

Bellefonte, Pa., May 6, 1898.

REST.

We are so tired, my heart and I, Of all things here beneath the sky . One only thing would please us best-

We are so tired; we ask no more Than just to slip out by Life's door And leave behind the noisy rout And everlasting turn-about.

Once it seemed well to run on too With their importunate fevered crew, And snatch amid the frantic strife Some morsel from the board of life.

But we are thred. At Life's crude hands We ask no gift she understands; But kneel, to him she hates, to crave The absolution of the grave.

-Mathilde Blind.

One hot afternoon in August the sun threw its slanting rays upon the porch would have loved to have touched her face, face, the eyes of faded blue, the white hair dreary you must have been !" neatly combed beneath the cap of black, the mouth with its poor, pathetic lines, a face that of sorrow's blight, but that now would sit and look at each other, but we showed a peace born of resignation. Years back sorrow had swept through her life, darkening it all, killing that which was so dear to her, and bringing shame upon the head that once held itself so high, able to look the world in the face and say, "I am

stainless. Dorothy Barr sat this afternoon in the old rocking chair, with her hands idly folded in her lap, looking out over the hills beyond to the blue rim of the sky where it tipped and kissed the earth. A girl of twenty summers sat on the steps of the porch in front of the old lady, with her knees drawn up to her chin and an eager, questioning look on the pretty, delicate face. Dorothy Barr was 70, Annie Weston 20, strangers to each other until a few weeks before, when Annie had come west for health and had found in this quiet old home and patient old woman that rest she

"How beautiful the sky looks, Mrs. Barr, doesn't it? I always fancy so many things when I see clouds like that, of heaven and things, don't you Mrs. Barr?" and the girl laughed shyly.

"Of heaven? Yes, child, yes, many a time. There is rest there; child, so the good book says. There all strife is ended good book says. There all strife is ended and peace is found." Old Dorothy's face longer, and I said to John: 'To-morrow was raised and the poor eyes looked out far will be Esther's birthday, pa.' John beyond, as if to pierce the veil that hides from mortal eyes that realm where the in-

effable peace and rest is found.

Annie Weston raised one pretty, soft hand and placed it on the hard, wrinkled old ones in Dorothy's lap, and said:

Mrs. Barr stroked the white hand and "Nay, miss, it's not a story for such as you. Your life will be smooth, and why hear my story, dear?" Annie rose what you'll call a poor man, and the stranfrom the step, and kneeling beside the woman put her tender arms around her. "You said you would miss me when I am gone; you said I brought back to you years when your child was with you. You years when your child was with you. You say your story is not one that I should hear. It is a sad one, then? Dear, dear Mrs. Barr, if I look like that poor child of yours tell me of her and let me comfort.

she is now, and I know you can trust me." tween her hands and said: "Trust you, child? Yes, I know I could. Get down here, miss, beside me, at my feet, where she knelt long ago, and hear of that child of mine, little Esther. More than fifty years ago John Barr come wooin' I loved him, child, and we were married. We was God fearin' people, and our life was quiet and serenelike. Only one blot on our happiness; no child came to us, the time went on we missed Esther more and John and me longed for one. Twenty years had we lived together, when one mornin' a wee little babe was born to us. Oh child, the happiness of that day! John couldn't do no work, but just hung around the house, too happy to leave me and baby. She was born in this house, Miss Annie, and grew to womanhood here. years that she grew from baby to girl was the happiest ones to us. There was no school around here, but her pa and me learnt her what we could, for in my day I knew considerable about books. But she grew

She was beautiful, too beautiful to be our child, though John when he was young was a powerful smart lookin' man. But how we loved Esther! The sun rose and set in a mighty pretty gal, and Dorothy, it kinda seems to me the strangers think some such way, too.' That set me to But after the flowers was gone I went there than anything else. But, child, what that old tree, and it soothed me wonder-could we do? We needed the money fully. But as the days went on and the ther with her snow white heart!"

up happy if not very knowin' and wise.

lap. "Go on, Mrs. Barr, I am listening." we rather liked the young fellow. Though season.' with her tender, trustin' brown eyes, that had never seen sin or sufferin'. You city girls, with your thousand pleasures the kitchen door wide open, and there, standin' in the door on this old porch, was Esther, drenched to the skin, with a shawl the kitchen door wide open, and there, me. 'You are not my wife, and I deceived you. Essie, I wish you hadn't made me there are some good reasons why some tell you this. Everything would have other point should be selected. Accordingly if her been decided to erect harracks She was our all, our life, and when she left "Yes, yes, dear, I know. She left you,

you enough for all your kindness.' We That night Esther came into our room, and throwin' her arms round my neck kissed me again and again and cried: Good night, darling ma. I love you, you know I do don't you?' and goin' over to her pa she hugged and kissed him, too, saying, 'Dear old dad, my dear dad!''
Then she went out. You know the rest, miss; the next mornin she was gone, and him too. Gone, without one word to her poor old pa and ma!"

Old Dorothy clasped her hands tightly and gazed out over the hills to the setting sun. Annie patted tenderly the brown old hands, the hands that had worked for a life time, in storm and shine, but that now might rest. The sun fell at last on the soft white hair, the wrinkled, tired face, with the mournful eyes; on the plain black dress that had done service for many a day, and on the clasped hand with the one ring that told of marriage vows and wifehood. Everything had a pathetic air of bygone days to Annie Weston as she sat where Dorothy Barr was sitting. The sun and watched this old woman, and it was with increased gentleness, if possible, that but the wide spreading porch jealously she said softly: "Gone, Mrs. Barr? And guarded it. It was a wrinkled, care worn did she never come back to you? Oh, how she said softly: "Gone, Mrs. Barr? And "Dreary, child? Yes, it was dreary a

never said a word. Night after night John

read his Bible and I sewed, and Esther's chair stood in its old place, but we never spoke of her. Why, Miss Annie, I can't tell. Perhaps it was because we felt some's if she was forever dead to us, and John and me humble as we was, miss, had never had no shame touch us beforc. The days went on, you know, as they must; nothin' stops the time, and winter was gone, the long, lonesome winter, with its cold, howlin' winds and blindin' snows. John was powerful uneasy all that winter, and poorly like too. You may wonder why we never hunted for her, but we didn't know no place to go to, and we was afraid our child would come back some day and find the old home empty. As I was saying, John was poorly, and many a night I lay awake listenin' to his breathin' and I wondered if God were goin' to take him too. night as I sat dozin' off like by the fire there come a tappin' on the pane. John and me started and rushed to the door, but there was no one there, and we was glad, for it was a wild night for any one to be out in. But we went back to our chairs with heavy hearts. Where was our girl on this cold winter's night? Dead, perhaps; morrow, did you say, Dorothy? So'tis, so 'tis. Sixteen, Dorothy, sixteen. Only a wee girl, our little Esther!' That kind of broke the ice, and we talked after that "Dear Mrs. Barr, you said once you had a child, a girl, and that I made you think of her. Will you tell me of that child of yours, Mrs. Barr? I would so love to hear every day of her. Well, the summer come want them, somehow or other he couldn't stand the sight of them thinkin' of Esther. But, as I said, we needed the money, it always come handy, though John wasn't gers wasn't to blame. So they staid here at the house, goin' off to their business durin' the day mostly, though some of them stacked their things up near the yours, tell me of her, and let me comfort eled slow in those days, and we lived hun-Tell me of that young life, where dreds of miles from the east, where we kind a thought he and Esther had gone. Dorothy took the tender little face be- But the summer had passed and winter come again. Then the strangers left here and went to their different homes, I suppose. That was a dreadful cold winter. and John and me scarcely ever went outside the door. The snow was piled in great drifts around the house, and at night the wind howled like so many demons. It seemed most as if that winter was worse than the first. I s'pose 'twas because as and more. Howsomever, the snows at last melted, the flowers peeped their heads on the hills again, and the summer time was come. Esther, miss, had been gone two years. One mornin', Miss

Annie "Call me Annie," broke in that young

"Very well, Annie. One mornin', as I was sayin', after I had finished my work and John was over to the Ridge, I went out into the yard and gathered from the bed of flowers-it was Esther's bed, child -all the posies bloomin' there. Then I went out through the path you see, Annie. that leads across the hills, far over to where you see that old tree, and stopped under it. that little girl of ours, and she loved us A brook is near by-we'll go there to-mortoo thank God. In those days hunters and row, and the birds sing there all the sumfishers used to come up the hills here to mer through. Kneelin' down I dug up the mountains, and often we had several some of the earth and planted my posies on stayin' here, the money they paid us for board and lodgin' comin' in handy. At could ever give my child, Annie, and it first John and me didn't notice nothin' pleased me most to think of its being there; I knew he had tired of me. Many a night particular about the men stayin' here, but for, you see, we believed her dead, or worse one day John says to me: 'Our Esther's than that. Every day I went down there thinkin' and I come to the conclusion that just the same, Annie, and afternoons like perhaps they did stay here more for Esther | this I would set out here and look down at they'd bring, and Esther never paid them | fall was comin' on John and me both grew no attention noways. My pretty little Es- uneasy and fearful like, as if something was comin', something that was painful. Old Dorothy smoothed the golden head Well, one night, the last of fall, just belying close to her knee, while Annie turned fore winter set in, perhaps 'twas the midand kissed the poor old hand lying in her dle of October, a fearful rainstorm come down the mountains and across the Ridge. Yes, child. Well, there was a man at It was a terrible storm, too, such as we our house then, a young painter, and as likely a lookin' chap as I ever saw. Esther always blushed when he spoke to her, and I value our heads reel. The rain come down in the lock of the I noticed she never done that before. sheets and the thunder just cracked every kissed my lips and neck. Then I asked Every night he would ask Esther to go minute or so. Then, too, it was night, down the path across the hills for a walk, and that made it seem worse, The rain and she always went. Every night she was splashin' on this back porch and runcame in with a happier look on her young face, but pa and me didn't say nothin', for that it was probably 'the last storm of the But I didn't know; we'd had we knew he was a city man and our Esther just such storms later in the year, though only a mountain bird. But we thought none so powerful bad as this. About nine he'd go away and that would be the end o'clock, just as John and me was getting wrapped around her and her dress clingin' to her. Her face was as white as the dead come right.' I turned from him and ingly, it has been decided to erect barracks walked to the window. When I faced him for the military at Fort Selkirk, which is us it seemed most as if God had gone too." and her great eyes looked terror blind. again he said: Good God, Essie darling splendidly situated at the confluence of the John and me stood rooted by our chairs, don't look like that! I only said, 'Will for she had come so sudden like and looked

his name, stayed on the porch, miss, and senses. With a cry I ran to her and pulled talked a while, but Esther went straight in. As he left to go to bed he said: Good night, Mr. and Mrs. Barr. I can't thank wet so sick; held her until she grew heavy in my arms, then I sat down in this old next day I left him. I believed in him thought that a queer speech, for we didn't rockin' chair that I had rocked her to sleep and I loved him so that it broke my heart. consider we'd done him any kiudness. in when a baby, and rocked her gently, never speakin' a word. John was on his knees by the chair watchin' her with such a look on his face I shall never forget. Esther had her arms around my neck, with her poor little thin, tired face against my face and her eyes closed. What did I care for the rain and the storm? Esther was home again-Esther, our darlin'. Then I thought of her wet clothes, and we soon had her in bed tucked up and warm. wanted to speak, but her pa only laid his hand on her head and said soft like, 'Not now, little girl; your old daddy knows you're glad to come home.' She didn't Annie, so young, so tender! Oh, I think, say nothin' only 'dear old dad,' but her child, our hearts broke that night, but it eyes looked hot an i dry, just as they do was God's will. That last night we knew when you're goin' to have a fever. But she was goin' but we held her in our arms she didn't have a fever—better if she had and soothed her. Just before she died she perhaps, but she didn't. We couldn't raised her hands to heaven and cried bear to leave her that night, but she said she wanted us to go to bed, and it seemed most as if it made her nervous like us sit- pa said : 'Punishment? None, my little tin' up, so we went to bed. But we didn't gal, for the angels aren't no purer. sleep all night; we heard every breath she will take you to hisself.' With her little made, every sigh, and seems there was more sighs than anything else, my poor litHer short, sad life ended! But she smiled tle bruised baby. in' I went to her and asked her if she slept little mouth I thanked God she went so any. 'Oh, yes,' she said, but I knew she gently. Two days she lay here in her hadn't. She was too weak to do a thing quiet sleep, in the little white frock she that day, and pa and me just nursed her and petted her, and never said no word as her waxen face. Then her pa and me if anything was different from what it used | carried her out yonder in the mornin' sun to be. We thought to give her her own and laid her under the old tree. Her pa time, you know. Oh, Annie, every time dug her grave, and with our hearts burstin' when I would come in the room and see we placed her in it. No hands touched her sittin' there I wanted to just cry out; my heart seemed burstin' nearly. She set babe. Look out there under that tree. by the window in her own chair all day long, lookin' out, but never sayin' much. She watched me with her great eyes so beside her. Yes, he died four years after wistful like, and then I'd go over and kiss her and I am left alone. I watched him her and speak real cheerful. She was such a wee little thing, and she was more beau-tiful than ever, I thought. But I missed

> But it never did." Dorothy took up her handkerchief and pulled it through her hands nervously, while Annie choked down the lump that would rise in her throat. Dorothy went One on in her sad way:

"One night some four weeks after she come home, after we had gone to our room went to Esther's room to see if she wanted anything, but stopped as I got to the door. There in her little white nightgown Esther knelt by the bed and I heard her say, 'O God, take me before I see the shame in my parents' eyes !' Then, Annie, I went right in before she left the bed and kneelin' beside my child I put my arm around her and prayed to my God, 'O Father, help us to take up our child's burden and bear it for her sake, for she is tired.'
Then I sat beside her bed and she said, 'Mother, some day I will tell you, when I can.' I bent down and smoothed back the pretty hair and eyes: 'Yes' some day when you want to. And remember little one, your pa and me will love you and honor and the old tree rustled gently, "Amen!" you above the world. But never leave us again, darlin',' and she answered, Never, mother, until God calls.' That night John and me had a talk. What I told him wrung only a moan from his lips, but not a word. Long I talked to him, child, and often I put my arms around him as I did our child, and at last he looked up and said, 'Together, Dorothy, us three, always.' Well, the winter went, but Esday at sundown, the 1st of May, Esther's baby was born. It never saw the light poor little thing, but we thanked God for that. Esther cried a little, but we wouldn't allow that. We buried the baby out unwas moved to the door here to look out on us to her one night and told us her story, I'll tell it Annie, as near as she told it as I can. With her pa holdin' her, her head on have told you before, father and mother, quarter. but I was tryin' to put behind the past and become reconciled. But I can't and I'm done. The night I went to your room I knew I was goin' to leave you, and my tell you, but he said you would never let me marry him, and that we could go to his home, be married there and then come back, and he knew you would forgive us. Father, mother,' my child cried, I knew so little of the world and its ways and I believed in him. Shall I ever forget that journey? We went to New York city. There we were married a friend of his, a clergyman, married us, and then Phil took me to the most beautiful rooms I ever saw. He said that we would stay there a while and then come back here. Oh, I was so happy there,' Esther cried, though every night I cried

for you and home. Phil kept sayin' we'd come back soon.' "Her pa, Annie, held her closer. and put back the soft hair from the little white face, and I could only look at her with eyes full of love. Then she went on: "But as the time passed Phil grew uneasy, and finally he would never come home, and often it would be four or five days before I would see him again. Oh, the misery of those days! One afternoon I put on the pretty hat he bought me, and started out for a walk. I had not seen him for five days and I was almost mad with grief. As I was going along the avenue I saw him come out of an elegant mansion with a lady. Oh, such a beautiful woman, with a proud, cold face, and I saw him help her onto her horse, then get on another, and ride away together. I turned back, sick and went home. That night he came in. He gave no excuse for bein' gone so long. He was readin' and looked so gentle and handhim who that lady was. Oh, father, mother, important point in connection with the capacity in the capacity in the capacity is the capacity in fore me and said, 'Essie, do not bother your little head about her.' Then I de-of its nearness to the Klondike, but the ed States as late as December 15th. manded the truth. He grew angry and Klondike river alone does not constitute said: "Do you want to know, then? She the whole of the gold area of the district, is the woman I love, and will one day and before long thousands of prospectors you leave me alone for awhile?' but he

"Annie, I knelt by her pa and could not speak. Her pa groaned, but only held her closer, our innocent little baby girl! But I must finish. Esther went on:

I had but one idea, to get back here to see you to idle in your arms, in the old home. You believe me, don't you, when I say I believed I was a wife? I made one awful mistake, but it's over now. I begged my way back from place to place. It was so hard, but I am here, and now this is all. I have brought shame on you dear ones, and ruined my own life. O God, father,

mother, what shall I do?" Dorothy ceased speaking. Annie felt crushed with the grief of that young life. Dorothy said at last: "That is all, Annie. Two weeks from that night she died. Died, 'Father, mother, what am I up there? What punishment shall I meet? And her Well, early in the morn- as she died, and as we bent to kiss the wore before she left us, and the smile on her but ours, and we put her beside her through the rain and snows, with her pa we had worked and loved together and now I miss him, Annie, I miss him. Just bethe laughin' eyes and lips, child, but I fore he died he said in a whisper, 'Dorothy, thought that would come again in time. darlin', we'll be there waitin,' us three,' and I knew that he thought of the little one. I think Esther's death killed him."

"And did you never hear of-of him?" "Yes, child. He is a great painter, they say. He is rich and honored, and stands likely in the sight of men. His victim lays yonder, but what does it matter, child, afer all? He is a bad man, but in heaven all will be well. I am alone now, but some day I will go, too, Who will carry me out there by my husband and child I don't know, but some one will. Now, dear, dry your pretty eyes and come in with me."

Annie Weston rose and threw her arms round old Dorothy's neck. "I love you Mrs. Barr. To-morrow we will go down there, I will put some flowers on their graves as my offering."

my child's story. Is she pure in your mind ?" Annie looked into the withered old face

and said softly. "As pure as the angels!" The breeze sighed low over three graves,

How the State Aims to Aid the Farmer. Work of the Economic Zoologist.

Dr. H. T. Fernald, who has recently been appointed economic zoologist to the department of agriculture of Pennsylvania describes his duties as being the investigation of all kinds of animals which are injurious or beneficial to field and garden ther failed slowly as the spring come. One crops, fruit, stock and other agricultural interests of the State. That this is an important work is shown by the estimates prepared by competent persons at different times and in various parts of the United States. These estimates agree in der that tree, and three weeks after Esther placing the annual loss, due to the attacks of insects and other enemies of the farmer the little mound. Two weeks after that and fruit grower, at one-tenth of his entire little life had come and gone Esther called crop. In other words, the farmer in an ordinary year, pays a direct tax to Nature of one-tenth of all he produces, while in seasons when the pests are unusually his breast, she begun: 'I think I ought to abundant the loss may be as much as one-

If we apply these facts to a few, only, of the crops of Pennsylvania we find that the estimated value of the wheat, oats, barley, hay, corn, potatoes and tobacco produced heart was nearly breakin'. I wanted to in the State during 1896 was \$80,749,080. while if losses by insect and other similar causes had been prevented, it would have been nearly \$90,000,000, showing that on these crops alone, the loss to the State each year is nearly \$10,000,000.

This is a large sum and it would seem impossible, if it were not that it has always occurred, and a year without it has never been known.

It is only when the loss is greater than usual, that the damage is felt, and remedies are sought. Yet more than half of this destruction could be prevented if a knowledge of how to protect crops from their foes

It is to this line of work that the zoologist intends to direct his efforts, offering to all who are interested, information how best to prevent these losses, or to check the foe

when it has already appeared. In order to do this, and accomplish the most far-reaching results he desires anyone who finds his crops of any kind affected by any insect or other animal, to write him sending samples of the injuries, and if possible, of the animal which causes the trouble. All such letters should be sent to the state zoologist, department of agriculture,

at Harrisburg.
Bulletins describing injurious insects and other animals, the work they do, and how to treat them will also be published, both in the newspapers and as pamphlets for distribution. It is hoped in this way to induce the people of the State to use the opportunities which have been prepared them by the Legislature in this line, and in the end, save many millions of dollars each year.

A New Klondike Capital.

Fort Selkirk Instead of Dawson to be Selected. The government has decided upon an

Pelley and Lewis rivers, and directly on

Sixty Seven Degrees Below Zero at

Letter Sent From Dawson City by Oscar M. Myers.-Life of Rochesterians in the Land of the Midnight Sun-Frost an Inch Thick on the Window Pane—Locating Near a Rich Strike— Incidents.

Two courageous Rochesterians, J. H. Myers and his son, Dr. Oscar M. Myers, formerly residents of Bellefonte, among the host of those who are braving the perils of the Alaskan gold fields, are now at Dawson city, and from the following letters just received, in a fair way to realize their dreams of gold in abundance: In our issue of March 11th we published an interesting letter from J. H. Myers, telling of his journey from Seattle to Dawson. In that letter Mr. Myers intimates that the terrible rigors of his journey had made a physical wreck of him, but this letter shows that his fears were groundless and his many friends here will be glad to know it

"Dawson City, Alaska, Feb. 3, 1898. Still no mail has reached Dawson, and our impatience to hear from home is almost intolerable. All sorts of unreliable rumors concerning its arrival are affoat, the latest being that it has left Stewart river, which is only eighty miles above Dawson. If true, it ought to arrive here by the 10th. Then it will probably take a week for distribution, owing to the small and inefficient force at the post office. I fear, however, that the present severe weather may tie up the dog train. It is now 67 degrees below zero, the coldest this winter. I was out for about ar hour this morning, but was glad to get back into the cabin. breath congealed into fine snow, and settled all over my whiskers and the front of my coat. Really, though, one does not mind it much, and it is only dangerous to those who are not properly clothed or who venture too far away from home. Frozen noses, hands and feet are about as common as "bad colds" at home. So far father and

I have escaped. "To-day we saw the sun for the first time this year. He just peeped above the horizon and then sank back. There has been sunshine for about three weeks, but it only illumined the tops of the higher mountains. The sun will rise higher each day until soon it will not disappear during the entire twenty-four hours. We are in the latitude of the midnight sun. How glad I was to see the sun, not only on account of his being a stranger, but it emphasized the fact that the time is slowly yet surely approaching when I can return home. That is still a long time, yet I am glad to see the days, weeks and months

"Every one here expects a great "boom' in the spring, and we have acquired, and are still acquiring, some valuable mineral "Yes, dear. But child I have told you lands. We are working one of our claims, but we have only gotten down about twelve feet. When we get down to bedrock (from twenty-five to thirty feet) we shall know more about it. Almost every day some new rich strike is made in the numerous creeks and gulches around here. Working a claim is very slow on account of the frozen earth—the frost extending forty or fifty feet below the surface. It is the same in summer, as the sun only thaws about two feet down. A miner can go down only twelve or fifteen inches each day-by building fires, and then throwing out the mud.

> first of this month. All that I have mailed er raised it, a glimpse was caught in the cabin to-night, father being at our befrilled. Outside it was adorned with other cabin on the gulch claim, which is about five miles from here, up Bonanza creek. Have a fire in both stoves, and the cabin is nice and warm, although you would probably think it pretty cold. The frost on the window is more than an inch thick; the rear walls is white with frost and there is ice on the edge of the water in the water barrel-yet I am perfectly comfortable. Had a good supper to-nightbeans (have beans every meal for a change), fried potatoes, biscuit, coffee and apple dumplings.

"Father and I have both gained very much in flesh. My clothes are all too small except some that I bought too large, because I could not get smaller-a sort of blessing in disguise. We are both in very good health. Father was considerably worn out when we got here, but is all right

now, and works every day.
"Feb. 17, 1898.—Father and I have just returned from a thirty-two mile tramp up Bonanza creek. Two days ago two miners made a very rich strike on the benches of "Skookum Gulch." They got \$8 to the pan, or about \$64 to the bucket. As they usually take out 100 buckets a day, you can easily calculate the value. As soon as it became known there was a wild stampede, and the hill was quickly "staked" clear over the top. Father and I undertook the long, cold journey a day late, but we were in possession of some valuable information that encouraged us to go. It would take too long to give you the details. but in short, we succeeded in locating two splendid claims, and later recorded them at Dawson, and they are now indisputably our property. My claim is only 100 feet distant from the discovery claim and fathseveral other properties, but none so promising as these. Other claim owners are putting down holes all around our claims, which will clearly indicate what the value of the latter is.

"Feb. 26, 1898.-To-day I was at Dawson, and heard the oft-repeated rumor that the mail was "between here and Stewart." these reports, as they had invariably proven false. As I came out of a building I saw many people hurrying toward the barracks. I joined the procession walking along the bank of the Yukon, and lo! and quin's huge, heart-shaped storm of the balk and the barracks. behold-could see four dog teams approaching, their sleds loaded with twenty sacks satin, and finishes the costume. of mail-now many months overdue. Reaching the barracks, we were informe by days for the arrangement of the mail for white velvet, latticed over with the same

stood for two hours in front of the post of- far as women riders go. The ively. Up to that time you had heard inary course of other methods had from us at Lake Bennett. We expect that gone through with. , 'Ay. child, I'm comin to that. One night they'd been up the hills and come in kinda late. Philip Sidney, for that was late as May 15th. I enclose a held out her arms, and then I came to my last spring did the stocking appear to have the at this point.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The ancient practice of looking on marriage as the sole aim and end of a girl's exstence has of necessity been given up, and it is, therefore essential to the comfort of dowerless young women that they should be fitted to make their own way in the world. The need of profitable employment has been long recognized, but the stumbling block to obtaining it—inefficiency—is quite overlooked by those who impetuously long to rush with a cheap smattering of knowledge into an already overcrowded

Greasiness of the skin generally arises from lack of cleanliness or debility of the skin. Only an astringent has any effect upon it, and a very simple and harmless one may be made from one pint of rose-water, half a pint of white wine vinegar and a few drops of the essence of rose. This lotion should be applied with a soft linen rag or a fine sponge.

Blackheads are difficult to get rid of once

they appear. They are caused by the clogging of the pores of the skin by dust or oreign matter. Alcohol, 90 per cent., applied by means of a piece of chamois skin will give tone to the skin and remove unsuspected dust and dirt, at the same time stimulating the small glands and removing,

by constant use, the blackheads.

Tan and freekles may be removed by the following lotion: Two drachms of powdered sal ammonica, four fluid drachms of cologne water, one quart of distilled water. As home remedies both lemon juice and borax are very efficacious for the same pur-

For some skins which cannot stand constant washing but needing to be cleansed after a walk or ride by other means than soap and water, lait virginal is a delicate preparation and is made as follows: One pint of rose, orange-flower or elder flower water, half an ounce of the simple tincture of benzoin and ten drops of the tincture of myrrh.

After exposure to a harsh or chilling wind it is well before retiring to rub a quantity of fresh cream on the face, removing after five or ten minutes, to be again applied, followed by a generous puffing of rice powder. Remove in the morning by lait virginal and tepid water.

With the diaphanous gowns now being made up for summer sashes are a necessity, and so great is the demand for black satin ones that the wholesalers find it impossible to fill their orders. The four-yard sash with two long ends, a small square bow at the back, is one favorite and the sash fastening at the back with a handsome buckle or clasp, is another. The fastening at the side is also considered chic. Long loops are not good style at present.

There are several pretty fashions for arranging the hair that are just coming into favor. In most cases the hair is softly waved away from the forehead and arranged in a knot half way up the back. while a band of black ribbon is bound about the head like a fillet with a little bow at the back. One cannot realize how prettty this fashion is till one has seen it.

Blue serge, though, to be sure, it is 'ever smiling, ever new," lacks originality, but the way in which a woman in Fifth avenue the other day had contrived to impart something of this desirable quality to her new serge frock is worthy of notice. The material of the gown in question was only serge. But she had trimmed "The last letter I wrote, I sent out by a hers with a difference, and therein lay all private party, who left here on Janury 20th. Its charm. The skirt, narrow and sheath-like, was of the latest cut, and as its wearlike, was of the latest cut, and as its wearpost-office are still here. I am alone ing of turquoise blue, much and lavishly deep vandykes of black silk braid applied over strips of the turquoise blue. coat was an Eton, with broad directoirelike revers of the turquoise blue. These were braided so amply that one only caught tantalizing little glimpses of the blue. The gauntlet cuff matched the revers. These, too, were blue silk, covered with yellow point lace—only modern point, to be sure, but losing nothing of effect thereby. At the throat a cravat of black accordion-pleated mousseline do soie was clasped by a turquoise and paste buckle. The hat was of dark blue straw, draped with turquoise plisse silk, and had upstanding bows of the yellow lace, wired to keep them duly erect, a plentitude of violets of pale Parma shade, and an artistically tied knot of velvet ribbon.

Smart young women are wearing two oses, with or without foilage, one above the other, on the left side of the head, for full dress coiffures. The lower rose rests on the pompadour puff. This pretty fashion is much affected by debutantes, and is, they say, a Paris creation of recent date.

Here is a gown of exactly the right color It is of broadcloth—and is just the shade of violet, the sheeny, shiny thin and coollooking kind. It positively has a luster on it like glace silk.

Well, to return to the charming gown. The skirt is exceedingly narrow; a deep bias ruffle, put on without fullness, droops from the knees, headed by a stitched bias band.

The bodice fits snugly in the back and has three bias bands stitched down to simulate box pleats. Two bands at the er's adjoins mine. We have acquired front give the same effect, only they are curved round in the manner of a Zouave. The five stitched bands wrap around the belt and fall in tabs. The belt which slips through them and confined them is of gold military braid.

The chemisette is of white tucked swiss over white satin. The edges of the little coat are rolled back slightly to show white For some time I have paid no attention to satin facing; the waistcoat is of white velvet, overlaid with a lattice work of very narrow velvet ribbons and buttons, with A white satin stock collar, one of Pa-

quin's huge, heart-shaped storm collars, stands up at the back, lined with white The sleeves have stitchen bands to the elbow and are rather tight, and at the

wrist are finished with a broad cuff of

narrow velvet ribbon.

The bicycle gaiter, high shoe or ankle "March 3, 1898.—To-day father and I concealer of any kind has disappeared so fice. There was a big crowd and we paid ankle is now concealed by nothing heavier \$5 for advance places in line. It was a than a golf stocking, and from that the beautiful day, and the sun shone brightly covering ranges down to the thinnest of -seemed almost like a spring day, the silk stockings, and in some cases an openthermometer being not more than ten de- work one at that. One of the particular grees below zero. I received two and objects of bicycle dress at the outset of the father four letters, and although five craze was to devise something which months old, I felt like a man who had just | should cover the ankle, and the simple exmade a rich strike. My letters were dated pedient of depending on nothing more than September 22nd and October 18th respect- a stocking was not thought of until a prelim-After long skirts