#### OLD MEMORIES.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

There is no love like the old love, No time is like the past, There are no joys like our child-hood joys

That flitted away so fast. When our old-time friends have left us And we are quite forlorn; We think of the fragrance of last year's rose,

Forgetting about the thorn. We sadly dream of the old days That, long ago, passed by. Forgetting the pain, that, in them we knew,

For their pleasures alone we sigh. The old earth is full of beauty And treasures, rich and rare. We will speed, on wings of hope, away

O'er the fields so full and fair. Then, let us bravely arouse us, And drive sad dreams away ;

Improving the moments as they pass, We'll live in the glad to-day. -M. V. Thomas.

#### ALAS: POOR CUBA!

tossed to and fro on his hard little bed, in a small room, into which some unwonted spark of humanity had carried him when attacked by the terrible Cuban fever. It is a blessing even a spark of humanity had been found in the heart of his Spanish jailer, and confirms us in the belief that some kindly feeling exists in every human being if we are only lucky enough to strike Every window in Havana was shaded, and were parched with fever. closely, too, by bamboo screens; no one appeared in the streets but those whose row, if I can arrange it. Adios." duty rendered it imperative, and the undrew her veil, and left him alone. lucky ones who did have to brave the heatand lifting the bamboo screens, till the languid inhabitants looked out once more ures looked into Dick's room. with freshened faces. Meanwhile the sun graduated from a medical college, and, reading of the terrible suffering in Cuba, had felt inclined to try his hand at relieving it, at least a little. He was not a fighttor on the Swift, and everybody knows she was captured. Of course, in time, the prisoners would be released. No one believed long, much less drum-martialled and shot, four hours. though such rumors had been heard with-

though such rumors had been heard within the prison walls. But the fever, as deadly a foe as rifle or machette, had attacked Dick, and now as it ran higher and higher he begins to be begin to be begin wandered to his New England hills. The gray rocks the light energy was the light energy with a permitted with the end of the veranda and looking out to man; he is my twentieth to-day. I've quite a little pile of the bodies back there if you want to see them," with a jeer.

"Fire! Fire! by Joye Anite they higher, he began to fear he would never see the bobolinks flitting among the long, ing over him, the sun tortured with its fierce rays, and no one came to let down his window screen. A vision of the clear, cold trout streams at home in New Hamp- The calm, young voice, breaking the sultry shire, along which he used to fish, haunted silence, was almost as if Dick had received his burning brain; he could almost hear a splash of cool water. the plash and ripple about the big stones and feel the coolness of the deep pools over said, as he tried to rise, but Anita knew which he bent to see his prey lying so calmly in the brown water below. A faint rustle of garments broke the hot silence of his room. He turned and saw the black

gown of a Sister of Charity, who was kindly admitted to the jails and hospitals to do what she could. She gently lowered the blind, and, producing a little kettle of ice, laid some in a cloth on his forehead and gave him some little chips to eat. How good it was ! "If she could only talk English," said

Dick, half aloud. "What would the Senor say?" The clear low voice fell on Dick's astonished ears, and he raised himself up to look at this blessed visitor. A very different face from that of the short, middle-aged nun who had previously visited him met his fevered gaze.

"Say? Oh, what can one say but ask how long we shall be kept in this awful hole ?" he answered, dropping back on his pillow to enjoy her gentle ministrations.
"I cannot tell the Senor that," she said.

"How is it you talk English?" was his next question, letting his eyes rest on the fair young face framed so severely in black "My mother was from England," she replied, proceeding to sponge his hands.

"And your father is a Cuban ?" "Was, Senor." A wave of feeling swept over her, but she restrained herself. "He is no longer living?" asked Dick, feeling as if he were committing almost an impertinence in thus questioning, yet as if he must hear her soft talking. It seemed years since he had left home, and this visit

was a boon.

"Killed on his own doorstep, with his dear ones round him," she said. "He did not want to fight, and worked quietly at home upon the plantation with my brothers, but the Spaniards say all the country people are rebels, and one evening as we sat resting after the heat of the day, a Spanish troop rode up, fired a volley into our house, then jumped from their horses and murdered those whom the volley had In spite of her brave effort for control, the quiet of her face broke up, the

sponge dropped, and she bowed her head on her hands. "By Jove," exclaimed Dick, his horror getting the better of his weakness, "and

"They did not hurt me, but put me on a horse behind, oh, such a dreadful man, and brought me here, and-I sought the protection of the church to escape.'

'Escape what?" said Dick. "Oh, never your family?

ly, and Dick was at his wit's ends what to gone.

up the war till she has to and meanwhile hese things go on." "It is not war, Senor, it is simply mur-

der."
"You use the right word, Miss—what may I call you?" Dick asked, as she dried

his hands.

"Anything I can give, I mean," Anita responded, a faint smile lighting up her dark eyes. What are the chances of our being set

free ?" he asked.

trial by the marine court-martial."
"There were!" said Dick. "I say, Miss Anita, excuse me, but couldn't you atrocious murder.' get me into a better place than this? never can get well in this furnace. It is hotter than Hades."

"Does the Senor know about that?" she asked with a little girlish mischief.

"Are you a regular nun?" Do they had retired. He was glad to find that all had retired. He could not sleep himself,

fellow asked, wisifully.
"I am not a nun at all, really," she BY L. C. W.

Hot was no word for it! Dick Windom tossed to and fro on his hard little bed, in the state of th

being if we are only lucky enough to strike Ah! there comes the wind!" The screen Dick apparently had struck it, or was moving, and the first faint cool curelse he would still have been sharing the rents crept in, forerunners of the blessed miserable accommodations granted all breeze that soon came stealing over Dick's those unfortunate Americans who had been hot cheek. He stretched his arms out as if captured by the Spanish man-of-war Masa- to embrace it, and Anita looked pityingly gera, just a week before this hot morning at the white forehead from which the fair, whereof we write. The heat was intense! wavy hair was brushed back. His lips

"The Senor shall be taken away to-mor-

No one did Dick see all the next long, ed sidewalks and glaring sunshine dressed weary day, except the usual rough attendas coolly as possible, and bore a white um-"Oh, for a sea breeze," groaned and out of the sister who visited there Dick, trying in vain to find a cool place on daily. Detained by something the day behis pillow. But it would be hours yet before the wind from the ocean poured its and Dick was to profit by it. A priest acblessed coolness along the broad streets of companied Sister Maria to-day, for one of the city, rustling the hot motionless trees, the prisoners was dying and had asked for

come on such an expedition anyway! Yet enough Spanish to understand. He shook his motives had been good. He had just his head. "I'm not so far gone as that." The priest held up the cross. Dick raised his feverish hand and pointed upward with a gesture of dissent.

"Protestant!" the priest shrugged his ing man by principle, and believed in arbitration. His sympathies were with the tration. His sympathies were with the insurgents, of course. Most young sym- wall. Had Anita forgotten him, or had pathies inclined that way. It is natural to the young to believe in the divine right of The heat was terrible; evening approached, self-government, and to want to reform old and Dick could see the great red moon abuses. But Dick, having had a Christian hanging in the hazy sky. He could also troop, "all countrymen are suspects. We education, honestly believed that war was hear music and laughter in the adjoining wrong. So he put his name down as doc- streets, for the theatres kept open, despite the misery of the many, and men crowded together, joining in the reckless merriment an American citizen could be confined for overwhelm them within the next twenty-

home again. A drowsiness seemed creep- white tassels of the bird cherry, the swallows dashing into the cool streams and out again. Oh, this heat, how awful it was.

> by the despair that still lingered in his voice what that giving up had been.

"Don Adolfo gave permission to go to his house; he was a relative of my father,' said Anita, slipping a long, black robe over Dick's head; "but he signified that I must take the risk. His position is one so precarious at best just now that he can strain it no further. So far he has been personaly unmolested. Now, can you stand?" as Dick stood up, the priestly gown falling to his knees. You are taller than Father Romero, yet he is counted a tall man. Put your hair under this cowl." She assisted to push his wavy crop under the black cap. "Good. The carriage waits right at the door. Can you walk?" It was no uncommon thing to see the Sisters of Charity riding about in the shabby voitures that rambled round the streets of Havana, and Dick, leaning back in the shadow, could still see the mingled throng of soldiers and citizens that were taking advantage of the evening freshness to enjoy the attractions of theatre and dance-hall.

"What if they catch us?" Dick asked, languidly. The effort to dress had tired "They do not notice; it is a gala day,

and people will have amusements if they perish to-morrow. Our driver suspects nothing. I think we are safe." "I suppose they would kill me," Dick

"Doubtless, if they found out you were not a priest."

"And you? would they kill you?"
"No, but—!" and Anita's hand went involuntarily to her belt, and Dick, bending toward her face, saw the brows lowered and eyeballs flattened as only a Spanish girl can do, till he thought any man would be brave to tempt the slumbering cyclone

of her black eyes. 'That would not be right," he said, impulsively.

"Is any of it right?" she asked "No," he said, but he was too weak to talk and could only lie back and accept the milk and ice Anita occasionally offered him. The city was left behind, and in about two hours they turned up a broad avenue, palm shaded, and stopped at the large house of Don Adolfo, who gave them hearty welcome.

"I do not know how long you can be safe here," he said, helping Dick upstairs. 'Yesterday two tramp companies of Spaniards passed and fired several volleys into the house. We keep rather at the back of the place, and fortunately no one was hurt. mind. Then you are the only one left of I fear I shall have to get away from here in a week or two. Diaz, make the gentleman The only one. My four brothers and comfortable, and Anita, my dear, come my father—she stopped again. "Oh, mother, mother! It is well you did not and in Havana, I would have taken care of live to see this day." She was crying soft- you before now. I thought you were all There, sit down and rest; Jose

Cuba." "Will it ever end?" she asked,

it is all so terrible. "God only can tell," he said bitterly. "What is it, Jose?" as the man brought the coffee. "Will Senor Adolfo step out here a minute," said Jose, whose dark face looked ghastly in the lamp light. His looked ghastly in the lamp light ligh "God only can tell," he said bitterly. his hands.

"Anita Varona is my name," she replied, simply. "Now I must go. Is there anything you want? I will have a little feer working on a summer house in the good."

do good."

"Anything I want? I should think so," and the lamp light. His feared none of them would be safe much longer, as feeling ran high against all those suspected, of helping the insurgents. "I shall go to the United States and claim other staring up at the solemn moon with blank unseeing eves a bullet, through his longer, as feeling ran high against all those suspected, of helping the insurgents. "I shall go to the United States and claim other staring up at the solemn moon with blank unseeing eves a bullet, through his and the servants huddled together, talking and the servants huddled together, talking and the servants huddled together, talking at the door. Diaz onened it, a man hand-

Who did this?" Don Adolfo said, in horror.

"Two Spaniards walking across the fields stopped and shot them down, and I don't "Not very excellent, I fear, Senor. Two other prisoners were also brought yesterday, said to be a Frenchman and an American, and sent to the Cabanas Fortress for trial by the marine court-martial."

they call this war. It is simply the most

"Of course," replied his master, returning to the house, saddened to the bottom nurse people at the convent?" the young and paced the veranda long into the night. His beautiful home was ruined for him.

> and was soon out on the verandas, and then about the place with Don Adolfo and Anita, who had discarded her nun's robes and appeared to be regaining, as young elastic natures will regain, much of her

former brightness. "What good angel prompted you to help me in my extremity, and bring me here?" asked Dick of his young companion, one day, as from his hammock he watched the feathery palms blowing in the afternoon "I never should have recovered breeze. but for your kindness."

"I don't know, Senor," Anita said, rather shyly. "I was just informed that my cousin Don Adolfo was in Havana. I wanted to go back with him. You were so miserable and so ill that I did not want to leave you. What else could I do?" "I don't know ; you ran a big risk, and

for a stranger." "You have never seemed like a stranger," she said, softly.
"And I trust I never may," rejoined

Dick earnestly. "There is my cousin on the lawn; let us join him," said Anita, rising. They all sauntered down the avenue, and were standing at the gate, when they noticed a ror.

"Do you know," she says, "Diaz has to go with us toshone on. What a fool he had been to asked the priest, and Dick had picked up not soldiers, carrying workmen's tools, were walking towards this band, when a shot was fired. One of the workmen flung up his hands and fell, the other dropped tools, bounded over the fence into Adolfo's grounds, and disappeared in the

thick underbrush. "What made you kill that man?" demanded Don Adolfo, as the soldiers came at Mariel?" carelessly on, leaving the dead body in the dust, and pausing before his gate, "he was just a plain countryman, doing no harm." have orders to spare none.

'You carry out your orders well," said Don Adolfo, sarcastically.

"Besides," said another brutal looking with not a thought that eternity might soldier, "we are fined if we have no bodies soldier, "we are fined if we have no bodies to show for each charge of ammunition," "What can it be?" says Dick, going to the end of the veranda and looking out to-

"No !" replied Don Adolfo. come away. Anita, you should not have seen this;" for the maiden was as pale as way!" Dick's excited voice rang through the big white magnolias over her head. the passages, and old Andres and his wife cruited from jail-birds, and enjoy killing. makes his appearance at the door opening They'd like to kill me, but dare not."

war, blacker and more terrible became the the road had left brands to ignite the canes slaughter, fiercer the feeling on both sides. that had only now begun to spread. It is Still Don Adolfo hesitated to leave his beautiful home. He was making some alterations about the place, and wanted to bits of burning leaves fly lightly over their finish them. One day troops visited the heads, dropping among the beautiful palms workmen in his employ, charged them with and dark magnolias. Anita stood spellbeing in a league with the insurgents, and bound by Dick's side. said they might be sent to Matanzas or

Corona. "I fear we shall have trouble," said Don Adolfo to Dick. "People know I am in we have had rain." sympathy with the insurgents, and thereto-morrow, and arrange for sailing, for I can't stand this life. Then I'll return for fice. You don't care to stay, Windom?"

be glad to stay." "I don't see that you can effect any- ly as she turns to watch with fascinated thing,"

'Nobody can do much now.' "You had better come with us," said

turn when you are stronger." Dick smiled, but secretly he did not disdain her advice, enforced by pleading

Adolfo was up early the next morning to give parting directions to his workmen. been ten or a dozen. He rode around his out for a moment, and bidden her stay plantation to see if none at all had appeared, but only silence and loneliness she dares not disobey. Denser rolls the greeted him wherever he went. Noticing a boy lounging under a tree he called and feeling warm on her face, and an occasional

"Senor Adolfo may find his men in that field," indicating a stretch of sugar cane in full growth nearly adjoining Adolfo's prop-

erty.
"In that field?" he asked, in wonder. "Si, Senor." Clearing the hedge with a bound, Don Adolfo trotted his horse out among the canes, but the animal stopped springs back just in time to avoid a shot. pile of bodies lay heaped up, thrown carelessly together under the hedge, and by a throws his arms about her. "He meant to glance at two or three of the ghastly faces kill you! Thank God he missed! It was Adolfo knew they were his workmen of the one of those awful soldiers." day before. He leaned, sickened, against trembling horse. Murdered! men! For what? Nothing but to use up powder. A movement by the hedge re-Nine vealed a woman, sitting with her head bowed on her knees, a five-year-old child, with scared eyes, crouched at her side. He went up and touched the woman's shoulder. She looked up.

"Did you know any of these men?" he asked.

faint sick feeling returning.
"What can I do, Senor?"

"God knows, I don't," he said, dropping the advancing storm. a coin into her lap and riding away. The child picked the money up, attracted by say next.

"If I was only well," he groaned; "yet what could one do? Spain will never give say in the word on bad times in what could one do? Spain will never give shall bring you a cup of coffee," for the gaze blankly, hopelessly, at the heap of dead. Two hours later Don Adolfo left for Havana. "Stay and bring in Anita" had rain!"

blank unseeing eyes, a bullet through his and the servants huddled together, talking at the door. Diaz opened it, a man handin frightened whispers. About noon the ed him a despatch, and dropped on the head domestic knocked on Dick's door, floor.

"Come in," said Dick. he will return. It is not safe here now, and we have all decided to go back into the hills this afternoon to join Pepe Roque

"It is, Senor," said Jose. "Shall I have to morrow, probthe men buried?"

"Shall I have ably you had better take care of your-selves." selves.

"Very well, Senor;" and the man bowed himself away, and by 5 o'clock Dick Anita, of his heart. He was glad to find that all old Andres and his wife were the sole occupants of the deserted plantation. Anita that forever sadden those who have looked was sitting on the veranda, her lap full of moon-flowers, which Dick had gathered Dearly as he loved this perfect island, he from the lattice, for he tried to keep her felt he must leave it, never perhaps to re- thoughts turned away from the horrors so turn. He would go back to his family in close around them. Everything was in readiness for a start any moment.

"It feels as if a tornado was coming, it is so still," said Anita, and indeed the big banana leaves hung limp in the suffocating heat, the palms held their proud crests motionless, and a low movement as of thunder occasionally made itself felt in the air. '1 will go and look down the road," said Dick, who was restless. "Your cous-

in may send sooner than wo think." "Don't be gone long," pleaded Anita; and oh, do take care! Old Romero said he thought there were Spaniards about."

Dick passed down the stately avenue of palms, than which nothing could be more beautiful. Their neighbor's sugar plantation ran close along side, and the cane was almost ready for cutting. Its tassels stood high and still in the evening light. Two villainous looking soldiers suddenly emerged from the canes as Dick leaned against a magnolia, gazing about him. They leered, but said nothing, and went on, turning off on a road running back of both properties. Dick shuddered, he hardly knew why, and returned to the house, to find Romero had served their light repast on the veranda, and Anita was watching for him anxiously. She seemed to share his feeling of some intangible ter-

come back? He wants to go with us tomorrow to the States. He says he has no one here to leave; all are killed; and he thinks he can get ahead better there."

"Very likely he can," says Dick, "and yet I wish he had not come back to-night. Why didn't he go and get on some of those steamers coming in with insurgent supplies "I don't know," replies Anita, and then

silence falls between them as the twilight shadows gather, and the bats came out, wheeling around their heads. The thunder still mutters, and the absence of the stars shows the clouds overhead are becoming denser.

"Do you see a light over De Soria's plantation?" asked Anita suddenly.

Fire! by Jove, Anita, they "Windom, have fired the sugar cane! There are acres The men are fiends. They are mostly recame running up from the kitchen as Diaz onto the balcony. It was too true. Nearer and nearer rolled the clouds of ably the very scoundrels that Dick saw on spreading with a vengeance! They can hear the crackle and roar of the flames, and

"Is not the house in danger?" he asks, turning quickly round to Diaz. "I think it is, Senor; it is so long that

"What in thunder can we do, with fore all whom I employ are suspected of the same crime. I think I'll go to Havana Anita: "Are the valuables all packed?" "They are," she says, "in the lower of-

"We had better take them to the cellar, "I can do you good by staying, can I?" Diaz. You are not afraid to be left alone asked Dick. "If I could do anything I'd little while?" to Anita.

"No," says Anita, but she shivers slightsaid his friend, thoughtfully. eyes the spread of the flames. Wider and wider extends the devouring element. The fences and small trees beside them, dry and Anita, "and if you want to help here, re- catch fire, and bits of burning sticks are whirled up through the smoke, billowing upward. Some pieces drop on the roof of Don Adolfo's house, and Anita knows from the voice that Dick and Diaz are up there with wet blankets, while the two grayhaired negroes pass along buckets of water. Not one was seen where the day before had | She would like to help, but Dick had run where she was in such masterful tones that spark lights near her, which she treads on to extinguish. Thicker fly the burning leaves and sticks. She looks over the balcony railing as an unusually large spark drops down, and there, grinning up out of the darkness, is a dark, wicked face, looking positively fiendish, in the red glare

"What's that?" asks Dick, appearing at her side. She tells him, and he suddenly

"Can you save the house?" asks Anita, withdrawing herself gently from Dick's

"I fear not," he replies. He does not tell her that the roof is already burning in several places, and they have given up the attempt to save. He is thinking what to do with her, for he knows not how many soldiers are around, and they have nowhere to flee should the house burn down. At this moment a tremendous clap of thunder "Yes, Senor, my husband and two sons breaks directly over their heads, and are there," she said quietly.
"What will you do?" he asked, the ning tearing the clouds asunder. Peal followed as a sunder of the lows peal, rendering slight the roar of the fire, and a strong cool wind sweeps out of

"It is just in time," says Dick; "pray God it may be in time." "I think, Senor, the house will be

"I think so, too," says Dick; "pray

been his parting directions to Windom. "I And it was there. Coming in floods, the will send word somehow, and you had bet- like of which is never dreamed of in our

They shot me just below here, and "Senor Windom," the man began, "our took my horse, but I promised to bring you this, and I have." His head fell forward

Half an hour later the volante came the leader of the insurgents, you know."
the leader of the insurgents, you know."
Dick nodded. "Do you object? There are two old negroes who will stay."

the valuables, entered it. Diaz mounted behind, and they drove away through the softly falling showers. Don Adolfo had "No, go along, you are perfectly right.

Miss Varona and I leave to-morrow, probto see it again.

Four days more saw them in Philadelphia, out of sight indeed of the horrible scenes enacted in that exquisite island of on war.

### Silver In Mexico.

Alexander R. Shepherd, who has lived in Mexico since 1880, gives his views on the ecnomic conditions of that country as he found them while its financial policy rested upon a silver basis. He says:

"I have been a resident of Mexico since 1880. When I first went there, the ratio between silver and gold was 151 to 1. The first exchange I bought was at the rate of 15 per cent in coin silver on a New York draft. Since then, owing to the demonetization of silver, many changes have occur-red in the rate of exchange. During the famine which existed the whole period from 1839 to 1893, when two-thirds of all the grain used for food in Mexico was brought from the United States, the rates of exchange ranged from 60 to 95 per cent. and at times went as high as 100 per cent. Notwithstanding this, Mexico paid all her interest and suffered less than any other country.

"The present condition of the silver market is leading the Mexican people to do their own manufacturing. As an instance of this I might cite Chihuahua as an one dram; rectified spirits of wine, two example. An Iron foundry and machine ounces; rose water, twelve ounces. Rub shop was established there some time ago with \$60,000 capital for the purpose of manufacturing the mining and other ma-chinery for which there was a large and growing demand in that vicinity, and which was formerly supplied by the United States.

The success of this venture may be realized when is known that the capital stock was increased to \$300,000, and that the company secured a contract recently for a large amount of machinery in competition with large concerns in this country. Cheap clothing, all of which was formerly purchased in the United States and Europe, is now manufactured in Mexico. At Chihuahua a canning establishment with a capital of \$1,500,000 is now being organized for the purpose of preserving meats and fruit, and a large brewery with a capital of \$200,000 is being put in operation.

'Numerous other enterprises have been established and are in contemplation. In the northwestern part of Mexico a railroad from your mind and let the muscles have will be built within the next year running as free play as possible. All women can from El Paso to a point south of Corralitos, learn to use their bodies gracefully, even if a distance of 250 miles, opening up a counterer is a predisposition to stoutness. try rich in mines and agricultural resources. The \$5,000,000 capital for the lightest dancers; and there is no reason undertaking has been furnished by New

vork parties. 'Another interest may be recited showroad was first opened, it was thought the northern part of it would be unremunerative. The opening of mines and the development of agriculture along this portion, however, has made it one of the most profitable portions of the road.

maintained, as it enabled Mexicans to keep Mexican financiers with whom I have talk-

en hold the same opinion. "There have been but two or three bank failures since I have resided there. The Mexican banks ars required to keep onethird of their circulation in silver dollars

in their vaults. "Perhaps the best sign of the stability of Mexico under a silver policy may be found in the fact that Mexican 5 per cent bonds stand at 93 in London."

What Ex-Gov. Campbell Thinks of Mc-

When ex-Governor Campbell was asked his opinion of McKinley, he replied, "He is a very agreeable gentleman, and as far as his personality is concerned there can be no objection to him. Personally, we are good friends, but politically we have opposed each other in many a campaign.

"Mr. McKinley's personality as the nominee of the Republican party, and the issues his name may bring forth, will soon be lost sight of. Mr. McKinley will be pushed to the rear, and Hanna will appear in the foreground. Hanna will loom up before the people, and they will consider Hanna and not McKinley. He nominated Mr. McKinley, and he will manage Mc-Kinley's campaign. Gradually the people will decide that Hanna, and not Mr. Mc-Kinley, is running for President.

'Hanna is a bigger man than McKinley. Hanna is bigger than the Republican party. He is a bigger boss than Platt, Manley, Quay, Clarkson and all others, so-called, into one. However, I cannot for a moment think that the people of this Republic will deliver themselves to Hanna."

# To Church Goers

not block up the end of a pew as if you did not intend to have anybody else enter it, into a turned-over stiffened cuff of the material. The collars are made separate from or as if you were holding it for some special the shirt, and are white, turned over, very friends. Do not rise to let others in, but much on the same cut as last year's; but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know that they are stock can be worn just as well as a collar. welcome. If a pew holding six has five in Stocks of this season are quite odd, and a it, do not file out in formal procession to novelty which will not be very popular. A let one poor, scared woman go to the other straight band of satin or silk is fastened in end next to the aisle. It is not necessary for the back, having very much the effect of a stalwart men to sit at the end ready to push out and kill Indians, as possibly it a stiff bow in front finishes it off.

# The Trout at Fault.

"You didn't stay long at that hotel which advertised a fine trout stream in the vicinity?"

"No; the hotel man explained that it was a fine trout stream, but he couldn't the back, are still worn. help it if the trout hadn't sense enough to

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

White gloves will continue the most fashionable throughout the season for all dressy occasions. At the same time black will be a good deal worn. The champagne shade of tan has the preference over all others for ordinary use.

Much more pleasing than the ordinary cheap frame for pictures is a frame made of nicely marked pine, stained by rubbing into it with a woolen rag bronze-green oil paint, thinned with turpentine. This paint, thus applied, brings out all the beauty of the veinage of the wood, giving a pleasing effect. The frame should be fin-ished by a narrow burnished gilt beading or molding which may be purchased by the foot at a reasonable price.

The latest occupation in which women have invaded the precincts formerly occur pied by men is that of the drug clerk, and the wonder is that they have not done it before. It seems to be one to which women are peculiarly adapted. Several young women have lately graduated from the New York College of Pharmacy, and it is understood a move will be made to encourage women drug clerks in this State.

Habitually eating soft foods, even soft bread, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs, but it leads to the rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with tartar, and sometimes loosen in their sockets, or the gums will bleed. I have been surprised that dentists did not look into this matter more carefully. The use of hard bread and other substances requiring thorough mastication will do more to preserve the teeth than all other things put together. It will also tend to keep them clean, and by insuring good digestion, it will help to make the breath fresh and pure. Those who suffer from indigestion, instinctively reject the softer, sloppy foods, as they are apt to make disturbance almost as soon as swallowed. They instinctively give preference to the harder or more solid foods, those that require thorough mastication and in-

A reliable remedy for dandruff is as folinto the head until a lather is produced; then rinse in warm water. Use this a week for good results.

The woman who has equal regard to her laundress' bill and her own appearance does not wear one shirt waist steadily until it is soiled. She keeps at least two in constant circulation, as it were, alternating them. A shirt waist with a removable collar may be made to seem perfectly fresh, if it takes turns with another one and is aired and pressed on its vacation days. Clean collars each day in hot weather are a necessity.

Sometimes stout women move the arms gracefully, but the body has an utter lack of liberty and free motion or suppleness. Drawing her corsets tighter never did make a stout woman less stout in appearance. The first care is not to lace too second is to banish all ideas of being stout lightest dancers; and there is no reason why they should not be graceful in pose and motion. If a woman draws her breath freely from the bottom of her lungs she diing the wonderful progress of northwest minishes the effect of her size immediately by doing away with that ready-to-burst by doing away with that ready-to-burst look that is generally associated with stoutness. That is the look that must be avoided, even if the waist measures an inch or so more, and the bust and shoulders gain a little.

"Shortly before my departure I was conversing with a very intelligent Mexican banker. He declared that he wanted the maintained, as it enabled Mexicans to keep their money in their own country. Other letting it roll listlessly about. This will conscious of the tension of the cords. She give a graceful pose to the head, and the exercise of muscles will help consume the extra amount of fat. Lung exercises in breathing are the best cure for excessive stoutness. The best time for this is before dressing in the morning and after undressing at night. Five or ten minutes exercise every day will reduce the flesh in a wonderfully short time. Stand erect, with the head and chin well up, and rise upon the toes at each inspiration, holding breath for a moment, then expelling it forcibly and completely, coming down upon the heels at the same time. Another good breathing exercise is to draw in a full, deep breath. Retain the breath while counting fifteen and then slowly expel it.

The materials used for the most expensive shirt-waists are entirely different from the materials that are bought by the yard in the shops. They are imported expressly for the purpose, and consequently are quite distinctive. Madras of different qualities, but all cool and sheer, fancy muslins—the latter not so smart as the Madras ginghams -and a thin weight of fancy white duck is used. The solid colors with a hair stripe of white, while not the newest, still rank among the most desirable patterns. The old-fashioned flowered chintzes that are associated in our minds with curtain hangings have been reproduced in the Madras shirtings. The accepted pattern for these shirts has a yoke at the back, with a little fullness directly in the centre, which is held in at the belt by a stitched band that only extends to the side seams; from there a tape ties down the fulness in front. There is no yoke in the front of the shirt, but four narrow side-pleats. The favorite pattern for the sleeves is the bishop sleeve; but again in the Madras shirt this is very Having entered a pew, move along; do much modified, and shapes in at the hand

> Ruffles are much worn, but they are not in tip-top favor; the newest things are collar bands close-fitting to the throat, and high, with pleatings either of lace or ribbon falling over the back of the neck. Broad ribbon bands, very much bow trimmed at

It is almost impossible to wear too much lace this year.