The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897. VOL. XXII.—NO. 28.

HELEN'S TWO LOVERS.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

WAS he glad? Was he sorry? Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain fact stared him ever in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor, and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother has been successful, when he was killed."

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wound that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife, after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile, for he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of 20, whose heart had been crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes were dull and weary, her duties met with a rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to, in matter-of-fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he hoped to make her.

"If she never loves me!" he thought, bitterly, "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?"

He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread herself than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice, and he had business in the west that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said gently, yet with a shudder:

"I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains, Will. Write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and, in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him:

"George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily.

"Let me go, Spencer!" the crippled man pleaded. "I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said, gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches, and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deep compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes! All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let anyone know for fear it would get to—to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"

"Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."

"No! I should be only a wreck if I could, but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased, fatally."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, but saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain, he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me," Will thought, ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, "but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen upstairs, alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter, and quietly effacing himself.

It were far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not rish ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me!"

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months, when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"The old lady, sir, is dead," the servant told him, "an' Miss Helen's livin' in —— street. Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady, she's took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered, with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The archbishop of Canterbury is patron of 191 livings; the prince of Wales of 81.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Words of Advice and Encouragement to the Doctors.

How God Has Honored the Profession—Why Doctors Should be Christians—Their Opportunities for Christian Usefulness.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage sends out the following sermon containing words of encouragement to the medical profession. It is based on the text:

And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceedingly great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers.—II. Chronicles, xvi., 12.

At this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa, with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurors or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatanry and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceedingly great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick; bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely-directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe, on the day when they started out, and He said to them: "Go heal the sick, and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over! and let all the hospitals, and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and asylums, and domestic circles of the earth respond: "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of the wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moment if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulus and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor He has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ Himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmotologist, and under His mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club foot was straightened, and anchylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

> A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal.

Cicero said: "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX. made proclamation that all the Protestants in France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made once exception, and that the case of Pare, the father of the French surgery. The battlefields of the American revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer and Warren and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized at fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it, and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flaxseed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and Asceli the uses of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and cinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernathy, and Hosack, and Romeyn, and Griscom, and Valentine Mott, of the generation just past, honored God, and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

If we who are laymen in medicine would understand what the medical profession has accomplished for the insane, let us look into the dungeons where the poor creatures used to be incarcerated. Madmen, chained naked to the wall. A kennel of rotten straw their only only sleeping place. Room unventilated and unlighted. The worst calamity of the race punished with the very worst punishment. And then come and look at the insane asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—sofsed, and pictured, librared, concerted, until all the arts and adornments come to coax recreant reason to assume her throne. Look at Edward Jenner, the great hero of medicine. Four hundred thousand people annually dying in Europe from the smallpox, Jenner finds that by the inoculation of people with vaccine from a cow, the great scourge of nations may be arrested. The ministers of the Gospel denounced vaccination; small wits caricatured Edward Jenner as riding in a great procession on the back of a cow; and grave men expressed it as their opinion that all the diseases of the brute creation would be transplanted into the human family; and they gave instances where, they said, actually horns had come out on the foreheads of innocent persons, and people had begun to chew the cud! But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it has been estimated that one doctor, in fifty years, has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed!

Passing along the streets of Edinburgh a few weeks after the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, I saw the photograph of the doctor in all the windows of the shops and stores, and well might that photograph be put in every window, for he first used chloroform as an anaesthetic agent. In other days they tried to dull human pain by the hasheesh of the Arabs and the madrepore of the Roman and the Greek; but it was left to Dr. James Simpson to introduce chloroform as an anaesthetic. Alas for the writhing subjects of surgery in other centuries! Blessed be God for that wet sponge or vial in the hand of the operating surgeon in the clinical department of the medical college, or in the sick room of the domestic circle, or on the battle-field amid thousands of amputations. Napoleon, after a battle, rode along the line and saw under a tree, standing in the snow, Larrey, the surgeon, operating upon the wounded. Napoleon passed on, and twenty-four hours afterward came along the same place, and he saw the same surgeon opearting in the same place, and he had not left it. Alas for the battle-fields without chloroform. But now, the soldier boy takes a few breaths from the sponge and forgets all the pang of the gunshot fracture, and while the surgeons of the field hospital are standing around him he lies there dreaming of home, and mother, and Heaven. No more parents standing around a suffering child, struggling to get away from the sharp instrument, but mild slumber instead of excruciation, and the child wakes up and says: "Father, what's the matter? What's the doctor here to-day for?" Oh, blessed be God for James Y. Simpson and the heaven-descended mercies of chloroform.

The medical profession steps into the court-room, and, after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analyses shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematical demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudence.

This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera, and the yellow fever! The monuments in Greenwood, and Mount Auburn, and Laurel Hill tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in southern cities, until, staggering in their own sickness, they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston, when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets, and then call on God for help.

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful substraction from human life that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him; but he cut off the most of it and only comparatively few years were left—only 700 years of life, and then 500, and then 400, and then 200, and then 100, and then 50, and then the average of human life came to 40, and then it dropped to 18. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century the average of human life has risen from 18 years to 44; and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be 50, and it will be 60, and it will be 70, and a man will have no right to die before 90, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled: "And the child shall die a hundred years old." The millenium for the souls of men will be the millenium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for anyone's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary, and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers, and rheum, and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary, in one year, 100,000 prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up you vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brocklesby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way, here comes Dr. Brocklesby's wig." No, I announce these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the work of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work, and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian, and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in His sermon may be appropriate to you: "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibers which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch, and plinth, and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets, a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances.

Again: The medical profession ought to be Christian because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblessed physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not the happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor. Between the five drops and the ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? Be careful how you put that knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swing out of the way the sixth part of an inch the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells, and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs—why it seems to open and shut. There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand, shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with Him who said to the blind: "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with Him who said: "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with Him who cured the issue of blood, saying: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O, doctors, hear my prayer for your eternal salvation. Blessed will be the reward in Heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire: "How is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, barefooted and bareheaded, will stand on the street corner saying: "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the physician of Heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me!"

Even the laziest man can usually see some work that another fellow ought to do.—N. Y. Weekly.

You can tell a preacher's letter by the odd stationery they all use.

DRESSES FOR TRAVEL.

Braided Brown Serge with a Bolero Jacket the Favorite.

Both the dressmakers and tailors tell you on asking to see their latest inventions in railway and steamship dresses that every woman who orders a touring toilet insists it must be braided carte blanche. In consequence the custom has arrived of decorating the cloth skirt lightly with corded figurings, but so loading the coat or waist with braid that little of its original color is seen and double weight and heat are guined.

The majority of skirts are liked with gay checked red and white, cool green and white, or striped silk shirts, and are rarely accompanied by close-fitting waists to match. A complete costume consists of a skirt and bolero jacket, this last worn over a linen shirt waist or a bodice that is more or less fancifully decorated. A tailor who sincerely has your well being at heart would advise you to get for touring purposes a toilet of blue sailcloth. Its chiefest recommendation is its coat waist, with cape sleeves, that slips on over anything you may please to wear, from a board bosom shirt to a chiffon bodice. As it is the first of the bolero jackets to come over accompanied by sleeves it can easily be guaranteed a most affectionate popularity, for first of all it is a realization of supreme convenience and comfort.

By such wraps as these the golf cape long cherished by the traveling woman has almost, if not quite, disappeared. No capes at all are carried any longer, and when this little bolero is taken off it may as frequently as not reveal a delicately elaborate waist underneath. That is because the very modern traveling suit consists of four pieces, a skirt, a waist for morning wear, one for evening use, and a bolero coat. The morning waist is flannel, percale, while with the original of this sketch was sold a waist meant to be donned with the skirt of an evening, when the wearer in hotel or on board steamship made herself ready for dinner.

Serge continues the favorite material, however, and brown the favorite color.

Undoubtedly a boon are the traveling chapeaux, made to order to suit special gowns. If, for example, you have a red, green, or blue steamer dress, the milliner will weave a brim of straw, build a crown of a bit of one's material, and adjust wings, flowers and ribbons to coincide with both. Sometimes she will weave the brim all of rough mohair braid on a wire foundation, while with one accord the ladies of quality set forth on their journeys this season gloved in the palest tints. White and the lightest tan dogskin three-buttoned gants are the choice, and they are intended to fit the hand as easily as driving gloves, showing only the most inconspicuous stitchings. Here and there, where frivolity will out, a traveler of youthful bearing and a slim waist appears in one of the new tourist belts of flexible gold, studded at intervals with emerald pebbles, and having suspended from one side a small bead or gilt net purse, with a gate top catch; also a small wallet of violet moire embossed in gold.

If a cape is worn at all when traveling, one of scarlet-faced cloth is the proper garment. It must fall in four or five ruffles, and every ruffle is lined with checked silk, in black and white usually. Instead of a cape, though, by way of an extra wrap, a Russian blouse is regarded as far more modish. It buttons down from the left shoulder, gathers in at the waist, to show off a gem-studded gilt belt, and falls only about two inches below the hip, but as to its warmth no doubts can be entertained. Rough Cowes serge and Maltese storm cloth are what they are made of, lined with char scarlet taffeta and allowed when belted in to blouse amply round the waist. That is, it literally overhangs the belt, both at back and front, and the very handsome ones are cut from pure cream white Maltese cloth, heavily braided in gold galoon.

But when weighty coats and capes are laid aside and the wandering American woman sits down to her hotel or steamship saloon dinner a different effect of traveling costume is displayed, for in place of bolero or Russian blouse she wears her traveling bodice. For a brown dress it is apt to be of brown batiste embroidered in corn flowers and checked with corn flower blue ribbon; with the skirt of a maroon cloth 'tis all of white chiffon sprigged in lavender, the chiffon bagging at back and front, over a belt of lettuce green taffeta ribbon and the collar and yoke of blue velvet. Then it is she exchanges her high brown shoes for strap slippers that reveal her nautical stockings, sea blue lisle thread all over with minute white life preservers or anchors; brown, perhaps, showing scarlet crabs and cloaked in coils of white cordage. On deck over the sailor hats, in place of the sewing silk or chiffon veils, batiste sun protectors are worn, their chief virtue being that a tubbing in soap and warm water does them no harm. It is only fair to say that they are pretty, too, coming in every imaginable color, with a row of little square white tucks along the bottom, cut square or shaped out like a half moon to fit neatly on any hat.—Boston Globe.

The Season's Frills.

The ever-popular linen and duck suits are crowding into the places of the heavier costumes in vogue in early spring.

The ever-popular challie has taken still another departure and is being shown with white borders, which make most effective trimming.

There will be an unusually large demand for washable fabrics during the coming summer. Not only all such goods as may bear the brunt of the washtub, but also those which, if subjected to any other process than careful cleaning, would be rendered useless.

Insertions of lace will be one of the most frequent forms of trimming for plain linens, sewed in horizontal rows between bands of material, composing clustered decorations on the fronts or side breadths.—Chicago Record.

SHE WAS MALIGNED.

Mrs. Blogg Makes It Interesting for a Caller.

"People say I don't do anything," remarked Mrs. Blogg in an injured tone of voice to a caller one afternoon, "when, goodness knows, I haven't a whole moment to call my own from long before breakfast time till I go to bed at night. The storeroom had to be cleaned to-day, and I declare I was fairly exhausted after it was over with. I got my husband to go down and help the girl move the things, and then called my niece to climb upon the stepladder and hand down the canned fruit, and had the cook come and scald the cabbage, and when the cook's sister happened in I set her to scrubbing the shelves, and got the grocery boy to carry the empty boxes down cellar—and—er—people say I don't do anything! And then I had 'em all go upstairs to the top floor and move some chests off a trunk I wanted to get into, and bring down a bookcase and put it in the back room, and take the furniture out of the front room and put it in the hall bedroom, and fetch down the new black walnut suit, for I'm expecting company, and people say I don't do anything! And—"

"How is your aunt this afternoon?" broke in the caller by way of taking part in the conversation.

"Oh, yes—well, she's better, thank you; able to sit up to-day, and so I got her to hem me a tablecloth or two this morning, and my husband's mother's coming next week, and I'm going to get her to embroider—there! That reminds me I was wishing you'd drop in so I could get you to crochet an edge a little way round my afghan—just such a beautiful edge as I saw on yours when I was over yesterday—am sure I'll never get time to do it all myself and—and people say I don't do anything!"

And after the caller had crocheted three mortal hours, with Mrs. Blogg talking one minute and hammering out inanimate sections of "The Dying Poet" on the piano keys the next, she was attentively exclaimed all the way to the front gate and finally let off with:

"Good-by, dear, good-by. Hope you'll come in again soon, for I shall never get time to come over to your—mercy on me! there's our back door slamming, and my husband has gone out just when I wanted him to pull the oilcloth from under the dining-room stove and put down the new zinc, and people say—yes, yes, good-by. I know you're glad enough not to be in my shoes!"—N. Y. Journal.

CAUSE OF APPENDICITIS.

The Means for Prevention Are Very Simple.

What does happen in appendicitis is the following: The bowels are almost invariably neglected and improperly cared for. Fecal matter accumulates and causes various disturbances at different points. Fecal matter in a liquid state is absorbed by the tissues, of which the appendix forms a part. After getting into the cavity of the appendix the liquid portions are taken up, a process which might be considered as similar to evaporation from the outside of the body, while the solid portions no longer held in solution, is deposited, forming a concretion. This material, as you can well understand, has more of the same constantly added to it, till finally, as a foreign body, it starts up inflammation, which causes perforation of the appendix and all its attending complications and consequences.

When these conditions are to be present in your own case you will not be able to tell, but you can rely on this—that if you have the very bad habits which belong to the masses of American people in respect to eating, care of the body, etc., you are likely to have the disease at any time. Bathe properly, exercise properly, eat properly and keep the bowels so free that you cannot reabsorb your own excrement, and the chances are that you will remain quite healthy and you will not be obliged to call upon any of us to remove your appendix for you.

If the grape seed still sticks in your mind, try to find some of the large, luscious, juicy fruit which is perfection and without seeds, and when you have found it send me some.—Frank L. Burt, M. D., in Healthy Home.

Conquering Prejudices.

Prejudices, which are from within, cause more poverty than calamities, which are from without. Many a man whose life has been disturbed by physical disaster has been brought to destitution by prejudices, which are the thieves of mental and spiritual treasure, as procrastination is the thief of time. We pity the feeble creature who has been prejudiced against apples by an untoothsome crab apple; but those who are by no means feeble-minded have been prejudiced against sentiment by sentimentality, against emotion by emotionality. And yet, without sentiment one would not be susceptible to noble and tender feeling; without emotion thought would never be "in a glow." He who conquers a prejudice enlarges his borders and recovers many stolen goods.—Detroit Free Press.

Bachelor Girl's Environments.

The three things to which the bachelor girl must look mainly for success in life are: Regular food, plenty of exercise and cheerful, homelike surroundings. The rest of the affairs of life will probably adjust themselves more or less satisfactorily, but these three she has mainly in her own hands, and in accordance with the manner in which she looks after them will her health, strength, and cheerful disposition hold out.—Chicago Tribune.

The Healthful Bean.

A quart of white beans, soaked over night. In the morning into an earthen bean pot, bought for the purpose, put one pound salt pork, partly freshened; drain beans and turn over the pork. Add pepper and a large tablespoonful of New Orleans molasses. Fill up the beanpot with water and bake in a moderate oven six hours, adding water if the beans become dry.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.