THE FOOTPATHS.

By MARTHA WOLCOTT BITCH COCK.

I shut my eyes. Like delicate countless threads to bind our manifold destinics,

For over the circling world they go where dominant man has gone. And the human tide in its ebh and flow the way of its will has worn.

The rigid highways straightly pass by the

But the wanton path over dimpling grass escapes like a joyous child;

For nature tenderly decks the way that leads to her secret heart As a mother would tempt her babe essay the first few steps apart.

And the footpaths dance over hilltops cool.

dividing the golden broom, Lovingly nearing the reareful pool and the humming dover bloom.

Fern-waves eleaving in woodland deens (with the threah and the vecrie

Away and away I see them wind whenever. They are always to the ferry, the forge, I shut my eyes. the will, or the clanging factory's to somebody. Or the market town up over the hill, or the fields where the milch cows wait;

For under the joy that moves us so, like an innocent child's at play. Are the human need and the human wee that walk in the paths to-day.

Bird and blossom have made them sweet-scent of the fragrant soil— But each was carved by the patient feet of age-long daily toil.

Like leveled lances point the rays as the

bent forms come or go. Nor heed the hush of the dawning days, nor the peace of the evening glow.

Little can nature, mother dear, with her

softent wile or play. The listless brow of the toiler cheer who has wrought from heart of day. But we, we follow the pleasant way of (with the thrush and the veerie near) Where the lovely fague of the wild flowers keeps its rhythm thro'out the year. Habor's feet have worn. -The Criterion.

who can send a message?" I inquired.

There was a touch on my arm. I

It was almost dark when a knock came on my door, and the grayish negro boy put his head in and followed It by the rest of his body, carrying a yellow envelope. It was from the superintendent, telling me he would do what he could for me, but he feared

I should be stopped, as quarantine was very strict. "If I don't get out, any way you will be sure to get your tonic," I said to

Fanny Martin. We had grown to be famous friends. She was a smart, clever little thing, with a shrewd way of looking at life, and a keen sense of humer. She had made excursions round about during the day, riding ou horzeback. There were very few cases left, and they were going to move or to the next town.

"The reports are exaggerated," she said; "but then that's what sells the papers. It's all in the day's work. Now, suppose you tell me what brought you down here?"

"The nurses' train." "Yes, but before that. Had you a secret sorrow? Had your wife died, or your sweetheart filted you, that you valued life so lightly?" "My sweethcart had jilted me, or re-

fused to marry me, the night I started but I can hardly say that I valued life much the less. I am going back to try it over again."

"What is the matter with you?" Fanny Martin asked. "You seem like a very respectable person. The President of the C. A. & S. seemed to think you were a reliable man." "I am. I am too respectable. She

says I am 'practical.' For example, she says that all I see in a yellow fever epidemic is its effect on trade." "Weren't you afraid?" I asked her. "And you came down here to nurse and show her better?"

"Not by a great deal!" said I em phatically. And then I told her exactly how it all happened. "And she wants a romantic lover?"

"I suppose so," "Ah!" said Fanny Martin.

... It seemed to me that men looked at me oddly, and shook hands with me more heartly than usual. My friends are serious, hard headed fellows, a good deal like myself, not much given to effusive expression; but one of them actually called me a hero.

It is very seldom that ladies visit my office, but as I went in I saw a gleam of summery apparel. A moment later there was a rush and a sob. and Julia, actually Julia, was in my arms.

"My darling girl!" I said. "What is the matter? Is your father ill? Is anything wrong?"

"No! No! Oh, suppose you had died! And it was all my fault-I should have driven you to that dreadful death! Oh, I know you saved hundreds of lives, but what would that have mattered to me!"

"Julia, my child," I said, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I know you didn't want anybody to know it, and I am rightly punished for having driven you to it, by all this publicity. I am so proud of you!" And Julia, Julia who had scorned me, actually put her tear-stained cheek against my own, and then kissed me. I turned to Ransom. "Now tell me," said I, "what all this is about."

He put his pen between his teeth, and took down a copy of a New York paper of the Sunday before-which had just reached our town. He turned to a head-lined page, pointed out an article, and went back to work. I sat

by the arm and led her back to the tel-egraph office, and dictated some mes- WONDERFUL OLD FOLMS egraph office, and dictated some mes-sages that would bring answers. MENTIONED LAST YEAR I left her clicking off a long message

Thirty-five Hundred Persons in the United States Who Passed the Hundred Year Limit in 1902-Average Expectancy of Life Increasing Everywhere.

T is noteworthy how many persons | many years ago, after receiving my near or past the century mark promise never to marry another. figured in the history of last year. Mrs. Jane M. Boyd, of Allegheny We often hear that this is the County, Pennsylvania, celebrated her coung man's age, and this is largely 100th birthday recently. Two of her rue in the business world, but it is graudchildren are missionaries in ilso an age of old people. Much as Egypt. Her great-grandparents were he youngsters would like to have the Scotch-Irish, who came to America in ild fellows go to the rear and take a the seventeenth century and settled in comfortable seat on Easy street, the Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, act remains that at no time in the John Carnaban was her father, and listory of man has the influence and her uncle, James Carnahan, was Presihe activity of the veterans been more dent of Princeton College from 1823

potent in the affairs of the world. to 1858. There are about 3500 persons over Among the wonderful old ladies told 100 years of age in the United States. of during the year was Mrs. John The average expectancy of life is in- Rockwell, of Chicago, a member of reasing all over the world. It is esthe family of Engene S. Pike. She imated that the prolongation of life will reach the century mark if she lives has gained twenty-five per cent, in the untilinent April. This woman was in ast fifty years. The list of centeuarher 30s when Chicago was yet in its ans is growing longer with each suc- swaddling clothes, having been born in the year that Fort Dearborn was esseeding year. It is a curious fact, too, that for every man who has reached tablished-1803, NEVER TOLD A LIE.

At the town of Leyden, N. Y., lives-

or did live in the spring of 1902-a remarkable centenarian of the name of James Stewart, who adduces evidence to show that he has passed the 104th milestone on life's journey. A paculiar distinction attaches to Stewart despite his extreme age. He avows that in all his long life he has never told a lie, notwithstanding the dictum said he knew many men who had of writers and philosophers that all men are llars. From his earliest youth until he was ninety be was a free user of alcoholic beverages, and the tobacco habit had him tightly in its grip. At ninety, however, he "swore off." Since then his motto has been: "Shun liquor and tobacco as you would the devil."

It is well known that many negroes reach an extreme old age, but in most cases convincing proof to verify their claims is lacking. "Uncle Elijah" Bledsoe is either a liar or a miracle, for he put forth claims last year that he was born in 1771, thus being 131 years old.

He is a Southern "darky," who still enjoys life, and while he may not be the oldest man in this country, as he asserts, no one doubts that he is a centenarian.

John Carey, a colored man who died in Washington, D. C., some years ago, had written evidence to show that he was 114 years of age. He had papers to show that he was an officer's servant with Braddock's army when it was repulsed near Pittsburg, twenty years before the Revolution. "Uncle

age of 106 is growing an entirely new crop of wool on the top of his head after being as hald as a billiard ball for and when twelve years old he saw George Washington. "Grandmother" gan practicing at the age of twenty-Stewart, an inmate of the Home for

at the alleged age of 128. about it, "I have done mighty little practicing on myself."

He served as a surgeon in General Unquestionably one of the most re-Taylor's army in the Mexican War, markable centenarians who passed Dr. Wood attributes his long life and away during the last year was Senora sustained vigor to the fact that he has Catalina Flores, who died at Pasadena, lwava llvod plainly and tamperatole



New York City .- Blouse jackets made gowns lace collars are on all the slik with small capes are much liked and and fancy waists, especially on afterwill be much worn during the season noon gowns of cloth velvet and the to come, both by young girls and maheavier silks.



MISSES' BLOUSE JACKET.

ture women. The very stylish May

Manton model given is adapted to all

suiting and jacket materials, but, as

shown, is of canvas cheviot in tan

color and is tailor stitched with corti-

celli silk. The capes and the revers

are exceedingly smart, but the former

can be omitted and the jacket can be

buttoned over snugly, as shown in the

The blouse consists of the fronts and

back, and is fitted by means of shoul-

bishop style with cuffs cut after the

The quantity of material required for

medium size (fourteen years) is two

and a half yards forty-four inches wide

or one and three-quarter yards fifty-

Very Generally Becoming

Blouse jackets are always jaunty, al-

The excellent model illustrated

ways smart and very generally becom-

in the large drawing is of zibeline, in

brown with threads of tan color, collar

and cuffs of brown velvet edged with

latest model.

ing.

two inches wide.

small cut, whenever preferred.

the gowns in "dead white" materials. Princess Model in High Favor.

Fancies in Sleeves.

The "fancies" in sleeves seem to be

almost endless-and the wonder is they

are all pretty and artistic, but those in

the lead at the moment are open on

the outside of the arm down to the el-

bow, where they end in ruffles. This

opening on the outside is also filled in

with some sort of lace or chiffon and

lends a most refined touch to the gown.

Lace on Spring Gowns.

Leading modistes say that in the

spring and summer gowns much "dead

white" and "blue white" lace will be

used, but as the cream and ecru shades

are so much more becoming and richer

looking it is doubtful if the new fad

will become popular. But the faintest

yellow shades of lace are effective on

The princess model continues in high favor with those who can wear this somewhat trying type of gown and some exquisite evening gowns and reception costumes are being fashioned in this style by modistes. One princess robe of soft green velvet was relieved by trimming of knotted silk fringe and lovely gold embroldery.

Collariess Conts.

der and under-arm seam. The fronts To such an extent are boas worn thay are deeply faced and rolled back to collars on wraps are things of the form the revers and are gathered at past. First came the low collar, then the lower edge to blouse slightly over no collar at all. And now some of the the belt. The capes are arranged over smart coats are cut so low on the shoulthe shoulders and the neck is finished der that only a narrow band shows with a turn-over collar. To the lower about the arm, the gown showing edge is attached a circular basque porabove it like a yoke. tion which can be omitted if a plain blouse is desired. The sleeves are in

Leading Spring Fabrics.

Etamines and veilings are the leaders in spring fabrics. In the former fancy effects and noticeably an openwork weave resembling a check are expected to be more in demand than the plain materials.

Plaided Buttons.

Plaided buttons are one of Dame Fashlon's latest freaks. They are small and flat and are covered with shepherd's plaid, black, white and gray check.

Girl's Dress.

bands of tan cloth, stitched with corti-Simple little frocks made with gathcelli slik, and makes part of a costume, ered skirts are always charming upon but the design sults the odd wrap little girls, and have the great merit of equally well and is adapted to all the being peculiarly well adapted to washeason's materials. The collar is a spe- able fabrics. This very pretty May



A Hero---An Involuntary Trip Into a Fever-Stricken Country. By A. S. DUANE.

 Γ is said that every man has a said, importantly. "The operatal he's blind spot in his eye. Sometimes daid. Th' feval's got him. I think that I must have a blind "Isn't there anybody in this town

spot in my brain, and that the disisters and the sufferings of humanity get before it. Floods and earthquakes turned, to see the girl. "I can," she and epidemics devastate the earth, said. "I am the volunteer operator but they make little impression upon who has come to take charge of this me. I read the headlines in the news- office and send dispatches about the papers, and when a man asks me for state of things here." a dollar for a "sufferer" he generally gets it; but I lose no rest worrying She looked so young. over his corrows. "No," she said. "I have had the

It may have been an unconscious seeking after an antidote for my en- and I had it there years ago. I couldn't tirely practical nature that attracted take this sort they have, so far north." me toward Julia Maltland. Julia was beautiful, young and romantic, and for the key. did not seem to desire any corrective for her disposition in the way of an from the house where the last operator alliance with me. I asked her to marry me once, and when she declined I continued to visit at her home, with little box of a room, which seemed the full approval of her father, and with the full intention of asking her again.

She told me whon she did so that she respected me and liked me, but that she could never, under any circumstances, be happy with a man who could appreciate nothing but the sordid side of life. She sald she had noticed that when I looked at a painting I always valued it, took into consideration the reputation of the artist, and then gave my opinion upon it.

It was just 10 c'clock when I left her house. I had time to go down to the office and finish up some correspondence, which the mought of a few nours with her had made to seem of the most trivial importance carifer in the evening.

We kept a light in the office all night. It looked a triffe brighter than usual as it came neering over the transom. but I had a genuine start of surprise as I opened the door with my key, and found Ransom, my boonkeeper, +till busy. He looked up as though he had had been expecting me.

"Mr, Dusne," he said, "here are some fetters that I think ought to be attended to at ouce."

I sat down and looked the letters over. The matter was much more serious than I had imagined it could be. After talking and writing, and talking again for an hour, we arrived at the conclusion that the only possible way the boy with the water.

fever. New Orleans is my native city, And then, turning to the boy, she asked Ten minutes later he had returned lay dead, with the big door key, and we wore let into the sweltering, dusty to me as if it still held traces of the disease. I opened the windows to make the girl comfortable, and sent the boy out after some ice water and

some lemous. Then I remembered something. "Say," I called to him, and I went outside and asked him where I could

find the nearest bar. "Ovah thah in th' tavehn." pointing

to a long, low, unpainted house. I ran across the street, followed leisurely by the boy, and found my way into a bare room with a shelf cross it, and perhaps a dozen bottles.

A portly man, in solled yellow linen, was dozing in a chair. I awakened him.

"Have you any tonic?" I said. "Who's got it now?" he asked, with a atart.

"Got what?" "The feval. Yes, sah, I've got plen-

ty, sah;" and he went into another room, and brought out two greenish bottles of tonic. "It's the best medleine thah is fur

Suddenly Miss Martin came running

it. Who's got it? The nusses bring down tonic, but it's no sich brand as this?

"No, I suppose not," I said; and then I asked after ice, but I found that beyoud the supply held by the "nusses," there wasn't any in the town. * I took the bottles and went back

across the street, followed presently by down and read it. "I can cool it." the girl said, and she It narrated the experiences of one of sent the boy back after an earthen jar the paper's young women correspondents, who had volunteered to go as of water. She wrapped it in wet cloths, telegraph operator to the yellow fever put the bottles in it, and set the whole infected district. Half the letter was in the window. "What's that message of yours?" she taken up with the noble self-sacrifice of the young millionaire business man asked. I found she had already introfrom Ohio, Alfred Duane, who had duced herself to the other offices along brought not only his personal services the line. I sent a telegram to Ransom, telling him in the office cipher of my and sympathy, but his wealth and influence to aid the sufferers. He had plight, and instructing him to make buried the dead with his own hands some arrangements about getting me and that spinster became at the touch out of the fix I was in, without saying anything about it. I wanted to speak of this pen a beautiful girl, supported in her grief by Alfred Duane! And back without being quarantined then of a strong man with a broken "What is your name!" I asked the heart, hiding his own wounds by ministering to others, risking the life he no "Fanny Martin," she said. longer valued because the woman he "Well, I am going to have the answer to my message sent to you. I am not loved had dealed him his heart's desire! The letter was signed "Fanny anxious to have people talking about Martin."-New York News. my being down here." "Don't want your right hand to

he age of 100 there are two women. statistics of most countries confirm bls statement. It used to be said that forty was "the old age of youth" and that fifty was

the youth of old age." Charles T. Yerkes, in a recent London interview, said that a man was not really ripe for business until he was fifty, being with few exceptions merely an apprentice before that age. Henry Clews lately

schleved their greatest success after they were sixty. Everybody knows that Michael Angelo, Titian, Voltaire, Franklin, Newton, Lord Brougham, Palmerston, Kent, Goethe, Gladstone, Bismarck and others performed great things even after they were eighty

years old. In fact, there are theorists to-day who assert that the man who dies at 100 dies a century too young. WOULD PROLONG LIFE.

How to extend the span of life indenitely is the problem to which many eem to set themselves nowadays. Scientists and doctors promise almost unimited age to coming generations. Professor Jacques Loeb and others are working on experiments which have for their objects the production of life

without a father-pathenogenesis-and the arrest of death in germs. Pasteur Institute experimenters are trying to prolong human existence indefinitely by checking the advance of death on the threshhold, in the cells themselves, ;hus arresting senile decrepitude by the use of a specific scrum for the blood. Ben" Brown, of Richview, Ill., at the

instead of artempting to combat external disease, But let us turn to some of the interesting old people of last year. The oldest practicing physician in the United States, and probably the oldest in the world, is Dr. J. P. Wcod, of Coffeyville, Kan., who celebrated his 100th birthday early in 1902. He was born in Dublin on January 4, 1802, and be-

two. "But," he elways adds, in telling

forty years. Last July, Ferry Chesney, a colored man in Tennessee, died at the alleged age of 126. As a slave he had belonged to Jonathan Jackson, at Clarksville, Va., on the Roanoke River,

Aged Colored People, in Chicago, died HAD LIVED 117 FRARS.

to save the two or three thousand dollars involved was for me to make a The to a city in the northern part of the State "There is a train at midnight-or-

half-past. Why don't you take that?" Ransom suggested.

It seemed the best possible thing to do. I walled over to the hotel where I lived, packed my satchel, and in another half hour was waiting in the station for my train. I took out some papers I had brought along with me. and went over them while I waited. After a provoking delay the train

pulled out and soon I ordered my berth made up and turned in for the girl night.

It was 100'clock next day when I arose and dressed myself. I didn't think to look out of the window until my toilet was completed. I knew about where we would be at that hour. Already the take breeze ought to be rushing through know, ch?" the car, and yet it seemed sultry. But I made no explanations.

I walked out in search of somebody official and met the conductor.

"What train is this?" I asked him, rather excitedly. He looked at me in hewilderment.

"Ain't you one of 'em?" "One of what? Isn't this the train

to Clinton? Where are we, anyway?" The conductor looked at me stuoidly.

"You didn't offer no ticket." he said finally.

"No, I didn't. I showed the porter my pass-here it is-and told him to tell you about it, or to take it and

show it to you, and let me go to bed." "Oh, him." the conductor said, plucking at his beard. "He can't read. He supposed it was like all the restthey've all got 'em."

"All got what?" I fairly shouted at "What are you talking about?"

"Young man," said the slow fellow, solemnly-I found out afterward that he had been chosen for this mission on account of his calm nature-"you are on a special train, carrying nurses and foctors to the fever towns. You are in juarantined country now, and how you are going to get back I don't know." "Oh, I'll get back," I said, cheerfully, "Just let me off at the next town, and I'll find my way back."

"I wouldn't do anything rash, if I were you." he said.

It was a very still little town where I stopped. There was only one other massenger for that place-a slender girl, with a clever face that looked too young for a nurse's. I walked briskly down the empty platform, bot with sunshine, and exuding a strong smel There was a black sign over one of the closed doors with "Telegraph Office" in white letters. Inside there was a click, click" of instruments, but the oor was locked. A negro lad came gered by her father's grave. Miss Mar-unging round the corner. in scened inclined to stay, but I knew

stopped Fanny Martin.

"There wasn't any."

"Yes, indeed."

what I could.

dend man.

asked.

quickly. I took a lantern, went out to

the burying ground, and hunted up the

family lot. With the assistance of a

negro man, whom Miss Martin discov-

ered, I dug a grave. We went back to

the town and found a coffin, and in the

early summer morning we buried the

As we came out of the graveyard I

"Well, where is my message?"

New Beachy Head Lighthouse.

In 1828 a lighthouse was crected on one of the seven white cliffs of Eeachy Head, the well-known headland on the

down the path. south coast of England. The height "Come in here, quick," she said, of the light above the sea was 284 feet. the cliff itself being 242 feet above and went back ahend of me. I followed her into an old-fashioned square tide. The lighthouse was originally built 100 feet back from the edge of the house, with a wide oliclothed hall, and thin balustraded stairs, which she lightcliff. Of late years several heavy falls ly mounted. In the room was an old of chalk have occurred, and the strucman who had fallen back on his pillow. ture is now less than seventy feet from annihilation. It is evidently simply a question of time when the whole mass dead, his face drawn and yellow with the scourge. Standing by his side was a tall, sallow woman, who-I am of masonry and iron will fall into the ashamed to confess-even in that mosea. This has led to the construction ment presented herself as a familiar of a new lighthouse on the sands below the cliff. This has just been completfigure. I had seen her counterpart on the stage hundreds of times as the ed; its light was shown first on October 2. It is 142 feet in height, and built of typical spinster. There were even the stones, each one of which is dovetailed glasses and the keys, and the bunches of skimpy curls behind the cars. She into its neighbor, so that the whole was looking down at her father in a mass really consists of one immense boulder. Its light is made by an oil hard sort of dumbness. "The servants have gone," Miss Marvapor burner working on the Kitson tin said. "There is nobody to do anyplan, and is of 240,250 candle power

thing. It is lucky you are here." It gives two flashes every twenty sec onds. The old Beachy Head light gave I did not stop to contradict her, but 22,000 candles. The new light not only set to work for humanity's sake to do gives ten times the light, but uses only One of the sorrows of those times one-tenth of the oil required for supply was that the dead must be buried so ing its predecessor.

The First and the Last.

A curious state of affairs is noted in Franklin College, Indiana, illustrative of the Biblical saying that "the first shall be last and the last shall be first." In the class of '61 of that college the man who stood at the top was William Henry Harrison McCoy, and the man who was at the bottom was William Tecumseh Stott. To-day Mr. Stott is president of the college and Mr. McCoy the junitor. Dr. Stott was elected president of the college in 1872, in which year Mr. McCoy was made a member of the board of trustees. In 1894 Mr, McCoy obtained the titular

"Have you, been to the office?" I "The deuce!" I said, and walked of back with her. The spinster indy lin-

position of superintendent of bu "You needn't try to get in that," he she could do no good there. I took her that of the janitor.

Cal., at the age of 117. This wonder indulging in no excesses and shunning ful woman had lived in parts of three liquor and tobacco as he would a deadcenturies-most of the time under the ly poison. As a student in Transylshadow of San Gabried Mission-and vania Medical College he joined a cowas in possession of all her faculties terie of classmates who had pledged almost to the end.

themselves to this manner of living. On a lonely island, opposite La All but one of the parties to this com-Crosse, in the Mississippi River, Nucpact lived to be over seventy-five, five Se-Ga, mother of Chief Red Snake, the lived to be over eighty, one became a famous Winnebago warrior, died at the nonagenarian, while Dr. Wood, the age of 128. She was said to be the sole survivor, is now in his 101st year. oldest Indian in Wisconsin. Daniel

A REMARKABLE MAN. Smith, the oldest man in Michigan, died at Orrville, Saginaw County, aged John Barlow, a remarkable old man of Montgomery County, New York, 111. He never touched liquor, neither did he smoke, but he chewed tobacco. who passed his 107th birthday last Hiram Cronk, a pensioner of the War spring, tells us that he has drank of 1812, died at Dunbrook, Ofielda whisky and chewed and smoked to-County, N. Y., aged 103. He was the bacco nearly all his life. He was still last of the soldiers of that war on the hale and hearly at last accounts, and, pension rolls. moreover, was said to be courting a

The oldest member of the Polish colwell-known widow aged ninety-seven. ony in Chicago, Mrs. Eva Wilenska, with good prospects of making her his died in July at the age of 103. Another fifth wife. This wonderfully preserved remarkable centenarian was Mrs. Kate old man has never required the ser-Zielenski, who died at Coldwater, vices of a physician a dentist or an sculist. He has lived much in the open Mich., in April, aged 112. At Montreal, in November, Mme. Elizabeth O'Relily, air as a farmer, and has always prewho had lived in three centuries and ferred walking to riding in his local under five sovereigns of Great Britain. travels.

died after reaching the 107th milestone Keeping the temperance question in in life's pilgrimage. Mrs. Anna Dougview, however, as a sine qua non to las died in Frankfort, Ind., after passlong life, Francis M. Anthony, a cening her 101st year. Her youngest child tenarian living near Bloomington, Ill., was seventy-five years old. Mrs. Mawho celebrated the 102d anniversary hala Waters, said to be the last of the of his birth last May, counters upon twenty-five girls selected by the Mayor Mr. Bariow in fine style. At this celebration Mr. Anthony told his friends, of Washington to assist in receiving General Lafayette, in 1825, when he with no little pride, that in all the was the Nation's guest, died at the years which had been allotted to him Capital, in October, aged ninety. Mary he had never tasted alcohol or tobacco, Jane Edwards, the oldest resident of He put stress on this as an indispensa Macoupin County, Illinois, died Decemble condition to health, happiness and ber 27, after being on earth 105 years. a serene old age. He is a native of Alexander Cunn, aged 114, and his County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country in 1820, settling with his wife, who passed the century mark four years ago, were still living at parents in upper New York. In 1873 Harrington, Kan., last March. They he removed with his family to Illinois. were married seventy-seven years ago, MANY OLD WOMEN.

and it was claimed that they were the 'At various times during the year atoldest married couple in the United ention was drawn to remarkable old Their record seems to be States. indies, the more notable of whom form eclipsed by that of Mr. and Mrs. Valenexceptionally interesting links with the tine Orlik, 596 Holt avenue, Chicago past. In 1794 Mrs. Fannie Epstein both being centenarians, who celebratwas born in the Russian city of Kovno. ed the seventy-ninth anniversary of This aged woman, who has celebrated their marriage January 29, 1902. They her 108th birthday, is still living in Chiare undoubtedly the oldest married cago, making her home with a daughcouple in this country. Mr. and Mrs. John Inms, of Washington County, Iown, aged ninety-four and ninetyer eighty-eight years old. Her mother born at the close of the seventeenth century, lived to the age of 103. three respectively, are able to look Miss Margaret Carpenter, 108 years id, was still living in Philadelphia in back on seventy-six years of wedded

life February. She was cheerful and spry, notwithstanding a sad love romance which cast a shadow over her life. Captain Jerome Osler, 101 Evergreen avenue, Chicago, who commanded the first vessel that ever entered Chicago "Yes, I have lived a long while." she harbor-in 1532-is still living at the ald, when asked for her reminiscences. ripe old age of 102. He see "I suppose it is because I have always overgreen both in spirit and longevity -Chicago Record-Herald.

worked hard and eaten good, plain food. My home here is as good as any I could have on this earth, but I want The important peacants of Central to go to a better home, and doubtless Russia believe that rain I will pretty soon. I want to meet my tion of the sky caused i sweetheart, James, who died many, near the hot sun. Russia believe that rain is the perspiration of the sky caused by its be 12 80

cial feature and is both novel and styl- Manton model is shown in pale blue

ish back and is smoothly fitted at the back but blouses slightly over the belt at simple wools and to the cotton and linthe front. Fronts, back and sleeves are laid in tucks, in groups of three each, and are finished with machine stitched edges in tailor style. The right front laps over the left and the closing is effected by buttons and but-

tonholes in double-breasted styles The quantity of material required for of the skirt is simply hemmed and the medium size is four yards twentyone inches wide, two and an eighth

vards forty-four inches wide or one and seven-eighth yards fifty-two inches plain sleeves, full front, bishop sleever wide, with seven-eighth yards of vel- and skirt. When the full front is used vet for collar, cuffs and belt. Skirts laid in generous pleats that which acts as foundation or be left un

at their upper portions, are among the latest shown and are eminently grace ful and effective. The smart m the large drawing is shaped with nine unlined and joined to the cuffs. The gores that allow only narrow spaces skirt is straight, gathered at the upper between the pleats which provide ful-edge and joined to the waist. At the ness and, with the flare on each gore, give a stylish flounce effect where they fall free. As shown the material is eeru etamine, stitched with corticell silk, but all the seasonable pliable ma

terials are appropriate, foulard, taffeta and liberty aliks, pongee, velling, alba tross and the like, with the lovely soft tinished linen and cotton fabrics. The skirt is cut in nine gores that

widen perceptibly as they approach the lower edge and are specially adapted to narrow goods. To cut this skirt in the medium size ods. en and five-eighth yards of materia wenty-one inches wide, seven and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches de, seven and a quarter yards thirty

wo inches wide or four and thre arter yards forty-four inches wid vill be required.

Less Collars Popular. Lace collars of all sizes and shapes are in great demand (and there are many bargains offered), for there seems to be no sort of gown or wrap, cont or negligee with which they can-not be wora. The lace collar reaching to the shoulder is the favorite for gowns for house wear, especially morning robes. Even on the street rning robes. Even on the stree

challie dotted with black, with collar The jacket is made with fronts and and cuffs of cream colored lace banded with black velvet, but is suited to all en fabrics of warm weather wear.

The original is made with the full front arranged over the lining and plain backs, but the front also can be made plain, and plain sleeves can be substituted for those of bishop style whenever preferred. The lower edge stitched with corticelli silk.

The dress consists of plain front and backs of walst, upper and under of it can be arranged over the plain one conceal the seams and are stitched flat |lined if washable fabrics are used. The bishop sleeves also can be made over plain lining sleeves, which are covered lel in at their lower edges to form cuffs, of neck is a straight standing collar. The quantity of material required for

medium size (eight years) is four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards

wide or two and a half yards forty-fo ds of all-over lace for ollar and cuffs

