

WERELY THE MAIDEN'S WAY

When a pair of lovers quarrel, and in pride and anger part, Oft with hasty speech unkindly wringing each the other's heart,

As with high and haughty footsteps Trips offended maid away, She will turn her head a moment, Glancing only—so she'll say— At the glow of dying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

When a pair of lovers weary Of such comedy of strife, Meet again and sue forgiveness Vowing harmony for life,

As, with soft and tender glances, For one little kiss he'll pray, She will turn her head a moment, Coyly feigning shy delay, Lest he think he's won the day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

—St. Paul.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

The rupture was about a two-acre field. Colonel Fairholme wanted it to fill out a dent in his ring fence, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head.

"You can consider your engagement at an end, sir," the colonel wrathfully informed his nephew and heir. "No daughter of that sneak shall be mistress of Broadwater—just you mind that."

Then Evelyn and Dick held a council of war on a neutral stile. "I've had similar instructions," said the girl. "They are very much increased at present, but it won't last. Within six weeks somebody will be giving a reconciliation dinner party. I know the dear old things so well."

But before the month was out Colonel Fairholme was on his way to Australia. During the first few weeks after his arrival in Melbourne he communicated regularly either with Dick or his maiden sister. Then there was a gap for a couple of months, and Dick was getting uneasy and meditating a cable of inquiry when the expected letter arrived.

"My Dear Boy—I have a piece of news for you which I dare say will surprise you. After being a confirmed bachelor for nearly sixty years I have found my better half at last. I made her acquaintance at the table d'hote out here, and we were married last Monday. The lady is a great deal younger than myself, and I may say without boasting, as charming in disposition as she is in person. You cannot fail to like her, and I am sure you will both be the very best of friends. We shall leave in a fortnight by the Ormus, so you will know when to expect us. Please break the news as gently as you can to your aunt. HORACE FAIRHOLME."

A few days after the letter came a brief note for Dick. "Just a few lines to catch the mail. There is a tiresome delay in the final arrangements, and I find that I cannot leave as soon as I hoped, as the berth are already booked for the Ormus. Adele will go on alone with her maid. Meet her at Southampton, and I will follow by next Orient boat."

Dick wondered at the arrangement, but did not fail to meet his uncle's wife when the time arrived. She was a tall woman of twenty-eight or thirty, undeniably handsome and desirous of winning the good graces of her husband's nephew. Nevertheless, Dick did not take a fancy to her. In fact, she rather repelled him. However, she quite won Miss Fairholme's simple soul by complimenting her upon her house-



"COL FAIRHOLME," SHE GASPED, keeping and refusing to interfere with such admirable management, also she professed interest in the estate. "I'm so fond of the country," she told them, "and your English scenery is so picturesque and homelike. I promise myself a ramble every morning before breakfast."

But one day Dick saw something which gave him the curious notion that, after all, it was not the beauties of nature that attracted her. He saw Mrs. Fairholme walking briskly down the road to meet the postman—there was only one delivery in that part of the world—who was about to leave the Broadwater letters at the lodge. She stopped the man and gave her an envelope, which she opened and read on the spot.

"Hum!" he reflected. "So Mrs. Fairholme is so anxious about her correspondence that she takes the trouble to go out and meet it at half-past seven a. m."

That afternoon he was at the village postoffice, and the postmaster, who was also the grocer, happened to be serving himself. "I saw a letter for you with the Melbourne postmark on it this morning, sir," he said, with the license of an old tenant. "I hope the colonel's well."

William confirmed the statement em-

phatically and furthermore volunteered the information that the new mistress of Broadwater had met him on the highway near the lodge gates, and requested him to hand the letter over to her. "Thanks," said Dick, lightly. "Of course Mrs. Fairholme has forgotten to give it to me. I'll ask her about it."

Conscious of her duplicity, Dick could scarcely force himself to be civil to her. But she appeared not to notice his moroseness, and in the evening she rose from the piano suddenly, as though on impulse.

"By the way," she said, "have you the key of the strong-room, Dick? I meant to ask you before and forgot. I should so much like to see the family jewels. Your uncle told me that he has some wonderful rubies which he brought from India. Bring them down, there's a dear boy!"

The dear boy brought them down with the best grace in the world. Mrs. Fairholme admired the jewels and played with them like a child with a new toy. But the rubies seemed especially to captivate her fancy.

"They are magnificent!" she said, and her eyes were almost as bright with excitement as the gems themselves. "I never saw anything like them. And the diamonds are fine, too. But those old-fashioned settings are horrible. I shall have them all reset at once. Do you know the address of a good jeweler?"

"Linklater of Bond street, is one of the best, I believe. But if you will excuse my saying so, don't you think the matter will keep till the colonel's return? I'm not sure that he would care to have them altered."

"Oh, he won't object if it is my wish," she said sweetly. "I am going into the town early tomorrow. I shall wire myself to Linklater's to send one of their people to fetch them."

He quietly ran up to London in the morning and paid a visit to Mr. Linklater, to whom he explained the circumstances and then requested that the stones should not be unset until they heard from the colonel himself.

"But my dear sir," the jeweler said, "I know nothing of these jewels. No such telegram as you mentioned has been received by us."

The September afternoon was waning when he got back to Broadwater, and Mrs. Fairholme, superb in a velvet dinner gown, swept across the hall to meet him.

"You tiresome fellow," she said playfully, "where have you been all day? The man from Linklater's has been here since three o'clock waiting for you to come home with the strong-room keys."

"Oh, of course, I forgot. He has come for the jewels, hasn't he? I'll fetch them."

But when he reappeared his hands were still empty. "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Fairholme," he said coolly, "but I've mislaid my keys, I hope I haven't dropped them out of doors."

"I don't think it will be much use searching for them," she replied, with an unpleasant laugh. "I shall have a locksmith down from London the first thing in the morning. And the jeweler's man shall wait."

Dick wrote out a telegram and gave it to a groom with a sovereign. "Send it off at once, Rogers, and keep a still tongue in your head."

The message ran as follows: "To Colonel Fairholme, on board the Australia mail steamer Oratava at Naples: 'Return overland. Imperative business. Do not fail. Dick.'"

If the colonel obeyed, he would be at home in three days—that is to say, four days before he would have arrived under ordinary circumstances—four days before he was expected by Mrs. Fairholme.

When the locksmith arrived, Dick had a little private conversation with him, and a bank note changed hands. As result, the man told Mrs. Fairholme that the job was a long one, and that he could not undertake to accomplish it under three days.

The mysterious man who was not from Bond street, went away, and on the third afternoon returned, but the strong-room door was not yet opened. The workman was awaiting instructions.

About five o'clock there was a rattle of wheels in the avenue, and somebody rang the door bell. The next moment the colonel, in traveling cap and ulster, stepped into the lamplight. Mrs. Fairholme shrieked and sprang to her feet, overturning the bamboo table with a crash.

"Colonel Fairholme!" she gasped wildly. "Home already!"

"Mrs. Bellarmine! Bless me, what a remarkable thing! Why, I thought I had left you in Melbourne!"

"Then she's not your wife?" exclaimed Dick, aghast.

"My wife!" cried his uncle, perplexed to irritability. "You know very well I have no wife, sir! I met this lady and her husband in Melbourne, and they very kindly nursed me through my bout of influenza. I told you so in my letters."

Of course the "man from Linklater's" was her husband, and the pair of adventurers, knowing the colonel's plans, had taken advantage of his illness to intercept his letters, forge substitutes to serve their own ends and make this bold attempt to steal the famous rubies.

The colonel beamed upon his nephew. "What shall I do for you, Dick, for saving my rubies?"

"You can pay me very easily if you like, sir. Call upon Sir George Warburton."

Scale Insects.

One of the bulletins recently issued by the Agricultural Experiment station at Tucson, Arizona, is of unusual interest to scientists, as it deals in a thorough and comprehensive way with the scale insects that have become such pests, not only upon the Pacific coast, but throughout all the fruit regions of the country. Professor Toumey, the author of the bulletin, made a careful study of these pests in Arizona, and not only found that many of those known to science are present in the territory, but he discovered six entirely new species. None of these new species, however, are known to be injurious to cultivated plants. The old or better-known species described in this bulletin are the San Jose scale, Date Palm scale, California Red scale, California Black scale, Orange Orange or "Frosted" scale and Rose scale. Besides the description there is given an account of the distribution of each in Arizona, and the best methods of combatting them. Several species not of economic value are also described. The bulletin is No. 14 of the series issued by the station, and it, and all others issued, are sent free to all residents of Arizona writing for them to the Director Experiment Station, Tucson.

Self-Sterile Apple Varieties. The studies of Waite and Fairchild in the agricultural department at Washington have quite clearly demonstrated that some varieties of apples are more or less self-sterile, and that to insure free bearing these varieties ought to be planted in a mixed orchard. The following varieties are supposed to be somewhat self-sterile: Gravenstein, Bellflower, Chenango, Spy, Melon, Rambo, Red Astrachan, Roxbury Russet, Spitzenburg, Talman Sweet.

The only varieties much grown in Oregon that are credited with being self-fertile are Baldwin and Greening. Remarks made by extensive growers of Newtown Pippin lend color to the view that this variety is somewhat self-sterile. The matter is one of great importance to those planting large orchards, and it is deplorable that the knowledge upon the subject is so scant and fragmentary.

We shall be pleased, indeed, at the station, to have the results of your experiments, or any experience that the fruit growers may be able to furnish us. The matter we know is receiving some consideration in the state, one large grower having top-grafted alternate rows in a number of acres in his orchard in order to be sure of free fertilization.—Oregon Experiment Station.

The Plow. For a century ideal tillage has been believed by the theorists to be that of spading preparation, and many machines have been invented with a spading action and offered as substitutes for the plow, but all in vain. If Mr. Morton has looked into the patent office he must have been cognizant of genius applied in this direction and of its facility so that in his sharp attack on the plow he is not even novel, nor will he be until he points out a successful invention as a substitute for the plow. They do spade in England with steam power, but it is apparently without argument that the spader requires more force for the moving of a given amount of soil than the plow. The resistance to plowing and spading comes from the cut surface and the friction, and when the soil is cut into many pieces this cutting and friction resistance is greatly multiplied. More than that, the spader must carry something more of the lifting action than the plow, and still further the application of force is less direct, or works against a leverage that attains speed at the loss of force.—Mirror and Farmer.

Hog Cholera Infection. Great care should be exercised in disposing of hogs that have died of cholera or of unknown maladies. For the latter as it cannot be positively known that the disease is not one that can be carried into other herds. The burying of hogs that have died from cholera is a practice that is not at all to be approved, unless it be possible to put some chemical with the body at burial time. Pasteur claimed that the germs of hog cholera would be carried into the herbage growing above the grave of such an animal and would in consequence carry the disease to the hogs feeding upon the grass. May it not be possible that the same germs taken by other animals will work some disorders in them, though the disease be not recognized.

In some states there is a law against hauling dead hogs through the streets, though the law is poorly enforced. Cart wheels have been known to carry the disease into healthy herds and start a new source of trouble. Above all do not bury the hog where washings from the body will go into a pond where animals drink.—Ex.

Recent Small Fruit. To secure large, nice fruit, severe pruning is necessary. New growth on both old and new currants and gooseberries should be cut back and old wood in center of bush removed. Laterals on black raspberries cut back one third or one-half. Remove all weak canes and broken branches. The ideal bush should be round or oval in form, stocky, and pruned to admit free circulation of air. Currants are often injured by the borer. The egg is deposited about June 1, and as soon as hatched the young borer eats its way into the pith and feeds on the life of the plant. As soon as the leaves start, the affected canes, which now have a black center, are easily discovered by their sickly appearance, and should be cut out and burned at once.—M. A. Thayer.

"What do you suppose it is that gives Miss Warp's bloomers such peculiar outward curves?" "I think it is Miss Warp."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

SOME CURRENT TOPICS FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Made for the Season—Dresses for Little Girls—New Norfolk Bodice—The Course of True Love—Answers to Correspondents—Notes of the Modes.

FOR SEASONS UNTOLD it has been the custom to buy an extravagant hat for Easter and then settle down to some quiet mode. With most fashion writers "the advance styles are very extravagant, but when the season opens more reasonable modes will prevail" has been a stereotyped phrase suitable for the early part of any season.

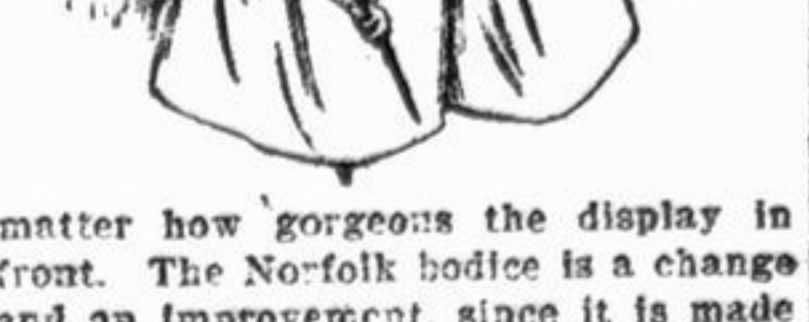
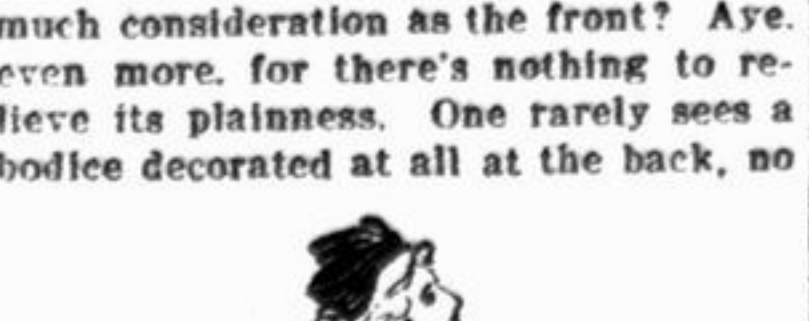
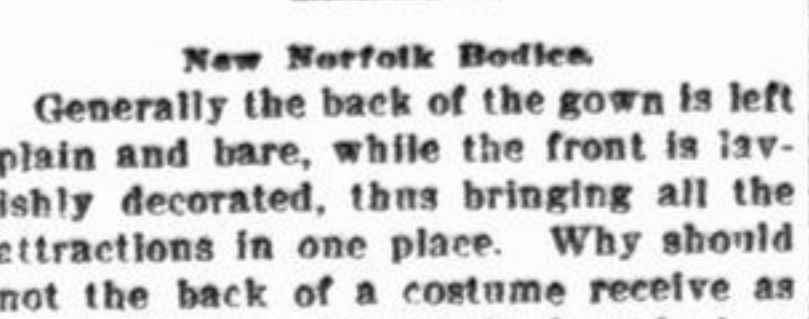
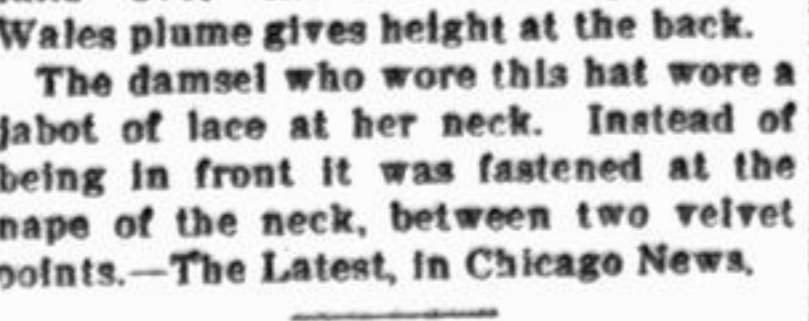
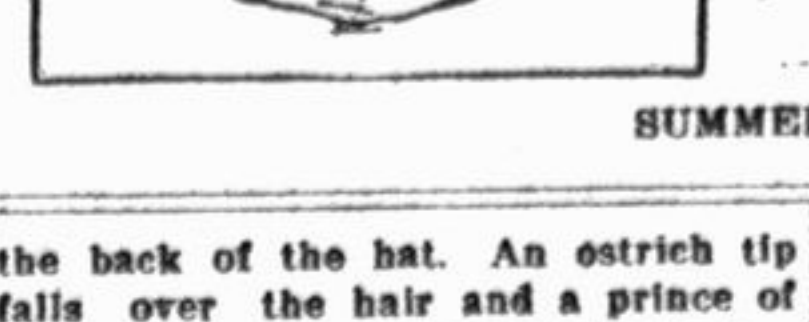
All our old theories are now overturned. The Easter hat of this season blinded the eyes with its magnificence. It glittered and glowed until one stood bewildered before it. The Easter season came and went, but the Easter hat remained. It didn't grow quiet; it didn't reform. We wear the same hat to-day. It perches saucily on our heads, thrusting at us the colors of the rainbow. It has grown even more aggressive since it made its debut.

A charming daughter of Eve wears above her bright eyes a rather small hat of rough green straw. Massed above it is a handful of pink roses, falling every way above the crown. Foliage fills in all the available space until the hat proper is entirely concealed.

Bright red poppies cluster above another green hat, while a third has bunches of bright green candytuft mingling with violets. It is a wonderful combination, but—

A hat more worthy of mention is of white rice straw, with crown and brim edged with tiny forget-me-nots in yellow. White tulle is gathered about the base of the crown, and forms a fan at

the back of the hat. An ostrich tip falls over the hair and a prince of Wales plume gives height at the back. The damsel who wore this hat wore a jabot of lace at her neck. Instead of being in front it was fastened at the nape of the neck, between two velvet points.—The Latest, in Chicago News.



matter how gorgeous the display in front. The Norfolk bodice is a change and an improvement, since it is made a bit attractive at the back as well as the front. Why cannot there be sharp

intersections of lace or of whatever trimming there is used on the gown? But whether the bodice be plain or trimmed, see to it that you acquire that graceful poise which insures the supple curve at the waist. A great deal of it is a matter of carriage. Most women walk in languid, wabby style, when the correct position is to keep the body firm at the waist and hips, while the steps should be as free as possible.

A fetching Virot frock of glossy black brillantane is made with a flaring, untrimmed skirt and a dainty bodice as lavishly decorated at the back as in front. The body of the bodice fits perfectly smooth and is cut exceedingly plain. Over the shoulders spreads a sailor collar of heavy patterned gold embroidery, laid over white satin, with narrow ends extending into the deep girdle.

There is a wide stock covered with soft folds of yellow crepe de chene, while a soft scarf of the same stuff drapes gracefully across the front and into two huge buckles placed on the girdle. The sleeves are puffed bouffantly at the shoulders and much wrinkled over the lower arm. A smart parasol of yellow crepe over yellow satin and a tiny bit of millinery in the shape of a black satin bow on the bright hair complete the toilet.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Course of True Love.

H. M. M. is deeply in love with a very charming young woman. They have been engaged for about half a year. H. M. M. is fond of a quiet life and thinks that his lady-fair should like the things that he likes. But she has a slightly changeable disposition, as she has been engaged once before and broke that engagement. Her friends, however, approved of the course she took. She promised her present intended that she would never break the pledges she made to him. But alas for the inconstancy of woman! she writes him that she has learned to love another, and has asked that the affair with H. M. M. be broken off. He is deeply grieved, and while he has consented to the severing of the relations between them, he insists on reserving the right to visit the young

pleated ruffles, makes an exquisite coat for a less fashionably dressed child, while plique and embroidery are very useful for the little one's every day wrap. The smaller the face the larger it seems the ruffles on the poke bonnets of little girls are becoming. Some of the latest of these bonnets are surrounded not only by a deep ruffle of the material which forms the crown, but another of pleated chiffon, and still another of pleated lace. Around the neck a cape is formed by these ruffles, and the bonnet is tied under the little pink chin with wide streamers, which makes a large bow. Bonnets are made of lace and soft silk, but grass cloth is also used in many of the simpler ones.

Not Funny to Mrs. Newtwood. Recently as a young couple stepped aboard the train to start for their honeymoon a long box of flowers was handed them. It bore the name of a well-known florist on the cover and was daintily tied up with white satin ribbons. They looked askance at the box. The white bows made it too evidently a wedding favor; and had they not feared to hurt the feelings of some tasteless friend by refusing the gift, they would not have taken the box into the car. However, they did take it. Presently the bride decided that it would be better to take the flowers from the box and wear them. Then the pretty little bride, trying hard not to look conscious, held the big box in her lap and untied the silken fastenings. As she undid the last bow the cover jumped off with a report loud enough to attract the attention of the whole Pullman, and out from a bed of flowers sprang a rosy-cheeked Cupid, stretching his bow ready for a shot. It was a species of jumping jack. To the passengers on the car the joke seemed funny, but the poor little bride broke down in a storm of hysterical tears.

Some Timely Recipes.

Croquettes of fish.—Take one pound of any cold boiled or baked fish; break into small bits; put into a saucepan, with one-half pint of white sauce, a tablespoonful of thick cream, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a little salt and pepper. Set over the fire until hot. Butter a dozen shells and fill with the mixture. Cover the tops with fried bread crumbs, and set in the oven to heat. Serve on a napkin.

Natalie K.—It seems incredible that any girl in her right senses should wish for shadows under the eyes. They are the certain indications of ill health. No, indeed, I cannot advise any simple means of gaining them, unless you do your best to become sick.

About Mourning Dress.

L. B. asks if it is proper to wear sash, gloria or black lace when dressing in mourning? Are small sleeves fashionable again? Answer: According to strict rules, none of these materials are mourning goods, but there is so much variety in individual opinion that rigid lines cannot be drawn. French mourning includes lace and many things that our ideas would not approve. If you want to be dressed in a genuine mourning costume, wear only crepe and soft, black all wool goods, without figure or much luster. Small sleeves are not fashionable.

Fashion Notes.

Spring millinery is attracting the attention of women of all classes, and one can only wonder who designs all the hats, as there seem to be no two alike. A favorite style has a rather wide brim rolled up at the back and is profusely trimmed with ostrich tips and fans of chiffon. A stylish hat is of black fancy cloth. It is in a modified sailor shape. The back of the brim is rolled up and fastened to the crown. The trimming is of very full platings of chiffon in mignonette green and black, the two colors intermixed with sprays of mignonette.

True Happiness ne'er entered an earthly happiness resides in things we see.

braid and the white front, are common, and perhaps more serviceable than any other style. As spring approaches there is a great change in jackets for the little men, and to the ever-ready serge pants a blouse or jacket of blue is added. Flank, white and blue are especially swell, and when the lady appears in an entire costume of white they are always greeted with looks, if not words, of admiration.

Little girls, however, have always had the advantage in the matter of dress over their young brothers, for the materials used in their wardrobe are not exceeded in style by that found among their mothers' beautiful things.

Spring coats for these embryo queens of society are made of heavy corded silk, in white or other colors. They are made long and usually with box pleats, which hang from a yoke, and thus give a large sweep at the bottom of skirt. Large sleeves have close cuffs at the waist, and the yoke is covered with ruffles of lace. Persian silks are used a great deal this season for these cloaks; grass cloth, with accordion



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