

TO SMILE.

To smile is to forget
That you and sorrow ever met.

To smile is to remain
On just this side of grief and pain.

To smile is to overlook
The turned-down pages of Life's book.

To smile is to be alone,
With sunshine to the gloom unknown.
—Denver Times.

CHANGING HIS NAME.

Deborah Hancock was busily engaged in decorating her birthday cake. She sighed as she placed the last candle, one more than the previous year. How fast those little waxen milestones seemed to multiply!

Several years before, when the whole surface of the cake was so thickly studded that she could find no place for the new taper, Miss Hancock paused to ponder.

Was not 35 a good age at which to lose count?

The temptation was great. But all false pretense was abhorrent to the sturdy Hancock nature. Prevarication even to one's self was not to be tolerated. And what folly could equal in silliness that of attempting to conceal one's age?

The tapers were red, white and blue. The Republic and Miss Deborah celebrated the anniversary of their birth upon the same day.

A light tap sounded at the door. Deborah carefully locked her pantry door before admitting her visitor.

"Mother wants to know if you won't go over to the picnic with us tomorrow?"

"Me go to the picnic! Why, Ellen Ann, I ain't been to a picnic for 20 years! Thank you ma, but—"

"Oh, do come, Miss Deb. You know, we're going to celebrate the incorporation of Hilton, as well as the Fourth."

"Come in and think it over."

With a blush and a giggle the girl cast a backward glance over her shoulder. "I can't come in tonight. But you be ready and we will stop for you in the morning."

Miss Deborah followed the girl's glance and smiled as she caught sight of a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the lilacs by the fence.

"Oh, it's Joel," she said.

Ellen Ann giggled.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own unfinished romance which made her heart particularly tender toward all lovers. Be that as it may, she was the village confidante. Many awkward youths and shy maids blessed her for the kindly way in which she sped their wooing.

The next morning when Ellen Ann's brother with a flourish brought his hay wagon to a stand before Miss Deborah's door, he found her waiting, lunch basket beside her.

The exercises were opened by a long and fervent prayer by Parson Ellihu Griffin. Then the schoolmaster, a spare, stoop-shouldered young man, with a peculiar intonation which made the thinness of his voice painfully apparent, delivered the Declaration of Independence.

Then the whole assemblage awoke the echoes with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the people cheered again. Then 'Squire Cooper, who had been recently elected to office, rose and made some remarks, but detecting signs of restlessness among the younger people, he brought his remarks down to the pith of his address.

"Fellow Townspeople: I have a surprise in store for you. Hearing that this day was to be of special interest to the inhabitants of his birthplace, one of our sons who has made a name for himself in the political world, yet has still retained in his heart a warm regard for his old name, has come down to join in our festivities, and has consented to make a few remarks. Friends, I ask you to join me in welcoming the Hon. John Smith."

The cheering mercifully drowned Miss Deborah's painful little gasps of consternation. No one noted her pale face. All eyes were upon their illustrious townsman.

The Hon. John Smith did not detain his hearers long. He referred to the fact that they were all more eager to attend to the contents of their well-filled hampers than to anything he might have to say. He also said that he was anxious to leave the platform and come down among them and seek out and shake hands with his old friends.

Deborah felt that she must go away by herself and recover her lost equilibrium. Seizing upon two pails she insisted on going to the spring for water. She started off briskly, but behind the first clump of bushes she cast aside the pails and sat down to give her thoughts full sway.

Miss Deborah smiled as she contemplated the mental pictures of her youthful self. There she stood in her girlish pride, her head saucily a-tilt, and a mischievous light in her eyes. But the smile was quickly followed by a sigh, as ever faithful memory drew the outline of a tall, awkward country boy who stood beside the maid.

Ah, now the girl's lips parted, and, bending her head, Miss Deborah hears the sound of a light laugh. At the sound the youth frowns, then speaks. "Dan Quince is a common feller, and the girl I've kept steady company with shan't dance with him."

Again the girl laughs, and then in mocking tone replies:

"A common feller, is he? Well, his name ain't as common as some I know of, John Smith."

"If yer ashamed of my name now, what'll ye be when it's yer own?"

"Who says I'll ever bear any such common name as John Smith? If I was you I'd ask the legislature to help me to a finer name."

"Do you mean that, Deb?"

"Yes, I do."

Thus Deborah declared her independence. She supposed John would come around that evening and "make up," as he had done so often before, but no, he had gone away from Hilton without a word.

At this point her reverie was broken in upon by the voice Deborah had listened to so long.

"Why, Miss Hancock, what are you doing here all alone?"

"I was going for water," Deborah faltered, pointing to the forgotten pails.

"Down to the old spring? I'll go and help you. I haven't forgotten the way. I believe I remember every incident of my life here. Do you remember the picnic just before I went away?"

Deborah nodded.

"Do you know I've often thought of that day. You see, I took your advice and went to the legislature. It took time, but I finally reached there. But I decided that if I could obtain a handle to my name it would answer just as well as if I changed it."

"I'm afraid I was rude," Deborah stammered.

"It was the best rudeness I ever encountered. It made me leave here, otherwise I suppose I should have lived right along in the groove made by my ancestors. I have always been grateful for your scorn. It hurt dreadfully at first, but I came to see the other side of the question."

John talked of this and that, but suddenly he seemed to become aware of his companion's silence. He glanced at her and in a whimsical tone said:

"Deborah, doesn't the honorable modify the Smith a little?"

"What does a name matter, anyway?" Deborah asked, impatiently, "but here we are at the spring."

"If the name doesn't matter, Deb, perhaps you'll scorn to share it with me now. Will you, dear?" and the congressman bent low to look under Deborah's hat.

"John, there's Ellen Ann staring at us," and with a blush Miss Deborah withdrew her hand, but not until she had returned the pressure of the one which held it.—The Home.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF FEAR.

Men Who Show Terror in One Case May Be Fearless in Others.

"Because a fellow's badly scared is no sure sign he's a coward," said an old peace officer the other evening, chatting about the game men he had known. "What I mean is that brave men—men who can fight as long as they can lift a finger—may sometimes have curious special weaknesses and be unable to face certain things that would have no effect on others of half their ordinary nerve. One of the most courageous officers I ever knew in my life was Capt. Edward Loomis, who died a few years ago somewhere in west Texas. He was originally a lieutenant in a Ranger company and was afterward marshal of several tough towns, where he made a great record by his fearless handling of frontier desperadoes. But he was constitutionally afraid of thunder and lightning. At the first crash he would turr as pale as death, and when a big storm came along he used to shut himself up in his room, so nobody could witness his alarm. He attributed this singular infirmity to stories told him in his childhood, which may or may not have been the correct explanation."

Another gallant western officer of my acquaintance—call him Jackson for convenience, for he's still alive and I'd rather not mention his right name—had a fear of snakes that amounted to a monomania. Of course the great majority of people have a dread of the repulsive reptiles, but in Jackson's case it was something far worse—it was a paralyzing horror, like the feeling, I imagine, that grips one in a nightmare. For some years he was in the revenue service, patrolling the Rio Grande for smugglers, and one night, to tell you a little story that illustrates his weakness, he went into camp with a dozen rough cowboys. He was stretched out on his blanket smoking and almost asleep, when a new cowboy came in from the nearby range, dragging a big rattlesnake he had killed, and, for a joke, threw it across his feet. Jackson thought it was a heavy lariat and for some time did not take the trouble to look down. When he finally did so he rose half up, staring wildly at the snake, his mouth wide open, but not a sound coming out of it, and then sank back in a faint. The cowboys thought he was a milkop, but after he came to they had all they could do to keep him from killing the joker on the spot, and they suddenly changed their opinions about his nerve. I could recall a good many other more or less similar cases," added the old officer reflectively, "but I guess these will serve to make my point clear. When you see a man rattled about something out of the ordinary, don't bank too certainly on his being a coward. He may be up against his one pet weakness."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Four Striking Parallels.

For the fourth time Mr. and Mrs. Sherman McKinnis of Republic county, have become the parents of twins. All of the children are living and the eldest are not yet 8 years old. A local paper says it is "a case entirely without parallel," though integrally there seem to be at least four.—Kansas City Journal.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Pale colors in soft wool crepes and albatross are exceedingly fashionable for little girls, and make most satisfactory frocks. The



GIRL'S COSTUME.

very pretty May Manton model shown is of the latter material in pastel pink, with chemisette and undersleeves of white India silk, trimming of a simple cream applique, belt and bows of black velvet ribbon, but the design will be found adapted to various fabrics, lawn, batiste and the like, as well as simple childish silks.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the full front

and five-eighth yard of velvet for sailor collar and stock.

Chain Buttons.

The following method is employed to keep the pouched fulness of a blouse front from spreading unbecomingly from side to side. Where the folds are drawn down to their narrowest the cloth or silk is held together at the middle by a couple of gilt buttons linked by a few inches of gilt chain. The disposition of the pouched front below the waist gives trouble to some dressmakers and amateurs, as it should not protrude too much. The fulness should be carefully diminished below the waist, as you do not want to carry a bump of lace or satin as the finish of the pouched front.

Flower Designs in Jewels.

The most charming things are to be seen in flower designs in jewels. One pin, which is particularly attractive, is in violets, two of the blossoms, one white and one blue, the blue in sapphires, the white in diamonds and the stem in emeralds. The little diontra, bleeding hearts, one of the pretty drooping branches of the flowers very much reduced in size, is a charming little pin in enamel.

Some Stylish Coats.

Very coarse white serge coats are stylish; so are coats of a finer serge, and cream alpaca coats sometimes have yokes of lace or net. A stylish cream alpaca coat is trimmed with band and revers of black taffeta. Frenchwomen are wearing stylish little rose-colored coats with a semi-tailor-made effect, in three-quarter length.

Kimona Dressing Sacque.

Ease and relaxation are well understood by all the Oriental races, and nerve-driven American women are



A FAVORITE FANCY WAIST.

and the waist, which is tucked and joined to a square yoke and finished with a novel and becoming collar. The sleeves include snug portions beneath which the soft fullcuffs make a charming effect. The skirt is slightly circular, with a flounce at the lower edge, and is tucked to form a hip yoke, but is laid in inverted pleats at the back. Both it and the waist are peculiarly adapted to girlish figures and fall in soft folds below the tucks.

To cut this costume for a girl eight years of age six and an eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with one yard twenty-one inches wide for chemisette and undersleeves, four and a half yards of insertion and one-quarter yard of all-over lace for collar to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Fancy Waist.

The waist with the open front is a favorite, and promises to remain such. The excellent May Manton model illustrated in the odd bodice and the entire costume and to almost the entire range of dress materials, crepe de Chine, albatross and similar light-weight stuffs. As shown, it is of foulard, showing white figures on a soft gray ground, and is trimmed with panne velvet, cream lace and tiny jeweled buttons, the full front and undersleeves being of white chiffon.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the plain back and the full fronts. The full, soft front is attached to the lining at the right side, being included in both shoulder and neck seams, and is hooked over onto the left side. The fronts proper are finished with a big ornamental collar and close invisibly at the centre. The sleeves are novel and a feature. The upper portion is plain and fits smoothly, but the lower edge is slashed to form straps, that are velvet-trimmed, and between which the undersleeves are seen in soft, full puffs, while the extreme edge is finished with a band of lace. At the neck is a stock of the velvet with a band of lace en applique.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches or twenty-four inches wide, or two and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and a half yards of mousseline or chiffon for full front and undersleeves.

wisely adopting their negligee garments, among which no one is more popular than the short Kimona. While by no means an exact replica of those worn by the Japanese, it includes all the essential features and makes an ideal dressing sacque. The May Manton model illustrated is admirable in every way and is well adapted to many materials. The original is made from Japanese cotton crepe with a band of plain colored Japanese silk, but flowered muslins and dimities are pretty for warm days. French and Scotch flannel and flannelettes are excellent for cooler weather, and still handsomer sacques can be made of figured Oriental or foulard silks. The yoke is perfectly smooth and extends over the shoulders at the front. The skirt portion is simply gathered and seemed to its lower edge, while a band extends round the entire garment, making a finish. The sleeves are loose and flowing, with slight fulness at the shoulders.

To cut this Kimona for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards



KIMONA DRESSING SACQUE.

twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, will be required, with one and three-quarter yards in any width for bands.

No Slang For Her.

"No, really," she said to her confidential friend. "I can't stand for people who use slang. It seems to get on my nerves. That's one reason why I always hate to see Will Bosworth back up to our door. It just seems as if slang was the only language he ever succeeded in making connections with. Honestly he is the slangiest ever."

"After he had been in to throw a leg over the arm of our easy chair a few times I caught myself thinking in slang, and mamma got to worrying so about it that I simply had to pass him up. Now, Will's a nice fellow and all that, but let him get started talking once and you come up groggy after every round. It might be all right once in a while, but you can't stand up against that sort of thing all the time, without getting leery."

"Still, I don't know. Sometimes I'm half inclined to think I hit the air when I told Will not to come any more. Charley Pelham's the only proposition except Will that I'd care to consider and—I don't know—I can't help thinking every little while that Charley's pretty near a dead one. Say, must you go? Awfully glad you came. Better put up your umbrella or the rain won't do a thing to that lid you have on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Doctor and Two Plumbers For Johnnie.

A most unusual incident occurred at Richmond, Va., when little John Williams, son of Mr. Miles M. Williams, got his head into an ice cream freezer and couldn't get it out. The boy put the freezer on as a head dress, to be worn in a military parade, which was forming in his back yard, and before he was extricated the skill of a physician and two plumbers was necessary. The plumbers were sent for quick and came with long shears, which they used to cut the freezer. The boy's head was right badly bruised, but not otherwise hurt. The freezer cannot be used again.—Norfolk Landmark.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic Sea.

There is more false hair worn in the United States than in all the rest of the world put together.

Rural Chicago.

A Chicago despatch, dated May 25, said that Mr. Stone, "a wealthy real estate owner," had been choked and robbed by thieves the previous evening while feeding his cow in his barn on Michigan avenue. That is not a defamatory story, and may be true, and if so, it throws a very interesting light on Chicago life. An enviable measure of plain living must be considered to have been preserved in a city of nearly two million inhabitants where wealthy citizens go out in their evening to feed their cows in their barns. The chance of being robbed may be less in New York, but to offset that it should be recorded that in New York the chance of having a cow to feed has been almost wholly eliminated.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

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There are 4000 tons of stone in the pyramids of Cheops. It could be built for \$20,000,000 to-day.

Some men are too lazy to even stand in their own light.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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

Even the bee in a bonnet may have a sting in its tail.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

In baseball as in cookery the best batter teaches the cake.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr. Clarie Scott, writes "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Poverty may be no disgrace, but it's mighty uncomfortable.

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Complete External and Internal Treatment

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THE SET

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood, and expel humour germs. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail.

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Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

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