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ROCK ON ELMWOOD HILL.

An Irish-American Romance, Written for This Paper.

BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Do you know me, Micky Begg?" she hissed through her blackened teeth. "Do you know me, I say?"

"Indeed, I do. I've often heard of you. You are the——"

"The Witch, they call me," she shrieked; "but I'm the mother of Elmwood Rocks, and friend of all who seek my aid."

"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" and the little fairyman shook with laughter. "Let's take a drink, Micky."

Now, Micky was never known to refuse a drink, so he pulled his "caubeen" off his puzzled head and replied: "Drink, is it? Indade I will. Here's long life to you," and he took a long pull from a cup tendered him by the old woman. His companion, the fairy man, took a drink with him, and danced a jig around the glasses on the table.

"I never remember seeing the shebeen before," said Micky, "and I have traveled this road before."

"You never traveled it at night before, did you, my lad?" inquired the old woman, as she put on a little pointed hat, and, taking a broomstick from a corner, came over to the astounded Micky.

"Don't you want a ride, my man?" said she.

"You're a quare lot," said Micky; "can I light me pipe?"

"Of course you can. Let me help you," said the fairy man as he filled the pipe, jumping in and out of Micky's pocket, each time bringing a handful of loose tobacco dust that had collected in Micky's coat. The pipe being filled the old lady plucked out one of her gray hairs and striking it against the handle of the broom, it spluttered into a blue flame, from which Micky lighted his pipe.

"Smoke away, me boy, we have a long ride. I'll show you many a strange sight this night. Now, mount at once. Come quick, it's just midnight."

Micky straddled the broomstick. A clap like thunder succeeded this movement, the cabin disappeared in a twinkling and Micky found himself sailing among the clouds, riding on the broom, with the witch for his companion. It was a lovely moonlight night, clear as azure, and still they went sailing along. The moon, like a silver canoe, seemed sailing with them in the clear sea of blue. Micky could hardly hold on to his frail carriage and commenced to tremble.

"Never fear, my boy," said the witch. "You'll never fall, unless you mention the name of one of your so-called Blessed Trinity that the priest teaches you to believe in. Remember that if you, by any chance, should so far forget yourself or me, your guide, as to speak the name of either of your 'Three in One,' that moment you'll fall to the ground."

"No fear, ould lady; I'll hould on till my fingers crack."

They were now fast approaching a large park, or woodland, and Micky looked down on the distance below him, while his hair streamed out in the night air, for they were traveling like lightning.

"Do you see that park below there in the distance?" said the old crone.

"I do, ma'am," said Micky, in his politest tone.

"Well, I'll show you a sight that will interest you."

They were now over Ireland, and near a large castle-fashioned building. Lights streamed from its many windows; long rows of carriages, with liveried servants, stood at the great hall entrance, awaiting the breaking up of the ball; the porch was crowded with fair ladies and fine gentlemen, the latter assisting the former to put on their wraps and shawls.

"Look down," said the witch to Micky. "They are going home now; the revelry is over; they are laughing and chattering over the grand success of the affair. The handsome young fellow in the hussar uniform is the lord of the manor; but see, his eyes are red with drinking, and as he bids his guests good-night can hardly stand straight on his legs. He is a wild spendthrift, cruel and heartless. You see the lady with the pretty pale face at his side. Her sad and careworn features tell the story—she is his wife. See, they are putting out the lights; the guests have all departed."

Hovering over the castle Micky and the witch sailed again downward.

"I'll show you the inside of the castle now."

The roof rose from the building, revealing a superbly furnished suite of apartments. The pretty pale hostess was seated in a large chair, her face buried in her hands. She was weeping. The young lord, with hair disheveled and eyes aflame with anger, was standing near.

"I'm tired of your whining," said he. "Your conduct to-night gave evidence of your low origin. You disgrace me, you pauper."

"Oh, spare me, Algeron," cried the poor lady. "I've always done my best to please you, but you are so cruel when you drink."

"Drink!" cried he in a rage. "Drink! 'Tis my only refuge from the remembrance of my alliance with you—a fraud, a cheat, a nobody. Why don't you die?"

"Micky," said the Witch, "keep quiet," for Micky's anger was getting the best of him and he wanted to get down and kick his lordship for his cruelty to the pretty lady.

"Do you see her face, Micky?" said the crone. "Did you ever see it before?"

"Oh, murder!" cried Micky, as he got a good view of the lady's sweet face, "it's our Nora!"

"Yes, your child Nora. That will be her fate if she marries above her station. Come away."

Whiz! Whiz! Away they flew now, over a great expanse of water, dotted here and there with vessels of all shapes and sizes, steamers crossing east and west, while long black threads appeared here and there at the lowest depths of the great body of water.

"We are over the Atlantic Ocean, Micky. Those black strings you see are the cables that carry thoughts between the continents. Do you see that land beyond? That is America. A great country, my boy.

"Yes," said Micky; "and wid——" He was going to say God's blessing, but remembering the admonition given him by the witch not to mention the Deity, he added: "With good luck I'll never lave it nor let Nora."

They had now reached the coast, fringed with great cities. The electric lights, steaming lines of railroad cars, screeching of locomotives running from point to point, and the crowded thoroughfares of many towns, filled poor Micky with wonder.

"Phew! but we are speeling along," said Micky.

"Yes, darlin'," said the Witch. "We're going to the West, the farm lands and prairies. See that pretty white house below, set in the midst of a garden of flowers? I'll lift the roof for ye, that you may see the inside of it."

On they swept, till they hovered over the landscape in the moonlight.

"Look, Micky. Tell me what you see?" and the roof was suddenly lifted.

A pretty little housewife sat by the fireside with a curly-headed boy on her knee. The surroundings of the home gave token of peace and plenty.

"Listen, Micky," said the Witch.

"Do you know what day this is?" inquired the wife, as her pretty face shone with the joy that filled her soul, as her husband entered.

That husband was Donnell O'Rourke.

"Yes, my darling," replied the man. "To-night is the third anniversary of our marriage. To-night, three years ago, you gave me your heart and hand, dear Nora."

"Nora!" said Micky. "Yes, it is my Nora. Oh, how she has grown; and so pretty, too. I'd like to kiss the baby."

"Ha, ha; he, he!" piped the witch. "Ye like the picture, do you? She's happy in this condition, isn't she? Here's where the true happiness awaits her. Keep her, Micky. Don't let the drunken lordling have her. Don't give her away to Lady Maud. Don't give her——"

"Look," said Micky, "the couple are kneeling in prayer."

As the words, "Our Father, who art in heaven," fell from the father's lips, the roof was lowered upon the scene, and Micky and his weird companion were again on the wing.

The prairies were crossed again, and before a second had elapsed Micky and his weird conductor were flying over his cabin on the rock of Elmwood.

"Let's look inside," she said.

Up went the roof, showing Oonah in her bed. She he'd Nora tight in her arms. Poor Oonah had been crying, for her eyes were red from weeping, while on Nora's long lashes tears sparkled radiantly on each pink like diamonds in a coronet. They were sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace. Nora stirred for a moment, and sneezed as if the roofless cabin chilled her.

"God bless us," said Micky, as was his habit when he heard any one sneeze.

Bang! whir! whiz! the roof went down and Micky felt himself whirling in space. With a thump he fell to the ground. He had dreamed as he lay asleep on a rock, and at the climax of his vision had rolled off. The stars were out and he was sobered enough to see, by the position of the moon, that it was about midnight.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE ROCK.

Twelve strokes on the bell in Mrs. Skelly's clock announced that the minute-hand had again overtaken the hour-hand. The Skellys lived in a hut at the base of the rock on Elmwood Hill, and in their eyes the Beggs and the O'Rourkes, on their social and their physical altitude, were always objects of prying interest.

"Midnight, an' Lord rest me tired eyes," said Mrs. Skelly, as she stopped peeping out through her keyhole with her right eye and began with her left. "It's me belafe that Oi'll be a squinter the rest av me loife, after this night's watchin'."

"Then come to bed, ye ould boshak," cried Mr. Skelly, "an' rest both yer eyes an' tongue."

"Whist, now, ye buckaun," she said in a whisper; "Doll Begg is goin' up the stairs, an' that's what Oi've been waitin' for."

He opened the door of the Begg residence with a defiant wrench at the knob, and entered. Mrs. Skelly's door came simultaneously ajar, and her head was thrust out. Her eyes were both wide open, and her ears would have been dilated, too, if she could have had her way. By going up to the top of the stairway and listening cautiously she could hear the mingled voices of Doll and Mrs. Begg, but could not understand their words, except when Doll said: "I'll have it now or I'll have your life." This was followed by gasps and moans from Mrs. Begg, and those by a minute or two of silence. Then Mrs. Skelly heard Doll's hand on the knob, but he did not turn it quickly as on entering, and she had time to retreat down the stairs, to retire into her hut, to reduce the opening of her own door to a mere crack, through which she saw him come down. The color of his face had changed from red to white, bravado had given place to terror, and the heavy soles of his boots had become velvet. He thrust a bunch of bank notes into his breast pocket, and glanced this way and that in trepidation. He instinctively turned from the gaslight of a street lamp, as he passed close by Mrs. Skelly's door, and in doing so looked into a window pane, which, having darkness on its other side, reflected him like a mirror. Perhaps the uneven glass distorted his features; perhaps a true image was so different from his usual self that in his dismay he did not recognize it; certainly he recoiled from it, and glided out of Mrs. Skelly's sight like a frightened apparition, properly disappearing downward.

Mrs. Skelly did not stir until her husband called to her again to come to bed. Then she trembingly shut the door and sat down speechless in a chair. It was a full minute before she found voice to say:

"I do believe there's bloody murther in Beggs'. La, a tube, Doll's gone wid the money. Get up and go for the police."

Skelly would not move. He commanded her with much distinctness and repetition to lock the door and mind her own business of going to sleep. She resolutely put on her bonnet and shawl and started for the nearest police station, where she did her errand so wildly that five minutes of questioning was done before any sort of understanding could be obtained of what she had seen and heard.

Having at length ascertained that a robbery had probably been committed, the police captain obtained from Mrs. Skelly the name of Doll Begg. No description of him was necessary, for several of the officers in reserve knew him as one of the precinct's foremost rowdies, and they were sent out to catch him. The Captain and a detective went to the house with Mrs. Skelly and rapped at the Beggs' door. There was no response, and the officials opened it. Mrs. Begg was dead. Her body lay on the bed, contorted as by a dying struggle, and on her neck were the marks that Doll's hand had made in choking her.

"It's murder," said the Captain to the detective. "Hurry to the station and send out an alarm. Be quick!"

Micky Begg returned at this juncture. He encountered the announcement of his wife's death before he reached the rock. He was dumfounded when they said she had been murdered, and when they added that Doll was the murderer he cried:

"No, no; Doll couldn't have done it!"

But a moment later, while he was kissing her lifeless face, two officers led Doll in. He had been caught within ten blocks. A more abject wretch never heard himself accused of a crime.

"Did you find the money?" the Captain asked of the officers.

"He had it in his pocket," was the reply.

The prisoner was taken away, and the police remained in possession of the premises.

It was not until morning that Nora, returning home from an overnight visit to a girl friend, knew what had happened in the humble household. Donnell had no success in his efforts to comfort her, but she clung to him in her grief, and their declarations of mutual love were quite naturally a part of his tenders of sympathy and her outbreaks of emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECEPTION OF THE CONSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The prosecution of Doll took the regular course unhindered. He was committed by a coroner's jury, indicted by a grand jury, and tried by an over and terminer jury. Not one of all the jurors had a shadow of a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. His first attempt to steal his mother's money; his return, as witnessed by Mrs. Skelly, and the sounds of his struggle with the helpless woman, followed by his flight with the money, his quick arrest with the roll of notes still in his pocket—all make the proof positive. The $100 and more was spent in his defense. His father was assisted by the O'Rourkes, father and son. The two families now lived in adjoining tenements, for the rock on Elmwood Hill was being blasted away.

"But 'tisn't any use, Nora," the fellow said to his sister, in one of his few soft moments; "I've got to swing for it, and you might as well save the money. I killed her, though I didn't mean to take her life—only the cash, but the lawyers say the lack of intention doesn't make any difference, so long as I was committing a robbery. Yes, I'm sure for the gallows."

Nora hugged him nevertheless, and declared excitedly that they shouldn't convict him. Phelim O'Rourke was still more demonstrative. He devoted himself to wild and wholly ineffective efforts in the young man's behalf. Poor Nora was broken-hearted, and Donnell, the one reasonable person in the afflicted party, was unable to afford any hope. He listened sadly to his sweetheart's faint expectation that Doll's jurors would not condemn him. But they did, of course, and no verdict of murder in the first degree was ever more unhesitatingly given. The sentence of death came next, and all this was accomplished within three months after the homicide. Mr. Nannery, the senior counsel for the prisoner, received a call at his office next day from Phelim O'Rourke. The man's face had new wrinkles, his form was bowed, his eyes were restless, and his language disconnected.

"Sit down," said the lawyer, kindly.

O'Rourke took off his hat, and let himself drop into a chair in a way that indicated no care for bodily ease.

"Can anything more be done for Doll?" he asked.

Mr. Nannery shook his head.

"Will you read to me once more the legal definition of murder in the first degree?"

The lawyer read the statute which declared the premeditated and intentional taking of human life, except when done justifiably in self-defense, to be murder in the first degree; also, the provision which rendered the intention and premeditation unnecessary elements in case the assailant was at the time committing a robbery.

"Then I understand," O'Rourke continued, "that there is no possible hope of saving Doll?"

"Not the slightest. The case was utterly hopeless from the first."

"Suppose there had been no robbery. Are there no conceivable circumstances under which the deliberate killing of Mrs. Begg, powerless as she was, would have been justifiable under the law?"

"No."

"You are certain of that?"

"Certain."

On the day before the one set for the hanging of Doll Mr. Nannery entered the Supreme Court chambers with more bustle than was usual with him, and elbowed his way impolitely to the front row of lawyers, all of whom were anxious to be heard first by the Judge.

"If your Honor pleases," he began, "I have——"

"I think Mr. Fitch is before you, Mr. Nannery," said the Judge.

"I am sure your Honor and Brother Fitch will excuse me," the perturbed lawyer rejoined, "if I am persistent. I wish to move for a stay of proceedings in the case of Doll Begg, who is under sentence to be hanged to-morrow."

Everybody was instantly interested and willing to give him precedence.

"The circumstances are peculiar," he continued, with a strong effort to assume his accustomed dignity of demeanor. "I need have no hesitation now in saying that I believed the prisoner guilty, and did not anticipate any interference with the infliction of the penalty. Half an hour ago I received a letter from one Phelim O'Rourke, and, with your Honor's permission, I will read it."

Mr. Nannery had some difficulty in keeping his hands from trembling while he unfolded some sheets of paper. He read as follows from a document on which, manifestly, the learned Irishman had spent much care, in spite of the mental excitement which must have attended its composition:

DEAR MR. NANNERY: In this letter I give you the means of saving Doll from the gallows. In order to do so I must first tell you that on the evening of Mrs. Begg's death I attended a meeting of the Kosmic Club, which was an association of persons for the discussion of social science. It was the last gathering we were likely to have, for all except myself were to quit the city in a few days. Some of them, however, can be brought back to testify as to the paper which I read on that occasion. I send you the manuscript with this letter. You will find it embodies my belief that, in the interests of humanity, the law should provide for the killing of such persons as are hopelessly ill, and for whom, by reason of physical suffering, the remainder of life would otherwise be simply a protraction of misery. I outlined a plan by which, on the application of the invalid, an examination should be made by three physicians with a view to ascertain, beyond a doubt, whether or not recovery was possible. If they reported that the case was hopeless a properly constituted authority, should, at discretion, order that death be caused in some painless manner. You will find that my arguments are very full and carefully considered, but the gist of them was that the endurance of such useless suffering would be prevented; that a powerful incentive to suicide would be removed, and that it was the inalienable right of every hopeless invalid to die at will. I went further, and held that an extreme degree of mental distress, resulting from great services that could never be atonated, ought to legally entitle a person to the relief of death. My paper, as I remember, excited the surprise of my companions. They thought, perhaps, that it was only a vagary; but in fact, it was an expression of a conclusion forced upon my mind by the long and painful experience of my neighbor, Mrs. Begg, and an elaboration of an idea which I had previously broached in the club's meetings.

On getting home, I learned that Doll Begg had attempted to rob his mother. The witnessing of so much misery made me pity her keenly. Then she told me of the physician's assurance that he could not by any possibility recover, which I had long known, and of his opinion that she might live in constant torture six months longer, knowing how sincerely she longed for the ease of the grave. I thought it was cruel that she was compelled to keep on living. I did not believe that she would commit suicide. Next evening, as her husband was away, and her daughter, too, I went at her request to get a medical vial filled. On my way through the streets I meditated on the poor creature's case in the light of my paper on the legal extinction of life for incurables, and could not help regarding such a measure as truly humane. But I had no thought of a practical demonstration until I came to the drug store.

Alongside the vending stand carboys of acids, as usual, for they were deemed too inflammable for storage inside. Each was labeled in large letters, and the words "Hydrocyanic Acid" caught my eye. I knew this was a poison so deadly that it killing instantly, and left no trace behind to reveal the cause of death. Here was born the idea of mercifully murdering Mrs. Begg. I hastened away in downright horror, but within a quarter of an hour I was there again, wistfully looking at the carboy. My repugnance was giving way to reason. The store had been closed for the night. So did I pull the bell and arouse the clerks to fill my vial with medicine. My hand was on the knob. Why not end some of the poison instead of one? The process rapidly fascinated me. I was aware that hydrocyanic acid could not ordinarily be bought, owing to its dangerous qualities, and was sold only for certain purposes of manufacture. Here was the opportunity to obtain some, and without incriminating myself. I waited until midnight, when the street was deserted. Then with a heavy stone I broke off the projecting glass top of the carboy, being careful to keep away from the fumes which arose from the opening. Nobody heard the crash, and after watching awhile from a side distance, I tied a string to my vial, cautiously lowered it into the peril in the jug, drew it out half full, set it on the sidewalk, stuck in the cork, wiped the acid from the outside with a paper, and put it into my pocket. The druggist will, of course, recollect finding the broken carboy in the morning. I went home without having fully resolved, after all, to use the poison.

When I entered the room in which the poor woman lay she was moaning piteously, but was unconscious. Doll had just fled, after chasing her and getting the money from under the pillow, and Mrs. Skelly had gone for the police. I did not know this, and supposed she was having one of her common attacks. Her weakness decided me. I would release her spirit from the body which held it in such awful durance. I dropped some of the acid from the vial into her mouth. The effect was instantaneous. She died with scarcely another motion. I could not endure the sight of what I had done. I stole out of the house. Nobody saw me enter or depart. But I soon realized that it would not do to stay away. I compelled myself to return. Then I learned how my deed had been done at a time and in a way to convince even Doll himself that he was a murderer. The marks of his brutal assault were on her throat, and the physicians found other evidence of strangulation, but the poison which killed her left nothing to show that it had been used.

You are aware, my dear Mr. Nannery, of my efforts to save Doll from conviction, and how they failed. No suspicion rests on me, and I could safely let him be hanged, but I must not do it. The revelation which this letter makes will save him from the gallows, and he may emerge from State prison, where I suppose his crime of robbery will send him, a reformed man. As for me, I am convinced that my act was murder in the first degree, according to the law of the State, but I am firmly believe that, at the tribunal where I shall go to be judged, it will bring no reward instead of punishment. Yours respectfully,

PHELIM O'ROURKE.

"Under such circumstances, your Honor," said Mr. Nannery, "I ask for a stay of proceedings in the case of my client."

"Your motion is granted," the Judge replied; "but there is another matter equally pressing. Phelim O'Rourke must be arrested.

"If he is alive," the lawyer interjected.

"But he was dead. Suicide had immediately followed the dispatch of the confession.

The dream of Micky Begg was so nearly realized in the better times after these tragic occurrences that he could not quite rid himself of the belief that he had really seared with a witch. Doll Begg went to prison for a term of years instead of being hanged. Donnell and his mother were not less bereaved by the loss of their father and husband than were Nora and her father. The shadow of crime was over them all, and, although they were themselves blameless, they wished to live elsewhere than in the city of the dreadful scenes through which they had passed. So Donnell and Nora, rendered fonder by their joint sorrows, were soon married. With their parents they removed to a Western town, where the name of Donnell O'Rourke is already that of a promising lawyer, and where, in a happy home, the sight of Nora as the contented wife of a good husband can be had without any witch's help.

(THE END.)

WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Personal Appearance of the Women Who Have Ruled the White House.

Of mistresses of the White House one of the most popular was Mrs. James K. Polk. Like Mrs. Cleveland she was a brunette, and of fine presence. It was often remarked that not a crowned head in Europe could queen it more royally than the wife of the Republican President. Poets sented verses in her honor, and on the last Sunday of her stay in Washington a clergyman addressed her from the pulpit. She was treated with great distinction, and after leaving the White House was visited every New Year's by the Legislature in a body.

Mrs. George Washington also had dark hazel eyes and brown hair. She was not a beauty, but she had a good form, rather below middle weight, and her manners were frank and engaging. She dressed plainly, and at a ball given in her honor she wore a simple russet gown and white handkerchief about her neck. One of her dresses, which she herself manufactured, was of cotton, striped with silk, which she obtained from ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson chair covers.

Mrs. Monroe was considered a beauty. She was tall and gracefully formed, polished and attractive in society. Mrs. John Adams was never beautiful, but she was of imposing appearance and very intellectual.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams was famed for her charming manners, and Mrs. Andrew Jackson for her amiable temper and kind heart. Mrs. Martin Van Buren, who died before her husband became President, was a pretty woman with modest, unassuming manners and gentle disposition.

The first Mrs. Tyler was one of the belles of Eastern Virginia, and was most attractive in her striking loveliness of person and character. The second Mrs. Tyler was the first woman to marry a President. Before her marriage she was, for the one season she spent there, the belle of Washington.

A sparkling brunette was Mrs. William Henry Harrison. She was very handsome, with a face full of animation, and her health, which was robust, added a glow to her features, which increased her charms. "Upon her countenance," it is recorded, "nature has been profusely liberal."

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson was remarkable for her beauty. Her complexion was brilliant, her large expressive eyes of "the richest tinge of auburn." A little above medium weight she was slightly and delicately formed. She danced, sang, played the spinnet and harpsichord and rode with great skill.

Mrs. James Madison was a pretty, buxom woman, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one. She had regular features and sparkling eyes.

Mrs. Zachary Taylor was a quiet woman, but had great strength of character and the true spirit of American heroines, enduring patiently privation incident to life on the frontier, where her husband, as Major Taylor, was stationed. She had no ambition beyond making her home happy.

A blonde of rare beauty was Mrs. Millard Fillmore, with a skin of dazzling whiteness and auburn hair. She was quite tall, with a fine figure and of commanding presence. She is ranked with the wives of the two Adamses as a learned woman, and it was through her that her husband asked for and obtained an appropriation of Congress to buy books for the White House. Up to that time there had been a Bible there, and little more.

Another woman of rare beauty was Mrs. Franklin Pierce. She also had many accomplishments. She was very reserved and quiet, shunning society.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln as a girl was very attractive, and she had many suitors. When she became the mistress of the White House she was "fair and forty."

Mrs. Andrew Jackson possessed the beauty of face and form which rendered her mother one of the most beautiful of women. Mrs. Grant was a blonde, of delicate figure, rather below middle stature. Mrs. Hayes was of very attractive appearance. Mrs. Garfield was noted for her tact, and her husband once said that he never had to explain away any words of his wife.

Mrs. Arthur, who died before her husband became President, was known as "the beautiful Miss Herndon with the marvelous voice" before her marriage.

Mrs. Harrison was fair as a girl and possessed the blonde style of beauty, which also belongs to Mrs. McKinley.

Turkey Raising For Women.

One Texas woman has earned large sums by raising turkeys and managing a farm in addition. Her flock of turkeys numbered six when she began. Now it comprises many hundred, and last year she cleared over $2500. With the increase of the industry she changed her methods of raising the birds, and the eggs are hatched by scores of the most up-to-date incubators, while acres of land are set aside for the raising of certain foods which have been found of value for the birds. Strange as it may seem, young turkeys cannot be allowed to run around in the dew or rains, and in this direction she has had to take many precautions.

The young turkeys are lodged nights and during wet weather in a covered yard or specially constructed house, where they cannot endanger their lives by wandering around in the wet grass. To do this for the birds consists mainly of bread and cornmeal without salt, and with a generous quantity of red pepper mixed in. Until the birds reach an age when they can scarcely cut for themselves the necessary green feeds they are provided with the tops of shallots finely chopped.

When the birds reach their fifth month they are considered sufficiently "grown up" to have become somewhat hardy, and they thrive when fed twice a day. Some epicures have their birds fattened to order on a special diet, as for instance, nuts, and these birds command fancy prices for the extra care and expense entailed in raising them.

The feminine turkey raiser is enthusiastic over the possibilities along this new line of industry for women, and considers that it offers great opportunities for those who desire to become self supporting.

Midsummer Hats.

Colored hats are extremely fashionable, and look especially well with the thin summer gowns. Those made of the pleated chiffon in pink are very dainty and smart with a flowered pink and white muslin, or in blue with a blue and white, and so on indefinitely. The next in favor are the yellow straws, trimmed with pink roses or with black velvet and fancy buckles. The last are only intended for midsummer wear, but they look so cool and are so becoming that it is small wonder that they are popular. The turbans and toques now to be seen are not particularly attractive, for they are stiff and harsh, and have some hard lines unbecoming to most faces in spite of the fact that the straw is of a transparent weave. In all the newest hats the tendency to make them flat and broad is evident, but until the style of arranging the hair changes very materially the authorities predict that it will soon die, these hats are not likely to be becoming, and it is safer to buy hats with some high trimming.—Harper's Bazar.

Proper Use of Face Powder.

Face powder is not such a wicked thing as it sounds when it is used properly. A little of it in summer helps to keep the skin smooth and dry and does much toward keeping the collars clean. The little package of soap papers, to use in case of emergency, proved popular, and after them came the package of powder papers in little cases and each leaf full of powder. That is one of the most convenient forms of carrying powder for the woman who likes it when traveling, but there is also a little leather case of about the same size containing a little chamois, well powdered, as well as the tiny powder puff in a little bag to tuck away with the handkerchief. Some women prefer a bit of chamois always, in using powder, to the powder puff.

A Unique Idea of a Belt.

Never was there such an infinite variety of belts as this season has brought forth, but one woman has found an untried novelty. Over a smooth supple leather belt she fastened finely Tuscan braid, such as ordinarily is woven into hats, and got from a milliner a straw buckle for a fastening. The effect was unique and summery, and she carried out the idea still further by edging a white stock for the neck with the same sort of braid and ornamenting it with a straw clasp similar to the one at the girdle, but of smaller size. To the question, "Where did you buy them?" she smilingly replied that they were imported for her exclusively.

Miles of narrow black ribbon are used on thin muslin gowns.

White corselet belts of plaid ribbon are worn with either black or white gowns, and are finished with sash ends or not, as you like.

Black and white lace gowns are coming rapidly to the front for the matron's full dress, leaving the spangled nets quite out of the race.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box pleated on to this.

Canvas sailor hats are trimmed with a folded band of soft silk deftly twisted and looped into a stylish bow in front. A fold of black velvet finishes the brim.

The Psyche knot has appeared again among the fashionable modes of hairdressing, but it is only the woman with a Madonna face who can welcome this special variety.

Two-piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their especial chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Handsomely embroidered ecru batiste made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insertings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone-shaped crown.

Russian linen in the ecru shades is used for yachting and golfing gowns, which are made without any lining. The short skirts have stitched hems, tucks down either side of the front and one box plait in the back, and the jackets are Eton in shape with short bell sleeves, worn over a colored shirt

Good Roads Notes

Who Shall Pay For Them?

"THE great reason why we have so few good roads in the United States is that we have left it to the farmers alone to build them. This is wrong. It is absolutely impossible for the farmers alone to provide a system of good roads. The cost is altogether too great, and unless substantial help is furnished them, upon some reasonable basis, progress in road building will continue to be slow and unsatisfactory," says Otto Dorner, Chairman of the L. A. W. Highway Improvement Committee.

"The help which the farmers require in building roads should come from the cities. The cities are the great centres of wealth; they are the great markets in which business is done—the great distributing points for manufactures and for agricultural products. Agricultural America has built them up and maintains them. The union between the cities and farming districts is close, upon a hundred different channels of trade. Each depends upon the other. What is more proper, therefore, than that the city should unite with the country in constructing and maintaining suitable and efficient means of communication and transportation?

"There need be no doubt that the taxpayers of most American cities are willing and ready to contribute to the cost of building country roads. Their necessity is as thoroughly realized in the cities as it is by the farmers who become stalled on a muddy road with a load of grain hauled half way to market. City people know the country better than they have ever known it before, and their business relations with country people are growing more and more intimate. They are quick to see the convenience and savings which would result from the construction of good roads, and know that they themselves would be, in large measure, the gainers.

"But how can a tax be levied upon city property for expenditure in country districts for road building purposes? A city tax is out of the question, as much so as it would be to levy a town tax upon farm property for building sewers in a distant city. True, a county tax might be levied, a large share of which would be paid by the cities situated in the county, and which might be used for the building of roads in any locality within the county. But this is not sufficient, especially in the case of large cities like Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Baltimore. Their interests extend far beyond the counties in which they are situated; indeed, the cities themselves constitute the greater part, or nearly all, of the tax paying property included in these counties. They may properly contribute to the cost of building roads in all the territory from which they draw their trade.

"The best method yet devised for levying taxes upon city property for the purpose of building country roads is by the medium of a State tax. This is levied upon city and country property alike, upon all classes of people, so that every locality, every taxpayer, contributes proportionately, according to the amount of property owned, the wealthy property owners contributing the largest amounts.

Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut are probably the States which have made the greatest progress in country road building. They have all levied State highway taxes, and have built roads by a system of State aid. While the rate of taxation has been low, the amount collected has been considerable. In New York $50,000 were collected by a State tax of one and one-tenth cents upon every thousand dollars assessed valuation, and four-fifths of the whole amount was collected in the cities where most of the property in the State is situated.

"The State aid system does not interfere in any way with present methods of road building, but simply provides a means by which an enterprising country community, desiring to possess first-class highways, may obtain financial assistance for the purpose from the cities. The State does not pay for building such roads, but simply contributes to their expense, just as it contributes to the cost of maintaining public schools, which are conducted by the local school officials, but which, to receive such State assistance, must be up to a certain standard."

Estimate of China's Strength.

Major A. E. J. Marshall, a British officer, who is certainly well fitted to speak of the numbers of the Chinese forces, gives the fighting troops at 250,000 and the reserves under arms at 450,000. Of the fighting troops he estimates that 125,000 are what is known as Fighting Braves, 50,000 as the Manchurian Field Force, 20,000 Manchurian irregulars and 10,000 disciplined troops. The Fighting Braves are voluntarily enlisted men and were the first section of the army to be drilled in modern foreign style. Their discipline of late years, however, has not been up to the standard. The Banner Men, who are in charge of Pekin, are the dirtiest, most ill-disciplined and beggarly lot of bipeds in the whole world.

Spectacles For a Pose.

A pet maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.—Washington Post.