

A TONGUE OF FLAME.

"Peace, peace," smiled the rose in her garden.
And "peace" sang the bird on his tree.
But a tale-smoke shadowed the valleys
Where the rivers run to the sea,
And the smell of battle was on the winds
Of the summer of 'Sixty-three.

In the lap of its mother mountain
Virginia City lay.
And, wet in a rolling rain-cloud
Of glimmering gold and gray,
Behind the Sierras slowly sank
The sun of Liberty Day.

The mammoth flag on the summit
In the tremendous rainbow glow
Fluttered far like a scarlet ribbon,
To the eyes that watched below,
But flashed in the sky of a nation
The glory of long ago.

Then a frown on the cheek of the twilight
When the smile of the west was warm!
And climbing in dusky billows
Mount Davidson's awful form
A wonder of darkness swept the height
Like the rush of a silent storm!

Thro' the muck of the muffled city
With its mystery untold,
While the people dizzily gazing
Stood dumb in the streets, behold
In the blackening west o'er the moun-
tain's crest
A twinkling of fiery gold!

Every eye caught the heaven-bung vision,
Every heart felt its wizard spell.
It flared like a spirit candle,
It streamed like a star that fell.
It waved command like a signal hand,
It swung like a voiceless bell.

Did they hear it? White faces listened;
Wild thoughts guessed its meaning di-
vine.

"There is news of the war from the east-
ward;

The palm-tree has bowed to the pine—
And the Lord of Hosts is uplifting
His torch on the hills for a sign!"

'Twas a dream, but not all. On the
shadow

The light that quivered and curled
Was the flag by patriot fingers
That birthday morning unfurled,
And it blazed in the unseen sunset
Like a beam from another world.

Alone in its daylight of glory
Above where the lightnings run—
But the glad city read on the morrow
Its token of deeds that were done,
And the steeples sang, "Vicksburg is
taken,
And Gettysburg's field is won!"

—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

MAN'S MISSION.

It was generally acknowledged by those who knew them that Jack Newlyn and his pretty wife had solved the much-discussed problem of how to be happy though married. True, they had only been united six months, and perhaps it was a little premature to speak definitely on the subject, but to all appearances it did not seem possible that the sunshine of their lives could ever be darkened by a cloud. Their affection for each other disgusted the cynical and delighted the romantic.

It was as ardent and enduring now as it had been the day they were made man and wife, and their intimate friends were wont to declare that existence for them was one long, continual honeymoon.

Old philosophers, however, shook their heads and said it was not to be expected that such a state of unalloyed bliss could continue forever, and these philosophers were right. One day a hawk swooped down on the Newlyn dove and put an end to the billing and cooing.

It was in this way: Jack Newlyn, who was a barrister of some repute, left his home in St. John's Wood one fine morning, leaving his little wife in her usual state of happiness, returning a few minutes after 5 to find her almost as solemn as the great judge in whose presence he had been propounding the intricacies of an entangled will suit all the afternoon.

"Anything wrong, dearest?" he inquired as they sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Newlyn gave a start.

"O, no," she murmured, "only—only I have had a visit from Miss Blake this afternoon."

"Who's Miss Blake?" the embryo Q. C. asked carelessly.

"O, you must have heard of her, Jack; she's the President of the 'Modern Woman's Pioneer-Rescue League.'"

Mr. Newlyn gasped.

"And—what did she want, a subscription?"

"No—O, I'll tell you. I don't think I ever mentioned it, but before I met you I was a 'Pioneer.' Now, one of the rules of the society orders that when a member becomes engaged or married she forfeits her place; in fact, she is compelled to resign."

Mr. Newlyn muttered something about a "good job."

"Well, it seems," his wife went on, "that quite a lot of the members have left lately owing to this cause. There's Lucy Johnson, she's engaged to Mr. Stone, and last week Kate Brown was married, and now there are several more on the point of leaving."

"Quite an epidemic," the barrister remarked, irreverently.

"So," his wife continued with a slight frown, "Miss Blake fears that soon she will be the only one who has remained true to the ship."

"Why doesn't she get spliced?" Jack asked, "and then the ship would sink."

"She has no desire to get 'spliced,' as you call it. She is a woman of firm principles, and she has devoted her life to doing good. But to return to what I was saying. As the society had suffered such losses she has decided to strike out the rule which declares engaged girls and married women ineligible, and she is now going round to all the old members asking them to rejoin."

The young husband's face bore a look of the liveliest consternation.

"And," his wife resumed, "I have promised to do so."

Mr. Newlyn's consternation deepened to direst dismay.

"But—but what does she want you to do?" he asked. "And what are the 'Pioneers'?"

"They are a little band of women who are engaged in the noble work of rescuing their unhappy fellow-creatures from sin and wickedness."

"But what are they required to do? Not—not to dive into filthy dens in the East End, visiting housebreakers?"

"No, not exactly that. We hold meetings for cabdrivers, sandwichmen, and matchboys. Social evenings they are, with light refreshment, such as coffee and buns—"

"C-o-f-f-e-e-a-n-d-b-u-n-s," Mr. Newlyn murmured blankly.

"Yes, and a little music, and we take them aside and talk seriously to them and try to bring them to a better frame of mind. It is a noble work, Jack. Miss Blake says it is wicked for us to lead a life of luxury and ease when there are thousands going to perdition. She says it is woman's mission to reform man."

"Quite so," the young barrister responded readily, "and you are fulfilling that mission admirably."

"I—"

"Yes, you are reforming me."

"O, you don't need reforming, dear."

"And cabdrivers and sandwichmen do?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But, my dear, evening is the only time that I have you to myself."

"I know," and she sighed. "It is awkward, but quite unavoidable."

"And I am to mope at home by myself while you are talking seriously to cabmen and matchboys?"

"Now, darling, you mustn't be selfish."

"Selfish?"

"Yes, you must learn to give up something for your unfortunate fellow-men."

"Well, what with subscribing to orphanages and homes for destitute children, I give up close on a hundred a year as it is."

"Yes, but that is no proper sacrifice," his little wife said, quickly. "You are rich, and a hundred pounds doesn't mean any real giving up on your part. You don't deprive yourself of any pleasure, you know."

Mr. Newlyn knitted his brow. His wife's logic was unanswerable.

"And if you spared me for three or four evenings a week you would be doing so, and you would know that your dear little wife was perhaps persuading some poor sinner to lead a better life."

"And what am I to do with myself while you are persuading?"

"Well, you can read and smoke, or go and see your old bachelor friends occasionally."

"And so those delightful evenings when you used to play and sing to me are at an end?"

"I'm afraid so. They were selfish evenings, I see it now. We thought of no one's happiness but our own. Henceforth, Jack dear, we live for others. Now I must go and dress. Miss Blake calls for me at 8. There is a meeting of sandwichmen at half-past."

It was half-past 10 when Mrs. Newlyn came home. She found her husband sitting over his cigar and a novel.

"Well, how did the meeting go off?" he asked.

"Splendidly, splendidly," his wife exclaimed, her charming face aglow with enthusiasm. "O, Jack, when I see what a great deal of noble work I can accomplish I am filled with joy. Miss Blake says I shall be of immense use. But tell me, what have you been doing with yourself while I have been away?"

"I? O, I dropped in on Barnes, one of my old cronies, you know, and very thankful I am I did so."

"Very thankful? Why?"

"Because, curiously enough, I found him deep in a scheme of rescue work of a most novel and original kind, and he invited me to join the movement, and I have done so. Our lives now, Ethel, shall be devoted to this work."

"O, Jack, I am so glad! You will be able to do such a lot of good."

"Well, I hope so, I hope so."

"Now tell me all about it, dear? I am most anxious to learn in what way Mr. Barnes' scheme differs from ours. What class of people are you going to reform—the scavengers, the dockers?"

"O, no; those we leave to you ladies. Barnes says that the influence of woman upon man applies to this sort of work just as it does in other ways, and that the influence of man upon woman is the same."

Mrs. Newlyn looked slightly puzzled.

"The influence—of—man—upon—woman?" she repeated.

"Just so."

"But I don't understand?"

"Why, it's this way. Our work will be among women. Barmalids—"

"Barmalids?" And her face turned pale.

"Ballet girls, and nurses. We shall hold meetings—social meetings, with light refreshment, such as coffee and buns, and we shall take them aside and talk seriously to them."

Mrs. Newlyn gave a gasp.

"Barnes says it is man's mission."

"Man's mission? O, how dare you talk to me of such a thing?"

"Eh, what?"

"Don't say a word, not a word. Do you want to insult me? O, I wonder how you can come to me with such an infamous proposal! You must be mad to think I should ever consent to it."

"But I consented to you."

"That is very different."

"I fail to see it. You are taking cabmen aside and talking seriously to them. I am taking ballet girls—"

"You sha'n't. I won't stand it. O, do you want to break my heart?"

"Now, darling, you mustn't be selfish. You must learn to give up something. We must live for others."

"You sha—sha'n't!—live for barmalids or ballet girls, the horrid things," Mrs. Newlyn sobbed from behind her handkerchief.

"But you are living for sandwichmen and matchboys."

Mrs. Newlyn bit her lip.

"Jack!" she murmured after a pause "My dear."

"Pro—promise me you won't."

"I can't. I gave my word to Barnes."

His wife twisted her lace-fringed handkerchief in desperation.

"I—I'll give up the sandwichmen if you will," she murmured at length.

"And the matchboys and cabdrivers?"

"Ye—es."

"Then on that condition—"

"O, you dear fellow."

"And we shall go back to the old life?"

"Yes, O, yes."

"That's right." And he bent his head and kissed her.

"Newlyn," said his friend Barnes as they sat at lunch the following day, "you're a genius. The idea was splendid, only I'm afraid you've ruined my character with your wife."

"O, I'll make it all right," the young barrister rejoined; "I'll tell her you've given up the scheme." And then they looked at each other and laughed boisterously as if at some hidden joke.—SL Paul's.

SALADS AS A DAILY DIET.

Most Wholesome Food, and Should Be Eaten Every Day.

"The beauty and wholesomeness of the salad should commend it to every American housekeeper," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in her cooking lesson on "The Making of Salads," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I do not refer to those highly-seasoned combinations of hard-boiled eggs and mustard, but to dainty dinner or luncheon salads, made with a dressing of olive oil, a few drops of lemon juice, and a light seasoning of salt, garlic and pepper."

"The salts necessary for the well-being of our blood are bountifully given in these green vegetables; then, too, it is a pleasant way of taking fatty food. All machinery must be well oiled to prevent friction, and the wonderful human engine is not an exception to the rule. Look carefully to it that you take sufficient fatty food."

"The Americans do not use enough oil to keep them in perfect health. While butter is served in some families three times a day, and is better than no fat, its composition is rather against it as compared to a sweet vegetable oil. Fats well digested are the salvation of consumptives or those suffering from any form of tuberculosis. For these reasons a simple salad composed of any green vegetable and a French dressing, should be seen on every well-regulated table 365 times a year. Those who live out of town can obtain from the fields sorrel, long docks, dandelions, and lamb's quarters, for the cost of picking. Where desserts are not used, and I wish, for health's sake, they might be abolished, a salad with a bit of cheese and bread, or water, or cracker, with a small cup of coffee, may close the meal. Where a dessert is used the salad, cheese and water are served just before it, to prick up the appetite that it may enjoy more fully the sweet. At a large dinner the salad is usually served with the game course."

Found Health and Wealth.

As showing the possibilities of intelligent farming in California, the following from the Santa Cruz Sentinel is interesting. The piece of ground—six acres—is a little larger than two San Francisco city blocks: "When E. N. Stocking came to California he was in search of health and a living, but discouragement stared him and his family in the face. To find employment seemed impossible, so he bought on the Branciforte Creek six acres of land. He put the land out in vegetables, berries, and tree fruit, and a chicken-yard. With the combination of thrift, industry, and economy, those barren six acres of a few years ago now fairly bud, blossom, and ripen. Last year three hundred and sixty-five dollars were harvested from a patch of strawberries of one-quarter of an acre and two rods. Just think of it, ye men who let the pennies slip away, and who cry hard times! In the winter he confines himself to raising chickens. Every inch of ground is utilized, and a happy, contented family is the result."

Fire Engine Signals.

The experimental use of signals by the Berlin fire department for its apparatus while on the way to a fire has been found to work so well that the system has now been definitely accepted. It consists in the use of an apparatus looking much like a small semaphore, now in use on the railroads. The appliance is rigged up on the driver's seat, and is visible for quite a distance. When the vehicle is to go straight out the arm of the semaphore is placed straight up; if to go to the right or left into another street, the arm of the semaphore is inclined in that direction. As the signals are always set for the next corner, drivers of other vehicles know at once what they have to do in order to get out of the road of the fire engine or other apparatus.—Philadelphia Record.

Meant What He Said.

"I propose to wipe out the saloon," the determined manner of the speaker showed him to be intensely in earnest and his listeners realized the full import of his words when he savagely reached for his pall and mop and started into do it.—New York World.

Among the Animals.

"I fear," said the elephant, "that the alligator is a little of a blackmailer."

"Really?" asked the giraffe.

"He only seems willing to keep his mouth shut when there's something in it."—Washington Star.

Bluing Unnecessary.

A French chemist has invented a blue soap which renders unnecessary the use of bluing in laundry work.

RIDES FROM THE HIPS DOWN.

Jimmy Michael Examined by Boston Physicians with Surprise.

Immediately after his record-breaking victory over McDuffie, in the fifteen-mile race at the Charles River Park, Boston, Jimmy Michael, the wonderful little Welsh rider, was subjected to an exhaustive examination by a number of physicians. The observations of these medical men led them to some surprising conclusions, which may perhaps be summarized in the statement that the little bunch of grit and muscle rides from his hips down. The hearts of other racing men examined by some of the doctors had been found to beat at tremendous speed after a severe race, but Michael's blood pump seemed to be no more excited than it would be had he vaulted over a couple of tables. His lungs were free and his respiration normal. He did not seem to be suffering from fatigue. All the organs in the upper portion of his body were found to be in a remarkably healthy condition. But below the hips some of these conditions seemed reversed. The great flexor and extensor muscles in his thigh and calf were found to be highly excited. The thigh muscles seemed to be beating like the pulse in an ordinary man's wrist, and they were corded and bunched as hard as iron. Below the hip line Michael was warmed up; above as cool as a cucumber. This state of affairs is explained by the medical men as indicative of the way the man works. He holds his body rigid without effort, while his legs do all the work propelling his 120 gear. His heart and lungs are large and strong enough to keep his vitality up to the requirements of severe exertion without showing it by increased action. The doctors unanimously expressed astonishment that such a diminutive physique (Michael is only 4 feet 11½ inches tall) could be capable of the enormous exertion necessary in driving a wheel at the rate of something over thirty miles an hour for fifteen miles.



GREATEST OF BICYCLE RIDERS.

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CHAMPION OF TENNIS COURT.

Miss Juliette Atkinson Desires of Winning Theatrical Applause.

The woman tennis champion of America, Miss Juliette Atkinson, who enhanced her claim to the title recently in Philadelphia, is not only a tennis player, but also has dramatic ambitions. In the match with Miss Bessie Moore in championship singles, which she won on the grounds of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, Miss Atkinson won the championship of America for the second time.

The young lady is a daughter of Dr. Jerome G. Atkinson, of Brooklyn, and is well known in society circles of that city. Early in the year she astounded her friends by appearing in the chorus



MISS JULIETTE ATKINSON.

of "Kismet," which was then running at Wallack's Theater, New York. She was given a few lines to speak in the second act, and when she was interviewed by one of the New York papers she declared all her inclinations were toward a stage career.

Number of Foreign Cardinals.

Cardinal di Rende's death, according to the Tablet, has made the number of foreign Cardinals greater than that of the Italian for the second time within twelve months. There are now thirty-one of the former to thirty of the latter, a state of things which, until within a few years, had not occurred for many centuries.

Not a Bad Idea.

In the reign of William III, of England, all child-stealers apprehended were branded with a red-hot R, for rogue, on the shoulders. A big M on the right hand signified manslaughter, while a T was burned into the left hand for thief.



SUMMER HOTEL INFLUENCES.

An Eastern woman who has written an article on the summer pleasures of children objects to subjecting them to the artificial constraint and worldly influences of great summer hotels. "I have an instance now in my mind," she says, "where a mother, forced to seek a certain altitude and very dry air for a delicate child, has prepared to exile herself this summer rather than repeat last year's experiences." Until then her little daughter had worn her simple dresses without thinking about them; until then she had taken her early supper of bread and milk and jam with eager appetite; until then she had been asleep at 7 o'clock, glad to rest after her long day's pleasure and exercise. The hotel brought longing desires for fine clothes, for all the dainties of the children's dining room, for late hours, "just to hear the music and dance until 9." Her pretty print frocks were despicable beside faint silk slips and exquisite embroideries, her sensible shoes very trying to wear beside the rosetted dancing slippers, her bread and milk became babyish and her mother's good-night story was drowned in the strains of the band."

World's Richest Woman.
Senora Isadore de Cousino, the richest woman in the world, is soon to visit America. She is so rich that nobody knows just how much her possessions are worth. Her wealth is estimated to be at least \$100,000,000. The senora's property is in Chile. She inherited much of it from her father and brother, but her own shrewd instinct for business has served to add largely to the property. Among her possessions are many copper mines in Chile and Peru. Upward of a hundred steamers and sailing vessels, the entire town of Lota in Chile; coal mines of incalculable value, farm lands, plantations, fruit ranches, vineyards, and three palaces the like of which are not to be found outside the imagined glories of

Rules for Basting a Skirt.
Amplitude of skirts is being somewhat modified, and their stiffness much so. The fullness is all carried around to the back, the front and sides being smooth, straight and fully fitted. In cutting out a skirt edges of the breadths should always be ruled with a ruler long enough to go from top to bottom, for a regularity in the seams of a skirt spoils its appearance and prevents from hanging well. In basting seams lay the two edges together on a long table, the bias edge uppermost, and baste them while they are lying flat. If the goods are very light gauze or muslin, or any sort of light silk, baste at the same narrow strip of paper along the seam. Stitch through this paper, which prevents the machine needle from entering in material. The paper may easily be removed afterward.

The stiffening has almost entirely disappeared from skirts. They are longer as rigid as if they were made of wood, but have a degree of suppleness that is much more desirable.

haircloth facing five or six inches is put around the foot of the skirt to prevent it from clinging closely to ankles, but this is the limit of stiffness. The wires and various other contrivances for expanding have entirely disappeared. Indeed, the wires are met with any favor among well-dressed women, as the effect was disagreeable, and with sufficiently good lines no such arrangement was needed.

Age and Beauty.

It is absurd to claim, says a writer, that the ripe beauty of 40 is as attractive than the budding immaturity of sweet 16. When women have harmony with nature's laws, each of life has its own charm. The fullness of beauty does not reach its peak under 35 or 40. Helen of Troy was upon the stage at the age of 40, and she was a brilliant figure 30 years thereafter. Cleopatra was 30 years when she met Antony. The de Poitiers was 36 when she won the heart of Henry II. The King was her age, but his devotion never dimmed. Anne of Austria was 38 when she was married to Louis, and Catharine Russia was 33 when she selected throne she occupied for thirty years.

The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauty. The old saw about sweet 16 is extended by the truer knowledge that highest beauty does not dwell in youth and a complexion of rose admirability for that period, but a man's best and richest years are from 40 to 45.

Complexion and Digestion.

Complexion is all a matter of digestion. Where there is a good digestion a beautiful complexion is bound to follow. A well-regulated stomach invariably proclaims itself in a good-looking face, and to maintain this well-regulated condition attention to a fruit diet is recommended. Plums, blackberries, white and red grapes, oranges and peaches are among the table fruits, and it is difficult to say which is the best for a pretty complexion. If the skin is kept fresh and the diet is laxative the face will be good to look upon. People eat too much breadstuffs. A mud-colored skin is usually an indication of bad blood. A good thing for a sallow skin is a trip to the nearest mountain—walk up, rest and climb down again.

Women and the Wheel.

The best weight for a woman's wheel is from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and the smooth running qualities of all the trustworthy makes have now reached so high a standard of excellence that there is little choice among them. The average woman had better not undertake to ride with a gear higher than sixty-six or sixty-eight, because if she does she will find that the extra amount of force which she has to put into every push of the pedals is more exhausting than the process of making a few more revolutions with less effort in each one.

Have a comfortable, becoming, inconspicuous costume; black is considered very swaggar now, but the chief objection to it is that while it looks very chic it shows the dust, and many prefer the shades of brown and tan for this reason. Too much cannot be said condemning corsets for riding, especially rigid ones. Have a comfortably large pair of broad-toed regulation shoes.

Someone who has had experience enough to know says that a piece of light brass chain tacked to the inside of the hem of your skirt before it is turned up is the very best thing for keeping the skirt down. It does not wear through and drop out like

To Whip Cream Easily.

Often very rich cream will not whip readily; it should have a little added to it. Cream should be very well chilled there is not the danger of the cream whipping to butter as keepers frequently complain it

A Reigning Favorite.

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