who, in default of other male heirs, had been permitted to assume the name and title.

From the very moment when we first stepped from out the "break," which had been sent to Tours to meet us, on to the rose-laden terrace of the castle, where with Madame de Flavelles he stood awaiting our arrival, he had not ceased to persecute Margaret with his attentions, and if my cousin failed to notice this it was only because another image had so filled her heart and mind that she ignored many things which could not possibly have escaped the eye of the most casual unprejudiced observer.

How I did long to enlighten her on the subject! But there was so calm and grand a dignity in her very innocence that it effectually tied my tongue in so far as she was concerned, though it did not prevent my attempting to score some point in another direction, that I must frankly acknowledge. And this is how I succeeded in accomplishing my end.

It was one bright and lovely morning about a week or 10 days after our arrival at Flavelles, and I, coming down stairs with my hat on, all eager impatience to be off for a good long walk in the beautiful forest near by, found to my intense disappointment that Margaret had promised to assist la Marquise in overhauling some old cabinets which had not been looked into for a score of years and more, and which were known to contain many very beautiful and curious things. Seeing the blank look upon my face, Madame de Flavelles took from a small inlaid work-table a bit of crimson wool, and putting it into my hand said: "Tiens, mon enfant! I have need of more of this for my knitting for the poor, and Nanette, old Jacques's daughter, who was to go in town yesterday, was to get it for me. If she has not yet brought it here it must be that her father is ill. Will you go to their cottage and see about it? I assure you you will be helping me greatly."

Now, although I knew this was said merely to give me an excuse for getting out of doors, I accepted the commission with alacrity, and a moment later, after calling "Tom," the great black caniche, my one and only admirer, I had made my way through the garden and along the avenue of chestnut trees into the leafy depths of the forest beyond. I knew the road to old Jacques's cottage well, for it was a walk Margaret and I had already taken several times. How intensely blue the sky was, seen through the great bending branches overhead, and how soft the moss under foot! For Tom and I never thought of keeping to the road, but were having the wildest, most utterly delightful scampers, now in this direction, now in that; so that by the time we reached the cottage I, at least, was pretty well out of breath and not sorry for a rest.

There I found, as Madame de Flavelles had thought probable, that Jacques had one of his bad attacks of rheumatism, and that Nanette had not dared to be out of his sight. She had the wool, however, and as she gave it to me asked, with a smiling glance at my disheveled locks and crimsoned countenance, whether "Madamoiselle would not have a glass of milk to refresh her after her walk."

This I accepted most thankfully, and as I replaced the empty glass on the table, said: "It must be very pleasant to spend one's life in such a peaceful, lovely spot! In the country from which I come, Nanette, everyone moves about so constantly that it is rare to find grown-up people living even in the same city in which their parents lived. You were, I suppose, born in this house, were you not?"

"Why is it that all my life, whenever I have wished to make myself particularly agreeable, I have been sure to stumble upon some unfortunate subject of conversation just as I did then. In a moment Nanette's frank and open countenance had clouded, and her eyes had taken a stubborn, angry look.

"No, Mademoiselle," she said; "I was not born here! My father has not been always in the service of Madame la Marquise. He was formerly gamekeeper to Monsieur le Comte de Saint Armand."

Now, nothing could possibly have been more inopportune than my expressing any emotion at those words, but the remembrance of Madame de Villeneuve's story flashing suddenly across my mind, I cried out: "What! the old Count? The one who was murdered?" And in a voice cold and hard as ice she answered: "Naturally! Since the other one has never lived here!"

O, my never-ending curiosity! How many times in my life have I had cause to repent me of it, and yet despite the many severe lessons I have had, it is constantly breaking out afresh.

"But you were only a child then,"—this in my most wheedling and ingratiating manner,—"and cannot, of course, remember much about the Count's death."

"Not remember, I!" And with flushed face and eyes like those of a veritable fury, Nanette moved suddenly toward me, while Tom—who had been lying at my feet—sprang up, barking furiously.

"Nanette!" came in a deep-toned voice from the adjoining room, and at that warning call the color died slowly away, the angry light faded from the honest eyes, and covering her face with her hands, the girl said:

"Ah, pardon! Mademoiselle, of course, could not know! But—though my father's innocence was fully proved—he was suspected at the time, and we could no longer remain at the Hermitage." This with a proud lifting of the head which many a tragedy queen might have envied. "It was then, when everyone was against us, that Madame la Marquise—like a saint as she is—brought us here, where we have remained ever since."

"And what did the other—the young Count I suppose you would call him—say to your leaving?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle! what could he say? He was not here! And though his 'homme d'affaires' said we were not to go, my father's feelings had been too deeply hurt. He was very proud, my poor father, and no one will ever know all he suffered in those days. He had had no easy life with the old Count, either; but he knew how to take him, and was in fact the only one who dared oppose him when he was in one of his angry moods. Indeed, because of his very fearlessness, the Count was continually threatening to send him away, only to call for him the next hour to consult him about his pheasants.

"The day before the death of Monsieur le Comte, however, there had been a most unfortunate scene. Monsieur de Saint Armand suspected one of the under keepers of dishonesty, and ordered my father to discharge the man immediately. But he was a poor fellow with a large family dependent on him, and had always appeared most faithful, and this my father tried to tell the Count, who refused, however, to hear any explanation of the matter, saying that unless the man went my father must go himself. He had said the same thing so often before—had Monsieur le Comte—that no one would have thought twice of his words, had he not been found dead in his park the following morning; when—as the police could not lay their hands on the murderer—a gardener, who, for some cause, bore my father a grudge, and who had been present during the unlucky scene of the day before, came forward and repeated the Count's words; and that led to my poor father's arrest."

As she paused, with eyes glowing like lighted coals from excitement, the call from the next room was repeated in sharper, sterner tones, and I sprang hurriedly to my feet, saying:

"Oh, forgive me, Nanette! You will be scolded, and it is all my fault. Yes, yes, Pere Jacques! she is coming right away. Thank you so much for the milk; it was delicious. Down, Tom! If you put your paws on my shoulders I shall never run with you again."

And so, taking the bundle of wool in my hand, I started for the chateau.

[To be continued.]

# "RECKLESS."

## The Experience of One Boy in a Mining Town.

To a boy brought up in a mining town, knowledge of life's evils comes early; yet to "Reckless," his childhood seemed a period of blissful unconsciousness, when, after the first shock, he looked back over it.

He had not known the physical pleasures and humanizing love for animals and fields which the country gives, nor had he enjoyed the sophisticating variety of a city boy's life. There had been no delicious, busy-idle days of fishing and hunting, no adequate mental training for his vigorous individuality; for Silver Hill is ugly, dry, and arrogantly ignorant. The children of the mining towns are modeled upon no conventional pattern. Each springs up from the rocks, aggressive and active, and the influences he encounters modify but slightly his bristling originality. "Reckless" knew of nothing better than the free life the dusty town afforded, and his self-reliant nature and strong, dark face bespoke a close assimilation with the mountains, the mines, the stern aspect of the barren country. He reveled in long rambles over the sagebrush-covered hills, made golden in the Summer with sunflowers, and his merry heart and sturdy body delighted in the rough fun which the heavy Winter's snows give the mountain boys. The craving of his developing mind was satisfied with any book or paper that came to him, for his imagination ennobled characters and events till they became heroic.

Of course he had long ago understood the vital significance of the rise and fall of stocks, and in a casual way kept himself posted as to the selling price per share of the more important mines. Being a wide-awake lad, with what he fancied was a talent for financiering, he later invested large sums of imagined wealth in certain stocks, and after worming himself in among the excited crowd in front of the brokers' offices, would stand with panic or exultation written upon his eager face, according to the fluctuations of his supposed investment. The spirit of gambling took possession of the boy's impulsive nature, and, being a miner's son and born to poverty, he gloried in daring risks and enormous imaginary purchases upon margin.

As he grew tall and broad-shouldered, he became ashamed of the little book in which he had entered the wonderful transactions, where one page made him a millionaire and another a beggar. But his interest in the stock-board was strong as ever, and he longed for the time when he might invest his own money and, perhaps, realize his boyish dreams, for he felt unbounded hope in the future.

A Nevada child sees wrecks all around him—his own life may be clouded by poverty which is the result of improvidence; yet as surely as the time comes when his physical strength shall enable him to earn money, he will trustfully follow the path which his father followed before him. "Reckless," despite his unchildlike experience, was assured of success. He meant to be rich, and great, and happy; he intended to win where others had lost; he had a confident expectation of triumph, a consciousness, which to him seemed infallible, of special power.

But he wasted little time on dreams. A healthy boy's life is too full, no matter where he may be, to allow much room for thought. In the bustling, hilly town where all his life had been passed, "Reckless" knew every person of importance, every piece of news that the day furnished. His eager mind absorbed experience, and he could talk with precocious intelligence of the quality of ore in the cross-cut of the Bertha Mine or of the latest scandal, in which mining towns are prolific.

Silver Hill people measure time from important mining events. An occurrence happened, they will say, when "Bertha" touched 500; a year after the fire in the southend mines; or just before the rise in "Day & Cummings." "Reckless" left boyhood behind him after the panic caused by the failure of Grayson & Grayson, stockbrokers.

He had been out on the hills with his dog in the early morning, when, looking down upon the grade below, he saw a swiftly-moving team. Surprised, he put both hands to his mouth and shouted cherrily to the driver; but a pale, frightened face looked up at him, and the horses were urged on madly. On their way to school an hour or two later, the boys noticed that the Graysons' office had not been opened, and long before 12 o'clock the infuriated miners, who besieged the closed doors, knew that Edgar Grayson and his brother had left Silver Hill before daybreak, taking with them the fruits of years of labor and all hopes of future ease. There was hardly a home untouched by the disaster. No Nevada miner is too poor, no millionaire too rich, to be indifferent to the glorious possibilities of stock investments.

After school, as they hurried along the street with an unnatural perception of trouble, the children discussed the news. "Reckless," whose uncompromising spirit had earned his nickname, was in disgrace and sat in the empty school-room, scowling at his books. He looked up resentfully as the door opened, expecting the teacher's entrance and familiar homily, but a little maid with smooth, brown hair and rosy cheeks came toward him, her hands outstretched, a pitying look in her eyes.

"Oh, 'Reckless,'" she said, softly, "isn't it dreadful? I ran back to tell you what they say of your father."

"What?" he demanded, rising from his seat and shaking the dark hair back from his face.

The soft, brown eyes were suffused with tears as she raised them to his face.

"He—he's dead, you know. They say he's shot"——

But "Reckless" waited to hear no more. He tore out of the school-room and rushed madly up the hill.

In the next week "Reckless" grew old. As he became familiar with the details of his father's hidden life and shameful death, the honest lad's pride suffered fearfully. He had had no hero-worship for his father; all his heroes dwelt in books; but although his unguided youth had taught him much, his instinct was still Puritan. He could find no pity in his rigid code for the man who had neglected his wife and finally killed himself for the miserable woman who no longer feigned affection when his small savings were swept away in the Graysons' failure. In time, however, his bitter resentment for his mother's humiliation roused him from his grief, and he squared his shoulders for the burden they had inherited. He put away his ambition, he made it the sole aim of his life to keep his mother and her brood of younger children in the humbly respected position they had held. He told himself that he was fortunate to be permitted to take his father's place in the mine, and he assumed, as a matter of course, the responsibilities his father had laid down.

There came a day when the tax upon his young strength proved too severe, and with a despairing moan, he threw aside the pick and shovel and lay gasping and faint in the dark drift. Hughes, the shift-boss, found him and brought him to the surface; and "Reckless" came back to life, after his illness, with a sweetened consciousness of the generosity and charity of his mates.

As he lay back in the luxury of convalescence, "Reckless" smiled to himself, recalling the weary cry he had given as he fell, and in the confidence born with reviving strength, he attributed his former despair to the latent illness. One of the children came running into the bare little room. The big brother's mood was tender and hopeful. He held out a great, sinewy hand to the child, and, as the little fellow approached, leaned over and lifted him up on the bed.

"Better?" the child inquired.

He nodded.

"I told her you was."

"Reckless" sat up straight and his rugged face lit up wonderfully.

"Who, Jack?"

"Miss Gertrude West," he said, pompously; and then in a confidential tone: "Gertie West, you know."

"What did she say, Jack?"

"Nuthin'. She jest asked how you was."

"Yes?" encouragingly.

"Uh-huh," Jack assented, smiling fondly up at him.

"Then what did she say?"

"Oh, nuthin'. She jest said she was glad."

"Did she, Jack?"

He nodded again. "Got a bit?" he said, slyly.

Jack left the room with the dime in his hand, and his brother leaned back with a long, satisfied sigh.

Every house in Silver Hill, no matter how humble, has a view, for the town is built on the side of a mountain. The mild evening air came through the window, and "Reckless" could see the hope-inspiring mountains rising nobly out in the west, the sun sinking behind them in a gorgeous tinting of clouds. He lay quite quiet, his arms above his head, a smile upon his lips, his eyes looking earnestly beyond the straggling, irregular town clinging to the mountainside, till nothing was left of the crimson and golden glory but a faint band of pink, above which a star trembled.

* * * *

The mines of Silver Hill never stop working. By day their whistles count the time for the miners' wives, and at night the steady throb of the engines, pulsing through the high, clear air, forms their children's lullaby. Silence is ominous and cessation means death, either to the men who are at work underground or to the mines, at once the creators and destroyers of life. To miners the sight of a shut-down mine is an affliction, for it is eloquent of desperate men, overworked, weary women, and criminal children.

Yet these mines, which the people of Silver Hill count such a boon, are tyrants, taking the best years of a man's life, remorselessly crushing out hope and plans for a better future, mocking him with high wages (inadequate, for living is higher), and, having sucked away youth and strength, they claim at last the broken-down body for a sudden, horrible death or the lingering pains of miners' consumption.

Woe unto the man who works in the mines of Silver Hill, if he have imagination, or ambition, or high hopes; or if he long for the taste of happiness or pleasure; or if he have even a dim, undeveloped craving for the noble and beautiful things of life! During his ten hours of labor down in the damp depths, if he pause for a deep inspiration and a heartening glance above, there is only the damp earth all about him, the oppressive underground heat envelops him; his eye strains in vain for the blessed light, but the candles are dim and the moisture clouds the lanterns.

Yet every day is a miracle worked, for he ascends to the surface and is a man again; but a leaden-faced, exhausted, silent man, who drags his weary limbs up over the hills to the wife who makes day night and night day, according to the changing shifts—unless there be children. Then she steps softly around the darkened house, hushing their cries, herself living in an unnatural stillness and torpor, that he may rest.

When the miner wakes from his deep sleep, he is almost a human being. He may snatch a short hour to play with the children or walk with his wife. Other innocent pleasure there is none. The principal street, the Row, as it threads its crooked way along, is crowded, when shifts are changing, with men whose lives, apart from their work, are utterly empty. There is nothing in Silver Hill to bid a young man hope or to help him rise. The men he meets are like himself, and in the old miners who work beside him he sees his end, which was his beginning. However, the fact that his destiny is inevitable reconciles him to it. He is moderately happy, dissatisfied and envious, or vicious and degraded, according to his temperament and the degree in which he can withstand temptation. The men of Silver Hill need be miracles of purity and strength to resist the corrupting influences which flourish in this unenlightened, dreary little town up in the mountains.

At night the men of the 3-o'clock shift walk up the hill together. When pay-day comes the shift is almost complete as it reaches the Row, but it is broken into squads as the numberless saloons and gambling-rooms are reached. The Silver Hill standard is not very high, and the miner who does not make a detour down the Row on his way home is exceptional. But to those who have no home the cheerless miners' boarding-houses are more unattractive than ever on a cold night when the stinging wind blows the fine snow in their faces, and body and brain are both benumbed. They are boys yet, many of them, but they spend their nights here; and, when morning dawns, they have left behind more than the money for which they live enslaved.

Merely to live was a boon to "Reckless," when he recovered. He felt that it was good to work, to walk the long distance to the mine, and breathe the glorious mountain air. Fatigue itself was part of the beneficent plan. After he had left the crowd at the Row, and reached the street where he and Gertie West had played together in childhood, the frost-hardened snow crunched under his quick tread, and his steps kept time to the clear, sweet melody he whistled. It rang out from the corner defiantly above the shrieking wind, as if to carry to the sleeping girl his pæan of love and hope. He would stop by her gate and stand for a moment, silent, alone, in the deserted, snow-shrouded, moonlit street, on nights like this when his yet-unconquered spirit strove with fate; but he fled past the house like a guilty, conscience-driven wretch when youth and strength to battle had left him.

For the years that went by brought nothing to "Reckless" to compensate for the gradual hopelessness that closed him in. Slowly and despairingly he recognized that his work merely kept them all alive; his task was too great; there were too many growing children to feed and clothe. He smiled bitterly when he thought of his boyish plans for rehabilitating his family, for his mother was white-haired, embittered, and humbled, and the children coarse and ignorant in consequence of their poverty. Yet, for a time, "Reckless" strove and found courage to uphold patiently and even cheerfully those who leaned so heavily and heedlessly upon him. He worked on mechanically, hoping at best for freedom from the insatiate longing for a life of his own, for release from the wearisome monotony and an opportunity to show the girl he loved that he was not unworthy.

When she went away from Silver Hill he made no effort to see her. There was nothing for him to say. But he tortured himself wondering whether she knew or cared. At times the old spirit awakened in him, but every ambitious hope had become a scourge; it brought with it nothing but unavailing regret, and "Reckless" had learned how not to endure unpleasant thoughts.

Down at the cooling-station the men stood half naked, wiping the perspiration that streamed from their panting chests. Hughes, the shift-boss, lingered behind when the others went back toward the shaft, and, calling "Reckless" to him, said kindly:

"I say, 'Reckless,' you'll have to look out for that smart little brother of yours."

"What's the matter with Jack?" he asked, sullenly.

The shift-boss laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Perhaps of late you haven't given him the best example yourself; but Jack is going to the dogs," he said, gravely.

"What business"——

"It's none of my business, my boy, so long as you do your work. Never mind that. Look here, can't you get him to work? It'll do the boy no good to run the streets as he does. What chance has an idle boy"——

"And what chance is there to get him something to do?" said "Reckless," bitterly. "He's not old enough yet to work in the mines."

He walked away. Hughes, following, said in a low voice:

"You seem down on your luck, my lad. Brace up. You've had a hard pull of it. Don't give up." He held out his hand. "Reckless" grasped it; the hard lines in his face softened, but he did not speak.

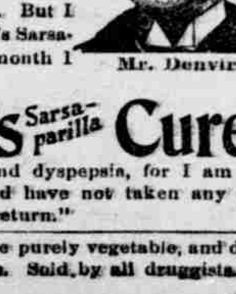
They got to the shaft, and the cage slid noiselessly down. The men, gathering their lanterns, picks and shovels, stepped upon the small platform. "Reckless" stood among them as the cage sped upward, silent, desponding, prematurely old. His head was bent, his arms hung listlessly from his naked, knotted shoulders, his bearded face, under the shapeless soft black hat, was gray and haggard. He was looking back over his barren, eventless life, which seemed an unavailing sacrifice. For he dared not look forward. It was all a failure. Little Jack, his mother's favorite, already vicious—lost; Kate, who had helped at first and done her share, back again at the little crowded house with her child, deserted by her unwilling husband and living on with a wretched sort of complacency that maddened the brother whom she had disgraced. The mother was gone—he felt bitterly grateful for that; but the undisciplined, selfish, turbulent children remained. Too plainly he saw their future. What hope was there for them? And for himself——

They were nearing the upper levels and the cage stopped, with a sudden swing, to take on more men.

"Reckless" put down his lantern and quietly stepped from the platform. He fell down, down, thousands of feet, and from the hollow, black shaft reverberations rose, telling the miners the manner of his death.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*


## A Good Appetite

Is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which not only revives the natural desire for food, but tones the digestion so that all symptoms of Dyspepsia are removed. Mr. Robert W. W. Denvir, of 238 Franklin Street, Long Island City, N.Y., says: "For two years I suffered with dyspepsia, and could find no cure for it. A trip abroad did not improve my health. But I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in one month I find that



Mr. Denvir.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Both poor blood and dyspepsia, for I am now perfectly well, and have not taken any other medicine since my return."

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists. 25c.


## GREENBACKS vs. GOLD.

### A Comrade Takes a Legal View of the Matter.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Let us look at the matter of pensions from a standpoint of justice. Fair discussion is only proper, and I do not believe in condemning any man who does not believe as I do. But let us view the field calmly and fairly. Never mind all the talk about bounty-jumpers, cowards, deserters, etc. Blackguarding others does not help anyone's cause, nor is envy of any advantage.

I am a veteran, and remained until the end of the war. I received greenbacks—a depreciated currency. Had I demanded gold I would have been sent to the guardhouse for insolence. I had to sign the pay-roll before I knew what kind of money I was to receive.

The private soldier had no voice in the matter, but Congress had voted him money, and it borrowed money, not greenbacks.

If the bondholder who furnished the money (I am supposing all bondholders to have been patriotic) received gold, with interest in gold, (and are still receiving interest), why was not the soldier who risked his life, his all, entitled to gold?

Now, if the Government will pay each soldier the difference between greenbacks and gold, with interest to date (over 30 years in some cases) on that difference, the Government need not pension so many, as they will receive a large sum as a right.

The bondholders went into court and got their gold. I believe that if a fund was created to employ able counsel to attend to the matter, the Government can be made to keep its contract with the soldier as well as with the bondholder, and we can demand the difference between gold and the money we were compelled (not voluntarily) to receive.

The Government had the same right to seize money as it had to seize (draft) men, and its obligation is as great in one case as in the other. I have seen the time when it was death to the man who denounced greenbacks, but it is now done with impunity. They made us take greenbacks, which they now inform us was fiat money, and the soldier should now hold the chalice to the lips of their opponents and make them drink. Give us our wages in gold—the difference with interest—as was received by the bondholder.

Never mind the bounty-jumper and deserter. Let us look at the men who were not in the army at all, but who were patriotic on a gold basis, and who depreciated the greenback for the soldier.

Will not some soldier lawyer tell us how we would stand if we made a test in court? We must fight the men who are fighting us, by demanding our rights. Ask no favors—demand your rights.—P. H. J., Hammonton, N. J.

### She Was Waiting.

[*New York Press.*]

Why does my love not come?
Where can he be?
My love that said but yesterday
He would be true to me.

He is so fair and brave,
And I do love him so
That it would break my heart
To lose him now, I know.

He comes; oh, yes, he comes!
With joy my bosom swells;
I wonder if he's brought
The caramels?

### Where Grant and Lee Sat.

The sofa that Grant and Lee sat upon at Appomattox when they arranged the surrender stands in the West Virginia building at the World's Fair. It belonged to Alexander McLain, at whose house the Generals met. It comes from Harry E. Stillman, who married Miss McLain. So there is no doubt about its genuineness. A secretary accompanies the old high-back mahogany sofa. The tradition is that the papers were drawn up on this secretary. Yet another tradition has it that a table carefully preserved in the War Museum was the piece of furniture on which the signing was done by the two Generals. Southern women are all anxious to sit on the sofa "where Gen. Lee sat." One visitor studied the situation for several moments, plumped herself down on the right-hand end, exclaiming: "I'll bet anything this is where he sat," and pointing to the other end, "that is where Grant sat."

### Better than Banting.

[*Providence Journal.*]

If President Cleveland wishes to get rid of some of his surplus flesh, he would do well to summon Congress together immediately, and devote the Summer months to an endeavor to bring the Democratic majority in the two Houses to the support of a harmonious and sensible policy on all the vital questions that are pressing for disposal. It may be fancied that that would be more efficacious than dieting or any patent "system."

### The Price of Grain.

[*Crookston (Minn.) Journal.*]

The prospects for big prices for wheat next Fall do not seem extremely flattering, but for all that the prospects for the most successful year for farmers seem to us better than in several years. The conditions are such that for everything else the farmer has to sell—oats, barley, potatoes, pork, beef, and poultry and such things—the prices will be better than ever; more than enough to make up for a low price in wheat, and it is by no means impossible for that cereal to go to a good profitable price—it certainly cannot go much lower, and hence a change must be for the better.

### "Freedom of Worship" in Russia.

[*George Kennan, in July Century.*]

If the Savior himself should appear, poor and unknown, in a Russian peasant village, as he appeared in Galilee 19 centuries ago—if he should speak to the people the same words that he spoke in Galilee and that are recorded in the four Gospels—he would not be at liberty 24 hours. He would first be handcuffed and sent to the pale of settlement by etape as a Jew, and then, if he continued to teach, he would be rearrested and thrown into prison. If he finally escaped crucifixion at the hands of the holy Orthodox Church which bears his name, it would be only because crucifixion has been superseded in Russia by exile, incarceration in the "heretic cells" of remote monasteries, and deportation to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

### Wanted It His Way.

The late Sir Henry Moncrieff had a parrot which was always present at family worship. In the morning Sir Henry followed the old Scottish custom of singing the metrical version of the Psalms straight through, two verses per day. The 119th Psalm, of course, took many days, and he always commenced by saying: "Let us sing in the 119th Psalm." At last the Psalm was finished, and next day Sir Henry began: "Let us sing in the 120th Psalm." "Let us sing," said the parrot firmly, "in the 119th Psalm."

### Completed His Course.

[*Atlanta Constitution.*]

"Well, old man, you gave John a good education?"

"You're right, I did. He kin turn a handspring, jump a 10-rail fence, an' umpire a ball game an' not git licked."

### On Financial Business.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

Seedy Caller—Are you the financial editor of this paper?

Man at the Desk—Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Seedy Caller—Couldn't you lend a poor man 50 cents.

# The "Better Half."

A new conceit for the Summer gowns is to make dainty collars of insertion, unlined, and fastened at one side under a little bow. A standing collar always finishes a gown neatly, and these are at the same time cool and comfortable.

* * *

A little vaseline or cold cream rubbed in the finger nails once a week keeps them smooth and in good condition generally. After washing the hands, push away the skin from the base of the nail and rub the least bit of the cold cream all over the nail and against the skin around it. Take a little powder and shine the nails, wash the fingers in warm soapy water, and polish again without powder.

* * *

Pinching the finger-tips and rubbing away the skin at the base of the nails until the white crescent shows, every time the hands are wiped, makes the fingers taper prettily and the nails grow in a long, pretty shape, with smooth crescents.

* * *

Gingham, chambrey, duck, pique, percale, serge—any and all are made into Eton jacket suits to be worn with shirt-waists. They are very cool and neat-looking, but it's dreadfully tiresome to see many of them.

* * *

As a relief from the dark-[illegible] serge gowns, dark-brown is coming in for [illegible] purpose, and though the color is warmer [illegible]ing, yet the change is grateful, especially as the suits are so often made with a short reefer coat, fastening with big pearl buttons, in preference to the little flaring Eton jackets. A brown skirt with a white or brown-and-white striped shirt-waist, makes a pleasing combination. The jackets are either tan or dark-brown. The intermediate shades of brown are not so pretty for these suits. Gray is satisfactory. The gray reefers are specially pretty.

* * *

The crinoline scare is over, though some pessimists think the Autumn styles will bring it in again. Only the ruffles, the round-and-round trimming, broad shoulder ruffles and quaint poke bonnet shapes of the 1830 styles have gained very great popularity with us.

* * *

Little extra waists of silk in any becoming color, made up in all sorts of fanciful ways, are still in vogue. There is so much individuality about them, and they do not require the services of a skilled dressmaker in making them, so women appreciate them as great blessings. Old-fashioned silks made up in a waist with demure surplice folds, or one shirred from collar to belt, or frivolously ruffled, are all pretty.

* * *

Lemonade is best made by pouring boiling water over the lemon-juice and sugar. Let it cool, and ice before serving. The proportion of one lemon to a glass is the most satisfactory one, although, somehow, some people can make a big pitcher of lemonade from three lemons, but it takes an adept. Lemonade looks more appetizing if slices of the lemon with the yellow rind are put in with the ice.

* * *

Green velvet or plush, embroidered with bands and borders of gold thread, makes the richest and most picturesque curtains imaginable.

* * *

An odd little work-box can be made out of a tambourine. Fasten a circle of pink quilted silk or satin to the bottom and little pink silk straps and holders for the thimble, cotton, needles and so on between the clappers.

* * *

A new crepe paper is made now that is very satisfactory for the making of artificial flowers. The paper, as its name indicates, has a crinkled, crepe-like surface. It is quite elastic, and can be pulled and stretched into many shapes, making possible the copying of even such difficult flower-shapes as the morning-glory, tulips, and even the queer orchids, that cannot possibly be copied in ordinary tissue-paper. The paper comes in many delicate and rich shades. Water colors are used to deepen shadows or streak the petals. For those who are interested in the art this paper is most fascinating, and some really beautiful flowers can be made from it to decorate bon-bon boxes, or picture frames, or lamp shades. Of course, these flowers are not very lasting, and they must always be compared with natural ones in a way that cannot help but detract from their perfection, but they are very popular nevertheless.

* * *

The gown for a little girl is so simple in construction as to need very little description. The material is gingham, with the yoke of white embroidery. The sleeve ruffles and ruffles around the yoke are edged with a narrow embroidery edge.

* * *

A stylish gown of black silk, flowered with tiny blue flowers, is prettily trimmed with ruffles of the same lined with pale-blue crepe. Every time the frills flutter or puff out the blue shows forth. Another Summer silk, made with moderately wide skirt—four gores—is of a pinkish-tan-and-white striped, the stripes very narrow. Round the skirt, just above the hem, is one row of brown velvet ribbon. The waist has a short yoke of velvet and a narrow ruffle round the yoke of silk, edged, just above the hem, with a narrow lace insertion. The ruffle stands out all around, and its lacy edge makes it quite dainty. Outlining the waist is a twist of velvet. The gown fastens down the back; at the collar and belt are brown velvet rosets.

The shirred mull hats now so popular are not at all difficult to make. The frames of wire covered with white or black are made in many shapes. One that has a generous brim narrowing in the back, so that it can be turned up prettily, is the most graceful and becoming. One way to make the hat is to take a piece of silk mull once and a half or twice as long as the brim measures around. Fold this down the center and put a shirring in it about half an inch from the folded edge. Draw this up to the size of the brim. This makes the tiny frill round the face. Separate the mull, putting one side over the wires and the other under them. Tack the frill lightly to the outer wire. Shir the upper piece at the second wire, stroking the gathers until they are opposite those of the outer shirring. Then shir the under piece similarly. Gather again at the third wire, if there be one, and then round the

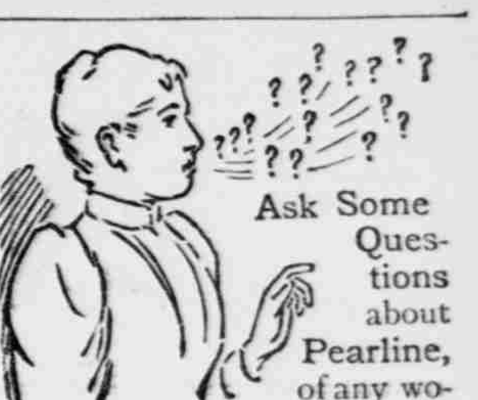
crown. To cover the crown take a piece of mull once and a half as long as the crown measures round, and wide enough to reach from the center to where the brim begins. Gather this along both edges, fasten it under a little flat round piece in the center of the crown, and twist a piece of mull around the joining of the brim and crown. Put a big bow in front—lace-edged, if you care to, though the plain mull is prettier. Catch the back up under a roset or knot of the mull or ribbon, and if strings be becoming—they mostly are not—have long, soft ones to tie under the chin. In pink, or blue, or white these hats are very dainty, particularly in the colors. Gingham and pale-pink and blue chambreys are all made into this kind of a hat, then the brim and trimmings are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

* * *

It is a good plan to think well over a trip to the World's Fair. It is almost if not quite impossible to see all there is, but by studying guide-books and maps, and making out lists of things that seem most desirable, much more will be accomplished than by desultory rambling in and around the buildings.

There are many school teachers who, having learned to make the most of their time, money and strength, have for several months been making a thorough study of the Fair as set forth in guide-books and descriptions, and have made out regular schedules as to what they will see on certain days, and how much time will be given to different things. All this sounds rather stiff, but these teachers will get more out of the Fair than any other class of people, and probably the jolly ones will have just as much fun as the most luxurious sightseers who are not obliged to economize in any way.

ELSIE POMEROY MCELROY.

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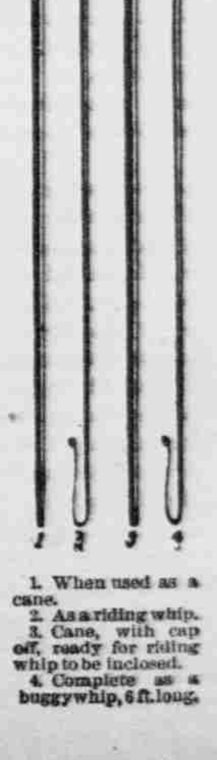

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