

HAPPY BROWNIE BAND.

A happy Brownie band are we, Prepared for darning doods...

AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS

Notwithstanding that Uncle George could not come till after the afternoon...

We were alone in the picture gallery. I had just thrown the cigarette...

"Do you see that picture?" "What, that fat old lady?"

"Yes, the fat old lady," said Adelaide, laughing. "It's mamma's sister, Lady Hamlyn."

"Oh, I beg pardon," I murmured. "I took her for a more remote relative."

Adelaide threw her charming head back and surveyed Lady Hamlyn.

"Mamma always says," she observed, "that Aunt Lucia was exactly like what I am now when she was a girl."

"Oh, it's propos," I began, but the word fell unheeded. I drew nearer to Lady Hamlyn's portrait.

"The features are just the same," observed Adelaide. "And that sort of complexion gets..."

"Deeper," I put in, pleading for a merciful word.

"Yes, deeper. And I believe Aunt Lucia was a very slim girl, thinner than I am, even."

I was silent now, not in indignation, but in speechless recognition of irresistible, mournful truth.

"I dare say you don't see the likeness," asked Adelaide, with the slightest hint of uneasiness in her tone.

"There—there's a look," said I apologetically.

Adelaide looked at me, and then at Lady Hamlyn's portrait. But I could not meet Adelaide's eye, nor now, for the matter of that, Lady Hamlyn's either.

"Just a look," I repeated, guiltily. I wished I could deny it altogether.

There was a pause. Then Adelaide said tentatively: "I don't call her bad looking for an old woman, do you?"

"She looks good natured," I managed to gasp.

"Oh, that means you think her very ugly," and Adelaide turned a shoulder on me in high dudgeon.

"Not ugly," I cried, "but rather..." "Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Rather—rather stout and and—" "Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Homely," I murmured, stealing a furtive, fearful glance at Adelaide.

There was a long silence. Then Adelaide said very coolly: "Do you care to see any more pictures, Mr. Danby?"

"Not for the world," I cried impulsively.

We walked out of the gallery in gloomy silence. I was enraged at myself—full of sorrow for the wounded pride which was evidently oppressing Adelaide—full of resentment against that unscrupulous old lady, who had her portrait painted with the express object so to accuse her of spilling my romantic dreams.

"What did she want to be painted for?" I exclaimed petulantly, as we reached the door which led into the garden.

Adelaide said nothing at all. She kept her face flamed away from me. The tension of our uncomfortable attitude to one another—so different from what it had been when we entered the gallery—was happily relieved by the approach of Mrs. Elliott. I saw a question in Mrs. Elliott's eye, and I avoided her eye, and Lady Hamlyn's eye. I knew that we had not been sent round the picture gallery for nothing.

"Well, Mr. Danby, I hope you like our pictures?" said my hostess.

"They are delightful," I answered. "I'm so grateful to Miss Elliott for showing them to me."

"I could hardly have put it more unfortunately," Adelaide shot a glance of scorn at me. "I know you're grateful," the glance said.

"The one of my sister has only just come. We consider it so like Addie..." "It's not the—" I began desperately, but Adelaide was too quick.

"Well," she observed, drawing a long breath, "talk about likeness!"

I was inclined to improve her to choose any other topic under heaven, but I could not do so while Adelaide stood by.

"Talk about likeness!" said Mrs. Elliott. "Addie is like her aunt no doubt."

"All right, mamma. Mr. Danby knows that now, but suddenly said, if I may be allowed the word, snappishly from Adelaide."

"But it's nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with your likeness to St. George, Mr. Danby."

"For the second time I started yesterday. 'My likeness to Uncle George!' I cried."

"Why, my dear Mr. Danby, it's almost identical!"

Adelaide gave a short laugh. We started regarding Uncle George's appearance.

"If he were your age you'd be as thin as two peas," said Mrs. Elliott in a final, final word with that she walked off to meet Uncle George, leaving Adelaide and me standing together.

"Do you see that?" I asked, after a long pause.

Adelaide is a girl of spirit. She answered me slyly.

"Have I ever, Mr. Danby?" And she has very fine eyes.

Receiving this answer, I felt again to studying Uncle George, who stood leaning on his stick talking to Mrs. Elliott.

"I don't call Uncle George by any name," I observed as the result of the scrutiny.

"Oh, poor old man! How is it?" said Adelaide. "We mustn't think about his appearance, Mr. Danby."

"But it was all very well for Adelaide. I was bound to think about it as appropriate."

"Of course, he's rather fat and old," I said, and will not deny it.

"All that's only because of his age," said Adelaide, not joining in my point of my description.

"I'm sure he's nice, though."

I looked at Adelaide. I drew a step nearer to Adelaide.

"Is Lady Hamlyn's?" I asked.

Adelaide had no reply, but looking still I saw her lips curve over so slightly.

And after all she cannot help her looks," I said, compassionately.

"No more can poor, Sir George," said Adelaide.

"I would make a funny old part, wouldn't you?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know," cried Adelaide.

"Can't you?" I asked.

"No, I can't," said she, with mighty determination.

"But suppose he had met her when she was young and like you?"

"Oh, she would not have looked at him," I protested.

"But suppose I persisted, that he had been young also?"

"Like you?" asked Adelaide, with a lift of her lashes.

"What would have happened then?" "I don't know," murmured Adelaide.

It was some moments later that I observed:

"You're not a bit like her, really, you know."

"And mamma's very absurd about you and St. George," said Adelaide.

"Well, we shall see some day. And the we shall know," Black and White.

When the Women Vote.

They were discussing a proposed amendment when the call was asked.

"Have you my old Mr. Danby?" "Oh, dear me!" replied the hostess.

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Hints of the New Things in the Winter Modes.

USEFUL SCHOOL FROCK FOR GIRLS

Costumes and Wraps For Street and Carriage Wear—Metallic Velvets The Latest Fad—The New Fall Hats Are of Furry Stuff.

The old-fashioned notion of the light blouse with the dark coat and skirt is still permissible for purely practical purposes.

The craze this autumn among smart women is to dress entirely in one color from headgear down.

Red hats, red dresses and red costumes of all sorts are very stylish.



SCHOOL FROCK. Gowns of red velvet are made up over blue silk and liberty satins of a darker or lighter shade in order to give a changeable effect.

A touch of green is both smart and pretty on an all black costume, one of the most recent Parisian importations is a black velvet princess dress whose jet ornaments are mingled with grass green embroidery.

The child's frock in the illustration is very useful for school and everyday wear. The material is rough goods of an old rose shade.

All kinds of lace still retain their popularity, particularly Irish points and gurgles.

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The illustration shows a carriage cloak of putty colored cloth. It has the wide sleeves now so fashionable and a V shaped yoke and high collar of fur.

The smart hat is of the same color of felt, trimmed with orange velvet and a black feather.

Very chic costumes are being made for automobile wear. The most useful have skirts that clear the ground a couple of inches.

With these suits a flannel waist is a necessity, and over this should be worn one of two long coats, a light one lined with silk or a heavier one lined with serviceable fur.

The prettiest hats for automobile wear are made of glass silk, for the



BROWN TAILOR MADE. Dust can easily be wiped off without injury to this fabric.

Some of the smartest models are made after the fashion of a yachting cap, with the undulating under the hem.

A gauze or chiffon veil is a necessity as dust or wind are ruin to the complexion.

It is well to remember that one cannot be too warm on an automobile, and the fun of rushing through air currents as nothing when one's teeth are chattering with cold.

The illustration shows a pretty brown tailor made. It is made with a double-breasted Eton jacket and is worn over a full waist of lace.

The skirt has a graduated dounce. The entire costume is trimmed with strapings of a lighter brown.

The hat is light brown trim lined with dark brown velvet and cherry red.

Millinery Notes. Hats of rough white felt are all the style.

These hats are not only worn with tailor modes, but even with very dressy gowns.

The felt is hairy and the shapes are wider than last year and turn up a little all the way round.

Gowns of heliotrope cloth. They are trimmed with white wings and wide panne ribbon wound around the crown carelessly.

Hats of rough white felt trimmed with ermine will be among the winter novelties.

Hats all made of sable are trimmed very simply with scarfs of reddish tan lace.

The ends hang a little over the brim in the back.

Hairy heavers of all dimensions, but principally wide, are smart, as are also hats of cut plush.

White black predominates, pale gray and black are also being worn in these felt hats.

Some of them are trimmed with scarfs of Persian panne run through a jeweled buckle.

Flower hats, principally in reds and pale blues, are very pretty and have for their sole trimmings a knot of velvet ribbon.

The gown in the cut is of heliotrope cloth, trimmed with white cloth and braid.

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THE COSTUME SHE WORE.

She had five or six trunks of remarkable size. Five trunks she carried very lightly to prize.

But she was a dancer a star on the stage, and for this reason the woman must travel in a trunk.

She opened the trunk to see what was there. But she passed the value.

Two such dramatic dainties were the little value. But she was a dancer a star on the stage, and for this reason the woman must travel in a trunk.

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face about, and these, every one of them, are going off this very night."

She fingered them lovingly. And so I left her, and the next Sunday when I saw her at church, and she smiled on me blithely, as my gaze wandered to the little old last-season's hat, while the one she would so have

graced was perched on my own sadly insignificant cranium. I had wild thoughts of dying and leaving her

everlasting the hat, of course, included for I knew she would not accept anything under any other circumstances. But I did not, as you see, I've to tell and how it all came out—this "really, truly" story, as the children say.

And now for the grand finale. Yesterday I received a letter and a somewhat bulky roll in the same handwriting. Of course I opened the letter first. It was from her and ended thus:

"And so to you, my good angel, I send my first 'way-up' production, the first that has pleased through to the inner, favored circle."

"Perhaps I am not happy over the high-water mark. And perhaps I do not think of the inspiration you have

been to me, for oh, my friend, it is an inspiration to know that one period believes in you, that one person is following your work with eager anxious eyes, even though she may be hundreds of miles away, as you have

been. "Tell me you are proud of me. Thine ever, "EMILY."

I opened the roll eagerly. The magazine was fairly swathed in paper. At last, however, I extricated it. My heart thrilled with pride as I gazed at her name in the table of contents, and as I read her brightly fascinating story, I only murmured, "I always said so."—Chicago News.

Smith, of Hawaii. Before Smith went to Hawaii he edited a newspaper in San Diego, Cal.

There was a tugboat captain there who came from Smith's native place, Sherwood. One day the editor found in a paper sent to him from his old

home an extract from a letter the tugboat captain had sent home, and which because of the glowing account it gave of the writer's success, got into print

as an instance of what push would do in the far west. The tugboat captain referred to himself as the captain of "a large steamer," and so exaggerated his position in life that he appeared to be one of the magnates of the town.

Smith, in a spirit of fun, reprinted the article without a comment. Soon after its publication a sound of heavy feet was heard rushing up the stairs to the editorial rooms of the paper.

The excited tugboat captain dashed in and inquired for Editor Smith. He hadn't been down yet, the boy said.

"Well, you tell him," said the captain, "that I shall be here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock to shoot him dead. I give him warning."

Smith received the message, and has acknowledged since that he did not like it. Still it would never do to show the white feather.

He prepared two large revolvers, had them oiled and hidden under a newspaper on his desk that had been thrown down carelessly, as it seemed, and tried to show no concern when, on the following day, the lookout reported that the angry captain was headed for the office exactly on time.

He burst into Smith's office, and the latter's right hand stole under the newspaper and grasped one of the cocked revolvers. With a tremendous amount of profanity the captain shouted:

"What did you mean by printing that thing about me?"

"You wrote it, didn't you?" asked Smith, as his hand stole under the paper and grasped the second revolver and both hands began to tip up the muzzles for instant use, the editor at the same time trying to conceal his trepidation.

"Yes, I wrote it, but what the blankety-blank do you mean by printing it?"

"If I choose to reprint such an article," said Smith, the points of the revolvers coming up still more and his hands shaking a little more, "I have a right to do so."

"You have, have you?" "Yes, I have."

"Well, do you know what I am going to do?" asked the furious captain.

"No, I don't," said Smith, prepared now to shoot and kill if his trembling hands would permit him to hit the mark.

"Well, I am going to go downstairs and stop my paper."—New York Sun.

How Gen. Butler Lost a Horse. While in front of Petersburg, the general received information that his favorite horse, "Almond Eye," had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine.

Upon the departure of his informant, he ordered an Irish servant to go and skin him.

"What! Is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor, but then, you see, it took 'bout half an hour to catch him," innocently replied Pat.

Gen. Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look, that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse.—Boston Herald.

She Said "Grace." An Englishwoman of rank—a duchess—was very apt to forget to pay her bills.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money, which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child promised to remember. When, after a long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said, softly: "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her