

A Corner in Ancestors

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON

Cumming Family

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This is a family which rose to great power and eminence both in England and Scotland.

The name is derived from Comines, a town of France, near Lille. Robert Comine, a follower of the Conqueror, became earl of Northumberland, when William in 1066, or thereabouts, was dealing out lands, manors and titles, with a lavish hand. From Robert descended William Cumine, lord chancellor of Scotland, 1124, time of David I. The lord chancellor laid the foundation of this powerful house, one of the most powerful of Scotland.

Before the time of Robert, there was an abbot of Icolmkill in the sixth century, who was called Cumine, and in the following century another

was one who vowed to support Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, in her title to the crown. At her death he became a competitor for the crown of Scotland as the son and heir of John, who was son of Donald, king of Scotland.

"The great house of Comines" is the usual style, when speaking of the family, but you can spell the name in 40, more or less, ways.

Here are a few samples for gratuitous distribution: Beginning Cumines, the name of the French town, the variations have been Cummin, Cummin, Cummins, Cumyn, Comin, Comyn, Comines, Comynges, Comyns, Comings, Cummings, Cumings, Cumming.

Virginia and Maryland were early homes of the Cumming family, and there the name was usually spelled Cummins. The marriage connections of the southern branch include the Polks, Dennys, Hydes, Holts, Jennings, Edmundsons, Herberts and Langs.

In New England the more common orthography has been Cummings. Isaac of Ipswich, Mass., is the forefather of this line, and a valuable asset as an ancestor for he was a man of mark, holding many offices. In 1641, he was constable, and his son Isaac was the deputy, and he also held many offices and was sergeant in an Indian war. Isaac, the first, was a pillar of the church, and none was more worthy in the town than old Deacon Cummings.

The pilgrim had several children; besides Isaac, there was John, who married Sarah Howlet, daughter of Sergt. Thomas and Alice French Howlet of Woburn, Mass.

Hittman's "Officers of the American Revolution," records the names of the following members of the Cumming family—all thus spelled, with the exception of Lieut. Alexander "Cummins" of Virginia. The other names are Lieutenants Thomas of Massachusetts, '76 to '78, and Thomas of the same state, '75; Lieutenant Jotham of New Hampshire, his name having the addition of "s"; Lieut. Col. John Noble Cumming of New Jersey, '75 to '83. William Cumming, born in Georgia, 1790, was in the war of 1812, and his brother Alfred in the Mexican war.

The coat-of-arms reproduced, is blazoned: Azure, three garbs (or wheat sheaves) within a bordure, or. Crest: A garb, or. Motto: Courage.

Another coat-of-armor, blazoned in Burke's, is similar. Azure, an oval buckle, between three garbs, within a bordure, or.

Hamlin Family

Hamlin, at the time of its birth as a surname, was perhaps handicapped as Haemhlyna. All along the ages it has taken on a variety of forms, and in records of the Hamlins we find that Hamelinus (the Latin form) was one of its variants. And there were others: Hamellin, Hamelin, Hameline, Hamline, Hameln, Haemlyn, Hamlyn, Hamlen, Hamblin, and Hamblen. Hamblen and Hamlin are the more usual forms of the present day.

Hammeline is a name found in Domesday Book. One of William the Conqueror's followers was called Hamelinus, also Hameline and Hamelin. It was a custom, after the Conquest, for persons who had come over with William to be called by the name of the places they had come from, either in France or other countries, and to bestow these names upon the estates William so lavishly dealt out to them. Hamelinus may have been a native of France or Germany. Hamlin is a town in Prussia, and was thus called in the eleventh century. Hamme is a place in Belgium. Hameln, or Hamelin, in Hanover, is famed as the scene of the myth of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Although a myth, for a considerable time the town dated its public documents from that "event." In the seventeenth century some one writing of this myth, or "fact," as he calls it, says: "No music is ever allowed to be played in this particular street"—i. e., the street through which the pied piper piped the children.

Hameln or Hamelin is also called Hamoola and Hamelowe. Hamburg, founded by Charlemagne in the ninth century, is a name having the same derivation, that is, ham, hama, hamma, or hame, a word meaning house, or dwelling, or home. From the word also comes hamlet, a collection of houses. Lin, lnan, lline or llyn means a pool, pond or lake. Hlyna is a similar Saxon word meaning a torrent. Hamellyn, and its variations, therefore, meant originally "a home by the pool."

If Hamelinus, the follower of the Conqueror, was a Frenchman born, his native place was undoubtedly Hain, a small town and fortress on the river Somme. This town was in existence as early as the ninth century.

Among seats of the family, dating from that indefinite period known as the immemorial, may be named Leicester; Exeter; Hamlinston; Clovelly Court, Devonshire; also Lenwood, Bridestowe, Paschoe and Colebrook of the same county. One name we find in the records is that of Thomas Hamline, elderman of Drogheda.

In colonial times the more usual orthography of the name was Hamblin, and many of those who now bear this name, as well as many who are called Hamlin, descend from James Hamblen, who was one of the founders of Cape Cod or Barnstable, Mass., where



Hamlin

he settled in 1632. Another immigrant was Capt. Giles Hamlin, also called the Honorable Giles. He settled at Middletown, Conn.

The statesman of the family was Hannibal Hamlin, born in Maine. Leonidas, who spelled the name Hamline, was lawyer, bishop, editor and author.

The coat-of-arms illustrated, for the Hamlins of Leicester, is blazoned by Burke; gules (red), a lion rampant, ermine, crowned with an antique crown, or, (gold).

Crest: Seven arrows, points upward, proper (i. e., in proper or natural coloring).

The Hamlins bears arms: Argent (silver), three bulls passant, sable. Crest: a hand plucking a rose from a bush, proper.

The arms illustrated was granted to John de Hameline, a knight of Leicester, time of Edward I, or from 1272 to 1297. No date is given for the granting of the crest; nor do we know upon whom it was bestowed. While arms may exist without crests, all crests have their accompanying arms.

A Red Tag

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Evelyn Lane refused to marry him, Dan Kennett quietly pulled up stakes and got as far away from New York as his limited supply of money would take him. That is how he happened to be in charge of the survey of the government tract near Horse Lick Springs, Mont.

He had worked off the first bitter sting of disappointment, but there still remained the heartache and the growing conviction that there never could be another girl in the world for him.

In May the surveying party was within a stone's throw of the railroad whose shining rails flashed from east to west across the flat, gray prairie. Each day at noon the steel rails quivered under the thundering burden of the express train behind whose plate glass windows there was a fleeting glimpse of faces before the train became a mere speck in the distance again.

Dan Kennett had learned to long for its coming; there was always the possibility—a foolish and vain one, indeed—that some day it might come flying out of the east bearing the girl he loved to some other destination; his dreams were always that he might catch a glance of her eye or see her face—just once. And yet it never had happened, but there was always the hope!

All things are probable when one is thousands of miles from home and surrounded by flat stretches of gray prairie. But several weeks ago he had read in the society columns of a Sunday paper a paragraph about Evelyn Lane. She was preparing to go to California to be gone a year among friends.

So Kennett had watched the trains now with some real hope that he might see her passing, and he had calculated to a pitiful nicety the chances that she might, after all, have a chair on the opposite side of the train.

Today was hot and close; the sun shone mercilessly down on the little camp; the sagebrush crackled crisply under foot and a great and undying thirst seized the whole crew.

"We're going to give up for the rest of the day, Dan," said one of the boys about ten o'clock; "it's too blamed hot to do another stroke of work!"

"Very well," returned Dan, listlessly; "I'm pretty well done up myself. Guess I'll turn in for a while."

"We're going to ride over to the Springs and load in some water—the casks are getting low; it's lots cooler fusing around the water than rustling around here. Better come along."

"Perhaps I'll ride over a little later," evaded Dan, turning into his tent.

Browning smiled skeptically. "Waiting for the express, I'll bet a cookie! If you were a girl, Dan, I'd say you had a crush on the conductor of that train, the hungry way you look at it!"

"You'd be hungry looking, too, if you were looking for your rich uncle," retorted Dan, coolly.

"Get out!" sniffed Browning, striding off. "We'll expect you after your uncle arrives, eh?"

Dan did not reply. He stood in the doorway of the tent tingling with an anticipation that he could not understand. Perhaps it was because Browning had put some of his thoughts into words—or well, nothing would happen today. Probably Evelyn had gone by another route—it would be just his luck.

As noon drew near he wandered about the deserted camp and along the railroad, with his watch in his hand. And then, just on time, he heard the distant humming that announced the coming of the train. It grew louder and changed to a roar and then to thunder.

He stepped back, the better to watch the windows when they should flash past, and then—wonder of wonders—as it approached the camp the train slowed down almost to a standstill. A man dropped down from the engine and ran to the forward driving wheels and the clank of a hammer on metal rang through the noon stillness.

Kennett walked eagerly along, looking up at the windows where stranger faces peered curiously down at the tall, strong figure clad in khaki with a broad hat pulled over his forehead, so eagerly inspecting the passengers.

When he reached the open door of the baggage car the engine was uttering preliminary grunts and thick black smoke drifted back, half obscuring the doorway. There was the barking of several dogs and among them a sharp insistent yelp that seemed vaguely familiar.

The smoke swirled aside and he caught a glimpse of the interior of the car and several crates containing dogs in different degrees of contentment. They seemed joined in protest against the liberty allowed a pretty fox terrier who danced delightedly at the end of a long chain held by a girl whose head was turned aside.

The train plunged forward, the fox terrier uttered one shrill bark and dashed through the doorway, striking Kennett fairly in the chest and knocking him over backward. Then the express gathered speed and thundered away, leaving Kennett sit-

ting dazedly beside the track while a crazy fox terrier leaped upon him with velvet pink tongue and short, excited yaps of joy. The chain dangling from the collar flapped in the sagebrush and from a ring in the collar hung a red tag.

It was all over and a miracle had happened! Evelyn had been on that train. She was the girl who had stood in the baggage car and of whose face he had had a fleeting glimpse as the train dashed away! This crazy fox terrier, who had recognized in him a former master, was none other than Evelyn's dog, Flip. He gathered the wriggling little beast in his arms and rocked him lovingly. The red tag bore a number and a most precious name—Evelyn's—and the destination, Los Angeles. He stored it away in his pocket.

He related the incident, shorn of its personal details, to the wondering party of water carriers when they came back to camp, and they accepted the addition of Flip with a hearty good will.

Several days passed while Dan

marveled that no inquiry had been put in motion by the railroad people for the absconding bit of baggage.

Late one afternoon he rode over to the Springs; there was no mail at the postoffice, and when he had finished his business he mounted his horse and rode slowly out of the town back to the camp; Flip gambled about the heels of the horse.

The way led among sand dunes standing like hooded monks along the trail; he stopped once and, half turning in his saddle, looked at the sunset. It reddened his bronze face and glistened on the damp rings of hair on his forehead. He pushed back his hat from his head and listened.

The steady beat, beat of hoofs grew nearer; some one was coming from the town—perhaps one of the boys had been in—but he had left all of them at camp. He waited for the rider to catch up with him. The horse was a strange one and the rider did not resemble any of his friends. A broad hat flapped up and down.

Dan Kennett's heart went up and down, up and down, as a girl's lovely face was revealed under the broad brim of the flapping hat; it stopped altogether when the rider resolved into Evelyn Lane herself, coming toward him with tremulous smile and pleading eyes. Flip raced crazily toward her.

"Dan!" she called, and it woke him from his stupor of surprise. In an instant he was on the ground and holding out his arms, and she slipped down from the saddle and into his embrace with the happiest sigh of content in the world.

Perched on a sand dune, after a long period of bliss, she told him how she came to be there.

She had loved him, but had doubted her own heart; and he had gone away so quickly. If he had waited a little! Then things had been very dull and she had decided to spend a year with an aunt in Los Angeles. She and Flip had started, and the day the train had stopped she had been visiting the terrier in the baggage car. When the chain slipped from her hand, she had caught an instant's glimpse of her lover.

At the first stop she made use of the information gathered as to the stopping place in the prairie; had taken a local train to the nearest point to Horse Lick Springs; had taken a stage to the Springs and from a hotel window had seen Dan Kennett.

She had called for a horse and followed him and—here she was! Dan took her back to the Springs in the afternoon, and the next day he accompanied her to a railroad station where she could resume her journey westward; he would join her as soon as his work was done and then they could be married. Before they parted, Dan solemnly tore the red tag in two pieces and gave one to his sweetheart. "If it hadn't been for this, Evelyn," he murmured, "this might not have happened."

Browning was relating a glimpse he had had of Dan's meeting with his sweetheart. "I say, fellows," he concluded, "I never saw a chap so glad to see his rich uncle in my life!"

Some Dreams of Color.

The combination of two tones by veiling has become a common device. Therefore designers are always on the alert for new color schemes, nor are they content with two colors.

Below are a few combinations that have been tried which may prove suggestive to one-looking for new effects.

Taupe tulle veils turquoise blue, which in turn shields delicately silver gauze.

Over brilliant red satin is hung purple mousseline de sole covered with pale blue net.

Gold net is effective laid over Natter blue, with palest mauve hung over that.

One of the newest frocks shows an openwork design of white embroidered mull over a slip of cerise satin, with, over the whole, a drapey of night-blue mousseline de sole.

Cannot Be Hidden.

True work inexorably ascends sooner or later into the light of the day.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



IS GAY WITH FLOWERS

SEASON'S MODES CALL FOR BRIGHT TRIMMINGS.

Roses and Poppies Divide Honors as Favorites on Hats, Bodices and Even Gowns—Other Flowers Favored.

Paris said "fruits and flowers" this fall, but it seems only flowers found a responsive echo in the popular taste of America. There are so many of these, on hats, bodices and even on gowns that the season is gay with them. Roses and poppies have divided honors as favorites. The large velvet poppy in red, and in all other colors, has proved a strong feature with the milliner. Roses both in velvet and silk as made by the manufacturers are almost everywhere. They



are in rich colorings and lustrous surfaces. A single velvet rose in a vivid cerise sets off a hat or gown of royal purple, and delights the eye as much as music charms the ear. The zinnia, chrysanthemum and

aster, are other flowers that are favored. Pansies and violets were inevitable as a result of the fancy for purple in gowns. They are lifelike and very beautiful. Small silk flowers, set



In compact bouquets, and especially the heliotrope, hydrangea and forget-me-not, appear in millinery of the highest class.

But of all flower decorations, the roses, made of satin and metal tissues combined (cleverly fashioned by folding the material about a form, or by making separate petals) have proved the most distinctive and beautiful. They make one think of a brilliant winter sunset. Gold, silver and copper tissues, in bright or oxidized finish, plain or figured surfaces, are combined with satin in any rich color that harmonizes best with them.

These made roses are not confined to millinery at all. They are made in effective bouquets for the corsage, and in pompons or wreaths for the hair, and appear on the shirt draperies where these are caught up or fastened to the shirt. A bouquet of chiffon roses and tiny buds of chiffon make an exquisite garniture for the bodice. The foliage for all these fabric flowers is also made of the fabric (satin and metallic) and is usually small and inconspicuous, stems are of wire wound with silk. Such rich effects must be sparingly used.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DETAILS OF THE TOILETTE HOLDER FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Accessories Have Great Deal to Do With Smartness of General Effect.

The details and the accessories of a toilette often mean its smartness. Just now there is a great tendency toward the use of wide collars, and often these collars are in sailor shape at the back extended to form revers at the front that reach quite to the belt. New ones are made of black satin and designed to be worn over white or colored blouses.

Simulated boleros are among the latest developments of dressy costumes and numbers of new gowns are made with trimming so manipulated that it falls loosely over the high girle giving the bolero suggestion. Smart ones are edged with gold and bead fringe not more than an inch in width and the effect is exceedingly attractive. It has been said again and again that the genuine boleros will make a feature of mid-winter and early spring and it is likely that these suggested ones are forerunners of the incoming style, but in any case they are pretty and attractive and very generally becoming.

All sorts of new materials are used for the making of blouses to wear with tailored suits, but the latest is all-over cotton embroidery in eyelet design, dyed to match the costume, made over a soft silk which may be in matching color or of contrast as best suits the special costume. A lovely gray one seen recently is made over pale pink silk veiled with chiffon and the result is fascinating in the extreme.

Use of Turpentine.

There are few houses that are not familiar with some uses of turpentine. Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains; a few drops added to water, in which clothes are boiled, will whiten them. Pitch, wheel grease and tar can be quickly removed if the spot is covered with lard and soaked with turpentine. Ivory knife handles that become yellow can be restored to their whiteness by rubbing with turpentine. An equal mixture of turpentine and linseed oil will remove white marks on furniture. Clean gilt frames with a sponge moistened with turpentine.

Novel Idea for Those Who Employ Spare Time in Making Pretty Trifles.

Something that will hold a number of midget or carte-de-visite photographs makes a pretty and, at the same time, useful decoration for the wall. The novel one we illustrate will, I feel sure, be appreciated by our readers, who employ their spare



time in making pretty trifles to beautify their homes.

For this holder you must cut a large star out of stout cardboard; it would be well after deciding on the size to cut it out in paper to ensure getting the points all the same size and shape. When this is correct mark it in pencil on the cardboard, and you can cut it out without difficulty. Cover first with a piece of olive-green satin, silk or linen, then line the back with sateen, bind the edges with a pretty galloon or with gold tinsel lace. Two straps of ribbon at least six inches wide are drawn tightly across the star, and the ends are finished on opposite sides with bows of narrower ribbon. The straps of ribbon may be tacked down here and there at the lower edge. A loop of ribbon finished with a bow is sewn at the back to hang the star up by.

The Literary Man

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wife's building blocks, three spools of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new wafers, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cook book and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of hand-made hair, a bottle

of shoe polish, too, a hair brush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double-crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.