The Murder in the 10:10. By Blanche Eardley.

OFF at last!" I sighed. "Thank goodness, I can now look forward to a pleasant holiday!"

I flung my cigar case on the opposite seat, with a few magazines I had brought with me to beguile the six hours' journey that lay before me; then, arranging things comfortably, I sat down, and, pulling my cap over my eyes, I leant back against the padded cushions of the first class "smoker" that my porter had put me into and closed my eyes with a smile of content.

I was a fairly well to do lawyer and had but recently been called to the bar, though unfortunately so far my career had been chiefly marked by the absence of "cases." But just before I began to think of my annual holiday I had been promised a brief that, if I won my case, would set me on my legal feet, for I was ambitious and eager to show that I was capable of good work when the chance came my way. The case was as follows: An old man of 70 had engaged as his secretary a young girl, in whom he had shown great confidence and trust. It had afterwards transpired that she had been nothing less than a beautiful adventuress, who had forged the old chap's name to fabulous checks, and then disappeared, but the police had a full description of her and were confident of catching her before long. As I was retained for the prosecution my interest in the case was all the more keen because of what it might mean to me. Besides, I was curious to see this beautiful creature who had kept the whole of Scotland Yard at bay for so long, and who even now had eluded them. Then my thoughts wandered to my prospective holiday. I was going to stay with my brother and his wife, whom I had never yet seen, having always posed as being too busy to get away when they asked me to pay them a visit.

I was a bachelor of 35, fairly well off, and not bad looking, yet I had never managed to meet a woman whom I could love. There had always been something that had held me back, so I was entirely heart free, and, as a rule, contented with my lot. My brother had written that they had "arranged a marriage" for me and that my arrival was looked forward to with pleasure by them both, as they hoped to see me leave them an engaged man. Besides, I must confess that my curiosity was not a little roused concerning the girl about whose beauty they were raving.

As I lay with closed eyes, musing dreamily of all these things, the train suddenly quickened its pace and the thump, thump, thump of the wheels made me feel sleepy.

The paper in my hand slipped to the floor and in a few moments I had dropped off into a refreshing doze. How long it lasted I never knew, for suddenly I was roused from my dreams by a scream that rose above the rush of the train and thrilled me with a peculiar sense of fear. It was the cry of a soul in mortal agony. I heard it twice, three times, each weaker than the last, and that final cry woke me from the semi-conscious condition into which my abrupt return to every day life had flung me. The sound, so far as I could judge, had come from one of the compartments on either side of me. The question was, which one?

Hastily opening the door, I got on to the footboard and crawled along to the next compartment, clinging to the handle of the door with all my strength. Gradually I dragged myself along to the next window and looked in.

What I saw made me hold my breath with horror. The sole occupants were a man and a woman and they were struggling for dear life—or death. It was a silent, horrible battle that was being fought and I watched, fascinated by the grim tragedy that held me spellbound. The man's face was turned towards me; it was distorted and livid with fear as he wrestled with his unnatural assailant. In appearance he was clean shaven and elderly, while the woman, whose back was towards me, was tall and slender, with masses of red gold hair.

I could not see her face, but her hands, that tore so madly at the man's breast, were white and slender—iron beneath the velvet glove—and upon the little finger of her right hand I noticed she was wearing a curious ring that looked too large for her. It had one enormous stone, a brilliant ruby, that flashed on her white hand like a splash of blood. I seemed to notice all these details in the passing of a second; then I realized that I was gazing upon an attempted murder, for the woman was gradually urging the man towards the door.

I raised my voice and tried to shout, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, and my lips were parched. With one final effort I got back into my own compartment and staggered to the communication button, pressing it twice just as the train shot into another tunnel; then I waited impatiently till it showed signs of stopping, which it did after about ten minutes.

The guard came hurrying up, followed by two other men, whom I instantly recognized as detectives.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" he said quickly.

"There has been a murder committed—or an attempted murder," I exclaimed, "in the next compartment to this. I got out on to the footboard and saw a man and a woman struggling and she was edging him towards the door. I heard the screams and came back here to stop the train."

When I had finished he opened the door of the compartment I had indicated, followed by myself and the two detectives. I peered in, expecting to see the signs of a desperate struggle, but to my amazement there was no evidence of any description to show that there had been an attempted murder. In one corner sat a woman with a newspaper before her, and in the other was a man leaning out of the window. All was quiet and just as it should have been and a wave of confusion swept over me as I realized that I was regarded with suspicion by the guard and two detectives. I could not understand it. I had distinctly heard those three cries of mortal agony and had seen a part of the struggle. But what did it mean then—how account for the commonplace attitude of the sole occupants of the compartment in which I could swear I had witnessed the desperate struggle of some minutes ago?

"I am afraid, sir, that you stopped the train a little too hastily," the guard said gruffly, snapping the door to after a brief explanation to the now excited couple inside. I had retreated quickly to my own compartment, and so did not see the face of the traveler from whose mouth I had imagined I had heard that agonized death cry.

"I am sorry," I said lamely, "but you may be sure that I did not stop the train without serious reason. I can't understand it myself."

What he would have replied I never knew, for just then one of the men who were with him, and who had apparently been investigating on his own account, cried sharply:

"The door at the other end of this next carriage is open! This is probably the right one, after all, from which that gentleman heard the cry!"

In a few moments I had been proved correct, for a woman's hairpin—a pale gilt one—was found upon the ground, and on the sash of the window were ominous red stains.

"Murder and suicide!" muttered the guard. "The line will have to be searched. It probably happened in the tunnel."

Then my name and address were taken, for I was regarded as a "witness" to the crime. As I was sitting back in my seat, feeling pretty well done up, one of the detectives came up to me and whispered:

"I am afraid, sir, that we have lost our beauty!"

I stared at him sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"That my colleague and myself had come on the train to arrest a woman about whom we had received information concerning her connection with Alma Leigh, the forger. I've got an idea that the woman from whose head that yellow hairpin dropped is—or was—Alma Leigh. Anyway, we shall prove that when the bodies are found. They must be on the line."

The train moved on and I was left to digest another disagreeable point—namely: that if Alma Leigh had taken her own life as well as a fellow creature's, I had lost my first big case and saw my chance of fame receding in the distance.

When I arrived at Torquay that quiet little country station was buzzing with the news already telegraphed that a murder and suicide had taken place on the 10:10 down express; then, while I waited about for further news before going on to my brother's house, news came that the body of an elderly man had been found in the tunnel stabbed to the heart, but no trace could be found of the woman who had murdered him. Papers on the body proved that the dead man was Mr. John Gorton, who had recently been robbed by his missing secretary, Alma Leigh, against whom a prosecution for theft was pending.

I sighed, then took a cab, and soon was driving up to my brother's house. As I arrived I noticed a carriage coming away and wondered if it had contained another visitor.

"At last, old man!" was Dick's hearty greeting. "We had begun to wonder whether you had missed your train!"

I shook hands with him and my pretty sister-in-law; then started, as a tall, beautiful girl, with great gray eyes and a mass of reddish brown hair, came towards us. She was in a traveling coat and skirt and had not yet taken off her hat and gloves.

My sister-in-law smiled suddenly.

"Amber, dear," she said easily, "this is my brother-in-law, Mr. Claude Beresford. Claude, this is Miss Amber Leighton; she came by the same train as yourself from town. She has just told us of the awful murder in the train!"

I looked at the girl with interest; the ill fated 10:10 was not so bad after all, since it had brought her with it. She moved away, and for the first time I saw that she fastened her hair with gilt hairpins. Twice that day had I seen a similar colored hairpin for the first time in my life!

II.

"Back to work tomorrow—good-by to holidays and love in idleness!"

"But not good-by to love. He will be always with us!"

I looked down at the beautiful face that rested on my shoulder, and my arm, unaccustomed to such caresses, tightened round the slim waist as I drew nearer to my heart the woman who had, in a few weeks' holiday, become the sum total of my future happiness. I had loved her the first night I saw her, and then, one wonderful evening when we were watching the sun sinking behind a flame colored cloud I asked her to be my wife.

"Claude," she said slowly, "you don't seem at all curious about me—to know what I was doing before you met me! I might be a lady burglar for all you know!"

I laughed and kissed the red lips so near my own.

"Sweetheart, it is all sufficient for me to know that you were a friend of my sister-in-law's, and are just the dearest and best, as well as the most beautiful, girl I have ever seen. Besides," I added, "how can I see a flaw in the woman I love?"

"But tell me," she went on slowly, "would you forgive me if you found out something that I had kept from you?"

I turned her face up to mine and gazed into her eyes—dear wells of truth and beauty!

"I am so sure that the only thing you are keeping from me is a kiss," I laughed, "that I promise you my full pardon if you will let me have it now!" And as our lips met I fancied that I heard a faint sigh.

That evening my brother and his wife left us alone to say "good-by" to each other. I was to leave for London the next day and Amber was going to stay with a sister in the north, then come on to town, where she shared a flat with a girl friend.

"I have something to give you before you go," she said, in her low, pretty voice, as she stroked the engagement ring I had put upon her slim finger. "It is a ring—one my father gave me. I used to wear it until lately, then my fingers grew too thin, so I put it away, but I want you to have it, darling!"

She left the room and I picked up the evening paper that had just come in. I had let things slide since I had fallen in love with Amber, and so it was with roused interest that my eye fell upon a sudden headline—"The Murder in the 10:10!" "Where Is Alma Leigh?" Then it went on to say that, in spite of the vigilant searching of the whole detective force, the murderess of old Mr. Gorton was still at large. The one clew in the hands of the police—the gilt hairpin—had not helped them at all. I put the paper down thoughtfully. The affair came back to me in a vivid flash, and I wondered how the woman, Alma Leigh, had eluded her captors. Amber's voice roused me from my reverie.

"What a solemn face!" she laughed gayly. "Thinking about those horrible briefs?"

"Those 'horrible briefs' will mean an early marriage!" I retorted, drawing her to me. "But I was thinking about a lost brief this time, darling. The man whose counsel I was to have been and who was murdered in the train that was bringing you and myself down to this place! You remember?"

She turned away suddenly.

"O, don't talk about that awful murder now! See, dearest, here is the ring I want you to have!"

I took the ring from her and looked at it with interest. It was a unique one of its kind—a blood red ruby set in a curiously old fashioned style. As I glanced at it a sensation of having seen it before flashed across me, and then memory came with a sickening horror. It was the image of the ring that I had noticed that dreadful second on the hand of the woman who had struggled with the old man in the 10:10 train! And then an awful thought seized me, chilling my blood and causing a cold sweat to break out on my brow. Amber—the woman I loved—had red gold hair; she used gilt hairpins in dressing it; and she—O, heaven!—she had traveled down in the same train!

Something of the agony in my heart must have shown itself in my face, for she cried quickly:

"Dear, you are ill! What is it? Why does that ring startle you?"

I kept her off with one hand, while I said hoarsely:

"Tell me, were you wearing this ring coming down in the train?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, her great eyes filling with bewilderment, "but I don't understand—"

I laughed—her pose of innocence was so awful in the face of what I knew, the secret I had discovered!

"Don't lie to me!" I cried harshly. "I know now what a whited sepulcher you are! Your hands are red with the blood of a fellow creature! And yet, I—O, God, that I should own it—I loved you for your white purity!"

"Of what do you accuse me?" she said slowly. "I have a right to know. At present I am in the dark!"

"I saw what took place between you and your victim!" I replied hoarsely. "I noticed this ring on your hand as I looked through the window from the footboard. Yet that fool of a guard swore that the murder had taken place in the other carriage because the door was open. It was just a clever blind, that's all!" I laughed wildly. "You went about it cleverly!"

She made no answer, but something in her white, tense face made me say more quietly:

"Tell me, did you not struggle desperately with a man in that train, and did you not wear this ring? If you deny it, Amber, I will even now try to believe you!"

She threw back her beautiful head with a scornful laugh and a delicate color flamed out in her pale cheeks.

"You are right; I did struggle with a man in the train, and I was wearing this ring, but I decline to be questioned further!" she went on proudly. "If you think you have secured Alma Leigh, the murderess of that old man, you know your remedy! I refuse to humble myself further to a man who is ready to believe evil of me at the first opportunity!"

She moved to the door, and as I gazed after her a sudden compunction seized me. Had I been wrong, after all? Had a terrible mistake occurred?

"If you can clear yourself, do so!" I said quickly. "I will listen to any explanation. Only don't deceive me. I—I loved you! I will even let you go if you confess to having committed the crime!"

"Thank you! That is generous!" she retorted coldly. "You have judged and condemned before you heard my defense and now I am going out of your life forever!"

The door opened and closed. Then suddenly I realized what I had done. I had driven away the woman I loved, driven her to—what?

The following day I left for London by an early train, and as I stepped out of the train a placard caught my eye. It ran:

"Reported arrest of the murderess, Alma Leigh!"

III.

Six months later I was dining with a fellow lawyer at a restaurant in Piccadilly. The time that had gone had filled my days with work; cases had come in gradually, and in battling with the woes of my clients I had to put aside my own private griefs. The sensational arrest of Alma Leigh in Ostend had been quickly followed by her suicide and a written confession, in which she admitted having traveled by the same train as Mr. Gorton in order to exercise her old wiles over him; then, when he refused to listen to her, she had stabbed him, and pushed him out of the compartment when the train was in a tunnel, afterwards crawling along the footboard, and dropping quietly into a ditch when the train pulled up, and escaping across country to a lonely farmhouse, where she staid till the hue and cry died down; then she got away to France, minus her golden wig and other disguise, and where for a time she was safe until Nemesis overtook her. But what I felt most was that I had cruelly wounded the woman I loved, whom a strange, bewildering series of coincidences had placed in a similar position, and though I rejoiced that I had been wrong, yet I grieved that my miserable mistake had lost me the love of the sweetest woman on earth. Amber Leighton had left my brother's home, giving no reason, and had dropped out of sight. I searched for a long time, hoping to meet her somewhere, but with no luck; and then I gradually devoted myself to the work, trying to crush the mad longing that would rise in my heart when I thought of the tender beauty and charm of my lost sweetheart.

Feeling the need of relaxation, I one night went to the Windsor theater. I was early and sat watching the people as they arrived and were seated by the ushers. The curtain rose and when I beheld the heroine I started in surprise.

It was either a prank of my overtaxed nerves or I was once again looking at Amber Leighton. In spite of makeup, environment, everything, there could be no mistaking that beautiful voice and graceful carriage. I looked at the name on the program. It was "Amber Gray."

As I watched I saw that in one act there was a scene in a train between the heroine and the "heavy" man. He had attempted to rob her of important papers, and she, to save her lover, tries to stab him, while he is dragging her towards the open window.

And as I realized that I had seen that desperate struggle before, the whole truth, simple now that I understood, burst upon me. I had witnessed a rehearsal which I had mistaken for the real thing. When the curtain rang down I waited impatiently outside the stage door. Would she see me or would she send me away as a just punishment for my harshness?

At last she came out—a tall, graceful figure in black.

I stumbled towards her.

"Amber," I said hoarsely, "I want to ask your forgiveness, and then I—I will go."

Her eyes flashed into mine for an instant; then she said gently:

"I saw you tonight. I knew you would understand at last what had puzzled you."

"If you only had told me," I said.

"I wanted to, but you would not let me. I rehearsed that scene with our new 'heavy' man, who was joining the company, and had no time to rehearse any other way. I had kept my profession a secret from your brother and his wife, and so all that miserable mistake came about through my silence—and your distrust!"

"And you will forgive me?" I pleaded earnestly.

"Yes, on one condition," she murmured.

"And that is?" I queried, a sudden hope filling my veins with fire.

"That you stay, Claude," she whispered tremulously, "stay, and take my love with my forgiveness, dearest."

And as I kissed her dear lips in the shadow of the hansom that drove us away from the stage door, I once again stepped back into the kingdom of love.

Practical Hints for the Busy Housekeeper. . . . By Ada M. Krecker.

For Sunday Breakfast—

Nothing is nicer to those who enjoy Boston brown bread and baked beans and codfish balls than the New England Sunday breakfast, which depends mainly on these three articles for its menu.

For the Boston brown bread sift together one cup yellow cornmeal, one cup rye meal, one-half teaspoon salt, and two teaspoons soda. Add one-half cup warm, not hot, water, one cup thick sour milk, and one-half cup molasses. Mix thoroughly, turn into a buttered mold, and steam three hours after boiling begins.

For the baked beans à la Boston let one pint pea beans soak in cold soft water over night. Wash, rinse, and parboil until the beans can be easily pierced with a needle. Change the water twice during the process, add one teaspoon soda. Rinse in hot water. Put one-half the beans in the bean pot, then one-quarter pound salt pork, scalded in hot water, and scored as to rind for cutting in slices. Add the rest of the beans, and over them pour one tablespoon each mustard and salt, and a scant fourth of a cup molasses, mixed with sufficient hot water to cover. Bake about eight hours in a slow oven, keeping the beans covered with water and the lid on until the last hour. Then remove the lid and brown the beans.

For the codfish balls the New England housekeeper pares six potatoes, medium size, and cuts in quarters. Put one cup raw salt codfish, picked into small pieces, above the potatoes in a saucepan. Pour boiling water about the potatoes and cook till tender. Drain off the water and set the saucepan, covered with a cloth, on the back of the range to dry the potatoes. Mash thoroughly and add paprika or black pepper to taste. Beat an egg until the white and yolk are well mixed. Add gradually a little of the fish ball mixture and when well blended return to dry in the saucepan and beat thoroughly. Shape the mixture into smooth balls, pressing lightly into shape. Fry in deep fat, smoking hot. Use a frying basket, and cook about five at a time.

It Is Said—

Of the dabbler in music, or in art, or in science, "O, she knows only enough of that to talk about it!"

From one viewpoint the dabbler's is a trivial attainment, but to be conversant with even the jargon of a study is better than to remain totally ignorant concerning it. Besides, she who knows the terminology of music or art sufficiently to talk intelligently about either can scarcely fail to pick up scraps of information occasionally. The fact that a woman has cared enough for a topic to trouble herself to learn its phases argues the possibility of her appreciating further knowledge.

Since one cannot go to the bottom of everything, she can be well enough educated to gain enjoyment for herself and others by taking such selected knowledge as comes in her way. It is not necessary to be an Italian scholar to be able to read and appreciate the "Inferno," nor need one know Greek to enjoy the "Iliad." Translations, collations, and anthologies are meant for the help of those whose other duties preclude their going to the fountain head for their instruction and their enjoyment.

It may be debated, indeed, whether the general reader, the general student, does not do more to benefit her kind at large than does the specialist who limits herself to one or two branches of study, who never reads a book that does not touch upon her specialty, and who can discuss nothing but her hobby. While the one ideaed woman has her uses equally important seem the uses of the smatterer.

Tinned Meats—

As the English call canned meats, are cheapest when they represent the best brands in the market. They should be opened and turned out on a dish fully half an hour before using, even when they are to be served without preparation of any kind.

Keep the roast beef, if you wish to serve it as such, in as solid a piece as possible, and if necessary tie a string around it or use sticks to keep it together. As it requires but slight cooking, all the accessories, like browned potatoes, should be prepared beforehand by putting the potatoes in the roasting pan with butter and salt, and when brown lay the beef in the center of the pan with a dredging of flour and a shred of onion, and let it get nicely browned.

Another way is to take from the can only the pieces free from gristle and fat, cut them into squares and set aside. Now put a tablespoon of butter into the stewpan, with an equal amount of lard, and when it is boiling hot add sliced onions, then flour as for gravy, salt and pepper, and take from the fire. Then put a layer of thin sliced potatoes, a scrap of tomato, and some of the beef, and so on until all of the beef is used; then add perhaps one cup hot water, with what gravy can be obtained from the can, enough water, at any rate, to cover the meat and potatoes, put the lid on the pan and set it where the stew will simmer, not boil, for about twenty minutes. Puff or dough balls are an addition and lend an appetizing look to the dish.

The scraps left from the can should be used for soup or making gravy, or they may be chopped fine with an onion and then added to a rich white sauce made of flour and butter and a bit of cream or milk. Let the sauce thicken and then add the meat; it should only be on the fire long enough to get thoroughly hot, and when ready may be served on slices of buttered toast. Canned beef makes excellent soup and good pies as well as vegetable stews.

Canned mutton can be made into broth with barley or rice, stewed with peas, and served with mashed potatoes, or creamed the same as the beef, or used for croquettes, which is perhaps the most satisfactory way of disposing of it.

Corned or pressed beef, if used as it comes from the can, needs to be thinly sliced and eaten with mustard and baked potatoes or new bread. In southern Florida it is made into a stew thus: Put potatoes on to boil in just enough water to cover, not more, cutting the potatoes in half or quarters if they are large; add a sliced onion and two or three tomatoes, season and let cook in a covered pot until the potatoes are soft. Then add the beef cut in squares, being most careful not to stir the stew after the beef is added, and take it from the fire as soon as the meat is thoroughly hot. Or fry tomatoes and put a layer in a deep dish, then one of thin sliced pressed beef, then tomatoes, and so on until the dish is full, being careful to have tomatoes on the top; then set the dish into the oven for a few minutes.

One—

Of the most practical suggestions for service is that of the woman who comes in to work by the "day." There is much more in this idea of daily service or of employing a woman who, in common parlance, does day's work than has ever been fully developed.

Washing and scrubbing at present are the principal duties of such workers. But these, although they represent the hardest labor, cover only a small part of the daily housework.

The sweeping and dusting, the sewing, the cooking, the dish washing, the "cleaning up"—most interminable of the tasks, the mending, and chamber work—all come into house life and into the line of a housekeeper's duties. Somebody has to see that they are well done, often to do them. And the time and the patience and the strength which go into these "little things" nobody but the woman who does them knows.

Darning stockings with the attendant features of sewing on buttons represents a batch of work which comes regularly every week to be done and is a sore trial to the woman who longs to spend the time it takes in accomplishing other things. Yet she knows these tasks are necessary and that they must be accomplished for the comfort and well being of the family in her keeping.

There are plenty of women who cannot do finished or high class work, yet to whom mending stockings, darning, cleaning up of rooms, and dusting would be light and agreeable work, women who, having ample time, would be willing to do this important yet trivial housework for the small sum of money the service is worth. They need not be highly educated or extremely young women. They need only be quick, willing, and ready for any and every trifle that comes up for somebody to do.

Plenty of places await such workers.

The women who are starving at making shirts for 3 cents apiece and trousers at 5 cents a pair, of whom one hears, would here find easier, pleasanter, and more profitable work than by keeping body and soul together on their present pittance wage.

Concerning Blouses—

There is little doubt that, come what may, the blouse will never die out, for though it is not worn with a skirt of a different color at big receptions, it is quite smart worn with a coat and skirt. Then often, when a bodice is a failure, we are glad to have a blouse to harmonize with the skirt. I am sure that many of us who are obliged to buy frocks of an inexpensive order must sometimes invest in one the bodice of which is ill fitting and even unwearable.

Then, again, nowadays we hate anything tight or uncomfortable, and if a bodice should answer to this description we discard it altogether and replace it by a blouse that will "go" with the skirt.

We are in the midst of sales, and we shall probably find some bargains in the shape of blouse lengths, but it is more than likely that the sleeves of the sale blouse will have to be altered. The best blouses for morning wear have plain tight sleeves, while the more elaborate ones are full at the top and have a deep cavalier cuff at the wrist, or just below the elbow.

The smartest French blouses of the moment are of a neat order, doing up at the back, with tucked fronts finished with fancy studs. These are made in taffeta, satin, and fine linon, and though they pouch in the front and sometimes at the back they are neat. Then, many of these are made with soft batiste linings, but I think there are few things more difficult to make than a tight fitting or lined blouse. It requires the best of dressmakers to make it look well.

Rather smart are the plain silk or satin blouses in black, navy blue, or white, with a tiny veining of another color run through, worn with a deep, white suede or silk elastic belt. These are also finished with a cravat or jabot of lace. Severe as the blouse may be, there is always a softening touch about it which gives a chic finish.

Fine hand stitching plays an important part in the blouse of the moment. How well does the tucked blouse of crêpe de chine look with entredeux of lace or embroidery! Embroidered insertion is also charming, as is a series of tiny tucks or plaits with rows of fancy stitching in between.

Among the Truly—

Parisian "déshabilles" which I have seen lately, and which recall nothing of the insular tea wrap, from which they have originated, I saw a beauty the other day in white crêpe de chine, peplum form, draped at the back and across the shoulders.

The crêpe de chine, which was extremely soft, was bordered by an entre-deux of Alençon lace two fingers' breadths wide, just enough to make it fall gracefully over a skirt lightly trimmed with small silk muslin designs interming.ed with lace.

Each sleeve was formed of a pointed piece of crêpe de chine, bordered by an entre-deux, which floated over a lace undersleeve.

It was, in short, a Tanagra robe, worked as it would have been by a Louis XV. dressmaker. Nothing could be better indicated for a young woman who wishes to conceal her waist for a time. Under the folds of this delicious garment everything can be dissimulated, and nothing seems evident but the ease and grace of youth.

In Paris—

Evening dresses have never been prettier or more luxurious than they are at the present time. A dress unadorned with embroidery, sequins, incrustrations of rich guipure or costly lace, would be unworthy of a true woman of fashion, and, though a restrained simplicity is in excellent taste for afternoon and morning costumes, the most dazzling luxury is reserved for evening dress.

Comparing fashion plates of only fifty years ago with those of the present day it becomes evident at a glance to what a pitch of refined and sumptuous elegance evening dress has arrived.

Everything, of course, has to be in harmony and the jewels that are worn now are of incomparable splendor. The art nouveau is perhaps less exacting in its choice of gems, but it compensates for that by the magnificence of its style. Greek ornamentation gave it its first inspiration, and now the empire style is becoming more and more fashionable for collars, bracelets, and diadems.

This tendency is all the more remarkable, for it is beginning to supplant the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles, which seemed to have acquired such an assured footing for several years past.

Evening coiffures are elaborate, but avoid every appearance of being so. The hair is, of course, still waved, but the undulations are made larger and less distinct. Independence is fashion's leading note, and first among the details of dress which should be subject to it should certainly come the headdress.

Is not the hair nature's own frame to the face? The natural character of the face should consequently have the greatest influence in determining the nature of the coiffure.

It must be no longer possible to say that a high or a low style of dressing the hair is in favor, or that puffs or bands are more fashionable. Women have every right to look their best, that is, to look themselves, to be original, in a word, and in the matter of coiffure their originality will always be pleasing, provided, of course, that it be confined within the bounds of moderation.

It is curious to note what thin dresses are worn in the theaters—quite summer dresses. A woman does not look ridiculous even if she wears gauze or voile. And plenty of women there are at the present moment who are turning their last summer's dresses to good account for the theater. A dress which may have lost its original freshness passes muster well under the brilliant lights of the auditorium, although it would certainly not do so by daylight.

Macaroni Methods—

CHEESE MACARONI.—Take four ounces of large macaroni, four ounces grated Parmesan cheese, half pint milk, half pint stock, one ounce butter, salt and cayenne, and one teaspoon made mustard. Throw the macaroni into a sauce pan of boiling water and salt; cook till quite soft, or about forty-five minute; then strain and cut into small pieces. Warm the milk and add the stock; stir and bring to the boil. Cut the butter into small pieces, stir it in, add the mustard if required; put half the grated cheese into the sauce. When all is well mixed put in the macaroni and season to taste. Turn all into a buttered dish and sprinkle the remainder of the cheese over the top to brown.

WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Quarter pound macaroni, one small onion, half ounce butter, two ounces cheese, one and a half tablespoons cream, two tablespoons stock, one pinch nutmeg, tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Cook the macaroni with the onion till tender. Put the butter into a saucepan, add to it the cream and stock, and a little nutmeg and tomato sauce, with pepper and salt if needed. Beat this up and mix it with the macaroni, place all in a pie dish, lay the cheese and bread crumbs on the top, and bake until a nice brown.