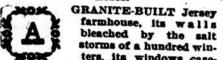


BY MISS ANNIE EDWARDS.

CHAPTER L Roses.



ters, its windows casementen and lozenged after the fash- still. ion of 1750; the date that, with two hearts entwined, figures in rudely cut characters above the central porchway.

Overhead are balmiest summer airs, a sky with more blue in it than you will see during a dozen ordinary English Junes, and roses.

Roses around the windows, above the door, along the eaves-roses everywhere.

The penetrating odor of newly burned "vraic" strikes the sense, overpowering even the luscious smelling garden lilles, the pinks, gillyflowers and brown lavender that stock the trim-kept borders. You may hear the crawl of the tide upon the sands; you may hear, if you listen long enough. the following love song, chanted forth ginning and ending of Paul's "punishfrom some interior region of the house. in a monotonous peasant voice-a voice sessing about as much pretention to cadence or expression as does the arms toward the house. "think a long wild refrain itself to meaning:

Belle diguedi Belle diguedaine, Belle diguedon, Dondon-dondon!

Other sound or sign of human existence is there none, and, indeed, the singer's voice before long grows silent. Hay cutting is at its height to-day. and Margot, the solitary woman servant of Flef-de-la-Reine, is hurrying through her kitchen work to join the men and maldens in the field. The house dog takes his afternoon siesta on the porch. Floods of sunshine, solid, amber, Cupid-like, give to the scene I know not what dreamy flavor of Mariana in the South. Almost you might expect to hear the sharp cry of the cicala, almost believe that yonder sweep of quivering sapphire were the Mediterranean or Adriatic, not the prosaic strip of British sea that separates Cherbourg from the Channel islands.

"And this is all! For this we are born, weep a little, and die." So muses Daphne Chester as she looks out at the world, her last pat of butter printed, from the alder-shaped windows of tue cool, sweet dairy. "Haymaking this month, harvest the next, and then the second crop of hay; apple picking, cider making, turnips, mangels, plowing for the corn, potato planting, potato digging, back to hay again! If one were only as old as Aunt Hosie! If one could only wake some blessed morning and find that one had done everything-done thirty or forty more hay harvests and cider makings and potato diggings, say! If life were a little less long, or a little more variegated. Why for twenty-four hours to pass without a tide, for Margot to sing a newer love song than 'Diguedon'-nay, even for a single market day, to print the butter with another name than Fief-de-la-Reine would be

something! "Mamsey!" shricks out a piping treble from the direction of the flower garden. "Viens, p'tite Maman, irte-

And cautiously from beneath his flattened straw hat draws forth what two minutes ago was a butterfly. a manfarmhouse, its walls gled heap of legs, wings and gold bleached by the salt powder, just enough of life animating storms of a hundred winall for the creature to quiver an instant in its conqueror's iron grip, then be

> "Oh, Paul! One more butterfly murdered!" says Daphne in a voice gravely proportioned to the heinousness of the child's crime. "He was so happy with his friends among the flowers and did nobody any harm, and you have killed him! Paul will never be able to run races with the poor butterfly again."

> "Me till another," says Paul prompt ly, and, showing a row of tiny pearlwhite teeth as he shakes the corpse of the victim with disgust from his small fingers. "Vilain butterf'y-va!" Mrs. Chester snatches the child up from the ground, looks reprovingly for a moment or two at his bold, brown. three-year-old face, then begins to smother him with kisses-the usual be ments."

"Tell me, my sweet," she whispers as she bears him in her strong, young time first, and tell me how much love Paul has got for Mamsy?"

Without thinking a second, Paul mute off a scarcely appreciable fraction of space on one tiny finger.

"And how much for the three old aunts, who all want to see Paul a good boy?"

For a moment Paul looks innocent ly up at the sky, as though he heard the question not: then he commence drumming a little, impromptu tune of his own composition upon his mother' shoulder.

"What, no love for Aunt Hosie, when she makes you toffee on Saturday?" Paul's appreciation of Aunt Hosie's toffee" making is measured, after due deliberation, by the length of one hand -say, three inches and a half.

"And for Maitre Andre, when he lets you ride Lisette, at the Grand Charrie?"

The child stretches both arms wide, "Paul aime Maitre Andre beautoup. beautout!" he cries eagerly. Paul's language, I must explain, is strictly composite, part broken English part patois French. "Beu plus qu' to 'p tite Maman.'

Daphne's lip trembles. She belongs to the class of women who want per petual expressions of love from the object beloved, even though the object shall have only learned to lisp; and Paul, whose healthy heart is granite hard-Paul has already learned the delights of playing tyrant.

"If I tell you a great, big secretoh, ever so big, Paulle!-how many kisses will you give me, I wonder?" The child nestles his cheek coax ingly against his mother's. At three years of age children are sufficiently versed in philology to know that the word "secret" means a new pleasure for themselves.

"To-morrow Jean Marie will bring the hay home. Aunt Hosie and I made cakes this morning, and there's a little cake for Paul to take down in the guiliy consciousness Daphne makes a

a day da I remander," mys Dapline, with the conscious homage that (in real life) the Industrious Apprentice never offers to the idle one. "First, there were the currant calles for tomorrow's haymaking-you know Aunt Hosle will never suffer any one but me to beat the eggs, and then I had to print all the market butter by myself. targot could scarce singe 'Diguedon, in her fever to get away from the housework to the bayfield, so I---" "I cannot, for the life of me, under-

and the to a manufacture of the state of the second

stand performing menial work for pleasure," interrupted Miss Theodora, with a downward turn of the cyclids upon her own dainty dress and usedelicate hands. "'Superintend less, your domestic concerns as narrowly as you will,' our poor papa used to tell us. 'Give your orders every morning to the housekeeper, and let her be responsible for their non-fulfillment. But never, if you wish your servants to respect you, step beyond the precincts of your drawing room.' Now, really why should not Margot compound the la-

borers' cakes and print the butter for the market as well as Henrietta and yourself?" Daphne makes no reply. Faded re-juvenated silks, useless hands, elegant literature, and mystic duties performed toward society in general have long ago invested Miss Theodora, in the

eyes of the whole household, with the sacred halo of irresponsibility. Little Paul himself, the very dogs and cats, seem to know that Theodora Vansittart is not of the same work-a-day commonplace sort of stuff as Aunt Hosie and Daphne.

"It is futile to argue. I know Henrietta's eccentricities do not, alas! derease with age. But it does seem a little hard that others should be made to suffer for what I cannot but regard as the very refinement of selfishness. Your poor grandpapa, child, Colonel George Vansittart, the sweetest tempered, most forgiving of men, used to say that the one unbearable trial of our career as pilgrims was to be kept waiting for one's letters. Now, my dear Daphne, may I beg of you to put on your hat, take Paul as your companion, and run up to Quernac with what haste you can? Margot is absent trom the kitchen, you tell me-for the sake, it must be assumed, of meeting

her lover in the hayfield-so I fear I must ask you to hurry back with as little delay as may be, in the event of visitors.' Twelve ladies' perhaps, on a liberal average, arrive at Fiel-de-la-Reine during a twelvemonth. A stray, openended circular finds its way thither occasionally, Miss Theodora having, in

an unguarded moment, addressed a London stockbroker, years ago, on the matter of investments, and being forever after treated as a speculative capitalist by the whole stockbroking fraternity. Once a week the sisters got a "Cheltenham Looker-On," three or four days old, together with an autediluvian "Court Journal." Christmas brings its modest. very modest, stock of tradesmen's bills. Yet so ineradicable is habit the two elder Miss

Vansittarts still look out for the post as in those old, long dead times of youth and properity, when the postman really used to bring them communications of living flesh and blood interest-invitations to dinners or balls, letters of friendship, letters of love! Rain or shine, ever much, Daphne Chester walks to the village shop at Quernec, where by arrangement the overworked country factor goes daily through the transparent fiction of depositing the Fief-de-la-Reine letter-

"If the thermometer did not stand at eight, Paul would enjoy the walk. Aunt Theodora! As it is'-with half

bag.



ers in full activity. The contrast be Medicine, not as a profession, but tween the winter landscape (portrayed rather as a diversion or a fad, seems at ten degrees out of doors), the dark to be growing among the feminine secclouds of smoke and the red glow of tion of the race. Several of the recentthe fire, is said to be admirably renly engaged or married couples have dered. brought to the public's attention the Another painting by the same artist.

fact that the woman in each case was destined for the hall of honor at the a graduate in medicine and had won educational building, represents the the degree of M. D. Miss Mary Turnfamous Berlin thoroughfare "Unter bull, of San Francisco, whose engageden Linden," with the new library, as ment to George B. Murphy, of New it will appear when finished. It is in-York, was announced a few days since, tended to give an idea of modern Gerseveral years ago took up the study of man architecture. — Philadelphia Lumedicine and was graduated from the quirer. Cooper Medical School of San Francisco, with her doctor's degree.

Didn't Use Slang.

the women sitting near her said:

Watermelon Lunchcons.

The Economical Bride.

velopment sne said:

jump on me with both feet."

one of them.

vinced.

To Clean a Summer Gows.

How many summer frocks does woman give up because she is afraid Apropos of the slang habit among of their fate in the laundry? She pic-American women, this story is told of tures her roses turned into small anarchistic flags, and her lace mitts When Henry M. Stanley and Mrs. shrunk into half hose, and her wool Stanley were last in this country, Mrs. chiffon done into melancholy rags, for Stanley, after a dinner party one evenunscientific washing does these crue! ing, spoke of the amount of slang used tricks to pretty cloths.

by American women, whereat one of But there is one way of getting delicate things clean without injuring "My dear Mrs. Stanley, you do us their texture or losing their color, and injustice. American women do not that is by using borax water. Dip all use slang nearly as much as English fine printed lawns, chiffon and laces women do. Why, if I should use a first into a pail of cold borax water, word of slang my husband would two tablespoonfuls to a bucket of water; leave the lace and muslin immersed for ten minutes, take the chiffon out almost immediately. Then rinse through borax suds having a shaving of castile soap. Never boll delicate fabrics. Last, rinse in two

> Do not wring, but let them drip dry in the wind, out in the sun. Just before they are quite dry take them from the lines and slap in the hands a few minutes. Press musiins and chiffons on the wrong side, but pin lace onto a clean sheet that has been fastened to the carpet; stretch it tight while pinning and when dry it will look like new.

Women's Strength.

nies, with a long, sharp knife, carves melon after melon into big segments A young mother was boasting the for the jolly crowd. Large baskets are other day of her by by, h r first and placed near to receive the rinds, which naturally the most wonderful baby .n pile up past belief to those who never the world. Among other things she participated in a function of this sort. told of her strength, and remarked that it was an inheritance from herself. She belonged to a family of They were from up the State and strong bodies and healthy minds obwere newly wed. Part of the bridal tained through a free outdoor life in tour included a visit to the Aquarium. which walking, rowing and swimming The fish hatchery exhibit interested played an important part. "But moththe bride, who was of frugal disposier is losing her strength," she retion. After watching the embryo marked, and in further explanation I water denizens in various stages of degleaned that in the pursuit of a hobby she had sacrificed a precious gift. She "John, dear, you know we agreed to raise our own poultry to save expense. was devoted to painting and worked at

it long after she had become conscious Don't you think it would be a good idea to do the same with fishes? Supof extreme weariness. It will not be hard to guess the end. pose you see the man in charge here She will have to give it up when wearand buy a dozen trout eggs. That will iness becomes chronic. It might be be enough for a start, and you can ask for directions for raising them. We avoided by discretion; if she would OUR SUPERIOR UNIVERSITIES. tes Consul at Br on, Gap

Of the 37,692 students enrolled in the German universities 3093 were foreigners, of whom 986 were Russians. Female students to the number of 1314 were enrolled.

It is safe to say that fully 10 per cent. of those attending German universities are foreigners. Almost 1000 Russians, as nearly one-third of the foreign element, were matriculated last winter. Next came the Austrians and Hungariaus, numbering 601, or about 20 per cent. Switzerland furnished 322 regular students, and there were 324 Americans enjoying the same opportunities.

United States Consul Diedrich at Bremen notes that while the attendance of other foreign students has largely increased, that of Americans is almost stationary. Thus there were only seven more Americans enrolled last winter than there were four years ago.

During the nineteenth century German universities led the world in erudition and scientific investigation, and their great professors attracted many students from all parts of the world in quest of higher education. "But times are altered." says Consul Diedrich "Having myself been engaged in educational work as an American college professor for a good part of my manhood, I have naturally taken con-

siderable interest in the life and work at the various institutions of learning in this country, and it is my impression that the facilities for higher education are improving in the United States much more rapidly than in Germany. Despite all our imperfections one cannot but admire the great upward strides which the American system of education, from the humble district school up, has been making during the last few decades.

'American educational institutions are the best equipped in the world. I know but one German university that can claim to be up to the times in this regard, and it stands third in the list of attendance. There is a steady progress all along the line of public instruction in the United States. and particularly in our higher class of universities."-New York World.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A sour religion never improves with age.

Love is always on the market, but never on sale. When faith prays it goes out to work

for an answer. Self-conceit throws salt into the wounds of pride.

A little practice proves more than a lot of polemics.

The biggest brain is the one that can think most of others.

A mosquito calls for more patience than a balky elephant.

There is no way to save men except by suffering with them. Grace does not grow in a child's

heart on a gloomy Sunday. No man holds a principle unless it is the principal thing he holds.

It's no use talking about loving God when your children are afraid of you.

world. The grave danger of business is that

a man shall place his soul on the of depending on the local communities counter. It is a good deal easier to talk about

GOOD ROAD

Canada Ahead of Us.

NOM I is subject for frequet comment on the partof travelers that the roadsof Europe are far superiorio those of the United State: and this result is generally attributi to the system of government aid an supervision which prevails in near all European nations. But it is n so generally known that our neares neighbor, Canada, is also ahead of us not only in the character of the roads but in the matter of road legislation. Hon, A. W. Campbell, Highway Com-

missioner of Ontario, is an enthusiast on the subject of good roads, and at the same time a very able and practical public official. He is quite well known to the good roads people of the United States, as he has attended and addressed a number of important conventions in this country. In a recent report he says:

"Good roads are essential to the full development of agriculture. In a country such as Ontario, dependent upon agriculture, this means that good roads are of very great importance to the towns and cities as well. Good roads are not a benefit to any one class of the community. They are of universal value. This is a matter of which too narrow a view has been taken in Outario. If we must have canals and railways, then we must have good country roads. It has been taken for granted that if the country as a whole constructed canals and subsidized railways, the common roads could take care of themselves. But this has not been the case.

"The broader aspect of the question has recently been given prominence by the decision of the Provincial Government to appropriate \$1,000,000 for road improvement. This, for lack of a better name, has been termed government "ald" or "assistance." It is a recognition of the value of good roads to every citizen of the country, and a just effort on the part of the Government to co-operate in procuring them. "The object of the present measure is not so much to aid by the gratuitous distribution of money, but has for its aim a nobler purpose. While it aims to encourage the doing of a work which is acknowledged by all as being an important and necessary service, its prime object is to equalize and lighten the cost. The unfairness and injustice of the present system of taxation for highway construction is so noticeable as to be a matter of wonder-

ment that some step of this kind has not been ere this devised by Government, or compelled by the people.

"The Government is only exercising its rightful function as a part of the administrative system in providing a portion of the cost of making roads and distributing the money among the different municipalities entitled to it. This function can be performed by the Provincial Government only."

In Nova Scotia, nearly fifteen years Most men would rather be an electric ago, the Provincial Government began sign for themselves than a light for the | the appropriation of funds to improve the roads and the plan has proven entirely successful where the old system was a complete failure.

Even away out in British Columpia doing good than it is to walk about there are many fine coads which are said to be "the delight of tourists." All

Mrs. Stanley apparently acquiesced. but she doubtless was scarcely con-Watermelon **Juncheons** are a popular waters, first warm and then cold. diversion that may be commended to those who wish to give a simple al fresco entertamment. A pile of choice melons are gathered and cooled and invitations sent out for a gathering of the neighboring clans. Rugs, hammocks and camp and lounging chairs

are placed about in the shade, piles of plates and forks are set in some convenient place, where every one can help himself, while the master of ceremo-

Paulie taught him, fast."

Daphne leans forth her face quickly through the dairy window and beholds her small son Paul prone in the middle of a centre border, his golden head scorching in the sun, his straw hat crushed to the earth beneath both brown, dimpled fists-alas! and one of the finest dove pinks in the garden-Aunt Hosie's special care and glorycrushed along with it!

"Ah, Paulie, wicked boy that you are." cries Mrs. Chester, sternly-if the most excellent voice ever bestowed on woman could by possibility be stern, above all when it addresses the child. "Another pink broken-that makes three of Aunt Hosie's best since dinper-and your hat torn to ribbons, a new hat last Whitsuntide! Wait till I come out! This time I shall punish you in good earnest, sir!"

And, a moment later, behold her flying forth through the perch, then down the garden path, her white arms bare. her dainty apron hung as an improved sunshade over her head, to administer condign judgment and retribution upon her son.

Daphne is a fair, slenderly built girl of two-and-twenty, graceful after the manner that out-of-door living and unconsciousness of effect are apt to beget, and with hair of as burnished a blonde as the curls of little Paul. Her complexion boasts the pink of a May morning, a pair of limpid hazel eyes give to her countenance somewhat of the grace of Correggio's Virgin Mother. So much for the surface coloring, the outward form. What is the hidden, the moral want of Mrs. Chester's face? For that this wants exists a stranger can scarce be in her company a minute without discerning. No flaw is there of featare; the profile is clear; the serious lips close well above a set of white and even teeth.

"Notre pauvre demoiselle a la Maladie sans Maladie," say the country people of the district, hitting the nail straight home. "Notre demoiselle grew old before she was young. Her account with the world is closed."

Here is the solution: "La Maladie sans Maladie."

Dissect the young face curiously and you will find that what it lacks is expectation. The blank, acquiescent look that ine plows into faces of forty and fifty, and that we label resignation or despair, according to our creeds, twenty-two years have sufficed, without a line, without a wrinkle, to trace hers. Daphne Chester expects nothing, is forbidden even the natural joy of looking forward to Faul's manhood. She grew old of heart before she was young; has had fatalist experience of men-of their love, of their truth-and would fain keep the child a baby forever on her breast.

"Me taught him Mamsey." repeats Paul, looking up, the triumphant glow of a Nimrod on his peach-like, ruddy | ing. while you-" cheeks. "See what Paulie taught."

field, like the real haymakers." "All for mine own self?" "All for your own self, sir, and with 'Paul' on the top in currants. Now,

how many kisses?" He hugs her well nigh to strangula tion, bestows three or four noisy, careless kisses on her cheeks and neck; tinally, a fresh butterfly, more painted than the last, catching his eye, struggles down out of her embrace, and, waving his hat wildly above his head, is off.

Daphne watches the small, impetuous figure until it is lost to sight among the raspberry bushes and es paliered pear trees that divide the domain of flowers from the ampler kitchen garden. Then she turns away into the house, where her own name at this instant is being lustily vociferated from the landing at the first

"Daphne! What in the world is their weights run from 1200 to 1300 Daphne blustering about?" pounds

The voice is old, quivering, yet pos esses a certain gruff ring of majesty in its tones. One would say, hearing it for the first time, that, during three or four score years of human life, that voice had been more used to command than to entreat.

"Theodora! I wish to know if our niece Daphne, with her usual heedlessness, has forgotten the post bag? Upon this, a door on the opposite side of the passage to the kitchen opens. and a modishly dressed lady appears upon the threshold.

I use the word "modish" with pre meditation. Faded though Theodorr Vansittart's lavender silk may be, it has received readjustments and readjustments that bring up its style to the level of M. Worth-I mean M. Worth as represented in the last number but three of the Petit, Courier des Dames. Her collars and cuffs would have been the newest thing out, not a twelvemonth ago in Oxford street. Her flaxen hair, plentiful still, though sixty winters have powdered it, is fashionably, almost girlishly, made the most of beneath a tiny Watteau cap of lace, rosebuds and ribbon. A tarnished

blue and gold keepsake or annual, of a date coeval with Miss Theodora's own youth, is in her hand.

"My dear Daphne! Is it possible that you have again forgotten the postbag? This is a little too hard." Theodora Vansittart's tone barely savors of so plebian a quality as sour ness, yet it is acidulated enough to carry reproach.

"I have been performing my duty," those staccatoed, chilly accents seem to imply. "I, dressed in a lavender silk, a la Regence, with folded white hands, with a mind engaged in the pursuit of elegant literature, have, in the expectation of possible visitors. been keeping up the appearance that befits our family's birth and breed-

"I and Aunt Hosie have had as busy

that involves Theodora Vansittart doing anything-"as it is, if you would not mind looking after the child a little till I come back? He will give you no trouble if you will let

him stay in the garden. Paul is always good when he is out of doors." "Paul is never good—out of doors or in," says Miss Treodora, with Bismarchian decision. "But I am, of course, ready to keep watch over him in your absence, if you'consider such watching necessary. When I was a child," adds Theodera devoutly, "people of education believed the world to be under a moral government. Parents had faith in Providence."

To be Continued, A London buyer has been in the Chicago market engaged in executing an order for artillery horses for the British Government. For these horses from \$125 to \$150 per head is paid, and

LABOR WORLD.

Striking teamsters at New Orleans, La., resumed work, an agreement having been reached with the employers. The Musicians' Union has demanded of the theatre managers in Washington., D. C., the regular scale under threat of a strike.

Labor leaders claim the last census shows 17,000,000 who support themselves by labor, of which 3,000,000 are organized union men. The Amalgamated Cloth Examiners' and Spongers' Union of Greater New

York has been chartered as a local of the American Federation of Labor. There are few strikes among the cigarmakers. They meet in convention only once in every eight years. their questins are settled by ma jority vote. Buffalo, N. Y., bricklayers and stone

masons' strike is beginning to affect carpenters, a number of whom have had to be laid off on account of the delay in the mason work. Fall River (Mass.) Manufacturers

Association has set on foot a movement for a general reduction of ten per cent. on collen textile operators. similar reduction was made last fall. A scrubwomen's union in St. Louis

There is one in Chicago, and its members are said to be well pleased with the benefits their association has brought them.

Union Congress, Leeds, England, a letter from the American Federation of Labor was read declaring that the universal solidarity of labor would bring about world peace.

mines along the Allegheny Valley Railroad in the Altoona district of the United Mine Workers will be sub mitted to a referendum vote of the paintings present the celebrated mines

nonths.

is reported under way of organization.

At the first session of the Trade The wage scale for the low grade

might put a pan of water in the incubator with the eggs. It looks easy and of a lack of freshness she might still I'm awfully foud of fish."-New York be one of a strong family. But she is Press.

The Smart Woman's Bathing Suit. 23 One swimming suit. One costume for surf bathing. Two or more much trimmed suits for still water frolicking. One or two highly picturesque sun

bath costumes. Half a dozen sunbonnets to match ostumes.

Ditto silk and rubber bathing caps. A dozen sashes, belts and neckties of shades to suit. Two dozen pairs of silk and open-

work hose. A choice collection of hose, in high and low effects, in colors to match each costume.

Likewise gloves. The same beach umbrellas. At least two long bath coats to slip on over the scantier get-up.

And once there was a time when single blue flannel sailor suit, a big straw hat and a pair of black stockings answered for the whole collection listed above.

A Washwomen's Stril.

The humble washwoman is not generally considered a fomenter of disturbance of the peace save as a cause of profanity when she washes off the fabric with patterns outlined in drawn buttons on the underlinen of the male threads. sex—much less as a starter of strikes. Nevertheless, because of several washwomen about three years ago a strike was instituted at Dayton, Ohio, which cost that city and the hundreds of people employed in a big cash register company located therein over a half million of dollars. John H. Patterson, the president of the cash register company, furnished towels to his en ployes and also paid a number of wom was these very employes who were beng supplied without cost to themselves

of these conveniences who rebeiled at he washing-the washers being workin who belonged to no union. The result was a strike that lasted come

A Famous Woman Painter.

Fraulein Grete Waldan, the first woman painter to receive an order rom the German Government, who ecorated the hall of the German ouilding at the Paris Exposition with vall paintings, has again been commisioned to furnish paintings for the St. ouis Exposition. She is contributing o hall of mines and metallurgy four arge paintings, two of them views of, he Krupp plant, the forging of a canion gun and the flattening of plates for conclads-certainly no everyday subects for a woman. She made studies or them on the spot. The other two

of Konigshutte, in Silesia, with smelt- cago Record-Herald.

rest when she first becomes conscious

of the thin class driven by the whip of it is used up. duty and the fear of not being able to turn every minute to account. A fig for that kind of duty. It is a duty to rest, to enjoy yourself, just as much a duty as to work or sleep. I believe there are women who regard sleep as a bit unnecessary and take as little of it as

possible, but I do not belong to the number.-Boston Traveler.



A net that is delicately ribbed with silk is novel.

Such dainty parasols are covered with flowcred tulle.

A checked skirt with a little black taffeta jacket is a good combination. A net gown flounced with cloth is one of the fashionable incongruities. Most of the Eton jackets are cut shorter than those worn in the winter. Blouses of embroidered batiste are

rivel smarter than those of thin China silk. A new wrinkle in chiffon is a gauzy

Ready-made walking skirts of mohair co scarce last year, are now to be

found in abundance. Full top sleeves shirred to the close

undersleeve with a cap beading distinguish a nebby poligee coat. A closely craped bodice, defining the lines of waist and bust, succeeds blouse

effects on the newest gowns.

This year's hip yoke is challower in to wash them. Curiously enough it than last season's and generally formed of fine cordings and shirrings. Poke bonnet, effects, ticd with big bows under the chir, are much in evidence at shart afternoon gatherings. woman to whom nothing else is becoming will wear it through the sum- Sun.

Had Learnel & Wicked Word.

A father recently overheard his young son use a word he did not approve, and calling the child to him, said: "My son, if you will promise me never to use that word again, I'll give you a silver dirac." The little fellow promised, and true to his word, refrained. About a week later he went don Daily Mail. to his father and said: "Papa, I've learned a new word worth fifty cents."

A good man's epitaph: "His life was the definition of unselfishness."-Chi-

Pointed Paragraphs.

An umbreila isn't much good until All men have brains, but some haven't sense enough to use them.

A man's idea of a heroine is a woman who can suffer in silence. The Lord hasn't time to help a man who is too lazy to help himself. When a girl is in love it takes one other person to make a world. When a couple gets married she be- road destroyer.

stows her hand and he puts his foot in

A man always sympathizes with the under dog in a tight-until he gets licked. Women love mirrors because they

don't flatter and they love men because they do. The average man would be tickled

large inheritance tax. There are numerous alleged cures same material of which the surface -Chicago News,

The New Reporter Resigned.

A new reporter on one of the picture papers is out of a job after his first assignment. His instructions were to 'get pictures of the man and woman and an interview with the baby," and three appeals at the house were unproductive of results. The fourth time be rang the bell "the man" himself came to the door and said things that drove the new reporter to the nearest tele- roads.

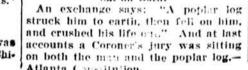
phone. "I can't get anything at that house." he told the editor, "and the man says the question. Use stone chips for reif I ring the bell again he'll break my neck."

"He did, ch?" came the answer from the other end of the wire. "Well, go right back and say he can't intimidate me with any such threat. Say I wou't stand for it."

The new reporter pondered over this until long after the last edition was on Drown is a hot color, and only the the streets. Then he weat home and wrote out his resignation.-New York

Hounds Put a Mob to Flight.

The police of Louvan. Belgium. unable to disperse a violent mob of political demonstrators, last night let loose the great hounds which accompany them on their nightly patrol, The dogs threw themselves upon the crowd, which instantly seattlered. Several persons were badly bitten.-Lon-Sat on Both.



these are built and kept up by the Government,

Road Maintenance.

Without proper care the most exponsive road may go to rain in two or three years, and the initial expense of constructing it be nearly lost. It is of greatest importance, therefore, that all good roads should have daily care. but They not only wear out, but wash out and freeze out. Water is the greatest

It is necessary to the proper maintenance of a road that it should "crown" or be higher in the middle than at the sides. If it is flat in the centre it soon becomes concave, and its middle soon becomes a pool or a mudhole if on a level, or a water course

if on an incline. A hollow, rut, or puddle should nevhalf to death for a chance to pay a 'er be allowed to remain, but should be evenly filled and tamped with the

for drunkenness, but death is about was originally constructed. A rake the only one that cures to stay cured. should be used freely, especially in re-It's as easy for some men to get un- moving stones, lumps, or ridges. Ruts der a cloud of debt as it is difficult for may be avoided by using wide tires their creditors to see the silver lining. on all wagons which carry heavy loads, If this is not always possible, the horses should be hitched so that they will walk directly in front of the wheels. This can be accomplished by making the double, or whiftle, tree of such length that the ends may be in line with the wagon wheels. A horse

will not walk in a rut unless compelled to do so, and, consequently, if all horses were hitched in this way runs would eventually disappear from stone

If stones are cracked on a road with a hammer a smooth surface is out of pairing stone roads, and remember that all foreign material and rullish will ruin the best road, and that dust and mud will double the cost of maintenance.

Ordinarily the chief work done by country people on highways is repairing the damage resulting from neglect. Why this negligence? The adage, 'A stilch in time saves nine," can never be applied more appropriately to anything than to the maintenance or repair of all kinds of roads.

Will Never Turn Back.

The people of this country will never turn back until every section and neithborhood enjoys the blessings of rural free mail delivery. But before this can be accomplished, a general improvement of the roads is absolutely necessary. There is no escaping this conclusion. Already bad roads are proving the main obstacle to the establishment and maintenance of ru-An exchange says: "A poplar log ral mail routes. If this is true now, while the system is extending over those areas which have the best roads. how much more true will it be when we attempt to make the system univerr

bler.

-Philadelphia Press.

Fitting Epitaph.

Atlanta Constitution.