

IN THE WOODLANDS.

In the forest lawns I see
Little ring-plots fenced around,
So that shrub and sapling tree
Thrive in safe and happy ground;
And I wonder, cannot I
Keep some little plots apart,
Open to the wind and sky,
For the growth of mind and heart?
—Atlanta Constitution.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DIAMOND.

BY RUBY MAYNE.

"You will have \$250,000 apiece, girls, when I die. My diamonds will go to Winthrop Mayne's wife."

So saying my grandmother deposited upon the table a good-sized ebony box, inlaid with silver; and sitting in its lock the little key she always wore at her watch-guard, flashed wide the lid. My grandmother's diamonds! There they were—great wells of light, petrifed sunbeams. As we beheld them lying upon their white, velvet cushions, one blaze of splendor, we girls uttered simultaneously screams of wonder and delight.

Thus was kindled the first spark of rivalry that ever glowed between my sister Drusy and me. We had each a set of pearls. Drusy had a handsome set of sapphires, beside, and I of rubies. Mine were of my name, which was Ruby. But these were as nothing beside grandmother's diamonds.

Winthrop Mayne was the prince of the family, grandmother said. He was the son of a dearly loved half-brother, and immensely wealthy. We had not seen him for years—not since we were children—till the evening of the day on which grandmother made the announcement that we were to have \$250,000 each at her death, and that her diamonds were to go to Winthrop Mayne's wife.

Mrs. Throgmorton, as we were taught to call grandmother on all ceremonious occasions, was in a state of the liveliest glee at the thought of seeing her nephew; and Drusy and I never made such careful toilets before.

Drusy was two years older than I, tall and graceful, and fair-faced, like a lily. She wore a white silk dinner-dress with her sapphires.

I was little, and dark, with black eyes, and cheeks like pomegranate hearts. I wore creise satin, and no ornaments.

Mrs. Throgmorton scolded when she saw me; but Winthrop Mayne, who was with her, declared, as I had decided, that even a flower would have spoiled the effect, and said some pretty things about my looks, that I instinctively perceived displeased grandmother. Drusy was her favorite.

At the first opportunity grandmother reproved me sharply for bursting into the room as I had, without waiting to be sent for.

"But, grandma," I pleaded. "I thought Mr. Mayne was making his toilet in his own rooms, and I wanted you to see how I looked."

At this moment my sister entered the drawing-room, and Mrs. Throgmorton's eyes sparkled as she led Drusy toward her nephew.

My heart was a chaos of gratified vanity, of childish anger at the reproof just administered, of bitter envy of my sister's queenly loveliness.

I retreated, unobserved into a corner, where a high-backed sofa hid my brilliant plumage, and through the fretwork of the carving watched the three.

Winthrop Mayne, with his tawny beard, his magnificent stature, was my ideal of the kingly creature long since chosen as my hero.

How he was impressed with my sister's appearance I could not gather from his manner, but I saw his deep blue eyes send now and then a searching glance to the farthest corner of the room, and I shrank every time lest that azure lightning should fall on me in my hiding.

He must have caught some flame-like glimpse of my dress, for he rose presently as Drusy was about to ring for a servant to send for me, and came straight to my lurking-place.

"Winty, my dear," said Mrs. Throgmorton, abruptly, as dinner was announced, "you may take out Drusilla. I have a fancy to see how you two will look together. Ruby, you must give me your arm."

I sat upon her left, and my sister and the prince upon her right. There was a large vase of hot-house flowers precisely between Winty Mayne's dark blue eyes and mine, and grandmother frowned at me every time I spoke. She was fond of me, too; but I discovered very soon that she had set her heart on making a match between my sister and the prince.

"Drusilla will look well in diamonds," she would whisper to me, significantly; or, "I wouldn't go into the library just now, Ruby; your sister and Winty are there."

They were always together, and I did not hinder them; on the contrary, I rejected and avoided every possible opportunity of joining either in their morning rambles or their evening lingering in the music-room or library.

Sometimes the prince's dark blue eyes reproached my avoidance, I imagined, and now and then his lips put the reproach in words; but I only laughed at him.

My sister remonstrated with me, too; and I told her crossly, that she need not mind—she had all the better chance of seeing Winty Mayne herself—and for my part, I would never marry a man for the sake of twice as fine diamonds as grandmother's.

Drusilla sighed. "I know something better than diamonds, if only I might have it," she said, wearily, and she went out of the room.

One warm, moonlit evening, in mid-summer, I was walking in the garden, and as I passed the pavilion I heard voices, one of which I was sure was Drusy's. As I had left her half an hour before in the music-room with Winthrop Mayne, I wondered some. While I hesitated an instant, her voice reached me in accents stifled with sobs. I did not distinguish what she said, but it was a man's tones which soothed her. Angrily stopping my ears with my fingers, I ran away to the house.

The piano tinkled as I entered, and, tiptoeing along the hall, I saw Winty Mayne before it. Without turning his head, he called to me.

I went in doubtfully. "How did you know I was there?" I asked.

"Didn't you know I had eyes in the back of my head?" he responded, gravely. "Come. Sit here and play this duet with me."

"I haven't time," I replied. "Where is Drusilla?" Mrs. Throgmorton's voice said, at this moment.

"She has retired, I believe," answered Winty Mayne, carelessly. "She said she had a headache."

"Have you been here long?" I asked. "Half an hour or so."

"I am very sorry," said grandmother, "but you will have to excuse Ruby. I couldn't go to sleep at all, if she did not read to me awhile."

As we quitted the room the prince's hands came down upon the piano keys with an angry clash, and at the sound I felt Mrs. Throgmorton's eyes search my face, sharply. I did not mind, however. I was wondering whom my sister was talking to in the pavilion.

It was a week after this that grandmother sent for me to her private apartments.

She was sitting in rapt exultation, before the open casket in which she kept her diamonds. Their prismatic flash, as I entered the room, almost blinded me.

"Take your farewell look, Ruby," she cried gleefully. "Drusilla has won them."

I stood as if petrified. "Where is she?" I asked.

"They are both in the drawing-room."

"Oh, grandma! grandma!" I cried, coming forward, "let me take them to her."

"Nonsense! She will have them soon enough."

"Dear grandmother," I coaxed. "I want to see how she will look in them."

Mrs. Throgmorton smiled. "Well, well," she said, and she put the precious casket in my hands.

I darted away to the drawing-room. I had a glimpse of myself in the tall pier-glass as I crossed the thick carpet noiselessly. My eyes shone like stars; my cheeks were fevered.

Not till I was nearly beside him did I perceive, in my excitement, that Winty Mayne was alone.

"Where is Drusilla?" I exclaimed, setting down the box.

"Drusilla has gone," said Winty gravely. "Gone! Where?" I asked, scared by his tone.

"To be married to the man of her choice, which I never was. Ruby, you and I must not let grandmother be too unforgiving."

"I don't believe you," I burst forth, beginning to tremble.

"It is true; nevertheless. She was just here to tell me she was going, and to beg me to intercede in her favor with Mrs. Throgmorton. She has not more than got beyond the garden-wall by now."

I guessed how it was. Mrs. Throgmorton, ever on the watch for the success of her hopes regarding these two, had overheard something as she crossed the hall, which she interpreted to mean the fulfillment of her desires.

"That was the man Drusy was talking to in the pavilion, too," I said to myself.

"What have you got there?" Winty demanded; and then he made me tell him why I had brought the diamonds, and, in spite of my frightened remonstrances, he proceeded to clasp them upon my neck and arms. Then he led me to the pier-glass, gave me a glimpse of myself in its still depths, and whirled me away to the very presence of grandmother.

Mrs. Throgmorton's first anger was terrible. But the prince stood his ground, and she ended by forgiving us all round, and telling me I was welcome to the diamonds.

I deserved neither them nor the wife-hood they implied; but both are mine, and Drusy is too happy herself to envy me.—Saturday Night.

He Wouldn't Do.

A well-dressed lad, the son of wealthy parents, thought it would be quite manly to earn a few coppers for himself by selling newspapers. He stopped a tattered newsboy in the street and said to him:

"Do you think I should be able to earn money as you do if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"

"Why do you want to sell papers?" "I'm tired of being idle."

"Well," said the philosophic little newsboy, with a serious air, "I'dyer think you can hold 20 papers in one hand, lick three of four boys bigger'n yourself with the other hand, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and yell 'War 'dition' all the time?"

"No-o, I don't," replied the well-dressed boy.

"Then yer're no good in the newspaper biz," replied the tattered philosopher. "You'd better get yer people to 'pronice yer to something light.'"—Square Mouths.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Shell pink satin foulard is here stylishly combined with dark red velvet and tucked ivory mousseline de soie. The picture is reproduced from Modes.



MISSIE'S COSTUME.

The bodice is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the centre front. The back is smooth across the shoulders and draws down close at the waist line with tiny pleats in the centre. A perfect adjustment is made with an under-arm gore.

The fronts are slightly double-breasted. The fulness at the waist being arranged in blouse effect over a narrow velvet girdle. The shallow plastron of tucked mousseline is permanently attached to the right lining front and fastens invisibly on the left side. The special feature in this waist is the tucked collar, which provides a stylish trimming for the back and outlines the plastron, forming broad tucked revers. It extends out over the sleeves, giving broad effect to the shoulders, that is becoming to slender figures.

The sleeves are correctly finished with upper and under portions, and finished with a ruffle which falls over the hand.

Narrow velvet ribbon is effectively applied around the standing and

three-eighths yards fifty inches wide, with one and three-quarter yards of tucked eighteen inches wide for the waist, and one and one-half yards of lining, will be required.

Treatment of the Coat.

Now that it is unsafe to go from home without wraps it is well to understand the secret of proper hanging when not in use. She is an unwise woman who hangs up her jacket by a loop at the back of the neck. It makes the coat sag where the strain comes, and it gives it a dragged and droopy appearance. If loops are used at all they should be put at the armholes, and so put on as to stand upright and not stretched across an inch or two of space. But the best way to keep a coat fresh and in good shape is to keep it, when not in active service, on a wooden hanger.

Violet Linen Frock.

A violet linen frock is made up with a fitted flounce at the bottom joined to the skirt by insertion of Point d'Arabe lace. The girdle, instead of being made of black velvet, is of violet linen, with a narrow band of lace insertion at both edges. Through these bands are run the narrowest of draw ribbons of violet velvet. The neckband is made precisely in this fashion and knots of the violet velvet are arranged down the front of the bodice.

The Style of Sleeves.

The double sleeve is all the rage just now, and it is as well to have it while so much in favor, as there are signs that the style is not come to stay. For one thing, it has caught on just a trifle too much. The double sleeve is becoming extremely popular—it will soon be too popular. This is sad, for it is a pretty mode, and one which gives an air to a simple muslin frock. One thing in its favor is its variety.

Modish Gowns.

Next to the white cloth gowns in favor stands gowns of light blue and mushroom pink cloth and the indications are that this is to be pre-eminently a season of pale tinted cloths for reception wear.

An Essential For a Child.

The comfortable loose wrapper that



WOMAN'S WAIST WITH BOLERO.

tucked collars and on the lower edge of the sleeves.

The circular skirt is fitted smooth across the front and over the hips, closing under an invisible placket at the centre back. It flares prettily at the sides and falls in graceful folds in the back.

Plain and figured India or taffeta silks, poplinette, crepe meteor, challie or silk muslin are appropriate for this mode, with ribbon, lace, tucked batiste or velvet for trimming.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of figured material thirty or thirty-six inches wide, or one and one-half yards of forty-four inch width, one-half yard of tucking for shield and standing collar. To make the skirt in the medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of forty-four inch material.

A Style Generally Becoming.

No style of bodice is more generally becoming than the bolero in its many forms. The excellent May Manton design illustrated in the large picture is adapted to many materials, but is never more effective than, as shown, in black taffeta with applique of Persian embroidery. The model from which the drawing was made is worn with a skirt of figured black silk and over a waist made of ready tucked mousseline in cream white. The lining is white satin, but the revers are faced with black panne, which adds greatly to the effect. The high stock, which matches the waist, is finished with an applique of heavy cream lace. Pastel tinted taffetas are admirable and exceedingly attractive for garden party and informal evening wear, but the latest hint from Paris tells of taffeta enriched by embroidery into which gold and silver threads are introduced. The waist beneath may be of any contrasting material, but is most effective in such diaphanous filmy stuffs as chiffon, mousseline and Liberty gauze.

To cut this bolero for a woman of medium size three yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or one and

can be slipped on without delay is an essential for the child as well as for its elders. The charming May Manton model shown has the merit of serving equally well for that purpose and for the sleeping gown. For the former service it is admirable made of French flannel or the less costly flannelette; for the latter it can be made of cambrie, long cloth, nainsook or the warmer flannelette in preparation for winter nights.

The full fronts and backs are simply gathered and pomed to a shallow, square yoke. Over the yoke falls the pretty round collar, with its deep frill, and all unnecessary fulness at the neck and shoulders is avoided. The sleeves are one-seamed and gathered at both arms' eyes and wrists, where



CHILD'S WRAPPER.

they terminate in wristbands and full frills.

To cut this wrapper for a child of four years of age three yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

Feminine Financiering.

While the coachman was having his vacation his employer made sudden announcement to his family that he must go at once to the upper peninsula on pressing business. Naturally enough he omitted to state that he was going in an improvised fishing party. "Here's some money, Nan," and he stopped to produce it, though he had to quit packing a valise that he had been stuffing as though he were baling hay. "Hire a man to take care of the barn till Peter comes back and use the rest of it as you want to." When he was gone she, having the usual Napoleonic financial ability of her sex, promptly decided to look after the barn herself and put the money thus saved into a beautiful summer dress that she did not need. That evening it rained and she tripped to the stables in a mackintosh that she tossed on the nearest part of the nearest horse, in lieu of a convenient peg, and was immediately kicked a dozen feet in a straight line. The cook ran out and displayed her presence of mind by turning the hose on her mistress and playing it on her until she had to revive in order not to drown. When it came to putting hay down into the mangers the cook fell head foremost into the funnel-shaped chute made for this purpose, and most of her blood had gravitated to her brain before the people in the block, two policemen, a contractor, and a veterinary surgeon had rescued her. She is in bed under medical care, the wife is being treated for a general contusion of the body, and the returned coachman is under extra pay to assure the husband that everything went off nicely.—Detroit Free Press.

Expert Fighting of Chinese.

From the improved fighting qualities of the Chinese soldier and his expert use of artillery and small arms it is evident that he has profited by the later war with Japan and taken lessons in the gentle art of shooting the head off from European instructors. It may be that after the Chinese trouble is settled the nations of Europe will think twice before allowing their military officers to instruct in war the savage and semi-savage people elsewhere.

HETTY GREEN'S WEALTH.

Would Have a City of Palaces if Her Mortgages Were Foreclosed.

No one knows precisely the extent of Hetty Green's wealth. It consists for the most part of government bonds, railroad stocks and mortgages, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. She says she is not so fond of government bonds since the finances of the nation have become polluted with politics. Good mortgages of any kind are now her favorite form of investment. If all the mortgages she holds were foreclosed tomorrow twenty-eight churches of various denominations, in almost as many states, would become hers, and four cemeteries would be added to her real estate. Besides there would be blocks of great business buildings and splendid city houses, theaters,ivery stables and hotels, country residences, farms and ranches, factory buildings and thousands of acres of valuable land in all parts of the country. Several years ago she made a tour of inspection of all the property on which she held mortgages. She spent two years traveling and staid at forty hotels in as many cities. Since then she has added largely to her holdings of this kind. The most conservative estimates places Mrs. Green's wealth at \$50,000,000, but it is probably more. She, herself, won't discuss the matter, except to say that it is overstated.

PURNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, in Siam must always be odd. Even numbers are considered unlucky.

Don't drink too much water when cycling. Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti is an excellent substitute.

The coal famine in Germany is lessening the output of pig iron materially.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

The high roller and the rolling stone gather no moss.

Cartier's Ink is the best ink that can be made. It costs you no more than poor stuff not fit to write with.

An apparatus for condensing sea fog into drinking water has been invented.

WOMAN'S KIDNEY TROUBLES

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing this Fatal Woman's Disease.



Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so-called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

The following letters will show how marvelously successful it is:

Aug. 6, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am failing very fast,—since January have lost thirty-five or forty pounds. I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired, and have bearing down pains. Menses have not appeared for three months; sometimes I am troubled with a white discharge, and I also have kidney and bladder trouble. . . I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you, and see if you could do me any good."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

Sept. 10, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. I did not enjoy life at all. Now, I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough for what you have done for me. You are surely a woman's friend. Thanking you a thousand times, I remain, Ever yours, Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it enough. . . had headaches, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and kidney trouble. I also had a pain when standing or walking, and sometimes there seemed to be balls of fire in front of me, so that I could not see for about twenty minutes. Felt as tired in the morning when I got up as if I had had no sleep for two weeks. Had fainting spells, was down-hearted, and would cry."—Mrs. MARY A. HIPLE, Second and Clayton Sts., Chester Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot find language to express the terrible suffering I have had to endure. I had female trouble, also liver, stomach, kidney, and bladder trouble. . . I tried several doctors, also quite a number of patent medicines, and had despaired of ever getting well. At last I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, thanks to your medicine, I am a well woman. I can not praise your medicine too highly for I know it will do all, and even more, than it is recommended to do. I tell every suffering woman about your Vegetable Compound, and urge them to try it and see for themselves what it will do."—Mrs. MARY A. HIPLE, No. Manchester, Ind.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. I did not enjoy life at all. Now, I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough for what you have done for me. You are surely a woman's friend. Thanking you a thousand times, I remain, Ever yours, Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

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\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., which will be paid to any person who can find the above testimonials letters are not genuine, or were published without the owner's special permission.