

WHO PLANTS A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly creep;

SANDY'S PLUCK.

Sandy MacFabin's parents, with a number of their companions, were murdered in the year 1766 by the Indians.

Only four of the party escaped—a Mr. Murkland and his wife, their infant daughter, Affie, and Sandy, whom Mr. Murkland found lying under a log, badly wounded and hugging tight in his arms his father's last gift, his puppy, Boone.

It became known that Sandy's money was kept in Mr. Murkland's cabin, and one night the cabin was broken into and an attempt was made to steal the gold.

When he reached Mr. Murkland's cabin he was surprised to find it filled with women and children, and amid sobs, ejaculations of pity and incoherent explanations he learned to his dismay what had put a terrible finish to the desperate condition of affairs—Affie was lost.

his gun, and he had bounded far in front of them.
"Stop him!" shouted one, and added immediately after. "Don't shoot him!"

But scores of arrows chipped among the trees as Sandy fled for his cabin, intent on leading the chase away from the settlement. It was a race, swift and noiseless, but one befuddled wretch bounded into the cabin side by side with Sandy, saying in broken English as he shut and bolted the door after them.

"You—my—prisoner?"
"Ho! Am I, Hub Hanson?" was Sandy's quick retort.
Sandy's blood was up. His long familiarity with Hub Hanson had bred contempt for him, and now that he had caught him in a false position his anger and contempt blazed above his fear.

"My skin isn't whole now," retorted Sandy, possessing himself of his towel and winding it around his hand to stanch the flow of blood there. "For an arrow has gone through my hand."

"Hae? That's bad. Then tell me where your pitch knots are, and I'll light one."
That was just what Sandy wanted, and while Hanson was rummaging for the knots he glided to the trapdoor. Leaping into the cavity he closed the trap softly after him, and the next moment he was feeling his way rapidly through his "queer find."

"There," he muttered as he emerged into the open air, "you may hunt now, and I'll get to the settlement without your help."
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suddenly abandoned cabins as the Indians moved about rummaging for spoils.
Through some of the cabins were within easy range of the loopholes, Sandy commanded "No firing!" for fear of bringing on the attack. It was better to watch and wait, for he well appreciated how fearfully inadequate his few old men, women and children were to cope with their cruel foe.

Sandy judged rightly that the door would be the principal point of attack, and when the fires were put out in the cabins, and silence reigned, he knew that the enemy were coming.
A sudden shuffling of stealthy feet was heard outside, and the boy fired. There was a stumble, a fall, and Sandy saw the white end of a log roll over in the path.

"The idiots don't know that I can see the white end of their log," muttered he, as he dodged back to reload. The spatter of bullets and arrows for a few minutes was fearful, and when he next dared to look out, the white edge of the huge battering ram was perilously near the door, being borne with a rush for the blow.

Sandy's next shot, aimed just above the white end, told with fearful effect. There was a shriek in mingled voices, and the log swayed and fell, followed by the sound of retreating feet and dragging bodies, as the wounded were borne away.
The attack had now become general, the bullets and arrows flying through every loophole, till no man dared take aim, but Sandy, by poising his gun through the loopholes about the angle of his last aim, managed, for the whole hour of rapid firing to prevent another attempt to break in the door.

"I knew the handkerchief, and I tell you it wasn't many seconds before the torches were out and the shoe thrust into Boone's mouth. Boone bounded off, leaving us standing there like men of stone. But that trace of stunned misery saved us a deal of anxious worry, for we heard Boone bark and the next minute Affie's scream.

"I haven't any idea how we got to them—but it wasn't more than forty rods—but we did, and then we started, single file for the blockhouse. I had Affie in my arms, and I tell you it was awful, stumbling along there in the dark. Boone kept in front, and by dint of whining and brushing against the leading man's legs he kept us going straight. But the progress was slow, and we all got very much a tumble, until Affie caught hold of Boone's tail.

All firing had ceased, for the Indians, feeling sure of their victims, had withdrawn to a convenient distance to enjoy the torture they were inflicting.
But what was that! Sandy raised his head, and an unmistakable spatter of rain struck his face.

"Will it come?" he gasped as his eyes caught the distant flash of lightning. Ah, here it comes! The dark rainclouds, pierced by swords of vivid lightning, emptied their welcome contents down upon the devoted little band.
They were saved. Aye, and better than they knew, for when the rain had passed they found that the superstitious savages had fled from the terrific storm, fearing they had offended the Great Spirit.

The settlers found their way to Bradford in the morning, where they obtained help to bury the dead and care for the wounded and got much needed provisions.
The next year found their cabins rebuilt—the older boys taking the places of their slain fathers—and Sandy with his money establishing a trading post—the first store in the township.

None ever tired telling of the part Boone took in saving them, and Mr. Murkland, though seriously wounded, lived to tell it many times, always assisted by Affie, who had the most unbounded love for the old fellow.
"You see," he would say, we went right up through those woods to the back stump piece thinking she had got bewildered with the woods all around her, and that in her first fright when she found herself alone she would just as quick as go to the mountain. We'd been calling her name and waving our torches for an hour. I should think and had got back down into the hollow between the mountain and strawberry hill when Boone bounded in among us.

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The Vatican.

Marion Crawford Describes the Great Palace Façade.
The Visitor Comes Out of It with a Sense of Having Been Walking in a Labyrinth—The Atmosphere of the Place.

To the average stranger "the Vatican" suggests only the museum of sculpture, the picture-galleries, the Loggie. He remembers besides the objects of art which he has seen, the fact of having walked a great distance through straight corridors, up and down short flights of marble steps, and through irregularly shaped halls.

It is interesting to observe the sympathy of Wall street for the workmanman. Wall street is awfully afraid the restoration of silver will greatly benefit the moneyed people by cutting down the wages of hard and Wall street is so considerate of the poor workman who under the gold standard is loaded down with the gold he receives in payment of his high wages, that it is doing its level best to keep him from rushing off with the "silver craze," Wall street's heart bleeds when it looks and sees the working people sacrificing themselves to the money power—in advocating a double standard even after being warned by Wall street that silver is not for the interest of the poor but of the rich.

A good deal has been said about the abject condition of Mexico under the silver basis, which is really equal to a protective tariff against English importations of 100 per cent; how about Egypt? Egypt is under the single gold standard, and if the logic is correct, Egypt ought to be a prosperous country in which the working people go about loaded down with the gold they get for wages. But do they?
Thomas Jefferson was denounced as the most notorious anarchist of his time, and Andrew Jackson was hated by the money power.

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Jerusalem has 60,000 Jews.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Many women believe that the fine complexion which Irish girls are noted for are due to the potato and milk diet on which they thrive in the Emerald Isle. A recent bride lived for some months before the wedding day on milk and potatoes alone. This she did to ensure a dazzling red and white complexion for the momentous church ceremony. The end was accomplished; she was really radiant in her white satin and lace veil.

For women desiring to get a gown on their return from their summer's stay they will find they have made no mistake in getting tweed, cheviot, shepherd's plaid or a silk and wool mixture.
New skirts for autumn wear have their fullness flowing farther to the back and sides and the front less flaring.

Platonic friendship can never exist where the woman is anxious for the admiration of the man.
Laws and batistes are almost a dog day madness. They are considered elegant enough for any wear. At the same time it may be observed that their part is rather that of a transparency through which the color of a taffeta is intended to shimmer and cool.

For the summer girl who elects for simple styles, the open tailor-made jacket, double-breasted pigee vest, and five-yard untripped skirt are selected as being close to the regulation masculine severity of style. The inevitably plainly handed sailor hat is then en suite.
An invalid's room should be neat and nicely appointed, but for obvious reasons it ought not to be cluttered up with a superfluity of trifles. The collection of vases and small objects which need constant dusting is not appropriate in a room where fess and fidget must be avoided. Vials and bottles, glasses, cups and spoons and the imposing paraphernalia of illness should equally be kept out of sight in the invalid's apartment. A few flowers, a book or two, an easy chair and the atmosphere of use, of comfort and of tranquility should pervade the chamber where pain indeed must be borne, but where patience often reigns, and which is to be regarded, not as the prison cell of illness, but as a way station on the highroad to health.

Eighteen new young women law students of New York have been admitted to the bar. Of these Mrs. Julia A. Wilson and Miss Ruth N. White have very promising careers.
A dentist, who was doing some work upon a woman's teeth the other day, was complained to by her about the peculiar sensitiveness she felt in them of late. "It is always so," he replied, "during the Summer months, when you are eating more acids in fruits and salads. The teeth are continually on edge as it were. It is a good thing to clean them frequently with powdered chalk, and to rinse out the mouth with lime water. I know of no better way of counteracting the action of the acids upon the line of the teeth. And unless you do something of this sort you will find that the teeth will be very perceptibly eaten into."

Undoubtedly the pompadour is the fashionable mode of dressing the hair at present, and this style, being simple, and pulled back from the face, is certainly as comfortable looking as it is pretty. To properly dress the hair a pompadour make a part from behind the tip of the ear up over the head, about a span from the forehead at the top to the tip of the other ear, and all this hair—nearly half the head—is the pompadour. This is washed at least twice a week, though the rest need only be washed once a month. It is all combed down over the face in manipulating; every morning it is soaked with cologne, bay rum or any perfume that is not sticky when drying; it is fluffed with the comb till dry, and then fluffed more. The fluffing is done in the sunshine if possible; if not, by fire heat. The back knot is made, then the pompadour is combed down over the face and turned back. This makes a soft loose roll; the comb adjusts it so the forward combing of the under part does not show; part of the central lock is allowed to fall loosely on the forehead in its turn back, or this one lock may be cut.
The result is becoming to the oldest and the youngest face, emphasizing the eyes and bringing the forehead line in harmony. This style of hair best suits a certain simplicity of gowning, and positively must take high collaring of the throat. The entire oval of the face should be outlined, the collar line completing in front view the outlining the hair makes to the ears, and some modifications of the stock and fall of lace at the neck is the most suitable. A properly cared for pompadour should never curl or crimp, should be silky, gleaming and soft, and all the best points of the hair for color and texture.
Is the American woman getting taller? This question, always interesting, is being put again upon the carpet at seaside places, where fair Summer girls are vying with each other to be considered athletic—that attribute upon which their grandmothers looked with undisguised horror in "her young days."
Everything tends to show that the really up-to-date girl is mightily interested in her fine physique. Witness the myriads of machines of all makes and descriptions to be found where the ocean wave rolls in, all of which propose to tell the American girl how tall she stands in her stockings; how much to a fraction she weighs before breakfast, before lunch and before dinner; how much she has gained and lost to the minutest part of an inch when she donned her natty bathing suit and entered the brine.
"Whether women are growing taller or not," is of minor importance. The real question is, Are they growing stronger? Do they hold themselves better than they did in the good old times?
Luckily for the American girl this question can easily be answered in the affirmative. The great impetus given to the study of physical training for girls has really opened the way for a deep reform, and actually set hosts of young women in search for the perfect beauty of development which is more pleasing to the eye than any amount of mere charm of face.