

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it.

TWICE IN ONE HOUR.



NEARLY Claudio was tired, and it took a deal to fire this big, tonde-headed young Mexican. But it was not to be wondered at, after his morning's work. The lambs in his barn were now five days old, and at that age a new Mexican lamb is smart enough in body and smipsh enough in mind to undo Job himself.

Late in the afternoon, the ewes, with a chorus of strange whistles, went tearing and galloping over the ridge as if the very wolves were after them. Claudio started in pursuit, but the lambs hung at his heels, in spite of a bombardment of words and pebbles that he directed at them, and whenever he paused, pranced up to him and muzzled against his legs and dropped contentedly at his very feet.

Pulling off his coat, Claudio swung it vigorously about him to clear a space, leaped over the backs of a few loiterers and went running up a slope at a gallop it was a wonder to see. The coat dropped from his hand as he jumped a gulley, and as the lambs came stumbling along several tripped on it, and, finding it warm, promptly sprawled upon their knees and began to nurse at whatever rag or tag they first found. And the others, fancying that they were being robbed of their dinner, crowded and jostled about, butting, falling down, clambering over one another.

judged as was Claudio's move, he had met his match in quick wit. Even the sweep of his swift arm was slow beside the flash of that great paw as it swooped far forward, met his descending hand with a calculation an Indian eye might have envied, and sent the heavy revolver spinning forty feet, going off as it flew. And in another instant the shepherd was on his back and the bear upon him.

The great claws had struck only the six-shooter, and Claudio's hand was unhurt, save where the violent wrenching of the guard had cut and twisted his fingers; and instinctively he gripped deep in the thick fur where first his hands lighted. Neither had he been hurt by the fall, for here was soft gray sand—which a little relieved, too, the fearful pressure upon his legs. But none of these things comforted Claudio; and he fought only as a man fights blindly to the end. His last faint hope had gone when the six-shooter went whirling far beyond reach.

Finishing these close quarters unsatisfactory, the bear brought up his muscular arm, and clapping its paw upon Claudio's hat of hair forced his head resistlessly back. The great claws were buried in his scalp, and little streams of red spurted out. The bear's left arm was around his waist, while the right was giving him the "break hold" as scientifically as any wrestler could have done. And now a villainous warm breath came sickeningly in his face, and he could see the red jaws and white teeth within six inches. He even noticed with that strange inconsequence which comes upon a man in these moments, that blood from the scalp wound had run down and tinged the froth which dripped from great mouth. In a frenzy of terror he caught a clutch under the throat, to hold back that horrible head—and the strongest man could scarce have bent against Claudio's desperate arms.

Just then a sudden jerk ran through the body of the bear, and there was a sharp snort as of rage or pain. Claudio opened his eyes. He could see nothing but that demonic face; but in it he fancied there was a low expression. Then there was a sickening movement of the great claws which had sunk deep into his back and scalp. Surely they were relaxing! Their withdrawal was far more painful than their entrance had been; but even with the faintness of the new pain, a sudden wave of joy swept through the shepherd—for the first time, now, he hoped, though he knew not why. He shook his head savagely, to clear the blood which streamed down over his eyes (the paw had dropped from his scalp) and dug his fists into the deer-furred throat, and fought with the strength of two Claudios—fighting no longer as a dying rat fights, but like a man for hope of life.

Then a very wonderful thing befell. The bear was growling and panting heavily; and suddenly it lurched and fell to the ground, carrying Claudio with it. But it was no longer trying to get his head between its jaws. For a moment he lay half upon him, writhing and grinding its teeth, and then slung itself to one side, biting up a great mouthful of sand. Claudio leaped to his feet, ran to the six-shooter and fell upon it, crying like a child. It was ten minutes before he could get up, for loss of blood—and more than all, the frightful strain—had left him limp as a rag. At last he staggered to his feet, clutching the six-shooter, and walked unsteadily toward the bear.

Laying down his revolver he caught the heavy fur to turn the bear over. Ordinarily he would have succeeded. Four hundredweight is no fool of a lump, but Claudio, as you have seen, was an uncommonly powerful young man. Now, however, worn out by his fearful struggle and with nerves so unstrung that he trembled all over, it was too much for him. Still, the mystery would not let him rest, and hunching his shoulders against the bear's back he ran his hand under, feeling for the wound. He groped and groped, but suddenly in a hollow felt the touch of something very different from fur or sand, and in the same instant an inconceivable pang. And when he jerked away his arm a tiny snake, less than a foot long, gray backed, and coppery on the belly, was hanging from his thumb.

The last vestige of color faded from the brown face and left it gray as ashes between the drying streaks of blood—for Claudio knew the pichucate, the only real asp in the new world, the deadliest snake in North

America. So he had escaped the bear only to die by the tiny foe—for never yet had one been known to recover from the bite of the pichucate. A rattlesnake was nothing; but this—well, see what it had done for such a monster as the bear and in the space of less than a minute! Evidently in their struggle brain had stepped too close to this unsuspected danger—that great lump on his hind leg explained all. Had he carried his usual coat of fat the venom would have taken far longer to operate and he would have had abundant time to settle accounts with Claudio. But he no longer looked gaunt. He was still swelling—already he looked fat as if July were here.

Already Claudio was reeling. Fearful pains shot up his arm and went forking through his body. Upon the thumb were only two tiny black dots right at the tip, but the hand in three five seconds had taken twice its size. If he could only cut it off! But alas his knife was in his coat, and before he could get half way to that he would be a dead shepherd.

All this had taken not so long as you have been in reading it—nay, scarce the time in which one might spell the longest word in it, for in these crises things and thoughts move swiftly, and one lives fast. Claudio was still squeezing his thumb and crying aloud for a knife, when his eye lit on the six-shooter. Quick as a flash he sprang and caught it up and cocked it. There was just one cartridge left. His nerves were steady now. He held his hand at arm's length before him, the wounded thumb erect, drew the revolver back to his very eye that the ball might not mangle too much and thus stop the blood which must flow; and with a hand as firm as if it had been carved of stone pulled the trigger. There was a dull, numb sensation, hardly a pain in all that side, and when the smoke cleared from his eyes his right hand was black and bleeding. The thumb was gone clean at the lower joint.

There is one man in New Mexico who has been bitten by the pichucate and lives to tell of it—a tall, powerful, good natured shepherd with four grim, grey furrows in his hair and the thumb of the right hand missing. But Claudio seems rather proud of these disfigurements and often says: "Who talks of bargains? For so cheaply I bought my life twice in one hour."—New York Press.

The Tallest Man in the House.

Ex-Speaker Reed was stretched out on a sofa in the House and Representative Bynum was writing letters. Representative Berry, of Kentucky, passed by.

"I should say," said Bynum to Reed, in an off-hand way, "that Berry was the tallest man in the House."

A look of ineffable scorn flitted across the face of Mr. Reed. "Bynum," he said, "why is it that I have always to go around dispensing information to the Democratic side? Don't you know that Curtis, of New York, is the tallest man in the House? Bynum, I am surprised at your ignorance." And Mr. Reed settled back on the sofa as if he had settled the question forever and forever.

"I am willing to pin my faith on Berry," said Bynum, quietly.

"Well," spoke up Reed, "if you will be foolish, I will go you the cigars on it."

Out went a couple of pages to hunt up Mr. Curtis and Mr. Berry. Half a dozen members who had overheard the wager awaited the result. The New Yorker and the Kentuckian came up together—Mr. Curtis tall and straight, Mr. Berry stooping slightly. There was no question as to who was the taller.

"There," said Mr. Reed, with a tone of triumph; "what did I tell you?"

But at that moment Mr. Berry, having heard the question at issue, began to unfold himself, so to speak, like the swan-necked woman in the dime museum. His long legs straightened out, his back gathered inches unto itself, his head rose up in the air, and presently Mr. Curtis—six feet and four inches though he be—was a dwarf.

"Good gracious, Berry," exclaimed Mr. Reed, with an expression of awe in his voice, "how much of yourself do you keep in your pockets?"

And then the crowd went down and smoked cigars at Mr. Reed's expense. —Washington Post.

Wonderful is Aluminum.

The wonderful new metal, aluminum, now costs only fifty-five cents a pound by the ton. The largest uses of it are for billiard cues, dog collars, hairpins and chair legs. The German army, having adopted it for canteens, spoons and forks, has authorized its adoption as a material for flasks and other vessels, in place of glass. Experiments authorized by the Emperor proved that aluminum was not affected by coffee, tea and other fluids. Powdered aluminum, mixed with chlorate of potash, is now employed for flash lights instead of magnesium. One advantage that it has over the latter is that it makes no smoke. —Washington Star.

Didn't Harm the Peas.

Fred Basford, of Detroit, is a gardener not discouraged at trifles. He was planting a few choice peas the other morning when he was called to breakfast, so he left them uncovered until later. On his return the peas had disappeared, but a satisfied-looking rooster near by the spot showed where they had gone. It took Mr. Basford a second to comprehend the situation, and the race for the barn that came next was not won by the bird. The bill of fare for dinner that day was chicken pie and the peas are now sprouting in the garden, unharmed by their late misadventure. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

SUMMER STYLES.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING IN THE DOG DAYS.

The Newest Fancies in Waists—Pretty and Comfortable Duck Dresses—Some Fashionable Headgear.

WAISTS this summer in variety are almost endless. Chief of them are the simple but undeniably stylish ones with big revers and aggressively prominent gigot sleeves, and the round waists having dainty ribbon belts with streaming loops and ends at one side, and the waists trimmed with horizontal bands of insertion or ribbon. Many of the new white China silk shirt waists are laid in box pleats, which have an insertion of black lace covering their edges, and with the same finish for collars and

real, heavy duck, such as men have worn these many years, washes soft and fine. A little chalk judiciously applied to the gown will make it spotless. That is what the soldier folk do with their fine white helmets and shoes, and even their gloves. Sailor hats to go with duck dresses are trimmed with a band of duck to match. A very stunning duck dress was made of brown duck, peppered with scarlet dots. It was tailor cut, opening over a scarlet waistcoat, and the hat was a sailor, with a band of scarlet ribbon and two great rosettes of violet on either side.

The duck suit in the illustration is after King Louis XV's time. The skirt is perfectly plain, and so is the waistcoat, but the coat is fine. It has the hip-pocket laps, with "frogs" in lieu of button-holes, the big cuffs and lace ruffles. The lace neckwear is omitted in deference to the season.

VERY JAUNTY HATS.

The English walking hat is the only really new thing of the season this

POPULAR ALPACA. For the moment there is nothing so popular as alpaca. A gray one had a wonderful bodice trimmed with nar-



A Dainty Toque.

row white braid, and small bone buttons placed between rows of this same narrow braid on the side seams at the back and front, for it turned back like the Tyrolean peasant jacket, of which it reminded me, and showed button holes on one side and buttons on the other, having a simple white satin ribbon bow at the waist. Tiers were cream pipings here and there, and a turn-down collar and the waistcoat, or rather shirt, was of cream batiste with a close-set line check of red and blue, neat and smart, the most difficult of all unions. A black alpaca skirt and jacket, with large sleeves ending at the wrist, had an irregular-shaped raver—in excess for the introduction of some fine cream lawn exquisitely embroidered. The glory of it, however, was the blouse, a perfect bolero style of point de soie, of the most brilliant series, with a little bouree lace toward the neck, opening with the selvage, forming a cascade on either side, showing a white satin front. With this the alpaca jacket could be worn, or not, as the wearer pleased. The sleeves were of the newest for a large at the top, narrowing toward the hand, the upper portion of the wrist falling in a point over the hand, with the result of making tapering fingers much more tapering.

WITHOUT RINGS.

Those who use rings and poles for their window curtains sometimes tire of seeing a thin curtain suspended in this way, and wish they could dispense with rings, but do not care to incur extra expense for brass rods and fixtures. They may do so and yet retain the pole.

Turn over the upper edge of the curtain as much as will leave the desired length, and then with needle and thread run across it twice, in the same way that you would treat a muslin curtain which is to be gathered on a cord. In this case it is to be the pole instead of a cord, so the space must be wide.

A lace, muslin or scrim curtain gathered on a pole in this way, with a fulness left above, dresses the top of the window more prettily than when rings are used, especially when there is no cornice.

THE BEST FANS TO USE.

The more gorgeous a fan the less likely it is to raise a comfortable breeze. The spangled gauze fans are enough to make a girl bankrupt herself buying them at bargains, but they don't furnish any more wind than a pigeon's feather and hardly half as much. The heavy silk hand-painted or etched fans afford air, but it is apt to be warm. The most comfortable fan and satisfactory all around is the Japanese paper fan that closes in broad folds. They give more wind, which is always cooler than that produced by any other fan. Don't have them too heavy scented with perfume, for they generally possess a faint imitation Oriental odor of their own which is pleasant. These paper fans are made in very artistic designs and colors, and any one can afford to have a number to go with different dresses. When the night is warm one of the rice paper fans with a handle is lightest and gives the coolest breeze, while one is trying to fall asleep. A novel way to use a fan while trying to get to sleep is to dip a large palm-leaf in cold water and then lazily lay it back and forth. The damp fan is heavier than the dry one, but the moisture on the fan cools the air surprisingly.

A lecture on agriculture by a native is a quite unexpected indication of awakening from India's lethargy. Yet Calcutta papers report a lecture by Baboo Bopin Behary Ghose, B. A., on "How to start life as an agriculturist," the meeting being presided over by a native, who, at the close of the lecture, proposed a vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously.

A Rebuff.



Weary Willie—"Madam, I was not always as you see me now." Lady of the House—"No, indeed, you came as a blind beggar yesterday."—Truth.



PICTURESQUE STRAW HAT.

Tuscan straw hat, with deep red roses under the wavy brim. It is trimmed with rich black tips and bows of Tuscan satin, with jet pins.

cuffs. White or cream lace appears thus on black blouses. Some of these end at the belt, while others are furnished with a gathered lace flounce that is fastened to the blouse belt, a sash ribbon concealing the joining.

In the picture of a summer waist there is a blouse of citron colored crepe de laine, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. It has a round yoke shirred twice, to which the blouse part is sewed with a small head and fastens at the side. The two tiny basques are ornamented with bands of ribbon, which also appear at the top and form the spiral trimming of the sleeves. The standing collar is perfectly plain and also fastens at the sides.

Frills are declining in favor, and ruffles of lace, except in very elaborate gowns, are seldom seen. Insertions and applique effects rule in the use of lace. Very narrow lace, used as an edge, and insertion laces are more in vogue than the wider designs. The narrowest valenciennes or guipure is still much in vogue for edging ribbon, which is to be pleated, or for edging tulle or net of a contrasting color.

An odd and dainty finish for a waist consists of a sort of dog collar of many shaded silk, with a deep jabot of lace arranged in front so full that its upper corners reach the shoulder and the lower edge falls in a point to the belt. The belt corresponds to the collar, and has panier looping of lace over the hips corresponding to the jabot. The point falling to the knee line and the sides meeting prettily front and back. Many of these devices tend to-

year in headwear which is widely popular. Though very generally worn, the strictly correct ones are sufficiently different from the cheaper imitations to insure the continued popularity of the fashion with the best dressed folks. There is a fancy for a hat of the English walking type, with sugar



LOUIS XV. DUCK SUIT.

loaf crown entirely covered with shaped velvet; that is, a band of velvet fitted to the crown of the hat and covering it entirely. A very stunning hat of this kind is of light straw, the brim wide and curving up at the sides, the crown tall, sugar loaf shaped, and covered with amber velvet. Two white plumes are set at the back of the hat on the brim, so that they spread to right and left and show from the front. They are fastened by a bow of violet velvet, with long loops and ends which spread and lie on the hat brim.

The sketch depicts a dainty toque which will commend itself at once to the home milliner, from the fact that for it old trimmings may be utilized. It is a brand new model and a pretty example of the simple and small summer hats. A Nile green satin bow and a green feather pompon with aigrette are used for its trimming, together with a small bunch of white roses placed at the back.

With this model for the amateur hat maker to ponder o'er, it is not amiss to offer one general suggestion, viz., in attaching trimming it is a mistake to use too many stitches. The proverbial timely stitch was not taken by a milliner, and two or three stitches in the center of a bow are as serviceable as nine or more. If bows are set too primly the effect may be entirely disappointing. When finishing the edges of bows or of a made hat, fold the moire or velvet neatly and exactly to meet at the edge, and then with a long millinery needle slip stitch the edges, only bringing the needle out between the folds at intervals.



A SUMMER WAIST.

ward over-elaboration, but this one seemed free from it.

DUCK DRESSES.

Duck dresses can be bought very cheaply ready made, and are pretty and comfortable, but the home made article can be easily superior. Be sure to wash the goods first, or have the dressmaker do it, else after its first trip to the tub the gown will look as if made for a smaller sister. White duck is by all means the swellest color. It soaks easily, but it washes well. The