Why Should the Garb of Woman Be Sad-Eyed When Nature Suggests the Color?

PROGRESS OF WOMEN AS POLITICIANS

The Lost Gailus Button-A Doctor of Music -Women Who Want to Wed-The Latest Fashlons-Feminthe Personalities.

It is said of the fair sex that they dress well, not to captivate the masculine fancy, but to outrival each other. The compliment implied is rather doubtful. But the love of the fair ones for novelty and change of style is not to be questioned. As to street gowns, Ward McAilister is quoted as saying: "Women never looked so beautiful on the street as they do now. I am very fond of looking at a pretty woman, and when she is prettily dressed she is all the more attractive. I like to see her in the gown which best sets off her style, and the colors she wears, if becoming to her, rest and delight the eye and add to the pleasure of living."

Barry Wall is in favor of the black street gown, and while we admit that it has its advantages, yet we prefer the taste of Mr. Mc-Allister, who most admires colors,

Mrs. Kendal's advice is: "Speak to nature and she shall teach thee." If we look to ner for guidance we find predominating the fashionable color of three seasonsereen, to the tired eye the most refreshing, nature's summer dress for tree and shrub and field. Then what can be more beautiful than the exquisite blue of the sky floating with ragged-edged clouds of lacy white. In the western sky at sunset we observe the shifting lights of brilliant orange, tender pink and glowing crimson, purpling into We are all familiar with the varying tints of the autumn leaf from green to russet brown. These are the colors of which nature teaches us we can never tire; each human being since the world began has looked upon and pronounced them perfect.

But do tadies who gown themselves almost exclusively in black ever stop to think that the somber hue is not a favorite of nature and rarely does she present it to the eye! The lightning leaves a black streak where it burns the old oak's heart. "Night drops her sable curtain down and pins it with a star." But nowhere do we admire black unless it be in the heart of the blue larkspur or where it

Let us put away the black gown for rainy days and dark weather. Let us protest against its universal wearing. We are told too that it is more liable to receive and retain disease germs than light colors.

By the way, do you notice how the gentle-

men are blooming out in tans, and blues, and grays, such a relief from the conventional black, they look so nice and cool. Let us fol-GRACE H.

The treatment of wives of politicians on the hustings in England is in marked con-trast with the gallantry shows the sex at conventions in the United States. Tuose who attended the Minneapolis convention will never forget the wave of enthusiasm for Blaine started by Mrs. Carson Lake. The waving of her parasol was a signal for cheers and wild yells that for a time threatened to affect the desired stampede to the man from Maine. It was succeeded by like cheering for Harrison led by Mrs. General New. At the Chicago convention a most interesting spectacio was presented by Dr. Mary Walker, who, elad in a natty black, mascu-line cut, and standing on an elevation back of the chairman, stimulated the cheering Hill men by waving her immaculate cambric while thunder resounded and rais failed to drown the roars of agmiration for the bachelor of Elmira. Women took a foremost part in the deliberations of the prohibition onvention. At the people's convention the irropressiole Mrs. Mary Lease not only helped to shape the policy of the party and deliver effective speeches, but to her skillful manipulation General Weaver is largely indebted for his nomination. In all cases the ladies were treated with characteristic national gallantry and their assistance cheerfully accepted by masculine leaders. How different their treatment in England. Mrs. Henry M. Stanley endeavored in vain Her reception was shockingly rude and in-suiting. Mrs. Cornwallis West received similar treatment. Several times both had to fly to escape harm at the hands of ruffianly

She was a beautiful girl, upon whose lustrous curls twenty summers had laid their roses in showers of color and fragrance and upon whose fair shoulders the decree of fashion had placed a pair of suspenders.

If any who read these lines have not yet got themselves upon this fad they should at

ce look up the latest fashion plates, says the Detroit Free Press. She was radiant in her loveliness, and the

young man who sat beside her when the hadows of the evening fell was as happy as she was beautiful. It was an iridescent combination.

He had proposed and been accepted and he ad just concluded a wild, impulsive embrace that now was tapering off gradually in a tender, one armed hug as tingering as a case

of the grip in a hard winter.
"George," she murmured, "will you do me A million!" he exclaimed, with tropical luxuriance; "a million times a million,

One is enough, deary," she said, with a soft little smile of joyous contentment.
"What is it, darling?" he whispered, drawing her closer to him.

"Will you lend me a horseshoe bail?" she lisped, binshingly. "We have busted my And George's great heart yearned and broke then, for he had come to the trysting

place without a horseshoe nail.

One of the very few women in the uni verse who have the right to wear the title of musical doctor is Annie Wilson Patterson. She is a native of County Armagh, Ireland, and is the only female doctor of music in the British kingdom with the exception of the princess of Wales. She is a young woman of fine attainments. Before she was 15 years she was proficient in the Greek, Latin, French and Italian languages. At that age she decided upon music as her life's profession, and entered upon its study at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and sub-

requently became conductor and musical di-rector of the Dublin Choral union. r career, from a scholarly point of has been a brilliant one. She has written songs and cantatas, received a silver medal for proficiency in the natural sciences and a rold medal for organ playing, and is a poet and essayist of excellent talents. was graduated from the Royal Irish uni-versity as bachelor of music and bachelor of

arts in 1887, and was graduated as doctor of music at the Royal Irish academy in 1889. Over the desk of N. C. Creede in his private office is a letter rack, made of wire. There are not many letters, says the Creede (Coic.) Chronicle, but a great many photo-graphs of women. In most cases the sender has written her name in her own peculiar style on the back of the picture. A St. Louis lady added "taken in 1882, have changed some since that time," but she failed to say whether the change was for the better. Another buxom looking blonds writer from the same city inclosed a photo, to suggest that Mr. Creede owed it to the world, to himself and to her, to try and become the father of

some 'rollicking, romping children." "That letter," said Mrs. Creede, "I ar swered my-self, and referred the letter to Mr. Creede's nephews, who are much younger." "This ladg," she continued. "is now engaged to one of our leading citizens, a gentleman well fixed and who is at the head of one of our largest stock companies. Mr. Creede has found time to secure very good husbands for some of his lady friends, but don't say any thing about it, for it will only encourage othars and his mail is heavy enough now."
Among the list of applicants who were willing to share Mr. Creede's fortune was a

a Antonio ballet dancer, who said she poker and could kick a chandeller with any

oman in the wild and wooly west." Mrs. Robert Anderson, the wife of Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, is now an old isdy living quietly in Washington city, the has two possessions she values greatly, and they appropriately hang above the portrait of Major Anderson. These are the flags of Fort Sumter. After the surrender of Fort Sumter Major Anderson wrote to the War

AWAY WITH SOMBER GOWNS | department asking what disposition should be made of the flags be trought away with The reply was that they could not be ter hands, and so they have remained with the Anderson family, except when they wrapped the coffin of Major Anderson when he was taken to West Point, where they re-mained for some time. The Washington Star recently gave a portrait of both the storm and the garrison flags, and Mrs. Anderson related to the writer how, on the first day of the bombardment, as the flag wafling, it was struck by a shell which cut the hallard so that the flag would have come down with a run if the end of the rope had not caught in the staff, so that on the morning of the second day the flag was still there though the staff had been struck seven times. This is the incident to which Major Ander-son afterwards referred when he said: "God

> could not have lowered it if I would." The French bieveling costume for ladies onsists of a tunic and knickerbockers made exactly like those worn by men, except that the tunic feminine is a little longer than that worn by men. The most approved costume for the maid-a-wheel in England has a full divided skrit, supported from the shoulders by suspenders, a light silk blouse held in piace by a rubber band, a Windsor tie at the neck, a jacket like the skirt, beneath all a 'union suit" of wool.

Almighty nailed that flag to the mast, and I

Late Fashion Notes. Infants' flannel shawls have a bemstitched

Pink, in all its twenty shades, is a great

This year ribbons are used to a great extent for trimming. Canvas chatelaine of dark blue and black

for the outing costume. Patent leather ties, in all colors, are to be

the thing for this season's wear. Black suede shoes and gloves to be worn with the stylish suit for mourning.

For the summer skirt rainbow flounces of ribbon, pleated, gathered or ruched. Artificial oats or oats dyed in various col-

ors are quite conspicuous in millinery. There is a great deal of point de gene and Irish point lace used on gowns this summer. Many of the pretty summer gowns have the lower part of the sleeve close fitting and

Cream, ivory, putty, pale blue, very light reen, buttercup, amber and corn shades are inding places in the heart of the summer

The most daring color combination is that in which two tones of rich bued violets are brought into direct conjunction with vivid scarlet velvet.

made of face without lining.

To pull a dress tightly over the abdomen coarseness and vulgarity which could not be excelled by the commonest ballet dancer. "What do you think of my new hat, John?"

"On, I don't know. What did the thing cost?" "Nothing. I made it myself." By Jove! It's simply stunning, Mamie." One of the prettiest new blouses is made of gay colored Scotch plaid surah to be worn with a plein sorge skirt. They are nearly all draped on a fitted lining with an abundance of frills and ruffies.

Delaines are particularly pretty this year, and run the muslins very close as first favor-ites. There is only one objection to them. When they get even a little soiled their beauty is almost gone.

Hops, their stalks forming the crown, are ingeniously used in the composition of a Parisian model. The stylish trimmings are a black lace coquelle, a jet and diamond tipped pin and strings of the palest yellow

Lownecked bodices of many summer dancing dresses are trimmed with recamier folds, draped berthas, and long, dainty scarfs of petit point, sik net festeoned across the top at the back, and carried in breteiles down the

Suspender dresses are still worn, but they are not in the best form. They are too manmish and neglige, especially when the young woman substitutes genuine suspenders for the usual ones like the skirt, as occasionally

It only requires a pretty face to render a last century hat, of drawn lace with sea colored lace linings, quite perfect; and the fall of grass at the back is natural enough to have been but just picked up in some sweet green field. Sheer yet very durable French muslins are

worn this summer that are wrought all over with tiny white dots and printed with very delicate single blossoms or fine clusters, with foliage of violets and rosebuds, which are still the favored blossoms for these muslins. The Russian stripes, ecovred with cross stirch embroidery, are among the latest nov-elties. The manner in which the sleeves are put in is one of the distinguishing charac teristics of these Russian garments. The sleeves commence at the neck and are not inserted at the shoulder in the ordinary way. Charming little seaside hats are of the "Niniene" shape, the broad brim slanting down in front, from which protrudes a very narrow dainty edge of Oriental lace. These hats are made of fancy straw in all the fashionable colors, and are decorated with

standing loops of ribbon or large Aisatian bows of broad, gaviy striped silk grenadine. The beautiful laces now in vogue make the short sleeve a special temptation, as the wide lace ruffle falling over the arm is its most characteristic feature. The sleeve above the ruffle may be fashioned to suit the wearer, or her dressmaker, as, if it be pretty, it may be anything else that it chooses.

The more original in design the more it will

be admired. If you wish to have your drawing room rettily decorated with flowers during this not season order the floral decoration to be of hydrangeas. They have become quite popular, and do not make the room stuffy, as they are scentless. A hot drawing room, filled with the odor of flowers, is not exactly the place one would wish herself in at this time of the year.

Camels hair and English serge will be largely used for autumn and winter costumes, and marine blue, silver blue and the rich shade of Neapolitan blue will be very popular; also the handsome dabila dyes, the browns both golden and in dead leaf tones, the Vandyke and mahogany tints of reddish cast, and the genuine old rose that is of the exact color of a slightly wilted Jacqueminot.

With white canvas or suede shoes one should wear white stockings. There are many fancy stockings with black feet and colored tops in all sorts of designs, points or stripes or solid color. These are a little showy, but are sometimes very pretty. Occasionally bright scarlet shoes with silk hose of the same has are some with deal hose of the same hue are seen with dark dresses, but they are the exception.

Dresses of pure white crepon face, crepe de chine, etc., with white chip bennets trimmed wholly in white, form elegant toilets for guests at summer weddings and re ceptions. China crepe dresses are very charming, also those of satin striped clair-ette, and the small French bonnet is trimmed with clusters of white violets, illac, or other fine white flowers like elderberry or anemone, intermixed with white watered ribbon.

Many of last summer's gowns may be re modeled by gathering a deep, straight skirt to the round or pointed waist, thus convert-ing it into a Russian blouse, or, as a skillful but not very cultured modiste writes it, "rushing" blouse. The popular blouse has so many molifications that slight peculiarities of culture of the college ties of cut are not unpleasantly noticeable, and much liberty is gained by those who are trying to make last year's dresses "do.

What Women Are Doing.

Mrs. Hattie Brooks of Maine is conducting an extensive foundry and locomotive building establishment near Dunkirk, which turns out a locomotive a day.

Mrs. Bishop, teacher of Delsarte, insists that "if we want to keep young we must learn how to rest." And some old persons would be very apt teachers of the specialty. Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the talking woman of Kansas, is a tall, spare woman with a very manlike and commanding air about ber When her husband is along he doesn't count. She registers and settles the bill while he carries the hand baggage.

At the concluding session of the regents' convocation of the University of the State of New York, at Albany on Thursday, the prize of \$100 for the best essay on 'the Relation of University Extension to Local Libraries' was awarded to Miss Katherine Sharp of Chicago.

Good heath, calm nerves, good friends and a modest opinion of herseif" are the results of a college education to a girl, in the opinion of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and no better judge of the results of such training can be found than the ex-president of Wellesley.

The Rothschilds have a pretty way of providing a birthday present for all of the girls of the family when they come of age. At

ced at \$2,530, are put aside. Six more are added at every birthday, and when the young lady reaches the age of 21 she is pre-

ented with the valuable necktace, France has a national council of women; in Finland the national bodies are federated through the efforts of Baroness Alexander Gripenberg; the three Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, have formed a Scandinavian woman's council and n Italy a national club of women has been

Miss M E. Finnegan, county supertendent of schools for Chotsau county, Montana, has jurisdiction over an area of 27,500 miles, while Miss Alice Cavanauch of Dawson county looks after the schools of a county overing 30,000 square miles an area equal to that of South Carolina. greater than that

eo, with Queen Margherita as its leader

of Maine, and nearly four times that of Massachusetts. Miss Ella T. Knowles, whom the people's party of Montana has nominated for attorney general of the state, is a successful practicing lawyer in Helena. She was born in New Hampshire, and was graduated at Bates college, Maine, in 1884. She has an extensive practice among miners and working men, and it is thought that they were influential in se-curing for her the nomination, which came to ination, which came to

Patti has several pet birds at Craig-y-Nos, which she brought from New York. One is a parrot that accompanies her songs, not merely imitating the trills and roulades of his mistress, but putting in some original touches of his own. Another of the parrots for a long time kept mute until finally one day a doctor appeared on the scene to attend to a sore throat of his mistress, when he ex-

her entirely unexpectedly.

claimed: "Oh, doctor, I'm so sick." The Russians are keenly alive to the value of women in medical work, and the Russian imperial council has, by a large majority, decided to establish a medical school for women in St. Petersburg. The imperial government and the municipal council will contribute \$158,500 for the purpose. The municipal authorities will also give the site for the buildlags for the school and clinic.

The late democratic wigwam at Chicago has been said to the Women's Board of Man-agers at the World's fair. It is the intention of these women to ould with it a series of big boarding houses for women, convenient to the fair, where lodgement may be had for 35 cents a day. They give notice that large parties of women, teachers and the like may write ahead and engage time and space. This will not only facilitate their getting speedily to work seeing the great show, but save them from the extortions of a crowded season and a rapacious people.

Mrs. Mary Frost Ormsby, who has the redit of starting the first woman's campaign club, is a lady of considerable executive abily and of fine poetical tastes as well. Much of the verse she writes finds its way into the magazines. Mrs. Ormsoy tells an inter-esting anecdote of Longfellow's latest years. She visited the poet a few weeks before he died, and as he escorted her to the door and stood there looking over the vacant ground across the street to the Charles river she asked: "Mr. Longfellow, why did you cut down all the trees there between the nouse and the river?" "I did it, madam," said the poet, "so that nothing should stand between me and those purple hills in the dis-

IMPLETIES.

Boston Transcript: "I have heard of the orthodox minister who was thought to be a little too liberai," said a man who was not his parishioner, "and there was an agitation in his church. Ask him to leave! Give him a trial for heresy! No, indeed. The richest man in his church has invited him to go to Europe to stay all summer. They are going to raise his salary when he gets back, and he is going to give them sermons telling them how much more he believes in the power of the love of the Lord than the hate of the devil. That congregation will enjoy a change from sermons about the size of the tabernacie and other nondoctrinal subjects that minister has felt himself forced to preach about while he has been growing."

New York Tribune: A college professor recently dropped into a prayer meeting in a district where dairy interests are supreme and heard a gaunt old dairy man pray as follows: "Help us, O Lord, to follow Thee, no matter what John, Mary, Martha, Bill, Tom and all the rest may say. Make us through trains for the Lord, not stopping at every little station where they happen to have a milk-can put out. Don't let us fire blank castridges at the dayli, but lead any with the cartridges at the devil, but load up with shot and shell. Help us to cut off the corns and the bunions that keep our feet from walking in the way of the Lord."

Atianta Constitution: "Where's Brother Jones!" asked the preacher.

"At the ball game." "And Brother Brown!"
"On the vigilance committee."

"And Brother Spinks!"

'And good old Brother Williams ?"

"Lynchin' a nigger for hoss stealin'."
"And where's Sister Jones!" "Backin' up the home team with the mis

"Let us pray!"

Religious Critic-Here's a piece in the paper about the clergy going off for a long vacation. What a humbug religion is, any-

A Few Days Later .- "Here's a list in the paper of the churches that will remain open all summer. What chumps the cargy are to suppose that any one wants to go to church in summer. Why don't they give

themselves and us a rest!" Indianapolis Journal: "The largest coin I find in the collection basket this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "is a 10-cent piece. If the members of this congregation are expecting to pay their way into the better land on the installment plan, it seems to me that they are calculating on a much longer mundane life than has been allotted

to man since the days of Methuselah." "You belong to a baseball club," recently said a smart Aleck of a lawyer to a uni-formed Salvation army man, who was a wit-ness in court. "Yes," replied the man, "I belong to a club that bats the devil and strikes him out."

"Samuel," said the wife of an English la-borer, "we must go to sacrament next Sunday. The rector has given us two shillings since we last went, and I can't abide to take his money and give nothing in return."

tion this summer? "Not exactly," replied the member who as trouble in keeping awake. "We will send him away and take one ourselves."

"Are you going to give your pastor a vaca-

Minister (to dying miser) -I am afraid you won't go to heaven.
Misec (dolefully) -Oh, Lord! And 1 gave \$2 to the church last year. Has that money been thrown away for nothing!

SNORTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

A man with a short head needs long legs. The devil sometimes wears a white neck-

Whatever stifles liberality chokes religion. The man who is true to himself is a friend Butterflies make a great show, but they

don't make any honey. If nobody ever got mad there would never be an intentional murder. Putting mittens on a tiger will never make

him lose his taste for blood. No man can build a house without telling thers a good deal about himseif. If the road to the pit dian't begin in respectability it wouldn't be so crowded. If stinginess is a disease, there are too many people in the church who are

The reason some men remain honest is because they are watched too close. The big head is one of the hardest things in this world to cure men of completely.

There are so many folks who are always wanting to pick out crosses for other people The woman who marries a man to reform complexion.

A preacher with a praying church behind him never has to lie awake at night thinking about his unpaid satary. President Ellot speaks of Harvard as "the only university of this continent which has bad the privilege of graduating ell at successive generations of men in one bonorable and services ble family."

How the Farmer's Profits Are Favorably Affected by Improved Likes.

A PLEA FOR BETTER AMERICAN HIGHWAYS

Walking Through Devoushire to Exeter and the Thoughts Suggested to an Observant American-A Hint for World's Fair Directory.

Exeren, Eng., July 2. - | Correspondence of

THE BEE. |-Nature wears other aspects than those of sunshine and gladness in these 'tight little' British Islands. The rain falls as though tumbled upon you by intschievous elves who have watched for

the faces of the glens and valleys like a ship's unstaid sails pounding its deck in a storm. But you find a sovereignty of elation and exultation in wandering along among the historic and scenic glories of any land. A good staff or stick, a stout pair of legs, a receptive mind and above all a cheery and sympathetic

heart, whatever your luck, are the regal com-

your unwary coming, and the fogs and mists

flap about the hills and mountains and slap

panions for such lotterings.

And nature never fails to appear to single devotees at her myriad doors and windows with radiant welcomings. How witching is even this foggy morning, half disclosing the wondrous charms of valley, mean and stream! At times scarcely can your hand be seen before you for the strange eddies, curlings and fantastic convolutions of the fog. There is your road, hard as "British conservatism,' beneath your feet-one of the pest and surest and most beautiful ways in all the world, bringing to the heart of the American wanderer upon it the keen and patriotic pang that those of his grander land are shamed by honest comparison

In the Folds of an English Fog. Drip, drip, drip from the leaves of the hedges into water basins of rock, the great drops striking like silver pellets upon swinging glass; until the very chimes of the fairies are rung in your ears beside the road. Not a rod away, but invisible, rivulets of the night's making wimple

from rocks to pools, in all manner of melodic runs, from the staccato of tenor trills to the barytone minors of stately psaims. Just at your side, perhaps, a goose will suddenly hiss, as if reaching its long neck from fog-hidden door puddle to snap at you from behind the curtaining mist. Beyond or behind some chained dog, making a dismal hew-gag of kennel door and chain, leaps in and out, baying to his peasant master of untimely footsteps. Over your head the restless abrasion of boughs whisper that he leaves, from their weight of fog cups, sigh and moan as if impatient of their sunless prisoning. Hedge branches crackle from the water weight, as n the frost battles of approaching winter.

Here and there, as the heavy breezes move a trille, come the hesitant pipe of stirring birds, the patter of wild hares' feet upon the slippery leaves, the shuffling scamper of some skulking pheasant, the complaining chatter of rooks and daws, the half-caught, hoarse resonance of hidden waterfall, while faint and far and strangely muffled, from little hamlets in the distance, the notes of school belis steal faintly along the folds of

Comforts of "Mine Inn."

Making your way is sometimes like push ing through impalpable banks of snow. But in the cheery old English inn, in the presence of muffins white as snow, bacon crist and brown, an omelet as yellow as a frost-painted beech leaf, a jug of "clotted" croam as sweet as a nut kernel, and a fragrant brewing of tea in the delft pot under the 'cosey," you have reason to rejoice in the blood tingle that gomes from doing a half-dozen miles before breakfast over a perfect

road, through a genuine English fog. It was on such a morning that I came over the east Devoushire bills and halted at a wayside inn, still high up among their wooded heights, as I neared the old cathedral town of Exeter. As the fog lifted I could see from my inn window cart after cart jogging comfortably on to the Saturday market day sales in Exeter. From the bustling good wife of the inn I inquired the distance they had come.

From 'round about Bow, Coppleston and North 'Tawton," she answered "And how far is the farthest of those places!" I asked.

"North Tawton may be like ten or twelve mile, sir, at least from Exeter." I told her I thought that a good distance for a heavily laden cart drawn by only one

"Contrarywise," she retorted cheerily, "many comes from far beyond Egglesford and Chumleigh, twenty-five mile, sir, by hill and dip; and many carts, sir, do be loaded as heavy as a ton and a half and two tons, sir. American beastles 'aven't the might of Devon cattle, I am tolu, sir," she said half quizzically.

Praise of England's Turnpikes. Quite right she was, I told her. And I clipped the wings of her Devonshire pride by also relating, may the saints forgive me! how we do not require that sort of cattle in America; as we had railways between all villages, all over our farms, did chores on roller skates, and went to the milking and visited neighbors on tram cars propelled by electricity; for all of which she made me pay

handsomely at the reckoning.

That morning all the way to Exeter, along-side those huge carts which bowled along under their great loads as easily as over a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have inexpressibly longed for the power to bodily transfer some of these grand old roads to our country; to make American millionaires, who may still have American pride left in them, see their beauty, magnificence and utility beyond those of all things money and patriotism can to communities; and to compel American farmers to know what might be the matchless independence of their lives and living with these perfect defenses for their toil and homes and granaries against most of the monopolistic and "corner" abominations of

American Farmers' Folly. I set out to write about Exeter; but this subject of better American roads will not down. In five years time I have tramped along 3,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step my feet upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's nelay. And yet for five months of every year, and in a lesser degree for the other seven, half of the people of our farming communities are imprisoned and impoverished highests at house. As one result the people of the whole country pay, in an indirect road tax, through annual sharp advances on all food necessities of life, all of which the farmers lose, a sum each year enormous reaough to maintain as superb roads as England anywhere possesses, around every section of cultivable land in the entire I'mited States.

But our wise American economists, and our unwise and often suspicious and shiftless farmers who, in the fall, winter and early soring menths, profer to resentfully brood over their filled and rotting granaries and build new postfort parties rather than

build good roads, beth retort:
"Ah, but the grand English roads you so glibly talk about have been centuries in building. How can we accomplish in a year or a generation what it has required 2,000 years labor for perfection there! What Good Roads Can Do.

This would be a good argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a British, or for that matter a European, stone road in existence that was not originally at once constructed to absolute completion, whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, with European governmental and social conditions inconceivably hard spon peasant populations, wherever these roads exist the condition of the people is incomparably more happy and prosperous than where they do not, while land values have invariably been increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of atone nighway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, Godforsaken land existed on the face of the earth. What was the result! In less than ten years' time these roads did more for the 6,000,000 peopel of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the

LESSONS IN ENGLISH ROADS | Dooks, all the newspapers, all the battles, all the railways and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Miccaysiaw and Bolesias to the day these

roads were done.

A Suggestion. Cannot some of the expensive and high art frills of that great Columbian exposition at Chicago be trimmed a little, and thus make room for a read exhibit—not in inaccessible dabs and bits in a dozen different departments, but in one generous and comprehensive department? The millions of visitors, including city and suburban folk everywhere whose health and pleasure largely department. pend on good roads, as well as farmers whose betterment and comfort would be in-calculably augmented by good roads, might thus carry away with them a knowledge and purpose which would not only add billions to our national wealth, but make, in good time our broad land bloom and blossom favrer that the sweetest garden spots in all this old and wornout Europe.
With such thoughts as these I came, with

the carts and cartmen, along the brow of the hills skirting the noble valley of the Exe, to ancient Exeter, which looks far away warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs

It was in ancient days an old British town ouilt iong before Casar, and called Caer Isc, or the city on the river. Antiquarians observe that, like most Celtic trading towns, it was built, for safety, some little distance from the sea, and just beyond where the river Exc coases to be navigable. Discovered coins of the Greek dynasty in Syria and Egypt prove that Phoenician merchants must have come here many years before Christ to trade for Cornish and Dartmoor tin. Then the Romans marched in and made it a great station. Lastly, the Saxons fortified the town on the Exe, and traded here with the Cornish Britons across the Tamar.

Exeter in the Elder Time. The Exe was the frontier then for the Damnonians, but Athelstane came and drove them pelimell into Cornwall and rebuilt the walls of Exeter. The Cornish Britons, cooped up among the rocks of Cornwail. soon had their avengers. The Danes came crowding up the Exe with their black sails and black banners and wintered in Exeter in 876, rejoicing in Saxon beeves and ale. The old red tower, still seen in the Rougemont ruins of today, was always getting about by stones from military engines and chipped by crossbow boits. William the Conqueror besieged it, wishing to seize Citha, mother of Haroid, and her daughter, but they escaped safely to Bruges, while Perkin Warbeck, as Richard IV., when joined by the Cornishmen of Bodmin, besieged the place but unsuccessfully, and was finally hanged at Tyburn.

And so on and on runs the grim story that has left just enough scar and hardness on the lovely, leafy old city to add a mellow charm to all you may see and know. Fifty thou-sand fork do not live together in a more winsome spot in England. The embowered Devon hills which surround it, the glorious valleys which reach their greens and blooms to its very doors, the grand sweep of the Exe vale to the sea the city's noble old antiquities, its beautiful streets, half in the shadows of a remote architectural past and half in the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a sweet

Substantial Folk in a Substantial Town. It all biends in that fine sunset glow which seme of these old cathedral towns take on so fittingly. The pleasant seeming smiles back to you from polished panes, from snow-white d arches, from bright red roofs and brighter red banks of roses, from marvelously clean stone steps and areaways, from bits of an cient tilings, from doorknoos and brasses glittering like burnished gold, from the snuggest and trimmest of shop windows; indeed, from all things that can tell of substan tial, well kept age without the semblance of

a wrinkle or a frown upon it. You feel this sense of radiating heartmess and amplitude again in Exeter around the market places on these pleasant market days. All the country folk gathered here are well garmented, comfortable and cheery. They all look as though they had stepped out of the 'merrie old England' of the books, now so hard to find outside of the covers of those books. Pride glows in their faces for old Devon and Exetor, its capital, and in themseives. They do say Dickons found his "Fat Boy," of Dingley Bell, among them. And well he might, for they are fat and fine and staunch, one and all. Rosy, overlapping jowls and big paunches, suggestive of plum puddings and the famous "clotted cream" of Devon, are everywhere among them You are thus in love with Exeter long

before you have many times wandered up and down Queen and High streets, sauntered through the arcade of Chapel street, peering into the old half timbered structures that cluster in stately fashion around the wide cathedral close, and have at last come amon the silences within the great cathedral walls. Exeter Cathedral. A pedant can alone tell another the exacti-

tudes and measurements of such a mossy, massive, marvelous edifice. Coming one by one to England's splendid cathedrals, you will at last surely remember of them all those impressions upon your mind and heart which seemed most powerfully characteristic of

In the sense of architectural distinctiveness Exeter cathedral will remain in your memory remarkably distinguished from all other English cathedrals. Their plans invariably comprise a nuge central tower and small towers at the west end. Here are towers crowning the transept. This does away with the usual four cumbersome arches architecturally separating nave and choir, and permits the grandest uninterrupted view of vanit and vista of the entire nave

and choir to be found in England. Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the nave are of equal length, and throughout the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structure is not a hodgenodge of "restoration," but one greadesign, to a sense in the beholder of inde-scribable breadth and spaciousness. What-ever else you may feel within Exeter cathedral, which has stood here practically as you now see it for certainly more than 600 and perhaps more than 800 years, it will remain in your memery as the one cathedral of Eng land which must stand as the highest expres sion in consecrated stone of perfect dignit,

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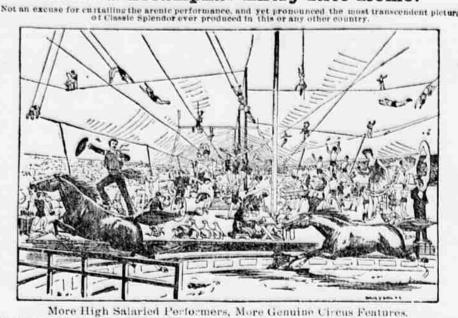
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