

KEEP YOUR TEMPER!

Let the world wag as it will:
Keep your temper!
If you cannot fill the bill,
Pass it to the man who will;
Keep right on and, better still—
Keep your temper!

Let the world wag as it will:
Keep your temper!
If you cannot climb a hill,
Take a trick, or turn a mill,
Keep right on and, better still—
Keep your temper!

You will get there by and by:
Keep your temper!
Sun and rain will beat the rye;
Summer bring the harvest nigh;
Heaven, at best, isn't very high—
Keep your temper!

—(Atlanta Constitution.)

THE TROUT.

"Scholastique!"
"Monsieur Sourd!"
"Take the utmost pains in cooking the trout—short boil, parsley, thyme, laurel, oil and onions in full strength."
"Are you not afraid to use all the herbs of St. John, Monsieur?"
"No—and above all no vinegar—just a sprinkling of lemon juice. Let the cover be laid at 10.30, and let the dinner be ready at 11 precisely—not at five minutes past 11. Do you hear?"

After having uttered these last injunctions to his cook Judge Sourd crossed the chief street of Marville with alert steps and gained the Palais de Justice, which was situated back of the Sous Prefecture. Judge Sourd was about 45 years of age; very active, notwithstanding a tendency to stoutness; square of shoulders; short in stature, with a squeaking voice and a round, close-shaven head; eyes gray, clear and hard under bushy eyebrows; a mouth closely shut, with thin and irritable lips; brown cheeks, surrounded with whiskers badly trimmed; in fact, one of these mastiff faces of which one says: "He can't be good every day." And surely he was not very kind, and he boasted of it. A despot, he used all of his little realm in the Palais. Hard as stone toward the guilty, rough with the witnesses, aggressive with the advocates, he was a veritable furnace who fanned himself constantly into a glow. He was feared like the fire, and he was loved very little.

However, this man of iron had two vulnerable sides. Firstly, he responded to the pastoral name of Nemorin, which exposed him to ridicule, and secondly he was a gourmand. His gastronomy was profound, had become a mania.

Living in this little, narrow, sleepy city on the frontier of the Belgian Ardennes, where the pleasures of the table constituted the only diversion of the easy-going burgomasters, the culinary accomplishments of the Judge were cited for ten leagues around. It was said that he ate only fish caught at break of day, because the repose of the night and the absence of emotion rendered the flesh more delicate at that time.

It was he who imagined that to plunge shell fish into boiling milk before cooking them in their ordinary dressing, gave them a richness and a velvety flavor particularly exquisite. On the day that he taught that latest refinement to the priest of St. Victor, the latter could not help blushing, and raising his hands to Heaven he cried: "Too much! This is too much, Judge Sourd! Surely it is permitted to taste with discretion the good things which divine wisdom has provided, but such gluttony as this borders upon mortal sin, and you will have to render account for it to the good God."

To the scruples of the excellent priest the Judge responded with a misanthropic laugh. It was one of his malign joys to expose his neighbors to temptation, and this very morning the priest was to breakfast with him, the recorder being the only other guest. Judge Sourd had received, the evening before, a two-pound salmon trout, taken from the beautiful clear water of the rocky Semels. It was his favorite fish, and had fully occupied the first hours of his morning. He had demonstrated to the cook the superiority of a quick boil to the slow cooking in Geneva or Holland sauce. The trout must be served cold, and in the seasoning in which it was cooked.

This was with him a principle as well as a dogma, as indispensable as an article of the penal code. He continued to repeat it to himself even after having clothed himself in his robe and taken his seat, though he was turning over the leaves of a document bearing upon an important case now pending.

This was a criminal affair, the dramatic details of which contrasted singularly with the epicurean speculations which persisted in haunting the cranium of Judge Sourd.

The case was thus: During the previous week, at sunrise, there had been found in a thicket of the forest the body of a game-keeper, who had evidently been assassinated, and then concealed among the brambles of a ditch. It was supposed that the crime had been committed by some strolling poacher, but up to the present time there had been elicited no precise evidence, and the witnesses examined had only made the mystery deeper.

The murder had taken place near the frontier, where charcoal burners were at work. The suspicions of the judge had therefore been directed toward them. The depositions thus far had revealed that on the night of the murder these people had been absent from their shanty, and the furnace had remained in the care of a young daughter of the charcoal burner.

Nevertheless, Judge Sourd had given the order to re-examine one of the men, a stolid boy of twenty, who had once had a falling out with the murdered game-keeper; and the judge had also cited the charcoal burner's daughter to appear before him. Just here the affair commenced to be peculiar. The girl had not responded to the summons. She had evidently hidden, no one knew where. The judge had been obliged to send a constable to look her up, and he was now awaiting the result of the search.

Toward 10 o'clock the door of his

cabinet opened, framing the cooked hat and yellow shoulder belt of the constable.

"Eh! well!" grunted the Judge. "Eh! well, Judge. I cannot find the girl. She has disappeared. The charcoal burners pretend utter ignorance."

"Pure acting!" irritably cried Judge Sourd. "These people are mocking you. You are but a stupid fellow at best. Go."

The Judge consulted his watch. The business was at a standstill; the case could not be called, and he wished to give a glance of oversight to the matter of the dining room before the arrival of his guests. He disrobed himself and hurried home.

The pleasant dining room, brightened by the June sunshine, presented a most attractive aspect with its white woodwork; its gray curtains; its high stove of blue faience with its marble top; and its round table covered with a dazzling white linen cloth, upon which were placed three covers, artistically trimmed. The little rolls of white bread rested tenderly upon the bright red napkins.

Flanked on the right with a lettuce salad, ornamented with nasturtiums; on the left by a cluster of shell-fish from the Meuse, the trout was extended in a platter encircled with parsley. Its blue back cut transversely, revealed its rich salmon color, and it held a full-blown rose in its mouth. By its side, a bowl of court-bouillon was just taking a chill, and exalating abroad a fine odor of thyme which rejoiced the nostrils.

This spectacle somewhat softened the ill-humor of the Judge, and he was calming, little by little, when the hall door opened violently, and he heard in the vestibule a girl's voice which cried: "I tell you I wish to speak to the Judge. He expects me."

At the same time a half-naked arm made the recorder Touché spin through the open door. He had just arrived, being one of the invited guests. A strange visitor was ushered by him into the dining hall. It was a young girl, almost a child, thin and brown, with uncovered head and with her hair streaming on the wind. Her stockingless feet were thrust into men's boots; a gray blouse and a skirt of blue cotton formed her sole attire. Her rapid walking had flushed her cheeks; her gentle brown eyes were sparkling under the uncombed tangles of her chestnut hair; her nostrils were dilating and her parted lips trembled.

"What does all this racket mean?" growled the Judge, scowling.

"It is that little charcoal burner," responded the recorder Touché. "She arrived at the Palais just after you left, and she has followed me as far as here, in a state of wild excitement, under that you may take her deposition."

"Eh!" groaned the Judge. "You are in a great hurry, my girl, after keeping me waiting three days. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I had my reasons," she said, casting hungry eyes upon the table.

"We can better appreciate your reasons later," replied the Judge, furious at the interruption. "Meanwhile we can listen to your report."

He drew out his watch. It was a quarter to eleven. "Yes, we have time, Touché. You will find at your side all that is necessary for writing. We will question her."

The notary seated himself at the writing table with his paper and inkstand, and his pen behind his ear, waiting. The judge, sitting squarely in a square-seated armchair, fixed his clear, hard eyes upon the girl, who remained standing near the stove.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"Meline Saelen."

"Your age, and your residence?"

"Sixteen years. I live with my father, who burns charcoal at the clearing of Onze-Fontaines."

"You swear to tell all the truth?"

"I came only for that."

"Raise your right hand. You were near your home on the night when the guard Serour was murdered. Re-late all that you know."

"This is what I know. Our folks had set out to go with the charcoal to Stonay. I watched near the furnace. Toward 8 o'clock, at a moment when the moon was hidden, Manchin, who is a woodcutter of Ire, passed before our lodge. 'See me! Am I not watching at an early hour?' I cried. 'How goes all at your home? All well?'"

"No," he answered. "The mother has a fever and the children are almost dying with hunger. There is not a mouthful of bread in the house."

"I am trying to kill a rabbit to sell in Marville. That is on the other side of Onze-Fontaine. I lost sight of him then, but at daybreak I heard the report of a gun and I was just clearing the ashes to shield the charcoal. Then, immediately after, two men came running toward our lodge. They were disputing. 'Scoundrel!' cried the guard. 'I arrest you.'"

"Serour," cried the other, 'I pray you let me have the rabbit, for they are dying of hunger at my home.'"

"Go to the deuce!" cried the guard. Then they fell upon each other. I could hear their hard blows plainly. Suddenly the guard cried, 'Ah!' and then he fell heavily."

"I had hidden behind our lodge, terribly frightened, and Manchin ran away into the great forest, and from that time to this he has not been seen. He is in Belgium, for sure. That is all!"

"Hum!" growled the Judge. "Why did you not come to tell this as soon as you received the summons?"

"It was none of my business—and I did not wish to speak against Manchin."

"I see! but you seem to have changed your mind this morning. How is that?"

"It is because I have heard that they accuse Guestin."

"And who is this Guestin?"

"The girl reddened and answered: 'He is our neighbor charcoal burner, and he would not harm a fly. Do you not see?' she continued, 'that the thought of fastening on him the guilt of another aroused me. I put these great boots on, and I have run all the way through the woods to tell you this. Oh, how I have run! I did not feel tired. I would have run till tomorrow if it had been necessary, because it is as true as the blue heavens that our Guestin is entirely innocent, gentlemen.'"

She spoke with an animation which

made her truly beautiful in spite of her rag. Her rough eloquence had the ring of sincerity, and the terrible Judge felt himself moved by the energy with which the child defended Guestin.

"Hullo!" cried he, seeing her suddenly grow pale and stagger. "What's the matter?"

"My head swims. I cannot see."

"She changed color and her temples grew moist."

The Judge, alarmed, poured out a glass of wine and cried: "Drink this quickly!" He was wholly absorbed and very much moved before this girl who was threatened with illness. He dared not call Scholastique, for fear of disturbing his cooking. He looked hopelessly toward the clerk, who was gnawing his penholder.

"It is a swoon," observed the latter. "Perhaps she needs something to eat."

"Are you hungry?" demanded the Judge.

"Excuse me," she said in a feeble voice, "but I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. It is that which makes me dizzy."

Judge Sourd trembled for the first time in years, while his heart softened as in childhood. He thought of this young girl who had run three leagues in order to save her companion from the clutches of the law—three leagues in a hot sun and fasting! The thought of the last moved his sensibilities more strongly than could anything else. In his confusion he cast a despairing look at the table. The salad and the shellfish seemed too good for any but such as he and his companions.

"The deuce?" he cried at last heroically. Violently he drew toward him the platter on which lay the trout. After separating a large piece which he put on the plate before her, he made the charcoal-burner sit down.

"Eat!" said he imperiously.

He had no need to repeat his command. She ate rapidly, voraciously. In another minute the plate was empty, and Judge Sourd heroically filled it anew.

The scribe Touché rubbed his eyes. He no longer recognized the Judge. He admired, though not without a sentiment of regret, the robust appetite of the charcoal burner, who devoured the exquisite fish without any more ceremony than if it had been a smoked herring, and he murmured, "What a pity! Such a beautiful dish!"

At that moment the door opened; the third guest, the good priest of St. Vincent, in a new cassock, with his three-cornered hat under his arm, entered the dining-room, and stopped questioning before the strange spectacle of that little savage seated at the Judge's table.

"Too late, Monsieur le Curé!" growled the Judge. "There is no more trout."

At the same time he related the history of the little charcoal burner. The curé heaved a sigh. He comprehended the grandeur of the sacrifice, but half-mournful, half-smiling, he tapped upon the shoulder of the Judge.

"Judge Nemorin Sourd!" cried he, "you are better than you thought. In truth I tell you that all punishment for your sin of gluttony will be forever remitted because of that trout which we have not eaten."

—[From the French, in Romance.]

How an Axe is Made.

On entering the main workshop the first step in the operation which is seen is the formation of the axe-head without the blade. The glowing flat iron bars are withdrawn from the furnace and are taken to a powerful and somewhat complicated machine, which performs upon them four distinct operations, shaping the metal to form the upper and lower parts of the axe, then the eye, and finally doubling the piece over so that the whole can be welded together. Next the iron is put in a powerful natural gas furnace and heated to a white heat. Taken out it goes under a tilt hammer and is welded in a second. This done, one blow from the "drop" and the poll of the axe is completed and firmly welded. Two crews of men are doing this class of work, and each crew can make 1,500 axes per day.

When the axe leaves the drop there is some superfluous metal still adhering to the edges and forming what is technically known as a "fin." To get rid of the fin the axe is again heated in a furnace and then taken in hand by a sawyer, who trims the ends and edges.

The steel must be of the required temper, the weight of all axes of the same size must be uniform, all must be ground alike, and in various other ways conform to an established standard. The inspector who tests the quality of steel does so by hammering the blade and striking the edge to ascertain whether it is too brittle or not.

An axe that breaks during the tests is thrown aside to be made over.

Before the material of the axe is in the proper shape it has been heated five times, including the tempering process, and the axe, when completed, has passed through the hands of about forty workmen, each of whom has done something toward perfecting it.

After passing inspection the axes go to the grinding department, and from that to the polishers, who finish them upon emery wheels. —(Philadelphia Record.)

It is said that those who do not wish to be stout should eschew the yellow to eggs.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

REAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

Heavy White Petticoats No Longer in Vogue—An Outdoor Dress for a Young Matron—Waistcoats Are All the Rage—A Pretty Scarf.

Fashions Folioes.

New York correspondence.

ETTICOATS of the sheer printed lawn are the prettiest things imaginable for summer wear. Choose for them any soft coloring you like, give them plenty of ruffles and make them ankle short. The heavy white skirt with Hamburg embroidery is all gone by. A little lawn skirt made of sheer stuff with a tiny rose-colored stripe through it, has each flounce buttonholed along the edge with rose-colored silk, and there are five flounces set in a little cluster about the edge of the skirt. Skirts of heavier material, such as cambric and fancy cottons, are also used. An especially pretty one is striped on a white ground with a bright "china" blue, that pretty turquoise shade which washes so well and which in combination with white has a way of looking cleaner than anything else in sight.

Scarlet waistcoats are worn with all sorts of colored gowns. A combination accepted by handsome dowagers of fine figure and presence is a stone gray or lead color smooth cloth for skirt and umbrella coat, with high scarlet cashmere waistcoat. A pique edge shows above the waistcoat on some very correct dames, and the linen is white, worn with a black tie.

A black hat is worn with a very low crown and a narrow lace straw brim that does not exceed the dimensions of a toque. The brim lifting slightly at the center in front, scooping down either side, rolling back over the ears and fitting down closely in the back, is set with a bright red flower or bunch of flowers, laid closely either side of the uplift in front. At the back of

dyked yoke collar, which is worn over a bodice of black tulle, which is further ornamented by a small figure made of silk which perfectly matches the suit. The draped collar and cravat are of maize-colored crepe de chine. At the left side the skirt opens to show a panel garnished at the bottom with three bands of velvet ribbon of different widths. The bodice hooks at the side, the figaro coming over, and fastening in front beneath the yoke. The hat of mordre straw is trimmed with feathers and primroses.

White China silk fancy waist trimmed with laid-on insertions of lace in black are fresh and pretty, and a really good lace will wash without hurting its color. There is a movement against velvets, and now any girl whose complexion can stand it goes with face bare. There are objections to this, do it in the country and at the sea shore if you like, but not in the city, where the face would be much better protected from dust and grit. Shaker flannel makes very useful and sensible summer dresses. It washes as well as cotton, is light, has enough wooliness about it to make it cozy to wear and is inexpensive. The white broadcloth gown is white only for one or two wearings, and then must be cleaned. White flannel is very pretty, but if you attempt to have it made in a shrinks like a bank account in a hard winter, and cleansing takes a long while and is expensive. Shaker flannel has all the air of a white wool gown, and the girl who wears it, after all, the only one who needs to know that it is clean. The men won't, that's certain.

In the last picture there is displayed a costume of almond green suit, with a gored skirt trimmed around the bottom with jet galloon. The short bodice fastens on the side and has a yoke of contrasting shade of crepe.

Turn to the initial figure, and there is shown an outdoor dress suitable for a young matron. Made of light navy cloth, its jacket bodice has a full-draped plastron and collar of old-gold moire, and the skirt is garnished in front with nine rows of lace. The toilet could also be made of plain cloth, serge, dark-blue chevrot, old red or green suit, with a wide, bougainville, or fancy silk in place of the moire.

A visiting toilet of gray silk is the artist's next contribution. The shirred yoke is of silver-gray gauze, having three bands of insertion laid against the lining and showing faintly through the gauze. The pleated skirt has a foundation of plain silk, is three yards wide, and is finished around the bottom with a small pleated ruffle. The jacket bodice is of gray cloth, and has long basques that may be separate and sewed on, or cut in one with the rest. The vest-like front is pointed, and the edges of the whole bodice are ornamented with a narrow spangle embroidery. The cloth hooks in front, and the yoke at the left shoulder. The skirt sleeves have two caps of plain silk.

A very pretty fashion of making up the dainty striped lawn is a fitted bodice with a yoke outlined by a fall of lawn, and with five rows of narrow black velvet, the yoke itself being covered with hoop rows of the same velvet. The skirt is made pretty full, and a flounce a half-yard wide and edged with rows of the narrow velvet and as high as the waist line in the back, and as low as the edge in front. The skirt edge in front. The effect is as pretty and not as elaborate to manage as an overdress. Such a dress carried out in a lawn, striped with a clear sapphire blue and trimmed with black

band and edged with jet passementerie and finished by a beaded lace frill. The standing collar and belt are black, watered ribbon, and the same ribbon may be substituted for the jet, if desired.

Waistcoats are all the rage, and the proper coat is the one that shows the most of the waistcoat, and, so doing, all sense of proportion is often lost sight of. The large lady with a generous curve below her waist in front, is just the one who garly wears a coat that fastens with three buttons just below the bust line, and then is cut away to either hip, that the lower part of the waistcoat may be seen; though, to tell the truth, the observer does not so much as think of the waistcoat. Don't do it, any of you, save those distracting and envied creatures who can do anything and look lovely.

There is a small allowance of duck suits this summer, and with four or a flannel, serge or hop gown you can face the summer if you have a lot of shirt waists and a vest or so. Use the light-weight duck, cut the bodice in modified blazer fashion, a short-skirted jacket, open and loose in front and fitting behind, with little perky umbrella skirt-back. The skirt itself is plain, round, and fairly full, the sleeves very big gigot, and the jacket turns back in front with wide revers. White ground with pin stripes of light blue or light brown makes the freshest suits. Black pin stripes are good, too, and a stylish combination is dots of red on a drab ground. Wear a red waistcoat with the latter. A lisle silk shirt with a folded neck, belt is all right under these little blazers, a front will do, or you may be gentlemanly and wear waistcoat, laundried linen, and correct tie. Plain white should not be attempted except in the heavier stuff. These skirts may be worn with shirt waists alone, so you see, with four such dresses you can make changes enough to prevent your best friend from keeping count.

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READY FOR SUNSHINE AND ITS WARMTH.

velvet, is worn with a yellow sailor hat bound with white ribbon standing in front, and with a great knot of blue and white bachelors just in front of each loop. These flowers stand high on their stems, which are bound close together, and so make a bunch of violets, pansies or forget-me-nots on

the hat a wide bow spreads sideways. There is no other trimming. This shape of hat is much worn by women of gray hairs and of the somewhat severe dignity that our stylized elderly matron develops. The dignified lady of this type who wears a lawn suit, still and with a brim turned back from the face, becomes grander-like at once and really terrifying.

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the hat a wide bow spreads sideways. There is no other trimming. This shape of hat is much worn by women of gray hairs and of the somewhat severe dignity that our stylized elderly matron develops. The dignified lady of this type who wears a lawn suit, still and with a brim turned back from the face, becomes grander-like at once and really terrifying.

Turn to the initial figure, and there is shown an outdoor dress suitable for a young matron. Made of light navy cloth, its jacket bodice has a full-draped plastron and collar of old-gold moire, and the skirt is garnished in front with nine rows of lace. The toilet could also be made of plain cloth, serge, dark-blue chevrot, old red or green suit, with a wide, bougainville, or fancy silk in place of the moire.

A visiting toilet of gray silk is the artist's next contribution. The shirred yoke is of silver-gray gauze, having three bands of insertion laid against the lining and showing faintly through the gauze. The pleated skirt has a foundation of plain silk, is three yards wide, and is finished around the bottom with a small pleated ruffle. The jacket bodice is of gray cloth, and has long basques that may be separate and sewed on, or cut in one with the rest. The vest-like front is pointed, and the edges of the whole bodice are ornamented with a narrow spangle embroidery. The cloth hooks in front, and the yoke at the left shoulder. The skirt sleeves have two caps of plain silk.

A very pretty fashion of making up the dainty striped lawn is a fitted bodice with a yoke outlined by a fall of lawn, and with five rows of narrow black velvet, the yoke itself being covered with hoop rows of the same velvet. The skirt is made pretty full, and a flounce a half-yard wide and edged with rows of the narrow velvet and as high as the waist line in the back, and as low as the edge in front. The skirt edge in front. The effect is as pretty and not as elaborate to manage as an overdress. Such a dress carried out in a lawn, striped with a clear sapphire blue and trimmed with black

band and edged with jet passementerie and finished by a beaded lace frill. The standing collar and belt are black, watered ribbon, and the same ribbon may be substituted for the jet, if desired.