



WHERE FLAMES LAPPEL UP \$1,500,000 WORTH OF THE FAMOUS PLEASURE RESORT.

Coney Island, the famed Eastern pleasure resort, had thirty-five acres swept over by the recent fire, which was the most disastrous in its history. Steeplechase Park, with its scores of amusements, one of the three great enterprises on the island, was entirely destroyed. Nearly 200 buildings, including hotels, restaurants, saloons,

dancing pavilions, etc., were included in the burned district. Coney exists for pleasure, however, and except on the part of the losers, there was no letup in the merriment. While the section destroyed contained more attractions than probably any amusement resort in the country outside the island, it was only a small part of

## THE TURNED DOWN LEAF.

There's a turned-down leaf, some writer says,  
In every human life;  
A hidden story of happier days,  
Or of death amid the strife;  
A folded leaf that the world knows not,  
A love-dream rudely crushed;  
The sight of a face that is not 'orgot,  
Although the voice be hushed;  
The far-distant sound of a harp's soft strings,  
An echo in the air—  
The hidden page may be full of such things—  
Of things that once were fair.

There's a hidden page in every life, and mine  
A story might unfold;  
But the end was not fair to that dream divine—  
It had better rest untold.  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Love Reigns Supreme

Lady Mab ran lightly down the steps and got into the smart electric cab waiting for her. The man evidently had his orders, for he started away immediately.

As the cab started, Lady Mab leaned forward suddenly and murmured: "Good-by, my baby; shall I ever see you again?"

Then she leaned back and thought of the man to whom she was going, away from her home and little boy and her husband, who had made her so unhappy. It never seemed to strike her that perhaps she had made him unhappy, too, and that she was doing a very wicked thing in leaving her home. Her one thought was to get away somewhere where she would be happy and where some one would think of her as well as themselves—and Roy would do all these things.

She shut her eyes and lightly clasped her hands in her lap and snuggled into the soft cushions of the cab.

Suddenly she started—what was that?—surely, a baby's hand had touched her own! Yet there was no one in the cab with her, only there seemed to be a peculiar haze in front of her.

She leaned back again and closed her eyes and gave herself up to pleasing thoughts.

There it was again! A timid, gentle touch. The touch that is unmistakable when once you have felt a baby's hand hold your own!

"Oh!" cried Lady Mab. "What is it? Is any one sitting in front of me?"

And a little baby voice replied: "Yes, Lady Mab, I am sitting in front of you."

"Heavens!" she cried; for, sure enough, sitting on the sea facing her was a little boy. Such a curly headed little baby with bright blue eyes and a divine mouth. Yet the strange thing was, he had nothing but a bit of silk draped round him and a quiver of arrows slung over one shoulder!

"You must be cold, dear," she said, and took him on to her lap and wrapped her cloak round him.

"Do you like babies?" he asked.

"Yes, I love them very dearly," she said.

"Do you? Then why are you leaving yours alone so late at night?"

Lady Mab was too surprised to answer.

The baby went on: "You know, he isn't a bit happy with his nurse. What is he like; your little boy, I mean?"

"He is such a dear little thing, and I am so fond of him."

She took everything for granted, and never wondered how this strange child should know all about her and the boy. She seemed to have forgotten, too, that she would never see her baby again.

"Don't you hate to leave him at home at nights when you are out enjoying yourself?"

"I have never seriously thought about that," she said.

"Babies get so lonely, you know; they want such a great deal of love. Especially mother's love. There's really nothing like it in all the world."

Lady Mab only held him closer, and slowly, slowly, the tears ran down her face.

"Are you sure babies can't do without a mother's love?"

"Well, they can do without it, but they don't make such good men and women, and they never know how to love properly themselves when their mothers haven't loved them."

Then she understood what a terrible thing she had almost done. She had nearly left her little baby alone with its nurse and with its father (whom



"I WISH SHE WOULD TUM SOON."

Lady Mab thought hated her baby and herself). Its father, who was a stern, unrelenting man, as she believed, and who, when he found she had gone, would surely have turned on that dear, helpless little thing in his rage, and hated it more than ever!

"O! my baby, my baby," she murmured.

And this time Cupid, for, of course, it was he, put his arms round her neck and nestled up to her, for did he not understand? Of course, and he had come to save her and the little boy, who was so very like himself.

The cab stopped, and a man opened the door.

"At last, dearest; I thought you were never coming!" he said.

"Roy," she cried, "get in. I must talk to you." And she hid Cupid under her cloak.

Roy got in and sat next her and put his arm round her shoulders.

"What is it, dear?" he asked—the cab had started again.

"I cannot come with you, Roy," she said. "I can't leave my baby to the mercy of that man, who, although he

has been so cruel to me, is still its father."

Cupid edged himself higher up in her arms, and his head came uncovered, but Roy did not see him; he only saw the woman's eyes, tear-drowned and full of longing, which he mistook for love for himself! It was mother love, really, you know.

"You are not in earnest?" he said; "after all our plans and all that you have promised me. You said Phil didn't matter; he must manage as best he could with his nurses, tiresome little brat!"

He broke off here, for Cupid had softly touched his arm.

"What was that?" Roy exclaimed, half starting up. "I thought I felt—what was I saying? Ah, no! Poor little kiddle, I must not say that—tiresome! No, no, only"—again that gentle, clinging touch—"only a very dear, helpless little baby, eh, dear? A baby that must have its mother at all costs; isn't that it, Mab?"

Such is the power of Cupid's touch!

"Yes," murmured Mab. "A baby that must have its mother. Oh, Roy, will you ever forgive me? I must go back, back to my little Phil, and perhaps my husband will love me once again, as he used to do. Ah, my dear, forgive me for the pain I have caused you. But I know you understand me, even now."

"Even now!" he answered. "I hadn't really thought about the little one. There is one thing I would ask—let me see the kiddle sometimes, will you?"

And she promised that perhaps she would, though she never did.

She drove Roy back to his flat and then home, and Cupid put his arms round her neck and this time kissed her.

"Another victory!" cried he.

All the way back to her home Mab thought hard, and Cupid sat wide-eyed and watched the thoughts flitting through her brain; for the little god can see all we think, and sometimes he smiled, and once he frowned, and then he laughed outright, for she had decided she had never really loved Roy. The only beings she did love were her baby and her husband.

The cab stopped, and Mab started, for she had not thought they could have arrived yet. She looked for the little Cupid, but he had disappeared.

Lady Mab alighted from the cab and flew up the steps and through the hall, past the astonished servants and up the stairs, straight to the night nursery. She pushed open the door, and then paused, breathless, and stood watching a scene that was entirely new to her.

In front of the fire sat her husband, and in his arms was a curly-headed little boy, smiling into the man's face. The man was humming a lullaby to the baby, who held one of his father's fingers in a tight clasp. Where was the stern, hard father?

"Daddy, when will my lovely mum be back?" asked Phil.

"Soon, little man—try to go to sleep."

The stern, cold voice, where was it now? Gone. Only a soft, tender voice had taken its place.

Lady Mab clutched at the door post for support, as she realized that all her trouble had been of her own making.

A small boy with a quiver over one shoulder was hovering about the pair by the fire, but they did not seem to see him.

"Does 'oo love my lovely mum?" asked the baby.

"Yes, my boy," said the man.

"I wish she would tum soon. I want

'oo bofe here now," complained Phil again.

Lady Mab never knew how or why she did it, but when her boy said that she just went over to them and put her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him and then the baby. The latter went to sleep almost at once, having got what he most wanted.

"Dear," she said, "how good of you to come up here and look after Phil. I didn't know you cared for babies!"

"I love this one very dearly," he said. "I've often been up here while you've been out enjoying yourself, but he's always been asleep until to-night."

Cupid, still standing in the room, sprang on to the man's shoulder, and, leaning down, kissed both him and Lady Mab, and then gave a very tender one to the baby, Phil. Then he vanished, for he had set the seal on his victory.

"Do you know, Mab, I always thought you didn't really care for the boy? We have been misunderstanding each other for a long time, it seems," said Phil's father suddenly.

And he was right, for they had misunderstood each other.

That night Lady Mab told her husband everything, and they were very happy, for she had loved him very dearly indeed, and continued to do so.

And Cupid? How glad he was, for had he not made three people happy again?

Many were the people who loved Lady Mab, but none loved her so well as her husband and her son and one other—Roy.

The latter declared that he would never love another, but Cupid had other views with regard to the disposal of his heart.

Lady Mab has taught Phil to reverence the little god of love, and the boy never sees a stone image of Cupid without shyly raising his hat. When asked why, he says:

"He made my mother very, very happy, and saved her from doing something wrong. He must be a very great and good little god, don't you think?"

So he is, Phil, and it would be better for the world if everyone thought him good and understood him as well as you do.

It is hoped you will keep your good opinion of him as you grow up.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## HIPPO'S BATHING PLACES.

South African Lake for Which Big Beasts Have a Liking.

A few miles from Mukoya we came to Kikarongo, a circular lake, once a crater, about half a mile wide, writes a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette from Uganda. The water is slightly salt, and is greatly appreciated by the hippos, who come here in large parties from Lake Ruisamba to bathe. The lake is shallow for a few yards only and then deepens rapidly, so the hippos, who do not like deep water, never go very far from the shore.

On a still day it is an amusing pastime to sit by the lake and watch the great brutes enjoying themselves. For a moment nothing is to be seen, then suddenly a score or more of huge heads burst through the water with loud snorts and squirting jets of water through their nostrils; they stare around with their ugly little piglike eyes, yawn prodigiously, showing a fearful array of tusks and a cavernous throat, then sink with a satisfied gurgle below the surface, to repeat the performance a minute or two afterward.

Sometimes one stands almost upright in the water; then he rolls over with a sounding splash, showing a broad expanse of back like a huge porpoise. Or a too venturesome young bachelor approaches a select circle of veterans, who resent his intrusion and drive him away with roars and grunts. There is something irresistibly suggestive of humanity about their ungainly gambol. Only bathing machines are wanted to complete the picture.

## Spider that Makes Fine Cobwebs.

The queen of spiders—the largest, handsomest and most capable workman of her tribe—is the orange-yellow and black creature known as orange Argiope. Here are the most beautiful cobwebs made, hung low to catch the innumerable insects required for a rather large appetite, and you find them among the bushes and vines and in the fields. Dr. Henry C. McCook, president of the American Entomological Society, describes her habits and haunts. Argiope, as the author relates, captures and ties up her victims as ably as a cowboy might do with a lasso, and she excels the cowboy by manufacturing her own rope as she goes.

## Cities with Wood Pavements.

The five cities in which the largest amounts of wood pavement are found are, in order, Indianapolis, New York, Minneapolis, Toledo and Boston. Together these cities have more creosoted wood pavement than all other cities in the United States combined. The total amount of this pavement in use in this country at the end of the year 1905 was about 1,400,000 square yards, equivalent to nearly eighty miles of pavement on a street thirty feet wide.



## Summer Clothing.

It is the custom whenever one goes from northern regions to the tropics to don white garments as a protection against the heat of the sun; and a change from colored goods to white is made in our climate, also, in the summer.

The reason given for this resort to white is that "it reflects the heat instead of absorbing it;" and if one questions its virtue, answer is always made that the natives of tropical regions wear white clothes, and they ought to know what is best.

It is true that the natives often wear white, but they have dark skins by which they are protected from the chemical rays, the rays that are most injurious to man, and that break down his health, after a longer or shorter residence in equatorial regions. The white man's white clothes offer no resistance to these injurious light rays, although they give comfort by throwing back the heat rays.

If white clothes are worn externally, the undergarments, so tropical hygienists say, should be black, red or orange, since these colors offer a screen to the chemical rays. After dark, in the tropics as well as during the hot summer months in this country, black clothes are the most sensible, since they promote the radiation of heat from the body.

The head covering in summer should be light in color as well as in weight—yellow or khaki color is better than white—but should have a dark lining. The practice of going bareheaded, especially in the case of light-haired or bald persons, is fraught with grave perils. The notion that some bald-headed men have that exposure of the head to the sun's rays will promote the growth of the hair is pernicious; the man who has tried it one summer will not repeat it the next—if he is alive.

In texture, summer clothing should be light and porous. For men the outer garments should be of wool, the under-clothing of linen or cotton and wool. This should be woven in a mesh which, by the air it contains, protects against chill and which absorbs perspiration; such material does not get the "clammy" feeling of a closely woven cloth when damp.

A night garment of loosely woven thin flannel of dark color will be found more comfortable than one of cotton or linen, and will also afford greater protection against chill. Summer "colds" often follow chilling of the body toward morning when it is engaged in a damp clinging linen night-dress. One who finds himself in such a state in the early morning should quickly take a warm bath, followed by a cold sponge or shower, and a vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel.—Youth's Companion.

## A Vague Prescription.

One of the virtues of the modern physician is definiteness of direction. To prescribe a dose "once in so often" is to leave a wide margin of chance, especially if the drug be a potent one. Let it be hoped that the good man whose prescription is quoted below was not dealing in strychnin nor prussic acid. The letter is taken from "Highways and Byways in Sussex," by E. V. Lucas, and was written by the doctor in an English village a century ago.

Mr. Andrews, I have sent you some things which you may take in the manner following, viz: of that in the bottle marked with a + you may take the quantity of a spoonfull or so, now and then, and at night take some of those pills, drinking a little warm beer after it, and in the morning take 2 spoonfulls of that in the other bottle, fasting an hour after it, and then you may eat something, you may take also of the first and every night a pill and in the morning.

I hope this will do you good which is the desire of him who is your loving friend,

William Benbrigg.

## How They Do It.

People wonder how a Morgan, a Hariman, a Ryan, a Wanamaker can carry on such prodigious enterprises. The secret, according to Success, lies in their ability to protect themselves through a mighty system by being able to choose men who will fit the places they are put in, men who can carry out their employer's program to the letter and can be hired to take their risks.

## Fitting the Word to the Act.

John—Maria, what on earth do ye think? That pesky Si Smith we've been quarrellin' with sez he's goin' to take the matter inter the courts.

Maria—Oh, law!—Baltimore American.