The Society Girl.

Attired in skirts of fluffy lace
Or triumphs tailor-made,
She moves, a figure young and fair,
In fashion's gay parade.
They toast her name at every club,
The world is at her feet,
For nature and the modiste make
Her loveliness complete.

She sits within the opera-box,
A star above her brow;
To her the tenor sings his air,
To her he makes his vow.
She dances all her nights away,
Until the crimson rose
That decks her bodice hangs its head
Against her breast of snows.

A crowd of lovers haunt her steps
To carry cloak and fan,
To button up her wrinkled gloves,
And court her—if they can.
She listens to their ardent words,
But she is fancy free,
Perhaps because she has a dream
Of castles o'er the sea.

Upon a moon-lit balcony,
Before the ball is done,
Her dewy lips may yield a kiss,
The sweetest ever won.
She knows the ethics of a frill,
A ringlet's subtle art;
She lets you hold her little hand,
But never bares her heart.

—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

A DOSE OF CHUTNEY.

Serious Consequence of the Use of an East Indian Condiment.

P. C. Thompson, of Virginia, is a young Englishman who has been in this country for several years engaged in raising horses. He is just now in the city to attend the Horse Show, and said yesterday: "I notice that the use of chutneys and other East Indian condiments is gaining favor in this country, but as yet you take them very mild; in fact, they would be flat, insipid, and probably nauseating to an old Indian officer of 25 years' or more service. Such a one would take his relish hot enough to blister your mouth, and if you swallowed it to put you in a hospital for a week or more.

"I went to a stag luncheon at a friend's house some time ago and he had a bottle of chutney of the very hottest description on the table, which had just arrived from India. He told me afterward they sent it out in an asbestos lined bottle for fear that otherwise it might set the ship on fire, and all on board thus perish miserably. Well, to make a long story short, the chap sitting next the host put a tiny piece of it on a cracker to try it. The tears immediately poured from his eyes and his face became convulsive with agony, but by the superhuman exercise of a naturally strong will he succeeded in making no sound. As soon as he recovered he seized another cracker, ladled out a liberal spoonful of the mixture and placed it upon it; then turning to his next door neighbor, who was of a naturally gullible disposition, he said: "There Jack, is the very best relish I've ever tasted. Try some. The gullible one took it in at one gulp, emitted a scream of frightful agony, clasped both hands over his stomach and went over backward with a crash. He then bounded about the dining-room floor on his back, in the meantime emitting shrill cries of pain. Armed with glasses of water and even finger bowlsful we rushed to the rescue, but the fire was only reduced to a smouldering condition when the host had the forethought to have the garden hose led in through the dining room window, and, sticking the nozzle into the sufferer's mouth, he turned on a full head. Thanks to the watchful care of a loving wife, the advices of a specialist acting in consultation with the family physician and the constant attendance of two trained nurses, in a month he was able to get about again with the aid of crutches. The man who administered the fatal dose escaped in the confusion and has never been seen in those parts since, although fleeting rumors of his having been heard of in Thibet, Abyssinia, and other far corners of the earth have occasionally come back to us"—New York Tribune.

Secrets of the Jeweler.

How jewels are bought and sold in big jewelry shops in New York are topics on which a well-known salesman talked with a reporter a few days ago. He touched on a great many interesting points—how one buyer will haggle over a $60 watch and another buy a $20,000 necklace off-hand; how society women play artful little tricks on jewelry firms; but here is what he said:

Is what he said:

"Many people imagine that the woman millionaire walks onto a great jewelry shop, looks about, and, seeing anything that she may fancy orders it sent home, regardless of cost. On the contrary, the woman of means is often the closest buyer. And many of those whose names appear in the coings of the '400' haggle over the price of a bit of jewelry, while those of the middle class, if they fancy anything, are not half as prompt to question cost.

"Of course the rich shopper often appears to spend money lavishly, and to buy without regard to price, for instance when she has this or that article done merely to impress the friend who may be with her at the time, and in such cases the article or articles always come back to be credited as not sold. Then again, things that are purchased in this way are often used for an occasion—such as a ball, the opera, etc., and then are returned.

"I could tell you some curious stories of jewels that are sent home 'on approval,' are displayed in the Metropolitan box tier, and are returned in a day or so. But we never pretend to see through this little game—if the woman is a good customer. I have spotted $25,000 of our diamonds at the opera 'on approval!' But I said nothing when the box came back. It's a way some women have. And we make enough out of them in the long run. A jeweler must be a diplomat and know when to keep his mouth shut.

"A well-known society woman every year has a full dinner service, valuable bric-a-brac, and costly jewelry sent her 'on approval.' She invites her friends to a dinner and exhibits these as 'birthday gifts.' The next day they go back."

His Bright Future.

A reporter happened to be dining with a friend the other evening and of course the table's population included the inevitable 5-year old boy. The latter had fallen into a habit of asking for all kinds of impossible things, being refused and going howling from the room, in obedience to the command. He would re-enter two minutes later with a half-dozen dirty streaks and a bright I-accept-your apology smile on his face.

On this evening, after the third excursion, he suddenly conceived an affection for the sugar bowl. He reached for it, got it, and as promptly gave it up in response to the threatening hand of his mother. His father glanced up casually, waiting for the usual outburst before he sent him out, but instead the child's face brightened, and his eyes twinkled with anticipation.

"What are you so glad about, Willie?" asked his father.

"I w-wuz thinkin," answered Willie. "I w-wuz thinkin' of all the sugar I'm goin' to have when everybody else in this house is dead."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Eve's Apple Tree.

Among the other strange things in the island of Ceylon is the "Eve's apple tree," or "the forbidden fruit," the flowers of which have a fine scent. The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a very peculiar and striking manner, is very beautiful, being orange on the outside, and a deep crimson within. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of Paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, for although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it has been suppressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it, to warn men from meddling with a substance possessing such noxious properties.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wholesome Substitute.

Fruit breads are recommended by diet specialists as a wholesome substitute for cake for the children's table. The important fact that children like them is not omitted. Date-bread is a favorite and is easily made. A cupful of dates, measured after they have been stoned and lightly chopped, is floured, and added to each loaf of risen white bread just before it is put into the pans to rise for the last time. A cupful of chopped figs or of seeded raisins or of currants that have been thoroughly washed may be used in the same way.

A Thoughtful Wife.

First lady—What New Year's present are you going to give to your husband?

Second Lady—A hundred cigars.

First Lady—And what did you pay for them?

Second Lady—Oh, nothing! For the last few months I have taken one or two out of John's box everyday. He hasn't noticed it and will be pleased with my selecting the right quality of cigars.—"Collier's Weekly."

A Lesson for Wives.

Demonstration of Reasons Why Husbands Do Not Always Save Money.

It was her private opinion that he was not a good business man, and possibly she was right.

"I can handle the family finances better than you," she was accustomed to say, and she said it so often that he finally told her to try it.

"I'll have my personal account at the bank put in your name," he said, "and will proceed to stand from under. All bills, everything that pertains to our living expenses, shall be attended to by you. I will draw a certain amount each week for such personal expenses as lunches and car fare, with a small allowance for something in the liquid line occasionally, but you shall have entire charge of everything else."

Naturally she was jubilant. She hadn't put in ten years telling him how he could save money without getting the idea that she knew something about it. It took a little time to have his book written up and the account transferred to her, but finally one evening he brought home a nice little check-book and told her it was all arranged. Then he instructed her in the mysteries of drawing checks, warned her not to overdraw the account and retired entirely from the business management of their joint affairs.

Just about a week later she met him at the office late one afternoon and went to dinner with him. They had a good dinner, just such a dinner as they had had on previous occasions when they had taken dinner together downtown, and she enjoyed it thoroughly until he pushed the check for it over to her.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"Pay it," he said.

"Well, I guess I won't do any such thing," she returned warmly. "You pay it yourself."

"I haven't anything to do with it," he insisted. "You're the cashier. You've started in to show me how to keep expenses down, and naturally you'll find it no trick at all if I pay your bills. When I was making you an allowonce for your incidental personal expenses I never expected you to pay for dinners you took with me, did I?"

She paid. She felt that she was being cheated in some way, but she paid, and then she suggested sarcastically that she supposed he would expect her to pay for the theatre tickets too.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, then we won't go," she said.

"Just as you say," he returned pleasantly. "You're the financial manager."

The ride home was not an especially enjoyable one, although he seemed to be in excellent humor. She was inclined to be morose, and she had not entirely recovered her equanimity when he reached home the following evening.

"A bill for a dozen shirts came to-day," she said shortly. "I don't see why they addressed it to me."

"I charged them to you," he explained. "I'm not running any account these days, you know. Did you pay it?"

"No, I didn't, and I won't."

"Oh, you'd better," he urged.

"Well, I won't," she answered decidedly.

"You wouldn't have your poor husband sued by a haberdasher would you?" he asked. "Just think how it would look."

"Well, how do you suppose I am going to save money if I have to keep paying it out like this?" she demanded.

"I could have saved money myself if I hadn't had to buy for both of us," he answered.

"Well, it isn't fair; that's all I can say," she exclaimed, but she paid the bill, although she did it under protest.

Things went along with comparative smoothness for a few days after this, and then, one morning one of the children asked for 98 cents to get a school-book.

"Go to your mother," was the reply of the man who had abdicated as the head of the house.

"But I haven't any change," she protested.

"A cashier should make it a point always to have change," he said. "You surely can't expect me to buy the children's school-books out of my pocket money."

She said he was a mean thing, but she had to get the change.

The following Sunday they all went to take dinner with a relative in another part of the city, and she had to pay the street car fare on two lines of cars for the whole family.

Then one night when they were caught out in the rain she had to pay for the carriage that brought them home, and she remarked rather bitterly that money just seemed to melt away. He admitted that he had had somewhat that same experience with it when he was handling the cash.

After that she paid the bills for two morning papers that he took, for cleaning and pressing a suit of clothes, for a new hat, for four neckties, and for two pairs of rubbers that she thoughtlessly asked him to get for the children.

In time she began to brood over these matters. It seemed to her as if he were always asking for money in trifling amounts to pay for things that she had never been bothered about before, or else was bringing home bills. And somehow in some ways he did not seem to be as attentive as he had been formerly. So it happened that one night he found her on the verge of tears.

"You used to bring me home flowers occasionally," said, "and you never used to let me go out anywhere without them, and—and—and when we went to the Browns for dinner night before last I was the only woman there without a corsage bouquet or a flower in her hair. You don't know how badly I felt, but I was too proud to say anything about it."

"Why my dear," he protested, "I didn't know you wanted any flowers."

"You know I always like flowers," she retorted. "I'm passionately fond of them, and—and you've never forgotten that before."

"But you didn't give me any money to get them with," he explained, "and I didn't feel like charging them to you."

For a minute there was doubt as to whether it would be tears or flashing eyes. Then she went over to her little desk, picked up her check-book, and threw it on the floor at his feet.

"Take your old check book!" she exclaimed. "I don't want to have anything to do with it. I don't want to manage anything"——

"Except me," he put in.

And the next night he brought her home a fine large bouquet of roses.—New York Sun.

A THANKSGIVING SLEIGH RIDE UP-TO-DATE. OVER THE ROAD IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

An Apache Lullaby.

Under the low mesquite,
Surah, surah, my sweet!
Hear the laugh of the little ha
As it runs away from the big papah;
When the yamosee and the white shah
Have come up behind the great red face,
Hanne, thy father will come, my sweet,
With quail from the thicket and deer
From the chase.
Under the low mesquite,
Surah, surah, my sweet.

Under the low mesquite,
Surah, surah, my sweet
Little brown antelope have no fear;
The growling mawmita will not find you
Here.
He is up on the peaks in the pookah, my
dear,
When out in the trail creeps the long
sponer.
Hanne, thy father, will come, my sweet,
With rabbit and turkey for you and for
me,
Under the low mesquite,
Surah, surah, my sweet.

—Harrison Conrad in Arizona Graphic

Misplaced Confidence.

A newly-married couple were honeymooning in the country, when the first batch of letters from home arrived, and the husband teasingly proposed to open one addressed to his wife.

"Certainly not," she said firmly.

"But, Philippa," he pretended to remonstrate, "surely you are not going to have any secrets from me, now that we are married?"

"I shall not have any secrets from you, but Phyllis might," his wife said. "That letter is hers, not mine. I shall probably let you read it after I have, but not till I am sure that Phyllis has told me nothing but what she would be willing for you to know."

"Still, doesn't it imply a lack of confidence when a wife won't show her letters to her husband?"

"Not at all. The lack of confidence is shown by the husband when he demands to see his wife's letters."

This was unanswerable, and the husband sank back in his chair with amused delight in his wife's perfect unconsciousness of having said a good thing.

Presently she added:

"I told you so! Here is something Phyllis wouldn't want you to know."

"Then why are you going to tell me?"

"I'm not going to tell you what it is. You are only to know there is something you can't know—at present."

"Phyllis is engaged," he remarked.

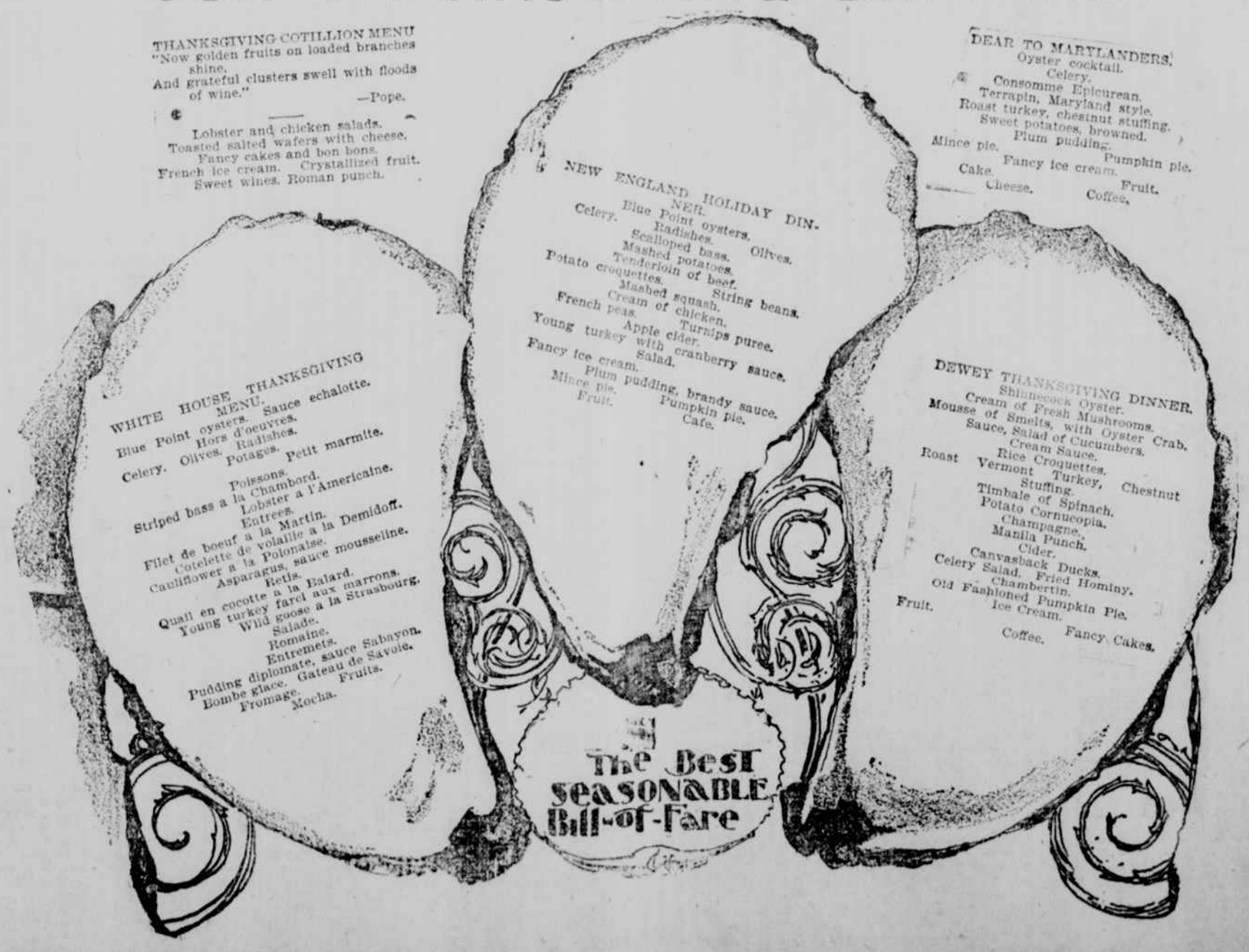
"And what if she is? You are not to know to whom."

"To Radcliff," hazarded her husband.

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't say she isn't."

"How could I say she isn't when she—"

"Is? I really think, my dear, you might as well have let me read that letter."—Collier's Weekly.

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNERS.