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UNDER THE LEAVES

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Whilomd the frost forebnowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet Arbutus flowers—
Spring's children pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with tips of bloom,
Your mission is to show
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty.

With life's dark ways, we seem to say,
"With Love's divine sunshine
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.
—Fanny F. Bates.

THE LAST FARTHING

By MAY E. OFFORD

They sat on the end of the pier, watching the waves flash opalescent tints in the moonlight. The notes of the Marine band, struggling through the evening concert on the piazza of the San Marco, came faintly out to them.

"Don't you feel the least qualms at the thought of leaving to-morrow?" the girl asked lightly.

"The deepest," the man responded, gravely. "But then, the end comes to all things, you know—and it comes rather quickly to one's funds at these winter resorts."

The girl laughed.

"For a man that has thrown his money about broadcast, as you have, it seems to me you're growing very saving all at once," she said.

"I sha'n't throw much more money broadcast," he said, grimly.

"Good for you, Ted!" she cried, approvingly. "It's really time you took life seriously."

"I sha'n't waste any more money," he said slowly, "for the simple reason I can't; and I shall take life seriously because I am forced to it."

"Ted," she said quickly, catching some grim, hidden meaning in his words, "what is it? What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing much," he said quietly, "except that after to-night you will be relieved of my society. To-morrow I face the world with a clean slate. I shall have a taste of earning my daily bread."

"You don't mean——" she began in amazement.

"That's just what I do mean," he said. "Those western failures have wiped me clean off the map. I haven't a cent in the world, and consequently I can't afford to stay any longer at an expensive place like this."

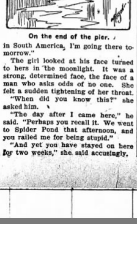
The girl clasped her little hands together and knit her brows. She seemed trying to grasp the full import of his words.

"It's awful!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" he said dryly.

"And you're going home to-morrow?" she asked.

"Home?" He laughed recklessly. "My dear child, why on earth should I go home? There's absolutely nothing there for me. Even worse; there are a hundred and one men who have been waiting for the chance to jump on me when I'm down. Home? Well, I should rather say not. Beatley has offered me a job on his rubber reserve



On the end of the pier.

in South America, I'm going there to-morrow."

The girl looked at his face turned to here in the moonlight. It was a strong, determined face, the face of a man who sells odds of to one. She felt a sudden tightening of her throat.

"When did you know this?" she asked him.

"The day after I came here," he said. "Perhaps you recall it. We went to Spider Pond that afternoon, and you railed me for being stupid."

"And yet you have stayed on here for two weeks," she said accusingly.

"I have stayed as long as the money I had with me—all the money I had in the world, for that matter—lasted," he said.

"Wasn't that rather imprudent?" she asked.

"Is it imprudent for a man who is going to a position of a wilderness to drain his cup of happiness to the last dregs before he leaves?" said he.

"Perhaps not," she admitted.

He threw his cigar into the water and watched it float lazily away on the tide.

"I wished you to know all these things before I went," said he, "and I wanted to tell you some other things. That is why I brought you out here where it is quiet. First, will you

"I give it back on one condition,"

kindly slip off that ring and give it to me?"

"Do you think I am that sort?" she asked hotly. "Do you think I promised to marry you to desert you at a time like this?"

"I know," he argued, "that is very noble of you. But remember what this means—years and years of waiting, probably. A man can lose in a day what it takes a lifetime to replace—what can sometimes never be replaced. I can't subject you to such conditions. You are young, and the doors of the world are open to you. It may be hard now, but you'll forget me presently. It is better that you should."

"Tod!" There was a world of reproach in her voice.

"Better give it back to me," he advised.

She covered her face with her hands and began to sob. He watched her with all a man's helplessness at such a moment.

"I—I thought you cared more than that," she said chokingly.

"Cared!" he said, wildly, "cared! Good God! Have you any idea how much I care? Let me tell you then. I have cared so much I have stayed here until I am well nigh penniless. Come what might, I was bound to be with you until the last cent was gone. I have stayed until there is nothing left—until it becomes necessary for me to go over to the town to-morrow to pawn my evening clothes and watch to get my passage money down there. I have cared like the desperate gambler who plays the game to his last farthing. That's the way I care," he ended hoarsely.

The man and girl faced each other in silence; he with tense, drawn face; she with a wonderful light in her eyes. She drew the ring from her finger and laid it in his big, brown hand.

"You are wise," he said heartily. She looked at him searchingly.

"I give it back on one condition," she said.

"And that?"

"You must pawn it."

"Pawn it?" he gasped. "Not this. I can't."

"You must," she said.

"Will you tell me why I must?" he said, watching it flash in the arm light.

"To—to pay my passage down there with you, Tod," she said with burning cheeks.—San Francisco Call.

TRIBE OF PRIMITIVE INDIANS.

Their Customs These of Red Men of a Century Ago.

The Alabama Indians in the Creek Nation are so far from their way that they attract attention where Indians are no uncommon sight. They are living and practising customs of the Indians of 100 years ago. They still speak their own dialect, being the only one of the forty-nine different tribes composing the Creek Nation that does this. None of them can speak English. They live in pole huts daubed with red clay.

The Alabama tribe has affiliated with the Snake Indians and is still more backward in accepting association with the white man. For a long time they refused to be enrolled on the Loyal Creek rolls, but of late many of them have been persuaded to come forward and enroll.

The prophet is the big man of the tribe. When a horse is stolen he is supposed to be able to find it, or if Indians become sick he is expected to make them well. If a drought overtakes the land he is expected to make it rain. He brews or makes all the medicine for his tribe.

Pottery making, which is a lost art with the Creek Indians to-day, was possessed by members of this tribe until a few years ago. The last survivor of the old school in the making of pottery was an old woman who died a few years ago.—Kansas City Journal.

JUST LIKE HATEFUL MAN.

How He Kept His Seat in a Crowded Street Car.

Three women stood before him in the crowded Chestnut street car and glared indignantly at the newspaper which he kept spread before his face. This continued from Sixteenth street to Twelfth. Then he put down the paper and half arose.

"Take this seat, madam," he politely said.

The three exchanged uncertain glances.

"I mean the elderly lady," he still politely exclaimed.

Immediately all three of the women turned their eyes abruptly toward the advertising cards and became immensely interested in the legends written there.

Then the man slipped back into his seat and quietly resumed the reading of his newspaper.—Philadelphia Press.

The Man in the Boy.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the mind's work, the soul,
The twig that sways away with the sparrow,
To-day.

In to-morrow's sturdy tree,
Like a peach in the blossom buried,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the seed of simple truth;
The oak that defies the storniest skies
Is the acorn's tender youth.
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is buried;
A faithful boy is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is royal in his plan;
The eagle's prime is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's, bald and gray.
The nerve that beneath smiles
Is the nerve that beneath frowns buried,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy is king of the world.
—George Elsgard Burleigh.

He Would Be on the Safe Side.

W. Y. Morgan tells of a Swede who came from Dakota to Nebraska and wanted to buy a farm. The land agent took him around and finally he found what he wanted and said: "Ay tak dees one." Then they went back to town, and the agent was making out the papers. "How do you want to pay for it?" he asked. "Ay pay all; Ay hav da money." "All right, I'll make out the deed," said the agent. "No," said Ole Olenson. "Ay no want deed." "Yes, you do," argued the agent, "you pay the money and you get the deed." "No, no," said the Swede, earnestly. "Ay no want deed. Ay had deed out in Dakoty. Ay pay man de money. He gif me deed. Ay good beem mortgage. Ay tak land. By an by he get land; he get deed, he hef da money. Dess time Ay no want deed. Ay want mortgage. Ay pay da money. You gif me mortgage."—Kansas City Star.

Reprimand for Cardinal.

Cardinal Mathieu, the only French resident cardinal, has been severely reprimanded for publishing in the Revue des Deux Mondes an article signed "A Witness," giving his recollection of the death of Leo XIII. and several incidents of the following conclave.

Big Silver Nugget.

The tenton silver nugget taken from the Idaho mines is one of the startling exhibits shown in the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy at the world's fair.

King is a Physician.

King Edward studied medicine and surgery a good deal while Prince of Wales.

Young Corner

Patterns and Descriptions of Garments Made "the Thing" by Dame Fashion—A Comfortable Summer Kitchen—Delicious Chicken and Nut Salad.

The Summer Kitchen.

The kitchen woodwork should be as simply finished as possible. No molding to catch dust, no ornamentation of any kind. White and green are the coolest colors for the kitchen.

Perhaps the best thing is to paint the walls so that they may be washed and kept clean from the greasy smoke of cooking.

Carpets in the kitchen are most undesirable. The best covering, unless, of course, a hardwood floor is possible, is a softly tinted linoleum. It wears well and can be washed easily.

If the kitchen can be securely locked away from the remainder of the house, it can be kept much cooler during the summer by taking out the windows and nailing screens over the whole opening.

Chicken and Nut Salad.

Set the white meat of a chicken into small pieces, and add to it a half cup of English walnut meat chopped rather coarsely, and a cup of finely cut celery or four or five lettuce leaves torn in shreds. If the latter sprinkle with celery salt, dust lightly with pepper, marinate with just a little vinegar or lemon juice, and add half a cupful of chicken stock or gravy and the same amount of mayonnaise. Toss lightly with a fork. (Lis a salad bowl—or the little individual paper cases—with the white leaves of lettuce, curling each one to form a cup or nest. Fill these with a mad mixture and crown each with a teaspoonful of mayonnaise.

Pretty Cushion.

Fashion tops stamped with the fashionable cross-stitched designs are among the novelties for summer fancy work. American women will celebrate space the time to make their own embroidery designs, and these quick pieces are extremely popular. Linens and canvas, in both close and coarse weaves, are stamped in this way. Cream, pale pink or blue and light green are among the preferred colors.

PRETTY THINGS FOR HER

Fancy effects in veiling are very prominent.

Linen of all weights will be very much worn.

The old-time leg-of-mutton sleeve, with new touches, has returned to favor.

The directoire models are among the newest style ideas, even later than the 1830 designs.

Flowered fabrics are unprecedentedly lovely and the single large design more effective than the smaller patterns.

If you have an old-fashioned black lace scarf get it out, for they are to be in high vogue again when summer comes.

Narrow cotton braids, introducing floral patterns in white, black or color, are trimmings used upon piques and ducks.

Embroidered dress patterns are numerous, not only in wash goods but in the new voiles, etamines and other light weights for spring.

Delightful features of the coming summer are some pelerine scarfs in black and white chantilly which a few milliners are already showing.

Nut Roast.

Mix together 1 cup each of stewed peas reduced to a pulp, wax beans chopped and 2 cups chopped nut, ½ teaspoonful each of salt, sage, pinch of pepper and sugar; pour ¼ cup cold water on slices of stale bread; let stand 15 minutes; then break up with a fork; add 1 teaspoonful each of grated onion and sage, pinch of salt, 1 cup of thick sweet cream, oil a baking pan and line with half of the nut mixture; put in the bread dressing; then the rest of the nut mixture; pour over this a cup of cream; bake 2 hours; slice and serve on hot platters; garnish with slices hard boiled eggs and an acid jelly.

Velveteen May Be Washed.

Not every owner of a velveteen gown is aware that velveteen stands washing. Yet this can be very successfully done. Have ready a warm, soapy lather, immerse the velveteen garment in it, and gently rub until the dirt disappears. After rinsing, press as dry as possible, and iron damp on the wrong side with hot irons frequently changed. Then hang in front of the fire to finish, and the pile will come up like new. To be successful this treatment must be carried out with extreme care, otherwise it is far cheaper to send the costume to a cleaner's.

Girl's Sailor Costume.

No little girl's wardrobe is quite complete without a sailor costume. It is simple yet smart, fashionable and comfortable in one and to be commended from every point of view. This one allows a choice of a plain blouse or the applied yoke and is made without an opening in the blouse, simply drawn on over the head. As shown the material is blue serge with shield of white and banding of braid, but white serge and flannel are correct as well as blue and for the farm days linen and cotton fabrics will be worn. The sailor tie is both graceful and characteristic and is made of soft blue silk.

The costume consists of the body lining, faced to form the shield, skirt and blouse. The body lining is smoothly fitted and closes at the back with the full gathered skirt that is joined to its lower edge. The blouse is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams and is faced to form the yoke and sailor collar, the latter being cut in one piece and the sleeves are made in one piece each and are shaped by means of an outer seam that extends for part of their length only.

Many Varieties of Lace.

Lace is a thing which has undergone a complete change. From being a delicate fabric, closely connected with heavy expense, the laces of today are made of many different threads, coarse as well as fine, wool fiber as well as thread, and are turned out in all sorts of shapes from the great piece of lace which is one of the features of modern dressmaking to the deep points of face which are to be used for flouncings.

What Towels to Use.

The woman who considers her complexion is using small towels not only for her guests, but for her hands and face. The birdseye linen is soft for the skin, which is often irritated by a heavier towel. Then she can use as many as she pleases without feeling that she is making a deadly enemy of the laundress. The woman who keeps her house dainty also makes use of small cakes of soap for guests. They are not more than half the size of the ordinary cakes, and cost a price small in proportion. By this means, she is able to give each guest a fresh cake of soap without undue extravagance.

Test of Pure Air.

If you want to know if the air of your bedroom is pure take an empty wide-necked bottle capable of holding just nine and a half fluid ounces of water, into this empty bottle pour half an ounce of lime water. Let the bottle remain uncovered in the room all night long. If in the morning the lime water is milky, the ventilation is very bad indeed. If the lime water becomes milky on your covering the bottle mouth with your hand and shaking the vessel the ventilation is not sufficiently good. If the lime water remains clear the air of that room is pure.

A New Trimming.

Llama thread is the novelty this season. It is a fine gold thread with a peculiar luster of its own, but unfortunately kills the color of any other thread used with it, and therefore is invariably used without any other trimming. As a general rule it is embroidered on the materials themselves, the embroidery being so fine and close that it produces almost the effect of concentrated sunlight.

Normal Talks

Try washing the hands with mustard water to remove strong odors.

To remove ink stains from the fingers dampen them slightly and rub the spots with the sulphur end of a match.

A few drops of oil of lavender in a bowl half filled with very hot water will give a delightful sense of freshness to a room.

To remove claret stains from table linen cover the spots as soon as possible with salt; let stand a few minutes, then rinse in cold water.

A plain brown or green wall paper makes an ideal background for pictures, and the absence of pattern on walls adds immensely to the apparent size of the room.

To save the knees of boys' ribbed stockings one mother re-enforces them by sewing a piece of strong black cloth behind them before they are worn at all. It is remarkable how much longer stockings wear when treated in this way.

Two Ways to Peel Onions.

It is a good plan to put onions into a bowl and pour hot water over them. This enables one to peel them very quickly and without tears. Another good way is to put them in cold water and hold them beneath the surface during the peeling. This method may not be so rapid at first, but it also prevents the tears.

A Japanese Tea Cosy.

Tea cosies modeled after the Oriental ones are easy to make at home, minus the embroidery. Quilted silk, plenty of cotton wadding, and a silk cord to finish it with is all that is necessary to turn out an imitation Japanese tea cosy, shaped like a miniature pagoda.

The New Neckties.

Soft silk neckties of the washable sort are to be worn with linen collars. They are tied in a very wide bow with short ends. Generally, the silks are in soft, subdued colors. Shades of pongee, sprinkled with small patterns in porcelain blue, pistache green or ox blood red, are the most desirable color schemes.

Dainty Lingerie.

The daintiest of new night robes are of nainsook or linen batiste, decorated with hand embroidered Louis knots and sprays of flowers, gowns are made with full sleeves, which terminate at with embroidered flounces.

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