

THROUGH THE MESHES OF WINTER.

Through the meshes of winter she slipped
—a day
From out some radiant south,
She breathed a spell from her flower-shaped
mouth,
And the round world dreamed of May.
The birds dreamed softly of nesting-time,
The bare earth dreamed of flowers,
The brook's glad dream was a merry rhyme,
But the best of the dream was ours.
For the song of the wind swept into our
ears,
From the first pink dawn I blew,
And we dreamed we laughed in the sunshine
then,
When joy and the world were new.
But the day passed by on folded wing,
And our dream is shadow of rose,
Till over the threshold of winter snows
—She shall smile from the heart of Spring,
—Allice Katharine Fallows, in Harper's
Bazar.

MISS THORNE'S WILL.

Lawyer Northbrooke had just driven
away from Glenthorne, and Elizabeth
Everill stood for a moment on the
broad terrace, and then, with a sigh,
turned and entered the house. Only
that day her aunt, Miss Matilda
Thorne, had been buried, and Mr.
Northbrooke had come down from London
to read the dead woman's will. It
was simple enough, and those who
had known Miss Thorne intimately
hardly wondered at its wording:
"To my niece, Elizabeth Everill,
I provide she marry a man of title, I
will and bequeath all my worldly posses-
sions."

"And if I do not marry?" Miss
Everill had asked.
"You retain your inheritance," the
lawyer answered with a smile. "Miss
Thorne drew up the will herself, and
it is deficient on that point."

Elizabeth's mother, Miss Thorne's
sister, had run off with Paul Everill,
the organist of the church, before she
was 18. Her father had forbidden her
name to be mentioned in his hearing,
and at his death Glenthorne had
passed to Matilda unconditionally.
She had held no communication with
her married sister till she read in a
newspaper of the death of Paul Everill,
and then she had paid one visit to
the dismal London lodging where Mrs.
Everill lay dying. There had never
been much love between the sisters,
but Miss Thorne was willing to take
her sister's daughter under her care.
So, when the organist's wife was laid
beside him, their only daughter had
been brought to her mother's home,
Masters and governesses had been
employed to perfect her education, and
her aunt had never wearied of instal-
ling a love of wealth and power, and
a horror of poverty into the girl's
mind. That her words had not fallen
on barren ground she would have un-
derstood could she have known her
niece's thoughts that evening.

She was thinking of a scene that
had taken place there just five years
before.

Some old paintings had been sadly
in need of the attention that only a
skillful hand could give, and Miss
Thorne had heard Ralph Crosby favor-
ably spoken of, and had asked him to
do the work. Elizabeth had been much
in the long portrait gallery while
Ralph Crosby talked and painted, and
at length he had forgotten that he was
only a struggling artist and she the
niece of the wealthiest woman in the
country and had spoken his love. Miss
Everill could still remember the
haughty stare and mocking smile of
her aunt when she spoke of her love
for Ralph.

"Love! Your mother loved Paul
Everill, I suppose, and you know
something of her life. But make
something of your own choice. Marry
this young man if you will, but not one farthing
of mine will be yours."

And the girl had lain awake till day-
break thinking of the sordid sur-
roundings amid which her childhood
had been passed, and of the poverty
for which she had such a horror, till
at last she resolved to answer "No"
to her lover's pleading.

She winced even now as she re-
called the grief that struggled with a
contemptuous pity for her reasoning
when she told him the next day that
she could not be a poor man's wife,
and remembered the few bitter words
that fell from his lips as he turned
away without seeming to see her out-
stretched hand. In the last few days
she had thought once or twice, in a
vague way, that if Glenthorne should
change to hers she would find a
way of letting him know that she
loved him still, that she had loved him
always.

"And now—and now," she said to
herself, while the shadows grew deeper
in the corners of the wide library,
"an insurmountable barrier divides us."
She clasped her hands tightly,
and with eyes that were dimmed by
tears, gazed into the glowing embers.
"Oh, Aunt Matilda, your very kind-
ness is but cruelty. I wonder where
Ralph is now? Oh, I almost wish I
was a poor girl today. And yet, no—
I couldn't bear that!"

And the latter reflection was con-
stantly passing through the girl's
mind as time wore on. It was very
pleasant to be mistress of the great
house and to have money to command.
Under her rule Glenthorne became a
very pleasant place indeed; and be-
fore the year was ended it was
whispered that Lord Arthur Kendal
was very much in love with her.

Elizabeth heard Ralph Crosby's
name mentioned several times later,
when she went to London. He was
occupied upon a work that was
to make a name for him, some said.
Others hinted that he was ill; and Miss
Everill wondered that her heart
should beat so quickly at the sound of
his name. She had resolved to accept
Lord Arthur. He was rich—much
richer than she—and quite at the top
of the social ladder. Certainly she

did not love him; he was hardly a
man whom any woman could respect.
Anyhow she did not respect him, and
yet she would marry him. They were
uncongenial spirits, she knew, but
what of that?

In such a mood she was going one
night to a great ball given by one of
the most fashionable women in Lon-
don. Lord Arthur would be there,
and probably she would say "Yes" to
his pleadings that night. She rather
thought she would as she stood be-
fore a mirror when her maid had given
the finishing touches to her toilet.
She had on a new white dress, and
pearls were on her neck and amid
her dusky hair; she was radiantly
beautiful.

"Six years ago!" she muttered.
"Six years and more since the day
Ralph Crosby said—"

She turned away. Now and again
a feeling came over her that she could
not understand—a feeling that her
wealth and her beauty were not to
bring her happiness; and she had
grown impatient with herself for feel-
ing so. Generally at such times she
was even gayer than usual, and when,
some hours later, Lord Arthur sat by
her side in a convenient recess in
Lady Javenell's conservatory, he felt
that he could almost die for her.
There was something in her beauty
that night—a sadness in the dark eyes
behind their mirth—that he could not
understand.

"Elizabeth," he whispered, "say
"Yes!" and just then the sound of
voices reached them.

"And Crosby, the artist, you know,
is blind!"

"Blind!"

"Quite. He consulted Reynolds
yesterday, his case is hopeless."

"Poor beggar! What will he do?"

"I don't know. He hasn't a penny.
He has never staid himself to work
for years. Somebody told me of a
girl who jilted him, or something."

Miss Everill rose.

"Lord Arthur, I hope you will
never speak to me like this again!"

Lord Arthur bowed. He knew that
further pleading would be useless.

Very early on the following morn-
ing Miss Everill's carriage stopped at
Ralph Crosby's chambers, and Eliza-
beth was informed that he was at
home. She gave no name, but entered
the room where he was.

"Ralph!"

"It was a voice that he had not
heard for six long years, but he re-
cognized it at once, and turned his
sightless eyes toward her.

"Elizabeth!" he cried rapturously,
opening his arms, and in an instant
she was folded in them.

"But you must not, Elizabeth," he
said later, "you must not sacrifice all
for me."

"It is no sacrifice," she replied,
composedly; "but I am dreadfully
afraid that I had to ask you to marry
me! I wonder what Mr. Northbrooke
will say when he hears of this?" and
she laughed.

"What fools women are!" was what
the old lawyer said on being apprised
of it, and he drew a large envelope
from among a number of papers that
were in a large box before him.

It was addressed, in Miss Thorne's
very masculine caligraph, to himself,
and written in one corner were the
words:

"To be opened in the event of my
niece's marriage."

Inside was a will, properly signed
and witnessed, and the old lawyer's
face cleared as he glanced at it. There
was also an open letter addressed to
Miss Everill.

"If you have sold yourself, my
niece, take the price of your slavery.
If you have been honest enough to
marry for love, take your reward. In
either case Glenthorne is yours."

"Heaven bless me!" the lawyer ex-
claimed, "Heaven bless me! There's
no understanding a woman! I'm
heartily glad, anyhow; and now I
must go and tell these two that they
won't be beggars after all."

An Enormous Vocal Repertoire.
My mother's love for music was so
great, says Sarah T. Meigs, that she
could sing anything that was called
for, from the old Scotch and English
ballads, through the entire range of
Italian opera, down to the modern
German Lied; or play anything, from
Clementi to Chopin. All this in any
key, and with an exquisite taste and
enthusiastic enjoyment that was ir-
resistible.

On being asked once how many
pieces she thought she knew, she re-
plied: "About 1000." My father said:
"I'll give you \$5 if you will write
down the names of 500." "Very well;
I'll do it." A blank book was se-
cured and the only sound heard in our
sitting room was the scratching of a
pen.

On my father's return he asked
what progress was made. The answer
was: "I wrote until I was tired. If
there are not enough names, don't
think I've exhausted my repertoire,
for I can write at least two hours
longer."

The juveniles crowded round to
watch the counting, and when the last
column was reached there was just
800.

"How am I to know that you really
know all these pieces?"

"I will sing them to you," was the
undaunted reply.

My father laughingly said: "I am
quite willing to take your word for it,
my dear," and paid over the money
amid the cheers and laughter of the
delighted family.—Indianapolis News.

Misplaced Lines.
Nell—Mad at him? Why, he wrote
a lovely poem to her.

Belle—Yes, but she never read it.
When she saw the title of it she tore
the whole thing up in a fit of anger.

You see, he called it "Lines on
Mabel's Face."—Philadelphia Catholic
Standard and Times.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
Designs For Costumes That Have Be-
come Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Some
very simple but yet effective gowns
for bridesmaids are now being made
for a wedding which is to take place



MULL AND SWAN'S-DOWN HAT.

later in the season. They are to be of
that beautiful shade of pinkish blue
called ashes-of-roses. The material
is a Liberty satin. The skirts, which
will have short trains, have three
ruffles of white mull around the bot-
tom. The waists have yokes of the
white mull, finely tucked, and elbow
sleeves of the Liberty satin. The col-
lars are of white mull, tucked, and
the bridesmaids are to wear large white
mull fleches tied in front, with ruffled
ends hanging well down on the skirts.
The large hats the young girls will
wear promise to be very effective. They
will be of white mull, with a band of
swan's-down around the crown, and
one very full white mull rosette at the
left side. Under the brim, resting on
the hair, are pink roses of a very
delicate shade. In their hands they
will carry what are the latest novelty
of the season—Liberty-satin muffs,
of the same shade as the gowns, with
long bows and ends of white mull.



FIGURED SILK GOWN. LIGHT GRAY CLOTH. GOWN OF PASTEL-BLUE.

These muffs are to be imported
from Paris, and when seen here at
this wedding, which will take place at
one of the most fashionable churches
in town, will undoubtedly set a fashion
for weddings to come. At another re-
cent wedding the bridesmaids carried
parasols of cream-ruffled tulle, which
were the gift of the bride to her chosen
attendants.

Three Striking Costumes.
Three stylish new costumes are
shown in the large illustration, taken
from Harper's Bazar. This publica-
tion seems to be more and more the
true mirror of fashion.

No. 1 is a figured silk gown, with
waist cut square and trimmed with a
broad collar of guipure lace and
rosettes of black chiffon.

No. 2 is of light gray cloth with
over-skirt cut in Vandyke points, and
trimmed with narrow silk fringe of
the same shade. There is an ac-
ordion-pleated ruffle on the under-
skirt. Lace revers are edged with
fringe, and the rosettes are made
of black velvet with rhinestone buckles.

No. 3 is a gown of pastel-blue cloth,
tucked from the waist to the hem of
the skirt, and trimmed with deep
founce of heavy white lace. The
bolero jacket is of lace and there is a
chiffon rosette at the left side.

Long Skirts Are Fashionable.
Long skirts in the street, longer
skirts in the house, and it pleases
every one but the woman of economi-
cal mind. There is a sweep to the
train of extra length which gives a
pleasant sensation to a woman of
presence; she likes the feeling of the
swing of the skirts. The dressmaker
can get better effects with the long
skirt; it shows up the material to bet-
ter advantage, and as it takes more of
it, that is a satisfaction to manufac-
turers and merchants. But that is
not so agreeable to the woman who
has to count the dollars. A long
train requires less trimming, if any-
thing, than a shorter one, for it has
a certain dignity of its own in a rich
material, and is apt to lose by being
trimmed.

Latest Style in Collars.
Collars are growing higher and
higher. One of the new stocks is of
white silk, tucked and hemstitched,
and has two wide elephants' ears
ends standing up at the back. Others
are cut with points which almost cut
off the unhappy wearer's ears. A
new feature of the silk stock is the
tab-like ends that hang on either side.
These are bead-embroidered, or edged
with lace to match the stock, and they
are not very pretty. Still, they are
the latest.

Elbow Protectors For Lace Sleeves.
Up-to-date lace sleeves may have
elbow protectors. They may not be
intended for that, but they will serve
the purpose. A light cloth gown has
long sleeves of lace, a piece of the
cloth set in at wrist and shoulder, and
another, broad at the outside seam,
with points on either edge, the piece
growing narrower inside the arm. It
may not be to hide a sharp elbow, but
it might be.

One of the Season's Novelties.
Floral muffs are one of the season's
novelties. An enormous and very
lovely one is composed entirely of vio-
lets, and finished with great flopping
frills of shaded mauve chiffon.

Light Grass For Spring Wear.
Possibly the place of most impor-
tance as a spring tone may be given to
gray, the lighter the better. Perle,
argent, nickel and platine are the
four foremost tints.

A Handsome Combination.
Russian lace in heavy quality and
fine Venetian laces are very much em-
ployed for trimming handsome cloth
gowns in the pastel colors.

In Beautiful Broadcloth.
Here is an illustration of one of the
cleverest dresses in that delightful
new shade, which is a softly pinkish
chocolate. Broadcloth is the material,
and the skirt is stitched down to be-
low the knees in double tucks. The
extra fullness is very becoming at the
foot. The trimming which finishes

the edge so effectively consists of a
stitched mirror velvet band a shade
deeper enriched along the centre with
floral appliques—each and every petal
being cut out of the cloth and skill-
fully applied.

The bodice blouse, sleeves and all,
is tucked to correspond with the skirt,
and it is topped off by one of the new
cape-like yokes with which nearly
everybody has fallen in love. It is of
renaissance and the cloth appliques
on velvet, and the chic turn-up edge
is of the velvet plainly stitched. Ap-
parently it is caught together in front
by a creamy chiffon jabot edged with
tiny ruches, and held by beautiful



A CLEVER BROADCLOTH GOWN.

bronze enamel clasps, with rose gold
shadings. The stock and V are com-
posed of soft, narrow folds of the
cream chiffon.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

MORE COAL DEALS.
Suits Has Been Brought Against Bondsmen of
Ex-County Treasurer Hershby—Juggled
a Bottle of Dynamite.

County Solicitor Hassler brought suit
against the bondsmen of ex-County
Treasurer Hershby, who was short \$65,-
000 in his accounts and who is now a
fugitive from justice. The suit includes
both the State and Lancaster county
bondsmen, each set holding \$3, other
responsible for the shortage. The mat-
ter will come up at the March term of
court for argument.

The following pensions were granted
last week: W. T. Wilson, Indiana, \$5;
Michael Miller, Widnoon, Armstrong,
\$4; Elizabeth Ophman, Pittsburg,
\$3; Sarah Sanders, Williamsport, \$3;
William T. Taylor, Leasdale, \$3;
George T. Hadden, dead, Johnstown,
\$2; Nancy C. Haddin, Johnstown, \$2;
Barbara Hauser, Linden, \$2; Charles
A. Hoal, Beaver Falls, \$2; William
Acheson, Pittsburg, \$2; John R. Mack-
lay, Edgewood Park, \$2; Chadwick
Winnings, Kane, \$2; Thomas Kolson,
Pittsburg, \$2; Charles A. Crassel, Alle-
gheny, \$2; Robert Bennett, dead, Brad-
ford, \$2; Samuel J. Elgin, Salsburg,
\$2; \$2 to \$10; William A. Kuhns,
Freeport, \$5 to \$8; Lizzie M. Jacobs,
Center Hall, \$8; Christina James,
Johnstown, \$8; Corydon W. Baybrooks,
Greenville, \$6; Charles C. Mooney,
Milesgrove, \$6; Joseph A. Kerbey, Alle-
gheny, \$8; Thomas Gorman, Mines,
\$10; David T. Zimmerman, Johnstown,
\$10; John Barnes, Munhall, \$8; Harvey
I. Coleman, Herricksville, \$12; William
R. Moran, Altoona, \$8; Lue M. Bird,
Franklin, \$8; William R. Ramsey, Nor-
ristown, \$12; Joseph H. Lutz, Mahoney
City, \$6; John F. Reed, New Alexan-
dria, \$6; David R. Palmer, New Wil-
mington, \$6; John Boyer, Conshohock-
en, \$6; George Barnett, Rankin, \$8;
Eli Farquhar, East Bethlehem, \$6; Sam-
uel Gordon, Reed, \$6; William L. Wal-
lis, Sharon, \$6; George Drelinger,
Chambersburg, \$6; Jacob W. Ream,
dead, Johnstown, \$12; John Gregg,
Monroeton, \$17; George Grumbling,
Johnstown, \$10; James Caldwell, Hick-
ory, \$8; James M. Crawford, Becks
Mills, \$8; William Keener, Danville, \$7;
Benjamin McKilp, Patterson, \$12;
John Miller, Butler, \$10; Jacob B.
Stalb, Hastings, \$17; Louise Horton,
Mansfield, \$8; Libbie McLaughlin, Oil
City, \$8; Martha Haines, Graysville, \$8.

John C. Dougal, accused of sheep
stealing in the West Alexander region,
Washington county, was sentenced by
Judge Taylor to twenty months in Riv-
erside penitentiary. Dougal pleaded
guilty to the charge before the grand
jury and was at once taken before the
court for sentence. The arrest of Dougal
occurred two weeks ago and was
responsible for the murder of George
McCammon. Dougal implicated no one
in his confession before the court. He
said he had stolen over 100 head of
sheep since last fall and had been in no
other business. He took the sheep from
the sheds at night and had them taken
to Wheeling, where he had previously
arranged to dispose of them.

An engineer was blown from his cab
by an explosion of a cylinder head on
the locomotive Wednesday, and that
saved his life. The engine was used in
the construction of the new Smithfield
& Masontown railroad and was going
at a moderate speed when the explosion
occurred. Pieces of metal and bolts
were hurled through the cab and passed
through where the engineer was sitting
when he was blown out of the engine
a second before, escaping with a severe
shaking up and some bruises.

While cutting timber on his farm near
Polk Saturday afternoon, John Russell
was struck across the neck and shoul-
ders by a falling tree and pinned to the
ground. The tree was large and Rus-
sell suffered terribly, until his assistant,
a boy, chopped through the tree and re-
leased him. Even after this was ac-
complished he lay on the snow for
some time until a conveyance could be
procured to take him home. His recov-
ery is doubtful.

Mrs. Joseph G. Mognet, near Sali-
sbury, Somerset county, sold her fine
farm to the Continental Coal Company,
operating in that section, for \$13,000.
Henry J. Wilmoth, engaged in the coal
business in the same section, will erect
25 houses. S. D. Livengood and J. F.
Nangle sold to Eblett Reed, Baltimore,
1,200 acres of coal near Casselman,
Somerset county, which they will de-
velop at once.

The State medical examining board
reports the result of its investigation in-
to the charges that the questions for the
semi-annual examination for licenses to
practice medicine and surgery in Penn-
sylvania last June at Philadelphia and
Pittsburg were known to several appli-
cants prior to the examinations. The
board decided that hereafter the ques-
tions shall not be printed.

Judson Fields, awaiting trial for horse
stealing; Joseph Taylor, for felonious
shooting; and James Carson, for bur-
glary, escaped from the county jail at
New Castle Tuesday night by cutting
through the roof and climbing down a
telegraph pole. They got out of their
cells by unscrewing a bolt holding the
lock. Six other prisoners claim that
they heard nothing. The jail had just
been remodeled and was thought to be
doubly secure.

The county commissioners of Fayette
county have refused the petition of the
citizens of Connelville for the condem-
nation of the new toll bridge just erect-
ed by the Youghiogheny Bridge Com-
pany and make the same free. The pro-
ceedings were brought under the act
of May 5, 1890.

The borough council of Mt. Pleasant
has granted the Connelville & Union-
town Electric Railway Company a right
of way through the borough. The
company pays \$2,000 for the privilege
and promises to have the line in oper-
ation within 18 months.

Richard C. Stollis, of Washington, D.
C., was arrested at Steelton, Wednesday
charged with raising a note from \$500
to \$5,000 and other falsifications to the
extent of \$112,000. Stollis was located
at the home of a relative by a Wash-
ington detective and was taken to that
city for a hearing.

"A Thread Every Day"

Makes a Shein in a Year.
One small disease germ carried by the
blood through the system will convert a
healthy human body to a condition of in-
validism. Do not wait until you are bed-
ridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giv-
ing all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla
accomplishes this as nothing else can.



Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPEARS
Cures a Cough or Cold at once,
Consumers Group without fail,
Is the best for Bronchitis, Grippe,
Hoarseness, Whooping-Cough, and
for the cure of Consumption.
Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it.
Singles doses; quick, sure results.

First! Come, First Served.
Don't say that you couldn't get the
valuable presents offered with "Red
Cross" and "Hobinger's Best" laundry
starch; your grocer has them for you;
ask him for a coupon book, which will
enable you to get one large 10c. pack-
age of "Red Cross" starch, one large
10c. package of "Hobinger's Best"
starch, with the premiums, two beauti-
ful Shakespeare panels, printed in
twelve beautiful colors, or one Twen-
tieth Century Girl calendar, all for 5c.

Value of Pictures.
Pictures do more toward furnishing
a house and determining the status of
its inmates than anything else. If you
have a suspicion that you are not wise
in choosing and hanging pictures, get
advice from someone whose taste need
not be questioned, says the Pittsburg
Dispatch. Cheap pictures are not neces-
sarily poor, but a poor picture is
usually cheap. To be able to discern
the difference is a quality with which
every one is not blessed. A good plan
is to purchase copies of famous pic-
tures, etchings and engravings. These
are almost sure to be good. In fram-
ing pictures remember that gold
frames are for oil paintings and dark
pictures, white frames for water col-
ors, and black enamel or Flemish oak
and modern oak for etchings and
photographs.

A Million Women

have been relieved of
female troubles by Mrs.
Pinkham's advice and
medicine.

The letters of a few are
printed regularly in this
paper.

If any one doubts the
efficiency and sacredly
confidential character of
Mrs. Pinkham's methods,
write for a book she has
recently published which
contains letters from the
mayor of Lynn, the post-
master, and others of her
city who have made care-
ful investigation, and who
verify all of Mrs. Pink-
ham's statements and
claims.

The Pinkham claims are
sweeping. Investigate
them.

THIRTY YEARS OF CURES

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but
she has been taking CASCARETS and they
have all disappeared. I had been troubled
with constipation for some time, but after tak-
ing the first Cascaret I have had no trouble
with this ailment. We cannot speak too high-
ly of CASCARETS. FRANK WATMAN,
6705 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa."



Pleasant, Palatable, Fosters Taste, Good, Do
Good, Never Sickens, No Nausea, or Grippe, No
Stooling, No Constipation, No Pain.
Selling Everywhere, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Wash.
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-
gists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

CARTER'S INK

Has the largest sale of any ink
in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & 3.50 SHOES MADE

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared
with other makes.
Endorsed by over
1,000,000 wearers.
The genuine have W. L.
Douglas' name and price
stamped on bottom. Take
no substitutes claimed to be
as good. Your dealer
should keep them—if
not, we will send a pair
on receipt of price and re-
turn of name and price.
Size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives
quick relief. 1 course worth
\$200. Box of testimonials and 10 days' treatment
free. Dr. E. S. GARDNER'S BUREAU, 201 N. Atlantic, Ga.