

DEEP IN THE WOODS

Deep in the heart of the silent woods,  
 Shined to the stillness of thought,  
 Under the calm of the tranquil skies  
 Life's best lesson is taught.  
 What is the foolish strife of man?  
 What is his striving worth?  
 When the purest rapture of living is  
 found  
 In the beauty and peace of earth?  
 Sweet is the balm of the restful woods,  
 Truthful the teaching, and wise;  
 Joy lives out in the open world,  
 Under the open skies.  
 Evil and sin in the crowded ways  
 Find always the surest birth.  
 And it's far from the town that the soul  
 must seek  
 The beauty and peace of earth.  
 —Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis  
 Republic.

**LOVE CONQUERED.**

Alice Ellingham was indubitably a pretty girl. Not pretty with the unmeaning prettiness of glossy curls, sea-blue eyes and straight, Greek features, but with the beauty of soul and mind, and rich womanly temperament—and at 17 Alice had promised herself in marriage to Oscar Wayne.

"My dear, you might have done better, I think," said Mrs. Ellingham, a portly matron, who had herself been a beauty in her day, and was, in every meaning of the word, a woman of the world.

"How, mamma?" said Alice, simply.

"For you know I love him."

"Love," said Mrs. Ellingham, half scornfully. "That's a word that will do very well for poets and romancers. I don't believe in it myself. I didn't marry for love?"

"No, mamma," said Alice, mischievously, "you married for money; and when poor papa speculated in those horrid Western lands you lost it all, and were compelled to drag out the rest of your married life without either love or money to console you. I have heard you tell the story many a time."

Mrs. Ellingham bit her lip and fanned herself violently.

"That was because Mr. Ellingham was too much of a fanatic to take my advice about the investments," she said, tartly. "But it has nothing to do with the matter at present under discussion. You have engaged yourself to Oscar Wayne, who calls himself an artist. An artist, indeed—he had better say a genteel beggar. For what are artists nowadays but starvelings? And he has gone out to the Territories to sketch scenery for pictures that no one will buy after they are painted—and here, in his absence, comes Mr. Fenwick Fontaine, the richest catch of the season, and lays his hand and his heart at your feet. Why, Alice, you are the luckiest girl I ever saw."

"Of course his hand and his heart can be nothing to me," said Alice, looking down at the plain gold engagement ring that shone on the forefinger of her left hand. "For I love Oscar."

Mrs. Ellingham lay back among her cushions with a deep and ostentatious sigh.

"Alas Alice!" she uttered, plaintively. "I did not suppose you could be so selfish."

"Selfish, mamma?"

"Don't you see that you are blighting my future as well as your own? Don't you know that I have always looked forward to my daughter's marriage as a means of establishing myself in the ease and luxury which are almost a necessity to my declining years?"

"Dear mamma," pleaded Alice, with a troubled light in her sapphire-blue eyes and color coming and going faintly on her cheek, "that is easily settled. Your home must be with Oscar and me."

Mrs. Ellingham loftily shook her head.

"On a crust a day and a third floor in some wretched tenement-house," enunciated she. "Never!"

"Yes, but mamma—"

Mrs. Ellingham lifted her smooth, white hand as if to ward off Alice's words.

"My dear, we will not discuss the subject, if you please. I am quite willing to allow you time to reflect upon this momentous question. I have told Mr. Fontaine that you will give him an answer at the end of the week. Until then pray allow my tired brain and overworked nerves to rest."

And Alice went away to her own room, secretly avowing constancy to her absent lover.

"Dear Oscar," she murmured, softly kissing the engagement ring which his hand had placed upon her finger; "as if I could ever be untrue to you. Not all the gold in the world could tempt me."

But when the evening mail came in and brought no letter from Oscar, Alice did feel a little lonely and bewildered.

"It will surely come to-morrow," she said to herself.

But the morrow arrived, and brought no letter.

"It's very strange," said Alice, with tears in her eyes. "He never failed before."

"No more than I expected, my dear," said Mrs. Ellingham. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if he had fallen in love with some young woman cut there and settled down for life. I'm told art is better appreciated in the west than it is here."

Alice bit her lip—but she did not speak. Such bitter words were better left unanswered.

Mr. Fontaine came at about noon to take the ladies out driving. Alice's first impulse was to decline, but she remembered that her mother was fond of carriage exercises, and had

very few opportunities to indulge that liking—and she said, "Yes."

"I'll drive out to Fontaine Abbey," said the rich and confident suitor. "My gardener sends in word that the white grapes are ripe, and there are some very fine tropical flowers in blossom in the conservatory. And I thought Mrs. Ellingham might perhaps honor me by partaking of a little lunch after the drive."

Fontaine Abbey was a fine old place, built in the style of a stately medieval castle, with grounds that sloped to a serene, silver river, acres of conservatories, a picture gallery and a noble entrance hall, where knights in armor kept muffled guard. The carpets were Persian—the tables of Florentine mosaic—the lunch table a marvel of Sèvres china, gold plate and imported luxuries.

Mr. Fontaine played the accomplished host to perfection—and Mrs. Ellingham's eyes sparkled at the effect which all this luxury and refinement were evidently producing upon the susceptible nature of her daughter.

"Oh," she sighed, scarcely audible, when Mr. Fontaine led them for a moment, "what bliss it would be to end my days in a place like Fontaine Abbey!"

Alice said nothing, but there was a far-off, absent look in her eyes, a strained, set compression to her lips.

"Well, why not?" she asked herself. "Since Oscar has forgotten me—why not?"

The week rolled to its close, still without any token or sign that her far-off lover remembered her very existence—and when Fenwick Fontaine proposed formally to her, Alice Ellingham answered "Yes."

"My darling! my own noble-natured child," said Mrs. Ellingham, folding Alice close to her heart, and never noticing how pale and cold her lips were, how listless the droop of her head.

"I have sacrificed myself!" Alice kept repeating to herself, "but how shall I ever endure the life that lies before me?"

For three days she lived through the new existence—a pale, passive statue—at their close she took off the great diamond solitaire, clear and limpid as a monster drop of dew, that her new fiancee had placed on her finger and gave it back to him.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "I cannot believe my own nature; I would rather live in a garret, and die an old maid than marry you while my heart is all another's."

So the brilliant engagement, which had already become the talk of the town, was broken off, and Mrs. Ellingham, deeply offended, vowed that Alice might turn seamstress, school teacher or salesgirl, for all of her.

"I wash my hands of you, ungrateful, untruthful girl!" she cried, through torrents of angry tears.

"Mamma, I love Oscar," was all that Alice would answer.

She was sitting alone in the twilight that evening, crying a little by whiles, but yet happier, far, than when she was the bedrothed bride of the millionaire, when a footstep sounded on the threshold, and, turning, she beheld—Oscar Wayne!

"Oscar!" she cried out, hysterically.

"Oh, Oscar, my darling, I thought you had forgotten me!"

"I meant to give you a surprise, Alice," he said, gaily. "For I have come home for good. Listen, dearest, it's like a fairy tale. I have made no sketches at all. My time has been entirely occupied in nursing a poor, infirm old man, who was my fellow-passenger across the plains, and died, with his head on my arm, half way between two cities. And, Alice, that lonely, unfriendly old man proved to be immensely rich, and took the strange fancy to leave me all his wealth. I need paint no more pictures now, except for my own gratification. We can be married at once, dear, thanks to old Malcolm Murdoch."

And then Alice told him all—how nearly she had yielded to the terrible temptation of Mammon and the world—how she had been true to herself and him at the last.

The next week, when financial circles were ringing with the failure and decampment of Fenwick Fontaine, the millionaire, Mrs. Ellingham was forced to confess that Alice's simple heart wisdom was superior to her own worldly policy. She was quite satisfied—she had a rich son-in-law, after all. And that was what she wanted.—New York News.

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**THE EDICTS OF FASHION.**

New York City.—Red and white striped madras, white lawns and all-over embroidery with edging and insertion to match are the materials combined in this attractive and dainty



A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK.

little frock. The full body is arranged over fitted linings, which close in centre back, the upper portions of which are covered with the embroidery to round yoke depth. The pretty berthia of unique shaping is made of the white lawn, to match the sleeves, and its edges are handsomely trimmed with insertion and edging. This lining may be omitted, and the waist finished with the berthia in guimpe style. The lining may be used with



CHARMING WASHABLE WAISTS.

the sleeves as separate guimpe, to which the embroidery is applied in round yoke outline. The sleeves are gathered into wristbands of insertion finished with a frill of embroidery.

The full round skirt is deeply hemmed at the foot, gathered at the top and joined to the lower edge of waist, a band of insertion forming the belt. To make as illustrated will require two and three-fourths yards of striped madras, thirty-two inches wide, one and five-eighths yards of white lawn guimpe, with sleeve and berthia, and three-eighths yards of allover embroidery for yoke and collar, three yards of insertion and four and one-half yards of embroidery.

Washable Shirt Waists.

Midsummer demands that a generous supply of washable shirt waists be kept on hand, and the simple styles now in vogue are easily made at home with the use of a reliable pattern. The material represented in the drawing on the left of the large picture is red and white Scotch madras, simply machine stitched and closed in front with pearl buttons. The back fits smoothly across the shoulders, and may be made with or without applied yoke, the fulness at the waist being adjusted by tapes run through a casing. The fronts have attractive fulness laid in five small backward turning pleats at the neck.

The regulation shirt waist sleeves have openings finished with under and over laps, and the wrists are completed with straight link cuffs. The mode is desirable for all wash fabrics in plain, dotted, striped or figured designs.

To make this shirt waist will require in the medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-two inches wide, or two and a half yards thirty-six inches wide.

Ribbon and lace insertion united by machine stitching is the dainty fabric illustrated in the other drawing. The front and sleeves are cut on bias and a strip of the insertion is applied over the pleat in front, which renders the closing invisible.

The waist is arranged over fitted linings of silk or lawn which match the color of the ribbon.

Gathers at the neck and waist line give the fronts a graceful, slightly bloused, effect.

The back fits smoothly across the

shoulders, scant fulness below being drawn to the centre at the waist line. Stylish flaring cuffs fall in scallops over the hand and finish the wrists of the dress sleeves that have only slight fulness at the top.

Tiny darts taken up in the foundation of the stock collar curves it comfortably to the neck and over this the material is smoothly adjusted.

To make this waist in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of material twenty inches wide, or two and one-quarter yards thirty-six inches wide, with one yard of lawn or two yards of silk for lining.

The Long Glove Again.

With the adoption of the short elbow sleeve on some of our smart gowns the long glove is again worn; indeed, there are whispers that Parisians are trying to introduce silk mittens. It is a fashion for the lady of beautiful hand and handsome rings to rejoice at.

Wrapper With Watteau Pleat in Back.

The comfort suggested by this pretty, cool-looking wrapper is most bewitching. Soft wool challies that has a green leaf on a cream-tinted ground, is the material illustrated. The pointed bretelles yoke and collar of leaf green Liberty satin are overlaid with Russian lace, and trimmed with a quilling of three-quarter-inch Liberty satin ribbon in the same shade of green. Ribbon two inches wide is used for the semi-girdle, which is sewed on the underarm seam at the waist line, and stylishly bowed in centre front. The upper part of the front and back lining is faced to square yoke depth. The full fronts are gathered and applied over the lining to the edge of the yoke, and the back is arranged in a stylish double box pleat, which is attached to the lower edge of back yoke and falls in graceful folds to the lower edge. The collar which curves high in the back

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A Preparation for Cleaning Cutlery.

For cleaning cutlery use ashes made from pine wood and sift through a fine sieve; rub gently with soft woollen cloth and use castile soap; rinse in warm water and dry with soft linen cloth. For fine cutlery that is not used often this preparation has been found to be good: Take a piece of leaf fat from the pork; render and strain through a flannel cloth; use no salt, as it will rust; will keep best in a glass jar. Put a small portion of this on a flannel cloth about six inches square; rub the blades and wrap carefully in tissue or waxed paper separately.

Decorations and Garnishings.

Even slender purses can afford the luxury of a few flowers for the table in the season of flowers, and no table should be without them. They are so restful, so gratefully inspiring when one is fatigued, hot or tired by general weather conditions. A flowering plant may be substituted for cut flowers acceptably, but whether a plant or flowers be used, only those without heavy odors should be chosen. It is wonderful how pretty and tasteful a table may be made with the plainest table-service if the cloth is well laundered, each article arranged with care and order, and there is added the transforming touch of a bunch of bloom. Even a knot of field-daisies sets a seal of refinement upon a table which is not to be disputed. In summer it costs but a trifle to add pretty garnishings to various dishes, and certainly such touches add to their actual enjoyment.—Woman's Home Companion.

To Take Grease Spots Out of Paper.

Sometimes it happens that you get a grease spot on a letter or the page of a valuable book and you are at once filled with a sense of the hopelessness of ever removing the ugly and irritating blemish. Here is a remedy for the evil that has been tried with success: Heat an iron and hold it as near as possible to the stain without discoloring the paper, when the grease or wax will disappear. Upon any traces that are left put on powdered calcined magnesina for a time. Bone, well calcined and powdered, is an excellent absorbent of grease; also plaster of paris. For extracting spots of a resinous nature use cologne, turpentine or benzine. A beautiful bound book and quite new had oil from a lamp spilled over it. The culprit called for quicklime, but there was none to be had, so he got some bones, which he quickly calcined and pulverized and applied. The next morning there was no trace of oil, but only an odor, which soon vanished.

The Child's Room.

A mother is fortunate if she can empty the room which she is to refurbish, for the results are infinitely more satisfactory to begin at the beginning. If she is to have a new paper she must study the location of the room. For a north room a warm color—rose, yellow, or even crimson—while if the room face the south she may choose a floral pattern on a white ground, or some pretty shade of plain color—cream, pale green, or pink. Blue is seldom successful. It is distinctly a cold color, and in winter, or on a gray day, makes the room gloomy. A boy usually prefers a simpler paper as less "fussy" than one that has a pattern, while a girl's heart is delighted with something that is at once gay and artistic, such as American Beauty roses, or poppies on a white ground. The ventilation of the room should be perfect, and the child trained to sleep in air that is quite cold. The curtains which adorn the windows, therefore, should not hinder the free current, but should be of the lightest kind. Muslin, stout enough to launder well, are the most satisfactory.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipes.

Orange Custard—Peel and slice four oranges, put them in layers (sifting white sugar between) in a deep glass dish, and pour over them a plain boiled custard flavored with vanilla. Sliced bananas or strawberries may be used instead of the oranges, and will make a delicious dish.

Almond Iceing—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add 12 ounces of confectioner's sugar and 12 ounces of ground almonds, or almonds which have been blanched and pounded in a mortar, to a paste. Flavor with orange flower water, apply at once before the sugar iceing is placed over it.

Whipped Cream—One and a half pints rich sweet cream flavored with three teaspoonfuls vanilla, and sweetened to taste; whip to a stiff froth. Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce gelatine in a small cup hot water, and when cool, pour into the cream. Beat thoroughly, pour in molds, and set away to become firm.

Vegetable Salad—Cut two boiled potatoes in squares, add one onion, one cucumber and two ripe tomatoes sliced thin, and a few pieces of celery and a little shaved cabbage which has become crisp from remaining in ice water for an hour or so. Arrange the vegetables alternately on lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

Italian Cheese Dish—Mix one-fourth of a cupful each of cornstarch and flour with milk enough to pour, and cook in the rest of a pint of milk for 15 minutes; add one-fourth of a cup of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs, a saltspoonful of salt and half a cup of Parmesan cheese. Stir until the egg is cooked, then spread in a buttered pan. When cold cut in squares, sprinkle with cheese and reheat.

Horse Takes a Boer Prisoner.

During one of the outpost skirmishes between the Englishmen and the Boers one of the latter had his horse shot under him, says a correspondent of the Washington Post.

Seeing a British cavalry horse without a rider, he captured it, and was riding away, when a bugler caught sight of him, and, putting his bugle to his lips, blew a shrill blast.

The horse wheeled sharply around, and, despite the strenuous efforts of his rider, galloped madly back to the British lines, while the Boer, unwilling to lose his prize, held on too long and was taken prisoner.

Boers Not Led by Foreign Officers.

There is a mistaken notion abroad that the operations of the Boers have been directed by European and American officers. This widely circulated statement contains scarcely a scintilla of truth. A few European officers and one American (Colonel Blake) are here. They may be men of ability for all I know, and competent to give the Boers excellent advice. Other foreign officers would volunteer if they could get commissions in the republican army. The talent can easily be secured. But how devise a scheme to apply it? The Boers will not obey their own officers, much less foreigners.—Thomas F. Millard, in Scribner's.

Followed the Emigrants.

Apples were unknown in California previous to the Eastern emigration to the coast, in 1849. In that year and the following years until the railroads were built the thousands that went overland made large provision for sustenance on the way. Bales of hay and whole oats were carried along for the cattle and mules, and from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean there sprang up grasses that were strange to that country, and to this day the old trails are marked with timothy and oats that grow wild and are indestructible.—Washington Star.

Time's Changes.

Before marriage a man's display of affection is very apt to be overdone; after marriage it is more likely to be rare.—Chicago News.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lo Roy, N. Y.

Life is like a crowded street car. The people with push are the ones who move up front.

What Shall We Have For Dessert? This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling, no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

Even the breezy young man can't always raise the wind.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Tennessee pays the Chief Justice of its supreme Court an annual salary of \$3500.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children settling, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The doctor and the legislator both mend the constitution.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarf Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Chicago's latest count shows that it has 418 attorneys.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Peppin Tutti Fruitt after each meal.

A fellow can't even learn to play the 'um unless he sticks at it.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N. Y. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Assuan, Egypt, has two new hotels and an English church for 300 people.

Frey's Vermifuge has many imitators. Be sure to get the genuine, made by E. & S. Frey, Baltimore, Md.

It takes a brave man to tell a funny story when his wife's around.

**OVARIAN TROUBLES.**

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them—Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—Mrs. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—Mrs. ELAIS BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

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