

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

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 Chisbury 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, of this ain't the very hottest day I ever see, even here on Hill-top, and them bees do make an awful tiresome noise," she said, half-aloud, looking across the heat-haze in the pretty garden to some bee hives on a bench under the trees.

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 peapods boiling for her midday meal, paused suddenly before a shining oblong mirror, hanging upon the wall.

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 yellowed papers, almost forgotten, but pregnant still with memories to hearts that grow old.

If it was warm up on Hill-top 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 sweat rolled from him and made little pools of black in the thick, white dust of the road.

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 handkerchief.

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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.

"Ezekiel Jones—what do you mean?" she gasped, standing very straight. "Ezekiel's eyes pined 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.

There was a time when such conduct on our part would have been resented by every crowned head as an assault 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.

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.

It was with a 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.

Miss Kate Lutz, a seventeen year-old 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 which he found her hanging. She will recover. No reason is assigned.

Three Daughters of Austria.

Those who read the somewhat pathetic speech of the queen regent of Spain, delivered 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.

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. It is 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 of the water.

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In spite of this it was only 17 years thereafter when, in 1810, another daughter of the Austrian royal house became the sharer of the French throne as the consort of the great and terrible Napoleon. All her life she had been taught to exorcise the 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.

She came to his court and for a time shared the most powerful court in Christendom, but her royal birth and blood did not incline her to admire or to affiliate herself 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 gaudy wife of an obscure prince, and ended in a most commonplace manner a life that at the time of her marriage promised exceptional brilliancy.

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.

Colorado Springs boasts of being the quietest town in the country. No church bells 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 they run about they make no noise with their feet in the sandy soil."

National Value of Forests.

The Experience of Spain a Warning for the Legislators of this Country.

Inasmuch as a proposition is pending in Congress to reopen to settlement certain forest reservations in the West, a very pertinent 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 now holds a meagre 17,000,000. The main reason for that is stated by Mr. Adams as follows:

"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 desert. The same process is to-day going 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.

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 on 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 problem. It pays better than three times as much for the maple sugar as the beet sugar. 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.

Some interesting stories about the enlistment 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.

Once Considered Insane.

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

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

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

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

"Have you had fits?" "No."

"Stiff joints?" "No."

"Stroking?" "No."

"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 answer.

"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 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?' 'Oh, how,' he replied, 'an' be th' same taken I hove a dem foin' wan, too.' 'What are you doing?' I asked again. 'Oh hov a job tearing down a Protestant church, and, be-gorra, Oim getting paid for it.'"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Augusta K. 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 days at Salem with relatives.

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 is finished with a sailor collar, over which is worn a white linen collar trimmed with braid. Blue, white and red are the favorite colors for the sailor suits. A suit of dark cranberry red has a collar braid with black and the jacket is tied with black ribbon. It is worn over a white duck gimp.

Six girls at a smart luncheon all in black taffeta 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, and run upward a little at the back and fitting very closely over the hips.

The pique shirt waist is made on 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 croch 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 taffeta 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 turnover piece. The variations for your white pique shirt waist are many.

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, even an informal dinner, the stock is of lavender or pink satin, edged with white lace, the long, round ends of the streamers having applied designs of rich lace on them. A girle 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 broffled skirts are vastly becoming to tall, slender women. A conscientious dressmaker, however, will by no means 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 to 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 new wide silk neckties. As for ties of the big, showy Princess of Wales. This last is built of gay bengaline or soft paille pulled up on a frame, with or without a high throat stock. It is sold in white and the palest tints, else in vividly Roman striped taffeta. Neckties, in common with gowns, hats, sashes and gloves, sunshades and under petticoats, are reflecting the all-prevailing tint of the season, which is blue.

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 Japanese silk, with collar and cuffs of red. Besides being novel and appropriate, their effect is very pretty and becoming.

Handsone fasciniles 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 webbing. The girls will soon be carrying canteens full of yellow fever antidote.

Some of the thin wash dresses for girls are tucked from them to waist, and others have necks alternating with narrow laced-edge frills all the way up the skirt.