AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY BELLE MOSES.

"Well, if that chap isn't in a awearin humor, I never seen one"-and John's laugh counded distinctly triumphant as he took his coat beside Jerry on the box.

The individual addressed said nothing, but turned a contemptuous glance towards the slender footman on his left, as he gathered up the reins. The spirited horses needed no touch of the whip-they drew the carriage capidly along the silent streets. The night was bitterly cold, but they were blooded nimals and there was fire in their veins. Jerry had them under firm control, however. He sat erect, looking neither to one tide nor the other, the collar of his sable cap drawn high up over his ears, entirely hiding his face in its impenetrable gloom.

John grew rective under the silence-which added to the cold was unbearable. The murmur of voices coming from the interior of the carriage provoked him once more to

"Lieten to that, now. They're havin' it hot, I can tell yer-that ain't billin' an' cooln'. You couldn'e hide the pepper an'

John jerked his finger backward and downward in his most expressive manner. "Nonot if you was ter swamp it in molasses."

"Shut up!" be commanded, and there was comething in the strong, smooth-shaven face which compelled obedience. The younger man subsided at once, but

it was clear that he still held to his own opinion, for he smiled significantly once or twice as an occasional angry tone was wafted from below. He folded his arms across his slight expanse of chest and cocked his head on one side, waiting for Jerry to speak. He was a smart lad in a small way, and knew the weaknesses of his superior. He was sure Jerry's tongue would wag before the journey's end, if only in defense of the journey's end, if only in defense of the couple inside, and John was not mistaken. He presently came out of his collar and began to talk in an admonishing though conciliatory manner. "If I was in your place, young one," he suid, breaking a long pause, "I would be careful about meddling with other people's concerns. I'd like to know what difference it could make to you if Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had his word a vory night. couple inside, and John was not mistaken. He presently came out of his collar and began to talk in an admonishing though conciliatory manner. "If I was in your place, young one," he suid, breaking a long pause, "I would be careful about meddling with other people's concerns. I'd like to know what difference it could make to you if Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had high words every night of their lives, which they don't. They get along as well as any young married folks, and better than most. Why man, I've drove for Mr. Carpenter, that's Miss Ethel's —Mrs. Arnold's father, ever since I was a "Humph!" grunted John, the unbelleving; "that there quarrelin' ain't the patch-up

difficult problem, for angry words in the mater's deep voice came to them distinctly, only which carried their weight and sting, and could not be misunderstood.

sonn glanced cuttively at his superior, but no movement showed the trend of Jerry's thoughts. It was pretty poor work to sit and hug oneself in slience with not even the usual threadbare conversation to beguile the say, and there was that devil of a row going on below that made his blood tingle. What was he sporring at her for, anyway?"

"Oh, Winston, dearest, don't say that!"

The sweet voice rose for an instant to the height of entreaty, but was soen leat in choking sobs. The sound passed through Jerry like an electric current. He faced about suddenly and looked at his companion. "Well, did you hear that now?" There was a jovial ring in his voice which might have deceived a less astute person than the youthful John. "If that don't sound for all the world like when they were little sweethearts together. They always had it out like that. That's just the way Miss Ethel—that's Mrs. Arnoldgedliwaye did call out, it carries me way broke it seems like yesterday."

"Yes, just like vesterday, and the day."

Jerry compressed his lips. John's lan-guage showed only too plainly his stable origin, but he felt that it was his duty to keep the conversational ball rolling as pleas-antly as possible, in order to drown the discord which occasionally rang out on the still, frosty air.

"that there quarrelin' ain't the patch-up

fulness of time and place, and there was no

more used the whip. Once more the hasprang forward, rattling at a brick

With the energy of despair Jerry once

through the quiet streets. The noise of their clattering hoofe was sufficient, Jerry found,

to drown the voices, so he kept the animals

might lash the horses into a furious gallop.

but that would incur the danger of a runaway, the horses might slumble and fall on the

the cebble stones, for Jerry took good care that they did jolt. The young footman's elight figure awayed and bumped incressantly

against the conchman's stalwart form.

But this sort of thing could not go or

forever. The horses were panting as the pulled against Jerry's restraining hold. The

were reaching the outskirts of the city, the Arnoid's fine old homestead was at least a mile beyond. There were no more cobble-stones. The horses' hoofe struck soft on

mly a smothered sob now and then

The road stretched out, a long moonlit line before them, with pretty vilias lying in the shadow on either hand. There was a

turning somewhere in the distance which meant home, and home, to Jerry's simple nature, was a sacred place, the home where

quarreling and blokering dared not enter. All would be well-when they reached home.

At the turn of the road then.
"Jerry! stop the marriage," The voice was
his master's—it struck him like a thunder-

bolt-but with his usual obedience he drew

rein, sitting creet and almost passive a young Mr. Arnold sprang to the ground

slamming the carriage door behind him. His

eyes were blazing with anger, his face pale

"Drive on," he said, curtly, "I am not

"Sir?" asked Jerry, upon whom the com-mand fell like a dash of cold water, nearly taking away his breath. He knew John was

listening with greedy interest, but for the life of him he could not utter another word. "Drive on, I say," repeated the young master, imperiously, for Jerry ecemed unusu-

"Without you, sir?" questioned Jerry, in-

"It will be late when you get home, sir,"

I am not going home. I shall walk back

Any other coachman would have uttered

an exclamation, but this rare exception sat apparently unmoved upon his box, though perfectly aware that John's chow was digging

"Certainly, I am going to walk."

said Jerry, respectfully.

persistently into his eide:

to the city.

out the faithful fellow like a

with passion.



on people like you do. If you'd been born deat, Johany-you'd have filled your place

'You know she's cryin' hard-you're just

fact. "If you weren't a tool-which I can't help it if you are John-you'd understand pecpie cry for a lot of things-sometimes for just nothing at all-just as the notion takes 'cm. You couldn't tell by that if they're mad or glad."

"May be so-may be so-but that there weepin' don't sound joyful, I tell you what, larry."

things to consider than a matter of argument with this young jackanapes. The counds inside were very disquicting—Jerry had beard them several times before—but somehow they had never struck upon his car so

the marriage by assuming a sublic fele "Drive cu, I say," repeated the young at the wedding festivities—and would be not virtually hold the reins for the youthful pair for the allotted year and a day? How pair for the allotted year and a day? How words. -if things went wrong-or prevent John from seeing the jagged ends of disagreement that were forever showing themselves under the footman's inquisitive nose? And pray the footman's inquisitive nose? And pray what right had John to be inquisitive? He wasn't paid for anything, but to sit up there beside him with his arms folded and his mouth shut—and to make himself useful when he was wanted. It was none of his business how the young couple were getting along least of all to let his gessiping tongue

wag for lack of something else to do.

Jerry would have liked to turu upon his
box there and then and shake the lad soundly for daring to venture an opinion concerning his betters—he should be taught his place— and there was no time like the present, but prudence was a wholesome element in Jerry's nature, and he argued that such a betrayal

John glanced futtively at his superior, but o movement showed the trend of Jerry's

day."

"Yes, just like yesterday, and the day before," remarked Jehn, "it's been goin on nigh to a week, I guess."

Jerry smothered a sharp reply and went on talking for talk's sake. "Mr. Winston was the likeliest boy you ever did see, and always dead out on Mies Ethel, for all they used to have their little spats pretty regular. Mr. Winston never could bear for any other young fellow to look at Miss Ethel.

lar. Mr. Winston never could bear for any other young fellow to lock at Misa Ethel, he'd get that leafous."
"Humph!" said John, "I guess that's what's up now, he'd like to stick her into a corner at all them parties they go to and charge 10 cents a lock, and she's kickin agir, the traces, she ain't made of cawduct. I'll het."

-Mrs. Arnold's father, ever since I was a chap your size, and I've drove the three young ladies in turn, first to the church and young ladies in turn, first to the church and young ladies in turn, are to the wore mar- night. You ain't never goin' to convince

ried, and this I tell you is the finest pair | me, Jerry, that there's a pair of turtle doves "You're right about that," owned John, "it isn't the lookin', it's the action that gets

"You've always got your ears cocked. What did you hear tonight?" asked Jerry hiding beneath his severe aspect a very natural curiosity mingled with a great deal John of family pride, on the alert to resent any-thing that looked like impertinence on John's discourse into pleasanter channels, but how

part. Jerry was a very staunch supporter of the family dignity.

"I heard and seen, both," asserted John, quite willing to be drawn out. "I was standin" on the sidewalk holdin the carriage pitched, excited voice betrayed utter forgetdoor open when they come down the steps.

Mr Argold was a mutterin' to himself door open when they come down the steps.

Mr. Arnold was a mutterin' to himself kinder, with a black scowl on his face, an' the mistrees she said something very low, an' he answered, mad as thunder, 'He slient' just like one of them fellers on the stage, an' she turned as white as chalk. They hoth got into the carriage an' he slammed the door, you heard him, didn't you? Well, I don't call that real lovin'."

"Humph!" said Jerry, "you don't know a thing about it. I just listened for some such tale as that, Johnny, you must never judge by outside appearances, those two

such tale as that, Johnny, you must never judge by outside appearances, those two don't take on much in public."
"Don't they?" sneered John, derisively. "We took on land enough for all the cabbles to hear and grin to their selves. You mark my words, Jerry, that this couple inside ain't goin' to live together in peace an' harmony for long. Hark to that now! What would you call it?"

Dath were silent. Each was straining his

Both were silent. Each was straining his ears to catch the stiffed sounds from the carriage. It was a woman's distressed weeping, broken by sols, which no one could

Jerry's rugged face grew a trifle pale, e set his teeth and taid his whip with the set his teeth and tast has wall with unintentional force across the unoffending backs of the two horses. They started forward with an energy which it took some minutes to subdue, at the end of which time he was able to speak quite naturally. the country road. Jerry pulled in. There was no ties going fast now. He would gain nothing by it, and John was fulle breath-less. He listened intently for some sound from the carriage. There was no talking. "I didn't hear anything so wonderful.

I den't never set myself to listen and spy

"Well, suppose she is," admitted Jerry-net seeing well how he could dispute this fact. "If you weren't a fool-which I can't

But Jerry was not listening—he had graver

ominously as now.

His heart was suddenly oppressed with a strange foreboding—what if John were right after all. Suppose there was an end to peace and harmony between those two for whom he Jerry felt in some old way re-sponsible! Had he not openly sanctioned

"it's a freezing night, sir." He began in his slow way, "and that coat of yours is only fit for the carriage. If you've left anything in the city I'll see to it in the morn-Young Mr. Arnold stamped his foot imand there was no time like the present, but prudence was a wholesome element in Jerry's nature, and he argued that such a betrayal of his indignation would only give Jahr's chatter a sharper edge. A wiscr plan would chatter a sharper edge. A wiscr plan would be chatter to b sible during the remainder of their long to a start. He glanced at John that func-drive, though how to do this effectively was tionary might have been carved in wood for gives.

the angry ones just below him.

"It's a pity," he said. "You'd better change your mind, sir—the weather's horrid cold—you might—"

"Well, I won't," interrupted his master.

"Pethaps you'd be goin' to walk as far as that little drug store we passed a while since, sir,"—went on Jerry imperturbably— "it's there they keep good clgars. If you're feelin' a bit restless—you might have a smoke on your way back—and we'll walt for you at the turn of the road. I may as well give the horses a breathin' spell, any

how,"
"The devil you will! You trot them straight home—do you hear?"
"Yes, sir—but—" Here Jerry's prerogative of old servitude stood him in good stead—"I must walt a bit to see if you don't coine—you sometimes are real changeable, Mr. Winston—Miss Ethel now will be that

Mr. Winston-Miss Ethel now will be that worrited if you should take a cold—"
Winston Arnold laughed—there was no mirth in the sound—it rang harshly out on the silent world. Then without a word—he turned away abruptly—and headed for the twinkling city in the distance.

twinkling city in the distance.

Jerry touched his hat in his usual fashlon, but the voice he sent after his master into the da'kness was determined against all odds. "Remember, sir, that drug store is on the right hand side going back; we'll wait for you at the turn of the road." Then he touched his horses with the whip and the carriage rolled smoothly onward.

John unbent before the wheels had made

a dozen revolutions.
"Well, I never seen the beat of that fur
temper," he began; "p'raps you'll tell me,
Jerry, he was funnin'—it was the biggest
bluff fur fun I ever heard on—that's all I've

got to say about it."

Jerry maintained a dignified slience. He knew John's last remark was a mere figure of speech. 14e had evidently a great deal

of speech. He had evidently a great day more to say.

"Humpn," went on this worldly-wise youth with a wag of his head. 'I've seen his kind, many n the time—soft soap afore, and brick-bate after. My eye! but he was ragin' when he tramped off. Maybe you think he's comin' back—yer as innercent as the babe unborn, Jerry—them great big fellers your size ain't much in seein' through things, p'r'aps you're goin' to step at the cross-roadh an', make a fool o' yourself, besides freezin' out the fool o' yourself, besides freezin' out the

"Don't worry young one, the missus won't teeze and I guess I know the master better freeze and I guess I know the master better than you do. I'm going to wait. You can walk home if you want to. I ain't keepin' you." There was a twinkle in Jerry's eye. He was a man of few words, but he usually hit straight in a controversy. John looked at his immaculate top boots, and was silent on that head.

"See here, Jerry." he said, returning once more to the charge, "I bet yer a fiver, the matter don't come home this night. I ain't got too much tin, but I'm that certain I don't see no riek."

said Jerry solemnly, and the pituation in John's opinion having reached a

They drove on in reflective silence the rest of the way. It was not far to the turn of the road. When they reached this objective point Jerry headed his horses for home, but drew rein beneath some great gaunt trees. drew rein beneath some great gaunt trees. "You'd best get down, John and walk about a bit, it'll unstiff your joints," said Jerry with his professional air of command, "and you may as well look in at the carrisge window an' tell Mrs. Arnoid that the master's just gone for a cigar an' will be back directly. An' look sharp now—don't you be mountin' this box again till you see the light of that there cigar bobbin' along the road. Mind what I tell you, Johnny'—and Jerry looked very forbidding as he knitted his brows.

A grunt from John showed his distrust of the future—but he executed the orders of his superior to the very letter—and tramped up and down—beating off the cold with his

up and down—beating on the court with using wiry arms—and stamping his booted feet—striking sparks from the frozen ground.

Jerry sat immovable—looking neither to the right nor to the left. This time of waiting was a crisis in his life—and he began to question if he had been wise to stake everything, even his professional reputation, upon the wayward humor of his young master, but then—something had to be done. He could not submit to this eternal questioning on the part of his subordinate—a mere was only one way to silence him, and that way this great-hearted fellow in his simple

instinct trusted to Providence.

The cold was biting, the wind whistled in this carriage. These fine folks don't fight fair, anyhow. Why in thunder don't he light out with his fist an' hit her straight fiercely through the trees, the horses pawed impatiently, while the steady tramp, tramp of the young footman never relaxed for a between the eyes? That's the way our sort patch up their rows—only the patchin' comes single moment. Jerry listened for some sound from the carriage. His keen ear could occasionally catch a long-drawn sigh, but Jerry winced and set his teeth hard, as John pointed out the growsome path to peace.

bat was all. Suddenly there was a halt in John's rapid. neasured strides. The interruption brought blood to Jerry's heart for the first time he looked behind him.

A shifting spark of light in the darkness told the tale. Nearer and nearer it came, dancing to the tune of a man's brick walk-

John turned for the last time, just as a figure emerged from the shadow and hastened

toward the carriage.
"All right, John," said the master cheer-ily; "drive on, Jerry." He flung his cigar sprang in. John mounted stolidly, Jerry cracked his

them as they cut through it. Here was a respite then, and while he handled the reins with the skill of a master, he was busy planwhip and off they started to the music of the horses' ringing hoofs. John kept silence until the house loomed ning what to do next, to divert John's mind from the occupants of the carriage. He

up in front,
"I'll pay that fiver, Jerry, with my next nonth's wages.' Then Jerry relaxed and laid a hand on slippery road, and it was hard on the poor things after their good night's work. No it was best after all to keep to this even ringing gait; it would give John all he could do to look after himself as they joited over

the elight shoulder. "Oh, keep your money," he said, kindly.
"I ain't for bidding on a sure thing, only ho'd your tongue next time an' trust to your betters," with which sugar-coated admonition Jerry drew up in his best style before the broad carriage step of the old homestead BELLE MOSES.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN ALASKA.

Witch Doctoring Practiced by the Na-tive Medicine Men. The Chilcat Indians of Alaska are idolaters,

ind also firm believers in the practice of witchcraft, and insist that when one of the tribe falls ill with any sickness whatever the sufferer has been bewitched by an enemy. For many years, says Harper's Weekly, the practice of witch doctoring by their native medicine men has been sternly suppressed by the territorial governors of Alaska, as it ilways involved either a human scarifice to appease the evil spirit or some other horrible to to rid the bewitched of the malign intuence. Witch doctors accordingly grew was brought to Oonalaska that a witch doctor had appeared at the lower Chilcat village, and that in consequence several murders had been committed, and that mothers were sacrificing their children.

In one instance it was reported that an In one instance it was reported that an indian buck who was supposed to be suffering from the presence of a malign spirit, but who really had nothing worse than the chilis and fever, had been placed in one of their salmon-curing houses and smoked, not only being smothered to death, but in fact horoughly cured in the most complete sense of the word, as his body was preserved after manner of smoked salmor

In another case a squaw whose child was taken ill hanged it to a totem pole by the heels, head downward, until it died, doing a by the order of the witch doctor. were no less than a score of murders and sacrifices, all attributed to the work of the old wretch.

When the authorities learned of the old fellow's doings orders were given to capture him, and he was apprehended at Chilcat, just as he was making ready to smoke the witch out of another "red-skin." He was tried and condemned before the United States ordered to be confined in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California.

The old man, who is supposed to be over 70 years of age, is below the ordinary Digger Indian in intel igence, and is stupid to an extreme degree. Where and how he to an extreme degree. Where and how he obtained his wonderful power and influence over the Chilcats is a mystery.

As the hot weather and its attendant evils approach, bear in mind the old adage: "A stitch in time saves nine." It is well known that a dose of Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrheea Remedy taken in time is bet-

BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP.

been inaugurated will convene at Saratoga July 7 and 8. It will be a gathering from the Women's societies and clubs of New York state. How the enormous program prepared can be carried out in the short time of two days is now an unsolved problem. The topics chosen are "Historic Saratoga," "Art and Science in Summer Clube," "Woman's Educational and Industrial "Woman's Educational and Industrial Unions," "Ethical "Culture," "Village Improvement Clube," "State Federations," and "Working Giris' Clubs," Reports will be presented by representatives from the New York Professional Woman's league, National Press association, the Civic clubs, the Best Professional Woman's Professional Woman's Professional Woman's Professional Woman's Woman's Woman's Professional Woman's Woma Health Protective associations, Woman's hospitals, and Nursest schools, etc. No less than twenty-two prominent leading women have been invited ito gither prepare papers

The decorative possibilities of that stand-by, blue denim, are being shown this season as never before. It would seem as if the skill of the decorator was being concen-trated on the effects he can produce with this fabric. In combination with white, as an outline trimming on the stuff itself or in lace curtains, over which it may be draped, or in upholstering white enamel furniture, its use is especially successful. All-over chairs and divans that are upholstered in the blue or green denims are showly relieved with white buttons and piping cord as a

The three or four English weeklies devoted women's interests have a delicious air of lefty infallibility as well as an amiable dis-curreveness in laying down laws that are as old so the hills or a last year's bonnet. A paragraph in one of them last week started out with the general preposition that for smart wear for men and women patent leather was the thing, ambied easily to the second deduction that good things are usu-ally frail, reached the obvious conclusion that patent leather, being good, must be perishable, and then sprung upon the reader the raison d'etre of the verbose paragraph that to protect this smart and desirable, and therefore easily injured, patent leather, a Bond Street bootmaker in a moment of confidence (presumably rare in the gentry) had told the author of the article just what to do. The climax having thus been duly reached, the information was impartedwarm your patent leather boots before wearing the first time. Dear Bond Street bootmaker and all too credulous paragrapher,
come over here, and in any little east side hoe store you may read a time-worn sign: "To prevent cracking of patent leather boots in cold weather, warm before wearing."

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood of New York recently gave a lecture in Buffalo on Prof. Maria Mitchell. While a student at Vassar, says the Woman's Journal, Mrs. Wood had an experience which illustrates the nobility and unselfishness of the celebrated woman astronomer. One evening Mrs. Wood, while in the observatory, had the rare good fortune to see one of the satellites of Jupiter over another. Just as it was almost over, Mise

Mitchell came in, Mrs. Wood says:
"It was one of the greatest disappointments of her life, I know, not to have been there to make the observation, not to have added this to her long 1st of discoveries. But there was nothing of this apparent in her manner. She had me study up the subject, and I found that once before the same thing had happened.

"The next morning in class she said to the students: 'I must tell you about a wonderful observation that was made here last night. Then she called me to the board and made me illustrate the observation, and read the notes made during the time I was looking through the telescope

"Later Prof. M'ctheil had me send an ac-count of the observation to a scientific journal. The real nobility of her nature was shown in her manner of receiving the inshown in her manner of receiving the in-telligence. There was never a thought of self. She was g'ad for me that I had made Moscow, is rueting away in an old stable in disappointment to ther not to have made it herself, and not to have seen it, she never

let that appear at alh" Several years ago Mrs. Wood was interested with her husband in carrying on an important experiment in sterilizing milk. She conducted all thefexperiments, and when the process was found to produce the most nutritious and the purest possible milk for the use of children, the place was sold to a person who continues the work. At present tion to Oriental art.

One of the arts of the future will undoubtedly be the moulding of the features while they are yet in the plastic condition of youth. The mother of the twentieth century may, if she is sufficiently artistic, have it in her power to make her children, if not beautiful, at least attractive-to straighten crooked noses, soften down those that are too big and coax up those that show a nto the read, opened the carriage door and disposition to belong to the order of pug: make a round face oval, a long one rounder the complexion pure with natural roses; the hair luxuriant and glossy; the teeth regular and pretty; the neck round and firm; thin lips full and red. All this is possible, it is said, even now, if the required knowledge is obtained. Left to themselves, or, rather, to from twelve to sixteen is sometimes wonder-ful.

"What is the matter with Elsie Csaid one of her mother's freinds. "Her nose has suddenly dropped down and lengthened out in the most wondeful manner; it used to be so pretty, and it has quite spoiled her face now." Sometimes the change is just the opposite—a thick ugly nose straight-ens cut and shapes itself into a rea ly pretty

"I should have had a regular knob on the end of my nose," said a pretty woman with the degreest little tip-tilted nose imaginable, "if my mother had not made me wear a hair-pin on the end of it every day while I was studying my lessons." Perhaps one of the hardest experiences in life, apart from actval misfortune, is that of an exceptionally pretty child, who has always been admired and petted for her beauty, who suddenly develops into a plain, commonplace-looking young girl. This frequently happens, and is apt to have a lasting impression upon the character, changing a frank, assured nature into one that is timid and distrustfu'. ne that is timid and distrustfu', is certainly a great gift, and if the wizards of the future will give us the power of conserving and cultivating it they will certainly bestow an inestimable boon upon

The story of Mme. Ruppert, famous on two continents as the proprietor of a face bleach, and who died a fortnight ago in a little Missouri town, reads like a romance. Her maiden name was Amy Shelton, and she was born of humble parentage in the town where she died, growing to young womanhood in her native place. Then, being full of energy and very ambitious, she started out like a boy, to seek her fortune. She found it very quickly in St. Louis, her first stopping place. Here she became acquainted with an old lady, who had long treasured the formula of a secret facial wash in which she had great faith. She persuaded Miss Shelton to undertake the manufacture and sale of the bleach, and so well did the girl manage the enterprise that in ten years she had built up a reputation both here and in Europe and a fortune. She lectured everywhere on the care of the complexion, and counted among her customers many crowned heads. Her death at the early ago of 32 was from consumption, superinduced, it is believed, largely by her constant travel and continuous work. Of her handsome fortune but little remained when the end came, her open hand to all who came in contact with her making it easy to dispose of even her generous income.

See it has been put at last.

Relic hunters have cut away the leather harmmericoth of the box and chipped off serolls at the corners of the moldings. The footman's holder is wholly gone.

You may find the vehicle as two pligrims found it this week—the hencoop, as it were, and the garret of the family occupy—the provises—decent well resulting folls. death at the early ago of 32 was from con-sumption, superinduced, it is believed, largely by her constant travel and continuous work. district court for the territory of Alaska, and of her handsome fortune but little remained ordered to be confined in the penitentiary when the end came; her open hand to all to d'spose of even her generous income.

A consideration in the shopping for the summer flitting is the laundry bill. No matter how small the hamlet to which one means to migrate, it will be found that the laundresses understand the art of charging well for their service. The detachable collars introduced with the season's shirt waists are a boon to economists in this direction. I well and the garret of the family occupying the premises—decent, well meaning folk, but with souls so dead that never have they felt that this is an article to be cherished just for its associations.

They eat their meals from a deal table spread with a newspaper, and set so close to the old ceach that those on one side might tean their backs against the wheels. iars introduced with the season's shirt waists are a boon to economists in this direction. One weman with three half-grown daughters is having made plain blue slik and pongee waists for her girls, with a black one for lars each, she proposes to use as morning wear in lieu of many wash dresses. A black serge skirt for herself, with thus serge and will find the dark-eyed daughter of the house of the dorway and exclaimed:

The Breakfast Table.

The Breakfast Table.

The Breakfast Table.

The Breakfast Table.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and sex may and the snekes let go and swam away.

"I'll never read another line that Holmes has written."

"Well, in the first place, his confessions were horrible, and in the next place I don't little Early Risers the famous little pills over the snekes let go and swam away.

The girl with blond frizzes shivered, and swam away.

"I'll never read another line that Holmes has written."

"Well, in the first place, his confessions were horrible, and in the next place I don't little Early Risers the famous little pills over the exhausted man, and the snekes let go and swam away.

since the new regime of Woman's clubs has supplement the waists. In addition the girls have some pretty lawn and batiste waists, with navy blue challies, brightened with with navy blue challes, brightened with white ribbon or lace for semi-dress, and a dotted muslin apiece for special occasions. It is expected the family will be dressed and the washing bills will not be very large.

A food exhibition for invalid cookery cer-tainly promises some relief from the monotonous round of insipid dishes which are the usual portion of invalids. This "Universal Cookery Exhibition" has been going on I London, and the Baroness Burdett-Courte offered a gold medal for the daintiest variety of dishes suited to the necessities of an in

According to private advices received from Paris, Miss Bertha Maude Eppinghousen of Chicago is to marry Senor Enrique Pirez, the son of Senor Filipe Pirez, ex-president of Colombia, South America. Miss Eppinghousen is the second of two daughters, the elder being Mrs. Cecelia Eppinghousen Bailey of Louisville, Ky. She is an exceptionally beautwil girl, tall, dark and stately, with superb eyes that suggest the Italian blood that flows in her veins. The wedding will take place on Thursday, July 2, in London, England, and the bride's father will be the only member of her family in attendance. the only member of her family in attendance. Senor Pirez, the groom's father, as well as the brother, cousins and uncle of the gro will also attend. The honeymoon will be spent in Epping Forest, where the young couple will remain for five months. After that they will go to Bogota, Colombia, South

"No one denies," said clever Miss B. "that the nineteenth century woman is a most agreeable creature. Dead languages and higher mathematics have disciplined her mind, general culture embellished it. She is versatile, brilliant, witty and charming, a stimulus and a recreation to man; but he must at times, I think, sigh for the old type of gent's, reposeful femininity, she who worshipped without criticism, adored with blind Toyotty, and "—"Was the happier for her delision," interrupted Mrs. X. "My dear, you needn't tell me that my grand mother, with her fourteen children, few so cial advantages and burden of housework hadn't an easier time in one sense than we re-tless modern women, though we have generally but a chick or two apiece, a minimum of domestic care and no end of amusement. Women are naturally maternal and domestic. I'd love to dawdle in my nursery and cuddle my bables half the day, but whenever I do I feel hanging over me a weary round o social duties. Then there are the new books and reviews and one's charity organizations and college settlements, and it's all not exactly frivolous, and one doesn't know where

"There is a hubbub if one's accomplish ments are dropped after marriage, and with the standard so high one's voice and fingers must have professional training and con stant practice. Then men talk on subject which require time and thought; one has t know something about the Roentgen theory and Tasmania, and Italy's status in the Triple Alliance; and as for dress, it is a fine art, and takes no end of time and thought. My husband may sigh for the old-fashloned wifely type of placid repose; I assure you could weep for the conditions which would make her possible."

Among some pretty and fancy bedspreads made for a country house are several of cretome to match the hangings of the rooms where they will be used. They are lined with cambric, though this is not necessary and have a deep frill all around.

USED AS A HEN ROOST.

Washington's Coach Moldering Away in a New York Barn. Washington's coach, splendid once as the imperial equipage which France has borrowed from her ex-empress to heighten the was a great | New York, serving as a roo and a catch-ali for discarded things usually thrown into garrets. It is the coach for which Captain Benjamin Richmond paid \$6,500 a few years ago, says the New York ress. Many persons remember it as the n New York, which put one in touch with the fine, fair, auspicious ceremonial time of

our "republican court." Everybody, American or European, great r humble, finds memorials of General Washngton an eternal bribe to cut contiment loose and let it run. With what delight would the French take this graceful relic and array it In the Musee de Cluny beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so rever None would esteem it better as a public possession than the Swiss or the Tyro leans, who have his portrait and that o Abraham Lincoln in honored places on the walls of their homes. His appeal is as strong as that of the other who "made way for liberty"-brave Arnold Winkelried. And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin! It would look inter-esting beside the stuffed skin of the horse that carried the here of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it is falling away with neglect. And the Scotch family who have the care of it is, one might believe, the only persons of western blood who could let familiarity breed contempt for anything so storied.

It was a coach of much grandeur in its day, and easy as the lap of luxury. Louis XVI used one not unlike it. Its broad panels were cream white, its frame black. and around the edge of the body ran a pretty molding of gold. Black stripes were on the spokes and felloes, and the nuts of the axles and the handles of the doors were silvered. Hitched to it were six cream white horses wearing black harness with a lver mo bright and jingling, and engraved with the arms of the punctilious gentleman who owned and who, in fact, designed it all. On the box, detached from the cradled body, sat two upright black men, harmoniously liveried; and in the rear was a black footman, while for extended journeys there were also out-

Something after this fashion did Washington go to his inauguration down in Wai street, through lines of people. His progress was like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, "kindling at every instant new suc-cessions of burning joy." It was magnificent as a spectacle. Hearts were dilated with patriotism, and a race used to the forms of royalty felt that they had not lost even the decorations of government by the stupendous change they had made. Rain or shine, the president never failed to go for a daily walk or a ride or a drive while in New York or

Philadelphia. Was this the coach which used to swing up the Bowery and over the ancient Kissing Bridge on the thirteen-mile drive he like! Evidently. He and his lady and her children passed many times on its leather cushions over part of the same drives which are still popular, and the most gay with fine turnouts of any in the country, ranking in-deed with the Cascine at Florence, the Bois de Boulogne at Paris or London's Pail Mall

and Rotten Row.

This always was a triumphal equipage. No English mall coach, decked with laure and carrying the king's news of the vic-tory of Salamanca or of Waterloo, ever was greeted or followed by such emotions as this which carried the serene, blacksuited, glorifled general and his family in those early days of the republic. Fancy it as it was, and then go to see to what bese uses it has been put at last.



Musical Union Orchestra

FURNISHES MUSIC

and

Cash

lines

from 3 to 6 and 7 to 10 p. m.

3000 boys' short pants suits 1000 boys' long pants suits 2500 boys' nice wash suits

All the light and medium shades of our high grade 2-piece suits to be turned into cash at this sale—Not a sale of low priced goods but of the cream of this season's make-We have too many and have decided on this as the best means to deal with them--and we consider this the biggest offer we have ever yet made in 2-piece suits.

> Some as low as \$2.50 None higher than \$5,00

Sale Begins Saturday Morning at 8.

Keep in mind this is not a sale of \$1 and \$1.50 stuff—but a sale of high class goods cut to \$2.50—\$3.50—\$5.00.

Boys' 2-piece Suits..... 2,50 popular high grade Boys' 2-piece Suits...... 3.50 Boys' 2-piece Suits..... 5.50 low grade

Buy them at \$2.50—\$3.50—\$5.00 and you will make a saving that will surprise you.

Wash Suits—

Wash Pants-Every one of them reduced to 95c All you want of them at 25c

Big Sale of Blouses—

Fancy Blouses for boys, 3 to 8 years old, cut down to.....

Straw

Boys' Straw BC



durrying through her work to go to the Fleet wood track, which is just across the street. Her hair is in curl papers and at a little distance you will declare that it is Trenton again; that it is a wreath of blossoms which crowns her so prettily, and that presently she will scatter roses before the wheels of the conquering hero-Washington. Instead she sets briskly to polishing the family

This old coach ought to have better stabling the Metropolitan Museum of Art. So low plenty of room. But there came a time has it fallen in esteem that it is said that when the veteran was off his guard, and the Augustus Fry of No. 150 East 125th street, tables were prettily turned. present owner, would be glad to get rid of it for \$550. Few are our property in-heritances from the personal estate of Washington. Considering how finely proud other nations, who have in him only an abstract interest, would be of this legacy, we ought.

While taking with J. I. Baker the other day the question of patent medicines came up, and we asked him how Chamberlain's medicines sold. Said he, "They are the best selling articles I handle; I never hesitate to ecommend them. As to Chamberlain's Jolic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, it is simply superfine. I never think of taking recommend them.

a trip to the mountains, or any where else, for that matter, without having a bottle of that remedy with me." The 25 and 50 cent as it sizes are for sale by druggists. Slightly Confused. It was at the breakfast table of a board-ing house where some of the people affect literature, says the Washington Post. One

simply superfine.

of them had been "being bright" and an-other was moved to restark: "This reminds me of Holmes 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

ATTACKED BY SNAKES.

A Jersey Hunter's Narrow Escape from Drowning. Wilburtha, N. J., is the haunt of the rat-

tier and the moccasin, and the chosen feeding ground of the water enake. There lives and thrives Ben Ricketts, the best all round enako hunter in New Jersey. Ben is celebrating a narrow escape from death. All than it gets at 164th street and Sheridan avenue. If it were as beautiful now as it to know Ben by sight, and they give him plenty of room. But there came a time

tables were prettily turned.

The other day Hen slipped into the canal at Gadson's basin for a bath. Suddenly his quick eye caught sight of something dark which lay stretched along the line of a rotington. Considering now thely proud other nations, who have in him only an abstract interest, would be of this legacy, we ought, merely out of self-admiration, to see that Time uses this old couch of his with gentle and respectful attention.

Patent Medicines.

From the Hanfield, Cal., Sentinel.

While talking with J. T. Baker the other day the question of patent medicines came up, and we asked him how Chamberlain's life foe, its head in the air and its eyes gleam-instead of the control of the co

Ben heat it off, but, as if in answer some call from the reptile in the water, the some call from the reptile in the wall. Tell banks became alive with snakes. "Tell you what," said Ben, "I bergan to think of my sins then. The way those anakes hissed and glared at me showed they knew me and were preparing for revenge. I hollered but were preparing for revenge. I 'hollered' like a good fellow and beat the water, but they had me foul and knew it." Suddenly, as if by a preconcerted signal, the snekes closed in on Ben. They wound themselves in writhing masses about his neck, his arms and his head. Their purpose was to drown him, and they certainly would have suc-ceeded if Orrin Tropp had not come running down the towpath in answer to his howls. Tropp jumped into a scow, poled rapidly over to the exhausted man, and the snekcs let gd

Did you ever think how readily the blood is poisoned by constipation? Bad blood means bad health and premature old age. DeWitt's