

REVIEW.

Dimly the spent days arrange themselves in rows; Backward we look upon the serious files; And what strong heart would faint recall the blows, Fate-struck—the weariness, the tears, the smiles?

Lonely Miss Barbara.

BY MRS. T. GODFREY.

From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness.

The rector's rich, full voice floated down the hushed church, arousing echoes in Miss Barbara Lynn's shriveled heart.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" Then she covered down with a shiver, peeping at the girl in front of her between her fingers.

Miss Barbara's eyes moistened. Something in the girl's rosy face reminded her of days long dead.

The swift movement of the small, brown hand as it slid confidently into the young man's, under the pew ledge, sent a quiver of exquisite pain into the old maid's breast.

"Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs.?" She paused. "Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl smiling.

The sense of her shortcoming overwhelmed her with horror, and although force of habit made her chime in with the congregation, her mind was in a country lane, her heart throbbing with the remembrance of a tall youth, with sun-kissed curls and blue eyes like the blue of heaven.

For years she had not so let her mind dwell on such things, but had lived her quiet life feeling that she was "going softly," that nothing pained her much nor gave her excessive joy, imagining that her heart had died in the lane flecked with dancing shadows of leaves and the golden light of the setting sun, when her lover had kissed her good-by, long years ago.

And lo, the sight of a strange, handsome young couple had awakened the old aching pain, and reminded her of what might have been!

The rustle of the rising crowd swept through the building like the rush of a hurried sea. Mechanically she rose also, her sweet face flushed by the pink of emotion, her eyes shining dark through unshed tears, her snow-white hair ruffled by nervous hands.

She must be brave. Lovers still thronged the world, though she had had her day and was no longer young. She opened her hymn book and held it upside down, for the girl's hair claimed her attention.

She opened her hymn book and held it upside down, for the girl's hair claimed her attention. It shone like burnished brass, and here and there a captured sunbeam dazzled the enchanted eye with elflike mischief.

Miss Barbara's hands trembled so violently as she looked, that she dropped the book into the seat before her. The girl turned quickly and handed it back, with such a smile of bewitching charm, and sparkling dimples, that Miss Barbara quailed.

The blue dancing eyes pierced her to the soul, and sent her bewildered thoughts circling back to the forbidden year.

When the voice of the people soared up on high, Miss Barbara's remembrance silent. The thrill of the music added to her emotion, she closed her eyes, and imagined she was looking once more into those like the blue of heaven.

Again she felt the loved arms around her and leaned against the brave young breast, while on her chaste lips she felt a kiss.

Then, suddenly, a cold wind swept over her, and the murmur of voices fell on her ears. With a shudder she raised her heavy eyelids and stared around in surprise, for she was out in the sun-baked churchyard, on the soft, green grass, and the blue-eyed girl was bending over her, anxiety in her pretty face.

"Do you feel better?" she asked. "Yes," stammered Miss Barbara, her cheeks unflinching the flag of confusion as her gaze fell on the young man, who was supporting her in his arms.

He helped her to her feet. "You fainted," he explained, "and we brought you out." She smiled, wondering what they would say if she told them she had not fainted, that she had merely rested in the arms of her long-lost love and said good-bye once more.

"It is good of you," she murmured. "I felt queer, I remember. This is the first time I have ever done such a foolish thing. Thank you very much for your kindness. And now I will go home."

But in spite of her protestations they insisted on accompanying her up the long village street. And as she walked between them, a tiny, dainty figure, with her sweet, wildrose face, and silver hair, her heart regained its calm and she met the girl's blue eyes with a thrill of pleasure.

Yes, do. Come to tea, both of you," added Miss Barbara shyly, as she glanced back into the youth's dark face. Then, for a moment, she stood

watching them as they turned away, and the girl's voice floated back to her on the breeze, thrilling her with its music.

"Isn't she a pretty darling, Eric? Now if father's Miss Babs were like her how delighted I should be!"

The next afternoon when Miss Barbara sat in her little parlor, looking more than ever like a Dresden china figure, with her soft gray silk gown and snowy fichu, and softly piled silver hair, the girl came alone.

"Eric has gone fishing," she explained. And as she sipped the scented tea out of the precious eggshell china and nibbled the homemade dainties, she chatted merrily to the little lady.

"We've taken the house on the hill—the one that looks down upon this—we so shall see a lot of you, I hope. We've been married three months, and have never settled down anywhere yet, but we like this quaint little place, and the people, and the country. After Oregon it's such a change!"

Miss Barbara's heart jumped at the name of Oregon, then she blushed. "Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs.?" She paused. "Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl smiling.

ROOSEVELTISMS FROM THE EX-PRESIDENT'S BERLIN SPEECH.

The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages.

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile virtues of the fighting age. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives there is always danger lest the softness eat like acid into their manliness of fiber.

We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities, at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophied.

There has never been a greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time. It would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership.

Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it.

Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together, while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which is essential to the world's well-being.

"Yes, I've lived in Oregon all my life until the last year. Father—you'll see him soon, for he comes tomorrow—left Ohio as a young man. He says he left his heart behind, but, for all that, he married, and I'm his only child."

The heavenly blue eyes thrilled Miss Barbara again. Her lips trembled slightly. "It is rather amusing to hear of father's love affair," continued the young bride, with a chuckle. "He's searching for his first love now. Of course he's quite serious, but I can assure you are not. Think of it, Miss Lynn; he wants to find the girl he loved twenty-five years ago. He does not realize that she is now probably a fearful old frump, with a long, thin face, flat feet, no waist and a wig."

"My dear, my dear," quavered Miss Barbara, a sharp pain at her heart, for twenty-five years back she also had loved her blue-eyed youth, and although she had grown old, she did not think she was a frump.

She looked furtively across at her reflection in the mirror. She was old, yes, seen by the girl, but frumpish, never! How hard and unsympathetic was happy youth!

"You may laugh," continued Margaret, "for you are so pretty, so sweet yourself! But think of my dear father remaining faithful to such a scarecrow! Can we allow him to find her?" "If your father married he did not always remain faithful," said Miss Barbara, demurely, her heart swelling with fellow feeling for the lonely frump. "And are you sure that she is so objectionable?"

Margaret laughed. "No, but we suppose it. A sour, disappointed old maid. Oh, don't you know the type?" "I'm an old maid, also," said Miss Barbara, stiffly.

"You, my dear, are one of God's prettiest creatures. Now, if you were Miss Babs, well and good, but you aren't, worse luck."

Miss Barbara started. Then, in a low voice, she asked: "Is that her name?" "Barbara is her Christian name. I don't know her surname. Dad would never tell it to me. Miss Babs he calls her, but we say, 'Babs the Impossible,' for she is quite impossible, I am sure."

Miss Barbara smoothed out the folds of her dress with trembling fingers and averted eyes. "Does he love her very much?" she quavered.

"He's mad to find her. Yes, he loved her and she loved him, but her father wouldn't allow them to be married, and she hadn't the strength to go against his will. In those days girl feared their fathers, strange to tell! So father said good-bye, and went away, intending to return later and ask for her again, but he heard that she was married, and—why, how pale you are! Do you feel ill?" she exclaimed, springing forward, so that she was almost on her knees.

"No, no!" whispered Miss Barbara. "Go on. This story interests me. I have heard of one so like it." "Well, as a man mustn't remain faithful to another man's wife, father married also. My mother died two years ago, and father retired then. Soon after we came to Ohio, and he heard that his first love had never married. It was her wicked old father who had spread the lie. So now father is looking for her."

A long silence succeeded her words. Miss Barbara sat stiff and straight in her chair, one bright spot on either cheek. She dared not move, for the room seemed swimming around, and hundreds of eyes, the blue of heaven, looked at her from every corner.

Through a fog came Margaret's laughing voice: "And of course she'll be a frump—a sour old thing! Ah, if she could only be like you!"

Twilight descended upon the house, whiffs of newly mown hay came in through the open window, one ray of the setting sun threw a shaft of light across the room. It fell on Mrs. Dale's upturned face, and for a moment, Miss Barbara held her breath. For in the girl's place she saw her lover, as he looked long years ago.

"Yes, I have heard a story like that before," she said, in tremulous tones; "perhaps I know Miss Babs. And, if it is the same, she loves him now, as then. She may be a frump, my dear, and sour—for life is hard to the lonely—but if she can give him the love he craves, if he can give her the joy a father robbed her of, would you still wish them apart?"

Margaret dropped her burning face. "No, perhaps not. If it were love, such love as that I know. But can it be? She is old and rusty, perhaps."

"His love will rub hers bright. Once she was young, like you. Could your love die? What is your father's name?" "Carroll Lyle. Colonel Carroll Lyle."

The drumming at Miss Barbara's heart quickened, and the hot blood hissed and boiled within her brain. She seemed to hear the clash of thunder, and stood one more in the tree-

shadowed lane, his arms around her, his lips on hers.

The next day, after her lunch, Miss Barbara climbed into her attic. Here, as elsewhere in the cottage, not a speck of dust was to be seen, not a sign of disorder.

Miss Barbara opened an old oak trunk, and bent over its contents with a smile. Gently she raised soft folds of white drapery, and shook out a dainty muslin gown. Pure and simple, it seemed ready for immediate use.

Then, ere she turned aside, she drew out a packet of weather-worn letters. From them there fell the miniature of a young man—the man she had thought faithful to her long years ago. Glad tears sprang to her eyes as she gazed into his, then she raised it to her lips and kissed it tenderly.

When Marion, the maid who had grown old with her mistress, carried the tea into the little parlor, she stopped short on the threshold with a cry.

"Miss Babs, you have gone back thirty years!" she gasped, setting down the tray and staring at Miss Barbara open mouthed, for in the middle of the room stood her mistress clad in a white girlish gown, a blue ribbon in her silver hair, a bunch of roses in her belt.

"Miss Babs!" repeated the old servant, tears streaming down her cheeks, "but for your white hair I'd say you're eighteen again. I'd—"

"And so I am, Marion, for he, Carroll, is coming back to me," whispered Miss Barbara.

Marion threw up her hands and fled to her kitchen. "Lord help her!" she sobbed. "She's dat! Thinks herself young again and talks of him, her faithless lover. May the Lord help poor women who eat their hearts away, and drown all men in the tears they make them shed!" she added vindictively, rocking herself to and fro in her great despair.

Meanwhile in the parlor, Miss Barbara drank her tea with longing glances at the steep, white road leading past the windows to the house up on the hill.

And Margaret's parting words rang in her straining ears: "You must dine with us to-morrow. I'll send father for you, and you'll be able to tell him about Miss Babs."

As she repeated the sentence to herself for the thirtieth time, a quick step sounded on the path outside, and she rose palpitating.

The next instant a tall, weather-beaten man stood on the threshold, a man with short, crisp, silvery curls, and eyes like the blue of heaven.

And as these same eyes fell on the little trembling figure before him, a great joy sprang into them, and with a loud cry of "Babs! My little Babs at last!" he took the no longer lonely Miss Barbara to his heart,



Mrs. Choate Resigned. Mrs. William G. Choate resigned as president of the Woman's Exchange at the last annual meeting. The exchange was founded by Mrs. Choate thirty-two years ago and she had served as president ever since.

Don't Marry the Man—Who is selfish. Who is a spendthrift. Who is a miser. Who never works unless he has to. Whose highest ambition is to become rich.

Suffrage Settlements. Professor Frances Squire Potter and Professor Mary Gray Peck are to be at the head of the work of organizing suffrage settlements throughout the country.

Diamonds May Be Engraved. A Parisian inventor has devised tools for the engraving of the surface of diamonds, and thus has opened up a new field in jewelry.

Scrambled Eggs on Milk Toast and Eggs a la Bucking-ham.—Five scrambled eggs poured over milk toast make a delicious dish; then, again, for another change, sprinkle the eggs with one-fourth of a cupful of grated mild cheese.

covering up his tracks and on his guard lest he betray his real self. Who bosses his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls.

Who lets women hang on to straps in the street cars while he keeps his seat and hides himself behind a newspaper. Who regards his cigars, drinks and other dissipations as necessities, but who would consider his wife's meagre allowance a luxury.

Who would be likely to humiliate his wife by making her beg for every shilling she desires for herself and to tell him what she is going to do with it.

Who is domineering and arbitrary and tyrannizes over the weak and all who are under him, while he cringes before the rich and powerful.—Vomne Chat.

What Cissie Did. The attractive young women who had been selected to take the offerings in the progressive Chicago church were about to start up the aisle.

The Age of Woman. Professor Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, deserves to be congratulated; he has correctly ascertained the age of a woman who refused to disclose it.

Among the hand woven rugs, those made from strips of table oil-cloth. They are cool for summer and are in favor for verandas or porches.

Rough straws are decidedly smart this season, and, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the rougher the straw the costlier the hat may be.

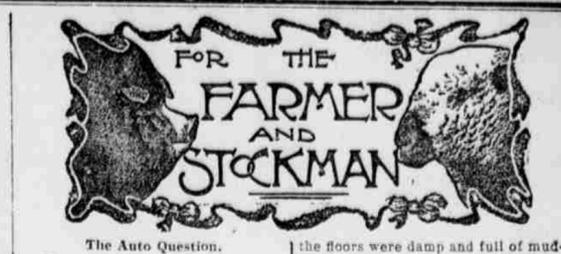
Black pippings are in great favor, being used to emphasize important lines of a costume. They serve excellently the desire for a touch of black.

The Gibson pleats are used a great deal in children's dresses this season. By means of these pleats the necessary fullness may be admirably adjusted.

Turbans made entirely of net, arranged in a series of remarkable folds, swirls or loops are now seen. They are decidedly smart, but very vulnerable to dust.

More and more vivid are the yoke effects seen in the new skirts as the season advances. Stitching is a favorite mode of finishing the joining of pleats to the yoke.

Color in lingerie gowns is sometimes introduced in the design of the lace or embroidery trimming, or again in the girle or about the collar, neck and sleeves.



The Auto Question. I have received several letters from parties asking as to my plan to control automobiles, control of roads, etc. My plan is to form civic leagues and enforce the present laws, patrol all roads and compel all parties to comply with our existing laws.

Bushel of Corn and Butter. Cows of fair quality only, such as will make 250 to 300 pounds of butter per year, when properly fed make three pounds of butter each bushel of corn or oats, when the two grains are ground together and fed.

Wintering Farm Horses. At the Michigan Experiment Station an experiment was recently conducted for ten weeks using a variety of cheap substitutes for oats and timothy hay as a feed for horses.

The Sow in Farrow. Nothing is so certain to produce a small and unprofitable litter of pigs as to have the sow in farrow to share her lot or bed with a pen of half grown shoats or with other sows.

Prevention of Disease. One of the greatest causes of disease among fowls is from lice and not disinfecting the poultry houses properly. I have never had a contagious disease among my fowls.

Regarding the outlay for bulls, there are some wrong views entertained. It is not always necessary to buy a new one every two years. If he is of good vitality and free from undesirable qualities, his choice heifers may be bred back to him with no fear of bad results.

Cleanliness in Hog Feeding. The hog responds as readily to cleanliness and care as any other animal on the farm. Not long since I was greatly impressed with the lack of sanitary conditions around the yards and houses of a man who has been growing hogs more or less successfully for ten years.

Scrub Cows Don't Pay. If any of the great throng of farmers who are blindly adhering to scrub cow breeding were asked why he does not keep pure bred he would reply that it cost too much to start, and that the purchase of a new bull every two years would eat up a good share of the profits.

Who is always thinking of himself and expects everybody else to wait on him. Who regards a gambling debt as a debt of honor and a tailor's bill as a nuisance.

Who lets his landlady wait for her rent while he puffs out the money in expensive cigars. Who is so dreamy or impractical as to seriously impair his ability to support a family.

Who thinks that a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear should satisfy any woman. Who thinks that the woman who gets him for a husband will be lucky beyond the rest of her sex.

Who is secretive and constantly covering up his tracks and on his guard lest he betray his real self. Who bosses his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls.

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