

A DAY IN TOWN.

If you chance to be out driving some November Saturday
When the roads are stiff and frosty, and
the pastures rough and gray,
And the corn-fields all are stubble, and
the crows are gone at last,
And the squirrel's nutty provender is gar-
nered snug and fast—
You may meet a creaking carriage, full of
smiles without a frown,
For the farmer's little people all are jog-
ging into town.
Big brother does the driving—his hands
are very strong—
For father cannot spare the time to be
away so long.
On a rearward seat is mother, and beside
her in the nest
Cuddled close the younger children in their
jumpy Sunday best,
Though the girl who sits to windward is
incensed from sole to crown
In a "buff" robe resplendent, for the
chilly drive to town.
But the state of little brother who shall
venture to repeat?
So charged with glad expectancy he scarce
can keep his seat.
His cap pulled down about his ears to meet
his hummer, twined;
His pockets full with treasures that he
couldn't leave behind.
—Jeannie Pendleton Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

THE NIGHT PURSUIT.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

The night lowered dark and stormy
around the lonely island of Sarbroo,
in the South Pacific Ocean.

The tall cocoanuts lining the beach
tossed their heads wildly to and fro,
and the great seas came thundering
upon the sand, sending showers of
spray far inland.

About two hundred yards from the
beach, in a little log house, sat an old
missionary—the Rev. John Sturges,
with his only daughter, Leila, who had
accompanied her father to this distant
shore, that she might be near to com-
fort him and administer to his wants.

A lovelier girl than Leila seldom
greeted mortal vision.

The light of the lamp upon the
coarse table, in one corner of the
rough but neatly-swept floor, fell up-
on her chestnut hair, seeming to en-
circle it with a halo, while the pure,
innocent expression of the young face
might have moved a heart of stone.

The eyes of this girl were of deep
hazel, her skin was transparently
fair, her form perfect in its graceful
proportions.

At the moment of which we write,
she sat upon a little stool at her father's
feet, her bright head resting upon
his knee, and a satisfied smile
hovering about her pretty mouth, as
she felt the caressing touch of her
parent's hand.

"Leila," said he after a while, "do
you never feel tired of living away
out here with me in the Pacific
Ocean?"

"Tired!—oh, no, papa—no, indeed."
"Alas! I feel that it is selfish of me
to keep you here. Tell me, darling, do
you not sometimes think of Charles
Graham?"

A vivid blush came upon Leila's
cheek, her bosom heaved.

"Oh, never mind, papa," she said,
softly.

"That means that you do think of
him?"

"I will not deny it," she answered,
gently, burying her face upon his
bosom. "But Charles, you know, has
promised to wait for me; so I am sat-
isfied."

Mr. Sturges smiled.
"It is most time that his ship ar-
rived off this place. You know he said
he would touch here on his way home
from Australia."

"Yes—he said so when we parted
from him," she answered, her bright
eyes gleaming with joy.

"I hope he will come soon," said
Mr. Sturges, a shadow crossing his
brow.

Leila looked at him earnestly.
"Papa," she said at length, "do you
not think that fears of a rising among
the savages are groundless?"

"No, dearest, I do not. That fellow,
Henry Seedon, I am afraid is doing
great mischief here."

The person to whom he alluded was
a dark-browed man—a boatswain's
mate, who had deserted a vessel,
which several months previously, had
touched here for a supply of water.

The fellow had called frequently on
Mr. Sturges, and had been particu-
larly attentive to Leila, who, however,
by every means in her power, had shown
him that such attentions were to her
far from agreeable.

The boatswain's mate, however, who
was a coarse, conceited fellow, had
continued his unwelcome visits, and
finally had even had the audacity to
propose to Mr. Sturges for Leila's
hand, in the presence of the young
girl.

Both father and daughter had then
given him to understand that his com-
pany was no longer desired, and he
then gone away with an aspect of
contumacious which had made the
young woman fairly shudder—it was
so demoralizing—so full of bitter hatred.

Since then he had not again in-
truded—had shunned both whenever
they chanced to meet him in their
walks.

The behavior of the natives, who
had hitherto been friendly to them, al-
so seemed to change.

Dark, sullen glances often directed
toward them by the island people, con-
vinced the former that Henry Seedon
was at work, endeavoring to turn the
natives against them. Vainly Mr.
Sturges had endeavored to counteract
this influence. Seedon was a man
who had great power for evil—a wily,
cunning villain, who knew just how to
deal with the ignorant islanders.

And the times he earned at harvest in his
mittened fist of brown.
To be spent in reckless joyance when they
tether in the town!
And now the heart's desire is reached, and
in the busy street
Small, cramping muscles stretch again with
tramp of sturdy feet.
The careful barter over, and the good
things tucked away,
In the box that brought the butter and the
eggs that went for pay,
There is shopping, there are bonnets; and a
shade of wo comes down
To cloud the perfect sunshine of the chil-
dren's day in town.

But ah, when that's accomplished, comes a
space of perfect joy—
The jewel-moment of the week to a little
country boy!
The spiral stripe of peppermint, the lemon's
acid note,
The brittle, bulky parcel that he huddles
in his coat!
Do you think he ever fancies, as at last
with evening sigh
He climbs the mud-stained axle and bids
the street good-by.
That one day—a day of manhood—though
success his life may crown,
He may hunger for the farmhouse, dearer
far than any town?

—Jeannie Pendleton Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

dark stern of them, and apparently
gaining.

"A canoe!" exclaimed her father;
"a large canoe; the savages are in
pursuit!"

"It is all over with us, then!"
gasped Leila.

At that moment, from a sudden
opening in the dark clouds, the moon
burst forth, throwing a broad glare
of silver light athwart the waters.

Mr. Sturges then discovered that
the large canoe, which was full of
natives, was indeed rapidly gaining.
Vainly he strained himself at the
paddle; vainly his lovely daughter al-
so exerted herself; the natives drew
nearer every moment, shouting ex-
ultantly as they came on.

The fugitives were now paddling on
a course diagonal with the shore, and
which carried them toward a high
rocky promontory, jutting out into the
sea from the southern extremity of the
island.

As they drew near this promontory
the face of the missionary lighted up
with hope; for he had, not long since,
discovered there an under-sea cavern,
of the existence of which he believed
the savages knew nothing—the open-
ing to this retreat being concealed by a
rock, overgrown with thick masses
of seaweed.

Soon, however, he perceived that he
must be overtaken ere he could reach
the place. All further exertion was
useless. There was the natives' can-
oee, less than ten fathoms distant,
speeding along toward the smaller one
like an arrow.

In this extremity Mr. Sturges re-
solved to resort to prayer.

He threw himself upon his knees in
the canoe and prayed God, if it so
pleased Him to take the petitioner, to
spare his lovely child. Meanwhile
poor Leila, who had also stopped pad-
dling, was praying that her father
might be saved, even though she were
destroyed.

Beautiful sight it was to see the
young girl with upturned face, the
moonlight upon her features and shin-
ing hair, as she sat there in the rock-
ing canoe.

Mr. Sturges concluded his prayer.
Now he stood upright in the little
craft, gazing toward his enemies as
they came on.

Thus gazing he did not observe a
stately ship, which suddenly came
looming round the promontory men-
tioned, under reefed topsails.

The suddenness of this vision, hith-
erto concealed by the high land, was
not without its effect upon the natives,
all of whom now stopped paddling,
gazing toward the strange vessel.

"Go ahead," screamed the evil
voice of Seedon, who was among them.
"Never mind the ship, but first get
these runaways in your clutches!"

The natives again took to their pad-
dles. On came the canoe, and in a
few minutes it must reach the fugi-
tives. Mr. Sturges and his daughter
now beheld the strange ship, which,
not distant further than a quarter of
a mile, was booming along straight
toward them.

"If we can only reach that vessel,"
he said to his daughter. "Quick,
Leila, paddle again."

With superhuman strength they
paddled toward the ship. Mr. Sturges
now and then shouting and pausing to
wave an arm to her. Finally, over-
powered by their exertions, father
and daughter were obliged to pause.
Their pursuers were close upon them
—so was the ship.

"Help, help!" screamed the mission-
ary, springing up. "We are pursued
by savages!"

His shrill voice was evidently heard,
for the ship was now directed straight
toward the savages' canoe, which it
soon struck, dashing it to pieces and
passing over it, killing Henry Seedon
outright and leaving the other oc-
cupants striking out for shore.

Mr. Sturges and his daughter were
then picked up, to meet with an agree-
able surprise, to discover in the cap-
tain of the vessel Leila's lover—
Charles Graham.

"My prayer has been answered,"
said Sturges, solemnly, as he embrac-
ed his weeping, blushing daughter.

We have to add that they had a
safe and speedy passage home, and
that Leila, soon after, was united to
Captain Graham.

Mr. Sturges found a comfortable
home with them during the remainder
of his life.—New York News.

Not to Be Caught.
A certain London corn chandler had
just engaged an assistant, who hailed
from a small village near Leeds. He
was not remarkable for his intelli-
gence. His friends, realizing this de-
ficiency, had evidently warned him
against being caught by the sharp
London people who would be certain
to take a rise out of him. Full of this
resolve not to be caught, he began his
duties. A customer entered the shop.
"I want some bird seed, please," he
said. The assistant grinned. The cus-
tomer repeated his request, and the
knowing villager spluttered with
suppressed merriment. The custom-
er not quite knowing what to make of
this extraordinary display, asked him
in somewhat forcible language what
was the matter. "It's no use," an-
swered the verdant one, "tha knows
ta can not catch me. I know, I do."
"Know what?" asked the customer.
"Birds groas from eggs, not seed!"
Birmingham (Eng.) Weekly Post.

Just a Hint.
"Darling," whispered the lovesick
youth, "I have been sparking with
you all the evening."
"And don't you know what goes
through sparking?" asked the beautiful
maiden who wanted a ring.
"What, dear?"
"Why, a sparkler."—Chicago News.



New York City.—The surprise shirt
waist makes one of the latest develop-
ments of that altogether useful, desir-
able and satisfactory garment. This



one is made with most becoming tucks
at both front and back, and is adapted
both to the shirt waist dress and to
separate use, but in the case of the
model is made of one of the new claret



Breakfast Jacket, 32 to 46 Bust.

red flannels with skirt to match, the
chemisette being of tucked and inserted
muslin. The effect is exceedingly
charming and attractive to the look-
ing, while the waist has the inestimable
advantage of allowing of frequent
change of chemisettes, which fact in
itself means a sense of daintiness and
personal comfort not to be obtained in
any other way. There is very little
blouse at the front, that being a no-
table feature of those waists, but ample
fullness below the stichings to provide
soft and graceful folds. The sleeves
are in regulation style and among the
most comfortable that can be worn
for dresses and waists of the simpler
sort.

The waist is made with a fitted lin-
ing, which can be used or omitted as
preferred, and consists of fronts and
back with the sleeves. The chemisette
is entirely separate and closed at the
back. When the lining is used the
shoulder seams are closed separately,
allowing of slipping the chemisette be-
tween the two, so that it can be easily
and readily renewed.

Blouse With Cape.
Waists that include cape effects ob-
tained in various ways are among the
novelties and are always desirable for
between-seasons wear for the reason
that they give a slight suggestion of an
outer garment without any material

the entire pattern being picked out
after this wise.

Coats of Blanket Serge.
Just now the rage is for coats of
blanket serge, but the ordinary pale-
tote shape is too popular to be new, and
the latest vogue is the redingote shape
in natural gray or biscuit tones with
a small collar and cuffs of darker silk
or velvet, which, thanks to the chem-
ical cleaner, is easily restored with the
coat.

In Crepe de Chine.
Crepe de chine, and especially the
double width one-seam kind, maintains
all its vogue undisturbed and unabated.
There are some charming gowns
fashioned of this material and from a
shirt waist suit to a dancing frock it
fills every niche in the wardrobe with
equal effectiveness. Lace seems almost
the natural concomitant of this fasci-
nating fabric; and on some of the re-
cent productions this lace is further
embellished with ribbon embroidery.

Cats Can Swim.
The giraffe is said to be the only
animal unable to swim. Many animals
do not like the water and will not
take to it unless obliged to. Cats be-
long to this type. A great many peo-
ple believe a cat will drown rather
than swim, but this is not so. Cats
dislike the water, but know how to
swim perfectly.

A Guide Book to Books.
As soon as you think you are old
enough, get for yourself some good
handbook, manual or primer of Eng-
lish literature, and make use of it to
inform yourself about the books you
read. This will help to place them in
their true relations to one another. A
good encyclopedia rightly used will
serve nearly as well. Just as a guide
book serves both to tell about places
you see and also suggest new trips, so
in the manual of literature you will
have glimpses of new fields of read-
ing, possibly of such a nature as will
please you better than those more fa-
miliar.—Nicholas.

Jack Tar's Food.
Cold storage, while it has been of the
greatest value to the dwellers of
crowded cities in enlarging their diet
and making possible plenty of lettuce,
radishes and other green vegetables in
the coldest of winter weather, has done
even more for the sailor boy. Not so
many years ago scurvy was the bug-
bear of every man who went to sea,
whether in a merchantman or in the
navy. Now it is practically unknown.
When a ship arrives in any
port of the civilized world-
with any of its men afflicted
with scurvy, it is considered an
event of peculiar interest, so rare has
the disease become. Even the poorest
victualled tramp steamers carry pota-
toes, cabbage and other green vegeta-
bles in abundance, while the Jack Tar
who enlists on one of Uncle Sam's
splendid men of war is sure of salads
and fresh vegetables enough, thanks to
the invention of the cold storage room,
to insure his permanent good health.

To Make Peanut Dolls.
Very odd and funny and instructive
little dolls can be made from pen-
nuts. You may have an Indian chief,
squaw, and little papoose; John Chin-
aman, a Japanese lady, Dutch woman,
Norman peasant woman with high
white cap, a witch in peaked hat and
red cloak, a wizard arrayed in star
trimmed cloak and high hat, a Hindu
Yogi with white turbaned head, a
gypsy and many other characters in
this jolly company.

The peanuts are threaded whole upon
coarse white twine, through the length
of the nuts. Very short nuts are used
for feet and hands and the round single
nuts for the heads. A thick pen-
nut forms the body, or, if more bulk is
required, use two. Long slender nuts
form the arms and legs.



"Add a Step."
"O father! my sword is too short, I know!
And how can I win the day
When hand to hand, I must meet the foe
And keep him—with this!—at bay!"
"Say not, weak boy, that your sword is too
short.
But add a step to its length!"
Was the Spartan father's stern rebort
As he tested the young lad's strength.

Ah! many a time in the battle of life
When we murmur, disheartened and sad,
O'er our poor short swords, we might win
In the strife
Had we courage the "step to add"
—E. E. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

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coarse white twine, through the length
of the nuts. Very short nuts are used
for feet and hands and the round single
nuts for the heads. A thick pen-
nut forms the body, or, if more bulk is
required, use two. Long slender nuts
form the arms and legs.

Now for the wigs. For the Orient-
als, use horsehair or the hair filling
of a cushion; glue the locks in place
and then fasten on the head covering.
New rope, if combed out fine, will
make a splendid flaxen wig; by color-
ing it you can have an Auburn or
brown tint. Fasten this wealth of
hair with a jaunty bow. Outline the
features with ink. The wigs of the
"wizard" and the "yogi" should be
white; use cotton picked out fluffy, and
glue in place so it will fall over the
shoulders and make flowing beards.

Material for the dresses can be of tis-
sus or crepe paper in gay colors or
from the scrap bag. The garb of the
Chinaman will be silk; cut the two
garments from paper patterns; the
shoulders naturally are very narrow.

Glue paper will be very useful to
help decorate the gypsy and yogi
dresses.

It is only half the fun to make and
dress these curious little figures. They
can be made to act on a miniature
stage like little puppets.—Philadelphia
Inquirer.

A Snail's Ways.
One day we found a snail in the
woods. He was crawling on a mossy
log. His shell was glossy and of a
light brown color. The snail, too, was
pale brown. He looked soft, as if he
had been made out of jelly. He had a
pair of horns thrust out from the front
of his head, to warn him of danger.

When I picked up the shell, Mr.
Snail quickly tucked himself out of
sight inside. I took the shell home in
my pocket, and at night laid it out on
my table. In the morning it was
gone.

Looking about the room, I found the
snail climbing up the wall, half way to
the ceiling.

I stood on a chair, touched him gen-
tly on the head, and, in a fright, he
drew into his shell, and it fell from the
wall into my hand.

Then I took a large china dish, and

put in it a nice stone from the brook.
The stone had little lichens and bits
of water weeds on it. I put water in
the dish. Then I set the snail on the
stone.

Snails like cool, moist things. My
snail at once came out to see his new
home. He began to travel around it at
a great rate. He crept to the water on
every side. I saw that he ate the lich-
ens. So I brought a nice young let-
tuce leaf, wet it, and laid it on the
stone. When the snail in his journey
reached it, he touched it with his
horns. Then he crept upon the edge of
the leaf, turned sidewise, and began
to eat fast.

He seemed very hungry. He moved
along the edge of the leaf, gnawing
as he went. After he had eaten about
a quarter of the way along the leaf
he turned and went back, still eating.
So he kept on until he had cut a deep
scallop. Then he went to another
place and ate out another scallop. The
children said he liked scalloped let-
tuce.

I kept the leaf wet. At first I
thought the greedy little creature did
nothing but eat. I found that he liked
to play and was found of travel. He
would go to the edge of the water, and,
holding fast to the stone, would dip
his head in for a drink, or to get it
wet.

When he did this, he drew in his
horns until they could not be seen.
Then he tried to cross the water and
to reach the side of the dish.

He would cling fast by the hind part
of his body, raise his head, and stretch
himself as far as he could, and try to
take hold of the edge of the water, and,
holding fast to the stone, would dip
his head in for a drink, or to get it
wet.

Whenever he went he left a thin trail
like glue. I could follow his steps as
you can those of a careless boy who
forgets to wipe his feet.—Julia McNair
Wright, in Holiday Magazine.

How Pussy Was Named.
"What is your pussy's name, dear?"
asked Aunt Suzette of little Toto, al-
most crushing a tiny Maltese kitten
with hugs.

"Toffee Mill," said Toto, "because
it purrs just like a toffee mill."

Was not that a funny name for a
cat? Almost as strange as "Toto" was
for a little girl. But then, neither was
a real name.

Toto was called Marie Louise by
her teachers; Mary Louise by her
Grandma, who thought French sounds
for plain English names were silly,
and Sweetheart by her mamma.

But papa, who was a Southerner,
always called his little daughter Toto,
because when she was so tiny she
could barely walk she would drag
big bundles around all day long—
bundles so big she could hardly hold
them.

"Well, what is Marie toting today?"
papa would say when he would see
her bending under a heavy load. Then
he took to calling her "his little to-
ter"; but Marie, who could not talk
very plainly called herself "papa's
little Toto," and soon everyone else
called her that, too.

As for "Toffee Mill," the pussy, her
real name was Dainty—such a cute
fluffy gray ball of a kitty was she,
who hated to be dirty. Toto only
called her Coffee Mill sometimes when
she wanted to surprise people.

"Why, Toto, what a strange name
for your pussy. How did you happen
to call her that?" said aunty.

"I'll tell you, aunty; only I see pity
tired jest now."

"Tired, are you, monkey? Only
tired enough to jump right up in my
lap and have a real nice talk, I fancy."

Toto loved aunty's lap for generally
she could find some candy in her pocket
or else some lovely charms on her
chain.

Soon she was nestled all "comfy,"
telling how pussy got her name.

"Dinah, our took, only likes little
diris," began Toto. "She don't like
pussies at all, and when 'Dainty' runs
in the tichen wif me she always shoos
her wif a broom and mates my pussy
tvy."

I don't like my pussy to try, and
so when I want to mate ples and
tates wif Dinah I jest runs away from
my pussy.

"One day Dinah let me drind the
big toffee mill for her. It was awful
hard, and made a big noise—'Br-br-br,'
jest like dat. De drawer was all filled
wif toffee, so I toot it out and toot
it into the panty wif Dinah."

"When I tame bat I pushed the
drawer shut—Bang! and bedan to
drind adain."

"Den I heard a bigger 'br-br-br-br,'
I fot it awful funny, 'tause dere wasn't
no toffee dere. I dround and dround,
and dat br-br-br-br it jest kept detting
louder and louder."

"Dinah tame in and said, 'Law
sates, honey, what's dat dere noise?'"
"It's de toffee mill," I said.

"Den Dinah she jest tame and pulled
dat drawer out. And what do you
fink?"

"Dere, inside, was my clean pussy,
all tovered wif dirty, brown toffee!"
"She didn't mind it at all and was
purring ever so loud."

"But Dinah was so mad and stared
she jest yelled and yelled, till mamma
and papa and grandma and John the
tochman, and Norah and Sally all
tame runnin' in to see what was so
matter, and John had to put water on
Dinah to make her stop twying."

"Wasn't that a funny thing for my
pussy to do, aunty? Dat's why I tall
her 'Toffee Mill.'"