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Aunt Emily's Idea

It is no wonder we seem to be a nation of "rushers" to outsiders, who are accustomed to the conservative ways of the old countries.

We do rush and fret and fume and worry from dawn to the setting of sun, every man, woman, and child of us! More's the pity for these last, who in consequence will not live out half their days if they keep on at the rapid rate begun with.

You see we begin wrong. We all want to either be the President of the United States or something else to which our ambition aspires, and we are dead sure to miss the goal is to lose everything!

At least that is the way the most of us look at life—until we are about ready to step down and out and off into eternity!

Ambition is not to be despised as a handmaiden, but as a mistress she needs watching!

Otherwise, she will drive one's chariot at a racing, breakneck, bacchanalian speed all the days and years of one's life, which must be short!

Will she—"Halt?"

Never! day and night, while you are sleeping or waking, she is ever on the alert, living on her nerve, feeding on excitement, winding up her victims to the highest expectation, until one day—snap!

Something in you "has given away."

You now realize you cannot keep up that race forever. It isn't in you, mentally or physically, and the doctor says "nervous prostration." "You must rest, go crazy, or die!"

• • •

We have all seen these cases, if they are not our very own, although many of us are "hustling" on the same lines with more or less of the strain felt in our quivering and tense nerves.

Better stop before the strings of your harp break with a twang!

• • •

The worst of it is, our young people catch the disease, and run at high pressure in the schoolroom.

The "grading" is always on what the ablest pupils can do. Hence, the average scholar is kept at high pressure of endeavor all the time to keep up with those who master all things easily. No wonder that now or then a delicate boy or an ambitious girl drops out the ranks before they get half through the high schools. They have to or break down entirely. The most conscientious pupils suffer most, because they dig away and make no sign until they have to give up, or, possibly, become invalided in mind or body for life.

The system of teaching, however good, is still defective—that is, not elastic enough to take into consideration the varied capabilities of pupils.

• • •

Men let business drive them "for board and clothes only," as one said to me a day or so ago who deftly manages a big corporation.

"I try not to let it interfere with my night's rest," said he, "but I confess sometimes the cares of the day so affect me I've often no appetite, and my head throbs and aches from nervous strain as though it would split, and all for board and clothes, while the community whom we are trying to serve are all the time abusing us like pickpockets when everything is not to the public's mind.

"The public never considers the point of view from that of the corporation side, nor what improvements cost us," said he with a weary sigh.

Of course he was a street railroad man, and if he doesn't stop soon he will be beyond the power of considering his aching head or minding what the public has to say of the management.

Nervous prostration or "apoplexy" stops many a gallant race for another notch of success.

• • •

And a woman's life is no better off! If she goes in for society, its constant demands are as ruinous on her vital forces as business or dissipation is among men.

"Sanitariums"—"Rests for Invalids" receive their best patronage from women who have "nervous prostration," women of "leisure."

Even young girls with nothing to do but spend money, be gay, look pretty and pose to please have died of "nervous prostration."

Then there are the busy mothers, cumbered with many cases and worried to make both ends of a limited income meet. These are whipped along from day to day, and they fret more or less, until a day comes when they "break down," and having neither money nor friends to send them to a rest cure they keep up possibly can, dragged and fagged out until one day the doctor comes and a few days after the undertaker. Another home broken up because of too much worry.

• • •

Others worry and fret because all things "do not go right." These are they who have spasms of envying people not half so comfortable and happily situated as themselves. They can't get away or have new clothes, much less new houses or new furniture. They just have to make old things "do" and to keep up the everlasting grind, grind, at mills which turn out but little grist.

They can't let go, nor can they go on, so they fret and keep up the everlasting discontent which we all know can work two ways.

One way is awfully depressing, while the other application of it is wholesome, sweet, uplifting, and will help one over the hard places.

• • •

Yes, everybody knows that discontent has a virtuous side.

If one accepted everything without protest as it comes along there would be no improvement. Hope, the great inspirer to better things, would have to take a back seat, and that would be a calamity.

• • •

Look at the faces one meets in the streets and in public conveyances. How few of them reflect a happy heart. It is no uncommon thing to see men or women who are talking it over to themselves—who are not crazy—simply preoccupied, who drop an occasional word that lets you into the secret places of a heart bearing its own burden.

Everyone has to bear his own burden in a

A PENITENTE FLOWER-POT

It was a most curious plant to be growing there, and curious for any plant to grow so high on the frigid flanks of Mount San Mateo so early. Down in the valleys there was not a token of green; even the hardy chapparo had not yet dared think of budding. But up in this dark ravine, over 8,000 feet above the sea, with strips of snow still tapering northward from the pine trunks! Some one had been at work here very lately, for the soaked earth was newly turned and muddy finger prints were still fresh on the neck of an enormous jar which projected a few inches above the surface. One must be crazy to pot flowers so far from home and in an air so cold that even the rugged cedars had stopped climbing 500 feet below and left the heights to the shivering pines. As for the plant, that was even stranger than its garden—a great, black, shaggy ball upon a squat, brown stalk, a scant four inches tall and more than that in thickness. It seemed to be sadly wilted, too, and was drooping very much to one side, which was small wonder, considering the icy wind that drew through the ravine with dismal sighs and now and then a hollow wail. The toughest plant might well freeze in such weather.

But what a lloron the wind is to-day! One expects the March airs to screech and wail a bit, but not to play cry baby the way this is doing. With almost every gust its voice seems to turn more and more to tears, till one could almost swear it is some one crying bitterly.

Now the sun, sliding past a pine top, falls for the first time upon the jar; and in a few moments there is a new witchcraft—for the grotesque, black blossom begins to straighten upon its stalk; not steadily, but by fits and starts. What new sort of heliotrope is this, that blooms so untimely among the new Mexican peaks, and goes nid-nodding to the sun like a boy who tries to keep awake in church?

Suddenly the howls of the wind ceased—as well they might, for they were only borrowed. A slender, brown girl, very ragged in the old black dress and nearly barefoot, despite the cold had been leading them; and now, rounding a big pine, dropped her sobs in the same breath with her step and stood as rooted to the ground. She might be 14 years old, and, but for the tears, very pretty—for her swollen eyes were still big and dark, and in the soft, olive cheeks was a faint bloom.

"What flower is that?" she murmured, in a voice still shaky. "And who shall plant here? Holiest Mother! It is bewitched!" and, with a scream of terror, she turned to flee down the mountain side. For at sound of her voice the flower had twisted on its clumsy stalk and stared straight at her.

Her flight might have been more successful had she kept her eyes with her instead of turning them over her shoulder to see if that horrible blossom were in pursuit. As it was, she had not gone five steps before a big pine ran against her so violently as to fling her to the ground quite breathless. Rise? Indeed, she could not. Only twenty feet away was that accursed plant glaring at her and holding her spellbound. She could neither move nor cry out, but lay watching with an awful fascination, in which her very thoughts were far off and unreal. The rude little cabin in the pass, the still form in it, the weeping woman, and the babes all faded from her memory—and how she, the oldest of the young flock, had bravely tried to bring the news across the mountain to the little Mexican village, and had lost her way amid the errant cattle trails and wandered for hours crying with cold and terror. All she could think of now was this grim plant, with its wild eyes.

But were they so wild? Now she began to fancy that they had an imploring look, and as she gazed, the whole weird flower took for her the guise of a prayer, a plea for mercy. Very black and tousled was it; but, oh, it looked so pitiful! and the woman in her began to swell above her fears. Perhaps the poor thing needed help.

In some conditions of the mind one does quite absurd things in perfect good faith. Cleofes was living in a very unreal world just now, but in it she acted as seriously as if everything had been the most commonplace affair conceivable. She grew so tenderhearted for this poor vegetable which seemed to be suffering that she found, to get up and go to its assistance, the strength she had been unable to muster to save her own life—which shows that for her years she was already very much a woman.

"Pobrecita de flor," she said, softly, laying her slender, brown hand on the great black shock. "What hast thou? What can I do?" and she knelt to look at what had appeared to be its face.

A face it certainly was. The wild black hair and beard might do for the spiny wig of some strange cactus or a crazy crysanthemum, but who ever saw eyes and mouth in crysanthemum or cactus before? Real eyes, that moved and begged, bloodshot as they were, and blue lips, forced far apart by a cruel gag!

"Poor plant!" repeated Cleofes, without a

sense, since none have ever yet found a friend so true he could be trusted with every depth of feeling. At least, you could not put it into words. Sympathy is the only key that fits all doors, and opens for inspection what is "in the heart of man" and much more that of woman.

* * *

Now there is a great deal too much of this striving, straining after the unattainable, for much of this universal passion of discontent, which has no real excuse for being.

Ambition is not the best teacher of life. She never gives out half the "prizes" she promises, but puts a double five in some pockets which she has cunningly pulled out of others, to whom she has also promised favors. There are other and better standards of life than she offers.

Success is not always merely "getting there." To have gained the object through all sorts of questionable, belittling, unmanly, or unwomanly ways of intrigue and guile may be in reality the dismalest of failures.

Think you a moneyed man who has cheated a friend (?) who in his despair committed suicide is happy or a being to be envied? Such things have been and the murderer gone unhung, even been received into society, but what baffled being of you all would change places with him and live in the midst of gilded splendor with the conscious daily presence of such a spirit within you as that?

Ah, my tried friend, try to see things, to see life as they and it should be.

Get a good focus on it and don't fret!

Admitted—During the dreary days of Winter, in the midst of hard times, it is not so easy to get a new focus on one's own muchly tried life.

I will not prescribe any medicine I am not willing to take myself nor any that I have not found helpful, nor will I measure you all in my scales.

* * *

But now that Spring is with us again, fluttering in every new born leaf, smiling in the dandelioned grass, and nodding in the flowers, I say unto you beloved: Get out of doors and shut your cares up in the dark closet at home, leaving them there while you go forth to rejoice in the light, beauty, and delights of this the best world you ever saw! It is charming. And nature will respond to all your raptures.

The parks and squares of Washington and the grand old trees in the Smithsonian grounds are spots of beauty and refreshment for weary minds such as but few cities can boast of.

The woman who has a "fad" for studying anything in nature will have no need of paying a big bill in a sanitarium for a cure of "nervous prostration," and the man who has a scientific turn and carries a microscope and hammer in his pocket as an habitual thing has a panacea for all his woes if he will stop "grinding" long enough to intelligently use them.

The woods about Anacostia, Takoma Park, Brookline, Kensington, and other suburban towns are full of innocent nature-loving strollers on Sunday afternoons, usually family groups—men and women who think it no sin after going to church half the day to spend the other half in their own chosen way with children or friends and a lunch basket in the cool and fragrant woods.

Nature sets a good example for us. She keeps open her workshops, libraries, and laboratories as much on Sunday as on any other day of the week. The men and women who cannot resist the delight of carrying home a bough of dogwood blossoms, or a spray of mountain laurel or a great mess of rhododendron are not the chief of sinners, in my estimation.

They have simply found a cure for the everlasting fret and grind of life, and added the touch of repose and rest which appreciationof the true and beautiful gives to those who will reach out and take them.

* * *

I don't believe in "desecrating the Sabbath," but let us not forget it is as much man's day as the Lord's day. Christ walked in the fields on the Sabbath day with his disciples, and what are the beautiful parks, this charming nearness to the grand old woods for, if not for the mental and physical refreshment of the people? AUNT EMILY.

Some Little Hints On Light Housekeeping.

Having set up the gas, gasoline, or oil stove, the next thing to do is to arrange one's menu so as not to make the light housekeeping too laborious.

When the thermometer is well up into the seventies or dancing round the hundred many cold dishes will be as much relished as hot ones when it is cooler. The wise housekeeper will see that the meats and vegetables that are good cold are prepared in the early morning and then put in the cellar or on the ice.

Veal, mutton, roast beef, boiled ham, dried beef and canned mackerel furnish variety enough to select from in the way of meats. Those that require cooking should go in the oven or over the fire immediately after the breakfast is served.

Tea and coffee, beets, peas, and string beans are all good cold dishes. In warm weather pies and puddings should be the exception in the dietary list and not the rule. A rhubarb tart will be much relished two or three times a week, and strawberries are good enough served plainly, although some families will insist on the old-fashioned shortcake as a dessert, and as that is only a half hour's work to prepare, it might well be classed among the exceptions to the rule: "No pastry in hot weather."

Anyone who will manage a little need cook scarcely at all during the heated term. The markets open from day to day have fresh baking every day, and boiled ham and tongue can be had at a trifle over what it sells per pound in the raw.

Every kind of pickle, preserve, or jam can be had for less than it would cost to put them up, for from 10 cents per pint to 20 and 25 cents per pound. Hence there really is no need of much cooking in households where they prefer coolness and comfort to hot meals.

Iced tea, lemonade, and iced coffee will, with the cold, boiled, and iced milk, furnish beverages enough. Make the table as dainty and pretty with shining glass spotters, napery, and a few flowers, and quite forget that hot meals must be served twice a day, for that is all gammon—unless you really want to.

---

thought of her own absurdity; and, tugging hard, she tore the pine core from between the swollen jaws. The lips were dry and rough as rawhide, but now little red cracks began to show on them. The girl ran to the shadow of a tall tree and caught up a handful of snow. With that she began rubbing the frozen lips, and little by little forced bits into the mouth.

The eyes began to brighten somewhat, and, in a few minutes, a hoarse, inarticulate sound issued from the mouth—whereat Cleofes recoiled in terror. She had not yet ceased to think of the plant as a plant; for, you must remember, she lived in a land more than half of whose people believe in witchcraft to this day. But, in another moment, her pity again conquered, and she began chafing the cold cheeks and putting more snow to the mouth.

"Bendita—seas!" croaked a husky voice at last.

"What art thou—plant or human?" stammered the girl, uncertain whether to stand or run.

"Juan, the—Penitente. And—they—buried me—here—to die because—I—renounced—the brotherhood!"

At this Cleofes crossed herself and lost color. To meddle in the laws of the fanatic fraternity, whose self-tortues and crucifixions are a barbarous blot on New Mexico to this day—she knew what it meant. There are a few men reckless enough to defy, even secretly, that remorseless power. And now she remember having heard of this—that brothers who had broken their vows were buried thus in great tinajones and left to perish.

"Thou art good, little one!" groaned the human plant; "but leave me, else will they kill thee, also." The despairing eyes seemed to push her away.

But now Cleofes was quite herself again, the muy muger who had not lived fourteen years in that wilderness for nothing. The prowling Navajos that threatened their lonely hut, the bear killed in the very dooryard, meant no such danger as this. But she could not leave the poor head to perish.

"No! Though they kill me, I will get thee out!" she cried impulsively, stamping her tattered foot. "If I had only a spade!"

"That is not far. For I saw them hide it under yon scrub oak," and he thrust out his chin in that direction; "but what canst thou?"

"With help of God!" answered Cleofes, gravely, and she ran to the bush There, sure enough, was the spade, burrowed under the dead leaves, and, in a moment more, she was digging around the neck of the great jar.

The eyes watched her hopelessly. But, really now, she was much woman! Good spadefuls, sisterling! With another like thee

LITERATURE YEARS AGO.

All About Letter-Writing—An Old-Fashioned Accomplishment.

An old-fashioned accomplishment and one that has sadly degenerated since the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose letters are among the finest in literature, is that of letter-writing. Many a society lady writes a letter that a school girl should be ashamed of. I do not now refer to the contents as regards their interest and beauty of expression so much as to the simple, recognized forms of letters of business, friendship or ceremony.

Certain fashions of dating a letter as well as styles in letter paper change so frequently that one who has something more serious in life than fashion to attend to may well be excused for being ignorant of them, but every pupil of a public or private school should be so carefully instructed in certain forms that they will make no mistake.

For instance, to commence a letter "Friend Mollie" stamps the writer at once as ignorant of the usages of good society. If you are not on sufficiently intimate terms to say "Dear Mollie" or "Dear Harold," then write "Dear Miss Smith" or "Dear Mr. Brown." If the acquaintance is very slight indeed, prefix "My," which is more formal. "Yours sincerely" is a safe signature where anything denoting a decree of intimacy and affection is prohibited.

In writing a business communication, write out the name and address in full, just as you would on the outside of an envelope, in the upper left-hand corner, and then "Dear Sir" or "Madam" underneath. Sign yourself "Yours truly," and if you are lady write beneath your full name thus, "Mary L. Johnson," but do not prefix "Mrs." if you are married. Then if it be necessary for purposes of further communication, for your correspondent to know the prefix, write in the lower left-hand corner:

"Address Mrs. H. T. Johnson," with street and number.

In addressing an envelope to a married lady honor her by giving her the initials of her husband, if you give any, but do not write on it her given name unless she is a widow. Exceptions may be made to this rule where a married lady writes for publication under her own name.

Never begin the letter if it can be avoided with the pronoun "I," and never eliminate it in other parts of the letter. It may be permissible in a diary, but never in a letter to say "Went skating this morning." Do not use dashes for punctuation marks; if you are ignorant of the rules of punctuation, study them, or at least confine yourself to the use of commas and periods, which any one should be able to use instinctively.

PARTICULARLY FOR WOMEN.

"The emancipated woman is not as happy as she claims to be." Who and what is an emancipated woman? And "emancipated" from what? Home responsibilities, maternal happiness, wifely cares and society's obligations? If she is "emancipated" from these she is most surely unhappy. But is it possible to so "emancipate" her, and would her life be worth living if one of these womanly penalties were lifted from her willing shoulders or taken from her tender hands?

Some Spring costumes are being made of hopsacking. This has not proved a good material for hard wear, for it wears rough and is very harsh. The prettiest hopsacking ever made has been in brown. Black is very ugly.

Spread lace to be cleaned on a sheet of writing paper, sprinkle it well on both sides with magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put away between the leaves of a book for three days, and then shake off the powder to find the lace perfectly clean. Laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or ecru tinge is procured.

Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar over the top of two-crust pies before baking and see how delicious it makes them.

What women do not realize, and will not realize, is the necessity which most of them are under of studying their own anatomical peculiarities before adopting any particular style of dress that may be in vogue. Long waists are in fashion. Straightway every woman with high hips and short backbone strives, by skillful adjustment, to give herself appearance of length of figure. She satisfies her conscience that she is not lacing tightly, oblivious to the fact that flesh, muscles and bones, if not allowed their proper room, must "go somewhere." But that "somewhere" will not be the proper place for them.

For Roller Towels.

If you live in the city, where a towel roller can be bought for 15 cents, you will not need this suggestion, but for people who live in the country, or who wish to furnish Summer cottages for a song, it is one of the little inventions that it is well to know about. Saw off an old broom handle a few inches longer than the width of the towel, twenty-two inches is about right; sandpaper the ends smooth and stain and varnish it; about two inches from each end bore a hole and make a small wooden peg to fit it. Hang the roller with pieces of wire, each sixteen inches long, bent into the shape of a ring, with a loop at the end of a short projection. Screw this loop to the door, slip in the roller, put the pegs in place, and if you have first put on a clean towel, the contrivance is completes.

Hard Times Notes.

The wages of Seattle (Wash.) school teachers have been reduced 15 per cent.

The old-fashioned woman who sells yeast to her neighbors is doing business at the old stand in McPherson, Kan., and gives it as her opinion that all these stories of trade depression are made out of whole cloth.

The walnut log business in and around Holt, Mo., is reported as excellent. Walnut coffins are cheaper than mahogany or rosewood caskets.

A horse firm in North Missouri, Mo., bought a lot of fine colts four years ago at $50 each. The other day the same animals were shipped to Chicago and sold for $17 apiece.

In Rocky Comfort, Kan., nobody is starving. Eggs are selling there at 5 cents a dozen. An irritating editor remarks that this is rather rocky comfort for the farmers who raise the eggs.

A Roxbury (Me.) shop is making 200,000 fan handles. All these are contracted for. The demand for fans has never been heavier than now.

GOOD BREAD-MAKING.

Mrs. W. P. Pond gives some interesting views about this necessary art.

The art of bread-making is a very ancient one, and from age to age great strides have been made forward, but still to multitudes of housewives it is a task, a duty they are specially glad to mark off the kitchen chore slate, if only for that bugbear reason, "it is so long laying around." This aversion to the great weekly, biweekly or triweekly task is caused by the old-fashioned way of making the "sponge" at night, leaving it to rise until morning, and then kneading the bread and setting it to rise again before finally baking it.

In an ordinary gallon bowl dissolve two-thirds of a fresh cake of yeast, with about a pint of tepid water.

Add a very little salt, about as much as will lay on a dime; this cannot be gauged closely, and the only guide to the quantity is that the mixture must not taste salt, but only a little "brack." If the mixture is permitted to taste salt at this stage, when the fermentation takes places it will be much salter. Therefore care is necessary until the quantity becomes, by use, more or less instinctive.

Add sufficient flour to make the batter thick enough to be beaten with a spoon, but not any thicker. Beat it well, put the bowl in a very hot place, either on the shelf over the range or on a chair close to the front of the range, cover with a cloth to keep off the dust, being careful the cloth does not sag down and touch the sponge, and then leave it to rise.

There is no necessity to seive the flour; if properly kept it will have no lumps

In an hour and a half the sponge will be light, The bowl must then be transferred to the table, and sufficient flour worked in to make a stiff dough. Then add a piece of sweet lard as large as a small hen's egg and work it in with the hand, so that it is thoroughly mixed, and the dough will "leave the bowl clean" and in such condition that it can be "worked" and not stick to the kneading board. It is the sign of a good breadmaker that the board is always free from surplus flour, and perfectly clear from all litter after the kneading once commences.

Half the poor bread now made is due to this one fact—of ignorant kneading. No amount of "pinching" will have the fine effect of the palm work.

The dough should be placed in the center of the board, and the hands laid lightly upon it; then the heel of the palm should be pressed firmly downwards, and at the same time the hands thrown forward slowly, in such a way that the upper part of the dough is held fairly stationary in the hand, while the palm grinds its way down and under. As the arms straighten the dough should be deftly turned, and with the same motion brought backward, when the same grinding movement is gone through, thus systematically working the dough round and round until it is perfectly smooth, looking like satin and free from air-biebs.

Less than twenty minutes conscientious work will not produce this effect.

Having progressed thus far, cut the dough into two pieces. Place one out of the way at the upper corner of the board. Take the other into the center of the board with the cut surface uppermost. Then with the fingers and thumbs of both hands work the outer edges of the cut surface forward and slightly downward (with the same action as that of enclosing an apple in dough for baking) until the cut surface disappears, and a smooth, seamless ball remains, with a tiny gathering, like that of a bag, at the top. Repeat the process with the other piece of dough.

Carefully grease the tins, paying special attention to the corners; then place in each tin one of the pieces of dough, and press it down with the knuckles well into the corners and along the sides, so that it will present an even surface, coming about half way up the sides of the tin.

Then place the tins in a very warm place, such as the chair in which the sponge was placed to rise. They should be allowed to remain there until the dough has risen to double its capacity, or quite to the top of the tin. This, if the heat be right, will be in about an hour. The tins should of course be covered to keep out the dust.

The fire in the meantime should receive close attention, as a fierce fire is not required, but a steady fire—one that has burned up steadily with a good, moderate, uniform heat, which will be maintained in the oven with but little increase or diminution for some time.

A decreasing heat is as bad as a fierce or increasing heat. A clear fire with a moderate draft open is what is required. This is an item in which practice alone can make perfect, and many a baking of bread is spoiled by inattention to it or ignorance.

When sufficiently risen the bread should be placed in the oven, and should be well baked in about forty-five minutes, or an hour at the outside.

To procure the best results, attention should be given to it as it bakes. Ovens are cranky affairs, subject to wind and other outdoor agencies; and thus varying it will be found necessary at times to turn the loaves around as they brown, crosswise or lengthwise, according to the way in which they bake. A sure sign of sufficiently cooked bread is gained by thrusting a clean broom-straw through the loaf, and if it comes out dry the bread is done.

Hints to Housewives.

Sea salt should be used with the bath. It is restful and invigorating.

Brushes and combs should be washed weekly with tepid water and ammonia.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling will prevent it from sticking.

For narrow windows in small apartments muslin curtains, figured and ruffled, look well.

When milk is used in tumblers wash them first in cold water, afterward rinse in hot water.

Take egg stains from silver by rubing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

To beat the white of eggs stiff with ease they should be cold, with a very small pinch of salt added.

Cut a piece from the top of old kid shoes and insert it inside the iron holder you are going to make.

Eternal Love.

Sobbing Wife—"Three years ago you swore eternal love, and"——

Brutal Husband—"How long do you expect eternal love to last, anyway?"—Hello.

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it might be done. The girl worked like one possessed, and there came a ray of light in eyes that saw the hole slowly widening.

"But I die of cold," the voice croaked; "for these six hours I am chilled with this dead earth."

"Tonta that I am! When there is so much to burn!" Dropping the spade, she gathered pine cones and dead branches and whirled one dry stick in the hollow of another till both began to smoke, and laying dry leaves to them blew from puffed cheeks till a wee flame leaped among them. In a few moments more a smart fire crackled to the leeward of the jar, and its life-giving heat began to thaw the frozen victim.

"Seest thou not that the saints are with us?" cried the girl, almost gayly. "All goes well, and in time we will have thee free." Then she dug away harder than ever, while the eager eyes followed every move of her.

But they were not the only ones. Both were too much occupied with her work to thing of anything else, or they might have been aware of something quite as interesting. A few rods up the hill was a narrow trail, and over the ridge a pair of tall ears had just risen. Very big ears they were, indeed, and cocked well forward, and from between a sinister face scowled down at the scene under the blasted pine. There was an ugly glitter in the eyes, and suddenly the lips drew into a hard smile that was even more unpleasant than the frown.

"See! We are at the swell of the olla already!" exclaimed Cleofes, panting with her work and making a wry face at a big blister on her hand. But the head did not answer, and when she looked down at it the face was distorted and the eyes seemed twice their size. She whirled to follow their direction, and in the moment sank down with a gasp of terror. "Filomeno, the Brother of Light!"

Yes, it was Filomeno! He spurred the reluctant male forward, grinning savagely. In good time he had come back from Cerros Cuates. What luck had sent this little she-fool to meddle in the justice of the brotherhood?

"God give you good-day!" he sneered, dismounting with rifle in hand. "It is slow digging—no? But deeper yet they shall dig who would undo the work of the Third Order. At it, little miner!—harder! Already it is late, and this must I see well done before I leave."

What! Was he going to let her finish after all—this evil Filomeno, whose crimes were known all across the country, and who was one of the most zealous of the Penitentes? The girl looked at him in wonder.

"Deeper, I tell thee! It still lacks much. Lastima, only, that there is not another jar for so pretty a flower!" And he gave a strange chuckle at his diabolic wit.

The spade dropped from Cleofes' hands. Now she understood! Not for her life could she speak a word; and, like a tattered statue, she stared at the brother of light.

"Here, give me the spade! he said, after enjoying her terror for a moment. He began to throw out the earth in great wet lumps—for Filomeno had a back like the trunk of an oak. The hole grew fast, while Cleofes, powerless and speechless, watched as in a dream. As for the head in the jar, it was luckier. It hung down limply on one side, and the horror had all faded from the half-closed eyes.

"'State, mula! Stop him!" For the animal, wholly suspicious of that strange object, had not ceased to snort and fling its head, and now began to sidle off, pretending to see some new terror.

"Stop him, daughter of idiots!" cried Filomeno, angrily. But Cleofes could not move; and, with a buffet as he passed her, the ruffian caught his beast and dragged it back, dealing it several blows in the face with his heavy fist.

"Now stand, thrice-accursed!" he snarled, picking up the spade again. But the mule had no notion of standing, and danced and plunged till he was like to break the bridle.

"Wilt thou not? To see, beast of infamy!" roared the enraged owner. Uncoiling the reata from the saddle-horn, he knotted it about the animal's neck and brought the other end back to the hole, twisting it around his fist as he dug. Flojo seemed to grow more nervous every moment, as is the way of beasts "broken" with blows and abuse. He kept snorting, and backing off, and jerking on the hair-rope till it spilled the spadefuls back into the hole. Each time Filomeno stopped to give a curse and a savage yank which was soothing to neither Flojo's neck nor feelings; and, finally, bracing his heels against the edge of the hole, hauled the unwilling donkey close up to him, hand over hand.

"Now to stand, or I shoot thee the head off!" he panted, with a fearful oath; and, coiling the rope under his feet, he began to ply the spade with redoubled energy.

Flojo seemed to have concluded that further protest was useless; and, with ears and head drooping and a look of utter dejection in his long face, he stood mournfully watching his master. He would be a good mule now—it cost too dear to yield to one's feelings, with Filomeno about.

These good resolutions were all very well if only Juan's swoon had lasted a little longer. But now there was a faint sigh from the jar, and the bushy head moved feebly and the eyes began to open. Flojo cocked up one

CLEANING BLACK SILK.

So many women wish information concerning the cleaning of black silk that I herewith give a receipt which I have seen tried successfully: Place each piece on a smooth, clean table, using a wad of the material you are cleaning for a sponge, and rub with this dipped in the cleaning fluid in downward strokes until each piece is well wet. The fluid may be equal parts of alcohol and lukewarm water; it may be cold coffee well strained, or water in which an old black glace kid glove has been boiled. This latter mixture is a glove put into a pint of water and boiled down to a half pint, or two gloves in a quart of water. Each and every one of these fluids are excellent in effect. Sponge the goods on what will be the right side when made up, as some silks can be turned after being worn. Hang each piece on a line to dip; when nearly dry, but still quite damp, iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side, placing a piece of soft black cambric or crinoline between the iron and the goods, and ironing each piece until it is perfectly dry. Then lay away the pieces without folding them. If the selvedge edges seem to draw after the silk is wet cut them here and there to give a leeway.

Some persons do not iron silk, thinking that as it drips dry over the line it will be perfectly smooth, but this does not give as handsome an appearance as ironing. The ironing must always be done on the wrong side and over a second fabric, which must be black if the material is dark colored. If there are any grease spots on the silk remove them with naphtha, rubbing it on with a piece of the silk or with French chalk. The latter is scraped on the spot, left there over night and brushed off in the morning; if the spot remains, try the chalk again. This must be done before the silk is cleaned. French chalk may be used on any fabric or color. Benzine will remove paint, but it sometimes leaves a stain like water, which may be removed with French chalk. Another plan to remove grease from silk is to rub a lump of wet magnesia over the spot, allowing it to dry and then brushing off the powder.

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WHAT A BABY IN THE HOUSE CAN DO

It can wear out a $1 pair of kid shoes in less than twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the papers for a nurse.

It can simultaneously occupy both sides of the largest bed made.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when its mother wants to show it off.

It can make an old bachelor in the next room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the furtherest end of the room to the foot of the stair in the hall quicker than its mother can step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep like an angel, and just as papa and mamma are starting for the theater it can wake up and stay awake.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

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FASHION FANCIES.

A rough burnt straw with the brim drooping slightly from a crease through the middle has the front covered with a bow of long ribbon loops of assorted tints of rose, all the loops lying flat. A large rose rosette is on each side of the back.

The fickle goddess of fashion declares that short women are to have an inning and become the reigning queens of society. Tall women have had their day, and must stand aside while their short sisters rear their heads as best they can. Just how the tall girls are to become fashionable under this decree is a problem as easy to solve, perhaps, as how short ones are to be made tall. But all this is very disheartening after years of athletic struggle to gain the required height, which may not be compressed for fashion's sake.

All ginghams and silks are to be made up very fussily and trimmed heavily with lace, embroideries and ribbons. The only plain wash gowns are to be of the grass cloths, linens, duck wash cheviots, and piques. These almost without exception are being made like the cloth suits; severely plain, with coat and full skirt, with which can also be worn silk or cheviot waists.

The modiste who understands the true inwardness of the tasteful bow, and can give the desired touch to the intricate winged thing, need not lack for employment during the coming season. Bows we must have, whatever else may be wanting. On dresses they must not be too positive of their consequence, but must be made to melt into the draperies of the bodice and the folds of the skirt.

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Labouchere's Maxims.

We all admit principle, but we submit to interest.

Semi-attached husbands have semi-detached wives.

Love in any shape is only a variety of selfishness.

It is good to love when you are young; to be loved when you are old.

Marriage is like a cold bath; the longer you look at it, the less you will like it.

The devil was never so deadly as he is now, when we no longer believe in him.

Never offend little people. The great can afford to forget; the small cannot even affect to forgive.

Humanity is divided into pounds, shillings, and pence. The pounds rule, the shillings trade, and the pence labor. The unconsidered trifles are the farthings.

You can overlook the good in men so long as you know the evil. As the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, so the strength of a man's character is the strength of his weakest point.

WHAT OLIVE HARPER SAYS OF HOME DRESSMAKING

The lady who wishes to become a thorough dressmaker must have the proper tools and necessaries to begin with, besides a large amount of patience and taste. The tools needed are here briefly mentioned:

A cutting board or folding table.

A tape measure.

Three pairs of scissors, one for buttonholes.

A pincushion for general use and one to fasten to the side.

A needlebook.

Thread and sewing silk as much as one likes.

A press board for ordinary waist and skirt.

A sleeve board for pressing sleeves.

A heavy flatiron and one light one.

One or more wire frames for draping skirts.

A tin body for adjusting waists, trimmings, etc., on.

A bundle cap wire for collars and stiff bows.

Elastic, braid, bindings, whalebones, casings, crinoline, buckram, and dress linings—such as silesia, paper cambric, and drilling—and taffetas, silk, and brilliantine or alpaca for facings. Aside from these there should also be bobbin cord for pipings and stiff muslin, black and white, for collars, etc., pencil and book for writing down measurements, also a sewing machine and some stiff paper to diagram patterns on.

The first thing to be done in the making of a dress is to cut and fit the waist. It is a simple matter, but requires order enough to allow the dressmaker to keep track of all her belongings. When ready to begin work let the young dressmaker take a large piece of stiff cartridge paper and start from the right straight edge with her measurement. The person to be fitted stands with her hands on her hips, and the tapeline is passed around the body close under the arms and over the bust and brought to the back and the figures taken. The length of the back is taken, the front from the top of the shoulder to the waist line and to the throat. Then under the arms and finally around the waist.

When the measurements are set down, the dressmaker takes her pencil and rule and marks the first line four inches from the edge of the paper and brings it down in a slanting line to one-half inch of the edge from the waist line. She then divides the bust line in three, giving one-third its length to the back and two-thirds to the front and side front, making dots where the measure comes. The front, from throat to waist line, is then measured and the neck shaped out from the high line to the low one, which gives it about the right form, which can be cut out more if needed when tried on.

The basque shape is the foundation of all dressmaking, but as just now the waists are unusually short it can be cut off at the waist line or a little below it.

The darts form a very important part in the appearance of gowns, but there is no set rule that can apply to them. The waist is cut in the proportion marked, and if the bust is slender the darts should not be taken deep. If full or very full they can be made deeper, according to the need, and the front may be slanted, if so desired, so as to throw added fullness where it is required. Nor can the length of the darts be decided until the figure of the lady is seen. Some need high seams, some low ones, but the average is about five inches above the waist line, tapering to a point, and about one inch cut away in the center. This can only be determined in trying on.

When all the pieces belonging to a waist—eight in all, though they are cut in pairs which are exactly alike—have been outlined with dots according to the measures, they can be marked out with a pencil and then cut. The lining should be then laid flat and the cartridge paper diagram laid over it and the pattern marked on the lining which must be cut on the straight. Cut, allowing one full inch all around except in front for the seams. In front allow two inches for turning in.

When the waist is cut out, baste the lining together, beginning all seams at the top, and then try it on, with the seams on the outside. Pin the fronts together, leaving the edges to stand outward, and then get the size right around the waist, and after that pin the darts and seams to conform absolutely with the figure. Do not try to mold the figure to the dress.

When sure that the waist is, so to call it, molded to the body, press back the front edges so that the pin holes will strain a little, see that the arm sizes and neck are comfortable, and that it does not bind anywhere or wrinkle, and then slip off the waist and pull the seams a very little, enough to show just where the seams should be, now that the lining is fitted. As soon as this is done rip apart the lining and cut away all superfluous edges, though if the measurements are carefully taken there should be scarcely anything to cut away. The lining is then ready to be basted to the material.

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ear and then stole a sidelong glance at the very wrong time. That black thing was alive! And without waiting for more the terror-stricken mule reared madly backward and started off at a gallop. In an instant there came an unexpected hitch in his gait, at the same time that Filomeno's gray sombrero disappeared and his clumsy feet popped up, as if the two had incontinently changed places.

"Whoa! Socorro!" yelled a hoarse voice. But Flojo did not understand the last word and willfully disregarded the first—for a new panic seized him at sight of the ungainly dark form that whopped out of the hole and began tearing along the ground after him like a gigantic lizard. He would not have paused for all the "Whoas!" in Valencia county.

"Whoa! Stop him! Mur-der!" screeched Filomeno. But Cleofes could only answer with a peal of hysterical laughter. How he did hump along! No maromero on a saint's day could ever be half so funny when he tried his hardest. Filomeno had been just a little too smart. The lasso had become tangled about his feet, and it now was in a close hitch which defied his efforts to kick it off. As for doubling up and grasping the rope, Flojo's gait said a final "No" to that. Off down the hill-side dashed the maddened mule, dragging his master forty feet behind.

A rocky ledge here, but it was too late to stop. The runaway leaped forward blindly and landed in the mud twenty feet below all in a heap. A dead pinon stood almost against the rocks, so close that Flojo had cleared it safely. But the rope drew across a stiff branch and caught in a fork and stuck there, and there dangled Filomeno ten feet from the ground, head down, his torn moccasins almost touching the branch. Flojo rose painfully and tried to hobble off downhill, but the stout reata would not give, and turning, resignedly, he stood gazing with an interested air at his dangling master. For once he had Filomeno at the right end of the rope.

Thee hours later the pale March moon, resting a moment on the sturdy shoulder of San Mateo, after her climb from the East, peered down through the pines to an unaccustomed sight. A camp-fire burned ruddily by a deep hole, in which were jumbled the massy fragments of a huge earthen jar. Beside the grateful blaze lay a big, shaggy fellow, his tattered clothing red-caked with mud, and near him sat a girl. Filomeno had builded better than he knew. A stout hand at work was he; and when he so abruptly ceased his labors, the digging was so well advanced that, by doing a very little more, Cleofes could batter the alla to pieces with the spade, and presently liberate the captive. He was quite unable to move at first, but with time the glow of the fire gave back life to his chilled frame, and he was saying:

"Pues, little one, it is to go—for now I am able."

"But he—but Filomeno?" cried Cleofes, as the mournful bray of a mule echoed through the woods. The shrieks and howls and imprecations had ceased long ago; only now and then there was a hollow groan from down yonder.

"Leave him, demonio that he is!—well hung up for the crows to-morrow!"

"No! No! We must not! Else his blood would be on us. We must let him go—and the poor mule that saved us."

"Ea! When he and his left me to a deeper death? And even thee he was to bury!"

"Even so, let us not be murderers, too! Come, let him go, there's a good Juan!"

"How shall I say no to the mugerota who has saved me? But ask it not, for if he lives he will have his revenge; and at his back is all the brotherhood. For me it is easy to flee, and for my son; but thy family? For I tell there is no corner in New Mexico where one can hide from the anger of the Penitentes."

"Oyes, Juan! Here thou hast his rifle, and, anyway, by now he will be past fighting. Only take him down from the tree and bind him well by the trail, and let the mule go. When it comes home empty, they will look for Filomeno; and by Flojo's trial they will easily find him before he starves. And meantime we shall all be safe, for my mother has told me she will go to her people in Chihuahua, now that papa is dead, and this only makes it to go a little sooner. Come, good Juan, if you really thank me, do that!"

And Juan did even so. I am not at all sure that he did a service to the public; for horses continue to disappear, and travelers are sometimes waylaid in that part of Valencia county; and when one speaks of it, the people of San Mateo are wont to shrug their shoulders and say:

"Quien sabe? But Filomeno was not at home last night. Ojala they had left him up the pinon tree!"

But that is not the wish of a demure and very good-looking matron, whose home down among the hills of Northern Mexico is undisturbed by anything more desperate than several round-faced youngsters. "Penitentes?" she says, with a shiver, when her husband tries to tease her. "Boo! How I hate the very name! But none the less am I glad I made thy father turn loose that one. No, grandpa?"

And a gray and very rheumatic man, smoking in the sunshine by the door, answers:

"Pues, hija, perhaps it is just as well—though for me, I would have left him."—Chas. F. Lummis, San Franc. co, April, 1894.