

...to it
...daugh-
...to the
...a worth-
...burned with-
...letter that Ray
...to write from his
...must be her one thought now.
...called the angry mob that had
...about the bank the day it was
...after the discovery of Webster's
...defalcation, she shuddered at the thought
...of her brave, unsuspecting father appear-
...among them now, when failure had
...really come.
...Failure! She could not believe it.
...Why! her father was reputed wealthy.
...the bank dividends were large. "Was
...some sinister hand involving them in all
...this trouble? Only the week previous,
...she had sat in Mr. Merwyn's office while
...he endorsed a draft for thousands.
...Besides that, invested in the city, was
...her own splendid fortune left her by her
...mother.
...That she had begged her father to
...take charge of personally only a week
...since. Failure—the bank broken—
...with all those resources at hand!
...Still, the fact confronted her—a howl-
...ing, ravenous mob without threatened
...destruction. Her father had looked pale
...and anxious when, the night previous,
...he had ordered his horse, and announced
...that he was going to the city, twenty-
...five miles distant, on important business.
...What ailing yet? See here, Wharton!
...I will saddle Beauty and meet him and
...warn him before he reaches Ridgfield,"
...replied Flora.
...Mrs. Grey wrung her hands as Flora
...appeared below, clad in her riding habit,
...and announced her intention. The
...lovely lips curled scornfully as the house-
...keeper recalled Mr. Dacre's promise of
...providing a place of refuge for them until
...the storm was past.
...Once mounted on Beauty, once turn-
...ing the corner Flora Merwyn paced a
...shade deeper. One glance at the mob,
...scuffing, shouting, hurrying missiles, told
...that the appearance of the supposed
...cause of it all, Abel Merwyn, would be
...the signal for a murderous assault.
...As Flora passed a cottage, a woman
...laughing a throng of neighbors di-
...rected a curse at "that thief Merwyn's
...daughter, with her money!" and some
...workmen passing from the mill,
...scowled darkly at her. Ennui
...was abroad. With a wildly-beat-
...ing heart, Flora directed the
...trim little steed across the bridge
...and keeping to the road the ran along
...the river, peered anxiously ahead, ex-
...pecting to meet her father every mo-
...ment.
..."He will certainly come this way.
...There is a road leading to the town on
...the opposite bank, but it is in bad repair.
...He always returns from the city this
...side," she reflected. "On! on! Beauty,
...once beyond the thicket ahead, and we
...shall have a clear view down the road
...for over a mile, and may see him coming.
...Mercy!"
...The exclamation marked a catastro-
...phe. Urzing on the pony at his fleetest,
...his forefeet struck a burrow. He stag-
...gered and stumbled. A practiced horse-
...woman Flora leaped unhurt to the ground,
...but when she tried to lead Beauty from
...his difficulties, she found that one fore-
...leg was abraded, and he limped badly.
..."I shall have to proceed on foot," she
...murmured, a trifle dismayed. "What is
...that?"
...But, whatever it was, or whoever it
...was, that rustled through the wood near
...at hand, the disturbing presence passed
...from view and mind, as she secured
...Beauty to a tree and hurried on.
...She peered eagerly ahead down the
...road, as she neared a spot where it
...branched sharply from the river with
...a sigh of disappointment, she discerned
...only a load of hay telling along the dusty
...country throughout.
..."I will rest here awhile, and wait,"
...she decided. "What matters, so I in-
...tercept him finally. Father! father!"
...Just sinking to a fallen tree, Flora
...sprang to her feet with a wild, joyful
...cry.
...Her hands pressed across her tumultu-
...ously-beating heart, she cried out with
...all her might, and strained her vision
...across the stream.
...Just visible at a break in the bushes,
...on horseback, was her father. To save
...time by a shorter although a rougher
...road, the banker had taken the opposite
...shore in his return to Ridgfield.
...There was no bridge nearer than the
...town, and the broad, rushing river sepa-
...rated them, but Flora relied on her voice
...to reach and halt him, till she could ex-
...plain and warn him.
..."Father! father!" she cried again as at
...a second break in the bushes, the form
...of the horseman was disclosed.
...[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Accomplished Southern Girl.
A Southern paper publishes the following advertisement: "Wanted—By a young lady, aged 19, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything from the creation to crochets, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, 'muse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theater, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place to Miss Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa, on the premises."

The Proper Course.
Most people are aware, says Life, that it is the custom of turf gentle- men to settle their accounts every Monday at Tattersall's. It was on one of these occasions that a banker, by an oversight, paid his bookmaker a betting debt which he had settled already. This put the "bookie" in a mental fix as to what would be the best course for him to take. "Shall I rob my wife and family," he argued with himself, "and return the money; or shall I keep it and go about with a seared conscience?" Unable to decide the point himself, he sought the advice of a brother professional of greater experience. "Paid you twice over, did he?" said the latter. "Ask him for it again!"

Nativity of New York's Police.
Of 1590 men appointed as members of the police force of New York City between August 1, 1885, and January 1, 1897, a period of seventeen months, 1285 were natives of the United States, 211 of Ireland, forty-eight of Germany, twenty-four of England or Canada, six of Austria and five of Scotland. There were also two Russians and one Holstein Dane.

...POLI-
...MEN.
...Worn by Fair Goth-
...New Designs and Fabrics for
...Waists—The Latest Wrinkles
...Lingerie—Cut Steel Again in Vogue.
... (Special New York Letter.)
The fan is the sword of the woman.
While rummaging around a quaint
shop on lower Broadway last week,
I came across an oddly pretty one of the
Louis XIV. period. Fan collectionsety woman who wishes to be strictly
"in it" can afford not to be the owner
of at least a half dozen of these frail-
ties of caprice. The Duchess of
Marborough has a beautiful collection,
and one of her recent gifts to her
friend, Miss Edith Morton, was a fan
supposed to have belonged to Marie
Antoinette.
Speaking of Miss Morton, what a
thoroughbred American girl she is!
Just before her departure for London,
where she is to be presented at the
Queen's drawing room, I met her, ac-
companied by her two sisters, the
Misses Lena and Helen Morton. Miss
Edith looked exceedingly well groomed
in a tailor-made Eton costume of blue
and gray whipcord, with which a blue
silk blouse was worn. Her sisters
wore gowns with trim little Eton jack-
ets as well; Miss Helen's sylph-like
figure was set off by a linen crash suit
with which was worn an India silk
shirt waist finished with a soft crush
collar of the same. Her nobby sailor
hat was of white, with a black band.
Miss Lena, who is tall and radiantly
Junoesque, looked like a picture in
her costume of tan suiting. Her hat
of coarse straw was trimmed with a
profusion of pansies and mignonette,
which contrasted effectively with her
purple and green changeable silk
waist.
The newest designs in shirt waists
are in pique, flowered organdies and
sheer silk. The latter are worn over
corset covers of taffeta silk, and col-
ored mulls or percaline lace trimmed.
The costumes illustrated herewith
were designed by The National Cloak
Co., of New York.
WORDS OF WISDOM.
The wish to shine, makes men fools.
Don't try to impart ideas by your
feelings.
The war is not over because we have
lost a battle.
Make a call too short, rather than be
yawned out.
A little sin has as much death in it
as a big one.
Some would rather face a cannon
than their own evils.
The man who can tell all he knows
of religion, knows very little.
It is a blessing to have opinions; it
is a curse to be opinionated.
All sinful life is moral insanity; and
a guilty act is criminal lunacy.
The man who knows how to live
well, will not have to learn how to die
well.
Nature is God's; botany and geology
are men's; so religion is divine, theo-
logy, human.
The man whose opinion is hardest to
get is the man whose opinion is most
worth getting.
The saddest ignorance in this world
is not to know the pleasure that comes
from self-sacrifice.
Opinions are a good thing to have
in life, but an extra pair of suspenders
is often of more practical value.
It is a merciful provision of provid-
ence that in hours of darkest sorrow
we are not conscious of what we suffer.
The Creator spends so much force in
sunsets and apple blossoms, that
there must be some great use in mere
beauty.
Calling a man hard names, is often
only another way of saying that he
dares to differ from you in opinion.—
Ran's Horn.
Pointed Toes Out of Fashion.
Pointed toes have gone out of
fashion, but shoe dealers say people
are not willing to go back to more
sensible footwear. Round-toed shoes
are fashionable, but pointed toes are
sold. The chiropractists rejoice
over this latter fact, for the shoes with
sharp toes have done much for their
business.
Greenhouse to Cost \$100,000.
Buffalo is rejoicing in the prospect
of possessing within the present year
a fine greenhouse, all crystal and steel.
The structure will be 200 feet long
and will have an octagonal dome about
75 feet high and 60 feet in diameter.
It will cost about \$100,000.
At the new literary coterie known as
the "Little Sisters of the Quill" a few

...Saturdays past, my vis-a-vis was Mrs.
Charles Dana Gibson. Her gown of
violet gray had a bodice of chiffon with
sleeves and corslet of violet velvet. A
GOWN OF VIOLET GRAY.
huge bunch of violets was worn at the
corsage, and the combination was
both dainty and effective.
No street costume is complete to-
day without a bunch of posies, and the
flower vendors find little difficulty in
disposing of their mass of beauty.
The old-fashioned flowers, too, like
the lilac, primrose and peony find
much favor with maids and matrons
alike.
Cut steel is again in vogue, and the
careful housewife who is saving, may
now rummage about in boxes and
drawers for the steel ornaments and
trinkets of years ago.
The newest style belt has two
buckles in the front, one on either
side, to make the waist look smaller.
French gilt, silver and enamel buckles
and belts will be much worn with the
thinner summer frocks.
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...OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.
LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR
LOVERS OF FUN.
Lacking—A Request—Possibly the Rea-
son—In Boston—Convincing—Then
Neither Made Up—Miss Rosy—"My mind isn't made
up yet."—Miss Speyt—"It's more than you
can say for your face."—New York
Journal.
A Request.
Mrs. Y.—"My daughter is a prom-
ising musician."
Mr. C.—"Well, get her to promise
that she won't sing any more."—Yon-
kers Statesman.
More Domestic Oppression.
"What is leisure, Popper?"
"Leisure? Well, it is any old idle
five minutes I get while your dear
mother is hunting up something else
for me to do."—Puck.
Possibly the Reason.
"They say that Batch hasn't a dollar
to his name."
"That must be the reason he has
never been able to get any woman to
accept it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
The Horrid Brute.
She—"I never expected to work like
this when I married you."
He—"I didn't suppose you cared.
You worked hard enough to get me,
didn't you?"—Indianapolis Journal.
Heretic.
Brawn (to dentist)—"I won't pay
anything extra for gas. Just yank the
tooth out, even if it does hurt a little."
Dentist—"I must say you are very
plucky. Just let me see the tooth."
Brawn—"O, I haven't got any tooth-
ache; it's Mrs. Brawn. She'll be here
in a minute."—Tit-Bits.
An Uprising in His Mind.
"Speaking of Cuban uprisings and
insurrections," said Wallace, "I shall
never forget one that occurred twenty
years ago."
"Were you present?" asked Perry.
"Very much so. I happened about
five minutes after I had lighted one of
my father's big, black Havana cigars."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.
A Unnecessary Admission.
"Did you tell that young man not to
call here any more?" asked Mabel's
father, severely.
"No."
"Why not?"
"I didn't think that it was neces-
sary. I don't see how he could call
any more, now. He calls seven times
a week."—Washington Star.
Safe While It Lasts.
"I haven't got any case," said the
client, "but I have money."
"How much?" asked the lawyer.
"Ten thousand dollars," was the
reply.
"Pshaw! you have the best case I
ever heard of. I'll see that you never
go to prison with that sum," said the
lawyer, cheerfully.—Boston Traveler.
An Easter Revenue.
Sparring Teacher—"What? No
more lessons? Why, you only took
two."
Amateur (much the worse for wear)
—"You see, I wanted to take enough
lessons so that I could learn enough
about the manly art to lick a man.
I've changed my mind now. I guess
I will send the fellow down to take the
rest of the lessons."—Rochester Dem-
ocrat and Chronicle.
Trouble Among the Franks.
"Oh, Reginald, I am so glad you
have come!" puffed the Fat Lady.
"We have just been having an awful
time!"
"What is it?" asked the Living
Skeleton.
"The India Rubber Man got angry
at the Leopard Boy and swore he
would knock the spots off him, if he
had to do a stretch of ten years for it."
—Indianapolis Journal.
True to His Order.
The Lady—"I'll give you a good
meal if you will cut up some of that
wood."
The Tramp—"Sorry, but I can't ac-
commodate you, madam."
"To lazy to work, I suppose?"
"Not that, madam, not that. I would
be false to my trust. You see, I'm a
member of the Society for the Preser-
vation of the American Forests, and
we never cut any wood."—Yonkers
Statesman.
The Sufferer.
"May I ask what is going on in the
village?" inquired the observant
stranger.
"We're celebratin' the birthday of
the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the
native. "She's a hundred an' one to-
day, sir."
"And tell me, pray, who is that lit-
tle man with the dreadfully sad coun-
tenance who walks by the old lady's
side?"
"That's her son-in-law, sir. He's
been keepin' up her life insurance for
thirty years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Photographing the Arteries.
After much study and painstaking
an artery in the arm of an adult has
been photographed. The patient had
been suffering from some trouble in
the arm which the physicians were
unable to correctly diagnose. By
means of the X-rays deposits of lime
salts in the blood were clearly shown,
and the case was treated in accordance
with the facts elicited by the photo-
graphing as described.

...GOOD ROADS NOTES.
Strangely enough a railroad is
smoother than a plank road.
"Honest Elections and Good Roads"
is the platform on which Charles G.
Richie, of Louisville, Ky., is standing
for re-election next November as Judge
of Jefferson County Court.
Fred Harvey, thirty-five, a Barre
(Vt.) teamster, was thrown from his
wagon while driving over a muddy
place in the road, and a wheel passing
over his head forced his face down into
the mud in such a way that he was
smothered before aid reached him.
A novel case was recently decided
by a judge in Brighton township, near
Sacramento, Cal. The wheelmen of
the township, who have a cycle path,
were very much annoyed by the wan-
dering of cows on the path, the ani-
mals preferring the smooth path to the
road. An animal was impounded by
the county officials and a test case
made. The cow came off victorious,
as it was found that no pound or-
dinance existed for the township, though
most of the other townships had laws
covering such.
The fourth annual report of the Com-
missioners of Public Works of Ogdens-
burg, N. Y., gives an interesting detail
account of the work done for road im-
provement during the past year, for
which work \$16,470 have been ex-
pended. Ogdensburg is now provided
with excellent facilities for road con-
struction and improvement. The
equipment, the aggregate value of
which is about fifteen thousand dol-
lars, will serve for years to come, to
build and keep in repair a superior
class of macadam roads.
Many farms in this State have en-
tailed more labor than was cheerfully
bestowed in piling stones taken from
the land, stone fences being seen for
miles, yet right alongside of these
fences of stone the farmers have driven
fetlock deep in mud for years, when
they could have used the stones to bet-
ter advantage on the roads than in any
other manner, as they were encum-
brances. Now that the stone breaker
quickly reduces the stone for the pur-
pose, muddy roads should be covered
with stone. Philadelphia Saturday
Post.
The wholesale trade of the city has
been undeniably light. A number of
causes have operated to this end, the
principal one of which has been the
weather. Country roads in much of
the tributary district are little better
than impassable, and act as a bar to the
ordering of goods not absolutely neces-
sary." The above, from the commer-
cial column of the Chicago Tribune, is
extremely interesting. It conveys a
large lap-welded fact, that, like a can-
cer, is eating into the prosperity of
large tracts of our otherwise glorious
country, says the L. A. Bulletin.
Nearly twenty years ago General
Grant, in enumerating necessary lines
of public improvement, named the pub-
lic schools and highways. Once when
he and General Sheridan were in a re-
miniscent mood, the old commander
said to "Little Phil," speaking of the
latter's famous ride to the battle of
Cedar Creek: "Sheridan, if that bat-
tle had taken place after a prolonged
rain, and there had not been a good
pike from Winchester, you would never
have been promoted to the head of the
United States Army. You would not
have reached the battlefield to cheer
your men, and there would have been
a great defeat for the Union forces in-
stead of a great victory. That would
have left Meade and Thomas a long
distance ahead of you in the line of
promotion."
Where Soldiers Are Hit.
A great military authority says that
when a well-built man of six feet is
facing the enemy he presents a surface
to be shot at of one thousand square
inches.
His face has an area of fifty-six
inches, and his neck of twenty-three
inches, and out of every hundred men
wounded in battle fourteen will be
wounded in those parts. They are the
most exposed parts of the body,
whether the combatant be in a trench
or behind a tree or wall.
The trunk offers nearly four times as
large a target, but it is usually protect-
ed by some form of defense work, and
is, therefore, hit only nineteen times
in a hundred.
As Scraps says, it seems extraordi-
nary that the arms have as great an
area almost as the body. That is to
say, what the anatomist calls arms,
which include the shoulders. They
measure two hundred and twenty-six
inches, and receive thirty out of the
hundred hits. The reason they are
often hit than the body is that they
have to be exposed so much in firing.
The legs, including the hips, have
the largest surface of all, measuring
four hundred and twenty-two square
inches, or nearly twice as much as the
arms. But they are nearly always pro-
tected by breastworks, rising ground,
trunks of trees, etc., and so they are
wounded only thirty-five times out of
the hundred.
When fighting at close quarters the
head and body suffer very severely,
and when fighting from behind trees
the arms, having to be put forward to
fire, receive an unusual number of
wounds.
A curious fact, which every veteran
knows to his cost, is that when the
ground is hard bullets are reflected
upward and wound the legs and lower
parts of the body, while, if the ground
were soft, the bullets would bury
themselves in it.
His Autograph in Tin.
Forty-one years ago Thomas Mc-
Namee, President of the Wabash Na-
tional Bank and one of the wealthiest
residents of Wabash County, was a
journeyman tinner in Wabash, and put
a tin roof on an old dwelling near the
ancient lock of the now defunct Wa-
bash and Erie Canal. When he had
finished the job he etched with a
scratch-awl his name in the last sheet
of tin. The property now belongs to
the Thompson Milling Company, and
Mr. McNamee has made a request of
the latter to be permitted to cut out
the sheet of tin bearing the autograph
placed there before the war, and per-
mission has been granted. The roof
shows no signs of wearing out, though
it has withstood the elements for more
than forty years.—Indianapolis (Ind.)
News.
The Bermudas export over 17,000,
000 pounds of onions annually.



GOWN OF VIOLET GRAY.



TAILOR-MADE ETON COSTUME OF BLUE AND GRAY WHIPCORD. LINEN CRASH SUIT WITH WAIST OF SOFT DOTTED MULL.



COSTUME OF TAN SUITING.