

Bellefonte, Pa., June 5, 1896.

NO WHEEL FOR ME.

Give me a pair of sturdy legs And fair outfit of feet. And I'll forego the bicycle However light and fleet.

For where's the wheelman knows the wood, Or views the cloud-flecked sky? Or leaps the fence to meet a lass A-comin' through the rve?

To every glimpse of loveliness His set, grim eyes are blind; He only sees the skimming road, And counts the miles behind.

He can't think aye or no Ere he or she have whisked apart A dozen leagues or so. Then give me my convenient legs. . That go where'er I bid. Heaven keep them always tireless

As when I was a kid!

And should he meet a maid a-wheel,

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

John Gray put down the newspaper and stood up, squaring his shoulders. "It means war, mother. I'm going to-

morrow." The Puritan flamed in Mrs. Gray's eyes. "Go, my son, God be with you," she said. The clock ticked loudly; a ray of sunlight crept across the floor; the curtain fluttered in a passing breeze, and a bee droned lazily through the room. Mother and son stood looking at each other with a strained, eager gaze. There was the same stern cast of features, the keen gray eyes and firm chin, but the straight lines of Mrs. Gray's mouth were softened in her son's. while his eyes grew moist and his lips quivered, she was calm and unmoved, though every beat of her heart sounded a "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow,"-knell that rang through many weary months that followed.

The ninty days that were to end in peace over the State House in Richmond, and its stars numbered eleven. But in the proud old city of Baltimore there was anger and shame; Maryland had not seceded, and Union colors floated everywhere, calmly defying the wrath of the hottest Southern

heart. At the close of a long hot day, the droopbreeze that came from the bay. To the tired Union soldiers who had traveled touch that brought tears into his eyes. miles through the glaring sun, its cooling breath was like a benediction. They marched through the streets, erect and impassive, with no sign of fatigue in their ant invalid indeed. drums, each added an insult.

ly houses, he noted with a grim smile the ly houses, he noted with a grim smile the closed shutters and deserted piazzas, that spoke eloquently of the fierce anger within. No anxious figures stood in the doorways, no glad eyes beamed welcome from the windows. The street was void of life, and the tramp, tramp of the regiment brought no response but sullen echoes. Suddenly his eye caught a gleam of color, a vivid his eye caught a gleam of color, a vivid could be no appeal. flash of red and white; high on a portico stood a young girl, wrapped in the confederate flag. Her face of radiant beauty shone like a star above the "Stars and Bars." The Colonel unconsciously stopped who looked angrily at the rebel colors and

muttered fierce threats. Some hours later John Gray was sumwarm and excited citizens. His superior harden into steel and Julia's flash fire. officer gave them into his charge with the order to conduct them to the house where to love the melody with its stirring words the rebel flag had been displayed that after- and to long for it as the sign of her presnoon. Leaving the business portion of the ence. He often hummed the refrain with a city, they drove into a wide handsome avenue. Some distance away, a broad belt of light from an open doorway fell across the street. "That is the place," said the Julia Lawrence !" exclaimed the gentle-

As they neared the house, they heard some one singing. The words came to them | in the white road beyond and brought them

on the still night air:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland! my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland! my Maryland!"

An obsequious old black servant ushered master. The music stopped abruptly and John Gray stood face to face with the

'Pray be seated, gentlemen.' he said. "Thank you, Mr. Lawrence, but our business requires haste. It concerns your daughter," said the confused official, plunging headlong into his errand. 'Perhaps-" looking at her with an in-

quiring glance. "My daughter will remain and hear your business," said Mr.

Lawrence stelly.

"Very well," said the official as stiffly in return. "It is ordered that Miss Julia in return. Lawrence be removed to some point within the Confederate lines for her act of defiance and treason this afternoon, in displaying a rebel flag in this loyal city, thereby insulting the United States troops. It is further required that the order be carried out with no delay. I have brought the papers necessary to secure her safe conduct and that of anyone she may take with her. Here are the papers and order. The utmost

limit is nine o'clock to-morrow morning. The silence that followed this speech was oppressive. Mr. Lawrence instinctively drew nearer his daughter who had grown very pale. The two officials looked red and omfortable. The officer stood apparently unmoved.

The United States government," said Mr. Lawrence, with cutting emphasis, looking only at Colonel Gray in his Union uniform, "must be very powerful if it fears a young woman. It is a matter of congratulation to me, as a loyal Southerner, that my daughter should be able to alarm thousands of men who are said to form the Federal army."

The young man reddened slightly under this taunt, but his gaze did not falter. Perhaps among his English ancestors may have been a gallant Puritan, whose spirit

"If there is nothing further, Mr. Law-"If there is nothing further, BL. We rence, we will bid you good-night. We ally. "When I saw you wounded and ly conducted to her friends," broke in the official, seizing this auspicious moment to retire from the field.

When they were gone the old man turned to his daughter.

"You were too daring, my dear. should have been more prudent."
"No, I wasn't, father," she said proudly. "I'm glad there is one woman in Baltimore who is not afraid to show her lovalty to the South. And I'm proud that it is your daughter, since you have no sons to go to the war. They are afraid of me." then she suddenly broke down and sobbed in her father's arms.

As the day passed, the sullen tide of war rolled steadily on, seeking new channels, gaining here, swept back there, but never pausing on its relentless way. It was the day after the great battle. John Gray came back through millions of miles of space, back through a grand cavalry charge to find himself lying in a large room, with the sun shining through the open windows. A fresh young voice was singing somewhere outside. As in a dream he heard the stant a kindly old black face bent above

"What is yo' want honey?" "Where am I? What has-?"

"Nevah yo' mind honey, nevah yo' ind. You was hu't in de battle, and mind. Marse George he fetch yo' hyah --. " But he had gone back through miles of space, blank, staring, desolate.

They noticed after a while that in his Wherever space. that she sang over and over. Julia was they heard her humming it unviolets. This it was that quieted the larger and a horseman came in sight, fo'- Let us go indoors mother." wounded soldier in his wildest paroxysms, spent much time in the sick room and

soothed him with her rebel song.

When he was able to listen, Mrs. Carr told him that Marse George was her son, mother and son met. Julia came, gracious Colonel Carr, of the Southern army; that once after a battle Col. Gray had had long passed. Battles had been lost and him wounded and dying, and had taken no one noticed the sick man in the quiet ness to me last summer. What you must won. The Confederate flag waved proudly him to his tent and cared for him until he corner of the veranda behind the screen of have suffered, dear, God only knows, but could be removed to a hospital.

bleeding to death from a sword-thrust in but now your recovery is certain. We are less. In the joy and excitement he was foring flags began to move gently in the fresh all in a conspiracy to take care of you, my

So the entire household, white and black, turned to entertain "Marse Cunnel," and they found him a very grateful and pleasregular tread. Line after line, guns flash- part in amusing and curing the Union ofwhere, and looked after her wistfully as

"All right, Aunty," said Julia slowly "I will for George's sake and yours, but I hate them all and I hate him, worst of all, she added vehemently, under her breath. But the time came when she enjoyed his horse and stared. Her flashing eyes this enforced companionship, and it came caught and held his for a moment, with to be understood that Miss Julia could scorn and defiance in their black depths. keep Marse Cunnel from getting lonesome. He met her gaze steadily and passed on grave and unmoved. Not so with his men, possible. Rumors of the conflicts and movements of great armies came to the remote plantation, and they read the few Some hours later John Gray was summoned to headquarters where were several sion on these topics made John Gray's eyes She still sang of Maryland and he grew

light in his eyes that was not at all in keeping with the sentiments of this Marseillaise of the rebellion.

'You're very fond of your little song, young officer. "Just as we expected! Miss Julia," he said one afternoon, as they sat in a quiet corner of the veranda, shaded from the glare of the sun by a curtain of vines. The wind made little eddies of dust the myriad sounds of a 'drowsy summer afternoon. Otherwise there was no sign of life, the plantation seemed waiting quietly for something that was coming to call it from its stillness. Julia's hands were busy. them into the parlor and went to call his She was always sewing garments that John knew were for the Southern soldiers. Her rich, dark beauty, and the suggestion of scornful and beautiful girl who had defied his men that day. The gentlemen sat formed a vivid contrast to the pale, worn awkward and embarrassed, till Mr. Lawman. His right foot was carefully propped abundant life in her quick, free movements rence came in. He was an old man, with on a chair and a dull red scar showed plainclear-cut, aristocratic features and white hair. His dignified and courtly bearing as little ring out of a black rubber button, he greeted his guests and remained standard his thin hands moved feebly and slow-

ing by the young lady made their tasks no ly and often stopped altogether. 'You are very fond of your little song, Miss Julia," he said, smiling at her.
"Yes," she smiled back. "Maryland is my native state and that is my favorite

song," and she sang: "Hark! to a wand'ring son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My mother state, to thee I kneel, Maryland, my Maryland!"

"I'll never sing anything else until I go

back home," she said passionately, and the tears were in her eyes. A curious idea shot into his mind. There

came to him the remembrance of a summer night-not long ago-a band of light-a voice singing that same air. With this came the vision of a face of radiant beauty that shone on him above a drapery of "Stars and Bars." She looked up suddenly and met his startled gaze, only too well divining the thoughts that had haunted

"You are-" "Yes," she said composedly, though her hands trembled. "I am the Julia Law-rence you saw in Baltimore and whom you

'And I never knew, nor could tell what fancy haunted me every time I heard your

voice or saw you," he said in a low tone. "I knew you the moment they brought the irony of fate. Nearer and nearer a you to the house, even through the blood Union camp, nearer the old life, and so and dust and powder," she went on with the same composed voice, her hands trembling more and more. "I suppose it was so common an experience that you soon forgot, but I do not forget such a hard and cruel and unnecessary order." Yes, that tide of war crept sullenly southward, slow, was the same scornful, defiant gaze. The sure, resistless. It was early summer red scar on his cheek throbbed painfully and the earth and sky reeled before him.

haps dead that night, I was almost glad, as I remembered how Maryland had suffered at the hands of your soldiers, and how my old father had to suffer in losing his only child. For myself I am gladglad to bear any separation, any privation for the South. I've staid with you," she

Please don't think you must stay with me and the knell went tolling on forever. any more, even for Mrs. Carr and George. "Thank you, Colonel Gray, you are very good. I shall avail myself of your kind

permission," and she swept scornfully by

hearing. The children crept around to the porch but sad changes in the plantation. Its broad he made no sign. "Reckon Marse Cunnel be mighty sleepy to-day," they whispered. "But he was fighting a hard battle. Troops of memories and a beautiful face and ten- appearance. They had received no news words, "Maryland, my Maryland," and der voice came up before him. Surely for days, but there were wild rumors of tried to rise, but was helpless. In an inthere had been times when her eyes and desperate encounters and fading hopes. voice meant more than forced interest in a One day a soldier came riding up to the sick man. Why once when she had asked house. He sat stiffly in the saddle and his him what he would do with the ring he was making, he had answered in a flash of old and worn and so dusty that its color daring, "I'll give it to you if you'll let was almost undistinguishable and an old and with shy, downcast eyes, had let him as the wondering slaves gathered around to try it on her finger. Oh, yes, he had re- assist him, but they knew him and called membered it all. He opened his eyes and joyfully : looked curiously at the homely little ring delirium he was conscious of one thing and with its rude carving; there were the let-seemed to listen and hear it. There was a ters "J. G." and "J. L." He felt himself Alas! how changed from the

> When he opened his eyes again the planlowed by another and another. They rode and at their head rode George Carr.

There was a wild and joyful scene when death." And the letter said : vines. "So when our battle took place, just a few miles from here," said Mrs. Carr, wiping her eyes, "and my son found you When they returned from supper the moon brought you here. You have been very ill its surroundings. John Gray sat motiongotten. If Julia thought of him, no one knew it. She sparkled and glowed as she moved among the soldiers, and her tones He knew those tones—none better.

But Julia took little boys are from Maryland. You must sing curing the Union of your song for them," and he conducted ing, flags waving—there was no end to the blue uniforms, the shrill fifes and rattling health, though he heard her voice every—the soldiers sat in hushed groups. The curtain of moonlight shone full on the beautiful face Colonel Gray rode beside his men. As she flitted away. Mrs. Carr saw this and they entered a wide street lined with state-they entered a wide street lined Lyulia, really you carry your dislike for peal that roused every warlike feeling in and brought the faint sounds of an old

Maryland, my Maryland Every man leaped to his feet and rang his sword in its scabbard. Then came a burst of applause and they crowded to the steps. Proud and happy, she took their thanks and praises like a queen, but as she turned away with a swelling heart, her glance fell upon a white, haggard face, whose eyes met hers with a burning gaze that held all love, all pleading, all hopelessness. Her own faltered for an instant, then she turned away and talked gaily to the Confederate soldiers. But she knew that a servant had come to take the helpless man to his room, and above the laughter and merry voices, she heard the

In the interest and admiration caused by her beauty and singing, the soldiers heard a highly colored version of her story. Some one had read an account of it at the time.

"By Jove ! we'll hunt him out and hang him! No soldier's death for him! Gray We've heard of his cavalry charges. We'll hang him !" swore the hot-headed youths. The house grew quiet before midnight. When he was sure they were all sleeping Colonel Carr went to his mother's room.

"Mother," he said, "we must get Gray away at once and secretly, too. The men are so roused over Julia and her wrongs that I couldn't control them, if they found him here. They would take him away and kill him." Mrs. Carr grasped his arm and turned white." "Poor boy! and he saved your life !"

They went softly to his room, and George hurriedly whispered their errand. John Gray was a brave man, but he had no desire to be hanged and used as a tar-

"I can get you safely beyond our reach by six, and give you papers to ensure your safe conduct to one of your own camps. Good-bye, old fellow." The men silently shook hands, and George went away. Mrs.

Carr was weeping.
"Good-bye, my dear bby, good-bye" she sobbed, kissing his pale face.

"God bless you for your goodness to ne," said John huskily, "and Miss Julia ?" he hesitated. "She has retired, poor child, so over-

come that she cried herself to sleep."

"Say good-bye to her for me and thank her for her kindness. Thank you all a thousand times," he broke down. George came with two servants and they carried him down stairs, across by the quarters, to the stables where a carriage mer resorts of eastern America, with the was waiting. There were more hurried good-byes and whispered messages, and they were off. Slowly and softly at first, and as John looked back, he saw high on the balcony a little, white robed figure with a white, despairing face, standing in the moonlight. Then the carriage turned a corner that hid them from the house, and | book of summer travel ever offered to the the horses flew down the road. On, on in- public. to the night, farther from the house that had sheltered him, away from the girl he loved. "Under safe conduct!" It was

forward with change of horses until he was safe in the Northern lines. After some days two letters came to the quiet plantation. Julia read both but Mrs. Carr read only her own. Meanwhile the careful examination of the contents of this

Union camp, nearer the old life, and so

up and he took it, thanking her mechanic- and well and they saw John Gray's name mentioned in various engagements, but

now he was General Gray. In a far off New England town, a stern faced woman read of the same General Gray, with pride that was tempered by a great fear. Always the knell was tolling in her heart; and one day she read: this battle the most distinguished Union officer was General Gray. He was woundwent on in a burst of passion; "you ought to know how I feel, but I've stayed with place and continued to cheer them on. you for Aunt Emily's and George's sake."

"I am very grateful," said the young officer slowly, "and I am very sorry to have
caused you so much additional pain.

"They were successful, but General Gray
was fatally shot in the last charge. It will
be remembered that this brave officer—"
the paper dropped from Mrs. Gray's hand "The only son of his mother and she was a widow.

And now the sullen tide was leaping eagerly at the very foundations of the Conhim into the house, and so out of sight and federacy. Maryland had remained loyal to the Union, and Julia's voice had lost much He sat alone the rest of the afternoon. of its old glad ring. Time had wrought And she had turned red and white slouch hat hid his face. He spoke no word

"It's Marse George come home, Missus, Alas! how changed from the gallant young lady in the house who had a song sinking back into the old horrible, empty youth who rode away so proudly three years before.

"I have something for you Julia," he consciously, and its echoes lingered and tation seemed to be waking. Down the said, after the excitement of his welcome followed her like the sweet perfume of road was a small cloud of dust which grew had subsided. "It was sent to me for you. Julia opened the package slowly. It held

when he was sinking into limitless space. So it gradually came to pass that Julia could see their gray uniforms through the and "J. L." rudely carved. And there vines, and hear the clank of their swords, was a letter with the inscription, "To be given to Miss Julia Lawrence in case of my "Dearest, when you read this I shall be

and beautiful. The tired men threw them- in my grave. I hope you will forgive me found selves on the grass or sat on the steps, but then and take my blessing for your good-The whole place was astir and you were so kind and brave that I never suspected how you hated me. I was so blind, and I loved you so, that when I When they returned from supper the moon carved this little ring, I hoped you would was rising. It flooded the lawn and gave a let me put it on your finger to wear foryour cheek and a gun-shot in your leg, he more than earthly charm to the house and ever, and that we should spend our lives together as we spent those happy summer

Forgive me, it was a wild, vain hope and I have suffered as much as you could wish for my presumption. Will you take the were sweet and caressing as a mother's. little ring, dearest, and think of me sometimes as a soldier who did his duty, and "O Julia," called George, "most of the bys are from Maryland. You must sing loved the sweetest woman in the world. God bless you and your Maryland for-

JOHN GRAV. The curtain of vines swayed lightly in the breeze and flecked the veranda with

"For life and death, for woe and weal,

Maryland! my Maryland!" The plantation lay hushed in the golden black ring on her marriage finger told her it would never come.—Helen Elizabeth and other business men. Wilson, Williamsport Dickinson Seminary.

Too Dangerous to Pray.

Uncle Duff, hearing the noise, began to pray; Aunt Saluda joined him fervently; Sam listened stupidly and in suffocating

Fifteen cannon thundered together, over beyond the bridge, and a flight of shells in the air made a prolonged whirring noise, followed presently by a rapid spluttering of musketry in the woods at the lower edge sound of a crutch and a step that moved of the plantation. The regiment went slowly and feebly up the stairs along the ing over the fences as they came in the

"Oh, good Lor', ef ye kin spa'de ole man er leetle bit longer——''began Uncle Duff, but his prayer was interrupted by an explosion on both sides of the river, rival batteries thundering at one another, and op-posing lines of infantry exchanging long rolling volleys.

Mrs. Farrow saw the cavalry scurry away from their lurking place under the river bank and disappear in the woods. while four or five heavy field guns, drawn by panting and over-worked horses, trundled rapidly along the red clay road, the drivers whipping and swearing.

After a few rounds there came a short lull in the bombardment, during which a singular serenity pervaded the air and sky. 'Dar, now, Lor', stop de wa' right heah,

and lef' de ole darkey-But Uncle Duff sprang to his feet as another awful canonnade began, and a shell burst on the railroad track in front of the door. He forgot his prayer.

"Hell an' fury !" he cried, dat's dangerous! Gi' me my hat, for de Lor' sake! I's gwine outen yer!" And he rushed through the back doorway and across the garden to the woods, followed by Sam and Aunt Saluda. - From Lippincott's Magazine.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Summer Excursion Route Book.

The Most Complete Publication of its Kind.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania railroad company will on June 1, publish its annual Summer Excursion Route Book. This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is descriptive of the principal sumroutes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive hand-

Its 216 pages are inclosed in a handsome and striking cover, in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine halftone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

Any doubt as to where the summer should be passed will be dispelled after a

publication. On and after June 1 it may be procured at any Pennsylvania railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon street station, by mail for twenty cents.

The Flight from Cuba.

Conspicu ous Residents are Fleeing to New York City. -Spain's Troops Make Terror.--All the Danger is from Them-the Fact of a Man Being a Cuban is Sufficient to Put His Life and Property in Danger .-An Early End of the Conflict.

For some time Cuban dispatches have been filled with references to the large number of Cubans who are leaving Havana for New York. The Cuban colony here receives many additions upon the arrival of every steamer from that port, and many very prominent families have come here to stay indefinitely. When asked why they have left home at a such a critical time, they shrug their shoulders and, showing all of their pretty while teeth, say, "Oh, we think this summer would be too hot for us there," only they say it in Spanish, for not a great many of the newmers speak English.

"The truth of the matter is this," said a rominent Cuban-American, as he calls nimself "people are leaving the island because they are afraid to stay there. A man knows that his wife and children are at the mercy of the Spaniards, and if he has money enough to live on for a while out of the country he very wisely packs up and leaves. Being a Cuban is enough for a Spaniard, and no matter what the Cuban's position may be toward the Spanish government, rect morning costume by modish woman. the Spanish soldier regards him as an enemy. The women and children are no vana, those living in the country are at the

mercy of the atrocious Spaniards." Among the most conspicuous people who have recently landed are Senor Machado full puff drooping over the elbow divides and family. His is decidedly one of the most prominent families in the eastern part most prominent families in the eastern part ranged on the long, close-fitting sleeve, of the island, and he lost a brother in the with deep cuffs, finished with falling ruften years' war ; Senor Manrique and family, Senor Arturo Fout and family, and Senor Felipe Hartman and family. Senor Ernest Brooks and family are among the latest arrivals, and he is the son of an Englishman, who settled at Santiago, where he established a banking and shipping house which is still in existence. With them came Senor Luis Garzon and his family, which is also a very old and prominent one

at Santiago Dr. Carlos Parrago, a leading lawyer from Havana, has also arrived with his wife and children. Havana has also sent her most prominent physician, Dr. J. Landeta, and his wife, who was a daughter of Bachiller Morales. Dr. Landeta is well known in Paris. With them came also a nephew of Bachiller Morales, Senor E. Bachiller bringing his wife and sisters Another very prominent family is that of Raimundo Cabrera, a celebrated lawyer, a member of the committee of the Cuban party before the revolution. He is the author of several books, all of which have been translated into English; and still another is that of Senor Alfonso, who is a relative of Aldama, the richest man that the island has ever known. Aldama was agent for the revolutionary government in the United States, and before leaving Cuba was worth over twenty millions of dollars. He gave the most of it to the cause of his country and the remainder of his property was confiscated.

Senor J. M. Berris, a business man, and his family have also recently landed from Havana. He runs a grocery establishment such as the largest ones here. A few of the other men who have come here, bringing their families, are Senor Luis Cowley, Senor Jose M. Bustillo, Senor Jesus Cowsunshine as with waiting for something to call it into life. And a girl, with a white face and wide, unseeing eyes sat watching for something. But the presure of a little Dr. O'Farril, and Senor Lorenzo Portillo. Some of these are lawyers, some physicians, suits of heavy linen crash. This is just

One of the most prominent business men

many were leaving the island for the city, with great pearl buttons. "You surely do not think that we America, Jamaica and Europe. Why shouldn't we get away? Many of the men cause there are no weapons for them. Some people say, 'But aren't all of the physicians needed there?' They are not. Cuba is remarkably well supplied with medical men, and every expedition lands some new ones. The lawyers have nothing to do, for reasons for people getting away from the island are that it is getting dangerous to remain there, and then living is exceedingly high and poor. The poor people are almost unable to get food, and even the rich can get no vegetables or palatable things. Of course, absolutely no amusements are going on. The island isn't the same. The natives are full of life and animal spirits in times of peace, and if ever a people enjoyed themselves from year's end to year's end the Cubans do, or rather did.

"Business is almost entirely at a standstill. Merchants of all classes everywhere are closing their stores. Not 15 per cent. of the merchants in Havana are clearing expenses; they are dismissing their clerical forces, and so things go.

"At the same time, everybody who has left the island and all who are left behind are hopeful. We really think that the war will be over in three or four months. When this war is ended we will hear no more of Spain. Spain needs us, but we don't need her. We buy about thirty millions of dollars' worth of things from her every year that we could get cheaper in the United States, and she doesn't buy anything from us. But the war will soon be over. Our people have settled themselves comfortably in or around the city, and when things are settled we will go back home, and then there will be plenty of work for doctors, merchants, lawyers and everybody else. In the meantime, we are full of hope, and we who have come away feel that we can do much more to aid Cuba Libre by being here than we could had we remained at home, where everything is in such a depressed condition. - New York Sun.

The True Measure of a Man.

The best place to take the true measure of a man is, not at his place of business, or at church, but at his own fireside. There he lavs aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is a gentleman or a humbug. No matter what his reputation may be, if his children dread his coming home and his wife swallows her heart every time she asks him for a dollar, he is a fraud of the first water. You can forgive much in a fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

The Boston Herald says that if Major McKinley endorsed notes for \$118,000 when he was worth only \$10,000, it came The little ring dropped from his nerveless hand and rolled to her feet; she picked it them at long intervals. • George was alive street station, by mail for twenty cents.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Gaylord, Kan., is said to be happy and prosperous under the wise rule of seven women. Antoinette L. Haskell, the mayor of the little city, is described as by no means an aggressive type of woman. husband is a prosperous banker and she has two sons. Mrs. Haskell has always been interested in political and social questions, and her lot has been cast with the Democratic party. Miss Florence Headley is city clerk, and only 20 years old. The spare time that she has left after fulfilling her municipal duties she devotes to editing the Gaylord Herald, and performs this office the more efficiently cause she has in the last three years worked up from the position of apprentice in a printing office. Another of the rulers is Mrs. Mary L. Foote, the police judge-elect whose popularity is so great that although she was a candidate in opposition to her husband she defeated him by a large ma-

Two things were clearly demonstratedthat the trimmed skirt in all its glory has been revived and that the balloon sleeve is a thing of the past.

The coat and skirt gown, in linen, holland, crash or pique, is considered the cor-Skirts of wash-gowns are cut with the utmost simplicity; they have a gored front less sacred to him, and while our women and three wide gores on either side, leavare comparatively safe in a city like Ha- ing a sloped seam for the centre back, which is quite short, and of the same

length exactly as the front. Sleeves are slightly less in width, but the favor with the short, high puff which is ar-

It has grown to be the fashion to make a complete change of furniture, drapings and the like at this season, and and to put our homes in summer apparel; to take up car-pets and replace them with stain or matting. This is a great help toward keeping the rooms cool in hot weather, besides making them attractive to the eve. In regard to matting and other cool summer coverings, it is surprising for how small a sum a floor can be laid with the cool cov ering. The winter carpet gains by the

summer rest and will last longer. One need not be extravagant in furnishing rooms in good taste for the heated term, as with the use of a few bottles of stain the floors can be darkened, and a few more of gold, bronze or enamel will completely transfer the appearance of quaint old-fashioned chairs relegated to

the attic. The heavy-looking winter portiere may be replaced by the heavy ones of madras, art lace or simple scrim. Cushions, foot stools and divans, can be covered with dainty cretonne or denim, and the greatest needful expense of a summer room, to look most inviting for the entire season, would be the purchase of a goodly number of low, broad easy chairs and rockers of rattan and willow, to be scattered freely in every available nook and corner.

Common gray toweling with a red stripe on each side makes a nice cover for a porch pillow. At each side of the stripe was worked a row of cat-stitching in red madonna cotton, and on the upper side of the pillow, also in red, the words "Sweet be thy dreams." Another one similar to the last was of buff linen worked in brown wash silks.

such looking stuff as our kitchen towels are made of, only that it is woven wider. among the newcomers, when asked why so It is made up in blazer suits and trimmed

The short blazer coat is rather the favorare all coming to New York. Four times ite, but the Eton coat with a blouse vest as many as those who have landed here and white leather belt is much liked. have gone to the south, to Mexico, Central Some of these have the skirts laid in flat box plaits and some are gathered. Others again have circular or seven gored skirts, who have left are too old to fight, and others who volunteered were in the way be-Some are Eton and some are blazer, and a few have Norfolk basques, with heavy white lace insertion sewed down the straps. They cost, ready finished, from \$5 to \$12. The style and finish leave nothing to be desired unless it was a more really intrinsic one can readily see that people haven't time to engage in lawsuits. The two main made. Still, it is always "style" that made. Still, it is always "style" costs more than material.

> The very latest cosmetic, and the best, is the lemon. In countries where they grow as freely as apples do in the temperate zone, this fact is appreciated, and their vir-tues availed of; but their admirable qualities are worthy of wider knowledge. Lemons are not so costly, even in the coldest countries, that women may not easily afford to use this tropical aid to the toilet.

In the care of the complexion it is invaluable, particularly in summer, when a few drops squeezed into the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and sunburn and whiten the skin, beside giving it a charming smoothness and softness to the touch. This should be done about three times a week, both winter and summer, and is of the greatest aid to such complexions as are afflicted with enlarged and blackened pores. These enlarged pores are due to deficient circulation of the blood and are to be greatly aided by vigorous rubbing with a coarse

towel every time the face is washed.

Those who lead a sedentary life find the circulation feeblest about the nose, lips and temples, and these parts of the face should been energetically rubbed and kneaded several times a day. When the pores become distended the fine, invisible dust in the air enters and clogs and blackens them. Mere ordinary face washing, even when warm water and soap are used, is not sufficient to remove this dirt in the pores, but the vigorous acid of the lemon cleanse and carry off all such unsightly

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four limes or lemons are sliced into the water, which is drawn half an hour before using, so that the fruit juice may have a chance to permeate and the deliciousness of such tubbing must be felt to be appreciated. The sense of cleanliness and freshness it gives and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin is an experience not soon forgotten. The lemon is more than a substitute for the bran bath bags which were inserted by the French and which exquisites think so necessary for the toilet.

Lemons are also used in caring for the teeth, half a teaspoouful being squeeezed into a glass of water, and for the hair. For this purpose cut a juicy lemon in half. Dip the head into tepid water. Rub and squeeze the lemon over your head. Wash in the lukewarm water, rinse in fresh water of the same temperature and towel vicorously. Do this once a week.