



Sewing Machine Hints.

When your sewing machine belt becomes loose, do not stop to take it off in order to tighten it. Just drop a little machine oil upon it and you will find the belt tight after a few turns of the wheel. One sometimes has trouble because the needle cuts heavy cotton or linen goods when stitching. If the seam to be stitched is rubbed with hard white soap you will have no more difficulty.

A Tonic for Sewing Machines.

After some years' usage every sewing machine is likely to clog up with fine dust which the machine oil collects on the bearings. As soon as the machine begins to work heavily, take out the shuttle and then give each movable part a generous bath of gasoline. Work the foot lever briskly, so that the gasoline may penetrate every part. The old oil and caked dust will loosen and fall off in quantities that will amaze you. Then open the windows of the sewing room and let the fumes of the gasoline escape. Of course, during this cleaning process, the machinist will take good care that there is no lighted gas, lamp or fire in the room. It is a good plan then to let the machine stand without the usual lubricating oil until you are ready to use it again. A piece of chamols should always be kept on hand to wipe off the superfluous oil before beginning to stitch.

Economy in Machine Needles.

Keep a piece of white soap in the machine drawer, and when stitching

anything with much dressing in the goods, rub the seams with the soap and you will find you can stitch with ease and with no danger of breaking the needle.

Always keep on hand in the machine drawer a small whetstone, and if the needle becomes dull sharpen it on the whetstone. You can make it as sharp as new.

An Excellent Spool Rack.
To keep machine drawers in perfect order saw a thin board to fit the bottom of the drawer, mark it with a pencil using a spool, and put a peg on the center of each ring. Now a spool is in its own place on a nail and the thread does not become tangled. With a short hatpin one can guide and place the work. Keep the hatpin in the sewing machine drawer.

Tea for Tinting.
Tea is better than coffee for tinting the various shades of cream because there is less chance of staining. Use a strong solution of tea, and add this to the rinsing water, dipping it once or twice. This gives a better color than using strong enough to give it the right shade the first time it is dipped. After it has been washed and tinted it should be brought back to its original color by pinning on a clean ironing board or several folds of a towel. Keep in mind the shape of the lace as you pin it and pin it so that all the scallops are the same size. These pins should be put in very close and the work requires a great deal of patience.

VACATION FROCKS



Life holds enticing prospects for the younger generation just now. The long vacation is almost here, with days to be filled with play and quite likely a journey and a visit to add to its allurements. And there is always the certainty of new clothes when one is to go visiting. A frock to travel in, others for play, and one or two for grand occasions when everyone dresses up, all help in making life one continuous round of pleasure in vacation time.

Since the designing of children's clothes has been given into the hands of specialists who devote all their time and thought to it, all the needs of little folks are well taken care of, and mothers need only concern themselves with making selections from the styles submitted to them. At the left of the two frocks shown above there is a model which is suited to cotton materials, for everyday wear, and will look well developed in dark-colored taffeta, for traveling and street wear. It is made with knickerbockers and is altogether practical.

As shown in the picture the dress is plain chambray. A single box plait at each side of the front and a front piece gathered to a band at the neck give it good lines. The three-quarter length sleeves and the pockets find a band finish, like that of the neck, all that one could wish, but two large pearl buttons are allowed for adornment at the ends of the band at the neck. The wide collar of white batiste or organdie is a separate affair, and its hem is finished with a narrow feather-stitching of colored silk.

Plain chambray and plaid gingham

make a little dress that will prove useful almost any hour of the day, and this combination of materials will be always with us. In the dress at the left of the group it is shown in a plaid of gingham, with the addition of organdie in a little vestee and collar. Bands and tabs with pearl buttons and button holes make this frock interesting. The skirt has inverted plaiting at the front, back and on the sides, the pockets, like so many others, are cut on the bias of the goods and finished with pointed bands.

Julia Bottenberg

Morning Frocks for Summer.
Simplicity should guide you in deriving your morning frocks of the summer. Remember smart marks these tub dresses. An interesting example of these gingham frocks which will be popular this summer, made of blue and white checked gingham with trimmings of blue and white. A square yoke of butcher's line worked in blue eyelets, the same as a blue silk lacer runs. The same element is used on cuffs with right angle "cutouts." A border of white organdie hems the skirt. The belt of white suede is punched with blue eyelets and fastens with a blue enamel buckle.

Novelties in Crepe.
Crinkly crepe is one of the most interesting fabric novelties of Paris. Frocks are made of it both in dark and light colors.

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," "Keeping Up With Lisie," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, by Irving Bacheller)

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

—17—

My heart beat fast when I saw the house and my uncle and Purvis coming in from the twenty-acre lot with a load of hay. Aunt Deel stood on the front steps looking down the road. Now and then her waving handkerchief went to her eyes. Uncle Peabody came down the standard off his head and walked toward me.

"Say, stranger, have you seen anything of a feller by the name o' Bart Baynes?" he demanded.

"Have you?" I asked.

"No, sir, I ain't. Gosh a'mighty! Say! what have ye done with that boy o' our'n?"

"What have you done to our house?" I asked again.

"Built on an addition."

"That's what I've done to your boy," I answered.

"Thunder an' lightning! How you've raised the roof!" he exclaimed as he grabbed my satchel. Dressed like a statesman an' bigger'n a bullmoose, I can't rastle with you no more. But, say, I'll run ye a race. I can beat ye an' carry the satchel, too."

We ran pell-mell up the lane to the steps like a pair of children.

Aunt Deel did not speak. She just put her arms around me and laid her dear old head upon my breast. Uncle Peabody turned away. Then what a silence! Off in the edge of the wood-land I heard the fairy flute of a wood-thrush.

"Purvis, you drive that load on the floor an' put up the hosses," Uncle Peabody shouted in a moment. "If you don't like it you can hire 'nother man. I won't do no more till after dinner. This slave business is played out."

"All right," Purvis answered.

"You bet it's all right. I'm fer abolition an' I've stood your dominieerin', nigger-driver ways long enough fer one mornin'. If you don't like it you can look for another man."

Aunt Deel and I began to laugh at this good-natured, make-believe scolding of Uncle Peabody and the emotional strain was over. They led me into the house, where a delightful surprise awaited me, for the rooms had been decorated with balsam boughs and sweet ferns. A glowing mass of violets, framed in moss, occupied the center of the table. The house was filled with the odors of the forest, which, as they knew, were dear to me. I had written that they might expect me some time before noon, but I begged them not to meet me in Canton, as I wished to walk home after my long ride. So they were ready for me.

I remember how they felt the cloth on my back and how proudly they surveyed it.

"Couldn't buy them goods 'round these parts," said Uncle Peabody. "Nor nothin' like 'em—no, sir."

"Feels a leetle bit like the butternut trousers," said Aunt Deel as she felt my coat.

"Ayes, but them butternut trousers ain't what they used to be when they was young and limber," Uncle Peabody remarked. "Seems so they was gettin' the kind o' wrinkled an' baldheaded-like, 'specially where I set down."

"Ayes! Wal I guess a man can't grow old without his pants growin' old, too—ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

"If yer legs are in 'em ev'ry Sunday they ketch it of ye," my uncle answered. "Long sermons are hard on pants, seems to me."

"An' the longer the legs the harder the sermons—in them little seats over 't the schoolhouse—ayes!" Aunt Deel added by way of justifying his complaint. "There wouldn't be so much wear in a ten-mile walk—no!"

The chicken pie was baking and the strawberries were ready for the short-cake.

"I've been wallerin' since the dew was off gittin' them berries an' v'lets—ayes!" said Aunt Deel, now busy with her work at the stove.

"Aunt, you look as young as ever," I remarked.

She slapped my arm and said with mock severity:

"Stop that! Why! You know better—ayes!"

How vigorously she stirred the fire then.

"I can't return the compliment—my soul! how you've changed—ayes!" she remarked.

"I hope you ain't fit no more, Bart. I can't bear to think o' you flyin' at folks an' poundin' of 'em. Don't seem right—no, it don't!"

"Why, Aunt Deel, what in the world do you mean?" I asked.

"It's Purvis' brain that does the poundin', I guess," said my uncle. "It's kind o' got the habit. It's a regular beetle brain. To hear him talk you'd think he an' you could clean out the hull Mexican nation—barrin' accidents. Why, anybody would suppose that yer enemies go to climbin' trees

as soon as they see ye comin' an' that you pull the trees up by the roots to git 'em."

"A certain amount of such devilry is necessary to the comfort of Mr. Purvis," I remarked. "If there is nobody else to take the responsibility for it he assumes it himself. His imagination has an intense craving for blood and violence. It's that type of American who, egged on by the slave power, is hurrying us into trouble with Mexico."

Purvis came in presently with a look in his face which betrayed his knowledge of the fact that all the cobwebs spun by his fancy were now to be brushed away. Still he enjoyed them while they lasted and there was a kind of tacit claim in his manner that they were subjects regarding which no honest man could be expected to tell the truth.

As we ate our dinner they told me that an escaped slave had come into a neighboring county and excited the people with stories of the auction block and of negroes driven like yoked oxen of plantations in South Carolina, whence he had escaped on a steamboat.

"I b'lieve I'm goin' to vote for abolition," said Uncle Peabody. "I wonder what Silie Wright will say to that." "He'll probably advise against it; the time isn't ripe for so great a change," was my answer. "He thinks that the whole matter should be left to the glacial action of time's forces."

Indeed I had spoken the view of the sounder men of the North. The subject filled them with dread alarm. But the attitude of Uncle Peabody was significant. The sentiment in favor of a change was growing. It was now to be reckoned with, for the abolition party was said to hold the balance of power in New York and New England and was behaving itself like a bull in a china shop.

After dinner I tried to put on some of my old clothes, but found that my nakedness had so expanded that they would not cover it, so I hitched my white mare on the spring wagon and drove to the village for my trunk.

Every week day after that I worked in the fields until the senator arrived in Canton about the middle of August. On one of those happy days I received a letter from old Kate, dated, to my surprise, in Saratoga. It said:

"Dear Barton Baynes: I thought I would let you know that my father is dead. I have come here to rest and have found some work to do. I am better now. Have seen Sally. She is very beautiful and kind. She does not know that I am the old witch, I have changed so. The others do not know—it is better that way. I think it was the Lord that brought me here. He has a way of taking care of some people, my boy. Do you remember when I began to call you my boy—you were very little. It is long, long ago since I first saw you in your father's dooryard—you said you were going to mill on a butterfly's back. You looked just as I thought my boy would look. You gave me a kiss. What a wonderful gift it was to me then! I began to love you. I have no one else to think of now. I hope you won't mind my thinking so much of you.

"God bless you,

"KATE FULLERTON."

I understood now why the strong will and singular insight of this woman had so often exercised themselves in my behalf. I could not remember the far day and the happy circumstance of which she spoke, but I wrote her a letter which must have warmed her heart I am sure.

Silas Wright arrived in Canton and drove up to our home. He reached our door at eight in the morning with his hound and rifle. He had aged rapidly since I had seen him last. His hair was almost white. There were many new lines in his face. He seemed more grave and dignified. He did not lapse into the dialect of his fathers when he spoke of the ancient pastimes of hunting and fishing as he had been wont to do.

"Bart," he said when the greetings were over, "let's you and me go and spend a day in the woods. I'll leave my man here to help your uncle while you're gone."

We went by driving south a few miles and tramping in to the foot of the stillwater on our river—a trail long familiar to me. The dog left us soon after we took it and began to range over thick wooded hills. We sat down among small, spiriklike spruces at the river's edge with a long stretch of water in sight while the music of the hound's voice came faintly to our ears from the distant forest.

"Oh, I've been dreaming of this for a long time," said the senator as he leaned back against a tree and filled his lungs and looked out upon the water, green with lily pads along the edge and flecked with the last of the white blossoms. "I believe you want to leave this lovely country."

"I am waiting for the call to go," "Well, I'm inclined to think you are the kind of man who ought to go," he answered almost sadly. "You are needed. I have been waiting until we should meet to congratulate you on your behavior at Cobleskill. I think you have the right spirit—that is the all-important matter. You will encounter strange company in the game of politics. Let me tell you a story."

He told me many stories of his life in Washington, interrupted by a sound like that of approaching footsteps. We ceased talking and presently a flock of partridges came near us, pacing along over the mat of leaves in a leisurely fashion. We sat perfectly still. A young cock bird with his beautiful ruff standing out, like the hair on the back of a frightened dog, strode toward us with a comic threat in his manner. It seemed as if he were of half a mind to knock us into the river.

But we sat as still as stumps and he spared us and went on with the others.

The baying of the hound was nearer now. Suddenly we saw a big buck come down to the shore of the cove near us and on our side of the stream. He looked to right and left. Then he made a long leap into the water and waded slowly until it covered him. He raised his nose and laid his antlers back over his shoulders and swam quietly downstream, his nose just showing above the water. His antlers were like a bit of driftwood. If we had not seen him take the water his antlers might easily have passed for a bunch of dead sticks. Soon the buck slowly lifted his head and turned his neck and looked at both shores. Then very deliberately he resumed his place under water and went on. We watched him as he took the farther shore below us and made off in the woods again.

"I couldn't shoot at him, it was such a beautiful bit of politics," said the senator.

Soon the hound reached the cove's edge and swam the river and ranged up, and down the bank for half an hour before he found the buck's trail again.

"I've seen many a rascal, driven to water by the hounds, go swimming away as slyly as that buck, with their horns in the air, looking as innocent as a bit of driftwood. They come in from both shores—the Whig and the Democratic—and they are always shot at from one bank or the other."

I remember it surprised me a little to hear him say that they came in from both shores.

"Just what do you want to do?" he asked presently.

"I should like to go down to Washington with you and help you in any way that I can."

"All right, partner—we'll try it," he answered gravely. "I hope that I don't forget and work you as hard as I work myself. It wouldn't be decent. I have a great many letters to write. I'll try thinking out loud while you take them down in sound-hand. Then you can draft them neatly and I'll sign them. You have tact and good manners and can do many of my errands for me and save me from those who have no good reason for taking up my time."

"You will meet the best people and the worst. There's just a chance that it may come to something worth while—who knows? You are young yet. It will be good training and you will witness the making of some history now and then."

What elation I felt!

Again the voice of the hound, which had been ringing in the distant hills, was coming nearer.

"We must keep watch—another deer is coming," said the senator.

We had only a moment's watch before a fine yearling buck came down to the opposite shore and stood looking across the river. The senator raised his rifle and fired. The buck fell in the edge of the water.

"How shall we get him?" my friend asked.

"It will not be difficult," I answered as I began to undress. Nothing was difficult those days.

I swam the river and towed the buck across with a beech withe in his gambrel joints. The hound joined me before I was half across with my burden and nosed the carcass and swam on ahead yelping with delight.

We dressed the deer and then I had the great joy of carrying him on my back two miles across the country to the wagon. The senator wished to send a guide for the deer, but I insisted that the carrying was my privilege.

"Well, I guess your big thighs and broad shoulders can stand it," said he.

"My uncle has always said that no man could be called a hunter until he can go into the woods without a guide and kill a deer and bring it out on his back. I want to be able to testify that I am at least partly qualified."

"Your uncle didn't say anything about fetching the deer across a deep river without a boat, did he?" Mr. Wright asked me with a smile.

Leaves of the beeches, maples and basswoods—yellowed by frost—hung like tiny lanterns, glowing with noon-day light, above the dim forest aisle which we traveled.

The sun was down when we got to the clearing.

"What a day it has been!" said Mr. Wright when we were seated in the wagon.

"One of the best in my life," I answered with a joy in my heart the like of which I have rarely known in these many years that have come to me.

We rode on in silence with the calls of the swamp robin and the hermit thrush ringing in our ears as the night fell.

"It's a good time to think, and there we take different roads," said my friend. "You will turn into the future and I into the past."

"I've been thinking about your uncle," he said by and by. "He is one of the greatest men I have ever known. You knew of that foolish gossip about him—didn't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, now, he's gone about his business the same as ever and showed by his life that it couldn't be true. Not a word out of him! But Dave Ramsey fell sick—down on the flat last winter, by and by his children were crying for bread and the poormaster was going to take charge of them. Well, who should turn up there, just in the nick of time, but Della and Peabody Baynes. They fed those children all winter and kept them in clothes so that they could go to school. The strange thing about it is this: it was Dave Ramsey who really started that story. He got up in church the other night and confessed his crime. His conscience wouldn't let him keep it.

He said that he had not seen Peabody Baynes on that road the day the money was lost but had only heard that he was there. He knew now that he couldn't have been there. Gosh 'almighty! as your uncle used to say when there was nothing else to be said."

It touched me to the soul—this long-delayed vindication of my beloved Uncle Peabody.

The senator ate supper with us and sent his hired man out for his horse and buggy. When he had put on his overcoat and was about to go he turned to my uncle and said:

"Peabody Baynes, if I have had any success in the world it is because I have had the exalted honor and consciousness that I represented men like you."

He left us and we sat down by the glowing candles. Soon I told them what Ramsey had done. There was a moment of silence. Uncle Peabody rose and went to the water pail for a drink.

"Bart, I believe I'll plant corn on that ten-acre lot next spring—darned if I don't," he said as he returned to his chair.

None of us ever spoke of the matter again, to my knowledge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Summit.

My mental assets would give me a poor rating, I presume, in the commerce of modern scholarship when I went to Washington that autumn with Senator and Mrs. Wright. Still it was no smattering that I had, but rather a few broad areas of knowledge which were firmly in my possession. My best asset was not mental but spiritual, if I may be allowed to say it, in all modesty, for, therein I claim no special advantage, saving, possibly, an unusual strength of character in my aunt and uncle. Those days the candles were lighting the best trails of knowledge all over the land. Never has the general spirit of this republic been so high and admirable as then and a little later. It was to speak, presently, in the immortal voices of Whittier, Emerson, Whitman, Greeley and Lincoln. The dim glow of the candles had entered their souls and out of them came a light that filled the land and was seen of all men.

The railroads on which we traveled from Utica, the great cities through which we passed, were a wonder and an inspiration to me. I was awed by the grandeur of Washington itself. I took lodgings with the senator and his wife.

"Now, Bart," said he, when we had arrived, "I'm going to turn you loose here for a little while before I put harness on you. Go about for a week or so and get the lay of the land and the feel of it. Mrs. Wright will be your guide until the general situation has worked its way into your consciousness."

It seemed to me that there was not room enough in my consciousness for the great public buildings and the pictures and the statues and the vast machinery of the government. Beauty and magnitude have a wonderful effect when they spring fresh upon the vision of a youth out of the back country. I sang of the look of them in my letters and soon I began to think about them and imperfectly to understand them. They had their epic, lyric and dramatic stages in my consciousness.

One afternoon we went to hear Senator Wright speak. He was to answer Calhoun on a detail of the banking laws. The floor and galleries were filled. With what emotion I saw him rise and begin his argument as all ears beat to hear him! He aimed not at popular sentiments in highly finished rhetoric, as did Webster, to be quoted in the school books and repeated on every platform. But no words of mine—and I have used many in the effort—are able to convey a notion of the masterful ease and charm of his manner on the floor of the senate or of the singular modesty, courtesy, aptness and simplicity of his words as they fell from his lips. There were the thunderous Webster, the grandeur of whose sentences no American has equaled; the agitated and fiery Calhoun, of "the swift sword"—most formidable in debate—but I was soon to learn that neither nor all of these men—gifted of heaven so highly—could cope with the suave, incisive, conversational sentences of Wright, going straight to the heart of the subject and laying it bare to his hearers. That was what people were saying as we left the senate chamber, late in the evening; that, indeed, was what they were always saying after they had heard him answer an adversary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Victim of Popular Song.

Lawrence Kellie tells of an amusing experience he had over the song, "Douglas Gordon." He was introduced one evening to a gentleman whose name he did not catch. "I have no desire to meet you, Mr. Kellie," said the stranger. Kellie naturally looked a little astonished, but said nothing. "In fact," the other went on, "I hate the very sound of your name. For months past my mother has been worried by the receipt of telegrams and letters of condolence on my behalf, and the thing is beginning to get monotonous." "I'm sorry," said Kellie, "but what's that got to do with me?" "Well, I'll tell you," said the other. "My name's Douglas Gordon, and everybody imagines that your confounded song refers to me." And with that he turned on his heel and went.

Much Buzz; Little Honey.

"Many a man it's as busy as a bee," said Uncle Silas, "wase up all his time buzzin' an' doin' no bone."