

IN THE FOREST.

Cover me over, forest wild,
Wind me about with windy boughs,
Make me, O Mother, your broken child
Who strayed from the beautiful house—

"When I scrambled to my feet and
got the dust out of my eyes, there
lay my rifle with its hammer knocked
off and a cracked stock. I picked up
the useless gun and ran down the
ditch at top speed. I knew the river
could not be a great way off, and if I
could stand off the Indians till I
could get into the current I deter-
mined to swim for it.



Founded a Scholarship.
Mrs. Margaret E. Langdale, of
Cambridge, Mass., has given the Phil-
lips Exeter Academy \$50,000 to
found a scholarship to be known as
the Charles E. Langdale scholarship.
Mrs. Langdale's husband, the late
Professor Charles E. Langdale, was
for many years the dean of the law
faculty of Harvard, and this schol-
arship is to commemorate his work.

History in Tabloid.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.
During the Revolutionary War
Roger Morris, of Putnam County,
New York, made the mistake of sid-
ing with the Tories.
A mob collected, and Morris and
his family escaped, taking ship to
England.

Household Matters

To Remove Dirt.
To remove dirt from brown boots
dissolve a little saddle soap in warm,
soft water. Put the boots in this and
with a piece of sponge wash the boots
thoroughly without making the leath-
er very wet. Wash off the soapy water
and dry in the air. Then polish the
boots in the usual way.—Detroit
News-Tribune.

A Perilous Chase.

BY FRANKLIN WELES CALKINS.

"The closest call I ever had, I
believe," said my old friend, Buck
Rayner, who had trapped for fifty-
nine years, and who at seventy-eight
would have secured the title of "old,"
"wasn't in chasing game or hunting
Indians, but in chasing a steamer,
through Indians enough were mixed
in.

their horses, undecided; and then, as
I was passing, they jerked their bows
to the front and let off a flight of
arrows. One of the feathered sticks
grazed my elbow and chipped my
saddle pommel, and another tore my
shirt and made a nasty scratch across
one shoulderblade.

Collection of Dolls.

The Countess de Blonay is said to
have the best collection of dolls in
the world. Her collection has just
been on exhibition in Brussels for the
benefit of the Calvary Guild. The
oldest dolls came from the ruins of
Nineveh and were presented to the
countess' great-grandmother by
Queen Marie Antoinette. The most
striking dolls in the collection are
said to be the Flingo dolls from South
Africa.—New York Sun.

Opportunities of Clubs.

Many girls come home from college
with a violent attack of the woman's
club fever. We believe in using the
club as a means to an end, not as
an end in itself, says Ruth Cranston
in the Delinquent. Organization is
essential to efficient co-operation, and
this is the justification of the woman's
club. Every one knows what a power
for reform and civic integrity some
of the women's clubs of America have
proved to be. If none exists in her
own home city, she may even be am-
bitious enough to organize one. How-
ever this may be, the secret of success
as a clubwoman lies in not over-
concentrating, in using the club as an
instrument for reform, not as an excuse
for neglect of home duties.

Modern World in Too Much of a Hurry.

The Wise and Weighty Words of Professor A. LAWRENCE
LOWELL, the New President of Harvard University
in His Recently Published Work on the
Government of England.

"The modern world is in a hurry. Not only does it
measure the wisdom of a course of action by the results,
but it wants to see those results. It demands of men and of
policies rapid success. Conversely it is not content when
something is wrong, to see whether matters will not right
themselves in the natural course of events, or even to wait
until the subject has been thoroughly studied. It seeks an
immediate remedy and often grasps at the first plausible
suggestion. Nor does it look far ahead for the signs of
future trouble, because it is busy; its hands are filled by
the work of the day. In short, the world is prone to deal
only with things that are pressing and obvious, and there-
fore to treat symptoms rather than causes."

Our Cut-out Recipe

Paste in your scrap-book.

Indian Chutnee.—Half pound moist sugar, quarter pound
salt, two ounces garlic, two ounces shallots, quarter pound
dry ginger, two ounces red pepper, quarter pound mustard
seed, six ounces stoned raisins, one bottle of good vinegar,
fifteen sour green apples, six ounces of tomatoes. Chop the
garlic, raisins, shallots and tomatoes. Wash the mustard
seed in salt the vinegar and let dry. Then add all to the
apples and sugar and boil slowly for an hour and a half,
then add the other half of the vinegar and let cool. Bottle
or place in glass jars and seal.

In Giving a Shower.

The natural embarrassment which
a shy girl is apt to experience in find-
ing herself the object of an unexpect-
ed shower was obviated at a recent
function of this kind in a simple and
amusing way.

The Fan-Parasol.

The folding umbrella, walking
stick and sunshade, combination
pieces of furniture, and transforma-
tion gowns are all old stories, but the
fan-parasol—or parasol-fan, as you
will—is the latest novelty designed
for killing two birds with one stroke.

Legs Match Costumes.

No matter how good looking a
leather purse or handbag may be
that is of smooth or pebbled leather,
it is not as first class as the new suede
bag fringed at the ends.

Putting On a Veil.

"There is only one proper way to
put on a veil, madame," said the fore-
woman of a Fifth Avenue millinery
hat shop to a customer who had
just bought one of "our imported
models" made in a large establish-
ment on lower Broadway.

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Quant Little Clock.

An odd little clock is in the form of
a crystal ball suspended by a leather
strap to the top of a stirrup iron.

Washable Rugs.

The washable rug is being manu-
factured by fingers proficient in the
use of the crochet hook. Any of the
materials, old or new, cotton, silk or
wool, which are suitable for rag car-
peting, may be used for the crocheted
rug. For a thin rug adapted to bath
or bedroom, variegated crotonnes
combined with plain colors are pretty
and durable; figured flannel makes
thicker and softer rugs. Strips for
these rugs are torn about half an
inch wide and are sewed together.—
New Haven Register.

Rack For Lids.

The tidy housekeeper finds the
many lids of pots, pans and kettles
needed in the kitchen a problem to
arrange with any degree of order and
neatness.

Shelf Covers.

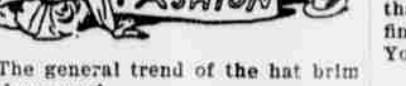
Have you ever peeped into the
kitchen of some German hausfrau
and been enraptured by its immacu-
late cleanliness, not to say the var-
ious attractions that make you want
to linger there?

It is the invention of a French woman,

and the importers are preparing
to spring it as a surprise for next
season.

lego girl is determined far more by

herself than by her environment, and
her work should be decided after
careful consideration of present and
future situations; but even if the de-
cision results in failure there is no
reason for discouragement if one's
effort has been fruitful. College
teaches courage and self-reliance;
life teaches infinite patience and hope
for the future, and leads the disheart-
ened out of the depths of discouragement
with the cheering words, "Begin
again!"



The general trend of the hat brim

is downward.

Never were linen suits more popular

than now.

The princess costume is a feature

of the season.

Simplicity is the keynote in chil-

drren's apparel.

Jade bracelets with dainty silver

or gold deposits are among the nov-
elties in jewelry.

The silk skirts are very tight fitting

to the knees; then a full sun pleating
is used as a finish.

The princess, both fitting and semi-

fitting, the director and the empire
are all holding their own.

Necklaces of small cut jet beads

will be worn much by those who
favor the collarless gown.

Real pockets, long and flat, are

concealed beneath the trimming on
the sides on many of the tailor made.

The big hat hangs on in spite of all

the attractive forms of headgear that
have been designed to replace it, and
still is predominant in dress effects.

Paris has a new skirt, known as

the "reasonable" skirt. The back is
furnished with two pleats, which give
a certain fullness where it is most
needed.

There is a new skirt made upon

directoire lines which is partially di-
vided, but which is so carefully hung
that when walking the division is not
evident.

The new "pepper and salt" feathers

are much worn in conjunction with
a toque of sorrel green velvet, this
color combination being much
favored.

Cottonee Bedford cord is to be had in
a wide range of colors. It is similar
to pique in appearance, but different
enough to appeal to those who like
a change.

The deep pointed bodice is already
heralded by the reverse position of
the pointed girle which is beginning
to turn downward at the front rather
than upward.

White edgings for waistcoats are
having a tremendous vogue this sea-
son and men are wearing them not
only with dark suits, but with light
ones as well.

One of the late favorites with
motorists in England is the knitted
turban with long Shetland wool at-
tached for tying over the ears and
around the throat.

The fashionable pume is very
thick and curls over at the tips, so
that two or even three of the old
kind will be required to produce
the effect of the present vintage.

Putting On a Veil.

"There is only one proper way to
put on a veil, madame," said the fore-
woman of a Fifth avenue millinery
hat shop to a customer who had
just bought one of "our imported
models" made in a large establish-
ment on lower Broadway.

The forewoman, who was very

magnificent and condescending in her
manner, then proceeded to take a
veil at \$1.50 a yard, cut off a yard
and a half, wave it about to shake
out the folds, get the exact centre
and place it under the lady's chin.

She then fastened the lower edges

at the back of the lady's neck with
the barrette out of her hair. Lifting
the upper part of the veil, she placed
it smoothly over the brim of the hat
and fastened it at the back. It was
certainly the best way of fastening a
veil, as there were no ends over the
face and the veil lay smooth and true
from the brim to the tight band over
the neck. To lift the veil, one had,
of course, to take out the barrette, but
velts which are put on in this way
last a great deal longer and look bet-
ter than when they are laid around
the brim of the hat first.—New York
World.

Yes, she left me this morning.

"And did she come from this agen-
cy?"

"Oh, yes."

"This O'H' wait and talk to her."

—Chicago News.

The coal bill of the United States
Navy during 1903 amounted to \$5,
\$45,000.

I concluded I might as well die

where I was. So I hugged the bank
closer and kept an eye out for In-
dians. I put a fresh percussion-cap
on my gun tube and picked a small
stone out of the bank for a hammer.
By that means I could take a shot
and possibly bring down an Indian
at close range.

"Two Cheyennes presently put in

an appearance, following me along
the path. They dodged back out of
sight when they saw my gun swing
round. Presently I heard them
shouting to their fellows on the bluff,
who, like themselves, couldn't see me
without exposure to my bullet.

"I had two minutes of quiet sus-

pense. Then down came a big
boulder, bumping past within five
yards of me. More shouts told me
that at least two pairs of eyes were
watching my position, and two
tongues were giving directions. Three
or four more big stones came over
the bank and one of them struck
within a foot of my head.

"There were acres of boulders and

loose stones along the bluffs, and it
was necessary to get away from that
bombardment quickly. I was just
about to slide into the river when the
most welcome sound I ever heard
rang in my ear—the whistle of The
Belle!

"This was followed, like a signal

to fire, by the crack of rifles, and I
flopped over on my face to see the
steamer, a little way above, racing
down toward me.

"Her men were behind her wood-
ranks, popping at the Cheyennes.
Her captain, at the wheel, had seen
the Indians on the bluffs, had put up
his field-glass to see what they were
doing, and had discovered me.

downright horse-thief was galling to

the soul.

"And there wasn't any question

about the intentions of these fellows.
They meant to have their horse back
and my scalp as the rent on my use
of him. They got right after me,
though not at top speed. The rascals
knew that my mount had a stiff
run and that they could outwield me.

"So they settled down to a stern

chase, just crowding me on to nine or
ten miles an hour. I reloaded my
rifle, cut away my blanket, and let
that and my coat fall to the ground.

"I looked for the smoke of the

steamer, but there was no sign of it
to be seen, though I strained my eyes
again and again.

"The chase was leading over a high

plain, and the river valley, some-
where off at my left, had sunk out of
sight.

"After an hour's run, the butte at
which I was aiming seemed no nearer
than at the start. I lost confidence
in my knowledge of the lay of the
land. Behind me the Cheyennes
were coming on in a string, four or
five within a hundred and fifty yards,
the tail-enders a half-mile behind.

"My pony was tiring. He had done
at least fifteen miles at a rattling
gait. Suddenly he set his forefeet
and halted, nearly pitching me over
his head. That was his way of say-
ing he had done enough. His flanks
were heaving and his knees shook.
I jumped off, got behind him, and
turned my rifle on the nearest Chey-
ennes.

"These halted to wait for their
crowd to come up. So I gave my
mount a couple of minutes to get his
breath. I couldn't do more, for the
Indians would have circled me in
five minutes.

"When I got into the saddle again
I knew that something in my favor
must happen soon or my chance of
saving my scalp was small. I ran the
pony another mile, and he was near
the end of his endurance. I was look-
ing for some swale or dip into which
I could drop to make a last stand,
when, in a flash, I came upon one of
those deep washouts which supply
the Missouri with most of the mud it
carries south.

"My horse was staggering, and the
nearest Cheyennes were within fifty
yards of me when, with a final lift,
I pushed the blinded animal into that
big ditch. It was a reckless plunge,
the desperate choice of a man fairly
run to earth.

"My horse and I simply tumbled
into the crevasse. The calico lost his
feet on the steep slope, and we rolled,
slid and plowed, one on either slope
of a sharp ridge, to the depths a hun-
dred and fifty feet below. At least
I reached the bottom of the washout,
I never saw the pony again.