NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Young Lady Collectors of the Red and Yellow Leaf.

THE PRETTY AUTUMN TINTS.

HERE now is the season when the girl who enthuses over nature's beauties makes herself a great nuisance in her home or her boarding house. It is pretty safe to say that the house or the room of nine-tenths of these impressionable girls will be in a state of litter for the next two weeks with dead leaves. For verdure is now making its final glorious splurge in color before being shut off by the winter curtain of bleakness.

It is like the final transformation in a ballet. The most pretentious effect is kept to the very end. Nature always was a good stage manager.

A month ago the bathing girl came back from the seaside with her trunk full of shells, polished stones, horsefoots and dried sea moss. The collection was entirely of souvenirs of some delightful occasion or other and the things themselves were "just too lovely, you know, to leave behind," and they would make such pretty ornaments. She knew just how to utilize them in fancy work and it would be such a pleasure to have them around as reminders of this and that never to be forgotten event.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

The rubbish lay around her room for a while. The shells were ground into the carpet, the sea moss became powdered up and dusted itself over the dressing table, and one night she stepped on the horsefoot and pricked her pink little foot.

And now ah! now she'd got nature on the hip again.

Brilliant hued autumn leaves can be had by the bushel. It's a fascinating occupation to gather them and admire the artistic mingling of delicate and bold coloring. No one can deny that they are beautiful. The girls simply go daft on the subject each year, and this is no exception. Then, again, they can be put to such practical use for decorative purposes.

I don't mean to imply that all the seaside and mountain trophies are not worth gathering, too. On the contrary, if pains is taken in preparing them, they can be made very pretty adjuncts to the pleasantness of a room. I am simply stating facts. The fun of gathering them is all over; they have had their day and now they are gone.

THEY WILL FOLLOW.

And, whisper, the leaves will go in the same way ere the sleigh-bells are jingling. After all the whole attraction in these things as in everything else lies in the making of the collection, whether it be the gathering of autumn leaves, the collecting of a library or picture gallery or the amassing of dollars or honors. It's all in the getting of it and the anticipation of future enjoyment. When the time for sitting down and enjoying comes the thing has palled.

So these girls with a mania for collecting withering vegetation are only doing the same thing that statesmen and financiers are constantly up to.

The trees are glorious just now in their autumnal coloring. Brilliant reds and yellows, rich maroons and browns, delicate greens and grays are all blended together in such a combination as no artist of human kind could paint. The great variety of trees affords the best opportunities for collecting peculiarly good specimens.

IN RUINS BOOKS.

There are lots of pretty ways to utilize the leaves for decoration if one has only the patience to do it. In the majority of cases, however, the girls who are so enthusiastic on the subject lose most of their enthusiasm before dinner the next day. All the available books are filled with the leaves to press. It does not do the books any good, for the leaves are very apt to put a stain on the pages, and it is always the prettiest leaves of all that drop out and get crushed.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks a great many people persist and get very pretty effects for their pains.

The thicker the leaf the better, it will hold its color. For that reason the tough leaves of the oak and maple are the most desirable; their colorings are usually the brightest, also. Beech leaves turn a very pretty yellow, and the long leaves of the sumac are excellent for effect and are usually strikingly colored. The soft maple leaves are the most gaudy, but they do not retain their color as well as those of the hard or rock maple.

HOW TO PRESS THEM.

A great deal depends upon the care taken in pressing the leaves. Old books serve the purpose better than anything else. A number of sheets should be left between each two leaves to absorb the moisture, and even then it is much better to carefully change the leaves each day and transfer them to dry books.

Let the pressing process be gradual. The first day or two no pressure should be applied. After that gradually increase the weights with each change until at the end of a week or so the harder the leaves are squeezed the better.

WAXING AND VARNISHING.

When taken out of the books it will be found that the reds, yellows and greens of the leaves have lost a great deal of their brilliancy. There are several ways of restoring this, and at the same time making the leaves more durable. Perhaps the best way is to rub a hot iron on white wax and then run it quickly over both sides of the leaf. The thinner the coating of wax left the better. Another way is to paint them with a thin coat of colorless varnish. This leaves them brittle and unnaturally shiny, however. Still another way, which hardly pays for the extra trouble, is to first go over the leaves with sizing, put them away to dry for a day or two, and then wax them.

If you wish to preserve a large branch intact, so large that pressing is out of the question, the leaves may be preserved by drying them with a moderately warm iron until the moisture is all absorbed, and then ironing with wax.

Forns are too delicate to stand ironing or waxing, and, in fact, they don't need it, as they will preserve their color anyway after being pressed.

SOME PRETTY WAYS.

is almost useless to tell how to decorate a room with autumn leaves. Any one with a little ingenuity can devise a thousand and one ways of doing it. Arranged in artistic bunches on the wall and back of pictures is the usual way. The effect can be heightened by the addition of a big bow of ribbon where the stems meet. A woodland landscape can also be very prettily set off by placing it at one corner of a natural wood frame and on the wide expanse of mat left glue leaves and grasses in some graceful arrangement.

A branch can be utilized in a dozen different ways, either over windows or doors, standing in a corner or rising from behind some picture frame.

PANEL DECORATIONS.

If the woodwork in the room to be decorated is painted some plain color, preferably white, the leaves can be used to good effect by being glued on window casings or closet door panels in the form of a running twig. Each should overlap the other and great care should be taken to avoid anything approaching stiffness or a set design.

Above all things don't overdo it.

Don't plaster your rooms with leaves. Only have them in one room, and not too many there.

Go ahead, girls, and enjoy the healthful fun of gathering the leaves anyway. Perhaps you will preserve a few of them, and you will not regret it.

WILL IT BE MURDER?

Sullivan's Victim Still Alive But in a Critical Condition.

A St. Thomas despatch says: Miss Lizzie Henderson, the victim of Saturday's shooting, rested fairly well last evening; but up to that time she had to be kept under opiates all the time, owing to the great pain in the region of the back, where it is supposed the ball is lodged. Dr. McLarty was called in consultation last evening with Drs. Smith and Vanbuskirk, her attending physicians, and none but Dr. Smith have hopes of her recovery. Notwithstanding this her symptoms are more favorable this evening. Mrs. Alice T. Cutler, who lives next door to Miss Henderson, told to-day that she ran into the house after the shooting, and saw Sullivan running up the stairs.

Alleged Sale of a Baby.

A Montreal despatch says: Mrs. Guilbault, who is alleged to have sold another woman's baby for $6, was arrested this morning and brought before Judge Dugas. The accused pleaded that she had given the child away, but her honor told her she would have to produce not only the infant, but substantial bail. The case will be proceeded with on Tuesday next.

A GLASGOW HORROR.

A Gentleman's Gardener Murders and Mutilates an Unknown Woman.

THE FIEND MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

A Glasgow cable says: The most horrible murder in the criminal history of this city was committed last night at West Lodge, a villa on the Albert road in Pollokshields, on the outskirts of Glasgow. A woman, still unidentified, was mutilated after the method of "Jack the Ripper," was dismembered, and the pieces of her body were buried in the villa garden. McEwan, a gardener, who doubtless is guilty of the crime, has disappeared. West Lodge is one of the finest suburbs of Glasgow, and is surrounded by a garden some 125 feet deep on every side. McEwan, with the assistant gardener, McDougall, lived in a separate house, and when not busy at the villa did odd jobs in the neighborhood. He was a native of County Down, Ireland, is about 30 years old, and, although occasionally a heavy drinker, he has borne a good reputation. He is a man of great physical strength. At 6 o'clock this morning McDougall knocked at McEwan's door to awaken him, as he has done for the last six years. McEwan responded with unusual promptitude, "All right, Tom; I won't get up yet; I am tired." McDougall went away and worked in the garden until 9 o'clock, when he returned to arouse McEwan. His knocks were not answered and he forced the door. He found the walls, ceilings, furniture and floor spattered profusely with blood. The clothes from the two beds were scattered over the floor, and were sprinkled with blood. Red finger marks streaked the side of one of the beds and the door. There was not a piece of furniture or an article of clothing which was not blood-stained. McDougall ran coatless and hatless, and crying in his terror, to the police station, and told his story. After fortifying him with brandy, the police took him to West Lodge with them. From the room they followed a bloody trail to four fresh mounds in the garden. In a flower-bed, from which the plants had been removed, they found, about two feet under ground, the mutilated and unjointed arm of a woman. In a similar bed they uncovered the trunk. It was absolutely devoid of all internal organs. Beside the trunk was the woman's left arm, also unjointed. In another flower-bed they found the missing organs and the legs, unjointed as were the arms. The trail led from this last bed to a tool house. There, under a pile of rubbish and tools, was a biscuit box containing fragments of a large saw, the teeth still dotted with flesh and blood, and several smaller pieces of the woman's body. The police say that the box was used by McEwan in transporting the limbs and the organs from his room to the garden. A search of McEwan's room revealed several razors, apparently unused for some time, and an axe recently washed, but still showing slight blood stains. McDougall was unable to give any information as to McEwan's deed or the disposition of the body, for he was working at the time on the opposite side of the house, as was shown by the fresh-turned earth. He believes that when he knocked at 6 o'clock McEwan was carving up the body, as McEwan's voice indicated that he was wide awake. So far as can be judged from the mutilated remains of the body, McEwan's victim was robust, of medium height, about 30 or 35 years old. Her clothing was well made and of good material. McEwan probably took her to the house after 6 o'clock, for at that time McDougall called upon him and found him alone. This was the last time McEwan was seen by anybody near West Lodge. How and when McEwan induced the woman to enter the house, and what was his motive in the murder, are mysteries. It was reported immediately after the news of the murder got out that McEwan was "Jack the Ripper," and that the time of the "Ripper" murders he was absent from Glasgow, but these reports are discredited. McEwan was engaged to marry a respectable girl, who is maid in a Glasgow family. The girl's mother, when she heard of the murder, supposed that her daughter was the victim, and ran to West Lodge. She could not identify the clothes as her daughter's, however, and this morning the girl was found. The police say that McEwan had little money and will soon be captured. The woman's body has been put together as well as possible, and now lies at the morgue waiting identification. It has been ascertained by the authorities that McEwan had been in the habit of receiving the woman in the house during the absence of the family. This is the extent of the information thus far learned in regard to the victim.

STEAD TO THE RESCUE.

The Sensational Editor Takes up Mrs. Maybrick's Cause.

A London cable says: In the next issue of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead, its editor, will have an article headed, "Ought Mrs. Maybrick to be Tortured to Death?" in which he vigorously and at great length reopens the whole case of the unfortunate American woman who is now undergoing a sentence of life imprisonment in Woking prison for the alleged poisoning of her husband. Mr. Stead says that both he and Sir Charles Russell, the Attorney-General, have received from South Africa copies of the death bed confession of Harry Wilson, who declared that he, with a woman whose name is not given, placed arsenic in the medicine that was administered to Mr. Maybrick during his last illness. Mr. Stead investigated the matter and declares that he attaches weight to the confession, but, he adds, even if it were valueless, it will be of service in directing attention to the travesty of Justice which has exposed Great Britain to serious remonstrances from the United States, and which is not unlikely to become a subject of diplomatic remonstrances. Mr. Stead makes a strong appeal for the release of Mrs. Maybrick before Christmas. Her condition is such, he says, that she will speedily die if she is not released. If Mr. Herbert Asquith, the Home Secretary, will not hear the case, then Lord Rosebery, the Foreign Minister, and Mr. Gladstone must.

One Thing He Had to Learn.

"I am an old man," he said, slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men who have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I ought'n to know that I don't know, but there is one thing I don't know, and I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted Gamelail, who is but a beginner, says the Memphis *Appeal Avalanche*.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keep on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creeps upstairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and, if he must come in, then why doesn't he make less racket and not disturb the whole country."

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man," he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

"I'll try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and those who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.

A father recently wrote to Harvard University: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as to row a boat?"

"Oh, mamma, Jack Longacre proposed to me last night and I accepted him." "Are you sure you love him, dear?" "Why, mamma, how old fogey you are! What in the world has that got to do with it?"

"By Jove, Bonson, your wife has changing cream." "I'm glad you find her on Sunday." "I do, indeed. If she ever contemplate getting divorced, oh, mon, let me know, will you? I'd like to marry Mrs. Bonson myself."

"I say, waiter, I've dropped a six-pence. If you find it, let me have it back; if you don't, you can keep it."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New and Stylish Gowns for Autumn Wear.

THE NEWEST IN BRIDE'S GOWNS

How to Make Beef Soup—Langtry's Stage Dresses—Some Tasty Dishes—Hallowe'en Fun—Sunday's Dinner Bill-of-Fare—Hints to Mothers and Useful Household Notes.

For the afternoon, dresses of very light organette are combined with surah or glace silk, trimmed with unbleached guipure, quite plain, lined with glace silk of the same shade. The bodice, in the cuirass shape, fastened on the left side upon the shoulder and under the arm, is trimmed with a corselet of unbleached guipure. Two deep frillings of the same guipure form full epaulettes over the shoulders, and are continued on each side, at the back, down to the waist. The sleeves are much puffed in the upper part and finished with clinging sleeves of the guipure. A scarf of brocaded silk in the Byzantine style is tied round the waist and falls in two long tapels at the back.

The above style of sleeve, puffed in the upper, and clinging to the lower part, is still much worn; but the most novel style of all is the full sleeve, short to the elbow, open and finished with lace frilling. It is worn with the very long suede glove, reaching up above the elbow, with all walking toilets. This glove is of the natural shade of the skin, that is, in various shades of buff or chamois color; it is pale gray with black lace dresses and white with evening costumes.

Some ladies have small clinging undersleeves to match the dress, made so as to be added on at pleasure to the semi-short puffed sleeve, which avoids the necessity of always wearing the very long expensive suede glove.

The plaid blouse-bodice of silk or batiste is also an economical device, as it allows of wearing the skirts of dresses the bodices of which have become worn or out of fashion.

Fichus, collarettes and plastrons, of the fashionable but inexpensive unbleached guipure, go a great way toward freshening up toilets of a former season.

An elegant and very new model consists of a deep flounce of guipure put on to a small yoke, finished with a narrow standing-up collar. A number of narrow velvet or satin ribbon bows are put on here over the collarette. This model is very easily made, and will give elegance to the simplest toilet.

Very pretty bodices are also entirely composed of strips of guipure insertion, divided by stripes of satin or moire ribbon. For the sleeves, which are very much puffed up, the stripe of insertion and ribbon are put on bias fashion.

Skirts are no longer made with a slanting seam in the middle of the back; they have one width in front and one at the back; the front one is cut straight, the back one entirely on the cross. When the material is not full width, the skirt is completed by plain widths at the side. In fact, skirts are now much more ample than they were at the commencement of the summer; they are longer also, and fall quite plain, but are much less clinging.

Some of the new sleeves are formed of two or three puffings and finished with a deep frilling.

New hats are flat, with narrow brim, trimmed with bows and light aigrette or wings, and are edged round with a full unbleached guipure.

A Bride's Travelling Gown.

Every other woman you meet in London is clad in costumes of diagonal serge, and the choice is certainly a sensible one, for the diagonals hang, wear and look well to the last.

All the serges are splendidly wide, and the prices marvelously low, considering the excellence of the quality. Plain corduroys in colors are still to be seen, but in black the surface is varied with a pretty little knot of silk at regular intervals. Now that black is likely to be popular, I take the opportunity of saying a favorable word for the new broche cloths, which are woven in many different styles. For mantles there are broches matelasses of extreme richness and beauty. Many fabrics will be of broche in the coming season, but the broche reps will be first favorite, especially for the making of handsome cloaks for matrons. The silk-shot reps, which fall with inimitable grace around a youthful figure, can be obtained at moderate prices, thus bringing them within the range of purchasers, and Yorkshire woolens are well represented by stylish checked tweeds. Fine skirtings must not be forgotten, and for dressing gowns the latest idea is "wcolenette," a soft flannel that will wash without detriment to the elaborate pattern upon it.

There is quite a conflict between several of the leading dressmaking firms in Paris as to what fashions are to be in vogue for the winter. Doucet wants to revive the graceful style of Louis XV., with paniers, short skirts for day, and long trains for evening wear, and, of course, with this a tourenre will have to be used again. Other important houses, Felix among them, desire to bring back the modes of the First Empire with short waists and clinging skirts; time will prove.

Our Daughters.

The household blessed with noble daughters ought to be a happy one; most parents forget, however, to imbue them with love of nature, which is so invigorating and healthful. Give them not only noble teachings, but noble teachers, and give them the help which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences—the help of wild and fair nature. You cannot baptize them rightly in inch-deep church fonts unless you baptize them in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth from the rock of your native land. You cannot lead them faithfully to those narrow, axe-hewn church altars while the azure aisles in heaven remain, for you, without inscription; altars built not to, but by, an unknown God.—*Ruskin.*

For the shopping woman the first point to notice is that all the new dresses are of a walking length, with fair amount of fulness set in at the back, while the edge is usually finished off with rows of braid or a fold frill. Altogether the modern skirt has a trim appearance, and suggests neat ankles and spotless boots. The princess style will be adopted by those whom it suits. A blue serge, pretty and simple, is cut in this wise, fastening up the back. Braid is brought down the front on each side, terminating just above the waist in an elongated V, while at the back it falls in long ends from waist to hem. It is observable that the pointed bodice is once more in fashion—pointed in front, but either cut round at the back or in coat tails. A graceful autumnal costume is made of plaid woollen, with a good deal of green in its coloring. Over this is fastened a bodice of forest-green cloth, buttoning up the back, and edged with cord. The shoulder puffs are of plaid, and the close-fitting sleeves are of the cloth. Very elegant and more dressy is a composition of golden tan cloth and yellow green bengaline, the latter composing the under bodice, full sleeves and Empire sash, with rosette in front. The tan cloth is arranged as a simply draped skirt and Zouave bodice, while the shades are charmingly united with a galloon of gold, through which threads of green silk are woven.

The going-away gown worn last week by a bride, at whose wedding all royalty was present, is presented in this letter. It was made of reseda and rose woollen mixture, resembling crepon, but firmer, trimmed with shot reseda and rose velvet, and handsome gimp to match. The skirt has a double row of gimp and velvet. The bodice fastens slightly to one side with velvet rosettes and folded belt. Smart little shoulder cape of velvet edged with gimp.

Mrs. Langtry's New Dresses.

Mrs. Langtry, in her new play, "The Queen of Manos," wears some marvellous dresses made for her by Worth. A ball-gown of buttercup satin has a train of enormous length, edged with soft fluffy chenille. Upon the front and side widths are worked what look like harps of silver, entwined about their strings with jewelled blossoms. The diamonds worn with this dress include a diadem which completely encircles the head, and a riviere round the throat, besides stars and brooches galore. A bird of Paradise is worn as an epaulette.

Another garment, scarcely less rich, is of pale pink satin, each seam found with gold. Over this is thrown a pretty little pink cape with a deep collar of blue fox.

But the most marvellous gown is reserved for the fourth act, and consists of a tabbier and bib of pink China crepe, thickly studded with silver sequins and worn over a petticoat and bodice of ivory satin. The fashioning of this dress is very complicated and hints at a revival of the polonaise style of yore.

A little pinching frock of white silk muslin, flounced with violets and trimmed with bands of green velvet, is worn by Corsing to the actress as the more sumptuous creations, and she looks girlishly fascinating in a foulard with a Swiss belt of heliotrope silk and lace and quaint little shoulder-straps.

Delicious Left-Over Dishes.

A delicious dish is made by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stirring these until they bubble, and pouring on them a half-pint of milk, still stirring constantly. Into the white sauce thus made stir the picked-up remains of cold boiled, baked or broiled fish. About two cupfuls will be the right proportion to the amount of sauce. Season it well and toss it with a fork until it is heated through. Add the juice of half a lemon just before serving.

A dish that will commend itself to vegetarians is prepared by heating a pint of stewed tomatoes and adding to this a cup of cold lima beans and one of cold corn cut from the cob. Cook together five minutes and serve.

Cold lamb, veal or chicken is excellent warmed in a sauce made by melting together a tablespoonful of butter and one of current jelly, and adding to it a saltspoonful of dry mustard. When the mixture simmers lay in the meat, cut in thin slices and let it cook about three minutes. Pepper and salt to taste.

Hallowe'en is Coming.

You must not forget, girls, that on the 31st—the last day of the month—it has been the custom of many fun loving lads and lassies, from our grandmothers' time to the present to try to tempt inexorable Fate to reveal to them whether or not there was some other heart waiting for them somewhere whom they would soon meet, and all this is determined by merry groups who gather together on this winsome night and "duck for apples," peel apples and watch eagerly what letter of the alphabet the peel fling over their shoulders to the floor will form, naming apple seeds, and roasting corn and a score of other harmless romping games, to say nothing of retiring silently that night, and

Crossing your shoes in the shape of a T
In hopes your true love you will see,
Not in his riches or grand array,
But in the clothes he wears every day.

Oyster Soup.

Put in a stewpan a pint of milk, a blade of mace, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Put in another stewpan the juice from fifty oysters; place them on the stove. When the milk begins to boil thicken it with a heaping teaspoonful of flour previously mixed with milk; then stand it back on the range where it does not boil. When the scum begins to rise on the top of the oyster juice skim it off; then add a pinch of powdered cloves and some salt and black pepper. When it begins to boil pour it into the stewpan with the milk, stirring gently, so it does not curdle or lump. Then turn in the oysters. Let them boil about one minute, or until the edges curl. Then turn into a soup tureen, where you have previously placed a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Serve it at once.

English Plum Pudding.

Out of 500 recipes sent the London *Queen* the following was awarded the prize:

One pound of raisins, quarter pound of flour, one pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of currants, three-quarters pound stale bread crumbs, half nutmeg (grated), quarter pound brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, half pint of brandy, half pound minced candied orange peel.

Clean, wash and dry the currants: stone the raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add them to the brandy, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small kettles or moulds this will make six pounds) and boil six hours when you make it and when wanted for use. Serve with hard or brandy sauce.

Household Notes.

When scaling fish hold them under water in a pan; then the scales will not fly in your face, but will fall to the bottom, and when the water is poured from them are ready to turn into the slop pail or compost heap.

To clean a stove zinc or zinc-lined bathtub, mix ammonia and whiting to a smooth paste; apply it to the zinc and let it dry. Then rub it off until no dust remains.

Five or six quarts of biscuit flour can be prepared at a time by taking one tablespoonful of soda and two of cream-of-tartar, or three of baking powder to every quart of flour, sifting it thoroughly three times and put away for use.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

To keep water cool for drinking get a common earthenware pitcher, the commoner the better, as it will be more porous; wrap it all around, leaving no inch of it bare, with wet flannel. Keep the flannel wet and the water will shortly be as cold as is good for drinking purposes, almost ice cold.

According to the Medical Record, castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to ix weeks.

Boil the clothesline and it will not "kink," as a new rope is apt to do.

Do Not Wear

A small, flat hat if you are short and stout.

A high, narrow hat if you are tall and thin.

Very coarse net veils when the fine light ones are so much prettier.

A gown that has been made for you without a careful study of your figure.

A jacket simply because it is fashionable, if it is not becoming to you.

Gloves of brilliant colors. They make the hands look large, and they are not in good taste.

Soiled white slippers. They look untidy, to say the least.

Menu.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16TH.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Rexwheat. Sugar and Cream.
Stewed Kidney. Saratoga Potatoes.
Toast. Scrambled Eggs. Coffee.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.
Frickendean of Veal. Brown Sauce,
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Okra.
Succotash.
Macaroniase of Cauliflower.
Wafers. Peach Ice-cream.
Coffee.

SUPPER.

Broiled Sweetbreads. Milk Biscuit.
Preserves. Cake.
Tea.

What Mothers Should Do.

Let the children make a noise sometimes, their happiness is as important as your nerves.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own, make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do its work.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Find out what there special tastes are and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it later in life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights and fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters, and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered. Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Railroads doing business in connection with the World's Fair have formed a nice little trust. They charge full rates for hauling goods intended for exhibition, with the understanding that they can be returned free. As much of the goods will be coming back this time as they office has a large sting attached.

Farmer—You had a fire at the manse this morning. Any serious loss? Minister—Yes, ten years' sermons were completely burned. Farmer (with the sympathy of a weary Sunday morning)—Man' they had made a great blaze, they were so dry, yo kna.

WANTED—GOOD ROADS.

Europe Can Give us Points on Making Highways.

"The value of good common roads is not appreciated in this country," said Walter S. Ferberg, a guest of the Southern. "We are great railroad builders, but we sadly neglect that equally important item, good waggon roads. It frequently costs the farmer as much to get his grain to the station, a distance of a few miles, as to transport it half across the continent to market. A county will issue bonds to help build a railway which it may not need, yet considers that it has done all that is necessary when it compels the able-bodied citizens to stand in the waggon-ways and talk politics a couple of days each year.

"The American method of 'improving' a road is about as follows: A man is elected road overseer who could not tell a culvert from a Chinese pagoda—knows no more of road-building than a dray horse does of trigonometry. He summons the citizens to come forth on a certain day and 'work the roads.' A few of them come with scrapers and shovels. They paw around in the dirt for a day or two, each man according to his own ideas, and the last state of that road is infinitely worse than the first. The result is that it requires four horses to do the work of one when the farm produce is to be hauled to market. The old Romans did these things differently. They realized that good roads were of vastly more importance to a commonwealth than fine buildings. The highways they constructed are good after twenty centuries of wear and tear.

"The poorest countries of Europe have better highways than the richest State of the American Union. Road building is a science with the Europeans. It is strange that in this country, where labor-saving machinery has been brought to the highest perfection—where it is the boast of the people that 'every edge is made to cut—we have the worst roads the greatest labor-wasters to be found in the world."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Few Scotch Notes.

Beveridge public Park, Kirkcaldy, the gift of the late Provost Beveridge, was formally opened on the 24th ult.

Mr. Archibald Downie, inspector of poor, St. Andrews, Fifeshire, accidentally shot himself dead on the 30th ult. while trying to shoot some cats which had stolen his pigeons.

Sir James Ferguson, the late Postmaster-General, and formerly Under Secretary of State of Foreign Affairs, is understood to be engaged to the widow of the late Earl of Selkirk.

The death has occurred in the Free State, Africa, of Mr. Gad Jeffries, an associate of Livingstone and Moffatt. Deceased was born at Banff in 1809, and went to Cape Colony in 1820.

At a meeting of the Queensferry Town Council, held on the 26th ult., a letter was read from Lord Rosebery intimating his desire to present to the inhabitants of Queensferry a reading-room with hall attached as a memorial of the late Countess.

The Gaelic songs which Miss McLachlan sang to the Queen at Balmoral on the 27th ult., were: "Ho Ro Mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach," "Fear a' Bhata," "Air falal o," and "Am Fear gach Donn." Her Majesty expressed herself as delighted with the performance.

Times Have Changed.

I was looking over a file of magazines published 75 years ago, and failed to notice any of that "rot" about women which is so prominent now-a-days in the newspaper and periodical literature. Not an allusion to the "fair sex" mentioning about "angelic females"—in fact, very little about women at all. There could not have been any 'Siety in those days, or any 'Siety organs. In a search over a whole volume, there was not revealed a single paragraph, dealing with "5 o'clock tea" or giving the names of those presented thereat. No allusion to the "frocks" that persons wore. What a benighted people they must have been 75 years ago! They couldn't have enjoyed themselves a mite, in the way that we do now, when grace and elegance abound on every hand, until one is sometimes led to fancy that he is reading a description of scenes in fairy land, and to doubt whether it is all a reality, or a dream such as the Mahomedans have of Paradise.—*Correspondence Acadian Recorder.*

The Missing Clue.

In the North of London a few weeks ago a crowd might have been seen questioning a ragged urchin who had lost himself in the whirl of the streets. The boy, however, who was about 4 years old, could give no satisfactory reply, says *Gripsack.*

"Where do you live?" asked a sympathetic bystander.

"Don't know."

"Where do you go to school?"

"Don't go," was the tearful reponse.

The audience was in despair, until a stout old lady, evidently of his own class, triumphantly solved the mystery by asking:

"Where do you get your mother's beer?"

"Prince of Wales," was the ready reply, naming a public house a few streets away.

The boy was promptly hauled off to that hostelry to be identified.

The Height of Credulity.

"One hears so many lies nowadays that it is impossible to distinguish truth from falsehood."

"Oh, that's an exaggeration. Now, I believe everything that I hear, and I am even credulous enough to believe everything that I say."

A Pious Family.

"What makes you think they are more pious than their neighbors?"

"They have all their cooking for Sunday done on Saturday."

Fashion Note.

"Great scott! another hat!" exclaimed Mr. Harlem Flat, when his wife threw out a hint. "You are the most extravagant woman in this part of the town. I believe you have a hat for every day in the week."

"Why, of course I have. That's just it. I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday."

A Frank Esculapius.

First doctor—I thought you intended to buy some new paintings this year? Wasn't the season as good as you expected?

Second doctor—Oh, no; it was very poor indeed. I expected a good deal from the cholera, but I have been disappointed.

Foggs—Hello, old man, I hear that you are to marry Miss Duton. Trotter—So did I. I'm going up now to ask her if the report is true.

Mr. Homly is not a beauty and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked: "Does it look like me?" Of course they said yes. "Well," said he, "you must break it to my wife gently."

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Meier wouldn't marry you you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Meier married some one else three months ago and you haven't"— "Oh, it's easy to tell you that; but let me tell you it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

Grandma (from the country)—Now, Ralph Waldo, you must give your sister the largest half of this pear. Ralph Waldo (of Boston)—Grandma, I would gladly do as you wish, were it not impossible. Grandma—Impossible? Ralph Waldo—Yes; there is no largest half. It will, however, afford me great pleasure to give her the larger half.

The royal children of Germany have an English nurse who is always treated with great kindness and consideration. The present Emperor, when a child, was devoted to his English nurse, Mrs. Hobbs, or "Hobbey," as she was called in the royal nursery. When, after many long years of faithful service, Mrs. Hobbs announced her intention of marrying, she was overwhelmed with presents from her little charges, and the then Crown Prince carried on his royal back up to the nursery a great load of beautiful household linen, which was his own special gift.

The Old Friend—I hear you are engaged, Fanny. Can it be possible you are going to marry that young Fiddleback? The Heiress—Oh, no. He asked me as a favor to become engaged to him for a few weeks, to help out his credit.

"We are told that vegetarians are advanced, but for the life of me I cannot find a man whose wages have been increased by the tariff."—*T. V. Peardecy in Knights of Labor Journal.*

"Captain, we are entirely out of ammunition," said an orderly sergeant to his commander on a field day. "What! entirely out of ammunition?" exclaimed the captain. "Yes, entirely out," was the reply. "Then cease firing," said the captain.

HE COWED THE CREW.

How a Bold British Captain Kept His Mutinous Sailors in Order.

"The best British sea captain," observed Frank Mullish, a member of the Story-tellers' Club, in session at the Southern. "He was an old schoolmate of mine, and invited me to make a voyage with him from Liverpool to Rio Janeiro. As I was in poor health and needed a vacation, I eagerly closed with the offer. He had a crew of nineteen men, all Portuguese except the first mate. He was worse than a Portuguese—he was a coward. The ship was a swift sailer, and we carried a valuable cargo of British merchandise. When about 500 miles from our destination, one of the men revealed to the captain a plot that had been formed among the crew to murder him, together with the first mate and myself, make the port of New Orleans and there dispose of ship and cargo. The civil war was raging at the time, the Confederacy was in sore need of supplies, ships and able seamen, and at such time officials are not inclined to be captious. It meant $3,000 apiece for the men. It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the devilish plot was to be put into execution that night. The captain called the first mate into his room and stated the situation. The latter wilted like a starched shirt in a thunder storm. He was frightened out of his wits and cried like a hysterical schoolgirl.

"The captain looked at him in disgust, and told him to go to his room and lock himself in, advice which he followed with alacrity. Then he called the crew on deck sat down on a coil of rope, lit a cigar, and said: 'Well, boys, I understand that you are going to make me walk the plank tonight and take charge of the Sea Gull yourselves. The men looked at each other, but made no reply. 'Now,' he continued, as coolly as though ordering his dinner, 'I want to say, right here that I have been expecting this. I haven't a bit of confidence in Portuguese! Good wages and kind treatment have no effect on them. They are born cutthroats. There is not a man of you that would not disgrace a yaller dog by his company. I have fixed for you. In the hold of this ship are one hundred pounds of giant powder, connected with the mate's room by an electric wire. The moment you raise a hand to do violence on this ship he will touch the button, and there won't be a splinter of the Sea Gull left as large as a match. Now, you —— cowards, you miserable traitors, you sneaking cutthroats, here I am; lay a hand on me if you dare! Refuse to obey my orders if you see fit. Swing out your black flag whenever you please, I'm ready to hit the clouds whenever you are.' It was the most completely cowed gang of villains I ever saw. He walked through the crowd, threw himself into a hammock, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as an infant. The mate kept his room, sick unto death with craven fear, while the men tiptoed past it, believing him to be a fiend incarnate, eager for an excuse to blow the ship to pieces."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

Weather and Missions in Trinidad.

Dr. Morton, a C. P. C. missionary, writing from Trinidad, W. I., under date of Aug. 5th, says: "For the last two months we would gladly have enjoyed a little Canadian weather. In the month of June we had only two fine days. Official reports show that several places had a rain-fall of from 30 to 34 inches. July reports are not yet out, but the month was a duplicate of June. In going to my college work one week, I and other passengers had to be transferred for over a mile on trollies pushed with poles—the railway being so washed out that even that was a risky thing to do. Miles of country have been underwater, which was several times from two to three feet deep under two of my schoolhouses. One of my schoolboys was swept away and drowned when going to school. It reminds one, not of Paradise, but of another less pleasant Biblical story. Notwithstanding, all the missionaries are well, and hope for pleasant days 'when the clouds roll by.'"

Miss Blackaddar, also a missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church in Trinidad, writing from Tacarigua, under date of August 13th, says: "We have just had such a shower, or rather downpour. Thunder rolled, little brooks have turned into rushing torrents, and clear St. Mary's River has turned muddy and wild. Logs, trees, clothes, baskets and goats have taken a sudden and rapid journey from their quiet homes; if not fished out they go to the Caroni, then to the sea. Owing to floods and rain we have a great deal of sickness just now, the usual fevers and diseases incident to the tropics. A friend asked if Miss Blackaddar was living. I am glad to say she is, and weighs more than ever she hoped to do. If one is out of print and mention, it does not follow that they are dead. Our school has kept up a good average, without any especial exertion or expense, but it really seems too bad that it is necessary to go out every day and hunt them up. One of our sweetest young lady teachers was told one day to go to an exceedingly hot place, and not come asking for children to go to school."

The Sarcastic Girl.

The sarcastic maiden is not a pleasant companion. She is too sharp to be agreeable. Her cutting speeches, rife with scathing personalities, cause her to be shunned rather than selected as one of those charming sort of girls men and women both admire. If she writes a letter her pen seems to have been dipped in vinegar, and though her composition may be the very acme of elegance, still such an epistle is not received with the warmth that one of those gushing, girlyfied but altogether friendly ones always obtains.—*Rosebud.*

In new stationery pale lilac, with address or monogram in darker tones, is shown. Light and dark green are also shown, and a dark blue, with white lettering, is a novelty. Gray in softest dove tints has the address in silver. In a stationer's shop the other day the decorative possibilities of writing paper were most effectively demonstrated by a display of it in wheels and stars of colors shading from light to the