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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTINUED.

The old Frenchman sobbed.

"Now away home," I said gayly. "We came to find Helene and we have found her. We were eager to be avenged, and our vengeance is of the sweetest. Gordon, this spot shall be sacred while you and I live. Every other temple of the Kaumiloukanilimawai must be destroyed, but in this one we will come once a year and have a feast and perpetuate the memory of this great day of thanksgiving, when we found our sweet revenge."

"Hurray!" shrieked Jollroy Seacamp, who had up to that moment been like stone. "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Now let the eagle scream. At the American Hotel every American in Hawaii shall, on the anniversary of this day every year, have meat and drink and all as free as air. Gosh! I thought I was going to be tongue-tied there for a spell. But pardon my—my apparent rudeness, ladies, I am so happy I am afraid I'll ba'st," and the good-natured fellow danced in glee and shook the hand of first one and then another, and even shook hands all around with the grinning soldiers.

"Come, let us get off," I said. "Everything can be explained on the Ammo."

"Explanations be hanged!" said Seacamp. "Ain't you had explanations enough? It's all clear enough, except that sacrifice business."

Helene laughed.

"I bid Winnie," she said, "and Nimolau and Patua threw a sack of earth into the lake. That satisfied the priests, because they didn't know differently. But the soldiers came and carried you off before it could be explained, and we have been waiting and weeping for you ever since."

"Our weeping and waiting are over," said Winnie, as we left the place.

"Our waiting, but not weeping, is over," I replied. "Uncle Tom is dead."

"Yes, poor Uncle Tom!" she said. "But he left us Helene. How my heart rejoiced that he had left us Helene!

"One thing more remains to be explained," I said, as we led Winnie and Helene back to the landing-place. "How did you escape the torrent of lava, and upon what have you subsisted since."

"There was no torrent," replied Helene. "A few great jets spurted hundreds of feet into the air, throwing the lava out on the mountain-side. None of it penetrated our hiding-place. But the eruption frightened the priests so that not one of them has been near us since. Nimolau and Patua brought us food—bananas, taro and rice. Nimolau and Patua have been kind and faithful. Patua is even now somewhere on the island looking for a way to get off."

"They shall be rewarded," I said. "They have earned it."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The world that was dark had grown light again. All Hawaii was stirred by the news of the restoration of Winnie and the discovery of my uncle's daughter. The first to congratulate me was President Dole.

Gordon's love walked straight into Winnie's heart. She loved him only less than the passionate devotion of Helene to me.

We were four happy people.

Helene would not listen to any proposition of mine to make her the heiress of Uncle Tom's estate. She insisted that the will should stand and the fortune should be divided into thirds. Winnie was to receive her share and I mine. It did not make much difference to me, for what was Helene's would be of equal benefit to me. So Mr. Berkton and President Dole settled the estate in that way. All the smaller legacies were paid as Uncle Tom had desired, but they made very little inroad on the immense fortune. We found ourselves very wealthy. Even a third of Uncle Tom's fortune was a fortune in itself.

Not long after the return to The Corals there was a double wedding, at which Winnie became Gordon's bride and Helene mine. President Dole acted in the capacity of parent to Winnie, and old Jean Chicot tottered forward and, in his trembling voice, gave Helene, my beautiful Kaumai, into my keeping. The representatives of the nations were there, and the ladies of the diplomatic circles took the two beautiful brides to their heart at once.

President Dole was in his happiest mood. When he came to us to offer his congratulation, than which none could be more sincere, he said:

"As this great light of happiness is dawning for you, so is the dawn coming more for our little country. I received dispatches from Washington to-day stating that our position was becoming better understood there and that there was a revulsion of popular feeling in our favor. There is no longer any talk of restoring the queen, and the government of the United States has at last opened its eyes to the fact that these islands are of the utmost importance as a coaling station, if American naval power in the Pacific would be maintained. I don't know what will be done, but there will at last be peace. We shall have no more intrigues and madness on the part of the ex-queen's adherents. Minister Willis, as you see, is on the friendliest footing and acknowledges that his former understanding of the matter was superficial and faulty. There will be plenty for you to do in assisting us to make the name of Hawaii a proud one before the world. Gordon is where he belongs. You, Warringford, must go into the cabinet."

"Not now," I said. "And you must grant Gordon a leave of absence. It is our intention to take a journey to America and to Europe. My priestess here has seen very little of the world, and a few months of travel and sight-seeing will do much to erase the pictures that must now linger in her brain."

"True, true," said President Dole. "Go, enjoy yourselves; but return. I need you both. In fact, I need all four of you."

"Do not fear that we may not return. There are too many heart-ties that bind us to Hawaii," I replied, "sad though some of them may be. Is it not so, my priestess?"

"Yes," said Helene. "Hawaii must be our home, and in that happy and glorious future that is opening to us we shall live and forget the past—you the strife, the sorrow, the trials, I the dreams and vagaries that once enthralled me."

Then Doctor Warren and Doctor Tilling came up.

"Well, we two have pulled you through a good many tough spots," said Tilling. "Mrs. Warringford owes us a debt of gratitude."

"I feel it, indeed I do," said Helene.

"I bless you, children," said old Doctor Warren, before whose sacred head I bowed in reverence. "May God's blessing rest on you all. You are going away, so they tell me. Well, perhaps I shall not be here when you return, but take my blessing and love with you around the world."

Oh, what kind words were said that day. From all sides the expressions of regard were the sweetest. And the heavens beamed upon no fonder nor happier hearts than ours. The day before we were going to sail, Gordon lounged into the library from the porch, where he had been sitting, and saw me on a step-ladder nailing something in the wall.

"What the mischief are you up to now?" he asked. "Have you turned carpenter, gone daft, or what?"

"None of them," I replied. "I am preparing a work of art upon which future generations will dwell with awe and admiration."

"Get your head out of the way so I can see it," he said.

I gave a nail a final rap and stepped down. Up on the wall, over a coral bracket, was a girdle of brilliant stones from which the light flashed in bright colors. Under it was the legend:

"Kaumai, the last of the Priestesses of Pele."

Gordon laughed. When Winnie saw it she laughed. When Helene saw it she looked grave. But I surveyed it with pride. It did not, however, awe any future generation. Upon our return from our tour through America and Europe, Helene, who had become a very wise sort of wife, tore the thing down, and used the jewels for dress trimmings. I remonstrated.

"I want to keep that to remember the days on Kapatoli," I said.

She opened her big eyes and lifted her brows saucily.

"Well, dear, you have me, and if you cannot remember those days when you look at me, I am sure these baubles would not refresh your memory."

See what a slave a man may become even in his own domain!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Prosperity has come to Hawaii.

The darkness of ignorance, superstition and idolatry have been chased away by the light of education and peace. The march of progress is extending into every one of the inhabited islands, and the increasing comforts of the people, under a satisfactory and common-sense government, have destroyed all the power once held by the ex-queen's adherents. There is no more Kaumiloukanilimawai. It went down under the severe menace of the law, and its temples were destroyed. All save that on Kapatoli, which was left intact at the request of Gordon and myself.

Our wedding tour lasted nearly a year.

We visited the many places of interest and scenic beauty in the United States, the Yosemite Valley, Yellowstone Park and Lower California. We made stops at all the principal cities, chiefly New York, Chicago and Washington. We went to London, thence to Paris, where we remained for some little time. From there we went to Nice and did the Riviera. Egypt and the Nile and Burmah were visited and studied. Then back to Honolulu.

Helene and Winnie thoroughly enjoyed this travel, and we all benefited by it very much. To Helene in particular it was a revelation, so little had she known of the world outside her temples. Her mind broadened under the stimulus of study, and she proved her possession of a mind capable of grasping the greater truths of life, and was not long in putting herself upon an equality with the most accomplished. She readily acquired a knowledge of music, and her nature being essentially artistic, she was an adept in all the studies of higher culture which she took up. By the time we arrived at Honolulu again I had reason to be proud of my wife's mental attainments as well as her physical beauty.

Where the fair Nuuanu Valley spreads its fairest vista, with the mountains in the distance, the palms and mangoes shading the fertile land, a new mansion stands, surrounded by a beautiful lawn. It is Palm Bower, the home of Winnie and Gordon, and is not far from The Corals, where Helene and I have taken up our abode.

Our existence in Oahu is an ideal one. We race up and down the valley on our favorite horses, have picnics on Diamond Point, have lawn parties and balls to which all the best people in Honolulu delight to come.

Old Doctor Warren is dead, but his memory is held dear by the people of Hawaii, to whom he left the precious legacy of health; for his treatment of leprosy was taken up by the Government, and the leper colony at Molokai is no more. Where my cottage stood—the scene of my miserable waiting for death—a pretty little park surrounds a marble monument, upon which I have had inscribed a fitting tribute to the great benefactor whose life-study culminated in the effort that gave me back my life and happiness.

Patua and Nimolau have been amply provided for, and frequently come to The Corals or Palm Bower with a supply of fish which they have taken in the fishing-schooners that were part of the reward for their faithfulness.

Old Jean Chicot, nearly blind, tottering on the verge of the grave, still lingers, and his worship of Helene is pathetic and beautiful to see. Like a faithful dog he watches her graceful movements, and murmurs to himself:

"Helen—my Helene! I taught her, and see how beautiful she is!"

And Helene is beautiful. Her transcendent beauty increases with her happiness, and in the infatuation that has enthralled me, and will ever hold me, I can see nothing but perfect happiness, sweetest bliss in our future.

And Gordon, grown so stout that his old uniforms are like those of a boy to him, lolls on his porch or mine, dangles his sword-sheath over his leg and talks proudly of his Winnie and the great days that are ahead for all of us.

THE END.

MAN AND HIS EVERYDAY LOAD.

Composite Burden Every Citizen Bears Without Noticing It.

"Man carries a pretty good weight in these modern times, when you come to think of it," said a gentleman whose mind has an analytical turn, "and, really, it makes a fellow a trifle tired when he begins to enumerate the number of things he is forced to carry around with him. He is a beast of burden and is heavily laden. We will take him from the skin out, and analyze the superfluities which hang about him, and which are necessary at this time in the history of civilization in order to give him a polite standing in the community in which he lives, and in order to make him comfortable. One is almost inclined to shrink away from the fearful responsibility of carrying such a load, and yet one must do it if he is happy. "Here are the two attacles which stick closer than a brother, and then we find pulled up around his shins and ankles two socks. He wears two shoes, unless he was in the war, and two strings are needed to lace them, or twelve buttons or hooks, if they are not lace boots. He wears one top-shirt, one collar and two cuffs. He wears one coat, one vest and one pair of trousers, and there are twelve buttons on his trousers, six generally on the coat, and six on his vest. He carries two cuff buttons around with him, two collar buttons, three shirt buttons, two sleeve buttons and various other buttons on his under garments. There is one buckle on his trousers and two on his suspenders. He wears two garters. He wears one necktie, or sometimes one cravat with one clamper to hold it in place. He carries one handkerchief in his pocket. He wears one hat. In the winter he must have two gloves and one overcoat, and maybe two overcoats.

"But this is not all. He has a watch and chain to carry around with him, a bundle of letters, a package of cards, a plug or a sack of tobacco, or maybe a few cigars, a pipe perhaps, a knife, pencil and a few other things which usually make up the pocket outfit, such as matches, buckeyes and other good luck symbols. There is leather in his shoes, with hair in the soles and steel pegs in the heels thereof. There is silk or wool in his cravat or his necktie, and other things in the clothes he wears. There is wool, and cotton and linen. There is straw in his hat. There is starch in his shirt. There is gold and silver and pewter, and other metals in the watch and chain he wears; there is brass and bone in some of his buttons. There is tin in his garter clampers and in the clamper which holds his cravat in place. There is glass over the face of his watch, and one may find all the colors—red, white, blue, black, purple, yellow, brown and almost every other tint. He has paper in his pockets. There is rubber in his suspenders and garters. Paint is found in the figures on the face of his watch and polish is found on his shoes.

"So, after all, man is really a beast of burden, and when he begins to count up the more than one hundred superfluities he carries round with him, and the vast number of favorites he represents, if the camel is staggered with the enormous burden he is the joy mark, he will probably stagger a little more on account of the vast load he is carrying."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

In a new work it is said there are descriptions of 131 species about 120 of which are African.

Maintaining Thoroughfares.

As to whether the roads shall be worked under the contract system or otherwise, and whether it is wise—or otherwise—to give the work of an entire township to one contractor, it is impossible to lay down a general rule. It may be best in some cases and unwise in others. Under one contractor some portions of the road will necessarily be neglected, while repairing others, while with several men each given a short section, the work could be done whenever needed. If a road machine is used, it would be best to engage someone with suitable teams to use it throughout the entire town wherever necessary, as to do good work requires practice for both team and men, and shifting it from one small contractor to another would result in failure, even if such contractor could provide teams for its use. I would have each contractor pay for this machine work at a fair rate per day, and let such expense be considered in making his contract. If he preferred to use it but little, or even not at all, it would not matter so long as his section of road was left in a satisfactory condition.

The material usually used in repairing country roads is road wash or turf that has grown upon it, and is in no sense suitable. The worn pebbles have no power of coherency. They will not bind, and the organic matter of turf is productive only of mud and dust.

There is no road so pleasant to ride upon as a well-made, well-drained, well-graded dirt road. Once settled into place it will be in good condition for years if frequently looked after. On heavy soils it will, of course, be muddy when the frost is coming out, but that is only for a short period, and the pleasure of riding on it free from noise and dust at other seasons compensates for a good deal of springtime annoyance.

It is not practicable to harden all country roads, and if the road is well-drained and the gutters and sluices kept open it is not desirable. A clattering stone road takes away much of the charm of a country drive, to say nothing of the annoyance to dwellers thereon. Sometimes, if gravel is readily available, it is economy to surface a damp dirt road with a four-inch coat. This will keep all light vehicles out of the mud, even in springtime, and unless heavy teams pass over it will last for years. Wet places that cannot be successfully drained, should be filled with a Telford pavement and from six to eight inches of gravel placed over it.

All gutters and sluices should be large enough to take the rainfall at its greatest excess, and the failure to have them so is a frequent source of damage and consequent expense. To summarize: Put your roads into the best condition possible with the means available, and then give them constant attention rather than to neglect them for eleven months and repair them in one. It will pay in the long run.—C. P. Augur, of Connecticut, in the American Agriculturist.

Improves Farm Property.

The testimony as to the effect of good roads on the value of Illinois farm property is unanimous and overwhelming, and shows conclusively that every dollar expended upon the construction of hard roads adds at least $5 to the cash value of the farm, and will increase the cash income from the farms more than twice the annual road tax. Or, in other words, good roads will pay eight to ten per cent. a month on whatever amount they increase taxation.

He who will point the way whereby the current of young life may be changed to flow from the city to the country; that will scatter the flat dwellers over God's green prairies, will deserve a monument. So far as we can see the forces to do this are good roads, free rural mail delivery, the farm telephone and rapid transit. These are mighty forces and will revolutionize our social conditions.

Good stone or gravel roads are a permanent asset to the State, county, township and farm. If properly constructed and looked after they are good for several generations, and the cost should be spread over at least twenty years, and thus let those who come after us, and who will partake of the benefits, help bear the burden.

May the farmers of Illinois not forget that there is something besides horses, cattle and farm produce deserving their most careful attention, and that is the boys and girls. And that every effort within their power should be exerted to make the farm home and its surroundings sufficiently attractive to these progressive young Americans that the son will be willing to be his father's successor upon the farm.

Only One Opinion on Stone Roads.

Henry I. Budd, State Commissioner of Roads, New Jersey, says, under date of July 1 1900: "There is but one opinion as to stone roads: Every county that put one road wants many more; the farmers who at first so strongly opposed them are now so ardent that we could spend millions of dollars each year building roads."

The average value of all the mules in the country last year was $10 a head more than the average value of horses.

WHEN A PARISIAN BATHES.

The Difficulties He Encounters in Taking a Hot Dip.

When a Parisian takes a bath all Paris knows it—that is, when he takes a hot bath. The Parisian has a hard time keeping clean. That he succeeds so well is very much to his credit. He labors under the disadvantage of having no adequate supply of water. There is plenty of water in Paris, to be sure, and an enormous quantity of it is used on the streets. All day long men with lines of hose which are made in metallic sections with flexible joints, each section mounted on wheels, go up and down the principal streets and boulevards distributing water with a free hand. The difficulty is not to get water on the street level, but to get it above that level, and after that the great difficulty is to get it hot. All but the very newest of modern houses in Paris have water only on the street level. This water is carried to the upper floors of houses in buckets as needed. This is true not alone of private houses, but of hotels of the older type. These abound in Paris, and the comforts they offer to the traveler are almost confined to the table.

Moreover, though water may be drawn in any quantity on the ground floor, there are no facilities for heating water. A hotel keeper may put a kettle on the range and send up a quart of hot water to your room, but when it comes to filling a tub he would admit that it was beyond the capacity of his establishment. Many Parisians use the big bathhouses along the Seine. In places these houses occupy a greater part of the river, but if a Parisian wants a hot bath he must turn to that time honored French institution, the perambulating bathtub.

To the American who sees this institution for the first time traversing the principal streets of the great city it is very mirth provoking. And he will see it in almost any part of the city if he stays there long enough and moves about the streets, for the bathman's houses are distributed all over Paris.

From the bathing establishment the bathman goes forth in harness. This is nothing unusual in Paris, where well dressed men are seen drawing small wagons of all kinds. The bathman has two straps over his shoulders and he stands between the shafts of a two-wheeled cart. On this cart is mounted a tank. On this tank structure is balanced a substantial bathtub which is provided with carpets. In front of the tank are two large metal buckets and a yoke. The bathman draws this apparatus through the streets to your house.

When you want a hot tub, you order one for a particular hour of a particular day. The bathman comes around with his apparatus at the hour named. He stops in front of your house, and, lifting the tub from the top of the tank, he put it over his head like a hood and carries it up stairs to your room. Then he returns to the street and draws off the hot water from the tank into the buckets. These he hangs at each end of the yoke which he carries across his shoulders, and in this fashion he conveys the water to the tub. When the tub is full, he retires and waits for a reasonable time for you. Then he comes upstairs and empties the tub by means of his buckets and carries the tub and buckets away. His passage through the streets is an everyday sight to the Parisian and arouses no comment, but to the stranger it is a subject of great amusement.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To be great is to be misunderstood.—Emerson.

Wit is the salt of conversation not the food.—Hazlett.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.—Cowper.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.—Carlyle.

He who knows most, believes most for wasted time.—Prime.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.—Epictetus.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

If thou are a man, admire those who attempt great things, even if they fail.—Seneca.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.—Plutarch.

Every one has a wallet slung for his own failings, and each looks for the failings of others.—La Fontaine.

Nothing gives such a sense of relationship as detecting another in an untruth. It strikes at the root of confidence ever after.—Hazlitt.

Jewelry Concealed in the Flesh.

Several articles of jewelry embedded in the flesh were discovered in the making of an autopsy of the body of Paul Shirvell, a Russian, who killed in a duel. In the body [illegible] a miniature dumb-bell, about the size of a cuff button. In each instance the jewelry had been imbedded in the man's flesh, which had grown over the articles completely hiding them from view.

The memory of Frank Lessing was commemorated whole at Wilkes-Barre recently. [illegible] in the body. It is believed Loreta and Shirvell were political exiles from Siberia, and that [illegible] from the Czar [illegible] Philadelphia Ledger.

CUBAN WOMEN'S PASTIMES.

Miss Silvia Alfonso Talks Entertainingly of Her Country Women.

Some interesting comments upon Cuban women were made by Miss Silvia Alfonso of Havana, while on a visit to New York City. Since the Americans have entered Havana in such numbers, she says, Cuban girls have noticeably begun to copy many of the ways of American women. They were formerly exceedingly quiet and demure in their habits, seldom seen in the streets, except when necessary, and traveling little. Now they remain less secluded, appear frequently in public places and are beginning more generally to travel for pleasure.

"Really, they are taking quite an interest in sports now," continued Miss Alfonso, "but they hardly think it proper to ride bicycles yet. Some of them tried it for a while, but our life is so different from yours that no lady [with a marked stress on this word] likes to be seen on a bicycle. No, they do not play golf, but some of the girls are fond of tennis and play well."

Miss Alfonso laughingly scouted the idea of the starting of any women's clubs in Cuba for some time to come. Public and even private schools are practically unknown. Miss Alfonso states, but girls of means are usually educated in their homes by private teachers and governesses. She was educated herself in this way in Havana. Occasionally parents send their children to New York City or to some foreign city to be educated. Science and mathematics enter little into a girl's education, but much attention is paid to the study of languages.

"Oh, nearly everybody of education can speak English," Miss Alfonso exclaimed, "and French as well. We think it a great accomplishment to speak well in many languages. And the young women do a great deal of painting, and, of course, beautiful embroidery. They are always taught singing and piano playing and all things of that sort."

On being asked whether the women were interested in charitable or philanthropic work, she admitted that many of them were. A popular method among them of raising money for these objects is to give a ball, at which the patrons pay liberally.

The beauty contest, such as that in which Miss Alfonso was elected queen, occurs only once in three or four years, being conducted by some Havana newspaper. Occasionally a ball is given to the newly elected queen, and no little excitement reigns for the time among the young girls prominent in society, for no married woman is eligible for votes in these contests.

Furs For Cool Days.

There has been some effort in the fur world to popularize in fur the long coat so stylish in cloth. But when in buying women feel their weight, their choice usually falls upon the short jacket. This latter, in length from eighteen to twenty-four inches, in Persian lamb or seal, will be the popular fur jacket of the coming season. Collar and revers of chinchilla, mink or sable will be their universal adjunct. A new touch is given this year—revers by "flocking." Hitherto revers have always been flat, but the new ones have a graceful curve that is an entirely new feature. Fitted backs with fuller skirts will also mark the new fur jackets.

* * *

Neck scarfs will continue to be as much worn as formerly, and this leaves nothing more to be said. The latest shape is reversible—may be worn flat or turned up like a stock collar. Late neck scarfs range in length from twenty to forty inches—the longer ones, however, being worn by more elderly women.

* * *

Lynx, which is a fine, silky black, is the correct and fashionable fur for mourning wear.

* * *

Seal, Russian sable, baby lambskin, sea otter, brown marten, stone marten, pine marten, silver fox, blue fox and chinchilla form a quite comprehensive list of the stylish furs for the winter.

* * *

The round barrel-shaped or so-called "granny" muffs are still to remain in mode. They are to be, if anything, larger than ever in the same furs as match the neck piece, sable, stone marten, chinchilla, etc., being the vogue.

* * *

For hands of real economy chinchilla, sable and mink, in their wild and rare wild state, will be very expensive for adorning evening dress. Very deep collars of fur are also almost indispensable adjuncts of these wraps. The latest idea in these collars forms a triple cape effect, sometimes almost reaching the waist.—Philadelphia Record.

The Charm of Cordiality.

It isn't enough to have some friends—the world merely survives people and recognizing their existence, cordially be [illegible] we could not well get along [illegible]. It is truly a day that we have to [illegible] fellow-associates that we know [illegible] masters of the art of being cordial. Some folks are born with a knack [illegible] the line where polite ends and [illegible] cordiality—as it [illegible] themselves—and again there are [illegible] who early in life realize that there is something wrong in their attitudes and immediately set about [illegible] of them. These are the [illegible] The sad lacking in this [illegible] the days of their poor, narrow lives, blaming the world and the people in it, and declare that more than half of what one hopes and dreams of doing all proves a failure, no matter how hard one may try.

The cordial man or woman is willing to meet the world half way. That is what the world likes. It is a grim old world—if you meet it with anything but a smiling face.

There is something so charming about the manner of the cordial woman when you first meet her, and this charm grows upon one as one's acquaintance with her continues. Socially she is a success, and when by any chance she must come in contact with the business world she finds almost a hearty greeting awaiting her there.

There is a certain reserve that is always necessary, and this the dignified woman instinctively preserves, but there is such a thing, you know, as carrying a reserve a degree too far. It becomes an affection oftentimes.

It is a wrong impression entertained by many of the most sensible women that a cordial manner might be mistaken for a lack of proper dignity. The truly womanly woman may risk being cordial. She need never be afraid of being misunderstood. Cordiality will never be confounded with familiarity.—Detroit Free Press.

Queen's Bedroom on Yacht.

The bedroom of Queen Alexandra on the King's new yacht is decorated in "Adam" style, panelled in white, and has a canopied bed with draperies suspended from the ceiling. The furniture is of satinwood, exquisitely grained and upholstered with delicate green silk and damask. The dressing table has a glass top and all the fittings are silver.

On the upper deck is a lounging room of great beauty. The sconce wall lights are of silvered bronze, the ceiling is divided with ribs, and as the far end access is given to a smoking room, three sides of which are windowed. This apartment, which is rather of a Chippendale character, is panelled with fine dark mahogany up to the ceiling, and the bookcases, the roll-top writing and card tables and favorite lounges with cushions in deep royal red leather, are also of rich mahogany.

The suite assigned to the Princess Victoria consists of a room with bath and dressing room. The walls of the bedroom are covered with a delicate shade, above the panelled white dado and the main color note is of blue, opposite an royal sleeping apartments [illegible] drawing room, an apartment [illegible] proportions, exquisitely [illegible] with fine detail, in sympathy [illegible] character of the Adam [illegible] to Louis XVI.

No Portias for Great Britain.

Miss Macrae Hall, the young Scotchwoman who applied to the Court of Session of Edinburgh for permission to become a solicitor, has had her petition denied. Lord Adam, Lord Kinnear and Lord Pearson were unanimous with the other learned judges called into consultation in saying that they had no power to admit the young woman to the law agent's examination. There must be a change in the law, they declared, before it would be legal for a woman to practice as a solicitor in Scotland. Countries in which women are admitted to the bar include Russia, France and America.

One, two or three straps adorn the stylish sandal slipper.

Long bars, reaching almost to the feet, are among the striking accessories to the woman costume.

The three-button jacket will be worn in the winter, and tucking will retain its popularity, especially for wool gowns.

Russian peasant and empire are combined in the neck chains so much in favor and amethysts are being worn again, often in combination with diamonds.

Petticoat tops of silk jersey cloth used as a deep yoke are coming into favor. The cloth fits snugly around the hips and extends nearly to the knee, and is finished with an accordion flounce of taffeta.

Round English walking hats of gray beaver are pretty for fall wear. One of these stitched in the brim our darling a soft crown is trimmed with Persian silk, and lovely around the crown and a couple of wings.

Tiny buckles or buttons are much chosen for to set off the bias belt, which [illegible] or velvet straps are [illegible] in place front and back. The buckles are placed at the points or extremities of the ribbon straps.

Much jewels of silk embroidery on black hose are among the latest fads, once extremely pretty pair displayed recently had a dainty all over lace pattern running half way up the stocking, and the jewels were worked in red and black [illegible] designs.

[illegible] safety pins, that have been found the best devices for keeping the skirt and waist together, a [illegible] is now worn around the waist fastened in front with a [illegible]. The wedding [illegible] for the outside.

[illegible] absolutely plain with [illegible] lines flaring out in the back from the neck to the lower edge is finished with a plain standing collar and bands at the wrist of a pale shade and is attractive. There is a bit of gold embroidery on each cuff and on the collar.