ON THE HURRICANE DECK.

The other passengers had gone below to the stuffy staterooms, only to toss on heated pillows while the mosquitoes did their worst.

It was 11 o'clock. Long ago the fat barber and the head waiter had taken their guitars and cracked voices into the texas.

The Louisville planter gave several vigorous and audible yawns; then he, too, went below to his torture.

The Martha B. Adams slowly and persistently puced along up stream with her cargo of sugar and molasses and sweltering humanity.

The hot day had reluctantly surrendered to the night, and now the scorched banks of the Ohio looked cool and silvery in the moonlight.

"It's too hot to try to sleep," said the Girl in the White Pique.

"Don't apologize for staying. It isn't necessary. Forget your conscience for an hour. This is the last night, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the Girl, thoughtfully.

The Man put his chair with its back against the guard rail. He could see her better now.

The moon shone full in her face.

Now and then her white hand flashed in the moonlight as she brushed back a wind blown curl.

She laughed uneasily. "It isn't a tragedy, is it?"

"Please don't. Of course it isn't to you. It's only an incident. To-morrow night you'll be telling your friends what an uncomfortable trip you had. The people on the boat were so uninteresting. But there was one nice littlye man who brought you newspapers and fruit and magazines at the landings."

"You flatter yourself, I'm afraid," laughed the Girl.

"Yes, I suppose I'm an idot to even hope that you would remember me the distance of the stageplank. But you needn't laugh."

Away from somewhere in the depths of the boat came the voices of roustabouts singing a weird negro melody. The pilot house with its lonely occupant—the great smokestacks showing dark against the summer sky; the regular chug-chug of the big wheels—all the familiar things that had been so great a part of their lives for the past ten days now only reminded him again of the parting of their ways. He told himself that he had know just how it would be from the first

Confound it all! Why didn't he bolt and go by rail, instead of staying to have his feelings trampled upon by heartless girls. He would have been far safer in the smoking room of the limited.

"Do you know"—the low, musical voice of the Girl had roused him from his reverie—"I think it is almost better not to make new friends if one has to give them up at the very start."

The Man's heart began to thump, and something seemed to be the matter with his head.

"Now, there is Mrs Templeton"—the Man ground his teeth—"she has been lovely to me, and I'm sure we could always be the best of friends. She has told me all about her mother and her brother in the navy. Her mother must be charming."

"To say nothing of the brother," mentally added the Man

"And now she I mean, her husband—has been ordered to Venezuela. She got the telegram to-day and I know I'll never see her again."

"Poor little girl! You have your troubles, too—don't you?"

"Too?"

"Yes—too. You know I'm so sorry to part with that gentle barber, and the engineer, and pilot."

"You needn't make fun of me! I am fond of Mrs. Templeton."

"Pompadour, complexion and all, I suppose?"

"But she doesn't paint."

"Paint? Who said she painted?"

"If you're going to be horrid again to-night I'm going. Last night you pretended to think that I flirted with the boy who came on at Cairo. Just because I wasn't rude enough to read that crazy book he lent me."

"Please—please don't go." The Man put his hand on the arm of her chair as if to detain her. "If you'll stay I'll try to stifle my grief about the barber. Won't you let me tell you about my brother, for instance"

The Girl looked away toward the Kentucky hills. After a while she leaned over and clasped her hands on the guard rail. Then she looked up into his face and her voice was almost a whisper. "If you don't care—I'd rather you would tell me about yourself."

"Temptress! is that the way you torture your victims?" he laughed. "Is that what you said to the little boy from Cairo?" Then his voice was lower. "I've been trying for a week not to tell you about myself. I've tried to make myself think that I didn't care—since you didn't. That I could talk with you day after day and sit here at night under the stars and hear your voice; that I would be able to smile and say 'Good-bye' when the time came, and that the parting would be only the shadow of an hour. But I can't fgorget. Can't you see—can't you feel how impossible it is?"

The Girl was not laughing now.

"But—but—why must you forget?" She had risen, and the blue eyes were looking down into his earnest, troubled face.

"Will you let me remember? And to-morrow will be—only the beginning?"

He was standing very close to her now, but the blue eyes had dropped their gaze. He took both her hands in his strong clasp.

"Don't," she said. "The pilot is looking.

"I don't care if the whole packet company looks. I love you."

And the boat toiled on up the river with her cargo of sugar and molasses and sweltering humanity.

But the Man and the Girl forgot the heat and the mosquitoes. * * *

The lieutenant yawned and moved his chair two feet to the right, where that confounded moon wouldn't stare so at him. Then he yawned again.

Why don't they send some one else down there to clean streets and wipe the general's pen? What did they mean? What were they thinking of?

Then he reflected that they were probably thinking of a hot headed youth who had pleaded and begged, almost tearfully, to be allowed to go on one of the transports about to sail from Charleston on a certain May morning.

But that was all so long ago. He was glad he hadn't known Her then. But then perhaps if he had known Her she would have come when he was wounded. But, no; of course she couldn't have done that. Then he thought of that crowded transport; how they had suffered without knowing that they were suffering; how they had laughed and joked among themselves, and told themselves that they enjoyed it all. Then he thought of the scorching days and the rainy nights that followed. That slippery hill! He never could remember just what it was like at the top. Some one had told him all about it, but that wasn't like getting to the top yourself. He closed his eyes as he thought how cool the rain had felt that night as it splashed off the leaves overhead into his face. He remembered all about that night—what the surgeons had said about his wound, and how they had carried him back somewhere at daylight. But the next day and the next were not very clear to his mind. That must have been the fever.

Fighting in another story. Who wants to be a policeman;

The ship was carrying him on relentlessly. In the morning he would see a blue line over there to the left, then some palm trees—but he could see it all now, without waiting for the morning.

The Lieutenant remembered that She had promised to write to him every day He felt in his pocket for the letter She had given him to read on the way He couldn't see to read it now, but he could think about it, for he knew it by heart

He wondered how he had managed to be so happy before he had known Her.

Somewhere near him a merry group was singing Some one was playing chords on a guitar—chords that were not always chords.

"Now, Brother," some one was saying, "sing 'She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.'"

The Lieutenant growled to himself, but the brother sang.

Then the Lieutenant could hear that low musical voice again He couldn't see the girl, but he found himself listening to that voice Where had he heard that voice He was thinking rapidly. Just then the Reporter comes up and shook him.

"Wake up, old man! Come and let me introduce you to a nice girl over here. She is going to Havana with her brother and her mother"

The Lieutenant stood up He could see the group of singers now, sitting in the shadow. There was a man with a guitar. He wore a uniform There were several young officers whom he recognized. Then there was a Girl. She wore a jaunty white reefer and a Tam O'Shanter surmounting a mass of fluffy hair.

He found himself bowing and shaking hands, and the Reporter was saying something about Miss Somebody and Mr. Somebody else. He had ceased to hear. He found himself sitting with his back to the railing, looking at the Girl, trying to make out her face in the dimness. The Lieutenant wasn't sure about that face—whether he had dreamed about it, or whether he had really known a girl who looked like that. He was trying to talk to her about Havana, but he wasn't thinking about Havana. He was trying to remember about that face. Now and then the Girl would push back a wind brown curl, or would pull the Tam O'Shanter farther forward.

"Why is it," she said, "that dark, rainy nights never remind us of other rainy nights? Now, a night like this always makes me think of other times and other places. Does it affect you that way?"

"Oh, we're soldiers. We don't get moony," said her brother.

Then the Girl began again: "Once I was rash enough to travel on an Ohio river steamboat. The days were horrible, but we had moonlight nights. After sunset I used to go up and sit on the hurricane deck and get cool."

The Lieutenant moved uneasily.

"There was a nice man on board," she went on, "and sometimes he used to stop up there and talk to me after the others had gone."

"What did he do, sis? Tell us about him. Did he make love to you?"

"Well—he forgot me."

"Showed wretched taste."

Then they all laughed.

It was very late. The others had gone. The Lieutenant and the Reporter were alone.

"Lucky chap, that Ensign," mused the Reporter.

"Ensign?"

"Yes. The fellow that girl is engaged to."

"So she's engaged, is she?"

"Yes."

And they both fell to thinking.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Signs of Progress.

"Foozleton is improving his golf play."

"Yes. He has probably begun taking his caddie's advice."

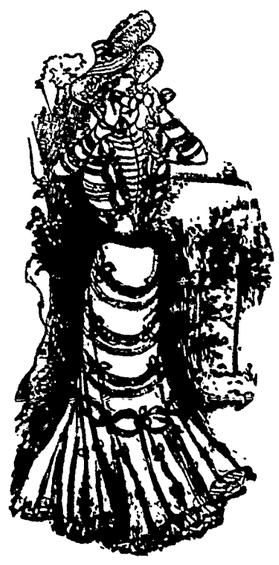
FADS AND FANCIES.

THE SUMMER TEA GOWN AND ITS BEAUTIES AND USES.

Chiffon, Lace and Parme Formerly Reserved for Balls and Toilets Now the Prey After Tea Gown—A Beautiful Muslin Gown.

When all else fails to interest one in dress, especially after a severe season of searching for new models, there is always the tea gown to which to turn for solace—the real tea gown, the garment which you can don at 5 o'clock and with the aid of various chiffons and laces, disguise the sallowness of one's complexion.

What possibilities does it not represent, with the summer approaching here and near the river or in the country gardens, where the 5 o'clock tea gown can be worn in addition to a lace and muslin hat? The tea gown of my present dreams is a real noon garment. It is made of one of those new, large spotted muslins in dead white, veiled with soft, white gauze on a foundation of rose-pink silk.



The front shows an accordion-pleated vest of pink chiffon, each side being edged with white embroidery, which also goes down the skirt, softened with frills of chiffon round the hem. The white embroidery is carried down the back with a velvet band in a pale shade of mauve. The sleeves are transparent, long and tucked, with frills of chiffon and embroidery falling over the hands. The neck finishes at the line, and yet is not decollete, for it is worn with a broad black velvet neck band or tie of chiffon. This is a garment which emanated from Paris and is the possession of a well-known member of the Four Hundred.

The same lady lacks nothing of this world's goods, and one of her evening tea gowns is in palest turquoise panne cut with a square decolletage, draped with some beautiful white lace and mauve chiffon. This ties in a scarf, Empire fashion, with long ends falling down in front. There is a raised silk muslin embroidered design in yellow and turquoise rises, denoting the hem of the skirt, the train of which is arranged at the back from each shoulder, but held in here and there at the waist with an antique belt.

At one of the best drygoods houses in New York, there are shown two models, dainty and not too expensive and elaborate. But, after all, my heart was drawn to the lovely examples of the lace tea gown mounted over chiffon. This is one of the features of the season. You can put it on at 5 o'clock and remain in it for dinner, and still feel one of the best-dressed women present on most of the ordinary occasions of which the summer permits. An exquisite model in white chiffon was covered with thick Renaissance lace, disclosing a front of tiny frills and some blobs of black thereon, but whether it was velvet or chenille I could not tell; they were but few, so the effect was light. A touch of the same was introduced at the neck, and a chou of black velvet held the bolero over a full vest of white chiffon. Endless little frills of the chiffon with black spots thereon trailed along the ground. The train of guipure took off from the deadness of the white which might not be becoming to everybody.

And yet another beautiful model for a lady of more mature years was in pale eau de nil chiffon with a short coat of soft green moire, covered with an embroidery of large pink roses and lace, studded with silver and gold sequins. This jaunty little coat looked as if it were lined with endless frills of chiffon, and displayed a high collar at the back, made of lace fastened in the front with a hopeless conglomeration of chiffon frills and lace. One hardly knew whether it was a glorified opera cloak or a tea jacket; and it was still a veritable tea gown in its clinging skirt, cut in a particularly becoming fashion which denoted the master hand.

I have mentioned the tea jacket; they are a comparatively modern innovation, and their position is a somewhat invidious one in fashion's economy—they are neither flesh nor fowl. Personally I think they give one a half-dressed appearance, as if summoned away in the midst of hairdressing operations, and one had forgotten to remove the dressing jacket. A confusion of lace and brocade on top of a cloth or serge skirt is an anomaly; but some of the smartest are meant to be worn over the ravishing jupons which now take upon themselves the name of petticoat; at least, so I am informed by one of the leading vendors of these trifles. But if so, it seems to me that the boudoir is the proper place to display such altogether. No, I think the tea jacket is best as a breakfast jacket, to be correctly Irish, and this brings me to the subject of matinees.

The breakfast jacket is a most desirable institution, and besides an economy (so pleasant to be economical if one can), for it saves wear and tear to a fresh blouse or bodice for an hour or two.

Am I trenching on thin ice when I say that the matiness should be kept vigorously apart from the dressing gown, for it is obvious that one cannot appear at the breakfast table in a garment that has done duty at various stages of the toilette. Yet I have known many offenders in this respect, who, on their enormity being brought home to them, opined it didn't matter. They, at all events, are worthy of a chapter in the book each or any of us might compile, entitled "People I have known," for there is the key to their character straight away. Sautes de lit are little thought of this side the ocean, I believe, yet they are beloved of the Frenchwoman, who deems one essential upon first rising. They are almost invariably white, Roman satin being much employed, loose and flowing in form, like an opera cloak to the ground, with b loose sleeves and cut away at t' neck—either gathered into a squar yoke or under a sailor collar.

Then there comes the bath wrap, which is more and more used every day, and is thoroughly delightful. It is made of Turkish toweling, with a pretty pattern stamped thereon, in shape like a monk's cloak, with a cowl-like hood, flapping sleeves, and confined at the waist by a cord and tassel. Nothing could be nicer for running to and from one's bath, and they have the further recommendation of everlasting wash and wear; they are obtainable in all colors, but the best washing shades are pink, mauve and green.

So many items come nowadays under the heading of tea gowns and matinees that I pause to see if all have had just mention. At one and all, I fear, our maternal ancestors would have sniffed scornfully; though we degenerates deem essential that which they disposed of under the name of "wrapper." Oh, I have really forgotten a part of my subject.

Have you ever thought of suitable headgear to wear with tea gowns? I think it is a pretty idea. Unless we are very picturesque and do our hair up loosely, or, as the novelists describe it, "in a coil with a dagger thrust through," how few of us look well in the degage style. Most women look best with a rather neat head, and with this a twist of tulle, deftly tied, looks nice. A little bit of old lace, arranged as a mantilla, is extremely becoming where it really suits, and if it is in harmony with the tea gown worn. Then, some quaint bejewelled pin or queer ornament, which would be out of place with evening dress, might look charming with a tea gown. These should have as much attention paid them as the quaint footgear to correspond.

Another gown is of fine white muslin made up over pale pink glace silk, and trimmed with inumerable little tucks of white muslin, and insertions of very fine black lace. These insertions are headed by black satin baby ribbon slightly gathered and arranged here and there in the form of small true lover's knots. These lace insertions give a tablier effect to the front of the skirt where they are met by medallions consisting of white muslin tucks, outlined with black lace insertion. Below this trimming, again, there is a deep flounce of white muslin, treated in a similar fashion. The bodice is arranged in the same way with long lines of black lace insertion and a vest of tucked white muslin with a hairpin-stitch in silk between each truck.

An Antiseptic Broom.

A broom which will contain in itself the means for destroying moths and disease germs is evidently an article which will be of no little value in the household. Such a broom has been invented by Oscar S. Kulman, of Savanah, Ga. It will be observed that the antiseptic substances are contained within the broom straws in a bag held in place by the initial wrap of steel wire and transverse rows of stitching, says the Scientific American. The penetration of the bag by these rows of stitching opens up numerous outlets for the antiseptic

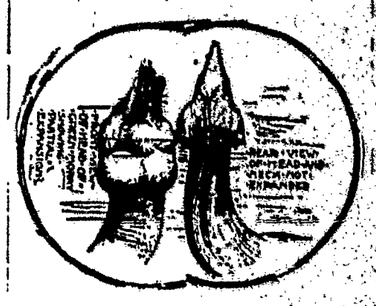
material, in addition to the menses of the cloth. The action of sweeping causes the antiseptic material to be distributed in limited but sufficient quantities for the thorough deodorizing and disinfecting of the carpet and of the room. The broom itself, ordinarily a fertile breeding place for bacteria, is constantly kept in a sterilized condition by reason of its antiseptic properties. The bag is so perfectly inclosed and covered by the outside wrapping of straws that the broom presents the appearance of an ordinary broom without any hard or external projections to scratch and mar the furniture of an apartment.

THE MONSTROUS EEL.

THE ONLY ONE EVER IN CAPTIVITY IS IN NEW YORK.

Some of the Wonders of the Deep—Eels That Were Fed on Human Flesh—Superstitious Natives—The Spiny Lobsters From Bermuda.

Into the New York Aquarium recently came an eel from Bermuda, which is large enough to be a baby sea serpent. It is seven feet long, weighs over fifty pounds, being the biggest one in captivity in the world, and is ferocious. Many visitors to the historic building in Battery Park believe this new addition to the tanks is a really truly snake differing in size only from the monsters every one has heard about, but no one with a camera has ever seen. It is not a snake, however. It may have brothers or cousins or more distant relatives that are as big even as the stories travelers tell of sea serpents; nevertheless it is a fish, with fins and gills. The compound name, half Greek, half Latin, Lycodontis Funebris, may be in part responsible for the serpent idea. Most of the common snakes in India belong to the genus Lycodon. Lycodontimplies having teeth like a wolf or a dog. Funebris means funeral, mortal, deadly, cruel. Green moray, or murry, is the common name for the newcomer. He or she belongs to the



Front and Rear View of the Eel's Head.

Muraenidae family. Naturalists have found five sorts of muraenidae in subtropical American waters. Two of these, the green and the spotted, are on exhibition in the aquarium. The spotted specimens are in tank No. 31, on the second tier. They are much smaller than their lonely cousin, but still distinctively relatives.

In writing about the muraenidae the Rev. J. T. Wood, the eminent naturalist, says: "It will live either in fresh or in salt water, but prefers salt. In former days epicures esteemed them highly; the wealthy preserved them in ponds built for that especial purpose, and fattened them for the table. More than one aristocrat bore the imputation of feeding his murrys on human flesh—an occasional slave, whenever such ill-fated, domestic had the misfortune to offend the master. The flesh of the muraenidae is white and of a peculiar and very delicate flavor."

Here is a story from the early days of the Roman Empire, which shows how the most brilliant of the emperors interposed between a moray and a man:

Vedius Pollio, a friend of the Emperor Augustus, used to feed his eels on slaves. His fish pond was the receptacle for all transgressors and offenders in his household. Once Augustus was dining with Pollio when a slave dropped a crystal goblet, breaking it into pieces. "Give him to the eels," said the angry master; but the slave threw himself at the emperor's feet and begged for mercy. Augustus asked Pollio to spare the unlucky man, and as Pollio would not do so, he declared the slave free by imperial decree, and furthermore ordered his guard to go on with the work the slave unintentionally had begun and smash all crystal goblets and similar utensils they could find about the place.

Professor Bristol, of the New York University, got the green moray in the Aquarium on his last trip to Bermuda. The biological department of the university is under contract with President Clausen of the Park Board to furnish a certain number of specimens each year for the Aquarium. Professor Bristol had a hard time prevailing upon the native fishermen to capture a moray. They regard the big eel with superstitious fear, and tell wonderful stories of the havoc it has made with nets and boats and men.

Chockfull of Fury.

These tales are not without foundation, for the moray is chockfull of fury when anything annoys him. When the professor was shipping the specimen now at the Aquarium, it bit a chunk of wood out of the wall of the boat. It was a merry job landing him in the first place when the fishermen had hooked him in forty feet of water. He gave as much sport as a dozen salmon, and had his captors frightened into dumb ague. Not until he had worked his breathing apparatus to the limit did he come to the surface gently and submit.

He is slow about breathing ordinarily when compared to other fish in the Aquarium. His gills are not slits that open and shut with flappers, moving something like a side of a pair of bellows. They are round holes, small in comparison to his ample mouth. Consequently he takes in much more easily than he lets out, and the resistance offered by the ear-like vents causes his cheeks to swell as though he were blowing bubbles. His breathing suggests the action of a pouter pigeon. He holds his head straight up from the bottom of the tank on which five feet of his twenty-length lies, and swells and shrinks alternately at the rate of twenty to the minute.

He [illegible] ly. He has [illegible] raw cod. There [illegible] the tank with him [illegible] sort, with small [illegible] internal arrangement [illegible] so far has remained [illegible] time may come, however, [illegible] able the moray is playing a [illegible] game and assumes his [illegible] ness to relieve his companions [illegible] of the suspicion and distrust it [illegible] dently entertains. Once the [illegible] nips anything he has it fast [illegible] teeth point inward toward his [illegible] ious throat, and the only [illegible] possible for his prize to take, [illegible] stomach. Besides having a [illegible] sharp teeth along the edge of the [illegible] per and the lower jaws, he has a [illegible] along the medial line of the roof [illegible] his mouth. Why he should [illegible] them, the accounts naturalists like [illegible] him do not state. There are no teeth below to correspond with them, and it would seem they were of as little use as a vermiform appendix.

As he lies in water at a temperature of seventy degrees in his tank, pouting and turning idly from side to side occasionally and yawning, he attracts more attention than any other of the guests of Colonel Jones, Professor Spencer and Washington Devyse, who together rule this fishy world. They are proud of him, and delight to hold forth the interesting characteristics of their protege, though regretting the lack of definite information at present accessible concerning the life history of muraenidae. When still, the body of the green moray looks like massive bronze such as the Chinese and Japanese use in moldings of their dragons, his bone.

Spiny Lobsters.

Along with this huge eel Professor Bristol shipped from Bermuda some fine specimens of spiny lobsters. These shellfish are colored beautifully with mottled red and yellow, and are good eating, too, though there is not as much meat to them as to the American lobster. This is because they are minus the large crushing claw and the "helper" or pinching claw that the American lobsters use in fighting and in breaking such shells as hold the sort of mollusks they eat. Instead of these claws they have long antennae, or feelers, armed with thorns. They can put up a lively fight with these rapier-like attachments, which they can swing round much more freely than the claws of the American lobster will move. Consequently they are much harder to handle. It takes an expert to pick one up. Its legs are long and spidery, too, five on each side, and apparently each leg is double-jointed in several places. [illegible] from the sea with which it [illegible]

The Spiney Lobsters.

and twists about when the [illegible] tickles himself to laugh.

Several trunkfish, well [illegible] their horny cases, came up, [illegible] with them splendid specimens of parrot fish, the color of [illegible] white. They are gentle [illegible] their habit of nibbling [illegible] the rocks in their tank. [illegible] were good specimens of the [illegible] rine blue and silver angel [illegible] mens of the surgeon [illegible] rise a sharp knife in a [illegible] side of his body near the [illegible] the mottled gilthorpe, as the [illegible] dians call it, in all gold [illegible] the yellow cowy, [illegible] two black spots [illegible] his dorsal fin [illegible] and a cowfish, white [illegible] disposed and not on [illegible] much like a trunkfish, but [illegible] over its eyes, giving its people [illegible] markable likeness to the people [illegible] cow.

Peddled Fish to See the Circus.

Victor Loughran, the twelve-year-old boy runaway of Brooklyn, [illegible] his home twenty-six times [illegible] was five years old. He has [illegible] far away as Chicago and Washington. Sometimes he came back [illegible] sometimes he was [illegible] Whenever the circus is in town [illegible] father locks him up. [illegible] this last time was ill and didn't [illegible] that the Ringmaster Bells, [illegible] the vicinity and [illegible] up formidably. A week [illegible] left his home, taking with [illegible] five-year-old brother Fred. [illegible] them had circus fever. The family sent out an alarm, and offered a reward for their return. Detectives watched for the children at the circus but without result. Later [illegible] society men found Victor and Fred [illegible] the Bowery peddling fish.

"Here's your nice alive [illegible] cents a package!" Victor was [illegible] ing.

"Step up, ladies and gentlemen, [illegible] your last chance!" [illegible] old Fred in his clappy [illegible] five cents, one nickel [illegible]

Bowery folks laughed at the [illegible] ters. The officers [illegible] rooms of the society [illegible] identity was made [illegible] tendent Jenkins [illegible] Victor was [illegible] her arms [illegible] [illegible]