THE SERVING OF ORANGES.

METHODS THAT PLEASE THE EYE AS WELL AS THE PALATE.

Solutions of the Problem of How to Eat an Orange at the Table—A Dish Made by Our Grandmothers—Some Forms of Candied Oranges and Salads—Uses of the Peel.

Less than thirty years ago the orange was found in the markets for only a short season each year, and then was so high in price that it was considered a luxury to be enjoyed exclusively by persons of wealth. To-day the orange is to be obtained in good condition nearly the whole year, and is regarded as a standard article of food, ranking next to the world-renowned American apple and being almost as reasonable in price.

In southern regions, where the orange abounds, the fruit is used not only as a food but also for cleaning purposes. Oranges are cut into halves, and wooden tables, benches, and floors are cleaned with them, as Northern women would use a scrubbing brush and soap. The boards are white and stainless after this application, the acid of the fruit seeming to remove all stains and dirt, and doing even better work than soap.

Fresh fruits are always healthful and inviting, often tempting a wavering appetite, and the orange is especially refreshing. It is a fruit that is awkward to eat, being so full of juice. The general way of serving an orange at breakfast since the advent of the pointed orange spoon is to cut it into halves horizontally with the skin on, and with this spoon extract the juice with the pulp and leave the fibre. The orange may be prepared prettily for serving by breaking the sections apart and leaving them upon a strip of peel. This is readily done by cutting through the peel in two lines around the fruit, leaving a half inch band of peel around the middle of the orange and removing all the rest of the skin. Cut the strip in one place and carefully open the fruit at its natural sections, spreading the strip of peel out flat. Lay oranges prepared in this manner upon a flat glass dish and scatter finely cracked ice over them. A napkin should be wrung out of fresh water and laid over the prepared fruit until serving time to prevent the delicate skin covering each section from becoming hard and dry. With a few blossoms or green foliage around the edge of the dish this makes an attractive and refreshing picture upon the breakfast table on an oppressive spring morning.

In southern countries a fork is stuck into the stem end of the orange and the fruit is then peeled, leaving only a circle of skin around the fork times. The oranges are heaped upon a dish and garnished with orange leaves. To each guest is served a laden fork, and he partakes of the fruit holding the fork in the hand and eating the pulp, leaving the pith upon the fork. This is an exceedingly pretty mode of serving the fruit, but not a graceful way of eating it, particularly if one happens to receive an unusually juicy orange.

Some recipes reprinted from an old English cookery book published more than a century ago gives curious ways of using oranges. One reads:

"Buttered Oranges. To make them, take a pint of cream, rasp the peel of two oranges into half a pint of water of orange joyce, six eggs, two whites and as much loafe sugar as will sweeten it. So straine and set over the fire in a lason. When it is thick put in a piece of butter as big as an egg and keep it stirring till cold."

It is said this recipe has been tried and found very good.

An old-fashioned and unusual dainty is called white-preserved oranges. These were made before the days of fancy paper cases by our grandmothers, who considered nothing labor that gave good results. The cases can be eaten as well as the filling. Select well-shaped oranges uniform in size. With a sharp knife cut a round piece from the top of each orange and remove the inside, keeping the peel whole. Fill the skins with water and stand them in a pan of water; put them over the fire and boil until the skins are tender but still retain their shape; then turn them drain. Make a thick, rich syrup of granulated sugar and water and put the strained skins in this syrup, having sufficient liquid to fill and cover them. Cook them slowly for forty minutes. Take the skins out and let them get perfectly cold. Reheat the syrup, adding more if it is needed, put in the skins and again cook them; this time for twenty minutes. Repeat this operation until the skins are clear, letting them get perfectly cool each time before reheating. When the skins are done stand them upon a flat dish to cool. Make a rich custard or a cornstarch blanc mange, and stir thickly through it little particles of the orange pulp and some of the juice. Fill the orange skins with the mixture, and let this filling become perfectly cold before serving.

A jelly made of the juice of the orange and bits of the orange pulp scattered through it, also makes an exceedingly nice filling. Another delicate filling is sweetened and well-drained whipped cream flavored with the juice of the fruit, and with small pieces of the orange pulp stirred through it. These preserved skins may be made and kept for any length of time if they are well covered and nothing is allowed to press against them and spoil their shape.

A pretty manner of serving oranges for a dessert is this: Peel the oranges down to the stem end; leave a tiny piece of skin there. Remove the white part, which has a bitter taste, from half the peels and with sharp scissors cut it into shreds. For half a dozen oranges take one and one-half teacupfuls of water and pour it over the shredded rind. Add one and one-half cups of granulated sugar and boil until it is a jellied syrup. Separate the oranges into small sections, leaving them fastened together at the stem end, and starting from the lower part of the orange to separate the pieces. Arrange them upon a flat dish; then, by spoonfuls slowly pour the liquid jelly over the fruit. Let them become perfectly cold before serving.

The small, cheap oranges, that are tart but quite juicy, and often have a bitter flavor, make excellent marmalade. It is easily made as follows: Take off with a damp cloth nine oranges and four lemons, and cut the fruit crosswise in the thinnest possible slices. Rice, using a flat dish to retain all the juices. Remove the seeds and put the sliced fruit in a porcelain-lined kettle, and pour over it three quarts and one pint of clear water. Cover the kettle and put it in a cool place for thirty-six hours. Then place the kettle over a moderate fire and let the contents boil for one hour. Add eight pounds of granulated sugar and boil one hour longer. Just before removing the kettle from the fire, stir into the marmalade a wineglass of whiskey. Turn into jelly glasses or cups, and let the marmalade become perfectly cold before covering.

A deep orange pie is an excellent dessert. To make it, put one cup of milk over the fire in a double boiler, reserving enough of the cold milk to moisten half a tablespoonful of powdered rice. When the milk is boiling add the moistened rice and stir a few moments; then add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, cook a moment, and take it from the fire. Beat the yolks of four eggs light and stir into them three-quarters of a cup of granulated sugar. Add the beaten whites of two eggs, the juice of three large oranges and the grated rind of two. Stir this cool preparation with the cooked mixture, blending them thoroughly together. Line a pudding dish with a thin layer of rich pie crust, building it around the edge with a double row. Fill the lined dish with the prepared mixture and bake, not too rapidly, about thirty-five minutes. Have the whites of two eggs beaten light and stiff. Fold in them two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Roughly lay this over the top of the pie when it is baked and brown it lightly in a cool oven. Bake this pie long enough before it is required to be certain of its being perfectly cold at serving time.

For Orange Puffs: Put one cup of water in a saucepan over the fire with two ounces of butter. When the butter is melted and the water boiling stir into it one cup of flour, and keep stirring until the mixture is a ball of thick batter and does not adhere to the pan. Take the pan from the fire and when the batter has cooled a little stir in the unbeaten yolks of four eggs, beating in one at a time until all are added. Flavor with part of the grated rind of an orange and two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and beat thoroughly before stirring in the whites of the eggs beaten light. Butter earthen popover cups and partly fill them with this mixture. Bake from a half hour to an hour and serve with a liquid sauce.

Preserved orange peel is useful for putting into cakes or pies with raisins or wherever candied fruits may be used. Wash the peel in several waters; then boil it in clear water until it can be pierced with a straw. Drain the peel, and when cold remove the white inner skin with a spoon. Make a syrup in the proportions of a half a pound of granulated sugar to half a pint of water, using sufficient liquid to cover the peel. Put it over the fire and when the syrup comes to boiling put in the peel and place a plate over the back of the stove so it will cook slowly until clear. Then place the pan where the contents will boil and the syrup will be quickly absorbed, which is only that it does not burn. Spread the peel upon plates and stand it in a warm place overnight to dry. The peel may be cut into shreds and will keep in a tin box or closely covered for any length of time. Candied orange peel is a particularly nice in Indian pudding.

Wild ducks, either broiled or roasted, with orange salad is an excellent accompaniment, and served upon the same dish with the birds it makes a desirable garnish. Peel tart oranges and cut them into thick slices. Remove the seeds and sprinkle them with a little cayenne pepper, a suspicion of salt, some oil and a few drops of lemon juice on each piece. Arrange the slices around the dish, the smaller ones at the sides of the platter and with the slices overlapping, or arrange upon white leaves of lettuce.

The pulp of oranges cut into pieces, mixed with a few white grapes cut into halves, and with the seeds taken out, is delicious for serving as a sherbet after the roast at a dinner. The prepared fruit should have sugar sprinkled over it, and then sherry or rum and a dash of brandy poured over it. This must be served ice cold.

PRETTY MINORCAN GIRLS.

Transplanted from the Mediterranean They Flourish on the East Coast of Florida.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Down on the Hillsborough River in Volusia county, Florida, there are the ruins of one of the oldest settlements in this country, and its history forms one of the most tragic episodes ever recorded of any place in the United States. The place is called New Smyrna, but there is nothing new or attractive about it except the orange trees, the palmettos and green vines which nature distributes lavishly around. There is one class of people in the South who can never be induced to visit New Smyrna, and the very sound of the name makes them turn their heads aside in shame or anger.

In the streets of St. Augustine to-day one occasionally catches a glimpse of a type of American beauty that fairly takes the breath away, and again he sees traces of that type in so many other faces that he unhesitatingly attributes them all to the same source. There are only a few pure-blooded Minorcan women left in this country, but the blood of these ancient slaves has mingled with that of our noblest Southern families and perpetuated in a degree a beauty that is now rarely seen. What the creole blood has done for so many women of New Orleans, the Minorcan blood has accomplished for the inhabitants of Florida. The wondrous eyes, the regular, classic features, and the beautiful hair are all worthy of the Greek slave—their real prototype.

The story of the Florida Minorcans is interesting, dramatic, tragic. They were the first slaves brought to this country—and white slaves at that! They suffered the horrors of a slavery which was unregulated by law, and which would have made the scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" commonplace. This white slave colony existed in the South only nine years, but in that length of time enough sorrow and misery were compressed to fill a century.

The coming of the Minorcans, and their subsequent slavery, was in this wise: In 1767 a certain Capt. Andrew Turnbull obtained a grant of 60,000 acres in Volusia county, Florida, and named it New Smyrna. Florida had just been ceded to Great Britain, but it was so thinly settled that a small empire might have been built up in the middle counties without attracting any attention from the English.

Capt. Turnbull sailed for the Mediterranean after securing title to his land, and proceeded to dazzle the people of the Grecian isles with his fair descriptions and promises of his New Smyrna. He was not the first exploiter or adventurer to misrepresent the wonderful climate and products of sunny Florida. He was so successful in his persuasions that a colony of 1,500 men, women, and children, chiefly Minorcans, was induced to embark with him for the new land. To make the promises seem more real, Capt. Turnbull offered to carry the colonists to their new home free of cost, and clothe and feed them for six months. If at the end of that period any were dissatisfied with the conditions of their new home he would transport them back to Europe. But to those who desired to stay he would present fifty acres of land and twenty-five acres thereafter to every child born.

What inducements could be fairer than these, fully set forth in the contract. Men and women of noble families joined the expedition and left pleasant homes behind them. But the prospects of the future home were more alluring than those at home, and the innocent Greciana and Minorcans cast in their lots together and started for the new Smyrna.

They had a rough passage across the seas, and some of the old and feeble ones died, but the rest took heart when they were actually landed on the coast of Florida. Everything seemed to be as represented, and the new colonists started in to make New Smyrna one of the finest homes in the world. They erected palmetto huts, and labored diligently in the fields for their master. It was not long before they found that they were in the hands of a crafty man, whose sole purpose in bringing them over was to force them to create wealth for him. They were in a strange land, far, far away from any civilized town or village, and thousands of miles away from their own countrymen.

They were soon reduced to the level of the negro slave, and forced to labor in the fields from early morning until night under the control of heartless white overseers. The immense plantation was soon brought under cultivation, and Turnbull realized a princely income from it. The Minorcans realized nothing but a miserable living. No land was ceded to them, no profits were given to them, not even wages. A small quantity of food was doled out to them, and they were forced to eat out of a common bowl. For nine years they toiled hopelessly for their cruel master, but, in spite of it all, their spirit was never actually broken.

They were subjected to the lash on the slightest provocation. The women were whipped publicly while in a nude condition, and no indecency was too great or horrible for them to endure. They were half starved, and many of them actually died for lack of proper food. No Greek slave of classic history ever appealed more strongly to the sympathies of a world than these beautiful Minorcan women lashed to the stake, while the executioner's whip was laid upon their bare bodies.

But there was to be an end to all this. One night the whole colony escaped from the plantation, and wandered through the almost impassable swamps of Florida to St. Augustine. They arrived there in time—600 strong, all that remained of the original 1,500—and, throwing themselves upon the mercy of Tonyn, they were protected from their former master. Turnbull sued for his alleged rights, and a special court was organized for the trial. Attorney-General Younge appeared in behalf of the Minorcans, and they were made legally and morally free, since then their descendants have lived in St. Augustine or the vicinity, and it is almost impossible to induce any of them to return to the scene of the former slavery. To-day their strikingly handsome faces attract the attention of visitors to Florida for their beauty, while fresh and new to America, is as old as history.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

An old housekeeper says that there may be many new liquids for freshening and brightening carpets, but she has yet to find anything that will do better work than ox gall. Use one gill to a gallon of cold soft water, stirring the ox gall into the water with a stick. With a soft brush rub the carpet, making a white lather. Two persons should do this work, one following the other and washing the lather off with clear water. The water should be changed often, and then the carpet should be rubbed with clean cloths until dry.

Many spring cleaners do not know that an old carpet scrubbed with common yellow soap and hot water and afterward with clean cold water will be wonderfully improved.

Among the crosses many housewives have to annoy them is a bathtub of uninviting appearance in a room that otherwise looks fresh and clean after the spring renovating. The tarnished surface may refuse to become bright, no matter what cleaning materials are employed. By being your own workman you may, at a trifling expense, make the tub quite desirable. Procure a small can of common paint of any light color desired, a can of enamel paint of the same color, and a good sized brush. Cut eight or ten inch pieces of yellow soap into bits, and put it over the fire to dissolve in a couple of quarts of water. Fill the bathtub with very hot water, and throw in a generous handful of powdered borax and the dissolved soap. When the water becomes cool enough to put the hands in it, scrub the surface with a brush, letting the water run off as the work is done. Again partly fill the tub with hot water and scrub it with the brush and sand soap to make sure that all greasy particles have been removed. Then rinse it in clear hot water and thoroughly dry. Cover it with two coatings of the common paint, letting one thoroughly dry before putting on the second coat. Then give it several coats of the enamel paint. This paint will dry more quickly than the other, and the bath will no longer be an unsightly object. Care must be used not to run very hot water into the bath alone until the paint has hardened.

Have you ever used dried lima beans for that well-known and desirable dish, pork and beans? They are excellent. These beans are also very nice baked and served in place of potatoes. They should be allowed to bake very slowly and a tablespoonful of butter should be substituted in this dish of beans for the, to many undesirable, pork.

Hot breads and cakes should be cut with a warm knife.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A wheelwoman in England has hit upon a new method of paying for a complete outfit, and offered her services as a canvasser to a firm of wheel manufacturers. They are invited to furnish the costume and wheel, both of which she proposes to own at the end of six months.

Lady Henry Somerset contemplates erecting a heroic figure of Christ out of doors in the heart of Duxhurst, her temperance village in England. This is commonly seen in other countries, but entirely new to the British Isle.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones advises young artists to sit before the looking-glass and sketch their own figures and faces in every possible pose, until they have a good supply of studies.

BROKEN AUCTION IDOLS.

A STATE OF AFFAIRS THAT HAS MADE SOME WOMEN SAD.

Faith in Auctions and Auctioneers Rudely Shattered by a Pending Campaign—Some of the Attractions That the Rooms Offered to Women—The Customers and Their Bargains.

Women of humbled demeanor may be seen going about the shopping district in these days. They pass genuine Oriental rugs with a chastened spirit, and antique furniture with downcast eyes. When their friends tell them of diamond necklaces at $1.98 bought at the bargain counters of the department stores, or of teakwood stands at 49 cents, or of Vernis Martin cabinets at $2.63, they no longer exclaim, "What extravagance! Why don't you buy such things at the auction rooms? You would save ever so much money, besides getting absolutely unheard-of magnificence. You never saw such things as they sell! Why, only the other day there was a ——" The tale represented by the dash is familiar; it used to be told with sparkling eyes and glowing animation, and was listened to with breathless semi-incredulity.

This change in demeanor has been brought about by the long, persevering campaign of education that has been carried on by the shopkeepers who have been fighting some of the auctioneers. They have been endeavoring to educate womankind in this town up to the degree of knowledge which is expressed by the principle that you can't keep on selling things at a tithe of their value for year after year and grow rich by the process. The campaign has not been brilliantly successful so far; but something has been accomplished, and the result is that the shopping district is dotted with broken idols. These idols were auctioneers. For many years they taught women that this world was composed of bargains and nothing else. The women believed them, and appearances and common sense were simply not in it—had no part in the affairs of this life within the limits of the auction room. The shopkeepers contemplated the delusion with sadness. To combat the auction craze they first tried moral suasion. Then they marshalled plain facts and elaborate statistics. Still the belief in the bargain theory of the composition grew and expanded and waxed ferocious. Lastly, with a sigh, they opened their pocketbooks and hired lawyers and detectives. As it has been said, the campaign has not been brilliantly successful so far; but the something that has been accomplished represents, nevertheless, two or three years of strategy and campaigning and hard work by the shopkeepers, the lawyers, and the detectives. The something consists of the indictment of several auctioneers on charges of engaging in fraudulent practices. This accounts for the humbled demeanor of the women. Now, for the first time, some are beginning to admit the possibility that fraud may exist at an auction with the fairest appearances and the warmest protestations that everything is exactly as represented and the bluffest manner on the part of the auctioneer. Up to the time the Grand Jury acted they would not make such an admission. Now they mourn the deceitfulness of man.

"Do you really believe that So-and-So can be a fraud?" they are asking one another, sadly hoping against hope, and yet with the pleasant thrill imparted by a species of excitement entirely new.

Even now, though, many women are still clinging to their favorite auctioneer with the same faith and devotion that are exhibited sometimes by members of a congregation to a pastor under charges.

"It is all envy, malice, and hatred," they say indignantly. "The shopkeepers are jealous because they can't sell things as cheap as the auctions and the auctions are taking all their customers away. The auctioneers don't care now cheap they sell things. They just give them away. So-and-So tells you frankly, 'I don't care what I sell this for! I get my commission. That's all I want. Take it for anything you want to pay!' Why, only last Friday——" and so the tale goes on. Nevertheless, auction women are beginning not to avoid the subject of auctions just at present.

It should be borne in mind that the auctioneers against whom the shopkeepers are proceeding form a class by themselves. There are in this city plenty of auctioneers, engaged in both special and general lines, who are of the highest character, and whose standing is unquestioned in the business world. No suspicion has ever arisen concerning the methods of these men. The auctioneers under fire seek a different class of trade. Formerly the business consisted in holding perennial auctions of cheap jewelry along the Bowery, or of marble statuary in Broadway shops. The auctions were distinguished for the recklessness with which the shabby young men sitting around used to begin to make bids as soon as a stranger appeared on the scene. At other times these auctioneers would conduct never-ending sales at a sacrifice of the furniture of a gentleman giving up housekeeping here and about to go to Europe. Their wiles prospered for a time, but business was getting worn to a threadbare condition with them when exiles from Armenia began to arrive in this country with bales of rugs. People didn't understand rugs so well then as they do now, and the exiles had difficulty in disposing of their bales quickly, because the demand for rugs was small. It was a good time for some people, though. The exiles had not begun to invest their profits in power looms, to set up the latest American weaving machinery in their native villages, and to turn out genuine handmade rugs by steam and by wholesale. The rugs brought over were those collected in the natural course of trade before it was necessary to scrape the Orient with a fine-toothed comb to get any rugs at all. The rugs sold here by the regular dealers were high in price, and the Armenian exiles made an enormous profit by selling theirs at much lower figures. So the rug auctions got started, and at them many women got a first taste of the joys and delights and prizes of auctions. There were many fine prizes to be picked up at these auctions, so many, in fact, that numbers of men who were fortunate enough to have a knowledge of rugs bought and bought at them till they had filled all the storage room in their houses with rugs, which they intended to keep till the supply of rugs became unequal to the demand and prices went away up. These rug auctions had two effects: They demonstrated that there was a profitable field in this city for auctions of fine household wares, and they made more women familiar with auctions than ever before.

Several salesrooms were opened which catered especially to women customers. Their methods of business might be passed as good, bad, and a mixture of the two. Those of the last class had perhaps the widest popularity among women, because their bargains seemed more astonishing and their guile was hidden. The rooms in many cases were beautifully decorated and furnished with rich draperies and objects of art and handsome pieces of furniture. Attempts were made to winnow the customers. People who were thought to be undesirable were made to understand that they were not wanted, while good buyers or even people of merely good appearance whose presence helped the atmosphere of the place were encouraged to come regularly by attentions of various kinds. Gradually each auction room got its regular patrons. The customers came to recognize one another, got to chatting among themselves in the intervals between, and grew chummy often. Doubtless the freemasonry that thus established itself was of service to the auctioneer in helping to diffuse extraordinary pieces of gossip among the women. One constant subject of gossip was the identity of the persons who gathered in immense quantities of articles at low prices.

"Who is that?" one woman would ask.

"Oh, that's Mrs. Fifth Avenue," would be the reply.

Every successful auction room had a certain number of star customers, people who didn't care much what they bought so long as the time passed quickly, and Mrs. Fifth Avenue was one of these. She was there almost every auction day and the way she would raise every bid when she felt like it took the breath of the regular bidders. No price seemed to stagger her when she got really interested in the game. Her style of playing with the limit off was a great thing for the auctioneer.

"Just see what a bargain she's got now!" the chorus of women would buzz after some particularly brilliant coup.

"But what makes that old chair worth $165?" a newcomer might ask.

"Why, that's Mrs. Fifth Avenue," the reply would be. "She gets the most wonderful bargains here. She has bought so many things that she has had to buy the house next to hers to put them in, so now she has two big houses instead of one. And she all alone in them with her husband, who is deaf! What? You don't know who Mrs. Fifth Avenue is? Wh-, she's the——" and Mrs. Fifth Avenue's personal history and that of her relations would be told in detail, in such detail, too, that, as a rule, the questioner forgot to pursue the investigation as to why she should have paid $165 for an old chair or whatever piece of old furniture it might have been. Anyway, her fun didn't cost her more than similar pastimes in Europe.

Mrs. Fifth Avenue was genuine enough, as any one could learn for himself by consulting a directory or a social register, but there were other large purchasers about whom mystery was shrouded. Doubtless the mystery added to the interest with which the women regarded a man who was a constant attendant at one of the auction rooms. This man looked and made bids very much like the late Count of Monte Cristo, and the women about the place who knew all about everything and everybody, but may not have had any business connection with it, used to whisper to new comers romantic tales about an Italian or Russian or Albanian nobleman who had come over here to marry an American heiress and was getting ready to set up housekeeping. First and last he seemed to buy enough to furnish a summer hotel. The new comers, who were properly impressed, would gaze at him as a school girl looks upon a popular tenor. For these distant admirers of his, the worst blow the auction rooms received was the news that a barber had been indicted for fake bidding.

"If that man wasn't a prince," sad the admirers of the man who looked like the Count of Monte Cristo, "he was surely a barber," and so their romance was shattered and their faith in auctions as well.

The fund of gossip never seemed to run dry. One learned that this man was a famous physician (name given) and that he was furnishing a country house by degrees with things bought at auction sales, and had adopted this method of distracting his mind from his professional cares and curing himself of nervous prostration. That woman was threatened with insanity and was kept on this side of the border line only by the interest she took in auctions. The woman across the aisle had brought and then sold all her parlor furniture at auction three times within two years. The woman in black was a widow who had just sold at auction all her household belongings because the memories associated with them made it impossible for her to use them with any comfort, and she was now getting a new set and at the same time solacing her grief at the auction. The women even invited strangers to their houses to exhibit their bargains. Generally the auctions were held three afternoons a week, and the rooms were crowded from beginning to end.

One of the most successful of these auctioneers undoubtedly owed much of his prosperity to the fact that he possessed unusual taste and judgment in regard to furniture and household ornaments. He collected his wares both in Europe and this country, and much that he sold was of high character, and yet was disposed of at lower prices than similar articles would have brought in regular stores. As for the rest of his wares, while they may not have been misrepresented, they certainly did not always come up to the expectations of the purchasers when the glamour of the excitement of bidding had passed away and they were examined critically at home. To be sure, ample opportunity for examination was offered.

"Pay a deposit—a dollar, a quarter, anything," the auctioneer would say. "Come round tomorrow and bring anybody you like to examine it for you. If you don't like it then, you don't have to take it. That's fair, isn't it?"

It seemed fair enough; but what woman can wait twenty-four hours to gloat at her leisure over a bargain? Besides, when the women considered the matter deliberately in the afterward, it seemed to them that somehow they had been led unconsciously into paying on the spot. Reference has been made to the women about the auction rooms who seemed to know all about everything and everybody, but may not have had any business connection with the establishments. One of these women was pretty sure to spot a likely looking new comer upon her arrival and to slide up to her. Perhaps she would engage in conversation, and perhaps she wouldn't. At any rate, when the auctioneer happened to stroll over her way she would point to something or other, say a carved oak clothes chest, and say in the hearing of the new comer:

"Oh, Mr. So and So, won't you please put that chest up now? I have resolved to get it if I have to go as high as $50."

The auctioneer would put it up and the woman would start the bidding at say $15, and would then engage in the most earnest and absorbing conversation with a friend. With proper management the new comer could be induced to bid $16, just for fun, and with the certainty that the other woman would raise the bid. But the other woman would be talking so assiduously that she would not hear the auctioneer's voice, and before her errant attention had been recalled the chest would be knocked down to the new comer, greatly to the surprise and delight of the latter. The woman would make a great fuss upon finding herself robbed of her prize and would demand that it be put up again so as to give her another chance to bid on it. Naturally the newcomer would hasten to pay for the chest in order to make sure of having it, and would go about boasting to her friends of how she had got for $16 a chest for which another woman had been eager to pay $50.

One auctioneer in whom his women customers had great confidence had a way of arousing by saying, "Here's something I've just taken out of my own house." Immediately the feminine chorus would begin to declare, "It must be perfectly grand if it comes from his house, for his house is just like a palace." The manner in which he won the confidence of the women was peculiar. It was by being exceedingly rude to them, offensively so in the opinion of unbiased men who happened to drop in occasionally.

"It's nicer sitting in here than being outside, isn't it?" he would say to a group of women. "If you don't come here to buy you'd better get out, instead of wearing out my camp stools. What do you mean by raising your hand? to a woman. You were scratching your face! Well, I'll have you to understand that you can't scratch your face in here. Put your hand down every time you do it. Get out of here if you want to scratch your face." And so he would rail on. Probably the women reasoned that he must have wonderful bargains to offer them if he was so rude, and that must be the explanation of why they put up with his insults.

The auctions gradually extended their scope until they finally included about everything of interest to womankind. Even hats and gowns were sold, the models imported from Europe to be copied here. The rooms were crowded day after day, and the women dragged in their husbands and male relations. The auctioneers, who used only a reasonable amount of guile, were so successful that a lot of imitators sprang up who used more guile than anything else. Shopkeepers found their business affected, and therefore began the difficult task of opening the eyes of women to the iniquities practised in the name of bargains. The result has been the indictments against certain auctioneers, and a temporary loss of confidence in their own judgment on the part of some women.

WOODS USED IN FURNITURE.

Points About Mahogany—Timber Formerly Neglected but Employed Now.

Experts in old furniture are much guided in their judgment as to particular pieces by the wood of which they are made. Mahogany furniture purporting to be as much as two centuries old is subject to suspicion, because mahogany was little used in furniture until about the middle of the eighteenth century. A colonial New England piece is much more likely to be of oak than of mahogany unless it belong to the late colonial period. Mahogany was a luxury even then, and oak was used in ordinary households as being at once moderate in price and durable.

It is easy to tell whether a professed European piece of walnut furniture is genuine by the quality of the walnut. European walnut is a denser and finer wood than most of our walnut. A piece of furniture made of ash at unexposed points is almost certain to be of American manufacture, but a piece having beech at such points is likely to be of European manufacture. Beech is plentiful in Europe and relatively scarce in this country, and with American makers of furniture ash is a cheap substitute for beech and oak. A chair made entirely of beech is almost certain to be of European manufacture. Such chairs are often beautiful in form, and extremely durable. Modern taste demands, however, that the beech be stained to imitate mahogany.

Near as New York is to the mahogany forests of the West Indies, the best mahogany comes from Liverpool. The Liverpool timber merchants have long controlled the mahogany trade, and they get most of the best logs from the West Indies and latterly even from Mexico. Much mahogany is brought to New York directly from the mahogany ports, especially those of Mexico, but for especially choice logs New York importers still look to Liverpool. Indeed, English timber merchants own a good deal of the mahogany now lying at the Lewis street inspection yards. Some of it has lain there nearly ten years, subject to damage by the elements, while the British owners wait for better prices.

New woods have come into use of late years, partly because timber of the sort long used in furniture making has become scarce, partly because modern machinery makes it possible to work woods that in earlier times could not be profitably worked. Birch, which is tough, crooked, and difficult to work is coming into use for factory-made furniture. This wood warps easily, but it looks well and serves the purpose for factory work. Aspen is also coming into use for the manufacture of furniture, though it, too, is a crabbed wood, unfit to be worked save by modern cutting machinery. Another of the woods that the furniture makers have been driven to use is sycamore. It is fairly abundant and cheap in the United States, and its markings are distinctive and beautiful, but it is untrustworthy because of its tendency to warp. It is sometimes used as a veneer over less beautiful but more trustworthy wood. Some of the North River factories are veneered with sycamore. All of these troublesome woods have been improved for use in furniture by modern methods of rapid seasoning.

Birch, sycamore, and the other crabbed woods are used by the cabinet makers because their furniture is hand made and the labor and expense of working these woods without the aid of machinery make them unprofitable for cabinet-made furniture. Mahogany is much softer and more easily worked than these woods. Some New England folks, before the middle of the present century, had a craze for furniture made of ironwood, otherwise known as hornbeam, and cabinet-made furniture of this material is found now and then in Connecticut. The wood is regarded by modern wood workers as utterly unfit for working into furniture. New York cabinet makers avoid the use of beech, and it is used in this country, mainly for fine tool handles, in planes and the like, just as lignum vitæ is in furniture castors, blocks for pulleys, and other small articles.

Very old furniture in cherry is almost as highly prized as mahogany, and fine old pieces in maple fetch high prices. The best walnut furniture of good old pattern is also highly prized by the cabinetmakers, as walnut has become a very scarce wood in this country.

WOMEN RULE IN COLORADO

THEY OUTNUMBERED THE MEN AT THE RECENT ELECTION.

A Great Triumph the Result of Their Fourth Participation in a Political Campaign—How the Civic Federation of Denver Elected a Reform Ticket of Its Own Choosing.

DENVER, April 21.—For the fourth time the women of Colorado have participated in a political campaign, and it may safely be stated that they are pleased with the privilege. Municipal elections were held in all the towns of the State last week, and it appears that the women constituted a majority of the voters. In Pueblo 800 more votes were cast at the municipal election than at the Presidential election last fall. In some precincts every voter went to the polls, and throughout the city no trouble was experienced in getting the women to the polls. If carriages were not available, the women walked, and they did not wait for escorts, either. They needed no coaching, but walked into the election booths and marked their ballots promptly and without errors. Few votes had to be cast out because of errors. What was true of Pueblo is true of every town, city, and mining camp in the State.

In Denver the most pronounced success of equal suffrage in a municipal campaign was scored and credit is given to the women for the great majority by which the successful candidates were elected. Mayor McMurray is called "the women's Mayor" and it is due to them that he secured his re-election. In many a home the mistress accompanied by her servants and coachman went to the polls while the head of the house remained at his place of business and did not vote. Mechanics in shops left the voting to their wives and daughters.

The story of the campaign is interesting. It was the first time that a genuine non-partisan campaign was managed successfully in this city. After equal suffrage came to the women they were induced to take an active part, much against the wishes of a majority of the new voters, in a general movement to redeem the State from Populism and Waiteism. They did it with a vengeance, but found in time that they were being used as catspaws and their influence was of naught with the practical politicians. In the next campaign the women demanded representation and recognition in convention work, but after establishing themselves in one of the most disorderly, disgraceful conventions ever held in the city of Denver, they thought that conventions were no place for them, and two years ago they started the movement which resulted in their great victory of last week.

Immediately after the municipal election two years ago several women met in a private house on Capitol Hill and arranged the preliminaries for the formation of a Civic Federation, and a few days later they rented a small office room in a downtown business block. Then by degrees they formed a plan whereby the women of the city could be cemented together for the purpose of electing good men to office. Their first effort was made in the fall election of county officials. The Civic Federation indorsed candidates selected from the various tickets put up by the political parties, and succeeded in electing some of their candidates; but the results were not at all to the liking of the women. The Presidential election somewhat dwarfed their influence that year, but on the city legislative ticket they made some effort and they landed their candidates, of whom three were women. They determined to lead in the recent municipal campaign and came out with a ticket weeks before the regularly organized parties held their conventions. They elected their candidates by majorities running upward of 6000 votes and got a majority over all other tickets combined. They elected twelve out of the fourteen Aldermen, and if a recount of the ballots is made they expect to show that they elected fifteen.

The Civic Federation grew out of the desires of a number of women of Denver to exert an influence without party lines, and they built up a machine superior to the best political machine ever organized in this city. The work rested primarily upon an Executive Committee consisting of the officers of the society and the President of each ward branch. Both men and women were permitted to join the ward federations upon signing the declaration of principles of the society, but only women were eligible to place upon the Executive Committee. The central council of one hundred women acted as leading assistants to the Executive Committee. To secure a place on this committee of one hundred the applicant had to be proposed by one member and seconded by two others. In this manner the federation was able to keep out spies and people who were not fully in sympathy with the purposes of the organization. Every ward was duly organized down to precinct federations. Here is the platform of the Federation:

"The Federation knows no creed, party, or nationality, and welcomes to its assistance all organizations that make for order, philanthropy, and right.

"The object of this Federation is to investigate the condition and needs of our city, and to promote by education and active cooperation a higher public spirit and a better social order; to separate city and county affairs from State and national politics; to endeavor to secure the nomination and election of competent and trustworthy persons, without respect to party and creed, and to see that appointive offices are not used for political purposes; to this end, to federate the moral forces of the city, and promote in all ways the welfare, order, and prosperity of the city of Denver. We advocate the widest possible extension of the principle of civil service reform in all city and county departments, and further declare it to be our conviction that fitness for position should be the only test for office.

"This federation seeks to accomplish these ends by agitation concerning existing evils; by the enforcement of present laws; by securing improved legislation, and by the massing of moral influence in behalf of reform."

Having determined to take the initiative, the women of the Executive Committee began to prepare for the municipal campaign. They had to have a party and a political emblem for the official ballot. As the taxpayers' ticket had been in use on several occasions, it was determined to use that name and an appropriate emblem. To start the party each member of the Council of One Hundred submitted to the Executive Committee the names of five men, and from these 100 men were selected. This committee of 100 men met with the Council of One Hundred in the Chamber of Commerce and named a municipal ticket. Upon a petition from the remains of the original Silver party organization a fusion was effected whereby the offices of City Clerk and one member of the Board of Supervisors were given to the silver party. In this manner the winning ticket was made up.

There were meetings in every precinct and ward, the various clubs of women were induced to take a personal interest in the campaign, house-to-house canvassing was done, and personal appeals were made. A few days before election the Civic Federation issued a circular letter headed "To the Women of Denver," which was distributed to every residence, and this contained briefly an appeal for their votes. One candidate for Alderman, who had represented one of the best wards in the city for several terms and was in most respects an acceptable man, was induced by the women to sign the Civic Federation platform, and thereby secure their indorsement. This he failed to do, and another candidate was named. The other parties indorsed the Alderman seeking reelection, and he was supported by what seemed strong social as well as business influence, but the Civic Federation candidate won by 600 majority.

The chief credit of the success of the Civic Federation movement is due to just one woman, Mrs. Sue E. Hall. While the other women were all earnest enough and were efficient aides in the work, it was Mrs. Hall who planned the whole. In acknowledgment of her abilities Mrs. Hall has been selected delegate to the National Municipal League Convention which meets in Louisville, Ky., next month, and she will have the honor of being the first and only woman delegate ever seated in a convention of that organization.

"Equal suffrage has proved to be a success in four elections in this city," said Mrs. Hall in summing up the results of the last struggle. "And I am convinced that women here are willing to retain their privilege to vote and participate in political affairs. I am satisfied, though, that women can do nothing through party organizations, for they never can fathom the tricks of politicians. But acting strictly upon non-partisan lines, and with sensible and well-informed leaders, they can exert a wonderful influence for good. The greatest problem now is to know how to manage our victory. We are recognized as the greatest influential body of voters now in this city, and to take care of ourselves so as to retain the position we hold is a serious undertaking."

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ART IN VEILS.

Big Dots and Colors Out of Style—Black and White Veils a Present Fancy.

It is a wise woman who gives careful attention to the details of her toilet. No accessory is more important than the veil. A coarse, unbecoming veil seems sometimes to transform a really elegant woman into a—well, a kitchen maid; at least that's what the women themselves say. Two women got on a cable car uptown the other day and talked about veils all the way down to the shopping district. A man wouldn't believe that so much could have been said about veils, and all the women within hearing seemed very much interested.

"As I was saying," said the tall, self-contained woman, adjusting her rust