

Bellefonte, Pa., May 27, 1898.

OUR FLEETS.

A song for our fleets-our iron fleets

Of grim and savage beauty, That plow their way throungh fields of spray, To follow a nation's duty! The winds may blow and the waves may flow And the stars may hide their faces. But little we reck; our stars o'er deck

Let never a one who gazes on This pageant calm and splendid Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts Will gallantly be defended! A desperate foe may wish us woe

But what is their petty knavery Against the right, when backed with might. And the Anglo-Saxon bravery? A song for our fleets-our gallant fleets, 'Neath flags of glory flying,

To carry the aid, so long delayed, To those that are crushed and dving! And flames may glow, and blood may flow; But still, with a stern endeavor We'll rule the main and lash foul Spain From our Western world forever!

SIM GAGE'S TAJ MAHAL.

-Will Carleton.

The valley of the Red river of the north is really the bottom of an ancient sea, whose floor, flat as a table, 40 miles across from rim to rim, runs illimitably north and south, drained now by a crooked deep cut thread of water.

Here and there a clump of trees, yellowgreen against the yellow gray may rise deprecatingly, but they are the trees of men, merely tolerated by the elements. Deep, rich grass and flowers and snow and savage cold were long the main products of this great wild garden of the north. Once the grass and flowers for hundreds of miles lay spread like a royal carpet; but now the carpet is made of hundreds of miles of wheat, fine and hard, such as no other land produces. Men of the old world and the new, from the north, the west and the east, swept out into this garden land that lay ready for the plow as soon as the Indians were driven away from it. The creak of the wooden-wheeled carts of the half-breed buffalo-hunters was replaced by the clank

of the seeder and the rattle of the reaper. Sim Gage's house, low and clinging hard to the earth with which it combated, stood far out in the middle of this broad prairieground, across which one might look for more than ten miles and see the big elevators of the nearest town.

There were no towns at all there 15 years before, when Sim Gage first turned up the bright black loom on his claim. Since then he had met the blizzards and beaten them and had endured the blazing heats of the swift summer seasons. The snow had not separated his grip from the land on which he had laid hold, and drought had not burned out his resolution.

His hair had thinned and grown gray, his face became browned and seamed with the weather, and perhaps his heart had hardened somewhat under the steady and relentless pressure of his life; but never show it, I guess; that's about it, eh?"

"Maybe so, pa." had he slackened his hold or dreamed of giving up the fight with this iron-bound garden of the wheat. He had hardly lifted

up his eyes. At first it was bacon and bread that Sarah Gage, his wife, and cooked; then it was beef and bread. It began to be beef so plain I heard it fair, 'Not the marble Sarah Gage, his wife, and cooked ; then it and bread and other things of late years, when Number One wheat had brought growing cities to the edge of the forgotten sea. But then Sarah Gage died. Poor woman! she should have been unhappy, no doubt, during her life, but she was not wise enough. The years broke her down. and the winds blew away her color and comeliness, but neither sun nor snow could dim her love, her cheerfulness or her faith. She loved her home, every inch of it, as it grew. She loved her husband, loved her daughter. All her dreams came true.

was the Lord's day. Twelve miles or more across the prairie each Sunday, although the icy poudre cut or the sun scorched or the level ground swam with water, Sarah Gage rode or drove to church. Farther than that she would go to nurse the sick settler in his "shack" or care for the overworked woman who had dropped in the harness of the daily life.

How beautiful and noble is such a life as that of Sarah Gage! You may have eaten bread made of the Number One wheat she helped to raise, and the money you paid for it may have helped buy the hymn book that she loved and from which they chose the favorite hymn to sing above her grave ; her grave in the bottom of the forgotten sea. That was in the fall, when the air was

growing sharp; although still the mid-day heat flamed up apace. The clear blue of the sky was flecked and lined with troops of white fowl. The stubble-fields were white with the great flocks of the snowgeese coming down from the north. In the geese coming down from the north. In the morning long squads and armies of the big brown grouse, on rocking, rapid, intermitten things. It ain't much, but it ain't easy. And this is goin' to be your ma's Taj Mahal!" mittent wing, were passing down from the barren wastes of snow to regions where timber and corn-lands gave them a longer

Only man remained behind in this forsaken land, to prove to the elements that he was master there. The grass passed into the seer and yellow leaf and was cut down by the frost, and snow blew above it

to render it forgotten.
Sim Gage went back to the house and sat down in the black clothing worn alike for festival or mourning. His face was hard and emotionless, but his blue eyes looked out with pitiful and beseeching gaze. Emmy comforted him, as is the mission of woman-kind, though Emmy should still have been a girl.

All through the swift fall and the leadenfooted winter Emmy was at her father's side, doing for him all she could. From dark to dark she was always busy. The cattle at the barn needed her sometimes, and the silent clamoring of housekeeping never ceased its dull appeal. The Dakota home was as neat as any in England. By the fireside sat a figure suddenly grown old; but quietly, here, there, everywhere, moved the straight form of Emmy-a woman grown matured in her demeanor in less than 30 days, realizing the burden which had come to her, but ready to meet it with continuing courage. It was not alone the men who won the west. When the deep snows came and the bitter cold Emmy and her father bundled up in heavy wool and furs when they went about their out-door work. At night, gathered close to the little stove, the two talked or read or often furs when they went about their out-door times passed long hours in silence. Emmy had a few books and journals and now and then a picture. Perhaps it was a premium from a weekly paper that she had obtained the picture she most prized, a photographic tings of the rosebushes which she had obreproduction showing a fairy dream in tained, and these they planted with care architecture, a white palace of some unabout the walls of Sim Gage's Taj Mahal.

So it might have passed had it not been for the Farmer's Encyclopedia. For one night Emmy, turning over the pages of this encyclopedia, saw there the blurred like-

"I've found it pa !" she exclaimed. "Found what, Emmy?" said the old

really a temple at all. It's a mau-sole-

yum. Listen here. She read aloud.
"The Taj Mahal of Agra, India, without doubt the most beautiful and renowned mau-sole-yum of the earth. This wondrous triumph of architectural skill was built by the sultan of India as a fitting tomb for the body of his beloved wife, the sultana, to whom he was much devoted. A royal treasure was expended in this noble monument, and even to-day kingly ransoms are visible in the precious stones displayed in the decoration of the tomb. The edifice is of solid white marble and is set in the middle of vast and beautiful gardens. The main building is surmounted by a lofty dome rising above the centre and flanked by four delicate minarets or towers. The interior is an infinitude of inlaid work and exquistie carvings in the marble. In the central chamber rests the sarpophay-gus of the sultana, and near by it is that of the sultan, her husband, who built for her this royal tomb that the world might known

his love for her." Emmy closed the book, with her finger between the pages and took up her long-prized picture.

It cost more than the state capitol. pa," she said, "and it's ever so many hundred years old. I knew it was something all the time."

"Let me see it, Emmy," said the old man. He held it long in his hand, gazing at it as if to fix in his mind each line and light and shadow.

"Does it say anything about that there woman-who she was or what she looked like, Emmy?" "No, pa, not as I can see. It's mostly

about the mau-sole-yum." "She must have been a toler'ble goodlooking woman, I guess," said Sim Gage after a time. "And she must have been a good woman, too, or her husband wouldn't have set so much store by her. I allow he must have had money.'

He said little more and soon bade his daughter good night. Emmy, left at the fireside, sat dreaming of what it would be to be so dearly loved as that. Her father, at 58, lay down to dream of what it had been thus to love.

One morning, many days after, Sim Gage pushed his chair back from the breakfast table and spoke out slowly and as if by deliberate and well-considered plan. "Emmy," said he, "I loved your ma."

"Yes, pa, I know you did," said Emmy, quietly, "and she did you." "Yes and she did me. Emmy, do you s'pose that there sultan ever loved his sulta

ness any more'n I did your ma or she did me? "Why, pa-"

"But he was a leetle bit better fixed to

"Emmy, I'w gettin' kind of old and foolish, I expect. I never used to have dreams—I jus' slept. But last night I had a dream. I dreamt I saw that there sultaness woman all dressed in silks and diaand the precious stones, but the flowers that perish, these are most fit for human monument.' Emmy, I heard it plain !" Emmy was confused, and both sat silent for a time. The old man was first to speak

"Emmy," said he, "your ma must have Taj Mahal! I loved her, and she loved me, and she earned it, dearie knows. We can't make it of diamonds, and we ain't got marble nor any fancy stones, but we can build a Taj Mahal. We'll dig a sideditch from the big well and get water over Six days she labored, and the seventh to where your ma is; and we'll make a wall of these here niggerhead boulders, and we'll plant rosebushes at each corner, and-Emmy, do you know what I'm goin'

to do ?" "Yes ?" "Well, now, do you know, your ma, I may say, never did have all the fresh fruit she wanted to eat, never after she come up nere to live. We used to drive over 40 miles to Plum Creek to get a mess of wild plums, and some years that'd be about all the fruit we did get, too. Last year, when we begun to strike these artesians, I told your ma that before long we could begin to raise fruit for ourselves as soon as we got the hang of it, and nothing we ever did pleased her so much as that. And now she's gone. But do you know what I'm going to do? I'm goin' to keep a rosebush at each corner every summer; and I'm goin' to plant strawberries inside the wall, and I'm goin' to have a row of blackberry bushes outside. Your ma would

The blue and white panorama of the icy winter swept on in its icy sameness, till at last spring drew on again. The snow here and there let through the color of the earth. The wild geese came streaming up from the south, and in each open water-hole the lean and weary wild ducks paused in their continental flight. The snow quite disappeared, and a fringe of green appeared along the ditch banks. The boom of the dancing grouse echoed far on the air in the mornings, and over the burned prairies stalked the bent-billed yellow curlews. In the air sounded mysteriously sweet the mellow note of the plover; answered below by the twitterings of the larks. The gurgle of water came, and the wind blew

land. Sim Gage was a bowed and aged man when he went his way into the fields this spring, but he made no complaint, and no one heard him openly bemoan the loss of the wife he had loved so dearly and who had stood by him so steadfastly in the fight which had won their home. Sim Gage hauled boulders from the fields to the spot where Sarah Gage lay sleeping with no monument to mark her resting place, and here he built with his own hands the four rude but enduring walls, high as his waist and laid of the heavy iron-like boulders. which neither frost nor sun nor rain nor

snow could injure. With care and pain he did the work, stream of water to the spot where he required it. When all this was done he told Emmy that the time had come for her to aid him, and Emmy went out with the cut-

ed it for its own, even as the winter had done, but upon the flat and burning face of the patched valley land shone always a a jewel of emerald, the miracle of the withered plains, all the flowers of which

And although winter came again and drenching spring and burning summer, such was the care of these two souls who "My picture! It ain't Solomon's Tem-ple. It's the—the Taj Mahal. Its all described right here in the book. It ain't to by many flowers, and fruit hung over the wall and fell ungathered upon the mound within.

"Emmy, girl," said Sim Gage one day, as if taking up a topic which had just been dropped, "Emmy, about that Taj Mahal, it seems to me it's accordin' to our lights I don't begrudge the sultan his Tai Mahal. the one he built for his sultaness. but mine is good enough for me."
"And," he added some moments later,

as if he had not paused, "no matter how good and pretty she may have been—and I don't deny she was all that-I guess she wasn't any pertier'n vour ma, nor any better a woman, nor any harder-workin' a wife, nor any faithfuller. God bless 'em both, Emmy, the sultaness that he loved and your ma that I loved, too !"-By E. Hough, in Youth's Companion.

The Grand Old Man.

John Clark Ridpath Traces Gladstone's Life His Leadership in Political Circles, His Characteristics

"Mountains have fallen, Leaving a gap in the clouds, and, with the Rocking their Alpine, brethren."

In December of 1809, when Wm. Ewart Gladstone, was born, the paint was still fresh on the only steamboat in the world. Thus far and no farther had proceeded the evolution of human passage by waterways and rivers. The methods of preserving life and the means of destroying it were scarce-ly improved or modified since the Middle Ages. In January of that year Sir John Moore, at Ceruna, won his fatal victory over the French with flintlock muskets. All the arts of modern life were still in the rudimentary stages.

In Great Britain it cost 14 pence to send letter 300 miles, and in the United States 17 cents for the same service. There was not an iron-barred tramway on the face of the globe. Men hoped to fly through the air, but had no expectation of being propelled by steam. In that year, after his 66th ascension, died Francois Blanchard, first aeronaut to cross the English Channel. In the farm sheds of the world there was perhaps not a single plow with iron or steel mold-board. The harvest hands in the wheat fields of all countries from Poland to the Alleghanies cut their grain with sickles. The most rapid transit on earth or sea was the sailing vessel, and that might

be surpassed in speed by race horses. HIS EARLY ENVIRONMENT.

In the political state of the world history had appointed France and France had appointed Napoleon to lead a revolutionary storming party against the ancient order in Europe. The European countries were crouching down close to the walls, hoping that the storm might pass and that they might again emerge to sit on thrones and hunt in parks and gather beauty of doubtful reputation into courts where fashion reigned and virtue was not even remembered.

In our own country the third Virginian President had in the preceding spring come to the Chief Magistracy of the young republic. Hamilton was five years dead. Henry Clay was leader of the house. The Adams was contributing to the ton Patriot letters in defense of his policy while President. On the 6th of July Napoleon fought his great battle of Wagram, and on the 16th of December he divorced Josephine.

HIS BIRTHYEAR NOTABLE.

It was under these conditions and these stars that Wm. E. Gladstone was born. His life line has been drawn lengthwise through the century, but other great lines are there also. Gladstone did not come or go alone. The year 1809 was as conspicuous for its human products as had been that fortieth preceding year which brought into being the two world conquerors, Humboldt and Bonaparte. On the 12th of February in this year, and coincidentally on the same day, came into the world Chas. Robert Darwin in England and Abraham Lincoln in America. In this year also was born Alfred Tennyson, and Edgar A. Poe. In this year also came Mendelssohn, the great, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the chief wit of the New World.

Central in this group of immortals was the son of Sir John Gladstone, born in Liverpool on December 29th, 1809, to be educated at Eton, trained privately for two years by Dr. Turner (afterward Bishop of Calcutta) and finished scholastically by the university discipline at Christ church, Oxford, from which he was graduated in 1831.

Gladstone began public life as a con-servative. He was the son of a merchant. He inherited that commercial spirit which regards business as the first concern of human life. It is doubtful whether Gladstone ever in his career considered any great question without first estimating its business effects on Great Britain and it's commercial aspects in relation with the affairs of the world.

ALWAYS CONSERVATIVE.

The conservative spirit of Gladstone, manifested even in those parts of his life which are regarded as radical and reformatory, was always predominant. He was courageous in the conflict of debate and audacious at a distance. No statesman ever more eagerly embarked in foreign afsofter, and the green grew higher in the land. fairs, none was ever more radical as it respected conditions in the East, but none ever more prudent about disturbing British society with actual radicalism, except when British society had already reformed itself and only called for some one

to deliver its purpose in words.

It was in this frame that Gladstone in 1832 entered public life. He was sent into parliament as a Tory representative of Newark. His first noted efforts in that body were in defense of slavery in the West In-dies. He held back the abolition of slavery in Jamaica and Demerara as long as he could. He showed how tolerable slavery might be when the lash was held by such philanthropist and planter as his father. He was strongly supported from the first. His large talents and sterling character furnished a basis of merit too frequently wanting in the politicians of his times. Gladstone was always assiduous in application to his studies and to his political duties. He was rather silent in his ambitions, but he pressed forward, slowly,

it is true, but surely, to eminence. ENTRANCE INTO POLITICS.

In 1834 he was Junior Lord of the Treas-

Solomon Temple, having read of that and sook the region, and bitter drought claim- President of that body and had a seat in and the bill for the home rule of Ireland knowing of no better name. the Cabinet of Sir Robert. Two years af- was negatived. Thus, near the end of his terward he resigned from the Min-istry on a question of conscience! thread of green, and upon this thread hung In the same year, however, he became Secretary of State for the Colonies. Gladstone belonged to the faction known as the Peelites, but he was not extreme, and it was easy to see that he would presently affiliate with one of the dominant parties in the state. He gradually veered over, between 1846 and 1852, to progressive and moderately radical politics. doing so he offended Oxford. Oxford re-nounced him, and he renounced Oxford in ne of the most courageous passages of his

> Meanwhile, in 1852, Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Earl of Aberdeen. In this office it devolved upon him to manage the finances of the British Empire during the Crimean War. Aberdeen, on account of inefficiency, was soon overthrown, but Gladstone was carried over to the Cabinet of Palmerston.

Again the Chancellor in '59, he became for the second time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He now rose to the place of leader of the House of Commons. His Liberal tendencies had gone so far that he could no longer wear with patience the cloak of the past. He left the theologians and went to the merchants. He abandoned the philosophers and sought comfort with the manufacturers. Sir John Gladstone revived in his son. He now became a leader of the mercantile and half-Democratic growing party of Liberals in Great Britain.

It was in this relation that Gladstone was brought into contact and fierce antagonism with his brilliant rival. Benjamin Disraeli. The latter was four years Gladstone's senior. In learning and wit and adroitness he was greatly the superior. The character of Disraeli was sprightly, versatile, penetrating as an electrical flash fertile in resources, with a talent for combination and strategy which amounted to genius. In all these respects he was a head above his rival, but the latter had more momentum, and in the long run he had the better of the battle.

TWO CONTENDING LEADERS. For a period of more than 20 years the two leaders were set against each other in Presidency of the United States, the greatest political prize in the world. For this Gladstone and Disraeli battled. Three Death has taken the g times in the fight the latter was successful and four times the former. It was in the vicissitudes of this contest, extending from about the middle of the century to 1876, that the political policy of Great Britain

was chiefly shaped and determined. It was in this contest that Gladstone rose to a stature which has given him a just pre-eminence in the history of his age. His first great reformatory measure was with respect to the suffrage in Great Britain. In 1867 he espoused the cause of suffrage reform. He took the ground that with respect to the suffrage England should be moderately revolutionized so that a much larger proportion of her citizens might be admitted to the governing body. On this issue Gladstone rose to the first office in the M. Barkley, of Detroit, whom Dr. McCook kingdom. He became Prime Minister for the first time that Disraeli, when about to fail and fall before the Gladstonian forces, performed his great coup, by which he wrested the laurels from his rival and became for a season himself the leader of the party of reform. He even went beyond the Gladstonian proposals and brought the suffrage to so popular a stage as to render

it virtually Democratic. THE GREAT CHURCH QUESTION.

In like manner the two men were pitted against each other on the great question of disestablishing the Irish church. Disraeli, himself a Hebrew by descent, a strong comphans of the diseased ministers. It showed bination of Asian mystery and Western science, led the forces of Conservatism in this conflict. Gladstone led the Liberals. He led them to victory. He secured the overthrow of the Irish church. As Prime Minister he accomplished the great reform. In like manner he went forward to prepare the land act, having in view a revolution in the system of Irish land ownership. He became energetic and humane in his determination to relieve the Irish peasantry from the awful abuses to which they had been subjected from time immemorial.

In this work he was hampered by the conservative temper of the British nation. It was one thing to knock down the effete ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland; it was another thing to disestablish the landlords. The latter constituted a "business interest," and woe to him who attempts to reform business! The Gladstonian measure of 1870 was so strongly antagonized that after a partial victory was achieved for justice the Liberal ascendency began to decline. Gladstone went to the wall in 1874, and conservatism was again en

throned. It was as this juncture that the home rule agitation became active. The reform which had begun in the way of rectifying ecclesiastical abuses and had proceeded to ecclesiastical abuses and had proceeded to the reform of the system of land ownership now came to the crucial test of reforming the political condition. Gladstone may be said to have consumed the last 20 years of his life in the attempt to reform the political condition. his life in the attempt to reform the political estate of the Irish race.

HOME RULE AGITATED.

This was a work worthy of the highest genius and the highest devotion. He made the world ring with his eloquence and brought the world to his side of the contention. Gradually his conservative and slow moving countrymen rallied to his banner. Their shoutings were heard as the voice of waters. It was in the Midlothian campaign of 1880 that Gladstone appeared in his most heroic aspect. He had been out of office since 1874. His victory and the victory of his party in that year must be regarded as the culminating crisis of his political ascendency. He came through the contest triumphant.

THIRD TIME PREMIER.

Great Britain, he went into the House of Commons as a conqueror. In that stormy arena he flung out the pennon of home rule for Ireland. The nations were in expectancy. The vicissitudes of the contest The nations were in exwere many and severe. How the measure failed for a time in 1880 is known to all; how the brief reascendency of the Marquis of Salisbury followed is also known. Then the Grand Old Man appealed again to his countrymen. His appeal was heard. They rose like an army with banners, and again the veteran states-man returned victorious to the scene of his own battles. For the fourth time he became Prime Minister. Now it was, in August of 1892, that his great speech on the home rule project, the supreme effort of his old age, was delivered and was cabled across seas and continents to the waiting nations. For the hour it appeared that Ireland would be lifted into a new relation with the British empire and with the familiar but compelling design. Neither she nor her father knew the name of the original of the picture but they called it value and perishing. The rains for-

career, in 1893, William E. Gladstone was obliged to give over the project of home rule and presently to retire from the arena in which he had so long been the foremost actor. In doing so he shook his hand in defiance, not only at the House of Lords. but at that whole system of aristocratic organization and ancient privilege which is represented by that Honse and held as in a keep unto the judgment of the last day.

THE WORLD HAS WAITED. For several years the world has awaited the event. The veteran statesman, long past his 80th year, had been seen and heard often in his private walks in the grounds of Hawarden. In this relation no character of modern times has held a more enviable place. Here a serenity of mind and loftiness of purpose which are rarely attained by the sons of

the result of the skillful surgery that gives him back his sight. We hear him speaking for the Armenians. We applaud his denunciations of the Turk. We note with pleasure the philanthropic expressions of the old hero in behalf of the downtrodden among all nations. We admire the weight of his old age. We surround the woodchopper, a group of boys and young men gathered from all nations, and shout as the bareheaded veteran swings his ax. We read and republish his exquisite bit of little song addressed to his grand-daughter, Dorothy Drew. We join a little space in the play with her kittens and spitz on the big rug, in the halls of Hawarden Castle. We visit the old man's library. We go with him to Holland to attend the opening of the Kiel Canal. We return and note with anxiety the lengthening shadows cast up from the sunset through the forest and parks of his ancient estate. We wait with

sympathy for the final event. We see the conclusion of the 88th year of this marvelous human pilgrimage. We mark the tottering step, the slow incoming of decrepitude, the deepening wrinkles on the furrowed face, the blossom of the almond tree, the obscuration of the light, the the contention for the premiership of Great settling of the darkness, the incoming of Britain. This position is, if we except the the final night, not unrelieved, however by the benignant star of hope hanging lumin-

Death has taken the grand old man on of the world. The drama is concluded. The last act is done. There is a funeral across the sea; the nations are the mourners. Humanity has lost a friend and the nations have lost a leader.

Presbyterian Patriots.

The Presbyterian General Assembly now in session at Winona Lake, Ind., is fairly outdoing itself in patriotic resolutions which it introduces at every session.

Elder Charles J. Merritt, of Chicago, who enlisted in 1861, declared that the Maine "marked the line between civilized warfare from dastardly treachery." M. Barkley, of Detroit, whom Dr. McCook greeted as "Johnny Reb." He dwelt upon the present patriotic ties uniting the North and South glorying in the fact that the first blood spilt in the present conflict was that of the South, and that it was mingled with Northern blood on the deck of the Winslow, off Cardenas. Elder Noel Blakeman, of New York, also spoke and the final address was made by Dr. Henry C. McCook. He commended the work of the National Relief commission, and caused enthusiasm by reference to deeds of the past and anticipations of the future. He made the report of the board of relief for disthat 875 names were carried on the roll. Among them were 342 ministers, 472 widows and 29 orphan families. The average amount of annuities paid was \$205. Last year the board reported a debt of \$20,911; this year a working balance of \$6,526. This was due to the fact that 4,126 churches have contributed to the needs of the board, being an increase of 594 over the number of churches giving in any previous year. The receipts for 1897-98 were From churches, \$88,164; from individuals, \$16,643; on interest account, \$70,334; unrestricted legacies, \$27,893; total, \$197, 136, or an increase of \$36,280 over last year. The board has permanent funds

amounting to \$1,132,449, only the income

from which is used. The Rev. Wallace Radeliffn, D. D., pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, of Washington, who was elected Moderator on Thursday by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, in session at Winona Lake, Ind., is a man of vigorous measures when he believes the occasion demands action. He is witty, jovial and a delightful entertainer, with nothing of the austere air which characterizes so many clergymen. From his youth he has been devoted to athletic sports and is conthan an incident which occurred while he was the pastor of the Fort Street Presbyterian church in Detroit, a few years ago. For some reason he had incurred the enmity of a young man who was something of a social lion. One Sunday morning just after the reverend gentleman opened the services, this young man walked into the church, down the aisle end when he reached the pulpit vented his wrath in words that were not fit for a church or any other respectable building. He remained there only a moment, however, for with a bound the future Moderator was beside the belligerent, in an instant had given him a stunning whack over the ear that stopped his speechmaking and taking a short neck hold he sent the intruder flying for the front door before the congregation knew what was going on. He threw the fellow boldly into the street, and returning ascended the pulpit and said quietly "Let us Pray."

Reading Sesqui-Centennial.

For the Reading, Pa., Sesqui-Centennial Jubilee, June 5th to 12th, the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell excursion tickets from stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania to Reading and return at reduced rates. For specific rates and conditions apply to ticket agents.

This celebration promises to be one of the greatest events in the city's history. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 6th, 8th and 9th, will be special days. The celebration will close with a grand masked carnival on Saturday night, June 12th.

Appreciative.

Brown-"Don't you know that tobacco clogs up your brains?"
Cholly—"Thanks, old boy; thanks awfulFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

They talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven, There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing nor a woe, There's not a whisper, yes or no, There's not a life or death or birth That has a feather's-weight of worth Without a woman in it.

It is claimed that the continued use of high chokers and linen collars, has wellnigh destroyed the beauty of woman's throats. Age shows in the lines of the throat sometimes when the face is still youthful looking. When this is the case the soft, becoming ruffles and ruches cannot be too much used. But for evening dress the ruching has no place. Gladstone enjoyed the sunset days in bare throats are required the throats must be exposed. The only disguise then is a dog collar, such as the Princess of Wales has worn so long that she has become We hear him speak at intervals. We known by the eccentricity of her toilet. note his threatened blindness and rejoice at The band should be as wide as can comfortably be worn, and of velvet, which is ever becoming to the complexion. It may then be studded with jewels or sewn with beads. and is in itself a thing of beauty. Studs, earrings and finger rings are sometimes sewn on these collars, eyelets being made in the velvet to allow the settings to pass through to the wrong side. As long as possible, however, the throat should be left exposed, and have all the air and liberty it

> The very newest fad of the season, says Harper's Bazar, is the revival of an old fashion-the silk visite which our grandmothers wore. It consists of a little coat made of taffeta, which can be worn with any skirt—not only of silk, but of other material as well. The prettiest model is made with the back in a basque shape; the fronts loose but with long tabs; the sleeves very small, with a cap over the top, and a high turned-back collar faced with some bright color. The silk is covered with tiny cording or shirring put on in as fantastic a pattern as can be devised. It is not sup-posed to be lined, and is to be worn over a thin shirt waist or with a false front. It is held in place by a narrow belt which goes under the front piece. It has not as yet appeared, excepting at the private dressmaker's, but is already becoming a craze. For women who cannot wear shirtwaists there is nothing smarter or cooler. Of course, it is not a very easy model to make at home, but it is a possible one, and a very good one.

Curls have come into style again and fashion now decrees that the strictly modish maid or matron shall wear four curls of hair. These curls are unique because they are not very often seen and one may not notice them. They are to go alongside of and just below the Psyche knot, the loose knot of hair that is so much in vogue now. Whether a girl wears a high Psyche or a low Phyche does not matter; she must appear with these four little curls, each a trifle over an inch in length, rather loose and dangling, two on each side of the head, the higher about half way up, the lower just touching the neck.

It is just two years since curls came into fashion and then they went out quickly. This new style seems likely to stick, however, for it is becoming and popular already. The hair nowadays among the very best persons is dressed to give it a wavy, loose appearance in the back, especially with the younger women of society. Even the straightest, stiffest, most obdurate locks stand this treatment well, and the Psyche or some variation of it suits almost every girl. Whether the Psyche is worn high or low, these curls look exceedingly well and add much to the daintiness

hair. The girl whose hair will not curl need not dispair. She can easily keep in the fashion and at a very little cost. These new curls can be bought at several shops for from fifty cents up. Pinned on in precisely the proper place these look natural and could not be detected from the real.

In many up-to-date summer homes this summer plain denim will be used for floor covering instead of matting. This is put down over the carpet, and has superseded in popular favor the erstwhile fashionable gray-figured linen.

The summer girl is going to be of two kinds. One will be crisp and cool and clean in starched muslins, and the other will be soft and downy lide a flock of little chickens. The first will wear dimities, percales, piques and organdies. The others will affect the mulls, silk and cotton, and dainty Persian lawns and the weblike batistes. The first will have little trimming beyond a neat and tidy finish, with a snug belt, while the other will be nearly smothered in a foam of lace. One will wear skirts plainly hemmed or at most tucked, and the other will have lace ruffles until no one could compute the number of yards of lace employed. For the thin summer dresses the quantity of ruffling almost passes belief. The sleeves are shirred and puffed and frilled until one is almost lost in amaze. The waist is as fluffy and puckery and as stifled in delicate lace as the rest.

The sombrero hat of the Western plains

is all the fashion in New York. It is the favorite outing hat of the Fifth avenue girl. And also of her brother. Whether he has gone off to the war with band of riders or whether he plans to be at the summer resort.

Fashion has sanctioned the sombrero, hence the most up-to-date young persons

are wearing it. It is big and flashing and Western-like, but not becoming until the modern girl has given it an indefinable touch all her own. Then it is the most picturesque thing in

town. The sombrero is carrying off all the laurels as the correct hat for outdoor sports. The bicycle hat, the golf cap and the popular soft felt Alpine are losing their

popularity.

And then the Fifth avenue hat is trimmed in its own dividual way. A band of finely striped ribbon encircles the crown, generally in the Roman shades. At the left side a single quill is caught with a silver buckle, and the stem of the quill to be absolutely correct must not only be thrust through the buckle, but the end of it must be bent up.

The hats come in cream color, gray, black and a dun shade. Many of them are sold with just a plain leather strap around the crown fastened at

the side with a small buckle. The more the hats suggest the genuine cowboy the more they are to be desired.

There is a chance that we shall be weary of black and white before the season is over. Many grenadines and silks in this mixture bayadere stripes and they are corded with either black or white in such a way that this in itself forms a trimming below

Such are fashion's eccentricities.