

THE GREEN TEMPTER.

Oh, down in de garden in de cohnah ob de fence,
Wheh de honey bees an' dronin' in de honeysuckle dease,

Et tempt me in de mawnin' when de sun an' new en red,
Et tempt me in de noon-time when de sun an' overhead;

Ah dream about det melon 'mos' twenty-times a day,
Ah sees his green back shinin' en to me he seem to say:

De Pawson say when Satan tempt tell Satan git behin',
But Satan run in front ob me by det melon vine;

Las' week de good ol' pawson put fum his bed deed leep,
En while he was a sleepin' soun he preached a sermon deep;

So sum night when Ah'm sleepin' in dem quilts Ah'll sholy shake,
En sneak off to de garden in det melon Ah will take,

-Victor A. Herman, in Puck.

The Major's Story.

Perhaps it was partly her fault or maybe it was all her fault. Anyway, they had just had a quarrel—one of those unpleasant little affairs in which neither one nor the other will give in or acknowledge being in the wrong,

Then he falls back upon that resort, and says: "I am going to the club." He gets his hat and coat and is about to open the door, when she half repents and asks him not to go,

He goes directly to the club. There he meets a few of his friends, and they sit down for a smoke preparatory to the night's excitement at the whist table.

He is besieged on the right and left to come join them in their smoke, and Robert Langdon wonders who this rather stout individual who enjoys such popularity can be.

"Major Hunt, one of the most capital story tellers we have had for some time," answers one of the friends in reply to a laughing query from Langdon: "Wait until you hear one of his stories, and you will think so, too."

"The Major has hardly made himself comfortable before he is asked to tell one of his stories, and after a while yields to the entreaties of the crowd, and begins:

"There is not an army post in India, nor in the world, which has not some little romance interwoven with its history. But one which I especially remember is one in which the faithfulness of woman, as I will call it, played such an important part as to fix the story in my mind forever."

"It was about five years ago, at an Indian fort, that this incident occurred. We had there a young private. I never did find out exactly where he came from, and I have even forgotten his name now. He seemed to be an indifferent sort of fellow, rarely joining the rest of the men in their larks, and keeping pretty much to himself. He was a handsome young man, too, nearly six feet tall, if I remember correctly. It was his mysterious manners which made us wonder what he did with himself during his spare moments—that is, when his time was not required by the government."

"We tried in vain to find out. All that we could ever learn of him was that he was always in his mess-room during these intervals, and his companion soldiers there said: 'He reads and reads all the time,' that's all. Army life did not seem to agree with him very much, and we could not see why he ever entered into it. Still, there was no one with nerve enough to ask the question we were anxious to have answered. He was the one mystery of the fort."

"Perhaps you will wonder why we officers should take any interest in a common private, but before I have finished you will see why that was. 'What was also a mystery to us was how he had managed to become well enough acquainted with the quartermaster's daughter to be seen occasionally out walking with her. Her name, you must remember distinctly, is Genevieve Nuttle. She is the belle of the fort. I believe there was hardly a man in that fort at the time who would not have stood a good deal of torture if she had so wished—but don't be alarmed, gentlemen. No such thought would have entered that girl's mind."

"And then she was very beautiful. Perhaps this had something to do with it. Those among us who had been ill had special reasons for feeling grateful to her, for as soon as she received consent from her father to nurse the sick one, whether he was an officer or private. In truth, her kindness and charitableness to all made adorners out of half the men in the fort, and the other half were dead in love with her."

"Now to get down to the story. One day there came the announcement that the natives in our district contemplated a rising, and that the men should be got in readiness to leave at almost any moment. One morning the command came, and a troop of cavalry was detailed to go out and, if possible, bring them in."

"The matter had now taken a serious turn, for the few who had started the depredations on a small scale had been joined by the others, until several hundreds of them had gone into camp. It happened that the 'mysterious private's' troop was the one detailed to go out first on a sort of reconnoitering trip, and if on

investigation it was thought necessary to send out more men, they were to return at once for reinforcements.

"It was a busy scene at the fort that morning. Soon the bugle sounded, the men leaped into their saddles and moved up to the gate of the fort. It was a proud moment for the soldiers who composed that troop, for it was their first actual expedition after an enemy. Then came the sound of the bugle again, and the men were off, with the cheers of their comrades ringing in their ears."

"We in the fort had many an anxious hour that day and night, though we little thought that there would be any serious results. They would probably return, we thought, with the whole band as prisoners."

"During that night a terrible storm set in, however, and we kept watch to see if they would give up the chase on this account and return to the fort. But no. The night passed away, and dawn still showed no trace of the men. The storm seemed to become more furious with the advent of the day."

"Then misgivings regarding the safety of the men began to take form. We had now almost forgotten about the natives, and our only thoughts were of the men and how they would manage to return to the fort in this terrible storm. About noon there was a lull in the wind, and couriers were sent out to see if any traces of the troop could be found. They might be wandering a few miles outside the fort, we thought, unable to find their way in. The searchers returned, however, after a fruitless search, saying that it was impossible to find any trace of them."

"About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, however, we were rewarded in our watch by seeing a dark mass to the west, and as it drew nearer a shout went up from the watchers as we recognized it as the fort's signal."

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thing. Before I reached the crowd it parted, and two persons rode toward me—the mysterious private and Genevieve Nuttle. As she passed me, standing almost rooted to the spot with surprise, she called out, 'Pleasant morning, Major,' just as though she had come in from a morning's pleasure ride.

"Genevieve had actually ridden out of the fort at dawn to find the young scamp, who did not seem to be hurt at all, save for a few scratches such as the rest of the troop received. She had met him, fortunately, riding toward the fort, or God knows what might have become of that brave girl. It surprised me a little perhaps to see her so happy after such a dangerous undertaking. But that was, of course, natural then, as I did not know what passed between them during the ride."

"During the absence of the young fellow one of his comrades had cheek enough to examine his effects to find out who he was and notify his relatives of his death, as he said, but as I believe to see what it was that kept him so busy during the evenings. But the stories the man expected to tell of what he found are still unrolled, for there were only a lot of books, newspapers, clippings of testimony in trials and a lot of other useless trash, as he expressed himself. What the fellow was doing with these was more than he could imagine."

"Well, as you have perhaps already guessed, they both left a few months later. I think he was pretty well tired of military life. He went to England, I believe, taking the bullet of the fort with him. I have strong reasons to believe that this was settled during that ride into camp again. I heard of him once then. One of his friends at the fort said he had quite a big practice."

"What's the matter, Langdon? Not going already, are you? The story did not affect you so seriously, did it? Why, man, I actually believe it are tears in your eyes."

"Well, no—but I really have got now. I have an appointment at home, and must go now, or I shall be late."

Whether Robert Langdon had an appointment at home or not does not matter much. Sufficient to say that he did go home, where he found his wife on the lounge, just where she had thrown herself as he left her to go to the club! A ob greeted him as he approached her.

"Genevieve, can you forgive me? It was all my fault, and if you'll forgive me I'll never do it again."

"No, it was not your fault; it was mine. I actually drove you to that horrid club, when I know you don't care to go there."

"Well, we will not fight that out just now. Do you remember Major Hunt at the fort? I heard him tell a story at the club to-night—a story of how a young girl, a few years ago,

After a seven-year fight, which has cost over \$25,000, the bark beetle, the chief foe of South Dakota timber, has been driven from that State.

A motor-driven sleigh, developed during the past winter, was propelled by a pair of legs resembling in their operation those of a grasshopper.

The Government tests at Washington of samples of the chain to be used on the gear of the Panama Canal locks withstood tensile tests of 153,000 pounds to the square inch before the metal parted.

Because of the position of the Isle of Wight, the English port of Southampton has the advantage of four high tides each twenty-four hours, which gives it extraordinary facilities for vessels entering its docks.

The largest known volcano in the world is extinct Mount Elgon, near where former President Roosevelt is hunting in Africa. Its base covers an area about the size of Switzerland, and its crater is thirty miles across.

To time automobile speeders two Massachusetts Institute of Technology professors have invented a camera which exposes two plates with any desired interval of time between, photographing a stop watch at each exposure.

A MODERN FABLE.

And the Minister preached and became eloquent about all the Glories, Manifestations and Inspirations of God's Universe. He told Parables and drew Arguments from the Natural World. He sang in Stanzas of the Magnitude of the Stars and of the Exquisite Perfections of the Flower. And the Entire Congregation heartily said, "Amen!"

And, Behold! A Listener went forth to Test the Truth, to Realize all these Sayings. Then Humanity passed along and said, "He has a Bug House; there are Wheels in his Head; he Delves in Things Uncanny." And even the Minister passed by and remarked, "Why, you Thought I Actually Meant All I Said!"—Guide to Nature.



For the Younger Children...

WONDER-HEART. "I wish I knew," said Wonder-Heart, "if the first snowflakes shiver."

"I want to know," said Wonder-Heart, "if the first snowflakes shiver. A little bit before they fit out of their sky forever."

MUST EAT ONE FIRST. Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?"

DOROTHY'S DREAM. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Dorothy. One night as she was lying dreamily in her bed she was surprised to hear a soft squeak.

A WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP. One of the most remarkable friendships among animals is that which exists between a cat in the elephant house at the Zoological Gardens in London, and a large two-horned African rhinoceros which is kept there.

It is even more strange than Aesop's fable of the mouse and the lion, for the little meek mouse was able to be of great service to the lion in nibbling the joints of his net; but the huge rhinoceros can scarcely believe that pussy is able to set him free; yet, that a great affection exists between the two is certain.

They may be often seen together, puss toying with the formidable head of the monster, who appears to lay aside his strength, and is as gentle as a kitten.

FED BY THE BOTTLE. About three months ago I was much surprised on coming home from school to find that I was the possessor of four puppies. I was to be disappointed, however, for next morning I was informed that during the night the mother dog had died.

Who should take care of the orphans? They were only a day old—too young to take care of themselves. It was then that I thought of raising them by the bottle. I bought some bottles, filled them with warm milk and put them in a convenient position in the puppies' box. They began to sneeze and to sputter in a very queer and discouraging manner. But one adventurous little puppy soon discovered that the milk was worth taking, and his three brothers were soon of the same opinion.

You can be sure that they did not have to starve, for a few yelps always brought a half dozen people to them, and the puppies would be overwhelmed with milk.

Three months later there were four frisky little puppies running about and chasing one another on the lawn. These were not everyday puppies, but puppies brought up by the bottle.—Milton Schreyer, in the New York Tribune.

MAKING PAPER ROSES. Some of the ladies in our church intend to hold a fair, and about ten Junior Endeavor girls will help to make it a success. We decided to make a rose garden of paper roses, and at the end of each rose attach an article which is to be sold for five cents.

I purchased some tissue paper and wire, asked the girls to bring their scissors and come to my home on Thursday afternoon, which they promptly did.

We sat on the floor, Indian fashion, and worked real hard, but the wire soon disappeared, and after a little difficulty we found some picture wire, which after being untwisted served the purpose very well.

The position in which we were sitting soon made our feet "go to sleep," so some of the girls proposed a game of tag. While this was in full swing my chum and I went to the kitchen, where some fudge and lemonade were waiting to be served. This proved very refreshing, and the girls went back to the parlor, where they sang and played on the piano for a while before going to work again.

A heavy shower was gathering and the room became so dark we had to light the lamp. Even though the girls had stated with one accord that they were willing to get wet for the sake of a rain, they never dreamed that it would come that afternoon.

They began to wonder how they would get home, for the roads were real muddy and of course none wore

overshoes. Just about the time they were most anxious a man came along with a large wagon and consented to take them all home. They secured a big blanket, which they placed in the bottom of the wagon, where they were all packed in like sardines.

THE HEART OF LITTLE BOB. It was late one summer afternoon, but the sun was shining golden after two days of clouds. For a day and night the rain had fallen in torrents, the creek near the Carter home was nearly over its banks, and the roads were very muddy.

Nevertheless Little Bob Carter had to go on an errand for his mother, nearly two miles down the pike road to his aunt's. They always went the short-cut through the meadows, and that way it was less than a mile; but on account of the recent rains Bob must take the pike this time.

Now, about a mile from his home, and just off the pike a little ways lived an old woman all alone in a tiny cottage on the banks of the creek. She was always cross, Bob thought, for when he came near her she would shake her cane; and he would hurry past. When he and his sister Nell went to school, they would always run past her house very quickly, for they were afraid of her.

Now, little Bob didn't even know her name, for his father had moved to this farm only a short time before from another State.

Her house was the only one between his own home and his aunt's, and this afternoon when little Bob came in sight of it, he saw her a long way off waving her cane in the air. He started to turn and run back home, for he was very much frightened. Then he remembered mother wanted that cough syrup for Baby Ruth, so he said to himself, "Robert Carter, you're ten years old, and you ought to be ashamed to be a fraid-cat."

So he marched bravely on, and as he got nearer he could hear the old lady screaming and saw her cane waving in the air. He was more scared than ever, but he went on. Then he saw that the waters of the creek had got up within a few inches of her door, and she was calling: "Bobby Carter, Bobby Carter, run and tell your uncle to come, or I shall be drowned."

Now the heart of little Bob was good, and he was a bright child, so he called back: "Don't be afraid; I'll run quick and tell him."

Then he ran as fast as his legs would take him, and soon his uncle

you have always been kindly treated. Great flaming posters catch the eyes of the unwary.

Don't be "taken in" where things are being "just given away." Firms must meet expenses, pay rents and make a living.

A good deal of shoe leather is worn out hunting 99-cent stores. Cheap things are worth what you pay for them and no more. Don't be beguiled into the purchase of low priced granite ware for the range. It is not well finished and those little lumps at the bottom soon make leaks and the vessel is done. If I were able I should always buy the best. I am however obliged to take a medium grade, for I will not use the poorest.

I am now wearing a rich, lustrous satin dress that I inherited. It was my mother's and has been in constant wear just—twenty-four years. It cost two dollars and a quarter a yard. It was money well invested, for it neither cracks nor grows "shiny" with use.—Lillie Rice Stahl, in the Indiana Farmer.

SEVENTEENTH DYNASTY BELLE. The beauty secrets of an Egyptian belle buried 3650 years ago have been brought to light by Prof. Flinders Petrie. He has been at work among the ruins of Memphis and Thebes for six months, one of his greatest achievements being the partial exploration of the Temple of Hathor, whose fame has been modernized in "The World's Desire," by Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. The secrets of the Egyptian toilet are part of the spoils of time he has unearthed.

Among the articles buried with this beauty of bygone centuries is a pot of pomatum which still retains its perfume. There are other articles whose use will be understood by the well groomed woman of to-day. There is jewelry in abundance, and by the aid of imagination Messrs. Haggard and Lang would have less difficulty to-day in painting female loveliness of the time of Helen of Troy than they had in their attempt to recall the vision of beauty to which the Temple of Hathor was due. Chemists will analyze the pomatum; the toilet articles will be catalogued by experts and in time will attract a passing lance from the visitor to the British Museum.

We read in the news of the day that China in 1908 sent one hundred tons of human hair to the United States, which helps to explain the luxuriance of tresses, switches, curls and puffs on the heads of charming women and the demands that vanity still makes for the adornment of beauty. The Egyptian belle of the seventeenth dynasty had so many traits in common with the women of to-day that the centuries that inter-

Why Shirts Wear Out. It cannot be said that the use of machinery in laundries has been regarded by the general public as an unmixt blessing. We believe, however, that very much of the ill-feeling that exists should not be charged to the machinery, but to the careless use of it, and probably also very largely to the use of the strong chemicals which made their appearance about the same time as laundry machinery.—Engineering.

WOMEN THEIR FADS. THEIR FASHIONS. THEIR WORK. THEIR ART.

MISS EASTMAN, COMMISSIONER. Miss Chrystal Eastman, who has been appointed by Governor Hughes on the commission to inquire into the question of the employers' liability and the causes and effects of unemployment, is the only woman on the commission. She is the daughter of the Rev. S. E. and the Rev. Annie S. Eastman, joint pastors of Park Church, Elmira, N. Y. She is a Vassar graduate of the class of 1903 and later graduated from the New York Law School. Instead of taking up the practice of law on her graduation Miss Eastman began investigations for the Russell Sage Foundation.—New York Press.

CHANGE IN WOMEN'S DRESS. Now that the custom has become at least prevalent, if not yet popular in this country, of the restaurant, dinner and theatre gown being worn low, quite a marked change has taken place in woman's dress. The elaborate high gown is now not nearly so smart as the gown cut V shape or square in the neck and made with elbow sleeves.

Now years ago the same style was called the correct dinner gown. Cut square or V shape, but never really low, elbow sleeves, close fitting, were then the fashion also. Of late years the dinner gown has meant a gown cut on the same lines as a ball gown, and indeed it has been a difficult task to tell which it was.

These same gowns are often to be seen in public restaurants and at the theatre, but conservative taste contends that they are inappropriate and that the dinner gown of to-day apparently more simple, but every bit as expensive, if it is desired to have it so, is far smarter and, if worn with a hat, is much more becoming.

It must surely be conceded, even by the lovers of the picturesque in dress, that a ball gown and a picture hat are so incongruous as to produce a most unfavorable impression. A square cut or V shape cut waist is, on the contrary, becoming, and the hat worn with it does not seem inappropriate, in truth. If the hat be well chosen this style of dress is becoming to almost any woman.—New Haven Register.

SEQUOIA PUDDING.—One-half cup of pearl tapioca, one cup of granulated sugar and two quarts of milk (skim milk will do), add dried nutmeg or vanilla to taste. Put all together in a baking pan in the oven. Cook slowly three or four hours, stirring frequently. Let it brown nicely before taking from the oven. This is even more delicious than the rice pudding made the same way.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. Pongee hats matching pongee costumes are the proper thing for brides. Some fancy sleeves have lacings and buttons carried up the entire length.

Hats will not be so large later in the season, as a consequence of the change in method of hair dressing. Wide lace is again used to encircle the armholes of a dress, often extending far enough into the dress to shape a lace bolero.

Lingerie waists made after the pretty Dutch neck model of wide bands of embroidery are among the newest models of the season.

A new correspondence paper has white or colored hemstitched borders, like handkerchief hems, and the paper is cross-barred like linen.

Bags of Irish linen are to be found everywhere, big enough to hold a handkerchief, a tiny bit of fancy work or whatever milady desires to carry.

Old blue is a color in high favor, and beautiful effects may be obtained by blending two or three different shades with discreet introductions of black.

Gloves of silk and lisle open mesh are both modish and comfortable. They are offered in black, white and colors, and are much cooler than the ordinary fabric kind.

Natural colored pongee makes some of the smartest hats to match costumes of the material, the crown and part of the brim being embroidered in the same color.

There is a rage of shantungs and tussore in Paris, these materials being chosen for gowns, coat suits, wraps, separate blouses, hat trimmings and even handbags.

"I took my pastels with me," said the artist who spent a week end with a friend in the country, "and did a paste of the old negro who had been in the family for ages. Every time I got him to posing just right he went fast asleep. Then when I'd remonstrated with a gentle poke he would rouse so polite, so courteous, bow and say: 'Yes, sah! Yes, sah! I's awake. I wa'n't asleep. I was jes' a restin' mah eyes!'"

It is interesting to watch the gradual return to the simple coiffure. The mass of puffs, the ornamental pompadour and the wide bandeau over the ears have modified in an agreeable manner.

Many of the most fashionable women constantly appear with their hair most simply dressed. The tight Marcel wave is entirely out of fashion. The woman who cares about proper hair dressing wears only two heavy, deep waves around the entire head.

The pompadour has been flat for some time, but now it is well lifted off the forehead. The fashion of bringing the hair down to the eyebrows is considered in poor taste.

The hair is brushed back from ears and temples. When one has an extra high forehead a little fringe is worn, or the centre hair is brought down to a slight point across the forehead.

The immense rat worn around the back of the head and ears is not in fashion or in good taste, although it is still worn by extremists. A small rat has to be worn on many heads, or the hat would slip down over the face. This is put across the back an inch or two up from the nape of the neck in order that it may support the loose Psyche knot.

Wherever women are foregathered socially the best dressed ones adopt the simple coiffure. The hair shines with a soft lustre, the ondule is deep and natural looking, the temples are exposed and the Psyche knot is small.

Those who can stand the coiffure parted in the centre with hair drawn back to a single knot, a la Langtry, should adopt it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FASHION NOTES. Sequins play a large part in fan decorations. Many coats are being lined with shantung. Military straps are among popular sleeve trimmings.

The overskirt effect is seen more and more as the season advances.

Resting, Not Sleeping. "I took my pastels with me," said the artist who spent a week end with a friend in the country, "and did a paste of the old negro who had been in the family for ages. Every time I got him to posing just right he went fast asleep. Then when I'd remonstrated with a gentle poke he would rouse so polite, so courteous, bow and say: 'Yes, sah! Yes, sah! I's awake. I wa'n't asleep. I was jes' a restin' mah eyes!'"

True Thrift. "When visiting a certain town in the Midlands," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"—Tit-Bits.