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THE FIELD FRATERNITY.

When God's dear justice is revealed—The kingdom that the Father planned—His children all will equal stand As flowers in the field.

There each one has a ready space—Each yeoman of the lowly race; Each has a foothold on the earth, A place for business and for mirth.

No privilege bars a flower's access To earth's whole store of preciousness; The flowers stand level on God's floor With equal nearness to his store.

And flowers, they have no private ends, But stand together as close friends; They send their beauty on all things, An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not; there is enough Laid by for them of God's good stuff—Enough for all, and so no fear Sends boding on their blameless cheer. This noble blessedness can be In kingdoms of equality.

So from the field comes curious news, That each one takes what it can use—Takes what its lifted cup can hold Of skye rain and beamy gold, And all give back, with pleasure high, Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood A testament of brotherhood. —Edwin Markham in Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOST MINIATURE.

It Reformed the Man Who Found It.

By A. D. Lee.

"It is rather a peculiar case," he began.

I smiled wisely. Every one thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.

My book was turned, face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Alyn did not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine."

"It has a heroine, yes."

Alyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look at him.

Just now his expression puzzled me. I could not fathom it, but it invited me to continue.

"Have you her photograph with you?"

"Yes."

He drew out of his breast pocket a small red leather case and, opening it, handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that an instant."

Such a picture! A dainty little head covered with short, curling hair; a delicate, loving, teasing face; dark, full, bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauze ended the portrait.

"You must love her." I spoke with conviction.

"I do," returned Alyn—"most sincerely."

Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.

"And she?" I hesitated over the inquiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

A gentle expression passed over Alyn's face.

"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply.

I stretched out my hand and Alyn grasped it warmly.

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that man is I. Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a boy," he added apologetically.

I picked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and leaned back in my rocker.

Alyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

"It was a year ago. One night—or morning, rather—I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car or a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light. A slight fall of snow had whitened the pavement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength and sense enough left to pick it up, tumble up the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch."

Alyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

"Some time the next day I awoke and the first thing that attracted my attention was this—open on the floor and her eyes looking up at me—me in that condition."

An expression of disgust good to see came over the man's face.

"I quickly shut the case and put myself and my room in order. Then I sat down and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative, Alyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph.

"I told you this was a peculiar case, and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. I carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her until she became a living presence to me. I became absentminded. The fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when they wanted me. My engagement was with this—the lady of the miniature. I had lost

my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way: She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and probably—here was the hard part of it all—by her lover. If I advertised it, he would claim it, and I should not meet her.

"I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I spent my spare hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opera and scanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her. I felt this afresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own, I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I haunted out the best detective in the city and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her."

"Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this:

"I've found her at 320 Water avenue. Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return tomorrow. She is anxious to recover the miniature."

"But I could not await the next day, and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it to her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at least."

"I went to 320 Water avenue that evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, 'The finder of the miniature.' The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what shall I call it?—delicious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not hear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled as I turned and took the hand of—

Alyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing had fallen into my lap, and I leaned forward listening breathlessly.

"The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curling hair. I was looking on it all, the same but—"

Alyn raised his eyes. The amusement had faded away.

"The hair was snowy white, and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of 50 years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white haired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature! Some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Alyn abruptly.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and—"

Alyn broke in hastily: "Oh, that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so—well, it's all right."

Alyn buttoned up his coat and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.

The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy.

Some Simple Remedies. In one of the United States health reports published in Washington a few simple remedies for emergency uses are suggested. Witch hazel is one and is recommended as one of the quickest soothers and restorers of a tired brain. Bathe the eyes and forehead freely with the liquid and apply a cloth wet with it at the back of the neck.

Cloths wet in a strong solution of borax water are very cool and healing in case of a burn; care should be taken, however, to exclude the air in putting them on.

A tiny pinch of powdered borax placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will almost instantly stop a hacking, irritating cough that may be disturbing one at night. The same treatment relieves an ulcer in the throat, and at the slightest irritation or soreness of the throat a gargle of salt water and borax will be found efficient.

Learning a Language. How is it that Englishmen are not the best linguists in Europe? Simply and solely because of the general and absurd "deaf and dumb" method of studying foreign languages. Foreigners learning English know better than to waste years over books; they simply "chatter" and learn one word and expression after another, and become familiar with them by constant repetition, with the result that in a few months they can speak and write our language sufficiently well for all practical purposes.—London Mail.

A Submerged Forest. There is a submerged forest on the Columbia river between the Dalles and the Cascade mountains. According to Mr. G. K. Gilbert, the submergence took place 350 years ago, and since then the roots have been under water, while the upper parts of the trunks have been bared yearly at low water. The bark is gone and the wood partly wasted away, but some of it is firm and looks fresh. This fact seems owing to the durable quality of the wood of that species—namely, the Pseudotsuga douglasii.

THE DRESS MODEL.

Tablier effects will appear among autumn styles. New craped zephyrs from Scotch looms are in delicate tints of cream and pink, ciel and pale old rose, violet and chartruese green, etc.

Batiste laces wrought on delicate net ground have been greatly favored this summer in trimming ecru lawns, linen batistes and similar transparent fabrics.

The elbow sleeve, with turn back cuffs and gathered undersleeve, will constitute one of the retained fashions on many of next season's jackets, waists and tea gowns.

Holland costumes are much worn for traveling, golf and morning gowns generally. Many different grades of the linen are used, and the most dressy models have the flounced skirt trimmed with a fancy arrangement of linen insertion.

Some of the pink china silk blouse fronts and full undersleeves worn with white cloth, mohair or English serge suits are very pretty. They have an open front belero made with close elbow sleeves turned back, with small cuffs edged with pink brier stitching, which corresponds with the finish of the tapered revers.

On French models for new fall costumes graceful little stole front walking jackets, to go with simple tailor made costumes in brown, blue or black, are made in many cases with a notched vest of cream colored cloth trimmed with two lines of braid laid side by side, one of unchangeable gilt, the other of braid matching the costume.

A woman of large proportions should never allow her dressmaker to cut the side breadths of her gored skirt with tiny darts at the top. The gores just below the waist line should be so narrowly curved and closely fitted as to obviate any necessity for short hip darts, which invariably leave a full, ugly, outward curve at the point where the dart seam ends.

The "child golf wonder" has arrived. This is the last blow.—Boston Traveler. There is also the vacation face. It may be recognized by its absent look.—Chicago Tribune.

It seems that an automobile warranted to be kind, gentle and thoroughly broken is about as reliable as a horse with the same kind of guarantee.—Chicago Record.

The theory that appendicitis is often caused by the habit of sitting with the legs crossed should be borne sedulously in mind by men who ride in street cars.—Boston Globe.

The confusion in other parts of the world enables the sultan of Turkey to look out of the window now and then without quite so much fear of seeing the bill collector.

The English torpedo boat Viper made an average speed of 33.6 knots, or 42 miles, an hour on her recent trial trip. 'Tat the America's two is still on this side of the ocean.

Cent a frog is the latest quotation in the dicker between the Maine small boy and the fisherman. But if the small boy knew the price of frogs' legs at a city restaurant he would be dizzy.

THE DOMINIE.

The Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton of West Somerville, Mass., a former congressman and a well known Methodist minister, is 90 years old.

Bishop David H. Moore, Methodist, of Cincinnati, who was assigned to the Shanghai district by the last general conference, has started for his post.

Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles, who has been appointed an assistant to Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco by the pope, is a native of Kentucky and is popular with Protestants as well as Catholics.

In a single year the Protestant churches of the world have expended about \$10,000,000 under the superintendence of 1,500 missionaries on the field, aside from the staff of secretaries and others at home.

Dr. Marshall Lang, the new principal of the University of Aberdeen, has been minister of the Barony church of Glasgow for the last 25 years and is best known as the leader of the "advanced" party in the Church of Scotland. He has been moderator of the church and is one of the queen's favorite preachers.

THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

The shirt waist man is cool without his coat and vest, of course, but how he must miss his pockets!

The shirt waist man has come to grief in New York, swell restaurants refusing to serve him. They evidently have not caught up with fashion in Gotham.—Boston Traveler.

The shirt waist is the coming summer garb for men. It is the only fashion desired for women that the male mind regards as "sensible" and fit for the sterner sex.

The shirt seems too juvenile for old men, too truth telling for fat ones and too generally discordant with the habits of civilization to be the very best form of hot weather costume possible.—New York Sun.

Common sense in dress is so rare an article that it is hard to find it, but when the ladies themselves have won the fight for the shirt waist they should permit their brothers to enjoy the victory with them.

THE CYNIC.

People dearly love to make each other uncomfortable. The things you hate happen as easily as weeds grow.

The world's a stage, and every man is afraid of his understudy.

Probably the most tiresome person to meet is the one of a make-sunshine-in-the-house-though-there-be-none-without-disposition.

Just about seven-eighths of the people should cut out that part about forgiving one's enemies before they repeat the Lord's Prayer.

When we are particularly tired out and lie down to read and rest, we usually find that the reading matter we have picked up tells of the pleasures found in work.

Let the girls spend all the time they want in doing up their hair. In a few years more they will twist it in a tight little knot in order to have more time to curl their children's hair.—Atchison Globe.

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Men's Heavy Lace Plow Boots, sizes 6 to 11, \$1.00 per pair. Men's Medium Fine Buff Lace Boots, sizes 6 to 11, \$1.25 per pair. Men's extra heavy grain Lace Boots, sizes 6 to 11, \$1.50 per pair.

Men's latest style Dongola Kid, Lace, sizes 6 to 11, \$2.25 per pair. Ladies' smooth, high cut, buff lace, sizes 3 to 8, \$1.00 per pair. Ladies' Fine Buff, well finished, lace, sizes 3 to 8, \$1.20 per pair.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid, lace, 1/2 sizes, 3 to 7, \$1.50 per pair. Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid, butt, 1/2 sizes, 7, \$1.50 per pair. Boy's heavy Lace Boots, sizes 1 to 5, \$1.00 per pair.

FOR THE BABIES—We have a very large assortment in fine, soft Kid Boot Lace and Slippers in sizes 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, ranging in price from 25c. up to \$1.00 per pair. Scuter makes in sizes 8, 9 and 10, from 50c. to 80c. per pair.

FOR LADIES who like comfort, 3 lines of fine quality Dongola Kid in Oxford and \$1.00, Lace Boots at \$1.50, and Gaiters at \$1.25 and \$1.50, made on wide, comfortable lasts, will be found very comfortable to wear, good quality and neat in appearance.

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