

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown; Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile...

OUR CHURCH FAIR.

"Dear me," observed Mrs. Ferret, with a friendly grin as she settled herself comfortably in a rocker on her neighbor's stoop.

"Talkin' to him?" echoed Mrs. Sharp, with indignation. "Well in at him, you mean, enough to wake the dead in a disgrace to the neighborhood, that's what it is, the way that child carries on."

"He had a good time at the fair last night," snickered Mrs. Ferret, loosening the strings of her gingham sunbonnet, which she drew off her head and waved back and forth in front of her face.

"I got there just as they was playin' Sweet March," Johnny Wilson toots on the cornet road goal. I might he been there at the start," sighed Mrs. Sharp, "but, laws, it were 7 o'clock afore I got through with the supper things. Jim always late gettin' home from the shop of I want to go anywhere, an' Lord knows I ain't often I do."

"How did you like the way the tables was fixed?" inquired Mrs. Ferret. "Oh, I didn't think much of 'em," snuffed Mrs. Sharp. "I could hev fixed 'em better myself. They didn't look tasty a bit, an' things was so dear you couldn't buy anything. I warn't goin' to pay double for things I could make home easy enough—non holders an' that. So we went an' had some ice cream. It was awful bad—the taste of it's in my month yet. An' they charged 15 cents a plate for it an' never so much as give us a crumb o' cake with it. Cake was 5 cents extra."

"Here Mrs. Ferret gave a long chuckle before she said: "They was awful mad at the cake table. Mrs. Adams had charge of it. You know the cakes was all do-nated, an' some was sent to the cake table to be sold an' some was give to the supper table to eat with their coffee an' that. Well, there warn't enough to go round at the supper afore it was half through with. An' one o' the cakes was made o' ham fat! Oh, just as true as you live, an' everybody knowed where it come from too! all they was hoppin' mad! I give 'em two pounds o' coffee. But, to make a long story short, some o' the supper committee come to us an' wanted to take the cakes off our table. An' Mrs. Adams—you know how spunky she is—an' she told 'em right up an' down they shouldn't hev 'em, an' I don't blame her. Said she had trouble enough goin' around beggin' 'em for her own table, an' they begged her an' said they was short, an' folks was askin' for it at their supper. An' she said she hed nothin' to do with the supper except to eat hers an' pay her quarter for it when she got through an' told 'em it

was their business to see after their own table, an' ef they wanted her cakes they'd got to buy 'em, for all that warn't sold was going to be auctioned off. An' I never heard the beat o' the compliments as passed between 'em. I guess Mrs. Adams was kind o' riled anyway, for just afore it was time for the fair to begin, an' everybody was hustlin' around to get things straight, them two girls at the flower stand kep' goin' from one table to another astin' for cord to tie up their bowkays, an' scissors to cut 'em with, an' vases to put 'em in, an' they littered the floor all over with their leavin's, an' then ast Mrs. Adams for a broom to sweep up with. She spoke up pretty sharp an' told 'em them things didn't grow in the basement o' a church, an' they hed no business to undertake a thing they expected other folks to wait on them, an' she just give it to 'em good, but one o' them was her own daughter, so she hed a chance to speak her mind."

Mrs. Ferret fanned herself vigorously with her sunbonnet and nussed her nose for want of a subject, but for want of breath. Mrs. Sharp was listening intently, with a broad smile of encouragement 'so, after shooin' away a big blue-bottle fly, Mrs. Ferret resumed: "An' the lemonade girls—Rebecca at the well, they called themselves! They hed one o' these big butter-crecks on a low stand for the 'well,' with a big chunk o' ice in it, an' a tin dipper to dish out the lemonade with, an' a tray with about a dozen o' tumblers on it all turned upside down. They squeezed the lemons home an' brought the juice in fruit cans, an' every now an' then they'd pour a little juice into the well, with some more water an' sugar. An' it was the poorest-stuff I ever tasted. They hed the well fixed up with evergreens an' goldenrod. An' there was branches o' the greens tied to the legs o' the table, an' they stuck out so folks was trippin' over 'em an' could hardly get by."

"I wonder ef they made out good at the Jack-in-the-box," observed Mrs. Sharp. "Then girls in the Jack-in-the-box," said Mrs. Ferret emphatically, "hed about ten fellas a-helpin' 'em, an' such carryin's on you never seen! O' course folks wasn't waited on properly an' did not like what they got, although it was writ up, 'Take what comes an' no change.' So that's the way it went. But you should hev seen you Jimmy! He never took his eyes off that Jack-in-the-box from the minute it come in. I seen him, for he was stannin' just along my end o' the cake table. He stood up ag'in the wall with his two hands in his pants pockets an' his mouth wide open, just where he could peek through an' see all the parcels as they was rolled up. An' you know they run short o' things. So when they was all give out there stood Jimmy, with his two eyes big as saucers. An' I heard him say to George Adams, 'I seen every durned thing in there! It sounded awful cute,'" wound up Mrs. Ferret. "I hed to laugh."

"Who washed the dishes?" inquired Mrs. Sharp. "Oh, don't ask me!" replied Mrs. Ferret, laughing despairingly. "Anybody they could get, I expect. It was touch an' go with 'em from first to last. They hed all that cranky an' flustered all the time. There was no hot water an' nobody to see to the fire, an' somebody took the tea-kettle off it into her dishpan afore she seen what it was, for it was dark, an' there warn't enough lamps, an' nobody's business to get any, an' oh, laws, what a rattlin' time they did hev to be sure! I don't know how they made out with the ice cream, but the supper didn't amount to as much as they expected. You see how it is. All the workers was grabbin' for themselves an' skinnin' everybody they could for their own credit, an' they all want to do everything but the dirty work, an' they won't spend a dollar to hev a couple o' women in attend to the fire an' wash the dishes, for the boiler has to be kep' full an' the tea an' coffee hot. Miss Saunders, she undertook to make the coffee. So she tied up five pound o' coffee in a meal bag an' put it to soak in the wash boiler full o' cold water an' set it over on the stove to come to a seald. An' it tasted o' the bag," snuffed Mrs. Ferret contemptuously. "But, laws," continued she loftily, "they don't do nothin' right in the start! There's no head an' no management. Now, would you believe it, there was no tongue at the supper, except what was waggin, an' when it was asked for everybody thought somebody else was to hev brought it, an' they didn't, so what was everybody's business was nobody's business, an' that's how it was!" concluded Mrs. Ferret scornfully.

"They hed some quite nice things at the fancy table," remarked Mrs. Sharp, "but they was too dear. There was one tidy thing I would hev bought, though—the only reasonable thing I saw. It was made o' white crepe, hand painted—just elegant! There was a bough, with apple blossoms an' two little birds, settin' on to it close beside each other an' as lovin' as you please an' lookin' down kind o' scornful at another bird what was settin' all its lone on to the lower branch an' evin' them awful jealous, an' neat, right along under the two top ones, was 'Two's company,' and underneath the bottom one, 'Three's a crowd.' Oh, it was just too cute for anything! And when I est for it they said it was sold. Just my luck! It was a awful disappointment." And Mrs. Sharp heaved an ample and regretful sigh.

"Sally Simper an' Mamie Startup hed the fancy table," says Mrs. Ferret. "An' between you an' me I don't think them two girls knows beans. You know the cake table was alongside o' their table, so I could see an' hear considerable o' what was goin' on. I was at that end too. Of course their table was decorated, an' their-selves as much as they knowed how. They hed made a lot o' pink paper roses an' stuck 'em in letters on a piece o' white paper muslin stretched across the top o' the poles over the table, an' this is what the letterin' was: 'Come an' buy. We'll sell you cheap.' "I could see the folks laughin'," laughed Mrs. Ferret, "when they looked up, but I didn't know what it was at till a bunch o' young men come along, an' Sally, she jumps up an' begins to pin up somethin' an' talk to Mamie at a great rate an' snuikin' an' pretendin' she didn't know they was there. 'Come along,' says one o' the fellas, 'an' I'll introduce you.' 'I don't want to be sold cheap,' says the fellow, grinnin' an' lookin' up at the pink roses. Then they all laughed, while the other one patted him along by the sleeve an' says: 'Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cad. Young ladies, Mr. Cad; Miss Simper, Mr. Cad, Miss Startup.' An' Sally an' Mamie both stood up as stiff as sawdust dolls an' made a bow, with their eyes on the ground all the time, an' says very prim, 'Mis-ter Cad, happy to meet you.' An' he holds his hat right in front o' his shirt button an' bends hisself for all the world like a barber's pole an' says as solemn as an undertaker evin a corpse, 'Mis' Simper, Miss Startup, happy to meet you.' "It was for all the world like play actin' for it when she got through an' told 'em it

all began giggin' an' foolin' an' talkin' the silliest stuff enough to make anybody sick. An' that Cad fellow wanted to be jokey. So what does he do but takes up a Bible that was for sale an' opens it at the first page o' the Psalms an' reads out loud. "The plaster of David," And Mrs. Ferret looked the very picture of disgust as she slowly rocked herself back and forth. "I think it's a great shame," said Mrs. Sharp, with an aggrieved air, "that they didn't hev benches for people to set down on. I know lots o' people would hev staid longer ef they'd hed anywhere to set. I got o' a soap box an' held on to it as long as I could. The baby was that heavy I couldn't keep megin him around all the evenin'. It was settin' near to where they dish out the ice cream, an' there was a gang o' boys stood there watchin' them real greedy, an' every time their backs was turned they dipped their hands right into the freezer an' at all the cream they wanted to, an' there was all colors o' 'em. Did you ever hear tell the equal o' that?" "They're dreads an' no mistake," assented Mrs. Ferret, "an' I ain't sorry the whole thing's over an' done with. I went over this mornin' to help them clean up. I took my own broom an' a basket for my dishes that I loaned them. It was a dirty job, I tell you—banana skins, an' peanut shells, an' orange peels, an' bits o' cake, scattered all over an' trod into the floor. We sweep 'em up, but they're to hev a couple o' women there this afternoon to scrub. I draw the line at that. My piety hain't gone that far yet. An' I'm real glad we're through with it. I don't know what's in a church fair that stirs everybody's bile up so. Religion an' fightin' seems to go together. Neighbors that live peaceably all the rest o' the year are at loggerheads just as soon as it comes on fair time. I don't know whether I'll go to church to-morrow or not. The new minister hollers so he gives me a pain in my spine. The last one whispered so you couldn't hear him, an' this one's so bossy—everything's thus an' so with him. But there's always somethin' to be made with them. So it might as well be one thing as another," concluded Mrs. Ferret, with a sigh of pious resignation as she rose from her chair and tied on her sunbonnet. "Well, goodby," she added as she ambled sidewise down the stoop steps. "Come an' see me."

"I will," replied Mrs. Sharp, "an' I'm real glad you come over. Come again. "I will," answered Mrs. Ferret, "an' you come an' see me. Goodby!" "Goodby!"—M. C. McNeill in Collier's Weekly.

Pet Names for States. Many of the forty-five States in our great Republic have nicknames, which were given for various reasons when the States were new, and have clung to them, just as nicknames do to boys and girls. Main was settled very early by the English, and was originally a part of Massachusetts. It is called the "Pine Tree" or "Lumber State." New Hampshire was named for Hampshire county in England; its nickname is "Granite State." Vermont, at first a part of New York, is proud of being the first State admitted to the original thirteen, and is called the "Green Mountain State," as its name implies. Massachusetts, whose original name was "Massachusetts Bay," is called "The Old Bay State." Rhode Island is "Little Rhody," and Connecticut is the "Wooden Nutmeg State."

New York is proud of being the "Empire State," and Pennsylvania the "Keystone State," because it stands as the keystone in the arch of the original thirteen States. Delaware keeps her name as "Diamond State." The word Kentucky is said to mean "River of blood," or "the dark and bloody ground." It was the hunting and battle ground of many Indian tribes, and derives its name from that fact; but its common pet name is "The Blue Grass State." Tennessee is called the "Great Bend State." North Carolina has several names, and "Tar Heel State," "Fur State," and "Far Heel State." South Carolina is well known by the name "Palmetto," and Virginia as "The Old Dominion," and "The Mother of Presidents." West Virginia bears the name of "Pan Handle State." Alabama is an Indian name meaning "here we rest." Arkansas is the "Bear State," and California is the "Golden State." Colorado was admitted in 1876, 100 years after the Declaration of Independence, and for that reason is called the "Centennial State." Florida is the "Peninsula State," and Georgia rivals New York in being the "Empire State of the South." Louisiana is called both "Pelican" and "Creole," and Mississippi the "Lafayette" State.

Illinois was named from a tribe of Indians, and means "superior men," but has for its nicknames "Prairie State" and "Sucker State." Ohio is the "Buckeye," Indiana the "Hoosier," Iowa the "Hawkeye," while Kansas, which means "smoky water," is called the "Garden State." Michigan is the "Wolverine" and Minnesota "Gopher State." Missouri means "muddy water," Nebraska "shallow water," Nevada is the "Sage Hen State," Oregon "Wild Thyme," Texas keeps the "Lone Star" name, while the new State of Utah used to be the "Desert State." Wisconsin was named from its badgers, the "Badger State."

Girls, Take Warning. H. C. Lane, who has been plugging over in Everett for some time, had been arrested in Lynn, Mass., for bigamy. Lane came to Everett in May, 1894, and stopped at the Palace hotel for one month. During that time his attention was paid largely to a daughter of the proprietor, Mrs. Eta Elsworth, a widow. The intimacy was disliked by the father and finally resulted in his forbidding Lane to enter his hotel. The latter immediately obtained a boarding house at the Union, where he stopped for over a year, during which time the courtship was continued outside of the hotel. Lane always had plenty of money and was looked upon by some of the people as a millionaire.

In August, 1895, the couple left suddenly and it was supposed that they were married. Nothing more was heard of them until a few days ago, when the information was received that this same Lane had been arrested and sentenced to jail at Lynn, Mass., on the charge of bigamy. He had there assumed the name of Lee and was pursuing about the same course as here. Following the arrest came the intelligence that he has at the present time no less than six wives.

Men. The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—inflexible determination—purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two legged creature a man without it.

THE REMARKABLE CHANGES IN WOMAN'S HEAD-GEAR.

Its Mutations and the Marvels for Twenty-Five Years Past. A Glance Backward to the Days of the "Waterfall"—The Vagaries of Style—How Shapes and Combinations Have Changed.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.] It is doubtful if there be any one experience better calculated to impress the feminine mind with its own capacity for folly than a review of past fashions. At this season, when, one and all, we are ready to admire the latest creation from Virot or to exclaim over the loveliness of a dream in tints of rose executed by some other Parisian authority on bonnets, it becomes peculiarly instructive to review the past and to ponder upon the conceits and fancies that elicited similar "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from our own lips a decade back and from those of an older generation a quarter of a century since. In making such a review one fact becomes apparent before all others. Beauty is a relative term, and let me be as aesthetic as she may, her sense of fitness is largely governed by the fashion of the day.

To be sure, we may boast with truth that the styles of the present are somewhat better than many that are past because of a certain improvement in dyes and certain artistic truths that have been poured into our ears by those who consider dress as an art. But it is doubtful, nevertheless, if a future generation will not laugh at us even as we laugh at those who have gone before. "Whatever is in style is pretty," said a young woman with enthusiasm not long ago, and, while we may smile with indulgence over the remark, it really voices the opinion of most humankind, for men as well as women have their foibles, and if they have evolved a more sensible style of dress it is due rather to the exigencies of business life, from which the feminine world is only now beginning to suffer, rather than to any superiority on their part.

But at Easter the Easter bonnet is, above all things, the one that looms up upon the woman's horizon and holds her spell-bound, be she ever so advanced or ever so ardent an advocate of reform, and a study of such as have been presented for the past quarter of a century becomes as diverting as it is instructive. Only as far back as 1871 the monstrous waterfall was held the height of elegance, and perched upon the huge monstrosity, was worn a tiny hat that perforce was tipped until it appeared to be in jeopardy, and certainly threatened to slip down upon the nose. "Topsy" was the name given to the favorite shape, and fashion articles of the day speak of it as "jaunty," while, small as it was, flowers, ribbon and tulle all went into its make up.

Five years later demure bonnets that sat well back upon the head, showing the waved hair, and with strings that tied in a bowknot under the chin, were correct even for young girls. The saucy air of the gypsy had given place to a quieter style, and no one thought of being so frivolous as to tilt a hat or even to wear one for dress occasions if she had been graduated from the school-room. Bonnets were the style. Hats were relegated to children or to misses under 18 and were not seen again upon mature heads for a decade or more.

Lace, flowers, feathers—all went into the make up of one good specimen, and blossoms of all sorts were made to cluster round the face. In fact, chip, the favorite material, and those as a same flowers made the feature of the time. Straw was given second place. Every one who could aimed to wear chip, which was light in weight, varied in color, soft and pliable. Evening bonnets were often all of flowers, a single wreath encircling the head and held in place by a mass of tulle in the form of ties being a favorite style. But throughout all the variations a certain demureness was ever apparent. There were no waving plumes nor nodding flowers. Everything was planned to set closely to the head, and the bonnet was so kept in harmony with the small, tight sleeves and the trim, plain bodices.

By the time another five years had passed, in the spring of 1881, fashion was eager for another change, and the "Bernhardt poke" had appeared. Being named for the great actress, the style was necessarily chic, but, compared with the creations that are now being made in her name, it is tame in the extreme. Chip appears to have still held first place, and flowers, combined with feathers, to have been a combination much in vogue. A typical hat of the period, shown in the illustration, is described as "brown chip, trimmed with yellow poppies and ostrich tips shading from

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Forty-seven young women have just passed the examination of the New York University's law department and are now ready to practice their profession before the bar of this city.

Black and white shepherds' plaids are to be seen in every shop window. Two other distinct novelties are a Bedford cord covert coating, which is as new as it is pretty, smart and workmanlike, and a reproduction for feminine wear of the smartest military uniforms in the British and foreign armies. In the home service alone there are a thousand and one varieties of mess jackets, vests, braiding and such like, which are eminently adapted for the adornment of the feminine apparel; and the French military uniforms, too, are exceedingly smart. Every detail, down to the very buttons and twists of the braiding, is carried out exactly in accordance with the official patterns and specifications. This, of course, invests the costumes with an added interest. During this jubilee year of grace, the army will doubtless figure prominently in many ways, and at fetes, garden parties, race meetings and other functions where something really smart and original is desirable the new military costumes will certainly prove wondrously popular.

Rows of narrow black velvet ribbon will be used on the dresses for early spring and summer. If the ribbon be narrow enough it can be used in shaped skirt trimmings and lie as smoothly as the more elastic silk and mohair braids. Checked materials in the neat, small squares known as the "shepherd's" plaid look well made up with such a trimming. The edges of a surplus-folded waist are outlined with velvet ribbon applied in an "X" number of rows. Where the ends cross the finish will be a knot or bunched rosette composed of loops of ribbon. A collarette effect is produced by square battlements or "tabs" of the check, lined with itself and interlined with some slightly stiffened material. These battlements are trimmed with the black velvet ribbon, stitched down perfectly flat. The hem of the skirt shows application of rows and rows of the ribbon made to describe set figures or perfectly plain. The "apron" or tablier trimming is effected by using the ribbon down the seams of the front breadth of the skirt, and over across its face as a panel or low.

Bright days and smiling sunbeams have brought many new spring gowns and up-to-date fashions are first of all, the Eton jacket; that chic little garment is distinctly on top, and a pretty and becoming mode it is to a young and slender figure. Braided it can be, slashed it may be, here and there, up the back, or in the front darts; and tight-fitting it must be to fulfill all the requirements of Dame Fashion.

Then comes the problem of milady's chapeau: which are really miniature flower gardens, called by courtesy hats. To tilt or not to tilt, is the question. Does the fair wearer dress her hair after the style of the frail Marquise de Pompadour then is the crown turban worn well to back, giving the passer-by an opportunity to catch more than a glimpse of eyes, brow and nose. But on the other hand, if milady have a leaning toward chic French fashions her hat is sure to be pitched well forward at a saucy angle, hiding the upper part of her face and leaving visible only mouth and chin. And perhaps the finest tip of the nose, to pique the curiosity of the inquisitive. And then that beloved "possession of the summer girl—her shirt waist. That, too, made its annual debut yesterday, and worn with a straight linen collar, a bright, plaid necktie and a brilliant hued belt, it was assuredly as chic and becoming as any of its predecessors of seasons gone by. Another feature of the get-up of the modish girl is the jingle which accompanies her footsteps whenever she takes her walks abroad. The maiden-heroine of the romances of Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, we are told, glided or swooped noiselessly from place to place; not so our end-of-the-century girls. Their coming is heralded by the swish of silk, the rustle of the jingle of chateaux and usually the sound of merry chatter, and we wouldn't exchange their cheerful clatter for all the repose of all the Vere-de-Veres of a whole generation of novels.

One of the beautiful spring gowns of its navy blue cloth the skirt has sort of wavyed Vandykes outlined in black and white and, as the being shaded by the same braid. The bodice has a double set of vests, one of brilliant red and another of white duck with narrow lines of black velvet. With it is worn an all red hat, a rough straw sailor loaded with puppies and waving cock plumes.

If color can sound the note of the new millinery red and violet bid fair to reign supreme for at least a few seasons opening they were greatly in evidence.

If you desire to put away your rugs for the summer, empty one of the hanging closets in your house and clean it thoroughly with scalding lye. When dry, sprinkle the floor well with camphor gum. Thoroughly beat your rugs, and cover each one separately with newspapers, next to the rug. If the pieces of camphor gum in a bit of cloth, put it inside the rug, then roll the rug up and tie it with stout cords and place it in the camphor closet. Do this with each rug. After they are all in the closet, lay a lot of newspapers over them, and then sprinkle a lot of camphor gum over the papers. Close the closet door and seal it up by pasting strips of paper over the cracks.

Blankets, cushions, hangings and draperies may be put away in the same manner. The main thing to observe is the whipping and beating of the articles to free them from dust and moth eggs. Moths breed in dust and dirt. You may cover a garment a foot deep in camphor and put it, away folded, and when you take it out in the fall you will find it all riddled with mothholes.

The efforts have been tremendous to get rid of the blouse, but it would not go. The blouse makes a part of all the new gowns. It fits with most dressmakers down close to the figure behind, and is full and bouffant in front, and to make the waist long may fall down through the middle entirely over the belt. It is made with a yoke, or it is made double-breasted, or it is open down the front over a gilet, the latter in combination with a linen flange collar, and a tie being the choice of the moment with women that are chic; it is trimmed up and down and it is trimmed across, according to the figure or to the design of the skirt; it may have over it a bolero, and these are shorter than they were and are sometimes no more than yokes or it may have figure, and this only a bolero made long so as to go with a narrow belt, to which there is a very general return. It is carried out in burlap, it is carried out in lace; it is worn at morning, noon and night, and on the subject of bodices this is the first and last and all there is to be said.

CLARE BUNCE.