DAINTY PORCH WORK IN FASHION'S REALM

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 suited to porch and plazza idlings, knifting and crochet are first. A number of most valuable garments now come in hand knitting, and since most of these are expensive, nine girls out of ten are denied 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 importunce, as well as the little Shetland wool apencer which, with the first cool weather, is worn instead of the corset cover. Hand-knitted knickerbockers are also invaluable for later use, and these likewise may be made of unlined fiannel with the yoke and leg bands of silk crochet, run with elastic to keep them

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 aweaters in these having the high rolling collars, or V-neck

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 handknitted one, let her attempt a sleeveless vest, which is almost as useful

For those who do not understand kultting at all," and who have no wish to acquire the old-fashioned art, the round and white. The center of the sunrise crochet shawl makes an admirable plece of pick-up-work, which may come in as a birthday or Christmas present for some friend or relative. The prettiest of elderly wearers. these shawls are of ice wood, very loosely crocheted. The widening is done at four when knitted for knitting keeps the points of the round, which brings the shape in washing better than crochet.

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the rocky bed. The crisp hot air drinks

than a mile below its source, the faint

trickle ends in a deep and silent pool,

water to an overhead tank. Locomo-

tives halted wearily under the mov-

The railroad wound away to the west

wandered deviously through the north

the plains, across the divide to Little

high-seated Altamont, on the border of the desert. It was a road wit

plenty of water of an infinite variety

was an unceasing up and down, weari-

some and trying, and loaded wagons took six days to the trip, and some-

pire of the Southwest. An old and lo

of her son, and her heart felt von

moist and shady cove at the foot of a

his reluctant departure from Paradis

and he had gone to Altamont. And as the train went puffing on its way and left

for the dry miles on either side.

from which there is no outflow.

significant.

pattern of a square all through the | But they may be fashioned likewise with | More desirable ones are the and six | much to the comfort and prettiness of atlitches in the shells, increasing till the border is quite a frill. Sumise borders which case the grayish wools, which figure perfectly with a narrow hip flounce are charming effects with these shawls, keep clean longer, are better than white. It is a large wooden trochet needle, in shillings, and these are knilted to fit the which case the grayish wools, which figure perfectly with a narrow hip flounce and delicate striping being made with a These little correct covers are as light drawing in the walst and neck. Worn combination of pale pink, lemon, blue as a feather and are almost as open as over the daintlest underwear, they will are charming effects with these snaws, 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 women instead of heavier flannels, and many long-headed travelers returning to the sunrise simple shawls in all black, gray, vio-

As yet the hand-knitted Shetland spencer is dear in this country, \$2.50 being asked

provide all the Winter warmth needed by the usual smart woman, for heavy un-derciothing, with its attendant bulkings. has come to be a thing of the past,

In the way of small accessories, any

The Devotion of John Dubbs

Fall toilets. The last word can never be over collars, for there is always some new kink or other in these indispensable articles, and the least fragment of material will make them. Hardanger and Bulgarian embroidery, done in Turkey red and blue, are modish stitcheries for scrim turnovers, whose ribbon stocks are blue red or black. Blouses worked in red Bulgarian embroideries are also very for the style which may be bought in number of little things can be made upon smart, and the coarse cream cottons upon petticoat flounce is an invaluable find ribbon bow, a sa London for three shillings and sixpence. The best pet- orange biossoms.

soft fabrics, with their knotted weavings,

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

smart morning tollet for September. The bargain season having arrived. onomies are suggested as to the ways economies are suggested as to the ways and means of using up remnants of plain and fancy silk, solled turn-overs, odd-colored handkerchiefs, etc. The turn-overs, in every variety of embroidery, some of it hand-done, are going for a song, though the mass of them are so black with handling that all but the so-phisticated pass them by without consideration. Experienced buyers, knowing sideration. Experienced buyers, knowing the earmarks of the good thing, find sometimes in the 10-cent tray embroidered linen turnovers in attractive forms, reduced from 50 and 75 cents. The first washing removes the grime, and the fall in price permits the lavish outlay which regular daintiness requires. The colored handkerchiefs are turned into the same species of neck fixings, the more finely tinted mouchoirs making lovely collars. For the odd stock which they frequently accompany, slik cut on the bias or rib-mon may be employed. A made-up ad-justed stock is more serviceable than one which needs to be tied every time it is worn, and with the many wired forms which are sold so chemply, such neck fixings can be fashloned easily. For stiffen-

ing the neck piece of the ribbon sort that tle, there are new featherbones in oblong slide shape that neither injure nor annoy the throat. A yard and a half length permits a smart little 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 tying, and after such a neck fixing has been worn it should al-ways be carefully smoothed out with the fingers before putting away.

A smart bow stock is made of a neck band of black satin ribbon and a kilted bow of black mousseline, a little scrim collar with red stitcheries turning over

A still less expensive stock-for any of these neck fixings can be made in-expensively-may be fashloned from scraps left from skirt linings, etc., and for these have a stiffened gauge form, which cover with a stiched bias of the silk in correct neak-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

plaited stole-end shaping an arrangement very becoming to slim throats.

A length of silk suitable for a deep

the other side "mummy cottons." The ticoats shown nowadays have, this deep bottom trimming, which gets the brunt of the wear, buttoned on that certainly suggest the Exptian wrappings brunt of the wear, buttoned on that for the dead, but in this age of oversophistication this very roughness is attractive. The blouses, some of which follows the Bulgarian peasant shirt form, are woren wool and soft gloria, both of sow the Bulgarian peasant shirt form, are shown as yet only in imported shape, but stampers are copying the designs; for Winter use. With a plain black skirt of a smart morning. The separate trimmings are woven wool and soft gloria, both of which materials are more conducted to fashionable slimmess than a smart morning. coat flounce and on the careful fit of the upper portion of the skirt much de-pends. So these separate flounces are made most carefully, with the deep dust frill of the completed skirt, and all the cordings and little additional frills which give solidity and furbelow. Three yards make an elaborate one, and this is quite a usual remnant length to be found in many qualities of plain taffeta and handsomely pat-terned silk. An excellent model is a deep-shape flounce, edged with a narrower bias friil, edged in turn with two or more narrow ones. The dust flounce beneath has also a little frill edge, the cordings and tuckings showing on both the foundation and trimmings. The buttonholes are put in the flounce, the buttons upon the skirt piece, and with patterned flounces and plain uppers, the trimming should be deep enough not to show the join when

the outer skirt is lifted.
Half a yard of fine white linen is a treesure to pick up; for, embroidered with mercerized floss and with edges of valenciennes, this can be turned into chemisettes, cuff pieces, soft rolling collars, etc. A whole embroidered linen blouse is also a rewarding piece of work to have on aand, for one in a good style costs from \$20 to \$50 ready made. Three yards of linen, at \$1 a yard, well worked in a good embroidery design, and seamed with lin-en beadings, will produce something to be kept forever. When a hand-en-broldered linen blouse wears at some point, it is there renewed. For instance, a new back may be put in, under arm pieces, new cuffs, etc. So reinforcing some fine embroidery done in Ireland under the tuition of the nuns, a clever American girl has prac-The original front of the blouse is still infact, the design showing with delicate openwork, slim bunches of lilles-of-the-valley, exquisitely done.
To return to common earth, look out for short jengths 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 gift so pretty or coarming as fancy garters. Three-quarters of a yard of plain clastic forms the foundations. The ribbon is then shirred over this, the lace flounces or killed silk frill being put only at the bottom A length of silk suitable for a deep edge. At the outside leg is placed a petticoat flounce is an invaluable find ribbon bow, a satin rose or knot of

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SPECIALLY SELECTED FICTION

ARADISE is the grimly satirical ran down her wrinkled cheek. But she was a brave old woman, and she gulped down her sorrow, and held herself steady, name of a desert station of the E., P. & E Railway. A strong spring save for the shaking of her paisied head, as she asked of one of those nearest her, "Ain't there any of you'uns as knows my gushes out of the earth in the bottom of a guich, and the outbursting waters

go trickling down to extinction over boy an' kin jell me where he is?"
It was an old, old question in Paradise.
"What's his name?" inquired Whisky of the moisture so thirstily, the sand Jake, whom she had addressed, taking off his wide-brimmed hat and standing besucks it up with such greed that, less fore the widow, his head galiantly bared

to that intense and burning sun.

Whisky was a sturdy old conservative, who kept a record of his own and private Upon that liquid foundation the town of Paradise was built, and, doubtless, in that drought-stricken land, more than one wanderer, coming out of the hell of the desert upon that life-giving stream passing the moist fluid bing about with mingied palsy and exciteof Paradise was built, and, doubtless. over a cracked and thirsty tongue, had ment It's Jim Brown as I'm a-lookin' for, little Jim as is my boy, an' a good un, too, if found the name appropriate and even

do say it as hadn't orter. "Yes'm, yes'm," answered Jake; "I don't just call to mind any sech around From the railroad a long pipe trailed over the ground to the dusty bank, where it plunged beneath the source I can't think as I knowed him." Suddenly his face brightened, of the pool. A pump, standing in a fairly beamed upon the old woman and flimsy board house on the right of way, clanked endlessly, and drew out the

began speaking rapidly, as if he feared some one else would be ahead of him with the information.
"Oh, I remember now, mum," he

able spout, and tenders were supplied said. "I did hear as how his name was tle crowd, so that all could share his triumph, "It's Soif'-it's Shif'-" The unfortunate nickname stuck in his 60 miles to Washburn Junction, and toroat; inwardly he cursed himself for western cattle ranges to a desolate terminus at Ward. From Ward a stage revolved like a wheel between his finran to Altamont, 170 miles away. gers; he shuffled his feet in the dust of the road and the sweat stood out Preighters followed the stage road down the Sweetwater to Bitter Creek on his foreheau in beady drops.

Canon, up its defiles to where the Stinking Fork forced an entrance from All Paradise came to his rescue, and without a dissenting voice lied itself into the lowest depths of purgatory. "Why, it's Jim Brown, the lady's foothills that had to be climbed to after," declared Taree Spot. "It's old Jim, as we was all so proud of, one of the distinguished citizens of Para-dise, Shiffy Jim, the Mexicans called 'cause that means he don't go Whisky, we're plum ashamed of Miss' Brown, we're shorely proud know Jim's mother."

times more.

Therefore John Dubbs, otherwise known The strain was over, and the old as Desert Jack, still held to the desert trail. Others thought it dangerous, and woman was no longer ashamed to cry. Her rounded shoulders, curving down expressed themselves profanely over his upon her sunken chest, rose and fell as

Jim Brown, better known in the Then Paradise did itself proud. edges of the Escondido as Shifless Jim, came out of the mountains of East triumphant procession, Mrs. Brown in the center, the lownsmen streamed to Tennessee, and, having for many years the botel. The best room was had, the belongings of the unfortunate occu-pant were hustled out without cere-mony, and the widow was installed. All afternoon men tramped up and 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, hol-lowed itself out, making a most ac-commodating bed; the aky, painted free and of good quality; the sand was down the stairs and along the wooder veranda, thronging the approaches and entering the presence with a courtecommodating bed; the aky, painted with stars, was a gaudy covering; a ous, deprecatory gravity. One after another they listened with sympathetic attention to wonderful anecdetes of the childhood of Shiftless Jim, and one aflittle labor provided a sufficiency of whisky for a man who was not even ambitious of continual drunkenness; and the hospitality of the townspeople ter another they lied unbinshingly, teiling how his maturer days were the fitting climax of the promise of his youth. There were tales of valor, stories of munificance, of a kindness that was royal in its beneficance, supplying the wants of the more than the contract of rendered starvation reasonably improb-shie. So Jim concluded that on this earth he would find no other place so deserving of its name, and, much to the disgust of the inhabitants, announced his inten-tion of making it his home. There he plying the wants of the unfortunat a kingly disregard of his own traditions of financial success. to the East Tennessee mountains how Jim mecdotes illustrating the shrewdness Brown had settled in Paradise, and the report had it that he was even rich, a and wit of the widow's son, all poured out with an enthusiasm that made the respected citizen of that new great em ld woman's eyes snap and sparkle and quite took away her breath with

widow, the energetic mother of that de-generate son, living a life of solitude in casts. She took Three Spot Charlie to her motherly heart, and her soul went out to Cherokee Kate, whose occupathe palsy of age, heard the pleasant news tion was nameless, and to Mrs. O'Cr. and she was sorely hungered for a sight of the face of her only child. who kept the hotel and did occasional washing for the rest of the town The little farm that lay in the cove, its few stock and all its humble furnishings were sold and the widow made her way These, she believed and declared, were true ladies and gentlemen. She de clared Whisky Jake was a born nobleto Paradise to end her days in the sun-shine of her boy's face, to spend the gold-en sunset of life in an earthly Eden. man, which he was not and never claimed to be, being the soul of humility 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. But before she arrived an indignant outburst, caused by the unparalleled worthlessness of Shif'less Jim, had led to

but her boy Jim.
And us it was that when John
Dubbs came in that night from Altamont, Paradise held a consultation in of the last tie that had held her to It was late, and Mrs. Brown, weary but world she had known. She gasped happy, was asleep in the best room of

dreaming of her boy.

"It'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 Alta-mont?" 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 d-dest. Send her on there and let her see what kind of a d-d skunk that boy of hers reely is! I "I'm clean bewildered at you, Three Spot," declared Kate tartly. "You been

a-wear'n britches as long as you have, an not know nothin about wimmen yet. Why, it's plain scandalous, an nothin' else." What d'you mean, Kate?" inquired

Three Spot meekly. "That old woman'll just think that boy of her'n is an angel of light, an' she'll think we've been mean an' jeal-ous, an' haven't said half enough good

things about him. She ain't a-goin 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 unanimous-ly resolved that she go by way of Ward. A subscription was taken 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 instified her motherly pride, came to be in op-position, then Greek met Greek. "There's Mr. Dubha." Desert fack "There's Mr. Dubba." Desert Jack blushed at the prefix. "There's Mr.

Dubbs," the widow urged; "he's crossed the desert more'n once a week for years. Why can't I do it once in a "But, Miss' Brown," Three Spot ob-

jected, "It ain't reckoued safe."
"It don't seem noways skeery wh Mr. Dubbs he's been a'doin' of it this long an' ain't got hurt none."
"It don't take much longer to go around by Ward."

"Gentlemen, it's my boy, and I'm goin to see, and I'm a-going the shortest way."

The obstinacy of a woman must have its own way. Paradise made preparatio as for an army departing from its base of supplies, but Jack made himself heard. deciaring 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. They started so early in the morning that the first brightening of the eastern sky was barely perceptible. Mrs. Brown sat in the driver's seat, beside John Dubbs, Her eyes snapped and sparkled vivaciously, her wrinkled face beamed with pleasure. She looked first at the driver, then out over the desert. She chatted incessantly. John, silent with the dumbness that possesses all who live in vast and empty spaces, listened answering briefly, but his heart warmed toward that indomitable old woman. He dropped into a reverie, and she, no

ing his stience, turned toward him and for a moment ceased talking, observing him carefully in the wan light. 'T'm afeerd you'uns ain't a-feelin' well. she observed with tender solicitude. "Oh, I'm all right," asserted John, rous

ing himself. "I'm as peert an' fresh as

stomach gits to hurtin'," she said, "an' that's what mostly hurts a man, if you'uns 'll let me know, I kin fix up a tea as'll sot you up in a minit. I've got the airbs right here in my sack."
"I'm all right," persisted John. "It's jest that I like to hear you a-talkin'. It makes me think how I used to set an' listen at home, when mother'd talk to

They grew very companionable, those wo, in the midst of that wateriess soli-

"I never seed so good a boy as that Jim of mine," prattled the old woman.
"I right frequent reckoned as he'd been an amain' good boy." John answered, lying without a blush.
"I'm curis to know what made him change off and

change off an' go to Altamont, an' him so much thought of in Paradise." "Well, mum," said John, with ready invention. "I've heard him say as how

Paradise. Them pesky mines is all fired onsartin', an' a felier's to his neck in wealth one day, an' the next he's busted flat."

The driver was bedging against the fu-ture. And so it went on, one ile calling for another, and the driver cheerfully answering each demand. He set his laws together hard, beneath his breath he swore that he would roast in everlasting fire before he would give pain to that old woman, who looked after him as if she had been his own mother.

A norther blew up in the afternoon of the second day. First the swelter 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 awk. between their thighs and under each strap and band of the harness a lather dirty foam appeared.

"I'm skeered of all this yere," suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Brown, starting up as if she had waked out of a sleep. "Tain't nothing but a little, old, pesky storm a-comin' up," John reassured he cheerfully, though the sternness of his

eyes belied the smile upon his lips. luck," she said regretfully.

"You couldn't bring no one any bad luck," replied the driver affectionately. "I wish I had you around all the time n' then I'd have good luck." The widow blushed with pleasure. "I'd just love to stop with you'uns," she be gan timidly, blushing more furiously than

"You wouldn't love to stay a bit more": "But law sakes, there's Jim an' him my

own boy," said she covered with confu-sion, quaking at her own boldness. "I recken he'll want me, an' I don't know as you'uns keer so mighty much, any-The hage rose thicker and thicker, until

it grew to be a great opaque wall, divid-ing the world into two parts. A herd of antelope raced by, going south; but, ex-cept for this, the desert was empty, and its silence was like something material, vast and oppressive. Then with a great rush and howl the wind came down upon them, bursting tumultuously out of the north. The sand blew against them, cuteyes with dust and grit, piling 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 until they stood with their heads away from the He quickly stowed Mrs. Brown in the cavernous depths that jay beneath the wagon sheet, and busied himself in tying down the loose ends that flapped and bent about so madly in the rushing winds. Then, all having been made se-cure, he crawled in at 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 reacund-ing, 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 threat ening 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 fasting beating of the sand as it southward, storm-borne, in the dust-dry, windy sirife, when Nature denied the re-lief 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 would have given not a single thought save for the annoyance casioned to this lady in his charge.

For three days the wind blew incessant building them anew in other places, filling up the dim, desert trail which was not to be opened up again, covering the old, accustomed springs and the clay tanks, where bitter water gathered scan tily in pools and lay from rain to rain, burying the moist draws with their coarse grasses which the half-starved horses ate

seemed as if they would never end, John walted on the widow. When she was dry, he put water to her lips, drawn lavishly as if from an unfailing source. When she grew hungry the man had a positive genius for providing food. If she beckme dull with the long inaction, he had this

and choked, and a tear slipped out and the hotel, a proud smile upon her face, financial interests over there needed look, and that to tell, stories of desperate bat, a little, an' I'm real sorry I said what to whisper. She bent her head and listened, hearing of her boy.

was a brave old woman, and she guiped "It'll never do in the world," declared paradise. Them pesky mines is all fired and desperadoes, descriptions of strange John looked down in the old woman's springs that did not exist, of rivers and

his face, was shocked to find it so worn who surely ought to know; it was a and haggard.

Way, Mr. Dubbs," she exclaimed, whatever is the matter?"
"There ain't nothin' the matter," de-

clared John, smiling at her faintly.
"Yes, there is," the widow asserted,
"an' I want to know what it is." John laughed heartly 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

"But there is something the matter with you'uns, John Dubbs," persisted the widow, "an' I've jest got to know

Then John surrendered uncondition-lly. "Well," he said, looking very such downcast and embarrassed. "I don't want to pester you none with my matters, but I reckon as how you've done seen it, an' it can't be helped. The fact is, all this waitin' loses me a whole ot of money, an' I'm that poor it's kept me awake a whole lot."

"You poor boy," the old woman tied him openly. "It's jest too bad. pitied him openly. But Jim he'll make it up to you, so you'uns shan't lose nothin'. Now, don't rou'uns pester yourself no more whater, for Jim he'll make it up."
"Yes, shore," answered John, still

smiling; "I declare I'm plum foolish that I didn't think of it, for Jim he's jest that sort that'll never talak nothin' of payin' me extry." "Now, don't you worry; for Jim he'll

make it up," the old woman repeated. When the horses were hitched in, they were gaunt and lean, with the stomachs of greyhounds, and then Mrs. Brown first learned that they must pull the wagon to water before they could drink. The kegs held little enough for two humans, so John troubled with an obstinate bleeding of Dubbs declared. And here it was her faith in Desert Jack received its first the blood into his mouth and swallowing

them there poor critters, an' then smiled and showed eagerness to have ber they'll have little enough," she cried talk to him, and was so kind and atten-But John Dubbs, instead of answer-

ing her, sat on his seat laughing until the tears ran down his eyes; laughing and holding his sides until he doubled over, convulsed. "Here we've et an' drunk, an' drunk an' et, an' filled our beilles until they're nigh onto bustin', an' them there poor horse critters ain't had

John Dubbs, slapped his hand upon

That night they made a dry camp,

and Mrs. Brown was so affected by the suffering of the horses she could not eat, but went supperless to bed. Neither did she entirely recover her regard for the driver, even refusing vater when he first offered it, but later taking the cup from his hand and saying very solemnly: "I misdoubt if I ain't judged you'uns too narshly. We're sinners, the whole kit an' bilin' of us, but we're what God made us, an' I don't reckon He meant we should be hard on what He made. A man must be looked at up one side side an' down the other, an' there's likely to be a heap of good in the meanest he critter on earth. I reckon when a back to the seat, and, lifting the driver's man gits thirsty as you'uns has been head, placed it in her lap and dripped he jest can't stand it to give up water the water between his lips. He sucked at man gits thirsty as you'uns has been he jest can't stand it to give up water as ne'll maybe need for himself after it greedily mouthed for

common event, he said, and the desert wayfarer was expected to know the details of the land, the location of the springs and the places where the tanks lay hidden in the hollows between the slopes quite as well as if they were marked off on the palm of his hand. For this reason, he explained, he drove with unusual care, searching the earth with seeking eyes, which thus became blood-shot and were sunken in his head until they gleamed like coals of fire in the

black throat of a cave.
One day John asked Mrs. Brown to drink sparingly. He had only a few hours before been telling how much less than they thought was the amount of water consumed by the drinking of thirsty people, so that the vessels that held ty people, so that the vessess the lives of persons shipwrecked upon the ocean and the stores of those who were ocean and the stores of those who were In desert places lasted surprisingly and seemed to be renewed as if it were by a miracle. And now the request was half-ingly made, the man's embarrassmen showing guilt as plainly as if he had been detected in a petty theft. The widow was surprised and shocked, but, hiding her emotion, she promised obedience. That night in her silent prayer to God she saked to be kept from unjust suspicion of the driver, who was to her so like a son. But for all her efforts, she believed John had begun to grudge her the water

The next day the driver's mind began to wander, and he talked in a husky whisper fooliehly, about springs that did not exist, and water holes and tanks that were mere imaginations of the brain. The old woman easily called him back from his dreams, which, he explained, were caused by the intense heat, aggravated by a foo Ish habit he had acquired, being so much alone, of dozing in the daytime and taik-ing aloud to himself. He was also much troubled with an obstinate bleeding of it. Because of these things the widow "I declare we might divide with was much distressed, but the driver still tive that she was reassured and her slarm died out.
It was on the day following that one

she drank, and she was afraid.

of the horses fell to the ground and re-fused to rise. The driver, who was sit-ting on the seat, a slack and dusty heap, committee and almost breathless, withrown forward by the sudden halting the wagon, antil it was as much as the widow could do to hold him in place, When she shook him and called his name he opened his eyes, stared around stupid-John Dubbs, slapped his hand upon his knee and hawhawed out loud, but said never a word.

"I declare to gracious," snapped the widow, "men's poor ornery critters as I've allers knowed, but you'uns is about the devilishest of the lot as I've and slept.

The widow shook him by the arm, but

he made no response. She shouted in his ear and shook him soundly, yet still he did not wake. Then, as she pushed him back and forth, his head slipped off the seat and fell down, hanging limply by the neck, the lower jaw dropped, and his mouth was open. The old woman screamed with horror and pity. The man's mouth was black throughout and dry as dust, his tongue was black and swollen, and little bloody streaks zig-

sagged across it irregularly.

The widow took the cup and, climbing over the wagon to the water keg, opened the faucet. A few drops ran out slowly and then stopped. She lifted the canteens, but they were empty. She crawled

By William D. Williams

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 listence, and could provoke conversation. When she was sleepy he sat motioniess and silent, statuesque as an Indian following the war trail. He divined her wante as if by instinct, and supplied them without waiting to have them made known. The widow declared she was growing fat and lazy.

Late the third day John's voice failed him, his throat was that choked up with sund he could not speak above a whisper, so he declared. He was very languide, moving weakly, as if oppressed by illness. Light had measurably returned to the desert world, and the widow, looking upon his face, was aboved a the second horse head of the grave he desert world, and the widow, looking upon his face, was aboved a train of the could the sound had between the said and the way and waterless land. In Allamant, where the all was cool and the ways and the desert of the head that he way and the desert of the characters of the characte were awaying up and down, affeat upon a swelling and sinking sea of haze. Afar-off

ley waters of many snow-fed streams went dashing down the mountain sides Shif'less Jim went his shiftless way, undisturbed by any longing for better things, and, if he ever knew of his mother's search and of the fruitless devotien of John Dubbs, he gave no outward sign.

WHERE KISSING IS NOT

How Different People Express En-

(Cleveland Leader.) A caress, a kiss, a kindly touch are supposed to be signs of love everywhere, while a frown expresses displeasure. A study of the psychology of people shows that the kiss is only one expression of affection. There are places where kiming is unknown, this mode of expression be-ing supplemented by caressing with the hand, the nose, the tongue, clapping of

hands and various embraces,

the kindest expression of endearment, Paolo Mantegazza, the great Italian pay-chologist, says: "Fear, religion, interest, space and time may separate lovers, but the kiss they have exchanged will hold them together." For all this Darwin as-sures us that kissing is unknown among the Mainys, the dwellers of the Friendly Isles, the Andamans, Fuegians, the Tai tians, Papuans, Australians and the Soof Africa.

The Malays express their feelings of endearment by touching noses. They say much tenderness is expressed by bringing the noses in contact. They believe it is by the nose we breathe, and the bringing of noses in contact has the same ence on the soul. A traveler told to kiss with their lips, but they said:

"No, no, the soul is not in the mouth."
The Andaman lelanders also refuse to hear of the joys of kissing. They rub When a husband is away and returns home, he shows his joy by sitting with his arms about his wife's neck, and they befallen them. Suddenly, by some unex-plainable reason, this grief turns to joy. The man then calls on his other relatives and goes through a similar performance.

African husbands never kiss their wives. They would consider this a too familiar expression of devotion. A Mandigo wife meeting her husband, who has just re-turned home, throws herself on the ground as a token of greeting. In Loange the women kneel, and as they rise they clap their hands.

with wonderful dignity; they protected themselves, throw sand on their and never think of rising until their haz-bands make the command. The Tenguns are more strenuous in their expression; they tear their hair, and even heat their

lieve that the soul has its nearest apprach to another soul through the nose, After a long absence the husband gives vent to his joy in the tangi-a bitter cry-ing and meaning spell, which transforms itself gradually into a merry laugh. In Polynesia, when a husband becomes de-monstrative, he strokes his wife's face with his hand or foot. The Australian holds his wife by the neck and pats her

on the back,