## THREE PROPOSALS.



OW many lumps?" she asked anxious-"one, two,

She holds my fate with my cup in her

fair hands. I see the slow juices of the Florida cane rising from the moist earth un-

der the sun's compelling kiss. I hear a rustling among the yellow stalks of sorghum as the wind waves their silken tassels. Visions of blood red beets, dissolved in the ichor of their souls, visit me. Verily, all these are sugar. And yet-these are not all!

'Three," I make shift to reply, regarding her gravely as she poises the old Dutch sugar tongs tentatively over

As she offers the Assam-Pekoe in its jeweled bauble of a chalice, a wave of the fragrant liquor overflows upon my wrist.

"Oh, I have hurt you!" she cries.

"Irremediably," I reply. The word, as I utter it, staggers with significance. She lifts her eyes, under puzzled brows,

"Surely," she hazards, softly, "the pain will soon be gone?"

"It is undying," I aver solemnly, "and yet," I add, "I cherish it." "Then I may give you another brim-

ming cup, since you woo pain?" Alas, might she not have said more truly, "Since you woo painfully."

"No. I will have no more tea." "I may give you coffee, then?" 'Nor coffee "

"Chocolate?" Her hand rests upon the fantastic lid of the silver box which contains the perfumed powder. She has lifted the carved handle of an apostle spoon to her lips. At the sight my passion breaks its bounds. I bend over her until my breath stirs the lock of hair in its warm resting place on the nape of her white neck.

Would you caress a dead apostle with a living disciple so near?" I whis-

Her answer comes so low that I am fain to ask for it again, and yet again. The apostle hears it, and laughs in his long beard.

For has not he, too, been kissed? 11.

A shadow from the old church tower falls upon two figures, the shadow of a

Within their walled garden mission priests chant midnight prayers for souls in purgatory.

Betty's black eyes burn, her breath comes fast; she is young and bold. As she leans against a slender cot-

tonwood, the south wind whispers to its heart-shaped leaves, and the girl thrills with the tree's tremulous reply.

Or do her pulses march with her lover's at the touch of his arm against ber sleeve? "Betty?"

The man stoops to the black eyes, out of which there leaps a sudden firenearer to the red lips, ripe as the blossom of a cactus. From a clump of high sage, ghostly gray even in the splendor of the night's high noon, the soul of the hour speaks in an owl's cry, once, twice, three times, the thick, soft, echoless notes robbing it, in a breath, of all its safety and sweetness.

"They passed me in the canon. crouched behind a bowlder and heard them curse each other for having lost my trail."

The man shakes his shoulders at the recollection. In the luminous haze which has overspread the sky, the scarlet handkerchief about his throat changes oddly to the likeness of a gaping wound.

He takes the girl's dusky face be-



"MY WOMAN, BY THE LORD." tween his hands and searches it avidiously.

"You love me, Betty!" As her warm mouth meets the pasalon of his, a passing cloud upon the moon's fair face blots out one arm of the crucifix, so that the pair stand no

longer in the shadow of a cross, but of The girl does not mark it, nor hear the stealthy pursuing footsteps which stop in the shelter of a projecting an-

gle of the wall, as her lover whispers: "Alive or dead, then, the same trail takes us, Betty? My woman, by the Lord, my woman!"

III.

It stands under a shoulder of the Matterhorn, where, even in the heat of August, the quaking aspens shiver and shadows of the spruce make twilight out of noon. I knock at the chalet's door. A woman's voice from the lattice overhead replies to my summons.

"This is not an inn." By the silver flutes of the great god Pan-her voice! All the charms that I cannot see a e expressed in it-grace of the fawn, eyes of dawn, hair of the silky fineness of the spider web as it facturers of tobacco for sale,-Ex.

hangs agross the sunset, brow thoughtful as the Matterhorn's sky before its stars have risen, heart brave and ten- | Always Went Straight to the Heart of

"But I am not a common traveler," I answer, boldly. Light laughter drifts down to me.gay

as the golden motes that swim in a sunbeam. "How may my house serve me?"

"With a sight of its fair mistress." "I hear a step upon the stair. The bolt of the door is drawn. A flood of light streams out into the night.

A withered old woman bids me enter. My feet sink in the silken pile of eastern rugs. I hear a gold hammer strike nine resonant strokes upon a bronze shield. Upon a spit before the fire place two birds are roasting. The air is redolent of their juices and the banquet of newly decanted wine. I have journeyed from where the Matterhorn climbs its last height, and my student dress is splashed and stained with mud and snow.

Dropping upon a velvet couch stretch my hands to the fire.

"Say to your gracious chatelaine that she shall dine with me."

The old serving woman turns away, mumbling.

I draw a heavy table into the middle of the hall, and set upor it platters and trenchers. The firelight flashes merrily on jeweled flagons and crystal car-

Placing her chair where the lamplight will strike upon her face and bring out the gold in her hair, I seat myself and fancy her figure on the other side of the table.

Two sleepy love-birds twitter overhead in a gilded cage.

One stirs, and flutters its downy feathers against my hand, "Elsie, Elsie," it murmurs.

"Elsie;" I cry. "Elsie!"

There is a rustling among the curtains that hide the stairs. All my veins run fire at the music of her reply, "I am here."

I turn and see a slender figure in violet velvet embroidered with gold. Above the low fair brow riotous locks make sunshine in curling tendrils, but whether the eyes beneath are violet like the woman's gown or black like the tips of the satin slippers under it, or turquoise or sapphire, like the stones that glimmer on my mistress' white hands, who can tell? Not I.

But if I cannot meet her eyes, I may follow the mutinous curve of the short upper lip and mark the cleft chin, white as an almond's heart, and the rows of pearls clasping the full fair throat.

I seat her, and we begin our meal. "There is no salad," she says. At a sign the old woman fetches me cress

"Does it commend itself to you?" I ask, when I have served my vis-a-vis. "It commends you to me," she repeats softly. I look into her eyes. But lies forth into the city to parade him-

by now the wine has given me cour-

"Why are you not in your proper station, you who would grace a court?" I

"I am tired of courts. Ah, you think the Princess Elise may not say so

much?" The Princess Elise! She, whose name is upon every tongue, my people's

queen, mine, if-Before I can speak I hear shouts,

One strikes the door of the chalet. "Sire, sire, admit us. In six hours we were to seek you. The time is up." Time? Ah, but the game is still to

be won. I drop upon my knees before the princess.

"Elise," I cry, "my throne is emp.y. I love you. Reign with me. Speak to me in the voice I have loved since first it fell on my listening ear. I wait for your yes."

Was it the echo of the bird's note in his jeweled ring overhead, or did my love reply? "Alexis! My king."-Mary Wakeman Botsford in Four O'Clock.

The Curing of Tobacco.

To cure tobacco so as to develop its fragrant flavor is no difficult matter. The leaf is carefully cut from the stem as soon as it begins to turn yellow. which indicates ripeness. The leaves must be carefully handled, and not bruised. They are strung by the stems on stiff wires, twelve or so on each, and hung up in an airy place, not too dry; an upper room is a good place for them. or an open atttic. There they dry slowly and fully ripen. They may stay in this way until a damp day, when they may be handled without breaking. They are tied in bunches of twelve by the stalks and slightly spread by twisting a strip of a leaf around these bunches, which are called hands. As the hands are tied they are laid together, the tips lapping and the butts out, in a square heap on which a piece of board, for a small quantity, is placed, and a weight is put on the board. They stay in this way for several weeks, warming up to some extent, and this fermentation is necessary to complete the ripening and to develop the fragrance and flavor. After again being dried by hanging a few days or being spread, to check the fermentation, the hands are packed in tight boxes where they finally cure and became marketable or usable. Nothing more is needed for use. But it is a common practice for home use to dip the leaves in sweet water or diluted molasses, and twist them into a sort of short ropes, doubling them and thus making what is commonly called pig tail. This may be used in this condition for smoking or chewing. Plug tobacco is made by laying the leaves, stripped from the stems and dipped in sweetened water. into suitable moulds and pressing them under a heavy press worked by a screw.

until they become solid cakes. Various

flavoring stuffs are used by the manu-

THIERS' FIRST SUCCESSES.

Affairs.

Thiers' great achievement at Aix was in winning a prize offered by the acadsays the Chautauquan. The way in which this prize was secured was characteristic of Thiers. He wrote one essay which would have been successful but for the fact that it was known to be his. The essays were sent anonymously, but Thiers had been unable to refrain from reading his to a literary society. The royalists on the committee, knowing its authorship, were unwilling to grant it the prize and postponed the decision. Thiers at once wrote another in a different style, which Mignet copied and sent anony mously. This essay won the prize, and the whole town laughed at the clever scheme. The money which he received enabled him to go to Paris. He had hoped to practice law, but found he had not money enough to be admitted to the Paris bar. He tried unsuccessfully writing, fan painting and the duties of a private secretary, but earned barely enough to keep from starving in his garret. Finally he got a chance to write for the Constitutionnel. The editor, to whom he had an introduction, had thought to get rid of him by asking him to write a review of the salon for that year. He supposed that Thiers must fail in such a task. The artistic taste which had been developed at Aix made his review a literary event While doing justice to David's great service to French art in the past, Thiers urged emancipation from the fetters with which David had bound the French school, and in contrast called attention to Delacroix, then an unknown painter. This single article did much for French art, and also secured the author a good position as a journalist. For this he was eminently fitted, as he was clear headed, went right to the heart of affairs and always wrote with his audience clearly before his mind. These same qualities were afterward prominent in his speeches.

## AN ENGLISH GALLANT.

He Was Very Gorgeous in the Elizabethan Days.

Glancing across the surface of every day life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively childlike simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colors worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day, says the Nineteenth Century. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau-ideal of the metropolis, as he salself in the favorite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his mustaches are cultivated and curled at the points, and himself redolent with choicest perfumes, Costlly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastene his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of snatches of song, the whizz of flying his silver-hilted rapier and dagger, the exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long, lovelocks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woolen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side; it is high and tapering toward the crown and has a band around it, richly adorned with precious stones, or by goldsmith's work, and this gives support to one of the finest of plumes. Only Jim Didn't,

In a ball game the other day Jim Corbett put out twelve men and his share of the receipts was \$300. And yet there was a time when Jim could have made \$20,000 by putting out one man.-Ex.

## MISSING LINKS.

The bicycle, as well as the Bible, now forms a part of the missionary's outfit.

In August nearly 3,000,000 pounds of fish, valued at \$116,000, were landed at Gloucester, Mass. In ten years the school attendance in

though the population has not increased in any such proportion. Sutton-in-Ashfield, in Nottingham. has given birth to more famous crick-

eters than any other town in England. "Shaw's Saw Shop" is a sign in Portland, Me., and a paper there suggests

that it is a good test for articulation in a prohibition state. It is estimated that more than 75,000 fishermen go out of New York every

Sunday and that they spend on an average of \$2 each on the sport. In a Boston court, a few days ago, a man engaged in manual labor testified that he was obliged to work twenty-

one hours out of the twenty-four. A number of Roman graves have recently been laid bare at Cologne. The Buffalo has more than doubled, alplace has been secured from spollation by an extensive inclosure,

"I don't see how a brilliant man like Professor Dusentrais can put in so much time talking to that insipid Mrs. Moktaque." "Oh, he's only stropping his intellect."--Chicago Journal.

Nellie-"Mother is out shopping." Caller-"When will she return, Nellie?" Nellie (calling back)—"Mamma, what golf-bags and Saratogas and old people chall I say now?"-Harper's Bazar.

He-"I understand Scribbler has made a big hit with his novel. I didn't know he was clever." She-"He isn't -Philadelphia Record.

## FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS dinner of 200 covers, followed by a AND MATRONS.

emy for an essay on Vanvenargues, Some Current Notes of the Modet-Problems for Winter Styles Various Matters of Deterest to the Fair Sea Vanity Pair.



TOOK from their hiding place last night letters sweetheart, and And their passion thrilled in the waning light, 1 safd. Though I a "My love dead." tears came back to my world worn eyes As I thought of a golden June

And lovers who sang, "Love never dies While boats drift under the moon. For white wings come and white sails go Drifting out into the dawn. But memory comes with refluent flow,

It comes with the touch or the class of a hand.

Or the glame of a stranger's eye. Or a kindly act in a foreign land, Or the gleam of a starry sky, Or a drifting load on a silver lake Or a lify you touch with your oar. Or the sound of the winds and waves that

break In melody on the shore.

That love lives on and ou.

But as long as white wings come and go Or drift in the rosy dawn. While memory comes with refluent flow, It is true as ever it was I know.

That love lives on and on Emma Playton Seabury in New Eng tand Magazine



Vanity Fair.

that an announcement such as "Mr. and Mrs. Jameson James will give a dance at their Newport cottage," passes ago the entertainment of such a number at a private house would have been ago that the Bradley-Martins startled society by building a new room over their back-yard in New York, especially for the accommodation of the supper arrangements at a ball. Today none of the ultra-smart New York set would consider for an instant a house which did not have rooms large enough for all purposes. Twenty-five years ago few houses were large enough even for dances, and only Mrs. Astor and Mrs. August Belmont had picture galleries which could be converted into ballrooms in case of necessity. That made the popularity of the Patriarchs and such organizations, but such a state is now rapidly passing away, as there are twenty private ballrooms in New York today where there was one fifteen years ago. This is true also at all the big and fashlonable eastern watering places.

Cooking Thermometers.

Cooking themometers are rather expensive-those of American manufacture cost \$3.50, and imported thermometers \$5 but the sale of them is increasing. They are made of porcelain and of iron, the standard supporting the tube containing the mercury inclining backward at an angle from the base, so that the marking can be easily read. The scale is marked up to 400 degrees and over, and the several proper cooking temperatures are set forth on the thermometers as follows: Correc heat for roasts in ovens: Pork. 320; veal, 320; beef, 310; mutton, 300. Correct heat for baking: Puff pastry, 340; bread, 340; pastry, 320; mear ples 290. Cooking thermometers are sold for household use and for hotels and restaurants.

A Widow Syndicate Beat the Salesman From the St. Louis Republic: A week ago two financees, with several hundred other young women from the country, reached St. Louis to make their fall purchases from the wholesale houses. Financee No. 2 went to one large millinery house to buy goods, and the other young lady to another large establishment. If they had been men it would never have happened. but, being women, each young lady wished to see just as much without paying for it as she possibly could. So Financee No. 2 set out on a tour of the other trimming rooms and with poetic justice at her elbow she stepped unconsciously into the trimming room of the establishment where Financee No. was doing her buying. The one young lady had gone in just ahead of the other, and in carelessly opening her reticule had dropped a letter. Financee No. 2 picked up the letter. She knew Lawn parties are a new society ex- that handwriting among a thousand. periment. Invitations recently sent out and just from force of habit she retired from a Long Island country house read to a corner and read it through. It told | blouse is cut loose, to fall a little over as follows: "Mrs. S -- requests the the story plainly enough. Now, every pleasure of your company to drink a milliner knows that it is impossible for it may be plain and close in the back

Big dinners are so common nowadays | dressmaker's. Now the dainty summer dress must be cast aside for the more substantial materials and elegance of a winter outfit. "What shall I wear?" is the question

without special notice. A few years that confronts every woman the moment she arrives in town, and the summer vacation rapidly becomes an indisout of the question. It was not long | tinct memory of relief, comfort and unappreciated joy as the trying problem asserts itself and the work of refurnishing her entire wardrobe goes on. The most definite mode which meets her eye just at the moment is the blouse in every possible variation of fulness and decoration which fashion can devise. To be sure, it is not altogether new, for it was tentatively introduced in the spring, when it was well received, but it is here now with emphatic declaration, and a blouse of some sort seems to be a fashionable necessity for all the women who are slender enough to wear it with grace. Stout women are advised by one au-



thority on fashion "to avoid it as they would the plague;" but a slight ponched effect in the front of a bodice is often becoming to generously proportloned figures.

The latest winter blouse has a basque formed of either square tabs or a scant frill, the former being the favorite model, as it adds less to the size of the hips. The effect of a long walst is essential to the good style of a blouse, and the narrow jeweled belt is another important feature. But this is rather expensive, and a very satisfactory belt can be made of black satin ribbon wide enough to wrinkle a little on a white or colored satin lining, and fastened with an oval cut-steel buckle.

The Russian biouse is properly a street garment, worn over a fancy bodice of slik or lace, and fastens up the front or not, as you choose, being sometimes turned back two inches on either side to show a pretty colored satin lining or velvet facing. It is decorated elaborately with braid and beaded trimmings and edged with handsome fur, and is altogether charming on the right woman. If you are very slight, the the belt all the way around, and if not



cup of coffee and hear the song of the | two women to own the same bonnet; | cut in one piece, loose in front, with the lark on Saturday morning at 5 o'clock. N. B.-Dancing in the dew." The postscript seems to indicate that the party was merged into a Knelpp-cure affair. Old-timers are making remarks about the difference in traveling paraphernalia of today from that of a few years back. The average summer traveler in the 80's managed to get along with a carpetbag and a cloth-covered receptacle hardly large enough to contain one puffed sleeve. Even in hoopskirt days things seemed to accommodatingly fold up into a small space, but today when there is no crinoline and girls wear simple shirt waists and plain Caller-"Nellie, is your mother in?" skirts, they require enough trunks to stock a store. Even the men are obliged to have bags galore, bleyele trunks. travel with medicine bags, a half-dozen shawistraps filled with wraps besides their trunks. That all this amazing mass of bags, trunks and boxes is clever; he's shrewd. His characters so swiftly and safely handled by the so-called baggagg-smashers is a subject

and also that no woman wishes to own a bonnet after it has been worn by another woman. Consequently it was a very easy matter for the two financees to agree, when they formed each other's acquaintance that evening in the hotel, that they were both done with the young man. He was expected to call that evening early upon flancee No. 1. But they both met him in flancee No. 2's drawing room, where they said, "We thought we'd save you trouble and give you only one pang instead of two, for we've both decided to break our engagements." And now the young man has added a new word to Sam Weller's warning, and he says, "Bevare of vidders, and also of milliners '

What Shall She Wear? The first revolution in the season's wheel of fashion has come like a thief in the night to disturb the peace of the last days of a restful summer, which brought no thought of how to fashion our garments, no tiresome visits to the

square tabs below the belt, made long or short as they are most becoming.

Very pretty effects for house dresses made with the blouse waist are produced with black velvet either an inch and a half or two inches wide. This is sewn in stripes up and down, the width of the velvet apart, on white satin which forms the bodice.

Quite Evident.

Lamb-I don't understand how a man can afford to take public offices when it costs more than the salary comes to to get elected.

Wolf-It is evident you were not cut out for a statesman. - Boston Transcript.

Fair Visitor-"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?"

Mr. Palette-"About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell."-Detroit Free Press.