

Heavy clouds and dreary day—like we used to have long ago. Chilly and cold and bleak and gray. But Polly and I, on our homeward way, care not at all for the blinding snow.

AN OPPORTUNE BURGLAR

OLLY CARSON stood at the top of the kitchen stairs shielding with glowing fingers the candle that she held above her head.

She heard mice scurrying about among the pans that Aunt Sally had left on the table when she went to her cabin for the night, and she shrank from venturing into the darkness below. But as she hesitated, peering anxiously down the flight a groan from another room ended her reluctance.

Lifting her skirts she ran quickly over the stairs, for Edward, her husband, had been seized at midnight with a violent headache, the result of riding too long in the sun in the afternoon, and was begging deliciously for tea. So Molly must have, even if it meant braving the terrors below.

The refrigerator was in a lean-to opening from the kitchen. Mrs. Carson found the door shut and fastened securely against all her pushings and shakings, and the end of the key glistened maliciously at her through the keyhole, as if taunting her inability.

Running up stairs, she left the candle on the table in the dining room, and went out of doors to try to open the outside shed door. The moon shone dimly through fleecy April clouds, and a whippoorwill called insistently from a nearby field, in the note that sounds more melancholy in the North Carolina mountains than anywhere else in the world.

The outer door proved as obstinate as the inner. Molly rattled in vain, and then fell to pulling at the wire netting over a little window beside it. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she tugged with no success. A raged bit of gauze tore her fingers, but she did not mind the pain. The sound of Edward's voice inside the house, rising and falling in the babble of delirium, spurred her to continued effort, and deafened her to the cry of the whippoorwill.

She did not even hear the sound of approaching footsteps, until a man came around the corner of the house so quickly that he almost ran into her.

"Heavens!" she cried at the same moment, shaking from head to foot, and hardly able to articulate. "What do you want?" Her heart thumped furiously, but through her fear there ran the thought that whatever happened Edward must have the tea.

The man regained his self-possession as he saw her fright. "It looks like we'll go to the same business," he chuckled, pointing to the window, and giving her a poke in the arm with a dirty thumb. "I don't understand you; I am Mrs. Carson," said Molly, throwing back her fair head, haughtily. Then, recalled by his gesture to her occupation she forgot her terror in the thought that here was a man—a strong man—who could help her. She began to work feverishly at the netting.

Gras McClatchie standing in the middle of the kitchen floor. "Well, I'll be skowered!" he said, slowly. Then, as his hostess, had not looked or even shut the door at the head of the stairs he followed in her steps.

Molly found Edward in wild delirium that even the tea did not allay. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" was her dumb cry, as he struggled fiercely with her, and in answer came the thought of the burglar. Leaving Edward to fate for a few minutes she ran to seek her fellow-housebreaker. She found him in the dining room looking over the silver by the light of the candle she had left there. As she entered he turned, startled and made a nervous gesture toward his pocket.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still here," cried Molly, excitedly. "Please come with me. Mr. Carson is dreadfully delirious, and I don't know what to do. Come," and she switched his sleeve to hasten his hesitating progress. McClatchie followed slowly, but once in the sick room his diffidence vanished. Many a case of delirium tremens among his friends had given him confidence as a nurse. Molly became his subordinate with instinctive surrender, for she saw that with the sick man he was alert and capable, and showed a marked gentleness—bred, perhaps, by his vocation.

Three o'clock had struck before Carson sank into the quiet of exhaustion. Molly's face fairly glowed with gratitude as she turned to McClatchie. The man grinned with honest pride. Though the smile did something to redress his face, Molly appreciated for the first time since his abrupt appearance what a rough-looking fellow he was. Now that all was quiet she grew fearful for him to leave.

"If you're going through the village," she said, "would you stop at Dr. Frady's and ask him to come here at once? It's the rock house opposite the post-office." The grin faded from McClatchie's face. "The rock house opposite the post-office?" he repeated. "I'd rather not go there, Ma'am. You see—you see, I've visited there once to-night already."

"But why should that prevent you? Oh! You mean you? O-oh!" Molly stared at the man with some little fear as the import of his words dawned on her, but her gaze at him comprehended Edward, and a greater fear seized her as she thought of her situation if left alone with him during another paroxysm. Drawing closer to McClatchie she looked guiltily about, and then whispered: "Did any one see you?"

"No." "Then if I should write a note could you not leave it there? You see— Her voice broke, and she made a gesture of helplessness. The suspicion of tears was too much for Gus. "Go ahead and write. I'll do it," he growled.

At half past four the old doctor was with Mrs. Carson. "Was I compounding a felony or anything?" she asked, smiling up at him. And McClatchie, walking over the sleepers on his way to Denby, was experiencing a sensation new to him—a yearning for a woman's love like Molly's for her husband, and a feeling of complacency over his night's work even though his pockets were empty.—New York Times.

The Dairymilk Curse. In reference to the supposed curse pronounced on the descendants of the first Earl of Stair, unhappily notorious for his connection with the massacre of Glencoe, a Scottish correspondent informs us that the actual words of the original curse are still extant in the words (and terrifying words they are) of a Gaelic poem written by Jean Macdonald, the sole survivor of a large family that perished in the massacre. The last three lines run thus: "May fear and terror haunt their pillows! May their wives ever prove barren, And my thousand curses attend them!" A startling comment on this malediction is that the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh and eighth Earls of Stair all died without issue—a circumstance probably unique in the annals of the peerage. The family of the first (the Glencoe) earl became entirely extinct in 1840, and the successor passed to the descendants of his next brother, Sir James Dalrymple, from whom came down, of course, the much respected peer just deceased.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Man of the Moment. When they saw him coming along—ease in hand—they rushed to the door and called and beckoned and made frantic gestures. As soon as he was within the house they almost dragged him upstairs and into the bedroom where she lay, gasping, and so very, very pale. "What do you think?" three of them cried at once. "He was perfectly shocked and distressed." "I think she's a very sick woman," he said. They waited a second, and then one said: "What shall we do first?" He looked surprised. "I should call a doctor," he said, emphatically. At that they all screamed at once: "But aren't you a doctor?" He started violently and stared at them in amazement. "No, I'm a piano tuner," he replied.—Town Topics.

Mr. McClain's Unlucky Number. While the figures nine and thirteen are found conspicuous in the lives of some men and to some superstitious persons have a remarkable bearing, Deputy Warden Dowell, of the South Illinois Penitentiary, adds the figure two to the list in the following unusual story concerning W. E. McClain, who was sent to the penitentiary from Shelbyville. McClain was sentenced for a term of two years. At the time of his arrest he was twenty-two years old. He was born in the second month of the year and also arrested in the second month and on the twenty-second day. When he was given his cell number it was found to be 2222, and the cell to which he was assigned was 222. Several other minor incidents also occurred in which the figure prominently appeared.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

Why Capability Wins. The best way to meet a false assertion is to grant all of it if you can in fairness and then mercilessly demolish its vital part.

It may be admitted that, if higher education meant more scholarship, if happiness meant more contentment, and if marriage meant more housework and child-bearing, then the higher education of women would not tend to happiness in marriage.

Perhaps this is what the objectors have in mind—in which case they themselves need a little higher education on all these subjects. Every progressive faculty of a college or university to-day knows that education means full development of all the faculties, and that girls need that even more than boys—because they are to be mothers, says Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Success.

An increase in all directions—larger power, knowledge, skill and experience—these tend to make a wiser and more capable woman, and a wise, capable woman will be happier in marriage than an ignorant, weak one; unless—and perhaps this is what they mean—unless it is assumed that men average poorly, that they are low, coarse, vicious things, and that an improved variety of woman would be miserable were those of the old kind were happy in their ignorance. This is untrue at both ends, and ignorance is not necessarily bliss. A mud turtle may be happier than a skylark, but he does not look so.—Mirror and Farmer.

Tests of Real Character. To know how to expect little and enjoy much is the secret of success. Great calamities are not the most severe tests of fortitude. In times of heavy affliction the knowledge that our acquaintances are watching how we acquire ourselves has a wonderfully bracing effect.

Chastity under blue skies and sunshine may be only a reflection of the cheerfulness of the surroundings. It is the gray day and the hard road that test the real courage and soundness of the heart, says The Gentlewoman.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawn upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good many of us look complacently at ourselves in the glass, sometimes and cheerfully think that we are pretty near it.

Our birthdays, after we grow wise enough to understand their significance—what are they but warnings that sound at intervals from off the rock-bound coast of time?—Mirror and Farmer.

A Hair Dressing Match. Twenty young women, mostly new-looking, and all with handsome hair hanging down their backs, sat in a row on arm chairs in a large hall the other night. A crowd of onlookers, including deputies and representatives of the Ministry of Commerce, gathered, but allowed sufficient elbow room to twenty men armed with brushes and combs who stood at attention, and then at a signal all set to work at once to do the ladies' hair. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed another signal was given, and the competitors all ceased their operations, some of the coiffures being left unfinished, with stray locks hanging down. The jury of the Syndical Chamber of Coiffeurs, of Paris, which had arranged the contest, then examined the heads of hair and awarded a prize of a dozen francs, including a prix d'honneur given by the Minister of Commerce. A hail followed, and the ladies who had kindly lent their locks for the contest did not lack partners, each, of course, dancing the first waltz with the competitor who had dressed her hair.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Brittle Finger Nails. It is almost impossible to keep brittle finger nails in a shapely condition. Close cutting does not improve matters, and it detracts greatly from the appearance of the finger tips. Begin at the root of the nail and feed the nails. Before retiring rub the nails freely with sweet oil or vasoline and wear loose kid gloves to protect the clothing and bedding. The gloves should be perforated at the palms and the middle of the fingers to admit a free circulation of air. Wear gloves whenever possible while sweeping and dusting, or doing other rather coarse work, for the texture of the skin is thus preserved and damage to the nails prevented. After washing dishes wash the hands in clear warm water, rinse in cold water, anoint the nails with a little vasoline and wipe away all surplus. Keep up the treatment of the nails daily for a month, and you will see a marked improvement.—New Haven Register.

throw the head back, touching at the same time the hands at the back of the head, and let out the breath as the arms come slowly down. A second is to raise the arms above the head in front of the body, with the hands relaxed and the backs of the wrists upward, bring them back and downwards to the sides, then up above the head again. These movements must be done slowly and harmoniously, not in a quick or jerky way.—New York Evening Journal.

To Look Slight. Nothing is prettier and more becoming to a fair, slight woman with a pretty complexion than white, but white must be carefully avoided by her sister of too ample charms.

Black is the color for the stout woman, especially if she be of the black-eyed and black-haired type. A black gown will make her look slimmer than anything else, while pale blue, light gray and nearly every shade of red will make her "too, too solid flesh" most undesirably self-assertive.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, may all be advantageously worn by the stout woman, who will also find mauve and the higher shades of green, used in decoration about the throat and shoulders, very helpful in diminishing the effect of her size.—Home Notes.

Tender Feet. Tender feet are very painful and require special attention daily. A treatment given each night will work wonders. Bathe the feet in warm water to which a heaping teaspoonful of borax has been added, wipe quite dry and scrape all callous spots with pumice stone, then dip them in cold water to prevent taking cold.

To harden feet a salt bath is invaluable. After it sponge the feet and ankles with alcohol. To reduce swollen feet use only moderately warm water and an assuringly made by two ounces each of rose salt and powdered alum, mixing and putting two teaspoonfuls to four quarts of water.

New Bridal Veils. Every bride likes to have something new and original in her costume for that occasion of occasions. Here is a pretty idea that will be something new and yet true to the old custom of the veil.

You can have any material that you choose that is soft and filmy. Then have wreaths of garlands painted in the most delicate shades and flowers. The conventional orange blossoms are, of course, the most appropriate, but the pale tinted wreaths are charming and relieve the all white of the regulation bride attire.

A Theatre Gown. A theatre gown for a young girl of pale blue crepe de chine, is trimmed with very fine silk passementerie of the same color; yoke and undersleeves of white embroidered tulle. The skirt is laid in tiny perpendicular tucks around the hips and is finished at the bottom with five circular tucks of graduated widths.

Dancing and ball gowns are made in all the lighter fabrics. Tulle spangled with crystal makes a becoming costume. A crowd of onlookers, including deputies and representatives of the Ministry of Commerce, gathered, but allowed sufficient elbow room to twenty men armed with brushes and combs who stood at attention, and then at a signal all set to work at once to do the ladies' hair.

Velvet For Housewear. Odd shades of velvet, made up in picturesque style with deep-pointed lace cuffs, lace collar, deep-jeweled girdle, on long, flowing and graceful lines, are much favored for house wear.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City—Long shoulder effects always are becoming to young girls, and are seen in the latest models for odd waists as well as frocks and



MISSIE'S SHIRT WAIST.

coats. This stylish May Manton shirt waist includes a novel yoke collar that gives the desired drooping line, and also a narrow vest effect at the front. As illustrated it is made of white mercerized vesting and is unlined, but all waisting materials are appropriate and the fitted foundation can be used whenever desirable. At the neck is a fancy stock and deep pointed cuffs finish the sleeves. When a plainer waist is desired the yoke collar can be omitted, and the waist made with yoke fronts and plain back as shown in the small cut.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, fronts, back and yoke collar. The fronts are gathered at their upper edges and again at the wrist line and meet the yoke, but the back is plain across the shoulders. The yoke collar is quite separate and is arranged over the waist, the closing being made invisibly. The sleeves are the favorite ones that form full puffs below the elbows and are finished with deep pointed cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven

are edged with lace, and are very pretty.

Summer Fabrics. Sheer cottons in dainty dimities in quaint, old-fashioned cross-bar designs, the finest of batiste, closely akin to organdy, and printed cottons in pompadour designs are the smartest wash fabrics for the summer of 1904.

The Lace Cuff. Much care is shown in the shaping of the lace cuff, a smart longer finish at present. This is no longer the plain, tight cuff of lace, but must fit the arm in military effect and also be irregular in outline.

The Proper Footwear. Some of the new evening shoes are in gros grain silk, exquisitely embroidered by hand. Lace rosettes embellish them, and silk stockings are worn matching the gown.

Skirts a La Mode. Skirts must be full or they are not fashionable, and the pleats, shirtings and tuckings over hips falling in straight lines below continue in great favor.

A New Fabric. Messaline is a new fabric that has had a warm welcome. It combines the best qualities of crepe de chine and satin liberty.

The New Skirts. The new skirts are to be of two lengths, either just touching all around or escaping the ground by two inches.

Hoppe Linens. Hoppe linens are to be used to create the elaborate linen costume of the fashionable woman.

Favorite Shade. A shade much in favor is elephant gray, especially in velvets and cloths.

Girl's Suspender Costume. Little girls are always charming and attractive when wearing guimpe frocks. This one is among the latest designed by May Manton, and is made

A Late Design by May Manton.



inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide.

An Interior Gown. An interior gown of pastel heliotrope crepe de chine has a narrowly gored princess front. Above the waist this is accented pleated, with a yoke collar arrangement of broad Alencon lace, and a berth of the same quite low down on the shoulders, so that in effect it forms epaulettes. The princess panel is embroidered down the front in wistaria flower and foliage design, outlined in silver thread and pansy purple. Shellie applique down on the heliotrope crepe. The full sleeves are gathered into a broad cuff of Alencon lace. The edges of the side gores which come over the princess front are embroidered with the flowing wistaria pattern, continued as a border around the gown's hem all the way across to the other side and up again. This is in purple chenille, silver thread and shaded green embroidery silks for the collar.

With this most unusual blouse is worn a very full white silk net skirt, shirred down half way to the knees. The bottom has four two-inch tucks, each edged with narrow point d'esprit. A long fitted petticoat, which shows plainly through the net, is of rose satin. The exact shade of the velvet in the blouse. A panne velvet girdle is worn with a buckle of rose stones and old silver in art nouveau jewelry.

The Selection of Dress Trimmings. Many lovely embroideries, particularly in gold and silver, are shown in the shops, but these must be bought with discretion. A great deal of money can be wasted in this way, and a good frock ruined by inferior accessories. The study of dress is a very difficult subject now, even for the rich, while ordinary folk have much to grumble about.

Lace Veils. Long lace veils are becoming draped over hats and tied at the side. These are forty-six inches long, and only as wide as the ordinary tulle or net face veil. Dotted net veils of the same size

with novel suspenders that form epauletttes and so give the broad shoulder line of the sash. As shown the dress is made of dotted blue henrietta stitched with coriellie silk and held by gold buttons, the guimpe of Persian lawn with trimming of embroidery. All simple dress materials are appropriate, however, with guimpe or cotton or China silk as may be preferred. The costume consists of skirt suspenders and guimpe. The guimpe is tucked to form a yoke and again at the upper portions of the sleeves and is fitted by means of shoulder and under arm seams. The skirt is straight and laid in deep, backward turning pleats and is joined to the belt. The suspenders are made in three portions those over the shoulders forming epauletttes, and are held together and attached to the belt by means of buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and



GIRL'S SUSPENDER COSTUME.

Household Matters

Wonderful Kitchenware. A visit to the kitchenware department of a large city store is enough to make the voracious spinster long for a home to furnish if she has a spark of femininity in her make-up. There are enameled sauce and stew pans of milky whiteness finished with edges of gilt. There are all sorts of cooking utensils, tea pots, coffee pots, preserving kettles, milk boilers, cereal cookers and dispensers which are dainty enough to use on the dining room table. As these will never rust they are greatly to be desired by the housewife, and although they are rather expensive they are doubtless cheaper in the end than those which rust less but wear out sooner.—New York Press.

Camphor Vs. Good Cleaning. Many housewives place undue confidence in the cleansing powers of camphor. The rely upon it to do the work which should be accomplished by a thorough cleaning. Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after the insects have commenced eating. Nor will they then pay any regard to the presence of cedar or tobacco. A good way in which to kill them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water, spread it smoothly on the carpet, and then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used.

The process does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least; and it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectively on worms and eggs.

Cold Weather Helps. For the woman whose work compels her to sit much, and whose feet are prone to become cold in consequence, an easily managed foot warmer may be procured at little expense. Let her purchase a good sized agate ware or enamel lined pot, the kind for cooking vegetables, and filling it with water, bring it to a boil. This answers admirably for a foot stool, and will keep her comfortable many hours without reheating. Many persons never feel sufficiently warm after retiring for the night unless their heads are muffled in the bed coverings. Now a much better plan is to procure a square of soft flannel or any preferred material whose sides shall measure a yard or more. Spread this at the head of the bed so that part of it shall be underneath the pillow, while the remainder can be drawn down over the pillow and sleeper's head. Arranged properly this will exclude every prying current of air from sensitive head, neck and shoulders.—S. Virginal Lewis, in The Epitomist.

Hammocks For Small Rooms. There are many rooms too small to hold conveniently a comfortable sofa. For these I consider a hammock little short of a necessity, while in large rooms the hammock would merely be an added beauty, a perfect lounge for reading, and an ideal resting place. It must be netted with strong silk, it must be very wide and long enough to lie at ease and rest and sleep in, and the color must be in perfect harmony with the room, says London Queen.

An Oriental drapery is needed to throw over one end, and at least four large soft cushions for the inside of the hammock. The carpenter must be called in to plug the wall and screw in hooks, which must not be done too high; one sits as well as lies in a hammock. If the carpenter has any fear of the strain on the walls, pieces of wood can be fastened to the floor and to the required height on the walls, and can be carved or painted at will.

There now remains simply the hanging of the hammock and the tying on of two large silk bows at the extreme ends to cover the hooks. In a small room, when not needed, the hammock can be unstrung and dropped to the ground. I am sure that the first siesta in the gentle swaying hammock will repay all trouble and expense.—Mirror and Farmer.

RECIPES

Shortcake—Rub half a cupful of butter into one pint of flour, add two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix well and add half a cupful of milk, knead lightly; roll out, cut in large biscuits, bake slowly on the griddle or in a quick oven.

Hermits—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of butter, one cup of seeded raisins chopped, two ounces of citron chopped fine, one teaspoon each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Add flour enough to roll out; cut in rounds; lay on greased pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Tongue or Ham on Toast—Chop one cupful of boiled ham or tongue very fine, beat the yolks of two eggs until thick, add them to the tongue or ham with one-quarter teaspoonful of mustard and a little cayenne pepper; stir over the fire until the eggs are creamy; serve on squares of buttered toast.

Vanity Puffs—Boil one cup of milk and thicken with flour to a stiff dough; set away to cool; then add three eggs, one by one, unbeaten, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Drop by the spoonful into hot fat and when brown remove and drain on paper. Roll in sugar and cinnamon mixed.

Tomato Preserve—Scald and peel carefully small potatoes; weigh them and add an equal amount of sugar and let stand over night; pour off all the juice and boil until it is a thick syrup; add tomatoes and cook until clear and transparent; one piece of ginger root or one lemon to each pound of fruit gives a pleasant flavor.

Cheese Straws—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated American cheese, one ounce of pimento, a dash of cayenne, a pinch of salt, one egg; mix flour, cayenne, salt and cheese together, then add the egg and work all to a smooth paste. Roll out on a floured board until very thin; cut in strips one-eighth of an inch wide and six inches long, place on a greased pan and bake in a very moderate oven. When a delicate brown, remove.