A HOMING SONG. Oh, flerce is the heat, And weary is the street, And all day long It is work, work, work ! But farewell work For love and a song. When twilight 's come And the heart turns home. Oh, the nest for the bird, And the hive for the bee, And home, home, home For my dearles and met

Oh, care flies far From the twilight star ; And the long, kind night It is love, love, love! And warm breathes love, Breathes low, breathes light, O'er the small, kissed faces In their pillowed places. Ob, the nest for the birl. And the hive for thabee And home, home, home For my dearles and me ! --Charles G. D. Roberts, in Independent,

# AN EGYPTIAN REBEL.

BY COL. HOWARD APPLEBY.

HE tents of the Egyptian army arose, white as snow, against h sky of ultramarine below spread the white sand. Heat more intense could not be imagined. The air fairly quivered with it, and it had upon the eyes the blinding effect of the flashing of a mirror in the sun.

The little army composed the mili-tary cordon with which Ismail Pacha protected the recently established agricultural districts on the borders of Abyssinia, and the roads for traffic, which in 1866 had not long been opened.

The dearth of cotton, caused by the Civil War of the United States, had given Ismail the idea of making Egypt a great cotton growing country, and since then, railways, telegraphs and all manner of improvements have been introduced.

At the date of the story, great cara-vans of camels bore the products of the fields to their various market-, and no roaring, red-eyed steam mon-ster had yet invaded the land of mystery, silence and the sphinx.

Every one was languid. The offi-cers resting in their tents, the com-mon soldiers squatting about at ease. A caravan on its way south had paused to eat and rest until night fell, and that great, golden thing, the moon of Egypt, should rise to light them on way. Each man had said his prayers, and before praying, since water was not plentiful, had rubbed his hands with dust-which was connted to his credit just the same by the recording angel of his paradise, who always makes allowance for cir-cumstances. Now peace had fallen upon the hot world, where almost everybody slumbered. In his tent Capttain Ibin El-Warra-

kah was dreaming. His dreams carried hum away from the tents, the soldiers and all his present surroundings. He was once more in the home of his Uncle Rizk—entertained as a beloved guest. He had seen his aunt, who was his mother's eister, even without the lace-veil. But she, having sent was his mother's sister, even without the lace-veil. But she, having sent kind messages to his mother, and given him a present, had retired to the private rooms of the women, from which, now and then, came a silvery

eyes, like stars, bordered with kohl. so that when he begged for mercy Then, as if by accident, the veil dropped, and he saw his cousin Fat-Meh's face—the baby face become a woman's, and beautiful exceedingly. It vanished. The window was closed. He picked up the rose and hid it in his bosom and returned to the house. Before he left his uncle's abode,

however, he had asked some questions and learned that Fat-Meh was already promised in marriage and that the meeting of relatives, to settle the question of dowry, would occur very

It is not often that a young Egyp-tian sees a girl's face, and this one glimpse of his cousin's face remained in Ibin's heart as a kiss might in that of an Englishman. He was dreaming of her as a man entered the tent in haste and a voice called: Captain my captain !" and he looked up and

saw a soldier beside him. "Captain," this man said, saluting him, "a boy, who appears to be dying, asked to be brought to you. Will you ee him?"

Ibin sprang to his feet and followed the man into the open air. There, supported by two other men, stood a beautiful, beardiess boy, who lifted his eyes and looked into Ibin's face

imploringly. "Captain," he said, "I have some thing to tell you—something which no one must hear. Take me to your tent—take me quickly."

Without a word, the captain opened his arms to receive the fainting form, and, lifting it, bore it into his tent. The soldiers did not dare to follow, and, seeing they were not waated, retired.

Softly as a mother bears her child, Ibin laid his burden down upon the rugs spread in its shadow and knelt down beside it.

His heart was beating wildly. He no woman ever yet disguised herself -had recognized his cousin Fat-Meh on the instant. Why she thus masque raded he did not know; but she had asked for him, and wild fancies filled his mind. Now, as he knelt there, he whispered :

"I know you! I know you, Fat-Meh! Tell me quickly what it is that ails you !"

"Oh, Cousin Ibin, it is a wound,' the girl gasped -- "here in my arm! I came with the new soldiers who came to-day. Two of them quarreled. One struck at the other. He sprang be-hind me, and the blade entered my arm. I am dying! And, oh, it was so horrible to think of dying amongst strange men, and that they should know! And I knew that you would keep my secret. Hide me! Let no one know even after I am dead!"

"Have no fear. I will shield you with my life if necessary," said Ibin. "Here on your sleeve I see blood. Is it here?"

"Yes!" whispered the girl. On the instant Ibin ripped up the aleeve, and to his joy found a little wound, which had bled badly but not yet dangerously. When he had bound it up and reassured her, he covered her face and left her to rest, and went out to tell his tale. The little soldier, he said, was not much hurt. He was a mere boy, and fancied himself dy-ing, and had asked for him that he might send a message to his parents. For the present he would care for Then he returned to his tent. him. Fat-Meh was awake. Her great

mercy was granted. Like all the viziers and sultans in the "Arabian Night Tales," the khedive was sentimental. He felt for true lovers. Therefore, having a right to do as he pleased, he declared that these lovers should be married, had the ceremony performed as soon as possi-ble, bestowed his blessing and a dowry upon the bride, made the captain a colonel, and sent a message to the parents to the effect that they had better not let him hear them make any objections. And this was all very lacky for little Fat-Meh, for Egyptian fathers make nothing of putting a daughter who has disgraced her family as completely as this litile rebel had certainly done into a bag, along with a few lumps of lime, and having her quictly tossed into the nearest river. As it caded, we may suppose that she lived happily over alterward. - New York Ledger.

# The Thirst of Plants,

Haberlandt has calculated that a field of rye, during its growth and development, absorbs 334 tons of water per acre; oats require 570 tons, and wheat 489. The water, sucked or pumped up by the roots from the soil, traverses the tissues of the plant, depositing nutriment therein, and finally is evaporated by the leaves. This process is called transpiration. As the soil furnishes the supply of water, that supply, in order that the plant can develop itself normally, ought to equal at least the volume water given off by the leaves. Should this equilibrium be broken the leaves droop, become dried and fall.

Not only does the plant languish from an insufficient supply of water, but the energy of its green matter cells decreases. The assimilation of carbon ceases, and the growth of the plant is stopped.

It is the same thing in rearing stock. If badly fed the animal will be stunted. The transpiration of the plant is ten times greater in presence of full light than in obscurity, and during cloudy weather the transpiration is less by one-half than under the direct action of the solar rays. Judge, then, of the suffering of vegetation when rain is absent, and the sky clear and the sunlight continuous. The only resources the plant has, in the absence of an artificial supply of water by irrigation, is to send its roots tapering deep into the soil. Dehersin has traced the rootlets of wheat to a depth of eighty inches in the soil. The botanist Wolkens corroborates

these views still more forcibly in the course of his voyage in Egypt and Arabia. One of the silent characteristics of the roots of plants in the lesert is their enormous length.

Plants whose height above the surface of the soil never exceeds the length of the hand have the root at the neck as thick as the thumb, tapering to the volume of the little finger at the depth of two yards.

It is to their vast descending rootlets that the plants of the desert owe their existence, and are able to fight the burning heat, which would cause branch of the same plant, if detached, to wither away in the course of five minutes.

### Primitive Modes of Cooking Game.

"The man who goes off on a hunt-ing and fishing trip should be acquainted with the primitive modes of

#### shades, from the dark gray, called WHAT WOMEN WEAR steel gray, to the palest dove tint; a

STYLES AND NOTIONS IN FEMI-NINE APPAREL.

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Charming Cotton Gown for Summer Wear-Dress for a Girl of Fifteen - Trim Blouse Walsts.

of old, are given away almost for nothing. RASE AND DIGNITY. THE two-column cut nicely il-

A very natty and becoming gar-ment, combining the ease of the jacket with the dignity of the coat, and thereby losing the negliges appear-ance of the former, is a new style of blongs. It is form it in a new style of lustrates about the simplest and the prettiest style for making cotton gowns that has for been taken up this summer. The bodice has a blouse front effect. The blouse. It is close fitting and com-pleted by a waiscost and chemisette, top has a collar of folds, with a rosette on the right side. There is a bretelle effect with butterfly bows on the shoul-ders. The centre of the bodice is full the best material, with revers of brown

few white articles are seen among the lot, and far away, in a remote corner, a thousand pairs of black silk stock-open worked, as thin as the webs of the most artistic spider, lovely, but disdained and snubbed by their friends of old are simple are about far Ob, naver mind how hot it is; Keep cool. Just wear a pleasant, smilling plifs ; Keep cool. Don't fret and fuss, and kick and stew,

As if the joys of life were few, This weather's good enough for you ; Keep cool.

REEP COOL

It ought to be hot in July 1

Keep cool. Of course, you know the reason why? Keep cool.

The corn and things have got to grow Warm weather helps them on, you know s The universe must have a show Keep cool.

Just take things easy for awhile : Keep cool.

Don't try to put on too much style : Evep cool.

Wear onting shirts, if you'ro a man, It not, do just the best you can, You'll find this is the wisest plan

Keep ecol. -Somerville Journal.

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# **PITH AND POINT.**

A lazy man does his hardest work in looking for an easy place.-Ram's Horn.

"Don't talk to me," she said : "I krow That in my check's a ross. But I don't care to match it with That blossom on your nose." —Detroit Free Press.

A Burlington girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers apeak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."-Siftings.

Young Jefferson-"You look sweet enough to kiss in that dress." Elaine -"I have several more ju t like it." -Brooklyn Life.

Miss Seaside-"I notice you never take any more kolak pictures. What is the reason?" Mr. Topton-"No one objects to it now."

He-"Her heart is as har.l as glass. eap't make any impression on it. She-"Have you tried a diamond?" -Kate Field's Washington.

Hiland-"'What is your ideal of a summer girl, Van Braam?' Van Braam-"A frigid Boston maiden."-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Mrs. Van Veneering-"Do you know the Richleys well?" Mrs. Jere Man-dering-"Like a book, We employ the same dressmaker."-Tit Bits.

Perkins--"Say, Dexter, your stories remind me of my bank account." Dexter -- "How's that?" "Always overdrawn."-Askansas Traveler.

If you want to place a small boy in spot where you will be sure to one find him five minutes later, put him in the pantry.-Philadelphia Record.

"When I go a-swimmin' father Licks me, ex he orter do ; But, I bet, he wishes rather That he could've been there, too." —Washington Star.

Mother-""Why do you stay at home all the time? Have you no friends to visit?" Laura-"Yes, one, but I cannot endure her."-Fliegende Blaetter.

"Briefkins has graduated from the law school, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Practicing?" "Not yet. He's look-ing for somebody to practice on."-Washington Star.

Miss Bellefield (relating an incident) -"Then I dropped my voice, and-" Mr. Halket (interrupting) - "That wouldn't hurt it. Yours is such a soft voice, you know.

He -- "That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million!" She-"How could he?" He-"Wouldn't let me marry his daught

A CHARMING COTTON GOWN. and the sides are plain. A belt of moire, and waistcoat of changeable folds with a rosette finishes the waist, moire in blue and brown.

low in the back, her skirts sag, and the waistbands yawn. To cover the our picture, terminating in large butdifficulty, the blouse waist has been



## below which two long bands of ribbon trimming descend to the hem of the BLOURE WADTS. seven-gored skirt. 'The sleeves of the bodice are of the large leg-o' mutton

W.I.

adopted.

Shirt waists are trim and tidy ; they give a full figure slim lines. But everybody can't make graceful con-nections. The average woman is hol-The skirt hangs very gracefully and has an organ-pleated back. The ef-fect of the bands of ribbon shown in



which, now and then, came a silvery ripple of laughter, and words spoken in a voice that was the sweetest he had ever heard.

He knew it was that of his Cousin Fat-Meh. Fat-Meh had been a beautiful httle girl. He had always re-membered Fat-Mehaffectionately. But now he could not ask to ree her, any more than if she had been the daughter of some stranger. He might not look upon a woman's face, even if she were his cousin. He bowed to custom, as the young man of this country does. But it came into his mind, now that little Fat-Meh, who had been as dear as a sister to him in those baby years, was veiled and hidden from him as from a stranger, that even old established Egyptian customs might be carried too far. He sat and ato the various dishes

which the black slave offered to the guests. But all the while he thought of little Fat-Meh, and laid a plan by which at least to see her.

In Egypt, one is not obliged to sit at table until all the company have finished their meal. Each may rise when he is satisfied, saying, "Praise be to God," wash his hands in the ever which the servant holds for him before and after meals, dry them on the embroidered towel and retire from the company.

And so, as soon as he dared, Ibin did this, and saying that he wished once more to see the garden and pom-egranate trees under which he had played in childhood, left the room.

Out into the garden he went and Standing where he could see the lat-ticed windows above, began to sing a little rhyme that children sing when they play together, beating time with his palms. What more naturally, when memories of youth returned with the memories of youth returned with the sight of the garden where before Fat-Meh had been able to walk slone, he had led her by her tiny hand—what more natural than that he should re-member the rhyme and sing it again? And while he sang another voice, soft and low, took up the strain. Some

one was singing behind the lattice of the window. He knew it was Fat-Meh. A little later and he saw that Meh. A little later and he saw that the lattice was pushed softly open. A veiled face peeped forth, s hand was extended for a moment and a rose dropped. Above the veil he saw great

voman, who told my parents that a rich man wished to marry me; and they said I must marry him. I prayed them not to give me to him. They laughed. The preparations were com-plete. The time had come. Do you blams me for running away? A few jewels bought the help of an old woman. While they were looking for a lost girl, a boy marched away with the soldiers.

"Oh, I would have done anything to escape that frightful man! See, I have even cut my long hair! Does it make me ugly? Do you think me bold and bad-very, very bad? I saw that you loved me when you looked up at me from the garden. But, if I have made you despise me, at least let me stay and be a little soldier, and see you now and then, and perhaps, wait on you sometimes. And when there is a battle, fight beside you. Only do not send me back to marry somebody I hate. Pity me, even if you scorn me.

On this, Captain Ibin El-Warrakah quite forgot Egyptian good manners, and took Fat-Meh's hand in his and held it against his heart, and told her that she was a rose, a nightingale and dove, and he recited this verse to her:

"Ya milah kautoo min Allah Wa shamai ashik il-ah Hobukkum mek tooh min Allah, Kaddara I mowia aleirjia."

Which might be very freely translated thus

"Oh, beloved one! Since Allah has given us to each other, the love we feel is ordained by him. Therefore, let no one blame us for what was decreed in paradise." But in spite of this bold speech and

their brave hearts, matters might have ended badly for both had it not happened that the khedive elected to visit his soldiers that morning.

Mounted on a prancing horse, fol-lowed by other high-mightinesses mounted on other prancing horses, with music and clash and jingle and with music and clash and jingle and floating banners and great pomp and coremony. And it so happened that Captain Ibin El-Wurrakah had of late accomplished certain doughty deeds, and been reported favorably for them, Not Mit street, the largest probability, its richest man. His for-tune is certainly \$350,000. Quong L district. He is a big rice importer in and been reported favorably for them, Not Mit street, the largest in Paris are eager to please, and, obe-dient to the voices of their fashions-ble customers, exhibit now heaps of silk and thread hosiery, all of the same color, but infinitely varied in fare found along the Amazon. The tark the dry has gone up to the more than gone up to the made from the new checked taffetas. You can also have a vest or waist fin-ish of the silk and the effect is quite stanning. Palm leaves thirty feet in length

we were birds. I, for instance, have known veteran sportsman, who helps a heart. I wish to marry one I love. to hold up the official dignity of the And there came to our house au old internal revenue bureau, who was speaking to some novices with the rod and gun, at the Riggs House, and he proceeded to give them some valuable pointers. "Of course the wise man don't run the risk of going hungry, but it is mighty easy to add to the pleasure of a quick snack if we only know how. Some day when you go a-fishing, and manage to catch some-thing, build a red hot fire on a flat rock, just before the time you get ready to eat lunch. When it has burned merrily for about fifteen minutes, take a fish and clean it and then brush the fire away from the rock, blow off the dust of the ashes and slap your fish down on it. Turn him over and over to prevent burning, and in a few minutes you will have a brotled piece of ecstasy that will make you treat every other fish you may have in your bucket or creel exactly the same way. When you are hunting in the fall you can enjoy a bird with your luncheon as well with very little trouble. Of course you will stop to eat your snack by a spring, and in deal of clay in such localities. Get a few handfuls of clay and moisten it until it becomes thoroughly plastic, then draw a bird and pack the clay well into its feathers and cover it about an inch thick. In the meantime you will have built a fire. Just drop the clay-covered quail into the hot coals, cover it up with fire and let it stay there about fifteen minutes. Roll it out and break it open. The feathers will all come off with the baked clay, and you will have a bird cooked in its best style, as none of its natural juices have escaped. Knowing how to do

these things adds a great deal, I assure you, to the pleasure of sport, and a couple of fellows can have a great deal of fun in preparing such sylvan feasts.' Washington Star.

### New York's Richest Chinaman.

Yeut Sing, of Mott street, the largest

exquisite violet tints and delicate greens, the "doe," fawn and wood tints are all fashionably worn. Pale green, light gray, violet and light red are most worn of all.

### DRESS FOR GIRL OF FIFTER.

terfly bows, is very novel and pretty. The skirt is made wide at the hem by

size, with close wrists.

Here is a dainty summer gown for a girl of fifteen.

The material is sheer white lawn, striped with a fine line in pale blue. The whole frock is rather loosely ac-



cordion plaited and trimmed with horizontal bands of white lace inser-tion. A broad belt of pale-blue maire, scattered with blurred pink blossoms, o cool is beyond my comprehension, but it certainly does, and is at present the most fashionable combination of encircles the waist. Narrower moire ribbons are used as shoulder straps, being finished on top with French color. rosettes.

### BLACK HOSIERY IS DOOMED.

a serge frock have given out replace the old ones with a pair of big sleeves In Paris the cry has gone up : "No more black stockings," and the shops made from the new checked taffetas.

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Some of the handsomest

summer silks and open-worked cottons

are now made with a blouse or basque

ffect. The waist line is marked, but

JAPANESE GOWNS.

The prettiest thin dresses are the

CHECKED TAFFETA SLEEVES.

If the sleeves of a pet cloth dress or

Field's Washington.

He-"But couldn't you learn to 'ove me, Ida?" She-"I don't think I could, George." He (reaching for his hat)-"It is as I feared ! You are too old to learn!"-Harlem Life.

"So you feel you cannot marry im." "Yes, I am fully decided." "Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I him." like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."-Brooklyn Life.

Now dogs have every one a day They call their own by right : But in the feline calendar The time is always night. --Calengo Inter-Ocean.

Miss Oldon (listening to the insects hum) -- "I should so love to be a lo-He (inadvertently) - "You oust. couldn't very well be one of the seven-teen-year variety." - Detroit Free Press.

Hills-"How is Brown making out as an amateur photographer?" Hulls -- "About \$100 out, but he is going to keep on until he makes one picture that will be recognizable."-New York World.

She-"If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married." He-"I've been anspect-ing that for some time."-New York Weekly.

"How can you call Timmins's poetry popular? Nobody reads it." "I didn't mean that it was the kind that everybody reads; I mean that it is the kind everybody writes."-Indianapolis Joarnal.

Miss Modderne-"There goes the man I'm going to marry." Joanstts--"Why, I know him well; he never said anything to me about it." Miss Modderne-"Oh, he doesn't know it yet himself."-Tit Bits.

She .-. "You have met the beautiful Miss X., have you not? What do you think of her?' He-"She is one of that sort of woman that any man could die for, but none could live with."-Indianapolis Journal.

Mabel-"Do you notice how attentive Tom Terrap n is to that elderiy Miss Gotrox? I wonlar if he really means business." Mande-"fhere is certainly little about her to lead one to suppose that he means anything else." -Brooklyn Lite.