

**UNREST.**  
**BY FRANCIS BARKER CROFT.**  
 Men that will not be beguiled  
 Like a fool and happy child,  
 From his toil or futile strife,  
 With his bosom burning  
 In deep, impassioned yearning  
 Woven in the wool of life.  
 And though far, with weary feet,  
 He may wander, he shall meet  
 No content until he come—  
 Soon or late, his fate compelling—  
 To love's domed and starlit dwelling,  
 For he has no other home.  
 —The Outlook.

**COMRADES OF VIRGINIA.**

HILLIARD turned courteously at Lydia Denning's summons.  
 "Will you be so kind as to run up to Ted's den and get the book?" she asked. "Then we can settle the question." Hilliard accepted the commission as befitted Ted's friend and a fellow who was often at the house. He went up stairs and knocked at the door of the den. Expecting no response, he immediately pushed it open. At the same moment a head with a mop of brown curls tied into a bunch at the back lifted itself from above a big book, a pair of brilliant brown eyes looked up into Hilliard's, and Virginia's face broke into a smile as he stood smiling back.  
 "Oh, come in," she cried. "Why are you up here? Aren't you having a good time?"  
 "A charming time," he answered without hesitation, for Virginia was the younger daughter of the house. "Why are you not down stairs? When are you going to be old enough to come to Miss Lydia's parties?"  
 "Never, I hope," declared the girlish red lips scornfully. "Do you really like them? They sound so stupid to me. Think of staying in the house to dance when you might be out coasting—just come in. Such fun!"  
 Hilliard sat down upon the arm of Ted's big chair. "Tell me about it," he requested. "In the first place—who took you?"  
 Virginia closed her book and came around to drop among Ted's sofa pillows, six feet away. She wore her skating dress yet, her hair an ankle-length fur-bordered, gray affair, with a touch of scarlet, which set off her dark young beauty effectively.  
 "Oh, I went with our set," she exclaimed. "It was magnificent. I shouldn't have made Kent bring me so early if I hadn't forgotten all about Lydia's party."  
 "But, really," he insisted, "when are you coming out?"  
 "Why, that is a thing that's dependent on several others," declared the girl. "In the first place, I'm in no hurry. In the second place, Lydia's in no— She stopped abruptly, looking up at him with a shake of the head. "I don't mean that," she added quickly.  
 Hilliard nodded. "I understand. I was sure you must be—well, nearly eighteen, at least."  
 "I am—nineten—at most," she admitted. "If I should put my hair up, you'd see."  
 "And they're keeping you back on your sister's account?"  
 "That's all right," she said defiantly. "It does make a girl seem older to have a big younger sister around. And, besides, I really want to stay a girl as long as I can. I hate to put my hair up and my skirts quite down. I don't care a straw for dressing up and going to receptions and teas and parties. Lydia loves it. I love coasting and skating and riding, and swimming, and all the rest of it."  
 "So do I," he said heartily, "and it's a long while since I was nineteen."  
 She looked at him critically. "Yes, I should think you must be about thirty-five. No, you can't be, because you were at college with Ted."  
 He laughed. "Not quite that," he said. "It won't be long before I am, though. But I should like coasting as well as ever. I wish I had been out with your party—to-night. It's years since I've coasted."  
 Virginia's eyes turned longingly toward the windows. "It's a heavenly night," she said. "Let's go!" She looked at him, smiling daintily.  
 He stared at her for a minute, then he leaped to his feet with a laugh. "Come on," he cried, under his breath. "There's nothing I'd like to do better. But how shall we manage it?"  
 "I didn't really mean it," said Virginia, "but if you do we might have just one coast, and nobody would mind you. We'll slip down the side stairs, and Lucia's boys are where we can get them."  
 "I'll tell you," said Hilliard rapidly, his eyes dancing. "I'll just take this book down to your sister, mix in the crowd, slip away in ten minutes, and then we'll be free—see?"  
 This plan was carried out. The two stole silently away from the house, and in ten minutes were at the suburban hill, where a few jovial coasters still lingered.  
 "Can you steer?" demanded Virginia.  
 "Unless I've grown old faster than I feel as if I had, I can—sure."  
 He took his place, she started the bobs, and flung herself on behind them. It was a long, swift, breathless flight, and then they stood at the bottom and looked at each other, laughing.  
 They sailed down the hill again and again, until Virginia realized the daring of this unauthorized, unchaperoned performance. Hilliard never hated to do anything in his life so much as he hated to put up those bobs and go in. He lingered in the shadow of the side entrance. He pulled off his glove and held out his hand.  
 "It's the best fun I've had in a dozen blue moons," he said, enthusiastically. She nodded, smiling. He retained her hand for a moment, then he gently drew off the scarlet silk mitten.  
 "I'd like to shake hands with a good comrade with gloves on," he exclaimed. She let him have the warm, little hand a moment—a very

short one—that they it completely away.  
 "Good night, Mr. Hilliard," she said. "I've enjoyed it, too."  
 "Miss Virginia," he urged, taking a step after her. "I've a favor to ask of you. Can't you—wouldn't you please be willing for me to appear at her evening now?"  
 "This is nice—and so is all the rest of my world. Lydia's too much indoors. I don't like to wear my best clothes, Mr. Hilliard."  
 "Try it. It's more fun than you think. Come down next time—please. Miss Virginia. I can't grow young again, and get back into your world. You can put up your hair and put on a trailing skirt—and come into my world, Miss Virginia."  
 "I really must go." She was on the top step, her hand on the door. But she could not escape him. He was at her side in two leaps.  
 "I should like to, be in the same world with you," he said rapidly. "Miss Virginia, come down next time—will you? It will just mean that you are willing to be friends—comrades—in the same world. You don't know how long I've been waiting for you to get old enough for that."  
 She was gone before the words were fairly finished. Presently he was back in the hot rooms and the crowd, a faint flush on his smooth cheek, and a singular sparkle in his eyes.  
 When at last Lydia entertained again, Hilliard found himself entering the crowded rooms at the Dennings with a quicker pulse than any social affair had ever caused him. As the evening drew to a close and no Virginia came, he blamed himself for an unwary hunter who had been following his game down the wind.  
 "Louis," said Ted Denning's voice in his ear, just as he had made up his mind to go dejectedly home, "come up to my den for a minute, will you—or you run up first, and I'll be along—I've something I want to show you."  
 Willingly enough, Hilliard escaped to seek the familiar spot. He opened the door unceremoniously—and stopped with a rush of warm blood to his heart. With a little cry of discomfited surprise, Virginia tried to pass him, but his tall, broad-shouldered figure filled the doorway, and he stood determinedly still.  
 But was this Virginia—this lovely woman with the blushing face, the sweet bare neck and arms, the trailing white garments? A transformed and glorified Virginia, then! He stared at her, a joyful smile breaking over his grave face. But with her head bent down and turned aside, her hands hurriedly pulling a slimy scarf over her shoulders, she was imploring like a frightened child who has been caught at mischief.  
 "Please let me go by, Mr. Hilliard. I was not going down stairs—really I was not. I just dressed up for fun—for Ted to see. I—it was just for fun."  
 "You didn't do it for me, then?" He would not stand aside an inch. He felt with a thrill that her sudden intense shyness was far more significant than her appearance down stairs would have been. The thought swept him off his feet.  
 "I always liked to dress up," she breathed. "It's a childish trick."  
 "You told me you hated your best clothes."  
 "I do!"—vehemently.  
 "Then why did you put them on?"  
 "I—you—Mr. Hilliard!" She raised her head and tried to meet his look with dignity, but the lashes fell before the light in his eyes.  
 "Virginia"—he took a step forward and bent to whisper the words—"you did do it for me, only you didn't dare come down. Tell me, wasn't it so? You were willing to be comrades after all—just comrades for a while, Virginia—till you get used to it," he added, under his breath.  
 Ted's step was on the stairs. Hilliard turned and closed the door behind him; he set his foot against it. Virginia looked up appealingly—and found herself for one breathless moment in his arms.  
 "Just comrades—till you get used to it, darling," he repeated softly, "and then, more—more!"  
 "Hello, old man!" called Ted, outside. "Did you find it?"  
 "Yes, I found it," answered his friend's voice, with a happy laugh. "Come in."—Washington Times.

**Box Coat.**  
 This one is made of natural colored linen with pipings of red and matches the skirt, but white and all colors are used and silk and velveteen are greatly in vogue for old wraps as well as for costumes. When liked the collar can be omitted and the neck finished with a facing only.  
 The coat is made with fronts and backs and is fitted by means of shoulters and under-arm and centre back seams. The sleeves are in regulation coat style with roll-over cuffs and a pocket is inserted in each front. As illustrated the closing is made invisibly by means of buttons and buttonholes worked in on a fly.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and a half yards forty-four

**White Duck Hats For Children.**  
 Sensible women will provide their children with white duck hats, such as can be obtained at all the stores for a trifling price. These mean comfort and a fetty to the little ones while playing in the hot sunlight.

**Girl's Blouse Costume.**  
 No style of frock suits little girls better than this simple one, which consists of blouse and box pleated skirt. The model is made of white linen trimmed with banding of blue and white and is charmingly dainty and attractive; but natural colored linen and all the simpler washable fabrics of the season are equally ap-

**Green and Blue Parasol.**  
 A green-and-blue combination parasol, chosen to carry with a taffeta dress in a green-and-blue check, is noteworthy. The parasol is made of material exactly like that of the dress. The handle down to within an inch or so of the end is of a blue so dark as to appear fairly black. At the tip it is carved to represent a peacock's

**Wood For Paper.**  
 It has been estimated that nine novels had a total sale of 1,600,000 copies. This means two million pounds of paper. We are assured by a manufacturer of paper that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood which is equivalent to five hundred pounds of paper. In other words, these nine novels swept away four thousand trees.

**The Oil Industry.**  
 The recent report of Dr. C. T. Deane, that the total output of the California oil wells last year amounted to over 23,000,000 barrels only partially represents the important influence and value of the industry. Its true significance is pointed out by J. W. Harrison, a prominent Indianapolis coal dealer, who says it practically displaces 6,000,000 tons of coal as fuel.

**New York City—Box coats of linen, taffeta and pongee make the smartest of all the season's wraps and are as comfortable as they are fashionable.**



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head and the enameling is of the richest description, perfectly showing the ever-changing, green-and-blue iridescence of this bird's splendid plumage. Did goddesses carry parasols, Juno herself could have asked no more effective and suitable shield from the dazzling reflection cast by Apollo's passing chariot.

**A Dainty Wrap.**  
 Quite the most fascinating little wrap is nothing more than a scarf—a length of chiffon, measuring almost three yards. The one seen was of pastel pink, edged all the way around with half-open pink roses. These roses were exquisite little affairs, and not sufficiently even in size to appear monotonous. The whole thing looked as if it had drifted down from Fairyland onto the shoulders of its pretty wearer.

**A Smart Hat.**  
 A smart hat of black and white has the wide rim turned up on the two sides, making the hat into something of a scoop. The outer side of this rim is set with an inch-band of white velvet. Two long plumes, one of black and one of white, fall out at the back of the hat over the hair. On the left side the rim is caught on the top with a white owl's head.

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**IN WOMAN'S REALM**

**How Under Left Ear.**  
 A new way to wear the necktie has developed itself abroad. With the fashionable embroidered linen collars which have a turned-down point in front, is worn a narrow band of ribbon tied around the throat above the collar. It is a bright-colored ribbon, designed to relieve the dead whiteness of the linen which is not always favorable to the average complexion, and it is tied in a smart little bow with "cutty tips" under the left ear.

**The Best Wife.**  
 Whether the sweet girl, the cheerful girl or the intellectual girl makes the best wife we cannot say. Better ask some man about that, says answer to correspondent in Record-Herald. However, it is safe to make the guess that the girl who possesses all three of these valuable qualities—sweetness, cheerfulness and intellect—is the best girl of all. Such paragons exist, of course. Unless a girl is cheerful she is a depressing comrade; if she is not sweet she is not womanly; if she hasn't intelligence she will soon prove tiresome.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Lady Curzon Returns to England.**  
 We have all been welcoming Lord Curzon back to London after his five eventful years in India. But probably he would be the first to own that he owes not a little of his success to his charming wife. Few even of the fair sex of the States, who have made so many "conquests" in this country, have done more in this way than Lady Curzon. The wife of a Viceroy of India is perhaps the biggest social position to which a lady not of royal blood can aspire. Lady Curzon, by the way, possesses a beautiful voice, as befits one who was a pupil of Marchesi.—Wagminster Gazette.

**A Wedding Innovation.**  
 For some seasons past it has been customary to allot rose buds or sweet peas to the bouquet or floral basket carried by the proud little maid of honor as she sails up the main aisle of the church, an important member of the wedding party.  
 This conventional choice has now been altered. White orchids are chosen when they can be procured for the maid of honor. This change was inaugurated by one of our June brides, a fashionable girl who was not content to have anything hackneyed, however pleasant, about her wedding party, and her fastidious selection fell upon white orchids for her maid of honor.  
 The official wears a robe of white Valenciennes lace over slip of ivory white chiffon.

**Unusual Jewelry.**  
 Gold, silver and copper are all used for jewelry in these days, and the metals are studded with pearls, garnets, turquoises, topaz and amethysts. Odd ornaments are made of silver set with opals.  
 Gold set with pale green chryso-prase is charming.  
 A silver comb is inlaid with colored pearl.  
 A big buckle of hammered silver has in its centre a plaque of peacock blue enamel.  
 A pretty pendant is of hammered silver on a piece of pearl shell, set with turquoises and baroque pearls.  
 A delightfully green necklace is of old paste with green stones called obaldians.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Lovely Evening Wraps.**  
 For evenings the loveliest wraps are made of light-colored silks, only the softest varieties, like louisine, being used. These charming garments are made in three-quarter lengths and are lined with chiffon attaching the silk. Pongee in the pastel shades is a good fabric for these wraps, and a rough silk called burlington is also well suited for the purpose.  
 Old rose pongee was made in a Shaker wrap for a summer trousseau. The shirring around the top was done on very heavy cords, and the entire wrap, including the hood, was lined with a white liberty gauze. Another pongee wrap, an oyster-white shade, had a lining of pure white chiffon, the lining being put on in a series of loose puffs. Immense scars of the chiffon edged with lace hung from the collar in front.

**Women Surgeons Are Few.**  
 "Why is it that one does not hear of famous women surgeons?" asked a Post reporter of Dr. M. C. Revill, of San Francisco.  
 "There is no special reason why women should not become proficient in surgery," he replied, "but few take to that line of work. The average woman somehow seems to think that this lies a little outside the sphere of feminine labor, and there is no question but that the public takes no same view. Even were a woman to attain the highest degree of surgical skill or to become a great operator, which is quite a different thing, her ability meets with scant recognition, and she might not get fees enough to live on in comfort."  
 "At the same time, I have met with women whom I knew to be born surgeons; that is, they had the native talent, the judgment, the physical strength, the steady nerves, and all other requirements. When it comes to standing pain, women outclass men, and there is no reason to doubt the fitness of such as these for performing the most difficult and trying operations. The trouble would be to get any of them to select a career that is apparently not suited to the sex."—Washington Post.

**Time to Act.**  
 When college girls take to hazing one another into hysterics, it is about time to adopt some of the strong restraining methods employed upon their masculine fellow-students.—Chicago News

**Don't Be a French Maid.**  
 Tubingen is the latest of the German universities to open its doors to women.  
 The French maid of a well-known society woman has a unique treatment for silk skirts. She sews tiny loops among the founces at the bottom of the petticoats and hangs them in the closet upside down.  
 It is quite the fashion nowadays for a girl to have two engagement rings, the first being given her when she has said "Yes," and the other when the engagement is announced.  
 Among the delegates to the great London Congress of the Salvation Army are two Japanese ladies in their national kimonos.  
 A nurse in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service receives an initial salary of \$200 a year. When she becomes a sister she gets from \$250 to \$325. A matron's salary gradually rises to a maximum of \$750.  
 Mrs. Mary E. Hart, of Nome, is the woman Commissioner to the St. Louis Fair from Alaska and the president of the most northerly woman's club in the world.  
 The Prohibition party of Massachusetts has nominated Mrs. Fannie Guilford Clary as Secretary of State. She won this honor by a vote of 52 to 12 against one of the most popular men in the party, who was afterward nominated for another position.  
 There are so many forms of embroidery which can be worked with comparatively little time and labor that no girl need go without this fashionable touch on her gowns.  
 Cross-stitch is as fashionable as ever for certain styles; and, being worked in colors, a little goes a great way in trimming the dress. Old rose and soft blues and greens are a better choice than the brighter shades that have hitherto been used.  
 For finer dress weaves French knots and feather stitching suggest themselves; the variety of ways for using them prevents sameness. No longer is feather stitching seen only on bands and plaits, but is arranged in all sorts of curves and circles, while knots are massed in groups, small or large, square or pyramidal.  
 The hair should be well brushed every night, then loosely plaited. On no account should hairpins be slept in, as they injure the hair as well as there being danger of them sticking in the head or neck.  
 Chicago has at least a half-dozen women in the business and professional line who make \$10,000 a year from their vocations.  
 Mrs. Langtry has sent to a London auction room "a casket of jewels" to be sold. The jewels include a brilliant neck chain, brilliant and pearl brooches, a turquoise and brilliant necklace, and emerald, ruby and brilliant rings.

**FRILLS IN FASHION**

Parrot red and parrot green enjoy an equal show of favor.  
 A new kid glove with demi-fingers is masquerading as a mitt.  
 It's the three-quarter coat that still prevails on linen suits, anyhow.  
 Linen etamine lends itself admirably to the making of the shirtwaist suit.  
 Those long linen coats are the best sort of protectors for delicate gowns.  
 Tourlette is a pretty amber shade, becoming to women who cannot wear most browns.  
 One must be astonished at the number of blue shades that have sprung up this year.  
 Lace frets its little life upon all kinds of garments, the traveling coat not excepted.  
 One sees more white wash kids than any other sort of gloves can well-dressed women.  
 Some very fetching sunshades boast of enameled and gilded ribs with pronounced ball ends.  
 Kimono boleros, exemplifying the shoulder-and-sleeve-in-one idea, tally with modish effects.  
 Long suede gloves, edged with feathers to match various gowns, tempt to new extravagances.  
 A button arrangement made of braid twisted round and round is a smart substitute for buttons.  
 Strings of coral look well with the white linen dress wherewith a red hat is worn—as it is so often.  
 A charming consequence of the elbow sleeve is a black velvet bracelet set with some rare old miniature.  
 This is a good year to observe the striking difference between wearing clothes and being well-gowned.  
 Louis XVI. coats of creta lace garlanded with pink rosebuds are an additional elegance to the dinner toilet.  
 The latest novelty in full dress footwear is a band of diamonds carried across the instep of evening slippers.  
 The velvet rage has given prominence to violet and purple shades, because of their exceeding richness in that fabric.  
 Sleeves are finished at the bottom with wide cuffs or in flowing, flare fashion rather than gathered into band-like cuff in bishop style.

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**FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER**

**Hickory Nut Marmalade.**  
 One pound of powdered sugar, one pound of chopped hickory nuts, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, half a cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop on buttered paper and dry in the oven. These are delicious.

**Cream Receipts.**  
 Melt a tablespoonful of butter, to which add one-half pound of cheese cut fine, one saltspoonful of salt, and one-fourth as much pepper. When the whole has become creamy, add gradually one cup of cream and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Serve on toast or light crackers.

**Fruit Layer Cake.**  
 Cream a cup of butter with two of powdered sugar and when light beat in the yolks of four eggs, a small cup of water and three cups of prepared flour or enough to make a good batter. Lastly fold in the stiffened whites of three eggs, reserving the extra whites for the filling. Bake in waxed layer tins in a steady oven.

**Egg-Plant.**  
 Peel and slice egg-plant and leave it in cold water for an hour. At the end of that time take it out, wipe it dry, lay it on a flat dish and pour over it five tablespoonfuls of olive oil and two of vinegar. Leave it in this for fifteen minutes. Remove the egg-plant, sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil it on a gridiron before a clear fire or in the broiler of a gas stove. Cook five minutes on one side, turn and cook on the other side.

**Queen Pudding.**  
 One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup sugar, yolks of eggs, beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, which has been strained, the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, replace in the oven. Bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream, if preferred.

**Vanilla Souffles.**  
 Beat one cupful of milk, rub two level teaspoonfuls of cornstarch and four level teaspoonfuls of flour in a little cold milk; pour into this the scalding milk and stir until it thickens; add beaten yolks of four eggs and a pinch of salt; remove from the fire; beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir them carefully into the hot mixture; fill souffle cups two-thirds full; stand in a pan of hot water and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve with a vanilla sauce.

**Lemon Souffle Pudding.**  
 It is the pastry cream, same as used in Boston cream puffs, with white of egg whipped to froth stirred in and then baked. It rises high in the oven, should be served immediately, or at least not allowed to become cold. Use a quart of milk, eight ounces of sugar, five ounces of flour in heaped cup, an ounce of butter, eight eggs. The yolks cooked in the mixture, which must then be made nearly cold and flavored with lemon, and the eight whites then added. A spoonful of sweetened cream in each dish for sauce.

**Hints for the Housekeeper.**  
 An easy way to keep enamel saucepans, pie dishes, etc., clean: Take a small piece of emery cloth, damp it, and rub all soiled parts; rinse well first in soapy, then clean water, when they will be found quite spotless and quite new.  
 To clean silken sponges mix together one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of common soda, with enough boiling water to cover the sponge. Place the sponge in the mixture and allow it to stand twenty-four hours. Afterward wash the sponge in warm water until quite clean.  
 To test the purity of water take some of the suspected water in a clean, glass-stoppered bottle; add a little pure sugar; expose, having well stoppered the bottle, to the light, in a warm room. Should the water, even after a week's exposure, become turbid, it is dangerously impure for drinking; if it remains clear, it is safe.  
 Keep a string bag. It will be found most useful in the kitchen. It should be hung up in some special place, and all pieces of string that come tied round parcels should be put in it. String is constantly required, and it is far better to know exactly where to find a piece than to be obliged to hunt about and waste time in searching for this necessity.  
 Table silver, such as knives, forks and spoons, can be made to retain its new, unscratched look indefinitely by being provided with little chamois cases, in which they can be slipped after being properly washed. These cases are easily made. They take a little time and trouble at first, but last for years, and their use becomes a habit. Canton or outing flannel may be substituted for the chamois, if preferred.  
 Make at least one raffia pillow just to see what comfortable rests they are for piazza or summer cottage. Get several colors (the reliable colors) and weave the pillow in blocks of color just as you used to weave colored papers when you were a kindergarten, and leave fringe at the edges or turn the ends of the raffia in, making it plain. Stuff the pillow with curled hair and you will have a nice cool pillow, and a pretty one.