

HOMKEEPING HEARTS.

My shepherd sings of homely wit,
The simple things of love,
This world of rude men that strive in it,
The strong heaven up above.

Brown birds that sing upon the trees,
Quaint flowers that open wide,
The stars that from heaven's canopies
Swing out at evening tide.

My shepherd sings of homely ways,
No sterner is his tune
Than the dull round of toilsome days,
The weary heart at noon;

No longer than the woman's clasp
Tired shoulders round about,
Nor stronger than the cottage hasp,
That shuts the whole world out.

Thus by my door my threads I twine,
Happy the whole day long
To bear this simple heart of mine
That reaches to his song.

—Agnes Grozier Herbertson, in the Wind-
sor Magazine.

The Song of Songs

By Katherine M. Sullivan.

Helen Chantrey, magnificently beautiful in her anger, faced her husband in silent, quivering scorn.

"You would have me break my promise, then?" she inquired in an ominously calm voice, vibrant with passion.

The man walked back and forth several times before he answered. When he spoke his voice was hard and stern. "I thought it was understood, Helen, that you made your last appearance on the concert stage before our marriage."

"But, Philip," she pleaded, "this is so different, I could not refuse Evelyn to appear at her benefit. We were so much to each other in the old days."

"If Miss Lorraine is in need of financial aid—" he began more gently. But she silenced him with a word. "You do not know Evelyn," she said icily.

"Enough of this, Helen," her husband interrupted impatiently. "Under no consideration will I allow my wife to appear on a concert stage for friendship, charity or any other reason."

She watched him leave the room with a strange quiet smile. She was as determined as ever to help her friend despite her husband's objections. Only that afternoon in her generous, impulsive way she had not only promised to sing at Evelyn Lorraine's benefit, but she allowed her to use her name in soliciting subscriptions for the concert.

Helen Chantrey considered it no favor to do this for her friend, for it was Evelyn Lorraine who had secured her her first opportunity to sing before the manager who had placed her under competent masters to train her wonderful voice that had brought her fame and fortune.

Every step of the rough way she had to travel over during the long years of study and training had been carefully smoothed by the friendly hand of Evelyn Lorraine, and the night of her first appearance before a representative audience of the most exclusive members of society, Evelyn had kissed her fondly with tears in her eyes and voice and acknowledged her a rival in the world of song. Her own voice was wonderful, but Helen's youth, training and beauty outshone the older woman, and she had stepped gracefully from the centre of the stage content that Helen should bear the title of the reigning queen of song.

These and many other memories connected with the past and Evelyn Lorraine floated before her and softened her heart to the brave little woman who had appealed to her friendship and charity. And besides she longed for a touch of the old life; just one moment of the brilliant, tumultuous applause that swept over the breathless, swaying audience when the golden voice and inspiring beats of the music were stilled; just one of those delicious thrills of happiness that came from knowing that she, a mere girl, could sway that multitude by the voice that issued from the slender column of her throat.

Forgotten now was everything; her husband's commands, her own disobedience; even the little daughter, who had inherited her mother's wonderful voice and beauty, had slipped from her throbbing brain. It was a long way from the position of mistress of an exclusive mansion to the concert stage, but Helen Chantrey made the step fearlessly, either careless or indifferent to the consequences.

The little girl had been a silent witness of the scene in the library, unnoticed by either of the angry couple, and her childish mind could not quite grasp the cause of the quarrel. She confided the whole thing to her big French doll Julianna as she went through the silent halls to her mother's apartments.

Helen Chantrey, radiantly beautiful in shimmering satin and diamonds, the famous Chantrey star in the gleaming waves of her dark hair, stood by the door. Caressingly she wound her arms around the little maiden and her doll. "I am going to

sing tonight, dear, at the opera house," she told her in the ecstasy of her delight. "Sometime," she continued, half in jest and half in earnest, "you may sing, there, too."

Philip Chantrey watched his wife depart with gloomy eyes and stern white face. She had chosen to deliberately disobey him and he would not answer for the consequences.

The little girl left alone wandered through the empty rooms, her only companion, her big doll, clasped tightly in her arms. Her little footsteps made no sound on the heavy rugs, and her father seated at his desk, his head bowed in his hands, was not disturbed by the light footfalls entering the library.

The child felt more than saw that something serious had happened, something concerning her mother's departure, and she determined to go to the Opera House and bring her home, as she was sure that was the cause of her father's grief.

Without difficulty she left the house unnoticed. She knew the way to the Opera House and reached it in safety. The mere telling of her name at the door and that she had come to see her mother, together with the offering of her precious doll to the man at the rear door, the latter being gently but firmly refused, procured her admittance to the theatre, and she finally found herself standing in the wings, trembling and afraid.

Helen Chantrey had just swept out on the stage amid thunderous applause. The sight of her mother, the thought of her father at home bowed in grief, gave the child courage, and taking a tighter grasp of her doll, she rushed out after her mother amid a death-like silence. The very audience held its breath, while a look of frightened wonder dawned in the beautiful eyes of Helen Chantrey. Recovering her self possession she raised one slender hand and stopped the orchestra, then bending over she whispered something to the child. The little one nodded brightly, and the vast audience composed of some of the most exclusive members of society, listed in rapt wonder to the song that fell from the lips of Helen Chantrey and her little daughter.

It was not so much the song they sang as the way they sang it; it was just a quaint little lullaby that she used to sing in the pleasant freit nursery, and the beautiful, birdlike soprano of the mother mingled with the sweet, clear treble of the child.

Many famous song birds had stood on that same stage and felt their hearts swell with pride and pleasure at the tumult of applause that greeted them, but never before had the house rang with such thunder as the night of Evelyn Lorraine's benefit when the quaint little song was done.

Grasping the child by the hand she hurriedly left the stage. Outside a tall, commanding figure awaited them. "Take me home, Philip," she said, tremulously, placing her hands in his outstretched ones. Gently he drew her cloak around her, and his eyes were soft and tender as he helped her and the child into the waiting carriage.—Boston Post.

CANNIBALS HONEST MEN.

Apart from Their Lust for Human Flesh, They Were All Right.

Details are published of the work of the expedition sent out by the British Museum two years ago to study the native tribes in the Kasal basin, a vast unknown area of the Congo Free State. The expedition consisted of E. Torday, W. Hilton-Simpson, a well-known traveler and explorer, and N. H. Hardy, an artist. When Messrs. Torday and Hilton-Simpson reached the coast their arrival caused considerable surprise, as it had been reported that they had been killed and eaten by cannibal tribes among whom they had been living.

They say they never had the least difficulty with the people who formed their expedition, although eighteen of their twenty-five porters were cannibals from the Kwilu River. Of these, Mr. Hilton-Simpson says that they are some of the best natives he has ever met, mild, obliging, honest, and industrious.

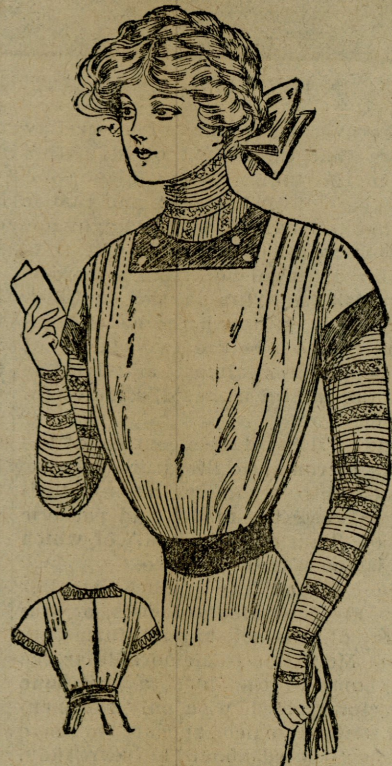
In all cases they possessed an extremely shrewd idea of the value of curios, the price demanded and paid being in most cases in excess of what they would fetch in a London auction room.

As a "juju," or "medicine," the explorers took out with them a small English clockwork elephant, which greatly impressed the natives, says the Vancouver Province. In every village the exhibition of this elephant with its moveable trunk and legs evoked the greatest interest and surprise. All the inhabitants of the village would come out when they heard that the white man was going to show them his medicine, but they were careful never to go near the mysterious toy. On one remote village where paper had never been seen, the people offered what they regarded as a high price for a single page of an English weekly journal.—Washington Herald.

A rosebush in a garden at Freiburg covers 99 square yards and bears 10,000 buds.

Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—No garment is prettier than the over blouse. Just now it is being extensively worn in thin material to match the tailored suit and over any pretty guimpe or lingerie waist. This one is peculiarly well adapted to such treatment, although it can be utilized for any en-



tire gown of foulard or linen, of batiste or lawn, indeed, for any material that is adapted to treatment of this sort. The sleeves are cut in one with it and consequently there is almost no labor involved in the making. This one is made of chiffon cloth with trimming of messaline, but marisettes are much liked for the transparent blouse, and as already stated the model can be utilized in numberless ways. Trimmed with soutache as shown in the back view it would be exceedingly smart, and if contrasting material is preferred silk of any sort, either plain with a satin finish or figured, can be used as best suits the foundation material. Dotted foulard on plain fabric is fashionable and pretty.

The over blouse is made with front and back portions and there are shoulder and under-arm seams only, so that making means almost no labor and very little time. The trimming portion for the neck, which gives a yoke effect, is applied over the blouse, and the bands are applied over the sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three yards twenty-one, twenty-four or thirty-two or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk twenty-seven inches wide for trimming.

Bordered Gingham.

One of the newest things is the Scotch gingham in plain color with a striped border. Gray grounds with black and white stripes, green with lavender or lavender with green stripes, pinks and blues with darker stripes and tans blended with soft browns are among the blends. White linen crash with a colored stripe border is one of the practical things among the linens.

Stamped Waist Patterns.

The stamped waist patterns are extremely dainty, and a length of Persian lawn, designed for embroidery in a variety of stitches, such as blind eyelet and heavy satin, includes sufficient floss for working.



A Mode Which is Unusually Popular This Season.

Embroidery For Sleeves.

To complete the one-piece frock, wide embroidery is brought into use for sleeves and bodice, thus making a perfect garment at less expense than the robe, which is always valued at the high price of exclusive pieces.

Printed Cottons.

Quaintly printed cottons in old world designs are being made up into blouses for wear with coat and skirt suits, the plain color of the suit being echoed in slight touches on the blouse, or the blouse material finds its way into cuffs and collar on the coat.

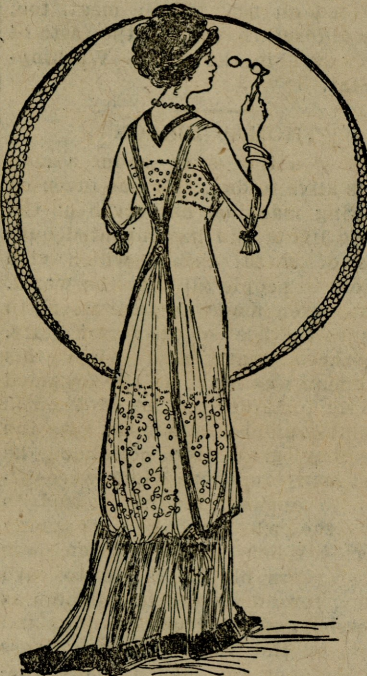
Initials and Names.

When working the first name or initial in script upon kerchiefs or underwear, the French now use the same shade of embroidery floss which they have chosen to introduce upon these dainty lingerie articles. Since it has become a fashion to use coarse linen and cotton threads for the embroidery of fine mulls, these heavy threads are split or separated for the working of initials and names.

Polka Dots.

Polka dots provide ornamentation for a plain lawn shirtwaist and enrich the trousseau of a recent bride. The colored dots form a line down the front box pleat and the pleats on each side. They also run down the top of the sleeve and cover the entire four-inch cuff and the attached high collar. A pleating of the plain white material extends down one side of the front pleat, and this is edged with a narrow line of plain color.

A Lovely Robe.



Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

Gilt On Linen.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many cloth costumes.

Effective Cotton.

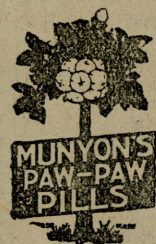
Some of the most effective cotton, and cotton and silk voiles are spotted or striped in self-color with satin-finished disks, dots or lines.



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Mr. Bryan concedes that there are some good Republicans. Is he thinking of becoming an insurgent?—Albany Journal.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Progress in the South. There is no disputing the reality of the South's prosperity. The "Manufacturer's Record" presents an imposing array of building contracts for Dixie. Atlanta is going to have a \$1,250,000 office building; Tampa is to have one worth \$200,000; San Antonio one at \$500,000, and Houston one at \$400,000. Richmond is building a \$250,000 addition to its best hotel, and Lexington, Ky. (which needs it), is raising a new hotel to cost \$300,000. Birmingham and Louisville are to have new Young Men's Christian association buildings, at \$250,000 each, and Little Rock is equipping itself with a new court house. The Southern railroad is preparing to spend \$6,000,000 on improvements and the Chesapeake & Ohio is to follow suit with \$5,000,000. About all there is left of the South's old doer far niente is confined to the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows.—Waterbury American.

Among Papuan Cannibals. It is well known that New Guinea is the home of cannibalism, and that the natives have murderous tendencies of a pronounced kind. Yet it may honestly be said that the life of the ordinary settler or traveler in Papua is rather safer than in Sydney or Melbourne. You could not, in Sydney or Melbourne, sleep on your veranda, in a house that has no doors to speak of and windows that are never shut. You could not if you are a woman, wander alone at night in solitary places, secure from all annoyance. You could not spend a day in the sole society of leg-ironed convicts, and find them good company, decidedly polite and obliging. Yet you may do all these things in Papua the impossible.—Wide World Magazine.

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