

**Freckles.**

[Continued from page 6, Col. 3.]  
 now. See the way they dip and then rise, frightened like!"  
 Suddenly McLean turned on him with blanching face.  
 "Freckles!" he cried.  
 "You think it's Jack!" shuddered Freckles.  
 He dropped the otter, caught up his club, and plunged into the swale. Reaching for his revolver, McLean followed. The chickens circled higher at their coming, and the big snake lifted his head and rattled angrily. It sank in sinuous coils at the report of McLean's revolver, and together he and Freckles stood beside Black Jack. His fate was evident and most horrible.  
 "Come," said the boss at last. "We don't dare touch him. We will get a sheet from Mrs. Duncan and tuck over him, to keep these swarms of insects away, and set Hall on guard, while we go for the officers."

Freckles' lips closed resolutely. He deliberately thrust his club under Black Jack's body and, raising him, rested it on his knee. He pulled a long silver pin from the front of the dead man's shirt and sent it spinning out into the swale. Then he gathered up a few crumpled bright flowers and dropped them into the pool far away.  
 "My soul is sick with the horror of this thing," said McLean as he and Freckles drove toward town. "I can't understand how Jack dared risk creeping through the swale even in desperation. No one knew its dangers better than he. And why did he choose the rankest, muckiest place to cross the swamp?"

"Don't you think, sir, it was because it was on a line with the Lumberlost south of the corduroy? The grass was tallest there, and he counted on those willows to screen him. Once he got among them he would have been safe to walk by stooping. If he'd made it past that place he'd been sure to get out."

"Well, I'm as sorry for Jack as I know how to be," said McLean, "but I can't help feeling relieved that our troubles are over with this dreadful punishment for Jack, Wessner safe in jail and warrants out for the others. Jack knew the swamp better than anyone about here. When he found there were two companies trying to lease he wanted to stand in with the one from which he could realize the most. Even then he had trees marked here that he was trying to dispose of. I think his sole intention in forcing me to discharge him from my gang was to come up here and try to steal timber. We had no idea when we took the lease what a gold mine it was."

"That's exactly what Wessner said that first day," said Freckles eagerly. "That 'twas a 'gold mine.' He said he didn't know where the marked trees were, but he knew a man that did, and if I would hold off and let them get the marked ones there were a dozen they could take out in a few days."

"Freckles," cried McLean, "you don't mean a dozen!"

"That's what he said, sir—a dozen. He said they couldn't tell how the grain of all of them would work up, of course, but they were all worth taking out, and five or six were real gold mines. This makes three they've tried, so there must be nine more marked, and several of them for being just fine."

"Well, I wish I knew which they were," said McLean, "so that I could get them out first."

[Continued next week.]

**Health and Activity.**

Health is always active. The healthy woman must have an outlet for the vigor she feels, and she will find it in work or play, in dancing or in darning, in the chase or at the churn. Even work does not satisfy her, so, she works, she sings, her busy fingers keeping time to the tune she carols. Directly the duties of the house become a burden, when the song dies on the lips, and the limbs move sluggishly, when amusements have no more attraction and sports fail to interest, the health is declining, vitality is being lowered, and it is time for the woman to look around for the cause of her weakness. She will find it usually in disease of the delicate organs; in debilitating drains, nerve racking inflammation and ulceration, or female weakness. For this condition a perfect and permanent cure is contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It is a temperance medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

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**PLAIN HATS POPULAR**

**HAVE CAUGHT THE GENERAL FANCY AMAZINGLY.**

**With Slight Trimmings They Show at Their Best in Mourning Millinery, Where Small Decorations of Crepe Are Effective.**

Plain hats, simply trimmed, with a single "stick-up" of flowers, ribbon or feathers, caught the popular fancy with amazing strength and rapidity. They became so popular, in fact, that their days with fashionables are numbered. Those who are always looking for "something different" must, of necessity, insist upon something more elaborate.

This fashion shone at its best in mourning millinery where graceful, beautifully made hats of crepe depend



upon small decorations, also made of crepe, to complete them. Almost all the best models in mourning hats employ nothing but crepe in their trimmings. The popularity of stick-up effects gave the millinery an opportunity to copy all sorts of millinery trimmings, as wings, bows, cabochons and other ornaments, making them up of crepe folds or cords or plaitings. The exact and beautiful workmanship and the ingenious designs have resulted in the most elegant and attractive crepe hats ever shown.

The mourning hat made of silk grenadine and other special weaves of silk are covered quite smoothly and decorated with bands of crepe shaped to fit about the crown. These are also finished with a trimming made of crepe, as shown in Fig. 1. Crepe is one of the few fabrics which is equally good in the body of a hat and in its decoration. It is more used in the composition of mourning gowns and wraps than ever before. Here it is applied in shaped borders, panels and applique designs. Very rarely whole gowns are made of it, but there are numbers of beautiful blouses made all of crepe, or of crepe combined with other fabrics.

**Fashion's Fancies**

Checked vests are seen in tailored suits and fold back at the top in small revers.

Embossed flowers of wool and velvet are shown on taffeta scarfs and sashes.

The distinctive feature of the new lingerie gowns is the prodigal use of flit lace.

Turkish and Egyptian scarfs of weird design and wondrous colorings are popular.

Petticoats are very short now, varying from a length just below the knee to a length just escaping the top of the high buttoned street boot.

The panniers and shawls of 1830 appear with the scallops and draperies of 1860. Yet, despite the wildness in dress, so far the "silhouette" has altered but little, at least, as worn in the street.

**All Day Bag.**

"Even though you never would dream of carrying a handbag in America, you must take one with you to Europe, where they are considerably more expensive to buy than at home, and where you will need one every time that you start for a single day's excursion," warned an experienced tourist while advising a friend about to depart for her first trip across the Atlantic. "This all day bag need not be weighty, but it must be sufficiently capacious to hold extra gloves and a handkerchief, a very slender folding comb and toothbrush, a tiny cake of soap, hand towel, self-feeding powder puff, rubber sandals, hand mirror, chiffon veil of good size, fountain pen, notebook and needle case. With that sort of equipment a woman can keep herself looking tidy for a number of hours and she is prepared for almost any emergency likely to arise."

Dry Goods, Etc.

Shoes.

Shoes.

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