

THE COUNTRY WILL OUTLIVE THE TOWN.

Come to the woods, forget the street Where traffic's noisy wheels are heard, And with those soul inspiring meek The murmuring pine and stinging bird.

Let us forget the lines of care That on our faces deeply press, And breathe the while the perf' air That hangs to make our troubles less.

What means this endless toil and strife, The wish to seek and win and hold? There is a better, grander life, Outside of titles and of gold.

The men may study to deceive, And to their aid call every art— Great Nature loves alone to weave Her truths around the trusting heart.

When piles of brick in ruins lie, And wealth and power are both laid low; In valley sweet, on hilltop high, The grass, the flowers, the trees will grow.

Men may tear down the forest fair To build themselves a fleeting crown; But 'neath great Nature's fostering care The country will outlive the town.

When our weak lungs shall cease to strive, And from our grasp all power has past, Nature, her heart with love alive, Will take us to herself at last.

—Thomas F. Porter, in the Boston Globe.

The Odd Thing About It.

By Owen Oliver.

I HAD been poring over a fourteenth century manuscript in the window seat, behind the library curtains. The twilight and the end of the faint, crabbled writing came together, and then I suppose I fell asleep. I woke at the sound of Vera Rutherford's voice.

"The odd thing about it is that I don't really dislike him at all."

"You will tell me next that he doesn't really dislike you," said Maud Leslie, with an unbelieving laugh.

"I am afraid," said Vera, "there is no doubt about that. I could have pointed out grave doubts, but I wasn't more than half awake. Besides I couldn't be quite sure that they referred to me."

"Did you say 'afraid,' Ve?"

"You needn't quibble over my words," she answered impatiently.

"Dear old Ve!" said Maud in a moment. Here again I should have pretended that I had just woken up and announced myself.

"I hate him!" Vera observed inconsistently.

"So," said Maud heartily, "do I?" I could not well proclaim my presence after these remarks.

"At least, I think I do."

"I'm sure I do," said Maud positively. "I consider him horrible."

"Oh, Maud. You know he isn't."

"He must be, or he wouldn't be so rude to you!"

"I-I provoke him, you see."

"That is no excuse at all. Look at the way he contradicted you about those Tuscan vases, or whatever you call them."

"I contradicted him first."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Because—he was right."

"Which made it all the more annoying."

"Yes," said Vera, with a sigh. I wished I had let her have her own way.

"Never mind, dear. You refuted him about those silly pre-something-or-other things."

"No-o; I didn't, really."

"Oh, but you did! Papa and every one laughed about it." Confound them!

"Ah, but—I was sorry, and he knew it."

"Nonsense, Ve?"

"Didn't you hear what he said to Sir Garvin O'Brien about them afterward? If you remember—"

"I don't. I didn't understand a word of their gibberish, and didn't want to." Quite right, Miss Maud; women shouldn't dabble in antiquities. Then they wouldn't quarrel with antiquarians.

"Anyhow, it disposed of my theory completely."

"Then, why didn't you say it at the time?"

"Probably he thought me beneath argument." As a matter of fact I had, for once, made an effort to be magnanimous and spare her feelings.

"He is a great deal too 'superior,'" stated Maud. I felt myself blushing.

"He really knows a great deal," suggested Vera, timidly. I made up my mind not to quarrel with her any more.

"A lot of antiquated rubbish of no use to any one," scoffed Maud. I could feel that she was tossing her head. "Jack calls him the 'lumber-room.' Jack is a young ass!"

"I don't agree," said Vera, hotly. "Jack is—"

"No, he isn't! He's very nearly engaged to Maud."

"A charming and intelligent fellow. I was going to say."

"Nasty little story-teller!" I thought they were going to quarrel, but they didn't.

"Well, I'll admit the learning of your Mr. Norton," said Mabel, when they had done laughing, "but—"

"He isn't my Mr. Norton," Vera objected. There was a further pause. If Maud had gone I should have felt inclined to come out and place "Mr. Norton" at pretty Vera's disposal, but Maud didn't go.

"Do you really like him, old Ve?" he asked.

"Only just a little."

"Sure?"

"I can't see what you like in him," protested Maud, impatiently. "He's forty, at least." Thirty-seven only, Miss Maud.

"I don't care if he is. He looks young."

"He's full of conceit. That really was a mistake."

"Oh, Maudie! Of course, he can't help knowing that he knows things."

"Rubbishy antiquities! I beg your pardon, dear old girl, for attacking your 'subject,' but they are. Anyhow, I don't believe he knows half so much about them as you do."

"That," said Vera, "is utterly absurd. I do not deceive myself upon that point."

I have been studying antiquities for twenty years. She has dabbled in them for two. Her friends had persuaded her that she was an authority, and she had posed a little to me. I had been impatient and tactless in

pointing out her harmless errors. That was the beginning of our quarreling. Afterward we disagreed upon everything that we happened to discuss. We had discussed a good many things. "Anyhow," contended Maud, "he doesn't know much about anything else—except, perhaps, chess and billiards."

"He rows well and dances splendidly."

"If he did things as well as he thinks he does—" said Maud scornfully. You will admit that my situation was embarrassing.

"You are rather hard on him, Maud, I think." So did I! "Won't you admit that he has any good points?"

"Oh—he can talk! He's very amusing when he comes out of his shell. I rather like to talk to him myself." Indeed! "But I don't believe he ever kissed a girl in his life." Hasn't he? "Unless—she laughed mischievously—"it's you."

"You are ridiculous," protested Vera. "He wouldn't dream of such a thing." Obviously Miss Vera understood me no better than other antiquities.

"Perhaps he—why don't you leave off squabbling with him?"

"He won't let me. He generally begins by asking whether I am ready for our usual quarrel."

"Why don't you say 'no'?"

"Because he ought to say it." I resolved that he should.

"Then you will find him deadly dull."

"I—I don't think I should."

"Whatever would you talk about?"

"Oh—the usual things."

"My dear Ve, he couldn't! I just fancy him whispering soft nothings in your ear!" Maud laughed. Personally I didn't see anything to laugh at. "And you blushing and looking down."

"Don't be so silly!"

"While he imprinted a chaste salute—"

"It is time to dress for dinner," said Vera, frigidly. She walked toward the door.

"He has a ginger moustache," said Maud, as a parting shot. This remark was absolutely untrue; it is golden almost.

"He has not," Vera departed.

Maud hummed a queer little tune to herself for a minute. Then she sighed twice—presumably once—I fear for me! Then she went out also. After a prudent interval I followed.

At dinner Vera and I were neighbors. I avoided antiquities, and told her amusing stories, just to hear her laugh. She looks very pretty when she laughs. She also looks very pretty when she doesn't.

After dinner our host, who is proud of his scenery, suggested that we should go and see the moon rise over Tall Hill. I managed to escort Vera and to lose the others.

"Shall we have our usual quarrel?" she asked, when we had perched ourselves upon a big stile at the foot of the hill.

"No," I replied; "I don't want to quarrel, please."

"Don't you?" she said brightly.

"Aren't you afraid we shall be dull?"

"Not in the least, but if you are—"

"Oh, no! We can talk about—let me see—"

"The usual things?" I suggested.

She looked swiftly at me and gave a little start. I took hold of her arm. "I thought you were falling," I explained. "Perhaps it would be safer if I held you." She didn't seem to mind, so I gathered her arm comfortably in mine.

"I can't imagine you talking 'usual things,' you know," she said, with an uncertain little laugh.

"Everybody says 'usual things' in the moonlight," I explained. "See, it is just rising over the hill."

We sat a few minutes in silence, watching the yellow rim appearing, and the pale light streaming down the fields, dotted here and there with tall trees.

"It is very, very beautiful," she said softly. "It makes one feel good. I am so glad you didn't want to quarrel to-night."

"Or any other night. I have been going to tell you so for a long time." She laughed.

"How strange! Do you know, I have been wanting to say the same thing to you."

"It was right that the overtone should come from me." She started and glanced at me again. The moonlight lit up her pretty, thoughtful face and glistened in her golden hair. "The prettiest effect of the moonrise is invisible to you," I told her.

"I think," she said smilingly, "it's nicest effect is that it has made two quarrelsome people—" She hesitated for the word.

"Good friends?" She nodded. "One of them is very glad."

"So," she said almost inaudibly, "is the other."

"Do you know, little Miss Vera, dreadfully as we quarreled, I liked you all the time. Only I thought that you disliked me so much."

"Oh, no," she cried quickly. "Indeed I didn't."

"That," I said, "was the odd thing about it!"

She gave such a jump at the quotation that she would certainly have fallen off the stile—if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm round her waist!—Madame.

Fish in a Hospital.

Fish have their troubles, and there are hospital tanks to which unfortunate specimens are relegated. "Bob," an Aquarium goldfish, has lost his tail, but his social standing and his appetite still remain, despite his floppened aspect. A catfish caught in the Hackensack Meadows has turned completely white. He is a freak of nature, and will not associate with others of his kind. Perhaps the biggest brook trout in captivity is in the collection, but fungi attacked him and he was plumped into a salt-water pool, where he is slowly regaining his strength in an element fatal to the fungus. This specimen is about the only inland fish that can live for more than a few days in salt water. A curious phenomenon is seen in the striped bass. Their natural hue is a transparent yellow, but two or three of them are turning black—a literal horror of great darkness. Behind the scenes in the Aquarium are a number of rude wood aquarium tanks where specimens which have lost an eye or a tail are put out of commission.—New York Mail and Express.



WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Personal Appearance of the Women Who Have Hated the White House.

Of mistresses of the White House one of the most popular was Mrs. James K. Polk. Like Mrs. Cleveland she was a brunette, and of fine presence. It was often remarked that not a crowned head in Europe could queen it more royally than the wife of the republican President. Poets benediced her in her honor, and on the last Sunday of her stay in Washington a clergyman addressed her from the pulpit. She was treated with great distinction, and after leaving the White House was visited every New Year's by the Legislature in a body.

Mrs. George Washington also had dark hazel eyes and brown hair. She was not a beauty, but she had a good form, rather below middle weight, and her manners were frank and engaging. She dressed plainly, and at a ball given in her honor she wore a simple russet gown and white handkerchief about her neck. One of her dresses, which she herself manufactured, was of cotton, striped with silk, which she obtained from ravellings of brown silk stockings and old crimson calf covers.

Mrs. Monroe was considered a beauty. She was tall and gracefully formed, polished and attractive in society. Mrs. John Adams was never beautiful, but she was of imposing appearance and very intellectual.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams was famed for her charming manners, and Mrs. Andrew Jackson for her amiable temper and kind heart. Mrs. Martin Van Buren, who died before her husband became President, was a pretty woman with modest, unassuming manners and gentle disposition.

The first Mrs. Tyler was one of the belles of Eastern Virginia, and was most attractive in her striking loveliness of person and character. The second Mrs. Tyler was the first woman to marry a President. Before her marriage she was, for the one season she spent there, the belle of Washington.

A sparkling brunette was Mrs. William Henry Harrison. She was very handsome, with a face full of animation, and her health, which was robust, added a glow to her features, which increased her charms. "Upon her countenance," it is recorded, "nature has been profusely liberal."

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson was remarkable for her beauty. Her complexion was brilliant; her large expressive eyes of "the richest tinge of Auburn." A little above medium weight she was slightly and delicately formed. She danced, sang, played the spinnet and harpsichord and rode with great skill. Mrs. James Madison was a pretty, buxom woman, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one. She had regular features and sparkling eyes.

Mrs. Zachary Taylor was a quiet woman, but had great strength of character and the true spirit of American heroines, enduring patiently privation incident to life on the frontier, where her husband, as Major Taylor, was stationed. She had no ambition beyond making her home happy.

A blonde of rare beauty was Mrs. Millard Fillmore, with a skin of dazzling whiteness and Auburn hair. She was quite tall, with a fine figure and of commanding presence. She is ranked with the wives of the two Adamses as a learned woman, and it was through her that her husband asked for and obtained an appropriation of Congress to buy books for the White House. Up to that time there had been a Bible there, and little more.

Another woman of rare beauty was Mrs. Franklin Pierce. She also had many accomplishments. She was very refined and quiet, shunning society.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln as a girl was very attractive, and she had many suitors. When she became the mistress of the White House she was "fair and forty."

Mrs. Andrew Jackson possessed the beauty of face and form which rendered her mother one of the most beautiful of women. Mrs. Grant was a blonde, of delicate figure, rather below middle stature. Mrs. Hayes was of very attractive appearance. Mrs. Garfield was noted for her tact, and her husband once said that he never had to explain away any words of his wife.

Mrs. Arthur, who died before her husband became President, was known as "the beautiful Miss Herndon with the marvellous voice" before her marriage.

Mrs. Harrison was fair as a girl and possessed the blonde style of beauty, which also belongs to Mrs. McKinley.

Turkey Raising For Women.

One Texas woman has earned large sums by raising turkeys and managing a farm in addition. Her flock of turkeys numbered six when she began. Now it comprises many hundreds. With last year she cleared over \$2500. With the increase of the industry she changed her methods of raising the birds, and the eggs are hatched by means of the most up-to-date incubators, while acres of land are set aside for the raising of certain foods which have been found of value for the birds. Strange as it may seem, young turkeys cannot be allowed to run around in the dew or rains, and in this direction she has had to take many precautions.

The young turkeys are lodged nights and during wet weather in a covered yard or specially constructed house, where they cannot endanger their lives by wandering around in the wet grass. The food for the birds consists mainly of bread and cornmeal without salt, and with a generous quantity of red pepper mixed in. Until the birds reach an age when they can search out for themselves the necessary green foods they are provided with the tips of shallots finely chopped.

When the birds reach their fifth month they are considered sufficiently "grown up" to have become somewhat hardy, and they thrive when fed twice a day. Some specimens have their birds fattened to order on a special diet, as

for instance, nuts, and these birds command fancy prices for the extra care and expense entailed in raising them.

This feminine turkey raiser is enthusiastic over the possibilities along this new line of industry for women, and considers that it offers great opportunities for those who desire to become self-supporting.

Sashes Are Seen.

The real summer dress and the real summer girl must be sashed.

Whether sash amounts to little more than a waistband, or whether it is an intricate, flowing mass is a matter of—well, of a number of things.

Simple, guileless little sashes which fit easily are much liked, but some of us will yearn for more complicated schemes.

Those that have this little longing will fall in love with the very wide sash in soft, satiny silk or crepe which is a puzzle to many who are a bit up in matters sartorial.

Well, then, this interesting affair droops in handsomely adjusted folds in front, but is caught up high at the under-the-arm seams, reaching from the edge of the bodice nearly to the armpits, and being laid in small and close pleats. In the back it drapes down again in V shape, and it crosses just below the waist line in tightly held-in folds. From this flow the long ends, but there is neither bow nor loop nor knot. In some instances a buckle apparently holds the folds in place.

Midsummer Hats.

Colored hats are extremely fashionable, and look especially well with the thin summer gowns. Those made of the plaited chiffon in pink are very dainty and smart with a flowered pink and white muslin, or in blue with a blue and white, and so on indefinitely.

The next in favor are the yellow straws, trimmed with pink roses or with black velvet and fancy buckles. The last are only intended for midsummer wear, but they look so cool and are so becoming that it is small wonder that they are popular. The turbans and toques now to be seen are not particularly attractive, for they are stiff and harsh, and have some hard lines unbecoming to most faces in spite of the fact that the straw is of a transparent weave. In all the newest hats the tendency to make them flat and broad is evident, but until the style of arranging the hair changes very materially (as authorities predict that it will soon do), these hats are not likely to be becoming, and it is safer to buy hats with some high trimming.—Harper's Bazar.

Proper Use of Face Powder.

Face powder is not such a wicked thing as it sounds when it is used properly. A little of it in summer helps to keep the skin smooth and dry and does much toward keeping the collars clean. The little package of soap papers, to use in case of emergency, proved popular, and after them came the package of powder papers in little cases and each leaf full of powder. That is one of the most convenient forms of carrying powder for the woman who likes it when traveling, but there is also a little leather case of about the same size containing a little chamomile, well powdered, as well as the tiny powder puff in a little bag to tuck away with the handkerchief. Some women prefer a bit of chamomile always, in using powder, to the powder puff.

A Unique Idea of a Belt.

Never was there such an infinite variety of belts as this season has brought forth, but one woman has found an untried novelty. Over a smooth, supple leather belt she fastened firmly Tuscan braids, such as ordinarily is woven into laces, and got from a milliner a straw buckle for a fastening. The effect was unique and summery, and she carried out the idea still further by edging a white stock for the neck with the same sort of braid and ornamenting it with a straw clasp similar to the one at the girdle, but of smaller size. To the question, "Where did you buy them?" she smilingly replied that they were imported for her exclusively.

NEWEST FASHIONS

Miles of narrow black ribbon are used on thin muslin gowns.

White corseted belts of plaid ribbon are worn with either black or white gowns, and are finished with sash ends or not, as you like.

Black and white lace gowns are coming rapidly to the front for the matron's full dress, leaving the spangled nets quite out of the race.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box-pleated on to this.

Canvas sailor hats are trimmed with a folded band of soft silk deftly twisted and looped into a stylish bow in front. A fold of black velvet finishes the brim.

The Psyche knot has appeared again among the fashionable modes of hair-dressing, but it is only the woman with a Madonna face who can welcome this special variety.

Two-piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their special chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Handsomely embroidered ecru batiste made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insertings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone-shaped crown.

Russian linen in the ecru shades is used for yachting and golfing gowns, which are made without any lining. The short skirts have stitched bonnet, lucks down either side of the front and one box pleat in the back, and the jackets are Eton in shape, with short bell sleeves, worn over a colored shirt waist.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Household Clutter Places.

There is a popular notion that the woman who builds a house first remembers the closets and pantries, and groups the necessary rooms around them. This is because the average masculine builder is apt to be sadly remiss in arranging a sufficient number of closets. It is quite possible to have too many closets, especially when these little rooms are built without ventilation or sufficient light. It is better to have a few large closets lighted and ventilated, so that there is no danger of their being storage places for impure air, than it is to have a large number of small shut-in-places which are so dark that they are certain to become clutter places.

A clothes closet cannot be properly built without a small window to light and ventilate it. Even when this is provided, clothes that are damp with perspiration or full of the dust and germs of outdoor streets should not be hung in them. When a street wrap or dress is taken off it should be dusted well at first, and if necessary, hung in the fresh air in front of an open window to free it from all dampness of perspiration before it is hung in the closet. A fine dress or one of very delicate color, which is likely to fade from long exposure to the light, may be hung in a bag of coarse unbleached muslin. Make such a bag of ample size, and drop the skirt into it, hanging it up at the two upper corners. The waists of such dresses should be folded and laid in bureau or closet drawers.

The Care of a Fern-Dish.

A well-filled fern dish as it is delivered by the florist, is really a very pretty and dainty affair, but unfortunately the length of time that it remains in good condition is generally very short. The majority of the ferns and plants used in filling the fern dish are of a tropical nature. The florist being able to maintain the moist humid atmosphere in the greenhouse the plants consequently thrive and do well for him; but on removing them to the average dining or living room conditions are so changed that disastrous results usually follow. During the fall and winter keep the fern dish in the kitchen as much as possible, for there the steam from boiling pots and kettles keeps the air moist. Keep ever in mind that a high temperature and a dry atmosphere will certainly kill the ferns or injure them greatly, so that if it is impossible to maintain sufficient moisture, keep the plants in a lower temperature, say about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. In the summer a moist, shady place, such as at the north of the house at the base of the wall, should be selected, and a slight excavation made into which to plunge the pan when not in use. The matter of watering, especially in dry weather, is important, and the soil should never be allowed to become too dry, nor the plant to suffer for water. It is a beneficial practice to syringe the foliage of the ferns every two or three days. In addition to these suggestions, one should keep a sharp lookout for scale insects which work such havoc often before they are discovered. During severe rains or storms the pan should be taken into the house. Avoid keeping the fern dish in the direct sunshine, but allow plenty of light. The majority of fern dishes are in two parts, the inner part of either tin or pottery to hold the plants, and the outer tin ornamented part. This arrangement makes it convenient to move the inner part with the plants.—Woman's Home Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Virtue best-loves those children that she beats.—Herrick.

Constancy is the complement of other human virtues.—Mazzini.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—M. Henry.

Who makes quick use of the moment; is a genius of prudence.—Munger.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—Boileau.

The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.—Gay.

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do.—Browning.

The flights of the human mind are not from enjoyment to enjoyment, but from hope to hope.—Johnson.

Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign ornament, but is when unadorned adorned the most.—T. Johnson.

Ask thyself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.—Marcus Antoninus.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior like the wish to satter joy, and not pain, around us.—Virgil.

The soldier who executes his captain's commands is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order.—Cervantes.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel.—Hazlitt.

What will you gain if you do your duty bravely and generously? You will gain the doing of it. The deed itself is the gain. We ought to do what is right, not from hope or fear, but from love of what is good; because "Thy testimonials are the very joy of my heart."—Socrates.

One-Minute Telephones.

The new system of one-minute telephones, which is now coming into vogue, is based on the supposition that the great majority of telephone messages can really be condensed into a minute's conversation when once the subscribers are connected up. The object of introducing this service was that the standard five minutes' service was too expensive, with long-distance telephones, to be at all popular. The one-minute is, therefore, charged for at the rate of one-fifth of what it would have been for a five minute service, with a minimum charge of fifteen cents for one minute. Thus the rate for points between 100 and 200 miles from each other is twenty cents a minute. For a distance of thirty-five miles the charge is fifteen cents a minute and five cents for each additional minute.—Winona (Minn.) Republican.

A Bull in a China Shop.

A correspondent of the Newcastle Journal says he saw an ox in a china shop at Barras Bridge, whose behavior was most exemplary.

The animal escaped from a drove and made its way into the shop with as much effrontery as it might go into its own hennel. After going all about the place, to the admiration of a great crowd of people, it was conducted out by a policeman, without having broken as much as a handle of a tea cup.—London Mail.

Modern Education.

Here is a gem from the Oxford Magazine: "A few days ago the rector of Oxford University received from a gentleman the following: 'How much would I have to pay for the education of my son in your university? Let me know if I shall have to pay in case my son, besides rowing, should wish to learn to read and write.'"—Arzobout.