



THE gravel walk sounded crisply under the feet of the blue-coated Colonel Captain, as he strode with clinking spurs up the walk to the vine-covered cottage. He was a well-set-up young fellow—long-legged, broad-shouldered, and lithe as a panther of his own native woods; altogether a splendid type of the Colonial who had dared to bid defiance to an empire.

It had been three years since Captain Roger Goodfellow had trod that walk last time, three years of battle, and marching and privation, of bitter cold and intolerable heat and gnawing hunger. The drums had beat the funeral march over many a lusty comrade, the while a great nation was being built in toil and suffering.

Perhaps Roger Goodfellow thought of these things as he knocked at the stout door, or perhaps he thought only of the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who had stood there three years before and waded a misty farwell to him, half proud and half fearful. He had been fighting his country's battles, and he wondered whether the Scotch Lieutenant Forbes had been winning the girl he left behind him. Stories had come to him of what assiduous court the young sprig of fashion had paid to Polly Ward, how he had singled her out as the mark of all his attentions, and by his persistent devotion had made her the fashion among his set. It was with something cold clutching at his heart that the Captain waited for the answer to his knock.

He heard a hurried whispering of voices from within, the scurry of feet, along the floor, again the low-toned murmur, and after a time the sound of the light step he knew so well crossing to the door.

It was a startled face he looked on when the door opened, one not devoid of linking fear and apprehension. When she recognized him her hands came out impulsively. The glad light flashed into her eyes—and then died out. It was as if the shadow of some unseen terror had gripped her.

"What! Roger—you?" she cried.

"Why have you waited all these months? I did not know you even to be alive. Not one single little message to your old-time friends. Yet the city has been in the hands of General Washington for three months."

She was speaking with a hurried nervousness, and the catch in her voice was a little tremulous. The Captain, looking eagerly for the signals her eyes might float, thought her something less than candid. It was not that she was insincere—he read a welcome in the girl's manner not to be denied—but rather something divided and distrustful, something a little embarrassed in her greeting, much as if his appearance were malapropos.

The young man brushed aside his fancies.

"Yes—I, Pol! Faith, 'tis not my fault I was not here six months ago. I have been on the Southern service with General Greene. 'Twas only this month a sea'night ago, that I got my exchange, and I promise you, Roger Goodfellow posted north with all speed. There be weary cattle on the way, methinks; but you, Pol? How wear the years? I do not need to ask, I' faith, for your face tells a story of time standing still. Dear lass, art glad to see me?"

Bold he was and blunt; more confident of manner than of mind. What he wanted to know he asked roundly, with something of the placid, untroubled imperturbability of the mother-country self-containment. Goodfellow was neither to hold nor to bind until he had found an answer to the question which troubled him.

"'Twas always you, Pol—never any but you with me," he told her quietly.

to make the matter clear, perhaps—
He stopped without finishing the sentence.

A daffing answer was on the lips of Alan Forbes, but the girl could not stand by any longer and see him play shuttlecock with life and death. She had been swithering in an agony of fear, white with fear, looking from one to the other with appealing eyes. Now she interposed.

"You are not coming to a better understanding. You play at cross purposes. Why do you not stop laughing and make him believe you, Lieutenant Forbes? And you, Roger—you are quite wrong! The Lieutenant carried dispatches to Colonel Tarleton, and on his way back stopped to see me for a few minutes. He is an honorable gentleman, just as you are. I would not have you misinterpret each other."

She had gathered confidence as she went on, and as she finished stamped her little foot imperiously.

"Do the officers of the British army disguise themselves while they are carrying dispatches?" asked the American, with irony.

"He discarded his uniform in the woods at a deserted hut some little way from here," explained Polly.

"Then answer a plain question plainly, sir," commanded the Colonial officer brusquely. "Will you give me your word of honor that you broke through our lines for the sole purpose of meeting Mistress Ward?"

"I will."

"And that you will remain absolutely silent regarding anything you may have seen here after you are again without our lines?"

"I give you the word of a Forbes, and swear it on my father's sword hilt. May the curse of all my ancestors light on me if I break it!"

The American looked him through and through with an eye that would ravel the secrets of the soul—and believed him.

"Then, sir, you are at liberty to depart at once; and if I say the sooner the better, I hope you will not think me too frank."

Forbes offered Goodfellow his hand. "I'm no grand tongue at the thanks, Captain, but whiles I think mair than I say."

And the King's officer went out of the house whistling a blithe air.

There was a long, awkward silence after the Highlander left, which Goodfellow was the first to break.

"And now, Polly, since we have disposed of Lieutenant Forbes for the

present, has Roger Goodfellow a future—so far as you are concerned?"

"They say there is no tense in love—neither present, past, nor future. It is eternal. Isn't that what the poet says?" she parried.

The Captain took his hesitation by the throat, and the lady in his arms. "Come, Polly! A plain answer to a plain man. Is it yes, or no, lass?"

From deep within the folds of his coat he heard a faint "Yes."—The Delectator.

READY FOR THE FOURTH

We're ready now to celebrate—
We have a lot of aplombs,
A bucketful of arms,
Two dozen kinds of hints—
So let the noble eagle scream
And rockets split the sky,
For now we have the gladdest day—
The Fourth day of July.

The sticking-plaster's close at hand,
The soda's in the box,
We also have some liniment
That's good for sudden shocks.
Then let the speaker cleave the air
And shout in accents high—
Now comes the day we celebrate—
The Fourth day of July.

We have some ice already cracked,
Stored in a shady spot;
The bandages are neatly rolled,
Near a convenient cot.
We're ready for most anything,
From wounded toe to eye,
So prod the eagle—we salute
The Fourth day of July.

Ammonia's on the lower shelf
To soothe each sigh or groan,
That number on the placard is
The doctor's telephone.
Cut loose! The ambulance is here,
The nurse is standing by,
And we're prepared to celebrate
The Fourth day of July.

Evolution of Our Flag.

Few persons have noticed the interesting evolution on our flag of the stars and stripes as depicted in the army of the Ancients at the top of old Faneuil Hall. Most persons are familiar with the story of Mrs. Ross and the making of the first flag of the free. But evidently it was not Mrs. Ross who originated the idea of stripes.

Down in the armory of the Ancients you will see the first broad red flag with the old English cross in the field. Next a very similar flag, except that the broad red becomes broad blue, with no red but the cross itself on the white field. Next the white flag with its pine tree and "Appeal to Heaven," whence came our own State banner. Then it would appear that the fathers went back again, for the next flag has the red and white longitudinal stripes, but in the field there are the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, worked out in red upon a white ground. The next flag restores the blue to the field. It, too, has the longitudinal red and white stripes, and the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British Jack, worked out in red and white upon a blue field. It was not till after that, upon the assertion of independence by the colonies, that Mrs. Ross's flag appeared, and apparently she only substituted for the double crosses the circle of thirteen stars upon the blue field.

The red, white and blue and the red and white stripes were all in the flag generations before Mrs. Ross was born, as the collection of the Ancients demonstrates.—Boston Journal.

Liberty Bell.

In chocolate, a hue quite as dark but rather different from that of the Liberty Bell hanging in Independence Hall, is the toothsome bell, sold as a holiday sweetmeat. How carefully the crack has been limited! The crack will spread as soon as the children take a bite from the glossy little chocolate bell.

Disobedience.

Jet Ornaments For Blondes.

For the fair-haired, white-skinned woman there are some charming fancies in jeweled ornaments. Instead of a rope of many strings of pearls, little jet beads serve to make a thick coil. To wear around the throat are wide bandeaux of jet with an outstanding rosette of curling jet ribbons set in front. Huge bows of jet ribbon with a rim of steel like a tiny piping at the edges are a favorite form of decoration for the hair or shoulder, while on the front of the corsage will be set a spray of flowers, a huge poppy or a rose, the lace-like petals of each jet with an outline of steel or diamonds, while the centres are of quivering yellow topazes. Is not this a novel notion?

WOMAN'S REALM.

EVERY THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The Men May Be Beaten, But She Never.

"We may conquer the men of America," an observant British officer long ago despatchingly cried, "but what can we do with the women?"

That the revolutionary dame's fervid patriotism has not departed from her female descendants is proved by a true tale of the late Spanish War, as related by a Chicago traveler who has just returned home.

The United States Consul at the capital of one of the smaller of the South American republics had been joined by his daughter, just out of a Western State university. The Spanish party in this city was large, and in the spring of 1898 it became vicious and vituperative. The American Consul became the target of so much Spanish billingsgate whenever he appeared on the streets that the authorities became alarmed for his safety and detailed four soldiers to accompany him wherever he went.

The feeling against the United States ran so high that the President of the republic sent a personal request to the Consul to keep himself as secluded as possible. Being a good-humored and peaceable man, the Consul was about to accept this friendly suggestion. Then upon his daughter and told her father that he should do nothing of the kind. She knew that he was not a coward, and she was resolved that he should not appear one, even to accommodate all the Spaniards from Cuba to Cape Horn.

So the Consul and his daughter called on the President socially that evening. They were cordially received, and the President renewed his suggestion. The Consul answered that, while he was greatly obliged both for the suggestion and for the four soldiers who were following him around, he did not really think there was any danger, and would continue to go about his business as usual.

The President again insisted that there was danger of a most unpleasant episode, and even hinted that the Consul's life might be taken by some insane partisan of Spain.

"Well, Mr. President," rejoined the Consul, "I know of at least six men in my own State of Iowa who stand ready to take my post should it become vacant. And if I should be killed I am afraid I would prove the most expensive Yankee you have ever met. Besides, my girl here thinks I would be a coward if I stayed in the house merely because some people use hard words about me."

Whereupon the President gave up the problem just as the British officer did, and complimented his fair antagonist in very similar language. That closed the incident. The Consul went about his business as usual, and was never molested. Thanks to his daughter's courage, his own was never questioned, and his country's enemies had not the satisfaction of saying that they had frightened even one American.

Thus the American girl abroad in war time justifies the fame of her ancestors, and proves that the republic's honor is never safer than in the hands of its loyal women.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Miss Dainty.

Miss Dainty is spick and span from her well kept shining head to her well-shod feet.

She would not be seen with a pair of run-down heels or knotted shoe-strings when the heels may be straightened for a few pennies and fresh strings be purchased for a dime.

Her belongings are always perfection. She keeps her gloves spotless with gasoline, which, being a sensible woman, she uses with discretion.

Her veils are rolled upon a veil pad. Her neck ribbons carefully laundered, for there is nothing so effective as soap and water for keeping them fresh.

Miss Dainty always has enough hostility to change daily. She also has house slippers, which are not only good looking but rest the feet.

With her smart tailor made gown she never wears any flowers or nodding plumes. A beautifully tied bow of heavy silk upon a straw hat is more chic, keeps its style and is more suitable for any occasion save a formal one.

About herself personally she is most careful. Her hair to suit her must be like a golden fleece or a midnight glory. Brushes are common-place vehicles, for they can make or mar daintiness.

She drops a perfumed wafer into her daily bath or a few drops of benzoin, which makes her flesh smell like a flower.

To reek of perfume is vulgar, but a suggestion of some delicate odor is exquisitely feminine. Miss Dainty imitates Bernhardt by putting just a drop upon her ear tips.

She never wears chateaus, diamonds, gorgeous jetonette chains, or jeweled barrettes while shopping. 'Tis these little things that show whether or not the woman is a gentlewoman.—Philadelphia Record.

New Ideas in TOILETTES.

New York City.—There are some distinctive features in the new shirt waists this season. A large number of them button in the back, and un-

made of foulard, satin, Lansdowne, peau de crepe, fine albatross or crepe de chine, with bands of moire, applique, velvet ribbon or panne to replace those of lace.

To make the waist in the medium size will require three yards of twenty-two inch material, with five-eighth yard of contrasting material and three-eighth yards of velvet for trimming.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require five and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

An Exploded Idea.

The idea of color under transparent fabrics is again being exploited. A lovely gown is made of the sheerest silk grass linen over pink silk. The outer skirt has three narrow ruffles, edged and lined with pluk China silk, and a wide sash built in the same way. Over a full blouse of pink China silk is worn a Persian jacket of the grass linen, unlined, and edged with a tiny ruffling of the silk. The hat that accompanies this dainty gown is of pink silk straw, trimmed with a scarf and rosettes of the grass linen, and encircled by a wreath of pink roses and their foliage.

A Charming Gown.

A charming summer gown is of fine white linen, with two insertions of linen lace in the skirt and one in the blouse. The skirt insertions slope upward to the back, and that in the waist is set in to outline a bolero. A kind of Spanish girdle is formed of the lace, which is made to narrow from a deep point above and below the belt line, at the back, to a downward turning point at the front, fastened by a silver filigree buckle or pin.

Pretty Linen Parasols.

Some of the linen parasols are bordered with linen-colored embroidery, while others are given over to lace insertions. Some are finely tucked.

Very Fashionable For Little Girls.

Coats of black or white moire are

Give Your Child a Garden.

It is an exceptional child who would not value flowers and a garden of its own. Boys and girls alike are delighted with the very idea of possessing a bit of ground where they can "plant things" and watch them grow. The workers in city missions know that even the most unpromising specimens of slum childhood can be won by flowers; and among children of more favored classes the moral influence of flowers is a force, though it is not recognized nor extended as it might be. People living in villages or small cities usually have some ground around their homes in which they can set apart a place for the children's garden. The love of nature fostered by this garden-making will prove a constant source of pleasure through the child's life. The cultivation of habits of close observation and the knowledge of useful and of harmful plants thus gained is sure to be of future value. Let the work of planning the children's garden begin with the early days of spring.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Paper Wedding.

At a recent paper wedding anniversary the window curtains, portieres, lamp shades and table covers were all of paper in a warm rose pink. The gentlemen guests received buttonhole bouquets of paper flowers that were most realistic; favors for the ladies were tiny baskets made by crocheting rolled strips of white crepe paper; these were filled with violets. Over the damask tablecloth was laid a second one of white crepe paper; the neatly joined seams hidden by trailing lengths of smilax. The plates were of white pasteboard with painted edges. Cups for sherbets, leas, lobster newburg and charlotte russes were of white paper set in a nest of crepe paper made into the semblance of a rose, tulip or chrysanthemum. Little boat-shaped dishes for bonbons, salted almonds or peanuts were made by crocheting fine twisted ropes of paper.—Good Housekeeping.

The Golden Reticle.

It would hardly be expected that any new departure in the form of chain bags for the hand or chateleine was possible, as the endless variety almost gave proof of having arrived at an exhaustion of ideas. Not so, however, as the dernier cri appears in a silver-zilli bag in shape of the 1830 style, which is not only more roomy than anything heretofore worn, but draws up in the manner of the old brocade affair. This is done by means of closely riveted minute rings upon the outside of the bag, through which double gold chains pass each other and draw up like ribbons, leaving a ruffle at the top, and the chains having a small tassel for finish. Quiet and practical is this pretty bag, holding easily a manichoir and scent bottle, besides a small purse. Its price—well, that is another story.

Modish Linen Suits.

Linen gowns, both in white and colors, will be extremely fashionable this season; blue, dull pink, pale green and beige are in highest favor. A bit of embroidery, even if used to give a finish only to the neck and sleeves, is deemed essential to the correctness of these dainty, cool-looking gowns, says the Delectator. The jaunty Eton jacket and the skirt in comfortable walking length are preferred for such a dress when intended for morning or outing wear, though it is equally modish when made with a bodice to match.

A Popular Floral Decoration.

Poppies are very popular among the floral decorations for millinery. They are seen in the natural color and also in such shades as pale green and light blue. Most of the large flat hats for children are trimmed with wreaths of poppies.

Frits of Fashion.

Ecru batiste is extremely fashionable.

To have the parasol to match the hat is a smart touch.

Picture hats are most popular to be worn with mid-summer toilettes.

Parrot or emerald green, for hats, parasols and veils, amounts to a perfect craze.

Green ostrich feather boas are among the latest additions to the feminine wardrobe.

Long batiste or linen gashes of white, ecru or yellow will form a part of many summer outfits.

Blue dotted emerald green veils are in line with the fad for the blue and green combination.

A new cherry red, far prettier and less vivid than former tints of this color, is much liked for trimming touches.

Figured lawns, dimities and organzies, in dainty colorings and designs, mark the prevalence of the gauzy material vogue.

For mourning wear, dresses are much less sombre than formerly, and skirt waist suits combining black and white quite correct.

Very striking are the lace open-work slip stockings in white, with a black pattern, but a trifle too bizarre to be generally popular.

The surplice collar, the bertha and many frilled and ruffled shoulder pieces are among the most liked neck arrangements of the summer.

Very striking are the entire black hats of tulle or straw adorned with sweeping ostrich plumes in combination with an all-white gown.

For extremely warm days skirt waists of white Japanese silk, thin multi-layer mercerized cottons, white dotted Swiss and lawn, plentifully lace-trimmed, are the popular kinds.



TUCKED SHIRT WAIST BUTTONED IN BACK

Titles of fine tucks are employed in their development. The materials are silk finished French flannel, albatross, Louisine and fine Henrietta, all of which are soft and tucked nicely.

The attractive waist is made of rose pink flannel, with girde, cuffs and stock of dark green velvet. It is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes at the centre back.

The tucks are arranged in two clusters or three, which meet in the centre; also sets of five on each shoulder. The former are stitched down the entire length of the waist, but the latter terminate at the bust, the fulness forming a decided blouse over the girde which gives the fashionable dip in front.

The backs are tucked to correspond with the front, and fasten with tiny velvet buttons. A plain stock completes the neck.

Tucks are used to fit the bishop

A Gibson Toilette.

This charming toilette is developed in mauve, barge, with ecru lace trimmings. The waist has for its foundation a glove-fitted featherboned lining that closes in the centre front.

The back is plain with deep pleats that extend out over the shoulders and taper in V-shaped outline to the belt. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The full vest of white liberty satin is permanently attached to the right lining front and fastens invisibly on the left side.

Bands of ecru lace edge the vest and dmy revers of violet panne are a pleasing addition.

The same deep pleats are arranged in front to correspond with those in the back. A transparent lace collar completes the neck.

The sleeve is fitted closely to the arm from shoulder to elbow with small tucks. These terminate at the elbow, the fulness forming a wide drooping puff, which is attached to a deep lace cuff. The velvet belt is fastened with a small gold buckle.

The skirt is shaped with a narrow front gore and circular sides, fitted smoothly around the waist and hip with small darts. It closes invisibly in the centre back under two inverted pleats that are flatly pressed to present a perfectly plain appearance. The front gore forms the panel that is strapped with bands of lace that cross in the centre.

A full, gathered flounce reaches from the panel to the centre back. It is shallow in front and graduates to a considerable depth, flaring stylishly around the bottom.

Lace edges the panel and finishes the top of the flounce in an effective manner.

Lovely gowns in this style may be

GIRL'S GIBSON COAT.

narrow bands of lace set in where the stitching is shown in the illustration; otherwise the garments are perfectly plain.

To make the dress for a girl eight years old will require five yards of twenty-two inch material.

WOMAN'S REALM.

