

FRATERNAL ORDERS

Rockbridge Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

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Special Sale Of Trimmed Hats ALL THIS MONTH

Flowers at and below cost. Fancy Feathers, ribbons, etc. Embroidery patterns and Silks. Stamped linens.

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SYLVIA'S FOURTH.

A Celebration Funnier Than the Circus at Terrysberg.

WHEN Ralph proposed the seventh time I decided to take a day off in the little country town where I was not born and think it all out among the birds and flowers.

He grimaced when I told him—I did not reveal the name of my destination for obvious reasons—and retorted, "All right; think it over as much as you like, but remember if your decision doesn't suit me I shall not accept it—not!"

That's the way with Ralph. He ought to have been on his knees begging me to make it favorable, but he isn't that kind.

He merely remarked grimly—it was on the occasion of his third proposal—if you have a lover more ideal name him and I'll go out and punch his teeth!"

He isn't bad looking, anyway, and every one prizes him until I get tired of hearing it—"A rattling good fellow" (that from my brothers, "Plenty of sand" (that's father's verdict), "Such a dear boy around the house" (of course that's mother's, and so on, until I was really a afraid I should get to taking others' opinions and not thoughtfully formulate one of my own.

This was the reason I decided to spend Independence day at Terrysberg alone.

"I glanced back," I came near being born there, as near as two months, and we left before I was six, so I had not a lively recollection of the place.

Father often says it's too dead to be remembered; therefore I decided it would be just the place to set one's thoughts in array.

Certainly there's no such opportunity at home. It's "Syl, sew on this button in a hurry," and "Oh, say, Syl, make a fourth at tennis, won't you?" or "Syl, where did I put my arithmetic?" and "Syl, Syl, Syl," from morning until night.

So the afternoon of the 3d saw me isolated, far from home and mother—and Ralph—and serving as a worthy object for the curiosity of the villagers until the arrival of the circus and the elephant.

Early in the night of the 3d, even earlier than the circus, farmers began to drive in for miles around, and the girl who had sought solitude was in the vortex of a circus mad rural community, bent on seeing the elephant and creating a famine of red benedict and a shortage in the peanut market.

Wouldn't Ralph have chuckled? But he would never know, I flattered myself.

I rose early on the morning of the Fourth, before the sleepy village was awake, and wandered far into the woods to be alone with my thoughts.

How was I to know that the patient old elephant, tired of hauling loads and feeling perhaps the same as I did, had started for the identical patch of woods?

The day was ideal. Sitting on the banks of a pretty little trout stream I could hear in the distance the village cannons dimly roar and other noises of the a w d e b e n d i n g town's celebration and the circus people's elephant hunt.

But I was oblivious to everything. The sun was slowly creeping over the horizon, and my decision was not yet made.

"It would be just like Ralph to creep up behind me and scare me half to death, only he's a hundred miles away!" I was thinking to myself when I heard a steady and steady step in the grass behind me.

I glanced back, screamed and fell into the water face downward. What would have happened had it a party of circus people come up just then I do not know.

The intrepid man pulled me out by the heels and laid me on the grass, under the very trunk of the patient old elephant—the cause of my fright—who stood calmly by, blinking his astonishment at all the excitement. My nose was scratched and scraped by pebbles. My hair was soaked and filled with sand.

Oh, I knew without looking at myself that I was a ludicrous sight! The female bareback rider came to the rescue. She was properly alarmed. She sent the clown off on her white horse for a doctor. She led me up on the sunny bank, took off my dress, wiped off my face and draped me in the sunke charmer's spangled robe, wrapped twice around me, and then went off with the rest of the party to find some kind of a vehicle in which to get me back to the village.

So there I sat behind a clump of bushes on a rock, my bare arms bound fast inside the robe, my hair drizzling sand and water over my face and down my neck, my eyelids red and the

tears chasing down my cheeks or meandering over my poor narrowed nose, looking at my ruined brilliantine suit spread out to dry.

I was just wondering how I'd ever get back to town that night—I was bound to go that night—when without any warning there was Ralph standing in front of me, looking me over with the gravest expression I had ever seen on his face.

Oh, it was a mean flank movement, but it was not Ralph's fault. He had gone to spend the Fourth at his father's, thirty miles away, and had driven over with the family to see the circus.

"So this is what comes of going away to think," he said, half to himself, looking at me very hard.

I begged him to turn his back and look at the stream—such a pretty stream, but, oh, so wet! I was almost hysterical myself, but he never smiled.

If he had—Well, when I remember the convulsions into which the circus people had gone over my appearance I considered it delicately thoughtful of Ralph not to laugh—superhumanly thoughtful.

Instead of smiling he came a step nearer, and I began to free my arms and then remembered I couldn't. "It strikes me," he said soberly, "that the mermaid act isn't conducive to health thus early in the morning. Aren't you pretty wet?"

STRINGING PEARLS

A Difficult Task That Calls For Skill and Judgment.

CORDED ON SURGEON'S SILK.

A Soft, Round Strand of Pure White Woven Thread Is Employed, and an Intricate System of Knotting Guards the Gems Should the String Break.

Every now and then a story is printed about the loss of a valuable string of pearls through the breaking of the cord on which they were hung and their slipping off and scattering over the floor or sidewalk.

Those who know anything about the stringing of pearls, however, always read these tales with incredulity, because nowadays, as a general thing, only false pearls or those of small price are strung without a knot being tied between each of them, so that if the cord breaks no more than one can fall off.

It is common belief that because of their great value pearls are strung on something durable, like catgut or wire. As a matter of fact such material is never employed. There is no beauty to a string of pearls that looks wiry or stiff. It must be flexible to the highest degree, otherwise all its graceful effect will be lost.

Up to the time of the introduction of surgeon's silk for pearl stringing nothing had been found that would absolutely meet the requirements of strength and flexibility.

That the most valuable pearls are today strung on cords of surgeon's silk is due to the suggestion of a woman employee of a New York jewelry house.

Surgeon's silk—the thread that is used for sewing up cuts and wounds—is a soft, round strand of pure white silk which is woven, not twisted. The weave, when viewed under a magnifying glass, closely resembles that of fine silk braid and is capable of only a small degree of expansion.

This thread is produced in several diameters or grades, which makes it all the more desirable for pearl stringing. These are numbered instead of being lettered like ordinary sewing silk and are wound on small cards like darning cotton.

When the young woman's idea was first adopted it seemed as though it would prove impracticable owing to the quantity of surgeon's silk manufactured being insufficient to meet the new demands from the jewelers.

It was also very expensive. But the idea was such a good one and the surgeon's silk was so much superior to anything ever tried before that in time it was found possible to secure it in sufficient quantities and at wholesale prices.

The principal safeguard against loss, however, is in the method of stringing. An intricate system of knotting the thread between each pearl is employed. This prevents the escape of more than one jewel should the thread break.

This knotting is done with tweezers and is a task that requires great skill. There must be no unsightly gaps between the knots and the pearls, and the whole when finished must be immaculate in its whiteness. The tiny knots instead of detracting from the beauty of the necklace enhance it, for they look like seed pearls alternating with the larger ones. Knotting lengthens the necklace also and is often resorted to for that purpose.

When a strand of a certain length is desired and the number of large pearls is not sufficient imitation pearls of the exact size and color are often substituted. Some of these imitations will deceive the eye of any but the most expert.

It often happens that the largest pearls have the smallest holes drilled through them, for every grain that is taken from the pearl reduces it in weight. In such cases, however, the risk of the cord breaking is increased owing to the slenderness of the thread and the sharp edges of the pearls cutting through it quickly.

Stringing pearls is never done with a needle. A needle is not yielding enough to pass through very small holes, and the doubling of its diameter at the eye makes its use impracticable. Therefore the end of the thread is sharpened to a very fine point, which is waxed stiffly enough to be used exactly as a needle would be.

Ordinarily pearl stringing is mechanically difficult and also requires taste and judgment. The pearls may have to be rearranged in order to improve their general appearance. In the laying out of collarets especially a great deal of skill is required. In the first place, the collaret must fit exactly. This seems comparatively easy, but it is not. A pattern is always fitted beforehand, but it is rarely the case that the result is satisfactory the first time. Some necks require straight collars and others slightly curved. The same care is given to the fitting of a collaret as to the set of an expensive gown, and it has to be tried on and changed and adjusted as many times.

Dividers are used to gauge the exact position in which the vertical diamond bars that support the strands of pearls should be placed. Endless care and judgment may be given to laying out the pattern for one of these haubies and getting the measurements absolutely exact, but when it comes to be fitted there is sure to be trouble. It may be too tight at the bottom and too loose at the top, or perhaps the ends may not even meet at all.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

There won't be any rockets Nor any banging noise, But there'll be the great big out of doors That's made for girls and boys.

Oh, instead of din and banging That make you think of wars, We'd rather have a picnic In the happy out of doors!

We're going on a picnic Where the woods are cool and green, And the only crackers that we've got Have got some jam between.

—Woman's Home Companion.

THE HAPPY FOURTH.

We're going on a picnic! We're going to celebrate! We've got the nicest lunch done up And the fishing rod and bait.

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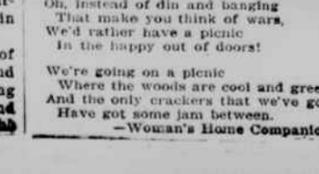
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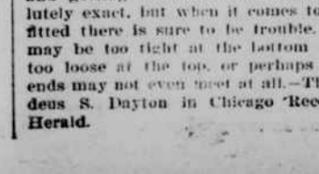
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