By W. D. MORRIS.

It was a glorious, perfect June full choice of hours, and I to retain morning, and Jack Eltham had gone the waif?" down, sketchbook in hand, to that "Oh, I couldn't be so selfish as to sorner of the far-stretching sea links, where the brown, bark-tanned fishing she exclaimed hastily. "I am only a nets lie spread out to the sun, and beginner, and Baby Barron would be rocky entrance the twin Sutors keep the fishermen's children play by the gaunt ribbed derelicts drawn up beyond the tide on the shingly beach, fronting the low, white walled cottages, from whose doors grizzled old tages, from whose doors grizzled old tages, watch with wiatful, longing Leslie Maynard hesitated for some syst those brown sailed boats, whose | moments. brine washed decks they may no more trend, slip out to sea.

When he first caught sight of her Baby Barron was standing alone, as "The 'ayes' have it, Miss Maynard," was her wont, apart from the rest of he broke in laughingly. "And we'll the children, a quaintly pathetic little pass now, with your permission, to figure in tattered brown frock, bare the next order of the day." He at the neck, and monstrous boots, in turned quickly to Baby Barron, who tiny sockless feet were lost in space, gravely observant eyes. gazing with solemn meditativeness on

dropped down on to one of the nots and proceeded calmly to roll herself blue eyes, but she said nothing. up in it. Then, thoroughly enmeshed, boots and all, in its folds, Baby Barron sat up, and, with an air of superb indifference, surveyed the other children, who had gathered round with fearfully expectant faces.

"You'll catch it, Baby Barron; you just wait and see!" they shouted, with an unholy sort of glee and significant gestures.

the coming on the scene with all reached the deep blue eyes, which speed his rheumatic joints permitted, shone like twin stars. of a grizzled, jersey clad sea veteran. Seizing the entangled brown ball, he carefully unrolled it and set the daring intruder on her feet with a gentle

"You're gettin' a fair plague, Baby Barron!" he mumbled. "I'll just hae tae speak tae your mother. Rin awa' oot o' this, noo, quick," adding emphasis to the final word by a second

Jack Eltham, who had watched the on a sudden impulse hastened after and caught up to the slowly retreating little figure. She did not seem at all abashed by her ignominius dismissal from the beach, but as he looked more closely he fancied he saw a tiny repressed tear in the corner of each eye under the dark brown were burnt to a pale brown, at once gravely meditative and deepa while on the little world of man.

could become

up to him for a moment.

"I was goin' to be a fis'," came a soft murmur at his side. 'A fish? Oh, yes; I see."

"Yes, an' I fink I s'ould like my po't'ait took." Silence again a few Eltham could only repeat her words moments, then-"There's a pitty lady dully. who's goin' to paint me-she did say

is she going to paint you?"

hausted her stock of information. thrilled her with the keenest pain. With a penny clutched tight in her grubby brown hand she had betaken finished," he stammered in reply. nerself, boots and all, the next in- "Why are you leaving so suddenly?" stant up the narrow street with as-

Ten minutes later when he emerged in their depths. lowed by a small tail of children, nib- some day-you will return it?" bling at a huge bun, sublimely unscious the while of their existence. turning aside that he might not wit-

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Next day saw Baby Barron posed ness the struggle at her heart. before Jack Eltham's easel on the now of quite a score of admiring you." childish eyes. For a full half hour image, gazing out seaward, a look in the angelic blue eyes as if she would read its mysteries. Then, all at once, the far off look gave place to a new

"The pitty lady!" she cried in her

to find himself face to face with a slight girlish figure.
"I fear I have stolen a quite unin-

tentional march upon you," he said springing to his feet and raising his west, winsome face before him. framed in a setting of thick-coiled

"Oh, I did so want her for a cherub," the girl returned, nodding

brightly toward Baby Barron.

"And I am painting her as 'A Waif From the Sea.' Don't you think she looks well the part? May I introduce myself? I am Eitham—Jack Eitham, of the Glasgow School."

quite tired out with two sittings in one day."

"Then suppose we paint together

"It is very generous of you to put it that way," she said with a little smile. "But if you wish it, I-"

whose cavernous crinkled depths her had been watching the scene with

"How would you like a new frock the brown expanse of interlaced cord- - a new frock with frills and lace, Suddenly, as he watched, she taken in by your 'pitty lady?' A sudden light came into the big

> "And socks," he continued eagerly, "brown ones and little brown shoes? Still Baby Barron said nothing. Only she passed her hands slowly over the frayed brown frock and glanced down meditatively at the

crinkled, cavernous boots. "And a sash, too-a big blue sash round your waist, Baby Barron?" he added hastily.

A loud call from the direction of the cottages the next instant heralded She nodded vigorously as the smile

"You shall have them, then-tomorrow, perhaps. Now, what do you

say? With a quaintly demure gravity Baby Barron put her soft little grubby hand into his, looking up to him with simple childlike winsomeness. Jack Eitham lifted her up in his arms and laft on her cheek a soft kind of Leslie?"

baby careas. The friendship thus oddly instituted between the man and the girl grew and deepened daily. In Leslie little comedy with quiet amusement. Maynard Jack Eltham speedily recognized a kindred soul in the art they both loved.

friendship deepened and passed into have us soon; it's only a wetting, a richer, stronger feeling. And she
—to Leslie Maynard those days were
strangely sweet. Though she hardly to relieve the tension, looking down dare acknowledge, even to herself, at the pathetic little figure on his goods the gods provide you .- Plantus. curling lashes. Her cheeks, full and the true cause, yet in her innermost knee. heart she felt and knew it. She All at once the smile left his eyes. hoped he would forget her—that He stared again from the rounded and the tiny mouth was full and strangely resolute. About her was a promise of one short year ago, so hurrise of the "cobble" to the surface difference to me.—Terence. singular air of quaint self-possession, given, would ever obtrude itself; yet riedly and wildly, yet so solemnly of the water. Yes; there was no even as she hoped she took a pleasure sinking under their united weight, fierce poison to another.--Lucretius.

Leslie Maynard reclined, her left read something of the truth. For a To his often and variedly repeated question why she had entangled herself in the net she uttered not a sin-self in the net she uttered not a sin-s to him out of her solemn blue eyes, curled up beside her. Op- she said in a low, strangely calm with a long, earnest gaze. Her silence posite the two, on one of the cross tone. He could only nod in reply. thwarts, sat Jack Eltham. "You will take Baby Barron, will

The gold brown curls stirred a litnestling at the feet of low forested thus, Leslie," he muttered hoarsely. sea girt Brighton of the North lay tle, and the grave blue eyes looked hills, over whose crest the pine trees hung like a dark green cloud. shall be so sorry to leave it all. I-I ward. am going away to-morrow," a faint, hesitating note in her voice.

"Yes; I must go. My holiday is up," she almost whispered. It was love to me. Perhaps it is His way "A pretty lady? Yes, and when harder far, this parting, than she had of testing it, dear. But if-if you me merry than experience to make me thought. The sudden stricken look only are left you will know I am with sad. New York Telegram. But Baby Barron had already ex- in the eyes of the man before her had you. I can't die so long as you love "But your picture-it is not yet

his gaze with a look of strange appeal turned shoreward, the clinging arms

from the cheerless dwelling that con-stituted the forlorn and fatherless I claim a right to know—the right of muscles braced hard and taut, and his be ashamed of the quid in his mouth, Haby Barron's home, Jack Eltham one who loves you," he insisted eyes fixed on the green cloud of pines there begins to be some hope for him. had a glimpse far up the narrow gently. "You must know—you must behind the town, he swam ever shorelane of her little brown figure, fol- have seen it. Tell me, may I hope-

same bench that had witnessed her there another? Answer me, Leslie, heat, and the little weight round his them little thinks. Let us not be so

"Who is it? I must hear. You must tell me all now." His eyes sought and held hers masterfully.

A quick wave of color flooded his cheeks. "It is no one you know," she water and glanced shoreward. babyish treble, "she comed-I did tell answered, with a little catch in her "It was to-to please my Jack Eltham swung hastily round father—a year ago—when he died."

Jack Eltham's voice shook with the earnestness of his appeal. In the brave, truthful eyes she raised at "That is, of course-which I length to meet his gaze he read the cannot doubt—if you are Baby Bar-ron's 'pitty lady,' " he added, with a and something more that set his quick smile, his eyes resting on the pulses throbbing wildly. He leant forward suddenly and took both her hands in his own. "Your love is mine, Leslie; you cannot, dare not, longer deny it," he said in a voice that was at once strenuous and calm.

out against? Nay, you dare not wed a man you cannot, do not, love." For a moment she struggled "I have heard your name, Mr. Eltham," she said with a frank smile.
It too, am a student of that school.
My name is Leelie Maynard."

Then we should be friends, Miss
trembled with words that were never
the glasgow School."

For a moment she struggled face, and the next instant strong lersey clad arms reached our the gunsey c

unny fing." Baby Barron's clear, mist gathered ever his eyes. And far off, it seemed to him, came the inwant reply: "We'll get her, sir, a' right; dinna ye fear," as he slipped down toward the valley of shadows. babyish treble broke in as she pointed

That small, forgotten personage had at first watched the scene with deeply observant gravity, as if she would learn its meaning. But the matter had evidently proved beyond pressive gesture. *Give way, lads her powers of solution, for she soon wi' a will; we'll had the young lady turned her glance seaward to watch in a twinklin'. Dave Duguid's cobcoasting steamship thumping its ble's pretty far through wi' it." smoky way westward to the deep sheltered Firth, over whose narrow

Far away to the northward, besombreness grew and spread swiftly talk, from heart to heart. all along the rocky coast line. A came a low, discreet knock at the white tossing line broke before it, door of the room, and in a moment the shore was "Oh, miss, there's a queer little struck the boat as with a giant hand, go away, neither." flinging sheer out its occupants. turned "cobble" surged slowly shore- once." ward.

squall had swept away shoreward, wilted and drooping. scarce a mile distant, leaving only "It's for you — bot of you — to on the surface of the water the up- make you well," she cried, presentdrenched golden head rose all at once caught and drew it to him, ere it figure, flower and all, and covered the went down the second time.

"Hold fast there, little one," he said gently, putting Baby Barron's selfish of me to forget you," she said, arms around his neck. "Stick tight with a little catch in her breath. "It and don't be afraid."

An instant later, between him and the upturned cobble Leslie Maynard's face rose above the surface, her long. in quickly. "And it reminds me that wet hair wrapped about her in cling- there'll be a little bridesmaid wanted ing strands. With half a dozen quick, at a weading soon. How would you powerful strokes, he was beside her. "Thank God, you are safe, dear,"

he murmured, supporting her, tread- than being a fish." ing water the while. "Can you swim, "A little only," she returned, try-

ing bravely to smile.
"Then lay your hand on my shoulder-so. Once on the top of the boat they must see us soon from the shore. Ah, that's better, now," he oth loved.

Insensibly on Jack Eltham's side the narrow ridge of keel. "They'll People's Friend."

room left for doubt-the boat was ly observant. The sunlight as it played upon the tangled close-curied head made of it a golden halo, and lower.

In the stern of a heat that lay all posted research despite the frayed old brown frock and cavernous boots she looked to him as some baby angel might look that as some baby angel might look that as some baby angel might look that flashed through his man must secare a license to make mind. As he glanced up their eyes an ass of himself.—Dalias News.

"You will take Baby Barron, will "Would you like to have your picture taken, Baby Barron?" he essayed again gently, and it was wonderful how gentle big Jack Eltham could become.

"Isn't it too perfect for words?" you not, dear, and bring her safe home? She is all that is left to her mother." She put up her hand to his cheek with a loving gesture and looked back into his eyes.

And then there is many a man who helps himself to stay poor by his determination to maintain his

"Perhaps-perhaps they may yot see "I us in time," his eyes straining shore- forting, but plentiful, and further-

"don't try to pretend-not about this. "Going away to-morrow?" Jack I want to face it now, when I feel strong to bear it. And I want to tall you-I want to tell you, dear, how age.-Titus Andronicus. sweet has been the thought of your Kiss me, Jack, dear, and goquickly."

down blindly into the deep, placid She was silent, but her eyes met blue, and with one long, last look of Eaby Barron round his neck.

ward with the incoming tide. For a long space-hours it seemed to him. ignominious dismissal—the cynosure and I will go and not again trouble neck minute by minute grew heavy thary of them.—Mary H. Perkins. as lead. Slowly his head fell-lower childish eyes. For a full half hour "There is another, but—but not as —lower, till the briny water washed she had stood motionless as a graven you think," she added in a faint against his half-closed lips. Its sait sting brought him back with a quick shock from the dreamland whose bor-His eyes der is death, into which he was fast slipping. With a quick, spasmodic effort, he raised himself out of the make it-was it worth while making it, after all? But if he failed-cow-

"Do you love him, Leslie, 'this ardly failed—how could be meet her man? Answer me from your heart." there—

far now?" By an odd freak of memory there suddenly came back to him Baby Barron's quaint, "I did want to be a at the dog. Some of them brought fis'," and he caught himself almost flowers.

smiling at the recollection—a fish!
"We'll soon be there, little one," he answered back cheerily, breasting the water with long, flerce strokes. "Just think you are a fish, Baby Bar-

One sunlit afternoon, just three weeks later, Jack Eltham sat on a low chair by the window of his room that looked out on the clear waters of yond the vessel, the horizon had sud- the Firth, and at his feet Lealie Maydenly crinkled and darkened. The | nard reclined. They talked as lovers

"Ay, that's a man noo," said the

helmsman of the boat, with an expressive gesture. *Give way, lads,

wi' a will; we'll hae the young lady

blotted out. With incredible swift- girl wanting to see you, and Mr. Eltness the wind squall swept down ham—leastwise I think it must be upon the boat. Even as Jack Eltham you," the trim maid servant who ensprang to his feet at Baby Barron's tered announced with a dubious air, shrill cry to clutch at the tiller-it adding immediately, "and she won"

"Oh, it must be Baby Barron, Then, half buried in the trough of Jack," was Leslie Maynard's instant the suddenly risen sea, the over- response. "Please bring her up at

A moment or two later Baby Bar-When he rose to the surface and ron, in sea shrunken frock, her had brushed the water from his eyes cheeks flushed and eyes shining, ap-Jack Eltham saw that the Firth had peared at the doorway, clutching fast almost regained its former calm. The in her hands a giant sunflower, all

turned boat to tell of its swift, sudden ing the huge yellow flower. "I waitpassage. His eyes searched eagerly ed an' waited-hours an' hours-to the slow heaving swell. A sea give it to you, an' you never comed." Impulsively Leslie Maynard caught a little to his right. He reached out, up to her breast the foriorn little

quivering lips with kisses.

"Oh, you poor Baby Barron, it was is good of you to bring us such a lovely flower!

"Isn't it just!" Jack Eltham chimed like to be a bridesmald, Baby Barron? That's something better, now,

The large blue eyes turned to him with a gravely meditative look. She was silent for some moments, pondering evidently over the meaning of

the word. "I fink I s'ould like it," she said at length, a world of meaning in the deep, heavenly eyes. "An' I loves

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you are wise, be wise; keep what

I am a man, and nothing that conerns a man do I deem a matter of in-

What is food to one man may be

If restrictive legislation continues

Nothing is stronger than custom. Ovid.

God's response to the fears of man s always, "Fear not."-Abbott.

The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent

Hope is not only cheap and com-

more can be constructed right at "Don't, dear," she said, quietly; home by oneself out of almost any old thing .- Puck.

Give me a staff of honor for mine

I had rather have a fool to make

Unless the average man is overestimated he feels that he is not ap-With a choking sob Eitham slid preciated .- Philadelphia Record.

> Hope isn't knee-high to hustle .--Florida Times-Union.

Only a few, sweet, loving words-"Don't, don't!" she cried piteously, though it was but minutes-he that is all; but, coming from the pushed steadily, mechanically on- heart and going to the heart, they ward. Overhead the hot sun blazed would brighten many a life and com-"Have I spoken, then, too late? Is down upon him, throbbing with fierce fort many a soul, as the speaker of

Pallbearers For a Dog.

Following an elaborate funeral, Judy, a prize-winning fox terrier owned by Mrs. James G. Rossman, of Atlanta, Ga., who is stopping at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. R. Lane, at \$20 Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, was far off it still seemed! Could he buried in the cemetery for dogs near White Plains.

Judy died of paralysis. Mrs. Rossman, who was very fond of the dog. decided that it should have a solemn "I's vewy sleepy," a tired little funeral. After an undertaker had whisper reached his ear. "Is it vewy embalmed the body it was placed in a small white coffin. Children of the neighborhood who had played with Judy were invited into the parlor of

Several of the children, acting as pallbearers, carried the coffin out to the street, where it was placed in a white hearse, which was in waiting. The body of the dog was then taken to an undertaker's shop, from where "Would, you wreck the happiness of two lives for the sake of a promise your heart, which God gave you to judge between right and wrong, cries mouth, it seemed to him the confused water was borne across the confused to the cametery mouth, it seemed to him the cameter was a cameter when the cameter was a cameter when the cameter was a camet



New York City.-Thesimple blouse Good Figure Gone. as always the useful one, and this The "good figure" is in such dismodel can be closed with big buttons favor that one close observer states as Illustrated or invisibly as liked, that within a certain circle it is conand can be made either high or with sidered vulgar to have such a figure.

Strap Pocketbooks.

One of the new strap pocketbooks has its strap buckled on at each end so that it can be removed if desired, but the idea is probably carried out more for ornament than use.

Use of Bands,

The girl who is tall can shorten her apparent height by putting a band of plain material about the lower edge of her figured frock. The idea is to cause an abrupt change.

Girl's Tucked Dress.

Just such a pretty little dress as this one is needed for every school girl, and this model can be made from lawn or batiste or from similar washable material, from the thin silks and pongees, that the girls are wearing so much, and, Indeed, from every childish meterial. The skirt is an exceptionally pretty one, with an oddly shaped flounce, while the blouse is made with a yoke shaped in harmony therewith and with double sleeves that are distinctive and novel. As illustrated handkerchief lawn Is trimmed with a simple lace banding and combined with a yoke of crossbarred dimity on which a little embroidery is seen.

The dress consists of the blouse



square Dutch neck and with plain long sleeves, or with those of elbow length, so that it really supplies a and the skirt, which are joined by a great many needs. When made as il- beit. The blouse is tucked at its up-

DOG LEGAL TENDER IN STATE OF ILLINOIS.

> Justice So Decides in Case of a Woman's Tallor Against a Vote erinarian.

Bulldogs are full legal tender in Streator, IIL, as payment for ladies' tailored gowns since the suit of Alexander H. Whigam, a modiste, against Samuel K. Austin, a dog fancier, was decided there in favor of the defendant.

Mrs. Austin's new creation, fresh from the shop of Whigam, had been the focus for feminine eyes there for a fortnight. It was not cut directoire style; Streator is not yet prepared for it; but the tailor and the dog fancier both were pleased until the Inst instalment of \$10 on the costume, which was priced at \$40, became due. Then trouble began.

When Whigam came from New York he brought a pedigreed buildog along. It had a curled tail and wore a fancy collar and its aspect was most forbidding. Consequently all Streator believed Mr. Whigam when he boasted that it was a valuable dog.

Soon, however, the dog developed a case of mange. Whigam ascribed the affliction to the change from New York's sea air. He tried home remedies, but the dog continued to lose

bair When at last the dog resembled a Mexican canine and cold weather was coming on Mr. Whigam decided that Mr. Austin, who knew all about dogs, was the man to restore its health and its hair. But the dog died on Austin's

hands Whigam was inconsolable until Austin brought him a buil pup from his kennels. This, Whigam now claims, was in settlement of the loss of the pedigreed pup. But Austin claims differently. When he had paid \$30 on his wife's new tailored gown and the other \$10 by agreement, came due, Mr. Whigam wanted the money. Then Austin pointed to the bulldog, told him the bill was settled and de-

manded a receipt in fulli. Whigam brought suit. The case was called in the court of Justice Edward Myers, and the court, after hearing both sides, ordered the case dismissed. Several witnesses testified that the dog was worth at least \$10. Whigam says he will appeal.-New

York World. Scarabs. Two scarabs which are engaging the attention of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres should set at rests all doubts as to whether Africa really was circumnavigated so long ago as 600 B. C. by an explorer commissioned by the Egyptian king. For these scarabs seem to be genuine official records of the voyage, one of them given by the explorer himself. But the evidence in favor of the truth of the story recorded by Herodotus has always been convincing. He mentions the navigator's statement that in sailing round Africa they had the sun on their right hand-that is, to the northdismissing this as a traveler's tale which he for one could not believe. Of course, any voyager around Africa would see the sun in that position, though no one in Herodotus' time who had not done so would be likely to believe it. Hence this very detail

whole story .- London Chronicle Dog Dives For Fish.

proves the trustworthiness of the

Matthew Breen, a restaurant keeper of Paris, Ill., is the owner of a dog of unknown pedfgree and breed which dives at his master's command and rarely fails to bring a fish to the surface of the water and then to the bank, provided a suitable place for his "fishing" is picked out for him.

The dog's penchant for fishing was already developed when Breen purchased him in the South for \$25. Since then the owner of the canine has gone on many fishing excursions with the animal, and the brube always makes a better catch than the master. Recently the dog dived into the Wabash River at the word from Breen, and after remaining under water for more than a minute brought up a German carp weighing twentyeight pounds.

The dog is about the size of a fullgrown shepherd dog and has short brown hair .- Danville (Ill.) Dispatch to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hay on Church Floor.

A curious custom was observe at Old Nestor Church on Sunday. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival days the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some doner left a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to the new footwear. Sunday the hay was duly laid down in the church.-London Standard

A Gay One.

The philosopher of the Florida Times-Union manages to keep in gay spirits. He writes:

"If one's team is running away one will a-light with delight, but please excuse our making light of such a subject.

Roosevelt may be wideawake, but he must retire on the 4th of next March.

"Many men think they are hugging a pretty girl when in truth is is only

"If the hoops drop from a barrel of whisky the innocent bystanders whoop hilariously,"

A Detail Wanting.

"I've almost conquered the art of flying," said the inventor joyously. "What seems to be lacking?"

"Why, next to nothing. Mer ome cheap method of auspending aw of gravitation."—Philadelp

In the course of a year ground worms will bring to the surface about ten tone of soil to the nore.



other washable material, while when thin materials. The over sleeves are

made as shown in the small view, it tucked below the shoulders, so that

becomes much more dressy and they are prettily and becomingly full

adapted to thinner, lighter fabrics, while those beneath are of the simple

as lawns, batistes, foulards and the puffed sort gathered into straight like. For the finish of the square bands. The skirt is made in one

neck and elbow sleeves any banding piece, which is joined to the flounce

or similar trimming that may be and the flounce is finished with a hem

The quantity of material required

or the medium size (twelve years) is

sight and one-quarter yards twenty-four, six and one-half yards thirty-

two or four and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three-cighth yard any width for the yoke, six yards of banding, two and one-

quarter yards of edging.

liked can be used, and with the high and tucks.

neck walst can be worn any one of

back. It is tucked over the shoulders

in a way to mean both breadth and

tapering lines and again at the centre

front. The long sleeves can be tucked

or gathered at their lower edges and

are finished with straight cuffs. The

for the medium size is four and three-

eight yards twenty-one or twenty-four, three and one-half yards thir-

ty-two or two and one-half yards for-

ty-four inches wide, one and three-

quarter yards of banding when Dutch

Mohnir Petticonts.

might be rubberized; then pongee

took kindly to the process, and now

mohair has become water and dirt proof. This last is a great acquisi-

tion to enthusiastic motorists, for the

material is light and cool, and at the

same time it wears like wire. Pon-

gee and slik may hold their places in the esteem of womankind for rain-

coats to be worn to social functions,

but for driving, automobiling and

coaching mobair will be found supe-

Octopus Bow Next. The Alsatian bow is making way for the newer octopus bow for millin-

First it was reported that taffeta

neck and elbow sleeves are used.

into bands.

elbow sleeves are simply gathered

The quantity of material required

The waist is made with frants and

the fashionable collars of the day.