THE SARATOGA HOP.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS DESCRIBES THE GAY FUNCTION.

It Was Pleasant Enough for the Young Dancers, but the Chaperons Withered Away Among Neglecting Mothers—Sensations of the Young and the Not Young.

Mr. W. D. Howells' novelette "An Open Eyed Conspiracy," in The Century, contains the following description of that important social function, a Saratoga hop:

The ball and the evening were equally fitted for the event to which they owned equally dedicated. The dancing was to be out of doors on a vast planking, or platform, set up in the heart of that leaky court which the hotel incloses. Around this platform dropped the skies, tall Saratoga trees, and over it hung the Saratoga sky, of a nocturnal blue very pure in your latitude, with the stars faint in its depths, and by and by a white moon that permitted itself a modest competition with the electric lights effulgent everywhere. There was a great crowd of people in the portico, the vestibule and the trance places and on the lawn around the platform, where "the trodden weed" met up the sweet scent of trodden grass in the cool night air. My foolish old heart bounded with a pulse of youth at the thought of all the gay and tender possibilities of such a scene.

But the young people under my care seemed in no haste to mingle in it. We elders are always fancying youth impatient, but there is no time of life which has so much patience. It behooves us if it had eternity before it—in eternity of youth—instead of a few days and years and then the frosty pate. We who are young no longer think we would do so and so if we were young, as women think they would do so and so if they were men, but if we were really young again we should not do at all what we think.

We should not hurry to experience our emotions; we should not press forward to discharge our duties or repair our mistakes; we should not seize the occasion to make a friend or transmute an enemy; we should let weeks and months go by in the realization of a passion and trust all sorts of contingencies and accidents to help out with its confession. The thoughts of youth are very long, and its conclusions are deliberate and delayed and often withheld altogether. It is age which is tremulously eager in these matters and cannot wait with the fine patience of nature in her growing minds.

As soon even as I was in the hotel I was impatient to press through to the place where the dancing was, and where I already heard the band playing. I knew very well that when we get there I should force to sit down somewhere on the edge of the platform with the other frumps and fogies and begin taking cold in my dress coat and want to doze off without being able to, while my young people were waltzing together or else promenading up and down, ignoring me or recognizing me by the offer of a fan and the question whether I was not simply melting. I have seen how the poor chaperon fares at such times. But they, some of their fun, were by no means desirous to have it over or even to have it begin. They dawdled through the thronged hotel office, where their irresponsible pairs were coming and going under the admiring eyes of the hotel lounge, and they wandered up and down the waste parlors and sat on nine-a-teres just to try them apparently, and Miss Gage verified in the mirrors the beauty which was reflected in all eyes. They commit themselves with the extent of the richly carpeted and upholstered decoration around them, where only a few lonely and aging women lurked about on sofas and ottomans, and they fell to jousting with their companions for the plutonian spectators at the long veranda windows trying to penetrate with their hetaerian eyes to the fog going on in the court far beyond the intermediary desert of the parlors.

When they signified at last that they were ready for me to lead them on to the dance, I would so much rather have gone to bed that there are no words for the comparison. Then, when we got to the place, which I should never have been able to reach in the world if it had not been for the young energy and impulsiveness of Americans, and they had put me in a certain seat with Miss Gage's wraps beside me where they could find me, they went off and danced for hours and hours. For hours and hours! For age and age, while I sat, tired away and neglecting mothers and saw my charges through the dreadful half dreams of such a state whirling in the waltz, hopping in the polka, sliding in the galop and then endlessly walking up and down between the dances and eating and drinking the chill refreshments that it made my teeth chattter to think of.

I suppose they decently came to me from time to time, though they seemed to to always dancing, for I might afterward remember Miss Gage taking a wrap from me now and then, and quick-ly coming back and putting it on her big again. I got so chilled that if they had not been unmistakably women's wraps I should have bundled them all about my shoulders, which I could almost hear creak with shamming. I think I have fallen into a sort of drowsy at last, for I was having a dispute with some sort of authority, which turned out to be Mrs. Marsh, and upbraiding her with the fact that there were no women's wraps which would also do for a man, when the young people stood over us and before me, and Miss Gage said that she was tired to death now, and they were going.

THE PUEBLO WOMEN.

Pretty and Picturesque as Girls and Sinister as Young Women.

"The Pueblo Indian women are often very pretty as girls, and some of them make a fair young mothers," writes Hamlin Garland in Ladies' Home Journal. "They work generally in groups of three or four, cooking, weaving, washing, wearing or painting pottery. They seem to have a great deal to chatter about, and their smiling faces are very agreeable. They have most excellent white teeth. Their outward dress is very picturesque, especially the costume of the Acomas and Isleta girls. All buxom and smiling, in the wisdom of Acoma, Isleta and Laguna (you, the head, and they have, in consequence, a magnificent carriage even late in life. The old women of Walpi, on the contrary, are bent and down looking. They carry their burdens on their backs, slung in a blanket. The girls of Isleta wear a light cloth over their heads, Spanish fashion, and manage it with fine grace and coquetry.

"The everyday dress of the Hopi women consists of a set of kilts, which is wrapped around the hips and fastened with a belt, which consists of the blanket or well skin. Above this a suit of sleeveless chemise pretty covers the bosom. Their hair is carefully combed, but is worn in an unpowdered mode by some of the older women. The young ones cut the hair in front square across and to the line of the lips, while the back hair is gathered into a set of kilts. The front hair hangs down over the face, also resembling the cap. The unmarried women in Walpi wear their hair in a strange way. They coil it into two big dolls just there their ears. The friend being to symbolize the south and pioneer by imitating the squash flower, the matrons correspondingly dress their hair to symbolize the ripened squash." None of the maidens are wonderfully Japanese in appearance."

Positive Proof.

Wallace—I need to believe that hypnotism was a rank fraud, but I am a convert now.

Ferry—How put under the influence yourself?

"No. But a 'professor' got Wheeler on the stage, and it was not five minutes before Wheeler was standing up before the crowd and asserting that there were lots of better tenors than his."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT PURSUANT to an execution issued out of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Salt Lake, in a cause therein pending, wherein Mary Ann Gage and Ann Gage, minors, by James Jeffreys, their guardian ad litem, are plaintiffs, and Ann Hunt, Thomas S. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, his wife, Thomas S. Hunt, Jr., Charles Hunt, Mary A. Hunt, Lillian Hunt, Chandler Hunt and Annie H. Chandler, his wife, Louie F. Parsons and Mrs. Louie F. Parsons, his wife, Thomas Hunt, Jr., and Mrs. Thomas Hunt, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe, as trustees for Thomas Hunt, Jr., Charles Hunt, Mary A. Hunt, Lillian Hunt, Chandler Hunt and Annie H. Chandler, his wife, Thomas S. Hunt, Jr., and Mrs. Thomas S. Hunt, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe, as trustees for Thomas Hunt, Jr., Charles Hunt, Mary A. Hunt, Lillian Hunt, Chandler Hunt and Annie H. Chandler, his wife, Thomas S. Hunt, Jr., and Mrs. Thomas S. Hunt, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe, as trustees for Thomas Hunt, Jr., Charles Hunt, Mary A. Hunt, Lillian Hunt, Chandler Hunt and Annie H. Chandler, his wife, Thomas S. Hunt, Jr., and Mrs. Thomas S. Hunt, his wife, Mary E. Lowe and Edwin R. Lowe