

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

He galloped away on his fiery steed,
And his armor shone as he tripped his speed;
On through the villa at breakneck tear,
Away to the beach of his lady's fair;
Arriving within he rattled his steel
And swung his blade when he went to kneel;
He pleaded his love in that specious hall—
The old-fashioned love that was best of all.

He spins away on his chainless wheel,
An armless knight on a steed of steel;
Onward he flies! 'Tis a moonless night,
A brakelless wheel and an offless light,
A thoughtless youth—he reaches the door
And kneels to her on a rigorous floor.
He gives his mistress a faithless curl,
And pleads his love to a heartless girl.

HER HAIR.

A SOCIAL COMEDY.

"Yes," said Claudia Wallace, with soft, liquid eyes uplifted and coral lips apart, "I know it is a worthy object—I always did sympathize with widows and orphans. I'm an orphan myself, you know, Miss Rivers, and I would cheerfully subscribe something, if I only could. But Uncle Percy keeps me so close for pocket money and I sent my last \$5 bill down this morning to buy tickets for the opera matinee on Saturday. If I can possibly get any funds I will send them to you tomorrow morning. I'm so sorry, dear Miss Rivers! Please let me know if there's anything else I can do at any future time."

Miss Rivers swept her silken flounces out of the room, carrying her brother in her train—metaphorically, not literally. And the instant they were seated in the little coffee-colored brougham she burst out: "I've no patience with that Claudia Wallace! Close for pocket money, indeed! Did you see the rings on her hand, the bracelets around her wrists? I had a mind to say I would take any one of those gaudy ornaments in lieu of a subscription."

"I am glad you did not, Hester," said her brother, severely.

"Why?"

"You judge Miss Wallace too harshly. She is all sweetness, gentleness and compassion. I saw the tears in her eyes when you spoke of the destination of Mrs. O'Hare—and you may depend upon it, those jewels are all gifts from her uncle, with which she is not at liberty to part."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Rivers. "Of all fools, men are the worst. If it were not for Claudia's straight nose and blue doll-like eyes, and the two little dimples on her cheeks, you wouldn't be so eager to trump up excuses for her."

"Now you are talking nonsense, Hester!"

"Am I? I think not. But you'll just please remember, Everard, that I told you before we stopped here I wouldn't give much for all the cash we should get from Claudia Wallace."

"Believe me," persisted Mr. Rivers, "you misinterpret her sadly."

"Here we are at Kitty Griggs'—Kitty is cross-eyed and red-haired, but she will give me a \$5 bill—see if she doesn't."

And Hester jumped out of the carriage and ran up the Griggs' doorsteps, leaving her brother to his own meditations.

Presently his sister returned with a face of triumphant glee.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she cried, holding up a United States bank note. "And now we'll go home to lunch."

Mr. Rivers was indulging himself in a quiet afternoon cigar, just about dusk, when Hester popped her head into the library.

"Oh, Everard, are you there? Don't you want to do me a favor—a very great favor?"

"If it isn't too much trouble,"

"Do please go around to Santarelli's, and see if my yellow wig is ready for the masquerade tonight! I can't see why they haven't sent it home! The idea of my playing 'Lady Audley' without a yellow wig!"

"Neither your wig!" said Mr. Rivers.

"Now do be a darling, and go," coaxed Hester.

Everard smiled.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go," said he.

M. Serrano Santarelli was a fashionable hairdresser on a fashionable street, who charges fashionable prices—and he came bowing and scraping forward as Mr. Rivers entered his shop. He professed himself "desolated beyond belief" when he heard the young man's errand.

"Mademoiselle's coiffure was but half completed when the stock of blond curls gave out," he said. "The lot they had last imported did not match it, sad to relate, but—"

"The long and the short of it is that I can't have the wig. I suppose?" impatiently interrupted Everard Rivers.

"Monsieur is too rash! Monsieur waited not to hear me out," said the Frenchman. "I have yet hopes if monsieur will but wait a fraction of time. Francois!" to a white-aproned assistant, "bring hither Miss Claudia Wallace's hair; it is of the pale blonde-like flax—it may of a possibility work in. It is not even wavy, but we may curl it with tongs. Art, manipulated by an artist, can conquer every bug!"

The last words were meaningless and unheard by Everard Rivers.

"Miss Claudia Wallace's hair!" That was all his sense took in. He could penetrate now the mystery of her words of the morning, and his heart gave a great thrill as he recognized the royal generosity of the girl who could thus sacrifice her greatest natural ornament to a cause of charity.

"Miss Wallace's hair!" he repeated, with rising color. "Is it possible that—"

"She sent it here to be sold, monsieur," observed the hairdresser.

"To be sold?" Yes. He was right; Hester wrong. His instinct had been truer than her reason!

"I will take it," said he, abruptly.

"But, monsieur—"

"I will take it—at any price."

And so he paid down a \$26 bill for the privilege of hearing away Claudia's wealth of golden hair.

Home he went, utterly forgetful of the flaxen wig which was to help Hester in assuming the identity of the beautiful and fiend-like Lady Audley.

"Have you got it?" was Hester's first question when he entered the room.

"I have got it. I paid \$20 for it!" he breathlessly answered.

"Twenty dollars!" echoed his sister. "Everard, you are mistaken; it was only to be ten!"

"Oh, you mean the wig!" said our hero, somewhat crestfallen, as he remembered the unfulfilled errand which had so completely slid out of his memory.

"Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"I am talking of Claudia Wallace's hair."

"Mercy upon us!" cried Hester. "Is the man raving mad? What on earth has Claudia Wallace's hair to do with—"

"Much. I told you she was an angel, Hester, and perhaps you will believe it when I tell you that to gain money to help the poor she has sold her magnificent hair."

"I don't believe it," said blunt Hester.

"But I know it."

"Then the world is coming to an end, that's all," said Hester, with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders.

"But my wig?"

"I forgot it," confessed the sheepish lover. "I'll go back for it at once. I was thinking of Claudia's hair."

Hester looked after him in comical despair.

"Thank Providence I'm not a man," said she to herself. "And if I were I don't believe I could possibly be as spooned as some of 'em are."

Back again through the rainy twilight dashed Mr. Everard Rivers, never staying until he once more entered the salon of M. Santarelli and breathlessly asked for the flaxen wig.

"Exactly. It awaits monsieur," said Santarelli.

"You sent up the money?"

"What money, monsieur?"

"The \$20 to Miss Wallace. Tell her the hair has found a purchaser—that her dream of mercy and charity may now be fulfilled—that—"

"But monsieur, pardon. Monsieur does not fully comprehend," bowed the hairdresser, courteously. "Miss Wallace left the hair here to be sold; it was a switch we made up for her a year ago; and she never quite liked the color—it was not a good match, she thought—and whatever it sold for was to be applied toward a new one we are weaving—a \$60 switch, monsieur."

Everard Rivers stared blankly at the knight of wigs and curls. He began to perceive that he had been making a fool of himself and in rather an expensive manner, too.

"Oh," said he, rather awkwardly.

"I—I'll take the wig if it's quite ready."

He went back, considering how he could best make the embarrassing explanation of the truth to his sister.

"Hester," said he, "don't laugh at me. I've been a donkey."

"You often are," said Hester, sagely.

"That's nothing new."

"Oh, but this is a little worse than the common." And he valiantly told her the true story of Claudia Wallace's hair. To his surprise, instead of laughing she went to him and threw both arms around his neck.

"Everard, I am so glad," said she. "Twenty dollars is a cheap price to pay for being undeceived. I told you before that she was shallow, selfish and coldhearted. Now you will believe it, when you see that she can pay \$60 for a mass of tawdry false hair, even while she complains of having no money to spare for the poor."

And Claudia Wallace never could comprehend how she lost the devoted loyalty of Everard Rivers.

The Lost Letter.

Sir Edward Russell's new book, "That Reminds Me," contains a number of legal stories, some of which deserve to be repeated. One of the best is told as follows: "There was once a Sergeant Channell, who for some reason was at fault somehow about his h's. One day before Justice Creswell, a sometime sayer of sly and acid things, a ship case was being tried, and Sergeant Channell was on one side and Sir Frederick Thesiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called her the Ellen; every time the other counsel mentioned her he called her the Helen. At last the judge with quaint gravity said:

"Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the Ellen and the Helen; which is it?"

"The bar grinned. 'Oh, my lud,' said Thesiger, in his blindest and most fastidious manner, 'the ship was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell.'"

—London Law Journal.

Seeking Information.

"The indications are," remarked the man who was looking at the sky with an expression of great wisdom, "that it will be cold and raw."

The man who has trouble with the servant-girl problem meekly inquired: "Which are you talking about, the weather or dinner?"—Washington Star.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

How Mrs. Dewey Returns Calls.

The wife of Admiral Dewey has raised another social tempest in Washington by announcing that she will be unable to return calls except by card. Before her marriage Mrs. Dewey's visiting list was comparatively short, but when she became the wife of the hero of Manila and the admiral of the navy she was naturally the object of particular interest and there was a long string of carriages in front of her house every afternoon, bearing people who expected that she would reciprocate their attentions. Now, when they are informed that she does not intend to take the trouble to visit them in person, but merely send a card by the hands of her footman or through the postoffice, they are inclined to say saucy things.

Hats of Molestin.

More lace than embroidery is being used by the best dressmakers, and more new furs are being used for millinery and trimmings. Molestin looks very smart made into a toque, and in Paris chamois skins are used extensively for the same purpose. Kid and doekin, of course, have been in use some time. Some of the new millinery flowers are enormous, gigantic roses, made of crepe and silk, big tiger lilies, orchids, pansies, and even immense silk and velvet morning glories in the most exquisite colors are worn on evening bouquets. One of these new molestin toques is lightly draped with tulle of the same shade, and raised high on one side are three water lilies in tints of cream and faint rose color. A chinchilla toque is tucked up on one side by a knot of emerald velvet, and is adorned with big roses in black, white and pale blue gauze. One of the very new soft felt hats, pastel blue, falls into the most graceful of curves, and is trimmed with large velvet roses in shades of blue and pale green, and placed among them is a soft chon of gray satin.

Lady Salisbury's Dewy Gowns.

A beautiful woman in her younger days, of that blonde, stately type of coquetry so frequently to be met with in England, Lady Salisbury retained even to the last traces of her former good looks. She never, however, gave much attention either to dress or to consideration of feminine elegance. Indeed, she was perhaps in her attire one of the most dowdy women in London, and when Lord and Lady Salisbury were contemptuously turned away from the doors of the Casino at Monte Carlo by the gatekeepers, who took exception to the more than shabby attire of the party, it was not alone in consequence of the shocking hat of the British premier, but also by reason of the odd cut and color of the dress of the marchioness and the dinginess of her bouquets and extraordinary blue veil.

Lady Salisbury's gowns during the last twenty years of her life were always of a sort of dark blue cloth, which were neither a credit to her dressmaker nor to her maid, and which conveyed to the public the impression that she had but one single dress.

Colonel Nellie Irene Eldridge.

It is not an unusual thing for the wives and sisters of crowned heads to hold honorary commands as colonels, with the privilege of wearing the uniform and insignia of rank, but it is an unusual thing for an American girl to have that honor. Miss Nellie Irene Eldridge, colonel and daughter of the Missouri department of the Grand Army of the Republic, takes great pride in the title. She is also the only duly chosen and recognized daughter of the Grand Army of the Republic, department of Missouri.

Colonel Eldridge is a pretty girl with an oval face, regular features, a delicate, peachy complexion, large, clear blue eyes and a luxuriant mass of chestnut brown hair. She is of medium height and has a good figure, which her natty military uniform sets off to advantage. She is pleasant to talk to, and knows as much about military affairs and tactics as many officers. Her ability to drill a body of soldiers has made her most popular.

She is daughter of Major J. W. Eldridge, prominent in Missouri. She was born in Huntsville, Ala., on July 24, 1878, but has lived for the last ten years in Springfield, Mo., where her connection with the Grand Army of the Republic began. It was at the suggestion of J. P. Tracy, congressman from the Seventh district of Missouri, that she was made colonel.

New Winter Models.

Some few new models have appeared with frillings of ribbon. Quite light colors are chosen, with little headings of black, the ribbon being of the special kind that can be drawn up by a thread interwoven in one of its edges. A capeline form, drooping on the right and slightly lifted on the left, is covered with a frilling of white ribbon headed with black, laid on in a spiral form, the edge of the brim to the centre of the crown. The brim is lined with black velvet, and two half amazons are attached at the side. Underneath is a bunch of crimson roses, says the Millinery Trade Review. A taste for shaded velvet has been revived, and also for combinations of two shades in the covering of a hat.

Velvet shaded from deep pink to amaranth is used for a new model, the brim of which is folded back, its border standing up at right angles against the crown. Two jet brooches in the form of buckles are inserted so as to keep it in this position and between the edge of the brim and the crown are fastened three black ostrich tips. And for another, mauve and bright dark violet velvet, the upper side of the brim and the side of the crown are covered with the former, and the top of the crown with the latter, while the brim is lined with folds of the same coming over the edge. The hat is turned up in the same way as the preceding, the brim fastened to the crown by a large bunch of pale Nice violets. These flowers have come in early this season; preference is given to the blue varieties, and they are being ordered largely, both double and single.

The Modern Trousseau.

The day when a bridal outfit meant dozens of each article of clothing a woman wears belongs to the past. The keynote of the modern trousseau is common sense. The girl of today considers what her future life is to be and prepares for it as well as her means will allow, but without any of the excess which once was apparent in every outfit of the sort. A wedding gown that can be made to serve for evening wear, one of less costly material and darker in color for dinners and the like, a tailored gown of handsome broadcloth, a simple one of cheviot for traveling and later morning and shopping use, two pretty afternoon gowns and two for mornings, with a half dozen odd waists, means not sufficiency alone, but ample and even elegant provision, while the list can be further curtailed if need be.

Underwear need never mean more than a half dozen sets, and can easily be kept from extravagance if the work be done by the girl herself. Dainty finish and fine material there should always be, but handsome trunks make the most elegant of all trappings, and there is no need of costly edges if frills be made of fine nainsook rolled and whipped on by hand.

Cheap display is always vulgar. Excessive elaboration on machine-made garments is far from refined. To be correct the material should be nainsook of fine English longcloth, and all sewing except the seams should be done by hand, but there is no law demanding fine lace and the like. Valenciennes edgings and fine needlework frills are attractive and desirable beyond a doubt, but they should be a second rather than a first consideration, the all important place being given to material and workmanship. — Modes.

Growing Old With Grace.

In society the old lady is beginning to die out. I said beginning, for happily there are still some charming old ladies to be met with, sensible, snow haired kindly people, who are respected and petted by the young, admired and revered by their contemporaries. But they are becoming fewer and fewer. Old old ladies are often delightful; young old ladies are nearly always, saddening, frightful, deplorable.

To grow old nicely is a great art, and old people are mistaken in imagining that they must necessarily be bored to the young, though some elderly people are certainly trying; the old gentleman, for instance, who coughs despairingly, not because he has a cough, but because he has known life and found it hollow; the old lady who perpetually shakes her head, not by reason of an attack of the palsy, but to proclaim an abiding sense of the wickedness of the budding world.

There are other specimens of old age that might be mentioned with reasonable disapproval. A pleasant old age, ripeness, mellowness, fullness of knowledge, white haired sense combined with white haired tolerance, strong-hearted faith—how good it all is! Old age reads aloud to us the fascinating pages of the book of experience. Yet nowadays the old lady whom we can all love and admire seems dying out, and her place is taken by another who goes about with a waist of sixteen, hair of twenty-five, and eyes and mouth of between sixty and seventy. Age can rarely be hid altogether. It will peep out somewhere.

Even if you can train your eyes—a difficult task—your hands will betray you. If you can school your limbs, strap in your waist, be-wig your head and paint your lips, yet your voice will tell the secret. The crowfeet will come and the wrinkles round the mouth and the furrows in the forehead. And why should we be afraid of them.—Woman.

Fashion's Ends and Fancies.

Fob chains for fans are among the novelties.

Pineapple silk handkerchiefs with embroidered edges are sheer and pretty.

One-buttoned castor gloves are modish for street wear with cloth walking costumes.

Butterfly ornaments for the coiffure are of chiffon or net spangled in gold, silver and gay colors.

Camel's hair cloth, very soft and fleecy, is one of the dress materials very much liked for morning wear.

New satin matisse gowns show opal and moonlight effects in faintest sea-green, tea-rose pink and silver gray.

Gourha aigrettes, which resemble a bunch of daisies blown by the wind, are one of the fashionable hat trimmings.

Winter sky is the last departure in fashionable grey-blue shades. Vichy is a soft water-blue, and marquis and cocou are favored shades in brown.

Gold beads are often employed in the afternoon hats. A stylish turban has a brim of shirred grey velvet, with white satin crown, daintily embroidered with gold beads.

Some of the newest 1 ng coats of light fawn cloth are made with a deep-shaped flounce which rests on the floor all around, and is entirely covered with runs of stitching.

THE TRIBE OF BASUTOS.

A THORN IN THE FLESH OF BOTH BRITON AND BOER.

Civilized Beyond Any African People. They Would Make a Powerful English Ally and a Dreaded Boer Enemy—Have a Standing Army of 30,000 Men.

The Basuto is the latest troubling factor in the Transvaal tragedy. He has been a troubling factor since the beginning of South African civilization. He has warred with the English. He has broken treaties. He has smashed calculations. He has smashed policies. He has changed maps. He assisted at the formation of the Transvaal republic. He presided over the birth of the Orange Free State. He has been a thorn in the side of Boer and Englishman.

And now, civilized and prosperous far beyond any black people, he wants to meddle again. This Basuto problem is a serious one for both English and Boers. The Basuto army is powerful. It numbers 30,000 warriors and includes a splendid cavalry. They would form a powerful British ally and a dreaded Boer enemy.

This Basuto tribe, now so anxiously watched by English eyes, is in many respects the most remarkable in South Africa. It occupies a rocky tract bounded by Natal, Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, known as the Swaziland of South Africa. It contains 10,293 square miles and is ribbed with mountain ranges and valleys of wonderful fertility.

Basutoland is practically a reservation, and no white men are allowed to live there except government officials, missionaries and a limited number of traders. Its native population is 230,000. Its European population, 600. It is a British crown colony with home rule under modified native laws. The Basutos are highly civilized for natives. They are of mixed stock and are like the Kafirs, with thinner lips and softer features. They have welcomed missionaries, and, as a rule, profess a Calvinistic Protestant faith. They have the entire Bible translated. Their land is dotted with churches and schoolhouses. They are well educated. Thousands of them speak Dutch and English fluently. Alone of African tribes they build comfortable brick and stone houses. They have excellent roads and keep them in repair.

They are also an industrious people. They raise cattle and sheep extensively and affect improved breeds. Their enormous fertile valleys yield rich crops of wheat and maize. They cultivate wool. They have a steady market at Cape Colony, and in good years import thither produce to the value of \$1,000,000. Coal is mined in the mountains.

With these thrifty habits and their civilization, the Basutos maintain an army of a high standard. Its normal strength is 30,000, but they can put 50,000 in the field without an effort. It is a matter of disarmament, half of these warriors would carry rifles. The rest have assegais and battleaxes. The feature of the Basuto army is its cavalry. From early times they have fought on horseback. In their wars with the Boers their mounted warriors did great execution.

THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS' COOKBOOK.

Recipes Sanctioned by the Commander in Chief.

Occasionally one hears a great deal about the bad cooking and insufficient food of British soldiers. Every now and again some faddist or other takes the matter up and tries to lead the public to believe that our troops are condemned to live entirely upon unpalatable food.

Here are three recipes from "Tommy's" cookery book which are sanctioned by no less a person than the commander in chief himself.

Meat Soup—Ingredients: Sixteen and one-half pounds meat, 1 pound onions, 1 pound flour, 5 ounces salt, 1-4 ounce pepper, 5 ounces sugar, small faggot of herbs, 3 1-2 gallons of water.

"Cut the meat into pieces of about four ounces, take eight ounces of the fat and chop it up; slice the onions. Put the fat in the boiler; when melted add the onions; stir them well so that they do not get brown. In five minutes add the meat, which keep stirring or turning over for five minutes longer. Then add the boiling water by degrees; let it simmer gently for one hour. Mix the flour with cold water very smoothly, add it to the soup, with the salt pepper, sugar and herbs. Simmer gently for thirty minutes; keep stirring to prevent the flour from settling at the bottom."

No doubt the result of these careful operations is a most sustaining and excellent soup, and one wonders how many artisans or laborers get anything better for dinner.

The recipe for "a hurried dinner" is much less elaborate; but if soldiers' opinions go for anything, it is by no means a bad one. It is as follows:

"Cut your ration of meat into pieces about the size of a penny, but three or four times thicker. Skewer them upon a piece of wire or hard stick. A few minutes will cook them if hung before the fire."

The British soldiers spent Christmas far away from the usual English luxuries of that festive season. It is a relief, therefore, to find a recipe for plum pudding in "Tommy's" cookery book:

"Put into a basin 1 pound of flour, 3-4 pound of raisins (stoned, if that can be allowed), 3-4 pound of fat of salt pork (well washed, cut into small dice or chopped), and two table-spoonfuls of sugar or treacle. Add half a pint of water, mix all together; put into a cloth tied tightly; boil for four hours and serve. If time will not permit, boil only two hours, though four are preferable."

There seems a touch of human nature about the war office, after all.

French Affection for the Scotch.

The French people have cherished an affection for the Scots ever since Mary Stuart's time, but they never got quite to the point of taking kindly to the tartan in its unmitigated state. Consequently they broke up the checkered patterns, subdued the tints obtained from roots and berries and applied to all the artless gaiety of the savage Ecosais, until they produced an effective fabric divested of all meaning. It is significant of the real rejuvenation of the tartan that these same French people are now taking bits of the genuine plaid and applying them upon dark-hued backgrounds. It is perhaps too much to ask them to accept the plaid as a whole.

A Reflection of the Cynic.

When a woman argues politics, it reminds you of an old bachelor trying to tell a cute baby story.—New York Press.

force to compel order, an offence not only to Moshesh, but to the Boer farmers who still remained. Moshesh was very shrewd.

The Boers sent for Commandant Pretorius, who had gone across the Vaal with a price on his head, and the Basutos made common cause with them. The British were beaten, and in 1862 the Boers, with the help of the Basutos, forced a treaty with England acknowledging their independence. This was the birth of the Transvaal republic.

Beaten by the Boers, the British pushed the war against the Basutos. Sir John Cathcart led an army against Moshesh. The Basuto chieftain retired to his stronghold and left a great herd of cattle on a convenient plain as a bait. The British drove off 4000 head and found themselves in an ambush. They were badly defeated at great loss.

Then Moshesh proved his genius. He sent a note to the defeated British commander in which he deferentially legged peace.

"You have captured our herds," he said. "You have chastised us. Let it be enough. I entreat peace from you." The British army marched triumphantly home and the Basutos celebrated with much feasting.

But the victory of the Basutos decided the English about that trouble, some Orange river country. With wily Moshesh holding the balance of power they were overmatched. The Boers saw their position and pressed their independence. In 1864 England acknowledged their independence and the Orange Free State of today came into existence. The Basutos did it.

Four years later the Boers and the Basutos warred. The question was one of boundary. The Basuto horsemen made frightful ravages among the Boer farms. Battles were fought and ambushes laid, but in the end the Boers conquered and the Basutos lost much splendid farm land. But the victory was won only with British aid, and in the end the Basutos found themselves British subjects.

And so they remain today, prosperous, civilized, self-governing in large measure and envious of those fair acres that once were theirs and now are the property of the republic.