FLOWERS.

fba flowers of hope that, budding, fade and

die, And never grace the gardens of our years, fahl surely bloom the fairer, by and by, For having here been watered by our tears. –Josephine Mason Leslie, in New York ndependent.

listened to an account of the dispute

with all the attention of one receiving

no necessity for a girl to cycle, and

that there are many other exercises open to her of a gentler and-er-

"I may be wrong"—the colonel would not hear of it—"but it seems to

me that collecting autographs, for in-

"You have taken the words from

"I was going to suggest croquet."

after a moment's thought, to be unable to expand the list. "Well, there are

"Or-" Mr. Frank Daintree seemed

"I call it unwomanly," saidthe col-

onel. "Worst of it is, they don't seem to know where to stop."

"And if they don't know, sir, we must tell them," urged the younger

"It's a duty that we owe to society

"And yet, when I ventured to hint to

Miss Gale that I looked upon cycling with disfavor, my remarks were re-ceived with—well, almost contempt." "I don't know what girls are think-ing of," said the colonel despairingly.

"Fact of the matter is, I expect, you don't go quite the right way to work.

"What I mean to say is that's the

"I know just the very man," de-

happens. I've got him in my mind's eye at the present moment."

"I think you'd better keep him there, sir," said Mr. Daintree, warmly. "This

is not a matter that calls for the in-

the old gentleman, cheerily; "I'll see what I can do."

of respect for you, sir, but I must

"He won't allow her to rove all over the place, cycling," said the old gentleman, confidently. "He'll soon let her know that the proper place

"Not on a summer's day like this." "All the year 'round." snapped the colonel, "all the year 'round. That's my dog barking. I must be going."

Colonel Daintree was a man who read his newspaper carefully and com-pletely, and he flattered himself that

he missed little or nothing. In read-ing his local journal at the bow win-dow of his rooms at the end of that

week he came across two advertise-ments which gave him great content.

The terrier on the colonel's knee was

also scanning the journal closely, with

a view apparently of ascertaining the

latest news in regard to the muzzling

\$100. A bargain. Address Miss E. G., 900 Fifth St., New York."

Further down was the second adver-

"Wanted, to Purchase at once-

Safety bicycle, with latest improve-ments, for learner. Address Profes-

sor Dzintree, The Grove, 4 Madison Ave., New York."

The old gentleman slapped his knee with satisfaction, making the terrier jump, and the dog, a little annoyed,

went to the window, and presently commenced to show signs of recogni-

tion. The colonel put down the news-

paper to ascertain the cause of Di's

Cost

"For Sale-Lady's bicycle.

order.

tisement:

"Before you go, sir-" "Goodby," said the colonel.

for a woman is the fireside.

"I should be sorry to show any want

"You leave it to me, my boy," said

terference of any third person.

of things besides this craze

news of perfect freshness.

more womanly character.'

my mouth," said the colonel. "Or croquet—"

stance

plenty

for cycling.

man hotly.

at large.'

Daintree.

Getting Frank Married. BY W. PETT RIDGE.

"Why!" declared Miss Gale; "it's 1 splendid exercise." "Of course," said old Colonel Dain-

.ree. "It's recommended by all the docinsisted Miss Gale, pinching the 'ors," tire of the back wheel.

"Naturally," said Colonel Daintree. "It enables you to see the country, vent on the young lady argumentative-y. "It makes you hungry, it is the

pest thing for the temper that was ever invented." "I wonder how any young people nave the impudence not to cycle,'

agreed the colonel. "I am glad you agree with me, Col-onel Daintree."

"My dear young lady, you're so ab-solutely in the right. What do you say, Di?"

The two walked through the gates of the park, and Di, the terrier, bark ing agreement, followed. The indigant young woman wheeled her ma-chine near to the pavement slowly, so that the old gentleman could keep ap with her without inconvenience. She was flushed-this partly because of a brisk spin in the park; mainly because she was reviewing a grievince of imperial gravity. "Fact of the matter is," said the

old gentleman as they went down the hill, "my nephew is a fool." "In regard to this question of cy-

cling," she agreed cautiously. "None of the other Daintrees were

ever like him. In the years gone by no Daintree would ever have dreamt of becoming assistant professor at the College of Science."

requires brains."

"And brains," said the colonel proudly, "were never a strong point with the Daintrees."

"Before Frank." "Exactly! They've been storing it

up through generations apparently for his benefit."

"At the same time," urged Miss Gale, fingering the buttons at the side of her skirt, "that gives him no right to dictate to me in regard to cycling."

"Exactly my opinion. Eh, Di?"

The terrier barked approval. "And although, of course, course, I like him," said the young lady, glancing at the ground shyly, "and all that, I cannot permit him for a single mo ment to say that I shall not do this or that I shall do that."

"I should have felt very much in-

clined to tell him so. "I did," said the young woman firmly.

The colonel bent to dust his shoes. "These young professors," he re-marked, "get a didactic manner that

is at times highly ridiculous. I'm afraid I shall have to get Frank married in order to—" "Married!" The bicycle was stopped suddenly. "To whom?"

"Yon won't speak of this," said the old gentleman, returning. "I don't want it to get about."

"You can rely on me." "Don't happen by chance to know a Mme. Van Oppen?" "I don't know her." said the girl

quickly, "and I do not want to. She wrote a ridiculous article on 'Unwom-anly Sports' that appeared in the-"

"Rather a pleasing sort of widow," said the colonel. "Fine figure of a woman, too; and I happen to know that she thinks very highly of my nephew. 'Nothing clever in that."

"And I rather think that with a lityou understand me, my dear young lady-" tle management, a word in season, if

"I think, Colonel Daintree," said Miss Gale, almost tearfully, "that you ought not to interfere in matters that



be required, with one and a half yards of all-over lace for yoke, bretelles and New York City. - Shallow round yokes are very generally becoming, and are among the latest designs cuffs. shown. The May Manton model illus

The Place For the Braid.

If you are having a frock braided by a home dressmaker, and are in need of suggestions, remember the regulation for this season is to embroider or applique a dress skirt six inches above the bottom line. It is easy to bear this in mind, otherwise your home-made braided frock may have its applications set too low, and so lose the cachet of an exclusively autumnal style. The mixed oraids of black and silver are "well worn," as the dressmakers say, and if you do not care for even this slight admixture tinsel the all-black braids-"military," mohair or silk, are always stylish and extremely well looking.

Some Pretty Petticoats. A petticoat of fine white alpaca, much frilled, makes a nice change from silk or muslin skirts. It washes well and will outwear three silk skirts. Petticoats in colored cambric are use Those sold in the shops are ap to be coarse and heavy. But when the materials are carefully selected, the ruffles made with the daintiest care and the fitting properly done, the re-sult will be a very satisfactory gar-ment, which will have the added recommendation that it will wash.

Gloves For Elbow Sleeves.

Gloves for the elbow-sleeved gown are shown with lacing of gold or silver cord from waist to elbow on the outer seam. The same thing is seen in shoulder length gloves and the lacing is not only decorative but also useful in fitting the glove to the arm



A Wonderful Feat. A mouse of merit watched a boy Who stood upon his head. "Now, that's a clever thing to da," The mouse of merit said.

"But if I train my muscles well, And stick to what I'm at, I think in time I may perform A trick worth two of that."

So he began to practice hard-It's lazy mice who fail-And he was able, in the end, To stand upon his tail!

Spelling a Cow's Mo

Some years ago, when Lucy was a little girl, learning to write, the teacher gave her this to copy, "M-o-o,

moo." "What is it?" asked Lucy, looking puzzled.

'That is 'Moo,' the noise a cow makes, Lucy. Then Lucy began to copy "Moo." But she did it in a queer way. She

made an M at the beginning of each line, and followed each M with a whole string of o's all across the slate, like this, Mooooo. "But that isn't right, Lucy," said

the teacher, when the little girl showed her the slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it. So-'Moo.'" Lucy looked at the teacher's copy and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly. "Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said; "for I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Moo' as you wrote down."-Harper's Round Table.

Little Red Men and Women. An Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When the little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a cornstalk and take such rides as you take on a cane or broom. He would say that his horse is much better, because it makes such a dust. As soon as the little red woman is

out of her cradle she begins to carry a doll or puppy on her back, just a her mamma used to carry her. She makes cunning little wigwams, too, and plays "keep house" while her little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red boys and girls do not play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian They learn to mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name. They must never pass between an older person and the fire, and they must never, never speak to older people while they are talking. When a little red man forgets these very good rules and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess. She says: "Why will you act like a little white child?" Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?

An Interview with a Bird.

Adelinta Pleasants contributes to the Sunday magazine of the Los Angeles Times a little sketch of "Jacob the Carpenter," a west coast bird, in which Jacob is represented as saying of him-

"My name is Jacob and I am the red headed woodpecker. Some call me the California woodpecker, and some call me the carpenter, but the children call me Jacob, and I like that best of all, as I can say it quite plain. I am called a carpenter bacause I have a habit of chiseling holes in dead limbs and the thick bark of some trees, to store up acorns in for my winter food. I am the only one of my family who does this, and people all over the world think I am a wonderful bird.

"The Woodpecker family is quite large and useful, but I am the only carpenter. My chisel bill is also very handy in drilling holes in the outer bark of trees to find little insects that I hear working just underneath. I lay my ear against a tree, and if Mr. In-sect is at work I can hear him. Then into where he lives and catel

chase their game in the wilderness The puff and dart is a cousin to the pea shooter and is just a little larger and played with darts instead of pear or pellets. In Paris the toy shops keep the tubes on sale, all sorts and varieties, made simply of metal, or very elegant looking objects out of bamboo with an inner copper tube running through the centre and a running through the centre and a screw top and ferrule to guard it when it is not in use, something after the fashion of the better makes of fishing rods which look exactly like walking sticks when they are folded

up to put away. A clever boy can make a tube for himself or he can buy the largest size pea shooter to be had and then he is ready to make the dart. For this take a few penholder sticks and cut them into lengths of two inches. Next get some worsted and strong waxed thread. Fill one end of each stick with the worsted and let a series of loops project beyond. Bind it around with the thread. Just how much you will need you will have to ascertain by experiment by experiment.

For the spike take a good sized nail, file up the sharp end into a good point not too fine; dip the point into the grease of a candle, hold it in the fame until it becomes nearly red hot. Then plunge it into cold water: this will harden it. Now file off the pro-jecting end piece of the metal at the end; bore a hole somewhat too small at the end of the stick, force the blunt end of the nail into it, and then bind it round firmly with waxed thread. Now trim off the ends of the worsted and your dart is complete.

With a three foot tube this dart will pierce an almost limitless number of sheets of paper at 10 or 12 feet dis-tance and, if painstakingly made, will fly with wonderful accuracy. To take aim hold both hands close together. Be quick and decided or your tube will be certain to wabble. Shooting with a and dart is quite unlike shooting and rather more resembles the shot and aim of the bow and ar-row. Fasten your target on a tree and you are ready for an afternoon's

In the wilds of Borneo or on the pampas of South America the rough little natives makes these tubes as long as 10 and 12 feet and use tiny things of darts feathered at one end and at the other finished with tips which have been dipped into a terri-ble poison. The merest flesh wound in any part of a man or a tiger, a jackal or any other living thing is quite enough to cause immediate death .--Chicago Record-Herald.

sport

Peter's Fairy Story

"If there's anything I hate to do it is to work," wailed Peter, one bright morning early in August. Mamma Rust looked stern

"You must pick those berries before noon," she said. "And you must get your pail and go directly."

"It's always pick berries," said the boy, as he went to find his hat. "It's work, work, work. An' nobody has to work but me."

As he walked slowly down the narrow lane his cross and discontented face was not a pleasant sight.

It was not a pleasant sight. It was an attractive place, this berry pasture back of the house, where the birds sang as they got their babies' breakfast and the big yellow bumble-been humed checkfully as they humble bees buzzed cheerfully as they hurried from flower to flower.

The ants were busy, too, running back and forth, laying up food in the sandy anthills, and a great berry spider was spinning into his web as fast as ever he could. Peter noted all these things as he

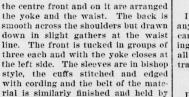
walked along, and it made him think a great deal.

"I wonder if bugs an' birds an' fishes an' snakes have to work?" he thought, as he looked as his bright tin pail.

It didn't seem nearly so large now, and he say the blueberries peeping out from beneath their green leaves ev-

erywhere, all over the pasture. Peter knew away down in his heart that he could pick two quarts of berries in less than an hour. In a small half hour, if he only tried.

"I wonder if everything has to work." he exclaimed soberly, as he commenced to pick the berries with a



rial is similarly finished and held by an ornamental clasp. To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and five-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-eighth yards twen-ty-seven inches wide, two and seveneighth yards thirty-two inches wide wo yards forty-four inches will be required, with three-eighth yards of all-over lace for yoke and col-lar and six and a half yards of cording to trim as illustrated.

Up-to-Date Collars. It hardly seems credible now that any one ever wore high, stiff collars, canvas-lined and of the most unyield-

WAIST.

ing description. If a collar is used at all nowadays it must be soft and transparent. Child's Dress. Pointed yokes, with bretelles falling

FANCY

over the shoulders, are exceedingly be coming to the little folk, and make a charming effect. This dainty frock, designed by May Manton, is made of sheer Persian lawn, with all-over tucking and trimming of Valenciennes lace, but the design is suited to all fabrics

with

WOMAN'S BLOUSE.

Frank. You are too deferential, too courteous, too submissive. Now a girl trated is made of sky blue louisine silk like Miss Gale requires the hand of steel more than the glove of velvet." with the voke of cream lace, over white, trimming of black and blue cording, which is attached beneath "Not sure that I quite follow you, sir," said the other, doubtfully. "Fact of the matter is, strictly be-tween ourselves, Miss Gale wants a the edges of the tucks and finishes the round neck and buttons of turquoise matrix. The design is eminently simlord and master; some one who will simply make her obey his commands." ple, yet effective, and in the height of style, both for the odd waist worn to "That was not the impression that I gained from her." the theatre, informal dinners and the like, and for the entire costume. Silks of various sorts and all light weight kind of man she ought to marry." "Marry," stammered Mr. Frank wools are appropriate, and the cording can be varied by the substitution of contrasting pipings or the tucks left plain as preferred. clared the colonel, jubilantly. "As it

The lining fits snugly and closes at



concern other people."

"She has property and she would an excellent match for him." be

She laughed rather uneasily. "Goodby, Colonel Daintree. I must go home and work."

"You won't let this that I've told you go any further?'

"No," promised Miss Gale, decidedly wheeling off; "I'll see that it doesn't go any further."

Colonel Daintree went carefully down the steps to the Terrace walk chuckling so much that infants who were exercising their dolls stared at him amazedly, and in their astonish-ment allowed their tow-haired, staring-eyed charges to assume an upside down position that was almost undig-The old gentleman talked to nified. his dog, as, leaning on the parapet, he looked at the lily-shaped fountain, sparkling in the sunlight, and watched the folk coming up the pathways from the riverside. He lighted a cigar, but his thoughts were so absorbing that he allowed it to go out. Presently he saw among the people who were coming up the gardens a serious young man, wearing glasses. He waved his walking stick and the young man hast-

Waiking stick and the young man hast-ened his thoughtful pace. "My boy," cried the colonel, cheer-fully, "how are you! How are you? How are you?"

"Not very well, uncle."

"That confounded business-"

"It's not that, sir, said Mr. Frank Daintree. "I--1 have had some little dispute with Miss Gale." The colonel

excitement, and saw Miss Ella Gale walking toward the Park in company with his nephew, the two being quite obviously on the best of terms with each other.

"Now that, Di," explained Colonel Daintree, rubbing the interested ter-rier behind the ear, "that is the result of what we call strategy."-American Queen.

No More Royal Watermen

Among other economics his majes ty has determined to fill up no more vacancies in the ancient body of Royal Watermen, who have been gradually driven out of existence by the multiplication of bridges and by more rap means of transport on the water In the days when Thomas Doggett "the famous comedian," gave his coat and badge to perpetuate his loyalty to the first prince of the house of Hanover, the watermen were still in ful force, and their connection with the actors (a point seldom understood hitherto) is explained by a petition which they sent in to the privy coun cil in the early 17th century praying that the playhouses (Shakespeare's among others) might be reopened again after their long silence the plague, as the custom they lost when no one went to the theatre was a very considerable fraction of their total income. In those days some thousands of them were able seamer in the fleet, and for many years after wards they formed a reserve scarcely less valuable than the fishing fleets of Newfoundland to the modern navy of France.-London Telegraph.

Woman's Fancy Waist.

The fancy waist, with soft tucked front and bishop sleeves, is shown among the latest models, and can be relied upon as correct for the coming

as well as the present season. The smart May Manton example illus-trated in the large drawing includes

the newest features and is eminently well suited to the odd waist, as well as to the entire costume. As shown the material is white crepe de chene, with cream guipure over white silk, but all soft clinging materials are appropriate, louisine silk, taffeta mousseline, challie, cashmere, albatross and the like with lace, velvet or applique as trimming. The foundation, or lining, is snugly fitted and closes at the centre Tront The back proper is plain and seamless but the right front is tucked and ex tends well over the left, the closing being effected beneath the left bretelle. The voke and bretelles are care fully shaped and give a most satisfac tory effect, while actually involving little labor. The sleeves include the latest novelty in the deep pointed cuffs, but can be made with the sim-

ple straight ones when preferred. To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and three-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and three-quarter yards

be required with a quarter yard of twenty-seven inches wide, two and a sucking and three and seven-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide or insertion to trim as illusyards of two yards forty-four inches wide will trated.

used for wee children, white for occasions of dress, colors for the times of play and frolic. The yoke is square at the lower edge, and to it is attached the full

skirt portion. The bretelles are shaped and slightly full, falling in soft folds. The sleeves are in guimpe style, with frills falling over the hands, and the neck is finished with a straight band

or narrow collar. To cut this dress for a child of two years of age two and a half yards of material thirty-two inches wide will



CHILD'S DRESS.

him with my spearlike tongue. It is very handy to always carry your tools about with you. It is easy for me to stand on the side of a tree or post. In fact, I prefer to stand that way. Some bird people cannot do that, it is because they have not the right kind of tail feathers. My tail feath-ers are stiff, and I turn them down and use them for a prop. Watch me, and I will show you how I do it.

"When I want to go down a tree I go down backward. One time I had an accident in doing this. My wife and I live in a canyon, and last sumwe built our nest in a hole in a live oak tree near a ranch house The people who live there move their stove out under the trees in summer, and live out doors all day just like birds. After the people eat their breakfast they make a great kettle of mush for the dogs and chickens. The bluejay and I tasted this mush one day, and it was very good. After that ed to back down the oak limb back of the stove every morning after the mush was cool and eat my breakfast. One morning I backed down a black thing over the back of the stove that looked like a limb-and, oh, how it burned my feet. Nellie, the little girl who wears a pink sunbonnet, laughed and said: "Oh, mamma, Jacob has backed down the stovepipe.

Game of Puff and Dart. This is a fine out of door game from France, although there are parts of the world where great grown men use giant puff and darts for real weapons warfare to do battle with and to

Tumety-tum they went faster and faster into his pail. The shining bottom was covered in a hurry. Very soon the pail was half full and then it was full to overflowing almost be-fore Peter realized that he had been picking at all.

Back he trudged to the house. Up over the stairs he hurried to his mother's room, and then he sat down. "I'm going to tell you a fairy story,

mamma." he said.

'Once upon a time there was a boy, an' he was lazy. He 'most believed that nobody had to work, only just himself. One day he went to pick some berries, an' he didn't want to some berries, an he of that want to one bit. When he got to the field he saw that birds were working, an' the ants were working, an' the spiders were spinning, an' he was so s'prised that he forest of the hout he instrume an' that he forgot all about being lazy an' picked his berries just ever so fast." Peter stopped and looked up into

mamma's face with his big, brown eyes

"An' he's never goin to be lazy again," he said, solemnly, "'cause all those bugs an' things taught him a lesson. An' he was happy ever after, he continued slowly, "'cause that's the way fairy stories always end, mamma. Do you know who that lazy boy was in my fairy story?" he asked, eagerly.

"I shouldn't wonder if his name was ter," answered mamma, smiling. "I shouldn't wonder is it was, too,"

said Peter .- Youths' Companion.

Elks' teeth are scarce and valua-ble in the Indian Territory.