

The Wide World Over.

WAS recuperating on a New Mexican hacienda. At the death of my father I had been left quite a comfortable little sum, and I had at once started out to see the world, being at last able to satisfy my craving for travel to its full extent and having no parental ties to hold me to any one particular spot of the world's circumference.

But I had somewhat overdone the thing, not being possessed of a constitution that would stand much of a strain. So I had settled down at Las Vegas to take things quietly for a while, before going further.

It was on the evening of October 12, 1896, that the news was circulated in the town that there had been a awful wreck on the Santa Fe just below Watrous. A special was rapidly made up of an engine and two coaches, and the call made for volunteers to assist in any way that their services could be of value. I made one of the number that promptly responded, and hastily clambering aboard, we started for the scene.

I shall never forget that distressing sight, as, reaching the spot, we leaped to the ground almost before the train had slackened speed sufficiently to make it safe to human life and limb to alight. There lay a tangled mass of wood and iron piles in heaps, from which came moans and cries from the imprisoned passengers and crews. One of the forward coaches, together with the mail and express car, was in flames. While part of the improvised wrecking crews gave their attention to helping the poor unfortunate in the passenger coaches, others of us started in to save what part of the mail and express car's valuable contents still remained out of the reach of the tongues of the flames rapidly drawing nearer the end of the car farthest from the engine. I was one of those who started to work on this car, and justly I began to pull out the sacks of mail and what merchandise could be reached through the tremendous heat from the burning end of the car.

The last sack of mail was not snatched away in time to prevent half its length being burned away entire. I had hold of the leather handles and gave a fearful tug, for the heat was now unbearable. For a minute the bag held to some object that weighted it down, then gave suddenly, landing me backwards, while a shower of letters and small packages completely covered me.

After we had done all we could to save the contents of the car, and taken the last man from the twisted coaches, we started back to Las Vegas with our mangled, suffering human freight.

It was after one o'clock when we arrived, and had tenderly carried the sufferers to the nearest point where they could receive medical and surgical attention, and being quite fatigued with my unusual exertion, I crawled into bed and slept soundly until the sun had arisen high in the heavens the next day.

Being nearly dressed, I reached for my vest, when something fluttered to the floor. Picking it up, I was surprised to find a half burned photograph. Evidently it had been caught in my clothing in some way when the mail bag scattered its contents over me as I lay upon the ground, and when I arose to my feet, had slipped between my vest and shirt. I said it was a half burned photograph, but that does not tell much. It was the photograph of a beautiful young lady, perhaps eighteen years of age. Beautiful? The most beautiful, I think, I had ever seen.

I sat down in my half dressed state and stared at it for many long minutes. And before I had finished staring at that beautiful image I had to confess to myself that I was helplessly in love with the pretty, rounded face, with its smiling eyes looking up so contentedly into mine, that shapely, tempting mouth with its saucy, curling lips, that wealth of tastefully arranged hair thrown back over the high forehead.

Who was she? I cursed the flames that had totally eaten away the part of the card that might have given some clue as to whom the photograph had been, or in what place the photograph had been taken. If I could only know what town or city it would be enough. I would go at once to the place and search every artist's establishment until I had found some trace of my ideal.

Up to this time I had bothered but little about women. But here was a dear little girl whose eyes looked up into mine so smilingly, so confidently, so pleadingly, that my heart ached to have them something more than images on paper. It gave those lips open and speak to me, to have those dainty little ears capable of listening while I poured my story of complete slavery into them; ah, I was helplessly in love, and I did not know with whom! With a photograph! A photograph, tossed at my very feet, coming to me by such a strange channel, to tease me, to agonize me, to craze me!

And then the thought came to me that to every photograph there must necessarily be two sides. Perhaps the reverse side would tell me something; a new hope! I held the photograph, and my fingers trembled and my heart beat frantically, fearing to turn it that I might be disappointed. At last my shaking fingers moved of their own volition. Writing! Feminine writing. In a neat, small hand.

And then my first love dream received its rude shock of awakening—a mighty death-blow. A sickening sensation overcame me. I turned sick, and my eyes blurred as I read the words which had evidently preceded a signature, of which the flames had removed all trace.

"Yours, the wide world over."
Mine? Perhaps by right of the possession of this bit of cardboard; but my heart, had I that? Had I even the

right to the bit of cardboard, scorch and crumpled by the devouring flames? "Yours—another's!"
I dropped the photograph to the floor and, about though my little love affair had lived, its death hurt me much, and with tearful eyes I sadly gazed across the spreading plains lying before my window and felt for the first time all the emptiness and barrenness of a loveless world.

Ten years have passed. I am no longer a reckless scapegrace of a fellow. The passing years have somewhat sobered me into a recognition of the fact that the world requires more of a man than simply looking to his own pleasures and chasing after mirages that but lead him a merry dance and leave him worn out and disappointed at the first point his maturing mind shows him the uselessness and folly of his course.

However, much of the credit for my change of nature should be given to another party, a sweet, charming little woman whom I met here at Versailles and who had quite captured my heart.

And to-night, as we sat close together under the flowering trees, with a fair moon casting pale shadows about us, I felt how happy I was in having won such a prize, for we were soon to wed.

There came a little lull in our conversation and my mind was running back to my previous little love affair, the remembrance of which incident had never quite left me. Then I made a resolution. Turning to my fair companion, I said:

"Vera, I must confess to a little deception practiced upon you. Oh, don't start, it was quite harmless. You remember the other evening you asked me if I had ever loved before? A woman's natural question, and such a foolish one. And I answered, as most wicked men will, and as the question justly deserves, perhaps, that I never had. I have thought upon it since, and feel that truth is best, whatever be the consequences. I have loved before."

Vera gave her breath a little inward hiss and turned her flashing eyes upon me in surprise, but said nothing. She apparently awaited my further confession.

"Some ten years ago I came by the photograph of a young lady in a peculiar way. It was such a dear little face that, I frankly confess now, I fell in love with it. But my love did not live long, for a few words on the reverse side of the card told me much. She loved another. I have carried this card with me until now, and to-night, after having confessed to you, I shall properly destroy it."

I drew the card from my inner pocket where I had carefully guarded it ever since the night I so strangely came by it, and not without some slight feeling of the old passion, placed my fingers in position to rend it asunder. Then Vera asked to see it. I promptly handed it to her.

She gave a cry of surprise, and turning to me, asked hastily—
"Where did you get that?"

"I found the photograph in a railroad wreck in New Mexico. The flames from the burning mail car had removed all trace of the name of the photographer, or I should have—ah, that is, I—"

"Or you should have gone in search of your ideal. Am I not right?"
"—I—think so; but—but you see I had not met you then," I stammered in my confusion.

"It seems we are old friends. You would have gone in search of your ideal; how long it has taken you to find her!" And, to my utter amazement, instead of being angry, as I had supposed, Vera burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ah, but Vera, you know as the time goes on our ideal changes."
"Oh, pettishly, does it? That is too bad. I referred to the particular ideal of ten years ago, not only the one of to-day."
Her words mystified me. She saw my wonderment, and again broke into a hearty laugh.

"You foolish dunces! Yet how strange. Have the passing footprints of time stamped out all semblance and erased the beauty in the original, the substance, that you admired in the shadow? That is a photograph I had taken twelve years ago in San Francisco."

At this revelation of the strange workings of destiny, I could only sit and stare like a man bereft of his senses. Then I remembered the rude shock I had received upon turning the card. Again torments began to rack my soul.

"And Vera, the—the wording on the back?"
"You foolish, jealous boy! I had mailed this very card to my mother, then in New York City, and that scrawl was only for her. I had often wondered why she failed to receive it."

"And now, darling, you are mine truly, 'the wide world over?'"
For answer she nestled closer to me, —Waverley Magazine.

Turkish Bookkeepers.
A writer who spent much of his early life in Turkey observed that Turkish bookkeepers were among the curious features of the country. "The Turkish bookkeeper," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. Many of the books displayed by the bookkeeper are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print." The Koran he may not sell. He gives it away—in return for a present of its value in money.

Rubber on the Wane.
With an ever increasing use of rubber in manufacturing, it is disappointing to have to record a gradual diminution in the supply. Some figures have been published purporting to show the total production of rubber in different parts of the world, and according to these the production in the two years from 1900 to 1902 decreased by some 3500 tons—that is to say, whereas the total output in 1900 was 57,700 tons, that of 1902 was only 54,000 tons. This decrease is certainly not a large one, but it is important as showing the tendency of the rubber supply to diminish.

NEW IDEAS IN JEWELRY

New York City.—Nothing shows this season is more charming than the waists of plain white net made very full and lace trimmed. It is one in-



FANCY WAISTS.

cludes a deep yoke of tucking, that is inset with lace medallions, and a shirred bertha that is both novel and becoming and allows a choice of elbow or long sleeves. The bertha with the deep yoke gave the 1830 effect so much sought, and with the frilled sleeves and draped belt of soft silk, are charmingly suggestive of those old-time portraits from which the season's designs have been obtained. All soft materials with success are arranged in a waist as the addition of a fancy yoke collar of lace or other effective material. This season they are more than commonly fashionable and are used both as integral parts of the waist and as separate garnitures. The

new heavy kind that looks like wool and feels like silk, and her stocks are taffeta, plain and plaid, and tied with a dashing white bow exactly under the chin. Her hats are trim, boyish felts with huge pom-poms and soft silk scarfs.

The Spanish.
The epaulet effect is much in evidence on many of the new blouse waists, and the deep collar is also to be seen on them. Detached collars and yokes are much used, and add an effect of distinction to a dark blouse.

Red a Favored Color.
Red is among the fashionable colors. One must have just the becoming shade, precisely enough of it and no more, and wear it only with accessories that harmonize.

Lace Stoles.
A summery accessory is a lace stole having at the back a shawl point, the ends of which are adorned with either a large single rose or with little clusters of colored flowers.

Plumage Hats.
Brown, red, violet and most of the mixed-color fabrics require black or self color hats. The plumage hats are extremely good with black, dark blue or green cloths.

The New Skirts.
The new skirts are to be of two lengths, either just touching all around or escaping the ground by two inches.

Fancy Yokes or Yoke Collars.
Nothing so completely transforms a waist as the addition of a fancy yoke collar of lace or other effective material. This season they are more than commonly fashionable and are used both as integral parts of the waist and as separate garnitures. The

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



closed invisibly at the back. The sleeves consist of small puffs and frills that are mounted on plain foundations which are left full length and faced to form cuffs when long sleeves are desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, six yards twenty-seven inches wide, or four and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with one yard of tucking, seven and one-half yards of applique and one-half yard of silk for belt to make as illustrated.

Variety in Silks.
Never were silks more lovely or more varied. There are a dozen new weaves, some of the richest showing disks and figures of velvet ombre of the color of the ground or a contrasting shade. Many of the light colored silks are woven with velvet figures, flowers and leaves of the natural colors. Martele velvets resemble embossed velvets, but have gone through a slightly different process, giving the pattern a vague shadowy effect.

Old-Fashioned Materials.
The very newest thing—even in Paris—is the old merino used when we were children. It comes in exquisite shades and is excellent for draping. It falls in more graceful folds than any other material and is destined to continue in popularity. Another popular fabric this season is pongee. Pure white can be bought this summer, and can be made into a pretty gown for evening or a simple dainty one for day wear.

Crochet as a Dress Trimming.
Crochet is a serviceable feature in the trimming of handsome gowns this season. It is done in cotton, silk, wool and linen, and used with any and every material. It is always stylish and distinctive, especially if of the same color as the gown it is on. It is used for yokes over white satin, and as an applique on cloths of heavier material.

The New Cotton Shirt Waists.
The dainty girl's shirt waists are again, more often than not of cotton,

four illustrated offer a generous range of choice and are adapted to all yoking materials, the various all-overs and banding held by fancy stitches. They also can be used in conjunction with a low bodice, so making it high and available for a greater number of occasions.

As illustrated, number one is made of white silk banding embroidered with French 2-nots and lace insertion held together by fagotting; number two is shown in fine renaissance lace braid combined with open work braid; number three is of all-over lace with medallions finishing the edge; and number four is shown in black and white, or two toned, bias silk bands held by fagotting and lined with chiffon, the collar including a turn-over of the darker silk edged with the lighter. Each yoke is fitted by means of shoulder darts and is finished to close invisibly at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for No. 1, four yards of dark banding, three and three-quarter yards of light; for No. 2, nine yards of lace braid; for No. 3, three-quarter yards of all-over lace and for No. 4, four yards of dark banding, three and one-half yards of light

and one-eighth yard of silk for turn-over, or three-quarter yards eighteen inches wide for any one when a single material is used.



FANCY YOKES.



Neither and Teacher.
Many mothers watch the departure of the children every morning for school with a sigh of relief, and a feeling that for the greater part of the day their responsibility in regard to them has been transferred to another. There will be no childish disputes to settle, no hurt feelings to bind up, no faults to correct. But the mother's influence is not confined to the home, and if she has the best interests of the children at heart she can help the teacher in her efforts to drill and train them for future usefulness, says the Ladies' World.

The child should be taught to obey the teacher without question. In no other way can a teacher maintain the order that is necessary to produce good results from her work. Sometimes Johnnie comes home telling how severely he has been punished for a slight offense. Remember, when such a story comes from the schoolroom, that you hear only one side of it, and that even adults are likely to pass over their own wrongdoings when they are telling the story to others. If you are sure that the teacher has made a mistake in correcting a child, it would be the worst thing you could do to let him know that you think so. If something must be done, go to the teacher kindly and ask her about it. Nine times out of ten she will meet you courteously and give you all the information you desire. We often fail to understand our own children. How then, can we expect the teacher, who never saw them before this school term, perhaps, and who has from thirty to fifty restless, mischievous little ones in her care, to always do the best and wisest thing for each one.

Keep Young.
If a man's age is, as we have been told, merely a matter of his own feelings, it should stand us all in hand to feel as young as we can. Dr. Madison J. Taylor, in a recently published article, goes into detail somewhat and ventures the opinion that men do not stoop because they are old, but that they are old because they stoop. In other words, a proper system of exercise, which keeps the upper trunk muscles and the muscles of the neck in good order, will also have a beneficial effect upon the hearing, sight, and cerebation.

Applying the same rule to the other half of the old saying, which maintains that woman is as old as she looks, we find a great deal to be said in favor of judicious exercise as a beautifying agency. If woman will properly care for her health of body and mind, she, too, may avoid growing old; at any rate, she may postpone indefinitely the fears of old age. To the woman who has preserved an attractive serenity of eye and feature by right thoughts and correct living, old age has no terrors any way, for what is usually so denominated is really the crowning glory of life.

The main thing for us all to remember is that we may keep young in heart and mind, if we will, and that we owe it to ourselves to keep not only our muscles, but also our opinions and sympathies both pliable and healthful to the very last. In this way we shall be counted young, even in the "sear and yellow leaf" because we have not allowed our hearts to "become crusted with age."

Wake Up Naturally.
Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation is not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly. Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs—waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. But stretch and yawn, and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.

Wake up like the baby, like the kitten. Stretch every muscle in your body. Roll over and yawn and stretch and stretch and yawn, and you will get up feeling wide awake and the heart and the lungs and the stomach will resume their work without shock or jar, and the bodily functions start off in a normal, healthful manner.

Rubber Complexion Brushes.
Rubber complexion brushes are being more and more highly prized by women who want to be beautiful, both because they are sanitary, being so easily cleaned, and also because they supply a very agreeable friction. A rubber mitt recently introduced makes it possible for women to enjoy the benefits of massage, even if they cannot afford the services of a professional masseuse. The mitt fits snugly over the fingers, and with its aid all the various manipulations may be performed with much greater ease than by the use of the fingers. Wrinkles on the forehead and around

the eyes may be subdued and finally removed by what is called punctuating, pressure and release with the finger tips encased in the mitt, while circular friction upon the neck and shoulders will fill out hollows and beautify the skin.

Rubber brushes may also be had fitted with adjustable straps, so that they can be firmly strapped in the palm of the hand.

Abyssinian Women's Dress.
"For downright gorgeousness there is little that can surpass a family party of Abyssinian women bound from one village to another in festival time, notably about Easter," writes Mr. Broughton Brandenberg, describing the life of the women of Egypt in an article in Pearson's.

"A brilliant, bangle-encrusted head-dress is bound over the brow and drawn back to fall down the shoulders. The upper part of the body is clad in a blouse of red and white literally covered with gold and silver ornaments, that are handed down from generation to generation. A short skirt in the same style comes below the knees, and the legs are encased in brilliant-colored strips wound tightly about the putters, often beaded and spangled. The feet, usually bare, are variously adorned with toe-rings, ankle bracelets and other ornaments."

The Gift of a Hot Temper.
One of the common complaints of parent against child is, "He has such a temper!" This is not meant to be a compliment and is not commonly received as such. But isn't it?

A child without a temper may be very sweet and satisfactory to its parents; but it can hardly be a child of any great force of character. Who ever saw or heard of a person with positive qualities, capable of being a strong influence, that did not have a high temper? A high temper gone beyond control is an unruly servant and a hard master, but there are few more favorable attributes than the ability to get intelligently angry for good and just cause, says the Saturday Evening Post.

But to be ill-natured—that's a vastly different matter. It proves that one has either a very small mind or a very poor digestion—usually both.

Nursing and Matrimony.
It appears from the report of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, says the London Graphic, that this way lies matrimony, and that, though nurses may not marry as early in life as some of their sisters, suitors are forthcoming in due course for most of them. This is a right and proper state of things. No doubt their becoming uniforms are less effective than their solid qualities in captivating the male imagination; but that does not matter. The standard of solid qualities at the hospitals is high; and a pretty nurse is, ceteris paribus, likely to make a better wife and mother than the pretty idler who entraps mankind by what the rude Americans call "parlor tricks."

Inserted Bands and Motifs are Still the Vogue for Garniture.
Even the simplest costumes this season show an elaboration of detail once considered consistent for only the dressiest occasions.

Mitten cuffs formed of lace insertion and joined to large, puffed upper sleeves, around which run little frills or ruffles edged with lace are seen on other models.

Inset lace is more difficult to manage than lace edgings or frillings, and when inserted in intricate designs such trimming requires much skill and patience. The summer models often show prodigality of this inset lace work, and the effect is charming if the work is well done.

The up-to-date blouse is very full, but drawn in by rows of corded shirring in the shape of a corset or high girder, the lines being highest at the back. The lowest cord comes just at the waist line and an inch of the plain stuff is left below.

Some skillful home dressmakers are producing some very pretty yoke effects by means of the pretty embroidered handkerchiefs. The centre is cut out and a collar of embroidery fitted to it, while one point is placed at the front, one on each shoulder, and one at the back, that at the back being cut open and faced for looks and eyes.

Linen collars are very much worn with tailor gowns. The most fashionable of them are of the turnover style, to be worn with ribbons. Hemstitching, embroidered dots, and even borders of hand embroidery are seen on stiff linen nowadays. Once or twice going to the laundry usually finishes them, so they must be regarded as extravagant. Few colored borders are worn at present.

Grassvine Violets.
A violin owned by a resident of North London consists of the greater part of a human skull, over which is stretched a piece of sheepskin acting as the sound board. The finger board is formed of a human thigh bone, while the pegs were once the small bones of the hand of a South African native.



Cook asparagus in boiling salted water and tender; drain and cool; when cool cut off all the tender parts in half-inch pieces, place them on lettuce leaves and serve cold.

Vinaigrette Sauce.
Three table-spoonfuls of oil, one table-spoonful of vinegar, one table-spoonful each of grated onion, chopped parsley and capers, one salt-spoonful each of salt and pepper, mix well and pour over asparagus salad.

Tripe a la Creole.
Cut two table-spoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add to it ten peppercones, two cloves, blade of mace and one small onion, chopped fine; cook slowly until the onion is a light-brown, then add two table-spoonfuls of flour, and let that brown; add one small onion, quarter cupfuls of stewed tomatoes, and stir until smooth; strain and turn to the fire; season to taste with salt and pepper; add half a pound of well boiled tripe cut in strips; cover the pan and let simmer twenty minutes.

Souffle of Peaches.
Remove the kernels from half a dozen ripe peaches and press through a sieve; put what you have thus obtained in a dish, adding one pound powdered sugar and whites of two eggs; beat for five minutes with egg beater; then take whites of five eggs and beat to a stiff froth; mix all together well; put on a dish and put in a hot oven for five or six minutes before serving; sprinkle powdered sugar on top; plums, bananas, apricots and other soft fruit can be served in the same way; apple or other fruits to be cooked and then treated through a sieve and then treated like peaches.

Chicken Pie.
Clean and cut up your chickens with boiling water and stew until tender; remove from the bones and lay in bottom of dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper; set the dish where the chicken will keep warm. Now for crust and broth. Broth—Four cups of water the chicken was stewed in, one cup milk; thicken with a table-spoonful of butter and two of flour blended together; when thick and very hot pour over chicken, reserving bone for gravy boat. Crust—Two cups flour, two table-spoonfuls baking powder sifted together three times; rub with one table-spoonful butter and wet with cup milk to which one beaten egg has been added and a little salt; cover top of baking dish with butter and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes. This is simple but very nice.

Pot Roast of Beef.
Procure six pounds of the round of beef, season with pepper and salt and dredge thoroughly with flour; melt one table-spoonful butter and one table-spoonful beef dripping in a flat-bottomed iron kettle; add one medium sized onion sliced and fry to a golden brown; skim out the onion, put in the meat and brown on all sides, adding more butter when necessary; when done add sufficient boiling water to half cover the meat; then add one small carrot and one small turnip finely sliced, half a cup shaved celery, the browned onions, three whole pepperorns, three whole allspice, six pepperorns, one bay leaf, a grating of nutmeg and one table-spoonful mushroom catsup; simmer slowly for six hours, turning the meat occasionally, and adding more water if it boils away too much; put the meat on a hot platter, strain the liquor, skim off the fat, thicken with flour as serve in a separate dish.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.
Grass stains may be removed with alcohol.

Green and white striped awnings are most used for porches or windows. Basswood furniture, stained mahogany, with silver handles and mountings, is among the novelties offered for dainty country house bedrooms.

Natural colored linen, adorned with Mexican drawn work patterns, makes exceedingly effective summer cushion covers, and launders nicely.

Where space and means will permit, a pergola is one of the most effective lawn additions, and is in high favor with fashionable folk.

For sweetbread cutlets prepare as for croquettes, adding a grating of nutmeg to the seasoning. Form into cutlets, crumb, egg and crumb again, fry in boiling fat and serve with sauce Bechamel.

Kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric. Wash the soiled spots in kerosene as you would in water before any water has touched them.

A good housewife is equally familiar with the flower garden and the flour barrel. She prefers a yard of shrunken to a yard of sating, while her husband is a sower of garments, while he keeps his hoar bright she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

A good way to restore white silk articles that have become yellow in washing is to dip them in tepid soft water containing a quart of table-spoonful of ammonia, water and a few drops of blueing. Wring them out, and if still yellow add a little more blueing to the water until the shade is fully restored. Hang in the shade to dry partially and press with a hot iron between folds of cotton white damp.