The angel smiles on him who played the

devil;
The peasant fraternizes with the peer;
And village maids and courtly dames
and queens
Mingle together without fear or sneer—
They're only players all, behind the

head bob up from beneath the waves, and breathed a thanksgiving as she

When falls the curtain on the play of life—
This play designed to entertain the
gods—
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife
(Though now we think so) will not make
much odds;
Who plays on earth the king will be as As any thrall that wearied him with

prayers-Peasant and peer and country girl and gueen
Behind the scenes will all be only
players! -Denis A. McCarthy.

"Hi, there!" he yelled. "Hi, where you goin', girl? Why don't you make for the shore? What you doin'? Air ye crazy? What ye-

"I can't go and leave those cattle!" shouted Jess. "Do you think I'm going to save myself and let those cattle drown? O, Billy, help me, help me to save them! They-they're all we've got, and m-mother-mother has worked so hard to get them together. I-I could never look her in the face again if I let them drown! She trusted them to me. I'll save them if I drown myself trying!"

saw his powerful horse strike out for

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.

Regardless of lunging horns and plunging hoofs, she swam her little pony in among the struggling mass, and began to drive the cattle apart, shouting meanwhile the "Hi, hoy, whoop-la!" which was as familiar music to their terrified ears.

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, and adding his familiar whistle and whoop, as he circled in and out among the bewildered animals, herded and drove them on one side while the girl "held the bunch" on the other. So they guided the swimming cattle down-stream with the current, until at last they were able to drive the now thoroughly meek and subdued creatures out of the water and back to the road.

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.

"We're safe, mother!" she shout-"Safe and sound, and we never lost a steer!"

And Billy Callahan, wiping his dripping face upon his dripping sleeve, echoed, with a grin, "Never lost a steer! She saved 'em ali, she did, and there ain't another girl in all Dakota could have done it!"-From Youth's Companion.

It is the Cheapest Form of Salesmanship, Diners Are Told.

Men who help to sell goods for those who make them sat down in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden at the first annual banquet "Ain't there a turn up here in the of the New York Advertising League, and discussed their problems. Gerald B. Wadsworth, the president, in was "not how can we catch suckers, to get a chanst to turn 'em or mill but how can we give a square deal."

W. S. Crowe talked on "The Fourth Party," meaning the purchaser. The other three were the advertiser, the publisher and the advertising agent. Mr. Crowe said that the fourth party was the most important, because he fed the other three. He ridiculed the idea that the advertising cost in disposing of goods to customers had to be added to the selling cost, thus making their price necessarily higher. Advertising was, in fact, he said, the cheapest form of salesmanship, which was the reason why mail order business New York house could sell goods cheaper to a man in Buffalo than to a was the world's industrial university.

"On account of a few fake advertements advertising agents as As far as she could see along the class have been blamed," said Mr. lack of style. What distresses me is the utter stupidity of the ordinary ered her reins firmly in her hand sort of advertising lying."-New York Evening Post.

Canada Beats Us.

The foreign trade of Canada, ohserves a writer in Harner's Weekly. has grown during the last ten years from \$239,000,000 to \$552,000,000. and is now two and a half times per the buckskin a cut of the whip, she market is attested by the statistics of her economic prosperity. Last year her railroads, in which \$1,289, 000,000 are invested, carried 30,000,-000 passengers and 102,000,000 tons steers, unable in their mad wild rush of freight and carned \$106,000,000 The paid-up capital of the banks in the Dominion is \$82,000,000, and ment, in a huddled, plunging, strug- the sum of their assets is \$767,000,-000 In 1905 the revenue of the Do-The cowboy, caught on the brink minion was \$71,000,000 for 6,000,of the bluff by the wild rush of the 000 people; in 1855 the revenue of the United States was but \$65,000,into the river with them or be 000 for 27,000,000 people. No better proof could be afforded of the immensely greater purchasing power The chances of life were small, of Canada to-day than was possessed by our republic half a century ago. strange that Canada should face the ment into the river in the midst of future with supreme confidence. It the short route to Europe by way of The girl struck the water a mo- Hudson Bay-a route which will be open for five months in the year, and will shorten the distance between Liverpool and the Western shippers of grain by about 2000 miles-is now urged her pony on with whip and definitely assured, no fewer than six spur, and struck out into the middle railways to Port Churchill, the best of the channel in time to avoid being of the Hudson Bay harbors, having

Any man who can get used to

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



made full and soft. Here is one of latest variations of the over waist that is charming after a dainty to keep the kimono in place.

A Parisian Fad.

It is a Parislan 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. In the illustration dotted dimity is trimmed with an embroidered banding. But not alone all the pretty lawns, batistes and the like are appropriate, the kimono also could with propriety be made from Japanese silk, from cotton crepe and from such light weight wools as cashmere and albatross, while for still colder days pretty light weight flannels are appropriate, trimming being almost anything in contrast that the individual may sug-

The kimono is made in one piece. It is slipped on over the head, there being no opening whatsoever. Straps are attached under the arms that form the sleeve portions and serve

thetic "stovaine" is due to its discoverer, M. Fourneau. M. Fourneau 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 "Fourneau" he translated the name into its English equivalent of "stove" and added the necessary termination. The most frequent cause of col-

Science

Sunlight will penetrate very clear

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 refined material does

not contain more than fifty or sixty

per cent, of graphits and is used in the manufacture of inferior crucibles

A plant has recently been com-

pleted in Mexico to recover silver

from the material in the dumps from

an old mine which has been operated

aggregates 2,000,000 tons and more

than an equal quantity of stone fill-

ing, all of which has been demon-

strated capable of yielding a good

The curious name of the anaes-

since 1547. The available

and for stove polish.

profit.-Engineer.

water to the death of 1500 feet.

lapse among small water tanks, says the Building News, is the corrosion of the hoops. These are flat wrought iron bands one-eighth inch to onequarter inch thick which are seldom painted, so that they become subject to corrosion both from the outside and from the inside. Hoops should be made without welds and thoroughly painted before and after erection. Engineer.

Paper cuspidors are the latest sanitary novelties. The paper of which they are made is quite stout and is coated with parafine. are put in flat bundles at the factory -that is, in what is termed "knockdown." 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. After use it is consigned to the fire.



Do Indians travel on scalped tick-

A carriage cleaner has to sponge for a living.

When a man longs for money he is generally short.

Can a woman be a "sllent" 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 auc-The postmaster on Pike's Peak has

the highest office in the United

A married couple who had eighteen children called the last one Anonymeus.

Armour, the pork packer, began life on a newspaper; he made all his money by the "pen."

A man went to Atlantic City last summer for a change and rest. The hotel got the change and the porters got the rest.

A married man may not be able to find anything in his house when he starts to look for it, but he can al-

ways find fault. A young man got married the other day, and his mother-in-law paid his rent for ten years in advance. She wanted to show "pay rental" at-

fection. Farmer-"My boy is a baseball pitcher; he has been defeated only

twice this season." Visitor-"How many games has

he played?" Farmer-"To-morrow will be the

third one."

-Selected by Louis Sitner.

A Selfish Man.

He regarded his children as nuly

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. He had one set of manners for

home and another for society. He never dreamed that his wife needed praise and compliments.

He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters. He thought the marriage vow had

made him his wife's master, instead of her partner.

He thought he had a right to smoke and chew tobacco and drink Houor and be as boorish and bratal to his family as he chose regardless of the effect on them. Surely such a man no-ds -versting to be fit to live with . nois,- word and Work

THE PRIDE OF A PRAIRIE GIRL. By MARY H. MAULE.

The sun beat down fierce and hot work ourselves. I learned to ride upon the Dakota prairies, and imparted the temperature of a bakeoven 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 blonse. Her short, wavy brown hair blew loose and free beneath the shadow of a broadbrimmed 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-leafed 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.

"Hot, isn't it, Billy?" "You bet it is! I'll be glad when we git to some shade; and," looking back at the animals that plodded wearily behind him, "them pore critters will, too. They ain't had no water sence yist'day, and I reckon them steers is plumb dry."

"I reckon they are, poor things. It seems kind o' cruel to drive 'em on a day like this, but this bunch had to be got back to the ranch. It won't be long now before we get to the river. There's the bluffs over

They both gazed ahead to where s high bluff loomed up before them, its | way! red sides broken with outcropping rocks, and variegated with green patches of weeds and clumps of stunted timber.

As they approached it, the level prairie road wound close in along the edge of the bluff, while the land at the other side of the road gradually dwindled away until there was only the width of a narrow wagon - road between the high walls that rose up that fell sharply away into the river twenty feet below.

was grateful after the ride along the side, and the girl lifted her hat from back. ber damp hair with a blissful sigh. "Isn't it cool and lovely here?"

she murmured, gazing up at the steep home.'

The cowboy, who had been looking back over his shoulder uneasily, turned in his saddle, and said, bluntly:

"Well, I don't. Not by a jugful."

"Why not? Don't you think this is a pretty road?" "H'm-m, wal, it's pretty enough, I a bunch of thirsty cattle over, I'll tell

you that." Both riders turned in their saddles and looked back.

"Oh, they're all right, Billy," said the girl, easily. "See, they're coming along as peaceably as can be." Behind them the cattle ambled along quietly, and through the still,

sultry air the voice of the woman came to them in the soothing, crooning, long-drawn "Yo-hee, yo-hee, yoo-ho-hee!" which the cattle love. Billy jerked his thumb over his

shoulder. "Yer mother knows what the danger is," he said, quietly. "Harken at her? She's a-singing to 'em back

there for to keep 'cm quiet an' steady." The girl turned her head, and a oft brightness shone in her wide, frank gray eyes. "Yes, she knowsmother does," she said, softly. "She Poor

knows most everything. mother!" The cowboy glanced at the sunbrowned face and wistful eyes, and

hastily changed the subject. You shore can ride some, Miss Jess," he said, irrelevantly. "I seen you yist'day over to the round-up. How come a leetle gal like you to know so much about ridin' an' cattle an' sich like?"

"Mother taught me," answered the girl, simply: "When-after-father dled there wasn't any man or boy about the ranch to do things for us. and so mother and I had to do all the

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. was feared it might happen! 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 PROFITS THROUGH ADVERTISING 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, plied quirt and spur, as she galloped for life along the narrow trail.

road somewhere?" shouted the cowboy, as with strained muscles they plunged on, urging the terrified the introductory remarks said that ponies to their utmost. "Ain't there the work of the advertising agent somewheres we could turn out, so's We can't hold out long this-a-Hurry, Jess! Faster, faster, girl! Give him the gad! Can't you make that old pony go no faster? They're a-gainin' on us every min-

The girl, sitting straight and square in her saddle, with her lips set firm and white, and her quick, keen gray eyes glancing now behind her, now in front along the curving, narrow trail, shook her head. She had been over this road many

above their heads and the steep bank | times before, and knew there was no turn in the road, no widening of the trail for more than a mile ahead, had proved so profitable, and why a The shade thrown by the high bank and before they could reach that-The thunder of hoofs came closer,

broiling road, and the cattle threw the snorts and bellowings of the man across the street. Advertising up their heads and sniffed noisily, maddened beasts were in her ears. while the cow-ponies fell in side by With shuddering heart she glanced

trail behind her came the black Crowe, "probably on the principle wave of tossing horns and lunging that the braying of one jackass can bluff and out over the shining river. forms, coming every second nearer be heard above the neighing of a "I wish this trail went all the way and nearer, bringing a death the horrors of which this prairie girl knew ject to lying per se as I do to the all too well. Setting her teeth hard, she gath-

> and bent to the neck of her pony. "We've got to do it, Buck!" almost sobbed in his ear. "We've

got to risk it, boy! It may be our "H'm-m, wal, it's pretty enough, I last jump, but there's nothing else guess, but it ain't any good to drive for us to do!" Then, as the foremost of the cattle

ose as a breaking wave behind her, she screamed, "Jump. Billy, jump! head that of the great American Re-It's our last chance!" And giving public. The expansion of her home plunged over the embankment and sank like a stone beneath the rushing, yellow waters of the river.

At the same moment the leading to see or heed the turn in the road, plunged after her over the embankgling mass of hoofs and horns,

cattle, had no choice but to leap ground to atoms beneath their tramp-

anyway, and with something like a prayer on his lips, he shouted to his In view of these facts, it is not horse, and went over the embanka struggling heap of horns and hoofs remains to add that the opening of and tumbling carcases.

ment ahead of the avalanche of living creatures from above, and came up gasping and panting, but in fair swimming water. With a cry she crushed to death or drowned by the been already chartered. frantic struggles of the cattle.

Glancing continually behind her as the brave little buckskin breasted the drinking poor coffee can get used to current, she saw Billy Callaban's red being married.

fashion and that is as well adapted to all the many filmy stuffs. In the il- for the medium size is two and threelustration it is made of crepe de eighth yards twenty-seven, two and Chine and is trimmed with bands of one-eighth yards thirty-six or on: taffeta pined with velvet and embroidered after a simple fashion. All the marquisettes, voiles, foulards and the like make exceedingly attractive waists of the sort, while it also will be found charming for the genuine summer stuffs of cotton, linen and silk and cotton mixtures. It suits the odd waist and the gown equally well and consequently is

adapted to a great many occasions. 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.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and fiveeighth yards twenty-one, one and three-quarter yards, thirty-two or one and three-eighth yards fortyfour inches wide with one yard twenty-one inches wide for the trimming bands and girdle.

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, the who is addicted to tying her letters with blue ribbons and secreting locks of hair in her top bureau drawers, will be glad to hear of the renaissance of the old-fashioned locket. This pendant, in submission to the style of twenty years ago, is either heartshaped or oval and generally has a small drop of gold attached, which

is commodious enough to accommodate a cabinet photograph and a wig-makers' shop.

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 filet cuff of the same tone as the gown. Elasmakes it look like our grand-mother's earrings. Best of all, it can be put on and taken off quickly.



The quantity of material required



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