

WHEN FALLS THE CURTAIN.

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown... And he, the king, are on a common level; The villain with the virtuous one sits down...

When falls the curtain on the play of life— This play designed to entertain the gods— The parts assigned us in its mimic strife...

head bob up from beneath the waves, and breathed a thanksgiving as she saw his powerful horse strike out for clear water.

As Billy came to the surface he looked about him, and then began to shout with all the power fright and water had left in his lungs. "Hi, there!" he yelled. "Hi, where you goin', girl? Why don't you make for the shore? What you doin'?

With a look of mingled admiration and astonishment on his face, Billy Callahan gave a mighty answering shout, and putting his horse into the current, swam in among the cattle. He called to the girl to keep well out from the shore and away from the quicksands...

As the ponies came out of the river, with their riders safe but dripping on their backs, the girl turned in her saddle and sent a joyous "Whoop-ee!" ringing over the prairies.

PROFITS THROUGH ADVERTISING

It is the Cheapest Form of Salesmanship, Diners Are Told. Men who help to sell goods for those who make them sit down in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden at the first annual banquet of the New York Advertising League...

Canada Beats Us.

The foreign trade of Canada, observes a writer in Harper's Weekly, has grown during the last ten years from \$29,000,000 to \$552,000,000, and is now two and a half times per head that of the great American Republic.



New York City.—Thin, soft, crushable materials are the more fashionable ones of the season and they bring with them a very natural demand for waists and gowns that are

A Parisian Fad. It is a Parisian fad among young women to wear on their blouses of linen or bodices with chemisettes of lace a ribbon of black moire, of which the ends are ornamented with large rough pearls set in diamonds.

Short Jumper Kimono. The jumper kimono is one of the later developments of the all popular idea and very charming, very graceful it is as well as simple in the extreme. Indeed, it involves so little labor in the making that even the busiest woman might have a number, while it falls in altogether graceful, becoming and satisfactory folds and lines.



made full and soft. Here is one of the latest variations of the over waist that is charming after a dainty



The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-eighth yards twenty-seven, two and one-eighth yards thirty-six or on:



and one-half yards forty-four inches with five and one-half yards banding.

fashion and that is as well adapted to all the many filmy stuffs. In the illustration it is made of crepe de Chine and is trimmed with bands of taffeta piped with velvet and embroidered after a simple fashion.

The waist is made with front and backs and is cut in one with the sleeves. Shaped trimming bands are arranged over the neck and sleeve edges, and there is a novel girdle that finishes it at the waist line.

Large Venise Stoles. A new soft and fluffy stole is made of two large venise stoles, with little ruches all around.

The Locket's Return. The sentimental girl, who is addicted to tying her letters with blue ribbons and securing locks of hair in her top bureau drawers, will be glad to hear of the renaissance of the old-fashioned locket.

Long Lace Cuffs. In Paris long lace cuffs are being used with short sleeves when a long glove is not desirable. The first choice in them is the plain flat cuff of the same tone as the gown. Elastic are run in the tops so that they can be put on and taken off quickly.

Popular Science Sunlight will penetrate very clear water to the depth of 1500 feet. The inferior Bohemian graphite, which is too impure or compact for use in pencils, is ground fine and freed from sulphides and other heavy minerals.

The curious name of the anaesthetic "stovaine" is due to its discoverer, M. Fournereau. M. Fournereau was anxious to perpetuate his own name in connection with it, but as the anaesthetic was of the nature of cocaine and no compound resembling that could be contrived out of "Fournereau" he translated the name into its English equivalent of "stove" and added the necessary termination.

The most frequent cause of collapse among small water tanks, says the Building News, is the corrosion of the hoops. These are flat wrought iron bands one-eighth inch to one-quarter inch thick which are seldom painted, so that they become subject to corrosion both from the outside and from the inside.

Paper cuspidors are the latest sanitary novelties. The paper of which they are made is quite stout and is coated with paraffine. They are put in flat bundles at the factory—that is, in what is termed "knock-down." In this shape they take up but little room, and when they are desired for use it is the work of but a minute to turn the thing into a box well adapted for the purpose for which it is designed.

Wise AND OTHERWISE Do Indians travel on scalped tickets? A carriage cleaner has to sponge for a living. When a man longs for money he is generally short.

Can a woman be a "silent" partner in business? A pawnbroker died the other day, and now his wife is a "loan" widow. A hasty remark sometimes gets a man in trouble, especially at auction.

The postmaster on Pike's Peak has the highest office in the United States. A married couple who had eighteen children called the last one "Anonymous." Armour, the pork packer, began life on a newspaper; he made all his money by the "pen."

A Selfish Man. He regarded his children as nuisances. He did all his courting before marriage. He never talked over his affairs with his wife.

He doled out money to his wife as if to a beggar. He looked down on his wife as an inferior being. He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.

THE PRIDE OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

By MARY K. MAULE.

work ourselves. I learned to ride then, so's to be mother's boy. The cowboy looked at her dumbly, while a gentle light dawned in his hard, keen eyes, and a slight flush crept up through the brown of his lean cheeks.

"Well, mother's got a first-rate kind of a boy, all right," he said, presently; and then, as if fearing that he had already said too much on a tender subject, he burst into a loud roar of song, and caroled and yodeled as if trying to turn the girl's thoughts into a more cheerful mood.

Suddenly, in the midst of a rollicking cowboy ditty, the girl gave a startled cry and looked back. "Billy!" she screamed. "Billy! Hush! Look! Look! The cattle—the cattle are coming!"

With the song frozen on his lips, the cowboy gave one swift backward glance, leaped square in his saddle, and wheeled his pony into the road beside the girl.

"They've stampeded, by thunder!" he muttered between set teeth. "I was feared it might happen! The river—the river—ride, girl! Ride for all you're worth! We can't never turn 'em here! Our only chance is to get out of here! Ride!"

With blanched face and widely distended eyes the girl gripped her bridle-rein and looked back. Down the narrow trail behind her thundered a wild, dark, packed mass of crowding bodies and madly tossing horns, as along the road between the bluff and the steep embankment the stampeded cattle, with lowered heads, blind and mad with thirst and fury, came plunging on.

Digging her spurs into her pony, she waited for no second glance at the death which thundered so close behind her, but, followed by the cowboy, ploed quirt and spur, as she galloped for life along the narrow trail.

The sun beat down fierce and hot upon the Dakota prairies, and imparted the temperature of a bake-oven to the endless red road, where the shuffling hoofs of the cattle raised a smothering cloud of dust.

Riding beside the "bunch," on a wiry little buckskin cow-pony, galloped a girl of fifteen, in a short cloth skirt, high leather shoes, and a loose flannel blouse. Her short, wavy brown hair blew loose and free beneath the shadow of a broad-brimmed felt hat.

She sang as she rode in and out along the wavering, snorting line, cracking her long whip and shouting, "Hi! Hoy! Whoop-la!" as she drove a straying steer or a wandering calf back into the ranks.

Before the cattle, and upon the other side, rode a cowboy in his wide sombrero and leather "chaps," and behind the bunch a woman rode slowly, her tall, straight figure severely outlined by a black dress, and her face shaded by a broad-leaved Mexican straw hat.

It was past noon, sultry and still, and the cattle plodded quietly along the road with drooping heads.

"Ride up a little, Billy," called the girl, in a high, clear voice, "and let's get out of this dust! They'll go quietly enough now, and mother is behind to drive."

Touching her pony with the quirt, she galloped on to the head of the column, and fell in beside the cowboy, who, with one leg over the horn of his saddle and his hat on his knee, was pacing along before the herd, singing lustily.