

A Necklace of Love.

No rubies of red for my lady—
No jewel that glitters and charms.
But the light of the skies in a little
one's eyes.
And a necklace of two little arms.
Of two little arms that are clinging
(Oh, ne'er was a necklace like this)
And the wealth of the world and love's
sweetness imparted.
In the joy of a little one's kiss.
A necklace of love for my lady,
That was linked by the angels above.
No other but this—and the sweet tender
kiss
That sealeth a little one's love.
—Frank L. Stanton, in Home Chat.

AFTER HIS OWN HEART

BY ELIZABETH BAILEY

A hungry, discouraged and penniless American of 24 sat on a bench on the Alameda at Quillaine, in one of the South American states. It was twilight. The band played and the people promenaded.

He had made a long journey over the mountains, after meeting with all kinds of bad luck, and on the morrow would ask the American consul to ship him home as a "distressed." He had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and his lodging that night must be in the open air.

Clothed in evening dress and with a hundred dollars in his pocket, Tom Mosher would have looked what he was, but ragged and penniless, he shrank from observation, even though he clung to his seat to rest his aching bones.

Then it happened. A young lady promenading on the arm of her father dropped her handkerchief to start a flirtation with a military officer. The handkerchief fell equidistant from Mosher and the officer, and both sprang forward, bumped their heads together and rolled on the asphalt.

"You loser! You tramp! You scum!" shouted the officer as he reached his feet.

"It was no one's fault—a pure accident," replied Tom, who had been successful in securing the handkerchief.

"Away with you, scum, or I'll cut you down!" shrieked the officer as he drew his sword and flourished it about with great fierceness.

"Steady, man. Don't get in a temper over nothing."

"Then take that!"

Tom took it. That is, instead of taking a blow with the flat of the sword he took the sword itself from the hands of the humiliated and enraged officer and stepped back to defend himself from a dozen men rushing up with exclamations on their lips.

"Mob him! Shoot him! He's a foreigner! He's a revolutionist!"

In two minutes a crowd of 100 people surrounded the pair and fiercely demanded an explanation.

The officer lied. He said that Tom had appealed to him for charity, and, being refused, suddenly attacked him and got possession of his sword.

The crowd wanted no further excuse. Nearly every man had a knife, but no one seemed to have a pistol. They pushed forward to lay hands on the American, calling for the police at the same time, but when Tom's borrowed sword began to play they dared not close in.

Tom began a retreat. He did not know where it would end, but he slowly fell back, down the wide avenue. The police arrived and demanded his surrender, and presently the



"Mob him! Shoot him!" hoodlum element began to throw stones and heavy flower pots.

To the demands of the police he was silent; the missiles thrown he had good luck in dodging. He had been pressed back four blocks and a crowd was forming in his rear, when above the cries and shouts of the street he heard a woman's voice:

"Into the hotel here and upstairs! It's your only chance!"

From the corner of his eye he saw a girl on the balcony of a building to his right—a girl leaning far over the iron railing and waving to him.

Drawing a long breath, he made as if to charge the crowd, and then suddenly rushed into the shelter of the archway, drove three or four men

from his path and hurried up the broad stairway.

At its head he met a girl of 20 whom he knew at once to be from the United States. As he stood gasping for breath she said:

"Hold the stairs for three minutes and I'll be back with something to shoot with."

The police and the mob crowded into the vestibule.

"One rush and he is ours."

There was a rush, but it paused before the head of the stairs was reached. Tom Mosher had learned



"Know anything about copper mining?"

sword-play, and the grim look around his mouth satisfied them that he was "out for business."

As the crowd stood growling and cursing and menacing the girl returned from her room with a revolver in her hand, and said to Tom:

"It's dad's pet gun, and I know how to use it. Now, then, let the gentlemen walk up. Keep your face to this mob, and if anyone comes up the back stairs they'll find me on guard. You are an American, aren't you?"

"Yes—Tom Mosher of Fall River."

"And I am here with my father, Col. Dale of Montana. He owns most of the Uncle Sam copper mine. What is the trouble about?"

Tom briefly explained, and he had just finished when the crowd gave way for the mayor to ascend alone.

"Senor Americano, I demand your peaceful surrender in the name of the law. You have assaulted an officer of the army and defied the police, but I promise you a fair trial."

"The officer who says I assaulted him is a liar!" replied Tom, "and I shall surrender only when so advised by the American consul."

"Then the young lady will please retire while we kill or capture you."

"The young lady will remain right here!" answered Miss Dale, "and if there is a rush, look out for lead."

"But the amorita will not protect a revolutionist—a criminal—a man who has forfeited his life!"

"We will hold the stairs against you all. This man is an American. He is neither a criminal nor a revolutionist."

"Thank you, Miss Dale," replied Tom, without looking her way. It's very brave of you to stand by me in this way, but if they rush us and three or four people are killed, won't it make matters a great deal worse?"

"If you surrendered now they'd take you out and shoot you, and it will be no worse if you fight for your life. If that old dad of mine was only here!"

"Well, what's wanted?" asked a voice at her elbow and she turned to find that her father had joined her.

"Oh, dad, this is an American, and they want to kill him!"

"I see. Well, here's the consul right behind me. Give me that gun and you fall back. Proud of you, my girl—proud of you—but let me do a little talking."

Col. Dale talked, the consul talked and the mayor talked, and as a result the mob withdrew. As a second result the consul became responsible for Tom Mosher's appearance in court next day.

He told a plain story and the military officer thought best not to deny it. His fine was a nominal one, and the mayor was one of the first to shake hands with him after he was released.

"Well, young man, you had a close call of it," said the colonel as he slapped Tom on the back.

"It was your daughter, sir, who helped me out."

"Just like Tilly—always with the

under ear. Got any prospects?"

"Going home on charity of Uncle Sam."

"Um! Know anything about copper mining?"

"I'm a bit of a civil engineer and can boss a gang of men."

"Um! Come down to the hotel and get acquainted with us. Tilly says you are a man of sand. Come down—we won't bite you."

It was two years before Col. Dale had a son-in-law, but his name was Tom Mosher.—Elizabeth Bailey in Boston Globe.

SNAKES HAUL HIS BOAT.

Truthful Fisherman Tells Story Which Must Be Believed.

Dr. Bergesser of Nevada is the possessor of a lot of trained snakes which some time ago he deposited in Tucker Lake. As soon as the doctor gets in a skiff these trained snakes, which have the faculty of distinguishing their master from anyone else, swim to his skiff, and hooking their tails over the bow of his boat, haul him to the place where the bass are playing thickest. When the doctor prepares to fish these educated reptiles unhook their tails and swim away.

After the doctor catches a boatload of bass, these intelligent snakes return, hook their tails over the boat and pull him to shore, always bidding him good-by with a hearty tailshake, which they hold above the water in a most friendly manner.

This is the reason Dr. Bergesser can catch fish where other successful anglers fail.

The doctor also says that he has noted a certain kind of frog which sits on the bank and warns the fish not to bite, and he always has to shoot these frogs before he can have any luck fishing.

The doctor is not only a successful fisherman, but he is also a truthful fisherman, as persons will realize who read of the manner of his success as thus stipulated.

Mrs. Longfellow's Dinner.

Speaking of "company" coming reminds me of a story a Boston man tells of the poet Longfellow.

Longfellow had a soul above sordid material considerations, and on one occasion he brought a guest home to dine without advising Mrs. Longfellow beforehand. The guest was a distinguished Englishman, who had just arrived with a letter of introduction.

The day was Friday, and the cook being a Catholic the family had fallen into the habit of eating no meat at the Friday dinner. Mrs. Longfellow thought despairingly of the fish and then, realizing, I dare say, that dry bread would be a feast with Longfellow at the table, led the guest to the dining room with a faint heart.

The fish was brought in. The distinguished guest glanced at it, and then he smiled at his hostess.

"I know Mrs. Longfellow will pardon me," he said, "if I decline the fish-course."—Washington Post.

"Better Than a Pass." "Martinsburg, my state," says a representative from West Virginia, "is just on the wind-up of a smallpox epidemic, and I am reminded of what happened to a picket one night when we were in this now thriving city during the civil war. An intelligent female of the African persuasion came along just about dark and she was asked if she had a pass.

"No, sir," answered the woman, as her eyes banded from beneath a big yellow handkerchief which adorned her head.

"Then you can't pass," said the guard.

"I've got no pass, but I've got 48 smallpox, suh," she added.

"You may rest assured that the woman passed without ceremony."—Nashville Banner.

A Song of Life.

Praised be the lips of the Morn
For their musical message of Light,
For their bird-charmed burden of Song:
Praised be the young Earth reborn
For its freshness and glory and might,
And the thoughts of high solemn de-light
That at dush of its purity throng.

Praised be the lips of the Day
For their clarion call to the field,
Where the battle of Life must be fought,
Praised be the fire of the fray,
Where the soul is refined and unspined,
And the spirit heroic revealed,
And pure gold from base substances wrought.

Praised be the lips of the Night
For their murmurous message of Rest,
For their lullaby, motherly sweet,
Praised be the dreams of delight
While tired Life is asleep in Love's nest,
And in harmony tender and best
Heaven's calm and earth's loveliness meet.

—Israel Zangwill.

Correspondents' Status Changed.

A war correspondent who worked in the days when war correspondents were somebody was the aged Sir William Russell, now living in England, in his eighty-fourth year.

He reported the Crimean war, our civil war and later wars down to 1880, for the London Times. Interviewed the other day, he was asked to explain the difference between war correspondence then and now, and this was the prompt answer: "In my time we were free to go everywhere. Now correspondents are not free to go anywhere, apparently."

A Physician's Joke.

Dr. C. D. Vermillion of Tescott tells a joke on himself. He was called ten miles into the country to attend a patient.

He returned to his home at day break and was astonished to see Dr. Anderson of Beverly emerging from his house. "What are you doing here at this hour?" he demanded curtly of his brother physician. "Go into the house and see," snapped Dr. Anderson as he drove away. And going into the house Dr. Vermillion found a fine ten-pound baby.—Minneapolis (Kan.) Messenger.



Dainty New Dessert.

This is one of the prettiest ways of serving cream when one wants a new dessert for a little dinner or lawn fete. The pistachio nuts can always be bought in the Syrian quarters or of high-grade grocers. Blanch two ounces of the little nuts as you do almonds, pour scalding water over them. Remove the skins and pound the nuts to a smooth paste, flavoring with a little orange flower water.

Make a vanilla cream with or without eggs, as you prefer; add the nut paste and freeze. The meringues are better bought of the confectioner, as it is not worth while to spend the time on anything so difficult to get just right. Press a spoonful of the cream between the shells and serve on small plates. The green cream pressed between the white shells looks most attractive, especially on a hot day.

For Young Girls.

No other form of negligee is quite so popular or so satisfactory as the kimono gown. The very pretty one shown is designed for young girls and combines flowered batiste with bands of white most effectively. The style is the familiar one that is so generally liked and can be varied by making the yoke, to match the bands in place of the gown, or by using plain material for the foundation, flowered for

largely for the picturesque and large creations. The small hat is but little in evidence, and the toque is enlarged to the dimensions of a small hat.

In veillings the chiffons still lead, although certain handsome lace veils are purchased to drape hats instead of the chiffon; the latter, however, are far less expensive, and for traveling and country wear are the only appropriate veillings for summer hackabout wear. In September the sale of net veillings will begin to increase and of chiffons to decrease.

The Linen Gown.

A novel linen gown has the skirt gored and cut so that it has little fullness at the waistband and ample width at the bottom. Its trimming consists of two deep horizontal turks that are known as sun's tucks. The blouse has a plain collar, formed of alternating rows of narrow openwork batiste embroidery and Valenciennes, opening over a shallow gimp and collar of openwork. Three small stiff bows of black satin connect the collar fronts. The full vest and long close fitting cuffs are of all-over embroidery, and above the closed cuffs are flaring cuffs made to match the collar and turned back over the full upper sleeves.

Blouses for Autumn.

What might be called a winter china silk makes some of the prettiest separate waists shown for fall and winter wear. It is known as chiffon taffeta, and has the firmness of the latter fabric combined with all the soft pliability of the former.

Volle and etamine effects are to the fore in separate blouses, together with albatross and similar waxy textures, all of which are capable of exceedingly dressy results.

The favorite style of trimming is the use of horizontal tabs buttoned across the front, under which is drawn a long colored tie or scarf with ends reaching the belt.

Model Fishing Gown.

A fishing dress ordered by a well-known demoiselle in the high walks of life is of gray and black waterproof. The coat sleeves of the close wrist displaying a conservative smallness for any degree of picturesqueness at this point is not considered good taste with sporting wear. A green leather belt and a green silk crown band for the white felt alpines are prescribed fishing touches.

"Paquin" Eton With Vest.

The Eton in its latest form takes the name of one of the best known French designers and is eminently attractive and graceful. In the case of the model illustrated it is made of wood brown taffeta with revers and roll-over cuffs of pongee, vest and straight cuffs of white pique and is trimmed with banding, but the design leads itself to many other materials equally well and is quite as admirable in the many soft and pliable wool fabrics as in silk. The vest and cuffs of white with the revers make the distinguishing characteristics and combine to give a most novel as well as smart effect.

The Eton consists of a smoothly fitted foundation lining, fronts and back. The sleeves are big and full, finished with roll-over cuffs, and are laid in box plaits that are extended over the shoulders to terminate beneath the plaits of the Eton. When the vest and straight cuffs are of washable material they can be made detachable so rendering laundering a simple matter. The belt is arranged over the edge at back and sides and passed through openings in the front and vest to be closed beneath.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 yards 21

Black Silk Again Popular.

Smart mountain millinery leaves the blossoms of town and country aside to a great extent. The most effective of the hats now being turned out for such use run largely to wide ribbons or velvets, put on in big bows, with sometimes a rich red and blue contrasting. A straw brim shape of deep red has a large bow flanked at the back with a larger blue one. This double butterfly was placed straight across the front of the hat, an edge of blue under the wide brim giving raison d'etre to the odd combination.

Another thing noticed is that the mountain dowager is much given to that time-honored material, black silk, for the best bib and tucker. Black peau de sole and satin de Lyons gowns are seen on every side, as if the solemn and eternal hills forbade more foolish and modern materials. Fichus of net and ribbon and lace collars varying in depths and elaborateness give those for evening dressy use a stylish look, and when these are left off—along with sundry conceits in undersleeves and sleeve ruffles—why, the gown is another thing, of course.

Silk Shirt Waist.

The silk shirt waist suit in its latest manifestations is a long way removed from the original model. The new ones make use of all the varying weaves—pongee, taffetas, louisine, messaline and foulard, and the range of coloring seems even greater than the range of materials. Small checks are still good style, and they are toned up with daring touches of contrasting color. For example, a lilac and white check is trimmed with white chiffon cloth braided in gold. A brown and white check shows the new ponceau shades in peau de cygne as a trimming. Black and white is trimmed with almost every fashionable color, the turquoise hint, the new burnt bread, burnt orange and burnt onion all lending themselves to the color scheme. When silk is used for the trimming as well as for the dress, then fancy stitches, embroidery or lace is used.

Small Hats Little Shown.

New autumn hats, or rather hats to be offered the autumn buyers, are largely of lace in black or white, or even in certain colors, the latter, of course, to match the colors of the gowns they are to be worn with. Cluny, Venise and Irish are used

MISSOURI ITEMS

A brakeman named Lemon was badly squeezed between two cars at Walnut Tuesday.

Cels Calvert of the St. Joseph News and Press has a cold and is even blowing about it in his original column.

That Chillicothe preacher who says his congregation cannot afford to pay him \$1,200 a year probably knows, from experience, whereof he speaks.

The Cole County Democrat thinks the time is near when a street railway in Jefferson City will be a necessity. What's become of the capital's auto-bus line?

A Metz woman claims to break the record for step-fathers and step-brothers. Of the former she has had four. She has not had time, she says to count her step-brothers.

An Eastern young man who wears very high collars made a whole general stouf of people laugh at Osage Wednesday by asking when the corn crop would be threshed.

The New Bloomfield News is bragging about having a telephone that, although connected with the "central" office, is talkless. But why brag? Talkless phones are common everywhere.

The Moberly Monitor is of the opinion that Moberly's base ball team might possibly be strengthened a little but not very much. In the minds of the Chillicothe fans it is probably strong enough.

How time does fly. A man who went down in Jasper county recently and announced that he would lecture on "The Beer War," as asked by a native when and where that war occurred.

While William Johnston, a Bates county farmer, was away from home last Sunday, a thief drove into his orchard and stole a wagon load of peaches. Mr. Johnston considers his loss about \$80.

Counterfeit \$5 bills are much in evidence in Louisiana, but the editors of the local papers are not worried. If somebody should begin to counterfeit wood or farm produce over that way there might be occasion for alarm.

There was some moving done in Butler last week. J. W. Smith moved to the Rudolph Jackson residence; Jackson moved into Basil Culver's house; Culver moved into a house vacated by Floyd Thomas, who moved into the house left by J. W. Smith.

"When a woman takes a husband," says the Pike County News, "it is always for better or worse, and the chances are it will be worse—for the man." Comment on this from Jewell Hayes, the bridegroom of the Richmond Missourian, would be interesting.

Neosho isn't on a boom, but it is expecting two or three houses and several new barns soon.

Mexico, like Kansas City and St. Louis, has a dangerous grade crossing or two which the papers think should be made safe.

When Chilhowee becomes a city steps should be taken to have signs posted on the street corners to tell people how to pronounce the name of the place.

Pierce City people have been feeling lonesome this year and have just discovered why. Very few mosquitos have been seen or felt there since last year.

A big circus will exhibit in Atchison in a few days and the people of DeKalb are quarreling over the question of who shall stay home and guard the town.

A man who was formerly well known in Central Missouri as a base ball player is driving for a St. Louis carriage company. Still on the coaching line, as it were.

Isn't it almost time for somebody to dramatize Captain "Jack" King of St. Joseph?

The negroes of Higginaville held their third annual fair last week with no fatalities.

Arthur C. Saunders, formerly of the Golden City Free Press, has become local editor of the Schell City News.

The Utica Herald wants the people of that place to take up the tremendous job of making Utica a good town to live in.

The Advertiser wants somebody to develop the coal resources underlying Boonville. It says there is plenty of coal there.

A windstorm blew away \$160 in bills belonging to Grant White of Laddonia, recently. For White it was certainly an ill wind.

Jefferson City has a Put Away Trouble club, the members of which are greatly worried over the problem of avoiding worry.

The Richmond Missourian says the first railroad built in Missouri was constructed between an old brick mill north of Lexington Junction and the Missouri river. It was four miles long, had wooden rails and was operated by "mule power."

Editor Hampton of the —ngston Mercury has discovered that, among men, the principal subject of conversation is how to make money and, among women, how to spend it.

A Gilliam family name Chestnut imported a genuine mountain burro recently and now every boy in town is bothering his parents to get him one.

The very first Sunday after his church board did away with gasoline lamps and equipped his church with electric lights a Henry county preacher gave John D. Rocketteller an awful lambasting.

No ironing needed. Woven woolen or cotton undergarments and Turkish toweling do not require ironing and will be much better without it. Be sure that they are thoroughly dry, of course, before folding and putting them away. Care must be taken to shake out such things and to pin them on the line in such a manner that they will not be drawn out of shape.

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