

Bellefonte, Pa., June 17, 1892

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song.
"What brave thing shall I do. With the strength of my wealth and the joy ous throng
Of friends stout hearted and true."

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun By the shore of his life's broad sea, And the days of his youth are quickly run, Yet never a sail spies he.

"My ship has gone down!" in soberer strain Sings the man, and to duty turns. He forgets the is his toil and pain, And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old With the course of his years well spent, And gazing out on the deep—behold A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no sons are borne From her decks as she nears the land; Silent with sail all somber and torn. She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought Not the treasure he thought to win, But honor, content and love—life wrought, And he cries, "Has my ship come in?"—M. A. de Wolfe Howe.

HOW WE HUNG RED SHED.

Where or bow he had dug up the name of Shed no one knew or cared, I reckon. But his big, red, round face, heavy red beard and brickdust hair plainly have to answer for the first part of his name. He was a big. stupid and heavy man, with a low, soft voice, and a kindly manner, with very little to say. He did not use a jack knife to whittle dry goods boxes and hitching posts like most men when loafing about the door of the saloon, but stood with his big heavy legs wide apart, his broad shoulders stooped and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, as if on the deck of a ship.

Sid Berry, his partner, had a pack that meant that she could swear terribly. No one knew where Berry and the woman came from. In fact, nobody knew or cared to know where anybody came from. We all had tum-bled in there together when the gold was found—a long line of us on our way from California, through the wilderness to Idaho. We had found gold by chance one day about noon, and beand every man, the big woman included, had a lot and a mining claim. We did not know where we were; we only knew that we were several hundred miles from the nearest white habitation That we were a lawless mob, and so must have law and order; a recorder to record claims and town lots, a judge ment and a sheriff to endure it,

And so one night, by the light of a great pine knot fire in the centre of the "city square," the men and the woman met and elected Mr. Goodwin, now a rich and respected wholesale merchant in San Francisco, recorder. Tom Hound, the butcher, was elected sheriff and the writer of this judge.

Shed had a big, woolly, black dog devoted to him, and that woman was devoted to him, too. We boys all saw this very soon. Where there is only about one woman and a half to several hundred men the boys are apt to see what is up.

The pack train was off soon for The Dalles, 200 miles distant. Berry, his big wife, Shed, the big woolly dog and all together. In a month the caravan came back all right, and we had a graveyard started up on the hill, too, for we had taken some whisky with us from California.

After a time the pack train started for The Dalles again, Berry, his big wife, Red Shed, the woolly dog and

One morning four miners met the pack train about half way from The Dalles, as they were coming back to Canyon City with horses loaded with supplies. The big woman rode the bell mule at the head of the pack train and swore lustily at the men and their laden horses for not getting out of her way faster. Behind the pack train came Red Shed shuffling along, leading his horse and with head held down. The dog was not to be seen and Berry was not in sight, either.

But as they crossed a spur of the mountain and came to a creek they saw off to the right, or rather the first bend, old woolly howling dismally by the edge of a thicket. The dog did not seem to see them or notice them, but would start on after the pack train, then stop and howl, as if to tell the big woman and Red Shed that they had forgotten something.

So when the dog, after howling a minute or so, turned about and ran back into the thicket, one of the men handed his bridle to the miner nearest him in the trail and, gun in hand, went

to see what was up.

There lay Berry in the edge of the bush dead, shot through the head, his hair all blood and his torn clothes all dust from having been dragged there.

The men wrote everything dswn in a little note book with a pencil, so that there could be no mistake about the facts, and then, having nothing to dig a grave with, they found a hollow place not far off on the hiflside and laid the bedy there, covering it with a heap of stones-

They said nothing when they got back till the pack train came in, Shed the big woman, the big woolly dog

The next day after the pack train got back Tom Hound the sheriff, called at the big woman's camp. She was washing a pair of blankets and the water was bloody. She told Hound that Shed had killed an antelope and tied it while yet warm on the top of his

Where was Berry? Oh, Berry and she had divided up at The Dalles; he he had gone his way, and she had come her way, "and that is all there is of that !"

Her fingers snapped in the air, she tossed her big head as she turned on her big heel and her jaws snapped like

the mules. His feet wide apart, his hands deep in his pookets, and his had thought of the black cap. head bent low, he was watching a lit. Then suddenly it began to tr tle colony of ants re-forming their curwith head down, was so busy, so sorry, as he watched them, that he did not on his shoulder.

"All right, Tom; only let me lead

that night by the light of a big log will after a day like this, only then I fire. And the dog was surely the only friend that Red Shed had. The big went home hastily, but more than once the old dog bumped his huge.

Why she was not there. Why she was longer than once the old dog bumped his huge. not then a prisoner on trial also does bowed head against my heels, seem strange—passing strange. But hastily, so that the boys might not lose he did't whine at all any sleep, but be up in good time to see the hanging—the court on his way to his cabin saw her "placidly" taking down a pair of blankets from the clothes line.

Hound worked all night and got up a first rate scaffold by the little grave yard. In fact. any one to look at it would have said it was equal to the scaffolds of a much older civilization. "Bout noon suit you, Shed ?"

"All right, Tom; 'bout noon."
"Thought I'd kinder like to let the boys git in from round about. They don't have much to 'muse 'em, you

"All right, Tom ; let 'em git in." It was a warm day to be so late in fall. There were four of us on the scaffold—She, Hound, the dog and myself. Shed had sent Hound to ask me to say something or at least help train and a big, burley wife with a jaw sing. But it was awful to be there! like a wolf trap. She could ride a The dog kept rolling his big woolly mule as well as a Mexican could, and head up against Shed's tied legs and whining and whining all the time, as as if it were he and not quiet and passive old Red Shed that was to be hanged.

There was an immense crowd; a queer, curious crowd. It came up so close that it jammed against the new scaffold till it creaked and creaked. The men, as I remember them now, nearly all had their mouths open as fore night we had a "city" staked off they looked up at us. I distinctly reand breaking down. Some Indians sat on a hill a little way off watching us. And Waymire, now one of the big was then a distinguished young officer a sort of echo, "That settles it." in the army.

There was a little commotion close a big woman with a big bell mule, with edge of the scaffold said speedily: And all so still.
"Scuse me, gentlemen, my steers is Then Toman steers, purty poor steers, but all me an' us put them up. my folkes bave got and I've got to find

anda brindle? No one spoke. The man whose the dusty old emigrant who was about backing down from the scaffold to the ground. Now, the way he spoke told

with a thump. Then Hound wanted to kneel too, for he did not like his job, I can tell you that but his right hand was holding on to the gnarly and twisted noose, and he knew better than let go of it. So he looked at Shed and

"You don't mind, Shed !"

"I don't mind, Tom." And so he put the noose around the man's neck, and he kindly looked and waited a second to see it it was all

"Hurt ye, Shed?" "No, don't hurt; don't hurt now,

Tom.' And then Tom went down on his knees, and the boys bowed their heads and cried. You could hear them cry. Why, the very old dog seem to feel the atmosphere of pity and the pathos of the scene.

But let us end this. The old emigrantarose; his hat lay before him and Hound stooped to pick it up. "Give us that hat," said a husky

voice below. Hound handed down the hat. "Bout done, Tom?" whispered

"Bout done, Shed, just a minute now." answered Tom, as he raised up with his hat heavy from the collec-

tion. Shed saw this and said: "Tom.

"Well, Shed ?" "Lend me a dollar, till, till-" "Why, Shed, here I'll chip in for both, see?

"Well, Shed ?" "Ye'll see me put away, eh?" "Why, there, see? That's the grave all ready, Shed."

"Thank yer, Tom. An' now Tom.

"Thank yer, Tom, thank yer, an I'm all ready: Then such a crash and jerk! The dog sprang down to the ground and began to howl, and the men fell back and down as if shot by grapeshot and can-

ister. Around and around swung the huge and heaving body, and then it suddenly stopped, stopped right still, and with he was insane." the face lifted and the head a little sidewise, it looked at Tom Hound and man he stabbed got well.

Hound found Shed, the shadowy old I; looked black at us, you may say, dog at his heels, out on the hill with but not unkindly, for only two or three seconds, yet it seemed years, for no one

Then suddenly it began to twist and whirl and wind the other way, and we ious little city. A mule had set its two tumbled back and down to the foot into this ant hill, and the big man, ground as best we could, for fear that we might faint.

I left Hound to finish his work alone see or hear Hound till his hand was and set out on a long, circuitous walk still it takes its place among the historic over the hills to try and shake off the floods, as death by flood from the nightmare of this miserable day on my the mules down to water and sorter way home. I sat down on a bowlder hurry 'em up a bit." The trial was held in the city square ingup and looking back, as one always lying below the level of the sea, has that night by the light of a big log will after a day like this, only then I

ah, those were the days when women close by my door, and he put out his ing of the dikes, and the sea called the had women's rights to perfection. For nose a little, licked his tongue out just Zuyder Zee, formed in 1421, has only after the trial and the sentence of he least bit, as if he wanted to say that death had been passed-and all rather his brave old heart was broken, but

Of course I couldn't stand the dog at all, and so I went to Hound. After Severn in Great Britain overflowed for some muttering and sullen protest against my request that he should take the dog to the woman, he finally put a tow string around his huge neck and we to together led him to her ca-

She came tearing out like a wild beast—a kettle of hot water in one hand and a knife in the other, and oaths enough in her mouth to sink a

"You have hung an innocent man!" she shrieked, as she hurled the boiling water at Hound. "Then who killed Berry?" I shouted back over my shoulder from a safe

distance. "I killed him and I'll kill you, you devil!" She was frenzied with rage, but we were out of her way. "Have to hang another one, Tom,

'I said finally after we had walked to his butcher shop in silence. He tied the dog back by his bunk and patted his bowed old head for a long time. Then he came out and up to me and said sharply: "Not

much. "Well, what will we do?" "What will we do? Keep our damn mouths shut and do nothing. That's what we'll do. Didn't you know afore that Shed was a-dyin' for her? Well I did, an' that's why I kinder took to call looking away down in one man's Shed an' tried to make his hangin' throat. I counted his teeth as I stood easy like. He was willin' to die for her, there, and tried to keep from thinking an' he did die for her, an' that settles

Hound had thrown these words off from him as from his shoulder with his lawyers of San Francisco, sat on his big sledge-hammer right hand, and I horse, with his soldiers not far beyond simply said, half to him and half to watching the Indians; for Waymire myself, as I went back to my cabin, in And next morning the break of day

by, and the scaffold again creaked as a bunch of grass stuffed in the mule's a tall, lank, sunburned and slender bell, rode out quietly out of camp on man, all rags and hats and shoes, with her way to The Dalles. The pack an ox whip under his arm, pushed the train stole quietly on after, followed by dog aside, and stepping to the very a tramp picked up for the occasion.

m and I went to the carpen straid, and I thought that some of you | ter and had a pretty cross and a heada-comin' into the hangin' might a-seen | board made for the new grave on the 'em a ballface and a brindle; emigrant | hill, and Tom took the dog along to see What became of the woman? Well.

'em. Didn't see 'em nobody? Two now, I don't like to say anything hard steers, two emigrant steers; a ballface of any woman, or record any woman's decline or fall. But the last heard of her she was keeping a boarding house teeth I had been counting shut up for congressmen in Washington. It is shop for a moment, and I managed to hard to stop when once on the downget my eyes away from him and off to ward road. Joaquin Miller in San erty. Famine and pestilence follow-Francisco Wasp.

Good Looks.-Good looks are more me he was a sort of a preacher, or ex-horter, at least. I whispered this to healthy condition of all the vital organs. "I say, chip is here. All right, Shed, eh?"

If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disorded you have a Dyspeptic Look and if "All right, Tom, let 'em chip."

The lank man let his hat fall down

Your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and by the dog and his knees fell on the hat | you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Parrish's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

The King of the Rustlers Dead.

Shot Down by a Posse Near Sinking Water Creek.

ARLAND, Wyo. June 11 .- Jack Bliss, the king of the Rustlers, was killed on the 4th inst., on the south fork of Sinking water creek, by Deputy Sheriff Irey, of Arland, and a posse. Bliss was barricaded in a stone fortress and supplied himself with food by pillaging miner's cabins. The officers took him

unawares.
Bliss was a notorious Rustler. Five weeks ago he was captured after a desperate struggle and jailed at Lander, Wyo., but escaped by knocking down and disarming his jailer, and has since been a terror to cattle men.

-Mr. Feeder -"This vest wants to be a little larger around the waist, Schneider."

Schneider-"But it fits you perfectly now, sir.' Mr. Feeder--"I know it fits all right

now, but I am ordering this suit to wear at dinners !"

-Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend" There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

-"Isn't that Flyoff? How does he happen to be at large? I thought "No. Haven't you heard? The

Great Floods of History.

neful Destruction in Holland in the Seventeenth Century-The Torrent in the Oil Creek Valley Not Equal to that which Swept Through the Conemaugh. But it Deserves a Place in the Reeord of the Great Disasters.

The terrible flood in the north western ection of this State, while not as appalling as the calamity at Johnstown, Noachian deluge to the present has been ever a factor in human life and a matter of dread tradition. Holland, been particularly unfortunate in the woman was not there. Why she was once the old dog bumped his huge, inundation of Holland in 1630 upwards bowed head against my heels.

The next morning I found him lying of 400,000 people lost their lives.

These deluges were caused by the breakbeen partially reclaimed. These inundations by the sea, while most disastrous, are hardly comparable to the floods from the rivers. In 1483 the 10 days, covering the tops of the hills, thousands were drowned and the waters settled upon the lands, being known afterward as the Great Waters. Dantzig, in 1829, the Fistula broke through the dikes and many hundreds were drowned. A large part of Zealand was over flowed in 1717, and about 1,-300 lost their lives. In 1802, Lorca, 8 city in Murcia, Spain, was destroyed by the collapse of a reservoir and 1,000 persons were drowned. In 1813, by an overflow of the Danube, 2,000 Turkish soldiers, encamped on an Island, were swept to instant death. During the same storm 6,000 inhabitants of Silesia were drowned and the ruin of the French army under MacDonald accentuated by the floods. In Poland 4,000 lives were lost by this flood.

## FRANCE A SUFFERER.

France has on numerous occasions suffered severely from floods. Its rivers have overflowed their banks at intervals for centuries back, causing great loss of life and damage to property. The Loire flooded the centre and southwest of France by an unexpected rise in October, 1846, and while the people succeeded in escaping to a great extent, damages aggregating over \$20,000,000 Ten years latter the South of France was again subjected to an inundation and an immense lose sustained. A large part of Toulouse was destroyed by a rising of the Garonne in June, 1875. So sudden and disastrous was the flood that the inhabitants were taken unawares and over 1,000 lost their lives. Awful inundations occurred in France from October 31 to November 4, 1840. The Saone poured its waters into the Rhone, broke through its banks and covered 60,000 acres. Lyons was almost entirely submerged, in Avignon 100 houses were swept away, 218 houses were carried away at La Guillotiere and upward of 300 at Voise, Marseilles and Nismes. It was the greatest height the Saone had attained for 238 years. At Besseges, in the South of France, a waterspout in 1861 destroyed the machinery of the mines and sent a torrent over boys were buried below. It was a pe-

of floods. A thousand lives were lost in Mucia, Spain, by inundations in 1879. India has been the scene of numerous floods. In 1861, a deluge overwhelmed the fertile districts of Bengal, killing hundreds and plunging the survivors into the direct poved, carrying thousands away like cattle. Italy has not been exempt from the devastation of the waters. On December 28 and 29, 1870, Rome suffered great less, and in October, 1872, the

GREAT BRITAIN'S LOSS.

Great Britain has a long list of inundations. It is recorded that in the year 245 the sea swept over Lincolnshire and acts directly on these vital organs. Cures submerged thousands of acres. In the year 353 over 3,000 persons were drowned in Cheshire from the same cause, Four hundred families were destroyed in Glasgow in the year 738 by a great flood. The coast of Kent was similarly afflicted in 1100, and the immense bank still known as the Godwin Sands formed by the action of the sea. In 1686, it is recorded, a rock opened at Yorkshire, and poured out water to the height of a church steeple. This is the most curious in the record of floods. Another inundation caused by the failing of artificial devices occurred in St. Germains, near King's Lynn. May 4-15, 1852. It was caused by the bursting of an outfall sluice and occasioned a great loss to property in that section of the country. In 1866 the north of England was visited extensively by floods, and in July. October and November of 1875, the midland and western counties were partially submerged with a considerable loss of life. The following year was a disastsous one in both France and' Holland.

DISASTERS IN AMERICA.

The inundation of the Ohio and Mississippi at different times have caused great destruction of property, and at times of life. New Orleans was flooded May 12, 1849, 160 squares 1,600 houses being submerged. The White mountains in New Hamshire were inundated by a deluge of rain after two years of drought, in 1816. Several valleys were complete under water. Trees and whole forests were torn from the ground it is written, and were washed with the torrents down the mountain side.

One of the best known American disasters by flood was that of Mill River, near Northampton, Mass., on May 16, 1874. A number of villages were destroyed through the bursting of an illconstructed reservoir, but only 144 lives were lost. In the same year the rivers of Western Pennsylvania overflowed their banks as a result of an unusual fall of rain, and 220, persons were drowned. The next flood of importance was that in the Conemaugh Valley. Since that time there have been great floods in Mexico by which hundred of lives were lost and disastrous floods in all parts of the world. In June, 1889, many crooked heads.

6,000 lives were lost in Kwangtung, while in August nearly 5,000 were lost in the Province of Wahasyama, Japan. Last summer a cloudburst in Botzen, Austria, destroyed hundreds of ives, in Southern Spain, and over 2,000

ives are believed to have been lost. The recent lose of life in the West along the courses of the Missouri and Mississippi bring the list of disaster up to the present.

## A Jar of Batter.

She was one of those sassy women that knows more in a minute than a man knows in seventy hundred and eighty-four years, and she kept it constantly on display. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when she bustled into a family grocery on Third avenue and approached an innocent looking, sandy haired clerk with a stub pencil over his ear.

"Is there butter in this jar?" She nquired, tapping the vessel with her

"Yes, madam," affirmed the clerk. "I thought so," she said. "I can tell a butter jar instinctively." "Yes'm," the clerk acquiesced,

"Is it sweet?" "Yes'm." "Where is it from? Western Reserve?"

"No'm." "No?" land her feathers drooped a "From Michigan I suppose?" little. "Yes'm."

She smiled with satisfaction. "I thought it must be," she confessed. 'Tisn't fresh, of course; butter never is when it is put up in jars.'

"No'm," admitted the clerk. "It was made last fall." "Goodness me," she exclaimed. 'All that time and you say it is sweet

"Yes'm, we guarantee it." "'Tisn't worth quite so much as if it was fresh, is it?" she asked with a

boarding house accent. "What is the price of it?', "A dollar a gallon, ma'am." She jumped as if a mouse had bitten

"A dollar a gallon!" she exclaimed. gallon."

"We always sell that kind of butter by the gallon, ma'am," said the the head in a long, narrow coil. clerk with guileless gravity. "What kind ot butter is it?

asked in a less confident tone. "Apple butter, ma'am," and the clerk bowed his sandy head and waited for the storm.

## Food at the North Pole.

The Eskime Never Steals Anything and Provi-

There is no trouble about living in the polar regions except lack of food supply. No danger exists that the provisions once placed would be disturbed. Among the people who dwell in those frozen regions a cache is sacred. Nothing short of starvation will the edge of the pit like a cataract. The gas exploded, and hundreds of men and and even in such a case he leaves payment behind for what he takes. Snow culiar casualty, in not having been shoes and extra clothing are hung up caused by any of the ordinary occasions in the open air in summer, and are as safe as the accoutrements which city people "hang up" at their uncle's dur-

ing the warm season. Seal oil is buried in the ground in bags of skin. Meat is heaped upon platforms built among trees, which are peeled of bark in order to keep bears from climbing up them. Little sticks with sharp points upward are buried in the ice to distract the attention of the bears from the provisions overhead. Another kind of a cache is in the shape of a strong pen, the main supports of northern portions of the kingdom were which are standing tree, with brush visited by great floods. There have and logs piled on top to keep out wild been innumerable smaller inundations, animals. During the salmon catching season in arctic Alaska the heads of the fish are cut off and put into a hole in the ground. When they are half putrified they are dug and eaten, being esteemed a great delicacy.

## How She Heeded His Words

"Remember, dear," said the venerable father as he sent his youngest and most petted daughter away to boarding school, "that all my hopes are now centered on you. Remember in all your struggles for intellectual supremacy your triumphs, your defeats, and your temptations, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' "I will, father," replied the weeping

girl, and the train bore her away. Will it be believed that three years later that girl married a man who bore the villainous name of Gandershanks -Chicago Tribune.

gentlemen in the orchestra, Mr. Manhattan Beach and Mr. Uptown Gayboy, are disputing about their opera glass. Each one claims to have the best.

Mr. Gayboy-I can count the wrinkles in the face of that old woman in in the box up there. Mr. Beach-And I can count her

gray hairs with mine. The lady in the box observed that the two gentlemen were looking at her, so with a gratified smile she said to a friend at her side:

----When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy metter.

attention."

H. Summers, Stephney, Conn. -Heler Hyler-I have to be very economical now; I'm on a salary. Jack Lever-You mean an allowance; one has to work for a salary.

Helen—Oh, I have to work hard enough to get it out of papa!

That has almost entirely disappeared

and I have not had headache since .- J.

---Falsehood is a head that covers

The World of Women

White muslin dresses trimmed with black lace come under the head of

'summer novelties,' Most of the outing dresses of storm serge are furnished with facinating rib-

on or velvet suspenders Alsatian bows of rush green spread across the brim of a white leghorn, which droops beneath a cluster of hop

Very high effects of puffed hair, with the wavy part of the front hair drawn up over these puffs by being held up by small ornamental combs, are now seen. Mrs. Huggins, wife of the English astronomer, is a most able assistant to her

keeps a record for herself of her observations In gloves, the shades of fawn and beaver are much worn. Short gloves are still in favor for tailor made gowns, while long ones are relegated to evening

husband in his astronomical labors, and

wear. There are very elegant and expensive leather trimmings in the market. Some of these are in tan and others in light tints. They are made on tinted or chamois leather.

Sleeveless Eton jackets are a feature of tennis suits over shirt waists of white or vivid red surah or fancy striped china silk. The full English skirt worn last summer is tabooed, and the bell skirt is chosen,

The woman who cannot afford a sterling silver handle on her sunshade or umbrella may be comforted, for the costly things are as heavy to carry as muskets. Better a light bamboo stick every time.

It is well to remember that the dust cloths slightly moistened and afterward shaken out of doors, are much more sanitary than feather dusters, the use of which drives the dust from one location only to settle upon another.

Many white dresses for summer are made over yellow silk with wide yellow sashes at the belt, or yellow silk girdles. Spanish yellow ribbons of either silk or velvet are used as a garniture for cream white wool gowns or those of soft silk.

To almost every face a wavy effect of the hair at the sides is becoming. A "I never heard of selling butter by the have the short, curly bang parted in the middle. The back hair is waved at the sides, braided and drawn up upon

The crown of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, made in 1838, has been estimated to be of the value of \$1, 500,000. It weighs nearly two pounds and contains more than 3,000 precious stones of which five-sixths are diamonds. The lower part of the band is a row of 129 pearls, the upper part of 112.

A delightful mixture for perfuming clothes that are packed away, and which is said to keep out moths also, is said to be made as follows: Pound to a powder one ounce each of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, and as much orris root as will equal the weight of the foregoing ingredients put together. Little bags of muslin should be filled with this mixture and placed among the gar-

Over the wires this week flashed the startling news that Miss Francis Willard has taken up bicycle riding. It would be more impressive if it had not been so old. Fully six years ago Miss Willard on her wheel was a familiar figure in the highways and byways of Evanston. She rode morning noon and night for several weeks until one dark day she rode down an embankment and landed at the bottom a confused heap of woman an bicycle. A broken arm, six weeks in bed and a general lack of interest in wheels resulted from this experience. Now, with characteristic courage, the apostle of temperance will

Though the clinging sheath skirt is still in the height of fashion, their is a strong effort made to considerably enlarge its circumference, and to make it more elaborate by means of flat tabliers by inserted panel pieces both on the front and sides, and by slashing the skirts to show a pleating beneath; also by placing fan pleated trimmings and passementerie bands up some of the skirt seams. Puffed borders are also used with a band of ribbon twisted in and out. Spanish flounces are put on very deep and rather full, with a tiny gathered lace trill as a heading, and another fancy for skirt trimming is that of placing full rosettes of pleated ribbon in two colors all around the front and side of the skirt,

A charming gown, both in combination of color and make. It is made of a fawn colored vicuna, and the skirt is edged with one of the popular chenille ruches of a very full, thick superior quality in bright brown. Above this is a broad band of gold braid, which is outlined with a fanciful design in narrow brown braid. The bodice is of the Russian order, blouse like, fastening -A MISTAKEN FEMALE. Two down one side, and trimmed to match the skirt, while the belt is of gold, and the sleeves have full puffs to the elbows with a border of brown chenille, and the gold braided tight fitting under sleeves. It is a lovely dress with just that quiet finish demanded in really well dressed circles, where incongruous things in color or shape are not este emed.

Colors in favor this year are all shades of pale green that verge on gray. Do not choose the yellow green that looks hot and must be most sparingly used in hot weather. Chocolate brown and "A handsome woman always attracts green is a favorite combination and a good one. Gray always needs some other tone in combination to give it character. Bluish gray is detestable and brings out all the sallowness of a sallow person, but if gray you must have, and in the right shade it is most becoming, take that with the greenish shade. It should be trimmed with either dark gray, brown or black. Never mingle pink with the cold gray. It is a mistake commonly made, but nothing can be more crude. Pink and black are liked together this year and pale yellow is popular, as is pale yellow with deep orange. With a little black, such a combination gives a rich effect.

-The man who looks at everything through money never sees very