

OLD-TIME FAVORITES.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

By James Russell Lowell.

The name of this poem is German, and means the same as the French "Au revoir" (till I see you again), a parting phrase devoid of the solemnity of the English word "farewell," and not quite equivalent to the once, and sometimes even now solemn "good-bye." It is pronounced approximately "Ouf-vee-dee-chen."

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam fits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Alas! that chamber whose rich air,
Thinks she in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she—"Auf wiedersehen!"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English word had seemed too faint,
But these—they drew my heart to heart,
Yet held on tenderly apart,
She said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

IN THE TRACK OF THE TOW.

By Albert W. Tolman.

AM what many people would call a "crank" about the salt water. Among the pleasantest hours of my life are those I pass alone in my little rowboat on Long Island Sound. Nothing gives me greater delight than to paddle out a mile or so from shore, and there lie on my oars dreaming, marking the play of sun and wind on the water, and watching the vessels and steamers glide by.

In July and August, 1898, I passed a few weeks in a Connecticut shore town not many miles east of New Haven. To this city my skiff had been sent down by steamer from New York, and I had rowed here from New Haven harbor to the mooring in a cove near my boarding place. The joy of that afternoon in the free air and sunlight can be appreciated only by a man who, like myself, had been poring over ledger columns in a back office for eight hours a day for ten months. A crescent of big blisters adorned each of my palms at the end of the trip, but my nerves were tranquil and I slept like a log that night.

The next day the thermometer registered between ninety and 100 degrees, and up to 1 o'clock in the afternoon it was too warm to do anything but drowse in a hammock under the apple trees behind the house. I got an early supper, and just before sunset pulled out into the sound. Soon I was beyond the tree-tops set up to mark the boundaries of the oyster beds.

The water was unruffled. East and west down either shore to the horizon moved a long, broken procession of "tugs and steamers," staining the cloudless sky with their black smoke. The few sailing craft in sight were motionless, their sails hanging limply in the still air.

Farther and farther out I paddled, the soft dip of the oars sounding pleasantly in my ears. The sun dropped below the horizon; the red of the west darkened and disappeared, and it was night, with myriads of stars reflected on the glossy blackness of the sound. Lamps began to sparkle along the shore, while masthead lanterns and red and green running lights told the position of moving steamers whose hulls had become invisible in the gloom.

I stopped rowing and established myself comfortably on my back in the bottom of the boat, pillow my head on the bow. The cool darkness, the salty fragrance of the ocean air, the gentle motion of my skiff, and the distant sound of bells and whistles from passing steamers and the land all induced a peaceful drowsiness, which soon lapsed gradually and imperceptibly into a dreamless sleep.

I must have been unconscious for two or three hours when the rocking of the boat awoke me. Cramped and stiff from my slumber in the night air on the un cushioned boards, I started up to find myself enveloped by a thick mist, which covered the sound like a blanket. It was not very deep, for the stars shone faintly through it, but all other objects were cut off from my view. There was no wind, but an ocean swell, rolling in from the east, was stirring up quite a sea.

Although without a watch, I knew that it must be well on toward midnight. It dawned on me that I had been and still was in a very dangerous position, not because I expected any trouble in finding the land, but because I was in the track of tugs and steamers. I shivered at the thought of the peril to which I had been exposed while asleep. Beneath that shroud of mist my skiff was invisible to a look-out, and might have been crushed like an egg shell by some steamer's prow without a soul on board being the wiser for it.

Shipping my oars, I listened to the whistles speaking to one another through the fog. The general course of all the vessels was east and west. If, without endangering myself, I could approach a tug or steamer near enough to see which way they were heading, I could then determine the quarters of the compass; for if the boats were loaded I knew that they would be going east; if light, then west, on their way back to New York.

O-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o! The increasing loudness of a whistle to my left told that a tug was swiftly approaching. Lying on my oars, I waited, prepared to row forward quickly or back water, as might be necessary. Nearer and nearer came the tooting, and I could hear the rush of water beneath the unseen prow, and the puff, puff of steam. Suddenly, twenty feet away, appeared a black stem, nosing rapidly through the fog. It was a little too close for comfort. As the tug swept by I caught a glimpse of a tow-ropes dragging over the stern, and judged from her size that she probably had two coal-laden barges behind her. I could hear the voices of the men on board growing fainter in the distance.

Another black phantom passed; it was the first barge, loaded low in the water; after her at an interval came another. As they were loaded I knew that they were heading east, and that the shore therefore lay in front of me. I settled myself on the thwart and braced my feet for the row in. So interested had I been in my cal-

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Hail doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the doves that fell that night,
She said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

Ten thirteen years, once more I press
The turf that silences the land;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear—"Auf wiedersehen!"

At last I was almost up to the
"chocks" through which the hawsers
ran; but my strength was utterly ex-
hausted, and I knew that I could never
clamber on board. With one supreme
effort I raised myself so that my head
came for an instant above the bul-
wark, and looked into the eyes of a
dock-hand who was not more than
three feet away.

The consternation and terror on the
man's face would have been ludicrous
under any other circumstances. For a
moment we remained staring at each
other. I was too weak to speak, and
he was too frightened. Then I began
to slip back, still clinging desperately
to the hawser.

The end of a boathook reached
cautiously out over the bow and moved
down toward me. It caught the back
of my shirt and I did not mind that it
pierced through and drew blood. In-
deed, I did not know it, for at that in-
stant my fingers relaxed their hold, and
I lost consciousness. I afterward
learned that my preserver would have
been unable to get me on board but for
the opportune assistance of another
barge-man.

I spent the greater part of the next
day in a bunk on board the barge at a
coal dock in Hoboken. But the follow-
ing morning found me little the worse
for my adventure, and I went back to
Connecticut that forenoon for the
remainder of my vacation.—Youth's
Companion.

Rainbow Colored Uniforms.
From all accounts, the recent experi-
ments made at Aldershot for concealing
the positions of guns in the field, by
painting them with dabs of the
primary colors, red, blue and yellow,
seem to have met with extraordinary
success. Six guns so bedizen were
placed on the Fox Hills, and at 3000
yards, although the direction in which
they lay was known, it was found im-
possible to locate them all, even with
field glasses. Some horse artillery
sent forward to engage them were
unable to find them until they had
advanced to within 1000 yards, by
which time, in actual warfare, the
gaily covered guns would have prob-
ably made short work of them.

The streaks of color are splashed on, rain-
bow-fashion, and the result is to cause
the guns to appear as part and parcel
of the landscape, even at a short dis-
tance.

Once this principle has been adopted
for artillery, what reason is there to
suppose that it cannot be applied to
the uniform of men in the field? Per-
haps we shall be shortly returning to
the gorgeous costumes of former days.
Kink and heather tweed may even
make way for combinations of color
that will throw into the shade all the
brilliant uniforms of the past. At first
sight this may seem a frivolous idea,
but once it has been established that
men garbed in rainbow hues will emu-
late the properties of Mr. Wells' in-
visible man, we shall be obliged to
consider the advisability of reforming
uniform in this direction. The appear-
ance of the soldier will be crude, bar-
baric and singular, but we doubt not
that it will have considerable effect
upon the recruiting problem, and per-
haps go some way to solve it.—Lon-
don Broad Arrow.

Not Far Wrong.
The story is well known of Eliot's
translation into the Indian language
of the passage from the Bible, "The
mother of Siseera looked out at the
window and cried through the lattice,"
"Not knowing the Indian word for
"lattice," he tried to get the Indians
to help him out, and described a wicker
framework. The Indians thought they
recognized his meaning, and gave him
the word. Afterward Eliot found that
he had made the mother of Siseera
cry through the oil-pot. A similar diffi-
culty in coining a definition from the
unautored was met by a school-teacher.

She was trying to make the children
define the word "bovine."
"It applies to an animal," she said,
"Can any one tell me what animal?"
There was the silence of confessed
ignorance. The teacher began to throw
out leading hints.
"The animal that gives us meat."
"Still silence."
"And shoes," she added.
"No light broke on the twenty puzzled
countenances."
"And the straps that you carry your
books by."
"Oh, I know," cried a young voice,
with explosive eagerness.
"Well, James, what animal is it?"
"Father!"

A Finger Bowl Legend.
To be denied the use of a finger bowl
at meals is one of the penalties people
have to pay for the privilege of being
invited to meet English royalty. It is
a piece of antiquarian lore and dates
back to the time of the pretender.
Then the Jacobites used to raise their
glass over the finger bowl in order to
drink to the king. The reference was
obvious, for they meant to "the king
over the water," although they did not
dare say so.

Some people have declared that the
Jacobites used to drink from the finger
bowls themselves to "Cliche across
the water," but this is a needless as-
sertion on the followers of James II.
Good men and true, they were no more
in the habit of drinking water than the
rest of the people of the time, and the
drinking vessels in those days were
sufficiently large to obviate the use
of finger bowls as we understand them
to-day.

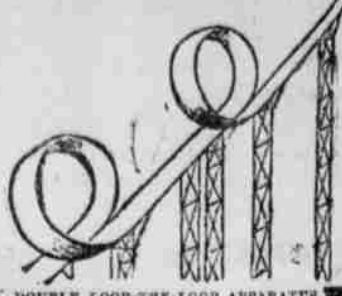
Chapters of Life's Oddities.

NEW LOOP-THE-LOOP IDEA.

Indiana Youth Hopes to Outdo All Pre-
vious Performances.

Harry King, a young trick bicyclist,
of Lafayette, Ind., has undertaken to
perform, one better, and with that end
in view has arranged to have con-
structed an apparatus on which he
hopes to perform the most daring bi-
cycle feat ever attempted. His scheme
is a double loop, which he expects to
traverse on a wheel.

King, who is twenty years old, son
of W. B. King, former assistant post-



DOUBLE LOOP-THE-LOOP APPARATUS.

master and now proprietor of a bicycle
and sewing machine store, has been an
adept on the bicycle since childhood.
He is daring and persevering. King's
idea of constructing a double loop ap-
paratus is in his own mind. He has
been considering the subject for several
months and his father, who has great
faith in his son's ability, has encour-
aged him.

The design of the structure differs
from that of Diavolo's. It is to be
twenty feet higher than the circus per-
former's at the top of the incline, and
the first incline of the double loop is to
be longer and steeper. King intends
to start at an elevation of sixty feet,
down a forty-five degree incline five
feet wide and strike the beginning of
the first loop sixty feet from the start.
This loop is to be twenty feet in diam-
eter and thirty-five feet above ground.
Circling this loop at terrific speed King
will descend another incline to the sec-
ond loop, twenty-two feet in diameter
and slightly above the ground.—Chi-
cago Chronicle.

A WAX NOSE.

Dr. A. J. Martineau, assistant sur-
geon to the Throat and Ear Hospital at
Brighton (England) recently per-
formed an unusual, but successful op-
eration, for the straightening of a de-
formed nose. A man aged twenty
years, who gave the following history,
was the patient: When fourteen years
old his nose had been injured; an ab-
sence resulted, and when this was
healed the bony ridge along the centre
of the nose was found to have settled
down or been eaten away in the centre,
so that the bridge of the nose had as-
sumed a hollow cup-shaped appear-
ance, and the boy had grown up with
what is technically known as a saddle
nose. Dr. Martineau thought the case
a favorable one for treatment by what
is known as the paraffin method. The
man was chloroformed, although local
anesthesia (cocaine) could have been
used, and half a drachm of hot steril-
ized paraffin was injected through the
skin of the nose over the depression on
the bridge, by means of an ordinary
antitoxin syringe. The paraffin had a
carefully determined melting point of
110 degrees Fahrenheit (considerably
above the body temperature). The nose
was molded into shape as the paraffin
cooled. There was considerable sore-
ness and swelling of the nose for the
first three or four days, but these soon
subsided and the man was left with a
good looking, serviceable and to all out-
ward appearances, entirely natural
nose. Two pictures of the man's face,
one made before and one after the op-
eration, which are published in the
Lancet for August 9, show in a strik-
ing way the wonderfully good cos-
metic result of the operation. The op-
eration is not a new one, having ap-
parently originated in France, but the
rarity of its use gives the above suc-
cessful case special interest.

mystery. The sketch is from a photo-
graph.

TOILETS OF ANTS.

A naturalist has been making ob-
servations on the toilets of certain ants,
and has discovered such insect goes
through most elaborate ablutions, says
the London Express.

They are not only performed by her-
self, but by another, who acts for the
time as lady's maid. The assistant
starts by washing the face of her com-
panion, and then goes over the whole
body.

The attitude of the ant that is being
washed is one of intense satisfaction.
She lies down with all her limbs
stretched loosely out; she rolls over on
her side, even her back, a perfect pic-
ture of ease.

The pleasure the little insect enjoys
while being thus combed and sponged
is really enjoyable to the observer.

HOW TO HAVE ONLY TWO GRANDPARENTS.
A strange case has presented itself
hereabouts of a man who had only two
grandparents instead of four. A wid-
ower and a widow were married, and
their children by their first marriage
were in time united. Their children's
children had one common grandfather
and one common grandmother.—Boston
Evening Record.

A DOUBLE-HANDED HAMMER.

In contrast to some of the modern
pig iron casting machines in use in
large iron works in this country is the
unique method of breaking up pig iron

employed at the present time in some
German establishments illustrated
herewith. The molten iron is run from
the blast furnace into molds, where it
solidifies in long bars. When set these
bars are broken up into suitable lengths
by hand labor in the manner shown. A
heavy eighty-pound maul, with double
handles, is raised high in the air over
the heads of the sturdy laborers re-
quired to wield it, and then brought
down with powerful force upon the
bars, breaking them up into commer-
cial size pigs. It is alleged a single
blow is usually sufficient to break the
heaviest bars.



LOW-DOWN JOURNALISM.

A Newspaper That is Printed Seventy-six
Feet Below Sea Level.

So far as is known there is but one
newspaper in the world printed below
the level of the sea. That paper is the
Indio Submarine, or, as it is now
known, the Coachella Submarine. The
paper is a little four-page weekly which
does not present a remarkably prepos-
sessing appearance, but it serves the re-
quirements of the community in which
it circulates.

The desert does not present too
abundant facilities for journalism, as
one or two extracts from the paper it-
self will suggest, and the Submarine
is situated in the midst of the most
formidable of the deserts of California
—the Colorado desert of this county.
Regarding the paper's recent move
from Indio to Coachella, the editor of
the paper says:

"Inducements of a flattering char-
acter having been offered the publisher
in the way of a bonus, we have re-
moved our printing office from Indio to
Coachella, a distance of three and one-
half miles. We have dropped from
twenty-two feet below sea level to
seventy-six feet below sea level.

"We hit Coachella with a dull yet
rattling sound. The low rumbling noise
you heard last Tuesday was caused
by our printing office making the drop.
It may be truly said that the Subma-
rine is the lowest-down or the low-
downest or the most low-down news-
paper on earth. As nearly as we can
compute the distance, Hades is about
212 feet just below our new office. The
paper will continue to advocate the
interests of all the country below the
sea-level, and we want you to fire in all
the news you know."

A short time ago the Submarine
failed to appear for two consecutive
weeks, and the editor made the follow-
ing apology and explanation:
"Having business to transact in Riv-
erside, in Los Angeles and in Ventura
County, the editor left Indio on Sep-
tember 8 and was gone an even two
weeks. Before leaving he printed one
half of the Submarine for the next
week. At Los Angeles he gave a
printer \$10 as expense money and a
key to the office to come down and
get out the rest of the paper for the
13th, as well as the following issue.
Care free, he sped away to Ventura
County, and after transacting the
business in hand set out for a good
time, and he had it too."

"Returning to Los Angeles he read a
Riverside dispatch to the Los Angeles
papers to the effect that fears were
entertained that he had met with foul
play, as the paper of the 13th had not
made its appearance and the editor had
not been heard of in two weeks. That
brought us home in a hurry.

"The only foul play we met with out-
side of a baseball game was the failure
of the printer to come down and get
out our paper during our absence.

"When we discovered that the paper
hadn't been issued we immediately re-
turned and took up our work where we
had left off, and that's why, gentle
reader, the last issue you received bore
two dates—one sheet that of September
13 and the other that of September 27.
The issue of the 20th! We were
obliged to cut that out!"—Chicago
Chronicle.

A man is sometimes known by the
things he leaves undone.



FOR THE FAIR

LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Theatre or informal
evening waists find a place in a variety
of styles. This smart and attractive

fronts and a pretty waistband consist-
ing of plain dark blue cloth with small
appliance points of plain dark green
cloth braided in black and gold. Be-
low this band there are curved basques
cut in quite a novel fashion, while
both skirt and bodice are trimmed ef-
fectively with straps of green cloth
held in place by small green buttons.
The sleeves are made in a wide bell
shape, the fulness of the material
being caught in with a strap of green
cloth and fastened with gold buttons.

The Age of Veils.
In this veil age when even the very
young girl-das taken to shielding her
pretty face with either net, chiffon or
lace, considerable attention should be
given to the means of keeping a veil
upon the hat.

Plus for this purpose come in great
variety. There are costly ones and in-
expensive ones, simple ones and showy
ones, and so on, according to the taste
and purse of the wearer.

A Skirt Supporter.
A new skirt and blouse grip enables
one to fasten the skirt and blouse in
such a way that there is no fear of
either getting out of place. You buckle
the waistband over your blouse, taking
care that the small claws are placed
inward. The skirt band is then brought
over the grip, when both skirt and
blouse are fixed in a perfect position.

The Stole Yoke.
The new stole yoke reaches two-
thirds of the distance from chin to
waist. It is open and double; the two
long fronts hook together. It is made
of gold-colored gussie over orange silk,
and it fills the cut-out front of a black
silk princess gown.

A Noteworthy New Bracelet.
A bracelet that strikes an uncom-
mon note shows yellow gold in tresses
woven together as women plait their
locks of hair, at both ends of which are
bars which clamp together.

Lace Diamonds.
It is not so easy to obtain the dia-
mond-shaped lace medallions. Square
and round and oblong shapes predom-
inate, either alternately or en suite.

THEATRE WAIST.
May Manton model suits both the odd
bodice and the entire gown, and in-
cludes some of the best features of the
season, the soft full sleeves under snug
upper ones, the pointed cuffs and col-
lar, with an entirely novel bolero. The
original is made of white crepe de
chine with Venetian lace, and is worn
with garniture and belt of pale green
velvet, but combinations without num-
ber might be suggested. Chiffon is al-
ways lovely for the waists, as are
crepe, mousseline and all soft silks
and wools, while the jacket can be
made of any sort or one of the pretty flow-
ered silks.

The foundation lining fits snugly and
closes at the centre front. On it are ar-
ranged the front and back of the waist,
which are tucked to yoke depth, and
the bolero, both of which close at the
centre front, the waist invisibly be-
neath the central tuck and in the folds.
The sleeves are arranged over fitted
linings that are faced to form the cuffs
and which hold the fulness in place.
The neck is finished with the stock,
which closes at the back.

The quantity of material required for
the medium size is four and a quarter
yards twenty-one inches wide, three
yards twenty-seven inches wide or two
and a half yards forty-four inches

wide, with two and five-eighths yards
of all-over lace for bolero, collar and
cuffs.

Maid's Apron.
Maid's aprons require to be ample
before all else. To be correct the skirt
must be long and full, the bill of gen-
erous size. The most excellent May
Manton model, shown in the large
drawing, includes both features and is
tasteful and becoming at the same
time. As shown it is made of cambric
with trimming of embroidery, but fine
muslin, long cloth, nainsook and lawn
are all suitable.

The skirt portion is straight, gather-
ed at the upper edge and joined to a
belt. As shown the lower edge is
finished with a wide hem having six
tiny tucks above, but may be made
plain if so desired. The bill is rounded
at the top and the rounded tapering re-
versers are, with it joined to straps which
pass over the shoulders, cross at the
back and are attached to the belt. The
bill and reversers are joined to the front
of the belt and each end are attached
to the ends to fit in the centre back.

The quantity of material required for
the medium size is three and three-
quarter yards thirty-six inches wide,
with two yards of embroidery and two
yards of insertion.

Raw-Edged Ruches.
Raw-edged ruches are quite the lat-
est way of making a soft finish to a
silk skirt. They cannot be used on a
mousseline or any ribbed silk woven like
a poplin cord. But for lousine or
taffeta or faille there is nothing better
or more modish. Think what a saving
or labor the raw-edged ruche affords to
the dressmaker. It is a boon, doing
away with the hours of work once be-
stowed on turning, basting the narrow
hem, and of the "mille run" on the
sewing machine necessary to stitch the
flounce. A silk like a lousine or
taffeta can be safely gathered or rose-
quilled, without fear of the edges fray-
ing out.

A Charming Gown for Walking.
A gown lately designed for winter
wear is in soft tweed in the fashion-
able mixture of blue and green. The
bodice is made with Russian blouse

two inches wide, with one and a quar-
ter yards twenty-one inches wide, or
three-quarter yards fifty-two inches
wide for stole collar, stock and cuffs.



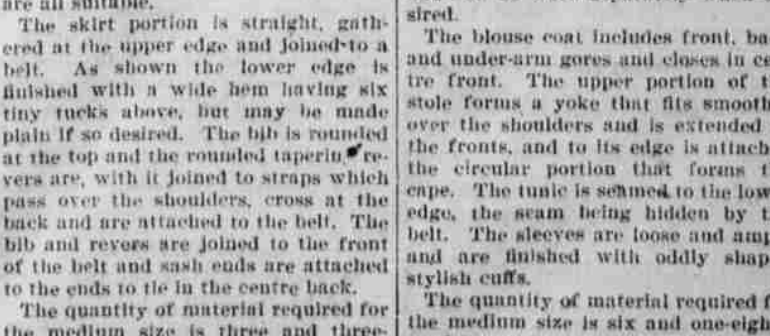
MAID'S APRON.

Coat With Stole Cape and Tunic.
Blouse coats with skirts or tunics are
exceedingly smart and are much worn
both with skirts to match and as sepa-
rate wraps. The admirable May Man-
ton model shown is of dark gray zeb-
elie, stitched with corticelli silk, with
the stole stole and cuffs of a smooth
broad cloth in pale gray finished with
black and white fancy braid, and all
makes part of a costume, but all suit-
ing and coat materials are appropriate.
The stole cape is a special feature, and
adds materially to the warmth at the
same time that it is eminently stylish
and can be worn separately when de-
sired.

The blouse coat includes front, back
and under-arm gorges and closes in cen-
tre front. The upper portion of the
stole forms a yoke that fits smoothly
over the shoulders and is extended at
the fronts, and to its edge is attached
the circular portion that forms the
cape. The tunic is seamed to the lower
edge, the seam being hidden by the
belt. The sleeves are loose and ample
and are finished with oddly shaped
stylish cuffs.

The quantity of material required for
the medium size is six and one-eighth
yards twenty-one inches wide, two and
seven-eighths yards forty-four inches
wide or two and one-half yards fifty-

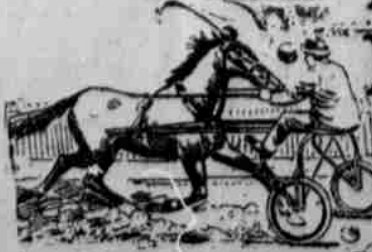
two inches wide, with one and a quar-
ter yards twenty-one inches wide, or
three-quarter yards fifty-two inches
wide for stole collar, stock and cuffs.



BLOUSE COAT WITH STOLE CAPE.

Chicago was in green and white—the
Horse Show colors—during the week of
November 3-5. The most novel feature
this year was an exhibition by E.
Sporcher, who drove backward,
against time, with his trained pacer,
How Mr. Sporcher can see out of the
back of his head is something of a

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