

MY CREED.

ALEXANDER McLEOD.
What's good and pure in any creed
I take and make it mine.
Whatever serves a human need
I hold to be divine.
I ask no proof that bread is bread,
And none that meat is meat.
What'er agrees with heart and hand
That food I mean to eat.
Man sanctifies the holiest roset
Truth sanctifies the look.
The purest temples on this globe
Are mountain, grove and brook.
That spot of earth where'er it be,
To me is holy ground.
Where man is striving to be free—
Freedom or death has found.
The crown upon an empty head
I hold as empty of.
The scepter from which wisdom's fled
Has lost the right to rule.
The purple robe on coward's back
Does not inspire my awe.
The ermine and the coat of black
I honor not as law.
I try the king, the judge, the priest
The common man and woman.
From the mightiest to the least,
By one great law—the human.
I find true men where'er I look.
Of every creed and nation,
Mid sons of toil in darkest nook,
As in the holiest station.
The man who has no faith in man
I hold unworthy trust.
The man who does the best he can
Will stand among the just.
Whatever creed serves man the best
I hold the best of creeds.
I recognize no other trust,
Of faith than life and deeds.
The truth that elevates the mind
And purifies the heart,
That teaches love of all mankind
And blunts ambition's dart.
That drives the orphan's widow's tear
And mitigates their loss—
That truth, without a doubt or fear,
I take as gold from dress.

POLLY ANSON'S "IRISH CHAIN."

BY MARTHA MCCLELLAN-WILLIAMS.

"I don't really see how Polly had the face to do it! We all know what made her piece this quilt." Mrs. Gartley said, in a half-whisper, to her next neighbor, Mrs. Carter, as they stood by their chairs eyeing the blue and white expanse.
"'S-sh! She'll hear you," Mrs. Carter returned. "Besides, it don't seem to me quite fair to say that. Polly's been always a good industrious girl; she made quilts and cushions and takes long before Len Baxter ever came to see her."
" 'But she made this a purpose to take home to housekeeping' with him," Mrs. Gartley persisted. "If I had been in her mother's place, I'd never in the world have made all this to-do of a quiltin' over it. Do you know, they've even invited Len to come with the other boys this evening? I must say that shows mighty little pride—the way things stand."
"'So do I,'" said a third woman, Miss Maria Agnew, coming up behind the others and bending over the quilt. "'My! but they've stretched this tight in the frames!' she went on. "'We won't have any ends to our fingers left, time we quilt it in the rose pattern; and that's the only thing the least fit for the Irish chain.'"

beams in the ceiling. The quilt swung by ropes running up to staples in the beams. Because of them Mrs. Anson did all her quilting there, in place of using the parlor or the big square light chambers, of which she had so many. Indeed, she had the greatest plenty of room everywhere. The back piazza, that to-day would serve for dining-room, was twelve feet wide, and ran the length of the house. Through the open windows you could see the long table there, already spread with fine linen and glass and silver and china.
Through the windows came, too, wafts of ripe October air. Frost had fallen the week before, but now he was warm—so warm the nipped asters and chrysanthemums held up their heads afresh, and late rose-buds unfolded to faint-hued blossoms, but the sweeter for their paleness. Some deep blue flowers, too—a juster sort of forget-me-not—had come out plentifully along their lower branches. Polly had stuck a knot of them in her belt, and another among her straw-yellow braids. She had a dimpled rose-leaf face, lit by dancing dark eyes. Perhaps she did not know nor care how much the blue flowers accented her piquant loveliness.
She had been very wretched ever since the quilting was bruted, though she felt the force of what her mother said of it. Yes, the neighbors—some of them, at least—would gloat over what they called her disappointment. She had meant to keep secret all her small housewifely preparations, but the Gartleys were forever running in, and both mother and daughter had fine eyes for spying, and tongues liberal in telling of what they saw. So the neighborhood had come to understand that Polly was "fixin' to get married." That was the same as though her engagement had been announced. Then when the cloud came—all at once, and unaccountably—she had writhed in the thought of how gossip would roll the news of it under the tongue.
That is, when the first intolerable ache let her think of anything beyond his love. Even yet she did not quite know how she had lived through the weeks when first Len rode past the house every day without ever so much as looking towards it. They seemed to her now like a big black blur. Yet her mind kept faithfully the most trivial detail of her happy time. Especially the last week: she remembered the very look and flavor of the strawberries Len brought her—the first from his fine beds; she could smell the jasmine in the garden, and hear the robins singing in the honeysuckle arbor down at the farther end of it. Her father's sly jokes, too, and the twinkle in his eye as he reminded her of certain old antipathies to the Baxter name. The day when Len's Grandfather Baxter, who was a high, sternly pious old soul, and had reproved Polly for dancing, when she could no more help it than an elf or a will-o'-the-wisp.
She could see, too, her mother's look of brooding content. From the first Len had won upon her; he had told Polly more than once, indeed, that it was only through being sure of her mother's countenance he dared to persist with her. She had carried herself high and proudly towards him—now she could not rejoice enough in the thought. And how she had laughed when her namesake, black Polly Anson, who now lived and worked upon the Gartley place, had come begging "Miss Polly" to write a letter for her!
" 'I got you a sorter lub-letter,'" the black girl explained, she ought not to come doted yore 'case hit 'peared ter me 'n' comed git de hang on hit better'n our Miss Dora.'"

would begin with shaking the cat in the master-piece of stitching.
"'I wouldn't have such a thing as that at my house, not for the world! It's so old-fashioned and tacky,'" Dora Gartley said to Jennie Crewe. Jennie did not answer at once. She was round and rosy—next to Polly Anson, easily the prettiest girl in the room.
"'I don't see the harm,'" she said at last. "'Of course there ain't anything really in it, but I've heard grandma say she never knew it fall when she was young, and she folks believed in it, that the one the cat jumped over by was always the one to marry first.'"

"Accept my congratulations, please," Polly said to them, with a brave smile, as they turned about. The rest followed her lead, crowding about the chosen pair, shaking hands and felicitating them until Len was half wild. Polly's gay speeches, her winsome smiles, stung him like a lash. Normally he was a sane, self-contained young fellow; but sanity and self-restraint are apt to fall when they come under great strain after months of torturing unrest. He had loved her—ah heavens! how he had loved!—loved her still in the face of that which should slay the strongest love. She knew his love, had betrayed it, and now mocked him with light words, lighter laughter, as though she rejoiced to show him how little his presence or his absence could mean to her.
As time went on to supper and the dancing, Len's purpose grew fixed; he would shame and wound Polly as she was wounding him. It was warmer than at mid-day, the sky thick with scudding clouds, and a damp southerly wind at play in the painted trees. Belated crickets piped desolately, the peacocks in the oak-trees now and again gave their raucous night cry. But within all was frolic, flitting figures, and merry noise. The fiddlers were a thought late, else already the oaken floor would resound with rhythmic feet.
Polly had strolled with Tom Montgomery out on the back piazza. The cousins were great friends—good comrades, indeed. They had not met for two weeks, hence had much to tell and hear. Talking eagerly, they went up and down the long reach never noting that some one else had come out upon it, and stood motionless under the lantern which lighted the far end.
"'Stop a minute, Montgomery. I have something that belongs to you—something it may interest Miss Polly to see,'" the man under the lantern said, as they came up to him. Polly caught her breath sharply as he spoke, but said, gaily: "'Why, Mr. Baxter? Have you turned burglar, or got yourself made a special grand-juryman to find out Tom's peep-sins?'"
"'Never mind how I came by it,'" Len said, recklessly. "'It is only a letter; I dare say you both remember it.'"

"Tortured to Death."
Practical Joke Which Cost an Attorney and Political Members Placed Him in a Chair With a Short Iron Saw—Directed the Lamp—He Was Horribly Burned, and Blood Poisoning Finally Cost Him His Life.
E. W. Curry, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, died at the Savoy Hotel in Des Moines, Ia., last Friday where he has been ill for two months. Mr. Curry's death is the result of injuries received while being initiated into a Des Moines Lodge of Elks, blood poisoning having followed his injuries.
As part of the ceremony he was seated in a chair with a thin iron seat, and a large lighted lamp placed under it. It was expected that he would furnish some amusement, as it was thought he would jump out of the chair when the heat became unbearable. But he did not jump.
With some friends he had been merry-making in the afternoon, and when he went for a large part of the last month of his life was unwell. He manifested wonderful vitality, and lived a week after the doctors pronounced his death a matter of only a few hours.
The story of how his injuries were contracted was given out by members of the Elks Lodge, after an evening paper had published a much more sensational story. The chair, instead of a heated chair, he was placed on an electrical chair, and a light current turned on, in the expectation of making him squirm.
He showed no discomfort, and the current was increased several times without producing an apparent effect. Then the smoke was seen, and he was taken out half electrocuted.
A STORY PRINTED AND DENIED.
The story was printed in great detail and denied promptly, and the story about the heated chair given out. The mystery has caused a great sensation. The Elks after their session had nothing to say except to repeat their earlier version.
There has been no disposition on the part of Mr. Curry's family to blame the members of the order, who have done all in their power for him during his illness.
Mrs. Curry and her daughter, the only members of the family, earnestly desired that Mr. Curry's frequently expressed wish that the truth should never be made public should be carried out.
Mr. Curry lived at Leon, Ia., and was a prominent lawyer in Southern Iowa; he was 48 years old and had been a leader in State politics for several years. He was a close friend of C. A. Walsh, Secretary of the National Committee, and an ardent silver man.
Laughter a Disease.
An Actual Case of a Man Who Began Laughing from His Toes Upward.
Do you laugh? Then you have been attacked by a disease, for laughter is a disease. This has been proven by numerous cases which have come under the notice of eminent neurologists. They have described even moderate laughter a symptom of nervous hysteria.
People have died of laughter. From Austria comes a curious account of a man suffering from a nervous disease that manifested itself in paroxysms of laughter. The patient was thirty years of age and had been a subject for three years to fits of laughter, which occurred at first every two or three months, gradually increasing in frequency to a dozen or more a day. The attacks occurred especially between 9 in the evening and 6:30 in the morning, and in greatest frequency between 5 and 6:30 o'clock. In the intervals between the attacks, and immediately before and afterward, the man was perfectly well. The attack commenced with a tickling sensation arising from the toes of the left foot. The patient would fall to the ground, where he could lie down. At the height of the attack the patient first smiled and then laughed aloud without any apparent cause for the excessive merriment. The entire act occupied about two moments.
Bryan's Engagement.
Will Begin His Series of Lectures in Atlanta Next Month—Subject Not Broken.
SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 22.—The party of distinguished hunters returned from an expedition in Tazewell county last night. A large crowd was at the depot to receive the late presidential candidate. When he stepped from the platform of the car he was greeted with cheers.
The entire party attended a play in the opera house last night. The theatre was packed to the doors, and when Bryan appeared in a box, accompanied by Senator Jones, Governor Stone, Chairman Cook and others, the crowd went wild. There was a continual cry for a speech from Bryan, and he delivered a short address, speaking mostly on the silver question.
He said the Republican party had advertised its goods, and unless the goods are as good as advertised the people could not buy the same quality again in 1900.
Mr. Bryan left at 11:15 o'clock last night for Kansas City en route to Lincoln, and will arrive in Denver Tuesday morning. He stated to a correspondent that he will deliver a series of lectures, but he has not yet selected his subject, although silver will not be omitted. He will make his first appearance at Atlanta next month.
A Cracksmen's Great Discovery.
"'We cracked more than 70 safes in my time,'" said a Chicago burglar to Sheriff Pease the other night while awaiting transfer to the Joliet penitentiary to serve a seven-year sentence, "but I've never used anything except powder, dynamite and nitroglycerine. If I live to finish this bit at Joliet, I'll do a little work afterward that will astonish the boys. I can cut through almost any safe in Chicago inside of two hours with electricity, and without making enough noise to waken a cat. I got that pointer from the electrical display at the World's fair, and I've been working at it ever since. It is entirely feasible I'll prove it to you by and by."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.
Mrs. D. H. Marsh of Groton, N. Y., has been elected president of the First National bank of that city, to fill the vacancy by the death of her husband. Mrs. Marsh has been one of the stockholders and directors. The office of bank president has never before been held by a woman in that part of the country.
Almost the first thing one notices is that storm collars are much in evidence for both coats and coats of fur and that the wrap in stole effect which made its debut last winter is receiving great attention in this, its second season. Capes, too, are growing larger; and mufflers—well, these are of immense size and in every shape conceivable.
The bicycle craze has had a decided influence in making the wrap waist less fashionable. For years the French and American women not endowed with small waists have resorted to every available means to secure that chic appearance so dear to every feminine heart, and of which a small waist has always been a leading feature.
They have listened courteously to the warning against tight lacing and given their corsets an extra twist as a commentary. The laws of health have little weight when they do not harmonize with the laws of fashion.
With fashion's decree that outdoor sports of all sorts are the proper caper for the women of to-day to follow comes the loosening of corset strings and the adoption of a corset built upon the natural figure, which is very different from the extremely high-bust corset with the long waistline and narrow hips, which invariably throws the bust and hips out of place.
Every person ought to know that superfluous flesh which is compressed in any part of the body must go somewhere. The piteous contrast between a small waist, protruding hips and a two prominent abdomen has been in evidence too long. A change ought to be hailed with delight, not only by the women, to whom it means better health, a more pleasing figure and easy carriage, but by the manufacturer and retailer.
It is notorious that the retailer has many corsets returned with the complaint, "These corsets have been broken at the waist, and I've only worn them two or three times." In order to retain the patronage of the customer the merchant must give her a new pair of corsets, while, as a matter of fact, it was not that the corset had given poor service, but that in the first place the customer had insisted upon purchasing a corset inadequate to the proportions of her figure.
The English woman has always shown good sense in the selection of her corset, buying from the corset standard, that of comfortably fitting the hips rather than squeezing the waist. The accepted waist measure for this season is fully three inches larger than has been in vogue, the length of the front measuring about 12 inches, the corset tapering up over the hips.
One of the newest corsets designed by the French is much shorter than those in vogue the past season, with the addition of silk elastic webbing extending from the upper part of the bodice to a sharp angle, just below the line of the waist either side of the clasp.
Revers on the newest bodices it is observed have square or curved corners; the sharp pointed triangle is now rarely seen. There is no end to the varieties in sleeves; but anything which has some sort of a small puff at the top and is close-fitting below is in the mode.
To clean carpets have some hot soapy water and a woolen cloth. Wring the cloth partially out and rub well. Then take a cotton cloth, tightly wrung out of water, and rub well. It will make a carpet like new, and is much pleasanter to use than oxgall.
A dainty table is a mark of good breeding, and an untidy table proclaims to all beholders a lack in the housewife of all the finer sensibilities. It really does not take a great deal more time, and not much more trouble to set the table attractively and to serve the food in a dainty, appetizing way, and the gain is inestimable. A little green for garnishing the meat plate can always be procured; water is plentiful in most places, soap is cheap and clean, and the towels are two or four hours long, so that there is small excuse for soiled linen on the table. There is no place where thoughtful care is more needed or more productive of gratifying results. Make the children learn to be careful of the cloth and the napkins, they can be taught to be neat at the table as well as in dress.
The fashionable neck bows of mull and chiffon are not only a pretty addition to the corsage, but a great boon to beauty, as they lend a charm to the face by softening the features.
The upper teeth should be brushed downwards, and the lower teeth upwards from the gums. Do not brush the teeth crossways, as they are apt to become loosened, and the gums will also suffer. The inside of the teeth should also be brushed in the same way. Tepid water is best to use both for cleaning the teeth and rinsing the mouth out afterward.
The toothbrush should be small and curved, so that the brush can get in all the interstices of the teeth. It should not be too hard, and when a new toothbrush is purchased, it should be soaked in water for several hours before using. If the brush is dried on a towel after being used, and stood up on end in the air, it will last much longer. Toothbrushes should never be kept in a closed receptacle.
Tooth powders should be chosen with great discretion. For general use the following will be found a very good powder: Mix together half an ounce of powdered bark, a quarter of an ounce of myrrh, one drachm of camphor and one ounce of prepared chalk. Another simple receipt is as follows: Add two ounces of camphorated chalk, two drachms of very fine powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered orrisroot and half a drachm of powdered myrrh; mix the ingredients thoroughly together, and keep the powder in a bottle.
All good fur capes are rather short and almost as wide as those of last year, while the cheap ones long as the old fashioned coachman's cape in spite of the decline in the dress sleeves. The collars are much higher, quite covering the back of the head with points behind and on each side. The smartest linings are of moles and satins in plain colors, but light plaid or stripe being almost as desirable, if not quite so new. The pelrine shape is worn, there being two long ends in front, and a plain back fitted in at the waistline. In seal it is very elegant, the fullness flaring over the arms and a broad scarf collar lying upon the shoulders about the standing one of seal.