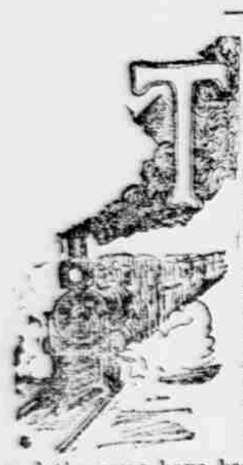
A WILD RIDE.

The Daring Deed of an Engineer's Daughter.

BY RUTH STOWE.



THE moon was full, and the broad maple beside the gate threw wide-spreading shadows. In the friendly shelter stood Margaret Wilson and her lover. He bent his head and spoke earnestly:

"But, Margaret, just one moment. Two years ago to-night, dearest, you promised to be my wife. I had just been promoted then. I plead for a short engagement, but you thought best to wait. I have waited, and the years have been short because I was working for you. To-day I was given a regular run, and now I can give my wife a home worthy the mistress. Dale's cottage is for sale, and if I say the word to-morrow, it is ours. It is for you to decide. But, darling, think of me a little. I want my wife."

Silence for a moment beside the old tree, and then Margaret spoke:

"Two years ago, is it? How long they have seemed to me. You will never know, Joe, how hard it has been to send you away so many times, but I'm sure you never doubted that my reason was good. It was wrong, Joe, to ask you to wait year after year and not explain it all."

And then for time the old maple heard nothing but the girl's low voice speaking earnestly. Presently it ceased, and Joe Alton spoke, his clear voice husky:

"And this is what my brave girl has been doing these two years? No wonder they were long. Wait? I would gladly wait till the end of time for so brave a woman. Darling, you are doing the only right thing. Your father will need you, and no one can take your place. You make more than a home for him, and there is your power. Keep a brave heart, dear, and when you need help remember that my heart and strength are yours."

And then—so, young man; the moon went behind a cloud just then, and when she emerged, Joe Alton was trudging down the street. Margaret, leaning on the gate, watched him till his swinging step took him around the nearest corner, then she turned and went into the house.

The lamps were lighted, and near the table sat her father, with a newspaper on his knee. As his daughter came in, he looked up and made a stupid response to her first attempt at conversation. It was very evident that he was under some strange influence. Drunk, you say? Yes, drunk; but not with rum. In his eyes was the peculiar, vacant, yet watchful, look which only opium gives its victims. Not entirely a victim yet was this man, for occasionally a gleam of manhood would drive away the stare, and he would make a pathetic attempt to rouse his energies.

Margaret's father came of a race of engineers; a very 'king of the rail' was Thad Wilson, clear-headed and resolute. His great enthusiasm in his work was fully shared by his children. Of the two Margaret was the older, and the leader in all their sports, and, strange to say, she was more interested in her father's engine than was Bob.

Wilson had a regular run, but occasionally he worked in the yard for a few days, running one of the "shifters." Sometimes he yielded to the child's entreaties, and then Margaret would spend a happy half-day with him, perched in a corner of the seat. What matter that the "pony" was the unfortunate target of all the wit on the road? She sat curled up in her place, her black eyes devouring every move her father made. These red-letter days came not often, but so frequent that Margaret grew up a trifle more enlightened concerning the workings of an engine than you did, young lady. And when she got "too big to ride with papa" it was a thing to be lamented, indeed.

Thad Wilson's wife had died when Bob was a baby, and a widowed sister came to make her home with them. When Margaret was eighteen the kind aunt died, and the girl plead to be allowed to take her place as housekeeper.

"Why, papa," she reasoned, "I'm not a baby any more. You don't realize that I'm almost nineteen. I know I can keep house—not so well as Auntie did, of course, but I can learn. May I try, papa?"

"Yes, Margaret, you may try, but you will find it hard work, child. When you get tired of it, we will get a housekeeper."

But Margaret tried and did not get tired; a cheery little housewife she was. Joe Alton, her father's fireman, found the Wilson house a very interesting place, it seemed, for evening after evening found him the fourth member of the group.

Was there ever an Eden without a serpent? How can we know in what form the enemy will come? Margaret noticed a change in her father. She could not have explained it. He left the house in the morning in his usual spirits, and then she smiled at her fears. In the evening, his run over, he came home nervous, preoccupied. One evening he was quiet, almost morose; the next, he would be all vivacity, relating his brightest stories, cracking the wittiest jokes.

Margaret was puzzled. She very much feared that whisky was the evil, but how could she fight until she knew what her antagonist was? And then, one day, in the midst of her dispair, accidentally she found out, and her heart quailed. She had heard of the difficulty of dealing with the opium habit, because of the wonderful cunning and slyness which was the accompaniment of the disease. For an instant she faltered, and then collected her forces to fight. She did fight, and alone. Why should she tell Bob? He was happy and light-hearted. Why burden him?

She knew well that none of her father's comrades on the road knew of his fall. He had enough strength left not to indulge the morbid craving until his trip for the day was made. Margaret had heard that very often when all attempts at saving an opium victim failed, there would come some sudden crisis, which if met wisely would rouse the resistance of the poor wretch, and the power of the drug would be broken. She clung to the thought, and wondered, oh! so often, if a crisis would come, and when.

One evening Joe came in and found Margaret alone. They sat by the fire, speaking but little. Presently Joe said: "Margaret, I wonder what you would say if I should tell you what has been the one thought of my heart for months—that you are all my world. Can you love me? Will you be my wife some day?"

There wasn't much said in answer. Perhaps even Joe didn't hear the words, but he saw the look she gave him. He put his arms about her, and held her close to his heart, murmuring "Darling, I will be very, very tender to my wife." After that evening, "despair was never quite despair" to Margaret.

Her lover urged an immediate marriage, but she objected. He knew her too well to even suspect that it was a whim on her part; so he trusted her and waited. And on the evening when we first met them, Joe came to her with the news that he had a regular run. A certain cottage which had taken a prominent place in his day-dreams for a year or so was for sale, and he came, anxious for Margaret's consent, before buying it for their home.

He came, light-hearted, sure that she would not resist that appeal. As we know, she told him all her sad story. She had thought of it so constantly that it no longer seemed to her so wretched a story; that she herself was a heroine never occurred to her. And Joe left her, his heart aching for her.

On the next evening her father came home in his usual manner, trying to appear natural, yet very evidently nervous; finally he disappeared into his room, and just as well as if she had been there, Margaret knew that he measured and took the potion of the curse he allowed himself. He returned to the sitting-room and sat down with his paper.

The air in the room grew stifling to the girl. Perhaps it was the heat of the Summer night. It may have been the dreadful fear that grew upon her with every moment. She threw her work aside and rushed through the hall, down the path to the gate. The street was quiet.

Suddenly she heard footsteps approaching from both directions. They came nearer, and Margaret, by the help of the friendly moon, soon made out the forms of two men, who met and stopped a few feet from her. She heard one hearty voice greet the other. Then, not recognizing the tones, did not listen. In an instant she was all attention again, for she heard her father's name. She leaned forward.

"Well, here's a pretty mess, and no mistake, Jack. Three firemen marked on the sick-list to-night, and there isn't a man to go out on 55 with Wilson."

"Where's 55 going to-night? I thought she and old Thad Wilson never went out after sundown."

"They don't usually. But the Superintendent wants a special at 9 o'clock to-night. Some of the stockholders of the road are here and want to get over to Monkton before morning. That wreck on the Long Branch is keeping all those fellows on the other side of it. Everybody on the Short Branch is worked out but Wilson, and the row is to get a fireman for him."

"Where's his own fireman—Morris; isn't that his name?"

"Morris's child is sick, and he's laying off. They've been short of men for a week or two now. The Master Mechanic would take almost any man he could get to-night. That would be a soft snap for a green hand; short run and light firing."

The men exchanged a few more words, then separated. Margaret stood beside the gate. Dully, slowly thought returned. Ah, yes! she remembered now. The caller would come presently, and they wanted her father to run the night special over the Short Branch. Her father! He sat in the house which his own weakness had made desolate, his brain literally paralyzed by opium. He run a train? Margaret shuddered.

What could she do? Should she go and tell her story to the Superintendent? Thad Wilson's daughter could not bring herself to publish her father's fall. And then, in her perplexity, came a bewildering thought, and the ground seemed to quake under her feet. Could she do it? Yes; she would try that. She would try anything if she could save her father.

An hour later the Master Mechanic was confronted by a slim young fellow, with a cap pulled low over his eyes. He had appeared suddenly in the round-house, and inquired for Mr. Williams. His manner was bold, and in the half-light of the place he accosted the Master Mechanic bravely:

"I have been told, Mr. Williams, that you are in need of firemen."

The word "firemen" acted like magic. Mr. Williams turned and looked at him sharply. Yes, the young man seemed very brave, but that Master Mechanic never suspected how Margaret's heart was thumping under Bob's old coat, and that the hands thrust into the pockets were clenched.

Evidently he was not displeased with the appearance of the applicant. He needed men, and there was no time to parley.

"Yes, young man, I need firemen. Are you hunting a job?"

"Yes, sir; I am. Can you do anything for me?"

"Ever fired before?"

"One year; down in Texas. Didn't like the climate, and so I came back North."

A few minutes' talk followed, during which the would-be fireman felt herself quake in Bob's shoes. Margaret afterward had a vague recollection of telling that her name was J. W. Jones, and that Mr. Williams asked her questions which she must have answered creditably. In a few minutes he said:

"Are you ready for work to-night?"

"Yes, sir, immediately."

"There's a special over the Short Branch at 9.30. Wilson hauls it with the 55. You go with him. The engine is on the main track, just outside the house;" and the busy man hurried away, mentally saying: "I'll watch that fellow. I believe he lied about firing a year, and the name Jones sounds suspicious. He looks like a green hand, but I guess he'll get along. Fifty-five is a good steamer, and they'll take only one coach."

Meanwhile the fireman hied herself out of the round-house, the ordeal passed. No need to tell Margaret where her father's engine was to be found. As the fireman appeared he looked up and said pleasantly, extending his hand: "Well, young man, are you going to be my pard to-night?"

Now, this was just what his daughter was not prepared for. She had expected a savage greeting, if any, and the sound of the pleasant words, now so seldom heard, was almost too much. In a choked voice she answered:

"Yes, sir; I think I will."

He talked continually as they backed down to the station.

In a few minutes they were on their way, and then Margaret fully realized what she had done. Her only fear was that her father would recognize her.

As they left the miles behind them and the engineer chattered on, the thought came that this was not quite her father's manner. She had seen him in many moods, but this boasting, ah, no. This was not her father. What did it mean?

Gradually the speed of the train increased. Yes, it was true. What Margaret had not dared to express, even in thought, had come to pass. The fatal drug was wielding all its power, and her father was in its grasp. It was a ghastly situation. The engine was rushing through the darkness, a thick, appalling darkness, that made the heavy air more oppressive; a sultry breeze was stirring, and occasionally came a distant rumble—the warning of a storm. On the engine a helpless girl, and—hark! What was he saying!

"Wants me to pass 74 at Wayne, does he? Well, we'll see about that. If 74 is off the main track, all right; if she isn't, I'll put her off. This is my road, every foot of it. This engine belongs to me, too. I am king, and who dares say how I shall run! I'll go to Monkton at whatever time I choose, and if there are any trains in my way I'll go through them! Ah, that will be royal sport! No killing of beasts for me—that is tame! I slaughter my subjects by scores. They are mine. Have I not the right? Ah! I can hear them now. They will implore me to stop, but I will not heed. They will be crushed, mangled. I will ride over them all, and they shall know that I am supreme."

Meanwhile, hurrying to meet them, came the night express. Occasionally a rumble of thunder would reach the passengers above the noise of the train. They would shade their faces with their hands, and, from their comfortable places in the coaches, watch the oncoming storm. The conductor passed through the car and was questioned on all sides about the connection at the other end of the branch.

He had orders to take the side track at Wayne for a special. He would stop at the station to unload his passengers, then would pull about an eighth of a mile farther down to the switch.

Did he tell his passengers all that? No, indeed! He had railroaded too long for that. He merely satisfied them about the connection, and then sat down, fervently hoping that the special wouldn't keep them waiting long. "It's going to be a nasty night," he said.

It may or it may not have been due to an over-wrought imagination, but as Margaret sat crouching in a corner of the fireman's seat, she saw as plainly as you see it now the brightly-lighted car, the passengers impatient only for the end of their journey, and the engine literally consuming the distance between them.

But she saw what we did not see. In the very end of one of the coaches, asleep in a seat, lay Joe Alton. How he came there Margaret did not stop to consider, but the whole interior of the car lay before her as plainly as it does before you, and Joe's face and form were there. The picture passed, and she was recalled by the wild voice beside her.

"Save them? Not one! Not one! They are criminals—they have disobeyed my mandate, and shall not the king be obeyed?"

The words re-echoed in Margaret's ears. "Save not one!" Then she would! She sprang from her seat, and, catching Wilson by the arm, she screamed: "What are you doing? The night express will be on the track, and we shall run into it!"

He merely pulled the throttle wider, and answered, haughtily: "Boy, what do you mean by such language to me? I am your king and you are a slave. Hands off!"

No hope of reaching him that way. The engine skimmed along the track. The air grew more oppressive, and the heavens were aflash with lightning. Already grim despair was seizing Margaret—but Joe!—should she let him die, crushed in his sleep? No! No! She sprang across the engine, tearing Bob's cap from her head, and all her heart was in her frantic pleading:

"Father! oh, father; don't you know me? It is Margaret, father dear, your own Margaret! Oh, Papa, think! The night express will be on the main track at Wayne, and we will run into it and there will be hundreds killed! Oh, why will he not listen! Joe, darling, I did the best I could!"

The cab reeled before her eyes, and in another instant she would have fallen to the floor, senseless, rushing on to her death. But something in the maniac's face recalled her and froze her blood with horror.

"You, my Margaret, hussy! How dare you say that? I had a little girl once who looked like you, but I broke her heart and she died. And now, because you have her eyes, I will kill you, and then they will not haunt me. Yes, yes; I will kill you, and you will be only one of my victims. Ha, ha! I will crush them all!"

In that one instant, in which he towered above her, came the thought, "Is my duty to my father stronger than to the scores of passengers on the train? Will it not be right to save them at any hazard?" And then "Joe, I will save him!"

She raised her head suddenly and confronted her father's glaring eyes, not allowing her gaze to waver. With groping hand she seized a heavy wrench. She had heard that by a steady eye one could calm the rage and stay the hand of a maniac. It seemed like hours to Margaret that she and her father confronted each other so. Then he lifted his heavy hand to strike. With a prayer in her heart and the murmur, "Forgive me, Papa," she raised the wrench, and with a hand to which desperation gave unnatural strength, the girl dealt her father a stunning blow. An instant he staggered, then reeled, and fell, a dead weight, on the floor of the cab.

No words of ours can convey an idea of the swiftness of the proceeding. But 55 was bounding along the rails at a frightful speed.

No time for Margaret to lament her deed. Action now, no delay. Well she knew they were gaining time rapidly, and where the express was she did not know. In the murky darkness she could not distinguish an object outside the cab. Quick as thought she sprang over her father as he lay, and with both hands, clutched the lever; tugged at it with an agonizing strength. Heavens! would it never respond. Joy! it yielded, and Margaret laid all her weight to the work. Slowly, oh! how slowly, the lever moved; and how frantically the engine was flying along—in space, it seemed to the girl. She leaned out of the cab window and, oh, God! could it be? Yes, in the distance before her a light pierced the darkness. The night express was on the main track.

Margaret gave one last despairing tug at the lever and her strength was gone. Should she jump? Would it be wiser to stay and take the chances here? Her eyes fell on her father lying at her feet; then from her lips came a cry like the cry of a lost soul: "Oh, papa, papa, I tried so hard to help you." The overwrought nerves gave way and the brave girl fell like a stone.

The passengers on the night express were being borne along through the storm, their thoughts busy with the pleasant homes awaiting them. The door opened and the conductor passed along the aisle. Stopping beside the seat where Joe Alton lay, he caught the young fellow by the shoulder and shook him.

"Get up, Alton, and don't take quite all the seat. What are you going to Quincy to-night for? Can't you stand one evening away from Wilson's place? You're pretty far gone, Alton; you're struck, ain't you?"

Alton smiled good-naturedly. "Maybe I am, but I'm farther gone toward Quincy just now. (Thanks, I have those spells often.) No. 12 has been in the shops at this end, and they want her in Monkton, so I dead-headed down with you to take her back."

Just then the brakeman came through the car. As he reached the door he turned and shouted savagely:

"Wayne! Wayne!"

The conductor rose and picked up his lantern from the floor. "We've got to take the siding here for Wilson with a special. Hope he'll get along pretty soon."

Joe got up and left the car with him, and both men sprang to the platform. No rain had fallen, but the heavens were crossed by brilliant flashes of lightning that seemed to be chasing each other, and the thunder came in long, angry claps. The passengers were filing out of the car, when something moved Joe Alton to look down the track ahead of them. Great heavens! A headlight dancing along the track, how far away he could not tell.

His tongue was stiffened, and he could only grasp the conductor's arm and point. Just then a flash of lightning more brilliant than the others illumined the sky, and with that flash both engineer and fireman saw the danger. It was too late to do anything but save themselves.

And then a strange thing happened, happened in the smallest fraction of the time it takes the sluggish pen to tell it. The approaching engine was fairly flying along—at least, the headlight was, and that was all they could see—and then suddenly, in an instant it seemed, it slackened speed, slowed, and stopped within a few feet of the express engine. The iron monsters glared at each other like hungry beasts.

In an instant 55 was surrounded by excited passengers; as quickly the stockholders, well shaken up, darted from their car. Joe Alton made one bound and landed in the cab, closely followed by the conductor, and he saw Thad Wilson lying on the floor, motionless, and beside him the form of a slender young fellow in a fireman's blue suit. He dropped on one knee beside the figure and bent over it, then snatched the slight form in his arms, murmuring huskily:

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret! You tried to help him and he killed you?"

Already there were others climbing into the cab. Joe snatched Bob's cap from the floor, and pressed it over the short, dark curls, darting a glance at the conductor. Then he turned to the faces bending over him, saying: "This fireman is a friend of mine. Stand aside, please;" and he lifted Margaret in his arms and bore her into the station.

Now, friends, railroaders have a way of standing by each other through thick and thin. These men did not know what was the matter with Thad Wilson, but they went about like brothers, caring for him, and saying very little. Why Joe Alton acted in that strange way they did not know, either, but the conductor had caught the look, and it was enough. No party of oysters were ever less talkative than these railroaders.

The next day Thad Wilson went to the Superintendent's office and repeated the story of his fall and its consequences. The conversation was long, and at its close Wilson said:

"Mr. Van Dyke, you have known me for years, and have trusted me. I have shown myself unworthy of the trust. I will go away for a year; if at the end of that time I have conquered this habit I will return. If not, you will not see me again."

But in a year Thad Wilson returned to complete the happiness of his daughter and her husband, who lived in Dale's cottage. The struggle had been a bitter one, and its traces were left on his face and form, but he had conquered. Many years succeeding found him engineer of 55; but nothing would induce happy Margaret Alton to enter the cab. "No, no, she would say with a little shudder, "my railroading is all done;" but the smile that followed the shudder was a happy one.

A Comrade's Thanks.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reporting the prospect of wheat in this section of California, which appeared in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of March 17, I mentioned the number of my regiment and company, thinking perhaps it might be seen by some member of the 89th N. Y. I was not disappointed, for last week I received a letter from a member of my company living in Elmira, N. Y., whom I have not seen or heard from since the 19th of April, 1862, when our regiment had an engagement with the 3d Ga. and other Confederate troops near South Mills, in Camden County, N. C. I was very much pleased to hear from the comrade, Patrick Sulavin by name, and feel indebted to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for the information; which paper the old soldiers cannot afford to part with.—APRIL HARRIS, Greenwich, Cal.

Indorses His Account.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been sending the account of the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the capture of New Orleans in 1862, as published in THE TRIBUNE and written by Shipmate William Simmons, of Philadelphia. I was very near him on more occasions than one at the time when neither of us knew it. He is to be commended on the correctness of his account, and the Naval Veterans are to be congratulated on having him where he is. He is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. A correct historian of that part of the late war in which he participated and a thoroughbred Shellback; and may he long live to show up when the Boatswain pipes eight-bells!—GEORGE W. NEXSEN, Evansville, Ind.

THE "BETTER HALF."

Modern Girls in Quaint Poke Bonnets---Posies---A Few Beautifiers---Patti's Secret---Dainty Devices---A Quakerish Gown and a Frenchy One.

THE blushes and smiles of the shy-faced maiden of long ago were half hidden when she wore her "Poke Bonnet." "Pokes," nevertheless, perhaps, therefore, were most popular. The more certain, modern maiden, having discovered that the old-fashioned bonnet had a charm when worn by her, has adopted it—with a few modifications perhaps—but still hers is enough like the original to be called a "Poke." A ruching or a row of flowers is put under the brim, next the hair. A big bow of ribbon and feathers or flowers trim the crown, and a pair of long strings—really made to tie demurely under the chin, but as often worn in other ways—completes a bonnet that shades a face no less blossom-like than the olden-time maidens.

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The idea is often brought out that a woman is more charming in youth than at any other time, and sometimes it is even asserted that she is only charming then. That this is nonsense, history, as well as women, will prove. Although there is a great and undeniable charm about a young girl's unworldliness, her keen enjoyment of life, her enthusiasm and impulsiveness, yet with years come added charms, of comprehension, consideration for others, and intelligent sympathy, as well as greater intellectual powers, and these make many women more fascinating and beloved than girls. The French certainly appreciate the winsomeness of youth fully, but their history shows that women have exerted a great influence over the thought and action of their times, and that the influence increased, not diminished, with age. Mary Queen of Scots until she was beheaded—she was then 45—had such a great charm over those around her that life and everything worth living for were sacrificed for her sake. Other countries are not wanting in accounts of women who, after youth, still awayed the men as well as the women around them.

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The Samoan women are particularly cleanly not only about themselves, but also in their care of the homes. They, as well as the children, swim like fish, and little mishaps, like a tumble out of the canoe or even a swamped boat have no terrors for them.

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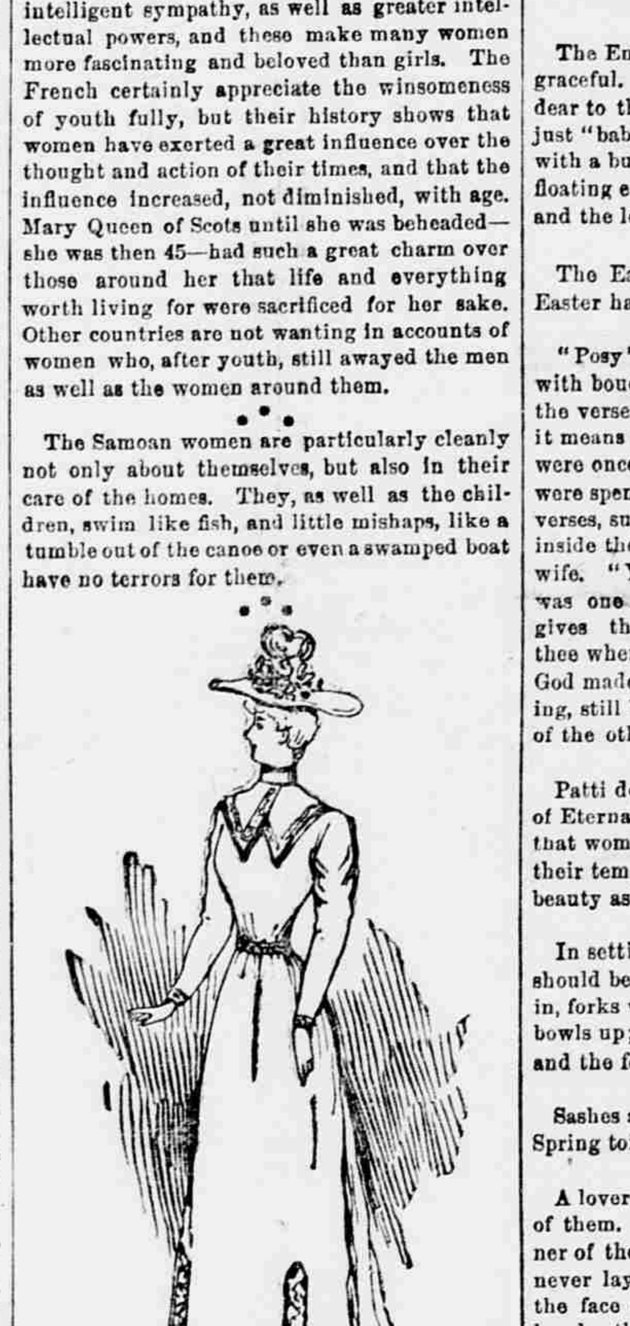

The gown in the cut is Puritan-like in its style, and the colors—gray and white, with the flat-band trimmings—carry out the idea of simplicity. The fitted-skirt has a broken line at the bottom of the front and sides that is outlined with the trimming. The fullness of the back is pleated in the three overlapping pleats on either side the jacket, known as "fan" pleats. The waist has the bands used on the cuffs and on the collar. The collar is the prettiest part of the dress, and if well-fitted is very stylish. It falls to the sleeves on the shoulders and in a point in the back and front. It has the band trimming outlining it also. The hat is a picturesque gray straw trimmed with ribbons and flowers.

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Light gloves with heavy, dark stitching are neither pretty nor refined looking, although the shopkeepers succeed in selling a great many of them.

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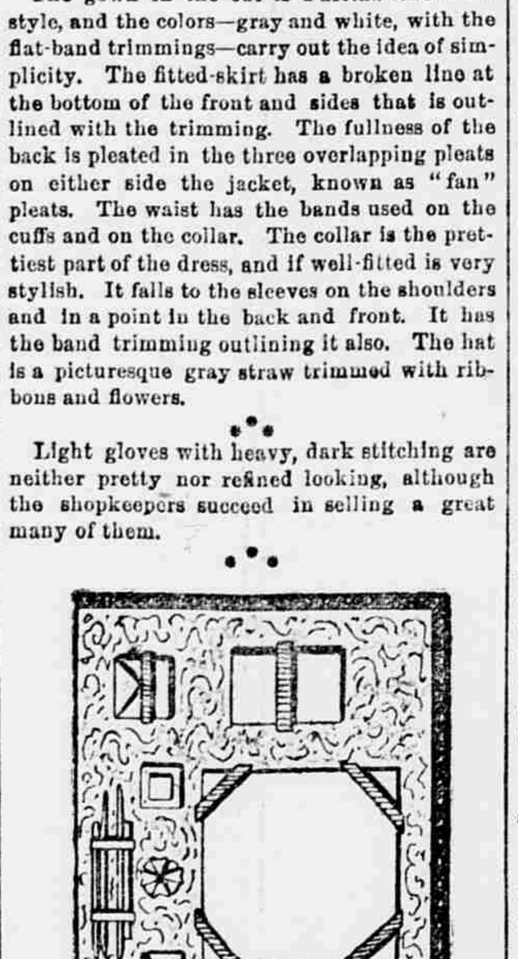

There are many ways of arranging writing materials for traveling or for Summer use, but a very complete one is shown in the cut. The smooth board, about two feet one way by one and a half the other—the dimensions can be changed—is covered with cretonne or some pretty material, fastened down with brass-headed tacks. Strips of silk elastic ribbon hold the two sizes of envelopes and paper to the board, and another strip the pens and pencils. A stamp-box and leather ink-bottle case are held to the board by a tack driven through the bottom. The little glass ink bottle is slipped in, and the cover of leather closes with a spring clasp. The blotter in the center has bands of the ribbon at each corner. The "writing board" makes a very acceptable gift, and if carried out in harmonizing colors, a pretty one.

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Women are always ready for dainty fancies, and although they are made fun of often, yet on the whole the world likes their daintiness. A ridiculously feminine idea is to have a pad made of the finest and softest Japanese tissue paper, cut the size of a half sheet of note paper. A motto or perhaps an outlined flower is stamped on the paper. When a note or letter is written a sheet is torn from the pad and rolled up into a little ball; on this a few drops of perfume, enough to moisten it, are dropped. It is then opened out, and in a few minutes is dry. It is folded in the note, and its mission is to convey to the receiver a faint, fluttering suggestion of fragrance.

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A French woman says that a mistake is made if the upper parts of the sleeves are not larger than the waist—and French women are able to give advice about clothes.

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A shoe with a little bell at the instep called the "Nautch dancing shoe," is the latest idea in dancing slippers.

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Some people have the queerest ideas about sick people. They shut out all the sunlight from the room—the sunlight that makes clean and cheerful. They speak in stealthy whispers, that are perfectly audible and intensely annoying to the patient. They are always asking "Are you feeling any better now?" as though the sick person knew, cared to know, or would tell if he did know.

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The Empire gown for evening wear is very graceful. The back has the Watteau pleat so dear to the heart of woman. The sleeves are just "baby" sleeves, caught up in the middle with a buckle. The soft sash is tied with long floating ends, and covers the joining of the waist and the long skirt.

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The Easter bonnets are very small, but the Easter hats are large.

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"Posy" at first meant the little verses sent with bouquets of flowers, then it was applied to the verses written in the bride's ring, and now it means the flowers themselves. Posy rings were once quite "the thing," and many hours were spent by the husband-to-be in composing verses, suggestive and pretty, to be engraved inside the little ring that he gave to his chosen wife. "You never knew a heart more true," was one of the verses, and "Love him who gives this ring of gold; 'tis he must kiss thee when thou'rt old." "Happy in thee hath God made me," "This is love worth commending, still beginning, never ending," were some of the others.

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Patti denies that she has found the "Spring of Eternal Youth." She says that the reason that women get old so soon is because they lose their temper so often, and nothing is so fatal to beauty as the wrinkles thus formed.

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In setting the table, the rules are that knives should be placed with the sharp edge turned in, forks with the tines and spoons with the bowls up; the knives and spoons at the right and the fork at the left.

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Sashes and stripes are striking features of the Spring toilets.

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A lover of books will always take good care of them. He never holds the book by the corner of the cover; never turns down leaves; never lays the book down open, either with the face downward or on its back, and never breaks the binding by opening the book too forcibly. He turns the leaves one by one, taking care not to soil or tear them, and uses the volume gently. It makes no difference if the book be cheap or worn, always he handles it gently.

* * *

How to be fascinating is a problem that agitates all women, and although the question is exactly the same the world over the solutions, as worked out by the women of different nations, are various. Now, among us no woman would think of being able to fascinate unless she had a demi-trained gown and streamers, whereas the Hottentot damsel has discovered that black and red paint used on the flesh is the stylish thing. The women of New Holland evidently take the old French proverb, that says we must suffer in order to be beautiful, very literally, for they cut deeply into their flesh, and then keep the wounds from healing for a long time, so that big scars will be formed, for to them scars are beautiful. Although we have an idea that whiteness of teeth is desirable, the Japanese do not agree with us, for they have a habit of gilding their teeth, and consider the effect enchanting. Some women think small eyes, others large eyes, are most beautiful; it depends on whether the woman comes from Africa or America. The Chinese woman is so afraid that some one will think that she works, that she has impossible feet and finger-nails.

* * *

Sash curtains are prettiest with frills on both sides.

* * *

The girl of to-day carries, or else has it pinned to her jacket, a long, leafy and thorny-stemmed American Beauty rose.

* * *

It is said that the American women are getting to be such great walkers that their feet are getting larger, and that now "threes" are considered small where "ones" used to be.

* * *

Boiling water will remove all stains in table linen except ink or rust, and for these oxalic acid is the best thing to use.

* * *

In washing dishes the order should be, first the glasses, then the silver, and then the china. Dishes, if of fine decorated china, ought not to be rinsed with scalding water. If the dishes be scraped very clean, and the greasiest of them and the pans be rubbed with paper before they are washed, one of the meanest parts of dish-washing will be done away with—the greasy part. It is easier to get the work done if the dishes are arranged regularly, the plates of the same size together and the knives, forks and spoons with their handles the same way. It saves time in handling them. Dishcloths and towels are sweeter if dried in the open air.

Handkerchiefs of the finest of white linen, daintily hemmed, are the newest things in their line. Sometimes they have an edging of real lace, and even more elaborate ones with insertion and edging borders are used, but that can be carried too far, and the little plain ones are the prettiest of all.

* * *

The gown for a young girl shown in the cut is very dainty and dressy. It can be made up in white or colored goods. The skirt is, of course, a fitted one, and has ruffles of silk around it. The cuffs and pocket-flaps have the ruffles of lace. The fluffy front is made of fine lace. The big hat is trimmed quite high in the front, and the brim is allowed to droop prettily.

* * *

Although flowers have so much beauty and grace that they are pretty in almost any position, yet a little taste in handling them will bring out their loveliness to its utmost. Blossoming branches of any kind need a wide-mouthed bowl or vase, as crowding them spoils the artistic effect. The Japanese can put a single spray from a flowering tree in a vase and have a beautiful picture. In arranging flowers that are heavy with blossoms, it is often difficult to make them stay where they are put in the vase, but a little stone or bag of sand tied to the lower part of the stem will keep them down all right. A few weighted in this way will enable the others to be arranged prettily. It is generally considered now that vases that show the stems through are prettier for flowers than those which do not; but a metal or china bowl can often be made very effective, a brass bowl filled with the yellow shrub that is in bloom now or with any yellow blossoms, a Dresden jar with apple blossoms, a Worcester-ware vase with soft-colored roses, and a blue-and-white china bowl with white flowers, are all pretty combinations.

ELZIE POMEROY MCELROY.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE BLUE SCARAB. By David Graham Adee. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

This is a well-written story, of thrilling dramatic interest. The author's first work, "No. 19 State Street," made a strong sensation among story-readers for its skilful narrative and great dramatic power, and this will greatly enhance his reputation.

HELEN YOUNG. By Paul Lindau. Published by Rand, McNally & Co. Price 25 cents.

This is one of the best of this popular German novelist's works, and it has been charmingly translated by P. J. McFadden. It is a most attractive story.

A DOUBLE WEDDING. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price 25 cents.

Among all the writers of a decade ago none was better known or enjoyed more popularity than Mrs. C. A. Warfield, for in imagination she equaled Edgar A. Poe, and displayed the fire of genius in all her works, which are realistic, passionate and intense, and hold the reader spell-bound to the end.

Magazines and Notes.

Outing for April contains: Thro' the Iron Gates, by Thomas Stevens; A Cigaret from Carcinto, Edward French; Saddle and Sentiment, Wenona Gilman; Horseback Sketches, Jesse F. O'Donnell; The Connecticut National Guard, Lieut. W. H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., and other interesting papers.

The Overland Monthly for May contains some rare portraits of San Francisco's famous street characters of past and present, prominent among whom are Emperor Norton, Father Elphick the Vegetarian, and Capt. Kentzell, drawn by Solly Walters and Peixotto. To many people contemplating a move to California, as well as to fruit-growers in general, an able article by James T. Goodman, fully illustrated by photograhs, will be of interest. Prof. Wickson treats of the California State Floral Society's Exhibit in a short illustrated article. Douglas Tilden, the Sculptor of the Baseball Player, will have a paper on "What Art in California Should Be?" with photographs of the Luxembourg Gallery, and diagrams of a proposed park gallery. Old Californians and people of historical taste will be interested in a paper by John Murray, in which the controversy in regard to the date of California's discovery of gold is settled by United States Mint documents.

Peterson for May is a very excellent number. The full-page engravings, Well Guarded and Five o'Clock Tea, are both excellent, and the fashion-plates admirable. In the land of the Czars, by Roslyn K. Brooke, gives a capital description of Moscow, with a peep at the Siberian penal settlements and the celebrated Novgorod Jail, and is illustrated in a very effective way. The household and needlework departments are filled with novel and useful suggestions and designs. $2 a year. Published at 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Belford's Magazine for April has a rich table of literary contents, essays, stories, poems, descriptive articles, and book reviews. Published by the Robert J. Belford Publishing Company, New York. Price 25 cents.

The Nineteenth Century for April is an unusually rich number. Among its articles of special interest are Chicago and Its Exhibition, by Sir H. G. Wood, and Prospects of Marriage for Women, by Miss Clara E. Cullet. It is republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 231 Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

Proportional Representation; a Remedy for Gerrymandering, is the title of a monograph by John R. Commons, which the American Academy of Political and Social Science has recently published. The system of districting known as gerrymandering is to-day one of the principal evils of our political life. How to prevent this has caused much thought and discussion. The latest plan, as suggested by Prof. Commons, is to modify the present plan of district elections by a system of proportional representation.

The Pansy for May is a seasonable number. Two notable articles are About New York, and the English Literature paper—John Milton. These are full of cleverly-described incidents, and will stimulate the taste for a broader study along these same lines of thought. The stories are bright, the poems good, and the articles throughout such as will attract attention. Ten cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Our Little Men and Women for May is a dainty number. There are pretty pictures, pretty stories, merry rhymes and happy verse, with a bit of music to enliven, and a good treat is in store for every little man and woman who reads this magazine. Ten cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Babyland for May greets the Babies with a smile as sweet as the month itself bestows. There are bright little incidents, and merry tales with pictures that speak for themselves—enough to last for Baby's bedtime and playtime until the next number arrives. Five cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

The engagement of Theodore Langguth and A. Saerison, two well-known Eastern artists, is the best move yet made by *The Wasp*, of San Francisco. Mr. Saerison has been for several years the color artist of *Judge*. Their work appeared for the first time last week. *The Wasp* touched up the feminine tendency to skin-tight costumes in pictorial style last week; also the fake races and prize-fights.

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