

Bellefonte, Pa., August 5. 1898.

## JACKSON'S MYSTERY.

The girl, shading her eyes with a shapely hand, gazed away across the valley to the high woods and wondered. The young man pulled the flap of his hat down to shade his eyes, gazed across at

the high woods and wondered. They were a mile and a half apart, with a gently undulating line of turnpike road and a thick stratum of social station be-

tween them. She was Mary Gregson, the pretty, ouxom daughter of the Running Pump. The creaking sign over her head bore a faded picture of an aggressive head of grizzly hair, beneath which was the legend, "Jackson inn, by Sam Gregson,

horse trough in front of it, and being a much more suggestive object to the rural mind than the faded out portrait of a half forgotten hero, it lent its name to the inn in the conversation of the land and led to pretty Mary Gregson, the landlord's daughter, and the inn's landlady, being familiarly known as Mary at the Running Pump. The designation was clouded by no shadow of disrespect, but was used as became the nickname of a young lady who owned a piano, and a father who lived upon his own acres and who could sit a whole summer upon his own porch without damage to his pocketbook. The little hillside village of Jackson, numbering in all eightythree souls, revolved around the inn as its social center, a vicarious strife for supremacy being kept up by the general store on the south side of the road, the social glory of the store being, however, somewhat overweighted by a chattel mortgage held upon its stock and fixtures by the inn.

The young man was Joe Lutton, and he was as far down in the local social scale as Mary was up. He was the bound boy at Brabson's mill in the valley of Willow Creek, half a mile below Jackson. The facts that he ate at the same table with the miller's family, wore better clothes than the miller and knew considerable more than that worthy old man in no way contributed to elevate his social status. This is the reason that when Joe Lutton desired social recognition he put on his Sunday suit and walked over to the west side of

the Sourland foothills for it. Yet this young woman and this young man were both gazing over at the high woods, where the sun's first rays glinted in a golden sheen upon the luxuriant dark green foliage. And they were wondering at the same thing. And a very simple thing it was. Nothing but a smoke. A small, uncertain spiral of light blue smoke that manifested itself faintly against the darker blue background of the western

sky. "I wonder has one of old John Wylie's stacks burned last night?" commented Mary, as she brought her eyes down to the contemplation of the form of a man in a long coat seen dimly sauntering along the

road away down by the mill.
"I wonder if old Wylie lost a stack last night?" was Joe Lutton's reflection as he dropped his eyes to the contemplation of a strange man in a long coat who came up and passed him with a short, cheerful sal-

Joe went on home, where he changed his clothes and started the mill. Mary went into the house and to her

fast in this way : "Rache!"

'Yessim," from the cook. 'Ham 'neggs fried tarters' nchicken' radish-estea' ncofiee' nsich!'

Thus was the business of the day started. Jackson and its vicinity is a very cozy and comfortable little community away off among the gently rolling foothills of the Sourland mountains. Its main industry is agriculture, with an incidental exportation of surreptitious applejack. The leading men of the neighborhood are Landlord Sam Gregson, Farmer John Wylie and Miller Tom Brabson. They are leaders, because in times of shortage purpose, willing to lend to their neighbors and twice per year to tell them how to vote. At election times these leaders invariably swear an undying enmity against each other which

a Democrat, Wylie a Republican and Brab-

son a Prohibitionist

Each of these men has his little fads and hobbies, which he enjoys in great comfort. John Wylie's especial lunacy is that his business is his own particular property, and can by no means be a matter of interest to any one else. He has never been known to voluntarily let any one known the what, when, where or how of anything connected with himself or his affairs. Mrs. Wylie says he never asked her to marry him at all. He just drove up to her father's house one Thursday when she was busy with her week's baking and said : "Phoebe, put on your bonnet and get in here. It's time we went and got married." "I knew that if I didn't go right then and there he would go and say the same thing to Tishie Atwood, so I got in and told him to hurry, because I must be back to bake

in the afternoon.' The main road came in front from the east and passed on through Jackson west-ward. From the village it ran gently down into the valley, where Willow creek purled in peace and brawled in storm, turning Tom Brabson's mill and making itself generally useful. Beyond the mill the road swept up in a long rise to the top of the high woods, which bordered it on the left. Down at the mill, where the high woods commenced, a shaded winding lane wandered up to the left alongside Brabson's dam and partly through the high woods itself until it reached the little village of dwelling and farm buildings which testified to the standing and consequence of John Wylie, who was also the owner of the high woods, a noble piece of timber,

which sheltered the farm on the north. Now, when Gregson looked west from the tavern porch and Joe Lutton looked east from the top of the high woods, they were in a position to see about all that was

on a certain Saturday evening at the tavwhere in the bright, fresh parlor Landlord Gregson, Farmer Wylie and Mil. ler Brabson are sitting around a table, each with a goodly pile of money before him. Mary Gregson and Ellen Wylie, old John's blooming daughter, are leaning from a front window in earnest conversation, in which color, pattern and style are the chief

"Come here, you girls," called Gregson,

The girls came gravely and did as they

"There is just \$3,333,33 in each pile,"

they both reported.

Then Landlord Gregson pushed a pile over toward each of his neighbors and pullbring some mint julep, for this was in the bright days of the early summer, and the men were dividing the result of a joint speculation, which had turned out most looking a successfully, and they were exceedingly happy. Mary brought the juleps and set them on the table. Then she laid her right forefinger on a twenty dollar note on the top of her father's pile, and at the same time with her left arm she raised up her father's face and kissed him. When he looked down again the note was gone. Then Ellen Wylie came quietly behind her father and did the same thing.
"Well, Nell!" observed old John Wylie,

and he chuckled. "Hi! Goy!" remarked Tom Brabson, adding: "If only I had a darter to come The running pump, supplied by a robust upland spring, stood obtrusively out in advance of the porch, with a hospitable the whole pile and I'd never wink. Here, gals, is a ten apiece for you, jest to kinder make things even like," and he laid the bills out on each side of him. The two girls looked at each other, smiled, and then each came behind him, drew his head back and kissed him. When he looked down again the two bills were gone. "Hi! chuckled old Brabson, "I'm one ahead of you fellows. I'm one kiss ahead, and I won't wash my face for a week for

fear of taking away the taste." Then Gregson bade his daughter take his money and put it in the safe in his bed room, while Wylie and Brabson put theirs in their pockets and walked away home shortly after, Ellen Wylie remaining as

Mary Gregson's guest.
On Sunday afternoon when John Wylie brought his wife home from church, he put on a pair of overalls and an old warmus of worsted to protect his Sunday clothes, and pottered about among his stock and outbuildings until dark. Then he read a chapter in the Bible and the markets in the country paper to his wife, until she snored gently and peacefully. Then he put on his hat and walked, first up stairs and then out of doors.

Mrs. Wylie awoke, missed him, found he had gone to bed, concluded he would be back in a little while, fastened up all except the front door and went to bed

On Monday morning she awoke just when Mary Gregson and Joe Lutton were wondering at the smoke above the high woods. Mr. Wylie was not in his bed; had not been in it all night, and Mrs. Wylie wondered with dawning anxiety where he was. She went to the desk where he kept his money, and where he had placed the funds he had brought home on Saturday night The money was not there. Her anxiety increased and she called up the household and sent out for the farm hands, who at once began to search for Mr. Wylie. She sent a farm boy post haste after Mr. Gregson and Mr. Brabson, as friends of the family, to advise her what to do. They came with all due haste, followed by Mary, Ellen and a full half of

the people of the village.
Gregson and Brabson looked through the house, examined the bed room and inspected the desk. Then they searched the barn and all the outbuildings. Having done this, they sat down on the porch and indulged in silent thought for half an hour, as they whittled absently at a couple of shingles picked up beside the carriage house. Then Gregson looked at Brabson and said solemnly:
"I think that is about the size of it."

"There is not the least doubt of it, to my maids issued an oral bill of fare for break- thinking," responded Brabson.

The two dozen curious men and women standing and sitting about the yard were electrified, saying one to another:
"That is just what I thought all along!"

Mary Gregson was the only one who did not seem to understand the conclusion they arrived at, and she bravely said : 'Father, what have you found out?"

"Nothing," he replied.
"That's my view," added Brabson, and the populace murmured: 'What did I tell you?"

"I 'spose," remarked Mr. Brabson grave-y, "we'd better be letting the water outen the dam.' "You're just right, Tom," responded

Mr. Gregson with alacrity. "Let's see to it. It is a well-known fact that in all cases

of emergency in rural communities one of lasts until the returns are in. Gregson is the first things to be done is to let the water out of the mill dam. If there is no mill dam handy, the nearest stream is dragged with the least possible delay. If nothing is found the satisfaction is reached of knowing that there is nothing there which has upon the excited state of feeling much the same soothing effect as phlebotomy has upon the feverish patient.

The dam was duly let "out" and the result was a fine mess of fresh fish for all who cared to carry them away, but nothing more, and the sun went down upon a sorrowing household and a sympathizing, anxious community. On Tuesday sympathy, curiosity and a

desire to help again drew people to the Wylie farmstead, among them came Joe Lutton, who could do no more work until the milldam filled up.

"Which I'm goin' to see what that fire meant over inter the high woods yesterday mornin'.' you see it, Joe?" asked Mary

Gregson from the porch. "Which I didn't jest see the fire, Miss

Mary, but I seed the smoke. "So did I," said Mary. to find out what it meant." The crowd streamed away after Joe to the high woods. In an hour they came back, Joe holding up about six inches of one leg of the blue drilling overalls which sing man had worn, and which was identified by Mrs. Wylie in her tearful

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Greg-

"Hi! Goy!" ejaculated Mr. Brabson. Both men slid from their seats on the edge of the porch and went behind the oodshed to compare notes. Directly they put their heads out and called for Mary and Joe, who came and told the story of visible in the Willow creek valley, but the only abnormal objects they noticed were the smoke and the man that Mary saw dark hair and eyes, and wearing a very long black coat. This was all elicited the operations put by Mary, Joe sumthe man that Mary saw and Joe met.

ming up with:
"Which I sticks to it, he was the sam man as Mary seed, clothes and all!' Then Gregson and Brabson came back to

the porch, and the former, standing against a post, said gravely :

"I s'pose we might as well tell them?" "That's my view of it. Can't keep it back no longer.

though, the thing is just here. Somebody knew he had that money. He must have went out while Mrs. Wylie was asleep. Then he was knocked in the head and the murders slipped into the house and got the money. Then they carried the body off to ed one toward himself, at the same time the woods and burned it this little scrimptelling Mary to bid the man at the bar to tion of drillin' being all that is left of poor John Wylie. But we've got the man that

"Where? Where!" cried the crowd, looking around excitedly.

"That is to say," continued Gregson, we havn't just got him yet, but we know who he is. "Who is he?" Who is he?" cried the

populace. "Why, of course he's the man that Mary saw and Joe met," replied Mr. Gregson with conviction, and Mr. Brabson remarked:

"Of course !" "Now," said Mr. Gregson, "the next thing we've got to have is an inquest.'
"Certain," said Mr. Brabson. "Joe you'll have to go for Squire Spear and tell him to bring his inquest tools along."

"Which I don't pretend to know much about it, like you folks," said Joe doubtfully, "but it seems to me the squire'll want the body afore he can hold much of an inquest."

Mary Gregson laughed, and for some reason Joe felt idiotically happy in the belief she had laughed at him. "Which I'd likewise like to remark that

I don't see how the man that Mary saw and I met could a-had much to do with the burnin' of Mr. Wylie when the fire was e'en about out afore he got anywhere near "Shouted Mr. Brabson, "you're my bound boy, and you're not outer your time yet for nigh unto two months, so you

jest make up your mind you don't know nothin' till you're your own man. You jest get after the squire and tell him to bring the best inquest he's got in stock." "Which I'd like to ask, hadn't I better tell him to bring along a corpse, seein' as we're short?"

"Joe Lutton, maybe you're forgot the lickin' I give you about 'leven years ago," snorted Brabson.

"Which I don't jest call it to mind now," replied Joe demurely, and again Mary Gregson laughed a silvery little rip-ple that made Joe feel as though a little stream of warm joy, sweetened with hope, was being poured down his back.

"Well, we may as well get to business," said Mr. Gregson briskly. "Joe, you go to my place and tell Dan Walton to hitch up Bob to the buggy for you, and see that you get Squire Spear here early tomorrow morning.

"Father, I must go home and look to the house. the house. Joe will walk over with me; won't you Joe?" said Mary Gregson, and she smiled upon Joe in a way that made "Which I certainly will."

the crowd staid until dark discussing the af-Now, it is only a short three-fourths of a mile from Wylie's gate to the running

pump; yet it took those two young people two long hours to walk the distance, and yet, as long as they were in sight of anyone they were walking as though big money was bet on them, and Joe only got away with the buggy when Mary exclaim-

"Mercy on us, Joe, you must go, or fa-ther and all the rest of them will come and As they walked home through the gathering dusk Gregson said to Brabson: I'm, it's kind of borne in on me that

that there Joe Lutton of your'n has got more hoss sense than we've been giving him allowance for." "Don't I know it! But it'll never do to let him know it until he is out of his

The next morning the whole neighborhood was on hand at the Wylie's place, for it became known that Squire Spear was to be there, and great things were to be expected. The squire appeared about 8 o'clock, and the first thing he did was to empanel a jury, and then he said : "Now, gentlemen, we will view that

Brabson and Gregson looked at each other blankly. Joe Lutton grinned, Mary Gregson laughed outright and Joe whis-

"Which I told you so." These explanations had to be entered into and the story was told the squire of the man that Mary saw and Joe met. The squire laughed and told them that he knew the man well. He was a young priest of Flemington, who was in the habit of taking long walks into the country. While they were talking a rough, unkemp man came and leaned over the gate. Directly it was whispered that he wore John Wylie's overalls and warmus. The squire called him and questioned him. He admitted he was a tramp, but didn't know whose duds he had on. He never inquired into those little matters. He found the things lying in the fence yonder last Monday morning, and while he was cooking his breakfast over there in the woods he had cut the legs off because they were too long. He reckoned the other piece of leg

was over there somewhere yet. The crowd was so busy around the tramp out in the yard that they failed to no tice a tired and dusty looking man who sat

down on the porch, until he called out : "Hallo, there! What have you got?"
"If it ain't John Wylie!" cried Mr. Brabson. "Where in sufferin' sin have you been ?"

"I've been minding my own business. What have you folks been doing? Squire, come inside."

"Which I reckon the inquest can go on now, seein' as we've got the body," re-marked Joe Lutton cheerfully. All that John Wylie ever condescended to explain was that he had been away on a little business and took his money with

him Mr. Gregson and Mr. Brabson registered vow that the next time John Wylie wanted to mind his own business should have the privilege of doing it to his heart's content.

When, six months afterward, Joe Lutton was "out of his time," and the little community had been socially shocked by the announcement of his engagement to Mary Gregson, with the full indorsement of her father, Ellen Wylie said to the prospective bride:

"Oh, Mary, how could you take up with him, and he only a bound boy?"
"I wanted a man with some hoss sense about him," replied the saucy beauty .- J. Dark Chandler in Newark Call.

-The longest stretch of road suitable "Folks," said Sam Gregson, with sorrowful gravity, "this is a bad streak of business. John Wylie has unaccountably business. John Wylie has unaccountably concreted and dustless is bordered for "count these three piles over and see what you make of them."

business. John Wyne has unaccountably dropped out, and we ain't no ways certain what's come to him. To our thinking the greater part of the way with trees.



THE RT. REV. THOMAS MCGOVERN, BISHOP OF THE HARRISBURG DIOCESE.

From a Photograph Taken When he was the Priest of the Bellefonte Parish

## Bismarck Has Passed Away.

Iron Chancellor Died Saturday Night at His Castle at Friedrichsruhe After a Long Illness. Prince Bismark died at his castle at never to have any other sort of emperor. Friedrichsruhe shortly before 11 o'clock

Saturday night. The death of the ex-Chancellor comes as a surprise to all Europe. Despite the family's denials, there was an undercurrent of apprehension when the sinking of the Prince was finally announced, inspired

more by what the family left unsaid than any information given. But it appears that the ex-Chancellors' death was not precipitated by sudden comhim feel dizzy, but he managed to blurt plications, but was rather the culmination of chronic disease-neuralgia of the face and inflammation of the veins-which kept him | crowning of William I, kaiser of the Ger-"All right," said Gregson, and Joe and in constant pain that was borne with the Mary marched off down the lane, while iron fortitude which might have been exin constant pain that was borne with the

> On April 1st, 1815, there was born at Schoenhausen, a man destined to be for many years the central figure in European many years the central figure in European politities. This man was otto Edward royal of England, who was the wife of Leopo'd von Bismarck-Schoenhausen, the fourth son of Captain William Ferdinand von Bismark and Louise Wilhelmina Men-

The early years of the boy were spent on his father's estate, a dismal, dark and se-cluded farm, where his father hunted and He graduated from the latter place with distinguished excellence and at the age of 17 he entered the Hanoverian college of Goettingen. To the German lad entrance into college life is entrance into the first full liberty that they have. To Otto von Bismarck it came as a revelation. He was tall, strong, robust, with a constitution that no excess or hardship could affect. He was studious, but at the same time he entered heart and soul into the drinking and duelling spirit that invests the German university with a peculiar charm.

Among his intimate friends at the university perhaps none was dearer to him than John Lathrop Motley, a friendship that lasted through life. Mitchell G. King and Amory Coffin were also classmates he indulged his fondness for matters military by entering a lancer regiment of the Landwehr, this time as a lieutenant, and won his first decoration-the Prussian Humane Society's medal, for saving his soldier-servant from drowning. It was during this time that he earned the title of "mad Bismarck," from his wild ways, his reckless rides, his capacity for drink-and the boldness and originality of his character. His hatred of the growing liberalism of young Germany was intense, for whatever else he was Bismarck was an aristocrat in every fibre of his body throughout his life. In 1845 his father died, the mother dying six years previously, and Otto von Bismark settled at Schoenhausen, which had fallen to him. He described his life as one "of night frosts, sick oxen bad rope, and worse roads, dead lambs and half starved sheep, want of straw, fodder,

money, potatoes and manure. Now came the turning point, in his life. He married and entered politics. Of his marriage he says in a familiar letter that he had been "in love for twenty-four hours' some time before, but on his father's death he discovered that he "must

So he offered his hand to Fraulein Johanna, daughter of Heinrich von Puttkamer, a Pomeranian squire, and in July, 1847, they were married. In dismissing this subject it should be said that never was a union more absolutely perfect. The trust and love that was established between the two had never a flaw, and many years later, talking to Signor Crispi, the great Bismarck said: "You little know what this woman has done for me." THE CREATOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Prince Otto von Bismarck, the founder of the German empire, will probably be accounted the greatest statesman of the last half of the nineteenth century. He was a soldier also, and his hands were long ago stained with the blood of the innocent. In one of his franker moments he confessed that some of his reflections in this connec tion were not pleasant, and he wished it had been possible to accomplish the work he set out to do without such a sacrifice of human life. But it seems to be quite as impossible to build empires without bloodshed as it is to construct any other modern bit of work.

We have never been able to admire the methods of Prince Bismarck, how much his feats in constructive statemanship compel respect. He had no regard whatever for the people. He did not set about the work of creating the German empire be-cause he thought it would enhance the German reputation. He was a worshiper of kingcraft and created modern Germany that it might glorify the Hohenzollern

line. Incidentally, however, he had a great admiration for Bismarck and was not displeased that the first emperor was merely a puppet in his hands. In fact, he hoped Bismarck succeeded because he had an

iron will, an invincible determination, a sagacious and prescient mind, and a conscience that was amenable to discipline. He provoked a war with Austria because it was necessary to oust the latter from the leadership of the Germanic confederation and give Prussia her place. He cunningly irritated the French and provoked the vanity of the imperial family until Louis Napoleon was persuaded to declare the war which culminated in his own overthrow, in the humiliation of France and in the none with the one who now occupies the Crown Prince Frederick, and it is not improbable that he hailed with delight the days that the dying emperor Frederick sat upon the throne Bismarck used every talked politics with his neighbors. At 6 William against his mother, and those the lad was sent to a boarding school in who recall the painful episodes of those apt pupil. He was a very happy man when William II ascended the throne, throne, but his pleasure was of short duration. William had learned his lesson too well; he was as haughty and imperious as his preceptor. He declared that he who opposed him. The first conspicuous German to be crushed was Bismarck. After his summary dismissal from office the old autocrat put himself in opposition and endeavored to harass the he succeeded in causing considerable commotion he likewise exhibited the utter unscrupulousness of his methods. He did not hesitate to negotiate a secret treaty with a nation which outwardly he was at variance. The socialistic schemes which he pushed through the richstag were intended to head off the socialists. The only time he was forced to retrace his steps was when he became involved in a diplomatic jangle with the other remarka-

blt old man Leo XIII. Prince Bismarck was the most conspicuous representative of absolutism produced nineteenth century, although his mantle has fallen upon a worthy successor in the person of William II. Bismarck did not have any regard for the common people. He would have destroyed par-liamentary government if the power had been placed in his hands and would have established and enforced a press censorship more rigid than that which exists in Rus sia. He was the antipodes of Mr. Gladstone in almost every respect. The words "liberty," "freedom," "equality," had no place in his vocabulary. "Blood and iron" constituted his favorite weapon when it became necessary to repel popular aspirations. He did a great work if one regards his history from the superficial standpoint of a worldly man. But he was the apostle of absolutism, the watchful, unrupulous and untiring foe of equality. He made an empire and exalted a dynasty. but freedom owes his memory nothing for he was her inveterate foe. His work may stand, but it was created by force and force is the weakest weapon in the tyrant's armory.

-If you expect to conquer in the battle of to-day. You will have to blow your trumpet in a firm

and steady way. The man that owns his acres is the man that plows all day.

And the man that keeps a humming is the man that's here to stay. But the man who advertises with a sort of sudden jerk,

Is the man who blames the printer because it didn't work. man that gets the business uses brainy printer's ink,

a clatter or a sputter, but an ad. that makes you think : And he plans his advertisements as he plans his well-bought stock. And the future of his business is as solid as

## Sugar in Cuba.

rock.

Bell-Why did the Spanish burn the Cuban crops?
Nell—To keep the insurgents from raising cane.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Margherite Arlina Hamm, the editor of the woman's department of the New York Mail and Express, has just been appointed supervisor and inspector of supplies and head nurses' staff in the Red Cross department of the National guard. She will go direct to Tampa and from there to Santiago. The women of her corps will be added by the Governor and members of his staff. Miss Hamm has the best of letters from the Red Cross, Volunteers, Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of Veterans and the War Department. Miss Hamm—"In-spector" is now her official title—is an immune, having lived for many years in the tropics and surviving the terrible fevers of those lands. Her services as nurse during the Chino-Japanese war and the plague season in Hongkong have been highly recommended. Nearly all of the nurses in her division are also immunes. There are about 20 auxiliaries of the National guard under the supervision of women, and they have sent in the neighborhood of \$20,000 worth of supplies to the front from different States. They now propose to make this national movement stronger and more effective in all its departments. It is in view of this proposed extension of the work that they have engaged Miss Hamm as chief superintendent. She is an exceedingly energetic woman with untiring en-

Some or the most stylish summer tailor costumes worn at Newport this season for morning drives, beach walks, etc., are made of smooth, fine Irish linen trimmed with rows of white braid or linen lace insertions and edgings.

A lined sash is regarded as a part of a skirt trimming and is worn with ends that reach to the foot of the skirt, and loops that reach half way to the foot. The sash may be made of very broad silk ribbon edged with fine Valenciennes lace, or it may be a double sash with a frill of chiffon around the edge. A double sash is considered by many an economy in the end. To make a double sash get twice as much ribbon as you would need for a single sash. You sew the ribbon carefully together so that it has two sides, and between the edges of the ribbon you gather a frill of lace or a frill of chiffon or one of tiny white ribbon. You then make your sash up into a very large bow and it is ready for use. You can wear it with any dress. The ribbon sash is tied exactly in the back, and the long, straight lines which it gives to the figure are highly desirable. The girl who wears a skirt of lawn unrelieved except by the dust ruffle under the feet, and a long double sash tied at the back of her waist, is almost classic in the lines of her

figure. A very clever kind of sash is now adopted by the summer young woman. It is of two colors, so that it can be worn with two one object in life to create a great and powerful empire for the glorification of the Hohenzollerns. He had not be made it his dresses. A pale blue sash has a reverse of green, and the edges of the sash are ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with blue on one side and make the same ruffled with same ruffled with the same ruffled with the same ruffled with ruffled with ruffled with ruffled with ruffled with ruffled with ruffled Hohenzollerns. He had no trouble with other, with plenty of care that the two the old emperor, and expected to have colors are selected so as to harmonize perfectly.

Prickly heat is a very trying summer trouble for children. It is really a disease of the sweat glands, often caused in those news of the mortal illness of that noble who perspire profusely as the result of beprince. During the pathetic hundred days that the dying emperor Frederick woolen underwear is suitable in these cases, and the perspiration must not be allowed means in his power to prejudice Prince to remain upon the skin. The itching of William against his mother, and those this is often relieved by a solution of a teaspoonful of soda in a pint of water, al-Berlin and at 12 he was transferred to the tragic weeks remember that he had an lowed to dry on, and the following powder Grey Friars gymnasium, or High school. apt pupil. He was a very happy man should be thickly dusted on the skin: Camphor, 1 teaspoonful; oxide of zinc, onehalf ounce; starch, one-half ounce. The diet should be light, and alkaline remedies taken, the following being very good ; Bicarbonate of soda, one-half teaspoonful mea. 5 to govern Germany in his own spiced syrup of rhubard and syrup of senna, way and would remorsely crush anyone of each four fluid drachms; syrup of orange, one fluid ounce. A dessertspoonful of this is to be taken three times a day, or for a little child a teaspoonful will be sufficient.

Nettle rash is also a trying affliction in hot weather. The commonest cause for this is acidity. An attack is often brought emperor by divulging certain state secrets this is acidity. An attack is often brought whereof he had been the custodian. While on by eating shellfish, pork, cheese, strawberries or raspberries. The irritation arising from this trouble is so great sometimes as to be almost maddening. Ointments, as a rule, only make the irritation worse, but as local remedies the use of a strong solu-tion of carbonate of soda in water or of pure vinegar is of great service. A very useful lotion is a weak (one in fifty) solu-tion of carbolic acid, or one drachm of benzoic acid to a pint of water. In acute cases an emetic of twenty grains of sulphate of zinc in water is very useful, and it is desirable to abstain from sugar, sweets, highly seasoned foods, cucumbers, salmon, pickles and other articles that are found indigestible to the individual. A milk diet is generally the most suitable.

> Geneva bands or lawyers' stocks are the newest neckties on the market. The Geneva band is a bit of white muslin loveliness. It passes twice around the neck and then, by a twist of the wrist, its crisp, clear, starched, wedge-shaped ends are drawn through the folds and down on the chest. The lawyers' stocks are only different in detail. No fripperies of lace or embroidery must mar the severe beauty of the Geneva bands, the like of which Presbyterian clergymen wear in the pulpit, and English, French and German lawyers wear daily in the courts. A dear little mode that ten years ago every woman wisely adopted, is now, after a period of neglect, coming back to us. That is the pretty practice of tying a bit of black velvet about the neck. Throats never look so round and white as when clasped by the dense black band that simply laps over and pins at the back. No pearls or white light of diamonds gives half the ornament effect of this quaint device, and a number of young girls wear, as did their mothers, wee heartshaped lockets strung on the velvet band.

Transparent sleeves are more popular among good dresses than was supposed to be possible—a stylishly dressed leader going into town the other morning from the North Shore in an all-black rig lightened very becomingly and a bit dashingly by transparent sleeves of black silk muslin, not shirred and puckered tightly, but full-ed into a wristband of taffeta ribbon and wrist ruffles of black and white lace. sleeve completed a waist of corded black taffeta with a white lace bow at the throat, tiny black muslin ruches trimming the stud band and the shaped hip skirts. The skirt was of black veiling, with a shaped flounce trimmed with three milliner's folds of black muslin, one at its head, one at its hem, one through the center of the flounce. The belt was of black muslin with a rosette behind, the hat all black with diaphanous muslin bows and one black feather. She looked very cool in spite of the sable tones, the skirt so softly clinging, the sleeves so loosely transparent, the cravat so filmy and the hat so light and pompon-like.