But rather I would turn my face Poward some newer, stranger place; Follow the woodman's ruthless axe Far through the Northern tamaracks, Or the clean-curved, alert cance Drive through some stream still fresh and new.

In the low sod buts of the plain Through many a wild night I have lain

And I have felt midoummer heat Amid Dakota's seas of wheat; I like the steep slopes and the climb That sets the heart to double time: The near stars of the furthest peaks Where the bold wind its harvest seeks

I like the newer, longer trails Of yielding turf or fron rails; The glimpse of herders as I pass. The herds amid the chort plain-grass And green alfalfa, where the hand Of man has tamed the savage fand. And though the clouds drift not at all Above the plain and no rains fall. Not man devices in his need A store of moisture, plants his seed 'And trims the bough and tends the

choost And waters at his will the root. 'Along the world's new-broken trails Life does not last when courage fails: The hut is built, the mouths are fed Only where valor first has led. And wilderness or plain is good To men of faith and hardfhood. -Meredith Nicholson, in New York

THINBLE AND COMFORT BAG

The ladies of Pinehurst had met in the pretty reading room to make comfort bass. Ethel Savage was there, too. because Mrs. Savage was not the kind of a woman to go to a sewing society and leave her little girl afone at home. While the pleasant hum of good-natured goesip went on around her Eithel ellently and laboriously worked on her own comfort bag. The day was hot and little fingers would get aweaty; but she struggled bravely, thinking only in her patriotic little heart, of the soldiers in Tampa, and how pleased one of them would be when he got her bag. Sometimes her white little teeth had to pull the sticky needle through the puckered seem, and sometimes it was shoved through on the edge of her chair seat; but she never thought of making a fues about it.

After a while Mrs. Munson, who sat beside Rithel, said sympathetically: "You're having a rather hard time of

"Yes'm: this needle's awful dull." "Let me take it a minute and see if

I can't sharpen it." Ethol gave it up with a relieved eigh and watched Mrs. Munson with lively interest while she stabled it through her emery hall. "Now, try that, and mee if it doesn't work better.

It did for a while, and then teeth and chair had to help again.

"If you had a thimble you'd get on

better, don't you think?" "I spect I would. I do wish I had

Ethel looked admiringly at the pretty gold thimble on Mrs. Munson's finzer, and her heart was filled with longings to possess one like it. She meant to broach the subject to mamme on the

way home, but Miss Harvey walked down street with them and talked all the time. Then mamma was busy getofing supper and she went to Uncle George who was resting on the hammock.

"Uncle George, do you know how much thimbles cost?" "Thimbles! Do you mean the kind

they put in stove-pipe holes?" "Now, Uncle George! You know what I mean; a lovely little gold one. like Mrs. Munson's."

"Oh, that! I never had one of that kind, but I have bought the stove pipe fellows. How could I know what you menat?"

Well. you know now. Say, how much do you s'pose they cost?" "Really, my dear, I haven't the least

idea. But what of it?" "Why, you see, I wish I had one-if they don't cost too much." "Now I begin to see the drift of your

with it it you had one?"

discourse. But what would you do paper."

Then Ethel entered into a minute account of the trials of the afternoon and told him all about the comfort bags and produced her own warped and deformed speciment, and showed him where you put the selesors and the littie Pestament and the court plaster and will the other comforts. Uncle George was full of sympathy and interest. He lad gone on the excursion to Tampa the week before, and had told Ethel about the soldiers who had to sleep on the ground in their not tents without may mosquito bars; and the great number of horses and mules corraled near by which might stampede at any moment and run over the poor boys. To Difficia mind all the horrors of war were represented by this possibility. In case they did stampede there would be immediate need of comfort bags, and the felt that here could not be finished 100 8000 All this was pointed out to Uncle George as an additional argumant in favor of haste in the matter of thimble. Well, when Uncle George seme home the next night he brought a little after thimble. Eithel had taken the presution to show idm the exact also of her finger, so it fixed perfectly. and she was sure there could be no equipe now in finishing her beg in et order Bus, on wear! The fat. ed little finger would donthe arms une perset times

where it ought to go. However, she made progress and grew more and more in love with her thimble.

The next morning while she was busy with her play-house under the locust tree, she found a cluster of little toadstools that looked exactly like her thimble, the same size, color and shape. Etael screamed with delight, and gathering them carefully, placed one on each finger. With her own thimbie, which had never been out of her hand since Uncle George gave it to her, each of her brown little digits was decorated with a cap. Tearing into the house, she showed them with eager delight to her mamma, who smiled with sympathetic pleasure. Then she took them to Uncle George, who only said indifferently, "Certainly," and went on reading the morning paper.

"Say, Uncle George, ain't they pretty?"

"Yes, yes,"

"I've got one for every finger." "Y-e-s." "Umhum."

"But they're all breaking up." Uncle George only answered by an impatient fidget.

"Just look! They're all coming to pieces!" This indifference was something new in Ethel's experience. She was accustomed to being listened to when she talked to her uncle; so she gave him a good shake. But if his was at that moment-watching Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor-he could hardly have been more oblivious to the meaning of her charter.

thought a long time over an idea which butter slightly and cover with white had come to her and then renewed the sauce. attack.

"Uncle George! Say, Uncle G-e-o-rg-e! Do thimbles grow seed?" "Of course. Now run away. I'm reading." "They must have planted awful poor

seed for these, don't you think?" But Uncle George was still in Santiago.

"Say if you planted better seed wouldn't you get better thimbles?" "Yes, yes." "If I planted this would it grow

good ?" "Umbum."

"If I had thimbies for all my fingers couldn't I make bags faster?" "M-m-m-m."

Finally she left him in Sanuago and went back to the locust tree and her own occupations. These must have been very pleasant for she went about happily excited all the rest of the day, and for two or three days after. Mrs. Savage noticed that she seemed to have lost interest in her comfort bag, but when she asked about it Ethel always said, in a very mysterious way, "Just wait; I'll work fast when I

She spent more and more time under the locust tree, and one morning said, very soberly and anxiously: "Mamma, how long does it take for

seed to come up?" "Why, that depends upon what kind of seed it is."

Mrs. Savage was very busy just then and paid no further attention to her little girl. But when the day arrived for going to the hall to finish the bags. Eithel maid she didn't want to go, and for a long time would give no reason. But memma got it all out of her at last. together with a great amount of hysterical sobbing.

"I wanted enough for all my fingers -'cause Uncle George said I could sew faster on my bag-and he said it'd grow if I planted it-and I did-under the locust, where the others were-and -it did not come up. and-now I can't find it-and the poor soldier-won't get env bag-cause I can't never get & done intime---!"

"Are you sure Uncle George said your thimble would grow if you planted it?"

"Yes; I asked him, and he said 'Umhum' just es plain."

Mamma was filled with pity for her little girl's disappointment and with indignation for her brother, whom she interviewed at once.

"George, what did you mean by telling Ethel that foolish stuff about her thimble growing if she planted it?" "Why, Julia, I never said anything of the sort."

"Yes, you did, Uncle George. I asked you if it would grow if I planted it, and you said it would."

"Then I must have been dreaming."

Mrs. Savage laughed. "That accounts for it; you know

you're never responsible when you're spirits of wine. reading war news."

Uncle George was just as sorry as he could be, and mamma stayed at home from the sewing society and finished her own bag, and helped Ethel with here until that, too, was done, and in president of the society and she sent them with the rest to Tampa.

But the best part of this story happeried to our little patriot the next morning. When she went sorrowfully out to the locust tree to dig again for her buried treasure she saw at once that the fairies had been at work in the night. There, on the ends of nine sticks, standing in a circle, were three little red celluloid thimbles and three white ones and three blue ones. In the centre of the circle was planted a pole from which the Stars and Stripes waved cheerily in the morning breeze. while on the very tip sat a tiny silver thimble, and if it wasn't the identical one she had planted, it was so nearly like it that it couldn't tell itself apart. -Carolyn Palmer, in Herald and Pres-

Jones Say what you will, but Rooseveit stood ready to shed blood for his

country! Johnson Inst's nothing! There's medicines nowadays that make new



Tell the Cook

That beelsteak broiled without salt is much more julcy and tender. It may be seasoned with salt, pepper and butter when ready to serve.

That a little boiled rice or corn left from dinner can be made into most excellent fritters by the addition of an egg or two, a little baking powder and flour to make a stiff batter; then fry in hot lard.

That rancid butter boiled in water with a pinch of charcoal will lose its "Do you thing I can sew with them?" rancid odor and taste and may be used for cooking purposes.

> That musty coffee or tea pots may be cleaned and sweetened by putting in a tablespoonful of wood ashes and filling with cold water: then set over the fire and boil, and after a thorough washing and rinsing they will be as good as new

That broken bits of bread should not be allowed to accumulate, as they can body had been where his mand really be fried or served as cream toast when too large to be put in with the crumbs for powdering; beat up an egg or two with a little milk, dip the sliced bread in this and fry slightly in good hot She went away after a while send drippings, or toast, dip in hot water,

Rag for Opera Glasses.

A pretty bag for opera glasses is made of cream colored satin, lined throughout with pule sink silk and elaborately trimmed with lace. The bottom is made over a firm round piece of card-hoard, measuring five inches in diameter and is covered inside and outside and seamed together at the edge The satin for the sides and ton is eighteen inches long and six inches

The dainty design is worked on the lower part of the bag with silk and beads Ten rings are sewn on the bag



ind pale pink satin ribbon is run hrough these both ways so that the ands will draw up the bag.

A Cold Cream Jar.

Our grandmothers excelled us in iainty trifles. One of the prettiest prnaments on the dresser was an egg At first sight it looked exactly like an egg from the pantry, for the shell was inpainted. Only as you looked at it you saw that one end was broken. This eggshell was used as a cold cream

lar. When making cold cream our grandmothers would pour it into an empty shell which had been carefully prepared. After the egg was taken out the shell had been washed and sweetened with perfumery with a few drops ieft in the bottom. The cold cream was poured in and was left to harden. The result was a very nice eggshell full of lovely white cosmetic. Try this for yourself.

Grease Spots on Books.

To remove grease spots from the books heat the greased spots by holding them before the fife, and place clean blotting paper between each sheet, warm the leaf once more, and "No, you wasn't; you was reading the paint the stains on both sides with essential oil of turpentine made boiling hot. Repeat, if necessary; then brush over the parts again with rectified

Measuring Fruit.

In following recipes for the canning and preserving of fruit it should be remembered that a quart of fruit must be measured in a quart measure, not in the evening they carried them to the the tradesmen's baskets, which vary in size, but are never a full scriptural quart. Fruits and vegetables should he sold here as they are abroad, by the weight, instead of by measure.

Good for Young Canapies. The best food for young canaries is ard-boiled egg mixed with a little wheat bread. Cut up the egg fine and add to it a part of a roll that has been soaked in water for a few minutes, and then squeeze dry. Great care must be taken that the food be fresh, for if it he the least sour it will kill the birds.

Novel Baking Dish. A newly designed pie and cake baking dish has a hollow protection formed in the hottom, which extends level with the top and has vent holes in the sides, while the top is provided with screw-threaded recess for the insertion of a handle by which the dish may be lifted when hot.

Onions are great absorbents. They should not be left cut for any length of time and then used.

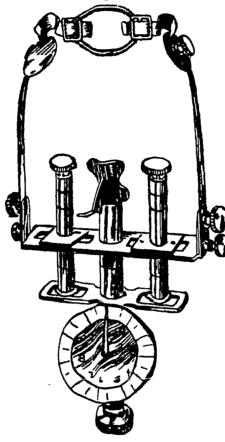
EYES MASSAGED

Instrument Intented by a French Oculist For Use in Myopia.

named Dion, and is said to have produced wonderful results.

It is particularly valuable in treating myopla, or short sight, a disease for which no reusedy had been found hitherto, except the wearing of glasses. The instrument consists principally of two tubes, which can be fixed at various distances from one another, according to the position of the patient's eyes. These tubes have at the end two polished glasses, which are pressed on the eyellds when the operator touches a button which controls the two tubes. He can keep exact account of the pressure exercised by means of a dynamometer placed above

The instrument is very simple. It is adjusted to the eye on the closed eyelids at the exact point where the mas-



EYR MASSAGING INSTRUMENT sage is required. This is a matter to

be determined by the oculist. The pressure can be calculated to a gram-

The patient never suffers any pain. At the end of a few minutes, eight or 10 ordinarily, he feeds a slight fatigue. The massaging is immediately stopped This instrument is above all applicable to myopla, which is the most general of all affections of the eye. In this disease the eye is deformed in such a manner that the rays coming from objects after having passed of the retina and do not influence the

lear impression. The massaging instrument causes the hardening of the eye to disappear to the retina, and thus lessens the effect of refraction.

Florida's Nagural Wolls.

The natural walls in the western part of Alacham county are a great curiosity, and are one of the attract ive features of this part of Florida, They are unique in every respect 1 is not known that similar wells exist in any other part of the country. They are of various depths and dimensions Some of them are dry, while others are bottomiess, reaching chan to subterranean streams whose sources and outlets are unknown. Some of the wells are not more than twelve inches in diameter, while others are large enough to be driven into by a team of horses. They drain a large acreage of some of the finest land in Florida From all appendances it is evident that they have existed from the earliest fimes.

To one who is not familiar with the country where these wells are found it is not safe to travel alone. In early times it was not uncommon for people to fall into the se holes, and while the bodies of some were recovered after death the lives of others were mir aculousiv saved.

Some years ago a party while hunting lost a dog. The animal was not found for several days, and when discovered he was sitting on a shelf rock in a natural well sixty feet below the surface of the earth. There was no bottom to the well, and the walls beropes the dog was relieved from his perllous situation in a starving con-In the winter season many strangers

much pleasure by visiting the region in which are located the natural wells.

Curious Callings.

In India all callings are bereditary: a baker's son becomes a baker, and his son after him, and so on from generation to generation. The census, however, reveals some more startling vocations than that of the maker of bread.

The People of Allahabad especially are not ashamed of their professions. Thirty-five describe themselves as men who beg with threats of violence:" 226 as "flatterers for gain: twenty-five as "hereutary robbers: 974 as "low blackguards;" twenty-nine as "howlers at funerals." while as many as 6,372 publicly announce that

they are "poets." In other districts one finds, besides the ordinary professions, 11,000 tomtom players, forty-five makers of crowns for idols, 145 ear cleaners, and -most curious of all—"hereditary painters of horses with spots."

The census containing this interest ing information is kept at the Sanskrit College at Benares.

A Royal Heirionan.

The glorious pear? necklace which the Emperor of Austria presented to the late Empress on the christening of the miserable Crown Prince Rudolph has been left to the young Archduchess Elizabeth, together with many jewels, by her grandmother's will. The Empress' own jewels, independent of those belonging to the crown, were not long sime valued at 17,000,000.

THE RIGHLAND BRAUTY.

The news of the expected landing of An instrument for massaging the Prince Charles Edward Stuart in Scoteye has been invented by a Frenchman , land to attempt to recover the crown of his forefathers had reached a secluded glen; many were the suitors that had fears that animated the hearts of the Highlanders. There dwelt in a small sheeling on

> the hiliside a young girl of eighteen. the only daughter of a Highlander. Her rare beauty and gentle manners had won her the admiration and approval of both young and old in the gien; many were the suitors that had sought young Flore's hand, and many were the sad hearts that had left the sheeling with the gentle yet firm refusal of the Hambland lassie. Her companion from childhood had been young Donald of the clachan. The children had grown up together from their earliest years, had wandered among the bonnie heather braces, and sat beside each other in the primitive school of the glen, for years before either had known the meaning of the word love. On stormy days, when winds were high and the blinding smow-drift swept over the glen, young Donald would wrap the pretty child in her plaid, and, though only two years her senior, seemed to consider himself the guardian of the motoerless bairn.

Thus years had passed away in all the innocent attachment of childhood. When the hours for play came, these children, instead of romping with the others in the school, would wander to some sunny brane and twine the purple heather in a necklet for the fair white neck of the little Flora, or to deck the blue bonnet of young Donald. Their natures seemed framed in the same mould-calm, loving natures, cheerful and sunny, yet not impulsive, nor boisterous, or cruel. Years had fled without a cloud to darken the sky of their young existence. Flora had fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and had grown in beauty both of person and mind. Hers was the same innocent and loving nature that had nestled in childhood beneath the plaid of the young Donald, who had now grown to manhood. A finer specimen of a young Highlander could not be seen, strength, agility, comelless, and the proud bearing which is so native to the mountaineer, were his, but the artiess conidence of childhood was usurped by the strong power of love and they met with more reserve as time went on.

Flora's father was proud of his only child, who so reminded him of her mother, his first and only love, that he had laid in the grave years ago. Proud of the admiration and respect that his through the cornen and the crystaline child met with on all hands, he reason. lens form their image too far in front ed with himself that it was his duty as a father to endeavor to get his optic nerve sufficiently to produce a daughter to make a good match, which iked Donald, and encouraged him when and gradually restores it to its normal they were children in the care he took form The pressure exercised by the of young Flora. But Donald was a apparatus brings the crystaline nearer shepherd, the only son of a widowed mother, and why should any foolish feeling on the part of Flora prevent her marrying some of the well-to-do farmers who had sought her hand?

It was a winter's night; the fire was burning brightly on the hearth and Donald who had been spending the evening with them, had just left, when the first shoolow come over young Flora's life Her father spoke words which went like arrows to her heart. and brought tears to her glorious eyes. Donald was forbidden to come to the house again, and the name of a wealthy man whose suit she had rejected. but who had again asked her father for her hand, was pronounced with the sternmess of parental authority to be the one he had selected for her future hushand

Flora loved her father, and at first only gazed at him with a look of incredulity: but the words were repeated harsher and more sternly than former. ly. The tears were gone: there was an expression of anger, but it spoke volumes. She rose, kissed her father, and left the room.

Long hours passed ere sleep closed the tear-dimmed eyes of young Flora. Her love, her duty to her father on one side; her deep, pure, and virgin love for young Donald on the other; hard fate to have to choose between. But ing perpendicular and of solid rock, the conflict was over; her decision was the animal had no means of each per made. She had been truthful as the without assistance. By the use of sun from childhood, and, without thinking of it perhaps, her father had asked her to swear a lie at the altar of God, in pronouncing the marriage who go to that part of Florida find .vows to a man whom she did not even respect, when her heart, her life, her love, were given to young Donald. It could not be.

"What am I to say to Errick of the Bracken Braes, Flora?" said her father in his most winning way, the following mornig.

and that my heart and my hand gang thegither," was the reply. The Highlander swore an oath, and muttered he would have his own way.

left the sheeling. Next day was Sunday, and Donald and Flora met at the little chapel in the gien. He observed that his lassie look. ed sad, and was even more reserved than usual. "Meet me at the Eagles" Crain to-morrow, Donald, when I gang to milk the goats. Ye ken the hour; and with a smile she passed on.

At the Eagles' Crain young Flora told her lover the stern decree her father had made. "So ye mustna be coming again. Donald," she said, struggling in vain to hide her emotion.

At the Eagles' Crain there was a tableau: the distant mountains, the murmuring burn, the goats grouped around, the collie dogs reposed amongst the beather: in the centre a youth and a head resting on his breast. The first that the scene

The standards of the Stuarts had the nerve to kies her.

Imager ingenie a men andre

been raised, and the clans were marshalling to strike the most chivelrous blow that was ever struck on behalf of a fallen dynasty. Every sheeling was sending forth its men capable of bearing arms; and with heavy hearts, yet with all the pride of their race the Highland wives, mothers and sweet. hearts were placing the white cockade in the bonnets of their darlings. Sad was the heart of young Flora when Donald told her the news; she made his white cockade in secret, and gave it to him with a parting kiss at the Eagles' Crain the night before that sad morning that saw all that was dear to her in this world, her father and lover, march

down the glen. Donald had asked Flora to take care of his mother now that she would be left alone, and she had gone to live with the poor old widow whose heart was nearly broken; but she shed not a tear as her handsome boy, arrayed in his tartan, marched away to fight for bonnie Prince Charlie. Donald's Highland pride had felt bit.

terly the conduct of Flora's father, but for the sake of his heart's idol he could not hate him. They fought aide by side in the first battle at which the Highland army encountered the English forces. At a critical period of the fight Donald beheld the stalwart form of Flora's father engaged in a hand-tohand encounter with an Englishsoldier? ae had little doubt of the result of the contest, and the smoke that enveloped the scene hid them from his sight; as it for a moment cleared away, he saw the brave Highlander hard pressed by three of the enemy, and he rushed to his assistance. Ere he reached the scene of conflict, two of the English soldiers were lying on the ground: but in giving the blow that felled the second, the brave Highlander had lost his footing, and before he could recover himself the third closed with him and had him down. With a wild Highland yell Donald sprang forward like a tig. er and buried his dirk between the. shoulders of the English soldier as he was in the act of using the prostrate Highlander's dirk while he firmly grasped his throat with the right hand. It was the work of a moment to hurd the dead soldier off the Highlander: and Flora's father sprang to his feet to recognize in the boy he had so harshly treated the savior of his life. 'Donald!" he exclaimed; but the brave boy and not waited for thanks, but hurried on to join his clan, in pursuit of the now routed and disorganized

English army. Time passed on and Highland pride on both sides had maintained the coldness that existed between the two

Highlanders It was a lovely morning when the two armies were again drawn up to order of battle, eager for the coming fray. The wild slogan of the bagpipe, the waving plumes and flowing tar on the one side, and the serried ranks and scarlet uniforms of the English on the other. Its tale has oft been told. the fight was over; the impetuous charge of the Highlanders had carried everything before it, and the English

army was in full retreat. Beside a rude couch eat young Donald, who, with the exception of a sabre cut on the shoulder, had come scathless through the day of battle and victory. Not so Flora's father; he lay mortally wounded, his handsome feaures pale, and his broad chest heaving. He had clasped the boy's hand in his own, and spoke with difficulty.

"Donald, forgive me," he exclaimed. 'I am wearing away: never shall I see the bonnie gien and the sheeling, or class again to my breast my ain dear lassie. Teil her that my dying words were seeking forgiveness from her. from you. Tell her that in health and strength I thought mair o' riches than her happiness. God forzive me! Tell her that you saved my life; I the wretch that would have wrecked both your young lives for gold; I that was so harsh with you. O. Donald, tell her you gladdened the dying moments of her father, and that he gave her to you with a dying man's blessing, as freely as she gave herself."

Here a spasm convulsed his paleness, and he ceased from exhaustion. Donald eat with tear-dimmed eyes: him heart was full, and his thoughts ware far away.

The dying Highlander's lips moved, his voice for a moment regained its old tone. "Tell them in the glen that Alister died the proudest death a Highlander can die-fighting for his chief. his prince, and Scotland." A slight tremor over his frame, and the brave heart had ceased forever.

We will not trace the varying fortunes of the Highland army: the sun of Cullodin had set in disaster, the prince was a wanderer, the clans routed and dispersed.

A young Highlander, pale and hazgard, with his arm, in a sling, was rest-"Tell him I have nae heart to gie him. ing on a bed in the clachan; an old woman counting her beads, and a young and beautiful girl, were the only

inmates of the room. "Yes, Flore," said young Donald (for he it was), "he gied ye to me on his death bed. Will ye still hae me?" Young Flora's lips pressed those of the wounded soldier in reply. And Donald and Flora parted no more till Death called one away; but the parting was not for long-within three days Death called the other. Stalwart lads and bonnie lassies laid their parents beneath the old rowan tree in the glen. full of years, and mourned by the country-side.

A Sad Case.

"Yes." said the Rounder, "Dasherly should be an example to all young men who marry for money." "Why should he?" asked Callow, who

maiden, his arm around her waist, her doesn't vnow much and doesn't know kies of love had been given; their troth | "Why. I he kieses his wife when he's

was plighted, and the fire-god shope on been drinking she catches on, and if he nam't been drinking he can't get un

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