## ONCE IN AWHILE.

Once in awhile the sun shines out. And the arching skies are a perfect blue Once in awhile mid clouds of doubt Hope's brightest stars come peep

Our paths lead down by the meadows fair Where the sweetest blossoms nod and sm And we lay aside our cross of care Once in awhile

Once in awhile within our own We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend : Once in awhile we hear a tone Of love with the hears's own voice to blend And the dearest of all our dreams come t And on life's way is a golden mile : Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew Once in awhile.

Once in awhile in the desert sand We find a spot of the fairest green; Once in awhile from where we stand The hills of Paradise are seen ; And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold, A joy that the world cannot defile We trade earth's dross for the purest gold

Once in awhile. -Nixon Waterman

## MISS HAMILTON'S ENDURANCE.

My car is a "Cataract" runabout. Tha is, it was; I've sold it now, and it makes me sick-I know I'll never have so much fun again even if I should get a 90 H. P. Mercedes. I called her the "Black Bug' - she was painted to order for a doctor, or an undertaker, or somebody who affected black—and, though she didn't have yellow wheels, she was a sporty little model, low and rakish and fast for a 10 H. P. machine. Of course being a one-cylinder, there was a little vibration when you started up-a horizontal engine has to work, you kn especially when she's climbing—but when you turned her loose and got the proper ratio between spark and throttle, she'd travel as still as a top can spin. She saved gasoline like a miser, but she was a drunkard for oil-that was her one fault. I had her rigged out with all the lamps and me-ters and brass things you could think of, or that manufacturers could think of you-everything but one of these "Gabriel's borns"; it was my despair that I didn't have exhaust enough for a threetoned trumpet. But even they are no good when it comes to kids in the road-you simply have to stop or run over them.

The Bug was second hand when I go her, and if I'm not one of these mythical persons you read about in the catalogues who run a car a whole season and spend only fifty cents for repairs, I attribute the fact to the Bug's first owner. He must have been arrested for speeding once or twice, I imagine, by the way the cones and bushings were worn. Nevertheless, the "Cataract" is the best car of the price on the market. All of which you want to remember when I tell you how I got \$1,000 for her, with extras.

I had started out, late one afternoon, for a run from Boston to Arlington. The Bug worked like a gold watch. I just soared over the hills-grades didn't seem to matter at all -- and my throttle was never more than half open. I had just put in a new set of batteries, and I was enjoying my confidence in them, the way a bride feels when she has just engaged a \*horoughly reliable cook. It was good to be alive and more than an eighth of an inch of lost

Out on Massachusetts Avenue, beyond Cambridge, they were paving the road There was a steam roller at work, and the street was fenced off with one of those sawhorse things with a sign on it. So I turned into a narrow, shady road and stopped by the curb to light my lamps, for the sun had set, and I expected to be out some time. I had my engine slowed down, but still running.

I had just finished when the prettiest girl in the world came up. She was smallish and dark and brown, with what poets call "orbs" that bypnotized me. Soft fluffy hair all around her face gave her that mousey sort of look most men can't resist, but she had a little chin that I was sure meant business-if her delicate, curved mouth didn't prevent. All this I saw at the first glance, and, in the second, I saw that she was in trouble. She was walking slowly and staring rather hard, but not flirting a bit. She wasn't at all that sort of a girl. I smiled back, good-naturedly, and snapped the lamp door. She stopped, looked at me straight in the eyes as if she were doing some quick mind-reading, and I pulled off my cap. That seemed to settle her resolution. Before I knew what was up, she had jumped into the seat beside mine and cried out in a queer, excited

Won't you please take me away? anywhere you like, only burry!"
Well, I had been waiting for a char like that for so many years that I didn't bave to stop and ask questions. I was up beside her before she could change her mind; the throttle was wide open and my foot was on the low-gear pedal at the same We begae to move

Just as I threw the speed-lever forward a big tonneau car swung into the narrow street from the avenue ahead of us, and came tearing down toward us. The girl positively cowered, and turned balf round

'Here he comes! He's been following me!" she gasped. moment the big auto had

slowed up to us, and [the chap driving her "Say! Have you seen-?" and then he

stopped just alongside.
"Milly!" he yelled next. But by this time we were picking up speed. I jammed the spark up notch by notch and let her knock. I didn't need to

be told to hurry.
"Can you get away from him?" she asked, in a pretty frightened tone that made me feel like the Squire of Dames.

"Oh, he mustn't catch us!" I gave one quick look back, and there he was, with the nose of his car against the curbstone, preparing to back, turn, and follow us. It was narrow, as I've said twice,

and he had a 110-inch wheel-base, at the least. I calculated that I would get about two blocks' handicap before he could head

our way.

I didn't slow down at all as we swung into the avenue, and we skated round on two wheels. I supposed I missed the curb by the thickness of the varnish on my mudguards. I switched back into the straight with a slew that threw the girl into my arms. She grabbed me till I was black and blue. Then we tore up that avenue like a runaway horse. Lord, how we ber left hand. I thought a bumped at the crossings! I can almost feel take it off, but she didn't.

it yet. The girl went right up and down in the air like a rubber ball, holding on with two bands as if she were in a dentist's chair. She was trying to talk, too. All I

'He's-got bet-ter springs-than you ought-to get-shock absor-bers you ride as-if you were in a-feather-bed-but if you can-beat him I-can stand it!".

I wasn't particularly impressed, for I was rather proud of the way the Bug was lying down to her work. Of course she was light and didn't have "U"-springs, but you can hardly expect a one-ton runmaking thirty miles an hour across cobble-crossings. So I just let her have it for all she was worth, and I guess that girl got as had a shaking up as she ever had in her life.

"What is his car, a 'Matchless'?" asked, after a while.

"Yep-thirty horse power!" "And you expect me to save your life with a one cylinder machine? Thanks for the compliment!" I remarked, grimly. "I expect you to try!" she said, and then she smiled at me. It was like opening

the throttle eight more notches, the way it made me feel. By this time, the other fellow was about three blocks behind, and his siren was loweng like a for horn on a thick night at sea.

The girl watched him from over the back

of her seat. "He's gaining on us," she announced nite camply. "You've got to dodge him, quite camply.

"All right!" I said. The next minute she was piled up in my arms again, and I had shaved a quick corner, diving down into a little cross street. Half way down the block I turned suddenly to the right, and she nearly fell out of the car. She only

"Are you trying to kill me, or what?" "I thought you wanted to go as fast as ossible," I replied, letting the Bug out for a straight run.

"I do, but I prefer to travel on four wheels part of the time. Who are you, anyway? Barney Oldfield?" 'Oh, this is nothing-wait till we get to

good down grade." I'll be a quivering mass of pink jelly by that time. You ought to call this thing the 'Corn Popper.' I'm not afraid to try the 'Loop the Gap' upside down now. Couldn't you try a somersault with your wagon, just to let me see how the 'Dip of Death' feels?''

I switched her up another road, and didn't do it any too carefully either. "T ere's a man behind with a faster m chine than mime," I said angrily, "and if you want to change cars now's the time

She smiled sweetly at me again. "Well, he has not pneumatic tubes, anyway," she offered. "I didn't know they used solid rubber tires any more!" She was going up and down as she spoke, but she got retort off without loss of sarcasm.

I confess that for a minute I was pretty nad. I slowed right down. The gir

seized my arm impetuously.
"Oh, do go on! Really, I was only joking! It's a beautiful little car, of course! wouldn't have asked you to take me if I hadn't thought so. Please hurry! See, there he is now!"

He was right on top of us; in fact, only half a block away. It made me wild to think I had lighted my tail lamp. He just pretended to. I refused to drive home couldn't lose us, possibly. And then, that reminded me of something. I dodged "So you got out?" hack to Massachusette Avenue. There was a measured half mile there, where the to the officer on the corner I had slowed down to about twelve miles an hour, and I saw the cop look at his watch and take my number.

emarked.

'What do you meau?'' she asked. "If he doesn't know the road, or the oliceman, he's going to get into trouble. 've led him into a trap, that's all. He hasn't lighted his lamps yet, and they'll make it hot for him, or I'm mistaken."

"Good!" she oried. "I hope they arrest him! It's our only chance, isn't it?"
I had to laugh. "Talk about looking a I had to laugh. "Talk about look gift horse in the teeth," I said. might have an accident, I suppose. Shall

I pray for a tire to burst? I can't compete with a locomotive, you know."

She was looking back. "He is stopped!" she exclaimed. "That policeman is talking to him. But he's awfully rich—he'll give the man a ten-dollar bill and come right along, I'm afraid."
"I hope he'll try that!" said I. "That"

the quickest way to jail in this town! If he'd only strip his gears or something, we might succeed in this elopement. Bu I expect to be held up any minute now." "His carbureter is working badly to day," she said, reflectively.

"Why in Heaven's name didn't you say that before?" I exclaimed. "The nearest hill for us, then. This machine is a regu lar express elevator!"

So I slipped off the avenue again-the 'Matchless' was out of sight before this and I made for Lexington way. Then, as be fore, up one street and down another, higgledy, piggledy, I went, in and out, till I thought we were fairly safe. In about half an hour I slowed down and turned to the girl. She had been silent for a good while, and I imagined that she was thinking things over pretty bard.
"Well," I began, "I've saved your life,

but I only did my duty. What can I do for you now?"
"You've been awfully kind to me," she

began, 'not even asking any questions "I didn't have time for questions be-fore," was my reply. "New I'd like to know what the trouble was!"

"I'd like to go to Arlington," she pur sued, "but I'm awfully afraid he'll be on

"He can't remove you from this car by force, you know," I suggested.
"N—no, I suppose not," she said. "Bu
he can make it very disagreeable for me."

"I can make it rather disagreeable for him." She didn't seem to be half so grateful now as I had expected she would be. "Oh, that would be worse!" she ex-"I've had trouble enough alclaimed. read v.'

"Do von mind telling me just what's the matter?" I asked. "Of course I don't want to appear inquisitive—"

"But you are, you mean?"

"Oh, it was only a quarrel." "I'm sorry for the other chap, if you vere as sarcastic as you were with me! "Was I? I'm so sorry—really, I don' know how I can ever thank you!

"I do. Tell me all about it. I'd hate to think I'd gone to all this trouble for nothing. "Oh! Was it so much-trouble?"

"Not if we've won." She pulled off her glove and a ruby ring from her forefinger, and touched, though fully, a ruby ring on the fourth finger of her left hand. I thought she was going to

watching her we came to a little rise, and the engine pounded and stopped. I took the orank and got out. The girl looked little car, isn't it?" down at me, her face very near mine. I must confess that I was glad to hear that her engagement was broken. I began to get a little more interested in her on my

own account.
"Well. I guess we've beaten him now 'We?' That sounds funny, doesn't

"It sounds all right to me." I threw the the wheel over viciously, and the engine began to race. The girl shut down the throttle as if she knew all about it, and I got in beside her. "Well, then-Arling-

"If you would! And, you baven't extra pair of goggles, have you?"
"Yes, and a veil." I took out my sisster's outfit

"Do you think he recognized me?" she "I thought he called you 'Milly.' "

'But he might have been mistaken, von "Sure. You mean it perhaps wasn't you,

after all?" "You know what I mean. I turned my head away, didn't I?"

"Yes. And perhaps Milly isn't you name after all." "But it is, unfortunately. Milly Hamilshe asked. ton. It's only fair for you to know. He's my fiance-John Wentworth Forbes. At least, he was.'

"Harvard '97" "Why, yes. D'you know him?"
"Slightly. I don't blame you for breaking it off. He has a nasty temper, I've

"It ist't true at all! That is-well, he does exasperate me sometimes."
"Oh, he's notorious. I don't blame you 'But it was a little my fault!"

"It couldn't have been! I don't believe "But I don't think that he ought to take mother girl to dinner twice a week with out telling me, do you?"

'Very poor taste-if he could get you. "I don't mean that at all. Of course, I don't want to be so foolish as to tie him down, but in a public place, you know, while we're engaged-' "Perhaps it was his country cousin-

usually is, you know."
"No. It was an awfully stunning girl. don't care a bit, of course, for myself. I want him to have as good a time as he can; but people talk so, and they pity me and "I'd never forgive it, if I were you."

"Oh, I'd forgive it if he'd only explain. But he's so mysterious about it. He said there was a reason why he couldn't tell me. Wasn't that horrid?" 'It sounds interesting to me. Oh, he's a villain, fast enough. It's a good thing you

got rid of him.' "I had bard work doing it. After we'd had it out, and he wouldn't explain, I told him I had a friend living in Cambridge and I'd stop there all night. I'm a little ashamed of it, now I've cooled off some. "Asbamed of having a friend in Cam-

bridge ?"
"No-I didn't have any friend at all! I

"So you got out ?" "I pointed out a house-the first one I saw with lights in it. I told him my police took time. By the time I had got friend lived there. I got out and went to the door, and a lady came, and I asked her for a drink of water, and she asked me in. He thought I was going in to speud the night, of course, or else he would have followed me.

'Brute !" "Why, what else could a gentleman do? What would you think of him if he let me go walking around the streets along after

"But I thought be wasn't a gentleman ! "Oh, he is ! But he did treat me badly. You ought to have seen that woman when I came out and the auto was gone! I didn't attempt to explain, and started out alone. Then I happened to run across him, and he followed me till I found you. It was simply maddening.'

We had got to the top of a long hill by this time, and, giving her plenty of gas for a start, I coasted down. We sailed along as if we were shooting rapids, faster and faster. There was a big oar ahead that we rapidly overhauled, and I had tooted my horn and was preparing to pass when the girl snatched at my arm.

'Wait a minute ! Slow up, please !" she commanded. "Oh. I think that's he! Hold back and get your gas lamps on his

I slowed down and pointed at the back of the car. The number showed plainly

"Oh, it is he ! I thought I recognized it Turn around quick and let's get away ! I didn't stop to look back, and as urned, a big Limousine car nearly out us n two. It veered in a great arc, the driver turning back to yell his opinion of us. Miss Hamilton looked around after it.

"Ob, oh. oh!" she exclaimed. "He'stopped, and he's seen us, I'm afraid."

I piled on all the gas she could carry and started up-hill on the jump. In another minute the "Matchless" searchlight lighted us up as if we were posing for a living picture. It was most embarrasing We had the centre of the stage that time. The girl collapsed into a limp bunch. began to climb, and the "Matchless" after us. I heard his out-out working-"chuf chuf, chuf!"-regularly enough for a min-ute, and then it began to skip -"chuf,

chuf——chuf, chuf, chuf, —chuf——— chuf, chuf!"—and I knew that he was in trouble. The skipping grew worse, and we got away fast till be was three blocks be hind. We swept over the top of the hill and down the other side. I never touched the throttle, and jammed the spark 'way forward . . . the trees on the side of the road went past in one blurred streak. . . My left-hand oil lamp began a steady vibration, a sort of steady hum that it always sets up as soon as we get up to thirty

miles an hour; as regular as a speedometer it is. We got to the bottom before we knew it, and then flew at the next rise. And then suddenly the Bug lay down.
It was sickening—with the throttle wide open the engine simply ran down and stopped! I had to stop ignominiously enough, jam on the brake, and get out my electric torch to investigate.

"I'm sorry," I said to the girl, "but we've broken down. All I can do for you now is to protect you with my life, or I'm afraid you'll have to change cars. This is as far as we go."
"Never!" she exclaimed. "I'll stay

with you. You may have to telephone to the garage. Perhaps he won't know me in this veil and goggles." "He'd know you if he saw you in a mummy-case," I said. "You don't happen to be the kind one forgets."

"What d'you think is the matter ?" she

We were running as slowly as the Bug asked. "Is it the ignition? Turn her over would go on the high speed. As I was and see if she buzzes all right."

I turned and turned to no avail. "Where's your switch? This is a funny I pointed to the switch, looked, and gave a yell like a view-halloo. The switch, for some unbeard-of reason, had got turned off. No wonder the Bug wouldn't go. I

napped it on and started to crank.

Just then the "Matchless" hore down on us and stopped alongside. I knew that we were in for a scene this time. John Wentworth Forbes had put on his brakes with a jar. I got a good look at him, for we were right under an electric-light pole. He was a clean-cut, gentlemanly sort of chap, smooth-shaven, the big and handsome sort I had heard of him before-of course my talk to Miss Hamilton was all gammon, and I wasn't sorry of a chance for meeting him, although my own position was equivocal. I liked the way he kept his temper as he leaned over and said

"Come, Milly, get in, dear !"
"No, thank you, Jack, I can't possibly leave this gentleman; he has been very "I'd like to say a few things to you, Milly," he went on, "and if you won't get in I'll have to say them right out

"Say anything you like," she retorted. "The lady we were speaking of is en gaged to my brother" be said. 'Why didn't you tell me that before ?'

"It was to have been kept a secret. He's away, and while she was in Boston he wanted me to be nice to her." "You might have told me that in the

"Will you get in now ?" "I shall not," she said firmly. "That is, f this gentleman is willing to take me "But I've told you why I couldn't explain -

'Ob, it wasn't that alone-"

"But-"I don't care to discuss it here any more Jack. Won't you be kind enough to go on and leave us alone ?' I could see that if I hadn't been there it might have been straightened out in two minutes, and they would have kissed and

made up. It seemed time for me to come in as deus ex machina. So I went up to Mr Forbes and said to him : 'May I have two minutes' conversation with you, please ?"

Miss Hamilton stared at me, and Forber stared too, but he got out and walked up the road a few yards with me, and it took me only about two minutes to say what I had to say to him. Then we came back.
"Well," he said, "if you won't come
back with me, Milly, I'll have to leave

you, I suppose, but I'm sorry that we can't settle it now. It seems foolish to quarrel over so small a thing. 'It may seem small to you-"she replied. "Good-night, then?" he said, and he

waved his hand to us both. The "Matchless" moved off up-hill, skipping badly, but doing well enough to get away. The minute he was out of ear-shot Miss Hamilton turned on me : "What did you say to him ?" "Why," I replied, "I told him that it

wouldn't do to make trouble here on the road, and that I intended to take you home, and that it was useless for him to apologize or anything—that you were mortally offended, and that I knew that it She swallowed it all. I think she was

pretty nearly angry enough to leave me as she had him; but she didn't. "I'd like to know what right you have to interfere !" she exclaimed. "It seems to me that you've taken an unconscionable liberty, considering the time you've known me. I think I can arrange my quarrels alone without your help."

'You didn't think so when you got into my car," I replied, hugely amused.
"I think so now. I'm sorry I ever spok

"Ob, it isn't as bad as that yet, is it ! Really, I only did my best to save you from a disagreeable situation. I knew that you had been insulted, and perhaps I was too strong, but-' "Nonsense, I never said I was insulted

John couldn't possibly insult any one— least of all a woman be loved—and be-sides—didn't be explain it all perfectly?" "You believe that story, then ?" I asked

disdainfully.
"Believe it ! Of course ! Why shouldn't I? He never told me a lie in his life-and don't believe he'd begin now !" We had started up, and were climbing

the hill. As we passed the electric lights I did my best to keep my face straight. But needn't have—she wasn't looking at me now; she was looking off ahead—for a red tail lamp, I suspected, and No. 13,333 in white on a blue sign.

I turned off for Arlington "Did he say which way he was going? she asked after a while. "No," I replied. "But I doubt if he'll get far unless he stops to fix that carbur-

eter. He's in a bad way."

"Oh— I hope he won't have trouble—I suppose he's rather desperate too, and I'm afraid he'll be reckless. Did he seem to be sorry, do you think ?" "He was pretty badly cut up," I said

"Serves him right "Yes," she said curtly. "Queer looking chap, isn't be " I re-marked, as we turned again. "I think he's handsome. Or, at least, I used to think so. 'Most everybody does

anyway. "Rather low of him to chase us about so though, don't you think ?"
"What would you do, I'd like to know, if another man ran away with the girl you

were engaged to ?" "But the engagement was broken, wasn't it ?" 'Well-I hadn't really told him so." "Why hadn't you? Well, he'll know it

by to-morrow, I expect."
"I don't know-I want to think it over first. Perhaps we might come to som kind of an understanding, although it seems unlikely. If he couldn't confide in me, then I'm not fit to be his fiance." "Oh I don't trust him myself. He's

pretty smooth."
"It isn't that-I trust him implicitly, but he's rude, that's all." I had been taking it easy, not wanting to get to the corner too soon, Forbes wouldn't be ready for me. But as she spoke I caught sight of a red light, and speeded up. Miss Hamilton's

eyes were sharp ahead.
"There's an auto—it's broken down, believe. Ob, do you suppose it could "Shall I turn back ?" I asked beginning

to curve.

-let's see if it is-oughtn't to help him ?' "Just as you say. He's probably trying his spark plugs. I ran softly down to the big "Matchless

and stopped. There was nobody in sight. Miss Hamilton grew alarmed. "Why, this is his car-where d' you

he is ?" she asked. got out, but took good care not to go n front of his auto. She followed me and in a moment went

ahead a little way. Then I heard a scream, and I saw he drop to the road. I waited just long ugh to touch his quadrant The fool had his spark 'way back-just

where it ought to be. I moved it up, clear forward, for I expected it would be necessary to supply evidence for so sharp a pair of eyes and so keen an automaniac as Miss Hamilton. Then I joined her. Mr. John Wentworth Forbes was lying in the dust. His head was resting artistic-

ally in Miss Hamiltou's lap. Upon his forehead was a very convincing smear of grease, intended to conceal a bruise. She was almost hysterical. "Get some water, quick !" se oried. 'He's been hort. He must have been hit

by the crank-it back-fired on him, and knocked him senseless ! Oh, hurry up and do something quick !" He'll come to in a minute, I'm sure !''
I replied; and as I bent over him I saw his

"Where am I?" he gasped. "Is that yon, Milly? Kiss me, dear !"

I fled. The next thing I saw he was up. and she was dusting him off. He was talking. I saw him go to the wheel and show her the spark handle and tell what a fool be had been. It was lucky I had been there first.

I busied myself with my own car for a while and then I came back. Both of them held out their hands. "Congratulate us, old chap, we've com-

promised." said Forbes. "I knew I'd have to forgive him sooner or later," said Miss Hamilton.

I said nothing, but I never felt more like the proprietor of a marionette show. "But there's one thing I want to tell you," said Forbes, keeping hold of my hand and giving it a grip that I won't soon forget, "and that is that I can't afford to have a car like yours running about after me like this. She's too good a hillolimber. I'd feel safer if I knew it were out of the way. What d'you want for her? Will a thousand do? You could get a pretty good two-cylinder for that." 'I'll take a thousand and your bless

ing." said I. "Done !" he cried. "She's won the hardest endurance test race ever driven!"-By Gelett Burgess, in Collier's.

"Prevention is better than cure," says the familiar proverb. So familiar indeed is that proverb that we lose its force. need to be reminded that prevention is better than cure because it saves us time, money and suffering. We also need the reminder that prevention is a great deal easier than cure. Many times disease which might have been prevented cannot be cured at any cost. About one-sixth of the deaths of this country are due to consumption. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved thousands and thousands ands of men and women who suffered from obstinate cough, bronchitis, "weak lungs," bleeding of the lungs, and similar ailments which, if neglected or unskillfully treated, ead to consumption. Ninty eight per cent of those who give "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial, are perfectly and permanently cured. There is nothing 'just as good' as Dr. Pierce's Medical Dis

overy.

Stones and Glass Houses. The origin of the saving "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland cloves. London was inundated with Scotchmen and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the win dows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, 'Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"-New York Ameri-

Mathematics at Oxford. There is an interesting story which shows the disposition of Oxford toward mathematics. A venerable don who had bought half a dozen books at 3s. 6d. each requested the bookseller to give him a piece of paper for the purpose of arriving at the amount. He then wrote down 3s. 6d. six times, one under the other, and was slowly adding them up when the shopman ventured to point out the shorter method of multiplying one 3s. 6d. by 6. "Dear me!" exclaimed the don. "Really, that is most ingenious, most ingenious."-London Globe.

His Idea of Him. Bill-Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill-Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."-Yonkers Statesman.

He Asked.

He had been courting a girl for long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "Well, Tom, I want you to do some-

thing really heroic for me." "Speak, darling! What is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

Boys and Girls of Arabia. A traveler in Arabia who passed a year among the people tells that he did not see a single doll in the hands of a girl nor observe one playing at "keep ing house" in any way. Neither did the traveler notice an Arabian boy

playing at ball or marbles. Speaking with a grave sheik on the subject, the latter said to the stranger, "You must be queer people in the west to let your young folks get their hands dirtied in sport!"

The Arabian lads, it seems, walk about trying to look like little men as much as they can when not engaged in acts of duty or in learning essential

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The real joy of leisure is known only to the people who have contracted the habit of work without becoming enslaved to the vice of over work .- Henry Van Dyke.

At this season of the year it is a mistake to overeat. Sunstrokes and discomfort, prickly heat and trying hot weather rashes are almost invariably traceable to the condition of the stomach We do not require as much food in sum-

mer as in other seasons, certainly not as strong food. Simplify the diet, also eliminate as far as possible rich and greasy Fruit that is absolutely fresh, and new

vegetables are both health and beauty makers. Live on them chiefly, unless forbidden by some physical disorder. Eat poultry rather than meat, and white meats and lamb rather than neef during very hot days. Never have meat oftener than once a day during the summer.

Don't wash down your food with ice water and avoid too many soft drinks. If you use them take as little sugar as possi-Cut out rich chocolate and whipped cream. Don't get the iced tea habit. Drinking buttermilk quenches thirst and

at the same time cools the blood. "Although this advice is more directly for babies during the first year of life, the sense of it applies quite as well to other

children.
"Don't overfeed them, and don't let them overfeed themselves. "Don't give them rich foods-meats, gravies, pastries, cake, etc.,—nor a great variety. The simpler and plainer the better-plenty of milk, whole wheat bread, oatmeal, baked potatoes, baked apples and fresh fruits of all kinds, except banauas, in season, but be sure the fruit is ripe and

"Keep up the daily bath until it be-'Keep them out in the open air as much as possible the whole year round, and send

do so, but only to places where the water Keep then cool. "Don't overdress them. The fewer and simpler the clothing the better.'

them into the country whenever you can

For Brandied Peaches. -- Make a syrup the same as for preserving ; let it come to a boil, then skim; lay in peaches enough to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle and cook until they are tender and transparent, but not "mushy." Take out the fruit with a skimmer and place carefully in jars. Crack some of the pits, put in the swrnp and cook 15 minutes or notil in the syrup and cook 15 minutes, or until slightly thickened, add brandy half a cupful to each pound of fruit, and take at once from the fire ; strain the hot syrup, then pour it over the peaches in the jars and

For Tomato Sauce, -Melt two tablepoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and cook n it half an onion cut fine. When the opion is yellow add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until it is slightly browned. Then turn in two cupfuls of tomatoes, a small glass of wine, a bit of bay leaf, two

or three cloves, a bit of a garlic clove and salt and paprika. Cook 10 minutes, strain and keep for

For Tomato Butter. - Take seven pounds of large, ripe tomatoes, four pounds of brown sugar, half a cupful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of matoes; let them stand for five minutes and remove the skins. Remove the stem, then slice. Cook until soft; add sugar and stew until very thick. Then add spices and vinegar; pour into jars and seal and use with meat or game.

Many women have the mistaken idea that hardwood floors are difficult to keep clean, and they sweep and scour and sew carpet all their lives, with a notion that by so doing they are saving themselves work. But if they knew how to stain floors in the first place and to take oure of them in the second they could save themselves work every day of their lives, lessen the burden of housecleaning about one-half and have their homes infinitely more wholesome and

hygienically clean. Nothing is so productive of moths and germs as carpets, fitting up close and snug to the side walls, and a thorough cleansing once a year rarely cleans them out. A year will furnish a generation of germs, and

effectual germ destroyers sometimes destroy the carpet along with its inhabitants. Rugs, of course, can be cleaned once a week easily, and during the week any single rug that has wantonly acquired soil can be brushed or shaken by itself without dis-turbing the rest of the room for a second. Light weight rugs of ingrain filling a house-keeper can shake herself, and have her rooms freshly clean without help or assist-

Almost any floor, even the old-fashioned

wide plank floor, can be made to look effective if properly stained. In the first place, scrub it thoroughly with hot borax suds, then, when perfectly dry, cover it with the following preparation: Four ounces of gum shellac, one onnee of gum mastic, one ounce of gum benzoin. Dissolve well before using, and add a little umber or sienna stain if you want the floor dark. When it is necessary to wash the floor, do not use soap; just wipe it up with a mop dipped in warm borax water, a teaspoonful of borax to a gallon of water, and, after it is dry, oil it with crude oil and kerosene.

Cleaning in this way leaves a floor looking as though it had just been stained. It will as though it had just been stained. It will not be necessary actually to wash a floor thoroughly more than once a month. It should be oiled, though, once a week. Other mornings, if it is dusty, go over it hastily with a dry mop.

Always clean hardwood floors with a mop. It is absurd waste of time and strength to clean floors on one's knees, and there are few household tasks so exhausting, undignified and unnecessary. The floor can be easily oiled with a mop or a broom covered with a stretch of canton

flannel pinned on securely. It is quick

work done in this way, and no strain of

knees or back. It is a fact that if all housework is done standing erect it is actually good exercise for women in normal health. Sweeping is excellent exercise for the chest, arms, and waist, and so is mopping. Dishwashing is healthful rather than tiresome, if women could only insist upon tables and sinks so high that they would bend wholly at the waist, never at the shoulders. The musc about the waist and hips are flexible, and uninjured by strain, but bending at the shoulders means letting the chest sink, which cramps the lungs, and the result is bad breathing, strained nerves and a quick sense of fatigue.