INSULT TO INJURY

A wise professor loved a pretty maid,
Calling the cause of science to his aid,
'Twas thus he wooed her!
"My life work on the prehistoric Human
Has need of your bright wits, as I'm a true man;
O share my toil and fame, most lovely woman!"
'Twas thus he sued her.

The mercenary girl made answer trite:
"I really fear I must, sir, in that light
Decline to view you;
Although you cause me pride and great elation,
But I'll become, for a consideration,
Assister to you."
—(Boston Traveller.

LOVE IN A BARREL.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

CHAPTER I.

A long row of some dozen or so great stone mills, with roofs tall and steep, or hipped and gabled, and with walls whitened with flour, gaping by open sheds and half doors upon a sunny stretch of dusty road, they stand upon the steep bluff shore of a river. Upon the road they are two stories high; upon the river front they are four, five, or even six. In some seasons sloops, brigs and barques are lashed to the river walls loading with barrels of flour or cornmeal, the shouts of the stevedores and the creaking of blocks and tackles echoing from stony wall to stony wall. On the decks lounge a few idle sailors in baggy breeches or petticoats, club cues down their backs and cocked hats or Monterey caps upon their heads; and upon the road in front of the mill doors stand clustered the queer old vehicles of the day, farmers' carts, coopers' carts, great Conestoga wagons dragged by teams of eight, ten, or twelve mules, and which travel sometimes even so far as Pittsburg.

Upon the further side of the road from the mills is the mill-race, brimming with the speeding waters that in the night time fill the silence with the brawling of their hurrying rush. Here and there side streams shoot under the bridges and lift flood-gates and set the huge, groaning wheels a-turning and the rude machinery and great millstones to jarring and turning in answer.

Such, one hundred years ago, were the famous old Brandywine flour mills, which ground more meal during the revolution and for the old West India trade than was ground at any other place in the country.

II.

It was the evening of the 12th of September in the year 1777. The yellow sunlight streamed in through the windows and all the room was full of the good smell of supper. The blue china cups and saucers and plates and dishes, the pewter spoons and the iron knives and two-pronged forks, polished till they shone like silver, caught the light, and winked and sparkled and twinkled back again at the broad yellow patches of light on the floor.

Friend Sparks and his family sat at supper, but, though the smell of it was so good, the knives and forks and spoons clattered in a listless fashion, and the family ate and drank without much heart in the matter.

"I don't know," said Friend Joseph, laying down his knife and fork and looking around at his daughters, and more especially at his niece, Mattie Dixon; "I don't know what it is that sets you girls so agog over a laced hat and epaulets and a blue coat and brass buttons. Here was General Washington and his army not more than a month in town, and now, because he has gone and takes away with him his snipe-jack aids-de-camp and captains and majors, all the women in Wilmington and Brandywine are in the vapors."

Now, men are not quick at seeing things, but the women knew very well why Mattie Dixon's eyes were red. Indeed, a gloom had fallen upon them all ever since a young farmer had ridden down from Chadd's Ford that morning, bringing the news of a great battle that had been fought up the Brandywine. Later in the day, two farmers' wagons had passed through the village, bringing each a load of wounded men lying in the straw.

But Friend Joseph Sparks did not notice Mattie's red eyes.

"I do not," said he presently, separating the don't in his emphasis, "I do not see what it is about a shedder of blood that turns a woman's head. I, for one, should be sorry to see a daughter or a niece of mine tied to such an unregenerate, soulless son of Anak as one of those young men who make bloodshed a trade, and think that a blue coat and brass buttons excuse murder. Now, there was a battle fought yesterday," he continued, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "and no doubt a many likely young men killed or maimed for life. There was that Philip Van Cleiff who came here so often when——" The worthy Friend was suddenly interrupted in his monologue by Mattie Dixon rising so precipitately as to knock her chair over backward with a loud clatter upon the floor, and then hurrying from the room without a word, feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief as she went.

Friend Sparks stared after her with open eyes. A momentary pause followed as the door banged behind the girl.

"How could thou talk so, Joseph?" said the good mother presently. "Didn't thou see that it was as much as she could do to contain her spirits?" Then she, too, pushed back her chair and followed her niece.

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, and then he also pushed back his chair with a loud scrape upon the floor, and taking his pipe from the mantel-shelf, filled it with tobacco and lit it with a coal he chose very carefully from the embers on the hearth.

His three daughters, Rebecca, Mary Jane and Susan, said nothing, but as he went out of the door in a swirling cloud of tobacco smoke they exchanged very meaning glances.

Friend Joseph Sparks was one right well known in the milling circles of his day; a wealthy man as times went, a keen bargainer, but as honest as the palm of your hand. He was the owner of three of the largest of the Brandywine mills, and sat in the gallery, as it was called, in Friends' meeting; for, like all of the Brandywine millers, he was a Quaker.

He was a man perhaps too keen and caustic in his speech, but with a good sound heart buried in the prickly husk. He alone, of all those Quaker millers, dared to grind flour during the dark days of Valley Forge. Now he leaned over the front gate of the garden feeling very uncomfortable at the thought of having made Mattie cry, looking absently up the road and puffing curling wreaths of smoke into the breathless air.

The sun had set and the glimmering gray of twilight had fallen. A cart came slowly moving down the white stretch of road—a farm cart from up in the country. A board was laid across it and on the board sat two men; one a farmer, the other an officer in the Continental army.

Friend Sparks watched them with a sort of dull curiosity. So many of the broken army had passed by ones and twos through the village that day that the sharp edge of interest was worn off.

But as the cart came up to him it stopped. "Do you know any one living here by name Joseph Sparks?" said the officer.

"I am Joseph Sparks," answered the miller, opening his gate and coming out. "Who has thee there in the cart, friend?" looking into the straw.

"A friend of yours," said the officer, "who was hurt yesterday in the battle."

As he spoke the figure raised itself from the straw where it lay and turned toward the miller a face white as death, the head and jaws bound around with a bloody cloth and a pair of eyes dull and languid.

The good Quaker hardly recognized in the pale, woe-begone figure the gay young Major Van Cleiff, who had visited at his house so frequently during the last month.

He stood staring, agape; holding his pipe idly in his hand. "Is thee much hurt?" said he, at last.

"I don't know," said the young man faintly.

"Can't you lodge him somewheres till he gets some doctoring?" asked the officer.

Friend Sparks stood for a moment sunk in troubled thought. "Nay," said he at last, "I can't bring him into the house. If the British should come, as it's likely they will, it would bring trouble that I have no right to shoulder. I can lodge him at the mill, and will make him as comfortable as I can." And so it was arranged.

Friend Joseph followed the cart down the short hill to the mill door, and there saw the wounded man carried into the loft, where a bed of empty bags was made upon a pile of wheat. Then leaving the mill foreman to watch the patient, he went back to the house for his coat and hat.

The news of the coming of the wounded man had already flown through the house. Mattie met him at the door, and as he stood in the dark entry gripped him by the wrist with both hands. "Uncle," she said in a breathless whisper—"uncle, will he die?"

"I don't know," said Friend Sparks in an answering whisper; "no, I think not." He could just see her pale face in the gathering darkness.

"Oh, uncle!" she said, in the same gasping whisper. "He asked me to marry him before he went away. If he dies my heart will break." And she began to cry convulsively.

Friend Sparks stood quite still for awhile. "I am going for Doctor Shallcross," said he at last, and then Mattie let go his wrist and he left her, shutting the sitting-room door very softly behind him.

"After all, it is no such great matter," said the doctor, as he and Friend Sparks walked across the road from the mill to the house in the starry darkness. "It is a sword stroke upon the side of the head, but the brain is not injured. He is only faint from loss of blood. I sewed up the cut, and 'll come again to see him to-morrow morning. I wonder," he added, "that they should have sent him here to Wilmington instead of taking him to Philadelphia along with them."

"Never mind," said Friend Sparks. "He is here now, and I'll make him as comfortable as I can."

Mattie Dixon awakened at early dawning the next morning with the dripping of the rain falling upon the roof—pat! pat! and an unusual sound of men's voices out in the road before the house—loud talking and laughter. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window and saw upon the other side of the road a sight that made her heart stand still.

A row of stacked muskets stood under the trees among the yellow leaves. Accoutrements, haversacks, and cartridge-boxes hung from the crossed bayonets and, squatting, lolling and sitting upon the ground were some two score of soldiers in tall grenadier hats, with white leggings upon their legs, and the blaze of red coats shining from under the cloaks hung loosely across their shoulders. Three or four officers sat upon a bench between two of the maple trees, and the white smoke from a fire rose sluggishly up through the half-naked branches.

The British had come.

Without waiting an instant Mattie slipped on a petticoat over her nightgown and, in her bare feet, ran down stairs and burst into her uncle's room. "Uncle!" she cried, "the British have come!"

Joseph Sparks sat up in bed as though moved by a spring.

"Oh!" cried the girl, wringing her hands, "the soldiers will find him and kill him or send him to the hulks."

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, "thou thinks of nothing but the young man. Go and get dressed. Thou's a spectacle."

"If he was only a barrel of flour," said Friend Joseph, as the family sat at a melancholy breakfast that morning, "I'd get him away as easy as goose grease." And then again they all sat silent in thought.

"Uncle," said Mattie, suddenly, "does thee remember those double barrels that thee had made to send cornmeal to Jamaica in the Nancy schooner before the war? Could a man get into one of them?"

"Perhaps so," said the miller, "if"—he stopped suddenly and pushed back his chair. "Why, thou's hit it, girl," he cried. "We might barrel him up and send him off—eh, mother? Why, one of those West Indian double barrels would be the very thing."

"We might send him to sister Jane, in Chester," said Rebecca Sparks, looking at her husband.

"No, no; that would never do," said the miller. "No man could lie cramped in a barrel five or six hours. Remember, too, that he's wounded. I tell thee what we can do. We can send him to Cousin Jane Penny; that's only four miles. We might say that we were sending a barrel to Chester, and they would never know that it stopped on the way—tschk!" said he, suddenly. "Here we are in a rut; who's to take the barrel?"

It was a point that they had not thought of.

"Can't John Binney take him?" said Rebecca. John Binney was the mill foreman.

"I don't see how he could," said Friend Sparks; "they would know that John Binney would never go to Chester with a barrel of flour. If the boys were only home (by the boys he meant the two sons, Reuben and John), they might do it."

In the pause that followed, Mattie suddenly arose and went to her uncle and kneeled beside his chair. "Uncle," said she in a low voice.

"What is it, Mattie?"

"One day when aunt and thee were away from home, I put on the clothes that Reuben wore when he was a boy." She bowed her head, and a long pause of silence followed. The old clock in the corner said sharply, "tick, tack." At last Friend Sparks broke the silence, and he spoke in a voice more gentle than his usual acrid tone. "Thou may put them on again, Mattie," said he.

III.

Colonel Gorse had made the counting-room of the great north mill his headquarters. He was lighting his pipe at a candle when the glass door opened and Friend Joseph Sparks came in, his beaver upon his head, a corporal escorting him, holding the sleeve of the Friend's coat between his thumb and finger.

He had come, the Friend said, to ask for a permit to pass a barrel of flour through the lines.

"Take off your hat," said Colonel Gorse.

"Nay," said the Friend, "it is against my conscience to take off my hat to any man."

"Damn your conscience!" said the colonel. "Take off your hat!"

"Nay," said the Friend; "I cannot take off my hat."

The orderly, who stood near to the colonel, leaned over and said something to him.

"I don't care a damn who he is," said the colonel in reply to the whispered word. "He shan't wear his hat before me. Take off his hat, corporal."

The Friend made no objections as the corporal lifted off his hat and tossed it upon the bench beside the door. "Now then," said the colonel, "tell me your business?"

The opening did not seem very propitious, but Friend Sparks began his story again. He had a sister in Chester to whom he had promised a barrel of flour. It should have gone yesterday, but he had put off sending. His sister would be looking for it and he was sorry that she should not get it. Would the colonel let him send it through the lines by his hired boy that morning.

"Can't your sister buy flour, instead of sending to Brandywine for it?"

"Why, thou sees, friend," said the miller, "money has been very scarce with us of late. My sister's husband is on a voyage to the West Indies, and she looks to me to help her in these matters, so, if thou'll let me, I'll send that barrel of flour this morning."

Once more the orderly whispered in the colonel's ear. Perhaps he told the chief officer that Joseph Sparks was one of the richest men in that part of the country. The two held a muttered talk for a few minutes and then the colonel turned abruptly to the Friend with more respect in his voice than he had shown before.

"What time did you want to send that flour?" said he.

"About 9 o'clock," said Friend Joseph.

"Well," said the colonel, "have it ready by 9 o'clock and I will let it go through the lines."

So at 9 o'clock a cart half full of straw stood in front of the door at the south mill with a pretty, pale-faced boy standing at the horse's head. The miller and his foreman lowered a great double barrel by a block and tackle from the loft above. Two or three soldiers were standing in the rain with their cloaks over their shoulders, idly watching the operation. They did not see three augur holes in the top of the barrel. As it touched the ground Friend Sparks carelessly threw a bag over the top of it.

"That 'ere is the biggest barrel of flour that ever I see," said one of the men taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"It's a double barrel, friend," said the miller brushing his hands together. "It is the kind that we used to send to the West Indies."

"Where be that going?" said the soldier.

"To Chester," said the miller briefly. "Now then, John, easy." They turned the barrel on its side and rolled it slowly up the plank to the cart.

"You roll it up as if it were full of glass," said one of the soldiers. "Let me help you."

"Never mind, friend," said the miller. "We can handle it better without thy help. So—now John—that's it," and the barrel was rolled into the cart and fastened in its place with ropes. The soldiers did not notice that it lay upon its side, the end nearest the head of the cart raised a little higher than the other.

As they went by Colonel Gorse's headquarters the orderly who had befriended Friend Joseph stood at the door. A young, boyish-looking lieutenant wrapped in a cloak sat upon a horse near by and two troopers and a corporal stood beside him, the muzzles of their guns pointed downward, the flintlocks sheltered from the drizzly rain under their overcoats.

"Is this the barrel of flour?" said the orderly peering into the cart.

"Aye," said Friend Sparks, "that is it."

"It is a plaguy big one," he observed.

"It is easier to send it in such bulk," said the miller.

"These men are going to Chester," said the orderly, pointing to the young officer and the three troopers. "They will see you safe through."

His words fell upon Friend Sparks like a thunderbolt. His mind seized upon everything in one instant of flight. Those few words meant either death to the wounded man who would have to stay five hours in the barrel—a dreadful death, cramped and tortured in the narrow space—or else, should the secret of the contents be disclosed, imprisonment for himself and perhaps for his niece. He looked at Mattie, but she kept her head turned away and made no sign.

"Forward!" said the young officer, and off they moved, he riding in front and the three men marching beside the cart.

The miller stood looking after them until they had passed beyond the crest of the hill.

"Are you sick, Mr. Sparks?" the orderly asked looking into his face.

"Nay," said the Friend with a start, "but I feel chilly; I think I'll go home."

Mattie had heard the words as well as her uncle, and as she rode along unheeding the rain and the rough shaking of the cart, her thoughts teemed like a hive of bees, planning and planning as to how she should leave her precious burden at Cousin Jane Penny's house. She made up her mind at once that should they pass it by, she would confess to the young lieutenant. For imprisonment in the hulks was better than the chance of death in the long ride to Chester.

About two miles from the town there is a little brawling stream, then known by the Swedish name of Skillpot, or Stony Brook. At the edge of the woods, close to the stream, was a company of troopers, who had been stationed to watch the high-road for stragglers from the American army. They had built a rude shelter of fence rails and brush-wood beside the road.

As the company came by, one of the sentinels on guard stopped them, and the young lieutenant showed the passes for the cart and its burden.

"Look'ee, Jack," said the soldier, calling to the others. "Here is a chap with the biggest barrel of flour that ever I see. Tell them to fetch the pan and we'll fill it."

For a moment Mattie's head spun dizzily; then she cried out in a shrill voice: "You shan't touch the flour! The barrel is not yours; you shan't touch it."

"Zounds!" said the man. "Why shan't we touch it? Can't you spare a little pinch of flour out of such a big barrel as that?"

"No," cried Mattie, passionately. "You shan't have it!"

"Let the man have a little," urged the lieutenant.

"No, he shan't have it!" she cried more and more vehemently.

Two or three of the others had come forward now and one stood by with a hatchet in his hand.

"By the Lord Harry!" said the man who had just spoken, "we shall have some, I tell'ee! Here, Dick," to the other sentry, "hold the boy. Now give me the axe till I knock in the head."

"Let me go," screamed Mattie, struggling with the fellow who had caught her by the arms and held them behind her back.

"What is the matter there?" said a harsh voice, and Mattie, turning her head, saw an elderly officer wrapped in a cloak, standing by the fence beside the road.

"They want to rob me," cried she in a gasping voice, "and they shan't do it! They shan't do it!"

"What's the matter, my men?" the officer asked, coming forward. One of the soldiers explained, and the officer turned to Mattie with some surprise. "And will you not give the poor man a little of your flour?" said he.

"No," said Mattie, "I cannot."

"But why?" said the officer.

Mattie hesitated a moment, and then a sudden determination came upon her. "I will tell you," said she, "but I cannot tell them."

"Very well," said the officer, "tell me, then." And he led her a little apart to the side of the road. The poor girl hesitated for a moment or two; looked to the right and the left like a hare in the toils, then catching him by the arm and raising herself upon tip-toe she breathed into his ear: "Because I am a poor girl and am trying to save my dear friend, who is a wounded soldier of the American Army and is in yonder barrel."

The officer glared at her silently for a little while; beyond that he neither changed countenance or made a start.

Mattie waited breathlessly to hear what he would say.

Suddenly he turned to the others. "Who gave the order to pass this boy through to Chester?" said he.

"Colonel Gorse," answered the young lieutenant.

Once more the officer hesitated for a moment. "Very well," said he at last, "then let him go."

Mattie gave him one eloquent look of gratitude and then without waiting a moment, ran to her cart and clapping the reins, rode off as fast as the sober old horse could draw its load.

IV.

As they climbed the steep hill beyond the brawling stream the young officer reined back his horse beside the cart. "What was the reason you wouldn't give the men some flour?" said he.

"Because I would get whipped," said Mattie, looking up at him with her dark eyes. "Mister Sparks is a quiet man," she added, "but," with a grimace, "when he whips he whips hard."

The young officer laughed aloud. "And that was your wonderful secret, was it?" said he.

"Yes," said Mattie, "I did not want the soldiers to know it, for fear they'd laugh at me." Then suddenly, "There is a farmhouse a mile up the road yonder, and Mr. Sparks told me to stop there for a letter if you'd wait till Mrs. Penny wrote it."

"No," said the young officer. "We make no stops till we get to Chester."

"Very well," said Mattie, with a show of indifference, "just as you please. It wouldn't take over fifteen minutes, and she can mull a crock of the best hard cider to be had in the State of Delaware."

The young soldier rode on for awhile in silence. He had been marching in the rain with the three men since daylight that morning. He had had nothing to eat but a piece of bread and meat, and nothing to drink but a cup of lukewarm tea, which he had swallowed in Wilmington. The thought of the mulled cider and the warm rest for a few minutes was alluring.

"Where is the house?" said he, suddenly.

"Oh, half a mile or so along the road," said Mattie. "It don't matter if you won't stop. It was only a letter that I was to take if I had gone to Chester yesterday."

The young officer reined back his horse to where the troopers were plodding behind, and a few words passed between them. "Very well," said he, riding forward to the cart again, "we'll stop for fifteen minutes, if it won't take you any longer."

Mattie's heart began to beat as though to smother her; she felt her eyes grow misty with tears. "Very well," said she, after awhile, when she could trust herself to speak, "just as you choose."

How Mattie ever got the soldiers into the kitchen of the farm house and her cousin into the back entry without the good old dame's betraying her she never could tell.

Perhaps it was because Friend Penny was near-sighted; perhaps it was because she was bewildered by the coming of the soldiers that she did not recognize Mattie at first.

And now at last Mattie had her in the entry back of the dining-room.

"Cousin Mary," said she, "don't say anything—don't make a noise—I am Mattie—hush!"

"Mattie! ! ! !" cried the old lady. The girl clapped her hand over her mouth. "Hush!" she said again. "Don't make a noise—I can't stay—I must go back to the kitchen—there's a man in the barrel in the cart—send some hard cider to the kitchen right away and then get him out—I've told them that I was to stop for a letter—make believe to write one."

All this she said pantingly and brokenly, and then she was gone.

"Where's the mulled cider?" said the young lieutenant.

"It's coming," said Mattie. "I told the old lady to fetch it right away."

The corporal had lit his pipe and was standing looking out of the window, streaked and blurred with rain. "Hallo!" he cried suddenly. "Hi there! Stop! What's that man doing with the horse and cart?"

Mattie looked out of the window and saw John Grimes, the hired man, leading the horse and cart toward the shed behind the house. "Oh! he's only going to take the horse out of the rain," she said, "let him alone. Here comes the cider."

Friend Penny brought it in with trembling hands and set it down upon the table. "Now, ma'am," said Mattie, "you go fetch me the iron. I'll sizzle the cider up. Oh, I am a master-hand at making cider!" she rattled on; "I'll show you how to brew a mull of cider that'll make your wig stand on end. Many and many a glass I have brewed for old Joey Sparks, and it had to be just so or he'd leather me." She hardly knew what she was saying, but she chatted wildly on as she heated the iron in the fire, dipping it into the cider until it steamed again, sweetening the fragrant brown liquor with sugar and spicing it with cloves and allspice. "Now, then, taste that, captain," she said, handing it to the young officer with a flourish.

She heard a sound of shuffling feet without, as though of men carrying a heavy weight, and then a thump as though of that burden set upon the floor.

"What is that?" said the lieutenant, stopping his hand as he raised the cup to his lips.

"I don't know," said Mattie. "Nothing, I guess. Did you know that this house was haunted?"

"No, of course I didn't. How should I know it?"

"True for you, captain! Of course you didn't know it was haunted. But it is, and I'll tell you the story, if you'd like to hear it." Without waiting for an answer she rattled on, partly improvising a string of nonsense, partly adhering to the thread of an old legend of the neighborhood; a story of a murdered pedler, and of how every year at the same hour that the murder was done all the sounds of the tragedy were enacted over again. She was telling of how a woman passing through the kitchen had seen the pedler at the table, when her cousin came into the room with the bogus letter in her hand. Mattie read in her eyes that the work was done, and therewith the story came to an abrupt end. She put her hand to her throat, then—"I forget the rest of the story!" she cried wildly.

The young officer looked keenly at her.

"You're drunk!" said he.

"No, I ain't," said Mattie, in a shrill voice, "I am as sober as you are."

"Is he safe?" she whispered as she passed her cousin in the entry.

"Yes," said Jane Penny in an answering whisper, and then—"Don't give way, Mattie."

"Don't speak to me!" gasped the poor girl.

"Halloo!" said the corporal when they came out into the rain, "they've stood the barrel on end!"

And so they had, but it was not the same barrel that Mattie had brought with her from the Brandywine mills. She saw that at a flash, and then remembered that her uncle had sent a double barrel one time to Friend Penny to pack smoked hams in for the winter.

That long dreadful ride to Chester always remained in her memory like some horrid nightmare. She had a dim recollection of staring straight before her, of what seemed to her the unending road, the fine rain dashing in her face and a bitter tightness in her throat. But at last it was ended, and she lay upon the bed in her aunt's spare room sobbing and crying as though her heart would break.

Perhaps no woman before or since that time has carried her lover in a flour barrel and then exchanged him for smoked hams.

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Major Van Cleiff made every effort to find the name and the address of the old captain of troopers that suffered Mattie to pass along the road that day, but it was not until he had been married a twelvemonth that he was successful. Then he sent him on the behalf of his wife a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. It was in the shape of half a miniature flour barrel.—(The Northwestern Miller.

NEW BONNETS.

BEAUTIES IN THE SPANISH COLORS.

Merchants in millinery goods have imported for spring and summer large "sombrero" hats and small capotes of lace and crapes. Spanish styles rule the new fashions. This is shown in the lavish use made of black lace and black velvet ribbon in conjunction with bold strong colors. The new "toreador yellow," the more delicate corn color and the tomato red are shades which have been worn from time immemorial by Spanish women. The drapery of the mantilla is suggested in the arrangement of black lace over a high Spanish comb of jet above the brim in some of the new bonnets and in the narrow diadem effects of the trimmings in others. The use of natural tropical butterflies and beetles in brilliant iridescent colors for ornaments is a Spanish-American fashion which has been adopted this season by French milliners.

The new capotes or small bonnets are often pretty little affairs of black lace with transparent crowns of lace partly concealed by loops of black velvet ribbon or white crape. Sometimes they are left without trimming, save for the bandeaux of soft crushed roses or other flowers; borders of pendant balls of jet completes them. A small bonnet of toreador yellow crape is made with a shirred crown of crape and finished with a border of jet and a band of yellow primroses under the brim, raising it in diadem effect; a small knot of black Chantilly lace is placed over this brim and a black lace barb coming from the back is arranged to form brides or strings. An exquisite little bonnet is of jet, five successive rows of small pendant jet balls forming the brim; the transparent lace crown is partly covered by a loop and knot of white crepe de Chine, and above the brim by a cluster of white duchesse lace caught down by a fine gold ornament.

The use of a small barb or bit of real lace is a feature of the new bonnets. Thus a butterfly in old point will ornament a bonnet of black lace, or dark velvet or a tiny knot of fine thread lace will surmount the trimming above the brim. An exquisite dress bonnet from the house of Virot has a soft brim of velvet in the new rose-color, formerly known as "Bengal rose," but called this season "glaieul." The transparent crown of the hat is composed of black Chantilly lace stretched plainly across, and the bonnet is completed by a cluster of close buds and roses in Isabella yellow and crimson and a long scarf of black coming from the back, which is intended to be wound around the throat of the wearer and pinned on the shoulder with a rose or jewelled pin.

Large hats with broad brims that project over the forehead, shading the eyes, are trimmed with velvet, fans of sash ribbons and clusters of tips making them more suitable for city streets than the flower-garnished hats of last season. Such hats in chip and Milan straw, especially with the full soft "beefeaters" crown of velvet, will be worn with street costumes by young ladies.

The prettiest of these hats are of Neapolitan braid, combined with Milan, and, in some instances, with chip, a strand of Neapolitan alternating with one or two braids of the heavier straw. This gives a strong, durable hat, which will not press out of shape, like one of solid Neapolitan braid. Black hats are the rule; only a few colored straws and other braids are shown. The preference of refined customers is for a daintily made hand-sewn hat of fine braid. Some of the latest imported hats and turbans are finished with fancy brims of fine Tuscan work, or open embroideries in straw are inserted in the brim of a hat of Neapolitan and Milan.

A large black chip sombrero-shaped hat has a soft crown of egg-plant purple velvet and is trimmed with a cluster of yellow roses and finished with a crown, band and streamers at the back of pale corn-colored ribbon. Such a hat is intended for carriage wear, but there are large-brimmed hats with full crowns of rich-colored velvet, trimmed with clusters of black tips, not more conspicuous than the hats worn by English-women on the promenade, or by young ladies here a few seasons ago.

Chief among trimmings imported for millinery purposes are black laces, which are shown in barbs and by the yard, in light Chantilly patterns. Crepe de Chine and other gauzes and velvets are imported in all the rich and delicate colors of the season. Velvet ribbons in black and colors are chiefly in demand in the three widths known as Nos. 7, 9 and 16. The two narrowest widths are used for strings and the wider for loops and knots. Still wider velvet ribbons are shown, also, to be used in loops over transparent crowns of lace. There are many gauze ribbons; also tartan ribbon in broad trimming widths for hats for young ladies and children.

There are few feathers displayed, though a cluster of small plumes like those seen on the hats of Spanish grandees of the last century ornaments most of the trimmed hats so far imported from Paris. The flower merchants' counters are spread with natural clusters of flowers and show almost every variety of English wildflower. There are exquisite clusters of Beaconsfield primroses and of old-fashioned polyanthus. There are sprays of delicate English harebells and heather sprays in lovely pink and white, like the flower of the Scottish moors; there are sprays of forget-me-not, wallflowers, wild hyacinths, pansies in a medley of violet shades, and delicate sprays of wild morning-glories, pink and white. A great number of beautiful tropical butterflies are mounted on spirals in flower clusters, so that they seem to float over the flower. There are also moths, dragon-flies and other natural insects.

The latest importations of trimmed bonnets and hats show many new colors and a predominance of rich yellow shades, including "melon"—a deep salmon yellow, the color of the flesh of a ripened cantaloupe—toreador yellow, corn color, or the French ble d'or, and straw color. Olive and moss-green shades have not entirely disappeared but are combined with rose shades. Tomato red as now shown differs little from the poppy red of last season, and is a more becoming color than the yellow scarlet first imported. The violet and egg-plant purple shades are certain to be popular with refined buyers and many trimmings in these colors have already been exhausted and reordered by wholesale dealers. The beautiful "Bengal rose" shades or "glaieul" colors are too trying to be generally popular, but will serve as a relief among other shades.

There are a number of little bonnets composed almost entirely of violets or some other fine flowers with small transparent crowns of lace, among trimmed millinery.

Thanks are due to Aitken, Son & Co., and Worthington, Smith & Co.

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

SOME FASHIONABLE PAPER-HANGINGS.

There in no part of the decoration of a room more important than the wall covering. Walls are decorated after rooms in old French palaces; the ceilings and friezes in such rooms are moulded in high relief in old ivory, and other delicate colors, and the side walls are hung with tapestries, which are often painted to order, after old Gobelin designs. Papers are usually sold for simpler houses. Pale papers in monotone color are used in parlors furnished in French styles. A ceiling and wide-moulded frieze in white and gold or white and silver is used with such papers. Delicate faint shades of robin's-egg blue, pale water-green and tints of "paon" or blue greens are some of the colors chosen. A very beautiful paper for parlor use is in French gray decorated with silver. Charming papers for country parlors are in honeysuckle pattern. The vine, leaf and flower are so conventionalized in the body of the paper that they form a design suggesting old Damascan patterns, while the deep frieze shows the motif of the design in a graceful, realistic tracery of vine and flower. Charming papers for summer parlors or for bedooms are in narcissus patterns and are shown in realistic colors and conventionalized tints. "Bees among the clover" gives the motif for still another pattern designed by the "Associated Artists." Nursery papers are frequently designed with deep friezes of children's figures after Kate Greenaway's drawings. Still other nursery friezes repeat in pictures the familiar stories of nursery rhymes.

It is a rule with artistic decorators that the ceiling should be in the lightest or in the coldest tone of color; the frieze should be the same color or a trifle darker and the main body of wall a still more decided color. If a dado is used it is in a heavier, darker color than that used on any other part of the wall. The old method of bordering a room with a contrasting band of heavy color is no longer tolerated by refined householders.

Exquisite papers copied from old Indian or Chinese designs are shown for libraries and dining-rooms. A dining-room paper is preferred in rich color, suggesting rather the banquet-room of the Venetian in its rich, bold use of color than the sombre, stiff English dining-room.

Papers in delicate conventionalized flower patterns, in shades of one color, or in chintz patterns, as used for bedrooms or boudoirs. Such rooms are often finished with a deep frieze in colors harmonizing with the main body of the paper. In the case of chintz papers—which come in a variety of patterns with chintz exactly matching them in design and colors—the paper covers the side walls, and the ceiling is covered with the chintz in a fluted pattern. Tiny settees upholstered in the same chintz are added to the furniture of the room.

The most beautiful papers for entrance halls and vestibules are the gilded leather papers which are imported. Pieces of antique decorated Spanish leather are sought for this purpose, but are rare, being found only in bric-a-brac shops.

A MODEL KITCHEN.

LIGHTENING HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY.

IDEAS OF A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE WHO HAS DETERMINED TO DO HER OWN WORK FOR A TIME

"You might not think that the servant-girl question would affect our profession much," said an architect to a Tribune reporter the other day, "but I assure you that it does to an appreciable extent. Servants are so captious and exacting that they won't put up with the inconveniences or rather lack of conveniences of the old-time style of kitchen, and so people who can afford it try to facilitate their labors, and other householders who cannot afford the high wages of modern servants create a demand for facilities and conveniences in the kitchen to lighten their own labors.

"In these days of co-operative housebuilding and rapid transit to suburban towns, many a man who works in the city on a salary is enabled to build for himself or purchase a comfortable little cottage in the suburbs, who would not have dreamed of such a thing ten years ago, and many of them have good, economical, sensible wives (all accounts of the unfitness of American girls to be poor men's wives to the contrary notwithstanding), who are willing to go without a servant for a time and buckle down to the drudgery of the housework themselves, until the little home-nest is paid for and the mortgage on it cancelled.

"Now these wives know a thing or two and generally have good ideas, sometimes much better ones than their husbands', on what the architecture of a suburban house should be, barring an unaccountable desire for an unnecessary number of cupboards. And generally the first thing they think of, especially if they intend to do without a servant, is the arrangement of the kitchen. "Now here is a plan," continued the architect, sorting over a number of "rear, side and front elevations," "of what I call a model little kitchen, for winter and summer use. It was suggested by the wife of a newspaper man, too, who intends doing her own work in it for awhile.

"First of all you see it is built in the shape of a lean-to or addition to the house itself. You might think that a lamentable waste of heat in winter-time would ensue, but the house is heated by a furnace in the cellar and the great advantage of this semi-detached kitchen is felt in the summer-time. You see this big skylight in the roof? Well, that lifts up with a strong cord which hangs down close to the range, and in warm weather the hot air and the vapors from the cooking will rush up and out of the skylight, instead of roasting the little cook. The chimney, too, is on the outside wall you see, so as not to heat the dining-room unnecessarily and the kitchen has a window on either side, with a door at the end which leads into a little inclosed porch, which in turn opens on the rear yard. In this porch stands the refrigerator, and its waste-pipe passes through the floor, emptying into the gutter outside.

"The range, too, is provided with that great convenience, a sifter and a chute, down which the ashes pass into a closed box in the cellar. Thus there is no handling of hot ashes with their inevitable dust in the kitchen.

"Now look at the tubs, stationary, of course, and placed at a distance from the range and out of the way of the door. Three of them, you see, are for the actual washing, one for rinsing, and another for blueing. They are porcelain-lined. Iron, no matter how well galvanized, rusts in time, and wood retains the odor of the soap-suds and is hard to dry and keep clean; but porcelain is easily cleaned, never smells and never rusts. See these little dints or pockets, in the sides of the tubs—they're for the soap or blue and the front side of the tubs is waved or indented like a washboard, and serves that useful purpose just as well as the regular article, though not interfering with its use.

"The sink is broad and wide and deep enough to set the dish-pan in. It, too, is porcelain-lined for the same reasons, and has its little soap shelves also. On one side of it is a draining rack to stand the wet dishes in, and on the other is a leaf-table that drops down tight to the wall, out of the way, when not wanted, but when the dishes are being washed it is indispensable to put the dried ones on, as the regular kitchen table is over on the other side of the room.

"This kitchen table, by the way, is a treasure. It looks more like the cabinet desk of a business man than anything you would expect to find in a kitchen. It has a back part, that stands against the wall and is all pigeon-holes and drawers. They contain not papers and memoranda, but spices and ingredients of all kinds that are used in cookery, and required to be kept handy in small parcels. The table proper is a big and broad one, and has a big moon-shaped cut in it, where the cook sits, on a little swing seat that pulls out from under the board. Here she can reach all the pigeon-holes without rising, and still have plenty of room on the table at either hand for the food she is preparing.

"The indispensable pantry is a big one, and is situated between the kitchen and the dining-room. To reach the dining-room from the kitchen one must pass through the pantry or go out into the hall, which has an independent entrance into each room. This arrangement prevents the odors of the cooking from reaching the dining-room. The kitchen is finished in hardwood, not varnished but simply oiled. Varnish shows every splash of water that it gets, while the oiled surface can be rubbed and polished clean with ease. The woodwork is plainly but tightly fitted together; no ornamental grooving is allowed to furnish receptacles and hiding places for the festive cockroach and the friendly croton-bug.

"But perhaps the greatest innovation of all is the expedient to save the housewife from having to run up and down the cellar stairs any more than absolutely necessary. Did you see 'Faust up to Date' at the Broadway Theatre last month? Yes; well then you remember when the barmaid and her bar rose through the floor and disappeared again without shaking a glass or bottle from the shelves. Why should such a convenient arrangement be confined to the stage? The mechanism is simple enough. The machinery of the old dumb-waiter that we are all accustomed to is sufficient, and so this little woman is going to have one in her kitchen. A big one, full of shelves, that she can stand a great number of things on. It will be so weighted and balanced that she can lift it without any unusual exertion, take off or put on what things she chooses, and send it down below again to hang in the cool air of the cellar where it will not be allowed to touch the floor. The trap-door in the kitchen floor will be so tightly fitted that it will be hardly perceptible till it rises to astonish the visitor."

FINE LINENS.

A BRIDE'S FURNISHING.

The good old fashion of furnishing a daughter with an outfit of household linen on her marriage is becoming the rule in this country. Such an outfit includes table linen, bed linen and towels, and each piece is usually embroidered in entwining letters with the bride's maiden initials. These initials are not conspicuous, but are placed at one corner of the sheet or table cloth, across the corner of the napkin, and in the centre of the towel just above the border. A pure white towel of fine huckaback, finished with one or two-inch hemstitched hems, is preferred to all others by sensible people, who select a towel for its absorbent qualities. The majority of people find a damask towel uncomfortably slippery, while others will use nothing else. The various Irish factories dealing in fine hand-made linens are sending out many fancy patterns in huckaback.

Old-fashioned birdeye linens of exquisitely silken qualities are again shown for towels, and are finished with simple hemstitched hems.

A heavy, sharp weave of huckaback, known as the "elephantine," is used as a friction towel. Athletic persons like the sharp friction towel, which is made of the "noils," or second quality of flax fibre. These towels are $3 to $4 a dozen, and retain their sharpness after continual washing.

A useful and beautiful towel is made in diagonal weave, and is said to possess all the absorbent qualities of huckaback, while it is softer to the touch. A few huckaback towels, with a group of lines in color above the hemstitched hems, are shown, but a towel in pure white is generally preferred to any with a colored border. A wide border of Mexican drawn-work ornaments the most elegant white towels above the hem. Spanish peasant women send linen towels and other pieces finished with elaborate patterns in netted work above a narrow-fringed border. Similar work comes also from Italy. Such fringed towels are chiefly used for ornamental purposes, to cover the other towels on the rack, or as bureau or stand covers. The largest towels are about twenty-seven by fifty inches in size, but such huge towels are too large for ladies' use, and a smaller towel, but of exquisitely fine linen, is preferred.

Embroidered sheets and pillow cases are sold at prices which bring them within the reach of persons of moderate incomes; hemstitched linen sheets are $6 a pair and pillow-cases are $1 75 a pair upward. Elaborate sheets are finished with insertions in drawn-work or with heavy linen lace at the top and extending down a yard on either side. The best linen sheets measure full size, but housekeepers are advised not to be tempted by the low prices at which some houses offer these goods. The hemstitched linen sheets under prices quoted will generally be found too short and narrow for an ordinary double bed.

FROZEN PUDDINGS.

SOME DELICIOUS DESSERTS.

The French cooks make a variety of frozen puddings, some of which are simple ice-creams, with fruit added; others, like the Nesselrode pudding, contains nuts chopped and pounded to a paste. Iced rice-puddings are especially nice. A more troublesome frozen pudding to make than either of these is Gouffe's "Marquise pudding," which is served with a sauce of champagne frappe.

A good rule for a simple frozen pudding is a quart of cream, a large cup of sugar, a cup of milk, a cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of gelatine, and two eggs. Boil the sugar and water together rapidly for twenty minutes. Set the milk over to boil, and when it boils add to it the gelatine, which should have been soaked for two hours in just water enough to cover it. Strain the milk, add the eggs well beaten, and stir the whole into the syrup as soon as it is ready. Beat this mixture well for three minutes, then add the cream and a saltspoonful of salt. Freeze the cream till it is thick in the centre, then remove the beater, and add a pound of French candied fruit. Cherries and limes make a good mixture; cut the cherries into halves and the limes into quarters. Prepare all the fruit and soak it in maraschino for twelve hours before putting it in the pudding. If these precautions are not exercised the fruit will be frozen into tasteless rocky pieces when the cream is served. As soon as the fruit is added to the cream, work it in vigorously with a wooden spoon or spatula, and see that it is well distributed. Smooth the top of the pudding, pressing a piece of white paper over it. Put the cover on the freezer and cork up the opening. Pack the freezer with ice and with papers, covering it so closely as to exclude all air, and set it away for at least four hours before serving. This pudding should be served on a low crystal platter with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with marasquino around it.

It is amusing to note the number of recipes for Nesselrode pudding in cook-books of the last decade; they are all little more than adaptations of Count Nesselrode's original recipe published in Gouffe's "Livre de Cuisine." In the same work will be found a recipe, "Iced rice a la Imperatrice" and for "Marquise" pudding—a delicious frozen pudding. An excellent iced rice pudding may be made by boiling half a cup of rice in water till it is done, then adding a cup of rich milk. Cook the rice and milk for an hour longer in a double boiler with a little salt. When the rice is thoroughly soft add to it a quarter of a box of gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water, enough just to cover it, for two hours and dissolved in a half-cup of boiling milk. It is best to strain the gelatine and milk on the rice. Add then to the rice a scant cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of sherry. Beat all the ingredients together and add them carefully to two quarts of whipped cream, measured after whipping. Have ready a pound of French candied fruit prepared and soaked in maraschino. Stir the pudding in a pan of cracked ice till it is thoroughly chilled and begins to stiffen; then add the fruit and pack the pudding in a pretty steepled mould. Set this in a tub and pack in ice, or simply set it in the ice-box to harden like a charlotte Russe. Serve it on a low platter with a golden border formed of broken pieces of bright colored orange jelly or with a border of whipped cream.

BRIC-A-BRAC CABINETS.

Pretty cabinets for bric-a-brac are those imported from China and made of carved teakwood. They are arranged with irregular sections elaborately carved with open sides cut out in fretwork patterns. These cabinets are found in black, in a rich walnut color, and in the natural red color of the wood. A small standing cabinet, twenty-seven inches by thirty-two in height, is sold at $25. A large piece of furniture seven feet high, with doors finely carved closing the lower part, is $125. The elaborate carving on one of these cabinets often represents years of labor, as their wood is almost as hard as lignum-vitae. Bamboo cabinets, useful for books or bric-a-brac, are sold in sizes five feet high and three feet wide at $10. A richly carved hanging cabinet in teakwood casts about $25; a quaint style of teakwood cabinet in irregular zigzag shape is sold at the same price. Simple bamboo hanging cabinets are $2 75. The pretty carved tables of teakwood with marble tops come in different sizes, so that they can be utilized for pedestals, parlor-stands, washstands and various other purposes.

COMBINATION AMONG WOMEN.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are naturally conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have many of them suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease, till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all that in a struggle, such as a long strike always must be, it is only the strong who win, the weak ones go to the wall. All these things make women shy, and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England, and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods, have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by Frenchwomen, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers, is very much more promising there than in England. Scotchwomen are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower. The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our unskilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard, she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is much too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.

AT A SYMPHONY CONCERT.

From The Washington Post.

It was at the concert, where do-mi-sols were fluttering like butterflies of sound among great gardens of poetic imagination. Maude and Mamie are there. Maude and Mamie always manage to attend any public affair that is likely to be particularly interesting. The hall vibrates with the notes of the orchestra and the leader has his baton poised in air ready to give the final stroke which is to plunge the place in silence when Maude breaks in with:

"Say, Mame, look how long he has held his arm up that way. I should think it would make him tired."

"Well, it ought to," is Maude's response. "He makes me tired."

"Do you like this kind of music?"

"No. I'd a great deal rather hear Liz Thompson play the piano. Did you ever hear her? She can play the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' with one hand, 'Yankee Doodle' with the other, and sing a song all at the same time."

"U-Um! Can she? Say, Mame, you know Charley Banks?"

"Yes."

"You know he says so many clever things. He said yesterday that Will Jones wore Wagnerian trousers because they were so loud."

"The idea. Nobody but Charley would ever have thought of that. Got any more caramels?"

"Are all of yours gone already? Here's a whole lot."

"There, they're going to play again."

"No, they're not. It's over. Don't you see the people going out."

"So it is. Come on. Wasn't it lovely?"

"Perfectly divine!"

Hateful Blood Relations.

Hateful kindred are those sprung from the parent stem—malaria. They are chills and fever, bilious remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake. These foes to bodily peace are all blood relations, as there is no doubt that these endemic complaints are produced by contamination of the blood by the miasmata existent in both air and water in malarious regions. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters expels from the blood the virus with which miasma infects, but it does more than this, it neutralizes the atmospheric and aqueous poison and its germs before they have permanently fructified in the system, and thus effectually protects against it the fierce inroads of this diabolic brotherhood of diseases. Thus it is not only a remedy, but also a preventive, prompt in relieving, lasting in effect, perfectly efficient. Nervousness, biliousness, dyspepsia and kidney trouble also succumb to it.