

## WHEN HILLS ARE GREEN.

When hills are green,  
Sweet secrets lie in all the earth,  
The snow-knolls, even, soon give birth  
To blue and violet and red  
In sunny charms with all the sky;  
For beauty knows no clan or clime  
When hills are green.

When hills are green,  
With springtime sympathy we hear,  
All far and near and faint and clear,  
Sweet, woodland music, set afloat  
By many a joyous feathered throat—  
The richest phase of vocal rhyme,  
When hills are green.

When hills are green,  
The southern breeze, dancing, pass  
With sun-tipped feet along the grass,  
And kiss the clover blossoms out.  
Till spiky scents float all about  
Where'er the wind may choose to blow,  
When hills are green.

When hills are green,  
Each rising curve is set with gems  
That sparkle on their slender stems,  
For snowy peaks—gold and blue,  
In soft green cradles bud and snow,  
And bloom where'er the south winds go,  
When hills are green.

When hills are green,  
Our life is not as yesterday,  
The world seems one long holiday,  
We stray with everything that sings,  
And feel the lark's ecstatic wings  
Give impulse to our quivering feet,  
When hills are green.

When hills are green,  
The round white clouds like foot-hills rise  
To distant mountains in the skies,  
And fair life angels come and go  
Along the lofty paths of snow,  
And bear to earth spring treasures sweet,  
When hills are green.

—Mildred McNeal, in Youth's Companion.

## An Army Wife's Sister.

BY SHERIDAN OVERTON.

Army wives generally have unmarried sisters. These sisters always come out to visit them, and the rest goes by itself.

Mrs. Lorrillard had an unmarried sister. She was very attractive. She was far more attractive than Mrs. Lorrillard ever could have been. The girl's name was Spencer—May Spencer. She was 18 years old, if you took her word for it; and she was blonde and pink and white and plump. She came from some place in Ohio, and she visited the Lorrillards at Stanton—which is in New Mexico, 100 miles from the railroad, across Dead Man's valley (there is always a Dead Man's valley) and some steep hills and a lava bed a mile wide. If you have never seen a lava bed, you cannot appreciate that. You might try to imagine the ocean lashed into fury by a simoon, then fancy its great waves and billows and swells changed suddenly to dark gray-brown stone at the height of the storm, and you may form a vague idea of what the lava bed between Fort Stanton and the railroad is like.

It frightened Miss Spencer badly. The ambulance went slipping and sliding and coasting and thumping and bounding over the one passable part, in a way that only an ambulance conducted by a driver who has spent his life on Arizona and New Mexico roads could possibly stand. It put all the laws of centripetal force and equilibrium at naught. It and the four mules were laws unto themselves.

Miss Spencer was not accustomed to that sort of thing. She stood it as long as she could, and then she told Major Roche—in whose charge she was traveling—that she meant to get out and walk. She had bothered the major a good deal already, and he was getting tired, so he did not say anything, but simply told the driver to "slow up" and let Miss Spencer get out by herself.

She fell behind after a moment, and the ambulance went relentlessly on, creaking, flapping its canvas, clanking its chains, its brake screeching shrilly. And as it disappeared, sometimes lost to sight in a great hollow, sometimes toiling up a smooth face of lava, Miss Spencer felt herself abandoned, indeed, in a New Mexico desert, under that terrible midsummer sun. The heat was fiery, scorching, parching. The sky was like hot blueglass. She wondered why, when the lava was hot enough to burn her feet through the soles of her shoes, it did not melt or grow soft. She kept on walking because she was afraid to stop. Twice she slipped and fell and cut her hands. Under the porons, piled-up rock, rabbits and owls and quail were hidden; there were snakes, too, and lizards. At first she was frightened when they scurried by her, but soon, with her head ringing and her eyes dazed with congested blood and her mouth open and as dry as flour, she did not even notice them.

She reached the end of the huge rock river at last and found the ambulance waiting. The driver was asleep, and the major was drinking water. He offered her some, and when she had drunk it she held out her broad little foot.

"My shoes are all cut to pieces, and they were new and awfully heavy."  
"You should have kept still," he answered.

Now Miss Spencer wanted sympathy, and when she didn't get it she took a dislike to the major; and because she disliked him she eventually made him sorry.

For the first fortnight of her visit she was not pretty. She was sunburned from her passage of the lava sea. Her face was red and swollen, then blotchy and lastly peaty. After

that she returned to the normal pink and white. She was the only girl at the post, and there was a bachelor, a brevet-bachelor, a young contract surgeon, and Major Roche's son. The bachelor officer was studious—the kind that have much faith and think that the great fathers in Washington will reward lieutenants who pass high exams, and have ideas on Indians. He had no time for young women. He paid his one call and retired. The brevet-bachelor is peculiar to the service. His wife is back East, visiting her family. He differs from the real article only in that he is ineligible. He was devoted to Miss Spencer, but he did not count. There was also the contract surgeon. Of course he was only a contract surgeon. Still, he was tall and blonde and had a beguiling drawl. He fell in love with Miss Spencer.

But the exciting part of the story hinges on Major Roche's son. He was 20, and he was no use on earth. He was just a boy and never would be anything more. He had failed in everything he had ever undertaken. He couldn't even dance, and he was afraid of a three-foot acacia when he rode. He depended on his papa for everything, and he thought he knew women through and through. Probably Providence sent Miss Spencer to show him that he didn't—but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and I can't be sure.

Well, the contract surgeon fell in love with Miss Spencer, but, like Viola, he never told his love. Now, as the bachelor was hidden, Miss Spencer couldn't have fallen in love with him, and no one could have fallen in love with Teddy Roche, so she reciprocated the contract surgeon's passion.

His name was Randolph—Custis Randolph, to match his nice blue eyes and his charming drawl. His courtship was of the eternally-on-hand sort. The life of a garrison offers even greater advantages for this than that of a southern town. He was with Miss Spencer from guard-mounting until long after taps. But Miss Spencer pined to see more of him.

"Mr. Randolph, I believe you're lazy."

"Oh! now—Miss May—why? That isn't kind." He gazed at the flag on the flagstaff tenderly and dwelt musically on each word.

"Because."  
"It is the privilege of a lady to give that reason." His eyes sought the tennis court in tender, blue abstractedness.

"Well, I know you are."  
"Won't you have pity on me and tell me why?"

"Because you never are up until almost guard-mount."

"Oh, dear! yes I am. I go over to the hospital at sick-call, you know."

"Why don't I ever see you, then?"

"Perhaps you haven't risen yourself."

"I'm always up at reveille."

"No! Goodness; why on earth do you do that?"

"I believe you go over to the hospital the back way and aren't half awake and don't even have a collar on."

"Now, Miss May—how unkind."

"Isn't it true?"

"I always have my collar on." He told a future truth. After this he would wear a collar.

"I hate lazy people."

"Oh! Miss May—how unkind. You don't hate me, I hope." His eyes were on the pink ribbon that fluttered from her belt; he took hold of it and wound it around his finger, getting gradually nearer to her.

"I do, if you are lazy."

"How can I prove to you that I am not?"

"That's easy enough."

"Do tell me how?"

"Just prove it."

"By rising early and letting you see me?"

"Well—yes."

"I shall do so tomorrow."

"But I always go for a ride before breakfast."

"May I not join you?"

"If you like. I don't care." Which is feminine for caring very much indeed.

So Dr. Randolph rode with Miss Spencer the next morning, and he breakfasted at the Lorrillard's, and he sat on the Lorrillard's porch to watch guard-mounting, and then he played tennis with Miss Spencer, and when it was too hot to do that any longer, they sat together on the porch again, shaded by the crowsfoot and morning-glory vines and read aloud by turns. They parted for luncheon, but immediately afterward they met again in the Lorrillard's sitting room to practice the mandolin and guitar. Randolph dined with the Lorrillards, and then he and Miss Spencer walked up and down the line until taps, and after taps they sat on the porch once more and talked in undertones.

Occasionally the Roche boy made a third, and though he was far from welcome, he never guessed it.

Now it may seem incredible, but it is true, that though this went on without a pause for ten solid months, Randolph still modestly doubted if he were loved and dared not voice his passion. Mrs. Lorrillard began to think that she had done quite all that the family could expect of her, and she grew hopeless and weary, moreover, of boarding free two hungry young

people. She told Miss Spencer as gently as possible that she might go the next time the ambulance went over to Carthage, which was the railroad station. Miss Spencer told Randolph she was going—and wept. And Randolph consoled her from afar, and actually thought she was weeping at leaving her little nephew and niece and her sister. There are men like that.

The ambulance went a week later to carry Major Roche and Teddy Roche to the railroad. Teddy was offered a position at Tucson and was going to take it; the major had government business at Carthage. The Carthage road is a branch; it joins the main line of the A. T. and S. F. at a station called San Antonio. The major would chaperon the young woman to Carthage; thence she would go to the main line and East and Teddy to the main line and West. Only Teddy and May compromised. They both went to Socorro, which is on the main line, a very little north-east of San Antonio.

The contract doctor and Miss Spencer had a harrowing parting. The latter lost her temper over his procrastination and burst into tears. It nearly broke his heart and entirely silenced his tongue.

After she was gone, hopelessly gone, he determined to reveal the secret of his heart by letter. But he put off doing it. Instead, he swung in his hammock all day and thought of her blue eyes and pretty face and guileless smile and regretted his erstwhile constant companion. The ambulance would return, empty of its lovely load, in five days. He knew that. He would write when it returned.

So, on the afternoon of the fifth day, he sat, still swinging in the hammock and smoking a pipe, the ashes whereof besprinkled his coat, when the four mules and the ambulance rattled into the post. They stopped at the major's quarters in a cloud of dust, and two men and a woman alighted. There was no doubt about who the woman was. In his delight Randolph lost his head. He strode down the broad walk to the Roches.

Miss Spencer was still standing by the ambulance, hunting—with the driver's help—for something under one of the seats. The major and Teddy had gone indoors.

"Why, Miss May!" said Randolph, and this time there was no drawl—how delightful! What brings you back?"

"Oh! my husband, Teddy and I got married in Socorro and joined the dear old major again in Carthage the same day."

"How delightful," Randolph repeated, weakly.

"Well, Teddy seems to think so, but the dear, sweet old major didn't. Anyway, you know, he was so horrid about my shoes on the bad-lands that day."

She smiled demurely.

And that was all anyone ever knew about it.—The Argonaut.

## A Fascinating Monster.

The seedless orange is a monstrosity. It is delicious of course. It is sweet, succulent and of tenderest texture, a delight to the palate and a refreshment to the thirsty soul. In eliminating the seeds it diminished the chances of appendicitis. But it is none the less a perversion, a betrayal of nature herself, a defiance of all the laws of natural selection.

In the economy of nature fruit exists for the sake of its seed, serving either as a protecting capsule or as a first food supply to the seed when sprouting. But the navel orange has no seed. It has therefore no purpose of existence, no reason in nature for being. Bury ten million navel oranges and not a single orange tree will sprout up. It has no power to propagate its kind. It is a monstrous perversion, dependent for its very existence upon man's direct and continuous interference with nature's designs.

But how superbly good it is to eat, and how its incised existence reflects the genius of man, who by thus baffling nature compels her to furnish a fruit more delicious than any that she could produce by her own devices! —New York World.

## Morocco's Street Hawkers.

In Morocco the street hawker recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: "In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadji! Popcorn! Popcorn!" "In the name of Sidna Albu-Khala! Melons! Nice, sweet melons!" "God is gracious! Cool water!" These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave girl, or the bids for a carpet, is careful to interlard his professional talk with allusions to his Maker, and the plethora roll of Moorish saints.

## Gall.

"Mr. Bigsby, he wants to borrow your new lawn mower."

"Why, we haven't used it ourselves yet."

"Yes, sir; he says he wants to cut our grass before you get the machine out of order." —Chicago Record.

## Rebated.

"How do you stand on this irrepressible financial question, Champ-ley?"

"Sorry, old man, but I can't spare you a cent today." —Detroit Free Press.

# NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

## SOME NEW IDEAS.

Bright colors are quite as charming in the new materials, included in organdies, lawns, linens and gingham, as they are in silks and brocades, for the color blending and weaving are most skillfully done. In organdies a new coloring is introduced which imitates the faint tints of old brocades. Flounced and ruffled skirts which were the fashion a few years ago have again come in as something novel. This style of skirt is particularly becoming to tall figures. Tucks not only in the waists, but also in the skirt, are another mode which has returned. French flouncing (sometimes called Spanish) is a simple way of making a summer dress; another way quite as pretty is that in which the skirt has half a dozen small ruffles arranged around the bottom in large scallops or points. There are so many ways of fashioning a dainty frock that one cannot go far astray if any idea is successfully carried out. A charming design for a dainty waist for a thin costume is carried out by covering a foundation of silk with the material of the gown, and making a fish effect by crossing the full fronts and allowing the ends to be covered by a wide band of ribbon at the waist.—New York Times.

## SOMETHING ABOUT MRS. NANSEN.

Of Dr. Nansen's wife not much information has found its way into print. She seems to have a very imperfectly developed taste for publicity, but what is known of her is interesting and indicates that she is an uncommon woman, both in talents and character. It is recorded by Dr. Nansen's biographers, Brogger and Bolfsen, that his first meeting with his future wife was in the woods about Frogner Sæster, where one day observing the soles of two feet sticking up out of the snow, he approached them with natural curiosity, in time to see the head of Eva Sars emerge from a snow bank. Dr. Nansen was married in 1899 after his return from his successful expedition across Greenland. When he started in the Fram in 1893 his wife, left at home at Lysekær, near Christiania, with one child, turned for occupation to the development and use of her gifts as a singer, and with notable success.

King Oscar of Sweden is one of her admirers, and especially likes her singing, which he has often heard, and since she has been in England the compliment has been paid her of asking her to sing before the Queen. She is a staunch backer of her adventurous husband, whose departure on his perilous errand cost her anxieties and misgivings, as to which she said little at the time. Since her husband's return she has sometimes spoken in conversation of her fears, and has said that careful comparison of Dr. Nansen's diary with her record or remembrance of her own sensations bears her out in the belief that the times when she was the most concerned about him were the seasons of his greatest peril. That implies a telepathic communication born of intense sympathy and solicitude, the possibility of which science seems no longer disposed to deny.—Atlanta Constitution.

## A SUMMER GOWN'S GOWN.

The most novel organdie frock is accordion plaited. It is made of cream white organdie, scattered with yellow wild roses, and has for its foundation a yellow silk slip. The entire gown is accordion plaited, and the little skirt stands out with a graceful stiffness. The baby waist is made very full, and is worn with a hand-tucked guimpe. Over the short, puffed sleeves floats accordion plaited epaulets, which fall like half-closed fans and end in a point below the waist line. There are bows on each shoulder, and broad taffeta ribbon ties about the waist fastening at the left side with a bow and ends. Accordion plaiting is high in fashion for frocks and hats, and even parasols for small girls. When there are not entire gowns of accordion plaiting, there are accordion plaited skirts, which we wear with silk waists.

Another organdie gown, quite as pretty as the one just described, is of white organdie, sprayed with tiny pink rosebuds, and made over a pink silk slip. It is trimmed in an unusually pretty fashion. The gored skirt is made with three rows of Valenciennes lace insertion, each row finished with a tiny ruffle of lace. This makes the trimmed skirt, which is so much in vogue this season. The same lace trimming decorates the full waist, which is worn with a yoke made of groups of tiny tucks and lace insertion. Around the waist a pink satin ribbon is wound, and from the ribbon band ends in different lengths fall over the skirt. The effect of the ribbon ends falling over the skirt is exceptionally pretty. The sleeves are short, the full puff tied with ribbon, from

beneath which a frill of the organdie, edged with lace, is seen. There are also butterfly bows on the shoulders.

The pale tinted organdies are much used for pretty frocks, and many of them are made up over white silk. Good effects are also obtained by having the organdie made over a slip which is a shade or two darker than the organdie itself, and then trimmed with very narrow velvet ribbon.

## GOSPEL.

The widow of Garibaldi has been granted a pension by the Italian Government.

The household of the Emperor of Germany employs 500 housemaids.

The Kentucky Senate has voted to allow women to vote in elections for school trustees.

Princess Maud gives her husband an hour's lesson every morning in the English language.

Of the twelve bridesmaids who attended Queen Victoria on the day of her marriage, only three now survive.

It might be imagined that Mrs. M. Young, of Woodburn, out in Oregon, had time to burn, since she has completed a bedquilt of 4870 pieces.

Miss Duffy, of New York City, is a dealer in wild animals. She supplies menageries in all parts of the States with lions, tigers, bears and elephants.

Miss Grace Fairweather is the champion woman billiard player of the world. She is a native of Newcastle, England, and is not yet twenty-one years of age.

A "hilted lady" advertises in the London Times, offering, as a chaperone, to introduce American or colonial girls into the very highest society for adequate fees.

Lady Cadogan has dispensed with a good deal of the state and show which have been usual in the public appearance of viceroys' wives in Ireland, and walks about Dublin unattended.

Mrs. Barney Barnato, wife of the South African millionaire, has some of the most superb diamonds that ever dazzled the eyes of London, and she wears nearly every gem she possesses at one and the same time.

Frances E. Brant left her school in Ohio twelve years ago and invested the money she had earned as a teacher in a Kansas farm. To-day she owns 2500 acres of good land. For six years she has been a preacher, and for two years the pastor of the Universalist Church, at Hutchinson, Kan.

Lady Arran is managing a hand-knitting industry in County Mayo, Ireland. Although designed to give work to such of her husband's tenants as needed work, the venture has proved profitable financially, 7000 pairs of stockings having been knitted last year and \$3000 spent in wages.

Mrs. Mary Shreve Goodloe Ransom, a rich Kentucky woman, has rented a store room in Louisville, where she will open a soup house for the benefit of the poor. Mrs. Ransom had many bets on the recent elections, both National and State, and was fortunate enough to win them. This money, it was announced when the bets were made, was to be used for charitable purposes.

## FASHION NOTES.

Vests to be fashionable must be plain, the simple length of soft Brussels net being one of the most approved.

Skirts are very full at the back and are gathered over cords and drawn closely, so that the back shows a pointed design of one cord above another.

Novelty hats are shown in braids of every imaginable color. Red is exceedingly popular, and when trimmed with a profusion of soft black lace or chiffon is one of the most stylish of the milliner's creations.

The decline of the shoulder cape is said to be assured. How true this may be one can scarcely state authoritatively, but from all appearances this form of garment is too useful, and has made too many friends to be given up very soon.

The surplice front is gaining in favor, and when carefully adjusted is becoming to almost all figures. For stout ladies it seems to reduce the bulk, while for slender ones it can be left slightly loose and is very pretty and graceful.

The rage for buckles is running riot. They are used on the belts of dresses and jackets, and some of them are elaborate to gorgeousness. The conservative young woman, however, does not run to extremes in this regard, or, indeed, in any other.

Soft belts of silk or velvet are used, and to these some of the rich buckles are fastened. One of the novelties is a belt of yellow velvet with three very elegant cut jet buckles, one in front and one on either side. At the back there is a large rosette bow of leather