

AD-UMN LEAVES.

Flower and leaf of vine and tree,
Grass of meadow, weed of mine,
Summer gathered flowers to be
Fragrant for the autumn's fire.

In a Terrible Fix.
By Eben E. Rexford.

OW, "Rastus"—and his sister
picked a thread or two
off his coat, and hesitated,
as if thinking how to break
the news gently—"I want
to tell you about a plan
I've got in my head."

"I know what it is," interrupted
her brother, turning pale. "I know
all about it before I came down here."

"I'd like to know how," asked Mrs.
Green, in great surprise. "I never
told anybody except John, and I'm sure
he hasn't let it out."

"No, he hasn't," answered Mr. Bangs.
"Bat the minute I read your letter, I
felt what was in the wind. You didn't
say in so many words that you'd got
a match planned, but I understood it
well enough. Who is it, Selina? Bet-
ter get the load off your mind as soon
as possible. I'm prepared to know the
worst," and Mr. Bangs gave utterance
to a sigh of forced resignation.

"It's a widow," answered Selina,
"just the kind of a woman to suit you,
Rastus. I do hope you'll be sensible
this time, and not let your foolish ban-
dainties spoil your chances of getting a
good wife."

"A widow!"—Mr. Bangs turned a
trifle pale, and faltered—"I-I'm
afraid I can't stand this stage, Selina.
I came mighty near knocking under to
that old maid last summer, but I was
helped out of the scrape some way.
I've always heard say that a man
couldn't hold out long against a widow
if she'd got her mind right made up to
get him."

"Don't be a fool, Rastus," said her
sister, tersely. "Maria's too good for
you, and, if you know when you're
well off, you'll make sure of her."

"I wish she wasn't made sure of,"
said Mr. Bangs, to whom this conver-
sation was somewhat alarming.

"Oh, yes, she will," answered Selina,
"I've talked with her about matters,
and I know she'll have no objections."

"Good gracious, Selina!" exclaimed
Mr. Bangs, perspiring all over, "you
don't mean to say that you've actually
talked with this woman about my mar-
rying her, do you? Why, she'll expect
me to do it, if you have, and, if I don't,
she'll be having me up for breach of
promise."

"Of course she expects you to marry
her, and so do I," answered Selina, as
if that settled the matter. "Be a man,
Rastus. I wouldn't be afraid of the
women, if I were in your place."

"You don't know what you're talk-
ing about," said Mr. Bangs, shaking
his head dolefully. "You're a woman,
and can't be expected to know."

"Well, come down, and let me in-
troduce you now," said Selina, and she
finally got him to consent.

"I feel like a lamb being led to the
slaughter," said poor Mr. Bangs, as
he passed at the parlor door to wipe
his face. "I wish I were home again,
Selina."

"Don't be such a fool, Rastus," re-
peated his sister, by way of encour-
agement, and then he was dragged
over the threshold, and he remembered
afterward that something in the shape
of a woman rose up, and said some-
thing, after Selina had said something,
but what those something were, he
never knew."

When he came to, sufficiently to
realize what was going on about him,
he was alone with the widow. She
wasn't a bad-looking woman, he had
to admit. In fact, he rather liked her
looks."

Well, the result was, he fell in love
with Mrs. Smith. He generally fell in
love with the women Selina selected
as proper subjects for matrimony. But
this time he felt so completely done
for that he was sure all his capabilities
for falling in love were exhausted.
He would never love again."

At the end of a week he felt that his
love had reached its climax, for he
picked up a rose she had dropped, and
slept with it under his pillow.

"You poor, old fool," he said to him-
self the next morning, as he stood be-
fore the glass. "To think that you've
got spunky enough for that. If you
glad as one knows it. But the widow is
very attractive, and I don't see as I'm
to blame. I-I can't help it."

One day Selina and Mrs. Smith went
shopping after tea. As Mr. Bangs was
going through the hall he saw that
Mrs. Smith's room door stood partly
open, and an irresistible impulse to
take just one peep into it came over
him. He did so. Hanging over the
back of a chair was a walking skirt,
and that mysterious article of feminine
apparel fascinated him so much that he
ventured in, and began to examine it.

"Well, now, if that doesn't beat the
Dutch!" said Mr. Bangs, holding it
up. "I wonder how I'd look in such a
thing. I'm going to try it on."

Accordingly, he got hold of the belt,
and proceeded to invest himself in it,
after the manner of putting on
trousers.

"It buckles, I s'pose," he said, pulling
it belt together. "Yes, there it is.
Lord! wouldn't I cut a fine figure in
skirts," and Mr. Bangs danced a horo-
pipo to the accompaniment of a swish-
ing skirt.

"The hall door banged."
"Good gracious!" cried poor Bangs.
"They've come home!"

Every hair on his head stood up with
fright. He grabbed at the belt, but it
wouldn't unbuckle. He heard steps
on the stairs, and women's voices
struck more terror to his guilty soul
than the sound of Gabriel's trumpet
would have done.

He glanced about him. There was
no escape. A closed door stood partly
open. Into that he crowded himself,
and pulled the door together just as
Mrs. Smith came in.

He could hear her bustling about,
talking off her jacket and bonnet. What
if she were to come to the closet? It
was altogether likely that she hang
her things there. He felt as if he
were going to faint. Then he thought
of the ridiculous appearance a fainting
man in a skirt would make, and made
up his mind that he wouldn't faint-
he'd die first!

"There! She was coming that way!
What was to be done? A thousand
wild thoughts flashed through his
brain. He felt her hand upon the door-
knob.

"There's a man in your room," he
roared out, in awful bass. He didn't
know how he came to say it. It was
the inspiration of desperation, prob-
ably.

"Oh-h-o-h!" shrieked Mrs. Smith,
and fled in terror.

"I've got to get out of this before
anybody comes," said Mr. Bangs, giv-
ing a push to the door. Horror! It would
not open. There was only one way of
opening it, and that was from the
outside.

A clammy perspiration covered him
from head to foot.

"You stay here, and I'll go in," he
heard Selina say, in the hall. "I shan't
be afraid."

He put his eye to the keyhole, and
saw his sister enter the room.

"Selina!" he called, in a sepulchral
tone. "Selina!"

"Who calls me Selina?" demanded
Mrs. Green, dramatically, flourishing
the feather duster, which she had
brought along for a weapon of de-
fense.

"I do," answered Mr. Bangs. "It's
Rastus, your brother. I'm shut up in
this closet."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs.
Green, staring at the closet as if she
expected to look it out of countenance.

"Let me out, and don't be a fool!"
cried Mr. Bangs.

This appealed to Mrs. Green, who
ventured to open the door, and out stepped
Mr. Bangs, with his skirt swishing
about his legs.

"For the land's sake!" cried Selina,
with upturned hands, and mouth wide
open. "Why, Rastus Bangs!"

"I-I thought I'd have a little sport,"
explained Mr. Bangs, looking about as
foolish as it is possible for a man to,
"but you came back too soon, and I
couldn't get it off, and slipped into the
closet. Help me out of the confounded
thing, Selina, and keep it to yourself,
and I'll buy you the nicest dress in
town."

"Selina! Selina!" called the widow
from the bottom of the stairs. "Do you
want any help?"

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs,
"she'll be here in a minute."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Sel-
ina. "If you'll promise to ask her to
marry you inside of three days, I'll help
you out of the scrape. If you don't,
I'll call her in."

"I-I consent," groined Mr. Bangs,
"then I'll call her," said Selina.

"I-I will!" said her brother, desper-
ately.

Mrs. Green gave a peculiar twitch to
the strap, the buckle let go its hold,
and the skirt fell to the floor. Mr.
Bangs stood up a free man.

"Now, remember," said Selina, warn-
ingly, "if you haven't proposed to Mrs.
Smith in three days from this time—at
half-past six precisely, on Thursday,
the time'll be up—I shall tell the whole
story."

Oh, those three days! They seemed
three years to poor Bangs. He tried
seven different times to make his prom-
ise good, but every time his tongue
drove to the roof of his mouth, and he
was speechless.

Thursday, at 6 o'clock, Selina came
to him.

"Has he asked her, Rastus?" she
demanded, solemnly.

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Bangs,
"I can't, Selina."

"You've got just half an hour's time
left," said Selina, unfortunately. "Sup-
pose'll be ready in fifteen minutes. The
half hour'll be gone before we get
through eating, and I shall tell
the story the minute the time's up. Maria's
in the parlor, alone. If you want to
see her, you'll never get a better
chance."

"If you and any sisterly regard for-
me!" began Mr. Bangs, but Mrs.
Green cut him short with the remark:
"A bargain's a bargain. Do as you
agreed to, or I will. Don't be a fool,
Rastus."

And with that she opened the parlor
door and passed him in.

Mr. Bangs didn't know what he
said. He never knew. But the widow
said he asked her if she wanted to
marry him. Being a truthful woman,
she said she did, and so the poor man
was spared the recital of the story of
his terrible fate.

LIBERIA'S RESOURCES.

Wealth of the African Republic of the
Colored People.

Liberia is considering the expediency
of a new foreign loan in order to make
needed public improvements and to re-
organize the public debt. It is now
eighty-three years since the negro re-
public in Africa was founded by Ameri-
can philanthropists and more than
half a century since it was recognized
as an independent State.

Sir Harry Johnston, the African ex-
plorer, recently spoke very favorably
of Liberia's natural resources. Its
great wealth, he said, lies in its for-
ests, which contain most of the West
African timber trees. In India rubber
producing trees, bushes and vines it is
richer than any other part of Africa
except one or two small areas of the
Congo basin.

The interior of the country is inclin-
ed to be hilly, and from forty to 100
miles inland the ranges of hills reach
altitudes which justify calling them
mountains. The marshy character of
the country, Sir Harry Johnston says,
has been exaggerated. Beyond the
forest region there is a park-like coun-
try. Elephants are abundant in all
parts of Liberia territory. Through
the forest many of the paths are little
more than elephant tracks.

Very little is known about the min-
eral wealth of the country. Hepanite
ore appears to exist everywhere, and
traces of gold are found in nearly all
the rivers. In the Mandingo uplands
beyond the forest region alluvial gold
is said by the natives to exist over a
considerable area. Lead and zinc have
also been discovered in the eastern dis-
tricts.

On the whole Liberia is said to be
less unhealthful for white men than
Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, the Gold
Coast and Lagos. But the high plateau
regions are naturally thought to be
most free from fevers, to which white
men are especially subject.



Need For Good Highways.

HE good roads question
continues to attract wide-
spread public interest,
judging from the exten-
sive discussion of the
subject in the public press. The proposi-
tion of Federal support in this respect
seems to be gaining strength in the
country at large, and the good roads
propositions as presented to recent
Congress are being earnestly exam-
ined by many interested citizens, as
the demand upon the Capitol document
rooms at Washington attests. These
bills seek to utilize the financial sup-
port of the Federal Government in the
improvement of the wagon roads of
the country, the plan being for Uncle
Sam to supply a sum equal to the sum
any State will supply up to the maxi-
mum provided for.

Congressman Brownlow, in explain-
ing the provisions of his bill, said that
Federal co-operation in the premises
was but just in order to fairly distribu-
te the burden of taxation necessary
to improve the public highways. He
makes this telling point:

"So long as we pursue the original
method of taxation the entire burden
of cost for highway improvement falls
upon the owners of agricultural lands
and the persons living in the rural dis-
tricts. When the great mass of the
people lived in the rural districts this
was a just and equitable distribution
of taxes for such purposes, but with
the changed conditions of the present
day, when one-half of the people live
in cities, and much more than one-half
of the wealth is concentrated in these
cities and in the corporations that are
so powerful at the present time, it is
absolutely necessary that some means
should be devised whereby the reven-
ues requisite for the great improve-
ment that is called for should be de-
rived from all of the people and re-
sources of the country as nearly as
possible, and not rest, as heretofore, upon
the farming classes, who are the imme-
diate losers by every failure of crops
and suffer by every decline in price of
agricultural products."

Another important consideration is
that, in the last analysis, the cities and
towns benefit from good roads just as
much as do the people living along
them. It is to the interest of the mar-
chant as well as of the farmer to have
an improved system of roads in every
part of the country.

The development of the rural free
delivery system has served to bring
the people of the country into closer
touch with not only the towns, but
with the Federal Government, than
ever before. The Government, speak-
ing and acting for the country at large,
has, therefore, a direct interest in the
welfare of the people living in the rural
sections, and the benefits to be derived
from good roads would be shared not
merely by those living upon them, but
by all the people.—Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

The Movement's Progress.

That the good roads movement is
popular and has come to stay is evi-
denced by the attention now given to
good roads engineering in our educa-
tional institutions. The Rhode Island
College of Agriculture and Mechanic
Arts has recently issued a circular con-
cerning its course of Highway Engi-
neering, which circular can be had
from the president by addressing him
at Kingston, R. I. This medium is to
call the attention of any young men
who are thinking of doing engineering
work to the advantages of including
education along good roads lines. This
last addition is badly needed and will
be of immense value in the Southern
States of the Union where less atten-
tion, perhaps, has been given to this
than in those further north. That it
seriously concerns us all is evident
without any argument, and the action
of President Butterfield, of the Rhode
Island College of Agriculture, is to be
highly commended.

In addition to this we learn that in
the Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa,
the Iowa highway commission has es-
tablished a road school in which every
piece of the work, including class work,
work, field work, modern road machin-
ery, cement in highway improvements,
etc., is taught. Plans are being made
to build model sections of earth, gravel
and macadam roads, and practical
men have been engaged for the schools,
and it is thought that the results will
be very satisfactory.

Certainly the Iowa people deserve
great credit for their enterprise in this
direction.

Of Special Value.

In Southern Louisiana the good roads
movement is of special value from the
fact that our great crops of cane and
rice weigh more in proportion to the
area of land on which they are grown
than do the crops of any others of the
States of the Union. Thousands of
acres of sugar cane have been lost in
Louisiana during rainy harvesting sea-
sons from the practical impossibility
of our roads, and while no good roads
movement can change our climate, we
can unquestionably change some of the
effects of our climate by retarding the
importance of road drainage and other
physical operations, as well as sug-
gesting the financial and politico-economic
methods for road improvement.—Lou-
isiana Planter.

It Made a Difference.

A story is being told of a Sibley
young lady who found a package of
love letters that had been written to
her mother by her father before they
were married. The daughter saw that
she could have a little sport and read
one of them to her mother, substitut-
ing her own name for that of her
mother and that of a Six Mile young
man for that of her father. The mother
seemed utterly disgusted and forbade
her daughter to have anything to do
with the young man who would write
such nonsensical stuff to a girl. When
the young lady handed the letter to
her mother to read the house became
so still that one could almost hear
the grass growing in the yard.—Oak Grove
(Mo.) Banner.

BREAKING TRAIL.

Wearisome and Perilous Labor in the
Cold Regions.

To break trail is to pack with your
snowshoes the soft and uncrusted
snow into a more solid path, so that
the dogs and the toboggans may be
brought forward to where you make
camp. Even the snowshoes, two feet
in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches
at every step. The snow crumbles and
piles in on the top of the web, so that
you have to tread each step with a
wrench and a kick and a cloud of
frozen white. You go forward, you rest,
you go forward again, forcing your
way laboriously through no one can
say how many feet of snow. The wear-
iness enters into the very marrow of
your bones. The snowshoe strap
moves back and forth just enough
to gall the mole-hide moccasins to
across the foot to the flesh of the toes,
the muscles across the instep ache
with knife-like cuts with every step
as you lift the heavy weight of snow that
covers the shoe out of sight.

I remember this first day out we
stopped midway across the lake to
rest. The guides dropped the tump-
line from the forehead to their shoul-
ders, cut some tobacco from a plug,
rubbed it between their hands and
filled short black pipes. The dogs lay
flat on the snow and bit and chewed
at the solid lumps of bit and gathered
around on the paw. With the handle of
my axe I scraped from my snowshoe
the frozen masses of ice that had gather-
ed under my moccasins and were
wearing blisters on my feet. We
rested here only a few minutes, and
then the bitter cold drove us on again,
for no man dares to stop long in such
a temperature.

This breaking trail is very pictur-
esque to an outside observer. Often-
times afterward, when unnumbered,
I had gone on ahead, I would stop and
turn and watch the guides—black pyg-
mies struggling through the boundless
stretch of white, with their heavily
loaded toboggans in great clouds of
snow. With their shoulders thrust
forward and their heads bent to the
trail, they would swing along at an
even stride across the level expanse of
frozen snow, broken only by the thin
line of trail streaks of the present
day, when one-half of the people live
in cities, and much more than one-half
of the wealth is concentrated in these
cities and in the corporations that are
so powerful at the present time, it is
absolutely necessary that some means
should be devised whereby the reven-
ues requisite for the great improve-
ment that is called for should be de-
rived from all of the people and re-
sources of the country as nearly as
possible, and not rest, as heretofore, upon
the farming classes, who are the imme-
diate losers by every failure of crops
and suffer by every decline in price of
agricultural products."

Unreasonable Borders.

The ease in which Mr. Boggs had
passed his days was sadly disturbed
when his wife began to take summer
borders. The experiment was made
for one season only, and Mr. Boggs
gave one of the reasons to his friend
and neighbor, Mr. Nash.

"No use talking, city folks are too
fussy for me," he said, as they sat
popping corn one September evening
during Mrs. Boggs' absence at a
retouching house; "their ideas are set
up altogether too high for me to suit
'em."

"Want to know," mumbled Mr. Nash,
who had been away from home for a
fortnight. "Didn't your food please
'em?"

"Yes, seemed to," admitted Mr.
Boggs. "That wasn't the trouble. I
put screens in the windows of their
rooms and in the dining room—good
sliding screens, the best to be had
round here. And they hadn't been
here more'n a week before they both
came to me—the women did—and
required of me to put a screen on the
windows out in the entry where no-
body ever sits but me, and where I
like to feel the air blowing without
being filtered through a mess of wire."

"But even that wasn't all. Not long
after one of 'em asked me if ewe
couldn't screen the front door or else
keep it shut!"

"That was the cap-sheaf, and I fold
'em so. No more borders for our
family, at any rate not in fly time!"—
Youth's Companion.

Some Remarkable Inventions.

Among remarkable recent inven-
tions are the pneumosilo, the topodist
the telemeter, the telephone-ears and
the thermophile, which are described
in the Strand Magazine. The pneu-
mosilo is an automobile especially
designed for use on ice, but which can
just as easily be used on land. It is
moved by a propeller wheel run by a
two and three-quarter horse power
electric motor, the propeller turning
in the air and moving the carriage at
a speed of twenty miles an hour. The
topodist is the combination of a pan-
oramic lens telescope, by means of
which any person can make a draw-
ing in correct perspective of any scene
before him, even if he knows nothing
of drawing. By means of the
telemeter the exact distance of far
away objects can be measured and re-
corded. The telephone-ears is an ap-
paratus by which a ship is automati-
cally warned of submarine dangers.
By the aid of the thermophile it is
possible to furnish heat by means of
a fine electric wire which can be wov-
en into rugs, blankets or cushions,
and all that is required is a very small
electric battery. The inventor claims
for it that it will do away with the
necessity of ever having fires in even
the coldest weather.

The Hatless Fashion an Old One.

The fashion in London of going out
bareheaded, which is becoming so com-
mon, is not a new one, but a return of
a very old custom. Time was when
only kings wore hats, other people be-
ing content with having hoods attached
to their outer garments, which were
or discarded at pleasure. Stow,
the historian, mentions that no one
wore anything except the Lord Mayor
of London, who sometimes donned a
hat on state occasions. In the reign
of Henry VIII, he says: "The citizens
began to wear flat caps of woolen
yarn, so light that they were obliged
to tie them under their chin, else the
wind would be master over them."—
London Tattler.

High Prices For Rubbish.

The habit of attending art sales has
become a society craze, and the wealth-
iest people in England are to be found
in the rooms for the two or three days
upon which the things are on view.
Wealth and artistic perception do not
necessarily go hand in hand, and those
people are seldom found to possess
either judgment or idea of value. The
result is that grotesquely extravagant
prices have frequently been obtained
for rubbish.—Burlington Magazine.



New York City.—The fitted coat
makes the very latest decree of fash-
ion, and will be a pronounced favorite
of the autumn. Here is one of the sim-

Ribbons For Fall Trimmings.

Ribbons of taffeta and satin textures,
of glistening finish, and as limp as
chiffon, or as unstarched cotton mull,
are those chiefly employed in the con-
struction of the new French hats, and
in their trimming. About six inches is
the width of the ribbons used; and
soft enough to draw through an in-
fant's ring, they are seen not only on
the greater number of the hats on
which ribbons have been placed, but they
seem to have supplanted the long-
fashionable narrow velvet ribbons as
bonnet strings.—Millinery Trade Re-
view.

A Crepe de Chine Gown.

A lovely white crepe de chine gown
had a deep flounce of lace cut in points
at the top, the points outlined with
bands of palest pink roses. The draped
bodice had a deep-pointed berth of
lace. There were no roses on the waist
except to outline the short, draped
sleeve.

With a Full Skirt.

One gown of tobacco brown in some
kind of thin, facie cloth was made
with very full skirt slashed from knees
to hem all around to admit pointed
gores of brown lace, lighter in color
than the cloth.

A Pretty Coat.

A pretty coat in dark blue rajah silk
was made with the waist line high
under the arms and dipping slightly in
front. The waist had a little vest of
velvet, and was outlined on either side
of the bust and around the waist with
a flat bias band of the silk sewed on
by hand.

Negligees Jaquet.

Negligees are among the desirable
possessions of which no woman ever
yet had too many. This one is excep-
tionally graceful and becoming at the
same time that it is essentially com-
fortable and satisfactory to the wearer
while it can be made from a generous
variety of materials. In this instance
batiste is combined with Valenciennes
lace and fancy stitching, but while
many women prefer washable negligees
to all others for all seasons of

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



cost style, with all-over cuffs at the
wrists. When liked the coat can be
made shorter to half length.

The quantity of material required for
the medium size is six yards twenty-
seven, three and three-eighths yards
forty-four or two and three-quarter
yards fifty-two inches wide for three-
quarter length; five and three-quarter
yards twenty-seven, two and seven-
eighths yards forty-four or two and five-
eighths yards fifty-two inches for half
length.

Fabric Covered Shapes in High Favor.

Except now and again when felts are
unquestionably to be the hats of the
season, I have always noted that the
balance is at the opening more or less
in favor of fabric-covered shapes, at
least among models of the most elegant
and costly description. It is so this
year. And the fabric chosen is, I need
hardly say, velvet, sufficient having
been done already with this material
to convince us that it was bound to
take the lead.

It will also be very much used as
a trimming, together with ribbon.
Most of the new hats I have seen are
very liberally trimmed. But trimming
with velvet ribbon is not as a rule
adopted with a view to the complica-
tion of colors; such trimmings are more
often than not of the same color as the
shape, particularly when this is covered
with velvet. The rule does not
apply quite so much to felts.—Millinery
Trade Review.

An Elaborate Gown.

One fashionable gown was a mauve
satin cloth, and was meant for cere-
monious day wear. It had a shirred
skirt with two wide folds simulating
these folds. There was a delightful
little Directorate jacket, sharply pointed
in front, and fastened with a double
row of enameled buttons with gilt
edges. The jacket had a yoke or an-
doubtedly of heavy light crocheted and
pointed collar and lapels of a deeper
shade of mauve velvet. The sleeves
were short puffs of the cloth shirred
at the bottom. The lower two-thirds

of the year there are others who find the
warmth of light weight wool accept-
able in cooler weather, and for these
last challie, albatross and the like will
be found in every yard desirable for
the coming season. Trimming is al-
ways a matter of taste, banding, lace,
embroidery and almost everything that
may be preferred being equally correct.
The slightly open neck and elbow
sleeves are always pretty as well as
hygienic, for we long ago learned that
beautiful throat and beautiful arms
are to be obtained only by perfect free-
dom, and whatever contributes to that
end is much to be desired.

The jacket is made with fronts and
back that are tucked at their upper
edges and joined to the square yoke.
The sleeves are generously wide, the
fullness being arranged in tucks at
their upper edges.

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

two or two and five-eighths yards forty-
four inches wide with three yards of
insertion and four and one-half yards
of edging to trim as illustrated.

