Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April I, 1898.

THE SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

Yes, sir, I fought with Stonewall, And faced the fight with Lee; But if this here Union goes to war, Make one more gun for me ! I'didn't shrink from Sherman As he galloped to the sea; But if this here Union goes to war. Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas-The bully boys in gray; I heard the thunders roarin' Round Stonewall Jackson's way, And many a time this sword of mine Has blazed the route for Lee: But if this old Nation goes to war,

Make one more sword for me! I'm not so full o' fightin'. Nor half so full o' fun. As I was back in the sixties When I shouldered my old gun ; It may be that my hair is white Sich things, you know must be, But if this old Union's in for war. Make one more gun for me

I hain't forgot my raisin'-Nor how, in sixty-two, Or thereabouts, with battle shouts I charged the boys in blue: And I say: I fought with Stonewall And blazed the way for Lee, But if this old Union's in for war Make one more gun for me ! -Atlanta Constitution

HIS NORTHERN BROTHER.

Just make it two, old fellow, I want to stand once more Beneath the old flag with you As in the days of yore Our fathers stood together And fought on land and sea The battles fierce that made us A Nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg You licked me at Bull Run : On many a field we struggled. When neither victory won. You wore the gray of Southland. I wore the Northern blue : Like men we did our duty When screaming bullets flew

Four years we fought like devils, But when the war was done Your hand met mine in friendly clasp Our two hearts beat as one. And now when danger threatens, No North, no South we know, Once more we stand together To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty-Old age is creeping on. Life's sun is lower sinking, My day will soon be gone. But if our country's honor Needs once again her son. I'm ready, too, old fellow-So get another gun.

-Minneapolis Journa

GAYLORD OF THE WEST.

He came out of the west-but that was the only respect in which he resembled Lochinvar. Indeed, the points of dis-similarity were noticeable. He had no fair Ellen ; his steed, a knotty little mountain animal, was far from being the best on all the wide border, and naturally, he did not fellow. Here's his address-had a letter bring it with him to Chicago. What he did bring was a bulging pocket

"Yes, sir. It is quite the most correct two of the richest silver mines in the State. thing we have, sir." "Mr. Reynolds." said Gaylord to the live earned my right to do it. I've got to my grip and get out. I've got a little clerk, "I asked you for a rig to take two ladies riding. I didn't ask you for a hearse, sir. I'm not one of the mourn-eral if I had a tailor. Now, I want you to the moust of the men at the mines and No, nor the corpse, damned if I am ! rub me down, so to speak, and send me out well groomed. In short, array me like Get me a wagon, sir—a road cart—some-thing yellow." Solomon. I'll place a bank account at your disposal, and I want you to do the

else.

mind my American ways.

est bovine eyes for a moment. Then the

lord, and they shook hands vigorously in

A week after this Vernon Harcourt Beres-

conventional attire, told vociferous stories

with a gusto all his own. He went home

exultant. It was now only a matter of a

few days before he could meet Miss Low-

man on an equal footing. Gaylord pushed

He entered with avidity into his new plea-

sures. Stubbs had made him the best-

dressed man in Denver, Beresford not ex-

cepted, and almost before the week was

her girlish neck, delicate as alabaster. Her

face still bore a look of innocent hauteur,

and her sweet voice was tuned to a minor

The next day Gaylord called. The next

day after that he sent flowers. When he

met her at dinner at Mrs. Drexel's she was

wearing some of them in her drab hair.

After that he always sent flowers-every

day. Her father might well have inquired into this devotion had it been her father's

nature to inquire into anything. But he

was a distrait sort of man, who appeared

to speculate absent-mindedly, and who

seemed vaguely and largely successful. His interests were reported to be very great.

It was commonly thought his investments in the East furnished the base of his in-

come. But he was uncommunicative and

sour, and confided in none. His business

apartments were furnished in mahogany

and bronzes-and that was rather convinc-

ing to Denver, for Denver is still young

and credulous. It was said everywhere in

the city that Heth Lowman was an heires

and the daughter of a millionaire-but

man in him rose to meet the man in Gay-

A few minutes later Gaylord was driving two bright chestnuts up the Lake Shore drive, before a yellow road cart, and thing right. In the meantime, ring that bell, please. When the boy comes go with every time the chestnuts lifted their dainty him and pick out a room to suit you. legs there was a clinking of brazen chains. "Now, this," said Gaylord, fairly un-Make yourself comfortable. You've come half around the world to oblige me and I furling his splendid mustache to the wind want you to feel at home. If you serve

in the exuberance of his enjoyment, "re-minds me of Denver. Now, I feel at home!" Mrs. Worcester, who was meeting her friends, grew a trifle pale. Her western

acquaintance was even more startling than she had apprehended. But the grave little Miss Lowman was glowing like a rose. As the excitable animals flew along the per-fect boulevard, and all eyes were turned in Stubbs became instantly the valet, and was their direction, she felt like a Roman em- never for an instant afterward anything press in a triumphal car, and said to herself that she was really seeing life.

ers !

After that Gaylord called every day at ford gave a dinner, and the guest of honor the Worcesters and saw the ladies. Two was Thaddeus Gaylord, who, in the most bunches of roses came daily to the house now, and the roses for Miss Lowman were invariably white—and sometimes the flow-ers were not roses at all, but lilies.

Mrs. Worcester did not want to shirk responsibility, but she rather hastened the departure of her guest, and explained af-terward to Gaylord that she had been summoned by her father, who wanted her at

Why didn't you telegraph me, madam? I'd have gone with her-indeed I would. we seen her safe to her journey's would ha end. Who knows what annoyances she ing brilliant, though Mrs. Drexel, who had a sharp tongue, gave out the subtle sug-me, and I can't understand why you gestion that he was merely vociferous. didn't !"

It is necessary to record the fact that Thaddeus was not known to the fashionable set at Denver. But on his return and upon finding that Miss Heth Lowman had been introduced to society at Mrs. Drex-el's afternoon, he grew socially ambitious. He went to Vernon Harcourt Beresford with his difficulty. Mr. Beresford was a peculiar man. The atmosphere of London hung about him. He wore clothes which were fashionable in the English metropolis, and he gave dinners which would have been popular anywhere. He could play the host like a Sardanapalus, and when any remarkable personage came to town it was taken as a matter of course that he or she should be invited to dine at the Beres-

momentum, the pair swept all things be-fore them and had the right of way where-When Gaylord went to the speculator with his troubles, Beresford lent a symever they went. pathetic ear.

"I'll bring you out, my boy !" cried Beresford. "I'll give you a chance to make your virgin bow to society at my table, and I'll have the people there who will make the rest easy. You ought to shine in Denver society, Gaylord, I'm dashed if you oughtn't. But the first thing you must do, man, is to get yourself in proper gear." "You don't like my clothes?"

"Clothes? Do you call those clothes? Gaylord. I hate to tell you, but the truth is, you have never dressed in your

life. You have merely covered your nakedness. Now, you ought to have a valet." "Do-do you think so?" asked Gay-lord, doubtfully. "But we don't raise valets out here. They don't grow in this soil.'

"You might send to England for one. I know a man who will send you just the

what he did bring was a bulging pocket "I'll cable him," exclaimed Gaylord, book. Not knowing exactly what to do with the contents, he bought an astonish-ing amount of gay summers line." And he started for the telegraph

traveling my road, and I'm not going to stipened continued to come unfailingly, and settling up matters. And I've this to say. Stubbs, to you. If you want to go with

me, you may. I brought you over here, and you may share my fortunes to the end if you wish. But I give you fair warning they'll be misfortunes from this time on for a while. Of course, I'll get on my feet again somehow, but I don't know when nor where nor how. I'm used to roughing it, and I don't mind-at least I wouldn't me well, Stubbs, you will never regret it —and here's my hand on it! And don't mind but for one thing---but that's neither Stubbs regarded him with a pair of hon

here nor there. Now, what will you do? I'm with you, Stubbs! Say your say." "Why sir," said the man, touched by his employer's misfortunes, "there's a very respectable place in a barber's shop that will be open to me, and I'll be better there. I'd be a burden to you, sir, but here I'll be well provided for, and in condition---I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll understand how I meant it---to be of some assistance to you, should you need it any

ford gave a dinner, and the guest of honor time.' The tears were in Gaylord's eyes in a econd

"No. no. Stubbs, I shan't need your assistance, I hope. But if I do, I'll ask for it and be proud to---and there's my hand there are many reasons why the sooner I get away from here the better."

That night Thaddeus Gaylord left Denver. Stubbs returned to his master's old apartments at the Brown Palace, and was gathering up such of his trinkets as he had not packed, when a nervous little knock at out Gaylord had won the reputation of be-ing brilliant, though Mrs. Drexel, who had the lady of the miniature. the door arrested him. He opened it to

"He is gone?" she almost whispered.

"Mr. Gaylord is really gone?" She held a note in her hand which Stubbs at once The first time Gaylord met Miss Lowman was at a dancing party given by Mrs. Thurlow Green. Miss Lowman work a saw was in his departed patron's handwriting. "He is gone, madam," said Stubbs, bowsevere frock of white, out of which arose

ing profoundly. She walked back and forth in the room,

in apparent distress of mind. "You are his man?" she asked at

key. The young gentlemen of Denver had already dubbed her the ice maiden, but length, stopping suddenly and facing Stubbs. Mr. Thaddeus Gaylord was a Chinook wind, as he himself might have said had "I am, and if I can be of any service to he undertaken a simile, and her frigidity did not even arrest his attention. He had you, pray let me know, ma'am. I'm sure Mr. Gaylord would wish me do do anydanced till morning many a time in the mining camps, and he knew his steps per-fectly well. Miss Lowman had the feet thing in my power—or—or his, ma'am." "Mr. Gaylord," said the lady, "was was a friend of mine. He has gone just and the airy motions of a fay, and in the when I needed him most. I do not know embrace of the strapping mountaineer, dewhat to do-what to do-

pending upon his strength and magnificent "Won't you tell me what I can do for you, ma'am? There is certainly something !"

"Listen !" she said, drawing near valet and looking at him with dilated eyes. "I have something so terrible to say that you will 'hardly believe me ! No one knows yet-not a soul. As soon as I found it out I locked the door and came here. I gone. I had a note saying he was going, but I thought I might get here in time. Do you know what has happened? My father—" she took hold of the valet's "my poor father has killed himself !" Stubbs instinctively and respectfully supported her swaying body.

y and by she grew calmer, and permit-

ted him to inform the proper persons and to send for her carriage and see her safe home. He sent out telegrams after the departing train on which his patron had gone, but no response came. Gaylord himself had had no idea of his destination. He

did not know, when he left, whether he would stop in the mountains after he FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Grace A. Adams, of Columbus, O., who was the first to benefit by the new law allowing women notaries, is to be brought into a test case on the ground that as the Constitution requires that all officers shall be electors, her appointment was unconstitutional.

Following the fashion of her elders, the the neck of her gray Sunday frock when she saw him coming down the street. And, gladness, gladness! He was not alone! Beside him strode a gentleman in skirts of girls' costumes are closely gored at the top and the slight fullness arranged either in two box pleats or in two flat ones. closely meeting in the centre, giving the effect of a tight top. Sleeves fit closely, except just at the armhole, where they are resplendent attire-a gentleman with a flamboyant mustache-a gentleman who gathered or pleated, but tucks or epaulooked as if he were in the habit of having lettes are much in favor, and make a pretty finish. The selection of modes for a girl wagons get out of his way ! In his arms from twelve to sixteen years of age is fre-Stubbs carried a basket of roses and sundry quently a perplexing question. They little packages, and as they walked the man with the mustache talked all the time. must not wear styles too old for them, as to err on that side is to make them appear awkward and ridiculous, while, on the other hand, a too youthful garment en-She flew back to her own room and sat genders the bete noir of girlhood-gawkidown and sewed some more of the lace in ness.

> Accordion pleating was run into the ground this time last year. This year tucks bid fare to share the same fate. Tucks cut in one with the garment or simulated, large, medium, small, horizontal, bias, vertical, singly or in clusters are used indiscriminately on skirts, waists, yokes, sleeves and collars. It is whispered that when the scant backed bell skirt is generally adopted the shirt-waist will be worn with the lower portion outside the skirt. Pique in white and colors will be used to develop some of this season's swellest shirt-waists. The new buttons are almost handsome enough to be used for brooches and promise to be one of spring's most foremost dress garnitures. Buckles in all metals from gold to steel, and in all sizes from a very diminutive one to five inches long, are a perfect craze.

Let me tell you of a navy blue gown I saw in New Orleans last week, at the Mardi Gras. The skirt was very narrow, fitting snugly, of course, over the hips and hanging in uncrinolined folds about the feet. From hem to the waist were laid pipings of milliner's folds of the cloth put on with four rows of stitching on each edge, but from under each edge peeped a tiny suggestion of cardinal red bengaline. A short, tight-fitting coat, single-breasted, was fitted over a tucked chemisette of cardinal red silk, and three straps were laid military style, across the top of the sleeves, with four rows of stitching and the edges of cardinal silk.

With it was worn a plain black walking hat, tipped over the eyes, with a tiny knot of cardinal red velvet showing out of the three tips at the side. It was a very individual costume.

Another fashion that will be worn this Spring in color effect-black satin skirts with plain white satin bodices. This costume at an afternoon tea during Lent was

considered very chic. The skirt was of black cloth with eight bias bands of black velvet stretched on in curves. The bodice was a full waist of white liberty satin, made on a yoke, formed of heavy shirring over cords.

The sleeves were small, shirred at the wrist in a narrow turnover cuff of black velvet. At the throat was pinned a huge chiffon bow. This bow nearly covered the front of the gown and was allowed to hang to the waist. Its streamers had designs of applied lace and shirrings of chiffon all around the edge.

The girdle was of black velvet, very narrow, caught down back and front, with a "Look at that my dear, will you," cried circular cut steel buckle. It was a very effective toilette.

the neck of her frock with an air of deadly indifference. She heard some one bound ing up the stairs three steps at a time-and she still sewed on the lace. She heard an impetuous knock at the door, and it burst open-Heth was just knotting a thread-

lived. The eagles flew over it sometimes,

and the mountains were seldom hidden.

One day that which Heth expected had

Stubbs had not called in the morning, as

usual, and Miss Lowman, who had come to

depend upon him for any small service she

might wish performed wondered if he were

ill. She sat at the window, sewing lace in

men and obstacles, and even U. S. mail

Heth could hear his ringing voice come up

to her through the closed window.

happened.

"Well," said he, "Heth, I'm back." No one smiled. Everyone seemed to think the remark was needed.

"I'm on my feet again. I knew I would be-with you waiting. Alaska salmon did it. I canned the tails. The fools were throwing away as much as they canned. I swear they were. I got a cannery in the shadow of a volcano and under the lid of a glacier, and I want you to see it."

It didn't seem surprising to anybody that Gaylord should wish to take his bride

to a salmon cannery. "I didn,t know your plight, dear child, till Stubbs told me—heavens! If I had known it, I'd have been home enough.

'Didn't know it," gasped Heth, wiping her eyes on a diminutive pocket handkerchief ; "how then-"

But she was interrupted by Stubbs, who came in with the roses, and the little box-es, which the traveler made her open, and which contained trinkets of various kinds -silver bracelets from the Thinglets, and a silk shawl from Chinatown at Portland, and carved bone spoons from the Aleuts and a necklace of Alaska garnets.

"If it hadn't been for that fellow's waistcoats," said Gaylord pointing to his valet, "and all the rest of the truck with which he furnished me. I might have fared badly, Heth. The rascal packed up the whole outfit, and where I've been clothes wear out fast, not to mention the fact that it's often comfortable to wear three suits at a ran all the way. I knew the number of time. I wore my swallow tail with a blue his room, and I came right here—and he is flannel shirt and a pair of checked trousers. flannel shirt and a pair of checked trousers, and it seemed to take with the natives first rate.

Stubbs had never known before that his master's mistress could give a peal of laughter like that-he hadn't an idea of it -or that her eves could dance like will o'the-wisps on a foggy night.

"But if you don't know about my misfortunes," said she suddenly, returning to her former question, "how was it that you sent me that money every month? But for you I should have been a beggar, and I know it whould have broken my heart." "Money," said Gaylord, "money !" Stubbs was making for the door.

"Come back here, you rascal," cried Gaylord. "Turn around here, sir." Stubbs' face was scarlet.

ing amount of gay summer linen, and scandalized a discreet neighborhood by sending quantities of American Beauties to den Worcester, whom he had met out at Denver, and whose husband had interests identical with his own in certain mining ventures. Mrs. Worcester was somewhat annoyed by these attentions, but understanding that they were only a part of the habitual exuberance by which Thad-deus Gaylord was distinguished, she ac-

cepted them with patience. He even insisted that she should lunch with him at his hotel, and she consented, but just as she was leaving her house to keep this appointment a young woman alighted from a cab, satchel and guitar case in hand, and presented herself at Mrs. Worcester's door.

'Why, Heth Lowman !" cried Mrs. Worcester, kissing the quiet little face of the girl. "I thought you were not due for a week yet. Surely you said commence-ment day was on the 1st of June."

"I was too tired to wait for commence ment," said the girl. "Besides-well-there wasn't anybody to see me, you know —and all the other girls had their people coming to commencement. Father couldn't get away. And it's a long way from Den-graduating frock, either, and I don't know ! But "'Tut down your things,' commanded Gaylord, 'sit down, man, sit down. I'm glad to see you. What will you have ?'' ''To drink, I mean. A brandy and soda ? I just thought I would come and see you.'

"You're as welcome as you can be, my dear, and you look just like your mother which makes you even more welcome."

"But I must tell you why I have my hat on. I'm invited to luncheon with a gentleman from your own town, from Denver. who is a friend of Mr. Worcester's. My friend will be delighted to have you come with me." Half an hour later Thaddeus Gaylord took her pliable little hand in his.

I call this kind of Mrs. Worcester, said he ; "I count myself complimented Mrs. Worcester, madam, you have honored me." He led the way to the dining room, talking all the way, and the ladies were seated where they could overlook the cake, at a table half hidden in violets and pink roses.

Gaylord was of uncertain age. He appeared to be a man who could never grow old. His dark red hair was wiry and infrankness. His mustache was so voluminous, so long, and so generally reckless in its appearance that it seemed like the caricature of a mustache. His white hands had certain protuberances on them, which indicated that he knew the shovel and pick -but that's no shame to a miner, as he would have explained-and his skin, naturally tender and sensitive, bore marks of exposure. As for his clothes, they were quite impossible. But Miss Lowman did not know that, and Mrs. Hadden Worcester did not care. She was too correct cester did not care. She was too correct is in the closet. It consists of pajamas and herself to be more than amused at incor- a bathrobe."

The luncheon was quite wonderful, even so interesting that a number of listeners made a feint of lingering over their dessert

to hear as much of it as possible. After luncheon Gaylord called for the best rig in the establishment. But no

"is intended for me, is it?"

room. "By Jove !" said Beresford feebly, looking after his friend, and then sinking helplessly into a chair.

Ocean greyhounds are fleet, and so are

the Brown palace. Gaylord shouted to come in, and Richard Stubbs entered.

'How do you do, sir," said Gaylord, ris-

ing, "I haven't the pleasure—""
"Richard Stubbs, sir, of London, at your

service-the man you sent for, sir." "Man I sent-O, yes, yes ! Glad to meet you, sir ; glad to meet you !" I hope you had a pleasant voyage." He held out a welcoming hand and greeted the English-

man as if they were reunited brothers. "Thank you kindly, sir. The voyage was rough." "How do you like America?" asked

Gaylord, trying to help the man off with his overcoat.

'Thank you, sir, but I've seen but little of it yet." The man stood respectfully, with his coat over his arm.

"Put down your things," commanded

"To drink, I mean. A brandy and soda ? Just name the stuff-whatever you please." "Since you are so kind, sir, I think I'd

like to try one of your Americans drinks. I wish to become accustomed to your tastes, sir."

the back. "I see you are going to make a good American. I've always said that Englishmen made the best Americans. I hope to see you taking ont your cost. hope to see you taking out your naturalization papers soon."

The drink came. Stubbs quaffed it with

evident relish, and asked for its name. "That's a local compound," explained Gaylord. "The barkeep down stairs in-vented it. Great, isn't it, Mr. Stubbs?"

"Stubbs, sir, if you please." "Thank you, Stubbs. I like to be informal myself."

"I'm ready to begin my duties, sir. If old. His dark red hair was wiry and in-tractable. His eyes were blue and full of my boxes taken up. And as you may be anybody. In fact, Mrs. Beresford, in her going out presently, sir, perhaps you will be kind enough to show me where I will find your wardrobe. Or you may wish me to attire you for luncheon, sir?" cried : "To the sheriff," and the company drainto attire you for luncheon, sir ?"

Gaylord, who had been glancing over the paper for the last few seconds, looked up in omething akin to consternation. "Attire me for luncheon ! Why, dam-

me, man, I've got the only clothes I have on my back-except that old diagonal suit for Sundays. Wardrobe ! Merciful pow-ers ! Wardrobe ! My wardrobe, Stubbs'

for that hostelry, and the conversation was | --- begging your pardon---why you sent for me, sir?

Gaylord stared a moment at the valet, and then went over to him and good humoredly pushed him into a chair. "See here, Stubbs," said he, "I'm go-

sooner had he laid his eyes upon it than his ing to be frank with you. I'm a miner. jocund spirit seemed to undergo some trans- I've made my pile. I've traveled a hunrmation. "That hearse," said he to the attendant, dred miles to every one of yours. I've known cold and hunger and rough living

whimsical smile about his face. "I'm done for," he said. "I'm cleaned

it one morning under his gentleman's pilbut little attention. When the news of his insolvency and his suicide went abroad low. In course of time a delicately painted miniature replaced the photograph Stubbs was able to observe certain marked changes in his patron, also. When he had first entered into Mr. Gaylord's life---if it

is correct to speak in terms so emotional came concerning the association of a man and his valet --- Gaylord had writhed under his ministrations. Now, he sat like a lamb while Stubbs arrayed him, and had even, to his valet's secret delight, sharply rep-rimanded him for lack of attention to some small detail. Under this treatment Stubbs began to feel quite at home, and if he had entertained any secret apprehensions about the gentility of his patron they

now disappeared. the next morning and bent herself to the One day, however, a cloud appeared on Stubbs' horizon. It may or may not have task of looking after her father's affairs. been bigger than a man's hand ; Stubbs was not in a position to say, because for some time he paid no attention to it what-ever. The first thing he noticed was that every morning Mr. Gaylord was avid for his paper, and that he turned to the Washington news and read it feverially Washington news and read it feverishly. Later on the valet observed that a strange anxiety lay upon the whole city. Excited groups talked and gesticulated together on the street corners. Men lingered long in the barber shops, haranguing. The hotel rotundas were thronged at night, and, ap-parently, not for the purpose of pleasure. Miners thronged the city by the thousand. fresh from the camps. Bulletins were ea-gerly read in the clubs and the newspaper windows. The rooms of the Mining Ex-

guest. at Rico and two at Ouray---and perhaps some others, elsewhere, of which no one took note. The air was electric with presage of disaster. Gaylord ate nothing all day, and that evening he stayed in his room---a thing he had not done since he returned from Chicago. About this time Colorado began to make new fashions for itself. Beresford invited his friends to dine with him under the auspices of the sheriff. So they came---all the merry old rounders, and drank good wine under corn-colored satin, held aloft an iridescent after her misfortunes, and just when her fortune looked the blackest, an envelope goblet of twisted glass in her hand and

once more a rich man.

happy.

condition.

She was convinced that he was keeping watchful care of her when, about a month

Stubbs said that was a reasonable supposi-

tion, and little Miss Lowman was perfectly

ed the amber liquid to him, while he came in from an ante-room to bow his acknowl edgments.

Up in the camps hard-luck dinners became the rage. One dinner was given at Rico to which 10 penniless men sat down, who had been millionaires, or well on the way to be such, the week before. The food they ate was obtained on credit, and a bathrobe." "May I ask you, sir, under those cir-cumstances, what my duties are to be, and had the president of the road and twenty other good fellows up to drink champagne and eat venison with them.

The days passed feverishly. Men waited for the final blow. It came. The Sher-man act was repealed. The government no longer guaranteed the purchase of silver. Gaylord came to Stubbs with the old

of all sorts. But now that's over. I've out, Stubbs. But there's a lot of others

crossed the divide, or go on to the Pacific coast, or still further, to Honolulu. Gaylord, "look at that ! Guilt painted on every feature ! See that, my dear !" Heth got up and slipped her hand in The death of George Lowman attracted

people simply concluded that they had overestimated his wealth and had been mistaken as to the source from which it me," said she.

Gaylord was mopping his blue eyes. "Stubbs, he said, "1--" His daughter's existence was unknown to many of those who had an acquaintance

with her father, for it was but a few weeks 'Don't mention it, sir, if you please. since she came to the city. The women who had taken it upon themselves to in-My fathers have been gentlemen's men for ive generations, sir, and it would be queer if I didn't understand a gentleman's feel-ings, sir, and I know what he would want troduce her and to show her courtesies were kind now, and visited her, and invited her to their houses and sent flowers. done under certain circumstances."

"How," cried Gaylord, throwing up his hand "can I live up to Stubbs !"—By Elia W. Peattie in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The poor child turned toward them a white face of refusal, and shut her doors on all the world. She dismissed the servants

River Floods.

She gave the whole thing over finally into With the shift from winter to spring it is usual to expect a rainy season that fills the hands of his attorneys, and quitted the place at twilight, when none might see her, Once, when the forests were the streams. with no attendant save the faithful Stubbs reservoirs that stored the surplus waters, He had sent her trunks to a quiet place floods might have been less frequent and in the suburbs, where the mountains looksevere than now. But the forests are gone, and forever. While we talk about a sys-tem of forestry it is the talk ot the builder ed down on a grass-grown table land and white streets, irrigating ditches and clumps of wild willows. For several days she did little but lie on of air castles, and is not likely to take tang-

ible shape on any scale of magnitude. the settee and watch the rise and fall of Floods may, therefore, be looked for from the fire. The consciousness that she would year to year, some of them more dangerous and some of them not so much to be feared. soon be penniless had prompted her to forbid Stubbs to let any of her few friends As the population and industry of the valknow her whereabouts. A few days more leys increase it will be possible for great floods to do more harm to property, because more property will be on the rivers in reach would bring her to penury. Her proud little spirit would not endure the idea of mendicancy, even in its most agreeable forms, and she shut herself close in the of the water. River craft will increase, and there is no way to get it out of the river in time of high tides. Prudence may dictate to the expectant builder the wisdom of selecting higher ground, and in that way, house and kept her heartache as her only As time went on, her little purse suffered perfect depletion. She might have given lessons in bad French or mistaught pupils except in the cities where every foot of ground is so valuable that it must be used, on the piano, only no one in Denver was

the river banks may be kept clear from paying for luxuries of that sort just then. danger to buildings. But boats and rafts Denver was economizing-dramatically. Heth Lowman, however, had no call to be will be compelled to take their chances in the swollen streams. In some thickly settled places it might be profitable to conhistrionic, and she watched the mails, and was forever expecting a letter from Gaystruct basins opening from the river into lord, who had gone, as he explained to her which craft might retreat in time of flood in his farewell note, to retrieve himself, and be saved. Breakwaters are constructed and would return to her only when he was for such uses, but often high water sweeps over them.

Canada's White Plague.

consumption Slowly Undermining the Entire Nation.

came, containing a number of bills-quite A public consumption hospital for every enough to keep her in comfort for several county in Ontario is the bold suggestion weeks to come. She told Stubbs about the money-she was confidential with made by P. H. Bryce, secretary of the pro-vincial board of health.

Stubbs-and asked him if he didn't sup-Dr. Bryce calls consumption the "White pose Mr. Gaylord had caused his banker to Plague," and declares that it is increasing send the money, which would account for throughout Canada. the Denver stamp mark on the envelope.

The germs of the disease, he declares, do not only take possession of individuals, but of localities and houses, and attack all persons who live in them. The number of infected houses is steadily increasing, and

Though she had entertained such violent it is only a matter of time until the entire scruples against accepting help from any one else, she had no compunction at all at nation will be undermined with the dread

receiving it from Thaddeus Gaylord. He had told her, with frenzied iterations that he loved her, that he must marry her, that malady. Dr. Bryce declares that houses and shops where consumption has existed must be inspected and maintained in a sanitary condition, and that the sick, who are imhe had never loved any one else, and that she was the loveliest woman in the world. She found nothing irritating in the fact that Gaylord, bewildered at his own misproperly cared for, must be removed to anitariums. fortunes, had forgotten to inquire about her

Dr. Bryce's opinions are highly respected here, and his recommendations are ser As the months went by the mysterious iously regarded.

"Nose hat" shapes are everywhere the millinery of the hour. The build is es-pecially fetching in "walking" hats. And the rosettes ! They are everywhere on the new hat. They are of every conceivable make and material. The corded rosettes are particularly noteworthy. Corded at the upper edge of the ribbon, gathered at the lower they gave an effect of double shirring which hasn't been hinted at before. At a millinery opening a wonderful little creation was—garnished simply with three of these. Each rosette was of a different shade; colors were divinely blended; the three were crushed together and poised upon the crown.

Yokes or guimpes are universal whether small, in vierge fashion, low and rounded, with jockeys to match, or square and high on the shoulders. In heavy ivory chenille lace a yoke with jockeys woven en forme has a slender point reaching to the waist line in front, the draped surplice bodice of cashmere or crepe being finished from shoulders to belt with slender bands of velvet ribbon or of the same cloth, these continuing down upon the skirt and about it knee high behind as a heading for the circular flounce that forms the lower half. Soleil plaits and tiny crimps to match, the first for skirt, the second for bodice, and reappearing on crepe and light wool frocks, and the blouses for jacket suits made most fashionably of panne or a soft taffeta silk and closely corded in ridges either in hoopes or vertically, in diagonal lines forming lattices, or in yoke effects. A cravat bow or a long four-in-hand of silk muslin is lavishly made and immaculately fresh, the long scarfs befrilled and betucked elaborately.

The latest fad in bed furnishings is to have two hard round bolsters one at the head and the other at the foot, covered with silk and lace. No pillows are in sight during the day, but at night the bolsters with their beautiful decorations are laid aside and the pillows brought forth for use.

SPONGE CAKE .- Four fresh eggs (the whites of two reserved for frosting), beaten until light : two cupfuls pulverized sugar, which has been twice sifted, beaten with the eggs. Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flower are sifted four times, and added to the eggs and sugar a little at a time, stirring well. Lastly, add a cupful of boiling water, stirring a little in at a time. Now beat well. Flavor to suit the taste. Bake in loaf from twenty to thirty minutes, frosting with the reserved whites.

Patent leather slippers are again in style. Fashionable bootmakers say that they are to be worn with everything this summer, from white duck suits to ball gowns. They are modish and make the feet look well. Every sweet has its bitter, however, even when it comes to footgear. Patent leather is the coldest of all leather in winter and the hottest in summer.

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