

LOVE IN MARQUESE

I dreamed that love came knocking... I opened my eyes and found you...

LOVE ON A WALL

The little backyard presented a novel appearance. The frost was on the ground, and the one skeleton tree in the corner extended its leafless branches like gaunt arms in various directions.

Sergeant Major Boyne, pausing from his exertions, addressed some one sitting on the wall to his right. "Are you cold, Mollie?"

"No, thank; it is warming to watch you." The Sergeant continued his evolutions. "One—two—three—four, right. One—two—three—four, left."

"You know that you look nice, Cousin Mollie," he said, with mock severity. "Don't pretend. You are the prettiest girl in Knickerbocker. All the men at the barracks say that of you."

"Don't be so silly! The men have nothing to do with the orens." She gathered her gloves and fan together and hastened out of Bobby's sight.

"Well," soliloquized the juvenile man, "I guess I'll keep my money in my pocket before I am soft enough to waste it on the girls."

"Did you receive the lilies?" Sergeant Major Boyne asked, while he and his partner stood aside from the dancers for a moment.

"Yes, thank you very much." "You are not wearing them?" "Yes, you are not wearing them."

"How good of you to wear my flowers," he murmured. "Many of the men lounging about the room eyed the little Sergeant as he passed with his partner. Her face was flushed. Her dark eyes shone brilliantly."

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

As the Summer Season Draws to a Close the Privileges of Toilet seem to become More and More Emphasized—Overweight Garments.

Dame Fashion's Duties. New York correspondence.



Summer is waning, and meanwhile the frivolities of toilet seem to become more and more emphasized. Gauze and lace, airy scarfs and fitting gowns make even a simple dress a riot of rustling elaborations.



FALL AND SUMMER STYLES BLENDED

reached place in entirely new outfits, which proclaim their newness by the very fact that they are of simple cut and blended colors. If their trousers bring them to a mountain resort the change in dress is noticeable.

Women dress as carefully, however, at the mountain resorts as they do at the shore, and since their must be gowns for dressy occasions, the change from elaborate to plain and from summer to autumnal modes is not completed in a day.



which is again trimmed around the bottom with a pleated ruffle of fine, gray, cream-colored lace. The crop is carefully and gracefully draped on the right side. A deep yoke of blue set a and a lace plastron banded with two rows of blue satin ribbon are how on the bodice, which is perfectly plain and is finished by a blue collar of liberty

gowns having collar and revers of white watered silk. This ties with a bow in the waist. Deep cuffs of lace to match the plastron finish the otherwise plain sleeves. The white lace-trimmed with ribbon and a wreath of crush roses, and its strings tie beneath the chin, giving a very quaint and pretty effect.

Fall hats will be trimmed so freely with plumes as to make them a prominent characteristic. The drooping part are likely to prevail. Lovers of the picturesque are already wearing them. Plumes three feet high are the third sketch, and her gown is of a



WITH HIS WHIP.

There is quite a difference between staging in the early days of the State and now," said William Miller, the owner of the stage line running from Casadero to Ukiah.

"When I came here from Boston in 1854, I drifted about a bit and finally went into the service of Charles McLaughlin, the man who was afterward killed by Jerome Cox. He was the owner of the longest stage line in California at that time. It ran with relays from San Jose to Los Angeles."

"I remember once in a lonely coast range canyon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was about 10 o'clock and a moonlight night. I was just putting the horses through the stage was full of passengers, and there was a heavy treasure box.



Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw a figure of a man on horseback standing by the side of the road. He yelled to stop, and I saw a gun barrel gleam in the moonlight. The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I just made up my mind to take the chances of getting through. I saw the gun raised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand, and with a desperation born of peril of the moment I made a vicious swipe at him.

"I don't know how it occurred, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by the whip was drawn taut, and I knew it had caught, so held fast. I was nearly pulled out of my seat, but the gun was dragged from the robber's hand and fell to the ground. At the same time it was discharged by the shock. It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whiplash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll bet he was surprised."

THE MAELON is a whirpool of the coast of Norway, caused by the meeting of tidal currents and dangerous to navigation during ebb tides. Charlydis is a whirpool of the Ballan coast and is a rock near by.

SMOKED HERRINGS.

Washington is the Greatest Producing Center in the Country.

Few people are aware of the fact that Washington is the greatest producing center in the United States for smoked herring.

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