THE PONY **EXPRESS RIDER** (A Tale of the Old West) By ARTHUR GOODRICH (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bow

Silence hung heavy in the plaza of Santa Fe late one afternoon in 1862. Suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs, unsteady with weariness, scattering the stillness with sharp echoes. A man, coming out at the moment from one of the low adobe buildings, waved a single, squatty, dirty-yellow mustang his hand and the rider drew up short sprang into sight around the corner of and stopped.

The two mon as they faced each other were in striking contrast. One stood echoing yell arose behind them, They with his feet well apart, sinews pulled hal been seen. Then the race began tight like wire-rope over his slight frame. The other, broad shoulders bent do-gedly behind the wicked pace of the with fatigue, begrimed with dirt, but yellow beast. black eyes flashing with the unsubdued fire of youth, swung himself from the sweating, panting beast. They were

both pony express riders. The dismounted rider's knees gave unfor support.

"Tired?" asked the older man with a malevolent grin.

The young fellow stared at him vaguely for a moment. Then a thought seemed to strike him, for he leaned forward eagerly.

"Look-a-here, Harry! I'm petered, you're fresh. You go to Fort Union an' back for me fer a ten-spot?"

"I'll go," said the other, and they walked slowly to the corral. Half an hour later "Old Harry" Simmons rode down the plaza. Meanwhile Ralph Mead was lying sprawled on a narrow bunk in the corral, sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

Ralph Mead had been left fatherless, motherless and penniless when he was drawn from her belt. "Git up behind, 11 years old His nearest relatives had bound him out to a hard-headed Connecticut farmer who believed in corporal punishment for persons smaller than himself. Three months later the boy slipped out of the house of his slavery and started west in pursuit of excitement and happiness. He was now 18 years old, with the muscle and judgment and experience of a frontiersman of 30.

The sun was glaring sullenly through the doorway when he awoke suddenly. "Here you, Mead! Git up an' out o'

this." "What's matter?" he asked, still halfasleep.

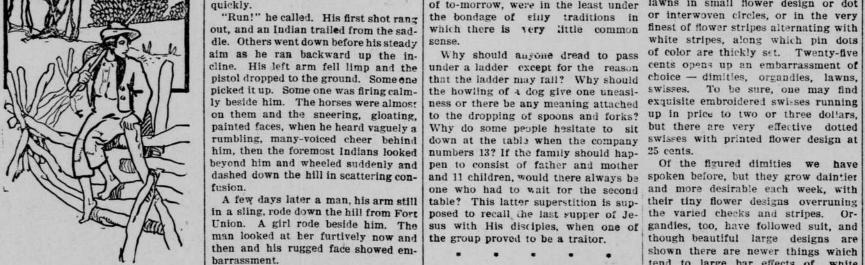
"You've got to go to Fort Union." Mead smiled reproachfully and, lying back once more, curled up on the bunk and closed his eyes.

"Harry Simmons-gone-Fort Union," he said, sleepily.

Simmons 's dead. Killed and scalped at Pecos Church"-he heard the voice say. Then he jumped to his feet, and threw on his clothes as he listened

"Party of Mexicans-just came infound Simmons. Indians out, Navahoes and White Mountain Apaches. Regular trail dangerous."

These were the words that his now shivered with each bound up the ascent, his reach growing shorter, his pace slowacute senses heard and understood. er. Two arrows struck him almost at The black mustang had killed two men and had maimed a third before the same instant, and he fell heavily.



The mustang's ears at that instant stood straight once more and quivering. Mead turned upon the girl, and covered her with the revolver.

"Git yer horse an' yer family goin', quick," he ordered, deliberately. For a second the girl did not move, but smiled defiantly at him; then she stood bolt upright, tense, listening. She heard now the confuse 1 rumble of many horses, far away, at which the tired mustang was already dancing impatiently.

She disappeared with.n the building while he sat in the narrow trail, the noise of the pursuit growing rapidly louder in his ears. A frightened whinnying came from somewhere at the rear of the main cabin: a door slammed and the structure, the girl straddling its bare Courage and Love. back. At that moment a shrie ing,

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Superstition is almost as old as the once more, the black mustang pounding human race, and even schoolgirls do not entirely escape its fascination. No matter how strong most of us may be

Two miles farther on he came up with in our resistance to foolish fears and the girl as they were fording a narrow fancies, we have somewhere in the creek. back of our minds little teelings about

"Ain't seen an Iniun sence we've ben thar," she gaspel between breaths, as in life to shape our conduct by them. der him an 1 he leaned against his horse if in explanation. "Lad, he's went to For instance, very few of us care to Santa Fe." make a present to a triend of an

"Throo th' canyon?" She nodded her head as they reached the farther bank and she took the lead again. But the black mustang was

been cut in two because they gave or weakening; his gait wavered, his eyes received a knife. ! myself would not were bloodshot. At last he stumbled and fell on one knee, the leg snapped. and he lay quivering across the trail. The girl turned abruptly an l came back. Mead took the mail bags from the mustang's back and threw them to her.

Mead laughed aloud as he thought how

quickly she had turned his own game

upon him. Then she laughed also as he

turned and mercifully shot the black

mustang, before leaping up behind her.

ward bravely under the double burdea

but the contest was unequal. The hoof-

beats behind them grew louder and at

last they could hear the noise of gut-

tural voices from behind the turns in

the winding trail. A few moments later

an arrow struck fire in the roadway be

side them. Then, as Mead reached down

for a revolver, the girl uttered a low

cry. There was the fort, less than a

mile away, its bare walls looming gray

Together they spurred the straining

beast beneath them down the long in-

bullet whirred and sang about them.

They could hear now the quick breath of

the tired horses behind them, the tri-

umphant shouts, the beat of stinging

thongs upon a dozen haunches. Now

came the short up-hill stretch to the

fort, a little more than a quarter of a

mile away, but the exhausted mustang

But Mead had jumped clear, carrying the

girl with him. They were on their feet

cline, while arrows and an occasional

in the distance.

The yellow mustang struggled for-

to dainty little reari-nandled affairs "I'll hold 'em back while ye git a that may be carried in the pocketbook, start," he said, laconically, drawing his appeal to me as particularly desirable pistols. He turned to face the trail. possessions. Yet I know very few "cood-by," he called over his shoulder persons who do not like to add a bit of "Stranger!" the girl said, quietly. He whirled and face.l a small pistol she had that it may seem to be a matter of barter and sale, rather than of giftquick. I ain't a-goin' to budge a foot ef making. ye don't," she added as he hesitated.

ship.

sense.

"Don't give Mabel a knife on her birthday," I heard Priseilla's mother gravely say, to her daughter, "for as surely as you do you and Mabel will quarrel."

of their most prized friendships have

FASCINATION.

The same superstition about spoiling friendship clings to the spilling of salt on the tablecloth. It is held to be most unlucky to do this, and it is supposed that it forebodes friction between those who are sitting nearest the spilled salt. O' course, this superstition and the other date a long way back to those primitive times when men settled everything speedily by knife thrust or bow, so that knives were dreaded weapons instead of useful tools. This superstition harks back to the period when a man pulled off his glove in greeting a friend or neighbor in token that he had nothing concealed, and so gave the naked hand. The other about the salt has an oriental origin. In the tent of the Arab, though he might be a tobber, there was hospitality for the wayfaring guest, and if the latter shared bread and salt with his host, his life and property were sacred. So you may easily read between the lines that salt is an emblem of triendship, and that its spilling signifies a breach of friend-

ered by washing a sample before buy-I should be sorry to think that the ing her frock.

girls of to-day, who will be the women of to-morrow, were in the least under

. . . .

In my school days girls put them-

Perhaps you may never have the good fortune that befell a dear little Irish maid who used to work in my kitchen. She told me in good faith that she

had often seen the good people, as she SCHOOLGIRLS DO NOT ESCAPE called the fairies, dancing in the moonlight on a green knoll behind her father's house in the land across the 882.

Many Girls Still Obey Silly Traditions We so scon leave the morning mists and the poetry behind us that we re-That Destroy One's Peace of Mind fuse to see the beauty that is tucked -Presenting Edged Tools, Spillaway in myths and dreams. Study ing Salt and Thirteen at the Table folk lore and you will be studying -Some Superstitions Cause More poetry, and a little poetry sweetens Fun Than Fear-Illusions of the life's prose, and is like honey on one's "Peter Pan" Sort Are Good for bread. Schoolgirls-The Practical Fairies Your fairies, when you descend to

the practical, will be named Order, That Fight for One in Daily Life System, Promptness, Application, Obe-Are Order, Promptness, Obedience, dience, Hope, Courage and Love. These are forever the good fairies who fight and conquer in the battles of life, and drive away the baleful influences that menace our peace and usefulness, as we study, work and play. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

INEXPENSIVE FROCKS.

certain signs and we begin very early In the Summer One Can Get Up Very Fetching Dresses at Small Outlay of Money.

edged too! I know several otherwise One may buy such delectable sumsensible people who tell me that some mer fabrics at any price from ten cents to three dollars that it seems as if only a lack of taste can prevent even the most impecunious of summer girls object to receiving a knite as a gift, from being a radiant vision in the

whether it were intended tor carving a coming season. reast or dividing the leaves of a book. We have seen a lawn frock made of All sorts of knives from those of finely ten-cent material which would do tempered steel, intended for the table, credit to the most fastidious of Dresden china shepherdesses-a lawn of white ground with at wide intervals a single pink rosebud and leaves. The pink is a soft, lovely shade, the leaves are of delicate green and the material silver or copper to such an exchange, washes perfectly, as the buyer discov

PRETTY CROCHET LACE. COUNTESS DRESSMAKER.

crochet in end chain, turn.

second double crochet, turn.

third double crochet, turn.

9. turn.

3 chain.

No Trimming at Present More Fash-Very Much the Fashion Nowadays for ionable Than Real Crochet-It Is Agreeable Work.

Women of High Position to Go Into Business.

1st row: 23 chain, turn, a treble in The Countess Fabricotti made her the fourth and 1 into each of the next debut as a milliner in London a short 5 stitches, 5 chain, pass 4, and double time ago, and never before in the Britcrochet in the next, 10 chain, a double ish capital was there such a millinery opening. The shop was transformed 2nd row: •, 4 double crochets un- into a bower and the scene was like a der the chain loop just made, 5 trebles drawing room reception in the heighth under same loop 5 chain, a double of the season. Social leaders, members crochet on the double crochet in mid- of the nobility, men as well as women, dle of previous row, 5 chain, pass 3 came to pay their respects to the stitches, a treble in each of the other countess, to whom, afterward, fashionable London was expected to pay its

3d row: 3 chain (counting as 1 bills. treble), 10 trebles, 2 chain, pass to the The countess, a handsome woman, fourth chain-stitch past the double gowned in white muslin, with a design crochet, 7 trebles, 9 chain into the of green leaves and white flowers, received, assisted by two of the debu-4th row: 13 double crochets under tantes of the season. Three live: led loop just made, 20 trebles, turn with footmen handed out tea and cake. Uniformed lackeys were in attendance,

5th row: 25 trebles (the turning and outside was a line of carriages, chain counting as the rst), 9 chain in many of them bearing the arms of noble families.

6th row: 13 double crochets under The prices charged by the countess the loop, 11 chain, back into fifth in her new shop are even higher than double crochet, turn again and work her position in the peerage. She 16 double crochets under the last charges fabulous prices for simple litmade loop, 2 trebles to complete the tle toques that could be purchased previous loop and 1 treble on each of elsewhere for \$10. She asks \$50-and the next 5 stitches (7 trebles), 5 chain, gets it-for a simple dress hat with pass 5, 4 trebles into the next, leaving plumes, and \$100 is considered reason-

able for anything. The countess is well known in Three years ago she was a member of W. C. Whitney's house party at Aiken, S. C., and she was known as one of the most artistically gowned and jeweled women in the world. It was reported once that W. C. Whitney was engaged to her, and August Belmont was one of taken up and shaken each morning. her admirers. Her venture into the millinery field was purely for financial reasons. She thought she could make artistic hats for London society, and that society would pay well for artistic

effects produced at the hands or under the direction of one of their own set with whom they could discuss the becomingness of the headgear on terms of equality. So she enlisted the aid of thick, or raised stitch, 5 chain, pass late Collis P. Huntington, who agreed to finance the venture.

The countess studied under M. Virot for six months and learned the art of hat-making-not the business, but the art. She does no work with her own hands, only overseeing the building of all hats and supplying the finishing artistic touches. She is said to have the true artist's appreciation of lines.

"Ah," said M. Virot. "That is where the hand of the artist shows itself. The eye of discrimination is born. We of the aristocracy of art create. For that

FASHION NOTES.

Scallops are in evidence upon any and every sort of gown and blousethe old-fashioned scallop, stitched care fully and Lerhaps piped with silk of

the same or a contrasting color. Dressy suits of light voiles and veilings are sharing honors with dresses, for blouses are taking deeper hold upon the affections of women everywhere, and the light suits make possible the displaying of rich, beautiful

blouses, trimmed with an affectation

CONCERNING THE NURSERY

Paint Is Best for the Walls-Ventilation Must Be Seen To-Furniture Suitably Low.

Oil-painted walls are the ideal finsh for the nursery or for children's rooms generally. They may be washed easily; the finish does not flake off and fill the air with impalpable dust, as to water colors under the same circumsatnces, and the surface of the oil paint will defy the fingers of the little ones in their more mischlevous moods when the desire seizes them to investigate the component parts of of the family home. Where the purse will permit, the ornamenting of the

walls of the nursery may become a step of genuine importance. The ideal coloring of the walls for the nursery when plain is a soft olive green with bright tan ceiling. This is good for the eyes and the nerves and offers a lesson in harmonious colorings.

Correct ventilation should be had from the top of the windows either by

means of a wheel introduced in the upper window pane or by the construction of a transom six inches or more deep, which shall extend quite across the window, and which may be let. down from the top, making a V-shaped opening, and not open from the top, making an inverted V. The latter would direct a current of air up n the heads of the occupants. The former

would make an injurious draft impos-American society in New York and sible. If the windows are lower than Newport, and is a beautiful woman. four feet from the floor they should be provided with bars or strong wire lattice or screens. Window shields for the nursery are sold in many styles, both simple and costly.

The best floor treatment is hard oil. with small rugs about that may be

A satisfactory crib is of enameled iron with no ornament. For they children it should be provide. with a muslin valance adjusted around the top of the frame so as to protect the little sleeper within from all drafts. This should be of the simplest muslin that may be laundered every week or as often as the rest of the linen. A low built in seat, a foot or less nigh. Princess Hatzfeldt, daughter of the is a convenience for the child and removes him from all temptation to sit long on the floor, where, if anywhere, drafts are to be felt.

Unless the regularly made nursery furniture adapted to child stature is bought a small kitchen table may be enameled either white or bue. Old chairs in the same way may be shortened and painted. A cot may serve instead of built in seat, and should be cut low for juvenile convenience.

A toy box should be con tr cted, and, if possible, a play cupboard in which play pinafores may be hung. And if the little one be taught to put away both toys and aprons at night the first lessons in neathess, which lead to the formation of helpful habits, will have been learned .- Chicago Tribune.

A CHARMING BEDROOM.

It Takes Taste as Well as Money to Get Results-What One Girl Accomplished.

It is not in buying a set of French furniture for a boudoir and knowing that the decoration of the walls correspond in design and period that art lies. For instance, here is the way a girl of taste as well as wealth has

eighteenth century salons. In it she

has managed to introduce an air of

cozy comfort which is not usually

First, on the floor in front of every

place where one can sit either to dress

or to lounge are scattered oblong cush-

ions rather stiffly upholstered. There

is one under the toilet table, one in

front of the high-backed settle, and

one near a dear little oblong seat

associated with this period.



A LACE THAT IS VERY MUCH THE FASHION.

:he last loop of each stitch on the 100k, and then drawing through all the loops at once so as to form one

7th row: 25 trebles, 7 chain in fifth louble crochet, turn.

loop, 25 trebles, turn.

7 trebles, 9 chain in end treble, turn. on each of the next 9.

edging are added, and also the head-

every other stitch.

2nd row of edging: Commence at chain back into first (forming 4 little

Bath and Beauty.

1st row: 5 trebles under the end f simnl

5. 9 trebles, turn.

8th row: 11 double crochets under

9th row: 11 trebles, 7 chain, pass 2, 10th row: 13 double crochets under the chain loop, 5 trebles, 5 chain, jouble crochet into the fourth chain stitch, 5 chain pass 2 trebles, 1 treble

11th row: 7 trebles, 5 chain into the double crochet, 10 chain, double crochet into the last treble of row, and repeat from * for length of lace required, after which the two rows of

ing.

the first loop of previous row, *, 5 chain back into the first, 5 chain back into first, 5 chain back in to first, 5 loops or picots), pass over 2 loops, a At 121% cents there are other pretty

lawns in small flower design or dot from *; the illustration will show how the bondage of siny traditions in or interwoven circles, or in the very the scallops are connected.

we demand the prices that art demands."

1st row of edging: 3 chain into

double crochet in the third, and repeat

STARTED WEST.

Mead had broken him. Now he was the rider's slave, and proud of it. No one else dared ride him. And so, on they went through the hot sunshine, Mead's brain steadled by sleep, his senses keen, his horse throbbing beneath him, and danger ahead.

As he rounded a turn in the trail into which a great rock had jutted and obscured the view, the bloody scene lay quivering before him. At the right of smile quivering about her full lips. the roadway Indians; at the left, Indians, crouching behind bowlders, hiding in the chaparral, slipping sinuously among the high bunch grass, fighting across the trail that lay before him. Only a second he hesitated. He could not go back. Some of them had probably already seen him.

"I started fer Fort Union," he muttered, "and by th' eternal I'm goin'!"

Mead dropped the rein over the high pommel of his saddle and leaning forward, lay close to the mustang's neck. seizing as he did so the revolvers from his high boots. Almost instantly they were in the midst of it, the beast plunging sure-footed over dead bodies still warm in the alkali dust, the man shooting at random to both right and left and bellowing at the top of his voice.

Almost before he knew it he was past them and boring straight on through the whistling wind.

His mad daring had saved him tem porarily, but it had also united the fighting war parties. They were probably the same bands which had ambushed Simmons and had later cut across to the canyon and quarreled there. They were coming! Mead heaved a deep sigh and called again to the mustang; they started down the narrow trail beyond.

A low rambling structure, like a group of huts, sprang up suddenly beside the road, and in the doorway stood a girl. Mead started as he saw her-a girl, and those devils behind! The mustang plowed her fore feet into the ground and stopped.

"Injuns-half mile back-comin rapid," he shouted. The girl, of good height for a woman, broad-hipped, fullbreasted, a healthy red showing through the tan of her cheeks, her smooth brown hair braided carelessly to her waist, her arms akimbo, stared at him doubtfully no discomfort for half an hour. It is as he filled with quick slaps the empty

chambers of a revolver. "Git along, stranger," she called, in

dle. Others went down before his steady aim as he ran backward up the incline. His left arm fell limp and the pistol dropped to the ground. Some one that the ladder may fall? Why should picked it up. Some one was firing calm- the howling of a dog give one uneasion them and the sneering, gloating, painted faces, when he heard vaguely a Why do some people hesitate to sit but there are very effective dotted rumbling, many-voiced cheer behind him, then the foremost Indians looked beyond him and wheeled suddenly and dashed down the hill in scattering con-

A few days later a man, his arm still table? This latter superstition is supin a sling, rode down the hill from Fort posed to recall the last supper of Je-Union. A girl rode beside him. The man looked at her furtively now and the group proved to be a traitor. then and his rugged face showed em-

"Say." he said at last, "I've got a redcolored temper. I'm mean, I am." if we can find and trace them out.

"Huh!" she answered, staring at the trail. The man hesitated for a moment, "I've got \$14.17 exact," he remarked. The girl did not change her position. The man was silent for a moment or in the pavement. It was sure to cause two.

trouble in the schoolroom in the way "Where're ye headin' fer?" he asked with something like a sigh.

She turned and looked at him, "Where're you-all goin'?" she asked meaningly.

The two horses came close together and stopped short to the tug of their bridles. After a time they went on once more.

"What'll yer dad say?" asked the man "Dad," returned the girl, patting her mustang's neck caressingly, "he weren't good fer much, tho' he meant right, dad did. Ef he's alive, he'll jest go off 'bout his business."

"Say," cried the man, a thought suddenly striking him. "What's yer name?' "Annie," she said.

AS IN A ROSE JAR.

As in a rose jar filled with petals sweet. Blown long ago in some old garden place, Mayhap, where you and I, a little space, Drank deep of love and knew that love was

Or leaves once gathered from a lost re treat, By one who never will again retrace Her silent footsteps-one, whose gentle

face Was fairer than the roses at her feet.

So, deep within the vase of memory. I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear As in the days before I knew the smart I keep Of time and death. Nor aught can tak

The haunting fragrance that still linger As in a rose jar, so within my heart!

-The homas S. Jones, Jr., in Appleton Booklovers Magazine.

Mice in Mines.

White mice are to be put to novel use in South Africa. It has been shown that with 0.4 per cent. of carbon monoxide in the air, one of these very susceptible animals becomes unconscious in three minutes, but that a man feels urged, therefore, that operators of coal mines, and even of metalliferous mines, be required to test the air by singsong tones. "Reckon you're means of these creatures whenever the presence of dangerous gas is suspected.

white stripes, along which pin dots stitch of the first row, a double croof color are thickly set. Twenty-five chet under the next, and repeat. Why should anyone dread to pass

under a ladder except for the reason cents opens up an embarrassment of 2nd row: *, 1 treble on second choice - dimities, organdies, lawns, treble of previous row, 1 chain 1 treble swisses. To be sure, one may find on fourth, 2 chain, pass to the second ly beside him. The horses were almost ness or there be any meaning attached exquisite embroidered swisses running stitch of the next group and repeat to the dropping of spoons and forks? up in price to two or three dollars, from .

3rd row: 1 treble 1 chain in every down at the table when the company swisses with printed flower design at other stitch. 4th and 5th rows: Same as last, but

numbers 13? If the family should hap- 25 cents. pen to consist of father and mother Of the figured dimities we have working the trebles upon the chain and 11 children, would there always be spoken before, but they grow daintier stitches of the previous row. and more desirable each week, with one who had to wait for the second

their tiny flower designs overruning the varied checks and stripes. Orsus with His disciples, when one of gandies, too, have followed suit, and though beautiful large designs are shown there are newer things which tend to large bar effects of white

JUST A FEW CENTS A YARD.

Nearly everything we do, say or ground and small scattered single blosthink, strikes deep roots into the past, soms or sprays.

selves to an immense amount of trou- PREACHED TO EMPTY SEATS ble when walking on the street that

they might avoid stepping on a crack Vicar Boycotted Had for His Only Hearer Daughter Who Killed Herself.

of imperfect recitations and badlydrawn maps if one unfortunately The strange and unhappy state of touched a crack with the toe of her affairs which exists at Stokes Lyne, in boot. Older persons were sometimes Oxfordshire, has been brought to light surprised at the erratic progress of through the tragedy which occurred children who were bending their en- lately at the local vicarage, relates ergies to this careful sort of walking, the London Graphic. The vicar's A school friend of mine had a theory daughter, a clever girl of 14, committhat nothing would prosper with ted suicide by taking poison, and at Helen if she did not put her shoes at the inquest her father, the Rev. Wilnight in a particular spot, and set liam Bryant, declared that the boythem precisely side by side. It took cotting to which he had been subjecther a long time 's get settled in bed, e by his parishioners had preyed upas she had to jump out a number of on the child's mind and caused her to

times in order to be sure that her take her life.

shoes were standing exactly as they The coroner refused to accept Mr. should to a hair's breadth. Bryant's statement as evidence, and

There used to be, too, a proverb re- in consequence the vicar has commugarding Indian givers. These were nicated with the home office with a generous in making presents, but they view to a further inquiry.

regretted them afterwards and wanted The position at Stoke Lyne appears them back, a sorry thing in itself and to be far worse than may imavined rather mean. Bargains once conclud- from the inquest reports. Mr. Bryant ed should stand fast, as we all know, was appointed vicer of the parish .n Some of us had delicious fears that 1892, and in 1897, differences seem to we greatly enjoyed about passing a have arisen between him and some certain place in a forest not far from of his leading people. The strained rethe school. Here there was a tumble- actions grew worse until about two down cottage falling into ruins, the yoars ago Mr. Bryant found himself haunt of bats, rats and spiders. We with one supporter--his little daughscurried past it with frantic haste, ter.

lest something we knew not what Sunday after Sunday has passed should spring forth and seize us. You festival has succeeded fast, and Mr. remember James Whitcomb Riley's Bryant has gone on conducting his poem with the line. services in a church empty but for the little girl and an occasional stranger.

of his only follower.

the school building was refused to the

service as usual, but there was no one

present to join him, the sad incident

Russian Conscripts.

"The goblins will catch you if you don't watch out." He is without choir and organist. That was what we dreaded and yet we has to act as his own bell ringer and

had great fun in running races past can find no one even to clean the the enchanted corner and eluding the building. In March, 1904, the use of witches and elves who were hidden behind those broken window panes. vicar by a meeting of the managers Superstition of every kind is a sort On Sunday the vicar conducted the of poetry. This is why unlettered races deal so much in beautiful folk

lore. As we become learned in math- at the vicarage having deprived him ematics and science we cease to believe in fairies and elves. For my part, I am glad that a great throng of schoolgirls have gone to see the pretty drama of "Peter Pan." There are

Every year about 280,000 conscripts me illusions that never ought to be are added to the Russian army. In destroyed. Whether you agree with times of peace it numbers 1,000 000 me or not, I must tell you that it does men, and is the largest standing army you no harm to telieve in the fairies. In existence

icity which deceives every body (that is, of the sterner sex!) as a dressing-room arranged, which is to their exquisite extravagance. done entirely in the low pieces of the

And following in the wake of compadour silks are a thousand and one flowered stuffs, organdies and musicns and dimities, and the rest of the tribe of sheer summer stuff, some of them woven so that the threads grow closer here and there, forming effective plaids, upon which background the flower designs loom up in more picturesque style than ever.

Paris has declared that white is still to be first favorite, and then, with the It is necessary for a person to take charming inconsistency for which she as good care of the body as the face to is famous, has sent over fascinating

obtain the clear, healthy complexion so muslins, with the color note contrived much desired by all. A cold bath every morning for very vigorous persons, or French blue, which shares honors with once or twice a week, and thoroughly the embroidery done in white, the two rubbing with a coarse towel or nesh being on the same piece.

brush mornings when the bath is not taken, for the less robust is necessary Burlingham and rajah silks, coming to keep the functions of the skin in out in a shade that is at once rich and health and very invigorating. After soft.

warm baths at night a dash of cold Pompadour silks grow lovelier and water will prevent chills. Clothing lovelier, and prove the prettiest sort of worn during the day should never be things for making stunning afternoon slept in, and that worn at night should gowns of.

be exposed during the day to the air. Patent leather and gun metal (as the Quantities of moisture filled with the dull-finish leather is called) fight for waste of the body are given off every supremacy. Both are tremendously day and mostly absorbed by clothing. popular for pumps, and both are im-Exposure to air and sunlight purifies proved by that prim little bow of the clothing and bedding of the poisons leather.

which nature is trying to get rid of and | Colors bid fair to have a certain which would otherwise be brought prominence, but white and black are again in contact with the body. By far and away most popular, without a following these healthful everyday di- single formidable rival. rections and taking equally good care of the face you will soon notice a de- whether, by the time we're "knee-arep

cidea improvement in the tone of your in June," fashion won't have decided whole system.

The Eyes.

When the eyes have been irritated through excessive use a compress of fine linen wet with very cold water will generally bring relief. An eyewash that is particularly excellent when inflammation has set in can be made by combining 15 drops of spirits of camphor, one teaspoonful of boric acid and two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water. Cool, strain through muslin and apply every hour with an eyecup. Veils with thick, heavy dots are extremely bad for the eyes, and they are not half as pretty as the finer French veils with a

large dot scattered here and there. Reading in the twilight or continuing to do fancy work when the eyes are

A FAMILIAR SAYING.



which has low caned supports at each end. Fitting in this there is also a cushion by way of upholstering, and it is cleverly arranged within the folds by means of embroidery, in true of a screen which really is the piece de resistance of the room. In one of those irregularly paneled affairs and two-thirds of the way down the ir-Raspberry red is at its loveliest in regular gilt frame work incloses beveled mirrors. So that the little backless seat is there for a double purpose -either the pretty occupant can face this screen of many mirrors when her hair is being done or she can use it. as a background when visiting with her friends. The settle also is an ideal lounging place, as it is set fairly and squarely into the corner with cushions in as

well as under it. Its high end and back become in this way part of the wall decoration, especially as they support a soft drapery of brocade which is hung from the corner. Near enough to it to be in convenient reach is the little triple French stand for books That is, as yet! For nobody knows and papers. The dressing table is ar-

to give us some startlingly new thing in the way of fascinating footgear.

Cologne Water.

Bathing the face in cologne water i very refreshing, and is really beneficial to the skin if not used too often. A very good formula, if you care to prepare it yourself, is 30 drops each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, oil of lemon and orange flower water, and half a pint of deodorized alcohol. Cork and shake well. You can double the recipe if you desire.

Mourning Cards.

Cards may be sent in response to written messages of condolence. They are the size of the calling card, have mourning borders, and are inclosed in envelopes to fit, also black-bordered. Stationery is not so heavily bordered as formerly.

Girls Dance Together. Dancing in India is held in the highest esteem and dates back many centuries. The girls never dance with the men, but with one another, performing all sorts of grotesque figures.

Useless Words.

Statistics show that the sooner a man allows his wife to have the last word the sooner the controversy will end .-Chicago Daily News.

French Commodity. Potato starch is used in France to sweeten sour grape juice

convenient little piece of furniture with small cabinet doors and drawers, which has a high swing oval mirror and below it little shelves and a glass top which is devoted to bottles and jars and the scents and pomades which form the working part of dressing and beautifying .- Chicago Tribune. Nesselrode Pudding. This is an extra troublesome pudding o make, but is very delicious. Line the pottom of an ice-cream mold with thin slices of sponge cake that have been soaked in sherry wine; put a layer of all sorts of candied and preserved fruits on this, cut up very fine; then more cake,

ranged between the parted window

curtains after the English fashion and

has the low arm chair, also cushioned,

in front of it. And there is another

and so on until the mold is nearly full. Make a custard of a quart of milk, sugar to taste and six egg yolks, with a cake of grated chocolate; add two tablespoonfuls dissolved gelatin boiling hot, strain and let cool: pour this over the take and fruit in the mold, seal carefully and pack in ice. When turned out it makes a beautiful dish. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored

Cream Cake.

to taste.

One cup of maple sugar, one egg, me-half teaspoonful salt, one cup sour cream, 1% cups of flour, one teaspoonful soda. Add the soda to the cream, when it foams add the egg well beaten, next the sugar and salt, last the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

tired should be forbidden.



A cob horse.-Indianapolis Sentinel.