

**IF DEATH ENDS ALL.**

If death ends all,  
Why then comes back again  
This longing just to see your face,  
This ever-throbbing ache of heart,  
This pain of tear-blurred eyes,  
That grope into the future for a light;  
This unassuaged desire to see your smile?

If death ends all,  
Why in this room to-night  
Is thy sweet presence manifest—  
A gentle guidance that would show the right  
And whispers to me through the dusk of night?

No, death does not end all.  
Else would this memory-call of thine and mine  
Come back unanswered,  
My minister, thou makest me;  
And so, I know that death does not end all.

—Portland Oregonia.

**WHY THE DOG HAS RAGGED LIPS.**  
By Prof. LOGAN D. HOWELL.

WHEN I was a boy I had an old friend called Uncle Handy. He was an old negro that used to work gardens in the little town where we lived. Uncle Handy was born in slavery times, and was brought up on a farm. He was a good workman, as most of the ex-slaves were, and he had all the attractive qualities of the old-time darkey. All the children loved him, and called him Uncle. This being a title of respect.

Though Uncle Handy could not write his name, and could not tell one letter from another, he knew more about dogs and foxes and rabbits and possums and coons, and all kinds of animals than any other person I ever saw. We were always glad when he came to work our garden, for it meant a new story for us.

Uncle Handy was sitting on our back steps, one noon in spring, resting after dinner and smoking a corn-cob pipe. My brother was playing with old Turk, making him fetch a ball. Presently brother said to me:

"Just look at Turk's mouth, how ragged it is. His lips look like they've been torn."

Then for the first time I noticed that the edges of a dog's mouth are not smooth, and I said:

"Yes, they do; they look like they've had stitches in them."

"An' dat's jess zactly what 'tis chile," put in Uncle Handy. "If dat dawg could talk, he'd tell you sump'n."

"What would he tell, Uncle Handy?"

"He'd tell you how come his lips dat a way."

"Why, haven't they always been that way?"

"Naw, suh! Dat dee ain't. Away back yonder in ole times de dawg had snove lips same as any udder animal. An' in dem times de rabbit had one o' de fines' tails you see anywhere. He want no Molly Cotton Tail in dem days; he had a long, bushy tail like a squirrel."

"Dat was in de times when de animals was mos' ingenerally sociable wid each udder. Dec uster say 'Howdy' to one anudder when dee met in de road, and dee uster talk and visit one anudder like folks."

"But de rabbit and de dawg didn't git along well together. De rabbit was a mighty big talker, and he uster sass all ur animals."

"Now de dawg want gwine to stan' dis, an' he sent word to de rabbit dat if he ever caught him he was gwine to eat him up."

"But, la! de rabbit want skeered. He could hear so well wid his big ears dat he knowed de dawg couldn't slip up on him in de woods. An' if de dawg did come, de rabbit could run jess 'bout as fas' as de dawg, and git home befo' de dawg could ketch him. You know de rabbit he live in a hollow tree, where de dawg can't git at him."

"Well, suh, after de dawg say he gwine eat de rabbit up, old man rabbit he git mo' sassy dan ever. He meseter be all time sendin' messages to de dawg, an' ax him if he wuz gittin' vey hongry."

"Tell 'Mister Dawg I ain't fat enough yit," de rabbit useter say. An' on top o' dat de rabbit useter go constant to de dawg's garden, at night, while de dawg sleepin' in de house, an' eat collards an' cabbage an' anythin' he please. It seem like, do what he would, de dawg couldn't ketch dat rabbit. If he try to sit up all night, he go to sleep shore, an' de rabbit hop about so light de dawg can't hear him."

"Well, things went on dis a way an' de dawg kept losin' so much greeter truck dat he 'fraid he ain't gwine have no collards for de winter; an' he know he gotter do sump'n. So next time he went to town he bought him a steel trap, an' he set it at de hole in de fence where de rabbit come in every night."

"Well, suh, shore 'nutt, next mawnin' when de dawg went out to de garden, dar wuz de rabbit wid his long tail caught in de trap. De dawg expect to see de rabbit pull an' jerk, an' try to git away. But naw, suh, as soon as de rabbit heard de dawg comin' he set up on his behine legs an' begin to whistle a tune."

"'Good mawnin', 'Mister Rabbit,' said de dawg. 'Nice mawnin', say he."

"De rabbit nod his head, but he didn't stop whistlin'."

"I'm much obliged to you for comin', 'Mister Rabbit,' said de dawg. 'I think you're fat enough to eat now,' says 'e."

"But de rabbit kept on whistlin' his tune. Den de dawg ax him:

"How did you learn how to whistle so well?" says 'e.

"'O, it's easy,' said de rabbit.

"Well, I've tried an' tried, but I can't whistle," said de dawg.

"'O, you mouf's too big,' said de rabbit; 'but I can teach you how to whistle,' says 'e.

"Den de dawg say: 'Well, if you will teach me how to whistle, I will save you for dinner instid o' eatin' you fo' breakfast,' says 'e.

"'All right,' said de rabbit. 'Git me a needle an' thread,' says 'e.

"So de dawg loosened de rabbit's tail from de trap, and he tuck him to de house wid him, an' he give him a needle an' thread. Den de rabbit say: 'Shut your mouf.'

"De dawg he shut his mouf, an' de rabbit sewed his lips together on bofe sides; an' he use good strong thread, too, I tell you. Den de rabbit say: "'Now whistle!' An' he tuck to his heels.

"'C'se de dawg couldn't whistle; he couldn't even open his mouf, let alone whistle. An' he know right away de rabbit done play a trick on him."

"When de dawg see de rabbit run away he try to bark, but he couldn't bark w'd his mouf sewed up; an' he couldn't run fas' dat a way; neider. De dawg pulled on his jaw, an' he jerked his mouf open. But de thread tore through his lips, an' de rabbit had got a good start for his hollow tree."

"De dawg wuz so mad for de trick de rabbit had played him, he run faster dan he ever did befo' in his life. I tell you, suh, he was a-gwine through dem woods like a steam engyne."

"He wuz ketchin' up wid de rabbit, an' if de rabbit's home had been ten steps furder de dawg would a got him. But de rabbit run into de hollow jest as de dawg caught up wid him."

"Dough de rabbit wuz in de hollow, he hadn't got his long tail inside, an' de dawg caught de rabbit's tail in his mouf an' bit it short off."

"'We', you got away from me dis time,' said de dawg, 'but you will have no tail de rest of you. Life,' says 'e.

"'An' you will have stitches in your mouf de balance of your days,' said de rabbit, jess as sassy as ever.

"An' dat's how come your dawg got ragged lips. 'Kase sense dat time all de puppies dat's been bawn has lips jess like deir pappy's; an' you hear me, dee gwine keep bein' bawn dat away till ole Gabrul blows.'—Golden Age.

**A New High-Kite Record.**  
Meteorologists are interested in securing observations at high altitudes by means of kites, and lately at the aeronautical observatory at Lindenberg, Prussia, a record for height was made, a kite being sent up to an altitude of 21,100 feet. This was accomplished by sending up six kites attached to each other by the use of a length of wire line approximating 48,000 feet in length. The instruments carried by the kite recorded a minimum temperature of -13 degrees F. as compared with 41 degrees F. at the earth's surface. At the maximum altitude the wind blew at a rate of fifty-six miles an hour as compared with eighteen miles an hour at the surface. This maximum altitude exceeds by nearly 1100 feet the previous record made by M. Teisserenc de Bort in the Baltic sea flying his kite from a Danish gunboat.—Harper's Weekly.

**Don't Blink Your Eyes.**  
If you ever find yourself getting into the habit of blinking your eyes rapidly without cause, stamp the inclination out at once. An authority says this habit will make your eyesight fail long before it ought.

Natural blinking is essential to clear and moisten the eyes, and the average number of natural blinks per minute is about twenty. These are necessary, and you do them unconsciously. But a nervous "blinker" will get in something like a couple of hundred in a minute in bad cases, and the result of this is a big development of the eyelid muscles and a counter irritation that acts on the optic nerve and renders the sight daily more weak and irritable.

The cure consists in keeping the eyes shut for at least ten minutes in every hour, thus resting them, and bathing the lids in warm water.

**Treacherous Memory.**  
They were fellow members of the unemployed, but they had been "given a start" by the contractor for certain building works. They had worked for almost two hours when an opportunity came for a rest, and quite naturally they took it. In the middle of a discussion of their wrongs, however, it became evident that the foreman hadn't, as they thought, gone home to breakfast, for he stood before them.

"Well," he said acidly, "and what are you so busy about—eh?"

"We're—we're shifting planks, sir," said the ever-ready Jack Thompson.

"Oh, you are, are you?" was the rejoinder. "Well, where's the plank you're carrying now?"

There was a pause. Jack looked at Joe and Joe looked at Jack; but the latter is a hard man to baffle.

"Blowed if we ain't forgot it, sir!" he said.—Tattler.

**Nit Nis! Bonum.**  
Last summer there died at Washington a lawyer who for many years had shocked a large number of friends by his rather liberal views touching religion.

A friend of the deceased who cut short a Canadian trip to hurry back to Washington for the purpose of attending the last rites for his colleague, entered the late lawyer's home some minutes after the beginning of the service.

"What part of the service is this?" he inquired in a whisper of another legal friend standing in the crowded hallway.

"I've just come myself," said the other, "but I believe they've opened for the defense."—Harper's Weekly.

**PAT CROWE, THE "KIDNAPPER" WOULD REFORM, BUT CAN'T.**

**P**AT CROWE'S acquittal of the kidnapping of young Edward Cudahy, Jr., in Omaha, five years ago, has set the tongues of the detectives everywhere to wagging about that remarkable criminal. It has also given them some cause for alarm, since he will probably be at large again before long, having before him no greater charge than that of holding up and getting the day's receipts on two trolley cars in Omaha last summer. In spite of all his alleged confessions and protestations of a desire to reform, his future course of life will probably be in the direction he set for himself when he began his career of crime. And the worst thing about Crowe is that he shoots. A revolver in his hands is no plaything.

Fame came to Pat Crowe with a vengeance when young Cudahy disappeared from his paternal home in Omaha on December 18, 1900. Pat was charged with being his abductor. Since that time, although the charge was never proved against him, he has been known as a kidnapper—the Cudahy kidnapper—no very pleasant distinction, since it makes his capture for anything whatsoever one of the ambitions of every Western detective who is able to smell a rat. Startling disclosures were made in connection with the case. First, the fine hand of Crowe was immediately discovered. Next the sum of \$25,000 was paid, per directions, for the ransom of the beef man's scion. Then, when finally run down, after many desperate adventures and after the sum of \$50,000 had been placed on his head and withdrawn, Crowe is alleged to have confessed that he kept Eddie Cudahy away from home, but at the boy's own instigation. In fact, he charged the packer's son with inducing him—Pat—to go into a plot to do the "old man" out of first \$50,000, then \$25,000. All of which goes to show that either Crowe was a fellow conspirator in a more or less harmless game or else a fine romancer, as well as highly deserving of his sobriquet, the Kidnapper.

Cudahy, Jr., disappeared from his father's mansion on the morning of December 18, 1900. He was taken to an old vacant house within a mile and a half of his home, after which Crowe returned to the Cudahy residence and threw a letter demanding \$25,000 in gold for the boy's release over the fence. Mr. Cudahy made no bones over the matter, but went to an Omaha bank, drew out the amount, drove five miles to a point on the Centre street road where a red lantern hung, deposited the cash according to directions and returned with his coachman. Next morning Eddie was conducted to within a block and a half of his home and there released. After which a hue and cry was raised that spread as far east as New York and as far west as San Francisco.

No one knew for certain but everyone thought the kidnapping must have been Pat Crowe's doing. Mr. Cudahy insisted upon his capture as a public necessity and added \$25,000 to an equal amount already offered for his arrest. It was during this time that the desperado would appear on the streets every once in a while with a display of the utmost nerve, give the police every opportunity in the world to nab him and then escape, either quietly or after a fight in which his pursuers thought themselves lucky if they got off with only a few bullet wounds.

One day last spring Crowe suddenly turned up in the office of the Omaha World-Herald—nearly four and a half years after a price was set on his head. He was well dressed, looked like a gentleman, acted like one and spoke straight from the shoulder. He wanted the newspaper to do him a favor, nothing less than to tell the public that Pat Crowe was tired of being bad and wanted to start life anew. His one proviso was that he would not be sent to prison. Willing to give himself up and plead guilty to the charge of kidnapping, he said he would do both if after being sentenced he would be paroled and set free. After he had made this statement to a fam-busticated editor he calmly walked out of the office and disappeared.

The "story" of the strange interview next morning made a sensation throughout the country, especially in Omaha, where every man with a bank account began to get frightened again upon learning that the terrible Crowe was back in town. The police laughed at the fugitive's plea for a chance. Show Pat any quarter? Not much. The game was to capture him, dead or alive. So they sleuthed about with their hearts bobbing up against their Adam's apples, scared to death lest perchance they might run across the now more desperate criminal.

Some months after this, however, the rewards for his capture were withdrawn, in the hope that Pat would surrender. But he didn't surrender. He saw no reason to. He knew that Cudahy wasn't the only rich man who would breathe easier with him behind the bars. Tired though he was of being hounded almost to death, he kept his freedom as long as he could, hoveit with a nonchalant, indifferent regard for his safety, turning up every once in a while in Omaha, Council Bluffs, Butte and other big Western cities. He gradually became the bugbear of the police and detectives—a sort of hoodoo that gave dime novels a touch of reality. One day Crowe was in need of money, so he quietly but firmly held up two trolley cars on their way to Council Bluffs and got the day's receipts, quickly disappearing to the utter mystification and chagrin of the authorities.

But the end of this happy-go-lucky sort of existence had to come, and Pat was captured in Butte on the night of October 2 last. It was there and then that he made the statement that Edward Cudahy, Jr., was really his own abductor and had persuaded Crowe to become a kidnapper for his own and the boy's sake. The prisoner gave a long, circumstantial story; said Eddie came to him one day, declared he was broke, and proposed the scheme whereby his father would be done out of \$25,000—at first he wanted to have it \$50,000—as neatly as he would ever again be done out of anything. At first, Crowe says, he was disinclined to the job, but after awhile he remembered his wrongs, how, when he was a butcher in South Omaha, Cudahy came along and drove him out of business—by competition—and how things had been pretty rocky ever since, even though his rival for a time was his employer. His memories, he said, caused him to give in, and together with another man they put through the kidnapping job, out of which, Crowe declared, young Cudahy got \$9,000 for his share.

Omaha was again shocked and startled. Who ever heard of such a thing? Eddie denied the imputation once, twice, any number of times. The respectable newspapers and all other respectability scouted the idea, called Crowe a liar, demanded an incarceration so long and so secure that he would never have another chance for such devilish pranks or such outrageous fabrications. He was taken to Omaha, put in prison and tried last week.

The trial lasted several days. The State was unable to connect Crowe with the Cudahy kidnapping case. Much evidence was heard about a man hiring a certain house, about a certain pony, about certain thistles and thats and the other things, but no direct proof of Pat's guilt was forthcoming. The jury went out finally and stayed out seventeen hours. It took twenty-nine ballots and ultimately brought in a verdict of acquittal. The court room was crowded and a great cheer went up as the foreman told his story. The Judge was astonished, rapped for order, cleared the room, wouldn't let Crowe thank the jury, and was glad when the freed prisoner was immediately rearrested on the charge of holding up those two street cars last summer. Omaha business men were indignant, it was said. They declared the verdict was as it was because of the prejudice against the Beef Trust. They said the jury men had a grudge against Cudahy. That may have been so.

Although of late Crowe has repeatedly expressed his desire to give up his criminalities his past record is so black as to overshadow his present good intentions and make his reform a matter of protest on society's part. His reputation for clever robberies and dare-deviltry in escaping the authorities cannot be obliterated by confessions or repentances, no matter how sincere, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be permitted to start life anew.

One of his first big robberies was the haul he made in a Denver pawnbroker's shop, wherein he got off with \$18,000 worth of diamonds, every one of which he sold in small lots to Omaha and South Omaha pawnbrokers. Next he was heard of in connection with a daring train robbery near St. Joseph, Mo., on the Burlington Railroad. He pulled off three successful robberies in the same year on that road.

A certain actress, while riding once in a Northwestern Railroad train, carried about \$20,000 in jewels with her. Crowe was on the same train, and when he got off at a Minnesota way station the jewels went with him. He made his way to Chicago and patronized the pawnshops considerably. Finally, detectives cornered him in one of these places. They were not at all gentle with him, taking hold of him firmly by the wrists and neck. He acted gentlemanly and made no resistance. The detectives almost felt sorry for him. After a while he looked up at them smilingly and suggested that it was pretty to have a couple of big men like them squeezing the life out of a little fellow like him. So they let up on him a bit and before they knew it, one of them was on his back and the other holding thin air. Crowe, once free, drew his revolver and held the men at bay, shooting one of them, until he made good his escape.

Again in Council Bluffs, when arrested for some crime or other, he feigned drunkenness, and feigned it so well that when he suddenly leaped through a trolley car window his captors were thunderstruck and didn't come to themselves until he was a good way off.—New York Evening Sun.

**Do Lightning Conductors Conduct?**  
The efficiency of lightning conductors is fairly well attested by the freedom of the great cathedrals and tall-spired churches from injury. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, for example, are well protected, and serve to safeguard a large area surrounding them. Experience in the navy is to the same effect. In former days, before conductors were employed, there was an annual charge for damage to his Majesty's ships by lightning. Between 1810 and 1815, according to Sir W. Snow Harris, thirty-five sails of the line and thirty-five frigates and smaller vessels were completely disabled. That item has now vanished from the votes.—London Telegraph.

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN**

New York City.—The waist made in lingerie style is a pronounced favorite of fashion, whether the material be lawn, soft silk or wool, and this one is among the latest and prettiest that have appeared. In the illustration Persian lawn makes the foundation, while the yoke and the sleeves are cut from tucking, which is further en-



riched by medallions and banding of embroidery. Such silks as China, mes-saline, pongee and the like are, however, made in similar style and also on the soft, pretty wool batistes and

The smocked frock, says a Harper's Bazar, dates back to the eighteenth century, when it was worn by women and girls, and was, of richly decorated with needlework. Again, in England, during the part of the nineteenth century smocked frock was worn, but by the farm hands, country girls, night shirt, but made of cotton or jean. These were gartered at wrists and neck and worked with ornate stitches, falling loosely over the knee. The smocked frock, but forgotten needlework, was revived some years ago of artistic genius in London, a great vogue for a time, known house still makes of waists and gowns with it. For little girls' slips nothing was ever devised.

No matter how many fancy elaborate blouses the wardrobe contain, there are always occasions when a plain one is in demand. It is a model that is susceptible of many variations, that is so simple to be quite easily and readily made and which is suited both to the and to the wool materials and simple washable ones. In the illustration it is made of white lawn the wide yoke and cuffs of eyelet broderie, but this applied yoke of any contrasting material and made either on the pointed outline on the square one as may be



Design by May Mantion. Empire House Gown.

volles which must be noted as being exceedingly serviceable as well as dainty, both for separate blouses and for the entire gown.

The waist is made with the yoke, which is cut in two portions, the front and the backs. Both front and backs are tucked at their upper edges and are joined to the yoke, the closing being made invisibly at the left. The sleeves are moderately full, finished with deep fitted cuffs, which allow a choice of the straight or pointed upper edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-one, two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide with one and a quarter yards of tucking and three and a quarter yards of insertion to make as illustrated.

The waist consists of a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as preferred, the front and the backs. The yoke is simply applied over the waist and the long cuffs can be either faced onto the linings or attached to the full portions of the sleeve when the waist is left unlined.

Again, if a decollete waist is desired, both the blouse and the lining can be



cut on the square outline and short puffed sleeves used, giving the effect shown in the small view.

Tact in Dress. Tact in dress is necessary to every woman who hopes to become representative of that refinement which is the chief ornament of womanhood or girlhood. It is rare that one sees French people dressed out of keeping with their surroundings or position.

Fewer Open Work Stockings. Very few of the really up-to-date tan stockings show any open work. Many of them are woven with a thin and a thick stripe in two shades.