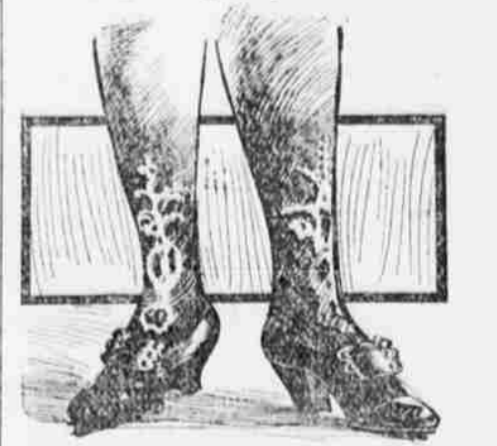


Popular with British Belles and American Beauties.

Whenever Dame Fashion finds herself put to it for a novelty, she picks up her easel and does some expensive painting and directly there is a new fashion fad.

Last summer she painted sashes; last winter, gauze frocks and in seasons past she painted socks and belts and hats and shoes, but never before stockings.

About a month ago, over in Paris, she discovered her stock of original notions was running low, and that something had to be painted at once.



The trouble coming up in Paris, by a natural law of harmony, she decided to decorate stockings. This idea was so new, so expensive and so unique that it caught the public eye at once. Though but a month old, it is an international fad.

British belles and American beauties have all welcomed it with open arms, so to speak; the British maid for its unique expensiveness and the American girl for its audacious coquetry.

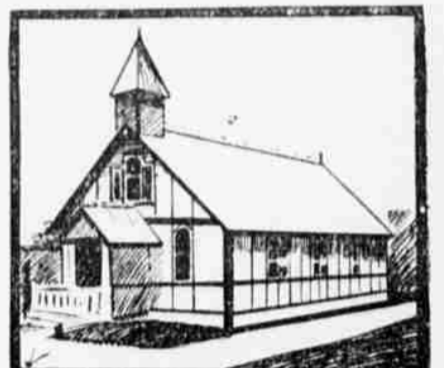
With all due trembling, let it be said that the painted stocking is not really as effective as the lace applique nor as artistic as the plain gauze silk, but a fad's a fad for 'at. It is like a magnetic girl and does not need to be beautiful or sensible to be popular.

Every sort of design is used, birds, flowers, animals, monograms, college mottoes, and even the initials of one's sweetheart. A flock of tiny birds, swallows, bluebirds, humming birds, or canaries, are seen, that is, are painted on both black and white gauze silk, the flock starting at the instep and whirling round and round up to the stocking hem.

The Skins of Birds.

A writer in the Scientific American says: "In collecting bird skins I have found innumerable air cells, forming a most delicate and wonderful network, between the body and the skin. In the pelican, one of our largest birds, this network of cells practically covered the whole body and was very noticeable. Now if those cells work automatically, like the lungs or like the circulation of the blood, being filled with or emptied of hot air, according to the purpose of the bird to rise, float or descend, then surely we can better understand the ease with which birds seem to sustain themselves in the air during their long flights."

Portable Church.



A decided novelty in church construction has been erected recently near New York. The structure is complete in every way, and yet may be packed up and removed to another field and erected again for about \$75. In this way the total loss of a building of the old type is avoided and the original investment saved. The edifice has all the beauty, symmetry and apparent stability of the ordinary style church. It measures fifty-five feet in length and twenty-five in width.

Hats With Mirror Attachments.

An enterprising hat manufacturer has introduced a novelty that promises to "catch on" among lovers of sports. It is a miniature looking-glass, which may be readily affixed to the brim of a man's hat or the visor of a cap, being so adjusted that the wearer can obtain an unobstructed view of the background. The device is fastened by a couple of screws, the mirror being on a pivot. Automobileists, bicyclists, sportsmen, hunters and drivers are counted upon as the chief patrons of this new design.

Another wide-awake hat house has placed on the market an extreme creation in a straw hat for the 1904 season. It is crushable, modeled after the general style of the old-fashioned opera hat. This makes occupies but little space in a suit case, and by pressing a spring it becomes a full-fashioned, conventional straw hat.

A Wasted Search.

The police of Woonsocket, R. I., armed with grappling irons, axes, etc., went to the river to look for a boy who had fallen through the ice. They were unrewarded there, but later found the lad in bed asleep.

Hunter's Reward.

A Brockton man went hunting in Maine and after an all-day tramp following tracks, located what he supposed was a deer up a tree. He fired a few shots and brought down a porcupine.

THE REAL DOROTHY VERNON AND HER HOME IN DERBYSHIRE

The light still shines through the latticed pane. As it shone on them, and the shadowed door. Is the shadow they saw, and the stain remains. Of the wine they spilled on the date floor. The river that runs by the old Hall's walls. Murmured to them as it murmurs now: The golden glow of the sunset falls. As it fell for them, on glades, on river and bough. The hall where they feasted, the church where they prayed. Their cradles and chambers, and grave-stones stay. While lord and valet, youth and maid. Knight and lady have passed away.

The Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall who is pictured now in play and story is not a creation of the playwright's and the novelist's fancy. Haddon Hall is preserved to this day practically as it was in the time when Queen Elizabeth was a guest there and Dorothy Vernon was the toast of the countryside. Haddon Hall has for centuries been one of the show places of Derbyshire, and serves as a model of the ancient and baronial mansion.

The romance of Dorothy Vernon has been related in various forms by different story tellers, who took their material from the legend that has been handed down in the folklore of Derbyshire since that time, and each has colored it according to his fancy. But the fact remains that it was a real romance, for by the runaway marriage of the heiress the estates passed into the hands of the Rutland family, who own them to-day.

One of the most interesting monuments in Blakewell church is that



DOROTHY VERNON, (REPRODUCTION OF ONLY PORTRAIT OF HER IN EXISTENCE TO-DAY)



HADDON HALL, HOME OF THE VERNONS

erected at the south end of the chapel over the tomb of Dorothy Vernon and her husband, Sir John Manners, where also their children lie buried. The monument is imposing and bears the arms of Rutland and Vernon. Beneath a semi-circular arch is a pedestal, at which kneel figures representing Dorothy Vernon and her lord. Sir John is attired in plate armor, while Dorothy wears a close-fitting dress with a large ruff at the neck, and on her head a cap. The figure is by no means a good one, and the lineaments of the face are a libel on the beauty of Dorothy, which was celebrated in her day.

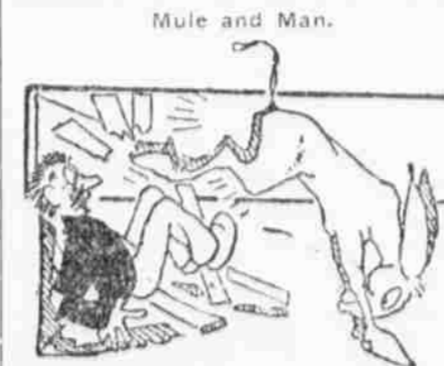
At the time of her death Dorothy was quite a young woman, although she had borne her husband four children, who survived them both. In the year 1541, during the restoration of Blakewell church, several of the old tombs were opened, among them being that of Dorothy Vernon and her husband. The remains in the coffins found in the tombs were carefully examined, and the skull of the man was recognized as that of Sir John from its somewhat irregular shape and the likeness it bore to the sculptured effigy on the monument. The head of the woman was covered with quite a wealth of beautiful auburn hair, which was done up in rolls and fastened with pins after the fashion of Elizabeth's reign. Notwithstanding that sweet Dorothy Vernon had lain in her tomb since 1541 the hand of decay

One of his ancestors had been governor of Norham Castle in the first years of Edward I's reign. The castle was attacked by the Scots on Edward's coronation day, but Sir Robert Manners made such a stout defense as to beat them off. He was also present at the bloody battle of Neville's Cross, under Queen Philippa, and gained great distinction by his courage. Another Sir Robert Manners married Eleanor, daughter of Lord Roos, bringing into the family great estates, including Belyvoir Castle. Later still a Sir Thomas Manners was present with Henry VII. and his consort at the celebrated interview with the King of France at Guisnes, and in the seventeenth year of Henry's reign he was created Earl of Rutland.

Dorothy's lover was the second son of this first earl, and great-grandson of a sister of King Edward IV. But the Rutlands were Protestants and favorites at the court of Queen Elizabeth, while the Vernons clung to the old faith, and this difference of religious opinion may have further served to fan the flames of the ancient feud between the two families. At any rate, it is an established fact that Dorothy, despairing of paternal consent to the match, eloped with John Manners—some say on the night of her sister Margaret's wedding; others on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's famous visit to Haddon Hall.

A Genuine Message in a Bottle. Six years ago the British schooner Ethel mysteriously disappeared en route from Bombay to Port Said. Her owners, Barkfoot & Co., of the latter port, gave her up for lost, and since that time until last month her fate remained a mystery to the world. It was an empty and tightly corked wine bottle that brought the story of her fate and that of Capt. Lee and his crew to land. The bottle was discovered by Capt. Lombard on the beach of the island of Fukue, situated in the South Seas, and the note it contained reads as follows: "Will the finder of this inform Messrs. Barkfoot & Co. of Port Said that their schooner, Ethel, foundered about 1200 miles from Bombay? This note is written by the sole survivors, Capt. Lee and Seaman Thomas who are in their last hopes. Signed, J. T. Lee, Jan. 26 or 27, 1897."

Sand in African Deserts. It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from forty to eighty feet.



Mule and Man.

We can always be reasonably sure of what the mule will do to us if he gets us in a corner. This constitutes the principal difference between the mule and some men.

Poetry. To me the world's an open book, Of sweet and pleasant poetry. I read it in the trembling brook, That shows its way towards the sea, It whispers in the leaves of trees, It swells the grain the waxing grass, And in the cold, fresh evening breeze That trips the wayfarer as they pass.

there long when they heard a horse-man coming. It was Jonas Holstein. "Thank God that you are safe!" he cried, "I feared that you would be burned to death." "And so we feared," Kate answered. "It is dreadfully wicked to set out fire in a time like this, or at any time when there is danger; a man on the prairie unused to fire would lose his life before it. How did it start, anyway?" "I can tell you how it started," said a voice at the door, and John Kirkman stood before them. "Jonas Holstein started the fire, intending to destroy me; let him deny it if he dare." "Did you see me do it? Can you prove that I did it?" sneered Holstein. "No, I did not see you, nor can I prove that you did it, but circumstances are against you, and I will give you just three days to get out of the settlement. Go, your sin has availed you nothing." With a muttered curse he strode from the cabin, and left its occupants to congratulate themselves on their fortunate escape from a horrible death.

WOULD QUIT OFFICE FIRST.

Mayor of Monterey Has Bad Experience with Fourth of July Cannon. Rear Admiral Henry Palliser of the flagship Imperieuse, commanded the British squadron on the Pacific. The English government had just made Monterey, the old Mexican and Spanish capital of California, a supply station, and the admiral was going in there for the first time. Desirous of honoring the little port, Admiral Palliser sent an officer ashore to ask the mayor if the warship fired a flag salute could Monterey return it. The mayor was greatly disturbed. To forfeit the salute to the American flag was not to be thought of, but how was the compliment to be returned? Upon the hill overlooking the bay was an ancient Mexican cannon, remnant of Spanish rule. It was used every fourth of July, and the mayor concluded it would do. But the main difficulty to overcome was to collect a supply of powder large enough to fire twenty-one guns. However, by two o'clock all was ready, and the mayor sent word to the admiral that Monterey was prepared. The flagship began booming her salute at intervals of five seconds, and in a couple of minutes the flag salute of twenty-one guns had been fired. A large crowd had gathered on the hill to watch the progress of the seventeenth century cannon. "Boom!" went the first report, and a cheer went up. And then something happened. The old cannon got so hot and acted so queerly that fully fifteen minutes elapsed before the second shot was attempted. But the mayor was determined, so just at sunset the twenty-first shot to the British flag was fired. As the mayor left the hill he was heard to say: "If another foreign flagship comes here to be saluted I'm going to resign office."

Men Doing Women's Work.

I observe that you repeat the charge so often made against modern women that they "are invading many callings once sacred to the male sex." May I call your attention to the fact, very seldom recognized, that the case is rather the reverse? If a few women have become doctors, scientists, authors, etc., and have taken a small amount of work from men in those professions, think of the thousands of women who have lost their occupation by being ousted by men from callings "once sacred" to the female sex. Not so many years ago the ordinary home work of women included the brewing of beer, distilling essences, bread-making, preserving, spinning, weaving, making clothes and other things too innumerable to mention. Now all these things are made away from home, in factories owned and managed by men, and worked largely by men. Our cakes, jams, pickles, and—most sacred of all—our Christmas puddings and mince-meat are made in wholesale quantities cheaper than we can make them at home. You have left us nothing but to order the dinner and darn the socks and stockings.—Letter in London Telegraph.

Ambassador Saved His Head.

In the days of King George III, of England the Persian ambassador to his court demanded but was denied precedence over all other foreign representatives. He refused to go to court, causing it to be reported abroad that he was ill. He met the prince regent at the house of the Lady Salisbury of the time. "I am very sorry to offend your royal highness by not going to court," he said. "Now, sir, my sovereign, he tells me I go first; your people say I must go last. Now, this very bad for me when I go back to Persia." So saying he made a significant pass towards his head expressing deprecation. The prince tried to appease him. "But sir, you still angry with me; you have not invited me to your party to-morrow night." The prince explained that it was only a children's party, but the ambassador might come if he chose. He did choose; for he went and, being the only ambassador there, led all the guests, thus scoring heavily for Persia, which made him comfortable about the neck again.

Poetry. To me the world's an open book, Of sweet and pleasant poetry. I read it in the trembling brook, That shows its way towards the sea, It whispers in the leaves of trees, It swells the grain the waxing grass, And in the cold, fresh evening breeze That trips the wayfarer as they pass.

TO A LADY.

I think of thee when morning springs From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew, And like a young bird, lifts her wings Of gladness on the workday blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love O'er flower and stream is wandering free, And sent in music from the grove, I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide, The evening spreads her robes of light, And, like a young and timid bride, Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent shines In light o'er heaven's deep, wavelike sea, And stars are forth, like blessed things, I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee; that eye of flame, Those tresses falling bright and free, That brow, where Beauty writes her name, I think of thee—I think of thee. —George D. Prentice.



THE LONE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE

By OLIVER PERRY MANLOVE
Copyrighted, 1893, by The Authors Publishing Company.

It was the home of Mrs. Wilbur and her daughter. On every side the prairie with its dead grass stretched away for miles. Mr. Wilbur had died the year before and left his wife and Kate to get along as best they could. The girl was eighteen years old and a true daughter of the west. The past season she had cultivated the few acres of land that her father had broken up the year before.

The sight was so appalling that for a moment his heart almost ceased its beating. "Great heaven," he cried, "I can never reach the cabin ahead of it; and if I could, I might not be able to save its inmates. Oh, what will become of them?" His horse was now at full speed; the flames were roaring and crackling behind him like a thousand engines. The smoke was sweeping ahead and blinding his way—it was hot and stifling. Still he urged on his faithful horse until he could go no further—he was staggering under his great exertion.



With the utmost care he bent down and lit the match.

"We must live," she said, "and the air and sunshine are so healthful, I think I shall make quite a farmer." Jonas Holstein and John Kirkman both were her suitors. The former's horse was even now at the hitching post and he was learning his fate. "Mr. Holstein," she said, "I have given you my answer, and you must be satisfied with it." "But I am not satisfied. It was not what I was led to expect." "I have led you to expect nothing. I have treated you as a friend, not as a lover." "You have permitted my visits and seemed glad to see me." "I have been civil to you, and am glad to see almost anyone in this lonely place." "But I would take you away from here. I know it is lonely." "I have given you my answer," she said, decisively, "and I shall not change it." "John Kirkman stands in my way," he returned, angrily, "but he shall never have you. You need not build your hopes upon him. He had better look out for himself." "I think he can do that," she replied, coolly, "but it is best not to make threats; they are ugly things, and sometimes confront us when we least expect them."

He dismounted and examined his match box. "My God," he cried, "I've only one match left; if it should fail, I am lost." With the utmost care he bent down and lit the match; a little blaze sprang up, wavered a moment or two, then rushed forward with the wind through the dead grass, leaving a blackened and smoking space behind it. He easily stamped out a few feet of the "back fire" and led his horse upon the burned ground, following up the fire that was widening all around him, until he was comparatively safe—unless he should be suffocated with the heat and smoke, which were intense.

The fire behind came surging on in great billows, but when it struck the back-fire, it fell back in a smoldering mass. "Mother," said Kate Wilbur, "there is a fire coming down on us from the north. I can hear it roaring and see the smoke and flames. You get some matches and the steel rake, while I get some water and a wet sack. We must 'back-fire' at once, and the wind is against us, but we can do it if we are careful! It is lucky we have a 'fire-break' plowed, if it isn't a very wide one." In a few minutes they were ready for their work.

The plowed field was on the south side of the cabin, and the "fire-break" was to the north of the plowed ground, circling around the buildings from side to side, so they had to follow the circle, a distance of about two hundred yards; but with the wind which was blowing, this was a difficult thing to do. Several times fire was blown across the "break," but each time Mrs. Wilbur, with the assistance of her daughter, put it out.

As Kate fired the grass it burned away against the wind, but even when fifty yards away, sometimes a swirl of wind would bring the fire across the "break." "It is all right now, mother; see how the flames are being drawn to the other fire, which will soon meet them. We were none too soon—but, mother, what alls you?" "I don't know, Kate; but I think I'm getting blind," and she sank to the ground unconscious. Kate placed her upon her back and hurried to bring some water from the well, with which she bathed her mother's face. After a few minutes she opened her eyes and looked wonderingly around. "I feel better, now," she said; "I must have been overcome with the heat. What a dreadful fire it was." "But it is past, and we are now safe. Sit here awhile and rest yourself."



"I have given you my answer," a match he set fire to the dry grass. A little, red blaze reared out with its hot tongue, then leaped ahead and spread until it became a roaring sea of flame. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "what have I done? I did not think of such a fire; but he is doomed; the wind will take it right onto him—he can never escape! And the Wilbur cabin—I had not thought of that!" His face had grown white as death. For a moment only he hesitated, then wheeling his horse he followed the fire at full speed. Kirkman was riding slowly along, apparently unconscious of his danger, when suddenly he heard a roaring sound, and turning, saw a wall of flame leaping along like a great monster with a thousand red tongues of fire.