

Bellefonte, Pa., July 30, 1897.

"UNTIL -

He never read the roses Nor learnt the lilies' lore, The pansies blue, all diamond dew, He, passing, trampled o'er.

The mignonette, the violet In vain with incense pray'd-He never thought that flowers meant aught Until he loved a maid

He heard a mayis callin. He heard-and then forgot! A lark leapt high and thrilled the sky,

He heard—and wondered not. All fain to please, among the trees Birds peeped, and piped and played-He'd ne'er repeat : "Dear God, how sweet Until he loved a maid.

He never dreamed of beauty, He never blessed the world : The heathered hills, the rippling rills, The sea's foam flag unfurled. The Summer's prime, the Winter's rime The sunshine and the shade-He did not care that earth was fair

Until he loved a maid She came! and with her advent The very stars drew near, And every bird in spirit stirred. And every flow'r grew dear, And all the earth went mad with mirth To hear his hymage paid-'Oh, sure," he said. "I was as dead Until I loved a maid.'

CECILY:

-The Illustrated Magazine.

"It's the fault of there being such a large family, dear, that is all." 'And a very bad fault, too.'

"Dick! Don't you like the family?" "Not as I like you, child, and not enough to like them to monopolize you, and take up all your time and thoughts and interests, so that I, whom you are going to marry, can hardly get so much as a word or look from you.

"Who is with you now, Dick ?" "Yes, for three minutes at the garden gate, because if I come inside you will be surrounded by the whole lot of them next moment, and for anything we may want to say to one another we might as well be at opposite poles. You mayn't mind it Ce-cliy—you don't seem to do so at any rate but, upon my soul, it's hard lines on a

man who loves you." It is an evening in April. The land is all affush with the pink blossoms of the almond and the white blossoms of the pear. He is very handsome always, rather angry just now, my lover; but I know that ne anger comes from love, and so I think

more of the first fact than the second as I look up smilingly into the brave blue eyes, bright with a passionate gleam, and mark how well the broad, square-cut shoulders and shapely head stand out against the golden glory of that evening sky.

"And pray, sir, do you expect me to be always at your beck and call?" I ask. "I'm sure you get your fair share of attention.'

"Do I?" he says gravely. "When I walk with you, and when the promised day comes you coolly send me word that you've got something else to do, and are too busy even to see me! I might have claimed your promise to marry me two summers ago, and again last autumn, when I was offered the making of that new Canadian line. I refused it, only because I knew you wouldn't leave home so soon after your mother's death, and I could not bear to go away without you; but now there is this other job of the same sort in Perthshire, and they say I can have it for the asking. The works are to begin in July, and if we are married in June-dear Cecily my own darling love, do say that we shall be; do give me what I ask. Think how long I have waited for you already and how badly I want you, and come to me. Cecily, dearest, if you love me, say you

will. Say it now."
"In June!" I repeat, my eyes wide with dismay, and drawing myself still fur-"Dick, you promised not to be in a hurry."

'I never promised anything of the sort : but if I had done so I should have kept my promise over and over again. Cecily will you ever find a lover who has waited as long as I have done already? And yet you talk of my waiting on for another year still! If you loved me in the least you would be as tired of these delays as I am; but you don't, and I see it only too plain-You don't even know what love is.

"Hullabullero, hullabullero! Cecily Cis, where are you?" shouts a boy's voice from the laburnum bushes behind. "Don't be silly. Dick. Let me go. Please let me go," I stammer out hurriedly; but I have no need to repeat the request. At the first sound of roughtongued little brother's voice Dick has dropped my hands and stepped back.
"Let you go? Oh, certainly," he says,

with a strange, bitter accent in his voice. "For good, if you like. I expect it will come to that some day. Good-bye," and off he goes, striding over the dewy grass and under the milk-white blossoms of the thorn trees without another word or look. It is too bod. Of course the children don't really mean to hurt me, but it is too

bad, and the worst of it is that I dare not show my vexation. Poor Dick's spurt of temper is forgotten and tea proceeds without further allusion to him. I cannot bear Dick to be angry with me; Dick, who for all his quick, fiery nature is gentle as a woman in general with those he loves, and who has been so tender and true to me all these years, that at times his very generosity makes one for-

to expect much in return. A long engagement is a very trying thing. Not that it diminishes the mutual love of those most concerned, but that it is apt to lessen the outward expression of it and bring about unintentional slights and apparent coolnesses, and it is trying too, up stairs, "which fortunately the rooms from the fact that the longer it lasts the less consideration or sympathy it seems to elicit from those even most nearly allied to again he'd said to me: 'Now, Mrs. Brown, the lovers, and who, when the first eclat of the affair is over, are apt to regard its lengthened existence with something of returns to London it's back to them I shall impatience, not contempt. Dick and I have been engaged for an immense whilefour years before mother died, and he was gentleman's, perhaps you can give me his ready and waiting for me when she was address. There's a letter been lying 'ere first taken ill, nearly a year before that.

I don't see him often. He is a civil en-

Is there ever a gayer, gladder time in all ing it till a few days before."

haps he may be striding across those meadows now to pay us an early visit and bring me a bunch of violets. He had done so found it out at any rate, he does not come to-day, and so I go down to breakfast give the orders for dinner and am just go-ing to assist my little sister through her later, which she says has just come from the inn, and I see it is from Dick.

How thankful I have been since then that I left Maud and went away to read it by myself, for even the first words seem to daze and dazzle me. It begins, "My dear Cecily," and then I sit and read and reread the rest over and over again, how long I never knew, with eyes that see, yet see not, and a heart which beats, yet refuses to from some distant church which were callcomprehend. Dick is gone and this is what he tells me.

When he went back to the inn he found a letter awaiting him from the contractors for that Canadian railroad of which he had told me before. It was a liberal offer, and he was still very hot and angry. On the spur of the moment he sat down and accepted it, and then, in the act of sealing the letter, repented of what he had done. Perhaps he remembered how long we had loved one another and what bitter pain parting would be; at any rate he put the letter in his pocket and came up to the vicarage to tell me again that if I would marry him in June he would still accept the smaller appointment in lieu of this, or, if that were really impossible, would arrange to come back from Canada in the autumn, make me his wife and take me back with him.

Well, you guess what he found? A whole family laughing and making game darling, my love, what good angel brought of him, mocking at the pain which had you here to give me the sight of you!" brought him back; my laugh-heaven and somehow, in one moment, all the pain help me, mine !-the loudest in the party, and grief and weariness, all the bitter my hand aiding in the jest, which was amusing a set of thoughtless boys. "And so," the wrote, "I went away, and I write this now to bid you goodby. My eyes have been opened at last, and I see only the wrote, which was all grief and wearness, all the bitter bravery of days when "the burden laid upon wearings, all the bitter bravery of days when "the burden laid upon the seemed greater than I could bear" are gone, blotted out like breath from a glass; and there is nothing but joy and peace and rest, rest perfect and serene to too plainly that the years which have only intensified my love for you have withered yours at the root; that my visits have been a weariness, my fidelity a jest. Perhaps some day I may live to be thankful that I have learned this lesson even so late, but I cannot do so yet, nor can I bring myself to the useless pain of meeting you again. I go back to my old lodgings at once, and sail for Canada this week. Would to heaven you had told me the truth which sends me from you, before, but I do not blame you for not doing so. You were always gentle at heart, and I believe you could not bear to hurt me to my face. And then he bade God bless me, and signed himself, "Yours ever faithfully, Richard Meredith."

I cut the meat and served the pudding that day at dinner, and though I cannot say one word, and there must be something in my face which frightens the boys, for they stare at me with wondering eyes and are strangely good and quiet, I never break down once, or rise until the meal is quite ended; and then at last I escape, and as I write to Dick the tears which have been frozen till now break forth like rain and

blot the words as fast as they are penned.

For of course I answer him. I have read—in novels—of girls who, when they have hurt or angered their lovers, are too proud to write or say a word for pardon; but I am not like that; I love him too dearly, ill as I may have proved it, and stupid and shy as I have been of showing my affections by outward sings. I am too sure of his love for me to let any false shame or misunderstanding rest between us; and so I write and just tell him the half a dozen other dwellings. An entire whole truth about that luckless scene, tell him how dear he is to me, and beg him humbly and with tears to forgive me and love me still; not to give up his journey (if he has accepted the post I know that cannot be), but at least to come to me before he goes and say goodby; and to take my promise that at whatever time he wants me I will be ready to be his wife, whether he can come back for me or I have to go out to him. Other women have done that much for men who love them, and why not I for Dick, who has waited for me longer than many lovers already and signs himself mine "faithfully" still?

So my letter is finished at last, and I walk across the fields myself (I will not trust it to any other hand) to put it in the

And I do wait, wait patiently indeed, but with a daily lessening hope, a daily failing heart; for Dick does not come, nor is there any answer to my poor, tear-blotted letter. Suns rise and suns set. Dick has left me. His love, tried perhaps before to stretching, snapped before that forced merriment of that foolish laugh; and because he had not the heart to say so he has held his peace and gone; gone for good.

It is spring again now; the second spring since my lover left me. Twice already have the fields been red with poppies and the deep woods brown with falling leaves. Twice have we dressed the church with ivy and holly, and hung big bushes of mistletoe in the vicarage hall.

I have come up to London to buy summer dresses for my sisters, and other domestic business; but these duties have been achieved; and now, before I go home again, I am bound on an errand which, though I would not dare own it to any one (for indeed I know it to be both vain and foolish) has been pressing on my heart ever since I left home, with a yearning persistence to which, even though it be unmaidenly, I cannot choose but yield.

It is to visit Dick's lodgings, where he always lived when he was in London, and the address of which I have known by heart this many a year.

I go there and make my little excuse get that those who give much have a right apout wanting to see the rooms for a friend -I hope it is not very wrong to say soand even manage to get out his name as the person who once recommended them to me. That proves an "open sesame," however, for Mrs. Brown beams with smiles on the instant, and begs me to walk are vacant, and just as they were when Mr. Meredith was there hisself, for times and don't you go doing nothing to these rooms; for comfortabler couldn't be, and if ever I come and nowhere else.' And by the way, ma'am, if so be you're a friend of that dear for him this ever so long. It come about six months after he left, inclosed in a note gineer and too busy to pay frequent visits to 'the owner of the 'ouse,' saying as whoto our quiet village, but during this one ever posted it had dropped it into a gap behis patience had been tried more than usual.

the year, or a gayer, gladder morning than this when I rise and look, across the frothing snow of pear blossoms and meadows wrote many and many a letter to me in the

trees, beneath which Dick lodges? Per- fore he sailed away from me and England together; and yet I cannot look at it; I cannot think of it. A haze has come before my eyes, and a dumbness over my once or twice, but father doesn't like visit- brain, for there on the table before me ors at breakfast, and I'm afraid Dick has found it out at any rate, he does not tears and soiled and crumpled with age, which I posted with my own hand two years ago, and which—ah? I see it all borious efforts at wading up the scale on the piano when the maid brings me a lethis nature better!—which he never received at all.

I must be very weak, or the shock is too great; for as Mrs. Brown leaves the room I sit quietly down and faint away.

It is only for a minute, however. The sunbeams which were shining on a pot of yellow crocuses in the window have not moved a hair's breadth; and faintly on the clear, cool air I can still hear the bells ing the people to a saint's day service when I came in.

There is a step at the door; but though I know it is Mrs. Brown I cannot look up, or raise my head from the hard deal table where it is bowed. All my long self-restraint, all my painful, pitiful efforts at womanly reticence and bravery have broken down at last in a burst of childish grief; and the tears so long held back break forth in a blinding rain, and my face is hidden in my hands. So it happens that some one coming in sees me before I see him, or can so much as dry my eyes, and utters an exclamation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he adds very uickly. "I only came in because my old quickly. landlady has been telling me something about a letter, and a lady—." And there he breaks off, for I have lifted my head,

and as our eyes meet there is a cry.
"Cecily! Cecily! Is it you! Oh, my mind and heart and body; for I am in my lover's arms, and my tired head is drawn down upon his breast; and I hear his voice, the dear tender voice of old, murmuring prayers for forgiveness mingled with such words of love and fondness as I never thought would greet my ears again on this side of the grave.

The bells have ceased to chime. The yellow crocuses bend and shiver before the sharp cold breeze, but we two stand in the April sunshine, and the light which falls on Dick's bronzed head and kisses the crushed white hyacinths on my breast, is no brighter than that which brightens our two hearts on this the springtide of our lives .- From All the Year Round.

Its Equal Never Seen. Philadelphia and Vicinity Most Disastrously Touch-

ed by Wind, Hail and Rain.

One of the most disastrous, wind, hail and rain strorms which has visited Philadelphia in a long time, swept over it last Friday. The storm entered the city from the west, and took a northeasterly course, the greater part of the damage being done in West Philadelphia. Houses were unroofed, trees uprooted and cellars flooded. In the outlying districts, growing crops were damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars. Corn was cut to ribbons, while tomatoes and cabbage plants were almost totally ruined by the hail. Two houses of William Whitely, at Sixty-first and Hamilton streets were unroofed, as were also the

struck the Delaware river, this side of Briswas lifted from the davits as if it was so much paper and carried nearly over to the

West Philadelphia Maennerchor hall and

New Jersey shore. At Norristown lightning struck the New Trinity church and tore the roof nearly off. Part of the foundation of the big Conshhocken dye house was washed away, and the big mill of McFarland Bros, was badly damaged by the bursting of a dam.

Reports from Easton, Pa., state that the storm was unusually severe in that section. In some place crops were totally destroyed by the hail. In Warren county, N. J. just across the Delaware river from Easton, a number of farm houses and barns were struck by lightning. The Hunterdon county peach crop has been almost totally ruined. Trainmen on the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania railroad, and on the Jersey Central, say that in all their experience they have never witnessed such a destructive storm.

At Lambertville and Flemington several barns were unroofed and trees uprooted by the storm.

Lo! He Was a Woman

A few days ago Poor Director Koble was notified that there was a very sick man in a box car in the upper yard, and knowing that a little medicine would be cheaper than a funeral, he investigated the case. The charge was removed to the farm below town and the necessary medicine administered. A bath heads the unalterable rules of the place, to which proposition the stranger demurred most radically, but the nection with the outside world evidence for the necessity of the job was The weather becomes steadily cold, overwhelming. The patient finally agreed, averaging 20 degrees below zero, but freand while the process of renovation was in quently falling to 70 and 80 below zero. progress, it was discovered that the sup-posed man, so dressed when taken in charge, was a buxom woman of about 165 unendurable. Men must remain in their ly was killed in a fearful manner. and was then furnished with one of those tised by our merchants, and sent out in the tic winter—20 degrees below zero—and a direction of Harrisburg. On leaving she remarked that if her 32 cent per yard uniform held out until she reached that city, she would discard it for men's attire again, because dress goods won't go on freight The principal danger is in getting the feet trains. She has been on the road for six- wet and freezing before a fire can be built to the cylinder that the separator stopped teen years and has not washed in that time. -Sunbury Daily.

His Only Course Under the Circumstances.

It was not a bad funeral oration which a clergyman pronounced over a man who had lived a very wicked life. "Good people, I doubt not that the friends of the defunct expect me to say something in his behalf, but in this I am a little straightened. To speak good of him I cannot; to speak ill of him I dare not; but this I will say; how he lived, you know how he died, I partly know, but how or where he is now

How to Get There.

What it Costs and How Far One Must Travel Reach the Klondyke Gold Fields.

To prospect for gold in Alaska, says the St Louis Globe Democrat, is quite different from prospecting in the Rocky mountains of Colorado and other Western States, where railroads carry supplies within reasonable now, how could I think him so hard, so distances at a reasonable cost. If one goes to Juneau, Alaska, and takes the route through either the Chilkat or the Chilkoot pass over the mountains he must travel his supplies carried either on the backs of Esquimau dogs or have sledgeloads of supplies pulled by these dogs. Once across the mountains a boat must be constructed in the wilderness, and then a journey must be made over rapids and through dan gerous currents of the various streams for 1,000 miles. By this route one can reach Juneau by steamer from Seattle without any discomfort, but the hardships come when he starts to cross the mountains and plunges into the lonely wilderness beyond.
Perhaps the most comfortable trip is the

one which sends the prospector by steamer from Seattle around by way of the Aleutian islands, and on to the mouth of the Yukon river, whence smaller boats will carry him up the river to Circle city. Alaska and the adjacent waters of the Pa-

cific are a section of the globe that furnish magnificent distances. To go to the mouth of the Yukon a large steamer, leaving Seattle, proceeds up Puget sound, passing Port Townsend and Victoria, and sails out through the Straits of San Juan del Fuca to the beautiful Pacific, and then across the water for 2,000 miles to Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian islands, where the first stop is made. Then the steamer proceeds on its way north for another stretch of 1,000 miles, passing through Bering sea and past the Seal islands, and up through Norton sound to Fort Get There, on St. Michael island at the mouth of the Yukon river. Here the passenger is transferred to a river steamer and sails 60 miles up the the coast to the north mouth of the Yukon, and then sails for over 2,000 miles up that river before reaching Circle City, a frontier town of log houses, which has 2,000 population, and is the supply point and the metropolis of the Alaska gold fields. If one wishes to reach the Klondyke district, where the recent rich strikes are said to have been made, or the region of Forty-Mile Creek, he must sail up the river 260 miles above Circle City to Fort Cudahy, the end of navigation.

After reaching Circle City or Fort Cudahy the prospector must than push out into the mountains and locate his claim. The necessities for one man for one month are 20 pounds of flour with baking powder; 12 pounds of bacon, 6 pounds of beans, 5 pounds of dried fruits, 3 pounds of dessicated vegetables, 4 pounds of butter, 5 pounds of sugar, 5 cans of milk, 1 pound of tea, 3 pounds of coffee, 2 pounds of salt, 5 pounds of cornmeal, pepper, matches, mustard, cooking utensils and dishes, frying pan, water kettle, tent. Yukon stove, 2 pairs of good blankets, 1 rubber blanket, a bean pot, 2 plates, a drinking cup, tea pot, knife and fork, 1 large and 1 small cooking pan. The following tools for boat building will be necessary, if the mountain trip is made: One jack plane, 1 whip saw, rip saw, 1 draw knife, 1 ax, 1 hatchet, pocket rule, 6 pounds of assorted nails, 3 pounds of oakum, 5 pounds of pitch, 50

plies at Circle City many are bought at Seattle The freight charges from Seattle to wonder and gratifications to American Circle City are at the rate of \$280 per ton. miners accustomed to the wearisome delays row of three story buildings in course of mer months the prospector will find a good erection at Fifty-second and Vine streets was almost totally demolished.

Includes the prospector will find a good part of the first season is consumed in reaching the mining region, and then, if a claim for at the Klondyke mines. This winter Bryn Mawr the hailstones were almost as is located, only the preliminary work can large as hen eggs, and the wind blew a be done. The second year the claim can gale uprooting dozens of trees. This storm be well opened up, and if it proves to be worth anything some money can be made. tol, just as the steamboat Columbia was But no results to speak of can be expected passing up the river. One of her lifeboats until the third year. Some men who have visited the region advise no man to land at Circle City with less than \$400 in cash and his supplies, and others say he would better credit, as they can sell their goods for ready

> The British lion swings his tail over the Klondyke district, where the latest discoveries have been made, for it lies in the Northwest Territory, which is a portion of Canada. That region is inside the Arctic circle, and during the months of June and July the sun shines for 24 hours without a break each day, and one can read a book at any hour without a lamp.

> Life close to the Arctic circle affords many contrasts. On the Upper Yukon the climate is dry, with but little rain, but at Forty Mile there is almost as much rain as in North Dakota and Montana. Up in the mountains this rain turns to snow, which interferes with the diggings sometimes even in midsummer. Singular to say, the country is infested with millions upon millions of mosquitoes in summer, and a man's life is in danger if his face and body are not properly protected. It is said that not one third of the men that go to the region in the summer remain over winter as the

mosquitoes run them out. After two months of continuous daylight then comes winter. Work can only be done about five months of the year. When winter sets in the river freezes up, the outside world. At times a gale blows when the thermometer is low, and then the weather is almost She was allowed to tarry a day huts if on the trial, or in their cabins if the temperature may take a sudden drop down to 70 or 80 degrees below zero. If he is not well prepared he may lose his life. and the feet dried. It is said that more men lose their lives in this way than any other.

> Even in the summer the mail carries no ewspapers, and the miners know nothing of the news of the world, except what they glean from letters from friends. In the winter the only way a letter leaves Circle City is by a dog team, which travels more than 1,000 miles over the ice, and would be two or three months in reaching St.

So, with the deadly mosquitoes in midsummer and weather 80 degrees zero in the paved with golden buttercups, to the red happy days of old; the last room, perhaps, roof of the village inn, half hidden in elm in which he ever ate a meal or rested be-

difficulties, which tax the endurance and nerve of the most hardy, it is just as possible that a man might find his golden dream ed hopelessly.

The New Gold Fields

Senator Jones, of Neyada, is one of the best informed men on all subjects relating to gold and silver mining on the Pacific, and has made much money by his gold-mining operations in Alaska. He states across glaciers and fields of snow, and have that from the best information that comes to him the new Alaskan and Canadian discoveries are likely to prove as rich as those of California in 1848. In his opinion the California field did not open nearly so favorably as have the new regions. It certainly looks as if the mountain ranges clear through from Mexico to Alaska contain immense gold deposits. In 1896, according to the report of the director of the mint, the gold product of Alaska amounted to \$2,055,070, of Oregon to \$1,251,000, of Washington to \$405,000, while going southward California, Nevada and Arizona produced over \$20,000,000 of gold. We have not the figures for British Columbia, but the output from the Frazer river and other mines must have been as large as the Alaskan product. Just where the richest deposits are must remain undetermined for years, but the reports from Klondyke region give great promise in that direction. Of the \$53,000,000 of gold produced in the United States last year all but about \$300,-000 came from the Rocky mountain states

and the Pacific slope.

The Klondyke placer diggings are well Alaska and Canada, and a boundary dispute is not likely, as the line is easy of scientific determination. The Canadian government has the right to put in force its alien labor laws and exclude American citizens from the mines, but it is preposterous to suppose it will attempt this right of exclusion. How it would have been had not President Cleveland vetoed the alien exclusion law passed by the last Congress is another matter. There is talk of attempting to revive this vetoed bill, and have this Congress again pass it, but we may be sure that under existing circumstances the sec-tion will be omitted that prohibited Canadians coming into this country in the way of daily labor.

Congress will pass before it adjourns a law authorizing the president to name a surveyor-general for Alaska and dividing the territory into land districts, with land offices. The president has already taken steps for the supremacy of federal law by appointing Charles H. Isham, of Baltimore, United States commissioner at Circle City, which was the center of Alaskan gold excitement until the discovery of the Klon-dyke diggings moved the gold hunters en masse eastward into Canadian territory. The Dominion government has been more prompt in this matter than we have been. More than two years ago it sent a police inspector with a force of twenty Northwest mounted police to preserve order and en-force the law in the Canadian territory between Fort Cudahy and Fort Reliance, which includes the Klondyke gold fields, and having since then appointed a customs officer, who last year collected \$35,000 in revenues for his government. The Canadian department of the interior, which controls mining operations in the unorganized feet of §-inch rope, mosquito netting, 1 missioner on the spot, whose expeditions and satisfactory decisons of disputes for lining blue, black and cherry. among claimants, often involving property As outlandish prices are charged for supto which they have been subjected in simithe more serious question will be one of

Has Andree Succeeded?

Two carrier pigeons have been picked up in Norway, which are alleged to have been sent out by by Explorer Andree from his balloon, bearing messages indicating that have \$1,000. The trading companies doing business there refuse absolutely to give and is somewhere in the vicinity of Alaska. This information is open to suspicion for several reasons. One authority says that the ring worn by the first pigeon is not the kind which Andree took with him. Another objection is that the explorer would certainly have spent a more definite message. A still further objection is raised by those who doubt that the possibility of a pigeon covering the distance in so short a

If a pigeon was released in the neighborhood of Alaska it would have been at least 3,000 miles to fly before reaching Norway, which is twice the distance ever covered by any known pigeon before. If the wind had blown so strong as to carry Andree from Norway to Alaska in six days it would be very difficult for a pigeon to fly in the face of the wind that distance in a similar period of time. The difficulty seems so great that much more conclusive evidence musbe awaited before the success of the intret pid explorer can be positively announced. Of course, we should all rejoice to know that complete success had been attained, but the evidence at hand is not satisfactory when we consider how easily some one might put up a hoax. Andree is a scien-

tific man, and he would not, we should think, send an ambiguous message. Further reports will be awaited with great interest.

Caught in a Thresher.

A horrible accident occurred on the farm of George Shilling, near Lancaster Saturday afternoon Christian Rapp, who works with the steam thresher of Robert Donnel-

The separator is of the undershot pattern cutting wood or at any other work. The and so dangerous that those working about fabulously low priced July outfice adver- temperature may be moderate for an Arc- it are obliged to be very careful. Rapp crawled to the top of the machine to adminer may venture out of his hut. Then just a straw carrier and in getting down slipped and his legs were drawn into the cylinder where the machine is fed. His legs were literally ground to pieces to the knees and he became wedged so tightly in-

When he was taken out from the machine he was perfectly conscious and spoke to those around, but he only lived an hour. He was 35 years old and leaves a family of small children.

The Deepest Oil Well

While a well was being drilled for the Forest Oil company, near West Elizabeth, the crown pulley gave way, leaving the tools and more than 5,000 feet of rope in the well. If the tools and rope can be'recovered, the well will be cut down to the depth, of 6,000 feet. If they should not seven months of winter; with packing pro- be successful, its record, at its present God only knows; to His mercy I commit visions over pathless mountains, digging in depth, will stand as the deepest well

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A beautiful Scotch gingham frock for the of wealth in Alaska shattered, and shatter- morning is in plaided black, green and old rose. A belt ending in a bow at the left side and a stock are of old-rose velvet, and all around the full waist are four rows of fine white swiss insertion. The blouse closes at the left side—a novel and pleasing feature—and the joined edge is covered with a strip of insertion. At the wrist of the leg-of-mutton sleeve and on the three shoulder ruffles are edgings of the swiss, and two rows down and around the fivegored skirt give a pretty panel effect. A green satin straw shade hat has green satin ribbon loops, two black tips and a bunch of wild roses, and above this mass of millinery prettiness will be held a parasol of plain rose-colored India silk.

> Pique and linen gowns made in smart tailor fashion have skirts closing on one side, the entire length of the seam. They are made close and habitlike, and are fastened by small buttons concealed under a line or panel of trimming. The one-sided trimming on the skirt is continued on the closing side of the bodice. Pique comes now in many colors, a cool, grayish blue, nice with white trimming, being popular.

One way to correct round shoulders in a schoolboy or girl is to teach them to sleep on a very stiffly stuffed hair mattress, with the pillow that lifts the head but an inch above the level of the rest of the body. A soft bed and plenty of easy pillows is one of the prime causes of crooked shoulders within Canadian territory, although gold is found in Alaska west of them. The 141st meridian forms the boundary between a soft bed is by no means the most beneficial one.

If a mother would have her boys and girls possess sturdy legs let her teach them the value of walking as an exercise. Every child ought once a day to walk at least a mile in the open air, while twice that distance will do a healthy one no harm.

This rule naturally does not apply to very little ones, though many a pair of spindling little legs is the direct result of lazy babyhood and an overindulgent nurse and mother. Children in these, the golden days for youth, linger too long in their baby carriages and wheeled seats, and are far too often carried in some patient nurse's arms, when their own two legs should be exercising vigorously for the development

of symmetry and muscle.

To keep healthy little stomachs in the nursery never serve hot stewed fruit to the children. Plenty of stewed fruit and baked apples they should eat, but they must be invariably cooked the day before and dished up cold.

A handsame costume made for a society girl of New York is that dull, light shade of blue known as "cadet blue." much more work on this gown, and while it is tailor-made, it could be safely used for more dressy occasions. The skirt is cut in three pieces; that is, in three flaring ruffles of the same width, yet the fullness is only in the bottom of each ruffle, it being of the

circular cut.

Each ruffle is lined with bright cherry and cream changeable silk. Heavy braid trimming is carried out on the bottom of each ruffle, in three or four rows. The jacket is of the zouave style, and is heavily braided, as are the sleeves, and the same silk composes the waist front. A hat is districts of the Dominion, has a gold com- made of the same harmonizing colors used

Nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. Times out of mind her husband is to blame. The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form Life and property appear to be well cared for at the Klondyke mines. This winter are only tired, but in fact they are ill, and it is the sort of illness in which the will is weakened and the patients give way to annoyances that they would ignore if in a healthy condition. In such cases the woman often suffers more from her nagging than the husband or the children with whom she finds fault. She knows she does it. She does not intend to do it. She suffers in her own self-respect when she does it, and, in the depths of her soul longs for something to stop it.

The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping and of enough out-of-door air and practical objective thinking. It is often the most unselfish and most affectionate of women who fall into this state. They are too much devoted to their families to give themselves a bicycle, for instance, or enough of any healthy exercise and diversion, enough of afternoon naps, perhaps, or theatres and concerts. In such cases the husband is often to blame, because he gives nag for nag instead of looking straight for the fundamental cause of the trouble. There are many cases where such a woman begins by showing a longing for a little more attention, a little more tenderness, an invitation to the theatre or cozy little dinner out with her husband. The man who does not take that as a sign is a fool. He is not only a fool, but he is responsible for pretty much all that follows, and sometimes it amounts to something very like criminal responsibility.

She was a girl who didn't believe much in economy moves, the fixing over. for instance, of time-worn straws, or the refurbishing of shabby laces and ribbons; but sne happened to have, amidst her wardrobe riff-raff, a souvenir of last season's millinery, a flapping, broad-brimmer that was yellow and sun-scorched. It wasn't fit for even second best this year, and it couldn't be made to look any worse, she reasoned, so just on a venture its owner undertook to apply one of the economy methods she had picked up among her friends.

The shabby old straw was given a bath of bronze shoe polish, until it was glossy with a russet coating. When it was dried it looked so chie the owner was inspired to continue her home renovations. She swathed the crown with rolls of pale yellow tulle, ripped off of a party waist, and tumbled upon the brim a lovely lot of velow roses, just crumpled enough to appear Frenchily artistic.

When this brown and yellow hat was tilted over the white forehead of its decorator it was really picturesque looking and, best of all, the wearer felt none of the pangs of conscience that follow in the wake of a millinery extravagance.

Equally exacting is the up-to-date girl in the matter of shirt waists, and while the counters in all the shops are full to running over with every style from dimities to taffetas, she will not give them more than a glance in passing, and speed onward to her tailor, who she claims can alone give her the desired cut and fit.

-A Kansas editor is said to have gotten hay fever by kissing a grass widow.