

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

There were no cushioned pews therein,
No finely frescoed ceiling—
These teach no plainer sin is sin,
Nor deeper Christian feeling;
But through the church's pensive shade
The summer air came stealing
From o'er the hills whose outlines made
Giant dromedaries kneeling.

I see the crowds that gathered then
While fancy's pastward winging—
Plain country folk, but women and men
With faith divinely springing.
There Deacon Hays would lead in prayer,
Like Fite would lead in singing—
And "Happy Day" went straight from there
To Heaven's shores up-ringing!

And one perhaps who has forgot
Her old-time boyish lover—
Her face still haunts the hallowed spot,
As ere a dream was over,
While 'mong the colder city ways
He wishes, dreaming of her,
He held the dead love of those days
Thought's flags now uncover.
—Will T. Hale.

The Slothful Suitor.

"My dear boy," observed a certain negligent young man to a certain other negligent young man, as they were both engaged in the laborious operation of sitting under a shady tree, subsequently to a particularly heavy country dinner. "My dear boy," said he, "do you know that I think that you are—excuse me—a little of a fool?"

"Know it? Certainly," responded the other toiler; "why shouldn't I? That is your common run of thought, and as you take care to express it a dozen times a day I am tolerably used to it. I am not surprised, I assure you. But what have I done now?"

"Done? Nothing. Doing everything. You are playing the mischief with your after-happiness by allowing yourself to get in love with your 'charmer,' as you are pleased to call her. Suppose you marry her. She will lead you the life of a servant. She has ten times the money you can lay your hands upon, and so far as I can see, is a maiden who would love fondly to rule the roost. She is self-willed, witty, high-tempered and exacting. And between your stupid good-nature and beautiful laziness, and her touch-and-go style, with her fire and push, you will come out pretty fine, old boy, pretty deuced fine."

"Upon my word, I'm half inclined to think you're right. Not a sudden conversion, by any means, but I've been dreaming that she has more pluck in a single day than I've had since I was born. And this won't do, you see; can't bear to be made to do anything, or think of everything, and she would always be nagging at my habits and lazy friends. That would be misery indeed. My dear friend, you're handsomer than I; take her off my hands. She'd be willing, no doubt."

"Well," drawled the other, "I don't mind. Egotism aside, you'll pardon me, of course, if I say that I think we might get on better than if you were in my place. But I can't stand any flirtations from you, of course. You'll have to quit moonlight drives and boating, and that stuff, of course, eh?"

"Certain. As you like. It is too hot to talk. Suppose you hunt her up; she's playing croquet or some such rubbish behind the house; do go, my boy, for I'm horribly sleepy."

Upon this, nothing loth, the first conspirator dragged himself upon his feet, and lounged away to begin his toil of capturing the handsomest and richest girl in the country round about, and immediately after he was lost to sight this identical handsomest and richest girl stepped from behind the tree, with flashing eyes, and contemplated the second conspirator with sublime wrath. He, however, smiles upon her blandly.

"Too hot to get up to receive you, my love. There, don't fly off in a fury, for I knew you were there, but I couldn't stand the trouble of getting you alone in any other way. There's a shawl or something; fetch it here, and sit down and take my head in your lap. Come."

"Indeed, sir," quoth she; "indeed, sir, your impudence is beyond everything, I—"

"Yes," yawned the prostrate hero; "I expect it is. But you wouldn't have me get up to get that shawl, would you?"

"It is not a matter of a shawl, I assure you," said the handsomest girl, with a fine drawing up of her figure; "but I demand to know why you presume to talk of me in the manner I was forced to overhear."

Here she dug her parasol deeply into the ground, and looked savagely upon the poor culprit before her. The poor culprit laughed.

"A trick of war only, my gem. I wanted to tickle his vanity. He is a consummate dandy, and you are a consummate beauty, and I am a consummate lazy-bones; so, there you have it, if you'll only take the trouble to find it out. It's a bore to explain."

Whereupon he spread a handkerchief over his face. Here the parasol came in use to drag it away and throw it off upon the grass, while the perpetrator of the outrage looked indignantly downward.

"Sir," she began, with much calmness though her eyes sparkled as if she were a burning volcano inside.

"My love."

"Sir. I own that I have been foolish enough to suppose that in a person fit to be my husband there would be at least some lingering spark of maunliness, and—"

"Love, that was foolish! It was, indeed."

"And some faint atom of spirit. That there would be some energy that would show itself on some great occasion, even if it was usually concealed by other habits. Now, I have been foolishly led into becoming engaged to

you, and I hoped that all might come out all right—but—but," here the voice began to break a little and the lips to tremble, but they both calmed almost instantly; "but now that I cannot help thinking that you will be utterly worthless to the world and to everybody in it, I now say that I desire to consider our engagement broken."

There was a trifling silence, during which the parasol prodded the earth vigorously, and the party addressed pretended to gape, but presently spoke:

"Excuse the slang, if I say that's pretty rough!"

"How much worse would it be for me, a girl who loves spirit and vigor, to be harassed to a hulking fellow, who can do almost nothing but sleep, whose labor is playing billiards and whose aspiration is to smoke better cigars than all his friends. I feel ashamed to think that I ever looked upon you with even forbearance. If you could only show some fear, or show some work done in this great world, or show that you even give some of your wealth to charity or the relief of suffering, or even had the pluck to knock down the stable boy, I might perhaps think better of you, for I can't love a man whose weapon is a laugh, and his defense and argument a stretch and a yawn."

After all this the most beautiful girl must needs go into hysterics, or, rather, an hysterical fit of weeping, which prevented her from seeing the scarlet flush creep into the face of the discarded youth, who still affected to be unconcerned. They both remained silent for some, and, indeed, many moments, and both became aware of an approaching storm, but neither cared to go away, and, indeed, partially forgot that it was so close, until a whirring cool breeze rushed through the leaves about them. Still they remained quiet, both perfectly calm, he without a sign of his old habit of laughing, and she resolute and a little white in the face.

Presently he roused himself, and, without a word relating to the subject then before them, looked about at the threatening weather.

He offered her his arm, but she drew away and motioned him to go on alone. He did not move neither did she. It became rapidly darker, and shelter was some 400 yards off.

"Come," said he, finally, "don't you think we had better go?"

"I will not go with you, for I feel that I have quarreled with you. Go on alone and I will follow."

"No, I will follow you, or else I shall stay."

"Then stay!"

It became darker and darker, and soon the rain burst upon them, and inky-black clouds were rising in the horizon. The lightning was terribly near, and he looked at her rather nervously, and perceived that her woman's nerve was yielding under the frightful noise about them.

"I must insist on your going, for you are drenched, and this place is particularly dangerous; the tree is very tall and stands quite alone."

She trembled as a new burst of storm broke upon them, and shrank from him further inward toward the trunk.

"No," she gasped. "I feel quite safe here. Go yourself. I shall not stir."

"But you must!" cried he, decisively and approaching her.

"Must!" She gazed at him in astonishment, while a thrice terrible burst broke upon them. He looked about, filled with dread, and upward at the huge, towering shaft above him, and then at the girl before him.

"Come," cried he again, but she withdrew from him. Another burst broke in rattling thunder from the clouds above them, and the earth seemed to tremble under their feet. He dared wait no longer, but rushed upon her, and seized her and fled, in spite of her angry struggles and screams.

It lasted but a second; she had a sense of torrents of rain beating on her upturned face, and of fierce winds sweeping about her, and of strong arms encircling her, and he had a sense of a beautiful burden, a greater strength, and then all became suddenly jagged, torn and distorted.

There was a vision of splitting, of white fire and bluish flame, and a feeling of rocking and stumbling, and a great appearing of all about him, and then a dashing to the earth, and then a stillness and death-like quiet.

The sun was shining when he awoke again, and there were kind faces about him, and among the rest, that of the first conspirator.

"Ah, old boy, it was pretty tough, he's all right, but a little dazed. The lightning knocked the tree to shivers, and you got away just far enough to be knocked over your self."

"What does she say?" whispered the other.

"Not much, but from what I see, there's no chance for me."

"No, I don't think there is, for I think I'll keep her myself, if she thinks that I turned out any better than she thought—and if she'll have me."

"And she will," spoke up another voice, gently, on the other side, "for you've got a scar and one I shall always be proud of. Hurry and get well, lazy-bones, and then—"

It was all completed properly, of course, and the second conspirator turned over many new leaves henceforth.—New York News.

A Scrubbing Service.

The vicar of St. Lawrence's church, Birmingham (England), recently announced a "scrubbing service," and invited the congregation to assist in the work. Soap, water and scrubbers were provided. The service lasted from 3 o'clock until 9.30, by which time the interior of the church presented a glossy and shining appearance.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Cottage Cheese.

Scald buttermilk, drain over night, scald even quantity of sour milk, mix the curds, season with cream, salt and sage, and pepper if desired, work well and pack, and it is ready for use. This makes a good rich cheese which any good housekeeper can make in a few minutes.

Pork Pies.

Well dry two pounds of flour, mix half a pound of suet, and put both with half a pound of butter and a little salt into a saucepan to heat; when quite melted turn these ingredients out of the vessel, mix them to a stiff paste, and lay the dough before the fire, covered with a cloth, until required for use. Chop up four pounds of the neck of pork very finely, and season it with white pepper, salt, and one dessertspoonful of powdered sage. Divide the paste into rather small pieces, raise them in oval shapes, fill each with the minced meat, and bake the pies in a brisk, quick oven.

Peanut Sandwiches, a New Table Fad.

That there are fads in edibles as well as in philanthropy, dress, and manners is proved by the advent of a new sandwich. This new delicacy, which is a peanut sandwich, is delicious, easily made and inexpensive. It will take the place of the salad sandwich at wedding receptions, teas, etc. The peanuts for the filling are skinned, chopped very fine and mixed with rich mayonnaise dressing. It is then spread on thin slices of bread, coated with just a suspicion of butter. Of course, any nuts may be substituted for peanuts, which are mentioned merely as being the least expensive.—Demorest.

Benton Biscuits.

Rub a tablespoonful each of butter and lard in a quart of flour, add a level teaspoonful of salt, and then with the hands mix in sufficient milk to form a rather stiff dough; flour the moulding board, put the dough on it, flour the roller, and beat the dough out flat; fold it repeatedly, and beat it flat again and again until it blisters or air bubbles are abundant, which will be after about a half hour's beating, tear off pieces of the dough as large as an egg, mould them in the hands to the size of a small biscuit, prick each one on top with a fork, place them in a buttered baking pan, and bake them a light brown in a moderate oven.—Juliet Corson.

Fillet of White Fish.

Take a white fish when fresh and firm, cut the two slices from the backbone; then, holding them flat on the table, slice them in the flat way again with a very sharp knife to make thin, broad pieces. Cut these in strips, double them as you place them in the buttered baking pan, and have the boned side up and lean one against the other until the pan is full. Chop half a can of mushrooms, four young onions and a handful of parsley together and dredge off salt and pepper, some bits of butter and the liquor from the can of mushrooms. Bake about half an hour, basting twice with a little light colored veal gravy; serve. Note: The remaining mushrooms can be used for omelet for breakfast or sauce.

Take remaining mushrooms, crush to a pulp, add a teaspoonful of salt, cover with a quart of water, let stand 24 hours, drain. To the liquor add eight cloves, 10 peppercorns and allspice; boil gently 30 minutes; bottle and cork when cold. This ought to make a pint of catsup. This will keep for a long time.

Household Hints.

Fried eggs may be glazed without turning, by simply keeping the pan covered while cooking.

To jelly consommé, throw in two or three calves' feet while the stock is boiling, or one for a small family. Never use gelatine.

Soup stock which is to be used in the preparation of various kinds of sauces should have plenty of vegetables, as well as meat, in its composition.

All salads, no matter what the foundation, are better for the addition of finely-chopped herbs, parsley, a little onion, and the rubbing of the salad bowl with a root of garlic.

The best way of measuring eggs for confectioners' fondant is to put the whites of two eggs into a glass and the same quantity of water into a glass of exactly the same size and shape. Mix the water and egg, and stir in enough confectioners' sugar to make a consistence for moulding.

There is no better way to boil an egg than not to put it on the fire at all. Instead of this, the boiling water should be poured upon the eggs, and they then should be covered and set aside for ten minutes. There should be a half pint of water—and it should have boiled hard for several moments before using—for each egg.

A typical English nursery breakfast comprises oatmeal porridge with rashers of bacon—home cured, sweet and delicious, marmalade, and "cambric" tea or coffee. The bacon, sliced very thin and cooked quickly to be just done through, is considered by English physicians to be as valuable as cod-liver oil in tissue building for growing children.

When serving ice cream that has not been moulded into bricks, the spoon used to serve the cream, on individual dishes should first be plunged into hot water before each portion is placed on its plate. If this little trick is adopted, the cream presents, instead of an unsightly lump, a smooth and comely oval, almost as pretty as if little moulds had been employed.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Hints About Hairdressing.
Modern coiffures are truly "fearfully and wonderfully made." The hair is either crimped to excess or worn so smooth that it causes discomfort even to look at. A certain



A FRENCH COIFFURE.

set of young girls has adopted the most impossible arrangement of the hair, which is made only more grotesque by the fact that the most casual observer can discover that it has been curled on a hot iron. What the foundation of this particular coiffure is, it is not feasible to state, as it looks like a bird's nest and seems to be a succession of waves and curls that stand out about the face, forming anything but a becoming frame. The

in a cluster. Doubtless by next season the hair will be powdered, and even diamond dust may sparkle in the locks of our fashionables.

Latest Styles in Ribbons.

Among the latest styles in ribbons are the colored failles and grosgrains, satinback velvet, with either violet or mode backs, and black double faced satins, with raised flowers on one side. Other, emerald, ruby and tawny brown lead in colors, and are much used for dress and blouse trimmings. Harlequin blacks and printed failles are also much in favor. The demand for taffeta is unabated. The favorite shades are cardinal, ox-blood and cherry, and they are a trifle more expensive than other colors. The national blues, violets and greens are also popular tints, and plaid taffeta is appearing.

Novelties in Dress Fabrics.

Among the novelties in dress fabrics are the new cashmeres wove in two colors. They are beautiful and will make lovely gowns. Silk faced serge is a handsome material for tailor-made seaside and country gowns.

Attractive Suit For a Little Boy.

Navy blue cloth, says May Manton, made this attractive suit, the broad sailor collar, cuffs and shield being of white serge, decorated with rows of narrow blue braid. The blouse is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams, an elastic being inserted in the hem that finishes the lower edge to adjust it in true sailor style. The fronts are closed invisibly, but buttons and buttonholes can be used if so preferred. The broad sailor collar ends in pointed lapels that are joined to the cut-away neck in front, the

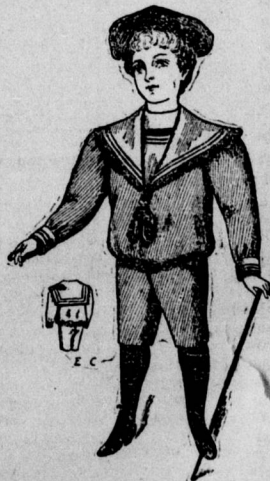


LADIES' WAIST.

measurement from the tip of the chin to the top of the pompadour is literally a foot. Consequently the lines of the head and face are lost and the features dwarfed. Crimping irons are not to be scorned. In fact, they are a most useful accessory of the toilet. But they should be used with judgment. Individual styles should be studied. Women with broad faces should avoid both too narrow and too broad effects. Both are fatal to a round face. If the woman with a narrow, oval face, with a head well poised on a slender throat looks ravishing in a broad, loosely arranged coiffure, with high puffs on the crown of her head, it does not follow that her sister, with the short neck, wide face and high brow will find the same mode becoming. Individuality is the keynote of a graceful coiffure, as it is of all other fashions.

Lovelocks, or "bean-catchers," have reappeared, and the smartest women in the East do not consider that the hair is properly coiffed without them. The genuine lovelock is worn just by the ear, where it was placed by the beauties of past centuries. Few women can stand extra breadth at that point, however, and unless they wish to be extreme, they permit a lock or two to turn on the forehead or temple. The lovelocks predict a revolution in the styles for coiffures. They even suggest that women of fashion may allow their hair to be white. Everything points to modes that were followed in the luxurious days of the French court in Marie Antoinette's reign. The pompadour remains the favorite style for arranging the hair, but great effort is being made to re-establish long and short curls. For evening the hair is worn quite high, and when the aigrettes, feathers or ribbons are added, the arrangement is quite eight inches tall. The wearing of flowers in the hair is one of the newest fads, and exceedingly dainty are some of the confections the milliners are making up. Roses are the favorite flowers. The prettiest arrangement consists of one rose and a few leaves, which are put close against the knot of hair at the left side, and from this stands up a straight spray of one rose, some small buds and the leaves. Another style is of red roses

shield portion being simulated by a facing on the underwaist, which is disclosed between the lapels. A pocket is inserted on the left front. The sleeves are gathered top and bottom and finished with round cuffs at the wrists, neatly trimmed with rows of braid. The knee trousers are shaped by inside and outside leg seams, small hip darts fitting them closely at the top. The closing is at the sides, where pockets are made, and a hip pocket can be inserted on the right hip if wanted. Buttonholes are made in under waistbands, and placed on the top to attach the trousers to the under waist, or buttons for suspenders can be put on if so preferred. Pretty suits are thus made up in various combinations of materials and colors, black and red, brown and fawn, or tan with cream being very stylish. The mode is suitable for wash suits of pique, Galatea, duck, grass linen, or flannel; braid, em-



BOYS' SAILOR BLOUSE SUIT.

broidery or insertion all being used to trim suits in this style.

The quantity of material 27 inches wide required to make this suit for a boy eight years of age is 3 1/2 yards.

America's Greatest Medicine

Greatest, Because in cases of Dyspepsia it has a touch like magic, which just hits the spot, brings relief to the sufferer, and gives tone and strength to the stomach as no other medicine does.

Dyspepsia and Liver Trouble

"For many years I suffered almost constantly with dyspepsia complicated with liver complaint. I tried first one thing and then another and sometimes resorted to regular medical treatment, but derived no substantial benefit. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills and concluded to give them a trial, and they effected a permanent cure." F. CHAUTES, 111 W. Boulevard, New York, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Sold by all druggists. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, 25c.

The Ungrateful Thing.

The Medical Record tells of a man who was cured of blindness by a surgeon remarkable for his unprepossessing appearance. When vision was fully restored, the patient looked at his benefactor and said: "Lucky for you, young man, I did not see you before you operated, or I would never have given my consent."

Early Printing Was Slow.

The first printers used to print only on one side of a page, and then pasted together the two blank pages to give the impression of one leaf.

Coins That Carve and Cut.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

LOVELL DIAMONDS STAND THE TEST.

Board of Experts So Decide.

Remarkable Investigation From Which the Lovell Diamond Bicycle Came Out Ahead of All Competitors.

Where there are so many makes of bicycles on the market, all of which at first sight seem to be on an equal footing to the casual observer, and still the fact is well known that there is no article in common use where it is so easy for the manufacturer to cover up the imperfections as in the bicycle, both in material and workmanship, and which cannot be detected until the machine has been given a test on the road, such an investigation as has just been completed by the best experts in the country, under the supervision of the Western Review of Commerce, is likely to be of great value to the riding public. The honor of producing the best wheel among the thirty-seven well-known makes that were tested fell to the old established house of John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Lovell Diamond. The investigation was made in a thorough manner by competent experts in the construction of wheels, and before them were placed thirty-seven of the



COLONEL BENJAMIN S. LOVELL, President of the John P. Lovell Arms Co.

leading makes. The machines were all marvels of the most recent ideas of mechanical construction, and were brought together without the slightest admiration or knowledge to the manufacturers that such a test was to take place. The practical experts composing the investigating board gradually weeded the machines down to a small number, and, after several days of careful testing of the relative merits of the machines, they were unanimous in their verdict that the Lovell Diamond was undoubtedly the best wheel made and so reported to the paper, the president of which immediately wrote the J. P. Lovell Arms company informing the latter of the investigation made and the decision reached, and this was the first intimation that the Lovell company had of the matter. The statement that the Lovell Diamond is the best bicycle built is based upon the fact that every part of the machine is made at their own factory. Previous to and including 1899 the machine bearing the name of the Lovell Diamond was manufactured for the John P. Lovell Arms Co. by outside parties, but beginning with the season of 1897, every part of every machine bearing their name has been constructed at the factory of the John P. Lovell Arms Co., at South Portland, Maine. This fact easily accounts for the proven supremacy of the "Lovell Diamond" over all other leading makes of the world. The Lovell Arms Company have three stores in Boston, Washington, Broad street and Massachusetts Street, and branch stores in Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., Pawtucket, B. I., Portland and Bangor, Me., besides having agents in nearly every city and town throughout the country. Their new outfit, "Famous Diamonds of the World," is on application.

The best imported cod liver oil is made in Norway.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.