

A HOMING SONG.

Oh, there is the heat,
And weary in the street,
And all day long
It is work, work, work!

Oh, care flies far
From the twilight star
And the long, kind night
It is love, love, love!

AN EGYPTIAN REBEL.

BY COL. HOWARD APPELBY.



HE tents of the
Egyptian army
arose, white as
snow, against a
sky of ultramarine

It was not a time of battle.
The little army composed the military
cordon with which Ismail Paşa

The dearth of cotton, caused by the
Civil War of the United States, had

At the date of the story, great caravans
of camels bore the products of the

Every one was languid. The officers
resting in their tents, the common

In his tent Captain Ibin El-Warrakah
was dreaming. His dreams carried

He knew it was that of his Cousin
Fat-Meh. Fat-Meh had been a beautiful

He sat and ate the various dishes
which the black slave offered to the

In Egypt, one is not obliged to sit
at table until all the company have

And so, as soon as he dared, Ibin
did this, and saying that he wished

Out into the garden he went and
standing where he could see the lattice

And while he sang another voice,
soft and low, took up the strain. Some

eyes, like stars, bordered with Kohl.
Then, as if by accident, the veil

Before he left his uncle's abode,
however, he had asked some questions

It is not often that a young Egyptian
sees a girl's face, and this one

"Captain," he said, "I have something
to tell you—something which no one

Without a word, the captain opened
his arms to receive the fainting form,

Softly as a mother bears her child,
Ibin laid his burden down upon the

His heart was beating wildly. He
tumbled from heel to foot. His eyes

"I know you! I know you, Fat-Meh!

"Oh, Cousin Ibin, it is a wound,"
the girl gasped—"here in my arm!

"Yes!" whispered the girl.
On the instant Ibin ripped up the

he said, was not much hurt. He was
a mere boy, and fancied himself dying,

"Ibin," she said, "do I seem bold
to you? I suppose so. But listen, I

"Oh, I would have done anything
to escape that frightful man! See, I

On this, Captain Ibin El-Warrakah
quite forgot Egyptian good manners,

"Ya mlah knafoo min Allah
Wa shamai senik il-ab

Which might be very freely translated
thus:
"O, beloved one! Since Allah has

But in spite of this bold speech and
their brave hearts, matters might have

Mounted on a prancing horse, followed
by other high-mightinesses

so that when he begged for mercy
mercy was granted.

Like all the viziers and sultans in
the "Arabian Night Tales," the khedive

And this was all very lucky for little
Fat-Meh, for Egyptian fathers make

The Thirst of Plants.

Haberlandt has calculated that a
field of rye, during its growth and

Not only does the plant languish
from an insufficient supply of water,

It is the same thing in rearing
stock. If badly fed the animal will

Plants whose height above the surface
of the soil never exceeds the length

It is to their vast descending
rootlets that the plants of the desert

Primitive Modes of Cooking Game.

"The man who goes off on a hunting
and fishing trip should be acquainted

DRESS FOR GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

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.

cordion plaited and trimmed with
horizontal bands of white lace insertion.

BLACK HOSIERY IS DOOMED.

In Paris the cry has gone up: "No
more black stockings," and the shops

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES AND NOTIONS IN FEMINE APPAREL.

A Charming Cotton Gown for
Summer Wear—Dress for a
Girl of Fifteen—Trim
Blouse Waists.

THE two-column cut nicely illustrates
about the simplest and the prettiest



A CHARMING COTTON GOWN.

and the sides are plain. A belt of
folds with a rosette finishes the waist,

Blouse Waists.

Shirt waists are trim and tidy; they
give a full figure slim lines.

The skirt hangs very gracefully and
has an organ-pleated back. The effect

adopted. Some of the handsomest
summer silks and open-worked cottons

JAPANESE GOWNS.

The prettiest thin dresses are the
Japanese ones. All the readers of old

One I saw was of white, with a helio-
tropic stripe, and had been brought

checked taffeta sleeves.
If the sleeves of a pet cloth dress or

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more black stockings," and the shops

shades, from the dark gray, called
steel gray, to the palest dove tint;

RARE AND DIGNITY.

A very natty and becoming garment,
combining the ease of the jacket



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KEEP COOL.

Oh, never mind how hot it is;
Keep cool.
Just wear a pleasant, smiling plis;

Of course, you know the reason why?

Just take things easy for a while;
Keep cool.
Don't try to put on too much style;

Wear outing shirts, if you're a man,
If not, do just the best you can.

—Somerville Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

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

"Don't talk to me," she said; "I know
That in my cheek's a rose,"

A Burlington girl is learning to play
the cornet, and her admirers speak

Young Jefferson—"You look sweet
enough to kiss in that dress." Elaine

Miss Seaside—"I notice you never
take any more kodak pictures. What

He—"Her heart is as hard as glass.
I can't make any impression on it."

Hiland—"What is your ideal of a
summer girl, Van Braam?" Van

Mrs. Van Veneering—"Do you know
the Richleys well?" Mrs. Jere

Perkins—"Say, Dexter, your stories
remind me of my bank account."

If you want to place a small boy in
one spot where you will be sure to

"When I go swimming father
Licks me, or he orders for;

Mother—"Why do you stay at
home all the time? Have you no

"Briefings has graduated from the
law school, hasn't he?" "Yes,"

Miss Bellefield (relating an incident)—
"Then I dropped my voice, and—"

He—"That fellow over there cheated
me out of a cool million!" She—

He—"But couldn't you learn to love
me, Ida?" She—"I don't think I

"So you feel you cannot marry
him." "Yes, I am fully decided."

Now dogs have every one a day
They call their own by right;

Miss Olden (listening to the insects
hum)—"I should so love to be a

Hills—"How is Brown making out
as an amateur photographer?" Hills

She—"If every atom of the human
body is renewed every seven years,

"How can you call Timotheus's poetry
popular? Nobody reads it."

Miss Modderne—"There goes the
man I'm going to marry." Jaansta-

She—"You have met the beautiful
Miss X, have you not? What do

Mabel—"Do you notice how atten-

Miss Modderne—"Oh, he doesn't know

Miss Modderne—"Oh, he doesn't know

Palm leaves thirty feet in length

are found along the Amazon.