

SONG OF THE FOREST RANGER.

Oh, to feel the fresh breeze blowing
From lone ridges yet untrod!
Oh, to see the far peak growing
Whiter as it climbs to God!

Where the silver streamlet rushes
I would follow—follow on
Till I heard the happy thrushes
Piping lyrics to the dawn.

I would hear the wild rejoicing
Of the wind-blown cedar tree;
Hear the sturdy hemlock voicing
Ancient epics of the sea.
—From the Poem by Herbert Dashford in
Leslie's Monthly.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

"A week after you receive this I shall be with you, and then, my darling, there need be no more waiting for you and me."

The letter was dated from Chicago, and signed Sydney. It was a passionate letter. A cheerful, earnest letter the letter of a man who loved deeply, and saw within his reach at last, the paradise for which he had toiled and striven in exile. And the woman who loved him read it for the twentieth time, with tender eyes, and cheeks aglow with happiness.

"A week after you receive this I shall be with you, and then—"

Eight days had dragged themselves slowly away since the news had reached her. The arrival of his steamer at Queenstown had been reported yesterday, by this morning's paper the vessel was in dock at Liverpool. From Liverpool to Threagates was but a question of hours. He might come at any moment. She had been faithful to him in word, and thought, and deed for three years. For three years she had worn his portrait in a locket on her heart, and prayed for him among the roses, where they had spent so many pleasant hours; where they had parted, and vowed, if all went well, to meet again.

It was a sultry summer afternoon, and very quiet and still in the old garden. Scarcely a leaf stirred, and the silence was unbroken save by the droning of the bees in the rose-scented air.

The girl sat down on a rustic seat to wait with a book, which she had not the patience to read, her ears strained to catch the sound of familiar footsteps. An hour passed—two hours. The sunlight pierced the foliage overhead, and fell upon her cotton gown, and touched her uncovered hair with gold. Would he never come? The book had dropped on her knees, her nerves were strained to breaking, and every minute seemed an age.

At length a firm tread crunched the gravel and she started to her feet with his name upon her lips.

"No, it isn't Sydney, my child."

An elderly man, whose likeness to the girl betrayed the relationship, appeared round a curve in the path. His face was pale with a great trouble, and he crushed a telegram in his hand.

"No, it isn't Sydney, my child," he repeated huskily. His eyes wandered to the grass, the trees, anywhere to avoid her questioning gaze. "In fact, he won't be coming here at all today. I've just had news of him."

"Father?" The girl went white to the lips. "There is something the matter. What is it? Speak."

"He is ill—very ill. Agnes, child, don't look at me like that! I—oh! how can I tell you! He will never come, neither today nor any other day. He is dead."

"Dead!"

"He died on the voyage home."

Then, like a blinding flash of light, her desolation came home to her.

"Dead! Oh, father!" she wailed.

He caught the slender, swaying figure he held it close against his breast, and smoothed her hair.

"Cry, little one; why don't you cry?"

But her eyes were wide and dry. Her grief was too terrible for tears. She felt as though the shock had numbed her, and that no trouble would be great enough to make her feel again.

Before two days were over the girl was tossing in the delirium of brain fever. For weeks her life hung in the balance, and then youth and a fine constitution proved the conqueror, and she rose, a pallid, little ghost, with sad eyes, to face the long years of loneliness and regret.

"She is young, she will forget," her father tried to believe, and he said it to the man, his nephew, who had loved her since her childhood. But when he suggested as much to the girl, she shook her head.

"I shall never forget," she answered, "and I shall never marry another man."

She meant her words, but fate was too strong for her. The cousin was so kind to her father and herself, and they told her that her coldness was spoiling his life.

"But for his generosity I should be a ruined man today," her father said. "He is a good fellow, he is rich, he worships you. Make him happy! You have had a great loss, but you are too young to sit down and brood over the past for the rest of your days. It is a wrong thing to meditate; you will grow morbid, old before you are young. Agnes, believe me, that I have your welfare at heart when I say that for your own sake, as much as his, you ought to marry Ralph."

She was still weak from her illness. She thought she had no interest left in life, no desire save to please those who loved her. So she listened to persuasion, and when her cousin spoke one day, she answered "Yes."

"I have no feeling for you," she explained, "other than affection and

gratitude, my heart froze when he died. But if it will make you happy, I will be your wife when the spring comes."

"My unselfish angel, I will teach you to care for me!" he said. "Heat melts ice. The fire of my love shall warm you back to life!"

She did not like to damp his ardor, but she knew full well how vain his hopes were.

When the day of the wedding dawned, she knew more—knew how culpable she had been in imagining that she cared nothing for what became of her—recognized in a revulsion of feeling what a mistake she had made. At the last moment the cloak of indifference with which she had enveloped herself fell from her.

"I can't marry him, I cannot! I was weak, foolish to consent. Oh, Sydney, my darling, why did you leave me here alone!"

But she could not retract her word now, it would have been shameful, cruel; she had let matters go too far.

Of the events of the next few hours she had only a confused recollection. She played her part in them mechanically, and persons and things seemed blurred to the miserable girl, distant as they are in dreams, until, with a shock of reality, she found herself walking up the aisle of the church with her hand on her father's arm. The sound of the organ grew tumultuous in her ears; an hysterical longing seized her to tear the veil from her head, to shriek aloud before all those people, that she could not, would not marry this man, that her heart was in the grave of Sydney—Sydney whom she had lost; and then—

She awoke! The scent of the roses was in her nostrils, the soft wind of summer stirred her hair, and her lover had reached home, was bending over her, with his hands on her shoulders and his smiling lips upon her cheek.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

THE SIGNALMAN'S LUCK.

He Saved a Man's Life, but Had to Pay for It.

The night operator in the switch tower of the — railroad looked at the clock and seeing that it was five minutes after midnight, heaved a sigh of contentment. Fifteen minutes more and the "theatre train" would pass him. Then there would be a long rest, for, aside from an occasional freight, or wildcat locomotive, the road would be practically shut down until 3 a. m. Taking his coffee can he put it on a fixture over the gas jet so that its contents would be of the right temperature when he had "cleared" his last train. The "theatre" gone, it was his habit to eat his lunch, smoke his pipe, glance over the late evening papers purchased on his way to work and take life easy generally.

"Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

The singer was on the track, alongside the tower. His voice was harsh, discordant. The operator looked out of a window. Some 50 yards away, walking toward the tunnel mouth, was a man none too steady on his feet. Reaching a low semaphore signal post he stopped and sat down on the west-bound rails. Then, slowly and with some difficulty, he began to remove his shoes.

"Hey, get out of there," yelled the signal man.

The stranger paid no attention and continued to undress. The signal man believing that the fellow had not heard him, took a megaphone, used to give orders to conductors on passing trains, and bellowed:

"Get out of there or you'll get killed, you chump."

It was clear that the man was so full of liquor that he could not appreciate his danger. The bell in the tower rang warning the operator that the "theatre" train was entering the tunnel. The train time through the tunnel was four minutes. Something had to be done quickly. No one was in sight; the track walkers by the usual contrivance of fate were somewhere else. The operator, knowing that the line was open to the westward, set a "clear" signal for the train. The he fairly tumbled down stairs and ran down the track. He seized the man, who had sprawled on the broad of his back, and tried to get him on his feet. But the fellow fought. There was a scuffle, but the sober man was just in time, throwing the bibulous individual to one side as the train was emerging from the tunnel. Then he went back to his tower.

Reaching the foot of the stairs he heard the telegraph sounder clicking "PX, PX, PX." It was his call. He hurried up, opened his key and replied, "PX, PX, PX." Then he paused and waited for his message. It read: "Superintendent of division has been calling you up for five minutes. Got no answer. Has ordered your suspension for two weeks for neglect of duty."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

At Law Since 1856.

The Melbourne law courts have their Miss Flite, a character immortalized by Dickens in "Bleak House." An elderly woman may frequently be seen in the corridors, addressing the empty air—sometimes in passionate tones, with outstretched arms, and again in low, threatening mutterings. During the progress of an argument in the county court, before Acting Judge Johnston, some reference was made to the absence of evidence on a certain point. Suddenly the court was startled at hearing a female cry out in irate tones, "I have given plenty of evidence since '56!" A glance around showed that the interrupter was the old lady of the corridors, who was advancing with determination toward the barristers' table.—London Globe.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Collarettes of every sort are demanded by fashion and muffs are apt to be a requisite of comfort as well as of style. These excellent models are cut in the latest style, and are well adapted to the remodeling of last season's furs, and to making from Persian lamb cloth and seal plush. As shown the material



COLLARETTE AND MUFF.

is Astrakan with a finish of fox tails.

The collarette is shaped to give a cape effect at the back, with stole fronts that can be cut higher or shorter as preferred. At the front edges are stylish revers which can, however, be omitted when a plain finish is preferred. At the neck is a storm collar, fitted in sections, that rolls over at the upper edge.

The muff is round and drawn in to fit the hands by means of elastics inserted in the lining.

To cut this collarette and muff for a woman of medium size two and three-fourth yards of material twenty inches wide or one and three-eighth yards fifty inches wide will be required.

Woman's Theatre Cloak.

The long cloak that covers and conceals the gown fills many needs and makes one of the essentials of the sea-



SMART, YET PRACTICAL LONG CLOAK.

son. The smart, yet practical May Manton model, shown in the large drawing, is suited to a variety of materials, and becomes appropriate for evening or street wear as it is made in lighter or darker colors. As shown, it is of tan-colored kersey cloth, lined with white satin and is trimmed with appliques of lace on the revers and collar. When thrown open it is an elaborate wrap fitted to opera, theatre and reception wear, but when closed becomes sufficiently plain to allow of wearing in the street, or in the cars en route for entertainments of various sorts. The same cloth in sage green, brown and black is much liked for the latter purpose, while white, pale colors and such materials as panne, pearl de sole and the like are in vogue for evening carriage use.

The cloak is loose fitting but includes lines that render it graceful and chic. The fronts hang straight from the shoulders and can be rolled back to form revers or closed in double-breasted style. The back is laid in inverted pleats, at the centre, which flare as they approach the floor, and give a tapering effect to the figure. The sleeves are in bell shape and the neck is finished with a storm collar in Bonaparte style.

To cut this cloak for a woman of medium size nine and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or three and three-fourth yards fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Buttons Chained.

Quite the latest thing in shirt waist buttons is an arrangement of the front fastening. Fastidious fair ones will desire the rest of the buttons to match, and they can easily find them.

The part of the scheme, which is new, is just this: On a straight gold chain of moderate size and the length of a shirt waist front are mounted five stones which serve as buttons. Turquoise, topaz, garnets, opals, amethysts and the rest all figure. The chain is, of course, on the under side, the buttons being put through the double set of buttonholes. This scheme not only keeps the buttons firm, but makes losing them next to impossible.

On Madame's Back.

Makers of high-class imitation jewelry were quick to note the broad belt pieces which decked the back of the belt of many of the imported evening dresses and to copy them. These imposing things are in filigree antique silver, and are closely set with rhinestones, the effect being simply tremendous. These pieces fit into the back perfectly, and, while of irregular shape, average five or six inches in length by from two to four in depth.

A Pretty Little Bonnet.

Blue is combined with the chinchilla in one of the prettiest of little bonnets. The entire crown of the bonnet is of pale blue resettes of silk, edged with fine blue roses, each rose with a brilliant cut steel centre. Around the face is the broad band of the chinchilla, indented a little on one side of the front, where an aigrette is placed rising from a small feathery pompon of blue, the tips of which are tiny steel pendants.

Diamond Horseshoes.

There is a bit across the horseshoe which forms the head of a hat pin. Diamond horseshoes galore are to be seen for ordinary pins.

Girl's Exercise Suit.

The value of gymnastics is too well realized to require urging. This up-to-date suit enables them to be taken at their best and provides ample freedom and comfort. As shown it is made of French flannel in marine blue, with trimming of black braid, but serge, brilliantine and taffeta are correct, both in black and dark colors.

The divided skirt is full, gathered at the waist and again below the



GIRL'S EXERCISE SUIT.

twenty-one inches wide, five and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide or three and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required.



FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The Range When Not in Use.

In discontinuing the coal range for the summer some care is needed for its proper preservation. It seems almost trite to say that the last fire should be dumped, and the ashes and dust entirely removed, but experience has shown that this caution is needed. The ovens should be taken out and the spaces in which they fit thoroughly cleaned and greased. Grease the ovens also and the range implements, shaker, shovel, poker, etc., together with the iron grates and such other parts of the range as are liable to rust. These trifling precautions will save time and money when the range is to be put into commission again, and should be observed whether the house is to be closed or not.

Milky Water Bad, Too.

Milky water is one of the hardest things to manage. Even a small quantity daily fouls pipes and sets up a most evil smell unless the milky water is followed by a flushing of soda water moderately strong, with a lime water flush about every three days. The lime water is made more effective by adding salt to it. Sea salt is best. Put a lump as big as the fist in an earthen or wooden vessel along with twice its bulk of quicklime, and cover with four gallons of net water. Stir well and let settle. Pour the clear liquid down the pipes and follow it in half an hour with a flush of clear water boiling hot. Thus every kind of a sink may be kept sweet and fresh.—Washington Star.

Decorative Hanging Lamp.

Among the latest novelties in hanging ornaments are the Damascus lanterns now seen in shops where oriental bric-a-brac is displayed. These dainty things are extremely curious, and decorated with chains and jewels. Another attractive bit of eastern art is the hanging doran, which is adorned with shells and mirrors. These may be used to frame electric lights if preferred, and even such a modern addition will not mar their thoroughly Oriental effect. Russian candlesticks, too, are most effective, and have great originality of design. They are less commonly seen than some of the Turkish ornaments, and therefore prove more attractive to those who desire greater individuality in their homes.

Time for Cooking Vegetables.

Much depends on the age and condition of the vegetables, and also the manner in which they are cooked, fresh young vegetables requiring, of course, much less time. A table can give you only the approximate length of time. Use judgment and common sense, and when the vegetables are tender do not cook them longer.

Bake potatoes 30 to 45 minutes. Steam potatoes, 20 to 44 minutes. Boil potatoes (in their skins) 20 to 30 minutes. Boil potatoes (peeled), 25 to 45 minutes. Asparagus (young), 15 to 30 minutes. Beets (young), 45 minutes. Corn (green), 12 to 20 minutes. Cauliflower, 20 to 40 minutes. Cabbage (young), 35 to 60 minutes. Celery, 20 to 30 minutes. Carrots, 1 to 2 hours. Lima or shell beans, 45 minutes to 1 1/4 hours. Onions, 30 to 60 minutes. Oyster plant, 45 to 60 minutes. Peas, 20 to 60 minutes. Parsnips (young), 30 to 45 minutes. Spinach, 20 to 60 minutes. String beans, 30 to 60 minutes. Summer squash, 20 to 60 minutes. Turnips (young), 45 minutes. Tomatoes (stewed), 45 to 60 minutes.

When vegetables are served with boiled salt meat they must be cooked in the liquor from the meat after it has been removed.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Wonders—Beat one egg, add a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out on a floured board until as thin as a wafer. Cut with a large round cutter. Drop into hot fat. Drain on paper and dust with powdered sugar. Serve with syrup or any delicate pudding sauce.

Tomato Force—Put a layer of canned tomatoes in a baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with bread crumbs. Then pour over more tomatoes, and continue until the dish is full. Mix some bread crumbs in a little melted butter and spread over the tomatoes. Bake in the oven 35 minutes.

Almond Cuts—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cupful of granulated sugar, two ounces of finely chopped almonds, rind and juice of half a lemon, one cup of sifted flour and two eggs; mix well, and roll out on a floured board; roll one-half inch thick; butter a pan; cut the dough in strips and lay them in the pan; brush with white of egg and sprinkle almonds, cut very fine, over the top, and sprinkle sugar over the top.

Pone—Pour enough boiling water over one pint of Indian meal to scald it; when cool rub in it one tablespoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs until light, add them to the meal, then add one-half cup of sour milk and beat until the mixture is smooth. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one tablespoonful of water; add it to the batter. Turn it into a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes.

A Revolutionary Mailbox.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian Society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears.

The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about nine inches long, four and one-half inches wide, and a little more than that in height.

It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783.

This box contained all the mail, and made every week one round trip—occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week, and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

The mailbox is somewhat battered and the paint faded and scraped, but there is no doubt that in case need arose the stout little box could even now serve as it did in the time of the country's perils.—Youth's Companion.

Have a Home of Your Own.

They are a wise young man and woman who start out in their married life in a home of their own in some place where they will have green grass about their house even if it is only a few feet. It makes no difference how humble or modest the house may be. The smallest box of a house with a plot of green is a temple of commonsense compared to the finest "flat" or "boarding-house" in the city. If there is anything appropriate in this life it is that young people shall live somewhere where each day they can see their own unfolding lives reflected in the unfolding works of Nature. There is no beginning, in the home sense, to a young married life so true, so lasting and so satisfactory as that. No life in a city is comparable to that which is lived in a small house with green things growing over and around it, where God's pure sunshine bathes and sweetens every side of the house during the day, and where the surest, life-giving odors that God gives to His children; the odors of soil and growing things, are blown into the house while we sleep.—Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Prize For Auto Military Wagon.

The British War Office has offered a \$4000 prize for the best self-propelling military wagon.

PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

Last year there were 192,705 miles of telegraphic lines and 433,133 miles of wire in the United States.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh), that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars sent free. P. O. Carey & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

According to statistics prepared for the Home Secretary 1700 children are burned to death yearly in the United Kingdom.

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

The man who keeps his temper doesn't give himself away.

AN OPEN LETTER

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

"MY DEAR SISTERS:—I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.



MRS. E. C. SMITH.

"Having found by personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and dragged out housekeepers.

"Dear Sister, is your health poor? do you feel worn out and used up especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; let the doctors alone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is better than all and all doctors, for it cures and the do not."—Mrs. E. C. SMITH, 1212 Oa St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial not genuine.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mas