

THE PAST

BY H. V. THOMAS

For the WATCHMAN. "Call them back, Oh! call them back" she whispered. As prone upon her death-bed, there she lay: "Who shall we call?" the tender watchers question.

COUSIN TOM'S MISTAKE

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

The rattle and rumble of the train, softened by the intervention of a double thickness of glass at the windows of the car, had grown monotonous. Miss Hildreth curled herself up in the corner of her carriage, her head resting on a pillow and wishing for the hundredth time that the journey was over.

"Are we nearly there?" She asked wearily. "About half an hour, Miss," said the porter, smiling. "Shall I brush you off?"

Brushing off was so suggestive of the end of the journey that she hailed the proposition with delight. When every real or imaginary chaperon had been carefully removed she set to work rearranging her few possessions with much care, so that she would be ready to escape from the car on a minute's notice.

"This must be Cousin Rose," he said, as he took her bag with left hand and held out the right for her to clasp. Then, as the quick smile that came to her face gave him an affirmative response, he stooped and lightly touched his lips to hers.

what train to expect you, but I made up my mind that you would be on the express. Now let me have your trunk check, for I must take your trunk out with us if we can find room for it on front of the carriage.

"The hours that have, unheeded, passed away!"

"Now I have most elaborate explanations and apologies to offer on behalf of my mother and very little time in which to do it," he said, as the carriage rolled on.

"I am sorry it dragged so. But I must give you my message. My mother has a special favor to ask. She has a dinner party on hand to-night given to an eminent musician.

"I might have postponed my visit, said Miss Hildreth. "I could have come a day later if I had only known."

"Oh, no. It was not your visit that conflicted with the dinner party. It was the dinner party that conflicted with your visit."

"I am tired," she said, "a little tired. But if I have time to dress and your mother wishes it, I will come down."

Rosalind looked out of the window as the carriage whirled about a corner—the wheels creaking and crunching the gravel of a winding driveway into which they had turned from the main road.

"This is Rochester, Miss," and looking up, she saw that the train was just gliding into the station shed. Before it stopped she had gathered together her few belongings and was at the other end of the car following the porter.

"All aboard," saw the porter pick up his little portable seat and swing himself into the moving train and then she was left quite alone in the middle of the station platform.

"You must forgive my tardiness," he said. "Some part of the harness broke when we were half-way here, so I left the driver to mend it and follow me, and walked rapidly to be in time for the train. We were not sure on

when the patient watcher in the library heard footsteps and, going into the hall, extended his hand to the figure descending the stairs.

"Was I very long?" said Miss Hildreth, smiling.

"For a woman—no," was the laughing reply. "A woman, I believe, claims the right to spend an indefinite time before her mirror; and when the result seems to justify it, I should not dispute the claim."

"Thank you—for leaving the possible compliment in such delightful obscurity. Shall we go in?"

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when your son—when Mr. Harding called me Cousin Rose it did not seem unnatural and I am afraid I was so frightened by my strange surroundings that I accepted him without a misgiving about his identity."

"Tell me your aunt's address, my dear," said Mrs. Harding, "for we must send her word, late as it is. If she was expecting you, she will be quite wild with anxiety."

"Now I must go down stairs," she said, when she had made a note of the address. "Don't worry, and when my son comes back I will bring you word of your aunt."

So Rosalind went back to bed to wait for the return of the messenger. In spite of her nervousness and anxiety she had fallen into a light sleep when Mrs. Harding came quietly into the room, and sitting down on the edge of the bed, said gently: "Your aunt was not expecting you at all, my dear. She had no telegram saying you were coming, and she would have been thoroughly surprised if you had walked in upon her. She knows where you are now, though, and I have promised that I will send you over to her to-morrow after the breakfast."

Miss Hildreth murmured sleepy thanks, and, turning on her pillow, was soon sound asleep.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when Miss Hildreth opened her eyes and looked about, wondering at her strange surroundings. The white silk gown thrown across the back of a chair brought her back quickly to the adventures of the night before. They were all amusing in a way now—that is all but one. Her thoughts returned to the single incident more than once, and waves of color played across her face as she recalled it.

A tap at the door and the maid entered. Breakfast would be ready for Miss Hildreth whenever she wanted it, she said. Young Mr. Harding and his mother were at breakfast now, and Mrs. Harding would wait at the table for Miss Hildreth.

Rosalind dressed very slowly, and went slowly down stairs, yet she felt almost ashamed to confess it, even to herself; she half hoped that she would not see her pseudo cousin as she glanced about the breakfast room after returning Mrs. Harding's pleasant greeting.

"Your aunt sent over early this morning to make quite sure that you were quite safe," said Mrs. Harding, smiling. "I sent back word that you were so tired that I would not wake you, and that as soon as you had had breakfast my carriage should take you to your uncle's house. My son was here a short time ago, but I think he holds himself personally responsible for the discomfort you have suffered and is afraid to face you."

Miss Hildreth guessed another reason why young Harding was afraid to meet her, but she did not suggest it. An hour later she had finished her breakfast, packed her traveling bag and her trunk, and was standing in the hallway, ready for her departure, when the library door opened and Mr. Harding stood before her, holding out his hand. There was a roguish twinkle in his eye as he said: "Do you forgive me all my mistakes of last night?"

"Come and ask me when I have had more time to think them over," she said, as she took the outstretched hand.—Phila. Times.

News and Notes

Electric railroads along country roads are sure to be a reality ere long. A body of Kansas farmers are said to be developing a plan for building such a road 500 miles long. Connecticut dozens of schemes are on foot for connecting towns and villages with electric lines.

The wet, cold weather is reported to have killed off many young pigs, thus decreasing the future hog crop.

Damage to wheat from the Hessian fly in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio is reported and from the chinch bug in Kansas.

The export of agricultural implements from the United States is increasing, and the Argentine Republic is one of our best customers.

An unusually large acreage of potatoes has been planted.

Bills Signed and Killed

The Governor Puts a Knife Into the Lion's Jaw.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 16.—Governor Pattison to-day approved seven bills and vetoed three, and there are yet remaining in his hands 42 bills. The following bills were approved: To validate partitions of real estate in cases of testacy made in Orphans' Courts prior to the act of May 9, 1889.

To amend an act limiting the time for the completion of railroads by incorporation organized by purchasers at judicial sales, extending its provisions so as to embrace corporations organized by purchasers of railroads at sales under, or by virtue of powers of sale contained in mortgages or deeds of trust without any process or decree of Court.

Extending the foreign corporation act of 1881 to granite, slate and universal spring companies.

Making an appropriation of \$1500 to place a permanent monument at the point known as Cherry Tree or Canoe Place.

These bills were vetoed: An act securing to mechanics, journeymen and laborers the right to file liens against real estate for the amount of wages due for work or labor done in and about the erection or construction thereon.

The Governor says the effect of the present law would ultimately be to hinder and obstruct improvements, to place property owners and builders at disadvantage, and subject them to injury and imposition.

An act providing that every vessel propelled in whole or in part by steam shall be deemed a steam vessel within the meaning of this act, and providing for the inspection of the same. This bill provides for the amount by the Governor or an inspector of all steam vessels, including little pleasure craft, running or navigating any inland waters of this Commonwealth.

An act prohibiting the catching or taking for sale, within the counties of Tioga and Bradford, any grouse or pheasant, quail or partridge, woodcock, wild pigeon, speckled trout or black bass and also to prohibit absolutely the killing of deer or fawn for a period of three years.

This would be special legislation, hence the veto.

List of Presidents

The Way the Hagerstown Almanac Gives Them in Rhyme.

The Hagerstown (Md.) Almanac which has been published for nearly a hundred years, has seen the incumbency of the presidency by every President from the Father of His Country down to Cleveland. As an aid to the memory the Almanac started off to rhyme the lists of Presidents in the time of Jefferson. The Presidential poem up to date is as follows:

OUR PRESIDENTS. First stands the lofty Washington, The noble great immortal one; The other Adams next we see, And Jefferson comes number three; Then Madison is fourth, you know, The fifth one on the list, Monroe; The sixth, Grant, Adams comes again, And Jackson seventh, in the train; Van Buren eighth, upon the line, And Harris, comes number nine; The tenth is Tyler in his turn, And Polk the eleventh, as we learn; The twelfth is Taylor in rotation, The thirteenth, Fillmore in succession; The fourteenth, Pierce has been selected, Buchanan, fifth in election; Sixteenth, Lincoln rules the nation, Johnson, seventeenth, fills the station; Nineteenth, Grant a second term was there, Twentieth, Garfield becomes the nation's head; Twenty-first, Arthur, fell the mantle of the dead; Twenty-second Cleveland by the people chosen, twenty-third, is elected and installed.

Next year Cleveland's name will appear again. The presidential poet for the almanac is now hard at work trying to find a rhyme for Cleveland. This poem goes on record as the one which has taken the most time to write of any poem in the world, and it isn't completed yet.

Keeping Secluded

Ex-President Harrison is Living in Retirement.

"Ex-President Harrison is living in almost total seclusion," said W. H. Macomber of Indianapolis, at the Wayne hotel yesterday. "When he first returned to the city from Washington he told his friends he intended to live as quietly as possible in his own home. He has kept his word, for he is seldom seen even upon the streets. Only twice has he appeared before the public—the first time when the Liberty bell passed through the city on its way from Philadelphia to Chicago; the second when the Young Men's Christian Association held its national convention, Mr. Harrison accompanying John Wannaker to the platform and making a few remarks. He has declined all other invitations to receptions, banquets, etc., and will probably continue this policy for some time to come."

"It was generally supposed that the old law firm in which Messrs Harrison Miller and Blam were partners would be re-established, but I have been told this will not be done. Certainly no effort to that end has yet been made. Mr. Harrison will go in October to California to deliver a series of law lectures at the Stanford university. When he returns he will practice law in the federal and higher courts."

Raspberry Vinegar.

Pour a quart of good cider vinegar over two quarts of raspberries, and after covering closely set aside for 48 hours. At the end of this time drain the liquid and pour it over a third quart of berries and set aside for another 48 hours. Strain through a muslin bag, and to every pint of liquor add one pound of sugar. Boil slowly for five minutes, remove the scum, let cool for 15 minutes and bottle. A tablespoonful of this, added to a glass of iced water, makes a most refreshing drink. Blackberry and strawberry vinegars are made in the same way.

For and About Women

A large silver buckle now replaces the silver, gold or shell coiffure comb.

Buttercup and blue used together upon stylized chapeaux for garden parties.

Taffeta silks, shaded in three different tones, constitute the loveliest of light summer neck ruffles.

The Oscar Wilde cravat, with ends that float loosely to the waist, is the rage with mannish maidens.

Russet shoes worn with nut brown hose, as much in favor for evening wear as the light colored foot wear.

A swell London modiste is sending forth from her establishment huge puff sleeves, which button up the sides from the wrist entirely to the shoulder.

Bolting cloth is the most fragile material in the world, but it will last a long time made up into the beautiful table mats and runners that are ornamental with small designs in white floss.

General Booth has passed over his son, Lieutenant General Bramwell Booth, and nominated his daughter, L. Marcella Booth Clibborn, to succeed him in command of the Salvation Army.

Ribbon trimming is very popular as seen on the new light frocks in several rows, often of graduated widths. Sometimes these rows are embellished by a square bow of ribbon to make a sort of finish.

Where the hair is thinning the following is efficacious: Mix equal quantities of olive oil and spirit of rosemary with few drops of oil of nutmeg. Rub into roots at night. Simple rosemary tea is also good, or a strong solution of sage or rosemary tea. Salt and water is good, as well as anointing at night with cocoa butter.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred by Johns Hopkins University upon Miss Florence Bascom, of Massachusetts, on Tuesday last. She is the first woman to complete the course at that institution, and the occurrence excited special public interest in the commencement exercises.

The recent fashion for corduroy covered furniture has also opened up great possibilities for the economical woman. The material can be found in several shades of green, rose and dark red. It is not expensive, and if one has good chair frames it is a task of little difficulty to do the body covering one's self. One woman of my acquaintance has fixed up a small divan, an easy chair and a hassock with the green and rose colored corduroy and made just as neat a job of it as one would wish to.

Plain shaded gray tones are to be had; and an endless variety of trimmings, including application, embroidery, imitation gold, coral and precious stones, colored beads, etc. Scarves are also made with one deep flounce, reaching to the knee, headed by a narrow frill, while bodies with their berté trimming and full sleeves, all more or less toll of the return to 1830 costumes, heightened by the old fashioned looking bonnets, with their systematic mercury wings.

The stiff ribbon belt is one of the revivals of 1830. This is the old-time belt ribbon, which most women of mature years remember to have worn in their girlhood. It came in different colors in a heavy corded grosgrain, the cords of which were always filled with some stiffer to give proper body. It is now shown in our shop again in pointed girdles finished with roccoco buckles of open gold, set with Persian gems. These belts are intended to be worn with white gowns and tea gowns.

Woman writes Ellen Battelle Dietrick, led the world to civilization by herself ceasing to fight—by becoming non resisting. This was the method for establishing universal peace, of which Christ became so persistent an advocate. Peacefulness begat peacefulness, just as resistance had prolonged resistance. Thus the voluntary subjection of woman to man was a passing world-drama in which "she stooped to conquer." Every arbitration between nations to-day, every settlement by mutual concession of the quarrels of the commercial world, is a sign of the growth of civilized femininity in man. This is "Das ewig Weibliche" of Goethe, the true wisdom of the word which leads us.

Whether it be called Empire, Mother Hubbard or Kate Greenaway, the present style of dress for little girls is very fascinating. With the like in velvet, the outdoor coat hangs straight to the feet, or if the whole is in one material the smocking is often done in silk of a deeper shade or color than that of the viscous, cashmere or serge of which the coat is made. The less trimmed children's dresses are the better they look. Simplicity suits the dainty little figures. An outdoor garment much admired on a small child this week in the park was of butchery's blue cloth, with rather a rough surface, set into a yoke of white lambswool, the sleeves being of the shape of a bishop's but made of dark blue velvet.

A little woman with more ingenuity than cash devised a covering for some worn chairs which has been much admired and justly so, as it is exceedingly pretty. The frames, which have been a long time in her family, were of handsome carved ebony, and for this reason the ordinary way of resorting to creton or enveloping in furniture linen was not to be considered. A tour of the shops revealed the white cotton Bedford cord used for art embroidery, which, while artistic is a cheap material. On a square of this fabric large enough to cover the seat of a chair she had stamped a bow-knot, lying a cluster of cornflowers. The bow-knot she outlined in blue rope linen, with touches of black, and the flowers she worked partly in outline, and partly in solid embroidery in different shades of dull blue. When these covers were tacked securely and the edges covered with blue gimp, they presented a really elegant appearance.

If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.