THE TASK WE LOVE.

Here's to the task we love. Whatever that task may be, To till the soil, in the shop to toil, To sail o'er the chartless sea. For the work seems light and the guerdon bright, If to heart and hand 'tis a sure delight.

Wherever it lead our feet, Through stress and strife or the simple life. For still are its victories sweet. And we never tire, if our hearts' desire

Here's to the task we love The task God set us to do And we shall not pale nor faint nor quai And for us there's no such word as fail If we follow, with purpose true, The creed He writes, and the star He lights To guide our soul to the distant heights. -Boston Cooking School Magazine

ON HOG'SBACK REEF.

Moored to the rotting pier a fisher-man's dory, old and worn, swung on the smooth surges that ran under the dilapidated structure. The sun was setting. Seaward a wall of mistiness caught the waning light, and to the experienced eye of the single individual lounging on the stringpiece it spoke loudly of coming

The man was young, roughly dressed in oilskins, old rubber boots, and a "sou-'easter," and bore the unmistakable stamp of a fisherman. Almost a giant in figure, his clean-shaven face was singularly gentle in its expression, though about it was something of an air of sorrow or depression as his vacant gaze was fixed on the cold distance. Presently, behind him the loose planks rattled under a

Say there, you! What 'll you take me over to Sisquinet for?"

The sitting man gave a slow and sidelong glance at the well-dressed stranger, spat pensively into the water, and returned his attention to the distance before he gave voice to the spiritless reply.

"Bout a dollar, I guess—when I go."
"All right," said the other, vigorously
and in a tone of relief. "And when will

'Maybe five minnits; maybe an hour Waitin' for a bucket o' clams."
"But, man, it will be black dark in an

Well, what of it?" "Oh, nothing! Only I ought to be in Sisquinet right now. I got on the branch road by mistake, and there won't be an-

other train out to-night."

The stranger kicked aside a pair of old oars and, seating himself on the stringpieces, took a cigar-case from his pocket. It was well filled, but without tendering it to the fisherman, he selected a cigar and produced to light up. "Say," he continued, rolling the Havana in his thick lips, and dressing his slightly grayed mustache with a pudgy hand on which glistened a diamental "caude with a pudgy hand on which glistened a diamental". tened a diamond—"say, do you know a chap named Maxwell over to Sisquinet? His father's just dead."

Sure," was the terse reply.

'Know him well?' Sence I was a sucker. Decent kind o' feller, too." The voice drawled as if words were an effort.
"Yes? Well, he's the Man I want to see.

You can how me where he lives?" The other turned and looked squarely at his questione. "Lives clos to me, Mr.

"Mr. Selover."

'Yaas. Mr. Selover. They call me Roger. I live to Sisquinet."
"Do, yer? Well, is Maxwell a hard man bo, yer? Well, is Maxwell a hard man to deal with? Spunky, you know, or is he easy-going like his father was? I knew his father, but I don't know him, you see." "Lord!" exclaimed the fisherman, with his first show of either animation or in-

"Hard? I should say not! Easy as an old gum boot! Between me an' you he's plumb simple at times. I'm an' old friend o' his. If you'll excuse me, what be ye goin' over to see him about? He don't have many o' your figger callin' at

The stranger hesitated a moment "Well, I don't mind telling you as his friend," he finally said. "It is a disagreeable piece of business for both of us. I—I am Mr. Jacob Lamson's lawyer. Perhaps you've heard of him. He used to live in Sisquinet, years ago, and—"
"Lamson!" interrupted the other.
"Him what holds one share more'n half in Maxwell's schooner?" The fisherman

seemed fully alive now.
"Precisely. Mr. Lamson still owns the controlling interest in several vessels in

Sisquinet."
"That's right. Have I heard of him? I uld smile! An' so you're his lawyer, should smile! An' so you're his lawyer, hey? Well, I want to say right here that your client's a skunk—a low-down dogfish. Why don't he put up his share o' money to make repairs? The boys can't do it all an' give him half profits, too; an' so there's a bunch o' vessels drawed up on the bench jest goin' to rot—no good to nobody. He won't repair nor sell—an' he don't care, 'cause he's rich. Max's schooner is the only one that's fit at all! Yes, sir; your man's cussed mean, if ve Yes, sir; your man's cussed mean, if ye don't mind my sayin' it."

and one for which my client cares nothing," replied the stranger, with a touch of asperity. "But this is purely a matter of business. Mr. Lamson is going to sell hand by this time he was more than anxious that the trip should end. The motions that had become mighty un-

"Hardly," was the clam return. "To parties in Boston, I believe. The point is this. The contract came to your friend from his father who has recently died, and my client holds the controlling interest. Now, the money Mr. Lamson has

"Nothing. I have tried to get Mr. Lamson to sell his interest to young Maxwell, but he is obdurate—and perhaps venge-ful. He had no love for old Maxwell. Do

I'm in yer wash," returned the other, denly clouding. "And what in the devil do you want to see Max now

"To give him legal notice and settle any small differences that may arise.
That's why I asked if he was mild or hot headed."

hot headed."

"Yaas—yaas, I see." said the other, nodding slowly as he got to his feet. "But this 'll be an awful crack for his wife!

Listen: "came the irrelevant exclamation. "Do you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Breakers, by the Lord! Sure as thunder the tide is settin' us on the Hogsback!"

ed face indicative of extreme disgust.

The little building toward which he directed his steps seemed to hang on the end of the steep street, and an old sign across its front gave notice that one Thomas Pemberton dealt in general merchandise. The fisherman entered the gloomy and odoriferious interior, lounged up to the knife-scored counter, and greet-

ed the proprietor.

"Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, Roger! What can I do for

"Just want to buy a seegar an' borrow do?" a lantern. Goin' to take a landshark across the bay, an' I reckon he's afraid

mustache an' a flash ring

The proprietor opened wide his eyes. "Him a lawyer to Lamson! he exclaimed, a mixture of astonishment and derision in his voice as he looked questioning at his customer; then he glanced at the two men sitting by the empty stove and jerked his head toward the rear of the store. At the unspoken hint the man called Roger followed with something like wonder on his calm countenance. When, some ten minutes later, the two returned to the front the fisherman's face was flushed and he was whistling softly. Abstractedly swinging the borrowed lantern, he walked slowly from the store lilk one in deep thought. The proprietor followed him to the door and glanced

over the bay. "Say, Roger, looks mighty like for a'comin' don't it?" The other looked up and answered,

The other looked up and answered, absently, "Sure."

"If I was you," continued Mr. Pemberton, "I'd tow him astern for a spell, or, better yet, I'd set the sucker on Hogsback rooks an' let the tide fix him fer fair. Such people hain't no right to live in this world. Well, my duty to Kitty. Good

As the fisherman walked slowly back toward the little pier his erstwhile mild expression gave place to hard lines round the mouth, and his clean jaw around the mouth, and his clean jaw worked nervously. Presently he halted, lost in deep thought, but finally brought his great hand down on his oilskinned thigh with a resounding slap and went his way with accelerated steps. He found the stranger smoking in the gathering dusk, and the bucket of clams had arrived. Across the bay, on a distant headland, the mellow glow of the Sisquinet Light shone out like a star.

Within the next ten minutes the dory lit seemed as if the frail craft vans fring.

dreamed o' such a thing happenin'. He never had no trouble with Lamson, if his dad did. An' he's put a heap o' work on But before the last happened the burly that craft. This here traverse will knock him over flatter'n a white squall, an' nigh kill his wife. I think a pile o' Max. Won't Larsson sell to him? Max hain't got the

money, but you can bet he'll raise it. Say, won't ye help him out?" The fine face was pathetic, and the low voice held an unmistakable note of plead ding, but the listener was unresponsive. He waved an impatient gesture with his fat hand. "No, I told you. Mr. Lamson is a good hater; he don't forget what the people of Sisquinet, and especially Maxwell and his father, have said about him. And what's the use of talking? I said And what's the use of talking? I can't do anything."

The fisherman settled back. "Yaas, see. Ye needn't say no more. I reckon ye feel some bad yourself, an' I'm glad I haven't got your job. After all, there's more'n one way to catch fish!"

With this enigmatical remark the boatman relapsed into silence. He puffed vigorously on the pipe he had filled and lighted, but the lines of his face, which had relaxed as he begged for his friend,

was hardly force enough to keep the dory under way. All signs of land, both before and behind, had long since vanished; even the friendly light from Sisquinet Point was lost in the thickening fog. Vision became contracted, and to the city man the condition made the rate of the hoat's progress and its direction at the boat's progress and its direction at don't mind my sayin' it."

"That may be your opinion, my friend, and one for which my client cares nothing," replied the stranger, with a touch

The face of the fisherman lighted. "To Max?"

The face of the mighty until tion of the boat had become mighty unpleasant to him and from his reckoning they should have arrived at Sisquine long since; they had been out for upward of two hours, but as yet there were no signs of their destination. Mr. Selover had become uneasy and perplexed.

And it finally dawned upon him that

already paid for repairs and improvements just about eats up young Maxwell's equity in the vessel. I regret he will get nothing."

"Nothing?" Roger finally knocked the ashes from his long-extinguished pipe shifted himself in his seat, tried to pierce the gloom on all sides, listened intently, and otherwise showed anxious watchfulness. At length he broke the protracted silence.

"I declar' for it! I wish I hed brought a compass! Damn a fog anyhow!"
"Don't you know where we are?" asked
the other, mightily disturbed by the tone

"Listen!" came the irrelevant exclama

He ought to git red-headed over it, but he's jest fool enough not to. Well, there's nothin' I can say, I suppose. I'm goin' up to the store for a minnit. That seegar o' yours makes me hanker for a smoke. No thankee—I wouldn't think o' robbin' ye." And with that the speaker turned and walked slowly up the pier, his bronzed face indicative of extreme disgust. The little building toward which he dispersion of the silence there came the muffled boom of a distant surf. The stranger caught the sound and perspiration started from his forehead. "The Hogsback!" he feebly exclaimed, turning as weak as the water about him while the fog-beads hanging thickly on his heavy brows and mustache did not soften his expression of sudden fear. sudden fear.

"What do ye know about Hogsback rocks?" demanded the fisherman. "Nothing but what Mr. Lamson has told me. I don't see how you got out so

"Me?" came the unexpectedly forcible return. "I didn't make the tide run an' the wind stop blowin', nor I didn't make no fog. What's more, I never asked ye to come aboard. Can't a man get lost?"

"I—I beg your pardon. What can we

"By thunder! I don't know what to do ain't anything to do, as I see. If I had oars I'd try to row, but like a dum fool I

"Pon't say! Who it he?"
"Feller named Selover; says he's lawyer to miser Lamson. Says he's come up to sell the Luella. What do ye think other fell into what appeared to be a perplexed silence. Presently the latter spoke "We're sartain gettin' nearer them again: "We're sartain gettin' nearer them rocks! I can hear them breakers plainercan't ye? The tide is settin' us on strong, but we may fetch past 'em. By the Lord,

I hope so! "Are we in great danger?" asked the awyer, his heavy voice weakened by ap-

"Well, ye ought to know what it means to go on the rocks in a surf," was the un-comforting rejoinder. "I'm fair to say that I don't like this traverse a damn bit better than ye do. Can ye swim?" The perturbed passenger fairly groaned.

"Not a stroke."
"That's bad! Sorry I ever got ye into this muss; but it wa'n't my fault. How could I ha' known? Be ye a married

'Yes-and two children." "Well, we've got to trust in the Lord an' do the best we can. If we hit sand we'll have a show, but if it's to be rock—well—I don't know that swimmin' would nelp any. Listen to that! Sure as thun-

der we're goin' on!"

And to the lawyer's strained senses it was only too evident that the man was right. The fog was now thick and the desperation of the situation intensified by "Oh the impossibility of seeing more than ten feet away. Mr. Selover, being a coward, was on the verge of panic. Within the was on the verge of panic. Within the space of five minutes his ruddy face had lost its color and his features grown haggard. The "shut-in" feeling caused by

ved. Across the bay, on a distant headind, the mellow glow of the Sisquinet ing swells, but to the landsman, listening to the growing thunder of the breakers, within the next ten minutes the dory within the next ten minutes the dory was running quietly over the long waves, its little sail hardly bulging under the weakening wind. To the lawyer it appeared as if they were floating out into space, for almost immediately after the start the threatening mist had crept in from the sea, which, with the failing light, cut off even the loom of the land ahead. For a time neither of the occupants spoke, but at length Roger gave voice to his thoughts.

it seemed as if the frail craft was flying to its destruction. Presently a wave broke in phosphorescent foam close to the boat, and the gaunt outlines of a great, swaying spar-buoy slid by. It was a startling sight. As the fisherman caught a glimpse of the mighty stick he gave a shout and sprang to his feet. "Stand by!" he yelled, dropping his hold on the tiller and catching up the borrowed lantern. "By Heaven! it's comin'! Ye set still. I'll do the best I can for ye."

I'll do the best I can for ve.' "Say, won't Lamson give Max no show at all?" he asked, appealingly, as he land toward at all?" he asked, appealingly, as he leand toward his passenger.

"I believe we have gone thoroughly over the ground," was the terse reply.

"Well then," was the earnest return,
"Lamson is just goin' to ruin Max. It'll take the bread out o' his mouth to sell the schooner now, an' him only lately married to the nicest little gal in Sistern all struck hard on the load came down and struck hard as the boat came down and struck hard. quinet. Say, that interest in the Luella as the boat came down and struck hard is all he's got in the world. He never bottom with a shock. The next second

fisherman had leaped from the dory, and, grasping his terrified and half-paralyzed passenger by the collar, dragged him unceremoniously through the receding breaker, and landed him above the rush of the waves, himself wet only to the

"Fortnit we struck a pocket o' sand!"
he said, looking at the bedraggled man
who was coughing up the brine he had
taken in. "There's rock to both sides of us, but the minnit I seed the spar I sensed where we war. Nice kettle o' fish, ain't

"Thank God we are out of it!" gasped Selover, regaining his powers of speech.
"This will be an eternal lesson to me! I

was a fool to trust myself to a boat!"
"I don't quite see what ye got to thank
God about," said the other. "We happen God about, said the other. We happen to be safe for a minnit or so, but ye evi-dently don't know that the Hogsback is three foot under water at high tide. No livin' soul could keep a hold an the rocks in the run o' the sea. An' the dory's a wreck.

The lawyer's jaw dropped as he sat staring at the speaker. For a moment he was overcome—too overcome to move. he was overcome—too overcome to move. And if he hoped for something to mitigate the force of the blow of this piece of information he was disappointed; there was no comfort forthcoming; instead, the fisherman sat down and, pulling off his boots, emptied the water from them, and then divested himself of his heavy oilskin. The two men remained silent for a space while the froth of the breakers shot up closer and closer. At length Selever up closer and closer. At length Selover, shivering from cold and fright, got to his feet and his agony of mind was plain in the tone of his voice.

"What are you going to do?" he fal-

"What am I goin' to do?" was the calm return. "What do ye s'pose?"
"Good God, man! You are not going to leave me here on the reef to die alone!"
was the sudden and frenzied exclama-

"Does seem hard," was the unfeeling reply, "but I don't see how it would bet-ter ye by me dyin' with ye. 'Sides, I got a wife, same as ye, if I hain't got chil-

"And you can swim ashore?"
"Easy. The sea 'll be ca'm on the land

"Almighty God! How long before the tide covers the reef?" demanded the lawyer, the fear of death in his voice.
"Near as I can guess it'll be slack water on the flood in about two hours."
"Two hours? You could bring help in that time!"
"I might try supposin' all west sinks."

"I might try—supposin' all went right," said the big man. Then he cleared his throat, and his voice grew harsh. "See here, my friend, I'd have to ask Max to get ye ashore, he bein' my nearest neighbor. Do ye think he'd thank me for bringin' ye down on him?"

"But this is a case of life or death."

"Yaas; it is to him, too."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense now! I'll give

you anything to save me."
"An' what'll ye give Max?"
"Anything he demands. "Anything he demands. Almighty Heaven! We can't haggle here!"

The fisherman's face changed. "Will ye give Max the schooner? I'm mighty sorry to be makin' tarms with a dyin' man, but it's Max ye will have to depend on, an' I'm workin' for him."

"I'll do that, or anything. I'll see that he gets the schooner; I'll give you a hundred dollars if you send him—or any one. I can't be left here to die like a rat! Good God, man, how have you the heart to think of such a thing? Can't you—"

"Say, you'd better shut up about havin' heart," interrupted Roger, snapping his strong jaw. "Ye didn't care a cuss when I showed ye what a hole ye would put Max in; an' now ye cries for him to save ye. Say, I wouldn't take yer word for anything—if you'll excuse me for sayin'

"Why not!" came the explosive interruption. "Because you're a coward an' a liar; that's why not. Soon as ye got ashore ye'd go back on it all. Now I'll help ye on jest one condition; an' that is ye put yer change o' heart in black an' te right now. If 1 don't show writin' to Max he won't come-an' ye couldn't

"I'd do it gladly; and I'd give you a check this moment," was the eager return; "but you know it can't be done Don't be absurd at such a time. I'll take my oath-'

"Damn yer oath!" was the vociferous return. "You write it. I got a pencil—a pencil is good in law—an' I can fish out some paper, too, an' there's the glim."

The fisherman drew a box of water-proof matches from his pocket and lighted the uninjured lantern, after which he produced the stump of a pencil and an old letter. Tearing off the blank page, he

nded it to the lawyer.
"Ye got to be sudden," he continued harshly. "Jest make a plain bill o' the schooner Luella to Mr. Thomas R. Maxwell, puttln' in the proper consid'ration, an' don't ye forgit to sign yer own name to it, Mr. Jacob Lamson, or I'll let ye lie here an' rot before I'll lift a finger for

The lawyer blinked. "Huh?" he ejacu-

"Oh, I'm on to ye, sir; ye an' yer play-in' off lawyer. Ye be a foxy villain. It in' off lawyer. Ye be a foxy villain. It was Tom Pemberton what put me wise, but if ye hadn't been so cantankerous mean about yer seegars I'd ne'er gone up to the store for one an' knowed about ye. An' by gosh! I clean forgot the smoker, after all. Git a move on. It might be pleasant news to Max to hear ye are out on Hogsback in a risin' tide. Hurry up; time's goin.'"

time's goin.' There was no geniality in the voice of the big man. If he was not honestly ugly he was honestly indignant, and Mr. Lamson, alias Selover, feeling himself completely trapped, bent his head under the lash of the other's words and wrote in silence. He made out a rough but legal document, the fisherman holding the lan-tern over him and eying the cringing figure with an expression of extreme dis-gust while the fog billowed thick about hem. Just as the writer finished signing his name a roll of spume washed to his

"Be quick! For God's sake be quick!" he said, thrusting the paper into the hand

of his hoped-for savior.

But the other seemed to be in no haste then. "That 'll make Max's little gal the happiest woman in the hull o' Sisquinet," he said, folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket. "That is settled! along; we'd better get to the shore 'm some chilled. Ain't ye?" The voice

was now as smooth as oil.

Mr. Lamson was chilled, body and soul;
but he had other things to think of; his

precious life was not yet out of danger.
"How long before Maxwell can get to
me?" he asked, humbly.

"'Twon't be two hours; not long
enough to drown ye, I reckon. You follow an' don't tumbie."

They went over the rocks, the lanternbearer going easily and rapidly, the other scrambling along in his desire to keep within sight of the illuminated haze made amount of work to do; guide him to do the work in the right way; make the circumstances favorable by saving him from by the light. It was a terrible journey to the city man. Hogsback Reef he knew to be a quarter of a mile in length, with to be a quarter of open water the same distance of open water the same distance of open water. about the same distance of open water between it and the mainland, but he seemed to have gone twice that space before he protested. "How much farther?" he

finally gasped. "Only a piece more, I guess," came back the cheerful answer. Presently they struck a strip of hard sand, and almost immediately the fog above them turned golden. The guide whirled his lantern aloft and wheeled around on his panting

'Well, by my great-grandmother's aunt's black cat!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't Sisquinet Light, an' if this ain't Sisquinet beach! I must ha mistook Spindle P'int for the Hogsback!" He halted, facing the reathless man, his benevolent counte-

gazed at his companion, his face gather-

ing anger.
"You infernal scoundrel!" he broke out.

"You lie! You said the rocks were covered at high water."
"On Hogsback. So they be."
"And that you'd have to swim ashore."
"Not once I didn't. I said I could swim

shore. Come now.' "You intended to deceive me all along. You-

"An' who was ye tryin' to deceive? Ye was afraid to come into town under yer right name. It's been dog eat dog, hain't it? What be ye kickin' about? Ain't ye

"You rascal! You obtained that paper under the pretence that it was Maxwell on whom I would have to depend. He can't make it hold."

"Can't, hey! See here; I happen to be him—Thomas Roger Maxwell, an' at yet service, Mr. Selover. Guess it was Max service, Mr. Selover. Guess it was Max what brought ye here—jest like I said he would." The man's face was shining with quiet good-humor. "Don't bile over, now," he continued, in a conciliatory voice. "I'm goin' to let ye off that check for a hundred. Ye never was in no danger. Did ye think an old doryman would be such an ass as to leave his oars ashore an' put off in a fog unless he had his

bearin's to almost a hair? I was layin' for that sparbuoy, an' when I saw it I know-ed jest where we was."

"Yow—now, I wouldn't, if I was you.

Look here; ye don't think I'd take your share o' the Luella as a gift, do ye? Not much! I'm goin' to rip that paper to bits jest as soon as we agree about the sale. I know 'tain't witnessed, but knowin' what I know about your change o' heart, I don't think you'll deny signin' it. See, I'm goin' to do the fair thing by ye. Come now. Ye go with me an' I'll fix ye up dry, an' we'll have a hot supper, an' ye'll see Kitty an' feel lots better. Ye don't hate me, really. An' ye know what ye hate me, really. An' ye know what ye said about tryin' to get Lamson to sell to Maxwell. Ye can't go back on that, can

ye? Come now."
Mr. Lamson was something of a philoso-Mr. Lamson was something of a philosopher, and, when unharassed, a quick thinker. His brain now worked rapidly. What a court in that region would do for him in case he contested the paper was hardly problematical. He knew when he was beaten, and was aware that half a loaf was hetter than no bread. But the loaf was better than no bread. But the story, that galled him. He capitulated,

though still sparring feebly.

"And you told me that Maxwell was soft," he blustered, losing his aggressive attitude, "but he was willing to frighten me to death, and now you will end by making me ridiculous." fisherman caught the change and

laid his finger on the sore spot.
"Scared, hey! Well, I guess ye weresome. But ye wasn't half so scared as I was when I knowed what ye had come for. An' soft! Ye can bet I'm soft when I'm treated white; for unless ye go round tellin' about it, nobody won't know how ye was saved from drownin' on the Hogsback. Ain't that comin' down easy?"

—By Chauncy C. Hotchkis, in Harper's

How Bananas Grow

The young shoots are placed, in rows about 12 feet apart, in land that has been cleared of small timber and brush. When the planting is finished, the only labor necessary is to keep down the weeds and carefully clean the ground about the root of each stalk. The development opment from a newly planted sucker to the plant in full bearing is simply short of marvelous. Within a space of six or seven weeks the two or three-foot plant has more than doubled in size, and a month later the leaves cease to unfold and a spike appears out of the center of the crown. This is the future stake of the bunch and carries a huge red blos-som at the end. It develops rapidly, continually bending more and more until in a short time it has turned completely upon itself so that the bananas grow end up, or in a position the reverse of they are usually hung. From 7 to 12 months after the blossom appears, the fruit is ready for the gatherer.—Pan American Bulletin.

Given Away. Dr. R. V. Pierce author of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, offers this valuable work as a gift to those who tions of young men and maidens. It you free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Teacher's Duty.

To arouse, incite and encourage his pupil; set before him the right kind and

weariness. It irritates the pupils, and de-stroys all the enthusiasm of the recitation. It makes bad, worse; avoid it as

much as possible Take care of the blockheads and the heads will take care of themselves. Never threaten children. Say to the stubborn boy, "Do this or that," without suggesting any punishment in case of his disobedience. Simply order him, as a matter of authority, and let him obey you, not because you have threatened him with punishment, but because you have ordered him. If he disobeys you,

Here and there will be found a woman breathless man, his benevolent countenance bearing a broad grin.

Between tremendous relief and acute astonishment Mr. Lamson was momentarily brought to a mental and physical standstill; but as he caught a full view of his guide's smiling face a light rivalling that from the towering beacon above him broke on his brain. For a moment he gazed at his companion, his face gatheres which surely undermine the strength, make life a burden and motherhood a sor-"You infernal scoundrel!" he broke out.
"You knew it all the time!"
The fisherman threw back his head and laughed outright. "Course I did. Was ye thick enough to think I'd sailed these waters for twenty year to get lost in Sisquinet Bay 'cause it fogged? I never said we was on the Hogsback. Ye jumped at it."

make life a burden and motherhood a sorrow. For all such women there is help and healing in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The use of this remedy results in the perfect healing of the diseases which affect the delicate organs. It imparts to them vigor and vitality, and makes motherhood a joy unalloyed by pain.

Trial List.

The following cases have been set down for trial at the special term of court comnencing Monday, October 30th: J. H. Lingle vs. Lewis Rosenthal.

Samuel Hull Estate vs. W. B. Confer et John Bowden and A. M. Northrop vs. New York & Pennsylvania Co.

N. Y. & Pa. Co. vs. John Bowden and A. M. Northrop. N. Y. & Pa. Co. vs. A. P. White. John H. Keller Estate vs. Thos. Meyer

Estate. For Peach Sauce. Make a hard sauce and whip into it a little at a time, as much peach pulp as it will take up without separating. In serving an extra quantity of the pulped fruit may be

-For high class Job Work come to

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink, Falling like dew upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps millio

A "wonder bag" solves the gift problem to the friend who is going away. In this bag are stowed away remembrances from friends, each and all to be delightedly opened when on the ocean blue or in the speeding train. The bag, of dainty pretty cretonne, is made with a draw-string run through a casing large enough for it to slip easily; the bag may be either 18 inches square, or larger, or it may have a round bottom, say four inches in diameter, with sides 14 inches deep, including

ter, with sides 14 inches deep, including the heading; when the articles are all removed the bag will answer nicely for soiled handkerchiefs or for sewing.

Regarding the gifts, let them all be light and suitable, not just "hap-hazard" ones. Wrap each gift in white tissue parer and tie it with boby ribbon each gift. per and tie it with baby ribbon, each gift with a different color. Have the date on which it is to be opened and the donor's name on the wrapper, or on an attach

It may be well to mention some of the things which were in one much appreciat-

ed bag. Right on top was a writing pad or tablet, a few stamped envelopes, postal cards

and a fountain pen.

Second. A silver pencil, with name engraved. Third. A pint size hot-water bag, with mercerized cotton knitted cover. Fourth. A tiny work-bag made of Dresden ribbon, containing a few buttons, a thimble, a paper of assorted needles, a pin cube, a spool each of black and white thread and a pair of folding scissors. Fifth. A small book with a Scotch plaid binding, having two verses for every day

of the month (12 months).

Sixth. A pack of small cards for playing "solitaire." Seventh. A folding aluminum drinking cup. Eighth. Some of the best sweet chocolate wrapped again in paper napkins. Never give a traveler bon bons: they are too sweet. Ninth. A leather-covered note-book. Tenth. A small pine needle silk-covered pillow. small pine needle silk-covered pillow-most refreshing. Eleventh. A bottle of lavender salts, with a glass stopper.
Twelfth. A tiny calendar. Thirteenth.
A scarf veil, or shawl, as a protection
against cool wind and draughts. And for the fourteenth, a pretty crocheted white mercerized cotton bag, lined with cheese-cloth, filled with talcum powder and drawn up with pink wash ribbon, and here and there through the packages was a lovely letter, one for each device. a lovely letter, one for each day, too, written by the 14 friends who had put so much love and pleasure in preparing the above "surprises.

The woman who has reached middle life and who studies understandingly the art of dress for herself considers harmony first of all, the harmony of line and finish, the selection of goods and apparel, not because they happen to appeal to her love of the beautiful or to her eye for color but solet in relation to herself to color, but solely in relation to herself, her coloring, her figure, her height, her size. Some women try to do this, and fail bewill pay the expense of mailing. This great medical work contains 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, and is full of the common sense of a wide medical experience. It answers the unspoken questions of young men and maidene. It on the shore efford, with a carelespase to the shore efford, with a carelespase of the shore efford with a carelespase of the shore ef or the shops afford, with a carelessness meets the emergencies of the family with which is either the height of vanity or a plain practical advice. It is a book for complete absence of self-consciousness, every man and every woman to read and The woman with gray hair, however, who every man and every woman to read and The woman with gray hair, however, who keep at hand for reference. Its medical studies harmony in dress for herself, has information alone may save many a costly doctor's bill. This book will be sent to

ished years—black or white—but let her reconsider, and rejoice in the exquisite fabrics (the velvets, the gauzes, the tissues, satins, silks, laces and nets) which

are now offered in both black and white. Take a soft, silken black tissue, dull of surface, and put it over a shimmering satin in black or white, and lift it to a high note of white in meshed net with a lace edge, in the upper parts of the gown, and the effect has a fairy-like delicacy which finds its note of harmony in the hair, which is now "a crown of glory," and far more individual than any color combinations she could devise. Or take a thicker fabric, or even a silk or satin, and trim it with bands of shimmering broidery in silk or net or gauze; make the bodice about the face all white, thin and transparent, with the deeper note of black suggested about the waist and the edges of the sleeves, yet never obtrusively so, and you will bring out all the trans-

parency of complexion and eye.

The woman with faded blue eyes and The woman with faded blue eyes and gray hair will almost invariably select for herself the amethyst or lavender tints, mournful and depressing in their tell-tale presentment, for they, as well as gray in any of its shades, bring out in contrast, and to an appalling degree, the sallow tints of the complexion, the yellow shades in gray hair, the lines that Time has penciled about the mouth and chin and eyes. But let this elderly blonde woman whose hair has grayed, consider carefully the delicate nuances in black and white in combination, and she will find that her eyes will deepen; the yellows which are eyes will deepen; the yellows which are her despair, the yellows in complexion and hair, will disappear; and she will present herself in harmony, which is her salvation in looks. This woman, however, needs more black in proportion to the amount of white than does her brunette sister, whose eyes and eye-brows

When I have any difficulty in getting my boy of three and a half years to eat his food at the table we start a little game. We name each bite for a member of the family or for a little playmate or some place he has been, and it is surprising what an amount he will eat and enjoy.

Brown Sugar Caramels.—A pound of brown sugar moistened with a cup and a-half of cream, or half cream and half milk. Cook on a moderate fire until the candy ropes in cold water. Stir in a tablespoonful of butter, season with va-nilla and pour into a buttered dish until

Lemon Raisin Pie. Mix together the juice and grated rind of a lemon, a cup of seeded and chopped raisins, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of flour, a cup of sugar, a beaten egg and a small cup of cold water. Bake with a lower and upper crust.

-If you want high class job work come to the WATCHMAN office.