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CAMP FURNISHINGS Comfort Should Be Carefully Studied in Their Selection. NOT MANY PIECES NEEDED. Very Quiet and Rustic Styles Found in the Simple-Easy, Though, to Be Your Own Carpenter-Cedar Pole the Best Material. The following furniture suggestions may be of interest to owners or prospective owners of small camps in the woods. In the ideal camp every piece of furniture supplies an actual want. The easy chairs are easy to sit in, the settees roomy and soft and the tables cold drinks and ice cream in season. Soda water, bottled and fountain, always on hand.

MORRIS CHAIR. Furniture of quiet and rustic style may be found in the shops, but it is even better to have it built by a carpenter or unskilled workman or to build it oneself. Next to an original and interesting design, solidity of construction is the prime requisite. Careful cabinet work is unnecessary and accurate joining superfluous. No glue should be used, but instead pin and dowel construction, as exposure to rain nests, glue and chairs and tables are frequently needed outside the camp. Cedar poles make the best material. The bark can be left on, giving a charmingly sylvan effect. But wherever a rough surface might prove unpleasant to the touch, as on the arms of chairs, the wood should be planed and smoothed. No stain is necessary on the bark, and the planed surfaces may be left to the finishing of time. Very few pieces of furniture are made to take the place of movable pieces, and are both more interesting and less expensive. Chairs and tables are, however, necessary, and a swing seat is a desirable adjunct to a camp on a rainy day. Cedar poles and slats are used in its construction, and it is hung from the ceiling by iron chains. A Morris or reclining chair is the most comfortable seat in existence and should be included in even a short list of furniture. The proper measurements can be obtained from any good example of the style. Cedar poles are used in its construction in connection with slender branches of saplings, which form spindles in the sides and back. The cushions may be made of some inexpensive material and stuffed with cotton. An armchair of unusual design is shown in the cut. It is built of pine slats and cedar posts and is provided with a pillow. A small table would be useful in an out of door situation. The slats of which the top is made are planed to furnish a smooth surface for work or for serving tea.

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ORIGIN OF THE SUICIDE MINE. (Original) I had tramped all over Colorado with pick and shovel and hadn't taken out any more paying dirt than would keep body and soul from flying apart. One time I was working a hole by myself and camping alone on Clear creek. I was sitting at night in my tent—I was only staying temporarily—reading some old letters by the light of a candle for the want of something better to pass the time till I turned in, when suddenly I awoke to see the most forlorn face, the most dejected pair of eyes, looking straight at me out of the darkness. I started as though I'd seen a ghost. When I determined it was only a man, and an inoffensive man at that, I swore at him for startling me. "Stranger," he said, "can you lend me something to blow my brains out with?" "I'll blow 'em out for you," I answered sharply, "if you don't quit looking at me that way." "I've been trying to get out of the business. I've got a family in the east that's depending on me, and I haven't anything to send 'em. The wife's sick, and they're about to be fired from the mill but they're in. Say, stranger, lend me your gun."

"See here, my friend, I'm pretty hard up myself. If I lend you my gun, it will be useless with a cartridge. I don't see any use wasting ammunition that way. Just you wait a minute and I'll think up a way for you to get rid of yourself without costing anything. I have it. You keep right on. You're worth starvin' out there? Well, you follow that star for about a mile and you'll walk off a cliff into an abyss 500 feet deep. There are rocks below—pointed rocks—and they'll make mince meat of you." "Much obliged to you, stranger, but I answered, "I'll do it. Any way to end this torture. How far did you say it is?" "Just a mile. You cross a rise in the ground, then walk on a level till you come to a sort of ravine. Cross the ravine, count about a hundred steps, and you'll be right on the brink of the precipice."

"Much obliged to you, stranger. I reckon I'll do it. It extends ten miles to your right and five to your left straight across your path. Keep looking up at the north star, and you won't know when you get it. There wasn't any use of his looking up to avoid seeing the gulch, for the divide was high on either hand, shutting out so much sky that nobody could see two steps ahead. He went on, after thanking me for putting him on to such an economical way of killing himself, and I started in once more on my letters. I was thinking of getting into my blankets when the fellow came back. "What's the matter?" I said. "Didn't you come to it?" "Well, yes," he said. "I came to it all right. I crossed the rise and the ravine, then counted my steps till they numbered sixty-five. Then I thought I'd like to see how near the gulch I was, so I took a match out of my pocket and struck it. There, not ten steps from me, was the great black darkness, and I knew I was right on to it. Somehow scared me."

"You shouldn't have lit the match," I said. "You should have walked right off the cliff without knowing where you were going to fall. You've spoiled the match, but you've got the gun with a gun. I've got something here that's worth a dozen cartridges." And he handed out a little brown stone. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well, the match lit on something bright. I picked up this stone and saw that the flame was shining on particles of gold."

"I mowed the stone about in the light of the candle, and it sparkled from various parts. "See here," I said to the stranger. "You turn in here with me, and tomorrow we'll go down and hunt for more of this. Maybe we can find the place." "It's right on the edge of the gulch." "Rats! There isn't any gold. I knew you wouldn't walk into it anyway. Only lunatics choose horrible deaths, and I saw by your eye that you were not a lunatic. You're only discouraged. The abyss you saw was created by your imagination."

"I gave him something to eat and a couple of my blankets. He was tired out and slept soundly till morning when I put some bacon, hard tack and a tin cup full of coffee into him. Then we started toward the gulch. When we got to the top of the rise I had mentioned we looked across the ravine, and there was nothing but dead level ahead to the foot of the divide. The man looked at it astonished. "We counted ninety-five steps due north from the ravine," he began to pick up nuggets. "Well, that's what led up to the discovery of the Suicide Mine. The stranger and I have long been pardoned and either of us would sell out for a million. He built a fine house and brought his family out to live in it. He took me in and returned the loan of a couple of blankets when he was a would-be suicide with a suit apart, and he gave me her too. All the luck for all of us was started by my reckoning that the man who wanted to kill himself it might be me."

THE BUM GLARED AT THE HAND ORGAN. the act, for he stepped boldly across the street and entered a great granite building. His personal valuation was materially depreciated when he was summarily ejected two minutes later by a functionary in servile blue and many brass buttons. "Beggars not allowed," he snarled, pointing to a framed sign hanging in the corridor. But the Bum had a mission to perform, regardless of offending bourgeois. He went away for a while, came back and stood gazing wearily at the debaucher's swinging in and out of the big building unrestrained, while they in turn looked contemptuously down upon him from the superior heights of their good clothes. The Bum seemed not perturbed by their superiority. Indeed, he was wholly callous to it. He was occupied deeply on how he might elude the vigilant doorkeeper. "I must get in there," he muttered.

The Undoing of the Bum. By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE. (Copyright, 1907, by E. A. Cox.) EARLY summer had arrived and the population of the great city had turned itself out of doors en masse. The season of grand opera had long since passed, but a reminder of its glories in the form of an aria loaded burly gurdy, manipulated by a vigorous, swartly Italian, was pang-pang something from "La Sonnambula." The machine was crushing away in hard, metallic precision and with the courage and confidence of a five thousand dollar night prima donna. The Bum, perspiring and asleep in a lumpy mass on the end of a bench in Paradise park, awoke with such a start that several of the perpetual sons of rest near by were visibly alarmed. Some of them moved away hurriedly, but a reminder of his glories in the form of an aria loaded burly gurdy, manipulated by a vigorous, swartly Italian, was pang-pang something from "La Sonnambula." 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