

CAMPING OUT.

Now that midsummer days are here,
And hours are long and skies are clear,
'Tis time to leave the crowded street
For distant woodlands cool and sweet;
There pitch the tent near by a brook
Where trout swim hungry for the hook.
There loaf and hunt and read, and live
In manner plain and primitive.
Enjoying Nature as a bird
Enjoys her—every sign and word
Interpreting, until the heart,
Of Nature's own becomes a part.

Of rugged rocks an oven rude—
The hearthstone of your solitude—
Suffices well to cook your fish
And lend a flavor to the dish;
Or yet to send the fragrance up
Of spicy coffee from the cup.

What joy to waken with the sun
And find the fresh grass overspan
With webs of gossamer, and see
The sunbeams steal from tree to tree,
Dropping their gold along the way,
To guide the shining feet of Day!

Then when the breakfast hour is o'er,
To loiter down along the shore
With rod and line, and tempt the trout
From his retreat to venture out!

Perchance a book would best begall—
Then lie down where the sun can smile
Upon you reading, prose or rhyme.
The wood-stream singing all the time,
Above you birds, around you flowers—
Headless be now the flying hours!

Or distant mountain heights may urge
Your feet to find the dizzy verge
Whence, looking forth, the world you
know

Lies outstretched in God's hand below,
And you, the master of it all,
A speck infinitesimal!

Ah, it is good just once to see
The finite with Infinity—
To see and feel and comprehend
A little the All-loving Friend!

Now back again, the fires are lit
And round the blaze the comrades sit
Exchanging stories, weaving tales,
Until invention flags and fails.
Then slumber calls them to recline
On fragrant pillows of the pine—
To sleep and dream and wake to be
Grateful to God who made them free!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Youth's*
Companion.

THE MOONSHINER.

Two horsemen were trotting slowly
Across a narrow path that wound
Along the Kentucky ridge of the Cum-
berland mountains. Their horses were
ridden out, and the men had but little
to say. One of them hailed from New
York. His face bespoke energy and a
strong will, but the rugged features
inspired little confidence. His com-
panion, as could be seen at a glance,
was an Englishman. The fair, ruddy
complexion, the quaintly-shaped travel-
ing cap, the long yellow gol-shes
were not long from old England. The



"GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU
TO MY WINCHESTER."

men had met by accident at a crossing
of country roads, and being both bound
for Glace City, in Virginia, they agreed
to make the journey together. The
conversation, anything but lively at
any time, had ceased altogether. The
New Yorker answered his companion's
questions curtly, and lapsed into si-
lence before they had traveled a mile
together.

"There is a house at last! It's as far
as we can go to-day," suddenly ex-
claimed the American. "An old negro
shanty, no doubt," pointing at a little
ramshackle house, the roof of which
peeped out of a cornfield. "Hardly
decent enough to give shelter to a horse,
but there's nothing else to be done!"

The two riders turned their horses
into the narrow lane that led toward
the house. When they were within 20
feet of it the door was suddenly thrown
open and on the porch in front of it ap-
peared the tall, gaunt form of an old
man, with flowing beard and snow-
white hair. His right hand clutched
the stock of a Winchester rifle.

"Gentlemen," he cried—and there
was a threat in his voice—"let me in-
troduce you to my Winchester! The
first who makes a motion toward his
hip pocket will find himself with a hole
in his ribs large enough to give pas-
sage to a yoke of oxen!"

The Englishman laughed heartily at
this reception. "What queer people
you Americans are!" he cried. "We've
no desire to enter into an unfriendly
argument with you!"

"Aha, you're a Britisher!"
"Yes, my good old friend, just over
from old England."

"Your mate there looks like a tax
collector in disguise."

The Englishman shrugged his shoul-
ders, while the New Yorker introduced
himself to the owner of the Winches-
ter. "My name is George Deadmore,"
he said. "I'm a land agent from New
York. Other people's business doesn't
concern me in the least. I wouldn't
know a moonshiner still if you held it
under my very nose."

The old man made an angry motion
and was about to send the intruders
away, when Kentucky hospitality pre-
vailed.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for
you?"

"Show us the way to Glace City,
that's all we want."

"Glace City is 50 miles from here. I
wouldn't dare to travel over that de-

ceptive path at the dead of night.
You'll have to stay here till morning,"
The guests dismounted and the hosts
caught the reins of the horses and led
them to the little shed in the rear of
the house. There he unsaddled and fed
them. When he came back he con-
ducted his guests into the house, and
invited them to a frugal meal, con-
sisting of corn bread, bacon and a glass
of whisky.

Next morning the Englishman awoke
to find himself alone. His companion
had departed before daylight.

"I didn't like to keep him," said the
old man, "for I don't trust him; but I
hope you will remain with me for
awhile. My name is Walker, Col.
Walker, and I haven't always lived in
poverty. A beautiful country home
stood on the site of this old tumble-
down cabin, and hundreds of negroes
worked in my fields. But the war
swept away my house, my lands and
my slaves, and weeds are growing
where tobacco and cotton flourished. I



THERE, GHASTLY WHITE, LAY HIS OLD
FRIEND.

was luckier than many, for I held onto
the land, and I have good reason for
living in this wilderness. That Yankee
yesterday was not far out of the way.
If it's unlawful what I am doing, the
Yankees are to blame for it. They
made me a beggar! But you, stay with
me just a little while, you've no idea
how lonely it is for an old man to be
cut off from everybody."

The invitation was given so heartily
that the young Englishman decided to
accept it. He had come over to this
country to study the land and its peo-
ple, and here was a good chance to see
a phase of life and a kind of people of
whom he had read in books.

The days stretched into weeks, the
weeks into months, and still the Eng-
lishman tarried. His days were spent
in riding about the country, hunting,
fishing and exploring the beauties of
the Cumberland hills. On one of these
exploring tours he came upon a little
distillery built close to the edge of a
mountain brook. It was here the old
man brewed his "moonshine" whisky.
The arrangements were primitive and
quaint, but the Englishman never dis-
sented his discovery with his old
friend. At night he and his friend ate
their frugal meal, smoked their pipes
and reveled in the loveliness of the
southern night. The old warrior told
of the days before the war when the
country teemed with prosperity, and
the Englishman listened in sympa-
thetic silence.

Suddenly their peaceful seclusion
was rudely disturbed. While the
stranger strolled through the forest on
the hills a fusillade of rifle shots rent
the air. They came from the direction
of the little cabin. He hastened down
and soon reached the clearing in front
of the house. In his absence the old
man had been surprised by tax collec-
tors. Three of them lay dead in their
blood at the edge of the corn field.
Leaning against a tree stump the Eng-
lishman recognized his former travel-
ing companion from New York. Col.
Walker's rifle had done effective work.
The riderless horses, foisted on the
tender ears of the corn in the fields.
Nothing was to be seen of the old man.

The stranger, sick with fear over the
terrible tragedy, stumbled into the
cabin. There, ghastly white and with
disheveled hair, lay his old friend.
Blood trickled from several wounds,
and formed little puddles along the
floor. The blue jeans shirt rose and
fell with the labored breathing of the
dying man. He was unconscious. The
Englishman knelt beside him, moist-
ening his lips with drops of the burn-
ing liquid which was responsible for
the tragedy. One bullet has grazed
the left temple, another had shattered
the elbow, and the third had pene-
trated the abdomen. The wound was
deadly, there was no recovery from it.
The wounded man regained conscious-
ness and immediately recognized his
young friend.

"These scoundrels have poured more
lead into me than is good for my health.
The New York chap gave me away. He
sent the tax collectors after me. Well,
he is dead, and I'll soon follow, but
before I go I want to exact a promise
from you. All my old friends are
dead. They were either killed in the
war or died soon afterwards, and I am
sorely troubled about my little girl."

"Your daughter?"
"Yes, my daughter. I have never
spoken about her to any one. I sent
her away to a convent in Paris. This
rough, inhospitable life would not suit
her at all. I intended to have her come
home when the place was built up
again. For her I staked and saved
and made 'moonshine' whisky. I never
liked the business. It isn't fit for a
gentleman. Now my daughter has
finished her education and is coming here
to see her old father again. She will
not find me alive; but she will come in-
to her own. There is \$50,000 in the
bank. And now, for the favor I'll ask
of you. It's a dying man's request,
will you fulfill it?"

"Yes, as far as is in my power."

"Then go to my daughter—and make
her your wife."

The Englishman was dumfounded.
He—to marry the daughter of a mur-
derer. Had he forgotten that yonder
in the grass lay three men whom he
had killed?

"You are going to deny my request,"
cried the colonel. "I know what you
are thinking. Have pity. In a few mo-
ments I'll be dead. Come, make haste.
She is beautiful." he moaned, when the
Englishman still hesitated. "Pure as
the snow and highly accomplished.
You need not be ashamed to call her
your wife."

"Stop," cried the Englishman, torn
with contending emotions. "Do not
make my answer more difficult than it
is. I am no longer free to give love.
On my way over from Havre I gave
my heart to a young girl. She gave me
hers. I cannot break my word, for I
love her passionately."

The dying man clutched the Eng-
lishman's sleeve. "Then take my orphan
girl and let her live with you and your
wife. Shield her from harm, and some
day find a good husband for her."

"That I will with all my heart,"
promised the Englishman. "But tell
me, where can I find her?"

"She does not bear her father's name.
The stigma of the 'moonshine still' at-
taches to mine. She was called Josefa
after her mother."

"And what was her other name?"
questioned vehemently the young man.

"Turner—Josefa Turner."

"Josefa Turner, the girl who prom-
ised to be my wife. . . . your
daughter!"

Like a drunken man he staggered
toward a chair and threw himself upon
it, burying his face in his hands.

The moments sped by and with them
the life of the wounded man. When
the young Englishman shook off the
lethargy into which he had fallen he
rose and went over to the spot where
the old man lay.

He was dead, but over his rugged,
wrinkled face lay the sweet light of
peace.

New Economy.

A Tennessee community, apparently
founded on institutes drawn from the
precepts of Ruskin, has just estab-
lished a college, to which they gave the
name of that rhapsodist, at New-Econ-
omy, the town they have built up in
the last three years. The community now
numbers 213 and possesses property
valued at \$80,000. When it started
each head of a family put in \$500, and
the increment represents what they
have earned in the interval beyond
their living expenses.

The settlement lives as a single fam-
ily; its standard of value is an hour's
labor; in its home commerce it has no
money and needs none—a certificate
that labor has been performed takes its
place. A pound of tea costs eleven
hours' work; seventy hours pay for a
pair of shoes; two and a half for a
pound of crackers; and so on. Every-
body works and all—men and women
alike—receive the same wages. They
have heretofore worked ten hours a
day, but expect soon to reduce it to
eight. They have a kindergarten and
adequate education machinery, music,
languages and a limited technology
being taught in addition to the regular
branches.

The majority of the communists are
agnostics. There is no church, but
those who like can go to church out-
side. Of the great number of similar
communities first and last founded in
this country few survive. The most do
not outlast a decade, and it would not
be safe to predict a longer term for
this one, though its institution of a
college shows that it has so far no
misgivings on that score.—New York
Tribune.

A Racing Stable a Luxury.

A veteran turfman, in speaking of
the expense of conducting a racing sta-
ble, gives some rather startling figures.
One would want at least twelve horses,
and these, if they are to be honest, fair
racers, with some chance of success,
would cost at least \$75,000. This is a
very low estimate, as is seen by the
following figures. It cost August Bel-
mont \$82,500 for four horses—Henry of
Navarre, \$27,000; Hastings, \$37,500;
Keenan, \$18,000; and Dorian, \$10,000.
In the same year W. P. Thompson paid
\$20,000 for Requital. After the pur-
chase of the horses the next big item
of expense will be a trainer, who will
want at least \$5,000 a year, besides his
living, which will amount to fully
\$2,500. The trainer will also expect a
percentage of winnings. No jockey
worth the name can be secured for less
than \$7,500 per year, besides valuable
presents and tips. In 1896 August Bel-
mont paid Griffin a salary of \$17,500.
This year Fred Talbot receives from
Marcus Daly \$18,000; while "Tod"
Sloane, who is riding for Pittsburgh Phil,
gets \$15,000. Fred Littlefield gets
\$10,000 from the Morriszes, while
Thorpe draws \$8,000 for piloting the
Bromley string.

India Rubber.

Caoutchouc is a milky juice, white as
it flows from the plant, but darkening
with exposure to the weather. It is
commonly called India rubber, and is
so useful and convenient an article that
civilized people could hardly get along
comfortably without it. It forms an
important article of commerce. Mex-
ico, Central and South America, and
the East Indies are the principal places
from which India rubber comes. The
East India rubber is the juice of a
species of fig tree. The South Ameri-
can product is taken from the syringe
tree, which is sometimes as high as an
eight-story house. To erase pencil
marks is one of the uses of India rub-
ber which will occur to you first, and
then you will think of water-proof
cloaks and shoes, without which you
could not go out comfortably in stormy
weather. But these only begin to be
the list of articles which this obliging
gum aids in constructing. Tubes, fire
hose, elastic bands, mats, belts for ma-
chinery, door springs, etc., are made of
it. Combined with sulphur it forms
cushions, cases, buttons, picture frames,
brush backs and surgical instruments,
and combined with sulphur and coal
tar and polished like jet it is used to
make beautiful ornamental jewelry.

SEVENTY YEARS A SOLDIER.

Count Blumenthal, the Nestor of the
Prussian Army.

To be 70 years a member of one of
the greatest armies in the world is a
distinction that falls to the lot of few
men. Hence the recent celebration in
honor of the seventieth anniversary of
Count Blumenthal's entrance into the
army of Prussia is a noteworthy event.



COUNT BLUMENTHAL.

The count was born, one may say, in
the military service of his country. He
has fought in every war Prussia has en-
gaged in since 1827. His promotion
was rapid and his great fidelity to his
royal master won him all sorts of
praise in and out of the army. One of
the first acts of the late Frederick
William when he became Emperor was
to raise the faithful old soldier to the
rank of field marshal. By virtue of
that title he is the chief of the general
staff of the Prussian army. The count
is now living with his eldest daughter,
Frau von Guellendorf, near Rothen.
Each year he spends a few weeks at
Koenigstein-in-the-Taunus, where Em-
press Frederick always visits him.

YOUNG BELGIAN PIANIST.

Rachel Hoffman Who Will Make a
Tour of America.

Rachel Hoffman, the young pianist
who will make a tour of America, is
one of the most admirable artists in
her line in Europe. She studied at the
famous conservatory of music in Brus-
sels, and from the very start attracted
attention for her marked genius and
ability. The graduates of the Brussels
Conservatory are yearly judged by
such severe critics as Mme. Marchesi,
Ysarge and others of that grade, but
Miss Hoffman not only passed muster,
but won unstinted praise from them.
Eight years ago, when Miss Hoffman
was but 15 years old, the late eminent
Professor August Dupont presented his
pupil to the concourse. She not



RACHEL HOFFMAN.

only carried off the principal prize but
provoked such enthusiasm in the jury
and the public that the Belgian news-
papers referred to her presentation as a
"musical furore." The young woman
is not only a pianist of the highest
quality but is likewise gentle, intel-
lectual, very pretty and prepossessing.

To Remove Tan and Freckles.

The juice of cucumbers pressed out
with a lemon-squeezer is one of the
most effective and simple remedies
known for removing sunburn.

For removing freckles take one cup
of milk and two spoonfuls of grated
horseradish, and let it stand for one
hour; then strain and bathe the face
and hands in it.

A half a pint of rosewater and one
spoonful of lemon juice is considered
excellent for bathing the face in to re-
move tan.

A complexion wash, which is very
highly recommended and removes
freckles, is made of a quarter pound
of oatmeal soap, shaved fine into one
quart of soft, boiling water; stir until
it is smooth and cool; then add a half
pint spirks of wine and a quarter ounce
of oil of rosemary.

Georgia Poetry.

A Georgia farmer has a son who
writes verse, but is too modest to sub-
mit it for publication. One day, when
the farmer was going to town, he took
a bundle of poems along with him and
handed them to an editor.

"They're pretty fair," said the edi-
tor. "His rhyme is all right, but
there's something wrong with his
feet."

"Well," said the farmer, "I won't
deny it; he has got corns."

Uncle Sam Behind.

It is strange that while this country
is so far advanced in electric railways
it should be behind Europe in the pneu-
matic tube system of transmitting mes-
sages and small packages. Some of
the large cities in Europe, such as Lon-
don, Birmingham, Paris and Berlin,
have been provided with pneumatic
tubes for messages for forty years, and
they carry an immense business.

"You men are a covet-us set," said a
young lady.



CHILD BRIDES OUT OF DATE.

SINGULAR how sentiment
changes with the modes of a cen-
tury. Did you ever remark that,
according to all authorities concerned,
your mother and the mother of every-
one else of the present generation was
wedded at eighteen? The grandmam-
mas usually met their mates and mar-
ried them while still at school, and ac-
cording to tradition their "first long
frocks" was the wedding robe."

Things have changed. The girl of
eighteen to-day is hardly finished
school, seldom in society, and she very
rarely marries until she has tasted
two seasons of social joys. To be
sure, even with this late marrying, di-
vorces are more numerous than in
olden time. But, then they are less
frowned upon.

Even a broken engagement in other
days was a stigma which no young
woman cared to bring upon herself.
And the broken engagement is often
a blessing in disguise.

The moral of the whole affair seems
to be that young people should beware
of impulsive betrothals. Boys and
girls who are scarcely out of their
teens cannot be regarded as having
fixity of mind, and the chances are
that before the hymeneal altar is
reached both will have seen that they
were mistaken. When this stage is
reached it is infinitely better to draw
back before the final step has been
taken which may ruin two lives.—Leis-
ure Hours.

School Examiner in Kentucky.

Miss Ludie Steele of Parbourville is
the first Kentucky member of her sex
to be appointed one of the board of
school examiners. She recently en-
tered upon her duties and is giving



MISS LUDIE STEELE.

entire satisfaction. Applicants for
certificates of qualification to teach
in public schools of the Blue Grass
State must all appear before the board
of which she is a member, and she is
credited with being one of the most
efficient and satisfactory who ever
held the position. Miss Steele is 22
years of age, good looking and bright.
Her success in securing the place she
now worthily fills is well deserved, as
she has won her own way. She taught
school and thus earned money with
which to finish her education, at the
same time helping an elder brother to
prosecute his studies in medicine.

A Birthday Gift.

If any engaged girl wishes to give
her lover a birthday gift that he will
prize, and that will be full of the pro-
per sentiment, let her follow the pre-
vailing fashion and make him a sachet
from her glove, advises Demorest's.
A delicate pearl gray, snow white, or
pale tan suede is the thing. It ought
to be a five-button mousquetaire, and
first of all, directly in the palm, she
must cut out a space the shape of a
heart, and fill this in with rich red
silk. On the silk she must delicately,
in gold threads, outline his initials, and
then with cotton stuff the fingers, palm
and wrist. The cotton should first be
thoroughly impregnated with orris
and violet powder. A thin gauze is laid
under the spot where the buttons catch
over, and the bottom of the glove is
neatly finished with silk, pink prefer-
red.

Stain Removing Remedies.

Various remedies, oftentimes trouble-
some to apply, are now recommended
for removing fruit and grass stains.
It is agreeable to be assured that as a
general rule it is a safe plan to try
the effect of pure water upon a stain
before using chemicals. Most fruit
stains, for example, can be easily re-
moved by boiling the stained portion
over a vessel and pouring boiling wa-
ter directly through it. This is a much
better method than soaking the article,
as it prevents the stain from spreading.

Another way is to rub the stain with
alcohol before putting it into water,
and still another is to apply a little
salty of lemon, letting it stand for a
few hours, when it should be washed
off in clear water. This, by the way,
is an excellent recipe for the removal
of ink spots, though in all cases the
stain will yield more readily to treat-

ment if it be taken in hand as soon
as it is made. Grass stains may be
removed by rubbing with alcohol, and
iron rust by immersion in a hot solu-
tion of oxalic acid, following by rinsing
in ammonia water.

English Factory Girls.

Those who have been commiserating
the hard lot of American factory girls
have, no doubt, good ground for claim-
ing that their lot is unnecessarily op-
pressive. Yet in England their sisters
are in a far worse plight. Miss Mer-
edith Brown, the English philanthropist,
who has been the champion of the fac-
tory girls for some years, says that
women who know only the slums of
Chicago have no conception of the
horrors and misery of the slums close
to the aristocratic parts of London.

The girls which Miss Brown's special
mission reaches are so rough and law-
less that the Salvation Army would
not take them in, and the directors of
a mission which had invited the girls
to tea refused to allow them into the
building again. The girls came to the
feast with pillow slips under their
aprons and snatched everything to eat
off the table before their hostess could
stop them. Finally the courageous
women interested in the welfare of
these young semi-savages decided that
to reach the girls they would have to
live among them. Ten dauntless wo-
men took up their residence in a rick-
ety old house in the very heart of all
the misery and squalor which make
the wild girls what they are, and their
efforts at last were met with more than
encouraging responses. "But it is very
hard on the health," says Miss Brown.
"Two years will break down anyone,
so we have lost some of our best work-
ers."

Umbrellas "hould Be Rolled.

A young woman who works on um-
brella covers, in speaking of the treat-
ment given that useful appendage,
said: "If half the citizens of the world
only knew such a simple thing as how
to roll up an umbrella most of the um-
brellas brought to dealers to be mend-
ed would never have needed repairs.
The right way to roll your umbrella
is to take hold of the ends of the ribs
and the stick with the same hand and
hold them tightly enough to prevent
their being twisted while the covering
is being twisted around with the other
hand. Then your umbrella will be as
nicely closed as when you bought it,
and the only wear and tear will be on
the cloth. It is twisting the ribs out
of shape around the stick and fasten-
ing them there that spoils most of the
umbrellas. Never hold the umbrella
by the handle when you roll it up and
you will find it will last longer and cost
less for repairs."

Since Baby Came.

Since baby came
The birds all sing a brighter, merrier lay.
The weary, darkness shades have fled
away,
And night has blossomed into perfect day
Since baby came.

Since baby came
The world is joyful and the home life
sweet,
And every day with brightness is replete,
And time speeds by on swift and light-
some feet
Since baby came.

Since baby came
Dark, grim-faced sorrow is replaced by
mirth,
At last I realize life's precious worth,
And far-off Heaven seems very near to
earth
Since baby came.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Makes a Beautiful Complexion.

It may not be generally known
among American women that garlie is
an aid to producing lovely complexions.
It is to a steady diet of this plant and
to the damp air of the washubs that
the pretty washerwomen of Paris, one
of whom is annually chosen queen of
beauty for Mardi Gras, owe their un-
rivaled complexions. Mme. Adam, the
editor of *La Nouvelle Revue*, and con-
sidered a handsome woman to-day, re-
mained in the first flush of her young
beauty for many years after she had
passed the 20 mark. It was not witch-
craft which enabled her to defy time,
but because she lived temperately and
breakfasted on black bread and garlie.

Economy in Corsets.

Here is a hint for the woman who is
obliged to be economical: When your
corset seems to be losing its shapeliness,
steam it until the bones are soft and
pliable, and then over a flat-iron you
can restore them to their correct shape;
this, of course, where whalebone is
used.—Woman's Home Companion.

A cooking teacher insists that it is
not a notion, but a fact, that the cream
should be poured first into the cup and
then coffee added to insure the most
satisfactory blending of the two. As
perfect coffee is a matter of several
carefully followed small processes, it
is reasonable that this precedence of
the cream may be one of them.