SUMMER DAYS

Summer days are come. Sing ! All the birds are caroling ; With joyful notes their little throats Swell full and tree, the woods ring. Then sing, oh sister, sing !

Summer days are come. Rest! Read the books that you love best. Lie in the shade by nature made, Her wonders learn with interest, And rest, dear sister, rest !

Summer days are come. Grow! Take lessons from the flowers that blow. Drink dews of love; look up above; God cares for great and small, we know. Grow heavenward, sister, grow! -The Housekeeper.

How the Mail Was Saved.



ELL me has father's weekly paper come yet, Mr. Bry-

don?" asked Andy Kent, as he stopped into the little postoffice at Alpine, one bleak March afternoon, followed by his friend, Joe Bostick. Mr. Brydon, the postmaster, was

leaning over the counter, contembefore him, with such an abstracted manner and expression that he failed to hear the inquiry, and Andy was obliged to repeat it.

Then the postmaster looked up with a start and swept his eye over the pigeon holed case at his side.

"No, Andy, the paper ain't here yet," he said. "I reckon I'm sort of absent minded to-day, for I didn't hear you come in.'

'Nothing the matter, I hope?" asked

Andy. "Well, yes, to tell the truth, there replied Mr. Brydon, striking his bearily on the mail pouch. "I'm hand heavily on the mail pouch. in a bad fix to-day, or rather Jake Carter is, fur it's his responsibility, not mine. You see, he was took sick, all of a sudden, this dinner time, and here lies the mail for Marsh Run. It ought to have started a good two hours ago, but I can't find a soul that's willing to take it. It seems as though there was nobody about to-day. I promised Jake I'd find some one if I could. Poor fellow! I pity him; he's awfully worried about it, an' no wonder; for if he makes a mess of it, the Government will take the contract away from him purty quick. I wanted him to do it, added the postmaster, jerking his thumb toward a figure sit-

to Yountown on business." At this the figure rose, revealing the tail, ungainly limbs and familiar features of Lant Kennedy. "That's straight," he said. "Pve

ting on a soap box in the rear end of

the store, "but he says he's got to go

got to go ter Yocumtown afore evening, or I'd willingly oblige you, Mr. Brydon, an' Jake Carter, too, for I ain't got no grudge agin him, not me.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," mattered the postmaster, hopelessly. There ain't even a horse and buggy in the neighborhood, or I might manage to get away myself."

Andy turned aside and exchanged a

few whispered words with his com-

"Mr. Brydon," said he, suddenly, "suppose you let me and Joe take the mail pouch down to Marsh Run. Jake Carter has always been a good friend we get the chance."

came from behind the counter and put on his hat. 'Til just run over a minute and relieve Jack Carter's mind. It'll do him a heap of good. I'll come right back, and then you can start at once—that is, if you're ready."
"If we sn't, we soon will be," said

Andy. "Joe, run over home and tell your folks you're going, and ask your little brother to tell my folks. There an't any use in tramping a mile out home and back. I'll stay here and tend store.

'All right," assented Joe. "I'll get Ted to go over to your house. won't be more than five minutes till I'm back.

He passed out of the door behind the postmaster, and they had hardly gone when Lant Kennedy took his leave also, nodding slightly to Andy.

"Going to Youuntown, are you." muttered the latter to himself, as Kennedy shuffled down the road.
"You'd better go tell that to the ma-rines, for I don't believe it. You've been in a bad humor ever since Jake Carter got the contract for carryin' the mails, by putting in a less bid, and you'd like to see him lose it, too. Got no grudge against Jake Carter. have you? Oh, I know you, Lant

Kennedy. Ha! ha!" Andy threw back his head and in-dulged in a hearty laugh. He was still smiling when the postmaster came back in company with Joe Bostwick, but he did not think it necessary to mention the cause of his mirth, nor did the others observe it.

"It made Jake Carter a heap better when I told him," said the postmas-ter. "'Heaven bless them boys,' he

"It's all right, Andy," exclaimed Joe. "Teddy'll go over to your house as soon as he had his supper. I

brought Tiger along for company.

Tiger was a mottled brown and white hound, with a ferocious expression and a short stump of a tail—the rest of it had been bitten off by a playful buildog, when Tiger was quite an infant, He had a tremendous reputation for prowess among the village boys, but this was based mainly on his looks; his true powers had never been put to the test fani. He had a tremendous reputation for provess among the village
boys, but this was based mainly on
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It was already 4 o'clock, so the
boys did not lose any more time.

It was a moment of terrible petil,
boys did not lose any more time.

In the had a tremendous reputatwo-story structure, for as they
plunged in the doorway they were dismayed to find no door left, nor were
there any a'. atters to the windows.

It was a moment of terrible petil,
for the panther was acceaming at their
two-story structure, for as they
plunged in the doorway they were dishome in such a state of fright that
home in such a stat

With many injunctions and directions from Mr. Brydon, they left the postoffice and started away on a brisk walk, Andy leading, with the mail pouch on his back, and Joe and Tiger oringing up the rear. Both lads were warmly clad and booted, for the weather was unusually cold for March, and there was still considerable snow on the ground.

They traveled at a steady, regular once, and it took them less than an our to reach the beginning of the

hills, nearly four miles from Alpine.

Toward 6 o'clock they crossed the highest eminence, and could see, far to the eastward, the silvery streak which marked the Susquehanua River. The road was winding and lonely, and was bordered on both sides by a thick forest. They had crossed the next valley, and were toiling up the slope shead, when Tiger suddenly stopped, uttered a low growl, and then moved on with the hair rising along hisspine from head to tail.

The boys were somewhat startled by

this strange proceeding. "He smells something," said Andy.
"There can't be any wild animals in the forest, I guess?'

"No, of course not," replied Joe, uneasily. "There are a few bears and wild cats back in the Conewago Mountains, but they never stray down here. Come on, Tiger, good old fellow!"

Tiger allowed himself to be patted on the head, and presently his hair resumed its normal attitude. He followed the boys quietly up the hill and down into the next valley into which the road turned and ran parallel with

The sun had now gone down, and the valley was dusky with the gray twilight.

The boys hurried along the road, oppressed by a vague feeling of un-easiness, but they had barely covered twenty yards when Tiger whined piteously and ran ahead of them with his hair again in a state of disturbance.

The boys stopped and looked at each other in alarm, and that instant a blood-curdling screech rang through

the forest behind them. "It's a catamount," cried Andy, "nothing else could make such a noise. The hard winter has driven the beast down from the mountains." "What shall we do?" exclaimed Joe hoarsely. "There's not a house within two miles, and we haven't a thing to

on top of that hill we just left." As he spoke the creature-whatever it was-cried again, this time long, wailing key, like a lost child in distress. There was no doubt about its being a catamount or a panther, and what was more it was coming

defend ourselves with. The brute is

closer each second. "Siss! catch him, Tiger!" cried Joe, but the dog only whined the more, and crept closer to his master for protection.

The boys were terribly frightened, as well they might be, and with a hasty glance behind them they took to their heels down the road, Andy keeping tight hold of the mail bag. It was the very worst thing they

could have done, for before they had covered a quarter of a mile the beast's horrible scream was heard twice in succession, close behind them. third time it echoed through the forest, and so close at hand now that the boys stopped and wheeled round in

They heard a sharp rustling of bushes, and then in the dim light they father. They were delighted to find saw a long, yellowish, gray object to us boys, and it's no more than right bound into the road not twenty yards that we should do him a favor when away. Both shouted with all their might, and the beast suddenly stopped you'll do," he said, as he and crouched low on the frozen ground. The boys could plainly see its huge, ugly head and round, shining eyes. Again it screamed, they shuddered from head to foot. Again it screamed, and

Andy picked up a frozen clod and took several steps forward, shouting loudly. The creature held its ground for an instant and then bounded back into the forest with an angry cry. It did not go far. The boys could see its yellow eyes shining through the

"Where is Tiger?" cried Joe, suddenly.

"Tiger must have got away from him," whispered Joe, "or the brute would not have turned back so soon." him, "Yes, it looks that way," said Andy, "Hullo!" he added suddenly, "we have just one chance left, Joe. Do you remember the deserted cabin that used to stand down here in the next valley. We must make a rush for that, and try to reach it before the brute overtakes us. The mail miss connection, but we can't help that.

No sooner said than done. With the mail pouch flopping over his shoulder, Andy ran down the hill at full speed, and Joe kept even pace with him. Faster and faster they ran, tak-ing great leaps over the frozen ground, and every few seconds the horrible scream of the panther rang in their ears. The brute was gaining

on them tremendously.

Near the base of the hill they stopped for an instant, and, wheeling around, advanced on the creature with hourse yells, for it was now visible in the road behind them. But it no longer feared them, and crouched ob-stinately in the path, uttering scream

the ravine, they saw a few yards ahead the deserted cabin standing by the roadside. It had been built in primitive fashion, of untrimmed logs, and, fortunately for the boys, was a

step when the rotten old concern went down with a crash, so scaring the panther-who was already inside -that he bolted out to the road in fright.

For an instant Joe was in danger of going down with the steps, but his companion managed to drag him up, and then they hastily shoved the trap-door—which they found lying near—

over the opening.
No windows were in the loft, but there were plenty of holes in the floor and in the roof overhead. Through the former the boys could see the great brute moving about in the room below, sniffing and whining, and oc-casionally uttering a blood-curdling screech.

Presently a quick, rasping sound was heard, as the creature went up the side of the cabin like a great cat, and they heard him creeping softly over the roof.

It was well for them that the chimney had no communication with the loft, for the brute suddenly decided to go down, and did so with a swiftness that landed him on his back in the fireplace below. Vastly surprised and indignant, that panther must have been to find himself where he started from. He screamed with fury two or three times, and then wandered aim-lessly about the house, uttering low "yowls."

The boys felt themselves safe, but when two or three hours had elapsed, the siege began to grow irksome. It must be ten or eleven o'clock, and they knew there was little chance of the creature taking himself off before daylight.

'We have a whole long night before us," said Andy, sadly. "And we won't take a wink of sleep either."

"That's true," assented Joe. "But say, I wonder where the brute is now?"

The question was speedily answered, but not by Andy. The quick, rasping noise was heard again, and then soft footsteps on the roof. This time the hungry creature

did not content himself with peeping down through the cracks. He chose a weak spot and began to dig viciously. The loose shingles flew in all direc tions, and soon a jagged hole was made in the roof, through which the

boys could see the brute's head and shoulders and his glaring eyes. "We're lost if he keeps that up," cried Andy, "We must drive him away.

They began to shout with all their might and to throw up bits of plaster and wood; but the savage brute went on digging, screeching furiously all the while, and soon the gap was large enough for him to spring through.

A few seconds more would have seen him down in the loft, without doubt, but just as the terribly frightened boys were dragging away the trap, with the intention of drop ping into the lower room, a loud shout was heard, and then another and another, and the hurried rattle of wheels.

When they looked up the panther had disappeared, and a second later they heard him leap to the ground.

The boys dropped uninjured through the opening, and ran out to the front of house, just as a wagon drove up, containing Mr. Brydon and Joe's of "Help! help!"

The postmaster and Mr. Bostick were armed with rifles, and, springing

ont of the wagon, they ran shead, followed by the boys.

When they reached the spot whence the noise seemed to come, both beast and man had disappeared. The panther could be heard going up the the hill-side with angry yowls, but where was his victim?

As the men look at each other in amazement, a rustling noise was heard in a tree close by.
"Come down there," cried the post-

master, and in response to his summons a tall, lanky figure dropped clumsily to the ground. It was Lant Kennedy. "What on earth are you doing here?" demanded Mr. Brydon. "This ain't the way to Yocumtown."

Lant became so confused in trying to reply that the suspicions of the party were aroused, and they finally made the miserable fellow confess that he had purposely preceded the boys with the intention of stealing the mail pouch from them and hiding it securely, so that Jack Carter would be

deprived of his contract.

He had climbed the tree when the boys took refuge in the house, and had been afraid to leave the spot, for he had only an empty revolver in his pocket, with which he had hoped to intimidate the boys.

"We'll hold on to you," said the postmaster, significantly, and much against his will Lant Kennedy was compelled to get into the wagon with the others.

The panther had by this time disappeared, so they drove on to Marsh after scream.

So they ran on once more with fastbeating hearts, and as they bounded over the little rivulet at the bottom of to Alpine, they turned homeward, and reached there without meeting they saw a few yards and reached there without meeting the way. Run with the mail pouch, and, after making arrangements there to have

the panther on the way.

The timely arrival of the postmaster and Mr. Bostick turned out to be due to Tiger, for the dog had come

time Andy caught sight of the rickety that we need help, and went to bring

He ascended in two or three bounds, and reaching the upper floor, gave his hand to Joe. It was well that he did ther just as surely saved us, the pantage of the latter was still on the last I suppose he knew Lant was the rotter old. to steal it and he did his best to keep to steal it and he did his best to keep us from falling into the trap. We owe the panther as much gratitude as we do Tiger."

We did not exactly see it in this light, but both boys stuck to their point, and there the matter rested. Lant Kennedy was offered his free-dom on condition that he leave the neighborhood, and he gladly accepted

the proposition. Jake Carter was able to attend to his duties on the following day, nor did he receive even a reprimand in consequence of the mail pouch failing to make its regular train that night.

Before the close of the week the panther was shot in a distant part of the county and Mr. Brydon bought the skin and presented it to Andy as a reward for his faithful services to the Government. -Good News.

The Goldbeaters' Work.

"I was in the workshop of a goldbeater in New York recently for the first time in my life," said L. S. Tom-linson, of Chicago, at the Lindell. "Probably less is known of that interesting trade than any other extant. One reason is that there are so few engaged in it by comparison with other industries. I was greatly interested in the process. The gold is melted and run into a small ingot, making an oblong plate of absolutely pure gold. This is rolled in a hard rolling mill until it is strung out into several yards of gold ribbon, about as thick as parchment. This is cut up into pieces about an inch square, several hundred are placed beneath leaves of goldbeaters skin, the whole inclosed in a parchment cover. Then it is beaten for several hours. The leaves of gold spread under the beating, and they are each cut into four pieces. The beating process is contimed, the pieces are again divided, and the process repeated until the gold is so thin that the slighest breath

will blow it away.
"I am told that this is one trade in which modern invention has made no improvement. Attempts to beat gold by machinery have utterly failed, because the stroke must not be uniform. but regulated by the striker, according to condition. A false stroke of the hammer is sufficient to undo the work done at any stage, and necessitate a fresh start, beginning with the melting pot. Only one substance has ever been discovered which will serve to beat gold in. It is obtained from the intestines of cattle and subjected to a secret process. I am told that gold is besten now as it was when Solomon's temple was decorated with gold lesf. Sometimes a crucible of gold breaks or is upset in the furnace. The cinders and ashes are carefully gathered, beaten fine in a mortar and then washed by hand. Practically all the gold will be recovered in this way. Flying particles of gold leaf, as fine as dust, settle all over the shop. The sweepings of the shop are saved, burned and the ashes washed, and yield quite a sum annually."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They Cooked the Rain,

"Perhaps one of the most peculiarly prepared luncheons ever laid before nungry people was one which we had not long ago, when we were snowed up in the theatre of a small Western the boys safe, but before explanations up in the theatre of a small Western could be made on either side, the town," said a theatrical man. "Upon angry screech of the baffled panther this night, with the brief interval atwas heard a little ways down the ter the people left the theatre, while road, and mingled with it a loud cry we were dressing to go to our hotel, a terriflic snowstorm---such as you can find only in the West---came up. The snow drifted against our doors and all about the streets, so that we had to remain all night in the theatre. Of course we got hungry, as actors will sometimes do, and we began to search

room, and we were about to give up in disgust when one of the company struck a box of beans, which were used to imitate the sound of rain. By shaking the box a stage rain-storm could be produced. We took this 'rain,' as the profession is pleased to call it, but saw no way of cooking it. Some one suggested that the 'thunder' might be a good thing to cook it upon, in lieu of nothing better, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The 'thunder' was a sheet of tin or iron, which was shaken to make the roar of heaven's artillery. We bent the 'thunder' so that it would hold the beans, but were at a loss for means for producing heat.

Our property man suggested that we use 'lightning,' a powder of locopodium, used for making flashes upon the stage, for the fire. We found quite a lot of this, and with the addition of some 'snow'--little bits of paper used to represent the beautiful we started quite a fire and succeeded in cooking the beans, which we ate with a relish. Resolving into stage parlance, we used 'thunder,' 'light-ning' and 'snow' to cook a lunch that consisted of 'rain.''.--Chicago Times.

Diamond Polishes Diamond.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds is a very old one in the East, and the early jewelers of India and China knew how to dress diaand China knew how to dress dia-monds by means of diamond dust long before Europeans did. It was a Bel-gian lapidary, one Berguin, of Bruges, who accidentally discovered, in 1456, how one diamond can be em-ployed to polish another. It was he who constructed the first polishingwheel, wherewith, by means of dia-mond powder, he could dress dia-monds as well as other stones could be dressed by emery. - New York Journal.

The mean temperature of the whole

DETAILS OF DRESS.

MINOR MATTERS ARE RECEIV-ING ATTENTION.

Much Plaiting Seen on Imported Dresses - Styles in Fronts or Vests-Other Hints About Woman's Wear.

LITTLE more cloth for the sleeves, please," was the order of a recent dressmaker, as she was preparing to fit out her customer for an outing. "A little more cioth for the sleeves and an abundance of em-broidery, madame, if you please," and madame immediately furnished the additional material and embroidery galore. And this dress was a model of exquisite taste. It was of pearl-gray moire, the skirt walking length and very full at the back. From the shoulders to the foot of the skirt the front was of alternate rows of em-broidered insertion and silk muslin. Very wide revers of velvet, the color of the ground of the skirt, were edged with insertion. A soft collar and belt were also of velvet; the bishop sleeves had plain cuffs with flaring ruffles over the hands. This full-length front, by the way, is one of the features of the coming styles, and is a forerun-ner of the court train and fancy petticoat in which our ancestors delighted.

Another handsome costume is of shepherds' check silk and velvet. The skirt is of plain silk, the bodice is of velvet with deep V's of silk at front and back; the tops of the bishop sleeves are also or silk, the cuffs be-ing of velvet. A cape of velvet and lace is arranged to wear with this dress, the velvet matching the cuffs, collar and corselet. The velvet ruffle of the cape is about sixteen inches deep, and is set on to a round yoke of elaborate passementeric. Above the velvet ruffle is one of lace, the heading of the lace having velvet ribbon run through in beading fashion. A the "bloom of time" if only a duster ruche of lace finishes the neck and is handy, when the necessity of hunt-

color, but the wearer must know how to treat it. There are greens that dark or sallow persons should keep at a distance from face, neck or hands, and then there are others that make such persons look fair. They must be studied.

SERGE DRESS.

A model gown could be made of a fine navy blue hopsack with a coat cut



in such a style as this, the inner waistcoat buckled across with steel buckles, and made of the black satin. At the neck have the cravat and bow of fine crepe, the sleeves to be buckled in the middle of the fulness, and be made of the same material as the skirt and coat. The buckles on the sleeve are rather attractive.

PANCY BAG FOR DUSTER.

It is the correct thing-and the convenient thing as well-to keep a duster in every room. One can often employ a few minutes in banishing the "bloom of time" if only a duster



SEASONABLE GOWNS FOR CHILDREN.

stands close up around the throat This is an exceptionally stylish and pretty costume, and is a type of one of the earliest ideas for autumn.

Another dress, and one that has been much admired, is of dark green Indian camel's-hair. The skirt is made entirely plain, the front and sides are trimmed with single ornaments of satin and beads. The waist is of camel's-hair and has wide revers turning back from a full-length vest finished by a soft belt of velvet. collar, vest and sleeves are of black satin, the sleeves in enormously fulltopped leg-o'-mutton style. The edges of the fronts over the vest have ro-settes to match the skirt. A silk tie with knot has ends that fall below the belt; another new caprice in neck dressing. Out-of-door sports monopolize a large share of the attention of young ladies at this season, and a boating is a favorite pastime, special costumes are devised for this purpose. Among the most desirable are those made of serges of various colors.

THIS IS VERY SMART.

A dark blue or black serge which has been worn all summer can be smartened up for fall wear by covering the broad collar and pointed revers with heavy lace. Make the lace fit smoothly over the revers, and if it is wide enough let it extend inside of the coat like a facing. If you can af-ford only enough to reach to the waist, don't mind that. Fasten pieces of broad black satin or moire sash ribbon to the under arm seam inside the cost and bring them to the front, where they should meet under a Frenchy looking rosette or butterfly

OREENS ARE POPULAR.

The different shades of green appear to be very popular. They begin in grays, where the green is scarcely more than a suggestion, and then they are seen in sage, a frosty whitish tint overcasting it; then in reseds, which is of a rusty tinge. There is grass hopper green, lettuce, cabbage, pop-lar, apple, Nile, and then it strays into the mosses, myrtles, olives, and lastly, the emeralds, the Lincoln and hunters' green and bottle green. Without doubt green is a pleasing probable.

A window cord is an excellent barometer. When it tightens, the reason is found in the fact that the air is full of moisture, and rain is

ing for one would quite spoil one's desire for cleanliness. The accompanying sketch shows an easily made bag. It is of cream colored linen, quickly worked with dots and conventionalized flowers in outline stitch. The bottom is shirred up, finished with a frill of lace and tied with a bow of ribbou. The top is also edged with lace, with a casing for a draw string just below it. This is tied in a bow and forms a suspension loop. Flowered cretonne or fancy silk may be used, if one is not inclined to fancy work. The em-broidery silk and ribbon should harmonize with the furnishing of the



room for which it is intended. bag is nice for soiled collars and cuffs or handkerchiefs.