

All the world seems to be awheel, Grandmothers and babies ride bicycles so do the seamstress and the society leader, the millionaire and the hod carrier, the soldier, sailor and postman. the doctor, lawyer and clergyman, maids, matrons, wives, mothers, husbands, fathers, brothers, sisters, aunts, consins-all sorts and conditions of men and women have yielded to the fascination of these tandem spheres of steel and rubber and are rolling over the streets and highways, lanes and byways of town and village in bewildering pro-



A GRACEFUL MOUNT.

The bicycle craze, for that is cession. the only name for it, has affected trade and commerce in many and palpable ways. It has entered seriously into the question of transportation. Legislation has been necessary to meet the new conditions of three-fourths of the country's citizens whirling over the ground on pneumatic tires.

Women succumbed late, but they have gone under fast and far now that they have acknowledged the sway of the wheel. The woman who does not ride is getting rarer every day. The woman who has not thought of riding is really a remarkable person.

Women's bicycling received its real impetus when the smart set took it up. Once the seal of fashion was set upon the sport the pace of its success was designated. The limit of that success is still unsettled. Conservatism in general has entered its protest in print and by word of mouth and continues to do so, but individual conservatism has daily yielded to the infectious influences all about, and the ranks of the new riders every week are recruited from the most modest and feminine, the least aggressive and most womanly of women.

There is no earthly reason why they should not be. If the exercise can be brought into disrepute, it will be by its monopoly by the other sort of women. It is those of the sex who adorn and dignify every act they perform who are

were simply wrung out very tight and left to dry, then shaken out all full of beautiful little folds like the drapery on a Greek statue. They were not ironed at all, so that all the labor of starching

and pressing was saved. This woman's child was always as fresh as a rose and always in white. which is so much sweeter and prettier thau colors. Nothing is more comfortable than white india silk, so cool and soft and as easily washed as cotton. while more comfortable. A little white silk frock is the perfection of comfort. Many thin white wool materials are useful also. If people save the money they spend on lace, embroidery, ribbons and starch and spend it in soft, fine material and liseral quantities of severely plain clothes, surely their children would be much more easy in their minds and bodies in this weather.-New York World.

Bicycle Costumes In Paris.

Just now the ambition of most women appears to be to ride the man's machine, the diamond frame, a lighter machine than the ordinary woman's wheel, and I honestly believe that this latter wheel will soon be relegated to the limbo of curiosities. Much the same thing will happen with regard to the present costume. Already the skirt is fast going. Another step and it will be but a memory.

Here is the orthodox and really fashionable costume : Very full knickerbockers, the folds falling below the knee. the appearance being that of a skirt, and yet without a skirt's inconvenience. The waist may vary, but the most popular, especially with slim waisted women, is that known as the bolero. And, above all, a man's cap or hat, in warm weather of straw, at other seasons of felt. The stockings may be of fine wool, black or dark blue. Silk stockings are tabooed, and any color but black or dark blue, such as stripes or "loud" colors, are considered deplorable. Finally, laced or buttoned shoes, but not reaching above the ankle. Gaiters are a blunder, and, moreover, they are apt to

hurt. All this is highly artistic when properly worn, and yet the height of perfection has not been reached. Hundreds of bicyclists, men and women of irreproachable taste, are busy designing something that will be better, and the fashionable tailors are losing sleep in the quest for some successful design. The bicycle world awaits with an ovation the man of genius who will suggest a costume at once simple, elegant, appropriate, comfortable, and last, but not least, not yet worn everywhere.-Scribner's.

After a Hot Day.

It is a little hard to "dress up" in the evening, when nothing seems to suit the sunburned face and hands so well as the negligee outing costume we wear

tle body coiled up that makes you think of a gay little monkey on top of a pole. Japanese girls are funny enough, but on a bicycle they are simply exeruciating." -New York Mail and Express.

Women at Gottlagen.

In spite of the fact that Miss Grace Chisholm received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Gottingen university the position of women at that institution of learning is by no means assured. Some members of the faculty still sternly resist the claims of women to be educated and refuse to lecture to

them. Even the more advanced of them think that women should be admitted to the university with much more discrimination than is the case with men.

Candidates for admission have an awe inspiring amount of red tape to unroll before they have the right to apply for degrees. They are obliged to secure permission from the Prussian minister of education, subject to the individual wishes of the professors of the university, who have a perfect right to exclude the women if they so desire. The faculty reserves the right to refuse to present to the minister of education any particular request for a degree. It is understood that the candidate must have fulfilled the usual requirements before being granted the degree. She must have studied three years at a German university, or a university adjudged by

the faculty to be of equal standard, the last year at least to be spent in Gottingen. She must present an original dissertation which possesses in the judgment of the faculty scientific value and have this afterward printed. She must pass an oral examination in the subject with which her thesis deals and in two related subjects.-Berlin Letter.

Women's Clubhouses.

The \$1,000,000 Temple of Chicago is in one sense a woman's clubhouse. It is the headquarters of the National Women's Christian Temperance union, \$600. 000 of its cost having been raised by that body. It is a great office building, 13 stories high, situated on one of the best sites in the city. There is a clubhouse at Decatur, Ills., that cost the members of its woman's club about \$10,000. The Ladies' club of Kalamazoo, Mich., has built a very fine home. New Orleans has a woman's clubhouse that rents its two upper floors for living purposes to club members at nominal rates .- Philadelphia Ledger.

Radical Resolutions.

The Equal Suffrage association of Topeka has adopted this stirring resolution:

That it is the duty of every self respecting woman in the state of Kansas to fold her hands and refuse to help any religious, charitable or moral reform or political association until the men of the state shall strike the adjective "male" from the suffrage clause of the constitution, and thereby declare that women's opinions shall be respected and counted at the ballot box as are all men's opinions outside the state penitentiary, the idiot and the lunatic & yimms

Will Allen Dromgoole.

Will Allen Dromgook, the southern novelist, is often mistaken for a man on account of her name. Here is a funny letter she received from a le when applying for the position of engrossing clerk: "Dear Bill-I got your letter all right and would like the best in the world to give you the job, but I cannot vote for any man while there are so many deserving young women looking for a position of the kind."

NEGROCHURCH SONGS

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE CONGRESS ON AFRICA.

Some Typical Religious Airs Sung at the Atlanta Exposition-"Rise and Shine," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and All the Old Favorites Given by a Negro Chorus.

The recent congress on Africa at the Atlanta exposition presented some new and unusual aspects. It also presented some things which to the people who know the negro in the south are not new, and among these things was the music. While the proceedings of the gathering were strongly characterized by a ripeness of thought and culture creditable to the race, the musical feature was made up of those primitive negro melodies which bear the stamp of the negro imagination and which are peculiarly suited to the expression of the religious feelings of the race.

These songs are African in their origin and mold. They were written by negroes and are strong types of the musical literature of the people. As such it is encouraging to note that the intelligent minds which directed the congress fully appreciated them. The singing of the songs was a feature of the congress. They were sung by an appreciative choir of energetic students of one of the progressive colored schools.

The airs are the popular church airs of the negroes-the race generally. Of course the city churches do not use them so much, but throughout the south they are sung by the colored people. The more polished and ambitious efforts of the negroes are far less popular with the race. The songs "Swing Low, Sweet Charlot," "Steal Way," "Rise and Shine, Brother," "I'm A-rolling,""He Rose From the Dead" and others are familiar to nearly every grown up member of the race. The rendition of these songs proved to be a striking feature of the congress.

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," is one of the most popular of all the songs. Follow the drift:

> Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home, Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see, Coming for to carry me home? A band of angels coming after me, Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do. Coming for to carry me home, Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down Coming for to carry me home, But still my soul feels heavenly bound, Coming for to carry me home. "Steal Away" is scarcely less popu

lar. A few sample verses : Steal away, steal away,

Steal away to Jesus! Steal away, steal away home-I hain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder: The trumpet sounds it in my soul-I hain't got long to stay here. Green trees are bending.

Poor sinners stand trembling: The trumpet sounds it in my soul-I hain't got long to stay here. Tombstones are bursting.

THE MODERN WAY. Chivalrie Tale of Love, Flight, Bike

and Knight. CHAPTER L. Fondly the knight of the Silver

Shield loved the fair and noble Lady Gwendoline, and she as fondly returned his love.

She returned it because it was so nice to have him give it back to her as he always did.

"My own," he murmured, clasping her to his bosom. "Here, too," she whispered as she coy-

ly nestled her flaxen head upon the stovelid cuirass he wore over his manly chest, partly for protection and partly for revenue only.

CHAPTER IL.

But the old duke, the Lady Gwendoline's father, was opposed to the match. He had asked the knight to take off his silver shield and substitute a gold one, and the knight had refused with seorn and contumely.

The knight still owed for the silver shield, and he did not care to mortgage his immortal soul for a change.

"Do as I command, " sternly ordered the old duke, "or never be son-in-law

of mine." "Well, I don't think," hissed the knight between his set of teeth, and the strike was on.

CHAPTER III.

The knight of the Silver Shield had told the Lady Gwendoline all. He could not tell her more, or h

would have done so gladly, so much he loved her. "I will flee," she bravely said.

"Two flees," he replied heartily. and they packed a small kit of wedding things.

In half an hour they were flying from the gray and grim old castle.

CHAPTER IV. And fast before the old duke, then,

Three hours they'd fiel together, And if he'd caught them in the gien He would have mopped the heather up with the knight.

The old duke hard behind them hied. Should he their steps discover, Then what could cheer the bonny bride When he had slugged her lover?

But still, as wildly blew the wind And as the night grew drearer, The duke was coming up behind, His puffing sounded nearer. CHAPTER V.

A great thought came to the knight of the Silver Shield.

"Sweet one," he said softly, slacking his speed, "wait but a little. I will come again."

"Waiting for you," she whispered, were such sweet sorrow that I would wait until tomorrow."

It was then 11:55 p. m., and the knight, kissing the fair lady's hand, hurried back over the way which they had come.

CHAPTER VL.

"Saved !" he exclaimed, returning to her side and once more moving swiftly forward.

"But papa?" she a ked, with anxious

eagerness. "Knocked out in the first round laughed the knight of the Silver Sh in loud, triumphant tones. "I filled the road with tacks, and the old man's tire is punctured so that he has to lay up for repairs."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A MODEST LITTLE HEROINE.

Gertie Anderson, Who Flagged the Train and Saved Many Lives.

In a small, unpainted frame house, among the pine trees and near the dismal swamp which stretches across the country from this place almost to Duluth, lives little Gertie Anderson, the 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Anderson. The story of the little one's heroism was related in brief by the press when a telegram from this city told of her having flagged a paslenger train which was plunging for-

pr selle,

ward to certain disaster, the track, over which had just passed a special train carrying a party of railway officials, having sunk out of sight in a muskeg, or subterranean lake, of which there are several along the line of the Duluth, Mississippi and Northern road between Grand Rapids and Duluth. Had it not been for her cool head and strong little body every passenger on the train would have gone down to death in the murky lake, for the sink hole which had suddenly opened and swallowed the track was hidden behind a curve in the tracks. and no power on earth could have stopped the train in time to save it after it had arrived at a point where the engineer could see the deathtrap.

The child is of course the most conspicuous personage in this section of the state at the present time, on account of her brave deed, and has been the recipient of no end of attention. All this has not changed her in the least, and in spite of the money and presents which have been showered upon her she remains the same pleasant little creature she was before she distinguished herself. Thanks to his little daughter's bravery, Mr. Anderson, who is a fairly well educated man, has been offered a position with the Duluth, Mississippi and Northern road, at Duluth, at a salary of \$65 per month, and today he was at home for the purpose of telling his wife the good news. "It was a blessed day for us when Gertie stopped the train," said the mother, pausing in her work and patting the soft, sunny hair of her daughter. "I have wished to leave the iron district here, but no other work seemed open to Hermann, so we staid. Now we will move to Duluth, where Hermann has been offered a good place, and where Gertie can go to school. She needs it badly enough, poor child! Of course I am proud of her-who wouldn't be?-for every little girl would not be brave enough to do as she did. But we have always lived near the tracks, you know, so the children are not afraid of the trains. And I have endeavored to explain to her how dangerons are the many marshy places around here and cantioned her never to go near them, so when she saw the track disappear and the water begin to come up she knew that the passenger train would meet the very fate I had so often warned her about unless it was stopped before it came to the bend in the road." While the mother was speaking Gertie listened attentively, her sweet little face as red as the dress she wore, as red as the painted cheeks of her doll. She was not ill at ease particularly, nor was she forward, and when asked to tell her story did so in a charmingly simple manner. She lived over again the excitement through which she had passed, and once almost dropped her doll while making an expressive little gesture.-Grand Rapids Telegram.



needed in this and every other pastime, exercise or occupation.

That women can ride the wheel acceptably in every sense of the word is demonstrated every hour of every day. The illustration shows a woman in the act of mounting, and her pose is as graceful and pleasing as if she were entering a carriage, much more so than the spring to a horse's back for a canter.

In the matter of costume the leaven of taste and modesty is as valuable among wheelwomen as among women who do not wheel. So long as it is the custom of society that women shall wear skirts she should keep to them on the wheel. Numerous skirt costumes have been designed that are safe and convenient, and the plea that either quality is increased by bloomers is not tenable. If in future decades dress for women shall be revolutionized and the skirts of today be done away with, as have the farthingales and coifs of former generations, there will then be no publie sentiment or conventionalism to be ontraged and displeased, and the bloomer question may take on a different phase. The present, and it is to be hoped the future, woman for many a long day should keep to her skirts.

Nor should the matter of age affect woman's riding. If she is inclined to the exercise and has the strength for it, the Biblical limitation of threescore and ten need not prevent her taking to The older woman, however, who it. mounts the wheel needs to be especially careful in her dress. What is piquant and effective at 20 is not equally so at 40 and 50. - New York Times.

Dressing the Children

The first thing in dressing little children is to make them comfortable, and the other first thing is to keep them clean-absolutely clean. Fine clothes are much harder to wash than plain ones, so that sometimes they are not washed so often. A plain little cotton frock just from the washtub is a much more agreeable sight than an elaborate ly trimmed one not quite fresh. Have plenty of clothes-so many that they need not be considered at all and may be put on fresh four or five times a day if necessary, and so plain that they are no trouble to wash.

One woman, who determined that her little girl should be always clean, and who was obliged to consider pennies very closely, hit on this plan : She made the little frocks perfectly plain, out of anything she happened to pick up cheap. Lawn or dimity, nainsook or linen, coarse or fine, but all soft, nothing stiff or scratchy, no cross barred muslins or pique-most abominable of stuffs. She made three or four dresses. When one was at all soiled, it was taken off and thrown to soak in a tub of warm water, and by night there were generally two these little frocks were washed they daily, which, by the way, should be navy blue or dark green. But suppose we have a secret talk together, my blue eyed maids, before it is time to appear

at the tea table and see if things cannot be bottered a little! First, let me tell you, before you go

on a water excursion, to thoroughly bathe your face, neck and hands with any pure cold cream, an excellent preparation for warding off and removing sunburn, that can be bought at any druggist's. Then, when you enter your room all heated and tired on your arrival home, first take a sponge bath, and after it fill a deep basin with lukewarm water and into it boldly plunge your face, holding your breath and closing your eyes.

Keep it there as long as possible without breathing; then "come to the surface," take a deep breath and try it again, repeating the process a number of times. Gently dab your face dry with a soft towel, afterward sponging it lightly with alcohol, and sit, or, what is better, lie down and rest half an hour or longer

At the end of that time you will find your color will have perceptibly diminshed, and a little baby powder deftly applied will remove the shiny appearince and tone down the overredness effectively. On retiring for the night bathe the face, neck and arms again and apply the cold cream as before directed .- Jenness Miller's Monthly.

The Japanese Wheelwomen.

The all conquering bicycle has invaded Japan, and is now a familiar sight in the land of the jinrikisha. The

Europeans take to it kindly, and the little brown men and women are equally enthusiastic. The government has equipped many of its postmen with roadsters, especially those who deliver mail in the suburbs or in the country districts. In each brigade a bicycle corps has been formed, which is daily drilled in about the same style as similar organizations in the armies of Europe

The Japanese people themselves still regard the wheel as a great curiosity, but are beginning to both master and manufacture it. At one or two places Japanese girls have learned to ride the wheel, and those who have seen them pronounce it the funniest thing imaginable. A lady in Nagasaki writes to me: "A Japanese girl in our neighborhood has astonished her people by appearing on a 'safety.' Her costume was extraordinary, consisting of the native kamona or dress and a pair of nondescript garments, which are not knickerbockers, trousers, zouaves or bloomers. The ludicrons effect is heightened by the girl having the national habit of turning the toes in developed to its largest extent. All that you see when she passes you is or three, sometimes four or five. After a pair of round and pretty heels wab-these little frocks were washed they bling in an uncertain manner and a litMiss Vesta Gray.

Miss Vesta Grav was recently admitted to the bar in Fremont, Neb. She is the first woman ever admitted in her county. Miss Gray has been a close student of law for two years and will practice with her father. She is a young woman of many accomplishments, a fine musician, and has done good work on The Woman's Weekly of Omaha and other home newspapers.

Sunburn a Healthy Thing.

An optimistic dermatologist has lately promulgated the theory that sunburn is rather a good thing in its way. The action of the sun upon the skin is really beneficial, he says, and it is only in the first place that the effect is unpleasant. After the sunburn has worn off the texture of the skin is finer, smoother and more elastic than it was before.

A Royal Acknowledgment.

In Sweden they encourage literary ladies instead of making fun of them. Fropen Selina Logerlaf, the Swedish writer, has just received from the king the sum of 600 crowns and from Prince Eugene 400 crowns as a royal acknowledgment of her excellent work and as a means to enable her to take a vacation abroad.

Rev. Ella G. Thorp married a couple in Wichita, Kan., June 29. The affair attracted considerable attention, as it was supposed to be the first instance where a woman has performed the marriage ceremony in that state.

Mrs. A. S. Benjamin of Portland, Mich., has been elected state president of the W. C. T. U., to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, the "White Ribbon Daniel Webster.

Minnesota has recently established a woman's school for agriculture, where cooking, dairying, sewing, gardening, the chemistry of foods and the like are taught.

Mrs. Emma B. Aldrich of the Cawker Public Record is the new president of the Woman's Relief corps of Kansas.

The Difference.

'The idea of the woman's club is diametrically opposed to that of the man's," said Mrs. Henrotin, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in a recent speech. "A man thinks of his club as a place of recreation and ease, a woman of hers as an inspiration to further exertion."

The trumpet sounds it in my soul-I hain't got long to stay here. "I'm A-Rolling" is another of the

typical melodies, running:

I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling thro' an unfriendly world,

I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling thro' an unfriendly world O brothers, won't you help me,

O sisters, won't you help me to pray, O preachers, won't you help me to fight, Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?

The song that stirs up the religious activities of the race more than any oth-er perhaps is "Rise and Shine." It is sung universally. It runs: O brethren, rise and shine and give God the

glory, glory; Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory; Rise and shine and give God the glory for the year of jubilee.

Don't you want to be a soldier, soldier, soldier, soldier? Don't you want to be a soldier, soldier, sol-

Don't you want to be a soldier, soldier for the year of jubilee?

Do you think I will make a soldier For the year of jubilee!

Yes, I think you will make a soldier For the year of jubilee

-Atlanta Constitution.

The Fleeter the Better. Skating is great sport; but, like all

true joy, it is fleeting .- Boston Herald.

ENGLAND'S FINANCIAL RAID.

There is not the remotest probability of war between this country and England, and the unanimous stand of congress in defense of the president's demand for the scrupulous maintenance of national honor will do more to halt the raid upon American securities, to restore American credit and to maintain peace between the two great civilized countries of the world than anything else could have done. The raid is purely speculative, and there will be no war. -Philadelphia Times.

It appears that the selling out of American securities is a put up job by British financiers to assist the English side of the Venezuelan dispute. If this be true, it is an offense of great magnitude. This conspiracy is excused as a peace measure, but it is really one of the worst and most farreaching of war measures, as the "financial kings" may realize to their financial cost one of these days. -Hartford Post.

To the clearer and nonpartisan vision the president's message is, by reason of its very decisiveness, a peace message, and everything that congress is now do ing, the providing for ships and defenses and a commission to inquire into the matter of the disputed boundary, is a measure of peace on the principle that the surest guarantee of peace is to be prepared for war.-Providence News.

'My hero!" murmured the fair Lady Gwendoline, gazing fondly on him as they flew along the glistening turnpike. CHAPTER VII.

Two bikes with but a single thought, Two lovers safely carried Into the haven which they sought, And so they married.

-New York Sun.

Philosopher's Stone.

An excellent reproof is that which is said to have been administered on one occasion by Jose Ribera, the famous Spanish painter. He lived in the days when there were many students of alchemy and foolish believers in its great powers. One day two Spanish officers were discussing certain wonders of alchemy in Ribera's house.

Ribera did not join in the discussion. but at last said quietly that he was in possession of the "philosopher's stone," and that they might see his way of using it the next morning if they chose.

The two officers appeared at the appointed time the next morning, but found the artist hard at work, not in a mysterious laboratory, as they had expected, but at his easel. Asking them to restrain their impatience for a short time, he painted steadily on, finished the picture on which he was at work. and sent it out by his servant, who brought back a small, sealed package.

Ribera broke the seal in the presence of his eager guests and threw 10 gold doubloons on the table.

"You see now how gold is to be made," he said quietly, with a smile at the crestfallen officers. "I do it by painting: you by serving his majesty. Diligence in one's chosen work is the only true alchemy. "--Youth's Companion.

The Shape of the Earth.

A country schoolmaster was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination, and having before him the junior class in geography he asked:

'Can any little boy or girl tell me the shape of the earth?'

To this there was no answer. dear me," said he, "this is sad! Well, I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape o' this snuffbox in my hand?"

"Square, sir," replied all.

"Yes, but on the Sabbath day, whin I change ma cloes, I change this snuffbox for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the class was called.

"Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth?'

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back and every eve flashed with excitement. One little fellow was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us.

"Round on Sundays, and square all the rest o' the week !"-Chicago Times-Herald.

The Captive Cucumber.

"Oh, my!" Willie couldn't believe his eyes.

Nevertheless there it was, a large green cucumber in a glass bottle that had such a tiny neck.

"How could it get in there, and whole, too, papa?" asked Willie in wonder as he carefully examined the queer curios-

ity. "Willie, boy, it grew there !" answered papa, smiling into the boy's upturned face.

"How could it? See, the hole isn't bigger than mamma's thimble, and the cucumber fills the whole bottle !" continued Willie, more incredulous than before.

Then papa explained: "You see, I took the bottle out into the garden just after the cucumber began to form. It was then very easy to put the baby cucumber into the bottle. Of course I was very careful not to injure the stem or the vine, and so the cucumber just grew in its little glass house until it's a captive, sure!"

"Oh !" laughed Willie in great delight. "May I do that next year?" "Certainly, if you wish," said papa.

-Youth's Companion.

Annie's Advice.

"What is the price of that candy?" asked Annie's father of the clerk.

"Fifty cents, sir." "That is rather high. What shall I do about it, Annie?"

"Well, papa," replied Annie, "if the money were mine, I'd say, 'I'll take it, sir, for my little girl ' "-Philadelphia Times.