

A MORNING PRAYER.

When I shall seek, on bended knee,
The strength that comes, O Lord, from Thee.

Smiley's Oil Strike

JACK SMILEY was nobody's fool.
He was a shrewd, well-educated,
wide-awake young man, but somehow
he never seemed to have any luck—

After graduating with high honors
(including the degree of football
champion) from a northern university,
he had wooed Fortune under
various guises, but without eliciting
even a smile.

Instead of getting discouraged and
throwing up his hand, Smiley pluckily
stayed in the game and kept pegging
away, hoping that some time
things would take a turn, which they
are almost sure to do if one can only
manage to hang on long enough.

Finally Smiley drifted to Texas—
that mighty empire of the southwest,
full of big men, big ideas and big possibilities—
and invested all his available
worldly wealth (and he hadn't
an over-abundance of it just then)
in a 1,000-acre ranch, with a few strag-
gling yearlings and a mortgage on it.

One of Smiley's neighbors, if peo-
ple who live five miles apart can be
called neighbors, was Col. Brandon;
another was Col. Brandon's daughter,
Bertha, who was her father's house-
keeper and the apple of his eye.
His wife had died some years before,
and he had been too busy making money
to hunt up another.

Young Smiley obeyed the Scriptural
injunction to love your neighbor as
yourself, but however it may have
been with the colonel's daughter, the
colonel himself did not reciprocate.
In fact, that gentleman frowned
most decidedly upon Smiley's at-
tempt to ingratiate himself with the
Brandon family. Smiley was an out-
sider, an adventurer, an interloper.
The colonel wanted nothing to do
with him. Besides Smiley was as poor
as a church mouse. He might suc-
ceed in raising a few lonesome, half-
starved steers, but he would never be
able to raise the mortgage on his
ranch—Col. Brandon felt sure of that.

And if there was anything that
placed a man outside of Texas soci-
ety—according to the colonel's way
of looking at it—it was the pseudo-
ownership of a run-down ranch cov-
ered by a blanket mortgage.

But it is a long lane that has no
turn. The oil fever finally struck
Texas—and struck it hard. Everybody
laid aside their ordinary occupation
and began prospecting for oil. Smiley
among the rest. The air was full
of rumors of big oil strikes, but few
of them could be traced to any re-
liable source. Nevertheless the
boom kept on, and now and then a
rich strike was made and some for-
tunate ranch owner was suddenly el-
evated to the top wave of prosperity
and rendered independent for life.

One day in the height of the oil
excitement Jack Smiley arrayed him-
self in his choicest raiment, mount-
ed his gallant charger (used chiefly
in rounding up cattle) and rode like
a conquering knight straight into the
Brandon camp.

Col. Brandon was not at home—in
fact Smiley rather suspected he
wouldn't be when he came over—but
Bertha would do just as well. Smiley
assured her. He said that while of
course it was a great disappointment
to miss her father's genial welcome,
yet he believed his business was such
that he could readily dispense with
the presence of a third party.

Bertha blushed, and whispered that
the fates were kind; and two hours
later, when young Smiley was riding
homeward with his heart bubbling
over with joy and his head in the
clouds, and chanced to meet Col.
Brandon returning to his ranch—
well, Smiley bravely smiled and
bowed with the debonaire grace of a
prince in a fairy tale.

"Feeling mighty chipper, ain't
you?" growled the colonel, with a dis-
approving glance at Smiley's beaming
countenance.

"Got a right to," chuckled Smiley,
with a grin, the corners of which
threatened to permanently usurp the
place of his ears.

"Have, eh? What's up? Haven't
struck oil, have you?" demanded the
colonel, jealously. He, too, was on
the hunt for that commodity, al-
though he was wealthy enough with-
out it.

"You're right, I have," was the
boastful reply.

"Big strike, too, I judge by your
looks?"
"Biggest that ever happened! I
wouldn't trade places with John D.
Rockefeller himself."
"Wouldn't, eh?"
"No, sir, I wouldn't. Not for an in-
stant."
"H-hum," said the colonel, musing-
ly. "Allow me to congratulate you,
Mr. Smiley. Er—by the way, we
haven't seen much of you lately over
at the ranch. Where have you been
keeping yourself?"
"I—I've been—er—somewhat busy,"
stammered Smiley.

"Boring for oil? Yes, I understand;
but you don't want to neglect your
social duties," went on the colonel,
with a sudden burst of cordiality. "All
work and no recreation won't do.
Drop over and see the—er—folks once
in awhile and stay to tea."
"All right, I will, thank you," said
Smiley; and he more than kept his
word.

He dropped in at the Brandon ranch
thereafter not only once but twice in
awhile, and even oftener; and the
strange part of it was that the more
frequently he came the better Bertha's
father seemed to like it, and as for
Bertha herself—well, she was as
happy as a girl generally is during the
rose-colored days of courtship, espe-
cially when the course of true love is
running unexpectedly smooth.

But one day a puzzled look came over
her face and she said:
"I wonder, Jack, what makes father
so wonderfully good nowadays? Have
you hypnotized him?"

"That's all right, Bertha," responded
Smiley, in a lordly, off-hand way.
"I've got him fixed all right, and all
you've got to do is to take things for
granted."

"But how did you do it?" persisted
she.
"Oh, that's a little secret between
ourselves. I don't think your father
would like to have me tell it," said
Jack, tantalizingly—"that is, of
course, to anyone except my wife."

"Oh, dear," sighed Bertha, "have I
got to wait two whole weeks to find
out?"

"Looks like it," said Jack, calmly,
"unless you change the date."

"Well, I shall not do that—un-
less I postpone it for a month just
to punish you. I think you need dis-
ciplining in some way."

"You couldn't be so cruel as that,
could you, Bertha?"
"Y—yes—no, I don't believe I could
—even if you do deserve it."

Several weeks later, when Mr. and
Mrs. Smiley got back from their bridal
trip, the pleased colonel made over a
fair-sized fortune to the happy couple,

and then began inquiring in a casual
sort of way about Smiley's oil strike.

"Of course," said he, "pleasure
comes under the wire ahead of busi-
ness at a time like this, but it seems to
me you ought not to be neglecting
your new oil well any longer."

"My new oil well?" echoed Smiley,
innocently.

"Why, yes; didn't you tell me you'd
struck oil some weeks ago—the day I
met you over on the creek road?"

"I believe I did," acknowledged
Smiley, with a guilty blush, "but I
didn't tell you the kind, or where I
struck it. You see, when I met you
I had just been over here and proposed
to your daughter and been accepted,
and I felt as if I were swimming in
the oil of gladness up to my ears—
couldn't help it very well after win-
ning a girl like that, with the prospect
of having the biggest ranch owner and
leading citizen of the county for my
father-in-law—so when you asked me
if I had struck oil I couldn't very well
get around admitting that I had."

"Couldn't, eh?" said the colonel,
with a fatherly—sort of Spartan fa-
therly—smile. "Well, I guess you
struck oil all right, that time, Mr.
Smiley, and seeing Bertha is satisfied
I suppose we may as well let by-gones
be by-gones; but I say, young man,
don't you think you'd shine to better
advantage as a lawyer, or a congress-
man, or an operator in Wall street, or
a railroad president, or a trust mag-
nate, or some such position as that?
Rounding up cattle or boring for oil
is altogether too prosaic and common-
place a business for a young man with
your Napoleonic tactics and talents."

"No doubt you are right, father," in-
terposed Bertha, shyly; "but then, you
see, I can't spare Jack from the ranch
—not even to make a railroad presi-
dent of him."

"That's so; I came near forgetting
that you have the first claim on him,"
and the colonel's smile softened some-
what. "Well, I guess we'll have to con-
solidate the two ranches and make
Jack general manager of the whole
outfit. That will keep him pretty to-
lerably busy, I guess, for six or eight
hours daily, and I'll depend on you to
keep him out of mischief the rest of
the time. Eh, Bertha?"

"All right, dad; I'll take the con-
tract," said Bertha, throwing her arms
around her father's neck and sealing
the bargain with a kiss.

And the matter was settled to the
complete satisfaction of everybody,
including the colonel.

We Are to Have Yet Another Blouse Season

Styles at Lenox Give a Hint of the Gorgeousness of These Garments.

STYLES at Lenox presage another
blouse season, and to judge from
the first models that have made
their appearance here at the first of
the series of informal entertainments
of the reception order the season will
be an unusually beautiful one in this
connection. The blouses I have seen
so far show a decided improvement in
the style of this sort of garment, and it
looks very much as though the fair
sex were determined to give the men



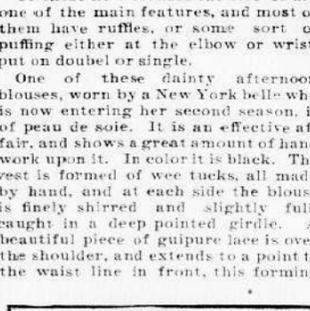
OF PEAU DE SOIE AND LACE.

who have assayed feminine apparel in
the form of the more distinctive species
of shirt waists something to think
about. This, to me, is as it should be.
For the past three or four seasons we
have industriously attempted to ape
masculine man in the making of our
garments, and now that we are at-
tempting to once more return to our
own it would be quite to the liking of
womankind to go to such lengths that
it would be impossible for the feminine
man to follow us. Shirt waists for men
are impossible in winter, and it is
scarcely possible that they will
attempt to reproduce for their use the
elaborate garments of this kind that
mark the opening of the fall season,
though I did see men wearing shirt
waists at Newport during the past
summer that rivalled in gorgeousness
anything the fair summer girl at-
tempted. But let them attempt the
separate waist of this fall—and fail.

For morning wear the flannel waists
with fancy effects and Persian designs
are decidedly beautiful. Still more
stylish effects, intended for matinee
and similar afternoon functions in the
city, or for afternoon receptions and
teas in the country, are of peau de soie
and fancy silks, trimmed with velvet
and laces.

Of these new blouses the sleeves are
one of the main features, and most of
them have ruffles, or some sort of
puffing either at the elbow or wrist,
put on double or single.

One of these dainty afternoon
blouses, worn by a New York belle who
is now entering her second season, is
of peau de soie. It is an effective af-
fair, and shows a great amount of hand
work upon it. In color it is black. The
vest is formed of wee tucks, all made
by hand, and at each side the blouse
is finely shirred and slightly full,
caught in a deep pointed girdle. A
beautiful piece of guipure lace is over
the shoulder, and extends to a point to
the waist line in front, this forming



OF ROSE SILK WITH VIANS POINT NET.

revers at each side of the vest. The
sleeves are shirred at the top, then a
puffing at the elbow, then shirring
again down to the elbow, where there
is a very full puff, and finished with
shirring and puffing at the wrist.

A blouse designed for evening wear
is a handsome garment of rose silk
that fits the figure snugly. Over this
is a fancy bolero of transparent net,
jetted and embroidered in black with
cut steel. The sleeves are bell-shaped
of the same. It has a white chiffon
tucked vest to finish the front.

A separate blouse designed for morn-
ing wear, though which is both pretty
and elaborate enough to be worn for

afternoon occasions, is of French flannel
in a delicate blue, with a yoke of a
Persian embroidered piece, lace bead-
ing and small tucks. The front and
back of this yoke are tucked, extend-
ing upwards and forming a collar. Be-
low the yoke the flannel is tucked,
forming a point in front, with the
tucks left loose. Bishop sleeves with
small tucks at the back, in a Persian
embroidered cuff. Over the shoulder
seam, and extending on the collar, is a
strap of the Persian trimming.

Women at Lenox are following in the
footsteps of such recognized leaders
as Mrs. Howard Gould, Maxine Elliott
and Isobel Haskins and discarding the
pompadour style in hair dressing.

No matter what these women may
think upon the subject; no matter
whether they liked the pompadour or
not, they see the direction of the
straws and have adopted other coif-
ures for the fall.

Even during my short sojourn in
New York between the closing of the
summer and the beginning of the fall
seasons I saw this change coming.
Sensible women have tired of the home-
ly, nonsensical style that sentenced
women to wear their hair puffed out
in a roll over their foreheads. But like
all other fashions it took a leader to
change the established order of
things. The lesser lights in the world
of the mode could not do it even if they
would. Now the leaders have spoken,
and the pompadour has passed into his-
tory.

But what has taken the place of the
pompadour? A decided contrast, of
course. The very latest coiffures show
the hair dressed low, waved prettily,
and sometimes parted. When not part-
ed it is usually loosely drawn back
from the face to a coil that may be
worn as low as desired. For evening
wear these coils are worn very low, in-
deed, and as a rule one curl rests upon
the neck.

Hair decorations, too, are changing,
and the shell combs, algrettes, bows
and even tiaras are giving place to
natural flowers, with the rose pre-



OF FRENCH FLANNEL.

ferred. To be once more rid of the
pompadour and the elaborate decora-
tions worn in the hair seems almost
like the dawn of the millennium.

Great is green, and, in the slang
of the day, we might add "the greens
are great." Green is undoubtedly the
favorite of all the fall shades, and it
is being worn everywhere and worked
into every conceivable garment. In
tones, it varies from the palest shimmer-
ing silver green to the pronounced
hunter's, olive and myrtle shades. Of
all the tones the hunter's green is the
one most frequently seen, especially
for street and afternoon wear. The
green in this case is almost sure to be
colored with little touches of black
and white. Green broadcloths, chev-
ots, venetian cloths, and in fact all the
heavier fall goods are proving popular
for tailor-made suits.

Kisses for Punctual Pupils.
Miss Julia Wilson, a school-teacher
in White county, Ind., has introduced
a new method by which to prevent tar-
diness among her pupils. She an-
nounced before the school that she
would kiss the first arrival every
morning. Miss Wilson is a handsome
lass of 18 summers, and the boys ce-
lebrate she is "sweet as a peach." The
first morning after her announcement
as early as five o'clock a number of
the eldest schoolboys were roosting on
the fence awaiting their pretty school-
teacher's arrival. At eight o'clock the
entire school was there. The town-
ship trustees also put in an appear-
ance. Miss Wilson kept her promise.

Lavender Oil is Powerful.
The majority of ladies would be sur-
prised if they were informed that a
bottle of lavender water contains but
about a thimbleful of pure oil, for a
larger proportion would not only ren-
der the water too strong for use, but
would burn holes through the hand-
kerchief wherever the scent touched it.

Beauty Made to Order.
Beauty by surgery is now a fad in
Paris. For the fee of \$1,000 you may
have your countenance changed, nose
made Grecian, flop ears remedied;
while a slit in the face can be made a
rosy-bud mouth by deft touches of the
needle and the lancet. Have your face
ironed if it doesn't suit you.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Why doesn't some shrewd board-
ing house landlady suddenly acquire
a fortune by advertising her place as
a sanitarium for the cure of obesity?
—Chicago Daily News.

Not a Flattering Attention.—"Who
is that strange-looking man who
stares at me so much?" "Why, that's
Von Humperdinck, the eminent in-
sanity expert."—Cleveland Plain Deal-
er.

Little Ethel.—"Mamma, I know why
it isn't safe to count your chickens be-
fore they're hatched." Mother—"Why,
dear?" Little Ethel—"Coz sum of
'em might be ducks."—Ohio State
Journal.

Dr. A.—"I performed an operation
on Bornson yesterday." Dr. B.—
"Y—yes, I know; I saw it in the pa-
pers." A.—"In the papers?" B.—
"Y—yes; in the death notices this morn-
ing."—Sundays Nisse.

A True Hero.—She—"I shall marry
no man who is not a hero." He—"Say
you'll be mine, and I'll prove that I
am one." She—"Oh, Adolphus, how?"
He—"I'll go right in and 'ask papa.'"
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Predicament.—Mamie—"I think
Mr. Crustleigh is just too mean for
anything." Fanny—"But he mar-
ried your mamma." Mamie—"I know
he did. I jilted him for Harold,
then he married mamma, and now
he won't let me marry Harold."—
Baltimore American.

In Tatters.—Backlots—"Are you
going to the fancy dress ball?" Sub-
bubs—"Y—yes, I'm going as a tramp."
Backlots—"Have you got your cos-
tume all ready?" Subbubs—"Y—yes, I'll
wear my dress suit. My wife forgot
to put it out of the way of the moths
last spring."—Philadelphia Press.

THROWING THINGS AWAY.

The Usual Course When a Family
Goes Through the Storeroom
Before Moving.

"Always before we move," said Mr.
Billtops, "we go through everything
in the store room and cull out and
throw away the things that we don't
want. If we never moved I don't
know but what finally we'd be buried
under the accumulation of things
which from time to time we save."

"We save tons of newspaper clip-
pings alone, and we always have a
pile of magazines containing articles
that we want to read over again, but
never do. We put away old clothes,
and don't know what not of things
we've got through with that are of
no earthly use to us, but that we
hate to throw away. And how we do
hang on to some of these things.
Why, say, we've got boxes and trunks
containing things that we've saved
in that way that we've been hugging
around for years, paying to have
them moved and giving up room for
the storing of them, that we never
look into at all. We couldn't tell
what was in some of them without
looking, but they are things we sort
of hate to throw away, and so we
keep hugging 'em around."

"I don't want to drag in melan-
choly thoughts in a cheerful conver-
sation, but I find myself wondering
sometimes, now, as I grow older,
what will become of all this truck
we save up, in this way, when we
die. It will all be just lying there
and those who come after us will
look at it and wonder what under
the canopy we saved it for, and then
they'll throw it away; which I tell
Mrs. Billtops we might just as well
do now ourselves and get rid of it.
There's nothing in the whole blessed
store room that we might not with
perfect safety throw right out with-
out ever looking at it. Oh, of course,
that is rather a sweeping assertion;
there are blankets there, and that
sort of thing stored away for the
summer; but nevertheless it is sub-
stantially true that all that misce-
laneous array of boxes and bundles
there, of odds and ends of one sort
and another, we might just as well
throw away bodily, and we never'd
miss 'em. We had a curious experi-
ence in this way last fall.

"Weeding things out then, in the
usual manner, we set out of the
store room one day three big boxes
of stuff to look over. But somehow
these boxes got mixed in with the
stuff that had been looked over and
was ready to throw away; and away
they went, never looked at, and we
never discovered it till the next day.
Then there was a time! Mrs. Bill-
tops wanted to have me go right
away and see Percy Nagle, and find
out what dump the things collected
on our block went to, and see if I
couldn't get the boxes back. Our
oldest daughter, Lucinda, was sure
the green box contained all of her
very best patterns, and I don't re-
member now what other things of
tremendous value those boxes did
contain, but I staved the folks off,
somehow, from day to day, and gradu-
ally they felt easier about it and in
a week they forgot it.

"That was a year ago. And do you
suppose we've missed anything?
Why! Not a thing. There wasn't
anything in those boxes that we real-
ly wanted to use; if there had been
we would have kept on using it. But
we had hated to throw the stuff
away."

"I tell Mrs. Billtops, as I said be-
fore, that it would be perfectly safe
to clear out the whole store room
without looking at the stuff at all;
just throw the whole thing right
away; that we never store cash
there, nor little deeds, nor anything
of real value. But she says no, she'd
rather look things over." And I
suppose that some of these old
things, anyhow, may have in old as-
sociations a value that will make us
cling to them to the end."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The crown prince of Siam has writ-
ten a book which is soon to be pub-
lished in London. It deals with "The
War of the Polish Succession."

Five books by the late Walter
Besant will appear within a year.
These include his autobiography, a
novel, two volumes of essays, and a
volume of short stories.

Anthony Hope has written four
new "Dolly Dialogues," which will be
added to the ones with which the
public is already familiar, and thus
make a new edition of the book.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is at the
head of a movement in Boston for
the sending of modern agricultural
implements to the Filipinos. Several
manufacturers and wholesale dealers
in seeds have cooperated in the
scheme.

The day before he delivered his
notable address at the Buffalo expo-
sition President McKinley made this
confession: "I am just as nervous
before beginning a speech nowadays
as I was before delivering my maiden
address in the house of representa-
tives years and years ago."

A preacher living near Zumbrota,
Minn., was born of parents named
Hog, and when he grew up asked to
have his name changed. The judge
to whom he applied asked what
name he preferred and the applicant
said anything would do for a change.
The judge gave him the name of
Thing, which is his for keeps. Mem-
bers of his flock refer to him as
"Good Thing."

The popular king of Portugal is es-
sentially a man of pleasure, but not
in the sense that conveys discredit.
He is a first-class tennis player and
an enthusiastic yachtsman; he has
something of the prince of Monaco's
appreciation for the wonders of the
sea and is a collector of many inter-
esting curiosities from its depths.
He is reputed to be one of the best
shots in Europe, equally deadly in
his aim with rifle or shotgun and
able to hit birds in flight with a rifle
bullet. He is an artist of no small
scope.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.

Time When All England Drops Work
and Goes for an Out-
ing.

A fig for business to-day! Mr. and
Mrs. John Bull and the babies are
going to enjoy themselves without the
slightest reference to desks, dividends,
ledgers, income tax, Boers, and all the
rest of the fol-de-rol; for a bank holi-
day nothing is of any consequence ex-
cept the noble art of being merry. If,
while little Tommy stands on his head
on Hampstead Heath in the fullness
of his joy, Mr. Bull takes to ruminating
and thinking things over in order to
arrive at some conclusions as to where
he is, he will realize, if he reasons
properly, that there is no earthly ob-
stacle to his joining Tommy in his ac-
robatics, and waving his own legs in
the atmosphere from pure light-heart-
edness, says the London Express.

England is rich, and happy, and well
governed, and a comfortable, cozy
place in which to dwell. So away with
dull care and hurrah for a vigorous
time on heath and beach. It is a fine
thing to give the cash books and the
day books to the spiders for one whole
work day, and let the nice play hide-
and-seek in the board room of the tire-
some company that is always holding
stupid solemn meetings and declaring
silly old dividends.

It is glorious to drag the managing
editor, or the banker, or the superin-
tendent, or the workman from his
place of business, scamper with him
over the hills, duck him in the wavelets
of the channel, or watch him gambol
on the soft, green sward. It is good
like for his head and for his liver.
He comes back to his desk less of an
old fogey, if he has been one, and more
of a human being.

And, if you can get him into an om-
nibus with half a dozen of the children
of other people overflowing on his lap
and treading on his feet, so much the
better for him. A comprehensive
knowledge of humanity is good for all
of us. The golf players will return
from the links better beings. Even the
perjured fishermen, with their stories
of the immense creatures that just
managed to escape their hook, will be
improved by their holiday, even though
they return with souls bruised and
dented by prevarication.

Abolishing Frost.

As to other possibilities of the can-
non, there is that of abolishing frost.
Herbs and resinous wood are often
burned so as to shelter the plants
under a screen of smoke, but just a
few nights ago the cannon were tried
instead in the Beaujolais. Two of
them were apportioned to a hectare,
about two and one-half acres, and
they were fired horizontally about
two yards over the fields. The
ground was rendered damp and warm,
though the surrounding soil was cold
and frost-laden. But the most
astounding use of this artillery has
been found in Madagascar and Al-
geria—to fight grasshoppers. It is
claimed that the shot acts a discour-
aging swath in the invading swarms.
And now the question is, what might
it not do to a cyclone? There is seri-
ous food for reflection in that same
question.—Everybody's Magazine.

Why He Wasn't Looking Well.
"Your husband is not looking well
to-night, Mrs. Rhymer."
"He isn't, and I'm not surprised
at it."
"X?" Has he been overworking him-
self?"

"It isn't that so much; it's his origi-
nality. Why, that man is struck by so
many original ideas that his mind is
one mass of bruises."—Pearson's
Weekly.