

WHEN THE FISH BITE.

The woods are waiting and the hills
Are gushing down the rocky hills;
The trout are leaping from the brooks
At red flies and alluring hooks,
And, happy-faced, with hearts aglow,
And costly reels and rods,
The fishermen in dozens go
To worship woodland gods.

In fancy I with th' may lie
On banks where foamy flecks go by;
Meseems I taste the savory bite
That comes, well earned, in camp at night.
The tale, the song with those well
Ah, welcome fancy work away,
Since through thy pleasing I forget
That some most toil while others play!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A STORY
—OF—
The Australian Bush.

BY Y. Z.

Some years ago two men, Charles Story and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep station belonging to Mr. John Hassall, a wealthy Australian squatter. The first named was the shepherd, the second the hut keeper.

Having dispatched their early breakfast the two men counted and examined their sheep as they came out of the fold and picked out those requiring any particular treatment. Story then started with the flock to a distant pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duties. Late in the day he returned to the hut to prepare the evening meal, when he heard a low moan. He listened; the sound was repeated.

It came from a cluster of bushes a little distance off. With an anxious heart he ran to the place and there found his comrade lying on the ground, bleeding from numerous wounds, and with a spear head still sticking in the body. Lifting Story in his arms he carried him to the hut and laid him on his bed.

"It's the work of those black fellows," said Ladbury, looking out round None were in sight. He came back, and warning some water, bathed poor Story's wounds; then he carefully cut out the barbed head of the spear and continued bathing the wound, except for a short time, when he poured some warm tea down the sufferer's throat. Every moment while thus employed he expected the natives to attack the hut. He had no longer Rover to give him warning of the approach of a foe. There was little doubt that his poor dog had also been speared.

The pain being soothed, Story at length, to Ladbury's great joy, returned to consciousness, and explained that he had been attacked early in the day by natives. He had run from them after receiving several wounds, but had been speared again half a mile or so from the hut, and had crawled the rest of the distance, till he fainted from the loss of blood and the pain he was suffering.

Sad indeed was the condition of these two poor fellows, with no white man nearer than 20 miles and no surgeon within, probably, 200.

Night at length came on, when the natives never move about in the dark. They knew they were safe. But they both felt certain the attack would be renewed by daylight, and the event proved they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overcome with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by the sound of a spear being forced through the reed-made door of the hut. Another and another followed through the slightly formed walls.

"We shall be murdered, mate, if I don't put them to flight," he exclaimed, taking his pocket-knife and bill hook, the only weapons he possessed, the first in his left hand and the other partly covered by his coat, so that it looked like a pistol. Suddenly he sprang through the door-way shouting to the blacks, nearly 50 of whom he saw before him, that he would shoot if they didn't run.

They scarcely daring to look at what they believed to be his pistol, after exchanging a few words with each other, to his great relief began to retire, and as he shouted louder took to their heels.

"We are saved, Charley!" he exclaimed almost breathless with excitement. But the lumps will be back again. Do you think you could move along if I were to help you?"

"No, Ned, that I couldn't," answered Story; "but do you get away. You'd easily reach Jemmyunzap before night fall, and if you can bring help I know you will; if not—why my sand is pretty well-nigh run out as it is, God's will be done."

"Leave you, Charley?—that's not what I think of doing," said Ladbury, firmly. "While you have life I'll stay by you and tend you as well as I can; so that matter is settled."

Night came on at length they both slept. Ladbury was awakened by a call from Story.

"Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were on my legs."

Ladbury silently made up their bedding and the few household articles they possessed into a bundle, which he hoisted on his broad shoulders.

"Now, mate come along," he said lifting Story up and making him rest on his arm.

It was two hours past midnight, and they hoped to get a good start of the blacks. But they had not proceeded many hundred yards before Story found he had overrated his strength and sank to the ground.

"Now, Ned, you must go," he whis-

pered. Save yourself; I can but die once, and you'll only lose your life if you stop with me."

"What I've said I'll do I hope to stick to," answered Ladbury.

Still Story urged him to continue his journey alone.

Ned made no reply, but suddenly started off at a quick pace.

Sad, indeed, must have been poor Story's feelings when he saw him disappear in the gloom of night. Death was coming, sure enough. Already he repented of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight would discover him to the blacks, and they would finish their work in revenge for the escape of a companion.

Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared without his bundle.

"What! did you think I really was going?" he asked, in a low voice. "You'll not beg me to leave you again, mate. Come, get on my shoulders; we'll see what we can do."

Ladbury walked on with the wounded man on his back for half a mile or more.

"Now, sit down here, and I'll go back for the bundle," he said, placing him under a bush.

No one but a man long accustomed to the wilds of Australia could have found his way as Ladbury did. He soon again passed Story with their bundle on his shoulders, and once more returned for him.

Thus they journeyed on till they reached a stream which they well knew, having traveled about seven miles. Ladbury, however, was so completely exhausted by his exertions that he felt unable to crawl another mile, much less to carry his two burdens.

Story had again become so ill and his wounds were so painful that it seemed doubtful that he would survive if moved further. Though the danger was great, Ladbury resolved to camp where they were for some days, till Story had partly recovered his strength.

At last he bethought him that though Story could not walk, and he could no longer carry him on his shoulders, he might drag him along, should the blacks not have traced him out.

He could move but slowly, and often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any copse or rocky ground which lay in his course. Even now, too, they were not safe, for the blacks, finding the hut empty, might pursue and overtake them. Still the brave Ladbury toiled on; his own strength was rapidly giving way. Once more he was obliged to halt near a stream.

"We must camp here tonight, mate," he said to Story. "Perhaps tomorrow my legs will be able to move; today they can do no more."

The night passed away in silence, and the sun rose, casting a fiery heat over the plain. Story had not moved. He roused up, however, and after some breakfast again Ladbury harnessed himself to the sleigh and moved on. Often he was obliged to halt; sometimes he could only move a few hundred yards at a time; a few minutes' rest enabled him again to go on. Still the stages became shorter and the rests longer as the evening approached.

He felt that he could not exist another night in the bush. The station could not now be far off. A faintness was creeping over him. On, on he went as if in a dream. Several times he stumbled and could scarcely recover himself. A sound reached his ears; it was a dog's bark. His strength seemed to return. The roofs of the woodsheds and huts appeared. No one could be seen. Even then he and his friend might perish if he did not go on. It was the supper hour at the station. On he must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumbling and panting. The door of the chief hut was reached and he sank fainting across the threshold.

Every attention was paid to the men. Ladbury soon recovered. Poor Story was conveyed to the hospital at Albany, but so great had been the shock to his system that in a short time he sank under its effects.—New York News.

People to Walk in a Watch.

A feature of the St. Louis fair in 1903 will be a mammoth watch. It will lie on its back, and will have a polished metal case just like the ordinary watch, and will be so large and roomy inside that people will be able to walk around in it, among the moving wheels. It will be nearly 75 feet in diameter, and more than 40 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about it, and all the wheels properly protected so that one cannot be hurt or have his clothes soiled. The balance wheel will weigh a ton, and what is called the "hair-spring" in a watch will be as thick as a man's wrist. It will take about two minutes for the balance wheel to swing around and back again. It will be pivoted on two enormous agate blocks, substitutes for diamonds—and will be made of brass. One of the greatest difficulties will be in getting a balance-spring of the size and strength that can stand the strain and keep its elasticity. The mainspring, of course, will be an enormous affair, something over 300 feet in length, and made of 10 spring steel bands two inches thick, bound together, as it would be impossible to roll so large a piece, either in thickness or length.—The Manufacturer.

Kruger in Gait Attire.

On notable occasions Paul Kruger wears a big major general's scarf over his coat, decorated with the Prussian order of the Red Eagle of the Fourth Class and a Portuguese medal.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—In no garments do the tucks of the season appear to greater advantage than the dainty gowns designed for little girls. The very styl-



GIRL'S GÜMPE DRESS.

ish little May Manton model here illustrated is singularly effective in white Persian lawn, organdy or dimity, but is well suited to all summer goods and such lightweight wool stuffs as men's suitings, cashmere and the like.

The skirt is straight, the fullness laid in fine tucks, which run down a few inches below the waist. The waist is also straight and simple, and is also tucked at the neck.

The sleeves are short and puffed, gathered into a needlework band. Over the shoulders are bretelles of needlework, and finishing them and the low

fits smoothly and terminates in points at the back. The berthia is seamed to the waist, and outlines the lower edge of yoke. The two seamed sleeves fit smoothly and are finished with points over the hands. Down each front and across the top of each sleeve is stitched a group of three tucks, the tucked sleeve being placed over a smooth lining.

To cut this waist in the medium size three and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or one and a quarter yards fifty inches wide will be required, with one and a quarter yards of lining thirty-six inches wide. To trim as illustrated seven-eighths of a yard of inserted tucking, sixteen inches wide, will be needed for yoke, plastron and collar, one-half yard panne velvet for the berthia, and three and three-quarter yards ribbon or chiffon quilting for decoration.

The New Lingerie.

The special point in the new lingerie is the fit. The set of a gown depends largely upon the accurate shape of the lingerie over which it is worn, especially now in this much beleaguered era of fashion. Skirts, both long and short, are cut to fit the hips, quite smoothly, and, although fancifulness is indulged in sometimes to an almost exaggerated degree, the flare and the fluff are all confined to the lower part of the skirt.

The New Veils.

The new veils are very clear and have quite small spots, not too closely set. Fine white and flesh pink tulle is strewn with small black spots, and the all-white veillings are exceedingly thin and the spots small. They are still tied beneath the chin, the old fashion of wearing them only to the lips not having found many admirers. On toques the veil is cut only to the required length and not turned in at



POINTED YOKE WAIST.

FANCY WAIST.

neck and covering the narrow waist-band are bands of heading, through which velvet ribbon is run.

To make this dress for a girl of six years of age three and a quarter yards of material thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards, forty-two inches wide, will be required, with one and a quarter yards of embroidered edging, two and a quarter yards of heading, and four yards of velvet ribbon.

Two Dressy Waists.

The simple but dressy May Manton waist of black dotted net shown on the left of the large engraving is stylishly combined with embroidered chiffon applique and trimmed with insertion to match, through which turquoise blue ribbon is run. The waist is mounted on glove fitting linings of blue taffeta that with the full fronts close invisibly in centre front. The yoke is permanently attached to the right front and closes over on the left, meeting the shoulder, arm's eye and under arm seams. The full fronts blouse softly, and the back is gathered and drawn smoothly over the lining. The fancy stock collar that points high behind the ears is comfortably shaped to the neck by tiny darts taken up in the foundation. Over this the lace is smoothly drawn, and the closing is made invisibly in centre back. The close fitting sleeve linings are two-seamed, and over these the mosquito-taire sleeves are arranged. The design is adapted to many combinations of material and coloring, spangled net over Liberty satin trimmed with jet hands being a pleasing suggestion for a dressy black waist.

To make this waist in the medium size will take three and one-eighth yards of material twenty inches wide, or two yards, thirty-two inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of all over lace or embroidered chiffon for yoke and collar, and four and one-half yards of hand trimming.

The second design shown has the merit of being equally well adapted to entire costumes and to the convenient odd waist. It is well suited to silk and fine wool goods, and, indeed, to any material that requires to be lined and fitted.

The glove fitted lining consists of the usual pieces, and opens at the centre front. Over it is arranged the yoke and plastron that closes invisibly at the left shoulder, and the waist proper, which is fitted with the underarm gores only and is drawn down at the waist line in back and pouches slightly at the front. The high standing collar

all, so as to be barely noticeable over the brim.

For the Small Boy.

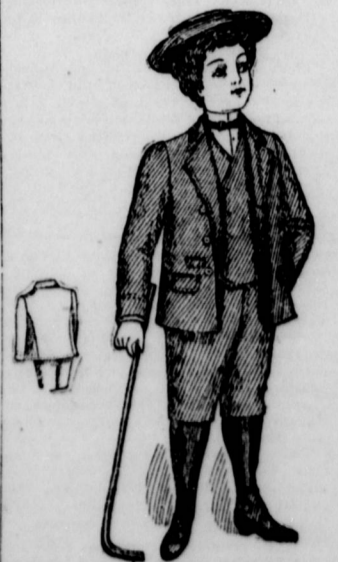
An attractive suit for boys, reproduced from Modes, is here represented made of dark blue diagonal serge.

It consists of short trousers, double-breasted coat and vest. The coat is shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, the fronts being faced and reversed at the top to form lapels that meet the collar in notches. Pockets are inserted in the fronts in regulation coat style.

The vest is shaped with shoulder and under-arm seams, closing in double-breasted style. The back may be adjusted by means of straps that buckle in the centre.

The knee trousers are shaped with inside and outside leg seams, and close in front with a fly; inside bands at the top being provided with button holes to attach to buttons on the shirt waist.

Jaunty suits can be made of serge, tweed, chevrot or diagonal, care being taken in making that the garments are



BOY'S DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT.

well pressed and finished neatly with machine-stitching.

To make a suit for a boy eight years old will require one and five-eighths yards of fifty-four-inch material.

RECLUSE OF MAINE.

Unknown Why He Chose the Life of a Hermit, Unless It Was Love.

George S. McIntire, philosopher, mathematician and astronomer, one of the most peculiar characters that New England could produce, a Diogenes of the nineteenth century, died recently at his room on Green street, Biddeford.

A hermit who had no aversion to civilization and people so long as his peculiar ideas were not infringed upon, a recluse for the most part, yet quite free to talk with those whom he had confidence in, this peculiar man with books and slate under his arm has been in and out among the people of Biddeford and Saco, harmless and honest and known and understood by almost everybody for as many years as most of those who are now living can recall.

In his youth, what gave promise of being an unusually bright mind was warped and perverted, some say by sickness, some by a love affair, until his relatives and others who had an interest in him could do nothing else than allow him to follow his own peculiar inclinations.

For years his companions had been his books, arithmetical problems having chief interest for him. He was an adept in mathematics, algebra and geometry. The more difficult the problem the more he enjoyed it. Astronomy was only a secondary interest, yet all that related to that science was a delight to him, and his information was as extensive in that line as in mathematics.

These studies were his life. He read the newspapers regularly and was well informed upon current events, but most of the happenings of the world with which he had been in touch so long were regarded by him as wrongs and crimes.

His views were peculiar in the extreme. He believed that marriage was the greatest crime in the catalogue. Though he had not lived as long nor had all the advantages and opportunities upon which to base his estimate as Solomon had, he agreed with the wise man that all was vanity in this life.

He refused to eat meat or flesh of any kind. He believed that nature had provided in fruit and vegetable form all that was necessary for the sustenance of humans. He maintained that the lowest of the animal order had as good a right to live as mankind, and that to slaughter an ox to satisfy a carnivorous appetite was as great a crime as to murder a human being.

He obtained his food by the charity of others, his clothing was a matter of the utmost indifference to him, and his garb was one of rags. If not arrayed like the lilies of the field, it was at least true that he took no thought of the morrow and toiled not.

He was a great lover of nature and when the weather permitted spent most of his time in the fields and woods, never separated from his books. He had a religion which was of his own conclusions and he had little fellowship or respect for the more regular forms of religion.

The hermit's age was a subject upon which he was always sensitive. He had been sick for a long time, though he still kept about town.

An incident which shows something of the character of the man occurred a year or two ago, when he had trouble with one of his great toes. He endured it for a while and then cut the toe off himself and for weeks carried the severed member around in his pocket, wrapped in paper.

Take it all around, Mr. McIntire was the most remarkable of all the old characters of Biddeford history and his death removes a figure that was as familiar as peculiar.

He leaves several relatives and it was not their fault that he lived the life he did. His peculiarities were such that he could not be influenced or induced to fall into the ordinary ways of men.—Lawson (Me.) Journal.

Quick's Feathered Quadruped.

Mr. Quick, who resides near the race course, is the owner of a freak chicken which is attracting much attention in his neighborhood. The fowl, which was recently hatched, has four perfectly formed legs. Two of these are normal and the chicken uses them for walking purposes only. The other two are equally as well formed, but are a trifle redundant.

However, when Mr. Quick is showing off his curio, it seems to appreciate the importance of the occasion and drops down its two extra legs and does the "all-four act" very gracefully. Having satisfied the spectators that its legs are not "phonies," the fowl throws them over its back and crosses them just above the claw. Mr. Quick has been offered many times the price of an ordinary chicken for his freakish fowl.—Louisville Post.

A Chair with Revolving Seats.

An innovation with regard to chairs has been devised by an inventive genius named Fraz Bell, resident of Warnsdorf, Austria-Hungary. The novelty consists in the fact that the seat is an endless band working on four rollers. When a person sits on the chair his weight causes a spring to be depressed, which when relieved, causes the rollers to revolve, bringing another portion of the surface of the band into use. In this way no part is used twice in succession, and the user has the advantage of a soft and comfortable seat without the necessity of cushions, and without the cover sagging.

Will Vaccinate Lobsters.

An enterprising pisciculturist has invented a lymph with which he proposes to vaccinate young lobsters to protect them against a growth which is fatal to little crustaceans. The vaccinated lobster will have a peculiar scar at the base of its tail to distinguish him from his unvaccinated brethren.—London Leader.

Sample of His Work.

Obliging Barber (having shaved off one side of man's mustache)—"There, sir. If you like the effect, I'll shave the other side also."—Chicago News.

In Southern France successful efforts have been made to arrest forest fires by growing the juicy cactus plants in open spaces separating the sections of the forests.

The young man of promise isn't half so worthy of consideration as the young man who pays.

O-I-C

When a preparation has an advertised reputation that is world-wide, it means that preparation is meritorious. If you go into a store to buy an article that has achieved universal popularity like Cascares Candy Cathartic for example, you feel it has the endorsement of the world. The judgment of the people is infallible because it is impersonal. The retailer who wants to sell you "something else" in place of the article you ask for has an ax to grind. Don't it stand to reason? He's trying to sell something that is not what he represents it to be. Why? Because he expects to derive an extra profit out of your credulity. Are you easy? Don't you see through his little game? The man who will try and sell you a substitute for Cascares is a fraud. Beware of him! He is trying to steal the honestly earned benefits of a reputation which another business man has paid for, and if his conscience will allow him to go so far, he will go farther. If he cheats his customer in one way, he will in another and it is not safe to do business with him. Beware of the Cascares substitute! Remember Cascares are never sold in bulk but in metal boxes with the long-tailed "C" on every box and each tablet stamped C. C. C.

During last year 25,000 Japanese landed in the Hawaiian Islands.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, itching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In Switzerland a telephone can be fitted to private houses for \$5 a year.

What Shall We Have For Dessert? This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

The level of the Salt Lake in Utah is reported to be steadily falling.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti.

The man who turns from evil companions does himself a good turn.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The most effectual way to get rid of some fellows is to lend them money.

There is one ingredient in Frey's Vermifuge that does not grow outside the State of Maryland.

More than one-third of all manufactured goods are in France made by women.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Germany had 11,013 suicides in 1897, a rate of twenty-one to 100,000 inhabitants.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Khaki is the latest English shade in fashionable stationery.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Cotton and sugar at present constitute the bulk of the export product of Egypt.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Miss L. HOS, Roussin, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1903.

The first printing press in America was set up at Harvard College in 1639.

Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound cures the ill peculiar to women. It tones up their general health, eases down overwrought nerves, cures these awful backaches and regulates menstruation.

It does this because it acts directly on the female organism and makes it healthy, relieving and curing all inflammation and displacements.

Nothing else is just as good and many things that may be suggested are dangerous. This great medicine has a constant record of cure. Thousands of women testify to it. Read their letters constantly appearing in this paper.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water