

VISIT TO SPIDER'S JAIL WITH THE SANDMAN



There Was the Sandman, Jumping Up and Down on the Library Table and Laughing Just as Hard as Ever He Could.

Neither Johnnie nor Jessie could tell just when the Sandman came into the sitting room the next night, so of course they did not know how he came. Perhaps it was down the chimney and perhaps it was through the window or the door, but, anyway, there he was, jumping up and down on the corner of the library table and laughing just as hard as ever he could. He waved his hand to Jessie and as soon as he could stop his laughing long enough to speak he jumped clear across from the table to the arm of the big chair in front of the fire place, and began to tell the Twins all about the joke he had played on a mean old wasp that afternoon. He told them that the wasp had tried to bite him and he had thrown the old wasp into the spider's jail, and there he was this very minute, all tied up with a lot of rope. Wasn't that funny?

Of course Mother Dear was sitting in the big chair with her dear little Twins, but she did not see the Sandman, because he does not let grown-up folks see him, and he talks so that only the children can hear. When the Sandman asked the Twins to go for a little walk and see the wasp in the jail they were very glad to go, and Mother Dear thought they had only gone to sleep.

So they put on the two little caps with the tiny silver bells on the very tip, and then they were no bigger than the Sandman. When they were all ready the Sandman put one foot in his pocket and jumped up and down on the other, all the time saying "Oskey Wow Wow, Skinny Wow Wow," and in a minute all three of them were way out in the barn where Daddy kept the horse and the cow. They stopped over in one corner and there they saw a most tremendous spider web all made out of silver threads. It looked as big as a circus tent, and every thread seemed like a big rope of silver, and the ropes were all covered with things like hooks, having very sharp points.

Something all wrapped up with the silver ropes was making an awful noise over in one corner of the spider web. It looked almost as large as a big dog and it buzzed very loud and tried to bite the ropes. The Sandman laughed again when he heard this loud noise, and he walked over and poked the animal with a little stick. My, how it did buzz and wiggle.

"That is the wasp that tried to bite me this morning," said the Sandman. "He is a cross rascal and I am just going to have the spider keep him tied up there all night, so that he will remember not to bite anybody after this."

Jessie was sure that she did not like spiders, so she moved around behind the Sandman, and looked carefully about her.

"I do not see any spider here," she said, and I do not believe that she wanted to see one either, do you?"

"He is taking a little nap way back at the end of that long tunnel you see in the middle of his web," replied the Sandman. "I could bring him out here very quickly if I were to pull one of those silver ropes, but I would rather let him sleep until he has some work to do. Suppose we go and try to find a robber fly and then chase him up here for the spider to put in jail."

Of course the Twins thought that would be lots of fun, so away they went, out back of the barn, to a great big pile of dirty straw and pretty soon they came to a sort of opening down in it. The Sandman leaned over this hole and listened, and so did the Twins. Way down deep they heard a funny sort of

singing like the inside of a beehive, and then out of the hole popped a brand new fly, just born.

My gracious, but he was a whopper, and he almost frightened Jessie so that she cried, for you must remember that she was not very big when she had the Sandman's cap on, and she kept forgetting that the fly could not see her or hurt her when she was with the Sandman.

This fly was lots bigger than the Ants I told you about in the first story. He had a great long tongue, almost as long as a piece of garden hose, and he kept it rolled up in his mouth just like your Daddy rolls up his hose. He had two great big eyes that stuck out on the sides of his head as big as rubber balls, and each eye had hundreds and hundreds of little eyes all over it, so that he could see better. That is why it is so hard for you to catch a fly with your hands. He can see behind him as well as he can see in front, and he can jump and fly away quicker than a wink.

Besides the funny tongue and the funny eyes, this fly had two of the loveliest wings, that you could see right through, and they were colored just like the rainbow. When he folded them up they were right on top of his back, and that was where he had them when he crawled out of the pile of straw and sat still in the sun to dry his wings, for they were very new and wet.

As soon as they were dry he spread them out and flew away. Like all other flies he was very naughty, and probably you would like to know just what he was going to do. First he flew over and lighted on the old horse's back and bit him real hard, and then he went over and bit the poor cow. Wasn't that too bad! They chased him away by switching their tails at him, so he hurried over to the screen door that led into the kitchen and the very minute the door was opened, in he slipped, as sly as you please.

There on the table was some nice cake for supper, so he went over and lighted on that and ate some of it without asking permission of anybody.

After this he crept into the garbage pail where he got his feet very dirty and then he flew right over to little baby brother in the high chair and wiped them on baby's face.

The Sandman was angry when he saw the fly do all these naughty tricks and he made up his mind that this fly would have to go to jail. He slipped up beside the fly and whispered in his ear that there was some sugar out in the barn and he had better hurry up and get it. The fly jumped up into the air as soon as he heard about the sugar and flew out to the barn and the Twins and the Sandman went right after him to see the fun. As soon as the spider heard the fly coming he poked his shining gold head out of his tunnel and the fly saw it and thought it was sugar so he flew right over and lighted on the spider's net.

There he stuck fast because when he tried to get away the hooks on the net held him tight, and the great big red and gold and black spider skipped across the web and tied the naughty fly up with a whole lot of his silver rope. And that served him just right. (Copyright, 1913, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Carnivorous.

A teacher in New Jersey was hearing her class in natural history recite, and calling up a bright-looking little girl, asked: "What is a ruminating animal?"

"One that chews her cubs," was the innocent reply.—Congregationalist.

WAS AN OLD YALE MAN

By C. B. LEWIS.

There was but one passenger to alight at Snow Hill, in the cattle and Indian country, and that was Miss Bessie Vaughn of Chicago. Her schoolmate, Nettie Long, whose father owned and managed the big Long ranch, and who was now living with him in the wilds, had written that a person would meet Bessie at Snow Hill with a buckboard and bring her safely to the ranch. The "person" proved to be a young man of twenty-five, dressed as a cowboy, but having rather a distinguished look about him. While he was hastening along the platform and yet thirty feet away, the girl acknowledged to herself that his features were good and that his face showed character and ambition. Perhaps it was for these reasons that, while he was covering the other thirty feet Miss Bessie suddenly decided that he ought to be snubbed.

"This is Miss Vaughn of Chicago, I presume?" he said, as he lifted his hat and smiled a welcome.

What right had he to presume? By what right did he smile a welcome and seem ready to shake hands? The girl looked coldly at him and slightly nodded her head, and that was snub No. 1. The young man took it so, but, though he colored up, he did not lose his smile.

"You will give me your checks, please, and I will put your trunks aboard and we will be off."

There was a touch of authority in his tones that nettled the girl, and she turned away and delivered up the checks with her own hand. She would also have loaded the trunks on the vehicle if she had been strong enough. Snub No. 2 had followed fast on the heels of snub No. 1.

"We have fifteen miles to drive," observed the young man, as they got seated.

No reply. Snub No. 3. "I take it that you have never visited this section before?" was remarked after the silence had lasted for a mile.

"No."

"But I trust you will find novelty and pleasure."

Miss Bessie looked straight ahead and shut her teeth hard. What was it to one of Colonel Long's hired men whether she enjoyed the west or not? The man was presumptuous, and she meant her silence to be another snub. Whether it was taken or not, it was not more than five minutes before a voice which had a touch of the paternal in it remarked:

"You don't look overly well, and a couple of months of this bracing atmosphere will do you a world of good."

"Sir, are you a practicing physician?" asked Miss Bessie, as she turned to look the young man square in the eyes.

"Well, no," he slowly replied. "Then you need not bother to take charge of my health."

That was what the boys would have called a settler, and it hung the young man up for the next ten minutes. When he spoke again, however, it was as if nothing had happened.

"It was on that hill over there," he quietly said, as he pointed with his whip, "that four of our men were surrounded by fifty Indian warriors two years ago."

Miss Bessie deliberately turned to look in the opposite direction, and she felt that he was smiling as he continued.

"One of the boys was killed, but they killed twelve Indians and held their ground all day."

What was it to her whether one or the whole four cowboys were killed? Indeed, she found herself almost wishing that all had been wiped out. She hadn't the slightest interest in the affair—not that day.

"And over there in that valley is where a drove of steers ran over and trampled the life out of two of our men last spring. We didn't even find their boots."

Miss Bessie looked straight ahead and made no reply.

"And you wouldn't believe, would you, that this insignificant creek we are crossing is a mile wide and ten feet deep last May? We lost a thousand head of stock in that flood."

Still no reply. It was snub after snub, and she meant to tire him out. This time the silence lasted for fifteen minutes, and she it was who broke it at last.

The horses had shied at a coyote dodging for cover and started away on a tearing gallop. The young man kept them on the trail, but made not the slightest effort to check the pace. On the contrary, he hummed a popular air as they lay down to their work. The visitor stood it as long as she could, and then turned and exclaimed:

"Can't you see that the horses are running away?"

"I have seen it for some time past," he quietly replied.

"Then why don't you stop them?"

"I will if you wish, but a run of a few miles won't hurt them any."

She did wish it from the bottom of her heart, for the vehicle was jumping like a goat and it took both hands to hold her hat on her head, but she gritted her teeth and decided to be smothered into jam before she would prefer the request. The horses ran for three or four miles and then eared down, and the girl felt that she had snubbed the young man again by not being afraid.

"Who is that man you sent to the depot after me?" she asked of her schoolmate, almost before she had taken off her hat.

"Who? Why, that's Tom. I'll formally introduce you some day."

"You needn't mind. I found him rather presumptuous and had to snub him."

"Tom presumptuous? Why, he's the nicest—"

And then she suddenly skipped to some other subject and Tom was forgotten till next day, when he was bold enough to approach Miss Bessie as she was alone for a moment and ask:

"What sort of a gait do you prefer in a horse—a trot or a lope? I am to select one for you today."

"Thank you, but you needn't go to any trouble on my account," was the reply, and Tom ought to have felt duly crushed as he walked away.

He was not seen again for four days, duty having called him away. The two girls rode out every day on ponies selected for them, and on the fourth occasion something happened. The pony ridden by Miss Bessie suddenly bolted, and when she found him beyond control she could only cling to the saddle and hope he would tire himself out after running a couple of miles. But he didn't. He kept a straight course and a headlong gallop for mile after mile, and the girl was thinking of throwing herself from the saddle when a cow pony ranged up beside her, a hand grasped her loose rein, and a voice said in her ear:

"Keep your head, Miss Vaughn. I could pull him down and end his run here, but there is need of even more speed."

"What is it?" she asked as she turned her head and saw Tom beside her.

"Indians. There are five or six in chase of us, and I am racing for that hill with the rocks on it. Cling tightly and don't be afraid."

After a terrific pace for another mile both animals were suddenly pulled up, and dismounting and lifting the girl from the saddle, Tom half pulled her up the steep side of the hill to the shelter of the rocks.

"We are all right now," he cheerfully said, "but you keep crouched down till I have a little talk with these noble red men."

The "talk" was his Winchester, and before it was over he had killed one and wounded another. Their loss, together with the alarm of the firing, sent the remaining Indians scurrying away.

At the ranch house, after the story had been told, Miss Bessie asked for the second time:

"Who is this man Tom?"

"Why, he's an old Yale man and belongs to one of the best families in the east. He came out here for his health, you see. Did you have to snub him again today?"

"I—I don't think so."

"But are you going to some other day?"

"No, never again. I'm so sorry and ashamed—and I think—think—"

Well, there's a rumor afloat, and it may be true.

MOST VENOMOUS OF LEECHES

Scientists of Java Have Experience With the Deadliest Kind of This Particularly Loathsome Creature.

Dr. Andries Verhagen of Batavia, Java, was directed by the government of the Netherlands to go to the eastern end of Sumatra to study a terrible epidemic of beri-beri which had broken out there. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and he and a young assistant offered to go into the interior to seek assistance.

For about ten minutes they struggled through a dense and swampy jungle. Suddenly the younger man cried out with pain. Going to his aid, Doctor Verhagen noticed three leeches attached to his arm. They were of a venomous variety that cling to the lower branches of the bushes awaiting their prey and, not content with gorging themselves on blood, inject into the wound a poison that causes acute pain.

While Doctor Verhagen was helping his assistant innumerable leeches attached themselves to his face and neck. To free him from them the young man had to scrape his skin with a sharp stone. Exhausted by loss of blood, the doctor managed to crawl back to the wreck of the ship, where he fainted. He was taken to a hospital the following day and it was several weeks before he recovered. One of his eyeballs was totally destroyed by the terrible leeches, its socket being left empty.

Electric Poultices for Colds.

Doctors are recommending to patients suffering from stiff necks, bruises, and similar ailments the electric poultice, a new and ingenious invention calculated to take the place of the bread and linseed variety.

It consists of flexible electric wires covered with asbestos and wrapped up in a pad or cushion. The poultice is connected by wire to an ordinary electric light switch, and it retains the correct temperature all night. There are three grades of temperature, regulated by a switch, the highest grade being 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

The initial cost of the poultice is 30c, and it lasts for life. Its running cost is roughly 1/4d an hour, varying according to the charges of the electric light company. The poultices may be obtained in any size or shape.—Daily Mail.

Not Too Tough.

"We will have beefsteak for the piece da resistance tonight."

"Try to get some that won't offer too much resistance, my dear."

A Riot.

Eddie—My father put down a disturbance last night.

Freddie—Is that right?

Eddie—Yes; he ate a Welsh rabbit.

White Satin With Tunic of Black Chiffon



If you are looking for a tasteful and brilliant gown, which will always look well, the model shown in the picture will hold your attention. The combination of black and white is always good, to begin with, and its lines are conservative, following those of the figure vaguely and simply. There is nothing startling in the costume, except its beauty.

Nothing could be plainer than the tunic of black chiffon. The placing of the swansdown trimming is so obvious that it might have been done by an amateur, except that an amateur would not have thought of terminating it at the waist line, or of using a black velvet girdle.

The under bodice is an easy-fitting blouse opening at the front over a surplice of fine white lace. The little coat of black chiffon lies smoothly over it, but develops a little fullness below the waist line. The girdle of crushed velvet encircles the figure easily at the normal waist line and fastens at the left under a big velvet rose in any color you like. The turban and slippers worn with this gown

carry out the black and white idea in these details, and the handsome black satin bag belongs in the scheme. The slippers are of white satin with rosettes of black velvet centered with a rhinestone cabochon.

The turban has a coronet of steel beads and crown of black velvet. The coronet supports a tuft of black fancy feathers.

No detail of the whole toilette is neglected; even the strand of beads of white spar could hardly be spared from the ensemble. But by way of color the rose and the beads may be of the same color and might be amber, or garnet or any color which their wearer affects as a favorite.

One might have a portrait made in such a gown, quite confident that it will always appeal to the artistic sense as beautiful. And further, as fashions and styles come and go, no matter what the changes may be, this costume will mark its designer as a far-sighted artist with a keen instinct for enduring hues and color. Some things, even in apparel, are staple.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Rompers for the Little Girl



The most sensible garb for the little girl from three to six or seven years old, consists of a blouse and bloomers, in which she can have as much freedom as her young brother. There is very little difference in the cut of the blouses for little boys and girls, and the materials used for them are the same. In making boys' suits small knee pants are substituted for bloomers, as a rule, although bloomers of scant fullness are quite as appropriate, and some mothers prefer them.

Now is the time to prepare the little folks' wardrobe for the coming spring and summer. Good, substantial materials, shrunk before they are cut, fast colors, and patterns of simple design, mark the choice of women of taste in these matters.

The romper suit illustrated here is made of a good quality of plaid gingham, trimmed with plain gingham. The colors, in which blue predominates, are not glaring, but strong and permanent. If washed with care they do not fade much, and what little change is made in them does not detract from their good effect as time passes. They will not stand the strong bleaching solutions used by some laundries—and nothing else will.

All the standard pattern makers provide satisfactory patterns for these romper suits. It is in the choice of materials and color that one has an opportunity to exercise individual taste. They are to be made with the fact always in mind that they must stand much tubbing. The sewing on them is always neat-

ly done machine stitching. It often proves something of a decoration and adds to the shapeliness and strength of the garment. Plain blue or other solid colors in gingham is prettily ornamented with parallel rows of stitching.

Strong, plain linen in natural color is a splendid fabric for rompers. There are narrow braids which may be applied to them by way of finishing. In order that garments trimmed with these wash braids may keep their shape, the braids as well as the materials should be shrunk before using them.

There is a variety of attractive materials to choose from for making these suits—percales, chambrays, madras, linen, etc. It takes little material to make them, and a generous supply can be provided for the coming season at a small cost. They should be made quite large enough to allow for a little growth on the part of the rapidly growing youngster.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Tunics.

They may startle. They may be flaring. They may even be triple. They may make the gods weep. But they need not be terrifying. There are sane, harmless little tunics. There are soft, graceful tunics sans wires. Tunics may be plain, or edged with fur or a ruffa.