

The Gourd Fiddle

I done make her out of an old soap s'd
(Oh, my fiddle dat sing so sweet),
Et I goes hungry, an' my coat's to'd,
She sing to me whilst I's a-ridin' on de
road.
She sing to me drivin' de cows down de
road.
An' de chunes puts a hop-hop-hoppin'
in my feet.
When de cotton laid by, an' de crab
grass mowed
(Oh, fiddle dat sing so sweet),
Den de nigga git paid what he been
owed.
An' you'll see me a-settin' up high on er
board.
Wid de nigga all a-hoppin' like er ol'
hop-load.
'Cayse my fiddle puts a hop-hop-hoppin'
in de feet.
—Grace MacGowan Cooke in National
Magazine.

THE SCENT OF THE ROSES

By W. Y. SHEPPARD

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When Chumpsky left home and Mrs. Chumpsky that evening, it was with the avowed intention of attending a "lodge meeting."

"Don't sit up for me, Agnes," he had said. "It may be rather late when I return. We are to elect our officers for the coming year, you know."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Chumpsky did not know, but, like a good wife, she promised obedience to her lord and master. So, with a feeling of security pulsing in his breast, (Agnes was usually a sound sleeper) Chumpsky made his way, not to the lodge, but to the rooms of a certain Mr. Blackwell, from whence, a full hour later, the two of them issued, clad in green dominoes and masks. A carriage bore them rapidly to the hall where the great masquerade ball was soon to break forth in all its gaiety and splendor.

"Nothing else helps a man like taking a night off occasionally," Chumpsky explained, addressing his own conscience as well as Mr. Blackwell. "Of course, with women it is different. They never feel any of that restlessness, that desire for a little innocent excitement without which man can not exist."

To this Mr. Blackwell murmured a ready assent, and Chumpsky's conscience chimed in.

The ball was indeed a gorgeous affair. Conscious of the security of their disguises and carried away by the gay spirit of the occasion, formality was thrown to the winds. Men and women danced with whom they pleased.

For a while Chumpsky stood back and watched the revelers swing and sway across the polished floor. In their gay abandon there was something fascinating. For a whole year, ever since his marriage, home and Mrs. Chumpsky had taken up his every thought. But as far as the pendulum swings to the right so far will it return to the left. Chumpsky felt himself swinging back. An uncontrollable desire to dance, to be one of the mad throng, seized on him. Just as he turned to cast his eyes about for a partner, a couple swayed by. He could not help but notice them, so gracefully they glided over the floor. Every turn, wrapped the long domino around the woman's form, fascinating Chumpsky's eyes. Three times while he stood there gazing, spellbound, she circled by. The fourth time they stopped almost in front of him, scarcely two feet away. He heard her murmur something about ice, and the man bowed and glided off. That was Chumpsky's opportunity. He took advantage of it. What he said he never knew; but, divine sensation, there he was gliding across the floor, one of his arms about her waist, one of his hands clasping hers, warm and soft.

It was true that Chumpsky was born susceptible to feminine charms, but even if his blood had been colder than the coldest, it would have thawed into warm living when he felt the glow from her shoulder, pressing against his breast, stealing slowly, yet irresistibly, over his whole being.

—May be it was the wine he had drunk before leaving Blackwell's room, may be it was the spirit of the occasion, may be it was the rich, heavy odor of roses that wafted up to his nostrils every time the long black domino swung and clasped itself around the superb creature he held in his arms.

"Is that you, dear?" came Mrs. Chumpsky's voice sweetly from the pillow.

Chumpsky weakly acknowledged that it was. Then he sat down in a chair, as if exhausted.

"This perfume, Agnes," he stammered, "it smells like roses—where—where did it come from? It's so oppressive—and I—I rather overtaxed myself at the lodge—lodge election."

"Perfume, dear? Why, yes; isn't it delicious? Cousin George brought it all the way from France to me. If you hadn't been so impatient to get off to that old lodge, you would have met him. You had scarcely left the house when he came. And—oh, he has grown into such a handsome man, so tall. He wanted me to go round with him to look on at the big masquerade ball. Said it would be a gorgeous sight. But of course I couldn't go unless you went, you know."

Chumpsky thought that he heard a titter somewhere in the room. But, like a wise man, he kept his thoughts to himself, and went to bed without asking any more impertinent questions. And it was the "love of a bonnet" that Mr. Chumpsky generously paid for the next day.



"I—I rather overtaxed myself at the lodge—lodge election."

"To-morrow." So well did the mask hide even the voice he could just catch the word.

"How shall I know you?" She caught up a fold of her skirt and swayed it gently. Again the rich, heavy perfume of roses billowed up to his nostrils.

"But where? When? At what place?" Chumpsky gasped.

Before she could answer the man was at her side. With a low bow he offered his arm. And when Chumpsky, dazed, stumbled to his feet, it was to feel Blackwell's hand upon his shoulder and to hear that gentleman saying in his suavest accents:

"Been looking for you everywhere, old boy." Then as he caught Chumpsky's eye on the couple disappearing from the hall, "Quite well, old fellow. Saw you with her all evening. Chumpsky murmured something that sounded like an invitation for Blackwell to descend to the regions of darkness. Then he followed sulkily into the cloak room.

All the way to Blackwell's room Chumpsky's mind ran on the woman in the black domino, and the "night cap" he took there only made it whirl and dance the faster.

When he reached his own house all was dark except for a light burning in the hall. This Chumpsky turned out, and, lighting a match, climbed softly up the stairs. He opened the bedroom door and stepped in. To his credit let it be said that Chumpsky staggered back only two paces. The air in the room was heavy with the rich perfume of roses.

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Secretary Morton's Paradise.

One of Secretary Morton's old railroad friends asked him if he would not rather be at the head of some department where he would be more familiar with the work than he is with the Navy department.

"Not much," he replied. "I'd rather be right here, where I can be on deck all of the time, even though I sometimes may be at sea."

HE KNEW THE LADY.

Why Col. Billups' Companion Was Not Unduly Interested.

Happening to have a few moments to himself Col. John Billups of Arizona decided to take a street car ride, and see the various beauties of the capital, says a dispatch from Washington.

He entered a car, took a seat, and devoted himself to looking at the places of historical interest he passed. Coming to an uninteresting stretch he looked around the car and discovered a very beautiful woman sitting in a seat with an ill-favored man. Directly behind the woman sat another man, looking intently out of the window.

Col. Billups was attracted by the beautiful woman just as any Southern gentleman is attracted by a great picture or a fine horse. He looked at her in open mouthed admiration, paying the tribute the real Southern gentleman pays to beautiful women wherever found.

Suddenly, to the great amazement of Col. Billups, the lady turned and winked roughly at the man behind her. It was a full-sized, enticing wink. The man looked out of the window without noticing. Col. Billups watched. Three times the lady turned and winked at the stolid citizen behind her, and three times the man refused to notice the advance.

This was too much for Col. Billups. He moved across to the seat where the man was sitting. They rode for a square, and the lady turned again and winked.

"Sir," said Col. Billups to the man looking out the window, "it is a beautiful winter's day."

"It is," he replied, still gazing out on the street.

"Sir," said Col. Billups, "have you remarked that extremely beautiful lady who sits in the seat directly in front of us?"

"She's good looking enough," replied the stolid one, still looking out of the window.

"Sir," said Col. John Billups, "I am a Southern man and an admirer of all that is beautiful in nature. I say to you that that lady is fair game. That man with her is not her husband."

"I know it," replied the person who was gazing out of the window. "I am."

Seemed Barred from Everywhere.

"Look here," said Senator Crane of Massachusetts to Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. "Let's go and get something to eat."

They are new members and they decided to flock together. They went to the Senate restaurant. The head waiter, usually quick on the trigger as to new senators, did not recognize them, and gave them seats in the room given over to the common people.

Knox and Crane sat down. Looking through the doors they saw many of their colleagues feasting in state in the inner room. They tried to get a waiter, but none came at their call. Finally a newspaper reporter who knew them both came by.

"Say," he said, "you do not eat here."

"Great Scott!" said Knox, "can't we get anything to eat anywhere?"

Two Forms of Sutures.

There are two forms of sutures for drawing the edges of wounds together. They are the interrupted and continuous. The former is employed when only one or two stitches are used; the latter when the wound has to be regularly sewed, like a seam. By the continuous suture with each stitch, which is independently fastened, if the thread should break in one stitch the wound would be held. An irregularity of seam is often seen in the continuous suture owing to the fact that, although the needle has passed at right angles to the incision at each stitch, there is an oblique pull upon the lips of the wound when the suture is finished. This is avoided by passing the needle after each stitch through the top of the preceding one, thus making a sort of continuous chain called the "Glover suture," and making each stitch partly independent of the rest.

Pork and Beans.

"Is not a dainty the gods would relish—Those feasting gods of mythology—The feast would never with grace embellish the menus of high society. But nothing can get more proper action On the hungry spot 'neath a feller's jeans. Can give more comfort and satisfaction To a yearning stomach than pork and beans."

When the inner man for feed is craving And the system is wrapped in a flame of yearn, When the stomach rebels and is misbehaving And the teeth in anxiety seem to burn, How the gay, glad light of anticipation Through a fellow's optics in joy careers.

When on the air of the feeding station He sniffs the odor of pork and beans.

When the purse is flat from a dearth of hoards, When but a dime is reposing there, When a fellow feels he could eat a poodle And try to imagine it Belgian hare, When a regular dinner, with pie and pudding, Is way up yonder beyond his means, One feast is his, and a mighty good 'un—A man's size platter of pork and beans.

Chicago, mart of the hog, we bless you, With wreaths of gratitude deck your name, And Boston, in love we'd fain caress you For the succulent truck you've given fame. No combination de culinary, From the dainty dishes of kings and queens Clear down to poverty's commissary, Can hold a candle to pork and beans.

—Denver Post.

Youngster's Keen Rebuke.

It was at Newport, where gossip is rife and too often repeated before children, that little Johnny, aged five, showed his early appreciation of the meanness of tattling. The mother of his chum had died, and the same night when his mother put him to bed he cried. On his mother anxiously inquiring as to the cause of his tears, he said he was weeping for his chum's mother.

"But you mustn't cry for her," she said. "Arthur's mother is quite happy now; her soul has gone to heaven."

Looking up in astonishment, he cried:

"What! buried already?"

"Oh, no," replied the mother, "her body is here, but her soul has gone up to God."

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "isn't it a mean trick if her soul has gone up to God to tattle about the sins of the body?"

FOIBLES OF FASHION

New Fad for My Lady.

Last season a great bunch of violets was all sufficient for milady to carry when she went for her afternoon airing. But now the violets must have swinging by them at least one American Beauty rose. And if a spray of lilies of the valley be mingled with it all she and all the world will know that she has the very latest fad in flowers in all its perfection. Triple combinations of flowers are the thing. Orchids and white lilac are combined with the violets and the roses.

Deep cream colored pongee is employed in the fashioning of one exquisite belt. It is embroidered in a raised pattern with roses made of pink baby ribbon, gathered on one edge to represent the petals of a flower.

No more medium sizes may be obtained in fash. They are either exquisitely small or grotesquely large. The small ones come in all sorts of fanciful empire designs. The large ones are fashioned principally of ostrich plumes, mounted upon long handles of gold, studded with gems.

A Pink Crepe Tea Gown.

Another idea for a tea gown came to my mind, of pink crepe, long and



clinging, bordered with fur and embroidered or painted down each side in pink roses and blue bowknots. The little bolero is in velvet a shade deeper, and edged with fur and plaitings of lace and chiffon. Lace and chiffon form the sleeves—New York Press.

The New Bodices.

A notable feature of the new bodice is the long, straight boned and pointed effect in the front. There is no longer the loose blousing effect, as the bodice is very much boned at the waist line and boned girdles, with the shirring and fullness going in exactly the opposite direction from those lately so fashionable. Velvets, velveteens and corduroys are quite as much in evidence, and are employed to construct afternoon frocks. In fact, at present there is a costume for every one of these fabrics in the wardrobe of all up-to-date women. Corduroy naturally is more durable than either velvet or velveteen, and it is much used for walking costumes. Both long and short coats are fashionable, but the short coats are considered a little newer, and they are very much more comfortable.

Spangles Made in Pendants.

The new spangle is the pear-shaped, although the oval, round, square, triangular, or other forms are shown. All of the new pendant spangles have fine wire passed through the top, so that the spangle may move freely, instead of being sewed to the garment through a hole at its top. The glittering, and also the graceful, effect of these pendants is, therefore, increased immeasurably.

The light colored spangles reign because fashion's fancy in gowns for evening wear runs to light and white tints. These pendant spangles attached by wires are quite new, and only those women who ordered gowns quite late in Paris can now show them in New York.

Season of Ribbons.

Almost every season is heralded as a season of ribbons, and yet this one, more than most, deserves the title. Ribbons are used on every sort of gown, in every sort of way. All widths find uses, from the tiny baby width to the widest that the looms produce. A pretty employment of two-inch wide ribbon, though hardly a novel one, is a twisted bow knot design on the deep flounce of a lace gown. The ribbon may be pinned on according to fancy, and then the dress turned wrong side out, and the trimming tacked in place.

Effect of Veils on the Complexion.

Veils are credited with being hurtful to the complexion. The skin, it is said, needs the friction of the air, and constant covering prevents this, and also the healthy action of the pores. Then a veil heats the face, and being covered with a greasy moisture the dust and dirt stick and get into the pores. Then the veil itself quickly gets dirty and soils the skin. If the face be left uncovered circulation is stimulated, the skin is cooler and dust is generally blown off without doing any damage.

Effective White Gown.

For simple white gowns to be gotten up at small expense, some of the Japanese raw silks are beautiful. The fabrics are so attractive in themselves that they need little trimming. A little lace is about all that is necessary to make a charming frock.

A pretty model in one of these soft

silks had a shirred skirt, with three bands, simulating wide tucks. A line of lace insertion divided these. The waist was a surprise back and front, the folds falling loosely over the shoulders and bust.

There was a lace underbody, which was so arranged that it could be doctored or not, as the wearer desired. The collar and upper part of the yoke were fastened invisibly to the lower part of the underbody or gumpie, and could be removed.



If paraffin oil be well rubbed into linoleum when it is newly laid down the linoleum will retain its colors and wear very much longer than is usual.

A lump of alum the size of a hickory nut added to each pint of starch will keep the colors of calicoes and gingham bright a long time.

To clean nickel scour with pulverized borax; use hot water and very little soap. Rinse in hot water and rub dry with a clean cloth.

If hard-boiled eggs are placed in cold water before peeling the shells will not adhere to the eggs. If a little bit of corn starch is mixed with salt it will keep it from getting damp.

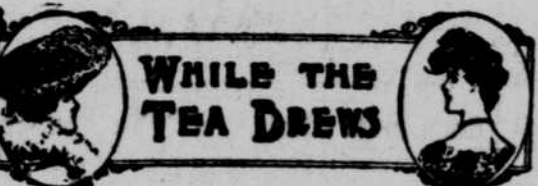
A small piece of paper or linen moistened with spirits of turpentine and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day two or three times a year is a sufficient preservative against moths.

Ribbon embroidery is seen on some of the latest evening dresses, and may be easily worked on a foundation of either silk or lace. Lace is best for the tyro, both because the loose meshes of the lace make the embroidering easier, and because if the lace has a flower pattern, a beautiful effect may be obtained by simply following the outline of the pattern for the embroidery design. The secret of the beauty of the work lies in the careful choice of colors, and not many shades should be used.

Again, ribbons are used as lacings, as elaborate stock collars, as bindings, shirred ruffles, as meshes, and for the omnipresent and ever beautiful wide crush girdles.

White Fox Fur Popular.

The revived vogue of white fox fur is one of the features of the season, and a becoming fur it is, though sadly ready to become grimy. It is especially pretty for youthful wearers, but many of the older women—provided they are not too old—appreciate the fact that the fluffy fur is more becoming than the close piled ermine and have taken up white fox and look uncommonly well in it.



Japanese silks are favorites. Veils of black Chantilly are worn. Hand painting is effective on the leather belts.

There are silk and chiffon hoods for evening wear.

The tricorn hat needs to be worn with a certain piquancy. Pretty little purses of gold or silver chain are shown.

A dark velvet hat trimmed with just one silver rose is commended. It is at the neckwear counter that a woman's purse strings creak.

Some satisfying hatpins of dull old silver and blue stones have appeared.

Among the silver fancies is a small decorated vase for holding hatpins.

Elegant Parisian Garments.



Fig. 1.



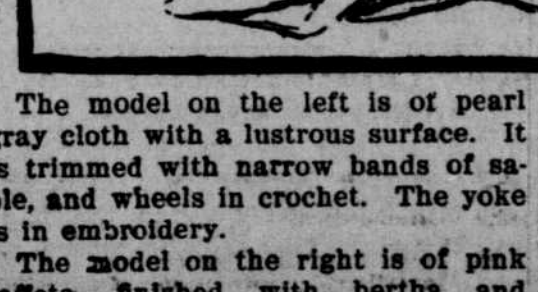
Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Most attractive are the girdles of amber silk, shading with every movement.

Delicate collars of linen or soft muslin are worked in colors to match the gown.

Just a swirl of dainty chiffon and a bit of fine lace makes a ravishing neck thing.

Unique Combination of Hues.

Pink and blue is a recent Parisian combination of colors. But this must be accomplished with delicate discrimination. A pretty example is a gown of pale pink taffeta, made princess with an overdress of pale blue, very sheer chiffon. The chiffon skirt is finished with three ruffles edged and piped on with pink satin. The bodice is out slightly low and is surplined. The sleeves are elbow length, with a ruffle of lace. A cluster of long loops of inch-wide ribbon in pale blue and pale pink finishes the surplice at the left side. This simple model is particularly effective in the color scheme.

French Evening Waist.

Bodice of pale blue louisine shirred and draped, the shirrings covered with silver soutache or galloon. The yoke is of white lace, bordered with a shaped band and ruffle of the silk, the



former ornamented with straps of the silver soutache or braid, fastened with silver buttons.

The collar is finished at the top with a similarly trimmed band of the silk. The puffed sleeves are shirred and draped and finished with ruffles of the silk and lace.

New Idea in Irish Lace.

In the recent laces is a unique kind known as French-Irish. It has the beauty of the Irish crochet, treated with delicate French taste. It is a wonderful combination. The real Irish lace has but few patterns, the shamrock predominating. Irish croch motifs—of conventional flowers with heavy bolls bursting out from under half-closed petals—show a pretty effect of this double touch.

Calf's Head.

To make a delicious hash, heat and flavor delicately some of the stock from a calf's head with mace, lemon peel, herbs and vegetables, then strain and thicken, adding mushroom, catsup, salt and cayenne pepper. Add slices of a boiled calf's head, and allow to warm through gradually, only letting it come to a boil just before being served. Garnish with fried seasoning balls and curls of bacon.

White Net and Lace Dinner Dress. A simple and dainty dinner dress is in white net, with lace applied on the flounce, and a broad black sash drawn around the figure and knotted at the left. The sleeves are of net and lace, and a wired bowknot in the hair completes this charming gown, which would become a woman of any age.



Fig. 5.



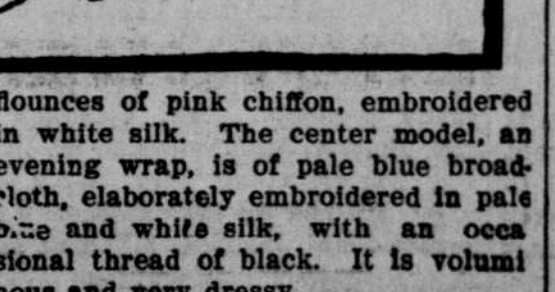
Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Good Advice.
Said a man who had been detected cheating at cards: "They threaten to kick me downstairs. What am I to do?" The friend appealed to offered this timely counsel: "Play on the ground floor."

New and Old.

The new member of congress arrives at Washington with a speech up his sleeve, and the old member gets there with a laugh stowed away in the same place.—Indianapolis News.

Port Durban's Rapid Growth.

Port Durban's rateable value is \$50,000,000. Sixty years ago it was a sandy wilderness, with a small blockhouse in its midst, besieged by a commando of Boers.

Pressed Peat for Fuel.

The experience gained in the use of pressed peat as locomotive fuel in Bavaria, Austria, Sweden and Russia is stated to be very satisfactory.

Crime in Lapland.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely, next to murder, is the marrying of a girl against the express wish of her parents.

Rats Devour Bonds.

Rats have eaten \$5,000 worth of bearer bonds belonging to a Paris couple. The bonds were kept in an old hat box.

Japs Drink Much Water.

A gallon of water a day is drunk by every Japanese who practices, as nearly all do, the gymnastics known as ju-jitsu.

Grotesque Collection.

A French professor is the owner of a collection of 920 human heads, representing every known race of people.

Scarlet for Bachelor Maids.

When an unmarried woman dies in Brazil the coffin, hearse and livery of the coachman are all scarlet.

Cost of London's Paupers.

Every year \$4,000,000 is spent on the food and clothing of indoor paupers in London.

The Good Old Times.

When Benjamin Franklin took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.—Success.

Rum Changes Tribe.

The Nyan-Nyams, of the upper Nile valley, used to be a very harmless, amiable people, whose amusements were to smoke and hold nightly concerts. But rifles and rum changed them, and now a British expedition is marching to punish them for shooting at British "patrols," though what British patrols were doing in the Nyan-Nyam country is not explained.

Value of System.

A wealthy merchant remarked the other day that "his filter of success had a wrapper marked 'system.'" And he declared that both those who sold goods to him and those who bought of him were so impressed with his show of system that the confidence emanating therefrom was a big capital in itself.—Success.

Especially for Women.

Champion, Mich., Jan. 9th.—(Special)—A case of especial interest to women is that of Mrs. A. Wellatt, wife of a well known photographer here. It is best given in her own words.

"I could not sleep, my feet were cold and my limbs cramped," Mrs. Wellatt states. "I had an awful pain across my kidneys. I had to get up three or four times in the night. I was very nervous and fearfully despondent."

"I had been troubled in this way for five years when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and what they caused to come from my kidneys will hardly stand description."