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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUED.

There was to be a camp-meeting—the first one ever held in Brownsville. "Conference" had graciously seen fit to grant that this opportunity for the outpouring of the spirit should be afforded the settlers in this frontier region, and they hailed the prospect with that delight which occasions of this kind always afford the country neighborhood, be it a new or an old one.

In those days, more than at present, camp-meetings were held to be events that were not to be passed over lightly. They were considered something in the light of a religious carnival. The interest of every one in the neighborhood and its vicinity was aroused and excited. It mattered not whether they were saints or sinners, whether they considered themselves as of the elect or the unregenerate, they were all interested alike. The elect attended to pray for the welfare of the unelect, and for spiritual strengthening and refreshment for church and individual; and the unregenerate went to be amused, possibly benefited, and because everybody else would be sure to be there. The social feature was one of the chief attractions which the camp-meeting held out to young and old in those days. If there was not a growth in grace as the result of an attendance, they certainly felt better acquainted with their neighbors.

"I jest don't git in a camp-meetin'," said Mrs. Boone to Mrs. Porter, as they talked about the treat in store for the Brownsvillians. "It's jest like a quilt bee, or a picnic that hold over. I always calculated on gettin' hold o' good out o' camp-meetin', when I used to go to 'em, down East, spiritually an' otherwise. The very last one I went to I got that receipe for salt-risin'-bread from Mis' David Sparrow, an' the pattern I made my red an' black delaine up by. You remember that black and red delaine, don't you? There's some of it in that there chair now, if you're a settin' on it this minute. An' when Nannie was a baby an' had the hoopin' cough, I got some drops of Mis' Spratt, that lived down to Trout's Holler, that did her more good than all the doctor's stuff. Mis' Spratt, she was a master hand when it came to sickness 'round. She allus attended an' I allus shall, that of cookin' her when Solomon's fatherin' took sick and died. Sarah's Doctor Brown—he jest kin bring him thro'. The reason why I allus felt a 'causin' to git her doctorin' was, that you know exactly what he had done. It was powerful an' no mistake, an' when folks is sick it's a great comfort to know that they orter have sot in strong to correspond to the sickness, seems to me. Now Mis' Spratt, she was great on 'metics an' sweats. I know once Solomon, he kep' a complaint o' not feelin' well, had a pain in his back, an' his side, an' his legs an' purty much all over him, an' I kep' a-givin' him catnip mixed an' thoroughwort, an' puttin' on smartweed an' hoppers-an'-vinegar, but he didn't seem to git any better. 'They don't take hold,' says he. 'Send for Mis' Spratt.' I did, feel her med'cin'. So I had brother Job go over after her, and she come, an' bring a bag o' lobely. 'His stomack's out o' kilter,' says she, a-givin' him jest one look. 'I knew it was.' He's got to throw up afore he'll feel any better.' Solomon, he groaned, for he knew d' what was comin'. He took her lobely 'metics afore. Law sakes! how he did throw up! I never see nobody come so nigh furnin' wrong-side out ards as he did. She kep' him a heavin' till much's three o'clock, an' then she swo't him—set him over a wash-tub full o' hemlock boughs, 'n poured biling hot water on 'em, with a quilt wrapped 'round him up right to his neck. You'd jest orter ha' seen the swe't roll off'n him! It run down his face in streams, an' made a puddle on the floor. 'Dear suz,' says he, when he got thru with him, summers about six, 'I don't feel 'a-f there was anything left of me.' He was as weak as a rag, for more'n three days, but it cured him. 'I can't say I enjoy Mis' Spratt's docterin',' says he, 'but it's thurrer.' It don't seem 's ef Mis' Pratt's ben dead nigh on to ten years, does it?"

"It don't so," responded Mrs. Porter. "I feel more'n more ev'ry day the truth o' what it says in that hymn Deacon Snyder's allus a singin':

"'Time is wingin' us away
In his eternal flight.'

Well, we've all got to drop off'n the stage of action sooner or later, 'n' ef we're prepared to go, I dunno's it makes much diffrance when. It allus sets me a thinkin' o' such things at camp meetin' time," and she heaved a little sigh, appropriate to the occasion and the subject under consideration.

Such preparations as were made for this first camp-meeting in Brownsville! It was to the good housewives of the settlement what Thanksgiving-time is to the New England matron.

Pies were concocted out of the limited material at hand.

"Pie timber's awful ska'se," old Mrs. Snyder said, "but they'll hev tu hev pies o' some kind."

Cakes were compounded as much like those of "down East" as it was possible to make them. Loaves of "ry'n-injun" bread were baked by the dozen, and pork and beans browned to toothsome crispness stood on the shelves of every pantry in Brownsville. A good many visitors were expected from "down below," and they must be as hospitably entertained as the limited means of the settlement would a limit of.

"They sh'll hev all they want of it, sich as 't is," was the sentiment prevailing among Brownsville housewives.

The men were no less busy in preparing for the great event so near at hand.

A place was cleared for the camp in a grove on Mr. Porter's farm. The thick underbrush was cut down, and the small trees thinned out, leaving some great oaks to give shade and shelter. When the work of clearing was completed, it was like being in a cathedral roofed in by a green dome, upheld by curiously carved and twisted arches. Here and there the rays of sunshine struck through the leaves and made decks of gold on the soft moss which carpeted the place; but for the most part the grace beneath the trees was filled with a shadowy and subdued light that was delightful, and seemed to impart to the scene a character quite unlike that of the open spot where Sabbaths met with no obstruction, and all was bright and sweet from out the town and field, and the work that had to be done there. The tall, green aisles made the place seem like one set apart for worship. Benches were made of basswood logs split in two, with two legs at each end. These were placed about the little opening in the centre of the great group of trees in such a manner that they all faced the minister's stand, which was a fearfully and wonderfully constructed thing.

"Looks sartin' like a hearse off'n wheels, an' sartin' like the cabin of a canal-boat," said Bill Green, irreverently. "One good p'int about it is, that it's steat as' 'll stan' a heap o' pounds."

In front of this stand was an anxious seat, to be occupied by conscience-stricken sinners who were expected to seek salvation in this season of grace. At each camp platform were built on stakes driven into the earth. These platforms were covered with soil to the depth of a foot. On them fires would be built at night, whose lurid glare would give the scene a brilliance it had lacked by day, and give to the place a weird, strange splendor that would not be without an element of fascination for the most matter-of-fact attendant.

Among the "women-folks" horse-stealing was almost entirely forgotten in the pleasanter excitement of camp-meeting.

In saying this I should except, however, the families of Mr. Boone and Mr. Porter.

With them anxiety for Dick's safety took away the capacity for enjoying the camp-meeting as they would have enjoyed it under other and pleasanter circumstances.

"I wish the man who stole my hosses 'd fel' the power o' the Lord constrainin' him to come forrard an' confess an' restore to me my hard-airnt proputy," said Deacon Snyder. "I do hope there 'll be sich an outpourin' o' the sperrit as we hain't seen for years. We need it. We all need it. I feel the need o' revivin' an' strengthenin' more'n I ever did afore, fer I hain't b'en able tu git the loss o' them hosses as I s'pose a perfesser orter. I've felt rebellious about it. I hain't b'en meek 'n' humble-minded enough, I know it. But it did go ag'inst the grain to hev them hosses stole, an' it does yit when I think how hard I worked to git them animiles. But I hope 'n pray it won't be the means o' hinderin' me from doin' what I can in my weak way an' manner tu help on the gospill chariut when it comes this way a-ridin' fer the kingdom. I don't want to be a stumblin'-block, an' I hain't a-goin' tu."

Mr. Wayne's singing-school would close on Thursday evening. On Friday the camp-meeting would begin.

The singing-teacher was urged to stay and "help with the singin'" on Sunday, and he very kindly consented to do so.

Mrs. Boone strongly urged Nannie to attend singing-school on the last two nights of its session, and learn the hymns that were being practiced for use on the following Sabbath. But Nannie was stubborn, and absolutely refused to go.

"I couldn't take any interest in it, on Dick's account," she said. "And, then—I don't want to see Mr. Wayne. I wish I might never set eyes on him again. He's insulted me, and I haven't spoken to him since, and I don't intend to. He's a fine person to lead the singing at camp-meeting, isn't he?"

Nannie's eyes blazed indignantly.

"Well, ef he hain't used ye right, I can't say's I blame ye fer not havin' nuthin' tu do with him," said her mother. "I do hope, Nancy"—Mrs. Boone always called her Nancy when she wished to be very impressive—"I do hope'n pray, Nancy, that you'll turn to the Lord an' experience His grace an' paid'nin' love in this camp meetin'. An' I hope'n pray an' all the young folks will. I kind o' think they would, an' that we're coming for a blessed good season."

But Nannie's thoughts were never about the legend she was trying to carry to Dick that night, that they were about the Bread of Life, and doubtful if she heard very much of what her mother was saying.

CHAPTER XIX.

RHODA EXPERIENCES A CHANGE OF HEART.

It seemed to be the general opinion that since Dick's warning of the fate in store for him and all other horse-thieves, if caught, horse-stealing was at an end in Brownsville.

Consequently, a feeling of comparative security took possession of the settlers. Most of them believed that Dick had belonged to a gang, if he had not been the leader of it, and that his narrow escape from the infuriated out to horse-thieves had frightened him out of the country.

That it was well with him yet, Nannie knew, for the supply of daily bread which she deposited in the hollow tree disappeared as regularly as it was placed there.

The camp-meeting opened with a great promise of success. The presiding elder said he felt "as if there was goin' to be a regular ol'-fashioned pour-down o' the sperrit, an' a stirrin' up o' dry bones," whereupon all the brothers and sisters in Israel shouted a vigorous "Amen" in concert.

There was a goodly attendance from "down below." Never before had so many strange faces been seen in Brownsville.

It began, as I have said, on Friday. The first day got it only fairly up for headway. On the second day the excitement, without which no camp-meeting was considered a success in those days, began.

Before night it had taken possession of most of those who were, or had been, members of one church or the other. What the nature of the excitement was I shall not undertake to say. It was something which few could withstand, reason, and the audience was crowded with penitents.

At night, after the great fires were lighted, the scene was one a Rembrandt would have delighted in, with its vivid contrasts of light and shade. The ruddy flames leaped up and lit the forest luridly for rods away, among the great tree trunks. Overhead the leaves shone like silver in the strong light thrown upon them from below. The rapt, eager faces of men and women stood out with startling distinctness against a background of shadow. They were all turned toward the stand, where two ministers exhorted and prayed, alternately, with great fervor and a goodly exhibition of lung-power. Devout brothers and sisters said "Amen," regardless of appropriate time or place. Sacred, old, old Methodist hymns were sung—hymns which have rung down the years like bugle-calls, and whose echoes yet linger on our mountains, as the star of empire moves toward the West.

Rhoda Stevens sat near Mr. Wayne. I have no mention of the exclusive of her brother. Samantha's headache may have served to produce the desired effect. At Rhoda was entirely unused to caring for sick people, and had been sent for from "down below" to take charge of the sick-bed. She had come indeed, after hearing of the camp-meeting, to remain in Brownsville until it was over, and, in consequence of her presence in the Stevens household, the services of the singing-teacher had been infrequent of late, for he did not care to go there very much while propriety in the shape of a maiden aunt was constantly regarding him with a suspicious eye.

It was perhaps a most fortunate thing for Rhoda that her aunt was needed there. Ignorant of the ways of the world, and with confidence in the honesty of Wayne's intentions, the influence he had established over her might very likely have been exerted for ill. Such no doubt would have been the case had circumstances been other than they were, and Rhoda been left unprotected. She, in her innocence, could not understand how it was possible for a man to be so good while he appeared so entirely the opposite, and she wondered why he so abruptly ceased his visits after her aunt came. Had she known the truth, she would have known that he felt afraid of her aunt's sharp eyes. They were eyes that could see beyond such a mask as that which he wore.

On that Saturday evening, at camp-meeting, he looked around from the bench on which he was sitting, and met Rhoda's eyes. He smiled, and presently came and sat down beside her.

"Are you here alone?" he asked.

"No, Aunt Sarah came with me," answered Rhoda. "She's sitting over there with Mrs. Porter."

"I hope she'll stay there, so that I can have a chance to talk with you, without feeling that she's listening to every word," said Wayne. "It's been a long time since I've had such a chance."

"I haven't seen much of you since Tom was sick," said Rhoda. "I hope you weren't afraid of catching the fever?"

"No, but I was afraid of catching something from that aunt of yours," he answered. "I don't think she likes me very much. At least it seems to me that way the first time I came to see you after she took up her habitation in your family. And then, too, I've been very busy."

Rhoda looked at him a little sharply when he said that, for she knew better.

"You look as if you did not believe me," he said.

"Do I? Well, perhaps I don't."

[To be continued.]

AGRICULTURAL.

New Method of Preserving Milk.

A French experimenter has found that by placing milk, hardly after it is drawn, in sealed vessels and treating to a temperature of 212° in atmospheres of pure carbonic acid for four or five hours, then treating to oxygen at five atmospheres pressure, for five hours, the undesirable bacteria will be killed. If the milk is then inoculated in vessels containing oxygen under two atmospheres of pressure, the milk is said to remain all the properties of fresh milk and can be guaranteed to be entirely free from disease germs.

The Value of Early Cut Hay.

Save the best early cut hay and other roughage until the latter part of winter and early spring. All practical feeders have observed that farm animals are less likely to make satisfactory gains in the spring months than at any other time of the year. Often they lose flesh unless the very best of care is given. They refuse to eat the usual amount of forage unless it is early cut and of the very best quality. However I have found that by saving the earliest cut hay until the last, the stock will continue to consume the usual amount of food with a relish and also continue to make satisfactory gains. With milch cows the flow will not decrease, as so often happens in spring before the cows can be turned out on good pasture.

Then, too, by feeding the earliest cut hay last, the system of the animal will be in a better condition for making satisfactory gains immediately after being turned out on fresh pastures in spring. Very early cut fodders have a tendency to relax the bowels, consequently change from dry fodder to fresh pastures will not be a radical change in feed. In the early part of the winter they are in a better condition for consuming the late cut hay and fodder, after being taken off the pastures, where their rations have often been made up of overripe and partly dried grasses. Every practical feeder has long ago learned the advantage of securing all fodder as early as possible after it has gained the proper stage of growth, but where a large amount is to be put up, some of it will of necessity become riper than is desirable.—Lewis O. Follo, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Experiments in Butter Making.

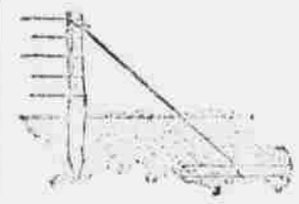
The discovery of the important part played by various bacteria in producing the flavor and aroma of butter has led to the introduction of what is known as "starter" of butter cultures, and dairymen have been led to hope that by the use of such cultures and of the process of pasteurizing, the quality of their butter might be materially improved. Recent trials at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, however, report in Bulletins No. 45 and No. 46, seem to indicate that cleanliness, the careful selection of milk, and close attention to details, promise to effect more in improving the flavor of our butter than pasteurizing and the use of commercial cultures. With pasteurized cream, the butter cultures were found to give a marked, but distinctly better results than were obtained from unpasteurized cream ripened spontaneously, while home-made forming cultures gave results, if anything, slightly inferior to those obtained by spontaneous ripening. With unpasteurized cream, as might have been expected, the results were less marked. A home-made "starter," however, carefully prepared from skim-milk, was found to give as good, if not better results than the more expensive commercial cultures, and this working both with pasteurized and unpasteurized cream. No distinctly beneficial results were observed from pasteurizing, as the experiments were not specially planned to test this point.

These results are similar to those recently published by the Wisconsin Experiment Station, and the two, taken together, do not seem to indicate that, under present conditions, marked advantages are to be anticipated from the use of the commercial cultures.

Trials were also made of heating milk to a temperature of about 165 degrees F. before separating, but without any marked effect on the flavoring of the resulting butter.—Bulletin, Pennsylvania Experiment Station.

Anchoring a Post.

Where wire fencing is used, whether woven wire or straight strands, it is of great importance to have the corner posts firm and unyielding. A good way to accomplish this is



SECURING A FENCE CORNER.

shown in the cut. A broad stick of wood is set in the ground and a strong piece of galvanized iron wire is tied firmly about it and stretched tightly to the upper end of the post, as shown. A corner post will need two such similarly anchored.

Changing the Bees and Stock.

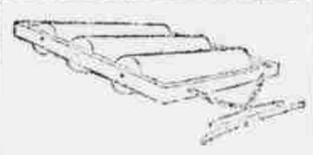
To one who has bees can afford to keep them in any but standard hives of the most approved pattern, and neither will it pay to keep any but the pure Italian bees. The change is readily made by transferring the bees and combs into new hives, and the stock of bees is easily changed by taking away the old queen and substituting a fertile queen in her place. The cost of the new hive and the new queen will cost about two dollars per colony, but the extra profit obtained the first year will more than pay for the change, and all the expense.

The careful bee-keeper changes the stock of bees and introduces new blood in the apiary almost every year, and it is remarkable the difference that is found in the different strains of bees. It matters not what pure race of bees we have, all colonies are by no means alike, and some are found to be profitable to keep, from others. Every apiarist has some particular colonies of bees in his apiary that he would not part with under any consideration, and if side the bees of other colonies would not induce them to part with such stock.

The queen bee of a colony has all to do with this, as the whole colony is of her production. Change her, as another hive, and all those good qualities go with her. Her progeny is supposed to retain a part or perhaps all her good qualities, but it is only a per cent. that do, and by this selecting we improve our stock of bees just as any breeder of the stock of farm animals. Great are the number of good points in a queen bee. Some are very prolific, and will far exceed others in egg production. Some produce such gentle bees that they seldom ever attempt to sting you, and others are vindictive, and seem to sting you at every opportunity, and are no better honey producers than the gentle ones. Others are excellent swarmers, while some are content to store honey right along and do not attempt to swarm. Some are given to pilfering and steal honey from other colonies, and some are so industrious that they will allow them to carry away all the honey they have and make no resistance. The markings of queen bees are much more perfect than other, however, other points will be named.—A. H. Duff.

An Economical Clod-Crusher.

During the idle hours of winter one has the opportunity to improvise a cheap and simple and practical device with which to work. Especially is this true concerning the clod-



A LOG-HARROW.

crusher pictured herewith, for not only is it useful for crushing lumpy soil, but also for rolling and smoothing land.

As can be seen, it is very easy to make, three logs are used, round and true as possible, being fastened needs a foot apart, and through the sides in which runners are freely. What [illegible] handles [illegible] easily [illegible] shoulder [illegible] weighed.

An Economical Feed.

A few [illegible] turkeys were [illegible] stock. [illegible] ered in an [illegible] accumulated [illegible] nests in the [illegible] lings of mine [illegible] the twenty [illegible] the same twenty [illegible] striped, downy [illegible] days before [illegible] home. The hens [illegible] coops with a movable [illegible] that the little ones might [illegible] dom without [illegible] breaking some [illegible]

The method used was a mixture of oat and corn meal, scalded with hot water, and cooled with curds. A few weeks, and the new food was mixed with skimmed or sour milk. The hens weaned them in about six weeks, and then cuddled together with a fatherly rooster under a hot at night, until their wings fledged out so that they could join turkey society on brush and limb.

With growth came independence, and in three months they were scratching for their own living among the scatterings of the stock, expending only a light breakfast and a generous supply of whey and curd.

Meantime three turkey hens had come home from secret nests with ten, ten and eleven chicks respectively.

The three younger broods shared the food of the original, but had unrestricted freedom. The mothers brooded their young all summer. Sometimes they would remain for days in the woods beyond the eye and out fields, but in spite of this irregularity of their lives they grew to be some what heavier than the hens raised by hand.

The entire flock of fifty-four had met with violent deaths, or had pined away from causes not natural, but not understood, except the single sleep I birds weighing by [illegible] from fourteen to twenty pounds each.

Had all been sold, as some [illegible] were to private customers at 1[illegible] per pound, the "run" of raising [illegible] would have paid well, but the pressure of other things has left the disposal of the rest of them to a [illegible] market and a disinterested commission man. Even so, there can be but gain in raising turkeys for the family, friends and the market on the otherwise waste material of a stock, farm or dairy farm.—Emmerette R. Wheaton, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

TO KEEP OUT WRINKLES.

[illegible] Beauty to the Face Its Delicate Smoothness.

[illegible] difficult problems a woman has to solve in bestowing her beauty is how to retain a good complexion and keep away wrinkles. Wrinkles in the face come in the history of certain thousands of years, and they can be prevented, if [illegible] by temperate [illegible] who [illegible] little for itself as the year goes on, [illegible] and do like

A DIAGRAM FOR FACE MASSAGE.

The first thing for a woman to do who wishes to apply massage to her face and neck is to study the condition and conditions of her skin. She must know whether she has a fatty skin or a dry skin. If the skin is too dry, then elasticity and power of tension are lacking, so that the skin cannot follow the movements of the facial muscles and nerves, and the consequence is that the skin relaxes and the wrinkles come. In this case woman must be fed with the lacking fat. Animal and vegetable fat is preferable to mineral fat.

If the skin lacks fat it seems to exhale vapor, the pores become enlarged by the yellow, pimples and blackheads come, for nature's [illegible] warning that your skin is abnormally receiving fatty substances. This substance fat must be removed [illegible] hour massage. Even if your [illegible] will feel without a [illegible] and [illegible] massage and massage [illegible] for the body.

By a [illegible] treatment of yourself you [illegible] the fatty secretions, thereby producing a natural, transparent complexion of the face. The circulation will be accelerated, and wrinkles, if not too deep, will in a [illegible] time be obliterated.

Let us suppose that you want to [illegible] your face of fat, pack, moth, [illegible]. You will first remove the [illegible] and [illegible], with some kind of cold cream. Now, with the lightest touch, massage the roots of the nose upward [illegible] forward, and again, begin [illegible] the bridge of the forehead, [illegible] the temples [illegible] toward the outside of the [illegible] the middle of the forehead. For every direction that you take about five strokes is the sufficient number. Be careful to use everything against the [illegible] wrinkles in the forehead; these must usually start out from the [illegible] "frown" lines.

Now stroke from the nose and left [illegible] of the eyes, over the temples, [illegible] against the [illegible], near the eyes. After your eyes and give some [illegible] strokes over the nose and [illegible], beginning at the [illegible] and stretching out. Begin at the [illegible] on the nose, go over the nose [illegible] and over the wings of the nose [illegible] the right and left sides [illegible] the lower side, beginning at the nose and over the cheeks toward the ear.

Next, begin near the wing of the nose, the corner of the eye, and [illegible] toward the middle of the right and left lower eye. These strokes must end at the same place. Your last starting point is the middle of the [illegible] and thence toward the [illegible] of the eye, and vertically, starting from the temple. Finish the chin and [illegible] from the right and left sides of the neck downward to the [illegible].

This whole treatment requires only about fifteen minutes daily, and bear in mind, for in this particular almost all men or women are, the lighter the stroke the better.—Chicago Record.

A Bit of Lace.

The possessor of even the smallest bit of choice lace should regard it as a treasure and keep it among her precious things. Lace, though so fragile, is nevertheless among those indestructible articles which, handed down to family, from mother to daughter, are as much to the child generation as they were to the first. A certain fine sentiment clings to the lace which has been used at weddings and christenings, which has formed part of the grandmother's trousseau, and long after the lace has done duty it adorns the wardrobe of some youthful bride, who repeats in her features the counterpart of her ancestors.

There are imitations of lace made today which almost counterfeit the real in the fineness of their threads, beauty of their designs, and the intricacies of their meshes; nevertheless, no machine made imitation ever compares in true value with a bit of lace, patiently wrought by hand, perhaps in some quiet convent, or made by a peasant woman at intervals of her busy day, that she may thus earn her children's bread. Poverty and pathos are interwoven in the filmy cloud of white, completing the toilet of the bride, and in the delicate edge of the mantle on the cap of the aged matron, or the gossamer handkerchief which finishes the costume of the great lady.

The plain down fashioned without regard to recondite styles takes on an air of its own in a bit of beautiful lace be worn at the neck and sleeves. It can be seldom out of vogue, though there are seasons like the present when its use is more general than at others, when lace shawls long laid away in lavender emerge from their seclusion and are fashioned into capes, over-dresses, and drapery to lighten the lavish finery of a modern belle.

Regarded as a gift, nothing is more suitable as an offering from friend to friend at a birthday, wedding, or holiday occasion than a bit of fine lace. The woman is far to seek who is indifferent to its spell, and who does not love to look over her laces as she looks at her jewels, finding both among the delights of her life.

Not only has lace its use in the toilet; it finds an appropriate place in bedspreads, doilies, and scarfs for bureau and table ornamentations. For these homelier uses a heavier and more elaborate style of lace is chosen than for the daintier needs of the toilet.—Harper's Bazar.

The Taste of Queens.

A French journal on the subject of fashions and wardrobes of royal women says that Margherita, Queen of Italy, is devoted to white, and that the Queen Regent of Spain, on the other hand, accomplished in all things, is always gowned with the elegant simplicity of a woman of taste. The simplest of all European sovereigns is the Queen of the Belgians, who prefers a quiet, domestic life to the limited existence of royalty, regarding expensive costuming as an unpleasant but necessary adjunct to court festivities. The Princess of Wales avoids colors and has given a vogue to tailor suits, with a high collar, which is invariably her day gown. In the evening Her Royal Highness makes up for the plainness and simplicity of the day by wearing the most superb gowns and jewels.

Attractive New Coats.

The new coats for youthful wearers are notably jaunty and attractive, with little or no change in the general effect, some double-breasted, with turn-down collar and expensive buttons, others single-breasted, with small pointed revers, one deep box dart giving a decided curve to the sides, and very close fitting at the back, with not a fold, wrinkle, or ripple visible. The lower part of the front on many jackets is deeply rounded below the waist line, making the jacket considerably longer there than on the sides or at the back.

A Woman Colonel.

Miss M. S. Shepherd, of Bryan, is the only woman in Texas, and one of the very few in the United States, who is entitled to be addressed as "colonel." She was recently appointed colonel on the staff of General Cabell, of the United Confederate Veterans. Miss Shepherd is a native of Texas. She was educated in Nashville and holds an M. A. degree from the university of that city. She is a prominent member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having organized the L. S. Ross Chapter at Bryan.

Smart Colored Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs of pale blue, pink, green or lilac linen, checked with a contrasting shade, are considered quite smart with outdoor costumes. Conservative people prefer pure white linen plain or set with a bit of dainty embroidery on the face.

Fashion's Newest Phases.

One handsome lorgnette chain has discs of amber joined by links of gold.

Fancy handkerchiefs with colored hemstitched borders and colored embroidery are revived again.

Scalloped edged embroideries are numbered among the season's novelties. Fringes also are in favor.

Velvet, in appliqued effects and bands, is one of the popular trimmings for cloth gowns. Stitching on velvet is effective.

Neck scarfs and fichus are edged with fringe, and cloth gowns display a single or double row of deep silk fringe across the front.

A high-necked lace bodice cut with little epaulettes over the shoulders, the lace forming scallops on the edge, is a pretty addition to a white chiffon bodice made with elbow sleeves.

Street jackets for the season are either buttoned close down the front or turned back in revers to the waist line, or made double-breasted, fastening from the shoulder down on the left side.

A solid plaid in white goods makes up attractively and with a certain style of its own. Figured white has the advantage that it does not show every wrinkle, as do the plain goods. A waist made of the white plaid with sleeves and yoke of the plain is very pretty.