IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me dears
She would freshen the faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children, The fun and the cheer and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mo
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were har babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the

house
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out and did without,
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears, And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far away look
That peers beyond the night,
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim; And what in the gloaming dim; And father, tired, lonesome, then, Pray, what will you do for him? If you want to keep your mother, You must make her rest to-day; Must give her a share in the frolic, And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting.
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all And, if mother would listen to me, dears, through

It strikes me isn't fair. -Margaret E. Sangster in the "Interior."

## A KENTUCKY WILD FLOWER.

BY EVA WILDER MCGLASSON. No one knew her just at first. They were all hanging about, waiting for the train. It was nearly due, and interest in it had taken on a spirited character. Men were rolling the red freight truck from behind the small peaked station, and the usual loungers had sauntered to the edge of the platform with an expectant air. Most of the men had on faded blue or brown garments; their broad straw hats, bound with narrow black tape, gave the wearers' heads a strangely small appearance.

A drummer or two mingled in the crowd, and the owner of the principal store in the town stood in speech with

one of them. "Going up the road, Selden?" asked the traveling man, with a cordial into-nation. Selden shook his head. He was coming on toward middle age, a quiet man with whimsical gray eyes. "No," he said; "I just came up from the store with Hanna. His sister's expected on this train. Lives fitty miles sense of worldly completeness. up the road. A fourth or fifth cousin of mine; and a pretty nice girl-eh, Hanna?

Hanna smiled a diffident acquiescence, He was slim and young. As in green. This girl here- Why, clerk in Selden's store his opportunities for social triumphs had been many. He was conceded to be "mighty much of a gentleman," and his paleness was | tion. regarded as an indisputable proof of fine mental qualities.

"Irene takes pretty well," he said, dropped a step behind. gently, in a voice which was a trifle thin and meagre, like his bodily proportions.

little throng first caught sight of the small figure stumbling up the hill road all the pretty places round here. Pera figure so queer that every one dihaps she will show them to you." rected toward it a distinct stare of

The railway ran along the edge of a sides of the hollow from which the house tops and mill stacks rose. The hill. smell of freshly sprouting things came sweet. Everything was bowered in the | Selden. intense greeness of May; but nothing anywhere was quite so green as the gown which the stumbling figure wore. Some one on the platform gave an

exclamation. "Why it's Lyde!" he said, with a note of surprise, "Fellers, it's Lyde

Helders!

shod feet.

homespun, her checked sun bonnet hanging from her shoulders, a bushy head of light hair blowing about her face. The mass of locks, commonly as fluffy as ripe wheat, was now tightly knobbed at the back. On the temples telligence. it shone with a soapy sleekness. Instead of the blue gown, scarcely of ankle length, the toiling figure wore an emerald dress of an antique fashion, the low neck and long shoulders corded with black satin. It was pinned over in front to make it small enough for Lyde's slightness, but the skirt's length apparently could not be so

Nothing suggested Lyde but the and the wild shyness of her brown eyes as she lifted them upon the crowd. 'I'm clean give out," she cried. "I

wardly on each side, yet it trailed in

heard the train blow for the crossin'." ye've whipped the dust inter thet er She fixed a retrospective eye on the obsolete fullness of the skirt, a dawning remembrance in her face. marked. "The idea of you making up "'Pears to me- Why, say, Lyde! I to a hill girl! I'd like you to rememmind thet gownd now. Your maw ber who you are. We had two uncles wore it the day she married Helders. that was preachers. I'm going to give Law! to think she's ben dead ten years, and me hearty as a bear! Say, tified to death. If he don't pay me the

"No, she never," said the girl, with unexpected severity "I'd never of said Hanna, with a sulky brow. hed the heart to git it outn' the chist sentence had ceased to be of interest to for him."

her in comparison with the idea it

suggested. There was a furtive smiling in the faces of the others. No one presumed to laugh outright.

She was a ridiculous figure indeed; riding perilously up and down on the log cars, walking the broom-sticks like any river-dog among the men.

Some one nudged his neighbor. right smart lately. He knows a pretty he was reminded of it. girl when he sees one, ef he does look like a skinned poplar saplin'! Lyde's wild ez crab grass."

The drummer had also been looking. 'Queer outfit,' he remarked to Selden. "But pretty. A native, I suppose?"
Selden looked him coolly in the eye. 'Yes," he said, "a native, as you say.

There are any number of us about

here. I'm rather proud of being one He glanced toward Hanna. That young man wore a perturbed look. A little purplish color mottled his small cheek-bones. He was staring away from the girl in green, his eyes set on

the tiny church steeple below. "She's on the block?" called some one, as the tunnel target swung fast around.

In a moment the train, with a shrill cream, rounded the curve. Lyde stood out of the press, a forornly expectant look in her face. She had not been asked to come. She had even, in a dim way, doubted the wisdom of coming. But her young step-mother had said: "You go on. I don't keer how fine and fixy Hanna's her?" sister is, she ain't no better-lookin' than you. Like as not she'll feel

slighted if you ain't thar to meet her.' But in the air and walk of the woman coming down the platform between Selden and his clerk there was no hint of the delicate sensibility which young

Mrs. Helders had conjectured. She was walking fast and loud. Her smart blue serge skirt was lifted to the Maid Marian mince of her tan boots, the airy nods of her head, enshrouded in a white veil, even the patronizing coquetry of her manner to Selden, impressed Lyde with an awful

"The scenery is perfect," Hanna's sister was saying. "And the people are such queer loves of things. Oh, John! do look at this funny creature where are you looking?-right here. Lyde had stepped forward, her eyes beaming with cordiality and admira-

"Of course she's going to speak to us," said Selden. "How do you do, Lyde? Irene, you must know Miss

Miss Hanna smiled rather stiffly. 'But I'm so afraid of snakes and things," she cried, childishly, "I shall cliff, below which the town lay, slant- not dare to go about much unless you ing a long arm towards the shining are along to take care of me!" Her tracks. Early summer greened the bluish eyes rested confidingly on Selden as the three began to go down

"Ain't you coming, Lyde?" called

"No," said Lyde; "I'm goin' the other way.' In the sitting room of the ramshackle house at which Hanna boarded, his

sister turned upon him. "John Hanna," she began, in a tone at which he winced, "who is that girl?" She jerked her head toward the brow of the rise as if Lyde's pa-It was not strange that they had not recognized her. They were used to thetie form still stood where they had seeing her in a short gown of dull blue left it, with a sheer of limestone at its feet and a leafy bank behind it.

Hanna essayed a small resentment. He had always been in awe of this sister of his, whose social ambitions seemed to him to shadow forth a high in-

"She's a daughter of Helders the sawver."

"She is! And what did Amos Selden mean by saying you and her are good friends? That's what I want to know. Look here. Are you paying leafage. attentions to her?"

Her brother's faint brows wrinkled. 'I go up to see her sometimes. She's adapted. She was holding it up awk- a right sweet girl. And-she don't always look like she did to-day. I reckthe dust, impeding the little roughly on she was kind of fixed up on your account."

Irene, leaned back in the splint chair, beautiful tawny pink of her cheeks, tapped the rag carpet with her heel. There was haughty amusement in her air. The very meanness of the poor furniture reassured her. In her own wouldn't of run so, only I 'lowed I town she was sometimes aware that she did not impress people with her An old woman with a carpet bag on own idea of herself. Their manner her arm held forth a turkey wing fan. seemed to imply that she took herself "Law, Lyde, cool yourse'f off. too importantly. But in this hamlet You're all het up. And look how of the knobs she had a pleasing conviction that no one would withstand her

pretensions. "I'm glad I came down," she re-I baked her weddin' cake, so I did. Selden a piece of my mind for not telling me what was going on. I'm mor-Lyde, didn't your step-mam quarrel attention he ought to, it'll be on account

with you'ns for w'arin' thet gownd?" of your doings." "I had to have some one to talk to."

"Well, you got me now," his sister 'cept for Maisie. She-she wanted reminded him. "Are you going back me to look rale fixy to-day, 'cause-" to the store? Tell Selden to come and She broke off as if the ending of her see me this evening. I got a message

Selden received this invitation in si- that girl to go to the dance with him?" ence. He was looking over a bill of questioned Irene. lading, and as he filed it away he said: "We must make Irene's visit as pleasant as possible. A ride over to Wayne from the path. ville would be something. We'll

Hanna took a basket of eggs from a woman who had just come in. so often.

Selden lifted his brows. The mat-"She's come up to see Hanna's sis- ter was indeed trifling enough to be ousy. Pidn't ye know? Ya as. Han- easily dismissed from a busy mind. In na's ben goin' up to Helder's house a week or two, however, it befell that

He had gone down to the boat landstep-mam told my woman thet things had not come. The weekly steamer was 'bout settled. I reckon Lyde's piecin' her quilts!' He chuckled. bend of the river, and as he watched it pany with Lyde. 'Lord a'mighty! It's like a painter shear the water into a flying cloud of lappin' milk. Lyde never keered fer woolly white, he noticed a skiff pushing horseback, Lyde's bright hair blowing, nare thing but climbin' and wadin'- into the bank below him. A girl was her thin long skirt swelling across the rowing. When she sprang on shore sturdy hill horse's rough flank. he saw that it was Lyde, clad as of During a week of revival meetings common, in a dull blue gown. She Irene frequently noticed the two at neck.

> known her always, felt a pang at the tive glance. hard set of the soft mouth.

haven't you been to the dances lately? na's continued coldness, or merely the

warm ?" one to go with. He 'ain't been up our not determine. way sence his sister come." She spoke without dramatic bitterness, stating the fact simply, and making no secret observed Selden and noted the dignity of her lover's neglect. "You like her, of his figure. don't you?" she queried, in a moment. "I hear tell as you're settin' up to

She looked very much of a child as she stared up at him with musing brown eyes, which seemed to be trying to figure him in a loverlike attitude.

explain to what extent his position as meut. "It's all nonsense," he growl- if you want to marry her I won't say a ed, "your staying away from everyshow a russet shoe. She was not very thing. Look here, Lyde. I don't care young; her face had a jaded look, its a rap for these things. I quit caring thin cheeks flaccid and colorless. But for 'em long ago; but let's fix up a the Maid Marian mince of her tan scheme. You—a—like Hanna pretty

Lyde nodded wishfully.
"He isn't worth it," laughed Selden. I'll take you. I'll be your beau for a night. It'll be the last time she'll go glad to lay this wreath on the tomb of We'll make him jealous- any place with him !"

Lyde's glance brightened. A ripple of laughter skimmed over her face like "She's going to speak to us," said a little breeze on seeding grass. "Of Hanna's sister. Hanna himself had you?" she said, without a trace of sar-

casm-"jealous of you?" Selden felt taken aback. It was as if he had lifted a small storm-beaten bird, and the thing had suddenly bit-It was just as he said this that the Helders. She and John and I are old ten his finger. "Don't laugh at the ttle throng first caught sight of the friends. And," he added, "Lyde knows bridge which carries you over," he said, gravely. "I'll come for you at

early candle-lighting." She went on toward the mill with her father's dinner, and Selden had a curiously stinging remembrance of the mirthfulness in her eyes and the joy-

ous scorn in her lips. He wondered it it were possible that many besides Lyde set his merits so in the eye of scorn as to compare him unfavorably with Hanna. "A poor stick," he said to himself-"a poor stick of a fellow!"

Lyde's step-mother, a fat young woman with an unctuous, roseate glow in her placid cheek, listened with approval as the girl told of Selden's proposition.

"You go on," she advised, patting the back of the baby on her knee. "Ef 'twas me, though, I'd snap my fingers at John Hanna.'

Lyde gave a quick sob. "Tain't him," she said; "it's her; it's Irene." The dance was well forward when Lyde and her escort arrived. A long way off they caught the thin resonance of a fiddle and the heavy thud of feet. It was a beautiful night. Against the dusk yellow of the west the highlands ranged black and soft. In a thicket of trees shead the light of the house to which they were going burned dim, a mere fluff of gold-dust against the dark

Hanna was standing against the loor post, a blue neck cloth bunched below his chin. Irene was also looking on. A quadrille was in progress, and her smile held an intimation of condescending interest. She regarded Selden with a look of surprise.

"And Miss Helders!" she said. "Yes," said Selden, standing black and square sgainst the dipping red of the candles on the mantle-"beauty and the -- Oh, here's a place in this set, Lyde! This is ours.'

Lyde's laugh rang out gayly. She had caught the infection of the hour. The light, music, and movement excited her, and Hanna's face, pale and resentful against the white door-post, dashed her cup with sweetness. danced with joyous abandon, her yelher muslin skirts rattled as she mov- joke.

"Lyde's a picter, ain't she ?" remarked a big bearded fellow to Hanns. "Selden's gottgood taste, et it is sortuh slow-actin'!

Irene touched her brother's arm. "This is a little dull," she said. "Let's | slope Hanna's lips looked sulky. "I ain t

in any hurry," he deliberated. But in its fall his sister, gathering her pink lawn farewell. skirts up, gave him a glance to which

"Do you suppose he could of asked

"How do I know ?" replied her brother, testily, as he kicked a stone

but she was Lyde, the girl who had up a party—half a dozen or so. You'll Lyde apparently unaffected by his late. But, Lyde, you'd ought to think run among them as a motherless child, ask Lyde, of course?" kindness to the girl was in way of a happiness has cost me dear!" "I reproof to himself. The reproof opera cat, and rowing her own dugout on don't know as she'd care for it," he ated as Selden had forseen; but he head was rigidly poised, and in the the breast of a tide with the skill of remarked. "She's gone over the road had not forseen that Hanna's small gloom he saw her eyes flash. dogged pride would steel the young man against even the pangs of jeal-

> Irene herself found the situation rather discomforting. The thorn was in her own shoe; for Selden no longer stopped at the boarding house of an to inquire about some freight which evening to smoke his cigar on the

Sometimes Irene saw them go by on

During a week of revival meetings had a dinner bucket on her arm, and church. As she studied Lyde's face her bonnet hung by a string from her | Hanna's sister was aware that in some Selden gave a little start as she came girl who had worn the green gown on near enough for him to see how a few that fatal May morning. Lyde had an days had changed her. Her eyes no anxious look. She started when some longer had a wild, free glance like that one slammed the door. She sat a little of a mountain creature. They survey away from Selden's side, and now and ed Selden incuriously, and he, having again gave his grave face a little fur-

But whether the rich paleness of "Lyde," he said, greeting her, "why Lyde's cheek were the result of Han- again. We've missed you. Has it been too workings of a conscience aroused by certain lurid pictures which the parson "No," said Lyde, "but I hedn't no was graphically painting, Irene could ing through the gleam-flitted darkness

> A distinct resolve, however, printed itself in her small fading face as she

"Look here," she said, sharply, to her brother. "I was a good deal pre-judiced againgst Miss Helders just at first. Such a dress. But since I've seen more of her--I'm a pretty good judge of character, and I never want to stand eral officers, gave to the annual Farrain any one's way if I can help it. The Selden colored. He could scarcely fact is, John, I see you're pretty bad off about her. And I must say I think Miss Hanna's admirer was forced on him by that young lady's arrange- eyes on. I've made up my mind that weterans and their friends who gathered about the American hero's grave at

> Hanna made a sound decidedly like a short disdainful laugh. He had a worn look, which gave his face a

strong resemblance to Irene's. "I don't care what you or any one ready for the dance to night at Wayne's the boat party with him to morrow own country. Therefore we are

Irene patted his arm. There was a vigor in his tone which she respected.

There was a respected.

Four Russian seamen stepped forward and placed the handsome floral tribute jacket is that made entirely of passe-"You make it all up with her to-mor-on the green mound. Then Admiral row night," she said, sympathetically. Kaznakoff, bending over the grave and row night," she said, sympathetically. It was just on the edge of dark when the young folk who were asked to the boat party gathered at the foot of the

mill shoot. "Quit a tippin' this skift !" some one

cried, shrilly.

A man's voice rang out in gay re monstrance: "I'll quit quick enough, f I can git to see whar them oars is! Hold the lantern up, you fellers! I can't find whar I'm settin' this oar at." Selden was paddling his skiff round the edge of the log-car, an end of which emerged from the black water like the muzzle of some great creature breathing itself. The lantern in the stern painted the river in pulsing carmine. In its rays he saw Lyde on the long float, her face turned to catch the words of a women hard by.

"Oh-why Miss Helders!" Selden heard the woman say. "My brother wants to speak to you to-night. He's got something important-Oh, there's your boat! Well, we're going to stop surance company in America. down below. John will see you there. He hasn't got here yet.'

As Selden pulled into the stream in train of the other red flecked skiffs, Lyde made an exclamation of surprise. "What a stroke you're pullin'!" she laughed. "I'm splashed all over. They won't be a speck of starch in this calico agin we git down yender.' Selden laughed a little nervously as

re steadied himself. "What's that Irene was saying to brings luck, they say. ou?" he asked. "Something about Hanna, wasn't it? He's something to

A skiff shot between them and the fringy black bank. In the lantern rays they saw Hanna and his sister. "We're beating you!" cried Irene

"You are indeed," said Selden, restng his oar. "You're beating me.' He looked at Lyde, her pretty profile cut deep and white into the dark ground of the night.

"I reckon this is the last time," he said. "After to-night I've got to give 'way. I've rather liked taking Hanna's place, Lyde. But you - you haven't found it altogether pleasant, have you?"

"No," said Lyde, "I hevn't." "You are honest commented Selden, with a tinge of bitterness. "But I've seen of late that the matter was-was getting unbearable to you. Yet for myself I've been more than once on the point of torgetting that I filled anlow hair flying. The stiff flounce of other man's place-that it was all a

> "I hevn't", said Lyde; "I've never forgot." Their skiff was nosing the bank. The

> others had landed, and their moving figures, grotesquely smote with ruddy light, could be seen half way up the

Selden, as he helped Lyde over the marshy space which the river had left in its fall, held her hand in a clasp of "I am going back," he said, curtly.

"I've got a lot of accounts to post, and

go before he comes. You know," and he made out to laugh a little-"it isn' pleasant for the usurper to be around when the king arrives." He added. lightly: "The peacemaker always gets It was by no means pleasant to see the worst lick. I can't complain of my

Lyde snatched her haud away. Her

"Don't you," she breathed, in a choking voice--"don't you dare pass sech words to me! I never ast you to do what you done. I wisht you bedn't. But now it's over, you might be man enough not to make fun o'me-not to strike me down with your light talk?"

"Lyde--' "Oh, why didn't vou let me be? I'd a forgot him in a month without no help! I'd never 'a' known what it is-what it is-to live on the kind this on with a soft cloth or piece of looks of them thet despise you! You chamois. aimed to be good to me! But it's like you'd cut my arm off 'cause they was a

little sliver in my finger!" Hanna was coming toward them, picking his way over a heap of drift which marked the staving of the flood. strange sort it was not the face of the He caught the broken fall of Lyde's voice, and as he paused, bewildered, he caught also an exclamation in another tone, which seemed to hold elements of surprise, and relief, and tenderness.

"Why—is that you down there, Lyde?" he called out. "Let me help you over these snags." The shadows perplexed him. "Lyde!" he said

But it was not she who answered. "Thank you, Hanna," said Selden, after an indefinite pause, his voice ring-'I will take care of Lyde!" -Harper's Weekly.

Tribute to Farragut Russian Naval Officials at the Grave of the Dead

Hero in New York. NEW YORK, May 21,-Vice-Admiral Kaznakoff, commanding the Russian fleet in North River, together with sevgut memorial exercises to day an impressiveness and significance which will linger long in the minds of the naval Woodlawn Cemetery. The Russian Admiral had known Farragut and admired

Walking to the grave, which was covered with a mass of beautiful flowers, Vice. Admiral Kaznakoff looked upon it and then turned to the assemblage and said in a deep earnest voice: "I else says or thinks," he said, shortly. speak for myself and my countrymen to "I'm going to do as I please. I've assure you of their gratitude and happi-"But see here, Lyde, I'll help you bring made her suffer just all I'm going to. him to what the parson calls a realiz. Did you notice how pale she looked mony and to say that during the war ing sense of himself. I know he thinks to night? But she hasn't felt any we watched you and your doings cona heap of you. But that sister of his worse than I have. It's just killed me stantly. We were as proud of the deeds

-Now listen. You go home and get to see her with Selden. She's going to of the man lying here as if he were of our

your her. with hand extended, continued, 'Sleep on in glory in your resting place Admiral Farragut. You have shown us how to fight and what to do. You have added many glorious pages to the annals of your country's history."

-Great heat causes melancholia.

-Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

-Ambassador Bayard will sail for Europe on June 3.

Grape fruit is almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles.

-Men on an average weigh 20 pounds more than women.

Philadelphia had the first fire in-

-Wolves annually devour Russian domestic animals worth \$6,000,000. -Since 1840, 37 vessels of which

a part of the name was "City of" have

been wrecked or lost. -Barbers usually gamble with the money earned by shaving dead men. It

animal phosphorescence.

One of the benefits to be derived from fencing is said to be that it is a sure re-

medy for turning in of the toes. The condor, when rising from

the earth, always describes circles in the

air and can rise in no other way. - Two hundred dogs are annually doomed to death in an English universi-

ty for physiological experiments.

Testament.

The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelations contains more words than any other verse in the New ent things.

---Josephine-"Why does Miss Swagger talk so loudly?" Amy-"I think it must be to match her costume. -New York Herald.

-Harriet Beecher Stowe is living her child hood over again cutting out paper dolls, singing the old time songs and hymns and nursery ballads. Her health seems to grow better as her mind loses itself.

The distance to the moon can be It would be like a woman's route. -here's Hanna, looking this way! I'll speech-lacking in terminal facilities.

For and About Women.

Lilacs are the Parisian rage for the spring in natural and artificial flow-

Alice M. Chenev began business as an express messenger in Boston four years ago. She now how three offices and five teams in daily use.

Ornamental pockets are on the outside of a dressy street suit are creeping in and should be of the contrasting material rather than the dress goods.

White will be very generally worn during the coming summer. Pretty simple dresses of white linen lawn, with hemstitched tucks and hems, will be quite the thing for young ladies. For polishing furniture, waxed or

stained floors or picture frames, the fol-lowing preparation is good: Melt beeswax, turpentine and sweet oil. Rub Short corsets are absolutely necessary with the prevailing style of dress. They are also more comfortable and more

graceful than the long ones. Stiff corsets high in the back and long over the hips make the waist thick. A simple and stylish traveling costume is of Harris tweed, made with a Russian blouse, a flaring Empire skirt,

in mohair braid. The same braid ornaments the foot of the skirt. Very wide collars, made of flat bands of passementerie with deep Van-Dyke points, are worn around the necks of low cut dresses, the ends coming straight down over the shoulders, and finished

very full sleeves and a belt embroidered

with head tassels over the bust. The newest cuffs are pronou furit pretty. They are worn outside, the leeves, and are shown in lace, line kid. With outing gowns the kid coff. are chosen to match a lace corseled and deep collar at the neck of the san | 109-

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is soon to leave Washington for a year's so-journ abroad. Much of her time will be spent in London, where she is almost as well known in society as in New York, but in the autumn she will

make a tour of Egypt and the Holy Quaint and pretty are the Marie Antoinette bags which little maids at weddings carry filled with flowers. The bag hangs from the arm by white velvet ribbons, through which runs a trail of flowers, and are filled with lilies of the valley. Older maids are usually ready to sacrifice picturesqueness for the sake

of something to carry in their hands. The fluctuations of fashion have not affected the popularity of the zouave in the very least. It will be more worn than ever this summer. The zouave coats are chiefly cut square, made of cloth and very little trimmed. Zouave jackets for afternoon wear are of silk and velvet, close-fitting at the back, rounded Four Russian seamen stepped forward off in front to show the waist and adornmenterie with imitation jewels or black inserted between the tiny silken cords tracing out the pattern.

The sailor hat promises to be as popular as ever. Already these hats are worn in dark blue and golden brown and other shades of amour braids. Sometimes the crown of a dark blue sailor hat is bright red, or a band of blue is inserted in the brim of a dark brown straw. In addition to the plain band of ribbon, which is always the most popular trimming, the new sailor hats are quite often trimmed, with rosettes or quills, or with wings placed on each side and projecting toward the front. White wings are used on dark blue sailors and

crimson wings on brown straws. Nothing could be prettier and cooler and simpler than the linen gowns which promise to be so popular this summer Fashion-mongers have evidently relied on a hot and dry season in ordaining that this too long neglected material should be used for washing costumes, and we can only hope that they have not wrongly prophesied, so to say. The colors in which these linens are being produced are most fascinating, especially if they are used for children's frocks, but it is said that none will be more popular than the plain brown holland which we have so long despised.

In umbrellas, the latest novelties are covered with shot silk to match any gowns, and these are finished with handles either jeweled or in Dresden china of the color of the covering. A dark ruby silk umbrella has a knob on The light of the fire fly or "light- dark ruby-colored enamel, with rhinening bug" is produced by a genuine stones sunk in the surface. A blue shot umbrella has a lapis lazull handle set in gold bands. Dark gray umbrellas have handles of clouded gray and white onyx. There is no end to the various combinations; in fact, the umbrella of to-day is really a telling addition to the out of-door costume.

> Remember in making coffee --That the same flavor will not suit every taste. That everyone can be suited to a nice-

> ty by properly blending two or more That equal parts of Mocha, Java and Rio will be relished by a good many That the enjoyment of a beverage and

> slavish devotion thereto are quite differ-That the flavor is improved if the liquid is turned from the dregs as soon as the proper strength has been ob-

tained.

That where the percolation method is used the coffee should be ground very fine or the strength will not be extracted That if the ground coffee is put into

the water and boiled it should be rather coarse, otherwise it will invariably be muddy. That a good coffee will always command a fair price, but that all high-priced coffees are not necessarily of high

quality. That a level teaspoonful of the ground quite accurately measured, but it would be folly to project a railroad over the lowance, from which deviation can be made in either direction according to the strength desired.