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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONTINUED.

Rhoda was inclined to resent his poor excuse, for it indicated that he thought any explanation would satisfy her. And, then, she had begun to have some doubts about him. Samanthy had exerted an influence against him, and when Samanthy "didn't like a body, she didn't, an' that was all there was to it," according to her own statement, and she had left no stone unturned in her effort to make a point against Wayne. She had been influenced by two motives. She did not like Wayne, and she did like Rhoda.

"Yes, you look somewhat incredulous," he said. "Is it necessary for me to tell you all I have been doing to prove to you that I have been busy?"

"Oh, you needn't put yourself to that trouble," said Rhoda, with a simulation of indifference. She wasn't going to let him detect himself that she cared very much if he did not come to see her.

Just then a voice outside called him away for a moment.

It was Bill Green.

When the consultation was ended, they parted pleasantly together for a moment. Then Rhoda heard Bill say:

"Didn't think he'd'—a lot with Wayne, he said. Seem's if she looked kind of sick up about suthin' or t'other."

"I know she doesn't like it very well, boys. I haven't been to see her lately, myself," Wayne, with a laugh that thrilled the angry color to Rhoda's face. "I did go there quite often, as perhaps you know, but I saw the girl was inclined to take everything too decidedly in earnest, and I've rather fought shy of her since. A nice sort of a girl to help one pass away time when it hangs heavy. I wonder you don't lay siege to her heart, Green. She'd make you a charming wife."

Wayne had no idea that Rhoda could hear what he was saying. But she heard every word of it, and her eyes flashed with a fire under cover of her sunbonnet.

"Oh, what a contemptible creature!" she cried under her breath. "I despise you! I have you! I wish I could make you feel how much I condemn! I have for you! Oh, to talk so! Get about me to such a thing as Bill Green! Oh, you puppy!"

Mere printed words fail to express the intensity of wrath that was concentrated in Rhoda's tones. Girls with a nature like hers can hate quite as thoroughly as they can do anything else. In much less time than it has taken to tell it her liking for Wayne had changed to bitter and resentful dislike. She saw now that what Dick had told her was true. There could be no mistake, no doubt, for she had the truth from Wayne's own lips. He had made her his dupe. He had made a plaything, a fool, of her.

"If I ever get a chance to pay you back, I'll do it!" she said, with a flashing glance of scorn at him. And she meant it.

The chance was nearer at hand than she dreamed of.

When Wayne came back to the seat he had vacated, from his interview with Bill Green, she turned her back upon him squarely, and ignored every attempt of his at conversation with lofty but silent contempt, much to his vexation and consequently to her delight.

Some new arrivals necessitated a change of seat. This brought Rhoda next to Samanthy and Nannie.

"You don't like Mr. Wayne as well as you used to, do you?" she whispered to Nannie.

Rhoda was never given to beating about the bush.

"I don't like him very well," answered Nannie, cautiously.

Of late she and Rhoda had not been very intimate—rather cool to each other, in fact—and she was at a loss to understand what Rhoda's tactics were; therefore she thought it best to be rather reserved in her communications until her object in starting such a conversation became clear.

"I just hate him!" said Rhoda. "I never saw anybody who looked meaner to me than he does."

"I'm glad of it," said Nannie, suddenly waxing cordial. "I don't believe you hate him any worse than I do!"

Thus it was that hatred—a feeling that should not have been tolerated at camp-meeting—made better friends of these two girls than they had been for some time before.

CHAPTER XX.

SAMANTHY HAS TOOTHACHE.

Mr. Boone had slept in the barn every night since Deacon Snyder's horses were stolen. He was afraid the horse-thieves would be after Dolly and Nell.

He attended the day services of the camp-meeting on Friday and Saturday, and Saturday evening found him all on fire with religious enthusiasm.

But he hesitated somewhat about attending the evening service. He wanted to go, but he felt that some one ought to remain at home. There was no telling what might happen if the place were left alone.

But he finally concluded to go.

Samanthy went over to Mr. Boone's, to accompany Nannie to the grove. At first Nannie had declared that she wasn't going to attend the camp-meeting. It hardly seemed right for her to be enjoying herself, or, at least, trying to do so, while poor Dick was a fugitive and a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"Good Lord!" argued Samanthy, with good, hard common-sense. "Your stayin' to home, mopin' an' cryin', hain't a-goin' to make it any better for him, is it? He'd rather yo'd git along with yer trouble as easy's possible. I know him well enough fer that. Git yer bunnet an' let's be goin'."

They went by the way of the hollow tree, and Nannie deposited there her daily loaf, adding a great wedge of her mother's camp-meeting cake and a half-dozen doughnuts of her own manufacture.

"They'll taste good to him, I hope, poor fellow," she said patiently.

"Course they will," said Samanthy. "Poor feller, indeed! She'd think he'd got the rheumatiz sleepin' out these awful damp nights. I've felt 'em all day jest from bein' out to meetin' las' night. I don't s'pose I'd orter be out to-night. But, land! I don't see how I could stay to home with everybody else goin', so I've took my chance o' gittin' laid up. I got out the arnicky bottle afore I started, so's to hev handy when I git home, an' mebbe if I rub it in well, I'll feel all right to-morrer."

"Lots of nights I can't sleep, just for thinking of poor Dick," said Nannie, tears coming into her eyes. Her remorseful conscience made her thoughts of Dick very tender ones just now.

The forest resounded with the shouts of newly awakened souls, the singing of devout attendants, who hoped by their songs to cheer on those who were wavering between good and evil, and the lusty exhortations of the ministers. One could hear the camp-meeting farther than one could see it.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Samanthy, in a tone that meant that she thought it was all wrong. "But fer my part I don't b'lieve in bellerin an' shoutin'. I'm a tey'lar hard-shell Baptis'; all my folks was, an' we never took no stock in sanctification an' gittin' the power an' the high mount o' holiness an' such, as the Methodis' folk tell about. I don't feller-ship it myself, an' none of our folks could. Speakin' fer I sh'd feel s'if I wasn't more'n half converted if I didn't git mad down into the water. Ye needn't tell me! It don't stan' to reason that a feller can be converted by throwin' a few drops o' water on him; an' the Bible says just as plain as can be that conversion is right, an' I go by what that says more'n I do by men's says-os. Where I go in for sayin' thing, I believe in bein' thorter, an' sprinkin' aren't thorter enough to suit me."

They passed on to the edge of the grounds and observed the congregation. Deacon Snyder was in the midde of a most powerful exhortation to a group of young men, who were listening with great interest, apparently, and a look on their faces that gave good grounds for the belief that they might be penitent before the exhortation was over.

In another part of the grounds old Mr. Green was singing that quaint old piece of religious doggerel which most persons who have attended an old-fashioned camp-meeting or have known an old-time revival must remember:

"O, the sisters want religion!
The brothers want religion
We've got to have religion
Glory to the Lamb!"

The zeal with which she was singing it rendered her wholly oblivious of all things earthly, but it could not prevent her from being a very comical figure as she swayed to and fro, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, and her old poke-bonnet tipped over on her shoulders, and hanging by its strings, making the worldly-minded and irreverent think of a small mortar aimed skyward, ready to fire off the good old lady's head at the moon.

Bill Green was among the penitents, kneeling at the anxious-seat. The minister had said some things that frightened his cowardly heart, because they told the truth about him, and he could not, at such a time as this, deny it, and the excitement of the occasion had a contagion in it which natures like his are very susceptible to, and it had fastened upon him, and here he was, among the "seekers," groaning and writhing as if the devil hated to let go his hold upon him.

So the struggle between good and evil went on to the accompaniment of strange sights and sounds which made the scene seem fantastic and unreal enough, to the looker-on who took no active part in it, to be a fragment from a dream.

"Dear sus a day!" cried Samanthy, in the middle of a hymn, greatly to the surprise of Nannie, who felt sure from the nature and the time of the ejaculation that her companion was about to "get the power." "O my days!"

"What's the matter?" asked Nannie.

Samanthy answered with a smothered groan, for she had enveloped the lower part of her face in a shawl.

"Are you getting the power?" asked Nannie.

"Wus'n that," answered Samanthy, in a sepulchral tone, from the depths of her shawl. "It's the jumpin' toothache, O Lord! When it jumps, I can't keep my mouth shet. Oh! Oh!"

"Hadn't we better go home?" asked Nannie. "It will be likely to keep on aching if we stay out in this damp air."

"Yes, I reckon we'd better," said Samanthy. "Oh, my goodness!"—with a frantic grab at her jaw, as the refractory tooth gave another excruciating twinge of pain.

"Sister Samant'y, be you a-groanin' under the strivin's o' the sperrit?" asked Deacon Snyder's wife, seeing Samanthy's convulsed face and hearing her groan of anguish. "Ef it is a pleadin' an' a intercedin'——"

"Tain't," answered Samanthy, concisely and sharply. "It's the toothache, an' I'm a Baptis', Mis' Snyder, an' don't b'leeve in the power, an' sprinklin', 'n sich things," and with this general declaration of non-belief she broke loose from the detaining clasp of Mrs. Snyder's hand and she and Nannie left the ground.

As they passed the minister's stand, Wayne was just striking up the old revivalist hymn of the grand old Methodist army:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"She'd a 'nough sight sooner think he was a stealer of a hoss," said Samanthy with grim and irreverent humor. Her unexpected and accidental rhyme set her to chuckling, in the midst of which martyrful demon-ration her tooth gave a twinge outdoing all former efforts in that line, and bringing the tears to her eyes.

"Sarves me right for sayin' foolish things on a sollum time," she groaned, and they passed the church without his seeing them, and so all home-ward.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

They walked home in silence. Samanthy was too busy with her efforts to keep the cool night air from her tooth to be willing to attempt a conversation.

"Hev to go in the back way," she mumbled, when they reached the house. "Mr. Porter's got the key to the front-door padlock, an' I took the one b'longin' to the back one."

In this way it happened that they did not go around to the side of the house fronting the barn; therefore they were not seen by any one who might have been there at that time.

"Now, tell me what I can do for you," said Nannie, as soon as they were in the house.

Samanthy had dropped into a chair and was swaying to and fro with her hands at her jaw, groaning dismally.

"Hops—git a bag o' hops—an' pour b'ilin' hot water on 'em," she directed, spasmodically! "Oh top shelf—leetry. Dear sus a me! Wish Mr. Porter was here—'d hev him yank it out with the bullet-mol's. Oh, my goodness!"

Nannie went into the pantry, and was preparing to climb on an old barrel, in order to get at the top shelf where the herbs for winter use were stored away, when she heard a sound that seemed like the creaking of a door on wooden hinges.

She stopped down and peered out of the window on the side toward the barn, from which direction the sound had seemed to come.

A cry of surprise escaped her. The barn door was open!

"Samanthy!" she called in a low, excited whisper. "Samanthy!"

"What's wanted?" asked Samanthy, from the kitchen.

"Come here," said Nannie. "Be quick!"

"What's up now?" demanded Samanthy, coming to the pantry door.

"Can't you tell the hops? They're——"

"The barn door's open. I do believe somebody' after Uncle Ezra's horses," said Nannie. "Look and see—I'm not mistaken."

"Good Lord!" cried Samanthy, running to the window. "T' is so, true's you're alive! Nancy Boone, it's hoss-thieves, ye can d'pend on it! They thought we was all off to meetin', 'n they'd hev clear sailin'!"

"Oh, what'll we do?" cried Nannie. "Do you think it would scare 'em if we screamed?"

"I'll scare 'em," said Samanthy, grimly and resolutely. "Jest keep as still as de'th, an' hist that winder about two inches. Be spry about it, too."

Nannie knew that any plan of action Samanthy might decide on would be wiser and more effective than any she might propose, so without stopping to ask questions, she raised the window, as directed, while Samanthy was in the kitchen.

She came back with Mr. Porter's old musket.

"Oh!" almost shrieked Nannie. "You aren't going to shoot them are you?"

"I be s' I can!" replied Samanthy. "I don't expect to hit nothin' 'cept the side o' the barn, but s' I don' 'twon't be my fault. If I don't hit, mebbe I'll scare 'em."

She thrust the muzzle of the gun through the opening, and waited.

Presently she fancied that she saw something moving back in the shadow with which the barn seemed to be filled. It was impossible to make out whether it was a man or not, but it was safe to conclude that it must be, for the thing would not have been open had human agency not been exerted on it.

"Hol' yer breath!" whispered Samanthy, bracing her feet and shutting her eyes. "I'm a goin' to pull the trigger!"

[To be continued.]

The wealth of New York City grows by $100,000,000 every year.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Sort the Eggs.

When the egg drawer is filled with eggs it requires but a glance to notice the great dissimilarity of sizes and shapes. While they are in the drawer they can be easily compared and the extremely small and large ones can be removed. Endeavor to have the eggs used for hatching as nearly uniform in size and shape as possible.

When and How to Use Manure.

I have applied the manure from eighty to 100 head of stock (ten horses and eighty to ninety cows) to my farm of 200 acres each season for the past ten years. I must say that I have found it very beneficial and to give excellent results under any all circumstances when intelligently applied. The amount and method of application always varies according to the crop to be raised. For potatoes, I prefer to plow my old sod in the fall (spring will do, but the sod will not be well rotted and the grass is apt to be troublesome), then in spring I apply a heavy coat of manure, either fresh or well rotted, and plow down, then use a wheel harrow and cut up until the ground is fine as a garden. A small quantity of a good potato fertilizer will stimulate the growth and prevent the tubers from being "gruffy." This is optional, as I have raised fine crops without fertilizer. Now plant your potatoes and give good and clean cultivation and just watch them grow.

For grain or grass I prefer to plow and then manure broadcast (usually very heavy), cut it well into the ground with the wheel harrow until your ground is very mellow, sow your grain and grass seed and you will not be disappointed in the results. For old meadows I usually top-dress, generally in the winter on the snow, or when the ground is frozen, or in the spring just as soon as a team or wagon will not cut into the surface. (I use broad tires.) The manure may be coarse or well rotted, according to circumstances, both giving good results. I have a great deal of manure, but never too much.—Charles F. McKenzie, in New England Homestead.

Fattening Hogs.

When the hogs reach the stage when they are ready for fattening there is no pleasanter work than to measure and weigh their food each day and keep an account of the cost. In a pen of a dozen or more it will be found that some fatten much quicker than others. This difference in the ability to lay on flesh is due to the natural qualities of the breed and the individual. Breed is a great thing, but after all we must take account of the individual. Of the several good breeds on the market one is safe in choosing a mixed lot from each, provided each individual animal reaches the standard that should be set by every breeder.

In the matter of feeding for the final fat the food should be given with the single idea of turning it into the greatest amount of pork. Corn is the best carbon, but nothing produces indigestion quicker if not properly fed, and an attack of indigestion in the pens represents so much loss in corn, for indigestion once started is hard to get rid of, and it cuts down profit terribly.

Corn should not be fed more than twice a day, nor any other food for that matter. Fed oftener than that the hogs only waste the food and impair their own digestion. It takes longer to digest corn than most people think. Usually whole corn fed to hogs in the morning will not be out of their stomachs until afternoon. Until this corn has been thoroughly digested and passed through to the intestines it is foolish to feed them more. Hogs do not as a rule thoroughly masticate their food, and this makes the work of the stomach doubly difficult. The hog has an appetite far beyond his digestion, and if fed too much this simply means that he will gorge himself until his stomach is overloaded and unable to act properly.

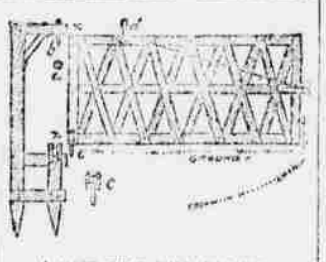
Therefore two meals a day of corn is better than three or four. Feed the same just as much corn as they will eat up clean in the morning at one meal and not waste any. Then let them go until night or late in the afternoon, when the same quantity should be given as in the morning. If fed in this way they will not be troubled with indigestion, hog cholera will never frighten the owner, and every pound of corn given to them will yield a profit. This is what every feeder desires to reach—to make the greatest amount of flesh and fat out of a given amount of food.—E. P. Smith, in American Cultivator.

"The New Fertilizer."

The title of "the new fertilizer," which agriculturists are now giving to electricity, would seem, from the results of the experiments concluded by Professor Lemstrom at the University of Helsingfors, to be amply justified. In these experiments wheat, rye, barley, oats, beets, potatoes, carrots, radishes, parsnips, onions, celery, beans, peas, strawberries, raspberries and tobacco were grown in equal areas in two fields, one of which was under ordinary cultivation, while the other was charged periodically with electricity. The yield of tobacco was increased by the electrical treatment of the plants forty per cent., and the photographs of the two fields—the "experimental" and the "control" lots—only 164 hours after the current was turned on, show a wide difference of growth. Electrified potato plants gave in garden soil an increase of 16.2 per cent. and on the field 24.3 per cent. It is proved that electricity will accelerate in a high degree the opening of fruits, berries and pods. In the greenhouse the strawberries under electrical current ripened, on an average, in thirty days, while those not electrified took fifty-four days to ripen. An analysis shows that the electrified roots have fifteen per cent. increase of sugar, and it is noted that the strawberries grown in the "control" field were remarkably sweet. The general conclusions of the Helsingfors results, which have been in many respects confirmed by similar tests in France, are that the discreet application of electricity to plants and vegetables acts most beneficial on the growing and ripening qualities. The surest way, however, of producing the best effects is to limit the giving of the electricity to a moderate time, so that the vegetative process is not forced too fast. These facts are clearly proved. The important question is: Can the method be applied to agriculture or gardening? Professor Lemstrom says it can, and that the farmer or gardener will increase his yield forty per cent. by it. As to cost, for effectively electrifying fifty acres $100 will be needed the first year for the outfit and up keep. After that the yearly expense will be about $10. Professor Lemstrom has turned his experience to account in the construction of a new machine, which greatly facilitates the application of the current to farm or garden lands, but he prophesies that before long the farmer will get cheap electricity from the nearest central station, from which the current will be conducted to the surrounding fields for miles.—Chicago Record.

A Serviceable Gate.

If the posts are firmly placed and arranged as shown in the accompanying illustration, the gate will be found very serviceable. The weaker a is placed over the opening at the top of the short post at letter x. The pin b is movable so that it may be taken out when placing the gate in position. The iron hook c is screwed from the gate, then set to the opening at



A GATE THAT WILL NOT SAG.

the top of the short post. The pin b is taken out and the gate placed in position. Bolt c to the gate, drive b down into the opening at upper x and the gate is ready for use. The outer end is supported by the small wheel a, which prevents any tendency to sag. By means of the lower c to latch can be easily passed without going to the outer end of the gate.

A Few Hints on Farming.

I have been a practical farmer for thirty years, and in all that time never failed to make something more than expenses each year. Some years more and some less. Have never speculated in anything but farming, but stuck strictly to the farm and its products, and to the close application I attribute the success I have achieved as a farmer.

Next to your own supervising application on the farm, is to secure the services of an experienced hand or hands that you know will take an interest in your work, who will go ahead when you are not leading. The industrious farmer can always find something to do on the farm; there is no day so cold or so wet but what he can find something practical to do indoors, such as oiling and mending harness, cleaning up tools or harness, halter breaking colts in the fine way, and if he is handy with hoes, gates and whittle-trees and such little articles are always needed and ready for use.

A farmer can never expect success without good fences, especially the line fences, if he wants to live in peace with his neighbor. It takes very little work each year to keep the fences up on an ordinary farm after they are once put in good order. Two hands can repair a great deal of fence in the spring in a week when the ground is too wet to work. This being done the farmer can lie down to rest more contented that his crop is safe from his own and neighbors' stock. The annoyance of breachy stock in the busy season can not be realized except by those who have experienced it. By having good fences, young stock never learn to be breachy. I have known men for thirty years, who have worked hard on the farm and are no better off now than when I first knew them, and attribute the greater part of their failure to keeping bad fences and letting stock eat up their crops while raising them.

The good farmer will see that his land does not wash away if rolling. Cultivate it in such a way as will wash least if rain does fall in such quantities as to create washes, it is time and money saved by having them stopped before they become too large. Most every farm has a waste thicket in which brush can easily be procured, and such a thicket would be much more profitable by being in crops; see that every spot grows something useful. Keep such labor-saving machinery as has been thoroughly tested and will pay. Keep thoroughbred stock, they are as easily raised as scrubs, and will yield twice the profit. Know what to do, when, and how to do it scientifically. Take and read the home papers, and the reports from our experimental stations. Let economy and eternal vigilance be your watchword, and press forward with a tenacity of purpose that admits of no failure. "Knowledge is power."—Thomas Molloy, in Agricultural Journal.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE CARE OF GLOVES.

Rules Which, If Followed, Will Insure Economy and Good Wear.

Gloves, in their first estate, are a somewhat expensive article of feminine dress. It is seldom good economy to purchase very cheap gloves, as they are liable to tear when putting on, to rip easily, or to develop some where a thin place which betrays one at an untimely moment. The frugal manager prefers to spend more upon her gloves at outset and have them last longer, and she makes up for the additional expense by taking care of this part of her wardrobe.

When gloves are removed from the hand they should not be pulled off a finger at a time, but the wearer should take hold of them at the top and pull them off, so that the whole glove is wrong side out when it leaves her hand. If there is any moisture about the glove, it is well to leave it until it is entirely dry before putting it away. Gloves require airing, just as other articles of dress do. When perfectly dry, the careful woman turns her gloves, pulls them off leathwise, and lays them together as they were when she bought them in the store. If this is not convenient to do at the moment for a few days, she folds them in tissue paper and lays them away in her glove box.

Those persons who are careful in these matters at no time lay aside a glove without first seeing that it is mended and entirely in order for the next time of wearing. All gloves should, if possible, be put on some one manner, the customs with which they are worn, and while there are exceptions from time to time which suggest the wearing of white or of black, or of some distinctly pronounced color in preference, yet no one goes amiss whose gloves do not make a false note in the ensemble of her toilette.

As in the case of shoes, it is a good plan, if one can, to have several pairs in use at a time, the rule applying to gloves as well as to shoes. The fastidious woman carefully keeps her best gloves by the shelves, does her second best for a shopping excursion or a daily walk, and preserves those which are even more worn for the market or the out-door errands of the morning, or for the walk taken simply for health, when she dresses for comfort rather than for style.

Gloves for driving and wheeling are thicker than those for ordinary use, but equally require care. A glove may be spoiled as to shape for all time by careless putting on when first worn. Children who are always losing their gloves should be taught to keep them in an appointed place, and should be trained to have a heedlessness in this matter. Much valuable time is consumed when one never knows where one's habiliments are.—Harper's Bazar.

A Woman on Women.

"Yes," said the woman physician, "we women are altogether miserable creatures. It is being more and more impressed upon me. A man's body and mind seem to have been made independently to some extent, but there is such a union between the body and mind of the woman that anything that affects the one is sure to affect the other, and seriously.

"There is no use talking, it is certainly true that a woman is better if she devotes herself to sweeping and dusting and does not take into her life any of those things that will cause her mental worries and use up her nervous force. Women not only are made ill by their own troubles, but by the troubles of other people.

"Take a man who asks a woman to marry him and she refuses. What does he do? Go and get all over it. Not a bit of it. He may feel a little blue for a time if he has gone so far as to consider that there was only one woman in the world for him, but he goes on with his business, and probably does not lose a wink of sleep or his appetite. But it is quite a different matter with a girl.

"A man has asked her to marry him, and she has refused, because she doesn't care for him, wouldn't marry him under any circumstances. But, notwithstanding all this, she will probably be awake all the night after she has refused him, have her appetite, perhaps, and be thoroughly miserable and tired up for several days. Oh, yes, I have seen it often enough.

"Why, I know of one case where a girl refused to marry some man of whom she had been very fond, though only as a friend. He left badly enough, but she was seriously broken up over the affair, that she fell into a nervous condition, from which she couldn't rise and was all but unmanageable for over a year. Why, she had to be coaxed to time to accept an invitation to the man's wedding. Yes, we women are miserable creatures."—New York Times.

The Correct Stationery.

Only conservative women and those with slender purses use plain stationery in these days, for fashion has decreed any amount of embellishment and left it to the fancy of each woman. She may use her crest of coated arms, if she possesses it, or may adopt a device to suit her taste. She may limit her ornamentation to an initial or use a monogram, more or less elaborate, or even her Christian name.

Whatever she elects to use must be placed in the upper left corner of her writing paper or in the middle of the sheet, about two inches from the top. The flaps of the envelope may be similarly decorated unless sealing wax is used. Busy American women will not spend the time necessary to seal a letter satisfactorily, but you will never find an English woman too pressed for time to make a creditable showing in her correspondence or one who will let it override her. At all costs she will keep it up to date, and would consider our lax methods a positive rudeness.

Some women prefer to use their address of the name of their home, if it has a fancy and pleasing sound. Generally they are women without crests, as those could naturally take precedence of everything. They select a certain style of stationery and cling to it unless they are very young and changeable by nature. Cream and the various shades of blue are most popular, although stationers are eternally offering novelties both in color and texture, and women are always being tempted into buying, often to their regret.

Sensible Walking Boots.

A remarkable change in the style of women's high-grade and medium shoes most in demand, has slowly developed within the past few years, the sacrificing of flexibility for strength, and beauty and grace of outline for comfort and wearing qualities. In the past two years this change has been most marked, and the styles for next season show this even more forcibly. Women's shoes will be heavier, more comfortable, and will wear longer, and will not have such flexible soles or fancy uppers as have been in favor in the past.

The common sense toe, the coin toe, and English toe are more in favor this year than ever, and the only change which manufacturers notice in the styles this year, compared with last, are the improvements in wearing qualities and comfort, and the elimination of features which are intended to add simply to the looks of a shoe. For the fancy tan vesting shoes, which proved so popular in past seasons, there seems to be a strong demand for plain tan leather shoes. Following the general trend toward "comfortable" styles the favorite makes of tan shoes are much heavier, both in uppers and soles. The high bicycle shoes are still in favor, but it is expected that the bicycle shoe, which is much heavier and stronger than has been the case in previous years, will be largely used in wheeling and general outdoor wear.

Shoe manufacturers claim that the increasing interest taken by women in athletics, bicycling, golf and outdoor exercise in general, has, to a great measure, brought about the demand for shoes of a sensible type. Style must give place to strength and comfort to give satisfaction in out-door wear, and this fact seems to have been recognized by consumers.—Boston Transcript.

A Handsome French Gown.

A real French gown in every sense of the word—not a gown made in France for the American trade—is of white satin cloth, with a double hand-kerchief skirt, the overskirt cut squarely in front, so that at either side it forms a point. The white cloth is bordered with chinchilla, the overskirt bearing but a finger-width, the underskirt a band two or three inches deep. The bodice is perfectly tight and has two vests, an outer and an inner one, the outer of flame-colored velvet, paillettes with jet sequins, the inner being of flame-colored mousseline-de-soie, with an exquisite application of lace braid and black velvet baby-ribbon in a design of true lovers' knots. The draped collar band is of flame-hued mousseline-de-soie.

Very Much in Favor.

Accordion-plaited materials are still in very great favor in the making of skirts, waists, and overdresses of gowns designed for both women and children.

Late Fashion Ideas.

Plaided creped poplins appear in familiar tartan effects and also in wholly novel French patterns.

Spaulding Chantilly or Vandyke lace is the importers' call them, are front in color and beautiful quality than ever.

The pretty polka-dotted cloths will be used both for boots and capes. The best makers have a genuine Scotch look, and show beautiful color blendings.

Cyrano red has lost favor, and its place is taken by new shades called poinsettia, jaquine (Spanish poppy), the brilliant eye called Roman red, and a handsome English currant red.

Some of the novelties among French poplins are slightly creped in their weaving, and have cross-bars of gay color, as for example, crème ground of lettuce-green, pink crossed with russet and mandarin-orange.

New domestic plaids are in standard tints that wear admirably, appearing in all the latest shades. India and China silks are shown in great variety, but the trilled surfaces are likely to be the most popular.

Shirting silk and fabrics continue in great favor, found in both simple and elaborate fabrics. They will be used for shirt-waists, shirt waists, petticoats, dress accessories, linings and entire dress suits.

"Tatting is a revival" of the use of the old chantilly patterns, both in sets, combining and insertions. New designs in deep point lands, applique pieces and sets show thread and rose-point devices beautifully interwoven.

It is quite the mode now to have a different effect on either shoulder, a flat insertion-trimmed band of velvet or jeweled gimp on one, and on the other a trailing spray of roses, or a knot of upstanding velvet or satin ribbon, or a cluster of ostrich tips.

A silk petticoat, much decorated on the lower half, with full corded frills and flounces, is now an actual necessity, since the clinging dress-skirts, made without stiffening, require the extra fullness beneath to give them the proper outward flare from the knees down.