



Mr. & Mrs. Graham's OUTING.

AL, the Lord's agin it, He's clearly agin it," and old Mrs. Graham quietly dropped her knitting in her lap while she peered over the top of her specs at her good man, who sat warming his feet by the fire this chilly morning. "Yes," she continued, finding no response from "pa" save a shifting of his position to one more comfortable and a scarcely perceptible sigh, "I've been thinking considerable about it a spell back, and I've made up my mind He thinks two old folks like you and me what's got a good, comfortable place to stay in just better be contented to stay there, and not be galavanting about on steam cars and such like, running the risk of their lives, as for the sake of taking a vacation, as folks call it."

"But Huldah," said old Mrs. Graham, "I don't quite see why you fuss the Lord's agin it just because the old horse got sick and I took to having this spell of rheumatism; it haint time to go yet, and maybe something will turn up before it's time to start. I'm sure He never seemed to me to object to folks having a little change, and you and me's had precious little, now haint we?"

After which expression good Father Graham settled back again in his chair with a groan as a sudden twinge of pain brought his remarks to an abrupt end.

"Now, pa," said his wife, "don't you go to setting up your will agin the Lord's. I tell you I've thought it all out, and it's as plain to me as my name's Huldah Graham, and we may as well give it all up right here and now, and have an end on't."

"Wal, Huldah, maybe you're right, leastways we can't go unless I get rid of this pesky rheumatism, so maybe we better think no more about it."

"That's what I say; we may as well see the Lord's agin it."

"What's that the Lord's agin it, Mrs. Graham?" called out a bright cheery voice from the doorway.

"Why, come right in, Mis Mills. I'm dreffal glad to see you; how's your folks?" And good Mrs. Graham bustled about to bring the best chair the little house afforded for their guest.

"Well, Mr. Graham, how's that old enemy this morning? Troublesome as ever," asked little Mrs. Mills.

"O, about as usual, Mis Mills, gives me a twinge every few minutes," said Mr. Graham.

"Now, Mrs. Graham," said their visitor, "what is it you seem so sure the Lord's agin it? I'm very curious to know."

"Wal, you see, Mis Mills," began the old lady, "father and me took it into our heads about two years ago that we would like to take a little trower—you know everybody takes a vacation nowadays—and hearing so much about the seashore and them wonderful big hotels and sights of people and bands of music and all, just got father and me into the notion of going, so we set out to save money enough to go a spell last summer, and I went to work and ripped up and sponged and made over my brown merino dress, and made it look just like brand new. It's wonderful, Mis Mills, how a merino will make over; why, I've had that dress nigh onto twenty years, and it's been upside down, down side up, and hind side before time and agin, yet some how it will go for side behind, upside down, next time, and look almost as good as ever. Wal, I got that done; then I got Mis Parsons to take a couple of brads off my best straw bonnet—you know bunnets haint so big as they was—and turn the ribbon bow and put on a bunch of lavender flowers, and I declare for't it looked just beautiful. Then I put a new binding on the bottom of my black satin dress, and I was all ready. As for pa, all he had to do was to brush up his Sunday clothes and buy a pair of shoes—they say folks don't wear boots down there—so you see it was tolerable easy work getting our clothes ready, but you see the trouble was saving money enough to pay our expenses; they say they charge awful high at them big hotels. But as I was a saying, having so little to get in the way of clothes, we had more chance. I made butter, and the old hens seemed to know what we was about, for will you believe it, those hens just set out and laid eggs until I told pa I guessed we could go in July, instead of August as we had planned to do."

"Just when everything looked promising what should the old mare do but up and get sick, and pa here couldn't seem to do anything for her, so we had to send to Skerryville for that horse doctor to come up and doctor her. So there went about half the money we had saved to pay him. But then, as pa said, he cured the old horse and we ought to be willin' to pay for that. That was the first drawback, but it wasn't the last, for you know it was a dreffal wet season, and the berries all moulded on the bushes, the cherries rotted so we couldn't sell them, and even the potato crop was small, so we couldn't seem to ketch up agin all summer, and I told pa I guessed we just better hold on till another year and try it agin. After that we settled down to stay to hum, but what money we could spare from the butter and eggs I laid away for that tower. Father he had pretty considerable luck selling the farm stuff, so by spring we had quite a considerable laid by, but early in April something or nuther got hold of the hens, and they had died off one after another until only a few are left. And right on top of that pa was took with this spell of rheumatism, and we had to get a man to see to things, and that cost money, Mis Mills; so where'll be the money to spend travelin'?"

"I'm pretty nigh sartin the Lord wants us to stay at hum, Mis Mills; still, do you know," she continued, "I'm that silly I feel all cut up about it, just as if He didn't know best, and as if I couldn't stay right here in Martinsville a leetle longer without getting onseny. But you see, Mis Mills, I've thought about that tower so much I kinder got sot on it, and it seems kinder hard for pa and me to give it up. Why, I've dreamed about it nigh arter night, and have wondered how it would all look, and I even thought maybe I would go in bathing if I looked the looks of it. To be sure I always was a mite afraid of the water, and kinder hate to cross the bridge down to the creek when the water's high, but they do say old folks like me puts on what they call bathing suits and goes in along with the rest. Wal, I might a got drownded, so maybe it's just as well, and it was foolish for pa and me to think of such a thing anyway, now wasn't it?"

Mrs. Mills entertained her own views as to that, but she kept them to herself at present, only saying: "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Graham, affairs have taken such a turn with you, for I think both you and Mr. Graham deserve a little change. And seems to me I would not be too sure the Lord did not approve of your plan. You know He says: 'My ways are not your ways,' and He may open up some way for that trip yet. Then with a pleasant good morning, she took her leave."

"I declare," said old Mr. Graham, "it does a person good just to look at Mis Mills; she always makes things look brighter, somehow."

"Yes," said his wife, "she is sort of cheering."

That night after tea when little Mrs. Mills got her husband all to herself for a good old talk, she told him of her visit to the Grahams, and all the old lady had told her of their once cherished plans, then added:

"And, Henry, don't you think we could send those two dear old people off for a pleasant little trip, and enjoy our own all the more because of it?"

"Indeed I do, my dear; but do you think their pebble will let them accept this at our hands?"

"I really have troubled a little over that," said his wife, "but I guess I can manage it if you consent."

So it happened that when John, Mr. Graham's man, went for the mail, he took home with him a letter addressed to Mrs. Isaac Graham. Great was the surprise of the old lady when it was delivered into her hand, for surely she had never before seen that writing. Mr. Graham put on his specs and looked it over, then held it up to the light, and after both had wondered and guessed and turned it over a dozen times or so, Mrs. Graham finally sat down to open it, which after many unsuccessful attempts she succeeded in doing, when out dropped not only the letter but a check sufficiently large to call forth from Mr. Graham a surprised: "Wal," then his good wife opened her letter which read:

"DEAR MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM: I have been thinking ever since I came home about that trip, and the more I think about it, the more certain I'm it's just what you both need more than anything else, and Mr. Mills agrees with me in thinking you have fairly earned a vacation. I want you should take the trip, and let me feel I can do this little for one who helped me take such good care of my sick baby. I rather think, my dear friends, that God thought I loved you this, so sent me over to you this morning, and surely you will not quarrel with His way of doing things. Affectionately your friend, HULDAH MILLS."

"Wal, Huldah, what do you think about the Lord's being agin it now?" exclaimed good Father Graham.

"I'm sure I don't feel He wants us to take this money just because I had to go and tel Mis Mills our troubles yesterday." And good Mrs. Graham looked doubtful.

"Wal, I think Mis Mills is right, I guess He does. Then I believe Mis Mills would feel better to do it, so I guess we had better take their gift as they wished us to do, and take our trip after all."

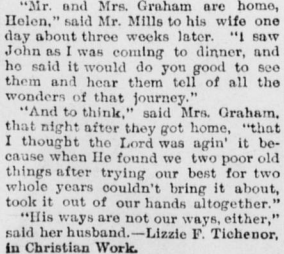
Perhaps it was foolish for two such old people, but Mr. and Mrs. Graham certainly behaved in a most undignified manner all that day; both insisted on talking at the same time, so eager were they to tell each other what they thought about the matter, discussing the advisability of taking the morning train, or the advantages to be gained by waiting for the evening train; would it be best to go the first of the week or wait until the middle, and various other items of like importance to these would-be travelers.

"Mr. and Mrs. Graham are home, Helen," said Mr. Mills to his wife one day about three weeks later. "I saw John as I was coming to dinner, and he said it would do you good to see them and hear them tell of all the wonders of that journey."

"And to think," said Mrs. Graham, that night after they got home, "that I thought the Lord was agin it because when He found we two poor old things after trying our best for two whole years couldn't bring it about, took it out of our hands altogether."

"His ways are not our ways, either," said her husband.—Lizzie F. Tichenor, in Christian Work.

GREAT WAS THE SURPRISE OF THE OLD LADY.



KATE GARDNER'S CHAT.

Charming Gowns for Little Girls and Stylish Misses.

Elegant Simplicity Seems to Be the Prevailing Fad—Mademoiselle Dressed for a Sweet Party—A Dainty Miss in Red and Black.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Little people's clothes, like the little people themselves, are always an interesting subject to mothers. So many changes are required by these miniature men and women even in a single day of their busy, out-of-door life that every detail of their apparel has to be made the subject of much thought and study. And so it happens that suggestions regarding the prevailing modes for the little folks are always welcome to the grown-ups.

The little maiden who rules the household from papa down with a firm though dimpled hand is not forgotten these days by the designers who regulate affairs in the domain of fashion.

While the style is not so elaborate as that adopted by her mamma, and while she does not reckon among her possessions as many frocks as her older sister, yet her clothes are dainty and pretty; and where quantity is lacking an opportunity is given of adding in quality. And clever and fanciful, not to say striking, are the materials and decorations now permissible in the small girl's modiste world.

The very little girls—those who have not long been able to toddle along without stubbing their tiny toes—are wearing the sweetest little frocks imaginable; things that make them look like children even though some cynical bachelors and other disagreeable persons declare there are no children in this day and generation. These little gowns are mostly pure white and the materials softest silk or sheerest muslin with fine lace for the trimming.

The favorite model has the short empire waist and full skirt in which a happy medium has been struck between the extremely short and the exaggerated long ones so much in vogue last season. A very pretty empire frock has tiny bands of lace insertion for the sole decoration of the sheer muslin skirt. The sleeves are puffed and unlined, showing the baby arm beneath. A deep collar of soft lace falls over the front of the short waist and passes bertha fashion over the shoulders while just below the waist the skirt is shirred, through which a ribbon is run and tied in a very large bow with short ends at the back.

Mothers who go in for style and elegance regardless of expense have created creations of puffs, embroidery and lace, while those designed for everyday wear are of India hunted fine cambie gathered into a band at neck and waist, edged simply with narrow embroidery or lace.

Girls in their teens, as a rule, have gowns that are miniature pictures of those their mothers are wearing, with blazers and blouses, revers and lace-trimmed yokes. This is really too bad. Many a girl has been dubbed an "old maid" at twenty-two simply because at sixteen she put on long dresses and young lady airs and went into society. Girls, don't do it. Be young girls just as long as you can. Youth is short enough at best, and once out of that happy, care-free time you can never, never go back.

But my mission is not to preach, but to record the fashionable frivolities of the mode, and just now I am haunted by visions of a dress I met this morning. It was a lovely dress worn by a lovely girl just turned sixteen, red in color, which, I might remark in passing, will be a most popular shade for early fall wear. This particular red dress was of crepe, made with a full skirt ornamented by a lounce with a row of black lace insertion set on near the bottom. As is the case with all pretty dresses nowadays, the style or air was in the well-fitting bodice with its deep plaited collar of red chiffon and very large sleeves decorated with two bands of insertion. The crush collar was finished with a flaring bow and jet buckle, and a similar one held the band of red ribbon on the black straw sailor hat.

With its accustomed regularity the little reform coat has come to town. This year it is more fanciful than ever before. Some are of scarlet cloth, gay with gilt buttons, while others are in the lavender blue shade, now so fashionable in Paris. This shade is also known as blue blue and promises to be an important color in the autumn. One little coat that struck my particular fancy was of reversible tweed that is in small checks on one side and

robes for their very small girls made entirely of real lace, to be worn over a silken foundation. I saw a quite exquisite one yesterday composed of alternate bands of lace insertion and edging, the latter being lightly filled in lounce fashion. The little lace bodice was high in the neck, and the full sleeves of lace were drawn in at the wrist with narrow satin ribbon. Accompanying this robe were three silk slips, one in rose pink, one in pale blue and the other in pure white, each edged at the bottom with a tiny frill of fine lace.

Of course, such a dress is quite beyond the reach of those not to the manner born, and perhaps therein lies its greatest charm.

Another pretty style of frock for a little girl from one to three years of age is like the model in the picture. The skirt is laid in box plaits and hangs from a yoke of plaited silk. The sleeves are very full, ending in a deep cuff of silk, while the bottom of the skirt is finished by a narrow silk frill put on in shell pattern and headed by a band of deep embroidery. A pretty and decidedly chic appearance is given by the addition of a little extreme jacket, decorated with embroidered bands. If made of fawn-colored cashmere, with salmon pink silk for trimming, the result will be an up-to-date little gown.

The dresses worn by girls from six to ten years of age are equally pretty as those of their smaller sister; and the materials chosen are the soft clinging ones so becoming to children. Serge and stout cloths in all colors are in great demand as outing and school frocks. Among a number of such practical dresses recently made for a young school girl was an olive green cloth made with zouave jacket and frill of silk of a darker shade and trimmed with narrow gutture. Full sleeves with a deep cuff and collar, trimmed with three rows of gutture, finished it. A hat of dark green straw with pointed crown and loops of ribbon to match will be worn with this frock.

Another gown that pleased me much was a fine smooth-faced cloth, tan in color, strapped across the yoke with four rows of gimp. Full giplet sleeves, tight at the wrist, with stripes of gimp and a broad silken sash in vandyke brown gave it the desired style. A pretty hat of eoru and brown straw, trimmed with a large cluster of crimson roses, was the headgear, adopted by the little girl who called this pretty frock her own.

The little maiden of ten or thereabouts "goes in" for dances and parties quite as enthusiastically as do her elders; and, of course, must be provided with suitable raiment. Frocks for these occasions are made more elaborately than school dresses and house gowns; but at the present moment it is not considered good form to have them

too fancy, but rather quaint as it were. At a fashionable modiste's, who is also an importer, I saw yesterday a charming dancing gown for a ten-year-old girl. It was of gold-colored chiffon with raised pea spots. The skirt was accordion plaited, rather short and bordered with five rows of extremely narrow black velvet ribbon, the baby waist was decollete, shirred at the neck and belt, and ornamented with five rows of herring-bone stitching in yellow silk through which was threaded black velvet ribbon, the elbow sleeves full and gathered into a band decorated with velvet and a frill of chiffon. The gimp was of pincapple tissue, cream-tinted, shirred in loose puffs.

Gumpes, I might mention, are universally worn, dressy ones being elaborate and fancy, but rather quaint as it were.



GOVNS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

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PRETTY GOWN FOR A PRETTY MISS.

large plaits on the other with edges bound in leather matching the short belt across the back. Most of these coats are only designed for early fall wear, but such a one as I have described would be serviceable until time to put on heavy winter wraps.

The exquisite elegance of the new silk bosery for children is enough to bankrupt the most resolute mother. Black silk stockings have Chantilly lace insertion up the front and daintily embroidered tan ones have lace inserted clocks up the sides. Besides these are plain white, soft gray and pale blues, keeping close company with every variety of design interwoven in color with black.

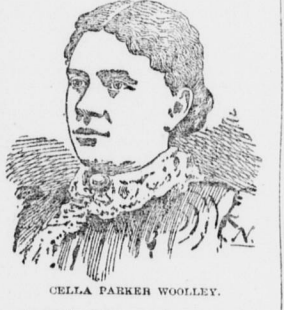
CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Remarkable Record of a Brilliant Western Woman.

Known in Cultured Circles as One of America's Ablest Literary Lights and Among Her Friends as an Able Preacher.

Celia Parker Woolley published her first novel, "Love and Theology," in 1877. It was a clever, resolutely radical little story, and critics at once disapproved it with the "African Faria," "John Ward" and the renowned "Robert." Its author, however, has since then gone far ahead of Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Ward, and even Olive Schreiner in the demonstration of her religious convictions. With "Love" she had been tolerably conversant since her marriage in 1868, and by way of proving her familiarity with "theology," she, in September, 1894, accepted the pastorate of a church in Geneva, Ill. Up to that time Mrs. Woolley had had no intention of entering the ministry, although always attracted to the pulpit and its opportunities. Her career as a minister has been, however, eminently successful. She has aroused a fresh and widespread religious interest throughout not only her immediate community, but in Chicago itself, an hour's railway ride distant, many persons going out from that city every Sunday to attend service in Geneva. Mrs. Woolley's sermons during this as yet brief pastorate have had a wide range, dealing with the most vital and pressing problems of our day, as may be judged by the following topics, taken at random from her past year's calendar: "Industrial Armies vs. Industrial Citizenship," "Compensation," "Love of Country," "A Story of Dusen's Brand," "Platte's Question," "What Is Truth?" It is interesting to also note that of the three trustees of her church, two, Mrs. Julia Plato Harvey and Mrs. Julia C. Blackman, are women. Mrs. Harvey is also well known to the world at large as the former vice president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Woolley is by birth an Ohioan, although removing to Coldwater, Mich., at an early age. With the exception of a few years spent at the Lake Erie seminary (one of the Mary Lyons schools) at Painesville, O., she was educated entirely in the town of her adoption. She was graduated from the Coldwater



CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

seminary in 1890, and two years later was married to Dr. J. H. Woolley. In 1870 they removed to Chicago, where she busied herself with contributions in prose and verse to journals both east and west. She was the Chicago correspondent of the Christian Register of Boston for eight years, and in 1890, became assistant editor of the Chicago Unity, holding the latter position for nearly three years. Her first essay in fiction was a short story published in Lippincott, which periodical has published much of her work. The title of "Love and Theology" has, in later editions been changed to "Rachel Armstrong," while two other novels from her pen have also appeared, "A Girl Graduate" and "Roger Hunt."

Mrs. Woolley has been and is a conspicuous member of that conspicuous organization, the Chicago Woman's Club. For two years she was its president, and she is the present leader of its "Browning classes," her long experience as thinker and lecturer amply qualifying her for such responsibility. Within the past few weeks the club has appointed a committee of twenty-five to organize a "political equality league," Mrs. Woolley serving as chairman. As a lecturer and parlor reader, she is perhaps better known in the west than in the east, although she is always sure to win appreciation, whatever the locality. During a recent visit to Boston she was the honored guest of those two formidable societies, the Browning club and the New England Woman's club. Like her books, her "talks" are a mixture of literary interests with social problems. Voltaire, Bacon, Margaret Fuller, George Eliot, Shakespeare and Tennyson each finding place on her program.

Mrs. Woolley was deeply interested in the World's Parliament of Religions, which distinguished body she had the honor to address upon "The World's Religious Debt to America." Altogether it is not as the brilliant novelist that she is to be regarded, but as the earnest and sincere thinker, eager to receive the truth, strong in the courage of her convictions, and successful in a field where but few women have been successful.

A Bell with a History.

Dr. J. L. Wilson, of Torre Haute, Ind., has in his possession a bell with an interesting history. It was cast in Spain in 1798, and during Donaparte's invasion of Spain it was captured and carried to France. In 1841 it was presented to Joseph Piquet, heading a group of French emigrants, who finally settled at St. Mary's, Jasper county, Ill. Mr. Piquet presented it to the church at St. Mary's in 1853, and it was used in summoning the people to worship until it was cracked by an accident and had to be replaced. Recently it attracted the attention of Dr. Wilson, who found it lying in the quarry and he purchased it. The bell weighs 227 pounds and is made of copper, with a mixture of silver.

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