

WOLFVILLE STORY BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS (DAN QUINN)

[illegible]

one devoted braver has to heel an' handle herself, an' never a friend to yonlike her sobs with her doorn' that widdin' ordeal. The old ladies present shakes their heads a heap solemn,

"than the boots of a score of squinch cwin',"

"When this yere reign of terror is at its height, the local eye is rolled towards us," says Charley, "an' to him's opportunity. Day after day we're ridin' them hills an' vales' readin' the milk-white snow for tracks. An' we has success. One mornin' I comes up one o' two o' the Big Chicaera, settin' on their horse at the Skinner crossroads. Bob Critter don't come to turn me out, they says. Then they prints down to a mud-hole an' they mingles o' racoon tracks. They allows that this yere mardukin' cat-on-a-log is hid'n thar; they sees him go skulkin' in."

"Genta, I ain't above admittin' that them critters are a heap to cater. I'm brave; but conflicts that-away with wild and savage beasts is to me a novelty, an' while I face my fate without a fluter, I'm yere to say I'd rather been in punch than in the middle of racoons. Some varmint shows greivous capabilities I can more akckerately stack up, an' in whose merry ways I'm better versed. However, I'll let you form your own opinion. You mounts in my cheek; an' as if the shade of that old Trojan is ther' persnal to suggest it, I searches forth a flask an' pokes my spirit; an' they's quidder in penes my hand. They form they may, resolutely stands my hand."

"Thar's 40 dogs if thar's one is our company as we pauses at the Skinner crossroad. Thar's a lot of chawm. The youth returns, he brings with him the Rickett boys an' some 40 added dogs. Which it's worth a 10-mile ride to get a glimpse of that outfit of canine. Thar's some sort of choppy; thar's dead collie bound, the alert fox, the sapient collie; that is, thar's individual curs wherein the bound, or flece or colle seems trooth is thar's not that dog-a-whinin' about our hoses' fetlocks who ain't proudly descended from full 15 different tribes, an' all of 'em is a breed of canine. Thar's meetin'. Still, they're good, zealous dogs; an' as they're goin' to go for'ard an' take most of the risks of that panther, it seems indisposed to criticise 'em."

"The dogs are sent off by the pack down the 60 or more dogs into the brush. The rest of us lays back an' straine our eyes. Thar he is! A shout goes up as the pack makes a break. The stralin' off by a far corner. He's headin' along a hollow, that's full of bresh an' baby timber an' runs parallel with the pike. Big an' yellow he is; we can tell from his light coat that he's a male. He's headin' into second clump of bushes. With a cry—what young Crittenden calls a "view hail"—we goes piroutn' down the pike in pursuit."

"Our dogs is plumb stan'ch; they shore does themse'fs proud. Singin' in 30 keys, reachin' from growls to yelps, an' from yelps to shrillest screams, they pushes each other to make the trail. They're in! But ferocious quarry. Now an' then we gets a squirt of the panther as he skulks from one copse to another jest ahead. That's his goin' like a arrow an' stake for a mile. We see Charley we parallels the hunt, an' continyous pound-in the Skinner turnpike abreast of the pack, an' ever an' anon givin' a encouragement. We briefly shake our guns."

"Genta," says Colonel Sterett, "as he refreshes himself, it's needless to go over that hunt in detail. We hustles the fire-drawlin' close an' breathless at his cowd-rod hocks. Still, they don't catch up with him; he streaks it like some saffron meteor."

"We once does we approach within strikin' distance; that's when he crosses

back with two ends not much more than a quarter of a yard long.

Two shades of one color make a pretty belt, and for general wear with different waists there are black satin ribbon belts finished with a narrow clasp in front and a wider slide to match at the back, giving a pointed effect. These can be bought at the shops with oxidized and silver gilt clasps.

Then there is the usual display of leather belts in white, black and colors.

A novelty in the petticoat line is made of linen, in different colors and of the same quality of which the gowns are built. A wide circular flounce, with heavy linen lace in points inset around the edge and medallions of embroidery scattered at intervals all over it, is finish, set on with a narrow insertion of embroidery.

This skirt costs nearly \$40, and is the chic thing to wear with the linen costume. Another novelty in petticoats is called the Dolly Varden, and is made of flowered and different patterned silks, trimmed elaborately with squares and insertions of lace.

The trecentenary of shorthand writing will be celebrated this year, for John Willis published his book on the subject in 1802. Pittman's Phonetic Journal recently had an article on Willis' book, copies of which are preserved in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library.

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[The page contains faint vertical markings and symbols along the left margin, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

NEW DESIGNS ARE BOLD, FLOWERY AND
ARTISTIC TO A DEGREE.

in opalescent sort of blue and white paper that can be readily accepted as the sky. It is these perspective papers that, more than any other device yet tried, have solved the problem of how to make a small room look large and a big, badly lighted one look at once cheerful and airy and sunshiny. The proper sort of trellis wistaria paper put on a dark, short, low-ceiled passageway will convert it at once into a long, lofty, light corridor, from the ceiling of which huge grape-like clusters of purple wistaria seem actually hanging and waving in the air.

The daisy meadow wall paper is but one



The illustration shows a man in a suit and hat standing next to a horse in a field. The field is filled with various flowers, including what appear to be daisies and poppies. In the background, there is a fence and some trees. The style is a detailed line drawing.

SPORTING PAPER FOR

of the many perspective effects in growing flowers that have become so popular this season. Stunning hollyhock, poppy, iris and lily designs have proved as welcome to the public. The flowers are printed in natural colors, but from three to five times their natural height of stalk and size of blossom. These are used extravagantly for second-story hallways and nurseries. The water plants naturally go into the bathrooms, though the most charming design there is done in ferns and vine patterns.

The clerk at the wall paper dealer

ington as high as your head or higher, and do it all with a material that is called paper, and that gives an effect as pleasing as though the real wood were used. The paneling is usually arranged to run up from floor to ceiling, and the wainscot, carriage, burlap or tapestry paper runs up as a frieze to the ceiling.

In many of the newly built country houses, the walls and ceiling are left with flat surfaces to enable the decorator to paper them in accordance with the rooms into which they shut. In a panel papered room this is necessary, and in a flower papered room it is not. In the same decorator who does the walls and doors of your bedroom with climbing roses advises you to let him hang white Holland paper on your study walls, and to cover all paper. He will make the lamp shades in each room to match the walls, and on a light bamboo frame covered with unbleached cotton. He will contrive a charming screen that is prettier than anything the shops can afford and that can be changed to match the room each time it is repapered.

FANNY ENDERS.

The Value of Sunlight.

It is only very old-fashioned folk that are afraid of the sun. The kind that live in Way-Back-vile and Down-Southwest-Where-The-Sun-Bonnet-Blooms.

It is more than a fad, this going about in the Summer with your eyes letting alone the things that will with you.

The sun is the best hair-restorer known—look at the football boys. Really, sun-shine on your uncovered poll is a mighty good thing for your locks, and the Harvard boys know it. The sun is the best to exalt the physical, go about in hatless droves, hoping thereby to avoid intellectual baldness. The sun is also the best to make the intellect blossom. The sun is known—look at the British lasses. Who is it that have the coarse and dull skulls? Not the out-of-door folk as a rule, my misguided friends, but those who often come to the city in the car, and spend much time in the close schoolroom, the clerk, all those housed-in people. Of course, you see a blowy farmer's wife sometimes, and you wonder how she gets so red around indoors and doesn't know anything about life outside.

The people that have skins and noses white as white and hair as red as red, are the times out of ten the ones who, at least whose immediate ancestors did, bathe in rivers of sunlight and oceans of fresh air.

Don't be longer "pale and Interesting," but pale and sticky and uninteresting.

Don't be afraid of tan and freckles and ruddiness. Don't be afraid of the sun. The high will reward you. The sun will render them for you, brighten your eyes, redder the shine of your hair, put color on your lips, vitality into your step, sanity into your mind, and soundness into your skin.

The divine Sarah, who is as nearly omniscient as mortals may become, knows what she is about when she takes a freckle-bath. She knows that the sun is beauty. We have all heard of that yak-prior wherein the lady in question is wont to sun herself, stretched out at full length, clad like unto Godiva when she took that famous ride, and she has the same idea, Godiva's luxuriant tresses and modesty clothed her somewhat the more.

Sarah, who is reputed to have tigers and lions for pets, knows that the sun is beauty because her feline instincts bid her bask in the sun's warmth; but also, I think, because she knows it is necessary in her life to have a good deal of skin along her possible tracks of the sun's rays.

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SPORTING PAPER FOR THE SMOKING-ROOM.

The clerk that displays these flowery rolls to the householder who is looking for upstairs papers-brings forward another type of goods when the living rooms are under consideration. This season he has a novelty to show, which is no more than a bag-of-rice paper, which, when rightly applied, gives any room the pleasing aspect of rich oak, mahogany or chestnut paneling. You can panel in Flemish, English, Irish or American wood, of black, brown or golden luster, in the mode of King James or George Wash-

One of the conspicuous features of the new gowns is the belt which is as varied as the figures on which it is worn. It is made of silk striped around with black velvet ribbon, the two combined forming tab ends at the back, or of plain silk or silk ribbon without the velvet, draped a trifle wider at the back and sometimes forming a rounded point.

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