

WARRIEN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my brave!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye never still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on your hissing steel?
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're a-fire!
And, before you see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Lead on rain and iron hail!
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where Heaven's dew shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?
—John Pierpont.

MEETING STEP-PAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Fraulein Hausmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finished seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm-in-arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation. "She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather nice for you."

"But a stepfather! O, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie.

"I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed, I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

Millie went on reading the letter. "Worse and worse," was her next piece of information, "his name is Macintosh, and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they?"

"They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris, and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother."

"Where are you to join them?" asked Ethel.

"Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. O, dear! It's altogether too bad of mamma!"

"There was no consoling poor Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted. "Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckham, scratched his head.

"Missis Mackintosh, did you say, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mackintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to 'ave to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Mackintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Mackintosh, what arrived about two hours ago; probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting-room, Millie stopped dead, and would possibly have retreated had not the bold man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired.

For, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven, and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, "but on no account affectionate. I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you" he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well." Then, as Millie continued standing, he added, handing her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself.

"Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"O, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh.

Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out! They even traveled separately! Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their differences."

After a long and awkward pause Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carry-all," he said; "I'll get them for you."

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulein

Hausmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford 'Varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

"I had forgotten all about mamma! When will she be here?" she exclaimed.

"Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her stepfather was a very charming young man, and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought; "meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leant on his professed arm, and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl, and, though a stepdaughter, would not be an incumbrance or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh, after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had, this certainly takes the cake."

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh, and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part, as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things, you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma! We hugged each other, and then I said:

"O, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?"

Mamma looked very astonished, and said:

"What are you talking about?"

"Step-papa," I replied. "He didn't bring your name up once all the time, and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me!"

"My dear child!" exclaimed mamma, "are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarrelling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom!"

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

"Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my uncle Ned, telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the Hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hid me to Paris, and, while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival, a young lady was shown in."

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked, and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll, and returned to the hotel. Then, my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England. And about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was. And Millie not objecting they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

More Thrift Needed.

France is not as rich as the United States, and has fewer millionaires, but more general prosperity—a result brought about by the thrift of the people. If we wish to enjoy similar prosperity, not the prosperity of immense fortunes, but with the millions happy and contented, we must, says the Chicago Record, get back to that thrift which was once the distinguished feature of Americans, and upon which the wealth and progress of the country are founded. In this connection it makes a very practical suggestion—the establishment of postal savings banks to inculcate in persons of very moderate means the habit of thrift. There are savings banks in the large cities, and in some of the smaller towns in New England, and they have had a good effect upon the people; but to have the effect needed, to produce thrift among the people, we need savings banks at every postoffice, banks in which a person will not feel ashamed to deposit a few cents. These banks have been signally successful wherever established, and have encouraged habits of thrift—which need a great deal of encouragement in this country. It will tend to prevent panics and hard times, and will do far more to restore prosperity than the hope held out by Klondike gold fields, speculation or trusts to make immense fortunes in a few months.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEW BICYCLE INVENTIONS.

Chainless Ball-Bearing, Compound Crank and Carrier Wheels.

Two inventors, an Englishman and an American, have recently applied for patents on bicycle improvements which refer directly to the gearing. The Englishman furnishes a compound crank, retaining the chain. The American in-



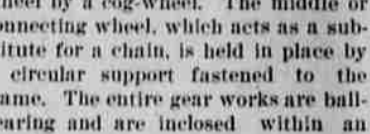
COMPOUND CRANK WHEEL.

vention is one of the forms of a chainless wheel which is a forerunner of the kind to be placed on the market next season.

The Englishman claims that his invention will enable a rider to attain a remarkable rate of speed, for the reason that almost double the propelling power can be obtained without any increase of exertion. With it he predicts that a racing man can easily ride a mile a minute.

The American machine shows the sprocket-wheel connected with the smaller one on the hub of the rear wheel by a cog-wheel. The middle or connecting wheel, which acts as a substitute for a chain, is held in place by a circular support fastened to the frame. The entire gear works are ball-bearing and are inclosed within an aluminum case.

The New York Herald reports that a syndicate, composed of four New-Yorkers, has decided to use the bicycle as a carrier for men and supplies from "civilization to Klondyke." The bicycle will be used to transport supplies



CHAINLESS BALL-BEARING GEAR.

from Juneau to the gold fields by way of the Chilkoot pass, a distance of 700 miles.

The present method of carrying in this district is for one man to take a load of 200 pounds, his limit, carry it five miles and go back for more. The Klondyke bicycle is a four-wheel machine and designed to carry freight. It is built strongly and weighs about fifty pounds. It is diamond frame and steel tubing. The frame is wound with rawhide, shrunk on, so that the miners can handle the machine in cold weather with comfort.

From each side of the top bar two arms of steel project, each arm carrying a smaller wheel, about fourteen inches in diameter, which, when not in use, can be folded up inside the diamond frame. Devices for packing large quantities of material are attached to



THE KLONDYKE BICYCLE.

the handle bars and rear forks, and the machine, it is estimated, will carry 500 pounds. The plan is to load it with half the miner's equipment, drag it on four wheels ten miles or so. Then the rider will fold up the side wheels, ride it back as a bicycle and bring on the rest of the load. A sample machine has already been made and patents have been applied for.

Another device for arctic comfort, which the syndicate will control, is a portable house of thin boards and felt, which can be folded up in small compass, and which, when erected, will be perfectly air-tight.

Webster Her Coachman.

When Mrs. Sherwood, the author, who is best known as "M. E. W. S.," was a young girl, she visited Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, with her father and mother. Mrs. Webster met them in her carriage, and the little girl was allowed to sit next Mr. Webster on the driver's box. She was elated indeed when her father put her up there and whispered in her ear:

"Remember this, my daughter, you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!"

The "coachman" began at once to make himself agreeable.

"So this is your first visit to the sea, Miss Wilson?" said he.

This was an additional joy. No one had ever called her "Miss Wilson." It made a landmark in life. Then he pointed out Seth Peterson, who was walking along the road, and who stopped to take some orders from his fellow fisherman.

"You will eat, to-day, some fish which Seth and I caught this morning," said Mr. Webster.

Mary was terrified at the responsibility of conversation, but she made a lucky hit by asking what kinds of fish were easiest to catch. He launched off on his favorite topic, and talked of the gamy bass, the reluctant cod and their fellows.

"I suppose," said the little girl, "you enjoy the fish which are the hardest to catch, don't you, Mr. Webster?"

He looked round at her and laughed. "You are beginning young, Miss Wil-

son," said he. "That is the remark of a coquette."

At dinner he embarrassed her much by repeating the remark as a piece of youthful precocity.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS,

Who Resigned a University Presidency Rather than Hide His Views.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, recently resigned the presidency of Brown University at Providence rather than surrender the liberty of expressing the opinions he entertains on a great public question. Dr. Andrews is one of the most ardent, able and conscientious advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and has promulgated his views whenever the occasion offered. The directors of the university



E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

were displeased with his conduct and virtually demanded silence or resignation. He chose the latter alternative.

Dr. Andrews is 53 years of age and is the son of a Baptist clergyman, who lived at Montague, Mass., but prebened in the town of North Sunderland. The father's salary was \$200 a year. The son aided in the support of the family by working Saturdays and holidays in a mill. He also bent his energies and his back to the care of a garden patch near the family residence. He had a great fondness for reading from his earliest youth. He was in school when the civil war broke out. He enlisted and served until 1864, when, after having been severely wounded at Petersburg, he returned to New England and finished his education at Brown University. Then he taught in various academies and earned money enough to further educate himself in Germany. He has been president of Brown eight years.

SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

Thos. B. Turley Who Succeeds the Late Isham G. Harris.

Thomas B. Turley, appointed United States Senator from Tennessee in place of the late Isham G. Harris, is a well-known lawyer of Memphis. He has never held office of any kind. He is a member of the law firm of Turley & Wright. In 1870 he was married to Miss Irene Rayner, the daughter of the late Eli Rayner of Shelby County. Mr. Turley is 52 years old. He was not yet out of school when the war came, but he promptly enlisted in the Maynard Rifles, Company 1, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment of the Confederate army. He fought at Shiloh, and was wounded there, and he was also wounded at Peach Tree Creek, before Atlanta. He was captured in the battle of Nashville and taken to Camp Chase in Ohio and held there until March, 1865, when he was exchanged and returned to the South. At the close of the war Mr. Turley entered the University of Virginia and

became a student of law. In 1870 he removed to Memphis and that city has been his home ever since.

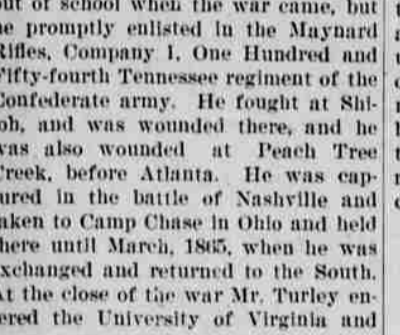
Pumice Stone in America.

Heretofore our supply of pumice stone has come almost exclusively from Italy. Now an American product is forcing its way into the market. This material has been found of excellent quality in Western Nebraska, and in a pulverized form. There are seven different deposits, these comprising in all about 400 acres. According to a report made by Prof. R. G. Salisbury of the University of Chicago, there are approximately 800,000 tons in sight. The deposits, with adjoining lands, have been acquired by the Chicago Pumice Company. They, however, desired also a lump pumice stone. After much search such a deposit was found in Utah, 245 miles south of Salt Lake City. This property comprises 120 acres, and it is virtually an entire mountain of the material of all degrees of purity.—Manufacturer.

New View of the Matter.

Mamma—"How hot you are, Tommy; your clothes are wet through, I declare!"

Tommy—"Can't help it, ma. The heat makes me cry all over."—Pick-Me-Up.

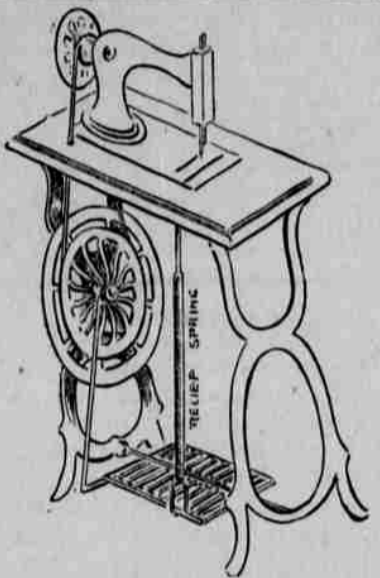


THOMAS B. TURLEY.



SPRING SAVES ACHING BACKS.

A USEFUL attachment for a sewing machine is a "relief spring" attached to the pedals and under part of the table. It saves much labor and many a backache by doing the hardest of the work of running the machine. The pressure of the toes downward is the only motion neces-



THE SPRING SAVES WORK.

sary, as the spring brings the treadle back again, saving the heel motion. This latter is what causes all the backaches, and with the spring is done away with entirely. This spring can be attached to any machine. It is obvious that this arrangement will prove a great relief to every woman who sews. It does half the work.

Laughter Causes Wrinkles.

It has long been a popular belief that wrinkles are chiefly caused by sorrow and care. It is now claimed that this is not always the case—in fact it is said that merry folk are far oftener afflicted with them than are the sorrowful, and that laughter more frequently furrows the face than tears. There is an art in laughter, and to know how to laugh is really quite as important as to know when to do so. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you indulge in. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks. A gambler who is accustomed to suppress his feelings generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person is usually marked with two wrinkles, one on the jaw and the other under the eye, meeting at right angles at the cheek bones. The student's wrinkles form on the brow, while those of the schemer round his eyes and resemble the spokes of a wheel.

A Lucky Bride.

Mrs. Berry was married last year and went with her husband to spend the honeymoon in the gold fields of Alaska. When they were married they were poor, now they have \$130,000 in gold. So much for love, pluck and luck.

A Clever Device.

A clever device for utilizing the beauty that remains in fine lace curtains that have seen their day is to cut out the rich raised work rings and wreaths from which the delicate net has worn away. Apply them to squares of velvet or satin for use as cushion covers. Applied on olive or metallic green velvet or some soft wood brown shade the effect is rich and elegant, especially when further set off with a frill of lace and the back of the pillow made of silk of corresponding tone.

Washes for Fair Hair.

Take one teaspoonful of borax, and the same quantity of salt; two ounces each of spirits of wine and ammonia water; two drachms of tincture of cantharides, and four ounces each of rose water and distilled water. If the hair is naturally dry, a little almond oil may be added. Or take one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cool, says the London Star, this will be ready for use.

Aprons Again in Favor.

Aprons, for so many years regarded as the distinguishing mark of serving women, promise to be the rage in the smart set in London. The apron of the future, however, will differ from that of the past which our grandmothers used to wear. In the days gone by it was a somber affair of black silk or alpaca, sometimes set off by a few dainty tucks or rows of herring-bone stitching and a little very fine lace. Now the very cheapest aprons are made of the finest white linens and muslins and batistes, and are puffed and frilled with lace and trimmed with ribbons until the old ladies of a hundred years ago would never dream that they were aprons. The finest aprons are made of real lace, and are well worth passing down from generation to generation.

Business Ability of Women.

It is said that through the medium of clubs women are developing business ability, executive capacity, tolerance for the opinions and views of other people and a broad sense of charity and loyalty toward the world, which will materially strengthen her entire

character. The achievements of kings and queens and princes does not make all of history by any means. The doings of the common people—the great class which keeps the world strong and true and helpful—make the noblest history, and women who realize that they are women sharing with all others in their sex the highest aims and ambitions for the good of the world have made a discovery that gives life a different color and makes a woman's possibilities rise to the noblest height. The true club woman is usually a strong and intellectual patriot, and an earnest student of political measures and laws. Indeed, women claim that the woman's club is a fine school for culture and broad mental occupation, and the true, wide-awake woman is proving herself a power in the world—a power that is a permanency.

Reading as a Mental Stimulus.

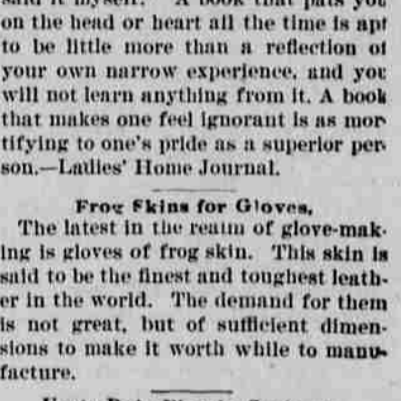
An eminent French critic said in a lecture recently in New York that "To distrust what we like is the first requisite of progress in art and in life." He did not mean that books that are disagreeable are the only books worth reading. But he did mean that a book which opens up a new field of knowledge, a new outlook upon literature or life, is not at first likely to give the pleasure that comes from one which simply reflects the old familiar ideas of which we say complacently, "How good and true that is, for I've felt it or said it myself." A book that puts you on the head or heart all the time is apt to be little more than a reflection of your own narrow experience, and you will not learn anything from it. A book that makes one feel ignorant is as mortifying to one's pride as a superior person.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Frog Skins for Gloves.

The latest in the realm of glove-making is gloves of frog skin. This skin is said to be the finest and toughest leather in the world. The demand for them is not great, but of sufficient dimensions to make it worth while to manufacture.

Up-to-Date Bicycle Costume.

Cycling costume of plain green cloth, trimmed with flat and corded braid. The skirt closes in front beneath the two straps of braid. The smart little bolero opens widely in front to show the white linen shirt with three studs.



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ABOUT THE BABY.

Serious illness should be a mother's only excuse for weaning the baby during hot weather, or until it has safely passed the dangers of the second summer.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia recently issued emergency hints for the summer care of babies. The valuable suggestions are given in full:

"If the child be suddenly attacked with vomiting, purging and prostration, put it into a hot bath for a few minutes, then carefully wipe it dry with a warm towel, and wrap it in warm blankets. If its hands and feet are cold, bottles filled with hot water and wrapped in flannel should be laid against them.

"Five drops of brandy in a teaspoonful of water may be given every ten or fifteen minutes; but if the vomiting persists, give this brandy in equal parts of milk and lime-water.

