

**Love in Masquerade.**

I dreamed that love came knocking  
At your door one winter night,  
While the specter trees were rocking  
In a blast of savage blight.  
"Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded:  
"Ope the door, for love's dear sake,"  
But although you heard and heeded,  
Still no answer would you make!  
Not one word of sweet replying  
Would your haughty lips have said,  
Even if Love had lain there dying,  
Even if Love had lain there dead!  
Then I dreamed that Love o'er-ruled you;  
For in tender voices he cried,  
"Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you,  
Since I am not Love, but Fride."  
And you straightway oped your portals,  
With a merry and welcome nod,  
To that wildest of immortals,  
To that masquerading god.  
Ah, you oped your portals lightly,  
Not for Love's, but Fride's dear sake;  
Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly,  
Love soon taught you your mistake!  
—EDGAR FAWCETT, in The Century.

**A HUMID TIME.**

"Thermometer 98."  
"H'm!"  
"Humidity 84."  
"That's not bad."  
"Not bad? What do you mean?  
Not bad? Why the weather today is simply suffocating."  
To emphasize his opinion Ned bent over and drew a long drink from the syphon of vichy embedded in ice.  
"Perhaps," said Jack Hargous, "you believe that this isn't hot, when I tell you that not very long ago I struck a temperature of fully 160—and no sun shining, either."  
"Rats!" was Ned Wyman's contemptuous retort.  
"But I'm telling you the truth, my dear fellow."  
And where in the world did you strike such terrible heat as that would be?"  
"In the hot room at a Turkish bath the other night," Jack answered, without even a supposition of a smile.  
"Humph!" grunted Ned. It was decidedly too warm for such jesting. He picked up the seltzer syphon again and eyed it as if meditating whether to turn the stream or this audacious fellow who ridiculed weather so hot that it wilted suffering humanity.  
"No, you don't," laughed Jack, lifting a bottle of ink from his friend's writing table and holding it poised. "I have seen too much of the West to ever allow a man to get the drop on me."  
Ned good-naturedly returned the syphon to its bed of ice and reached feebly for a cigar, which he lighted.  
"Wyman," growled Hargous, "why don't you show some animation?"  
"How can a fellow, when the weather is so beastly?"  
"Yet, if all men were like you the tropics would never have been discovered, and the world would be ages behind its present development. Speaking of travel and heat, have you any idea where the greatest heat is found?"  
"Bombay?" suggested Ned, indifferently.  
"No, not exactly. In Bombay 110 is pretty hot, and when the mercury gets up to 115 the people openly assert that the weather is being imported from the infernal regions. But the greatest heat I ever met was where the mercury climbed to 140."  
"In the shade?" gasped Ned.  
"There wasn't any shade there."  
"Where was it?"  
"On the Colorado Desert."  
"Oh, that's in Southern California, isn't it?"  
"Yes, and extends over into Arizona. It's the dreariest, hottest place on the Continent."  
"Did you find the heat really uncomfortable there?" Ned asked.  
"Yes, decidedly so."  
"I'm mighty glad," was the growled answer, "that there's one place on earth that's really hot enough to make you admit it."  
"It was a year ago," resumed Jack, "that I struck the most humid experience of my life. A party of us New Yorkers were making a leisurely tour through the West. Whew! but the weather we struck in Arizona was really frightful—that is, in the portions near the desert. We were traveling in a magnificent vestibule train, but even a drawing-room car is no protection against sultriness. We left Yuma late one night and struck straight out across the desert for Los Angeles. My boy, this weather in New York today is frigid compared with that we encountered there. It was so frightfully oppressive that the passengers voted unanimously to sit up all night rather than try to rest in our berths."  
"There was one consolation for me, however. Mrs. Mason and her daughter, Marie, were aboard the train and during the last few days I had discovered that I could be happy anywhere if Marie was there, too."

"There was a fair supply of ice on the train, and the cook and the porters were kept busy all through the night making ice-cream, which we devoured as soon as it was made. The job was a tough one, but the porters couldn't resist the bribe fund which we raised for the sake of ice-cream."  
"In the dry season the desert is the driest spot on earth, but the rainy season had just begun, and the humidity was something that New York people can't even imagine. We got through the night somehow, though many of the people didn't doze, even for an instant."  
"But the day that followed was worse than the night. The sun blazed down on that parched desert, and its rays and heat were reflected back at us. It was impossible to keep the windows shut, and the result was that our eyes, nostrils, mouths and throats were filled with that indescribably horrible alkali dust. Now and then through the day it rained, but the alkali soil of the desert instantly soaked up all the rain that fell, and the effect of the showers was to make the humidity like that of the steam room in a Turkish bath."  
"I am no kicker, and I am willing to endure a good deal for the sake of travel. It wrung my heart, though, to witness the terrible torture that Marie suffered. I fanned her, but the breeze stirred up by the fan was so scorching that she begged me to stop."  
"Just about sunset, when we were about thirty miles out from Salton, the train came to a stop in the middle of the desert, for the engine, despite the slow speed it had made, was suffering from a 'hot box.'"  
"That meant an hour's delay, the conductor said, so I proposed to Marie that we leave the unbearable train and take a short, slow walk. The idea appealed to Marie, for she was tired of the car and felt sure that the desert couldn't be any worse."  
"Probably there wasn't much relief in that walk, but we thought there was. We talked a great deal, and in spite of our sufferings from the awful heat and intense humidity I was beginning to grow sentimental. I believe that I was actually on the point of proposing, when a toot from the engine's whistle, followed instantly by a shriek from Marie, brought me to my senses."  
"The train, some distance away, was beginning to move. It was out of the question to run after it, so we simply stood there, shouting and waving frantic signals. But no one saw or heard us."  
"In desperation I drew my revolver and rapidly emptied its chambers in the air. The train was now too far away for the reports to be heard over the noise of the revolving, rattling wheels."  
"By the time that we stopped our noise and signals, the train was a mile off, and going at thirty miles an hour!"  
"I gazed into Marie's face, and saw there an expression that strongly resembled utter despair. She was a plucky girl, but the situation was too terrifying. Salton was thirty miles away, and between us and that little desert station there was not a house of any kind. To walk that distance over the treacherous alkali soil, and through such a hot and humid atmosphere, was a task from which men used to the desert would have shrunk."  
"What shall we do?" Marie gasped.  
"I don't want to alarm you," I replied, "but we have a choice between only two courses. One is to walk on to Salton; the other is to calmly lie down and die. We'll walk, won't we?"  
"But surely," she insisted, "as soon as we are missed the train will come back for us."  
"My dear girl, I'm afraid you don't understand California railroads. They won't alter their schedule time by putting back after us. The train may keep on for half an hour, or an hour, before we are missed. Then the passengers will demand that the conductor put back after us. He won't do it—he wouldn't dare to."  
"And the next train?"  
"Will not come along for twenty-four hours. Traffic over this desert isn't extensive enough to demand any better service. Come, Miss Mason, we must walk, and we shall do well to cover the whole distance, if possible, between now and sun-up."  
"She compressed her lips, and, like the plucky girl she was, uttered not a word of complaint. We took hold of hands and walked along the track."  
"The sufferings of that night were beyond my powers of description. It seemed as if we were being slowly roasted alive; in five minutes we were drenched with perspiration. It dripped from our foreheads, ran into our eyes, well nigh blinding us. Thirst! Ye shades of Tantalus! how we longed for even a spoonful of water!"

"It must have been midnight when, footsore and ready to drop from exhaustion, we came across a shallow, stagnant pool of alkali water. With a shriek of delight, Marie ran toward it. I rushed after her, caught her and held her fast in my arms."  
"Don't! Don't!" I cried, as she struggled with me. "If you drink any of that poisonous water it will drive you mad."  
"She desisted then, though she was sobbing and gasping. We started onward again. An hour later we came across a few stunted cactus plants. Instantly told me what to do. I cut off some of the prickly leaves, removed the prickles, and we fell to chewing the leaves. That gave us some temporary relief. Carrying all we could for future use, we staggered on again."  
"At daylight the next morning we were not in sight of Salton. And now Marie, who had been compelled to halt frequently for rest during the night, moaned that she could go no further. Hardly had she said so, when she fainted; and I knew the chances were that she would pass direct from that faint to death."  
"Groaning with horror, I took her insensible form in my arms and plodded on, determined either to save her or to die with her."  
"The early morning sun was so pitilessly scorching and I was so fast burning up inside that the latter alternative of death was rapidly enforcing itself."  
"Suddenly I heard a shout. Never again will any sound be so pregnant of joy to me. A quarter of a mile ahead and coming toward us was one of the slow-moving, lumbering desert wagons, drawn by four horses, but coming toward us at a snail's pace."  
"I tried to answer the hail, but my throat was so parched that not even a whisper passed my lips."  
"Then I attempted to rush forward, but stumbled with the precious burden in my arms. When I came to myself again, Marie and I were stretched out side by side in the wagon under an awning, while a physician gave us his attention alternately. We reached Salton that morning, and there found Mrs. Mason all but crazed by suspense. It was she who had prevailed upon the doctor and two men to go out in search of us."  
"That night we were on a train again, whirling toward Los Angeles. At the latter place it was necessary for Marie to rest for three days before she was able to proceed to Frisco."  
"And what became of her?" asked Ned Wyman.  
"I received this note from her last night," Jack answered, pulling out a perfumed missive and gazing affectionately at it. "She promises to become my wife in the Fall, and my object in hunting you up today, old fellow, was to bespeak your services as best man on that glorious occasion."  
"Of course I will, Hargous," Ned answered promptly. "The only condition I make is that the ceremony must not take place on such a desert as you have been describing to me."  
—New York Journal.

**His Foreign Tour.**  
A hard-working business man was sitting at his desk the other afternoon looking as fresh and sweet as a daisy, when a friend dropped in on him.  
"My!" exclaimed the visitor, "you look good enough to eat."  
"I do eat," responded the worker, in a tone of veneration for the antiquity of his harmless little joke.  
The visitor laughed just because he was feeling good.  
"Haven't you been away this summer?" he asked.  
"Oh, yes; I went away in June and returned in July."  
"Ah, where did you go?"  
"I visited a foreign shore."  
"Is that so? No wonder you are looking well. Did you have a good time? But, of course you did; you look it."  
"Had a fine time, but it was too soon over."  
"Where did you go."  
"I left Detroit at 7.30 P. M. June 30, went over to Canada in a rowboat, and came away at five minutes after midnight July 1."—Detroit Free Press.

**Explained.**  
"What made Mr. Borely resign from that target company after he'd spent all the winter and spring in organizing it?"  
"Oh, he didn't like the office the boys offered him."  
"What was it—Lieutenant?"  
"No; target."—Harper's Bazar.

**Business.**  
He—If I should promise to you, what would be the outcome?  
She—It would depend entirely on the income.—New York Press.

**FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.**

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVORITE SOUP.**  
It may be of interest to humble house-wives to know what the chief cook to Queen Victoria for many years says was the only soup eaten by Her Majesty during that time. It was made of the following receipt:  
Wash and scald one-half pound of barley and set in a stewpan with three pints of veal stock. Simmer very gently for one and a half hours. Remove a third to another soup pot. Rub the rest through a sieve. Pour it to the whole barley. Add half a pint of cream. Season with a little salt. Stir till hot and serve.

**GREEN GOOSE AND APPLES.**  
Truss and singe a young, fat goose, core some apples, rub the inside of the goose with a little thyme, salt and pepper, fill up with apples, and roast till done. Bake a few apples in the pan with the goose, and when you are about to make the sauce from drippings, press apples through a sieve with sauce. Baste the goose often, but do not stick a fork in the bird when turning. This receipt is worth saving. Delicate green goose, served in this style, only needs a bouquet of celery, a roll, a bite of cheese and a swallow of black coffee to be a feast fit for a gourmet.

**CABBAGE PICKLE.**  
Take hard, white heads of cabbage, remove the ragged leaves, and cut into convenient sized pieces, leaving a part of the stalks on each. If the cabbage is large, cut into eight pieces. Wrap each piece well with string; pack the whole tightly in a jar and cover with brine for two or three days. Squeeze out the brine and scald the cabbage in vinegar and water, adding enough turmeric to color it yellow. When thoroughly scalded, but not boiled, drain and pack in a jar with layers of horseradish, black and white mustard seeds, take some good cider vinegar, add mace, cinnamon and brown sugar, scald and pour over the cabbage. This pickle can be made during winter.—Home and Farm.

**A DELICIOUS METHOD OF COOKING BEEF.**  
Our great Spanish-American dish is "beef-Spanish." It is not only delightful to eat but is healthful and an excellent appetizer, and can be used in preparing cheaper cuts of meat, or with the finest porter-house steaks. I will give both methods of preparation. For a Spanish stew, cut the meat in ordinary pieces and cover with hot water as usual; peel and slice into it a number of tomatoes, a couple of chopped onions and a chili pepper. (These are the long, slender peppers and can be used when either green or red.) If desired hotter, more peppers can be used, but I should advise a novice in making the dish to start in with one; season with salt and pepper and simmer until the meat is done. If too thin, a little thickening can be added. For beefsteak Spanish, the steak is to be broiled or fried as usual, but the tomatoes, onions and pepper are stewed together for about half an hour, and when the steak is done, pour over the steak and serve. Onions sliced and fried are also poured over a beefsteak in the same manner.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**  
Rub spoons with salt to remove egg stains.  
Tooth powder is an excellent cleaner of fine fligree jewelry.  
A chalk line drawn around an article will keep away ants.  
Salt rubbed on the black spots on dishes will remove them.  
Use a short handled paint brush to wash the outside of window sills.  
A tablespoonful of lime water to a pitcher of milk is very beneficial.  
After knives have been cleaned they may be brilliantly polished with charcoal powder.  
A shovel of hot coals held over spotted varnished furniture will take out the spots.  
Washing gingham in water slightly thickened with flour starch is said to be an excellent idea.  
An excellent way to wash silk is to use salt water and iron the articles while they are still wet.  
The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the fingers; or still better, use a little lemon juice or ripe tomato.  
The merest dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a piquant and undistinguishable flavor.  
A little alcohol will do wonders in brightening glass. Turpentine is excellent for washing sinks which have become dull and dirty.

**FASHION FANCIES.**

**MUCH TALK IS HEARD ABOUT DRESS REFORM.**

Plenty of Ideas, But Nothing That Takes the Feminine Fancy Has Appeared as Yet—The Latest Styles.

THERE is a great deal of talk about dress reform and the peculiar and adaptable costumes that may be used for various occasions. But it is an indisputable and somewhat melancholy fact, says the Ledger, that the majority of these outfits are simply unbecoming, and that the woman who has the courage to appear in them is made the subject of so much ridicule that sensitive women shun them with a feeling akin to horror.  
A number of women have made their appearance on the streets in divided skirts, Turkish trousers and leggings, but this by no means argues that even for bicycle riding and kindred sports will this style of dress be tolerated. There is urgent need just now for some really sensible, practical and becoming costume of this sort.  
It seems a little strange that, with all of the ideas that have been advanced, nothing has yet come before the public that stands the least chance for favor. The nearest approach to it is a very full skirt that droops over the sides and almost conceals the feet.  
Say what one will, the present conventional ideas of life are against any extended exhibition of foot-wear among women, and nothing is likely to succeed that goes against popular sentiment on this subject.

time and patience to hand-sew the strips of material and the insertion together. This is liked much better than when put together with the sewing machine, although the latter is much more expeditious and is usually seen in all but the highest-priced costumes.

FOR A YOUNG GIRL.  
A charming costume for a girl of fourteen is made of flowered delaine,



YOUNG GIRL'S COSTUME.

set off with lace tabs, insertions and panels. It has a folded belt and fly bows in moire, in the darkest tint of the pattern. A gauged yoke is of



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

The fancy for accordion plaiting still holds. An exceptionally pretty dress is of silk-striped muslin. The accordion-plaited skirt has a band of trimming made by sewing on insertion in a sort of braiding pattern. The design is repeated in the waist and sleeves in smaller patterns, and is the only trimming with the exception of a velvet collar and belt.  
Lace was never used in such profusion, and it may be said never with such excellent taste. Beadings are set on, row upon row, in some instances forming a band eight or ten inches wide just above the hem of the skirt. Into these are drawn ribbons in color matching the dress, or in contrast, and these have rosettes at intervals around the skirt. The overskirt idea comes on but slowly.  
white muslin or China silk. The large hat is of fancy straw, adorned with a huge erect loop and two side-fringed ends of corded ribbon.

**IN PLACE OF WHITE SKIRTS.**  
Every woman enjoys the sense of daintiness which a spotless clean white petticoat gives. But not every woman can afford this luxury. The laundry bill which surely stares her in the face is appalling. Less expensive and almost as dainty are the new undergarments of linen dimity. They are even in color and made with a deep ruffle tastefully embroidered in dark shades of silk.  
Skirts of black mohair or moreen wear much better than the petticoats of silk. They have much the same effect when made with silk ruffles. Don't make the ruffles of old silk which you may have in the house, left over from a gown which has seen better days. There is no economy in it. The ruffles will become worn before you have had the skirt a week. It pays to buy good silk for this purpose.



A DRESSY COIFFURE.

A dress of rich black silk, brocaded with a tiny spray of bright rosebuds, has a drapery of silk muslin in accordion plaits. The drapery hangs irregularly over the skirt, the points where it is drawn up highest being finished with large bows of ribbon with ends.  
Among the coolest and most comfortable of hot-weather dresses are those made with alternate rows of material and insertion. The goods may be the width of the insertion or double the width, according to fancy, the insertion being set in from neck to belt. The sleeves of some of the newest dresses have the insertion set in from shoulders to elbows over the fullest part. Some styles show cuffs and collar of insertion over the material. It is a very easy matter to make up these dresses if one has the

**Don't Get Under a Tree.**  
Although it has long been known to every person of any observation or intelligence that a tree is the very worst place to go for refuge during a thunder storm, a large proportion of fatalities and injuries reported from lightning continue to come from those who seek its shelter. At Taunton and near New York City several persons have been seriously burned or killed by lightning, all of whom had run under the branches of a tree to escape the storm. Few are the exceptions to this rule that the tree and the barn filled with new mown hay and the open door give to lightning its great majority of victims.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.  
The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.