

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 between them.

She was Mary Gregson, the pretty, buxom 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, 1847."

The running pump, supplied by a robust upland spring, stood obtrusively out in advance of the porch, with a hospitable horse trough in front of it, and being a much more suggestive object to the rural mind than the faded 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 a term of endearment by 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 eighty-three 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 overweighed by a chattel mortgage held upon its stock and fixtures by the inn.

The young man was Joe Lutton, and he was far down in the local social scale as Mary was up. He was the bond 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.

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 absentedly 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 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 gravely, "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 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 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, and there came Joe Lutton, who could do no more work until the milldam filled up.

"Which I'm going to see what that fire meant over inter the high woods yesterday mornin'."

"Did 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. "Go and try 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 the missing man had worn, and which was identified by Mrs. Wylie in her tearful silence.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Gregson.

"Hi! Goy!" ejaculated Mr. Brabson.

Both men slid from their seats on the edge of the porch and went behind the woodshed to compare notes. Directly they put their heads out and called for Mary and Joe, who came and told the story of the man that Mary saw and Joe met. Joe described the man as about twenty-five, a well kept and decent looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and wearing a very long black coat. This was all elicited through questions put by Mary, Joe summing up with:

"Which I sticks to it, he was the same 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 'bout it, 'cause we can't keep it back no longer."

"Folks," said Sam Gregson, with sorrowful gravity, "this is a bad streak of business. John Wylie has unaccountably dropped out, and we ain't no ways certain what's come to him. To our thinking,

The girls came gravely and did as they were bid.

"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 pulled them on the table. At the same time telling Mary to bid the man at the bar to bring 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 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 behind me and do that she might just grab 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! Goy!" 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 warms of worsted to protect his Sunday clothes, and pattered 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 sneezed 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.

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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 the woods and burned it this little scripption of drillin' being all that is left of poor John Wylie. But we've got the man that did it!"

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

"That is to say," continued Gregson, "we haven'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'on about afore he got anywhere near it."

"Shouted Mr. Brabson, "you're my bound boy, and you're not outen your time yet for high 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, seen' as we're short?"

"Joe Lutton, maybe you're forgot the likin' 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, and she called up the man 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 yet, as though the buggy for you, and see that you get Squire Spear here early tomorrow mornin'."

"Father, I must go home and look to 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 him feel dizzy, but he managed to blurt out:

"All right, I certainly will."

"All right," said Gregson, and Joe and Mary marched off down the lane, while the crowd staid until dark discussing the affair.

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 any one they were walking as though big money was bet on them, and Joe only got away with the buggy when Mary exclaimed:

"Mercy on us, Joe, you must go, or father and all the rest of them will come and catch us here."

As they walked home through the gathering dusk Gregson said to Brabson:

"Tom, it's kind of borne in on me that there Joe Lutton of your'n has got more horse 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 time."

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 the things were to be expected. The air appeared as though big money was bet on them, and Joe only got away with the buggy when Mary exclaimed:

"Now, gentlemen, we will view that body."

Brabson and Gregson looked at each other blankly. Joe Lutton grinned, Mary Gregson laughed outright and Joe whispered in her ear:

"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, unkempt man came and leaned over the gate. Directly it was whispered that he wore John Wylie's overalls and warm. 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 notice a tired and dusty looking man who sat down on the porch, until he called out:

"Hallo, there! I've been looking for you."

"If it ain't John Wylie!" cried Mr. Brabson. "Where in sufferin' sin have you been?"

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

"Which I reckon, the inquest can go on now, seen' as we've got the body," remarked 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.

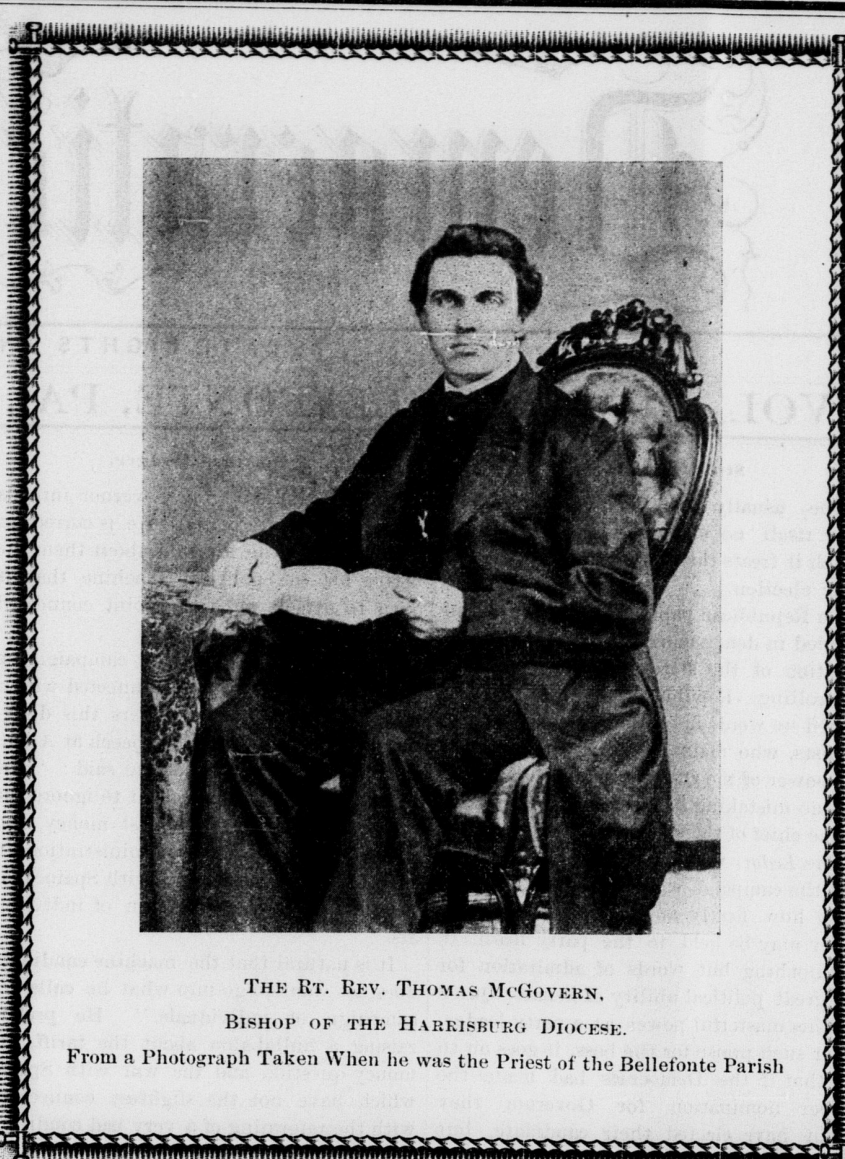
Mr. Gregson and Mr. Brabson registered a vow that the next time John Wylie wanted to mind his own business he should have the privilege of doing it to his heart's content.

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 prosing:

"Oh, Mary, how could you take up with him, and he only a bound boy?"

"I wanted a man with some horse sense about him," replied the saucy beauty. — J. Dark Chandler in Newark Call.

The longest stretch of road suitable for bicycle riding in the world lies between Calcutta and Lahore. The distance is 1200 miles, and the road, which is level, concrete and dustless is bordered for 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.

The Iron Chancellor Died Saturday Night at His Castle at Friedrichsruhe After a Long Illness.

Princess Bismarck died at his castle at 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 undecurrent of apprehension when the sinking of the Prince was finally announced, inspired more by what the family left unsaid than by any information given.

But it appears that the ex-Chancellor's death was not precipitated by sudden complications, but was rather the culmination of chronic disease—neuralgia of the face and inflammation of the veins—which kept him in constant pain that was borne with the iron fortitude which might have been expected.

On April 1st, 1815, there was born at Schoenhausen, a man destined to be for many years the central figure in European politics. This man was Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck-Schoenhausen, the fourth son of Captain Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck and Louise Wilhelmina Menck.

The early years of the boy were spent on his father's estate, a dismal, dark and secluded farm, where his father hunted and talked politics with his neighbors. At 6 the lad was sent to a boarding school in Berlin and at 12 he was transferred to the Grey Friars grammar school, or high school. 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 was his first decoration—the Prussian Hussar 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 Bismarck 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 marry."

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 his 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 connection 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 statesmanship compel respect. He had no regard whatever for the people. He did not set about the work of creating the German empire because he thought it would enhance the German reputation. He was a worshiper of kinglycraft 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 never to have any other sort of emperor.

Bismarck succeeded because he had an iron will and 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 war upon them. 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 war upon them. 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 war upon them.

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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, "Inspector" is now her official title—is an inmate, 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 inmates. 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 enthusiasm.

Some of 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 dresses. A pale blue sash has a reverse of green, and the edges of the sash are ruffled with blue on one side and green on the other, with plenty of care that the two 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 who perspire profusely as the result of being too warmly dressed. The thinnest woolen underwear is suitable in these cases, and the perspiration must not be allowed to remain upon the skin. The itching of this is often relieved by a solution of teaspoonful of soda in a pint of water, allowed to dry on, and the following powder should be thickly dusted on the skin: Camphor, 1 teaspoonful; oxide of zinc, one-half 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; spiced syrup of rhubarb and syrup of senna, of each four fluid drachms; syrup of orange, one fluid ounce. A desertsportful 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 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 a nettle remedy is also a strong solution of carbonate of soda in water, or a few drops of vinegar is of great service. A solution of pure lichen is a weak (one in fifty) solution 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 love-ness. It passes twice around the neck and then, by a twist of the wrist, its crisp, clean, 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 clergyman 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 would adopt, 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 passes over and pins at the back. No pearls or white light diamonds gives half the ornament effect of this quaint device, and a number of young girls wear, as did their mothers, wear heart-shaped lockets strung on the velvet band.

Transparent sleeves are more popular among good dresses than was supposed to be possible—a stylishly dressed leader