The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXI. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1899. NO. 38.

The Chatham Record

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OF
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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

(CONTINUED.)

"I saw as to man. I don't b'leve it," cried Bill. "It can't be that the sing'in' teacher's a hoss-thief."

"He is," cried Rhoda. "I heard what Nannie has told you. May I never speak another word if we haven't told you the truth."

"Way-ay—a hoss-thief!" repeated Bill, incredulously. "It can't be!"

"I dunno but he is—likely to be as anybody else," said Perkins. "I'll tell you what my plan is. Let's hunt up the other party. Then he's to take Braxton with him and go into the Big Swamp. If we find the thieves we'll fix 'em so they'll let him off. If we find we've been fooled——"

The unfinished sentence had a great deal of significant meaning in it.

The plan was agreed to.

"An' after we've been there, we'll come out an' call on Mr. Wayne," said Bill, who, sorely against his will, was convinced of the truth of Rhoda's story. He began to feel vindictive against Wayne for having duped him, as he now thought, into doing what he was a hoss-thief.

"So help me," he said, turning and deeply mortifying Dick, "didn't I see you make a mark on that ol' cottonwood?"

"No, Bill Green, you didn't," indignantly. "I don't say that you didn't see me there. I was there. I went to see what I could find on the tree. I had been there before, and found something that I didn't understand. But I wrote nothing there. That's the truth, Bill Green, whether you believe it or not."

"I thought he'd be mistaken, but I didn't see how I could be," said Bill. "Anyhow, I don't you did. Hope to die if I didn't."

Considering Bill's proverbial stubbornness, this was a surprising admission for him to make.

"Dick," said Nannie, coming up to him, with tearful eyes, "you haven't told me whether you're glad to see me or not."

"You know I am," said Dick, and the look which accompanied the words was the most enough to satisfy Nannie that she had never warm corner in his heart yet. "If you hadn't come pro as you did I'd have been a dead man by this time."

"Don't—don't!" cried Nannie, turning pale at the thought.

Then Rhoda came to shake hands with Dick, and though little was said in words a great deal was expressed in looks, and looks are often far more expressive of our deepest feelings than any words can be.

Perkins came back presently with the other party, of whom he had been in search.

"We mustn't be losin' time," he said. "We've got to build a raft to get into the swamp, an' there's no telling how much we'll be hindered. So let's get down to business."

"Let me go with you," cried Nannie, as the party set off.

Dick's kiss was warm upon her cheek. He had kissed Rhoda, too, and she was so happy that she never thought of being jealous over it. But as the men passed out of sight among the alders fringing the creek's banks, a fear of what might take place in the Big Swamp, if they failed to find the real thieves, came over her, and made her faint and dizzy. The danger was not over.

"I shall not breathe one easy breath till they're all back home," she said to Rhoda. "I feel it awful! And to happen in such a busy time, too!"

"I think I've got even with Mr. Wayne now," said Rhoda, as they turned to retrace their steps homeward. "He spoiled his plans completely, and I've done a good turn for Dick. I never heard of such a thing, outside of a story. I wonder if it is all so? Pinch me, Nannie, so that I'll know I'm awake."

"Yes, you're awake," answered Nannie, "and so am I, and so hungry, and tired almost to death. I didn't realize it till we got started for home. Oh, dear! It's a long way there yet. If we only had Doll and Nell to ride!"

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN OF THE FAIR ADVENTURERS.

As may readily be imagined, there was great consternation in the Boone household when the absence of Nannie and Rhoda was discovered, on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Boone had passed a somewhat sleepless night, and rose early. She busied herself getting breakfast, wondering, meanwhile, why Nannie did not come down as usual to help her.

"Poor gal! I s'pose she was jest beat out with what happened las' night," thought her mother. "I don't wonder, mother I be, myself. I'll let 'em sleep till breakfas' is ready."

At last the meal was on the table, and she went to the ladder leading to the attic where Nannie and Rhoda were supposed to be asleep, and called:

"Come, girls, time you was up. It's pas' seven o'clock, an' breakfas' is ready an' waitin'. Be spry now. 'Mis' Holdredge, air you up yit?"

Yes, Mrs. Holdredge, who had occupied the room belonging to Nannie, was up and dressed, and came into the kitchen presently.

"I didn't hear the girls a-stirrin' after you'd called 'em," she said, "It mus' be they sleep round this mornin'."

Mrs. Boone went to the ladder and called again.

No answer.

"It's curi's," she said. "Nannie ain't never hard to wake up."

She went up the ladder till she could see into the attic.

No one was there. The bed had not even been slept in.

"Oh, Mr. Holdredge, they ain't here!" she cried. "Did you hear 'em come in las' night?"

"No, Mrs. Holdredge," said he, "I heard nothing of them."

"I do b'leve they must ha' staved in Cary somewhere after all," said Mrs. Boone. "I'll run right over to see. You set down an' do—eat, Mr. Holdredge, along the vittles—I'll be right back."

But inquiry at Mr. Porter's failed to elicit any information regarding the whereabouts of the missing girls.

Hadn't seen 'em since about ten minutes after you an' Mr. Holdredge left las' night," said Samanthy. "Mus' be they took it into their heads to go to Stevenson's, though what should possess 'em to go there at that time o' night, I can't see. You run right back home, Mr. Boone, an' I'll go over to Stevenson's an' see if they're there."

Mr. Boone returned, with renewed forebodings, while Samanthy started on a search for the runaways.

"Fust off, I guess they're a-hunting an' then it's pale," said Samanthy, with a shiver, as she looked toward the barn and thought of the dead man lying inside. "Them books o' the chiel's—he might ha' a pistol—confiscatin'. He didn't think I was to blame, an' been so ridiculous—afraid of his ought to know—of anybody."

The dew had fallen heavily, and Samanthy thought it advisable to go around by the main road rather than by the circuitous path through the bushes. As she came to the forks where she was to turn she looked down the hill, and away as the foot of it she saw two females.

Massy on me!" she exclaimed. "Can that be them? It look like 'em for sartin. What on earth d'a look 'em that way? I'll wait till they come up."

She sat down on a log and waited.

"For the land's sake, girls, where have you been?" she shouted, as soon as they were within hearing distance.

"Hunting for—there!" answered Nannie, who, though tired, was in the best of spirits. "Everybody else had gone into that business, and we thought we'd see what we could do at it."

"Well, I hope you've found 'em," said Samanthy.

"We have," answered Nannie.

"That is, we know where they are, and the men have gone after them, and we expect they'll get them. Oh, Samanthy, I've seen Dick, and if we hadn't got there just as we did they'd have hung him. They had him strung up over a limb when we got in sight."

"O Lord! You scare me!" cried Samanthy.

"Well, it's a fact, isn't it, Rhoda?" said Nannie.

Rhoda corroborated her statement. Then Nannie went on to tell what I have already told the reader.

"The hand o' the Lord is in it," said Samanthy, solemnly. "Praise His holy name."

Rhoda wondered if Samanthy wasn't going to "get the power."

About nine o'clock Mrs. Boone looked out and startled Mrs. Holdredge with the announcement that "Samanthy'd got on."

"I was almost sure they'd been stolen along with the horses," she said, and began to cry. And the returning wanderers found her in tears.

Again their story had to be told, to a running accompaniment of "O Lords!" and "For the land's sake!" and "Who'd 'a' thought it?" from Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Holdredge.

"See here," said Samanthy, "Not a word o' this mus' get to the singin' teacher. If it does he'll be a fit'in' out afore the man git back."

It was agreed that not word of what had been done should be told to any one.

This compact having been enforced by repeated cautions on her part, Samanthy went back home.

"Where was they?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"I jest got to the forks o' the road when I see 'em a-comin'," was Samanthy's reply. "It's curi's how gals will act, a skylarkin' 'round nights, when they orter be abed. If they was my gals I'd l'arn 'em suthin' they'd be likely to remember a spell."

Wayne was listening for her answer to Mrs. Porter's question.

"There! I wonder if you can make anything out o' that?" said Samanthy, with a glance in his direction. "If you can ye're welcome to."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAYNE GETS HIS DESERTS.

The attendance at camp-meeting on Sabbath morning was much smaller than it had been on the day before, there being but few men present, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in zeal.

"I'm determined to do what I can to make this a day long to be remembered in all the region round about," said the elder, to Samanthy. "I want you all to help me," he told the friends who gathered about him when he came upon the camp-ground. "Let us pray for a shower of grace, brothers and sisters, a good big shower of it, and not a little sprinkling."

The first exercises of the morning were a "love-feast." Have any of my readers ever attended one? It is a meeting in which all rise and speak freely, telling of their hopes and determinations, and testifying of the help and comfort that religion had been to them. It lacks the formality of class meeting, in which each person is expected to speak and is called on to do so. It is a free, unalloyed expression of the religious nature, and has social spontaneity in all its utterances, which makes those who take part in it feel at ease, and among friends. It binds strangers together by one common tie of faith, and is full of helpful influences. To believing souls it is indeed a feast from which they arise refreshed and strengthened.

Deacon Snyder delivered a most powerful exhortation to the unconvicted and backsliders, as a proper winding-up of the love-feast, and then the more formal exercises of the day began.

(To be continued.)

A QUEER WESTERN OASIS.

How the Artesian Wells Are Supplied That Water It.

Artesian wells are usually expensive luxuries, but there is one spot on the American continent where they are cheaper than dirt and more common than mortgages. This is in the centre of what used to be called the Great American Desert. The boundary of the oasis forms an ellipse, one focus of which is at Wilburn, Kan., and the other at Neale. A winding stream, called appropriately Crooked Creek, forms the long axis of the ellipse. The little lozenge-shaped district, lying in the mid forehead of the West, is probably the best watered portion of the earth's land surface.

A farmer here may have an artesian well in his back yard, another at his barn and a dozen more in different places on his farm. All he has to do is to bore a hole fifteen or twenty feet deep and stand to one side. The water quickly comes bubbling up and runs briskly away to quench the thirst of Crooked Creek. No well in the whole district cost above $50, but all are satisfactory.

There are upward of 250 wells in the narrow basin, yet only a few of them are intelligently managed. There are three or four wells which yield forty-five gallons of water a minute, twenty-five to twenty that yield thirty gallons, and the rest grade on down to eight or ten gallons. It is computed that enough water flows from the ground each year to cover 12,000 acres of land one foot deep.

The residents, however, are not organized and have never heard of the question "How can I use water I have?" Therefore, they waste it somewhat shamefully, and the district, instead of being a garden of peerless beauty and prosperity, is chiefly noticeable for the size of its mosquitoes and the lonesomeness of its frogs. Here and there a more progressive farmer has drained his quagmires and shown what he can do with these lowlands of water.

From the time when students first turned their attention to it, this region has been a puzzle. The people who live there imagine they have only a thin crust of earth between their feet and a vast underground lake, that the land rests upon this lake as ice does upon water, and that a well bored into its bosom allows the water to rise just as it comes up through cracks in the ice. But deep borings have proved that the lake does not exist.

The State Geological Survey has about settled the question, and, after all, it is a very simple one. The floor of all the western territory is made up of deposits of that age called by geologists the cretaceous. Above this, however, is a wholly different formation, the tertiary deposit. It consists of loose material, shale, clay, sand, coal, varying in depth from fifty to 300 feet. This forms the surface of the land and is spread over the area evenly without respect to the under formation. It appears to have been put on like a suit of clothes to warm the bones of naked old nature.

The water, fallen as rain all over the Rocky Mountain slope, sinks through this loose crust until it comes to the cretaceous rocks. Then, finding its downward course stopped, it follows the dip of the strata and flows gently eastward upon its cretaceous bed beneath its tertiary coverlet. Wherever a stream has cut its channel down nearly to the floor enormous springs are continually to be found, and this in the dryest region, not an arid desert, on the globe.

The artesian district, then, is easily accounted for. By some combination of circumstances the earth's surface has been worn away in the narrow valley of Crooked Creek almost to the floor of the country, and the water flowing slowly along under the highlands of the West emerges here for a brief peep at the day and then passes on beneath the eastern hills.

New Russian Coasting Law.

A new Russian law forbids the carrying on of trade by sea in foreign vessels and under any but the Russian flag between all Russian ports of the Baltic and Black Seas and the Pacific coast. The law will not go into operation until the year 1900.

The population of Dublin, Ireland, has decreased within the last forty years from 261,000 to 245,000.

AGRICULTURAL.

Milk Fever.

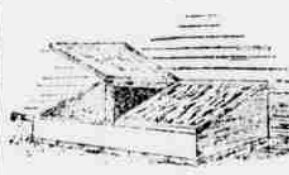
In speaking of milk fever an English writer says that the disease may be prevented by keeping only inferior milkers, or by keeping good ones so poorly that there can be no profit in keeping them. It is the best milkers under full feed that succumb. Rather than indorse that principle, it would be more profitable to lose a good milker occasionally. The "forcing process" certainly wears out a cow faster than the old way, but it is the only profitable method of dairying.

Value of Poultry Manure.

The average farmer probably does not get the benefit of one-third of the plant food that the droppings of his fowls contain, and no doubt those known as expert poultrymen do not secure more than half. The station in New York State found that a fowl being kept in confinement made about thirty pounds of droppings per year, fresh weight, or about fifteen pounds air dry. On the above basis, this would be worth eight cents. Fattening fowls made more and much richer manure. Roughly speaking, therefore, it may be said that hen manure may be reckoned as worth five to ten cents per fowl per year, according to the care taken of it. The plant food in hen manure is mostly in a soluble form, quickly available to plants, and useful to give crops a good start in the quick-growing days.

Sheep a Double Purpose.

The cut shows a hotbed that is built against the south side of the poultry house, serving all through the winter as a sunny scratching place for the fowls. The sashes are shut out at the approach of storms and the hotbed



HOTBED AS A POULTRY RUN.

starts in. About the time the plants are farted the fowls will be getting out upon the ground, while all through the deep snows of winter they will have an exceedingly sunny space to range. Make the hotbed large enough to give sufficient scratching space. The room can well be utilized with early plants in the spring.

Permanent Meadows and Pastures.

Orchard grass, red top, Kentucky blue grass, tall meadow oat grass, English rye grass, meadow fescue, sheep fescue, are none of them superior to timothy on good land, but some of them possess advantages over timothy in particular localities. The hay from these grasses compares favorably with that from timothy, but orchard grass and tall oat grass should be cut at the commencement of bloom to make a good quality of hay, and both grasses are earlier than timothy. Orchard grass endures shade better, and tall oat grass will when established endure drouth better than timothy. For wet land red top is specially adapted. Rye grass requires moist, rich soil for good crops. On good grass land larger crops and better seed can be obtained by mixing red top with timothy. Red top, rye grass and blue grass make better sod than timothy.

Meadows containing orchard grass should be rolled every year, for the habit of growing in tufts like timothy and meadow fescue is very pronounced. For a permanent meadow timothy should not be sown alone. For cattle feeding, hay containing clover is better. The sheep fescue and several varieties of the smaller fescues do not grow tall enough for hay crops, although they are of use on lawns and pastures. Red top, Kentucky blue grass, Canada blue grass, perennial rye grass, red fescue, creeping bent, orchard grass, tall oat grass, with alsike and white clovers are most desirable for pasture. The proportions used will depend somewhat on the character of the soil.—W. P. Wheeler, New York Experiment Station.

Small Farm Flock of Sheep.

I find my flock of twenty-five coarse wool grades very profitable, and would hardly know how to farm without them. In the summer or fall if the pasture gets short, they are given a small daily ration of grain. They have daily access to salt and pure water the year round.

The stable in which my sheep are kept during the winter is fourteen by forty feet, with a loft above for hay. It is built on one end of the barn. The mangers for feeding hay and grain are arranged on two sides, and about two-thirds the length of the stable, this gives plenty of room for the sheep so there is no crowding. The floor is first covered with dry straw to the depth of about six inches, this, with the cuts from the clover hay on which the sheep are always fed during the winter, makes a comfortable bed which is always dry. The stable does not have to be cleaned until spring, when the contents can be drawn directly to the field where needed. The sheep are fed night and morning as much hay as they will eat up clean, and keep in the stable until noon each day when they are turned out for the remainder of the day for exercise and to drink, unless the weather should be very cold and stormy, in which case they are only left out long enough to get a drink at a nearby well. I never show any symptoms of

Lice or catarrh, a small quantity of tar is applied to the nose which soon gives relief. As my sheep are always in good condition at the beginning of winter, no grain is fed with the clover hay.

As soon as the ewes begin to drop their lambs, generally about March 1, they are placed in a separate and warmer stable, where they are fed grain twice a day, and given tepid water to drink for a few days if weather is cold. By this treatment the ewes and lambs both do well, and seldom do any of the lambs die. I continue feeding the ewes a small ration of oats until it is time to turn them out to pasture in the spring. In about a week after the sheep are sheared, if there are any ticks they will all be on the lambs. The lambs are then thoroughly dipped, which kills every tick, so there is no more trouble from this source during the season. As it takes only a couple of hours to dip quite a large flock of lambs, nothing pays better, because no man who keeps sheep can afford to raise ticks.—John Jackson, of Michigan, in Orange Judd Farmer.

A Gate Which Swings Both Ways.

The gate shown in the illustration I have used for years and find it safe and cheap. The horizontal boards, a, are six inches wide and 14 feet long. The uprights, b, are 2x4's, three of them 4½ feet high and the fourth, c, 7 feet. Mortise the boards into the uprights to a depth of one inch. For

A GATE OPEN BOTH WAYS.

a brace use two 1x4's, b, feet long, g. Bolt to top of 7-foot upright and at the bottom of the front one, b. Nail a board over the back ends of the gate plank. This makes the whole thing stronger and I prefer it to a 1x4 for a hinge timber. Get your blacksmith to make a pair of hinges. The post hinge at the top must be long enough to go clear through so that a burr can be placed on the end. As the gate sags this is tightened. The bottom one can simply be driven into the post. It should have a shoulder to rest against.—George James, in the New England Homestead.

Some Advantage of Soiling Crops.

Complete and regular soiling is undertaken in special farming, as dairy farming for instance, and where the whole farm is fitted for the business, but soiling in even a limited extent is advantageous to all farmers, and may be practiced on any farm on which stock is kept, as horses, cows, sheep or swine. The success of fattening cattle, sheep and hogs at least in part, may be thus advantageously carried on. And the practice should be understood so that in case of failure of grass it may be made to supply the need.

It is not very good economy, however, to turn good arable land into pastures, except such portions as are used in the regular course of rotation. Nor is it good economy to pasture luxuriant herbage, but very wasteful, because so much of the herbage is trodden under foot or fouled, and remains unconsumed. Even where the grass is rank and abundant, the saving made by cutting and conveying it to the stock more than repays the labor required. So then, it should form a part of the system of farm management where it is possible, to have some green fodder crops ready for cutting as early in the season as may be.

It will be found advantageous to have the ground intended for corn seeded to rye in the fall, instead of leaving it bare. Then either cut off the rye for the cattle or other stock, or turn them on to pasture it down in the early part of spring, so that the corn may be sown on it in time to properly mature. Rye, then, is about the best for the first green crop of the season. But if the ground is not required for corn, let the rye remain, cutting and using it as required until June, when what remains may be plowed under and the ground then sown to fodder corn. Then about as good as anything to meet the rye crop would be a crop of orchard grass and clover. These would be found very convenient, as not many, if any other, grasses grow up so vigorously after cutting, and they will furnish an early cutting for hay, and a late cutting or two for late soiling.

These crops will carry the stock on until millet, peas, or other similar crops, are ready, and if these are sown in lands or strips, in succession, a continuous supply of the best of fodder may be had till early corn comes in, and when it comes there need be no scarcity. And thus, the business of soiling, when properly managed, enables the farmer to turn his perhaps limited pastures to the best account. For to turn stock on the fields, especially of limited extent, and have the grass eaten out by the stock, affords but little feed, with much worry, and the prevention of the growth of much useful herbage. However, a portion of a field may be enclosed and pastured by a reasonable number of animals, then the enclosure changed and other parts taken in, and so on, in which way the grass will grow after being grazed. It should not be grazed too closely, however, till the stock should be removed.—J. T. Baird, in the Agricultural Epitomist.

Mine cars are being fitted with a new design of brake, which is formed of a reciprocating brake shoe-holder, mounted on an L-shaped lever, which presses the shoe down against the track instead of against the wheels.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ACQUIRING THE NEW FIGURE.

The Waist Line is Lowered and the Bust is Increased.

Fitting a dress is a fine art nowadays. Gowns are no longer made to fit women, but women's figures are molded to fit the prevailing fashion in dress. Hence the secret of the ever changing fashionable shape.

A new figure has just been introduced which is giving the dressmakers of the smart set much to think of. For, no matter how long-suffering the customer, it is no easy matter to remold the female form divine.

And, to say the least, this new figure is peculiar, even if it does bear the stamp of society's approval. It has lowered the waist line to a marked degree and has increased the size of the bust. With ultra-fashionable women the normal waist line is now a thing of the past. The new waist line is two and a half inches in front lower than it used to be and about an inch in the back. By a novel adjustment of the corset lacings the bust is increased in size from two to four inches. The waist is small again, notwithstanding that this is a common-sense age, and the hips are merely normal, though they have the appearance of looking smaller than they actually are perhaps because of the increased size of the bust.

Now, to attain this latest shape the fashionable dressmakers have been forced to introduce an entirely new method of fitting.

The woman who goes to be fitted in these latter days of the nineteenth century has a medical before her, the "stay" gives no thought to time or her own comfort. For not only must her figure be changed at the will of the dressmaker and her gown painstakingly modeled to her latest shape, but she must learn to walk gracefully in the new clinging skirt, which means not only work in plenty, but patience besides.

It is on a platform surrounded with mirrors that the fashionable woman is now fitted. The new gown is not tried on over petticoats and chemises, as of old. Petticoats and waistbands are discarded when the new figure is to be attained.

And the corset is laced in an entirely new fashion. From the upper part of the corset to close to the normal waist line the lacings are drawn so loose and the corset is so wide apart that it would seem as if it must fall off the figure. It is laced purposely to give no support whatever to the bust, and owing to the fact that the bust is neither held up nor confined in the slightest degree, it looks larger than when properly corseted. But when the corset lacings reach the place where the waist line used to be they are no longer loose, but are drawn tightly, and from there down to the end of the corset, which is usually long, the corset is laced as if it were a vise. This is the first step toward producing the abnormally long, slender waist.

And here is the second step. Instead of the skirt being tried on before the bodice, as used to be the custom, the bodice is tried on first, while the woman of fashion, arrayed in her tights and corsets, is seated on the platform encircled with mirrors. The bodice is at least two inches longer than formerly. It must fit to perfection, and it is invariably finished at the bottom with a row of small patented hooks.

Now for the skirt, which is also made and fitted in a new and novel manner. It has no waistband, whatever and is finished at the top with loops which are caught through the hooks on the bodice, thus fastening skirt and bodice together. It is also, for a few inches from the top, stiffened with tiny pliable boner, and then, under the hands of skilled workmen, simply molded to the figure.

After bodice and skirt are fitted and hooked together comes the newest wrinkle of all. This is a silk elastic belt, which is drawn tightly about the figure, covering the place where bodice and skirt join. This belt, to fulfill its mission, must be drawn just as tight as the wearer can stand it.

Of course, it goes without saying that it is uncomfortable, but its compensation is in the fact that it not only aids in producing the desired effect, but is generally fastened at the side with an exquisitely jeweled buckle.

Over this tightly-drawn elastic belt the belt or girdle proper is worn, which varies greatly with different gowns.

This new shape, with its long small waist and flat abdomen, is not nearly as injurious as it would seem, and here is the reason why. Though the corset is laced tightly, the lacings are not drawn in to any special degree until below the ribs. Thus the ribs are left free and are not pressed in against the vital organs, as used to be the case with tight lacing when the waist line was in its normal place.—New York Journal.

The Dutch Housewife.

The Dutch woman is before and above all things a housewife. Indeed, her love of home comes very near akin to worship, and the greatest compliment that can be paid to her is to praise the neatness and sweetness of the house that is her kingdom. She is famous all the world over for her remarkable cleanliness, and even in the very poor quarters of the cities, where the houses are small and crowded together, the windows are daintily decked with curtains of spotless white, the rooms well swept and tidy, the humble furniture carefully dusted and polished. This desire for cleanliness, in fact, almost amounts to a craze, and housewives and servants alike evince a strong partiality for scrubbing, cleaning and washing. Even in well-to-do families a domestic training is considered a natural and necessary adjunct of the daughter's education, and each has certain household duties apportioned to her. She is likewise taught to make her own dresses, knit her own stockings, and to keep her own wardrobe in repair. Nor does she shirk these duties, as it is to be feared so many of her English sisters do, on the contrary, they are carried out faithfully, cheerfully, and as a matter of course, and it is due to this excellent training in her girlhood days that the Dutch woman is such an excellent housewife. We might go further and say it is through this training that the Dutch girl has earned the reputation of being "free and light of heart, and a stranger to the feelings of ennui," since she is always healthfully and helpfully employed.—The Girls' Realm.

Outing Costumes.

Women's outing dresses offer a wide field for novelty of color and form at all times, and those of the incoming season are to be among the prettiest developments of this kind. Plainly made gowns will obtain most generally, but the combination of colors and fine fitting will present some features altogether new and smart. The late gowns represent the entire gamut of styles in recreation costumes. One of the simplest of these is of bright blue cloth with double-breasted jacket, adjustable pique collar, and under collar-band. The jacket is made with high darts, and is loosing-fitting. The skirt, almost a circular, opens in front at the left side. The accompanying hat is of blue fancy straw with white taffeta loops and stiff quills. A very smart yachting costume is of blue cloth with inverted V of bright red cloth edged with metallic braid. There is a high V of red cloth in the centre of the back, and also on the loose sleeve supposed to correspond with the shirt. The collar is faced with red and edged with military braid, and a succession of loops of braid fastened under gilt buttons droops across the red V in the centre of the front. The yoke and collar are blue, with red bands at the top of the latter. The skirt of this costume is gored, and closes in the back.—Harper's Bazar.

Fresh Parasol Covers.

Parasol covers for baby carriages are fresh and pretty made of lace and net for these balmy days. The covers are sold separately, so that one parasol of white or colored silk can have several covers. Much narrow white and tinted ribbon is used for beading or bows and rosettes and one pretty "top" has ten rows of narrow blue ribbon set close together, which forms the centre of the parasol cover, a broad band of white lace and flat divides the beaded muslin from the deep frill of lace which finishes the pretty "top." Another cover is of white net, with frill upon frill of net from the centre to the edge, each frill edged with narrow pink ribbon. This is a particularly effective one, as it has a very dainty, fresh, baby-like appearance, which cannot be said of some of the more elaborate and more expensive covers. A net cover with a deep frill of point d'esprit around the edge, caught up at intervals by bunches of forget-me-nots and the upper part of the cover beaded with pink ribbon in a zig-zag pattern, is very French and pretty.—New York Post.

Court Photographer of Washington.

A most interesting exhibition of photographs has been recently held in Washington, consisting of the works of Frances Benjamin Johnston, who is entitled to be called the "Court photographer of Washington," since she has in her collection all the notables who have been conspicuous in the social and official world during the last ten years. Besides, she is invariably called upon to make the photographs which illustrate the account of official and social doings.

Miss Johnston studied several years in Europe under the famous Julian, with the idea of becoming an artist. She finally relinquished her ambition of being a painter, but when photography became a fad she took it up with earnestness, and is considered to be one of the most successful photographers of the day, having received from all the capitals of Europe medals and eulogistic letters of her work. At the Paris Photographic Salon last year she exhibited three pictures, and there has been no notable exhibition of this character at which she has not been represented.—Atlanta Constitution.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Strong assortments of parasols in very light colorings, elaborately trimmed.

Beautiful and extremely fine cotton laces in exact imitations of the hand-made goods.

Broad displays of renaissance all-overs and very wide bands on a large irregular net.

Great variety in golf and cycling hats either plain or trimmed with wings or quills.

Taffeta silks slightly puffed having rows of white silk cords arranged at regular intervals.

Full lines of white taffeta allovers decorated with applications of white silk cord or gold tinsel.

Embroidered swiss muslin showing black and white figured bayadere stripes on a tinted ground.

Allovers composed of rows of narrow black velvet ribbon connected by feather stitchings of silk in contrast.

Gowns made with long-pointed overdresses opening over skirts trimmed with row upon row of soft chiffon frills.

White organdie costumes very elaborately trimmed with extremely fine black Chantilly lace in the form of bayadere insertions.