BILL'S IN TROUBLE

I've got a letter, parson, from my son nway out West. An' my of heart is heavy as an anvil in

my breast To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned

Should wander from the path o' right an come to sich an end!

I told him when he left us only three short years ago

He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row

He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too, But he said the farm was hateful, an' he

guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the West, But I believed our Billy had the courage

to resist, An' when he left I warned him o' the

ever-waitin' snares That lie like hidden sarpints in life's path-

way everywheres. But Bill he promised faithful to be keer

ful, an' allowed He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud,

But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind.

An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed

That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road,

But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,

An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy' honored name He writes from out in Denver, an' the

story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her

poor of heart! so I reckoned, parson, you might

break the news to her-Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't

say what fur. -Denver Post.

THE POISONED SPEAR

"It is rather a bad hole, boys, sure enough, and the Lord bless you, it was nip and tuck between not and the devil for a little while, I tell you. I can't even think of the thing now without feeling my blood run cold.

"Does it ever Lurt me? Well, 1 should say it does. I can feel the blamed stuff ranking in my bones this very minute.

"Eh; what stuff? Why the poison, of course

"Well, if you must have the story, I'll tell it, seeing as I'd have to anyhow; but as it's getting late and I'm as sleepy as a 3-weeks-old cub, I'll warrant it'll not be very long and strung out.

"So you want to know how I come to have that big ugly hole in my arm there, do you?

"All right, boys, all right; you shall know; you shall know. Give me a match, somebody. This tobacco must be wet, or green, or something. It's forever and eternally going out on a fellow.

"Early in the fall of the year 1868 or 1869, I'm not sure which, there were some ten or twelve of us hunting wild horses on the Upper Rio Grande, in the northern part of the Territory of New Mexico, The Indians were quiet enough at the time and game wasn't scarce, so what with plenty to eat, tobacco galore, a cask of rum and pretty fair luck

We were close under a row of small cottonwoods, which fringed the creek, and in a moment were out of our saddles, for we were mounted, peppering away at our assailants for dear life. and making pretty much every shot tell, too, "The conflict was a brief but decis-

"There was no time for besitation.

ive one. Within fifteen minutes it was ended by the complete rout of the Apaches. Or rather of all but one. He was a heavily built fellow, radiant with warpaint, and bristling with tomahawk, knife, arrows and a long spear. He was evidently the leader and opposed the flight of his followers with fiery vehemence. When he found himself alone, instead of joining the stam-

pede, he turned on us fiercely once more. It semed as if he single-handed and alone proposed to assail us again. "As he whirled his mustang about I

drew bead on him. He caught the flash of the sunlight on my rifle barrel, and raised his spear. Then came a report and a whiz in the air at the same time. The Apache dropped backwards from his saddle, and I clapped my hand over a deep spear wound in my arm.

"The lance had struck me in the fleshy part of the left forearm and dropped to the ground. Moriarity, who was an old Indian fighter, snatched it up and examined the head, which was a section of an old knife-blade ground to a razor-like edge. He dropped it in a moment and turned to me with a very grave face.

'I thought so,' he said anxiously, "Thought what? I asked, endeavor-

ing to staunch the flow of blood that streamed over my hand. 'What do you mean?

"'I mean it's pizened, sir,' was the reply.

"And so it was. Upon the point of the spearhead were still some spots of thick green substance, a vegetable poison used by the savages to render their primitive weapons more deadly in efwith the inexpressible agony of the wound.

"Boys, I've been partially scalped; I've been torn by the claws of savage beasts; I've been bored through and through with leaden bullets, and I've went for days at a time, under a hot broiling sun, without so much as a drop of water to drink, but never before or since have I experienced the intense suffering, the terrible misery which I endured during those few pre-

ceding minutes. "When I recovered consciousness, half a pound of flesh, more or less, had been taken from my arm. The operation spolled its usefulness in a measure, but it saved my life.

"The Indian? Oh! He turned out to be Hawkeye, one of the most famous chiefs of the Apaches. He and eleven of his followers reached the happy hunting grounds at about the same time. My bullet had found his heart."

The Mosquito.

The female mosquito, after she has filled herself with blood-the male insect is not a blood sucker-seeks out some dark and sheltered spot near stagnant water.

At the end of about six days she quits her shelter, and, alighting on the surface of the water, deposits her eggs

ORIGIN OF MAY DAY, and was crowned with the spoils of the

FESTIVAL OF THE FLOWERS AND ITS ANTIQUITY.

May Day 4,000 Years Ago-The Day in Egypt, China, Mexico and Peru- flowers, which the country people, in Old English Customs in Connection the hope of gaining shekels, or oboll. with the Floral Holiday.

First Day of May.

For the origin of May Day with its ed to bring in. Thus, in the May pole joyous associations, we are compelled is seen the descendant of the green tree. to go back to a time when men person- and the dancing about it in circles is exified the powers of nature and called plained by the fact that the only way them gods and goddesses. How far to dance round it at all is in a circle, and



and May poles were all cut down. But back the goddess of the flowers was adored at the season when the earth put after grim old Oliver passed away, the on her green mantle with its floral night of the storm that shook all Euspangles of every hue, we do not know, rope, the people began to amuse them-



MAY DAY IN THE TIME OF C.ESAR.

thereon. She then dies, and, as a rule, well established and even then known ed about them harder than ever. But,



TOO MUCH SKIN DOCTORING.

SPECIALIST says too many women do their complexions to La death. At a recent lecture, one woman declared that she was 30 years of age, and "I've been taking care of my complexion steadily for ten years, and I just wish you'd notice what a fright it is. I've tried tincture of benzoin, glycerin and rose water, a face mask, steaming and massage, and if there's a tougher, uglier, rougher, more shriveled-looking face on any woman of my

age in this city, then she can have the may glean almost innumerable referblue ribbon for downright homeliness." "You've doctored your complexion almost to death," answered her friend, quietly, "Many women do. They use preparations, excellent in themselves often, but not suited to their requirements. Tincture of benzoin is very detrimental to oily skins. The familiar rose water and glycerin, in the majority of instances, makes the complexion dry, yellow and leathery. Face masks are dreadful in their effects on not only the skin, but the general health, particularly those made of rubber. They make the face perspire, and the impurities which exude from the pores cling to the rubber for a while, and are reabsorbed. Steaming the face robs the skin of its natural oil, causes wrinkles to appear and makes one sensitive to neuralgia. Under the delusive pretense of facial massage many hundreds of women have had the delicate tissues of their faces pinched and slapped and rubbed and twisted without any regard whatever for the natural condition of the skin. Disappointment generally follows the use of all the things I have mentioned, and also of the methods employed. All of these remedies are enough to ruin a woman's face.'

The Slangy Girl.

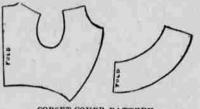
The use of slang is the easiest of all habits to acquire, yet so hard to break. It vitiates our speech, and especially marks a woman as ordinary. though she may be of eminently refined birth and education. To converse well even elegantly, is only a matter of cultivation. Study the selection of your words, and after a while it will be seeond nature to use only such as are essentially above criticism. All cannot be fluent conversationalists, but all can speak correctly, using only such language as expresses what you wish to say, but not in the slangy fashion that too many young people think chic and convincing. It may sound smart and cute in some ears to be fluently familiar with all the up-to-date slang phrases, but the best people, the refined and cultivated members of society, will never be able to discover any beauty in this knowledge.

Many girls use slang as they puff cigarettes, thinking to make an impres sion upon men by their worldly ways. the little "fast" touch in its dangerous proximity to the extreme edge of the border line of decorum possessing that strange fascination that has belonged to forbidden fruit since the days of Eve. The men whose good opinion is worth having, however, do not cultivate the society of slangy girls. Its use may be only a habit, but slang will impress the hearer with a feeling that the nature of the woman employing it is in touch with its brusquerie and its unconventional idioms. Sle-p and Healthy Beauty. One should never allow one's self to be too busy or tired to neglect the nightly toilet. One should not simply drop one's clothes and tumble into bed, else neither one's self nor the clothes will look attractive in the morning. Have plenty of hot water and a dash of cologne and give your face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hair for twenty minutes, it will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and your nerves will be soothed by the process. Then, after the exercise, robe yourself in a warm gown and drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa or even hot water, eating a wafer or bit of toast if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without insomnia cure, and in the morning you will waken refreshed and thoroughly in good humor with yourself and your world.

necessary. All of which is interesting for two reasons, one as showing that the service question is as serious across the water as here, and another that in the opinion of at least one observer the hope of betterment lies in ability and practice of doing one's own work

To Make a Corset Cover.

A quickly made corset cover has only three seams, one on each shoulder and one across the waist line. To cut a pattern, take your waist pattern and a newspaper. On the straight edge lay the middle of the back, next to this lay the piece that comes next, lapping the pieces where they allow for seams; then lap onto this the next under-arm piece, next the front with the seam that joins onto this, and fold over each dart. This will leave your shoulder seams quite away apart. Measure



CORSET COVER PATTERN.

across the bottom and be sure you have it large enough around the waist, then cut your papers, allowing an inch in front. The pattern will be straight in the back and bias in front. Lay the pattern so the middle of the back will be on a fold of the cloth, baste the shoulder seams, and try on over your corset and draw the front together so it will fit. Being bias, it will fit perfectly smooth. Mark where you need to trim the front edge, then see if you have the bottom just at the bottom of the waist, allowing the width of a seam. If you have had to change any, put it back on your paper and trim it. then you will have a perfect fitting pattern. For the lower part, cut a circular piece that will fit smoothly around your hips, six inches deep.-Exchange.

An Ideal Husband.

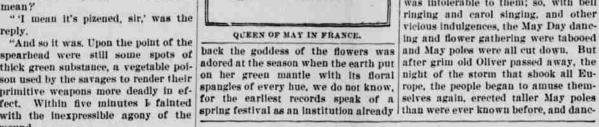
The ideal husband is thus described by a bright woman who keeps her eyes open and has a reprehensive habit (her friends say) of "taking notes:"

"A temperate, moral, intelligent, energetic, affectionate, truthful, forgiving, Christian man, who chooses a wife for her mind and heart rather than her face, and waits until he finds the right

"Who neither scolds nor laughs at his wife, and never contradicts her in public.

"Who loves home and children, ard has certain means for making an honest and comfortable living.

"Who is economical, but not stingy: gives his wife a personal allowance to do with as she chooses and, unless wealthy, keeps his life insured in her favor.



he groveled here upon the earth in the humble capacity of a worm of the dust. was intolerable to them; so, with bell ringing and carol singing, and other vicious indulgences, the May Day danc-

with the lasso, we watched our corral getting full with contented hearts,

"We had been some six or seven weeks in camp when one of the boys, an Irishman named Mike Moriarity. came in from an antelope trail that he had been following two whole days, with the startling intelligence that there were Indians on the creek about three miles above camp.

"He hadn't stopped to get close sight of them, but from the fact that they were mounted and that they numbered



no women among them he was pretty certain that they were a band of Apaches on the war-path.

"This news was somewhat alarming, to say the least, for we well knew what our fate would be if we fell into the hands of the red devils, and a strict guard was set that night for, previous to that time, we had been living a happy-go-lucky kind of a life, secure in our fancied isolation, leaving the camp to take care of itself, after we laid our pipes by and rolled ourselves in our blankets. No attack was made, however, and three days afterwards a reconnoisance of the creek above brought the welcome news that the redskins were gone.

"Early that afternoon some one suggested that we should visit the abandoned camp, and five of us, including myself and Moriarity, set out for that purpose. As had been reported, the savages were gone and all that remained of the late cantonment was the ashes of the dead fires and the debris of some of their barbaric feasts.

"We were still wandering over the apparently deserted plateau when a hair-raising yell behind up brought us about with a start to see a score of mounted Apaches urging their mustangs at the top of their speed towards

falls into the water beside her eggs. The of a voracious appetite, grow apace, casting their skins several times to admit of growth.

Later, they pass into the nympha stage, during which, after a time, they float on the surface of the water. Finally, the shell of the nympha cracks along its dorsal surface and a young mosquito floats on the surface of the water while its wings are drying and acquiring rigidity. When this is com-

plete it flies away. The young mosquito larvae, to satis-

fy their prodigious appetites, devour everything eatable they come across; and one of the first things they eat, if they get the chance, is the dead body of their parent, now soft and sodden from decomposition and long immersion.

They even devour their own cast-off skins. In examining mosquito larvae one often comes across specimens whose alimentary canals are stuffed with the scales, fragments of limbs, and other remains of the maternal insect.

Jubal's Call.

The daughter of Dr. Edward Hodges, the organist, says that her father had a delightful way of calling all the children musically. One Sunday morning, when he was playing in St. John's Chapel, New York, he said to her:

"I am going to call Jubal. Watch him.'

Jubal was sitting in his accustomed place near the middle aisle. Doctor Hodges' voluntary began thoughtfully and smoothly, but in the course of it, a significant phrase of two notes was twice repeated. It was distinct and yet so truly a part of the improvisation that no stranger would have noticed it at all.

The first time, Jubal's attention was arrested; the second, he turned and looked up, but saw no sign. At the third call, he deliberately took up his hat, left the pew, walked straight up to his father, and said:

"Do you want me, sir?" "Yes," said Doctor Hodges. "Go home and get my gold snuffbox." The errand was speedily executed. for the house stood near. Jubal handed the snuffbox to his father, and returned to his sent.

Fund to Injured Railroad Men. In ten years \$1,000,000 has been paid out by the casualty fund of the British Benevolent Institution to injured railway men and their families.

There is one thing about a crop of wild oats: It harvests itself.

eggs float about for a time, and then, tians made pictures of everything, so nobody opposed the May Day and its in due course, give birth to tiny swim- it is not surprising that among the pole, both soon fell into what Grover ming larvae. These larvae, in virtue paintings on the walls of their cata- Cleveland would term "innocuous descombs there should be found some uetude," and now there is hardly a which, from the accompaniments of flowers, garlands and wreaths, are judged by the antiquarians to be of a spring festival, a feast of flowers. May Day is therefore at least 4,500 years old, and it is quite possible that Adam and Eve celebrated May Day in the garden of Paradise if they stayed there over one season.

> When traces of May Day are discovered in the earliest ages of Egypt and at the dawn of history in Greece, among the Etruscans, among the Celts of the Rhone and the Germans of the Rhine. in Scandinavia and Wales and Ireland among the natives of the Indian Peninsula and among the Aborigines of America and Australia and New Guinea, the conclusion is safe that such a custom is of universal observance and remotest antiquity. So it may be that the Chinese are not as extravagant as they seem when they claim that May Day originated in the Celestial Empire 90,000 years before the flood, being instituted by the never-to-be-enoughpraised Emperor Chi-Whee, who was fond of flowers and employed exactly 1,000,000 men to take care of his garden. Leaving, however, the claims of the May pole to be found in all England. glorious Chi-Whee to be defended by The custom of remembering the day, his own people, it is worth remembering however, still survives, and little girls that a festival, in many particulars wearing garlands, and carrying with bearing a close resemblance to our May them a doll decorated with flowers, Day, was celebrated all over Italy and termed the "Lady of the May," still go the south of Europe at the beginning of about the towns on this day, presenting the Christian era, when every one who their doll to the passers-by as a modest could spare the time went into the hint for halfpence. woods and fields for a day's outing,



interesting to know that on these occa- handed down from parents to children, sions the goddess of flowers was per- from race to race, constitutes one of sonated by a young girl, the prettiest the bonds which unite us to remote who could be found, who, during the ages and countries far distant from our day, received the bomage of her friends own

more from ancient times. The Egyp- as often happens in such cases, when

also, perhaps, the circle has always had

a mystic significance, being much used

in charms and incantations, Having

learned this much from the antiqua-

rians, these dignified folk may be told

to go about their business, for the rest

of our knowledge of May Day and its

festivities may easily be had from other

sources than their ponderous and al-

From authors of our own tongue we

ences and allusions to the pretty custom

of hallowing the May Day, and we also

learn that less than 200 years ago the

May pole was as indispensable in every

English village as the stocks or the pil-

lory. When the Puritans, who were

not afraid either of the name of traitor.

or of deserving it, by beheading their

King, came into power, the idea of any

one presuming to enjoy himself while

ing and flower gathering were tabooed

most unreadable tomes.



THE JACK IN THE BOX.

In the quiet country districts of France, Germany and Italy there are still queens of May, young girls who are on this day crowned queens of the festivities. In many parts of Europe the May festival takes the form of games and athletic sports of various kinds. It is a singular fact, as showing not only the universality of the custom, but also the fact that all the varieties probably had one origin, that many of the features of the celebration in countries very widely separated, are almost identical. The Chinese, as well as the English, had a queen of the May, while in Mexico and Peru, the crowning of a young girl with flowers at this season is a hint of the same thing.

While there seems nothing so transient as a jovial custom like this, nothing is, in reality, more permanent, and gathered flowers and returning laid the manner in which apparently frivolthem on the altars of Flora. It is also ous and meaningless celebrations are

Scarcity of Domestic Help.

An Englishwoman who evidently has been over here studying us more or less thinks she has found a message of enlightenment to bring back to her sister housekeepers at home. In a long letter printed in one of the London weeklies she urges Englishwomen to assist in the solution of the domestic service problem by being more independent of servants. "Let each girl," she begs, "be taught on leaving school at least how to care for her own bedroom." Then, realizing how radical are her views, she hastens to exclaim and explain. "Why not?" she says. "Our American sisters-except those of the extreme fashionable caste which has arisen of late years-do this as a matter of course (as they also do many things about the house which we never If being made new, it should be of yeldream of touching), and that they are one whit behind us in the niceties of life anyone who has had the privilege of spending any time in the bosom of a typical American family will strenuously deny." The paper goes on at but a certain Susanna Joubert, of Klipconsiderable length to point out the value of fewer servants and of becom-

"Who understands that women have nerves, enjoys pretty things, and are happier for being 'petted' once in a while-and sometimes oftener."

This observing woman is herself an energetic, happy, lovable old maid, with unbounded faith in the possibilities of man nature under proper conditions, and says some wives of her acquaintance have husbands who can be easily developed into paragons if just "managed" properly.

Spring Walking Suits.



How to Curl Feathers. Feathers may easily be curled, if only a little time and care be devoted to them. A simple process is as foilows: Have a large kettle with steam pouring out of the spout. Hold the feathers in this steam for a few rioments, and then with a blunt krife (preferably a metal paper cutter) curl each separate plume, and when complete, hold the feather in front of the fire to keep the stiffness in. Professional dressers do little else, but, of course, they are more expert than a mere amateur.

Chinese Gowns

The kinomo is the name of a handsome new lounging robe, which may be made from a discarded opera cloak. Its long, loose folds crossed and confined by a broad sash at the waist, its queer, square-shaped sleeves, the ease with which it may be manufactured, all appeal to comfort loving women. low satin, with trimmings of embroidered peacock feathers.

Large familles are the rule rather than the exception among the Dutch, fontein, in the Free State, has broken all records in that line. She has had ing one's own housemaid in a limited four husbands, and her living descenddegree, and explains in detail the meth- ants number 327.