

THE TREE OF LIFE.

Plant Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!
The Roots are bitter, but the Fruits are sweet;
And when, at last, it stands a Tree complete,
Beneath its tender Shade the burning Heat
And Burden of the Day shall lose Control—
Plant Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!
—Henry Austin, in Harper's Weekly.

THE CRUISE

The "White Dove."

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGRE.

Wonder and delight thrilled the Mangold boys when the railroad gang reached the edge of the prairie claim. For days, almost for weeks, the slow approach of the laborers had been watched. First, just above the horizon, then creeping across the level plain—it seemed that they would never come.

Rob, Tad and roly-poly Link stood in line, gazing curiously as the welders of pick and shovel crossed the boundary of the farm.

"Want a ride, hubs?" called one of the men, motioning toward the flat push car standing on the newly laid track.

"Course we do," and the three boys soon sat on the long car, their six bare brown legs hanging off, while the men trundled them along the track toward the piles of rails and ties.

That was the beginning. The men stayed for a long time on the Mangold claim, for there were along the creek bluffs and hills to work through. The boys fairly lived beside the track and pushed the now little used flat car back and forth enjoying the novel plaything.

"Wish we had an engine," remarked Tad one summer day, gazing away to the north; "its such hard work pushing."

There were no grades on the line from the bluffs northward and the boys richly earned all the rides they secured.

Rob, a wide-batted and brown-checked lad of 14, had an idea. Perhaps it came because of the seafaring ancestors back in Maine, the family's native state.

"I knew," he exclaimed; "let's put up a sail!"

A shout arose from the trio and a council was held as they sat on the edge of the battered car platform.

"What can we make it of and where can we get it?" asked Tad, rather indefinitely.

Rob thought a minute. Then he whispered something to the others and a series of chuckles and leg-slappings followed. The three hurried through the prairie grass homeward. Father had gone to the county-seat town 2½ miles away; mother was patiently finishing the week's ironing in the summer kitchen.

Cautiously Rob led the way to the little unplanted granary where were kept the implements and tools belonging to the farm. Over the plows and binders he crawled until he came to a pile of brown sacks—long, close-woven and soiled. When the sheep were sheered in the spring the fleeces were packed in such receptacles, trampled down by Rob's bare feet. A few of the sacks had been left and were tossed on the granary floor, forming one of the favorite resting places of the three boys.

"Just the thing," declared Rob, holding one high in the air, and when Tad had joined him they quickly ripped and stitched and had before them several large squares of bagging.

"Now for a mast." Nothing is quite so scarce on the prairie claim, long miles from a lumber yard, as a stick of timber. But the granary itself was a resource. Climbing among the rafters, Rob found a long narrow board which he thought would do and could be spared. Down it came clattering to the floor.

Days of labor followed before the sail was completed. With a picture from a magazine as a guide, with some cord and wire for fastenings, Rob measured and sewed, and dreamed of the sea, almost making himself believe that he was to guide an obedient sloop over blue waters.

When it was ready he lifted the odd apparatus against the granary wall. There were three timbers—the upright mast and the crosspieces holding the big and nearly square sail.

"We'll call it the 'White Dove,'" announced Rob.

"But it ain't white," protested Tad. "Never mind—that was the name of grandpa's boat and he sailed to the Newfoundland banks in it."

So the "White Dove" it was. Next was to come the launching.

The hills and a curve in the railroad made opportunity for the young navigator. One day, when father was again in town, they toiled toward the track—Rob burdened with the sail rolled tight and Tad laboriously dragging the timbers.

Up and down the track they looked—to the southwest it wound into the bluffs where the men were making the dirt fly; to the north it stretched away until it was lost in the shimmering haze of the horizon.

"Quick, Tad, bring it on," were Capt. Rob's orders, and the equipment of the land sloop began. The task was more difficult than they had thought, but patiently they labored and contrived, all the time forgetful of their sufferings or of the danger of being discovered.

Little Link had been left behind. Big tears made white paths through

the dirt on his round cheeks, but he was loyal to the adventurers, who had told him that he would be in the way at the launching, but might go some other time. He crawled among the plows and binders to the remainder of the pile of sacks and sobbed himself to sleep.

It was one of those "hot-wind" days known only on the prairies. Like furnace breaths the air came out of the southwest, curling the blades of corn and wilting the morning-glory vines that sheltered the cabin windows. It was the second day of the "hot-wind"—"There will be one more and then rain," said the farmers.

But at the Mangold cabin there was something besides the wind or possible crop failure to alarm the tired mother. Mrs. Mangold looked out of the window several times, marking the closeness of the atmosphere, but she saw nothing in the hazy sky to frighten her. At mid-afternoon she became more uneasy and went out of doors to the south side of the house.

For an instant it seemed that all her strength would leave her; her face paled and she gave a despairing cry for help.

Extending in a long line east to west and driven by the fierce wind came a ribbon of fire that ate up the dry prairie grass and was bounding forward as if rejoicing in its freedom. It was a mile away—was there time to escape?

To the barn and sheds she ran, calling "Rob! Tad! Link!"

Not a voice answered. Wild in her terror, she returned to the house, seized a few keepsakes and again went out of doors. Where could the boys be?

The granary! To it she hurried and her cry rang through the building: "Oh, Rob! Tad! Link!"

Sleepily, Link answered from his bed on the wool sacks, "What do you want?"

In an instant his mother was by his side, almost carrying him to the open air.

"Where—where are the boys?"

"Sallin' th' 'White Dove.'"

Link was almost afraid to tell lest he should lose his promised ride, but the look in his mother's face decided him.

"Where—what do you mean?"

He pointed to the north. She could see two small forms standing on the low car, struggling with a flapping cloth, evidently too large for their strength.

"Come!" and half dragging the roly-poly Link she raced over the plain toward the track. The fire line had swung in an irregular curve, and, while it skirted the bluffs in one direction and was dying out in the short grass of the hills behind which the men were working, it blazed more fiercely than ever to the southeast and east. She could not find safety in any direction but to the north. Behind the frightened mother the flames leaped gleefully.

Rob and Tad, toiling with the unwieldy sail, had not noticed the fire, nor did they see their mother until she was by their side. Then they started guiltily.

"We ain't hurtin' any—" began Rob but he glanced at his mother's face and all thought of excuses vanished.

"Come, boys, run," she gasped, looking along the track, wondering if the narrow stretch of fresh earth would save them.

She made a start over the ties, still holding to Link's hand, when Rob spoke: "Let's get on the car—and you help us."

"And sail it," added Tad.

It was a new idea, but the quickened wits of the woman gasped it. Lifting little Link to the splinter-covered platform of the car, she helped Rob with the sail while Tad clambered aboard.

With her assistance the heavy cross-piece and its burden of bagging was hoisted. Then each held a lower corner of the cloth, while with the hot wind, heated more intensely by the blaze a few rods away, it filled and bulged and strained.

Rob slid to the ground and pushed the car until it was under way. Then to his seat. Glory! The wind was carrying them faster—faster—faster!

Following a slough, the fire had run ahead in places and now blazed on both sides of the track a mile ahead. With pace increasing and with the rattling wheels drowning all attempts at talking, they approached the fiery trial. Mrs. Mangold hid Link's curly head in her dress and threw her apron over her own. But Rob and Tad braved it through like soldiers, scornful protection.

For an instant smoke blinded them, little darts of fire were here and there, the sail was in danger. Rob and Tad lost courage and bowed their faces to their knees; then they rushed out into the clear air again, and the fire was behind—one tall pillar of smoke far away telling of their cabin home's destruction.

Swifter and swifter whirled the wheels of the little car, tighter clung the mother to Link's chubby form. Mrs. Mangold's hair streamed loose in the wind. The sail rolled beautifully and they were pushed forward at a rate that would have been a delight under different circumstances and even then gave Rob and Tad a thrill of pleasure.

Ten miles away was the village of Manchester.

As they passed the little depot the agent came out waving his hands frantically. Peering under the sail in front of the car, sure enough they could see danger—the daily train from the north was coming!

Rob looked at the mother. She shouted the old word: "Jump!"

Rob and Tad tumbled off on the fresh earth on one side while the

mother, clasping Link, went off the other, none being much hurt.

The car plunged forward with little slackened speed. In vain the engineer tried to stop and get away from the queer-looking thing bearing down upon him.

A clank, a crash, a crackling of timbers, and the "White Dove" lay partly in the ditch, partly impaled on the engine's front. Its cruise was over.—Chicago Record.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN CHINA.

A Few Facts About the Customs of the Celestials.

China is in the world's eye at present writing, so here are a few facts about manners and customs of the Celestials.

According to Chinese custom, the bridal procession is formed at the bride's house. First, there are a number of boys who are hired to walk ahead, carrying red banners fastened to long poles; then come the musicians, some playing wind instruments much resembling in sound Scotch bagpipes, others scraping elongated fiddles, others thumping gongs of varied sizes and discordant tone, while some are beating hollow pipes of bamboo, which give forth a dull sound. After the band some more boys carrying large parasols, with long red and gold fringe (these parasols are on sticks ten feet long, then more boys with red banners, which bear Chinese characters in gold on either side expressing all sorts of complimentary things to the bride.

The superstitious treatment of disease is an extraordinary feature of Chinese social life. Death, they account for by saying it is in accordance with the "reckoning of heaven," and it would appear that in this at least they are not far out of theirs. Recovery is by grace of some particular god or goddess. They imagine that this evil god works by mysterious influences existing between and among the members of a family, and resulting in illness. Hence great bribes are offered to this pleasant familiar, and large profits to the Taoist priests.

It may be said that the Chinaman is born fishing—he has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of live fish for the market in the shops may be seen displayed live and dead fish, fish fresh and salted, smoked and preserved. One variety are like whitebait in basket, graded from tiny things not half an inch long to what appears to be the same fish grown to eight or nine inches in length. These are sold fresh, salted and smoked. Shark fins are a delicacy. There are fish mottled and barred, bright and dull, fish of quaint and, to us, unknown shapes, but foremost above all, and everywhere to be seen are the artificially grown live fish.

Chinamen boil their rice in flat vessels shaped like deep saucers. From 20 to 30 inches across and from six to nine inches deep is the usual size of these utensils, which are cast wonderfully thin, the metal rarely exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness. The blast furnaces are shaped like large, squat lamp chimneys, and fuel and metal are fed through the narrowed opening at the top. The very frugal Chinaman while he works also uses his furnace fire to cook his evening meal.

Jade is the article most highly prized for jewelry by the Chinese. A jade bangle in Canton would bring a higher price than one of diamonds and gold. The jade is cut by tools worked with a reciprocating motion driven by rocking foot treadle.

Owing to the general maladministration of the country China offers a thoroughly congenial soil for the growth of all sorts of illegal combinations. Under oppression and tyranny secret societies spring into life. The Kolo Hui is said to be numerically the most powerful secret society in China. Its members number upwards of a million, and its organization is in theory as nearly perfect as the loose ideas possessed by Chinamen.

It is a direct descendant of the Hung League, the university of which is expressed by the symbol, signifying "a mighty blood," which is employed to write the word Hung. This society governed by the chiefs who were known as the "Ko" or Elder Brothers. It was considered advisable to change the name of the "Hui," and the "Kolo-hui," derived from the epithet of the chiefs, was adopted in place.

A Mighty Wolf Hunter.

The champion wolf-catcher in the west is no doubt W. B. Ward, who went to Rapid City, S. D., the other day with 322 pelts, 244 of the gray wolf and 78 of the coyotes. He got a bounty of \$3 per head for the gray wolves and \$1 each for the coyotes. This made him \$810, which is said to be the largest sum of wolf bounty money ever paid one man in the west. Ward uses traps entirely. He went to the Black Hills from the cattle ranges of Texas, where he was considered a wonder. He is said to have a secret preparation which he puts on his traps, and attracts them for miles. He employs several men to help him look after his traps.—Chicago Record.

Prisoners and Keepers Change Places.

In the course of an account of the capture of Pretoria Winston Churchill says: "The Duke of Marlborough, procured a Dutch guide, galloped ahead to the cage where the British officers were confined and requested the Boer commandant to release them forthwith. Though the demand was not supported by any force the Dutch officer complied, and after a little demur the gate was opened and the officers, rushing out, seized the rifles from their jailers, and in five minutes 120 British officers were free, and 48 burghers, lately their jailers, were confined in their stead."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Every woman recognizes the value of a house or breakfast jacket that is tasteful and becoming at the same time that it means ease

or less curved backward, and the shape chosen depends on the place it is to occupy. Very large and medium-sized buckles have the preference over small, and those set with small and with cut steel hold the first rank, nevertheless jet buckles are in some demand, as are those of tinted gilt metal in fanciful "art nouveau" designs, sometimes set with colored stones, pearls, or bits of amber. Some new ways of using buckles imagined for straw hats—for instance, the insertion of a long oblong one, curved backward, in the front of a hat brim—are applicable to felts. But the more novel applications consists in using the buckle as a decoration for the backs of small hats and toques.—Millinery Trade Review.



WOMAN'S HOUSE JACKET.

and comfort. The excellent May Manton model illustrated combines many advantages and is simple of construction, at the same time that it is eminently smart. If desired it can be made from India silk in plain color, from Japanese wash silk, French flannel, flannelette and all the range of thin washable stuffs. As illustrated, however, the material is fine white dimity, the trimming embroidery on Swiss muslin, with hydrangea blue ribbon at waist and neck.

The fronts are in one piece, full at the neck, the effect of the vest being obtained by the trimming and adjustment of fullness. The back is in one piece, the fullness drawn down at the waist, where it is stitched to a narrow belt on the under side, which passes round to the front and through openings made beneath the trimming, to close at the centre front. The big collar is seamless and attached to the round neck. Ribbons are attached at the neck and to the belt, which they conceal. The sleeves are one seamed and bell shaped after the latest mode.

To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size four yards of material

Taffeta Straps on Wash Gowns.

Straps of black taffeta now adorn wash frocks when such are what is known as tailor-made. The straps are carefully edged with rows of machine stitching. They should be ripped off when the gown is laundered because they are usually put upon a colored dress. Although this is extremely stylish, it is not to be recommended for the wardrobe of a girl who is not well off. It is a tedious business retrimming the frock after it has scoured.

The White Veil Fad.

In the trail of the green veil fad comes the white veil, which has not been so much in evidence in several seasons. At the seashore, in fact, at all summer resorts, the green veil is omnipresent, but the woman who floats the white veil in the afternoon dons the green "complexion veils," as they are called, more often drape the hat brim than fall over the face.

Ladies' Golf Cape.

There is an ever-increasing demand for double-faced cloths that has brought forth many new and artistic combinations of colorings in the plaids. This smart cape, reproduced from Modes, is made of an effective plaid in brown, fawn and beige, the yoke



LADIES' TAILOR MADE BASQUE.



LADIES' ETON JACKET.

twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Garments For Fall.

Taffeta jackets have been constantly gaining in favor until now they are considered necessary adjuncts to the feminine wardrobe. Most of the new models are made of tacked black taffeta and shaped so they can be worn open or closed.

The large illustration, reproduced from Modes, shows a smart Eton of tacked taffeta and lined throughout with ivory satin.

The tucking, being bias, forms in V shape in the centre back. It is simply adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams.

The fronts are shaped with single bust darts and small steel buckles are applied on the narrow taffeta bands which finish the edges.

The shallow collar reaches only part way in front, the opening displaying a high velvet stock on the waist.

The stylish sleeves are correctly shaped with upper and under portions, having just enough fullness at the shoulders to give the fashionable rounding effect. They are finished at the hand with a narrow band of taffeta, which is also used to outline the lower edge of the jacket.

Etons in this style may be made of Lansdowne and taffeta, or of light weight cloth tacked and trimmed with bands of gold, silver or self-toned braid and small buttons. It is exceedingly jaunty for cloth when made perfectly plain and finished with machine stitched bands of the fabric.

To make the Eton in the medium size will require one and one-eighth yards of fifty-four inch material or three and one-half yards of tucking eighteen inches wide.

Buckles to Be Worn on Fall Hats.

There is an ornament, the buckle, which is destined to an important role in the autumn and winter millinery. Buckles are of various forms: square, oblong, oval, round and fanciful, any of which may be had flat and mere

and circular founce being of plain beige cloth, machine stitched, in dark brown silk.

The yoke and collar are in one, consisting of six sections, flaring stylishly at the neck and forming a yoke with scalloped outline.

The circular cape is adjusted at the lower edge of the yoke, fitting plain over the shoulders and falling in graceful folds at the lower edge.

The founce gives an additional flare to the garment. Convenient straps of the plain material are provided, which fasten on the shoulder and meet at the waist line in back. When the cape is open these straps keep it in proper position and distribute the weight evenly. The garment may be made of the plain goods and trimmed with plaid, or in self-color, as preferred.



LADIES' GOLF CAPE, WITH YOKE.

For traveling, as well as for golf and mountain wear, these capes are exceedingly comfortable and much more convenient to handle than a close-fitting jacket.

To make the cape in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch material.

Famous Massacres.
331 B. C. Two thousand inhabitants of Tyre crucified and 8,000 butchered by the soldiers of Alexander the Great.

105 B. C. Celts kill 8,000 Roman soldiers at Auranisio, on the Rhone.
102 B. C. Slaughter of Teutons near Aix, in which 200,000 barbarians were slain.

70 A. D. Destruction of Jerusalem. Above 1,100,000 Jews put to the sword by Roman army.

115 A. D. Several thousand Greeks and Romans murdered by Jews under Andrae, leader of revolution.

1189. A. D. Massacre at Acre of 5,000 Mohammedans by order of King Richard I., in the crusades.

1260 A. O. Slaughter of the inhabitants of Aleppo by the Mongols.
1282 A. D. "St. Elean's Vespers." About 8,000 French killed in Sicily.

1572 A. D. St. Bartholomew's Day. Massacre of 100,000 men, women and children Huguenots in France.

1592 A. D. Turks slaughter 65,000 Christians in Croatia.

1740 A. D. Settlers in Java slaughter 12,000 Chinese at Batavia.
1780 A. D. "No popery" riots. Mob led by Lord George Gordon killed 450 Roman Catholics in London.

1884 A. D. Chinese murder 24,000 Christian at Kuang-Tsi, in Annam. In Cochin-China the same year 22,000 native Christians were massacred.

1895 A. D. Turks kill between 3,000 and 5,000 Armenians in Asia Minor.

1900 A. D. Boxer rebellion, having for its object the extirpation of native Christians and all foreigners.

Sillicus—There is nothing new under the sun. Cynicus—Then what would you advise me to do with the bill for my wife's new hat?

PURNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born baby in Holland.

It's easier for most men to make friends of their creditors than to make creditors of their friends.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore and Swelling Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMESTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is said that irregular eyebrows are an indication of insanity.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY testifies that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1900.
SEAL, A. D. 1868. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

England has one clergyman to every 119 people; Ireland one to every 1270.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Of the cotton crop of the world four-fifths is produced in the United States.

FIT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Horses in their wild state live to the age of thirty-six normally.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Indiana is now second among the States in the production of canned goods.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A household necessity.

It seems natural that egg cups should be sold by the set.

Don't drink too much water when cycling. Adams' Peppin Tatti Frutti is an excellent substitute.

Kansas has 300 flour mills, with a capacity of 10,000,000 barrels a year.

Ten Years Pain

"I am a school teacher, have suffered agony monthly for ten years.

"My nervous system was a wreck. I suffered with pain in my side and had almost every ill known. I had taken treatment from a number of physiotherapists who gave me no relief.

"One specialist said no medicine could help me, I must submit to an operation.

"I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, stating my case, and received a prompt reply. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and followed the advice given me and now I suffer no more. If any one cares to know more about my case, I will cheerfully answer all letters."—MISS EDNA ELLIS, Highport, Ohio.