WAR.

I am War. The-upturned eyeballs of piled dead men greet my eye, And the sons of mothers perish-and I laugh to

see them die-Mine the demon lust for torture, mine the devil

lust for pain, And there is to me no beauty like the pale brows of the slain!

But my voice calls forth the god-like from the sluggish souls at ease, And the hands that toyed with ledgers scatter

thunders round the seas; And the lolling idler, wakening, measures up to

God's own plan, And the puling trifler greatens to the stature of a

When I speak the centuried towers of old cities melt in smoke,

And the fortressed ports sink reeling at my faraimed thunder stroke; And an immemorial empire flings its last flag to

the breeze. Sinking with its splintered navies down in the unpitying seas.

But the blind of sight awaken to an unimagined day,

And the mean of soul grow conscious there is

greatness in their clay; Where my bugle voice goes pealing slaves grow heroes at its breath

And the trembling coward rushes to the welcome arms of death.

Pagan, heathen and inhuman, devilish as the heart to hell Wild as chaos, strong for ruin, clothed in hate

unspeakable-So they call me-and I care not-still I work my waste afar,

Heeding not your weeping mothers and your widows-I am War! But your softboned men grow heroes when my flaming eyes they see,

And I teach your little peoples how supremely great they be ; Yes, I tell them of the wideness of the soul's un-

folded plan And the god-like stuff that's moulded in the making of a man.

Ah, the god-like stuff that's moulded in the making of a man! It has stood my iron testing since this strong old

world began. Tell me not that men are weaklings, halting trem-

blers, pale and slow-There is stuff to shame the seraphs in the race of men-I know. I have tested them by fire, and I know that man

is great, And the soul of man is stronger than is either death or fate :

And where'er my bugle calls them, under any sun or star, They will leap with smiling faces, to the fire test

of war. -Sam Walter Foss in the New York Sun.

### EZEKIEL'S COURTSHIP.

It was very warm-even up there, where just a slight breeze rustled the leaves on the apple trees; and Martha Ann Chisby set down her pan of peapods with some show of impatience. She wiped her thin, flushed face with the corner of her blue gingham apron; then fanned herself with the edge of it.

"I do declare, ef this ain't the very hottest day I ever see, even here on Hill-top, and them bees do make an awful tiresome ' she said, half-aloud, looking across bee hives on a bench under the trees. can't seem to settle to anythin' sensible to- Be it known that Ezekiel Jones had continued, presently rising from the steps

and lifting two tin pans, one in each hand. She rattled the shelled peas about meditatively, for a few minutes, then turned and walked into the house. It was an old-fashioned dwelling, built in a style of long ago, with a wide hall running through the middle of it. Martha Ann lived there all alone, with only the memories of her 40

years for company. There had been a day when she might have said "good-by" to the old home, and gone away with "somebody"—but duty to a helpless old father had changed her destiny at a critical moment. Now, after long years, the object of her faithful devotion lay sleeping in the church yard, and Martha Ann Chisby found herself a lonely woman, well on in years, with only a few traces of her flower-like beauty of 20 winters ago. She managed to get along, and ask no help of anyone. There had been some little money left, and there was the old place, dearer than ever to her woman's heart, now that she was bereft of all kith

and kin.

It was dark and cool in the wide hall, save for a bright bar of sunlight lying across the threshold of the open doorway. Martha Ann, coming back from the warm kitchen whither she had gone to set the peas boiling for her midday meal, paused suddenly before a shining oblong mirror, hanging upon the wall. It had been a long while since she had given her own features any serious thought, but this morning she seemed bent upon doing unusual things-me-mories of the past flitted across her mind, and she actually smiled at the faded face reflected back to her from the glass. Starting guiltily, as though fearful lest some one should eatch her in an act of apparent vanity, Martha Ann made an uncertain step or two away. Then, realizing the plation of her position, she came back with firm tread to her fascinating self-reupon her thin but still pretty lips, albeit her hands trembled a little, as she raised pins that detained her hair in its hard ungainly knot. She silently piled it loosely upon the top of her head in a becoming knot. She still boasted a goodly share of golden brown about her temples, and with a shamed look, stepped back to study the effect.

A swift color flew to her pale cheeks, and it must be confessed that the woman, in that shadowy light, looked startlingly like the girl of many years ago—the girl, who, to her own cost, had placed Duty before Love—a love that her heart had plead for with all its might.

With the girlish blush came a new suggestion, and not caring to crush the tender impulse, Martha Ann went swiftly up the stairs, never pausing until she reached the There, kneeling trembling before an old trunk, she gently pushed the shaky lid back. A faint odor of lavender mingled with camphor rose up to greet her as she bent over, and with eager fingers searched among the folds of an ancient dimity muslin, for a packet of yellow letters that

lay hidden there. What depth of joy she found in the touch of those old letters none but Martha Ann herself can say. The slight physical con-tact carried her back to the days when the ardent writer of them breathed the same

lovingly through their contents. It filled her heart with sadness, yet there was a charm she could not resist. Indeed, they miss much out their lives who have not felt the pulse quicken, or eyes fill, as hands fall lightly on some attic treasure of yel-lowed papers, almost forgotten, but pregwith memories to hearts that never grow old. As the last letter slipped gently through her thin hands, Martha Ann Chisby's head went down upon the aged trunk. Slow tears trickled over her tired face, and a beam of mellow sunlight, shifting across the dusty attic floor, rested for a time upon her bowed head.

If it was warm up on Hilltop that morning, it was broiling in the old New England village in the hollow of the hill, and Ezekiel Jones pulled up his steaming horse under the shade of a giant elm by the roadside to rest.

"By Ginger! But ain't it hot, Major?" he inquired of the poor beast, whose sides labored from the exertion of drawing the buggy up the long incline. Huge drops of water rolled from him and made little pools of black in the thick, white dust of the road. Ezekiel regarded the suffering creature anxiously for a time; then throwing the reins over the dash board, clambered down out of the buggy and proceeded to loosen and lift off some of the harness.

"It's a cruel thing to drive a beast such weather, no mistake. Ef we don't have a thunder storm soon that will blow the spire clean off the church-then I'll be blowed myself!" he continued, having relieved the horse to his entire satisfaction. For Ezekiel Jones was a very tender-hearted man, and could not bear to see a man

or beast unhappy.

After dusting a place carefully with a bit of rag from the back of the buggy Ezekiel sat cautiously down upon a log beneath the tree. The dust lay thick on either side, and he carefully laid the tails of his best black coat, one on each knee; then fell to ruminating while wiping the inside of his hat with a highly colored handker-

His gaze wandered idly across the white road into the blossoming fields beyond, where the flowers nodded lazily under the fierce rays of the sun, and not a blade of the long grass moved in the still, breath-less air. Gradually a slow smile began to dawn upon Ezekiel's solemn face, and his mild, blue eyes twinkled. He carried his 50 years well, though inclined to a stoutness that only emphasized the good nature of his ruddy features.

No one to look at him would have ever supposed Ezekiel Jones carried a secret grief with him. Yet such was the case. and in all the years since sorrow had touched him he had never turned his eyes toward Hilltop, but a sudden mist had blur-red their clear blue for a moment.

"I dunno how she'll take it-but it's done, sure as gospel, and most everybody must a' seen it by now!" he suddenly chuckled aloud. Then a swift gravity spread over his face. "I shall risk it, fer I'd be a lost man ef it came to her ears by anybody, but—Lord, how'd I ever muster up courage ter do it? I declare, I dunno myself!" he went on, and the horse, having recovered his spirit, turned its head at the sound of his kindly voice.

Ezekiel looked back at him for a minute, then got slowly up, replaced the harness and climbed back into the buggy. Gathering up the reins, he sat a bit, gazing along the animal's fat sides. "No, I dunno how I ever dared, but I'll never ask her agin if she won't have me this time," he muttered then, with a very sober face. Slapping the reins and clucking encouragingly, the good man, in his shabby old turnout, presently the heat-haze in the pretty garden to some disappeared down the road, lost in a cloud "I of dust.

day ; I can't think what's taken me," she some years been elder of the little white church, with its ancient green blinds, that nestled among the great trees on one of the village streets. Now, in those days, when any couple proposed to risk the perils of matrimony, instead of the banns being read from the pulpit, paper slips bearing the respective names of the high contracting parties were pasted for three consecutive Sundays above the "poor box" in the en-trance of the edifice. It was elder Jones' pleasant duty to paste up these white "shad-ows" of "coming events," and every one who met the genial man was wont to inquire, "Who ye ben pastin' up now?"
"Who has been gitting stuck up to-day,
Zekiel?" and so on. Some with smiling interest; others with simple curiosity. Even the reticent spinster, Martha Ann Chisby, had been known to ask this question of him when they had met unexpectedly upon the village street.

So on this sizzling July morning the Elder Jones had, not without solemn, serious forethought, you may be sure, labor-iously "pasted up" two new names—with difficulty, too, as the gum showed a tend-ency to run, in the stifling heat. It was accomplished at last, however, and Ezekiel Jones had stood back silently to contemplate his work. It was at that same mo ment that Martha Ann Chisby had stood gazing at her reflection in the mirror, in her

darkened hallway.

A few stars still struggled to be seen through the dense, black cloud drifts piling up in the heavens, and heat lightning had been playing across the bank of threa-tening darkness in the west for nearly an hour, when Elder Jones could be seen by the neighbors cautiously making his way in his rakish old buggy up the rough, grass-grown road to Hilltop. Martha Ann, sit-ting again, but this time in complete idleness, upon her doorstep, saw him, too, and intense wonder grew in her heart. Only when the tired horse came to a standstill, flections. A look of determination grew and his master, after fastening the shortrein to the gatepost, turned deliberately and came up her garden path between the them to her head and hastily pulled out the rows of tall pink hollyhocks, did Martha Ann overcome her amazement and rise

hastily to her feet. The last star was hidden in blackness and they could not see each other very plainly now, though they stood awkwardly within a few feet of one another. The man was only conscious that there was the woman his heart had hungered for through long, bitter years; while the woman burned with the guilty knowledge that for the first time she stood robed in the very gown she had worn when the two parted! Dressing herself in it had been the natural outcome of that day of unnatural emotion, and Martha Ann felt she was paying dearly for her weakness. A sudden flare of lightning made them both start, and broke the strain of the situation somewhat.

"I 'spose, so long as I've come, I may as well set down a bit," suggested Ezekiel, in a voice, gruff with repressed feeling. 'It-it locks a little mite threatenin, Elder Jones; p'raps you'd best put your horse up and stop 'til the shower's over!" Martha Ann replied, with a forced cheer-

Ezekiel did as she bade him ; then they sat on the porch, talking bravely upon the weather until it appeared that thread-bare

subject would soon be exhausted. Presently a roll of thunder boomed about

Martha Ann rose quickly, gathering the voluminous folds of the precious dimity muslin, with its faded rosebuds, close about her, and went into the house followed, by Ezekiel his heart thumping like a triphammer. For he knew his second hour had come, yet dreaded to "put it to the touch, to win or lose it all."

The excitement had brought a faint flush to Martha Ann's cheeks, and a soft light to her eyes that rolled the stone of ten years back from her age, and made her, in her faithful lover's sight, as beautiful to-night in her quaint muslin as in the days that were dead. Martha had lighted the center lamp with such unsteady hands that Ezekiel had found it necessary to aid her. Their fingers had met and the contact had seemingly struck them dumb again, for they now sat in utter silence---Martha Ann's eyes on the gaudy, flowered carpet, Ezekiel's upon her.

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck the unhappy woman; she felt the need of breaking the silence at any cost, and in his position of elder it was quite the proper

question to put to him.

"Who've you been pastin' up now, Elder Jones?" she asked, timidly, clasping her thin fingers nervously.

A guilty wave of red flooded Ezekiel's round face, then receded, leaving him very white. He cleared his throat twice before

essaying to speak.
"Wall---Marthy Ann---I dunno as oughter done it, but— I—I pasted you and me up !" he said at last, in a deep voice. He clutched the sharp sides of his chair hard with his powerful hands, and fastened his blue eyes upon her face, much as a drowning man would upon a receding

Martha Ann had risen and now stood looking down at him with frightened, indignant eyes. "Ezekiel Jones-what do you mean?"

she gasped, standing very straight.
Ezekiel's eyes plead with all their might
and main. "Jes' what I said—Marthy—I
kinder thought it would be a good idee; I—I've waited a long while, Marthy !" he

replied, desperately.

Once more they faced each other. A feeling of keen resentment came over Martha Ann for the daring part he had played, and yet, woman-like, she admired him in-tensely for it. What it was that made her say what she did the next moment, she could never afterward explain; the heart of woman is skrouded in mystery, even to herself oftentimes.

"Well, you kin jus' go an' take them down agin," she said then, in a low, angry

"Do you mean that, Marthy?" Ezekiel asked slowly, unutterable pain breaking through his voice.

There was silence for a space, only the rain beat in great gusts against the window panes, and the wind sobbed around the corners of the house, mingled with the muttering of thunder.

"Then I'll jes' go an' take 'em down—as you won't have me, no way, my little Marthy. I'll go take 'em down again,' said Ezekiel at last, huskily, turning sadly away, the big tears standing in his honest He reached the door, his hand was upon

the knob, when there came a sudden, appalling burst of thunder and the whole room shone with vivid light.

"Ezekiel!" cried a scared, faint voice. He turned and was by her side in three strides. Martha Ann put two trembling, work-hardened hands up to his face, and drew it tenderly down to hers.
"Ezekiel! I've been thinkin' that, as

long as you've got 'm up-and-and taken all the trouble, why-well, you might as well leave 'em there,' she said, softly.

—A. P. Todd, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

# Ten Thousand Rabbits

They Were Stain in a Shot Gun Drive on the Pacific

The first rabbit drive of the season in Fresno county, Cal., took place recently, said the San Francisco Chronicle. As compared with the great drive of March 12th, 1892, and the still bigger drive of May 5th, 1894, the attendance was small, but both these affairs had been well advertised in the valley counties, and the numbers of those who took part in the drive bore some proportions to the rabbits slaughtered.

This one was strictly a county drive, and, while the expanded line was scarcely five miles long at 9 a.m., the number of rabbits in front of the contracted line at 1 p. m. ranged high up in the thousands. The corral was located at the intersection of roads leading west and south, about four miles west of the village of Orleander, nearly southwest of Fresno and on the Smith ranch.

It was what is known as a shot gun rabbit drive, the slaughter of the pests commencing as soon as the contracting lines came in sight of the corral. The rabbits were unusually numerous, and not one in ten broke through the lines. In this respect the drive contrasted sharply with the big drives of 1892 and 1894, where almost as many rabbits escaped as were slaughtered. Shot guns were used with effect, and the result was that when the corral was reach-ed only a small number of the great round up remained for slaughter.
Estimates of the number killed differ

widely, because of the continuous destruction of the pests by gun fire on the way to the corral, but it is probable that the rabbit population around Washington colony has been reduced by not less than ten thou-

# The Land of the Lazy.

"In a late sojourn in Honduras" said L. B. Givens, "I came to the conclusion that it was a paradise for lazy men. Everything grows luxuriantly with but little labor on the part of the natives, and many crops do not need replanting more than once in 8 or ten years. The country offers fine inducements to enterprising men, but it is hard on a white man used to civilized ways to go down there and dwell among an ignorant lot of natives. A man would have no congenial society, and might as well be in exile. The natives usually live in bamboo houses, though in the towns the dwellings are of adobe. Children go naked for the first two or three years of their life, and the attire of the adults is rather scant. The government is liberal with concessions in order to encourage development of the country's resources, but there is no general rule govering the granting of privi-leges; it all depends on how good a bar-gain may be driven. The climate is very salubrious, and laziness is about the only prevailing disease."

-Miss Kate Lutz, a seventeen yearold girl, of Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, locked her lover in a room down stairs, Sunday evening, and going to a room alone attempted self destruction by hanging. The young man grew suspicious and forced the door, as well as the door to the room in words into her listening ears, and the hard past was forgotten, as she went slowly, she big drops of rain fell at their feet. Tesenty a tolk of the found her hanging. She will they run about they make no noise with recover. No reason is assigned.

#### Three Daughters of Austria

Those who read the somewhat pathetic peech of the queen regent of Spain, deivered to the Spanish Cortes, could not help but feel a little sympathy with her as a woman in a puzzling and troublesome situation. Her plea as a mother for the welfare of her son's throne, which he is not yet old enough to occupy, was rather touching, and struck a cord to which even the enemies of Spain must respond. We can sympathize with her in her motherly anxiety for the reason that it does not clash with our present purposes. We are only concerned now with the government of the island of Cuba, and have no interest as to what scion of royalty shall sit upon the throne of Spain in the future. By her marriage this woman Maria Christina of Austria has annexed to her life a great deal of trouble, the end of which no one can see. At the head of a bankrupt kingdom, with rebellious subjects in her colonies, and threatened rebellion at home; with a people overburdened with taxes, not knowing which way to look to obtain the means to replenish the treasury or to keep afloat the great debt of the nation; and at the same with a war on hands against overwhelm-

ing odds, her lot is indeed not a very happy one. She was born to the purple, being the granddaughter of a former emperor of Austria and a niece to the present one; but that avails her little in these days. not likely that one of the sovereigns of Europe will dare to come to her aid against the exasperated democracy of the new world, which is asserting itself so positively and is presuming to dictate the course of behavior of one of the oldest monarchies toward certain of its subjects on this side

There was a time when such conduct on our part would have been resented by every crowned head as an assult on kingly rule and the divine right of certain families to reign, but democracy is too powerful now to be treated in that way; and much as the reigning families of Europe may dislike our assumptions on this continent, a certain long-headed prudence, which they have acquired, prevents them from interfering, and the queen and her people must face the crisis alone. In the midst of it all she has no doubt had many regrets that she did not remain in the peaceful convent at Prague, from which she came in 1879 to become the second wife of the young king Alfonso, who dying, left the cares of the

kingdom to her in 1885. But she is not the only daughter of the roval house of Austria who has found unnappiness and sore trouble through marriage to the ruling prince of another nation. She is the third within a century who have had unhappy and cruel experiences. Marie Antonette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI, of France, was also a princess of Austria, being a daughter of the emperor Francis I. As long as the history of the human race shall be preserved, her tragic and terrible fate will never be forgotten. One of the gayest and most vivacious of women as well as one of the most beautiful, she was first crucified by the songue of slander, then became a prisoner in her own palace, was cast into prison like a common criminal, saw her husband taken away to be beheaded, and later, on a felon's cart, she was transported through the streets of Paris, subject to the jeers of the mob, which did not cease until the terrible knife of the guillotine fell upon her fair neck. Though all Europe shuddered, no power could save her from the vengeance of the terrible apostles of liberty.

of the Austrian royal house became the ly of six or seven will consume from one to sharer of the French throne as the consort two barrels of sugar. Granulated sugar life she had been taught to execrate the year. A grove of fifty trees will produce Corsican upstart, who had spread terror through Europe, and who had so frequently inflicted defeat upon the armies of her father, Francis I.; but in the course of time, and a very short time at that, the "upstart" became an emperor himself, and a powerful one. In looking round for an alliance with a royal house he selected the charming princess who was one of the chief adornments of the court at Vienna. Reasons of state led to the matter being arranged, so she was married to Napoleon on

April 1st, 1810. She came to his court and for a time shared the most powerful court in Christendom, but her roval birth and blood did not incline her to admire or to affiliate readily with the rather new and crude people who composed the court of the former "upstart." Her life was not a happy one. In less than five years Waterloo came, and Napoleon was sent to St. Helena. The haughty Austrian princess who had married him for reasons of state took no more interest in his fate, retired to Austria, became the more ganatic wife of an obsure prince, and ended in a most commonplace manner a life that at the time of her marriage promised exceptional brilliancy. It is not impossible that as the present queen regent of Spain contemplates the difficulties that surround her, she recurs to the fate of her female relatives of former generations who have contracted marriages among the princes of that region known to the Romans

# The National Guard.

Strength and Equipment of the Soldiers of Our First

There are 10,000,000 men liable to military service in the United States. The actual strength of all the state soldiers composing the national guard previous to the recent call by the President for troops was 113,460 men and officers. A special feature of the national guard of New York is the efficiency it has attained in the military signal and telegraph service. The signal corps attached to a brigade is furnished with all the improved United States army signal kits, field telegraph instruments, field telephones, flash lanterns and heliographs, engineering and electrical instruments.

The work of a signal corps in state camp includes besides signaling the study of engineering, including making road maps, field sketching and bridge and signal tower building.

The normal strength of the national guard in New York state is 13,285. The number of males in the state liable to military service is 942,750. Next to New York, Pennsylvania

strongest in its national guard, with 8,547 men. Wyoming, with a roll of 345, has the smallest enlistment, while Nevada, with 346 men, goes it one better. Alaska and the Indian Territory have no organized

-Colorado Springs boasts of being the quietest town in the country. No church pells are rung there and no whistles are blown. A local paper admits that the dogs bark at night in Colorado Springs, as they do everywhere else, but it adds that "when

### National Value of Forests.

The Experience of Spain a Warning for the Legis-

lators of this Country. Inasmuch as a proposition is pending in Congress to reopen to settlement certain forest reservations in the West, a very per-tinent comment is that made by Mr. Chas. Francis Adams on one of the causes that have led to the downfall of Spain. It is a fact that this peninsula once supported a population of 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 and days at Salem with relatives. now holds a meagre 17,000,000. The main reason for that is stated by Mr. Adams as

"During the last three years I have passed much time in Europe, visiting among other countries, Spain Italy, Germany, France and England. Whoever wishes to study the effect of deforesting on a country and on its people should by all means visit Spain. Not only has the country been ruined, but the very character of the people has been changed by the wholesale destruction of trees and the neglect in their renewal. The rivers have become mountain torrents, and large portions of the country a rugged, upland The same process is to-day going desert. on in Italy. The result on that country, as noticed by me in visits ten years apart, is lamentable The ancient forests are being wholly stripped from the mountains, and, while the rivers are converted into torrents, the water is not held in the soil. In Germany, on the other hand, the forestry laws are admirable. The result upon the country, climate and rainfall is apparent to the most careless observer."

It is certainly timely to urge the nation that it shall not permit itself to copy the Spanish example of decay in this or in any other respect. The fact stated by Mr. Adams has been corroborated again and again, to the effect that the denudation of the mountain slopes of Spain and the ero-sion of all soil have reduced it to a condition of semi-aridity and lessened its power to support population until one-third of its population is to-day indulging in bread

Of all the civilized nations we most nearly copy the Spanish stupidity in the hips.

The pique shirt waist is made on the set about showing ourselves to be wiser than the nation whose decay is now so evident. The forests of the Pacific slope should be intelligently preserved; the waste lands of the Mississippi Valley and Atlantic coast should be reforested.

There can be no better investment in a double sense that to replant those portions of the country that are practically useless for farming with these trees that in a generation or two would by their value as timber repay the cost with interest.

### Plant Sugar Maples.

Should we plant maple groves? There can hardly be two opinions of this subject. The beet-sugar industry is a problem, says Mr. Powell, in the New York *Tribune*, but the maple-sugar industry never was a pro-blem. It pays better than three-fourths of our farm work. At eight cents a pound maple sugar finds ready market, while much of the better product sells at ten cents and twelve cents. The syrup is sold by producers directly to consumers at \$1 a gallon -very rarely less than eighty cents. Throughout New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other States this direct sale to consumers takes up a large part of the product excepting only two or three countries of Northern New York. But it is not, just now, as a market product that the subject should be mainly considered. Every family is a sugar consumer and a sugar buyer. Most farmers can make the larger part of this sugar supply as easily as they In spite of this it was only 17 years of this sugar supply as easily as they thereafter when, in 1810, another daughter can raise their own potatoes. A famiof the great and terrible Napoleon. All her | will cost such a family from \$15 to \$30 a from 20 to 250 pounds of maple sugar. That is, where the trees stand in the open. The product is less where the sugar is made from trees in the forest. This is equivalent to at least half the family's requirements for sugar. But the sales of syrup will make an aggregate value per tree even higher. A grove of fifty trees in the open will occupy not more than a quarter of an acre. Besides the sugar product the grove is advantageous for shade, also for an enormous product of humus each fall, and for windbreaks and shelter, and as an equalizer of temperature and moisture. Maple trees should grow in a grove. They do not thrive as well as street trees, where they are subject to much abuse of the saw and exposure of the trunk to hot snnshine. A grove might well be given place on every farm of twenty acres. Why shall there not be a general planting of maple groves during the spring of 1898?

# Once Considered Insane.

Some interesting stories about the enlistnent of recruits to the Ninth have been going the rounds. One of the assistant surgeons of the Ninth gave a young man a rigid examination, under orders, as the young man was not thought to be a desirable recruit.

had been ascertained, and the color of his hair and eyes noted, the dialogue between surgeon and prospective recruit went on as hair and eyes noted, the dialogue between

"Were you ever rejected for life insurance ?" "No."

"Have you ever given up au occupation on account of your health or habits?" "No."

"Are you subject to dizziness?"
"No."

"To fluttering heart, pain in the chest, old in the head, shortness of breath, severe headache?"
"No."

"Have you had fits?" "Nor stiff joints!" "No." ."Sunstroke?"

"Have you ever been considered insane? "Yes, sir."

"What's that you say?" asked the surgeon, scratching out the "No" that he had written in anticipation of a negative

going to enlist. As I got tired of saying No' I just thought I'd mention it."

# A Job Pat Liked.

A Philadelphia man is responsible for the following tale: "I met the other day an old Irishman, who used to be a paper-mill roustabout when I knew him, and, as he was in his working clothes, I said : 'Well, Mike, have you a job!' 'Oi hov,' he replied, 'an' be th' same token I hov a dom foine wan, too.' 'What are you doing?' I asked again. 'Oi hov a job tearing ?' I asked again. 'Oi hov a job tearing down a Protestant church, and, begorra, Oim getting paid fur it.''

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Augusta R. Briard served in the carding room of the Pacific Mill, at Lawrence, Mass., continuously for forty-five years. For thirty years she was under one overseer. She lived in one corporation building house for thirty-five years, during thirty-two of which she occupied one room. She has earned enough to maintain her comfortably, and will spend the rest of her

Nothing is more useful for the little maid for summer than a flannel or serge sailor suit and middy cap. Serge is an excellent material, for it does not show the dust. The skirts are cut like mamma's, with a slight flare at the hem. The blouse hangs over the waistband and it is finished with a sailor collar, over which is worn a white linen collar trimmed with braid. white and red are the favorite colors for the sailor suits. A suit of dark cranberry red has a collar braided with black and the jacket is tied with black ribbon. It is worn over a white duck guimpe.

Six girls at a smart luncheon all in black affeta skirts and white pique shirt waists. This was unique enough in itself to set the fashion, as it included four of the smartest debutantes and two of the best known girls who had been out for three years. And set the fashion it did, for every woman who has the price in her purse, and that need not be very much, has made up her mind that the black taffeta skirt and the white pique shirt waist she must have.

If you have an inexpensive dressmaker work for you by the day you can get the taffeta skirt cheaper than you can buy it ready made. Put the ruffles nearly to the waist; and they are inexpensive and more satisfactory, made of taffeta than those ruffles that are bound in velvet ribbons. They look so very hot on a sweltering day and the ruffles catch the dust in a manner which is unpleasant to deal with. Your skirt must be narrow, the ruffles must be bias, not too full, rising upward a little at the back and fitting very closely over the

original shirt waist plan; yoke in the back, not too full in front, because the pique is too stiff to allow many gathers; sleeves narrow, ending in short, small cuffs. Your sleeves, by the way, must have the effect that the men's peg top trousers do; they all grow much narrower at the wrist, with a cuff fitting snugly. Very large, round white crochet buttons are used down the front and rarely does a linen collar go

with the shirt waist.

There is another story in that. For linen collars are getting out of favor; the good form neck arrangement of to-day to be worn with the shirt waist is plaid taffe-ta ribbon, crossed around at the back of the neck, brought down very low in front and tied in a small flat bow, with two rounded

ends reaching nearly to the waist. The collar is finished with a narrow turnover bit of muslin. You buy them at 35 cents a pair if plain, 45 cents a pair if embroidered. You can make them yourself for much less. They are only side pieces; do not meet in front or back, but with your smartest gown remember to wear your muslin turn-over piece. The variations for your white pique shirt waist are

If it is for a morning call or a shopping expedition, a piece of black taffeta ribbon with a white turnover collar, the taffeta edged with narrow black lace, tied in a flat bow right over the first button hole. This with a black hat makes the most effective morning costume to be worn for the summer. For a luncheon or afternoon drive, lace, the long, round ends of the streamers having applied designs of rich lace on them. A girdle of satin to match with a heavy enameled or jewel buckle, as brilliant a hat as you care to wear, and you are dressed for the afternoon.

This season's bernffled skirts are vastly becoming to tall, slender figures. A concientious dressmaker, however, will by no neans recommend such a style to the short, plump woman. For her should be chosen a plain, untrimmed skirt, with many narrow gores, as it makes the wearer appear taller and slimmer.

Neckwear for women is what bothers them now. The best and latest is summed up as follows:

In addition to the gingham ties fair throats will be ornamented this season with handsome satin puff scarfs, the ends left to hang spreading and free, or folded neatly and flatly into the lady baby pattern. This last lets fall its satin ends from neck to waist line, is made up on a frame and sold complete and ready for adjustment, with a pretty pearl pin settled in its folds. Summing up the full compliment of summer neckwear mention must be made of the brocaded silk Teck and Ascot ties and of the big, showy Princess of Wales. This last is built of gay bengaline or soft paille puffed up on a frame, with or without a After the applicant's weight and height high throat stock. It is sold in white and and under petticoates, are reflecting the allprevading tint of the season, which is blue. The spring skies are repeated everywhere on the streets and in the shop windows, and not to wear blue of some tone is to be

> Ruffles on waists as on skirts, are narrow and cut bias, and are chiefly worn around the lower part of the yoke and over the top of the sleeve. A design for a slender figure shows two-inch ruffles all around the waist from the neck to the belt, and on the sleeves from the elbow to the shoulder.

> one season behind the times. Azure and

flag blue are the two favorite knots of this

The red-white-and-blue craze is in evidence everywhere. When conservative business men wear as many as three or four quite good-sized flags on their coats and are proud of them, small wonder that women have fallen in love with the Dewey shirt waist. These Dewey waists are of blue and white stripes running bias in the front with the straight pleat as is fashionable now. They are in Madras, lawn or Japa-"Well, I guess it's all right," replied the recruit. "My mother said that I was insane to-night when I told her that I was sides being novel and appropriate, their efsides being novel and appropriate, their effect is very pretty and becoming.

> Handsome facsimiles of the belts worn by officers of the navy and army are being built for the shirt waist girl. The buckles are of silver, handsomely gilded, and exact reproductions of the regulation brass ones, while the belt is of the finest gold webing. The girls will soon be carrying canteens full of yellow fever antidote

Some of the thin wash dresses for girls