

Till on one sultry August day
This lamb 29 pure and white,
Alas, was melted quite away,
And wholly lost to sight.
—Peter Newell, in Harper's Magazine.

A Curious Sport.

The word "tobogganing" in most minds is 'indissolubly associated with blanket costumes and frosty weather; but in Peraka a state in the Straits Settlements, where blanket costumes are unknown and where the weather certainly isn't frosty, there exists a sort of distant relation of this sport which is probably not enjoyed in any other part of the world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of the water during hundreds of years, the Malayamen, women and children—have turned into a toboggan slide.

Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water, with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering, and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water. This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folk being so engaged at a time, and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of twe, four, and even eight persons, that they tumble into the pool a confuced mass of screaming creatures.

How "Fighting Mac" Found His Sword.

General Hector Macdonald began life as a draper's assistant, but finding it too humdrum he went for a soldier. This was quite to his liking. He saw plenty of service, and because he was fond of a scrimmage, they gave him his well-known nickname. So good a soldier was ne that he was promoted from the ranks—a rarer honor 20 years ago than it is now—and as licutenant he went through the first Beer war. In the disastrous battle of Majuba he lost the claymore that had been presented to him by his brother officers. After the fight, Captain (afterwards Colonel) P. F. Robertson, of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, had a talk at Newcastle, in the Transvaal, with Joubert, the famous Boer general, who died during the second Boer war. Robertson was curious to know why so many of the British officers were killed, and Joubert told him the Dutch marksmen took aim specially at them. The reason was that the officers were all rich men who could come and go as they pleased, whereas the "Tommies" were all poor, and had to serve their time and do their fighting, whether they wished to or not, for that was how they made a living. Moreover the Boer farmers had, Joubert said, no quarrel with private soldiers, and didn't want to kill a single one of them. Then Robertson told Joubert about Hector Macdonald and his lost sword. "Ah," said Joubert. "that braye man must have his sword again. I will search the Transvaal for it, and offer £5 reward for it." Joubert did search, and found the sword in the possession of a farmer, who, on learning the story, parted with the claymore without reward. "Fighting Mac" had the pleasure of receiving his good claymore from the hands of General Joubert himself in the Dutch town of Newcastle.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Fred was almost asleep. He had

A liace.

Fred was almost asleep. He had been traveling on the cars for nearly two days; and all of this second day they had been crossing the plains of Montana, where they had been very little to interest a boy of 10 outside the car windows.

But, just as his head was beginning to droop in a sleepy nod, Cousin Arthur took hold of his arm, and said:
"Do you see that pony standing beside the car? That is a real cowboy's pony."

the reins hanging down toward the ground.

"When the cowboy throws the reins over the pony's head," said Cousin Aruthur, "the pony knows that he is to stand still, just as our horses stand still when they are tied."

"Why don't the cowboys tie their ponies?" asked Fred, curiously.

"What would they tie them to?" asked Cousin Arthur; and then Fred laughed at his own question, for as far as he could see in any direction there was not a bush or a post in sight, to say nothing of a tree or a fence.

Around his waist was a cartriáge-belt, with two big "six-shooters" fastened to it. Freed watched him with wide-open eyes.

When he jumped so suddenly into the saddle, the pony placed its four feet close together and began to "buck." The motion that it made was like that of a rocking-horse, only it was not nearly so smooth. First its four feet struck the ground together, then its back feet; and as they went as fast as he could make them go right in the same spot, and as he kept his head and tail down as close to his feet as possible, it took a very good rider to keep in the saddle.

Fred laughed heartlly at the comical sight, and at the same time wondered how the cowboy could keep on. But he did.

Presently he struck his spurs into the pony's sides, and with one great plunge he started off. The train had started, too; and for a mile the cowboy and his pony kept up with the train.

Fred grew more and more excited as the race kept up; and, when at last the cowboy drew rein and the plucky little pony dropped behind, Fred got up and waved his cap. Then he dropped back into his seat, but you may be sure he was not sleepy for some time after that.—Julia D. Cowles, in the Youth's Companion.

Touthful Life-Savers.

In a paper in the St. Nicholas, on "Life-Savers, Old and Young," Gustav Kohbe tells of the remarkable doings of half a dozen young boys and girls. Among those not connected with the Government service who have received medals for saving or aiding to save life are a number much younger than the average age of this student crew. One of the first girls thus honored was Edith Morgan of Hamlin, Michigan, who endeavored with her father and brothers to row in a northerly gale and heavy sea to a vessel capsized three riles out. When the boat was forced back, Edith aided in clearing a track through the logs and driftwood for the surf-boat, which had meanwhile been summoned, and also helped launch the boat. On a previous occasion she had stood in snow six hours helpfug the life-savers work the whip-line of the beach apparatus.

Edith Clarke, when 16 years old, and a 'pupil in a convent of Oakland, California, plunged into Lake Chabot to rescue a companion who, in wading on the treacherous margin, had disappeared in 60 feet of water. Edith selzed the unconscious girl, and keeping her head above water with one arm, paddled with the other, and trod water until a boat came to the rescue. Marle D. Parsons of Fireplace, Long Island, New York, was only 10 years old when, seeling a man and a child swept off a pleasure-boat by the boom, and observing that the child clung to the man so that the latter could make no headway, she sprang into a small boat and reached the spot just in time to save these two lives.

Mand King, when only 13 years old, saved three lives off Castle Pickney, the lighthouse depot in Charleston harbor. At the time there was a southwest gale and a heavy sea. In a furious squall, which added impetus to climb up, while the third man, unable to swim, clung to the yawl. Maud, notwithstanding her mother's protests, prepared unaided, to launch a small boat in the boisterous sea. But she was joined by her aunt, Mrs. Mary Whiteley, and, together, this brave girl and her aunt rescued the imperit

was joined by her aunt, Mrs. Mary Whiteley, and; together, this brave girl and her aunt rescued the imperiled men.

Frederick Kernochan, when only 10 years old, sprang into the Navesink tiver and rescued a woman. Henry F. Page of Schenevus, New York, is also one of the lads who at 10 years old have been homored with life-saving medals. Fully dressed, he plunged into a mill pond and saved one of his playmates who had suddenly found himself in deep water.

William B. Miller, 13 years old, of Elikton, Maryland, showed he had a cool head as well as a brave heart by the rescue of his companion who had stepped from shallow water into a deep hole. When William seized the drowning lad, the latter began to struggle, and it was a toss-up whether William's life would be sacrificed ornot. But, with great adroitness, he, while swimming, lifted the struggling boy to a tree-trunk which protruded into the river, and thus saved both his companion's life and his own.

When the "O. M. Bond" of Oswego was stranded an eighth of a mile out from Rondeau, Ontario, and the crew was hanging half perished, in the rigging, Walter Claus, a lad who lived upon a farm not far away, made four trips out to the wreck through the raging sea in a small boat, and by his own exertions saved the entire crew.

These young rescuers were inspired by the noble impulse to risk their lives for the lives of others. Their exploits awaken not only the gratitude of those whom they saved, but the admiration of all to whom knowledge of their heroism may come. The age of chivalry has by no means gone by; for what can be more truly chivalrous than the deeds of these young heroes and heroines of our coast?

Missouri Hen's Bad Spell.

A Missouri hen has laid an egg on the contribution of one can money.

One day a woman who holds a po-doubled of the surface of the life of the prospective changes. The stock of presentation jewels and matter of fact, little that is definite is said that the other will follow. As a matter of fact, little that is definite is said that th

sight, to say nothing of a tree or a fence.

"The ponies understand," said Cousin Arthur, "and one that has been trained will not move when he is left that way."

Just then the whistle blew for the train to start; and, as it whistled, a cowboy, the owner of the pony, dashed out of the little frame building and jumped upon the pony's back.

He wore a broad felt hat, a bright red shirt, a bandanna handherchief tied loosely around his neck, and a pair of leather breeches with the hair left upon that part of the leather which formed the front of the legs.

Toism may come. The age of chivalry has by no means gone by; for what deeds of these young heroes and heroines of our coast?

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Adjusting the Fullness.

Two novelties in the manner of adjusting the fullness in the back are noticeable. For thin goods shirring looks well, and sometimes the box plat is shirred at the top or caught across with three ornamental straps terminating in buttons. The flat back is, however, the most used; but to obviate the stretched, unbecoming look the bias back seam springs out suddenly a few inches below the waist, imparting a becoming amplitude.—Dry Good Economist.

No Longer in Trade, But Useful.

The Countess of Warwick, who so

sold her lace and lingeric business and retired from trade. She is now devoting her time and her fine talents to promoting the education and welfare of country working girls. A rich dowager, whose name thus far has been kept a secret, gave her \$500,000 to carry on this work. The countess is establishing schools, homes and boarding houses for the girls, where they are safe and enjoy many advantages.

—Woman's Journal.

Woman's Journal.

Fine Embroidery Much Used.
Experts in fine embroidery have their hands full at present. Hand embroidery figures conspicuously on the new gowns, and the dress-makers are striving vainly to find workers who can do the artistic tasks required.

Fine lingerie, too, calls for an infinite amount of dainty hand embroidery, and even when the trimming is in lace and insertion there is at least an elaborately embroidered monogram on the under garment.

In Paris the monogram is not the last note of fashion in lingerie making. The French woman now prefers to have a symbol in place of her monogram, and racks her brain for an effective device that will in some way fuggest her personality.

Mother and Child.

fective device that will in some way suggest her personality.

Mother and Child.

The ideal mother, like the ideal teacher, is an artist rather than a scientist; and although she bases her art upon a knowledge of underlying scientific principles, her skill is shown in producing effects which are apparently natural and unstudied. She keeps herself in the background, providing opportunity for the observation of desirable objects and activities, and allowing the child to do his own observing.

She leaves him free to follow his own impulses, and if the impulse is leading him astray, she manages to suggest a thought which turns it in a new direction. In conversation she lets the child lead, answering his questions and responding sympathetically to his comments, thus awakening in him the new thought which naturally grows out of the old. She remembers always that it is the child who must do the growing—that when she has expended the utmost care and thought upon his environment, when she has tried to discover and to provide the surroundings which will best promote his physical, mental and moral growth then she must stand aside to wait and watch while his life unfolds freely and spontaneously from within.—Rosemary Baum, in Harper's Bazar.

mother's friends and servitors.

A New Occupation for Women.

A woman who has lived in Washington for years and but lately removed to New York City found herself obliged to earn money.

One day a woman who holds a position in a banking house was bewailing her lot at lunch time.

"I am often so busy," she said, "when noon comes that I cannot leave my desk to go to some restaurant, and I am often obliged to wait for a bite until 2 or even 3 o'clock. If I could only bave a lanch, say a sandwich, a

often beings on a headache, and by the time I get out I have lost all desire to cat."

Now the woman put on her thinking cap and remembered having heard that a woman in Washington was going around among the government elerks serving a dainty lunch every day between 12 and 10 clock to those who did not care to go out or who could not leave their desks.

She obtained permission from the superintendent of one of the largest buildings down town to canvass among the women employed in the offices and find out if this really was a want, and if so if it would pay her to cater to if. Her canvass resulted in obtaining almost 100 customers in that one building. She furnishes a lunch consisting of two sandwiches, one of meat the other of lettuce, cheese or sardines, a couple of liberal silices of home made cake and a glass of milk put up in a small bottle, which is returned the next day.

These little lunches are nicely done up in white paper, served at 12 every day and cost 15 cents. She employs two boys to deliver the lunches, which she puts up in her own apartment.—New York Herald.

Beautifying the Simple Parasol.

The deft-handed woman who aspires to pretty parasols, but does not care to spend a fortune on them, will be a busy and a happy creature this season. Most of the summer styles in sunshades lend themselves easily to partial reproduction by the clever amateur. For instance, sunshades of plain silk are trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet around the edge. The effect is charming, and the sunshade that the sunshade of 'fixing' and fussing can trim her sunshade of pink or blue, illac or white silk, to look exactly the same as the Paris importation. Another fancy is lines of narrow black velvet running up from the outer edge toward the centre of the parasol. Between each pair of ribs are from five to seven lines of velvet, the centre one reaching half way toward the tip of the parasol, the others being quite short. This effect is very pretty and when closed the sunshade looks like a handsome striped silk. As simple black velvet ribbon edge is effective on a parasol of pale hued silk, and this is a "wrinkel" of the season and very easy to add to one's modest priced parasol.

Even the splendiferous lace and chiffon creations can be further glorified by the amateur, and yet not wear a home-made air. Many of the most cestly parasols owe their nonchalant elegance to the careless bunch of roses or the big chou of ribbon at one side. These can be added by the least skilful of parasol owners, as can also ruchings of chiffons, applique motifs of simple design and frills of lace. Neat stitches, patience and care are the principal requisites to the beautifying of the simple parosal and the consequent mystification of the world—for, of course, the chief joy of having an artful sunshade lies in its power to make the world gape admiringly at one's magnificence, and to be blissfully aware that the admirers do not know that one did not pay an exorbitant price for one's beauty and fashion.—



Tailor made gowns of silk are one of the season's demands.

Renaissance and mercerized grena-dines are among the new thin cotton materials.

Shirred yokes are features of thin frocks, and they will be built over colored foundations.

"Tantivy Croat" is the name of one of the new neckties made of mercerized cheviot to wear with the outing shirts.

As the season advances the odd blouse is more in evidence. Thin stuffs shirred in diamonds, marked off with narrow black velvet ribbon, constitute yokes and undersleeves.

Black velvet belts and stocks are

stuffs shirred in diamonds, marked off with narrow black velvet ribbon, constitute yokes and undersleeves.

Black velvet belts and stocks are worn with colored shirtwaists. A novelty is a narrow white pique belt, stitched and made with silver eyelets and a plain buckle, to fasten like a leather strap.

Corselet belts prove so becoming that they are almost universally worn with any sort of bolero. They are almost as much trouble to make as a bodice, for they require to be boned and fitted with great exactitude.

Linens and wash materials of all kinds built on severe tailor line, will be fashionable this summer. The plain linens and piques, as well as figured, will be made without trimming of any sort, save the folds or bands of the same material as the gown.

Pretty white gauze scarfs dotted over with printed flowers in natural colors add novely to the department devoted to neckwear. Scarfs of every kind are in demand, and another pretty variety is in thin white silk with chine borders. Others are striped with cashmere designs.

The most charming dotted swisses are now shown in all the shops. They come in pastel gray with white lozenge shaped dots, in bonbon green with white dots and serpentine stripes. In maize yellow with black lacy stripes that look like insertion, in violet, black and white, and a variety of lovely shades and tasteful designs.

"Dont Speak to me.



All manner of extravagant expressions are possible when a woman's nerves are overwrought.

The spasm at the top of the wind pipe or bronchial tubes, "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart, laughing and crying by turns, muscular spasms (throwing the arms about), frightened by the most insignificant occurrences—are all symptoms of a hysterical condition and serious derangement of the female organs.

Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which acts at once upon the organ afflicted and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms.

Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person,

Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person,

Physically and Flentally."

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish to speak a good word for Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For years I had ovarian trouble
and suffered everything from nervousness, severe headache, and pain in
back and abdomen. I had consulted different physicians, but decided to
try your medicine, and I soon found it was giving me much relief. I continued its use and now am feeling like a new person, physically and mentally,
and am glad to add one more testimonial to the value of your remedy."

Mrs. M. H. Lewis, 2108 Valentine Ave., Tremont, New York, N. Y.
Writing to Mrs. Pinkham is the quickest and surest way
to get the right advice about all female troubles. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Following
is an instance:

is an instance:

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I would like your advice in regard to my troubles. I suffer every month at time of menstruation, and flow so much and for so long that I become very weak, also got very diszy. I am troubled with a discharge before and after menses, have pains in ovaries so bad sometimes that I can hardly get around, have sore feeling in lower part of bowels, pain in back, bearing down feeling, a desire to pass urine frequently, with pains in passing it; have leucorrhea, hadache, fainting spells, and sometimes have hysteris. My blood is not in good condition. Hoping to hear from you, I am," Mrs. Eima Haven, 2508 South Avs., Council Bluffs, Iowa, (June 3, 1899.)

Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

(Juno 8, 1989.) Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish to express my gratitude for what your medicine has done for me. I suffered for four years with womb trouble. Every month I flowed very badly. I got so bad that I could hardly do my work. Was obliged to eit or lie down the most of the time. I doctored for a long time, but obtained no relief. I began using your remedies—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills—and now feel like a new women."—Mrs. Eama Haven, 2008 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (Feb. 1, 1900.)

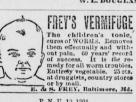


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FREY'S VERMIFUGE

P. N. U. 19, 1901.

GREAT BARGAINS IN FARMS

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It is the state, under rule cultivation. Improvements
Brist-less and ample.

A finely located farm of No seres, on the Severn
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A large manufacturing business in Frederic challenge,
A, sey years established. Kully equipped,
Address the Dener, CHARLES TYLEH, His Madlear resums buildings, and

Money talks, but a little scare causes it to shut up tight.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$\prec{2}\$ trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Ps.

The tender binanas grow and do fairly well in sheltered portions of Southern Cal-

It would not be remarkable if Garfield Headache Powders cured you, for they are daily helping people everywhere. Why not try them? Nothing more effective and noth-ing so harmless can be had.