

**AUTUMN LEAVES.**

Flower and leaf of vine and tree,  
Grass of meadow, weed of mire—  
Summer gathered them to be  
Faggots for the autumn's fire.

Smoke-like haze on vale and hill;  
Flames of gold and crimson bright  
Into life now leap and fill  
Field and forest with their light.

All the glory of the year  
Kindled into beauty so;  
Soon the winter will be here,  
Soon the curfew—then the snow.

So these lovely leaves I lay  
In my book, all gold and red;  
Embers for a winter's day  
When the autumn's fire is dead.

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in the American Illustrated Magazine.

**IN A TERRIBLE FIX.**

By Eben E. Rexford.

**N**OW, 'Rastus'—and his sister picked a thread or two off his coat, and hesitated, as if thinking how to break the news gently—"I want to tell you about a plan I've got in my head."

"I know what it is," interrupted her brother, turning pale. "I knew all about it before I came down here."

"I'd like to know how?" asked Mrs. Green, in great surprise. "I never told anybody except John, and I'm sure he hasn't let it out."

"No, he hasn't," answered Mr. Bangs. "But the minute I read your letter, I felt what was in the wind. You didn't say in so many words that you'd got a match planned out, but I understood it well enough. Who is it, Selina? Better get the load off your mind as soon as possible. I'm prepared to know the worst," and Mr. Bangs gave utterance to a sigh of forced resignation.

"It's a widow," answered Selina; "just the kind of a woman to suit you, 'Rastus. I do hope you'll be sensible this time, and not let your foolish bashfulness spoil your chances of getting a good wife."

"A widow"—Mr. Bangs turned a trifle paler, and shivered—"I—I'm afraid I can't stand this siege, Selina. I came mighty near knocking under to that old maid last summer, but I was helped out of the scrape some way. I've always heard say that a man couldn't hold out long against a widow if she'd got her mind really made up to get him."

"Don't be a fool, 'Rastus," said her sister, tersely. "Maria's too good for you, and, if you know when you're well off, you'll make sure of her."

"Maybe she won't be made sure of," said Mr. Bangs, to whom this conversation was somewhat alarming.

"Oh, yes, she will," answered Selina. "I've talked with her about matters, and I know she'd have no objections."

"Good gracious, Selina!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, perspiring all over, "you don't mean to say that you've actually talked with this woman about my marrying her, do you? Why, she'll expect me to do it, if you have, and, if I don't, she'll be having me up for breach of promise."

"Of course she expects you to marry her, and so do I," answered Selina, as if that settled the matter. "Be a man, 'Rastus. I wouldn't be afraid of the women, if I were in your place."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Mr. Bangs, shaking his head dolefully. "You're a woman, and can't be expected to know."

"Well, come down, and let me introduce you now," said Selina, and she really got him to consent.

"I feel like a lamb being led to the slaughter," said poor Mr. Bangs, as he paused at the parlor door to wipe his face. "I wish I were home again, Selina."

"Don't be such a fool, 'Rastus," repeated his sister, by way of encouragement, and then he was dragged over the threshold, and he remembered afterward that something in the shape of a woman rose up, and said something, after Selina had said something. But what those something were, he never knew.

When he came to, sufficiently to realize what was going on about him, he was alone with the widow. She wasn't a bad-looking woman, he had to admit. In fact, he rather liked her looks.

Well, the result was, he fell in love with Mrs. Smith. He generally fell in love with the women Selina selected as proper subjects for matrimony. But this time he felt so completely done for that he was sure all his capabilities for falling in love were exhausted. He would never love again.

At the end of a week he felt that his love had reached its climax, for he picked up a rose she had dropped, and slept with it under his pillow.

"You poor, old fool," he said to himself the next morning, as he stood before the glass. "To think that you've got spooony enough for that. I'm glad no one knows it. But the widow is very attractive, and I don't see as I'm to blame. I—I can't help it."

One day Selina and Mrs. Smith went out shopping after tea. As Mr. Bangs was going through the hall he saw that Mrs. Smith's room door stood partly open, and an irresistible impulse to take just one peep into it came over him. He did so. Hanging over the back of a chair was a walking skirt, and that mysterious article of feminine apparel fascinated him so much that he ventured in, and began to examine it.

"Well, now, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!" said Mr. Bangs, holding it up. "I wonder how I'd look in such a thing? I'm going to try it on."

Accordingly, he got hold of the belt, and proceeded to invest himself in it, after the manner of putting on trousers.

"It buckles, I s'pose!" he said, pulling the belt together. "Yes, there it is. Lord! wouldn't I cut a fine figure in skirts," and Mr. Bangs danced a hornpipe to the accompaniment of a swishing skirt.

The hall door banged.

"Good gracious!" cried poor Bangs. "They've come home!"

Every hair on his head stood up with fright. He grabbed at the belt, but it wouldn't unbuckle. He heard steps on the stairs, and women's voices struck more terror to his guilty soul than the sound of Gabriel's trumpet would have done.

He glanced about him. There was no escape. A closet door stood partly open. Into that he crowded himself, and pulled the door together just as Mrs. Smith came in.

He could hear her bustling about, taking off her jacket and bonnet. What if she were to come to the closet? It was altogether likely that she hung her things there. He felt as if he were going to faint. Then he thought of the ridiculous appearance a fainting man in a skirt would make, and made up his mind that he wouldn't faint—he'd die first!

There! She was coming that way! What was to be done? A thousand wild thoughts flashed through his brain. He felt her hand upon the door-knob.

"There's a man in your room!" he roared out, in awful bass. He didn't know how he came to say it. It was the inspiration of desperation, probably.

"Oh-h, o-o-h!" shrieked Mrs. Smith, and fled in terror.

"I've got to get out of this before anyone comes," said Mr. Bangs, giving a push to the door. Horrors! It would not open. There was only one way of opening it, and that was from the outside.

A clammy perspiration covered him from head to foot.

"You stay here, and I'll go in," he heard Selina say, in the hall. "I ain't afraid."

He put his eye to the keyhole, and saw his sister enter the room.

"Selina!" he called, in a sepulchral tone. "Selina!"

"Who calls me Selina?" demanded Mrs. Green, dramatically, flourishing the feather duster, which she had brought along for a weapon of defense.

"I do," answered Mr. Bangs. "It's 'Rastus, your brother. I'm shut up in this closet."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, staring at the closet as if she expected to look it out of countenance.

"Let me out, and don't be a fool!" cried Mr. Bangs.

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Green ventured to open the door, and out stepped Mr. Bangs, with his skirt swishing about his legs.

"For the land's sake!" cried Selina, with uplifted hands, and mouth wide open. "Why, 'Rastus Bangs?"

"I—I thought I'd have a little sport," explained Mr. Bangs, looking about as foolish as it is possible for a man to, "but you came back too soon, and I couldn't get it off, and slipped into the closet. Help me out of the confounded thing, Selina, and keep it to yourself, and I'll buy you the nicest dress in town."

"Selina! Selina!" called the widow from the bottom of the stairs. "Do you want any help?"

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs. "She'll be here in a minute."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Selina. "If you'll promise to ask her to marry you inside of three days, I'll help you out of the scrape. If you don't, I'll call her in."

"I—I dassent," groaned Mr. Bangs. "Then I'll call her," said Selina.

"I—I will!" said her brother, desperately.

Mrs. Green gave a peculiar twitch to the strap, the buckle let go its hold, and the skirt fell to the floor. Mr. Bangs stood up a free man.

"Now, remember," said Selina, warningly, "if you haven't proposed to Mrs. Smith in three days from this time—at half-past six precisely, on Thursday, the time'll be up—I shall tell the whole story."

Oh, those three days! They seemed seven years to poor Bangs. He tried seven different times to make his promise good, but every time his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was speechless.

Thursday, at 6 o'clock, Selina came to him.

"Have you asked her, 'Rastus?" she demanded, solemnly.

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Bangs. "I can't, Selina."

"You've got just half an hour's time left," said Selina, unfeelingly. "Supper'll be ready in fifteen minutes. The half hour'll be gone before we get through eating, and I shall tell the story the minute the time's up. Maria's in the parlor, alone. If you want to see her, you'll never get a better chance."

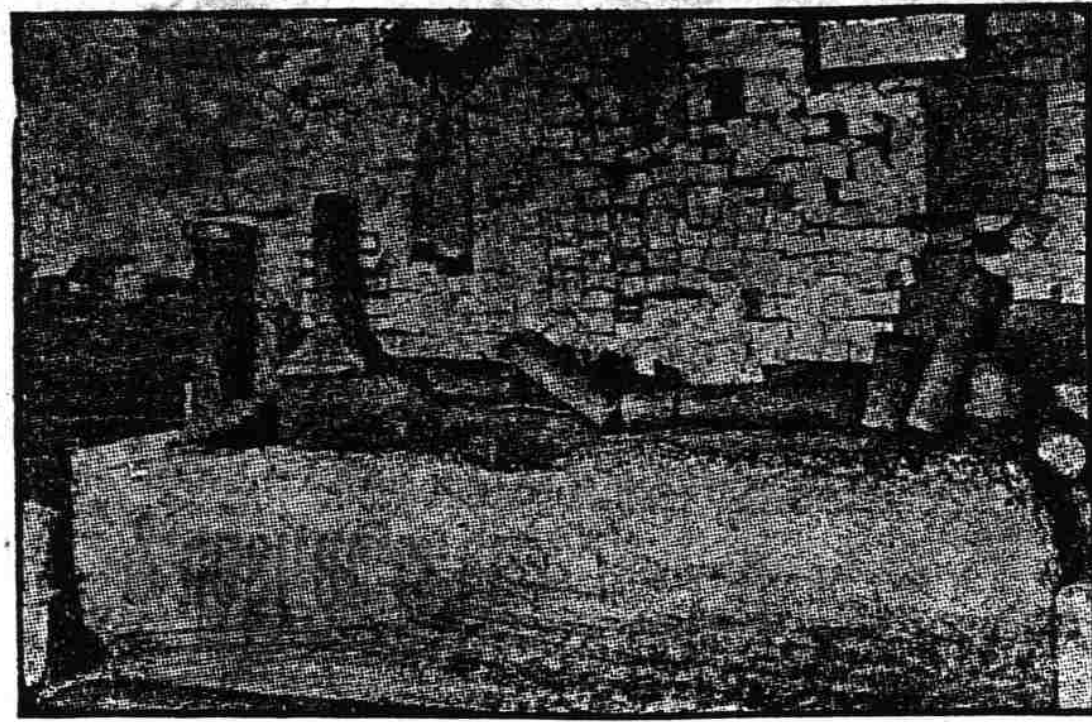
"If you had any sisterly regard for me—" began Mr. Bangs, but Mrs. Green cut him short with the remark: "A bargain's a bargain. Do as you agreed to, or I will. Don't be a fool, 'Rastus."

And with that she opened the parlor door and pushed him in.

Mr. Bangs doesn't know what he said. He never knew. But the widow said he asked her if she wanted to marry him. Being a truthful woman, she said she did, and so the poor man was spared the recital of the story of his terrible fix.

"It was lucky that it happened, after all," he told Selina, "for, if it hadn't, I never would have got courage to propose—never."—New York Weekly.

The latest method in hairdressing is to cut each hair separately, a process that takes much time, but does great good to the hair.



THE TOMB OF JULIET.

**RELIQS OF ROMEO'S JULIET.**

The tomb of Juliet at Verona is falling into decay and steps are to be taken by the citizens to restore it. The house where she was born, on one of



JULIET'S BIRTHPLACE.

main streets of the city, has recently been sold at auction to Queen Margherita for about \$700, and will be kept solely as a relic of the young girl.

**SALT MAKING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.**

BY ENOS BROWN.

The vast amount of salt consumed on the Pacific Coast is derived from the sea by evaporation in quantity only limited by the demand. The cost of evaporated salt is but one-fifth of the lowest rate of transportation on rock salt from the nearest source of supply to the most accessible ocean port.

The locality which enjoys a practical monopoly of salt making on the Pacific Coast of the United States is Alvarado, a town of Alameda County, and twenty miles from San Francisco. At this point, which lies on the east side of the southern extension of San Francisco Bay, exist certain peculiarities in the lay of the land which, united with climate and favorable character of the soil, combined to make the locality especially adapted for this particular industry.

Long intervals of cloudless skies, the low humidity, and high temperature all favor rapid evaporation, while the soil, a stiff clay, is well adapted for levees and making water-tight reservoirs, for the most part, to fill with sea water by gravity alone. Moreover, the southern section of the bay is contaminated by



GATHERING SALT FROM SETTLING POND.

no considerable affluents to dilute with supplies of fresh water the saltiness which comes in with the tides of ocean.

The largest as well as most thoroughly equipped of the several corporations engaged in the business is the Continental Salt Manufacturing Company, which has thirty reservoirs, covering 1000 acres. This company has constructed from first to last twelve miles of levees, 2600 feet of flumes and seven and one-half miles of ditches. A slough meanders through the tract, which is navigable for vessels of considerable draft and affords excellent and economical facilities for shipping.

A large mill, well equipped with the best machinery for washing, drying, grinding, sifting and bolting the finished product is a prominent feature of the works. Twenty Dutch windmills and two Chinese pumps raise altogether 200,000 gallons of brine each minute. The entire plant presents to the observer a miniature Netherlands with the distant ships on the bay appearing as though floating in the air. The manufacture of salt from ocean water is a constant progression from one reservoir to another, transfer being made as the brine reaches a certain density to the next. Reservoir No. 1 covers 305 acres and is surrounded by a four-foot levee. Its outward boundary is upon a slough flowing from the bay. As the tide rises, twelve gates are opened and allow the sea water to flow in to a depth of three feet. The gates are then closed. The average strength of the sea water is from four to seven degrees, and remains in Reservoir No. 1 until the strength increases to thirty degrees. By means of windmills Reservoir No. 2 and the brine is exposed to the heat of the sun until it reaches a density of fifty to sixty degrees, which may take three weeks. The brine is then pumped into Reservoir No. 3, where it attains a strength of seventy-five to eighty degrees. It then goes into reservoirs Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, known as settling ponds, where the brine voluntarily parts with the lime which it contains, and becomes almost a saturated solution at a strength of ninety degrees. It is then conveyed to the twenty-two salt ponds, where it is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun, and in about twenty days the salt is deposited and the pickle allowed to run off. Two crops are gathered, one each in August and October. After precipitation the salt remains exposed for a few days, when it is first piled in heaps and then wheeled in barrows into great pyramids on the banks. The pyramids of crude salt remain on the bank exposed to the weather until it is shipped as "crude" or passes into the mill to be refined.—Scientific American.

**OHIO HAS A NEW STATE FLAG.**



Ohio has a State flag, designed at the instance of Governor Herrick. The centre of the flag bears the great seal of the State. This is surrounded by

seventeen stars in commemoration of the fact that Ohio was the seventeenth State admitted into the Union. The field of the flag is scarlet.—Philadelphia Record.

**Celebration in Kilkenny.**  
The corporation of Kilkenny has decided to present an address to King Edward on his visit to that city, and on the same day to grant the freedom of the city to John Daly, of Limerick, lately discharged from prison, where he served a term for using dynamite.

**A Queer Custom.**  
A Moslem in the East will never pass or trample under foot a scrap of paper, lest thereon might be written the name of Allah. He will pick it up and stuff it into the crevice of a wall, or even carry it for days until he finds out from somebody who can read whether it contains the holy name.

In the calendar year 1904 the emigration from Italy to oceanic countries aggregated 223,102 persons.

**NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES**

New York City.—No dress worn by the girl of twelve or younger is quite so pretty and quite so attractive as the one that includes a guimpe of white.



Here is an exceedingly stylish and quite novel model that will be found most desirable for the first school days as well as for immediate wear and

**Light Colored Taffetas.**  
Plain taffeta is rather old for a young girl, but the light colored striped flowered taffetas are lovely for evening dresses. They are not in good taste as organdies and muslins, which can be made dressier by colored or white taffeta slips worn underneath.

**Blouse or Guimpe Waist.**  
The simple waist made with full front, such as this one, is always in demand, but especially so at this time, when princess skirts and skeleton waists are so much worn by young girls. In this instance the material is chiffon taffeta combined with lace, but the list of available ones is nearly endless. Lingerie blouses will be worn throughout the entire winter and are always charming for indoor occasions, while there are also many pretty thin wools and silks, such as wool batiste, crepe de Chine and the like, which are greatly liked for waists of this style, and, again, all over lace or net is always charming so made.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as may be liked, and itself consists of front and backs. The front is gathered at the neck edge and again at the waist line, but the backs are plain across the shoulders, the fulness being found at the belt only. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season with the deep cuffs, above which they are soft and full. The closing is made invisibly at the back.

**A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.**



which is quite appropriate for autumn. In the illustration it is shown made of light weight serge stitched with belding silk and worn over a guimpe of white lawn, but linen, chambray and all similar materials can be utilized, while for the autumn, cashmere, challie and other light weight wools will be quite as fashionable as the serge.

The dress itself consists of waist portion and skirt. The waist portion extends under the arms and over the shoulder, giving something of a suspender effect, while in reality it is simply made in skeleton style with tucks that simulate box pleats at the edges. The skirt is five gored and is laid in box pleats that meet at the centre front and back. The guimpe is quite separate and absolutely simple, being made with front and backs, gathered at the neck and finished with a collar and at the waist where it is finished with a belt. The sleeves are in bishop style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is five yards twenty-seven or thirty-two, or three and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one and three-fourths yards thirty-six inches wide for the guimpe.

**Modification of the "High Back."**  
Many hats appear to be trimmed much higher at the back than they really are, owing to their forward inclination.

It must not be imagined that because a certain style of wearing hats has been adopted, anything like sameness is to be apprehended. For one thing, great diversity is to be noted in the shapes of crowns, and the importance of the crown is manifest under existing circumstances. It is placed full in view, owing to the forward slant of

The quantity of material required for the medium size (fourteen years) is two and three-fourths yards twenty-one,



two and one-half yards twenty-seven or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of all over lace.

the shape, and its form (at least in front) is not concealed by trimmings.

Productive of almost endless variety also is what we call here the "movement" given to the brim, that is to say, the particular curve or roll it is made to take, or the way it is turned up at the back or side. Moreover, brims may be wide or narrow. All widths are accepted, although, as I told you in my last, medium widths will perhaps be the most generally adopted for the present.—The Millinery Trade Review.