THE SONG OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

How a Young Man Came to Make Up His Mind.

BY A. S. DUANE.

IT was a hot Summer night. The moon was round, and large, and brilliant, almost in the center of the sky. The crystalline atmosphere, the reflecting mesa and the surrounding mountains made the town seem but a cloud in a cup of soft white light. There is more moonlight in Arizona than in any other spot on earth. The shadows were black and velvety, where there was any possibility of a real shadow in the low town. On the Doctor's wide upper veranda only outlines could be seen, with the red end of a cigar away up at the end where the Doctor himself swung, pajama clad, in a long, fringed Guayaquil hammock.

Mrs. Bonselle, the Doctor's wife, was talking as she rocked in a little chair, which she constantly moved in her fear of upsetting the boxes of mignonet which were sending up damp, homely breaths into the light, dry air. Over by the other railing Alice, the Doctor's pretty sister, was sitting, her white dress a mist in the darkness. Her head was small, and her hair was soft and dark, but a reflection from a whitewashed house across the street caught her delicate, rather pensive profile, and Martin sat four feet away and worshiped. Mrs. Bonselle was talking to the Colonel. A little wind had come up from somewhere and was flapping gently the rope on the flagstaff of the Mining Exchange across the street.

"What does that sound make you think of?" cried Mrs. Bonselle; "a yacht!" And then she went on asking questions and answering them, in her usual vivacious style, while the Colonel sat, also as usual, and thought his own thoughts with all the deference of a listener. He was watching Martin, and wondered how much longer he would be accumulating such a superfluity of adoration before some of it would have to be poured out in words. He wondered if Martin was framing his sentences now. He went back to his own youth; he put himself in Martin's place; he thought of the things he would have said, and then he laughed at himself for an old fool.

But Martin was at no such pleasant task. He was fighting. He was going over and over a battle that he had waged for two weeks. Ever since that day when the Colonel had brought him to the Bonselle home, and he had felt something come out of Alice's quiet, brown eyes and go all over his big body. He had spent every evening there since.

Arizonians have, almost of necessity, taken on the Mexican habit of turning night into day. The sun on the universal whiteness is too strong for the people on top of ground. The workers are all down in the mines. Tombstone in the daytime sleeps. A cowboy lopes by now and then, his hat brim flapping and his hand on his hip. A few men can be seen gambling at scattered tables in the big Crystal Palace Saloon, with its wide-open doors. Down the deserted street a ragged Mexican will drive a herd of fuzzy, drab burros loaded with crooked limbs of oak from the mountains, or a file of olla sellers, tall and straight and impressive as a religious procession, will walk by, their heads wrapped in white rags, and the great red pots balanced on top. All day long can be heard the sharp crack of the whips of the mule and oxen drivers who are taking the huge wagons of ore to the mill on the river. Their Spanish curses vibrate musically through the air, and every few rods on the road the dust is dark and damp, where the blood of an ox has followed the jab of the goad.

But as darkness came on, Sandy Bob's stage swung its way with six plunging horses (that had begun to plunge on the edge of town) through dust clouds to the postoffice, and the town was awake. The Crystal Palace was full of men, talking, and gambling, and leaning over the bar. From 10 until 2 the piano played accompaniments and the singers, "special artists from the musical centers of the world," sang topical songs and tender old ballads on the saloon stage. Through Allen street a cosmopolitan crowd pushed. Stolid Cornishmen, with their oddly-musical voices and queer use of the nominative for the objective, talked loudly to each other. Slavs, Chinese, Mexicans, Missourians and sleek, unmistakable gamblers of every nationality jostled each other on the board sidewalk. Here and there the uniform of the United States soldier from Fort Huachuca showed its jaunty cap.

The Doctor's house was far away from all that, and coming from the hotel in the midst of it to this sweet, pretty home had had its effect upon Martin. He didn't know much about homes. He had made his way all his life long, and the nearest approach to a holiday he had ever had was the six months he spent in Freiberg perfecting himself in mining engineering.

Alice Bonselle was the first young lady he had ever known very well; and now he belittled those Freiberg months as a factor in his present success, and cursed himself for ever having gone there. He was thinking about it as the Colonel looked at him. He thought of other moonlight nights in the late German Springtime, and of Hilda, whose father kept the little restaurant where he ate his simple meals and drank his beer. He knew still that Hilda was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, but he indignantly repudiated the knowledge and wondered how he had ever lost his head over those tints of red and white and those smooth braids of yellow hair. And he had promised to go back and marry her! He had begged and prayed for her promise, and she had given it against her father's wishes, who thought little of a poor American student, and less of his promises.

That had been a year ago. He had not written; for Hilda could not receive his letters—would not disobey her father while she was in his house. Her image had grown dimmer and dimmer as work came to fill his thought. And now—he had met Alice. He had never broken the smallest promise in his life.

A little bank of clouds had piled up from behind the jagged crest-line of the "Whetstones." From its darkness came once, twice, a flash of light.

"Oh, it's going to rain?" cried Mrs. Bonselle. "I'm so glad. See the lightning!"

Her husband raised his head and looked around the horizon. Away off down toward the Mexican line came another flash.

"Indian signals," he said, and lay down again.

"Oh, hush! you make me shudder," and madam drew her breath through her teeth and presumably closed her eyes. "I can't bear to talk about it. Only think! they may be planning a raid upon us. To-morrow night we may be scalped in our beds. I don't see why a telegraph operator doesn't come out and read those signals and find out what they do mean to do, and stop it."

"Unfortunately the Apaches have never learned the Morse alphabet," said her husband, dryly.

"Their system must be very elaborate," said the Colonel, "for them to extract so much information out of such seemingly simple signals. Nobody has ever learned exactly how they do it."

"Mindreading," said the Doctor from his corner.

"It wouldn't surprise me at all if that were exactly it," said madam, eagerly. "Those Indians for generations and generations have lived so close to nature that they must know secrets that we don't. There are lots of things we haven't found out yet. You know yourself, Victor, that often and often I am just about to speak of a thing when you take it out of my lips. People do impress things on each other's minds."

Martin gave his thoughts a quick check and stifled a sigh.

The Colonel said to himself: "Now he is wondering if he can impress his hopes upon Alice's mind. Better out with it. Boy, you haven't half enough pluck. Why don't you tell her off to the other veranda?"

"I wonder if there are any signal fires in the Dragoons," he said aloud.

"Mind reading is the simplest of scientific facts," said the Doctor. "Thought transference, rather. Every body in space has a vibratory motion of its molecules peculiar to itself. A thought is merely a vibration of the brain, brought about by one or more of the outlying nerves having been set going. Suppose, for example, my thought goes out into space with a left-hand spiral motion; it goes on and on (and I have given it as much as possible the direction I want it to go) until it reaches a brain with a similar molecular motion, and my thought is incorporated. That's all."

Nobody paid any attention.

"The curious part of it is," went on Mrs. Bonselle, "sometimes it almost seems as though your thought about a person created them. You'll be thinking deeply about some one, may be for days, and suddenly they will come. Sometimes it is so unexpected and sudden that you feel like an enchanter, or something. The Doctor was about to remark that that was a different thing altogether, when a bright light suddenly appeared in the room over the (never used) Mining Exchange, across the street, and the doorway to the balcony was flung open and a noisy crowd came out. It was startling and jarring upon the white serenity of the night.

"This is terrible," Mrs. Bonselle said. "If the proprietor of the Crystal Palace is going to take to coming home to spend his evenings and bringing his friends with him we shall have to move."

There was a practiced hand run skilfully over a perfectly-tuned guitar.

"Sh—sh"— said the Doctor, sitting up in the hammock. Save for the plaintive music there was dead silence across the street. And then softly, sweetly as the lark rising to meet the sun, a voice lifted itself above the tinkling chords:

"Die luft is kuehl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abend sonnonschein.
Die schoenste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldenes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kaemmt Ihr goldenes Haar."

A chill took hold of Martin's heart. He was back in Freiberg. The moon was shining on the old walls and towers, on the Gothic spires of the cathedral. He and Hilda were on the bank of the Munzbach, and she was singing:

"Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Hoh."

How well he knew each note. He had forgotten that she could sing like that. May be he had not appreciated it so much then. And that was Hilda, there, singing! The shock and the thrill of her voice had taken wonder as to how she came there away from him. He only felt that she had come all this way to meet him, to find him. And then there come up a sort of anger that she was there with the owner of the Crystal Palace Saloon and his friends, followed by the realization that that class were all her friends. Her father sold sausages and beer, and Hilda had brought them to his customers. He had met her there. She had brought them to him. The light from across the street struck Alice Bonselle's face and illuminated it.

Martin moved a trifle, and against the open doorway he could see the face of the singer. It was Hilda—Hilda as he had left her last Spring. Large and beautiful, likely to captivate the fancy of a boy, but as he looked at the sweet, lovely face near him he felt that he wasn't a boy any longer.

There was but one course open to him. Hilda had trusted him and had come. If she had not come he would have gone to her. He had been a coward and a trifler to let his feeling for Alice grow to the vital thing it was. When this song was over he would make the excuse of the Indian signals to get her around on the other veranda. And he would say "good-by." He wouldn't tell her why he was going. He couldn't do that. Maybe sometime when they were old, old, he could tell her. He couldn't build any future without her being in it somewhere. Then he would go to Hilda and take her away to-morrow. What would they all think? He must leave his work here, everything. He had never had any friends like these in all his hard-working life. Would he ever have any such again? Hilda's friends were saloon keepers, he thought, bitterly; and yet, through it all, a sense of her beauty and the magic of her song went like a scarlet thread. They were all listening breathlessly, and she was his. She had left everything and come to him.

Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

The last note died on the air. There was laughter and stir across the street, and the Colonel and the Doctor softly clapped. "That's a new one, isn't it?" asked the Colonel.

"No," said the Doctor, feeling about the straw table for another cigar and a match; "she's been here about 10 days. She's Dutch Frank's cousin, and he brought her out to sing in the saloon; but he's married her. I was one of the guests. It was in the Catholic church this afternoon. Frank invited me around to the Maison Dore to have dinner with them, but my other engagements prevented my accepting. He said he was going to open 'd'venty pottles' and was going to start in the morning on a 'dour.' They are going back to Saxony, I believe, where they came from. She's a mighty handsome woman—regular Gretchen type—and if that voice were a little stronger she might have made a show on the stage; but I suppose she's as stupid as an ox."

Mrs. Bonselle did not think it delicate to discuss young women who sang in saloons.

"I wonder if its going to rain," she said, looking up at the moon sailing through the luminous sky. "That might have been lightning," said Martin, also rising. I wonder if there are any signals from Cochise's stronghold. Miss Alice, shall we go around and see?"

"Well, I read your mind, young man," thought the Colonel, as they moved away.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The 46th Pa.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give a short history of the 46th Pa. in your paper, and oblige yours, very truly—A. LUCE, Co. C, 46th Pa., Letart, W. Va.

[The 46th was organized in September, 1861, at Harrisburg, and was soon afterward ordered to Harper's Ferry, Va., where it was assigned to Crawford's Brigade, Williams's Division, Banks's Corps, subsequently the Twelfth Corps. It remained on the upper Potomac until the early part of 1862, when it moved with Banks up the Shenandoah Valley, and during the campaign there the 46th took an active part. At Cedar Mountain the 46th took 23 officers and 481 men into action, and lost 31 killed, 102 wounded, and 111 missing. Eleven officers were either killed or wounded. The regiment took part in all the actions in which the Twelfth Corps were engaged—at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg—and went with that Corps to Tennessee. The regiment re-enlisted and went home on verteran furlough in Januray, 1864, after which it returned to Sherman's army with ranks well recruited, the corps being changed to the Twentieth. The 46th took part in all the hard fighting for the reduction of Atlanta, and marched through Georgia and the Carolinas and took part in the Grand Review at Washington. It is one of the 300 fighting regiments mentioned by Fox, losing 14 officers and 165 men killed or died of wounds, two officers and 136 men died of disease, etc., and 622 killed and wounded.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

The Potomac Home Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Can you tell me why the 2d and 3d Md., P. H. B., were assigned to the Twenty-second Corps at the Encampment at Washington, as neither one of the regiments ever served a day nor hour in that corps? The only time the 3d Md., P. H. B., ever saw Washington as a regiment was on a hot, sultry July day in 1864, when it marched through the streets on its way to Snicker's Gap to hold a conference with Pap Early's move in the future.—Rev. JOHN H. BARNEY, First Sergeant, Co. B, 3d Md., P. H. B., Hancock, Md.

[The assignment of the Potomac Home Brigade to the Twenty-second Corps was for convenience, and purely arbitrary. The Committee on Reunions made a rule that all the organizations in the Army of the Potomac not definitely assigned to any corps should be considered as belonging to the Twenty-second Corps. This rule applied to the Potomac Home Brigade.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Scott's Tactics.

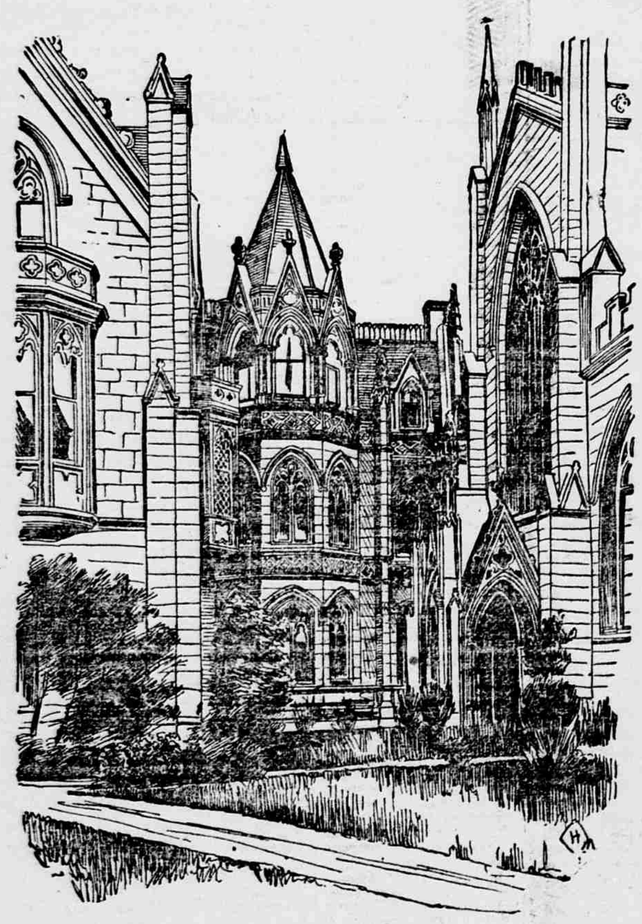
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I would like to ask through the columns of your valuable paper where a copy of the old Scott's Tactics (which we drilled in 1861) could be found and purchased.—J. C. SMITH, 730½ West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

[The only place the book can be found now is in some second-hand bookstore, or in an old collection of books. Perhaps some one of our readers has a copy that he will sell Comrade Smith.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

THE DEACONESS.

Work of the Order in the Protestant-Episcopal Church.

TO hear of the work of the Deaconesses, their quiet, helpful lives and gentle influence, is to the majority a surprise. Many of the churches now realize the important need of women who shall go out as "Servants of the Church," to spread the truth and to help the faint-hearted and the weary; that Training Schools, Homes, and Hospitals are springing up all over the country under womanly care. Yet these modern "Phœbes" come in contact almost entirely with those in distress, so others, not in need of their ministrations, hardly realize that they are at work. The glimpse into the life in the New York School under the care of the Protestant Episcopal Church is an interesting one, and the promised letters about the "setting apart" of the candidates and their work will be eagerly awaited by all who rejoice in good work being done.



GRACE HOUSE.

802 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1892.

For several years there has existed in the minds of devout and thoughtful Bishops and ministers of the Protestant-Episcopal Church a desire to restore in their communion the ancient Order of Deaconesses, established in the primitive Church, adapting this reinstated deaconate to the needs and surroundings of modern times and our Western civilization. Books and pamphlets were written and published, and investigations made into the good work done by women trained at Kaiserswerth and elsewhere. Practical methods were studied, and after earnest prayer and much consideration a plan was presented to the General Convention of 1889, resulting in the Canon on Deaconesses, which provides "that every candidate for the office, before she is set apart, shall have had an adequate preparation for her work, both technical and religious, which preparation shall have covered the period of two years."

In virtue of this canon training schools have been established in more than one diocese. The purpose of this article is to describe the New York Training School for Deaconesses, at present holding its sessions at Grace House, 802 Broadway.

This school has been incorporated according to the laws of the State in which it is situated, and placed under the management of a Board of Trustees, the Bishop of the Diocese, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., being the visitor, and having the right of nomination in filling all the vacancies in the Board. The President is the Rev. Wm. R. Huntington, D. D., rector of Grace Church; the Treasurer, Mr. Edw. C. Sampson, and the Secretary, Miss Langdon, besides an equal number of men and women divided into committees for superintendence of School, Home, etc.

There is a faculty of several instructors, of which the Rev. Dr. Huntington is Warden, and the Rev. Hazlitt McKim, Dean. Two classes—one senior and one junior. The studies cover careful instruction in the Holy Scriptures, the Book of Common Prayer, with special reference to Bible-class teaching, ancient and modern Church history, pedagogy, hygiene, and sanitation, besides bookkeeping and practical lessons in cooking. Three months in each of the two years are also given to the actual and daily care of the sick, under competent guidance.

At the end of the term there is a written examination by the faculty.

Candidates for admission cannot be less than 18 years of age, and such as present themselves under 21 must have the consent of parents or guardians; they must also pass an examination equivalent to that required for entrance at high-schools.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The success of this school, now firmly established, is chiefly owing to the untiring and personal devotion of Rev. Dr. Huntington, ably assisted by the Rev. Hazlitt McKim and other members of the faculty. Its sessions are most interesting. The students assemble each morning, when the 9 o'clock bell calls to prayer, in the Gothic chantry of Grace Church, and join in the morning service of prayer and praise. Drawn from North and South, from East and West, worship of the Father of All is a bond of union, and the day is begun by impressing on each heart the purpose of their training, viz., to be helpers in leading others Heavenward. The little iron gate is passed, and they enter Grace House. Two rooms, furnished with desks, blackboards, etc., are occupied by instructors and classes; the tuition begins; it is most interesting to watch the eager, upturned faces and to listen to the clear exposition of Bible or prayer-book, history or hygiene, or later in the session to a vivid description of "how to teach," and to reach different temperaments, lymphatic or sanguine—Americans, Germans, Irish, or Italian, the great problem of our seaboard cities, presenting itself always to the Sunday or industrial-school teacher.

There is nothing to distract the attention; occasionally the chimes from the adjoining church only act as a stimulant.

The more practical courses are bookkeeping, and lessons at the New York Cooking School. These prepare the future Deaconess for helpful visits to the ignorant and the invalid in tenement-house districts.

In the month of May, after a short vacation, the training in nursing begins. The hospital opens its wards, surgical and medical. By the bedside of maimed men, suffering women, helpless children the student has opportunity to learn remedial measures, and is prepared to become a useful assistant in cottage hospitals, nurseries, or infirmaries. But that is not all: the discipline is most effective in teaching, close attention, absolute obedience and self-control, and the cultivation of complete relaxation after the nursing duties are over, so necessary for good work, either mental or physical.

The women thus trained during the past two years are busy at work. The Deaconess Students' Home, the ceremony of setting them apart, and their subsequent duties, will be described hereafter. M.

The 11th Pa. Cav.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give a brief history of the 11th Pa. Cav. in your valuable paper, and oblige—JOHN F. BROWN, First Sergeant, Co. A, 11th Pa. Cav., Center Point, Iowa.

[The 11th Pa. Cav. (108th Pa. Inf.) was raised as an independent regiment originally, under special authority of the War Department, but was afterwards placed in the Pennsylvania line. Some of the companies were raised in other States; two came from New York, one from Iowa, one from Ohio, and one from New Jersey. It organized at Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1861, and the same month went to Virginia 1,130 strong. The regiment was stationed for six months at Fort Monroe, drilling and performing light duty. Active service began in May, 1862; some of the companies doing duty near Suffolk, while five companies served with McClellan's army on the Peninsula. In 1863 the regiment was employed on scouting and outpost duty in the vicinity of Suffolk and the Blackwater, during which several skirmishes occurred, with considerable loss in killed and wounded. About 400 of the men re-enlisted in the Fall of 1863, which, with recruits, preserved the regimental organization after its term of service had expired. In 1864, the regiment fought in Kautz's Cavalry Division (afterwards McKenzie's), and at Ream's Station lost over 100 in killed and wounded, including three officers killed. At Five Forks another sharp contest occurred, in which Maj. Monroe and two officers were killed, together with several of their men. The regiment lost 11 officers and 108 men killed or died of wounds, and 180 men died of disease, accidents, in prison, etc. Sixty-four men died in rebel prisons. The regiment lost men in 33 actions.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Killed in the Mexican War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please inform me through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the number killed in the Mexican War.—J. J. F., Forestville, Pa.

[The figures are as follows:

Regulars:	
Killed	536
Died of wounds	408
Total	944
Volunteers:	
Killed	513
Died of wounds	100
Total	405
Total killed	1,049
Total died of wounds	508
Grand total	1,557

—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

The 1st N. Y. Dragoons (19th N. Y. Cav.).

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give a sketch of the 1st N. Y. Dragoons.—A MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT.

[This regiment was organized at Portage, N. Y., as the 130th N. Y., and served as such during the Peninsular campaign. On July 28, 1863, it was tranferred to the mounted service, under the designation of the 1st N. Y. Dragoons, or 19th N. Y. Cav. The regiment was drilled as cavalry by Col. Gibbs, of the U. S. Cavalry Service, and on the night of Oct. 17, 1863, the Dragoons made their first fight as such at Manassas Plains. On Grant's campaign of 1864 the regiment started with about 400 carbines, and at Todd's Tavern, having dismounted, made a desperate fight, sustaining the heaviest loss of any cavalry regiment in any one action during the war. The Dragoons lost in the Wilderness 20 killed, 36 wounded, and 35 missing. At Cold Harbor the wearied troopers were sleeping on the ground, bridle-rein in hand, when they were awakened and ordered into the breastworks, which they gallantly defended while their band played gaily during the entire fight. At Trevilian's Station the remnant of the Dragoons were actively engaged, their casualties in that action amounting to 16 killed, 61 wounded, and eight missing. After fighting under Sheridan in the famous Shenandoah campaign, and sharing the glories of the final scenes at Appomattox, the regiment was mustered out June 30, 1865. During all its mounted service the Dragoons were in the First Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, and ranked high in the estimation of all the general officers. According to Fox the regiment lost four officers and 126 men killed or died of wounds, and one officer and 130 men died of disease, accidents, in prison, etc. The total killed and wounded of the regiment reached 461. Thirty-three men died in rebel prisons.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Thin Diet.

[*New York Tribune.*]

A Scotch paper tells of a farmer's wife who has a great deal of trouble with her servants. The other day one of them came to her to say: "Madame, I fear I shall not be able to work much longer. I think I am going blind." "Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work." "Yes; but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner." The farmer's wife understood, and the next day the servants were served with very large and very thin pieces of meat. "How nice!" the girl exclaimed, "my sight has come back. I can see better than ever." "How is that, Bella?" "Why, at this moment," replied Bella, "I can see the plate through the meat."

THE "BETTER HALF."

Because the sentinels failed to recognize the Empress one day, while she was walking alone, and one of them addressed her as "Fraulein," the Emperor has ordered that in every barrack-room in the German Empire shall be hung one of her portraits, in order that no more such mistakes may occur.

* * *

Further, this same Emperor refused to sanction the marriage of one of his Ministers with an American girl, and in consequence the Diplomat, who was Minister to the Court at Pekin, has resigned.

* * *

Ever since the day when Mrs. Langtry entered London with only two gowns, a black and a white one (at least that is all that gossips say she had), her dresses, as well as her beauty, have been the subject of much criticism, remark, and admiration. In her new play in the first act she wears a dress of black crepon, made plain and close-fitting, over a silk lining. There is nothing to relieve the soft black wool but a twisted sash and a collar of black satin.

* * *

Bengaline is made into many pretty evening gowns this season. The white is oftenest made up with velvet sleeves and trimmings of same color, green or pale yellow being the preferred ones. The colored material is matched for the sleeves. A pink one with rosy velvet sleeves was very pretty.

* * *

One bride has fashioned for herself a scrap-book that will long serve herself and her children as a pleasant reminder of her wedding. She has in it scraps of the gowns of her trousseau, newspaper clippings describing the event, a list and short description of her wedding gifts, and a little account of the wedding journey.

* * *

For housekeepers who suddenly find in necessary to prepare something extra for the meal there are several things that require but little time or trouble to make into delicious dishes. Canned chicken, if served hot with a nicely-made cream-sauce and sprigs of parsley, is almost as nice as the freshly-prepared fowl. There are bottles of French bouillion that are nicer for soups, or the little cups of bouillion for luncheons, than most of the meat extracts. Four tablespoonfuls makes a quart of clear soup that may be flavored with celery-sauce and served with croutons or with poached eggs (one for each person). Then there are packages of shredded vegetables that only need to be soaked for an hour or two in cold water to make them useful for soups. It is well to have materials of this sort on hand in cases of emergency.

* * *

A mild remedy for hoarseness is to beat up the white of an egg with the juice of a lemon, and add enough sugar to make it pleasant to the taste. Take a teaspoonful of it every half-hour until the hoarseness is relieved.

* * *

The tall celery-glasses and flat celery-dishes are only partly satisfactory to hold the celery, and nowadays a few choice stalks are laid beside each plate and the holder is not used.

* * *

No linen that has been dried in hot air or out on roofs is so soft or white as that spread out on grass within reach of fresh air and sunshine. Often from the large cities the people send their table-linen and fine white things out into the country to be laundried, to prevent them from getting dull or yellow.

* * *

Wheat makes a pleasant variation with oatmeal for a breakfast dish. It is nice to buy the whole grains and break them in a coffee-grinder. Often the grocers keep only an inferior quality. An hour or more should be allowed for it to boil, and fresh cream or milk should be served with it.

* * *

Saratoga chips cooked at home are much crisper and fresher than those bought already prepared at the grocery stores. Select large, perfect potatoes, peel, slice thin, and put them in cold water for an hour. Then wipe them dry and lay them on a large cloth. Sprinkle with salt. To fry them have ready a large kettle of hot suet. Try the fat first by dropping in one or two of the slices, stirring them with a long-handled fork to keep them from sticking together. When the potatoes are done they should be colored a light brown. If the fat be not hot enough the potatoes will be greasy. Skim them into a colander and then put them in a hot dish in the oven. Set the fat back while you put in more potatoes, and then proceed as before. It is nice to fry them in a wire basket. As much of the grease as possible should be drained off from them.

* * *

Gail Hamilton says of girls, "Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford," and that "It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady." "Good breeding is good sense," is another of her maxims.

* * *

The Spanish have a little experiment that they vouch for as being as good a weather indicator as a barometer. The materials needed are a cup of clear coffee and a lump of sugar. Drop the lump in, and without stirring it watch it dissolve. If the bubbles, as they rise to the surface, collect together in the center, then it will be a fair day. If they form a ring around the sides of the cup, then it will be a stormy one. If they do neither one thing nor the other, then the weather will be variable. There is no explanation of this coincidence, but the experiment has often been successfully tried.

* * *

Our cut shows a handsome gown for an elderly or middle-aged woman. It is made with a princesse redingote of black velvet, out-

BLACK VELVET GOWN.

either to hold the gown during the day or to hold those that are in the drawer. A pretty one was made of china silk with a white background "flowered o'er" with little arbutus blossoms and leaves. The lining is of pink silk tufted with little knots of white ribbon. Two bands across the inside hold the gown in place and two bows fasten the sachet. The amount of material used was three-quarters of a yard of the ordinary width—24 inches. The lining silk was a trifle narrower, but as the outside was hemmed over the lining, it was all right. In making the sachet, first the cotton was parted and sprinkled with satchet-powder, then the lining silk was basted to it, and the ends and sides were whipped together to keep the powder from scattering out. Then the lining and cotton were tufted together with pieces of baby-ribbon about six inches long. These were threaded through a large-eyed darning needle, and it was not difficult to draw them through. Then the outside piece was basted in place and the hem—fully half an inch wide—was basted down. After the hem was lightly sewed, it was cat-stitched down with pink silk floss. When the bands and bows were on, it was a very pretty gift.

Another sachet, equally useful, is for stockings. It can be made in the same way except its dimensions differ, it being longer and narrower. The one shown in the cut has a ruffile of lace around the edge and is tied with but one bow. There must be two bands for holding the stockings in, however. The case can have the word "stockings" embroidered on the top or not, as one prefers, but to most minds it is prettier without.

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Now that doylies are made in such profusion, there must be cases for them, and kid, embroidered linen, and silk are used in making them. The suede kid is often decorated with a few painted blossoms and lined with bright silk. The cases are made a trifle larger than the doylies, have a foundation of paste-board, layers of cotton scented with sachet powder, and have ribbon bows, even as other sachets and cases do.

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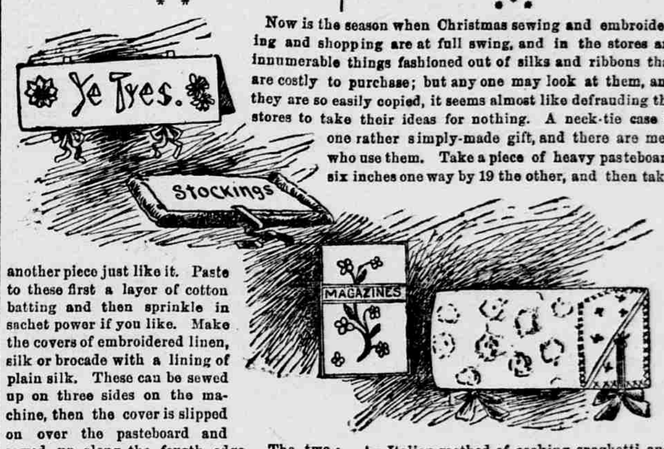
Now is the season when Christmas sewing and embroidering and shopping are at full swing, and in the stores are innumerable things fashioned out of silks and ribbons that are costly to purchase; but any one may look at them, and they are so easily copied, it seems almost like defrauding the stores to take their ideas for nothing. A neck-tie case is one rather simply-made gift, and there are men who use them. Take a piece of heavy pasteboard six inches one way by 19 the other, and then take



another piece just like it. Paste to these first a layer of cotton batting and then sprinkle in sachet power if you like. Make the covers of embroidered linen, silk or brocade with a lining of plain silk. These can be sewed up on three sides on the machine, then the cover is slipped on over the pasteboard and sewed up along the fourth edge. The two sides are held together with short hinges of ribbon and tied with bows on the other side. The one shown has "Ye tyes" embroidered in quaint letters across the top, and at either end a black-eyed Susan is embroidered with silks. The ribbons are of brown silk and are tied in graceful knots.

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A magazine cover or case has become a very popular thing. For this also various materials may be used, but it is best to take something that will be serviceable. Denim is sometimes used, and it is neither easily soiled nor worn out. Heavy linen in some rather dark color is also good. The heavy pasteboard is used for the foundation, and is cut in two pieces each seven inches or a little over, by 11 or 12. This also must be covered with a thin layer of cotton batting on the outside. Then, the cover may have a flower outlined or embroidered on it, and the word magazine across it. The lining is of silk of a contrasting shade. The linen and silk are cut one inch wider than the pasteboard foundations, to allow for the back of the book, making them, as they are cut all in one piece, 15 inches or more by 11 or 12. The measurements depend somewhat on the magazine that it will usually cover. The edges where they are sewed together may be finished simply with the seam or with a narrow braid. Another idea is to make the outside a half inch larger all around than necessary, and then to hem this extra width over on the inside, making a border around the lining.

A pretty gift that one girl might make for another is a night-gown sachet. Its purpose is

An Italian method of cooking spaghetti and cheese and tomatoes makes a very nice dish. Cook one pound of the spaghetti in three quarts of boiling, salted water, until it is tender, for about 45 minutes. Then drain it through a colander and set the colander in a tin pan in the oven to dry the paste somewhat. Boil a can of tomatoes down until it only makes about a pint, and season them with salt and pepper and a scant teaspoonful of sugar. Prepare three ounces of melted butter and the same amount of grated cheese. Have a dish hot and put into it, in alternate layers, the spaghetti, tomatoes and cheese, pouring over each layer some of the melted butter. Then mix the entire mass with a fork, sprinkle a little cheese over the top and serve it as a separate course or with the dinner vegetables, as preferred.

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Creams are always nice for dessert when one tires of puddding served too often. A pretty way to serve Charlotte-Russe is in glasses about half the size of ordinary water glasses. Line these with fresh lady fingers and fill in with whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla, lemon, or almond. Chill the cream thoroughly before whipping it, and let the dessert be cool when it is served.

lined with a jetted band. The skirt is lengthened into a long train in the back. The front of the gown is of black silk muslin, embroidered in a ruffle across the bottom, or it can have a ruffle of heavy black lace. At the waist this full front is held in by a wide belt of leaf-green velvet. The sleeves are made with two puffs and a ruffle of the muslin, banded in with velvet and ruffled with lace. The chemisette is of real lace gathered fully. At the throat it is finished with a jetted band collar. The style is one that may be adapted in other colors or in a combination of colors, though the single color is the richest in effect. It is not necessary to have the belt of a contrasting shade, though as described here it is pretty.

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In answer to a letter signed "Blonde," asking whether her sample of heliotrope-colored cloth would be pretty and suitable for a bridal gown, the wedding to be a quiet one; whether creamy lace would trim it prettily, and whether she can find use for a black gown that she already has on hand, I am glad to say that the sample is of a soft quality and shade, and as the writer is probably, as she signs herself, a blonde, it is no doubt very becoming. As to its trimming, the cream or ecru lace would be all right, and as a suggestion I would say that velvet a shade deeper than the color of the cloth would finish it softly and becomingly as no other material can. Velvet makes such pretty sleeves or sleeve-puffs, folded belts and collars. If lace is to be bought, select a piece of ecru, Irish point; it is the most stylish just now and comes in very dainty patterns. In regard to the black, you have not told what the material is, nor how you propose to make it. Most women, particularly blondes—for it becomes them—find a black gown very useful, as it can be worn many more times than a color, and it is always neat and lady-like. However, men do not always like black, and it is well to brighten its sombreness with a flower or leaf. If your last question is not satisfactorily answered, write to me again telling more particularly about it.

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A tablecloth, unless it be of very heavy damask, must be starched with a thin water-starch, ironed while it is very damp until every part has been smoothed perfectly dry, to satisfy some housekeepers.

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A very stylish coat for a young girl is shown in the next illustration. It is made close-fitting in the back, with loose fronts crossed over and fastened a little at one side. The cape is bound with dark-brown velvet, or may be edged with fur. The coat itself is of dark-brown cloth. The directoire revers are faced

back with the cloth of the coat, and the double-puffed sleeves are not trimmed at all, though a cuff of the fur or of the velvet might give them a more finished look. The hat worn with the coat is of dark-brown felt, turned up in the back under a brown velvet roset. It is further trimmed with brown tips, massed in front with loops of brown velvet ribbon. The wide brim flares around the face in a becoming manner.

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Buckles are worn on hats, belts, and shoes.

ELSIE POMEROY MCKELROY.