

# FASHION PORCH WORK IN FASHION'S REALM

## Idle Moments Can Be Turned Into Profitable Stitchery Without Tiring the Worker

LIKE the busy bee, the wise girl is she who improves the shining hours of summer. During the out-of-town vacation, whether it is long or short, there are many idle moments on the veranda which may be turned to Fall and Winter account. While lounging in hammock, or in rustic chairs, listening or talking lazily, the bag or basket with the piece of pick-up-work should always be alongside. Occupation for the hands is subtly soothing to the nerves, and to do a little feminine work of some sort or other should be the pride and pleasure of every woman.

Of all the employments which present themselves as suitable for porch and piazza idling, knitting and crocheting are first. A number of most valuable garments now come in hand-knitting, and since most of these are expensive, nice girls out of ten are desirous of the comfort of them. The hand-made sweater, which is worn all Summer at some resorts, and which soon will be indispensable, is of supreme importance, as well as the little Shetland wool Spencer which, with the first cool weather, is worn instead of the corset cover. Hand-knitted knickerbockers are also available for later use, and these likewise may be made of undyed flannel with the yoke and leg bands of silk crochet, run with elastic to keep them close.

Knitted sweaters which present stylish aspects, and are most comfortable to the body, are of double chinchilla wool, in simple knitting stitch, loosely done. More complicated stitches show among the newest styles, honeycomb, braid, and check patterns, the sweaters in these having the high rolling collars, or V-neck finish.

There is no doubt that the vogue of the sweater is to be continued indefinitely, for no more useful and comfortable garment exists. The new Fall and Winter ones are likely to take more elegant forms than have yet been shown and contrasting stripes and checks are predicted. If the porch girl feels herself unequal to the task of an entire hand-knitted one, let her attempt a sleeveless vest, which is almost as useful.

For those who do not understand knitting at all, and who have no wish to acquire the old-fashioned art, the round crochet shawl makes an admirable piece of pick-up-work, which may come in as a birthday or Christmas present for some friend or relative. The prettiest of these shawls are of ice wool, very loosely crocheted. The widening is done at four points of the round, which brings the



pattern of a square all through the stitches in the shells, increasing till the border is quite a fringe. Sunrise borders are charming effects with these shawls, a delicate striping being made with a combination of pale pink, lemon, blue and white. The center of the sunrise shawl is also white. The same pretty and simple shawls in all black, gray, violet and white and black are used by elderly wearers.

The Shetland wool spencers are best when knitted for knitting keeps the shape in washing better than crochet. But they may be fashioned likewise with a large wooden crochet needle, in which case the grayish wools, which keep clean longer, are better than white. These little corset covers are as light as a feather and are almost as open as lace. They are largely used by English women instead of heavier flannels, and many long-headed travelers returning from London bring back a stock of them. As yet the hand-knitted Shetland spencer is dear in this country, \$2.50 being asked for the style which may be bought in London for three shillings and sixpence.

More desirable ones are the six shillings and there are knitted to fit the figure perfectly, with a narrow bias flounce to hold them down and wash ribbons drawing in the waist and neck. Worn over the delicate underwear, they will provide all the Winter warmth needed by the usual smart woman, for heavy underclothing, with its attendant bulkiness, has come to be a thing of the past.

In the way of small accessories, any number of little things can be made upon the Summer porch which will contribute much to the comfort and prettiness of the outfit. The most useful can never be said on the subject of stockings and turnover collars, for there is always some new kind or other in these indispensable articles, and the least fragment of material will make them. Handkerchiefs and Bulgarian embroideries, done in Turkey red and blue, are modish stitches for scrim turnovers, whose ribbon stocks are blue, red or black. Ribbons worked in red Bulgarian embroideries are also very smart, and the coarse cream cottons upon which the needlework is done are called

on the other side "mummy cottons." The soft fabrics, with their knotted weavings, certainly suggest the Egyptian wrappings for the dead, but in this case of ever-sophistication this very roughness is attractive. The blouses, some of which follow the Bulgarian peasant shirt form, are shown as yet only in imported styles, but stamper's are copying the designs for Winter use. With a plain black skirt of silk or cloth, one of these waists evolves a smart morning toilet for September.

The bargain season having arrived, economies are suggested as to the ways and means of using up remnants of plain fabric, silk, muslin, lawn, etc., and colored handkerchiefs, etc. The turnover, in every variety of embroidery, some of it hand-done, are going for a song. The most useful of these are black with handling that all but the sophisticated pass them by without consideration. Experienced buyers, knowing the exact value of the goods, would sometimes in the 10-cent tray embroidered linen turnovers in attractive forms, reduced from 50 and 75 cents. The first one, the delicate, grime, and the full in price permits the lady, with one or two regular daintiness requires. The colored handkerchiefs are turned into the same species of neck fixings, the more finely tinted muslins, the trimmings, etc.

For the odd stock which they frequently accompany, silk cut on the bias or ribbon may be employed. A made-up adjusted stock more serviceable than one which needs to be tied every time it is worn, and with the many wired forms which are sold so cheaply, such neck fixings can be fashioned easily. For stiffening the neck piece of the ribbon sort that there are new featherbones in oblong shape that neither injure nor annoy the throat. A yard and a half length permits a small bow, with the ends hemmed and may be a narrower tuck or two across. Five inches is the right width for the ribbon or bias silk stock, which is adjusted with tiny pins and a very neck fixing has been worn it should always be carefully smoothed out with the fingers before putting away.

A smart low neck piece of a neck band of black satin ribbon and a killed bow of black mousseline, a little scrim collar with red stitches turning over it. A still less expensive stock for any of these neck fixings can be made inexpensively—may be fashioned from scraps left from skirt linings, etc., and the lace may be cut out of the silk which cover with a stitched bias of the silk in correct neck-band height. For the little bow or long trimmed end of the front, use short pieces, hemmed with stitching and tied in pretty ways. The drawing shows a blue taffeta tie made in this manner, the double bow and plaisted stole-end shaping an arrangement very becoming to slim throats.

A length of silk suitable for a deep petticoat flounce is an invaluable find on the bargain counter. The best pet-

ticoats shown nowadays have, this front bottom trimming, which gets the drap of the waist, buttoned on, that it may be taken off for cleaning and mending. The separate trimmings are also supplied for uppers in fine jersey woven wool and soft floria, both of which uppers, the trimmings, combine to fashionable slowness than silk. Upon the swing and dash of a petticoat flounce and on the careful fit of the upper portion of the skirt much depends. The trimmings, however, should be made most carefully, with the deep dust frill of the completed skirt, and all the cordings and little additional frills which give solidity and furrow. The flounce, the trimmings, etc., and this is quite a usual remnant length to be found in many qualities of plain taffeta and handsomely patterned floria. An excellent model is a deep-shape flounce, with a wide, wide, wide power bias frill edged in turn with two or more narrow ones. The dust flounce beneath has also a little frill edge, the cordings and buckings showing on both the foundation and trimmings. The buttonholes are put in the flounce, the buttons upon the skirt placed under the trimmings, etc., and the deep enough not to show the join when the outer skirt is lifted.

Half a yard of fine white linen is a treasure to pick up, for, embroidered with mercerized floria and with edges of valenciennes, this can be turned into chemiselets, cuff pieces, soft rolling collars, etc. A whole embroidered linen blouse is also a rewarding piece of work, as there is no more to be had for a good style cost from \$25 to \$50 ready made. Three yards of linen, at \$1 a yard, well worked in a good embroidery design, and seamed with linen heading, makes a very nice blouse to be kept forever. When a hand-embroidered linen blouse wears at some point, it is there renewed. For instance, a new neck piece may be put in under arm pieces, muslin cuffs, etc., reinforcing some fine embroidery done in Ireland under the tuition of the nun, a clever American girl has practically worn out three blouses with it. The original front of the blouse is still intact, the design showing with delicate openwork, slim bunches of lilacs-of-the-valley, exquisitely done.

To restore the mode of the blouse for short lengths of silk garter elastic, three-yard pieces of pretty border lace, Dresden ribbon, etc. The October bride will soon be on the carpet, and there is no more to be had for a good style cost from \$25 to \$50 ready made. Three-quarters of a yard of plain elastic forms the foundations. The ribbon is then shirred over this, the lace flounces or killed silk frill being added with the pale of a wide edge. At the outside leg is placed a ribbon bow, a satin rose or knot of orange blossoms. MARY DEAN.

### THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SPECIALLY SELECTED FICTION

PARADISE is the grimly satirical name of a desert station on the E. P. & E. Railway. A strong spring gushes out of the earth in the bottom of a gulch, and the outbursting waters go trickling down to hot air drinks of the mountain, so thirstily, that sand sucks it up with such greed that, less than a mile below its source, the faint trickle ends in a deep and silent pool, from which there is no outflow.

Upon that liquid foundation the town of Paradise was built, and doubtless, in that drought-stricken land, more than one of the desert upon that life-giving stream, passing the moist fluid over a cracked and thirsty tongue, had found the same appropriate and even significant.

From the railroad a long pipe trailed over the ground to the dusty bank, where it plunged beneath the source of the pool. A pump, standing in a flimsy board house, drew the water, and pumped it up to a tank. Locomotives halted wearily under the movable spout, and tenders were supplied for the dry miles on either side.

The railroad wound away to the west, 60 miles to Washburn Junction, and wandered deviously through the northwestern cattle ranges to a desolate terminus at Ward, 170 miles away. Freighters followed the stage road down the Sweetwater to Bitter Creek Canon, up its defiles to where the Binking Fork forced an entrance from the plains across the divide to Little Bear River, and down the river to the foothills that had to be climbed to high-gated Altamont, on the borders of the desert. It was a road with plenty of water on one side, but on the other—bad, worse and worse—but the way was an unceasing up and down, wearisome and trying, and loaded wagons took six days to the trip, and sometimes more.

Therefore John Dubbs, otherwise known as Desert Jack, still held to the desert trail. Others thought it dangerous, and expressed themselves profanely over his folly.

Jim Brown, better known in the edges of the Escondido as Shiftless Jim, came as Ward, Paradise, and the Tennessee, and, having for many years wandered about the world, became at last a citizen of Paradise. Water was free and of good quality, the sand was soft and warm, and under the weight of the body and without exertion, hollowed itself out, making a most accommodating bed, the new arrivals with stars, was a gaudy covering, a little labor provided a sufficiency of whisky for a man who was not even ambitious of continual drunkenness, and the hospitality of the townspeople rendered starvation reasonably improbable. So Jim concluded that on this earth he would find no kinder place so deserving of his name, and, minus the disease of the inhabitants, announced his intention of making it his home. There he dwelt year after year.

In the course of time word was taken to the East Tennessee mountains how Jim Brown had settled in Paradise, and the report had it that he was even rich, a respected citizen of the town, and an employer of the Southwest. An old and lonely widow, the energetic mother of that degenerate son, living a life of solitude in a moist and gloomy cave at the foot of a big knob, bent with old age, and with the palsy of age, heard the pleasant news of her son, and her heart felt young again, and she was sorely pining for a sight of the face of her only child.

The little farm that lay in the cove, its few stock and all its humble furnishings were sold and the widow made her way to Paradise to end her days in the sunshine of her boy's face, to spend the golden years of her life in an arid Eden. But before she arrived an indignant remark of the townspeople, the ungrateful worthless of Shiftless Jim, had led to his reluctant departure from Paradise, and he had gone to Altamont. And as the train went on its way and left her behind, surrounded by stolid faces, wherein were deep-set, unresponsive eyes, it seemed to her like the breaking of the last tie that had held her to the world she had known. She gazed

and choked, and a tear slipped out and ran down her wrinkled cheek. But she was a brave old woman, and she wiped down her sorrow, and held herself steady. "Why, it's Jim Brown, the leader," she said as she asked of one of the nearest her. "Ain't there any of you 'uns as knows my boy as 'kin tell me where he is?"

"What's his name?" inquired Whisky Jake, whom she had addressed, taking off his wide-brimmed hat and standing before the widow, his head gallantly bared to that intense and burning sun.

"Whisky was a sturdy old conservative, who kept a record of his own and private word by cutting notches in the stock of his gun, a method of keeping books with the grave which has fallen into disrepute.

"Why, I'm shorly 'spired at myself," answered the widow, her head bobbing about with mingled palsy and excitement. "I'm shorly a-lovin' of my wite, it's Jim Brown as I'm a-lookin' for, little Jim as is my boy, an' a good 'un, too, if I do say so."

"Tern, yess," answered Jake; "I don't just call to mind any such around here. I can't think as I knowed him."

"I remember now, mum," he said. "I did hear as how his name was Jim Brown. Then he turned to the little crowd, so that all could share his triumph. 'It's Shiftless Jim's wife,' the unfortunate nicknames struck in his throat; inwardly he cursed himself for his awkwardness; the rim of his hat revolved like a wheel between his fingers; he shuffled his feet in the dust of the road, and the sweat stood out on his forehead in beady drops.

All Paradise came to his rescue, and without a dissenting voice led itself into the lowest depths of purgatory. "Why, it's Jim Brown, the leader," she said as she asked of one of the nearest her. "Ain't there any of you 'uns as knows my boy as 'kin tell me where he is?"

She became at home with those outcasts. She took Three Spot Charlie to her motherly heart, and her soul went out to Cherokee Kate, whose occupation was nameless, and to Mrs. O'Cool, who kept the hotel and did occasional washing for the rest of the town. These, she believed and declared, were true ladies and gentlemen. She declared Whisky Jake was a born nobleman, which he was not and never claimed to be, being the stout but unscrupulous when not crossed. She took those lost ones of Paradise under her wing, and loved them as she had not thought she could ever love any one but her boy Jim.

the hotel, a proud smile upon her face, dreaming of her boy. "I'll never do in the world," declared Three Spot. "Some galoot'll be sure to tell her, and then where'll you be?" "I'm sure I don't know whatever to do," moaned Whisky.

"Why don't you send her on to Altamont," suggested John Dubbs. "I don't mean it no ways invidious, Jack," said Three Spot, "but of all the d-d fool ideas that I ever heard of, that's the subtlest, send her on there and let her see what kind of a d-d skunk that boy of hers really is!"

"I'm bewildered at you, Three Spot," declared Kate tartly. "You been a-wearin' britches as long as you have, an' not know nothin' about wimmen yet? Why, it's plain scandalous, an' nothin' else."

"What do you mean, Kate?" inquired Three Spot meekly. "That old woman'll just think that boy of hers is a skunk, an' she'll be a-wearin' britches as long as you have, an' not know nothin' about wimmen yet? Why, it's plain scandalous, an' nothin' else."

And it was so ordered, but when John Dubbs offered to take her across the desert in his freight wagon, there was much opposition. Therefore, it was duly moved and seconded and unanimously resolved that she go by way of Ward. Her description was taken up, and a sum raised sufficient to defray her expenses.

Now in that mass meeting Kate was able to sway the rest at her will, but when Mrs. Brown, longing to reach that son of hers who had so justified her motherly pride, came to be in opposition, then Greek met Greek. Jack blushed at the prefix. "There's Mr. Dubbs," the widow urged; "he's crossed the desert river once a week for years. Why can't I do it once in a while?"

"But, Miss Brown," Three Spot objected, "it ain't reckoned safe."

"It don't seem no ways skeery when Mr. Dubbs has been a-ridin' it this long an' ain't got hurt none."

"I don't take much longer to go around by 'Gentlemen, it's my boy, and I'm goin' to see, and I'm a-goin' the shortest way.' The obstinacy of a woman must have its own way. Paradise made preparation as for an army departing from its base of supplies, but Jack made himself heard, declaring he couldn't carry all they were fixing not if he dropped his whole load. He was willing to accept a bottle of whisky—that might come in handy, and as for Mrs. Brown, she could have an extra keg of water, not being used to going dry, but the balance of the plunder must just stay where it was.

financial interests over there needed lookin' after close'n he could do it from Paradise. Then pesky minee is all fired an' an' a feller's to his neck in wealth one day, an' the next he's busted like a balloon."

The driver was hedging against the future. And so it went on, one lie calling for another, and the driver cheerfully answering each demand. He set his jaws together hard, beneath his broad, and swore that he would resist in everlasting fire before he would give pain to that old woman, who looked after him as if she loved him like a mother.

A northern blow up in the afternoon of the second day. First the sweeter of heat became stifling. The distant purple slopes swam upon the undulating waves of a pallid haze. Sand pillars, crooked as a broken stick, moved about, gyrating awkwardly, going from place to place. Sweat ran down the faces of the horses, and a band of the harness a lather of dirty foam appeared.

"I'm skeered of all this here," suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Brown, starting up as if she had waked out of a sleep. "Tain't nothin' but a little, old, pesky storm a-comin' up." John reassured her cheerfully, though the sternness of his eyes belied the smile upon his lips.

"I hope I ain't bring you 'uns no bad luck," she said regretfully. "You couldn't bring no one any bad luck, but I'm skeered of all this here, an' I wish I had good luck all the time, an' then I'd have good luck."

The widow blushed with pleasure. "I'd just love to stop with you 'uns a while, but I've got to get on my way, an' I wouldn't love to stay a bit more'n I love to have you." John asserted matter-of-factly.

"But, law sakes, there's Jim an' him my own boy," she said, covered with confusion, quaking at her own boldness. "I year, he'll want me, an' I don't know as you 'uns keer so mighty much, anyhow."

The haze rose thicker and thicker, until it grew to be a great opaque wall, dividing the world into two parts. A herd of antelope raced by, going south; but, except for this, the desert was empty, and its silence was like something material, curling and rippling in the air, filling their eyes with dust and grit, piling loftily above them in midair, until it shut out the light of the sun, and the desert was black as if it had been night.

John had turned his horses away from the blast. He quickly stowed Mrs. Brown in the cavernous depths that lay beneath the wagon, and he himself, bound himself in tying down the loose ends that flapped and beat about so madly in the rushing winds. Then, all having been made secure, he crawled to the mouth of the canvas-covered cavern and gave cheer to the widow. He talked of the storm, bawling at the top of his voice, striving to make himself heard above the resounding, elemental uproar. But, most of all, he talked to soothe and cheer a withered old woman, who found cause for secret alarm in the mysterious, unnatural course of a rainless tempest so dark and threatening as that; who was frightened in that lonesome place by the mad howling of the wind as it rushed along so gustily; who found a source of fear in the creaking beating of the sand as it flew southward, storm-borne, in the dust-dry, windy swirls, when Nature denied the remedy of rain to the tortured and convulsed elements. It was nothing at all, John said; a nothing, not even a trifle; a thing of natural and everyday occurrence to which he had grown used.

and that to tell, stories of desperate battles, of wild adventures among Indians and desperadoes, descriptions of strange places that he had visited, reminiscences of remarkable men he had known; and if she wearied of the grave he developed a talent for the humorous and kept her amused. Most of all he was a good listener, and could provoke conversation. When she was sleepy he sat motionless and silent, statuesque as an Indian following the war trail. He divided her wants as if by instinct, and supplied them without waiting to have them made known. The widow declared she was growing fat and lazy. John's voice faltered. Late the third day John's voice faltered, but his front was that choked up with sand he could not speak above a whisper, so he declared. He was very languid.

Light but menacing conversation. When she was sleepy he sat motionless and silent, statuesque as an Indian following the war trail. He divided her wants as if by instinct, and supplied them without waiting to have them made known. The widow declared she was growing fat and lazy. John's voice faltered. Late the third day John's voice faltered, but his front was that choked up with sand he could not speak above a whisper, so he declared. He was very languid.

"Way, Mr. Dubbs," she exclaimed. "There ain't nothin' the matter," declared John, smiling at her faintly. "Yes, there is, the widow asserted, 'an' I want to know what it is.' John laughed heartily at the idea, and said he was fit as a fiddle, all but his voice, and he had seen some people that would have been better off if they had been dumb.

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a little, an' I'm real sorry I said what I did."

John looked down in the old woman's face, smiling and licking his lips with a nervous tongue. "I'm skeered of all this here, an' I wish I had good luck all the time, an' then I'd have good luck."

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to whisper. She bent her head and listened, hearing the same foolish words of springs that did not exist, of rivers and lakes that were the unsubstantial creations of a feverish imagination. "Water, water, water, when there was no water. 'An' me abusin' a man like I did," she said, "an' him such a man as that, a-givin' me such a good time, an' I'm skeered of all this here, an' I wish I had good luck all the time, an' then I'd have good luck."

The second horse had laid down by its mate to die. The heat was a material, palpable oppression. The purple slopes were weary and down, about upon a swelling and staking sea of haze. At a distance the chalk hills shone ghastly white, like tombstones in the middle of a desert. The widow declared she was growing fat and lazy. John's voice faltered. Late the third day John's voice faltered, but his front was that choked up with sand he could not speak above a whisper, so he declared. He was very languid.

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## The Devotion of John Dubbs

By William D. Williams

the hotel, a proud smile upon her face, dreaming of her boy. "I'll never do in the world," declared Three Spot. "Some galoot'll be sure to tell her, and then where'll you be?" "I'm sure I don't know whatever to do," moaned Whisky.

"Why don't you send her on to Altamont," suggested John Dubbs. "I don't mean it no ways invidious, Jack," said Three Spot, "but of all the d-d fool ideas that I ever heard of, that's the subtlest, send her on there and let her see what kind of a d-d skunk that boy of hers really is!"

"I'm bewildered at you, Three Spot," declared Kate tartly. "You been a-wearin' britches as long as you have, an' not know nothin' about wimmen yet? Why, it's plain scandalous, an' nothin' else."

"What do you mean, Kate?" inquired Three Spot meekly. "That old woman'll just think that boy of hers is a skunk, an' she'll be a-wearin' britches as long as you have, an' not know nothin' about wimmen yet? Why, it's plain scandalous, an' nothin' else."

And it was so ordered, but when John Dubbs offered to take her across the desert in his freight wagon, there was much opposition. Therefore, it was duly moved and seconded and unanimously resolved that she go by way of Ward. Her description was taken up, and a sum raised sufficient to defray her expenses.

Now in that mass meeting Kate was able to sway the rest at her will, but when Mrs. Brown, longing to reach that son of hers who had so justified her motherly pride, came to be in opposition, then Greek met Greek. Jack blushed at the prefix. "There's Mr. Dubbs," the widow urged; "he's crossed the desert river once a week for years. Why can't I do it once in a while?"

"But, Miss Brown," Three Spot objected, "it ain't reckoned safe."

"It don't seem no ways skeery when Mr. Dubbs has been a-ridin' it this long an' ain't got hurt none."

"I don't take much longer to go around by 'Gentlemen, it's my boy, and I'm goin' to see, and I'm a-goin' the shortest way.' The obstinacy of a woman must have its own way. Paradise made preparation as for an army departing from its base of supplies, but Jack made himself heard, declaring he couldn't carry all they were fixing not if he dropped his whole load. He was willing to accept a bottle of whisky—that might come in handy, and as for Mrs. Brown, she could have an extra keg of water, not being used to going dry, but the balance of the plunder must just stay where it was.

financial interests over there needed lookin' after close'n he could do it from Paradise. Then pesky minee is all fired an' an' a feller's to his neck in wealth one day, an' the next he's busted like a balloon."

The driver was hedging against the future. And so it went on, one lie calling for another, and the driver cheerfully answering each demand. He set his jaws together hard, beneath his broad, and swore that he would resist in everlasting fire before he would give pain to that old woman, who looked after him as if she loved him like a mother.

A northern blow up in the afternoon of the second day. First the sweeter of heat became stifling. The distant purple slopes swam upon the undulating waves of a pallid haze. Sand pillars, crooked as a broken stick, moved about, gyrating awkwardly, going from place to place. Sweat ran down the faces of the horses, and a band of the harness a lather of dirty foam appeared.

"I'm skeered of all this here," suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Brown, starting up as if she had waked out of a sleep. "Tain't nothin' but a little, old, pesky storm a-comin' up." John reassured her cheerfully, though the sternness of his eyes belied the smile upon his lips.

"I hope I ain't bring you 'uns no bad luck," she said regretfully. "You couldn't bring no one any bad luck, but I'm skeered of all this here, an' I wish I had good luck all the time, an' then I'd have good luck."

The widow blushed with pleasure. "I'd just love to stop with you 'uns a while, but I've got to get on my way, an' I wouldn't love to stay a bit more'n I love to have you." John asserted matter-of-factly.