly wrathfully. "Reckoa I knows de luff time he was to our house. Had muffins and terrapin for tea. Said I cooked 'em better'n Delmonico. Mrs. Cornelius Lockton, she said nobody nebbah cooked canvas ducks like me, and she's been to Boston." Then followed a long string of compliments which she had treasured, and which were familiar to us all.

Sometimes we begged her to "spound de scriptures," and she would talk about "bein' clothed wid de sun, and de moon under der feet," and tell how "Satan coquetted wid Job." But her religious moods did not last long and were generally followed by a gloomy silence, more ominous than threats.

Once and only once did I try to conquer Aunt Chilly. I wished a certain receipt, and though I had heard my grandmother say that it would be easier to wriggle a secret from Talleyrand than a direct answer from Chilly, in my boundless conceit I determined to wring it from her. Accordingly I went boldly into the kitchen, pen and ink in hand. As I sat breezily down I told Aunt Chilly how delicious Mrs. Jones thought her cold-slaw dressing, and how she had begged me for the receipt. Aunt Chilly sniffed danger from afar. She gave me one withering glance, and stirred more violently the batter she was mixing.

"Now, Aunt Chilly," I said, as I wrote "Cold Slaw Dressing" at the top of the page. "What do you make it of?"

"Miss Betty," said Aunt Chilly solemnly, "I don't know nuffin 'bout it." This being a usual form of response, I answered quite cheerfully, "Oh, yes, Aunt Chilly, we had it yesterday, you know. There is vinegar in it, isn't there?"

"I reckon so," was the sullen answer. "Come, Aunt Chilly," I said, getting a little excited, "I saw you mixing it on the stove. You must know what was in it."

Aunt Chilly stirred in gloomy silence. "Vinegar?" I persisted sweetly, as I wrote down the "V."

"Nebah heard of cold slaw dressin' widout vinegah," was the answer given with a contemptuous sniff.

I finished the word triumphantly, and then in the most insinuating tones inquired how much.

"'Cordin' as how much you's maldn'." Aunt Chilly dropped the batter complacently.

"How much did you put in yesterday?" I asked sternly.

"I disremembah," was the calm reply. Tactics had to be changed. "Isn't it about half a cupful?" I suggested innocently. Aunt Chilly looked up in scorn.

"Laws a massy! Miss Betty; you's not a makin' sauer kraut!" "What do you measure it in?" "'Cordin' to what you has by you' with a toss of the head.

"How many teaspoonfuls would you take?" "La, child! Ain't you seed me measure it wid a tablespoon?" She turned her back.

"Two tablespoonfuls?" "If it ain't too sour." Tremblingly I wrote down "two tablespoonfuls" opposite "Vinegar."

"Now, Aunt Chilly, tell me the other things. There is salt and pepper and mustard and sugar."

"Mustard in cold slaw dressin'! My glory! Who'd eat it." Aunt Chilly seldom laughed.

"How much sugar did you say, Aunt Chilly?"

"I didn't say." "Come, Aunt Chilly," I cried, getting wrathful; "I have no time to waste this morning. How much sugar do you generally put in?"

"Miss Betty, you jest bother me to deaf," she cried half whimperingly. "I don't know nuffin 'bout it. It's 'cordin' as how much eggs and butter I puts in."

"Eggs and butter," I said, aghast. "Why didn't you tell me before? Do you beat the eggs?"

"Sometimes I does, and sometimes I doesn't," with a self-complacent smile. "The whites and yolks separately?"

"My goody, Miss Betty! You's not makin' cake."

"How many eggs do you use, three?"

"You'd ruin it wid three eggs," said Chilly, rolling ginger dough in grim satisfaction.

"Two eggs, then?"

"Ef it ain't too much."

"One egg?"

"One egg ain't always enough."

"Good gracious, Aunt Chilly!" I cried in despair; "is it one egg and a half?"

"Nebah heard tell of half an egg." Aunt Chilly looked out the window. I wrote down "One large egg or two small ones."

"Now for the butter. How much butter do you use?"

"Miss Betty, don't ax me nuffin 'bout de buttah. I nebah take no count how much buttah I uses."

"Well, it is not as much as a cupful?" I suggested, coaxingly.

"I reckon not."

"About a teaspoonful?"

"Nebah heard of measurin' buttah by de teaspoonful."

"About the size of a walnut?"

"Praps so. 'Cordin' as how it looks when it's melted."

"Do you melt the butter?" I asked in surprise.

"How could you make de dressin' widout meltin' de buttah?" She waved her bony finger.

"You know, of course," I answered meekly; "but do you melt the butter, before you mix the eggs and vinegah?"

"Ef you wants to." She was rolling dough again.

"How long do you cook it, Aunt Chilly?"

"Tell it gets done." Carefully she cut the finished roll.

"And how soon may that be?"

"'Cordin' as how hot de fire is."

"Aunt Chilly!" I said, as I tore up the paper, "I don't believe we sha'll try this receipt."

Chilly did not raise her eyes, but when I reached the door she said composedly, "Bettah come back in half an hour, Miss Betty; de ginger cakes will be done."

This was our first and last tussle. Never since then, though she had confided many things to me, have I attempted to sound her through direct questions.

Sometimes she will talk of her childhood, her far-away childhood, so dim and unreal to me, each year more vivid and real to her. As she sits in my room, after I have gone to bed, and gazes into the fire, I often suggest that she is thinking how she loves me. A faint smile brightens her face, and she shakes her head.

"No, I was studyin' 'bout de times I had when I was little." Then she talks of the funny, dreamy slave days—pathetic in their happiness—and the wrinkles smooth away and she looks young again.

Then, when she sits in the window, and the setting sun flares on her bandanna turban, and I wonder what she is up to, the answer always comes, "studyin'."—New York Independent.

**High Lights.**

Among the drawbacks of civilization are the people who think they know us so much better than we know them.

A philosopher is a man who believes that he receives more spiritual intimations than he needs for his own use.

Even the woman who boasts that she earns her own bread and butter likes to have a man treat her to ice cream.

What seems to be the absence of a sense of humor is often merely the presence of a sense of propriety.

Nature has her jesting moods; there are rich, red roses which have no odor.

Pessimists are permitted to keep optimists from becoming pessimists.

Life is often too much like a long procession with only one band of music—always playing in the distance.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**His Show-down.**

"Yes, I call him a sound preacher."

"I never thought he was so very impressive."

"He isn't impressive, but my! how he can make the rafters ring!"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

New York City.—Young girls are never so charming as when simply dressed. The very pretty May Manton waist shown is specially adapted to the ribbon to decorate a wide sash of gauze.



WAIST FOR A GIRL.

slender growing figures, and can be made suitable for school or evening wear, as it is cut high or low neck, with plain or fancy sleeves. The original forms part of an entire costume, and is made of pale pink wool crepe de chine with trimmings of narrow black velvet ribbon and simple cream lace, the elbow puffs being of pink chiffon.

The lining is snugly fitted and can be made high or square neck as preferred. The full lower portion of the waist proper is gathered at both upper and lower edges, and arranged over the lining, on to which the square yoke is faced. The upper portions of the sleeves are slightly full at the shoulders, but are cut in points above the elbows, which allow ample freedom for the soft puffs. Both waist and lining are closed together at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age, three yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one-half yard of chiffon for elbow puffs, three and one-half yards of lace.

**Ivy Leaves.**

A pretty and generally becoming way of decorating the under-brim band of a modern big hat is to cover it with some artificial flower instead of folds of silk or velvet. Of course, flowers are only becoming to a youthful face, but where the face is young and fair the floral decoration is enchanting. As a substitute for flowers foliage is used occasionally. Red and yellow maple leaves are tucked under the brim of a hat worn by a pale blonde. A pretty brunette has her under-brim band covered with green velvet ivy leaves, a deep but brilliant shade of dark green.

**Dressy Bags.**

There are any number of variations upon the chatelaine bag, beautiful things that one carries on the wrist, with the chain given a turn on the fingers as a safeguard. One in undressed alligator is of a soft castor color. A gold mounting shows up well on antelope. Exquisite ones in beads done in gay figures are designed to hold opera glasses and kindred trifles.

**A Walrus Skin Novelty.**

A handsome chatelaine bag is made of walrus hide. The deep wrinkles and corrugations in this leather are very conspicuous. Set with either silver or French gilt mounts, the walrus bag is extremely handsome. It makes an uncommonly showy piece of leather work, and it need scarcely be said, is unusually substantial.

**Irish Lace Popular.**

The popularity of Irish lace in walking costumes is extended now to the hats, many of these being formed of thick, hairy beaver, trimmed with a drapery of lace or applied medallions of lace.

**Woman's Shirt Waist.**

This May Manton shirt waist, with embrodered fronts, is among the latest novelties of the season, and is shown alike in silk and woolen fabrics. The very pretty model illustrated is cut on



A SMART THEATRE WAIST.

insertion, ten yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

**Woman's Theatre Waist.**

No style of waist is more fashionable than the one which gives a bolero effect. The May Manton model shown in the large illustration includes many novel features and, while specially adapted to theatre wear, is also well suited to the entire costume. The original is made of plisse chiffon in cream white with the bolero of white panne and the cuffs and trimming of Irish crochet lace; but any number of combinations may be suggested. The many soft silks and wools in the markets are appropriate for the waist, while the bolero can be of the same or material to match the silk.

The foundation or fitted lining closes at the centre front, but the waist can be made to close at the left shoulder and under-arm seam, or invisibly at the centre as preferred. The bolero with its deep points is peculiarly chic, and makes part of the bodice. The sleeves are novel and becoming, as the puffs are arranged to fall at the elbow joints.

To cut this waist in the medium size, four and three-fourths yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three-fourths yards of all-over lace eighteen inches wide and four yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

**Gauze Sashes For Young Girls.**

Surely young girls' sashes have never been more lovely, nor wider, one may say. Diaphanous scarf drapery is the order of the day. Immensely wide sashes of satin tissue, Liberty silk gauzes or chiffon are worn by young girls. White gauze sashes sometimes show applications of velvet flowers. These appear to be embossed on the shining surface. Trailing vines are embrodered in fine silver thread as a running pattern on a gauzy sash. The trellis pattern is also used in narrow

the latest lines, and specially designed for the embrodered materials, but is nevertheless suited to all waistings, cloths and silks. As shown the material is pale blue French flannel, with the embroidery in Persian colors, but numberless combinations are available.

The lining is carefully fitted, but extends only to the waist line, while the waist proper is longer in shirt waist style. The back is plain across the shoulders, and drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The fronts are laid in single pleats at the shoulders, which fall to the waist line, and give the effect of a broad vest. The closing is effected in regulation shirt waist style, through a centre box pleat, and the neck is finished with a deep turn-over collar. The sleeves are in regulation shirt waist style, with narrow, straight cuffs.

To cut this waist in the medium size three and one-half yards of material



THE LATEST NOVELTY.

twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

One of the richest sulphur deposits in the world has lately been discovered in Transcaspia, Russia. The geological formation is very similar to that in which the Sicilian deposits occur. It is only in recent years that sulphur has been found in Russia.

The crow and the blackbird fly much alike, but there is a certain air of labor in the flight of the crow that distinguishes it from the faster and easier winging of the blackbird. The swallow does not fly. He sweeps through the air in erratic circular flights, catching bugs and flies on the wing, and even nipping twigs from the trees as he passes with which to build his nests. He is never still.

The development of the automobile as an engine of war is at present occupying much attention among military authorities in Europe. The English, the French, the Italians, the Germans and the Russians are all at work upon the problem. Several types of military automobiles are being experimented with. In Italy a special form of armored machine has been devised for the purpose of protecting railways in time of war. Some of the German machines are intended for scouting, and are furnished with graving tables and maps. Others carry Maxim guns and can do a little fighting.

Very encouraging reports have been received from Prof. C. C. Georgeson, in charge of the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska. On a trip into the interior and down the Yukon early in August he found new potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers and other vegetables ready for the table, and gardens blooming with a variety of annual flowers. At Rampart rye and barley were ripened this year, and there was a fair prospect for oats and wheat. On the lower Yukon extensive tracts were found covered with luxuriant grasses, often six feet in height and apparently well suited to agricultural purposes.

Much has been learned within a few years past of what goes on and exists in the air, up to a height of three miles, by means of kites carrying meteorological and other scientific instruments. Now Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch of the Blue Hill observatory proposes to extend the field of scientific kite flying over the ocean. Experiment with a towboat in Massachusetts bay last summer showed that a kite can easily be flown from a moving vessel at times when it could not be caused to rise from the land. Mr. Rotch intends to pursue his experiments from Atlantic steamships, whose speed renders it possible to fly kites even in calm weather. He points out our comparative ignorance of the conditions of the upper air over the oceans, and the importance of acquiring knowledge in that direction. He wishes particularly to explore the atmosphere over the equatorial regions of the globe.

All readers of the Odyssey, at least, must take a lively interest in the theory advocated by Dr. Th. Zell that the one-eyed giant whom Ulysses blinded in his cave on the slopes of Mt. Etna was, in reality, a gorilla, and that the original of Homer's story was a reminiscence of an actual encounter between early civilized men and one of their monstrous prehuman ancestors. This is in opposition to the theory of Grimm that the story of Polyphemus is a mythic account of the strife of the elements. The fact that gorillas do not now live near the Mediterranean is not in conflict with Dr. Zell's argument, because it is well known that in prehistoric times Europe contained many animals that at present are peculiar to Africa and other distant lands.

**To Cool the Atmosphere.**

It is proposed to try an experiment in the way of cooling the air at the St. Louis Fair Grounds, the proposition being to reduce the high temperature during the summer months by drawing down cool currents from an altitude of 800 or 1000 feet above the ground and flooding the grounds with air from 10 to 15 degrees cooler than the surface temperature. The plan comprehends the construction of an aerial tower or standpipe of the aforesaid height, with its lower termination about 50 feet above the ground, where large fans or blowers are attached that will draw a current downward at the rate of 20 or 30 miles an hour, equivalent to a pumping capacity of 500,000 cubic feet of air per minute. This volume of air will cover an acre ten feet deep—in an hour 60 acres, and in six hours, 360 acres. It is expected that calefaction through the action of the sun's rays will be counterbalanced and neutralized by the constancy of the current during the daytime. After sundown the temperature, it is claimed, can be held below 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The fans are to be started at 4 o'clock a. m., when the air is coolest. By 10 o'clock the buildings and grounds would be filled with fresh air, and so maintained during the day.

**A SIBIRIAN PHEASANT.**

One of New York's veteran sports men has in his office a stuffed Mongolian pheasant. "That pheasant," he said to a caller, "cost me over \$1000. I imported \$1000 worth of the birds and turned them loose on my land. They strayed, and everybody shot them except me. One day a farmer came in and said the birds were in his corn, and he didn't like to kill them, but he wished I'd make them get out. I took my gun and went shooting in his corn field. I got that bird, and it is the only one out of the whole lot I did get. So that pheasant cost me just a little over \$1000."

## ANOTHER REMA-

Which the Doctors Fail to

derstand. A medical man, as a rule, dis- knowledge the value of a proprietary cine. In fact, professional etiquette bars him from doing so. Yet there are many eminent physicians, those most advanced in their professions, who give full credit to the great curative properties of Vogeler's Curative Compound from the fact that it is manufactured by an old and reliable company, proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, from the formula of a brother physician, who to-day stands in the front ranks of the most eminent medical men in London, and on account of its intrinsic merit it is largely prescribed by the medical profession, but in the case which we are about to relate the attending physician called it "rubbish," but as it turned out Mrs. Nettleton tells the doctor that "rubbish or not, it saved her life."

Mrs. Nettleton graphically relates the particulars of her own case, which will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, when a little pamphlet was placed in my hands, and, although at that time I had been bedridden for more than six months, I determined, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials therein of cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by the timely use of Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especially as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had almost given up all hope of ever being well again. It is most interesting and, in fact, marvelous to relate, that the very first dose of fifteen drops relieved me. It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three months from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for fourteen years. I continued well until a few months back, when I was taken ill again, my troubles being dyspepsia and constipation. I had a doctor attending me for a month, but continued to grow worse, until I again found myself bedridden, when I bethought myself of my old medicine, Vogeler's Curative Compound, which I immediately sent for and took in place of the doctor's medicine; at that time I had not had a movement of the bowels for five days, but Vogeler's Curative Compound soon put me on my feet again; in fact, completely cured me a second time, but, of course, this attack was not as bad as the first, yet I fully believe I should not have been alive to-day had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound. If I had only thought to have taken it when my last illness took place I should not only have been saved much suffering, but a \$75 doctor's bill."

Mrs. Nettleton said: "I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and eczema, and in every case it has proved a cure, beyond doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sample free to any person sending name and address, naming this paper." St. Jacobs Oil Co., 205 Clay St., Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Nettleton is a confectioner in the Brighton Road, where she has been established many years, and is honored and respected by all classes. Her statements as regards Vogeler's Curative Compound may, therefore, be regarded as reliable evidence of its great value.

A. H. Copeland, the first train dispatcher in the world, is at present living in Chenequa, a village in Illinois.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 10th.—A very timely and practical suggestion comes from a physician of this city; he says: "Take Garfield Tea, the Herb Medicine. It is especially needed at this season, when the system is apt to be out of order from eating rich food. This wonderful remedy cleanses the system and regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. It is simple, pure and effective, and is good for young and old."

France produces \$15,000,000 worth of chestnuts a year, and Italy \$20,000,000 worth.

**Best For the Bowels.** No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCAHETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCAHETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Every man who fails feels that he is a victim of circumstances.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Mexico has issued during 1901 \$252,000 in postal drafts on the United States.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, colic, 25c a bottle.

The people who are always short find it difficult to get along.



For headache (whether sick or nervous), tooth ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

**CURES AND PREVENTS**

Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Bruises, Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Headache, Rheumatism, Asthma, Sprains.

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

No matter how violent an excruciating pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It is usually a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Hoarseness, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, and all internal pains. There is not a case of pain in the world that will not cure, fever and acute inflammation, biliousness, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, so quickly as it affords a permanent cure.

Said by Druggists.

BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.