

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

An English School Boy "Fagged" to Death—Gratitude of a Rat—It Slayed a Rattle Snake That Was About to Spring at Its Little Benefactor.

How Many Claws Has a Cat?

OW many claws has our old cat? "Who can tell me that?" "Oh, that," said Harry, "every one knows—As many as you have fingers and toes."

The English Way.

A London schoolboy committed suicide last month, leaving behind a pathetic letter saying that he could not stand the abuse to which he was subjected by his fellows at school. There was practically no investigation of the matter except that which elicited the remark of the master that the youth was of a very sensitive nature, and the jury brought in a verdict of death while temporarily insane.

She Was a Stranger.

The following story, which comes from the west, brings with it a lesson for all, old and young: "A Sunday school missionary, while addressing a Sunday school, noticed a little girl shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

going along the street he met a companion of his father's, whom he stopped and to whom he said, "If you give me a sixpence I'll tell you the way to heaven."

The man was surprised, but from curiosity he handed the boy a sixpence and was told, "Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"Ah," said the man, "I have been looking for the Way in saloons these many years, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way."

In after years it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen, for the little fellow saved a child from being run over one day, and, from gratitude, he was educated by the child's father, and today he is a foreign missionary, showing to others the way to heaven.—Sel.

A True Story. As a prominent business man in the city of C— was passing along the street one evening he saw a little boy kneeling in the shadow of a pile of dry goods boxes on the corner. The man stopped and listened to the little fellow's words:

"Oh, Lord Jesus, won't you help me? I am hungry, and tired, and cold. Mother said you would. You know my mother. She lives up there in heaven now. She said if I ever got in a tight place after she was gone, to call on you for help. I haven't had no trade today. I haven't earned a cent."

The man's heart was touched, and he took the boy home and clothed and fed him, and he put him to work in his office.

After a little, he was sent to school, and is now growing to be a useful and respected young man. He never doubts that the Lord answered his prayer.

As the old hymn says: "If our faith were but more simple, we would take Him at His word." And he surely would take care of us, for the words say: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

A Rat Worth Protecting. A curious incident, showing how a small kindness may sometimes bring a large and unexpected reward, occurred near Stony Fork, Tioga county, Pa., recently. Mr. Henry L. Harris and wife and family of five children live on a farm some distance from the postoffice.

One of the children, a little girl, was taken ill with scarlet fever several months ago, which left her in a partly crippled condition, and she has been unable to leave her bed. Her couch is located in an upper part of the house, which is also used as a store room.

Some time ago she told her father that a rat had come out of a hole and run across the floor and he at once proceeded to trap the rodent. The little girl, however, pleaded that the rat was the only company she had a greater part of the day, while her mother was busy, and asked that it be allowed to remain. So to please the child the trap was removed, and the animal allowed to run about the room.

The girl would feed him with crumbs saved from her none too plentiful meals, and soon the rat became very tame, allowing her to stroke him, but would scamper away on the approach of any one else. He was a large gray fellow, and capable of making quite a fight. The child's room was heated with a wood stove, the wood being brought in from outside.

One day recently the mother, who was employed in a distant part of the house, heard the child screaming as though in terror, and rushing to the room found the little one nearly frightened into convulsions, and a dead rattlesnake was lying on the floor, its neck nearly chewed off. When at last she had been quieted, the girl said she was stroking Tommy, the rat, when she saw the reptile gliding along the floor towards her from the direction of the stove. Suddenly it stopped, emitted a whirring sound, and coiled itself for a spring. She was paralyzed with terror, and realizing that it would be upon her before any aid could come closed her eyes and prayed.

Whether in answer to her prayer or from a combative instinct can not be determined, for the rat sprang forward and fastened its teeth in the serpent's throat. Together they rolled about the floor, but the rat had his adversary in such a manner that it could not use its poisonous fangs, and as the rat clung to his hold the writhings of the snake gradually grew less until it straightened out on the floor. When the danger was past the child recovered her voice and screamed until her mother came. As footsteps sounded on the stair the rat disappeared in his hole.

It is supposed that the serpent concealed himself in the woodpile during the fall, was brought in with the wood, and thawed out by the heat. It was 2 1/2 feet long, and had four rattles. Since the incident Tommy has been granted the privilege of the whole house.

A poor little boy stood some time ago at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow, selling matches. As he stood there a gentleman approached him and asked him the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions, the gentleman said, "Now, if you will tell me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you sixpence."

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Ideal Traveling Costumes—Very Taking Dresses for the Summer Girl—Household Hints.

The Green Isle of Lovers.

HEY say that, afar in the land of the west, Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest, Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread, A fair lake unruined and sparkling is spread;

Where lost, in his course, the rapt Indian discovers, In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom, Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume; And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed, All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;

There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers; 'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs Glad measure still weave to the sound that inspires The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeball of fire, When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,

nished with black soutache in a spider web design. Several rows of braid finished the short basque, which had tiny inserted panels on the hips and two black buttons and braiding ornamented these. Navy blue canvas was made over red silk in the other dress. Its blouse waist opened on each side to show a plaited panel of white linen, the yoke having a similar band put on horizontally with finish top and bottom of finely embroidered batiste insertion edged on both sides with narrow white silk braid.

The front of the bodice bloused over



a belt of black blue silk, but the back was fitted. Bands of insertion outlined the skirt's side seams, and a group of narrow tucks was at each hip. Short waisted folk should not fear this model, although its belt and outer skirt are of the same color. In dresses of opaque stuffs this would ruin a short-waisted woman's figure, but the red lining shows through the blue canvas to such a degree as to make it almost a purple, so the waist is not a match.



FROM TOILETTES. STREET FROCK OF BLUE ALPACA.

Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle, Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile; From beauty there valor and strength are not rovers, And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore, In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more; It fleets on the vision, deluding the view, Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue; O! who in this vain world of woe shall discover The home undisturb'd, the green Isle of the Lover!

Captivating Costumes.

This season's summer girl is a picturesque creature if she is in touch with the newest fashions, and her prettiest dresses are a fine complement for their designers. Quaint would be the word for these dresses but that, instead of being anything old-time about them, they are decidedly up to date in every small particular. Their characteristics will be better understood from examination of the accompanying sketch than from the most careful description. The summer girl is much quoted as playing sad tricks with masculine hearts, and if this year's batch of coquettes is to be dressed in any such fashion as this the poor fellows' heartstrings will surely be in a tangle until autumn. Coming to the details of the two dresses shown, the left hand one was scarlet cashmere, made with a plain skirt and a simple blouse waist shirred at neck and waist and finished with a stock collar, belt and cuffs of black silk. Over this was worn a jaunty blazer of the cashmere whose novel revers were gar-

An Ideal Duster. Traveling dusters are with us again, but fortunately not the hideous straight brown linen affairs that went out of the realm of fashion some long time ago. They have come back much better for their temporary exclusion.



and they are seen in all kinds of pretty light silks and fabrics. A duster that is particularly pretty is made of creu foulard. It is cut "princess" fashion, with a great many full gores at the back. It opens directly down the middle of the front. The long V-shaped collet is edged with a full ruche of the foulard, and there is a

high full jabot of the same as the neck. The sleeves are very full bishop sleeves, with the full ruche at the wrist. Silk, alpaca and brilliantine are employed a great deal in making these dusters. It may interest many people to know that the duster is also to be worn for shopping. It is handy to slip on over a fine shirt waist or nice wash dress, and can be made so pretty that a woman will like to wear it. The finest materials are used in its construction.

Rules for Basting a Skirt.

Amplified of skirts is being somewhat modified, and their stiffness very much so. The fullness is all carried around to the back, the front and the sides being smooth, straight and carefully fitted. In cutting out a skirt the edges of the breadths should always be first ruled with a ruler long enough to go from top to bottom, for any irregularity in the seams of a skirt spoils its appearance and prevents it from hanging well. In basting the seams lay the two edges together on a long table, the bias edge uppermost, if a straight and bias edge are to be joined, and baste them while they are lying flat. If the goods is very thin, like gauze or muslin or any sort of light silk, baste at the same time a narrow strip of paper along the seam. Stitch through the paper, which will prevent the machine needle from gathering in material. The paper may be easily removed afterward. The stiffening has almost entirely disappeared from skirts. They are no longer as rigid as if they were made of wood, but have a degree of suppleness that is much more desirable. A halfcloth facing five or six inches wide is put around the foot of the skirt to prevent it from clinging close to the ankles, but this is the limit of stiffness. The wires and various other contrivances for expanding have entirely disappeared. Indeed, the wires never met with any favor among well dressed women, as the effect was disagreeable, and with sufficiently good linings no such arrangement was needed for sustaining the skirt.

Something New in London.

For years the bane of the American girl staying in London has been her inability to find shoes of home make or anything like them. American shoes or American feet is a demand with which dealers at the British capital have at last been forced to comply. A store for the sale of American footwear has sent out its advertisement and been welcomed with applause. There is an independence about the American foot which prefers Knippism to heavy soles and calfskins uppers, and the English shoe knows no daintier make-up except in the studio of the artist or the sandal wearing reformer. There is more potency in a shoe than many minds imagine and the clever American girl has begun to realize this. Light weight walking shoes will displace all others next month in the wardrobe of the sensible maid. They are the only healthful covering. Aside from their ventilative possibilities they conserve energy. In a light weight pair of shoes the normal pedestrian may tour the town without perceptible loss of vitality. Heavy, uncomfortable shoes affect the voice, too. Just how the scientist knows, but wise music teachers often are as fastidious about a pupil's shoes as her corset.

Useful in the Household.

The coloring of Oriental rugs is less likely to be out of harmony with wall decoration than any other floor covering. In refurnishing the house remember that souvenir nooks, not cosy corners, are now the fad, for both sitting-room and library.

Many drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off and the ends are then held in hot water for a few moments. Marshmallow stuffed dates make a delicious after dinner sweet. Remove the pits from the dates, fill the space with marshmallow, and roll the dates in powdered sugar. One marshmallow will stuff four dates.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter, and the only available postage stamp is found to be without sufficient glue, moisten the stamp, rub it on the gummed flap of an envelope, and quickly press it in place upon the letter.

A large funnel that fits into the mouth of preserve jars will be found of great assistance to the housekeeper at this season of canning and preserving. With the aid of this funnel the jars are easily filled and there is no trouble caused by the fruit being on the outside instead of the inside of the jars.

In ornamenting summer cottages a bare corner may be made very effective at a trifling cost. Secure an empty nail keg from a hardware store, cover it with ebony paint and gild the hoops. Partly fill the keg with sand to give it weight, and fasten a piece of board over the top a little larger than the keg. Place it in the vacant corner and cover the wooden top with a fringe trimmed square of pretty silk or cretonne. Stand an unused ginger jar or a cheap effective vase upon this pedestal and fill it with grasses, dried ferns and cattails.

The newest designs in table linens are in commemoration of Queen Victoria's jubilee. The rose, shamrock and thistle are intertwined in a handsome design for the border, and in the center is a bust of Queen Victoria, framed in a wreath of English roses, and the words, "Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, 1837-1897." Bachelors' rooms are not forgotten in the supply of souvenirs of the queen's jubilee. Beautiful sets of cigarette and match stands, with ash trays, are made in the finest pottery, ornamented with the English arms and the two dates.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Why Wild Bill is Performing the Atmosphere with His Thirty-Eight Calibre Revolver—The Typewriter Girl's Idea of Life in the Country.

Shopping. AST samples of the latest styles. She makes her way along the aisles, And often, backward turning, smiles; With heart astray, From room to room, From place to place, 'Mid hats, and gowns, and furs, and lace, The endless labyrinth I trace, Following her.

I take small interest, I confess, In taffetas, and even less In chiffons, but I acquiesce And sympathize; For, since the fates have let me win Her heart, there's romance even in The spool of silk or humble pin That Dolly buys.

I sagely say, "I am afraid This will not wear," or, "That brocade Is almost certain, dear, to fade;" And so would you If, handling the fabrics shown, Sometimes her fingers touched your own— If Dolly, trusting you alone, Should ask you to!

Oh, busy throng that past us moves, Pricing the ribbons and the gloves, You cannot see the troop of loves With laughing eyes Who hide among the rolls of lace, Who peep from counter and from case, And make Arcadia of the place Where Dolly buys! —Guy Wetmore Carryl

City Ignorance. Farmer Halcade—"Yes 'm; this here Jersey caow gives us sixteen quarts o' milk ev'ry day." Tottle Tipster—"Isn't it kind of her! I always supposed you had to take it from her!"

Reason for It. "I never hear you speak of your son." "No. There are occasionally some little matters of family history that one does not like to discuss." "He hasn't disgraced the family name, has he?" "No. Fortunately he had decency enough to change his name before he would consent to run for the legislature."—Chicago Post.

A Heavier Removal. Mrs. Stickle—"I read today of a woman who has had a tumor weighing 20 pounds removed." Mrs. Wabash—"Pooh! that's nothing. I have several times been divorced from men weighing from 140 to 180 pounds."

One Rock Avoided. Mrs. Worrid—"How in the world did you ever persuade yourself to marry a baker?" Mrs. Wise—"I was determined to marry a man who could make his own biscuits. You know, he is my second husband."

An Eye to Business. Goingski (the rich pawnbroker)—"No, mein young friend, I can't be your fader-in-law; but (suavely) I will be an angle to you."—Judge.

A Bicycle Saddle. Deadshot Dick—"What's Wild Bill so mad about today?" Texas Tim—"About a week ago he saw an ad in a paper for a saddle that sold for \$5, so he sent the V, an' they sent him a darn toy saddle fer a rock-in-horse."

No Inducement. Castleton—"How few girls go in bathing here this season?" Billback—"Yes. The grand stand-back of the bathing beach has been washed away."—Judge.

At a Chicago Seance. Widower—"I want to speak to my wife." Medium (formerly a telephone girl)—"Number, please."

A Good Collateral. Jones—"I married my wife for love." Brown—"With her money as collateral, eh?"

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