

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

Nora (leading)—
Tell me, Ned,
You've found at last
The girl you really meant to wed;
That you, the gay, the diletante,
In Cupid's net are tangled fast;
You—who've eluded many a snare
Have I met, Ned,
Or do I know
This winsome girl you mean to wed?
Can it be Nell, or Rose, or Sue?
Who is she bewitched you so?
And has she yet said 'yes' to you?"

SHE CHOSE THE GROOM.

An Interesting Romance in an English Village.

"Great Jones! Is that you, Treth
away?"
The man in the shabby raiment
noodled.
"Whv, old chap, I haven't seen you
since we came down from Oxford. I am
glad to run across you again."

"Your lordship is very good."
"Oh, hang the title! What's the use
of being stiff and stuck up like that?
Why, I believe you were actually going
to cut me just now if I hadn't nearly
ridden you down."

"I certainly wasn't going to recognize
you first. When a man gets seely he's
rather sensitive about making advances
to the high and mighty ones of the
land."

"You always were a proud, stuck-up
sort of a person, old chap, and given to
standing on your blessed dignity, and
all that. But I don't think you need
have been that way with me after we
had been in the same set at N. B. C.,
don't you know, and all that sort of
thing. By the way, where are you
making for?"

"Wellminster."
"How are you going?"
"I'm tramping it," said the other,
drily. Then he broke out, with a little
anger: "You good-natured old duffer,
can't you see that I'm down on my
luck? Don't my clothes write me dead,
stony, flinty broke? Here, cram your
heels into your cob and ride on, and
forget you've seen me. Good-by and long
may you wade."

"His lordship flung the reins on the
cob's neck, and the cob being like his
master, lazy and stout, took the hint
that present exertion was unnecessary,
and walked slowly, very slowly indeed."

"Now I'll just thank you, Mister Treth-
ewey," said he, "to drop that surly,
you-be-blown-kind-of-air-and-tell-me-
precisely-how-the-land-lies. Hang it
all, man, we're old chums, aren't we?"
"I don't see that sordid details can
help either you or me. As you know, I
had a tidy fortune, and during these in-
tervening years I've managed to get
through every sixpence of it. That's
all."

and I'll do your will. Horses are, per-
haps, the only thing I do know any-
thing about. So for a couple of years
unless I'm sacked—your lordship's hum-
ble servant." The tramp touched his
battered hat brim.
"Name of Brownson, your lordship,
please."

The city of Wellminster, being a cat-
hedral city that was small in popula-
tion and blank in point of paying in-
dustries, followed the lead of many
other cathedral towns and excelled in
itons of gossip.

Everybody knew everything about
everybody else's affairs and usually a
good deal more besides.
This being the case, it need cause no
surprise to learn that the diets and
acts of the noble lord we have already
not come in for their full share of at-
tention.

But, of course, the one interest that
stood prominent was his choice of a
mate.
"I'm sure his lordship would be ever
so much happier if he found some nice
girl and married her," said the women,
each matron of them thinking inwardly
that her own daughter was the very
person to fill the post.

And as his lordship had appar-
ently set his affections upon a young
lady from a distance, whom nobody
knew before she came down to his
place to stay, naturally Wellminster
outdid itself in having much to say upon
the matter.

"Of course it's all right, my dear, with
his mother there to play hostess," said
one matron to her bosom friend, "but
between you and me I think it's hardly
good taste on her part when he is such
an obvious catch."

"She has a strange way," observed
the bosom friend. "From what I hear,
she's only just civil to him, and shuts
him up most unmercifully if ever he
tries to go beyond the most conventional
friendship. Riding his horses seems to
be the only thing she lives for."

"Rides on tote-tote," mused the ma-
tron, thoughtfully, "are apt to warm
up a mere friendship very briskly. At
least so I've observed."

The second-best bosom friend
laughed.
"You aren't fully informed, dear. The
girl doesn't ride with his lordship at
all; she flatly refused to. One of the
stable helpers is her only escort when
she goes out."

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

The Fan a Dangerous Weapon in
the Hands of Loozy Woman.

The Fan as It Was and Is—What a Pretty
One Costs—The Popular Styles—
The Parasol a Thing
of Beauty.

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"The fan of a beauty is the scepter
of the world."
So sang Marsechal; and we women
are not in a position to contradict him.
For must we not confess that the dear
little weapon has dealt the hearts of
men many a telling blow. In the old
books on woman's fashions, we find
the fan always associated with the
parasol and the handkerchief. But we
have changed all that. A fan and a
pair of beautiful, brilliant eyes are all
the armor that is needed for these lat-
ter days. A parasol may be made to
do very effective work, it is true, and
is to be by no means despised; but a
parasol's field of usefulness is neces-
sarily limited, as one may bring it forth
only in the daytime. Whereas the fan
and the eyes are never idle, and are
most effective under the soft shades of
evening, or in the quiet corner of the
brilliant ballroom. Therefore, when
the woman goes forth to conquer, she
selects her fan with great care. Special
attention must be paid to its
shade; for it must needs, above all,



THE FIN DE SIECLE FAN.

harmonize with the hue of the cheek
it will often lie so lazily against; and
it should be in striking contrast to the
eye that will so often peep over it; and
it must melt into the lap of the gown
that will so often receive it.

The value of the fan was fully recog-
nized by the damsels of the good old
days; for a chronicle of the eighteenth
century tells us that the very common-
est of all were made of scented wood,
while the finest were of tortoise shell
and ivory, incrustated with ivory and
precious stones, and painted by artists
of great talent. These fans, we are
also told, were never used for fanning,
so we see that the proper sphere of
the fan was recognized even then.

Now we are less extravagant. Even
the fashion in these small things is but
fleeting, and we therefore content our-
selves, as a rule, with a pretty dainty
fortunate enough to possess them in
plurality. First let us consider the
sensible ones, the ones that will go
with almost any costume, that will
wear well, that are reasonable. The
fine checked silks belong to this class.
Very pretty ones can now be had for
two dollars and a half, and in any
shade or shades, striped or checked; or
you may get the silks with cream or
other pale ground, dotted with flower
sprays, and edged with pinked ruffle
of the same. The bright plaids come
under this price, also, and brighten up
a traveling or seaside costume; and the
polka-dots are not unpopular this sea-
son, worn with the light dresses.

But from the common-sense one we
must immediately take a jump to the
poetic, useless, one—useless, in so far
as it goes with only one or two partic-
ular gowns, as it sells so very easily,
and a few drops of summer shower
will forever destroy its loveliness.

Never mind—so long as they are
fresh they are very satisfying. Take
this pretty thing of white chiffon, that
is made of tiny puffs half way down;
then comes a narrow insertion of open
work wrought in the Indian colors; be-
low are more puffs and then a double
ruffle of chiffon.

SUMMER FABRICS.

What Mamma Wore When She Was a
Girl.

"Thirty years ago, when I was a
girl," says mamma, musingly, "I had a
gown like this in tint, in fabric, in
sheer softness, the prettiest, daintiest
thing. I wore it the summer I met
your father."

Into the soft sweet elderly eyes there
steals the far-away look which the chil-
dren interpret as half of memory, half
of yearning. For their father is away
in the "sweet fields beyond the swelling
flood," of which the hymn tells so
tenderly, and "mother" has never
worn anything but sober black, re-
lieved now and then by a bit of opaque
white, since she took up her journey
alone.

Yes, alone, though the children are
still with her, and most fond and con-
siderate. But they belong to a later
generation. She was "first" and "only"
with her husband, and half of herself
was left out of the world when he left
it.

"Think of mamma in a giddy gown,
like mine," ripples dainty Sue, with her
blond head rising from the foamy cir-
cumsference of her tiny clustering
ruffles, pure as Aphrodite's from the
sea. "Mamma in rose-colored lawns,
and filmy muslins, and diaphanous
gauzes, with roses and daisies and
knots of ribbon all over her flounces
and furberlous!"

"Why not, pray?" interposes Irene,
the stately, a girl whose statuesque
pose and grand outlines need neither
ruffles nor tucks, and who has enough
artistic feeling to choose for herself
rather than belittle its charms: "Why,
not, pray? One would fancy that you
thought mamma had never been a girl."

"Mamma seems just—mamma," Susie
answered. "But I can imagine how she
looked that radiant summer when her
cheeks were pink and her hair was
brown, and she wore these light pretty
stuffs which have come back again in
time for me. I'm so glad they have."

"I'm so glad the streets in town and the
plazas at the shore and the mountain
lms will bloom with real rose-bud gar-
dens of girls this year, and that grave
and sombre hues have made their exodus
for the present. Mamma, when you
wore organdies and mulls, were you as
silly as your daughter?"

"Silly? I hardly like that adjective
in connection with you, dear heart. I
was noted far and near for my love of
fun and for my ready laughter. I'm
afraid I giggled a good deal. The first
question a friend asked on meeting me,
after twenty years, was, 'Do you laugh
as much as you used to?'"

FERTILE MARSHES.

Something About the Lowland on the Bay
of Funda.

The great fertility of this alluvium
may be inferred from the fact that
portions of the Annapolis, Cornwallis,
Grand Pre and Cumberland marshes
have been producing annually for
nearly two centuries from two to four
tons per acre of the finest hay. Be-
sides, it is a common practice, after the
hay has been removed, to convert the
marshes into autumn pastures, on the
luxuriant tender after-growth of which
cattle fatten more rapidly than on any
other kind of food. Thus, virtually,
two crops are annually taken from the
land, to which no fertilizing return is
ever made. The only portions of the
Acadian marshes that have as yet
shown signs of exhaustion are those
about the Chignecto branch of the
bay, on the cliffs and bed of which the
Triassic rocks do not occur, but in their
stead a series of blue and gray "grind-
stone" grits" of an earlier formation.

In this region the marshes situated
well up toward the head of the tide,
where the red soil of the uplands had
been mingled with the gray tidal mud,
are good, while those lower down are
of inferior quality and less enduring.
Efforts are being made to renew and
improve these inferior tracts by admit-
ting the tide upon them.

In general, however, the necessity
for periodic inundations by the muddy
waters of the bay in order to maintain
the productiveness of the marshes, as
implied in the passage from Evange-
line:

Dikes that the hand of the farmer had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated sea-
sons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows—
not only does not exist, but on the
contrary, some two or three years are
required for the grass roots to recover
from the injury done them by the salt
water, when, as occasionally happens,
an accident to the protecting dikes ad-
mits the unwelcome flood.

The exceedingly fine texture of the
soil, and its consequent compactness
and retentiveness of moisture, render
it for the most part quite unsuitable
for the production of root crops, and at
the same time adapt it admirably for
the growth of hay and of cereals, espe-
cially oats, barley and wheat. As a
rule, however, the succession of grass
crops is interrupted only at intervals of
from five to ten or more years by a
single crop of grain.—Frank H. Eaton,
in Popular Science Monthly.

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