

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CORNY'S CATAMOUNT.

BY LOUIS M. ALCOCK.

(CONTINUED.)

ANxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view; and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last!

There it was, the big, fierce cat, crouching in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from its neck and the tremble of its limbs plainly showed.

"Now's my chance! I don't care who shot it, I'll kill it, and own its skin, too, if I pay my last dollar for it," thought Corny, and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck two quick blows, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl, and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This achievement atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the catamount was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphant entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"I wish I didn't look so like a scavenger, but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Wont the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat! Hope there's a house not very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this cat much further, I'm so starved and shaly."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment later several men came bursting through the woods, cheering wildly as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool "Hello!"

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a sort of wild jig around his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go, and all night had rushed up and down seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till, almost exhausted, he looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me!—I'd a got up a hunt for you with havin'—You oughtn't to have gone off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap for gettin' into scrapes,—and out of 'em too, I'm bound to own," growled Abner.

"That isn't a wild goose, is it?" proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the catamount, which now lay on the ground, while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it's not, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot it?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"I didn't shoot it; I broke my gun when I took that header down the mountain. I hit the catamount with a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found it," answered Corny, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into it; I only finished the shot."

"Chris shoot it, then; he fired not long ago, and we saw the critter run, but we were too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you've had enough of catamounts for once hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corny, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew,—ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark, which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I haven't! I want this one, and I'll buy it if Chris will let me. I said I'd kill one, and I did, and I want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corny stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or you'll have to cart you home. You've done well, and now you want a good meal to set you on your feet again. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hal Columby!"

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The tall, hearty man, with the dead animal at his back, went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff sobriety brought up the rear, with his eye constantly on the wild cat.

In this order they reached home, and Corny sought his mother's comforting care, and was seen no more for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received very meekly the congratulations showered upon him. He

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Many talk about woman's sphere. As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a whisper yes or no. There's not a life, a death, or birth. That has a father's weight of worth. Without a woman in it.

EARLY SUMMER MODELS. A Novel and Pretty Cape—Fit and Trim—of the Season's Skirt.

Before we give up the cloak which is belted in at the back, let us make sure that we have not missed any possibilities of convenience in the current. Certain it is that the newer and prettier cape affair is inclined to get crooked, and won't stay on unless we are hitching at it all the time, or else have it securely tight by the collar around a somewhat choked throat. The usual fastening is just a belt or a string, and it ties around the waist. Now, this is where the best possibilities of the mode are missed. Let the belt be very long and instead of fastening it around the waist, bring it to the front crossing the breast, and going to the back again and fastening at the inside of the collar, collar at the back. This holds the cloak securely even if it is all open. It coaxes it

into pretty folds, too, when you let it fall loosely back the crossing straps make the soft skirt work with the plain skirt more snug and pretty, than its own belt unassisted could do. When the cloak is fastened it is like any other cloak, except perhaps that it fits in the back a little more exactly than does the usual belted-in cloak. This, of course, is because the fastening at the top as well as below in the back holds it better. Made of some serviceable plaid or check stuff as was the garment of this sketch, with a generous and practicable hood, the hood and cloak both well lined, it will prove an especially good garment for the trip to the Fair, that we are all of us going to take. When we want a change of dress we can let the cloak be open; when we want another change we can wear it snugly, yet another alteration we can accomplish by wrapping it close about us, and in all ways it will be pretty.

The second picture shows a useful and charming toilet. The front can be either gathered in, or left quite loose, the latter is preferable for morning wear, while the other method looks more dressy. The sleeves are trimmed to the elbow with guipure. Any shade can be placed under the guipure, but green is exceptionally fashionable just now. The skirt is a tailor made one. The little jacket would look well trimmed with ball fringe.

A few years ago it was considered a necessity that the greatest attention should be given to the making and fitting of the bodice of a gown and the skirt, in comparison, was of no, or very little consequence. But at the present time the importance of the latter cannot be over-rated. The fashionable voluminous skirt is looked upon with a feeling akin to horror by those whose purses are not

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IN MODERN BABYLON.

THE CURSE OF POVERTY IN A CITY OF TODAY.

The Seventh of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s Powerful Sermons on the Gates of Hell of the Present Time—Men and Women Dead to Hope.

New York, June 4.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached today the seventh of the series of sermons on the "Gates of Hell in Modern Babylon." The subject of today's sermon was "The Curse of Poverty in the Modern City." The text chosen was from Proverbs xxx, 8, 9: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me, lest I fall and deny thee, and lest I be lifted up, and I deny thee, and lest I be poor, and steal, and use profanely the name of my God."

There is a poverty that is respectable. There is a poverty that is the mother of greatness. It is not of this poverty that I speak today. The curlew of the poor is not those that have rocked the greatest men of the earth. But by this we mean a decent poverty in which there has been coarse food and coarse clothing and yet food enough to keep hunger from the door, clothes enough to keep the cold from the body. Poverty that means hunger and cold and nakedness and rags is a curse and only a curse. It is this shadow that falls across the streets of the city as nowhere else in the world today. There are poor people in the country, but they are millionaires in all that constitute a life as compared with the poor of the city.

It is a continuous amazement to me that people should leave the country and crowd into the city, the city which Carlyle graphically described, "The great, foul city, rattling, crawling, smoking, stinking, a ghastly heap of fermented brick work, pouring out poison at every pore. And yet they come in tens, in hundreds, in thousands, in tens of thousands every day, crowding the already crowded dens, in which human beings live like beasts. They leave clear skies. They leave pure air. They leave kindly friends, sympathy, the neighbors. They leave earth, in other words, for hell, and still they come.

Could not some kind angel whisper to them when they make up their minds to leave the old country home that they are taking their departure from earth and hope and descending to the lower regions? The only possible explanation is that they are ignorant. They do not know the city. They do not know what it is. They do not understand until it is too late to retrace their steps. It is simply impossible with language to adequately convey the average and the facts in the condition of the life of the thousands who live in our cities. Their poverty is indescribable; their wretchedness something unthinkable.

The poverty of the city is an open door to the deepest hell, and through it daily crowd countless thousands.

Needless to say, poverty in the city means loss of a home. There is no home life among the poor of the great city. The word home is stricken from the language of man. The poor live in a den. They exist in a tenement, and the tenement life, with its attendant horrors, is a domestic service in this great city.

There are from 50,000 to 60,000 of these little waifs drifting on the black, turbid waters of this great city's life, and every city has its proportion. Is it any wonder that we have tramps and idlers, and that the gang of toughs is soon developed, and that they graduate into the most vicious, desperate, highwayman and assassin?

PARTS SEVEN CENTS A PAIR. Fifth—It is the gate of hell because of the hard life of the women. Woman is the mother of civilization as well as the mother of sin. One is better index to life. If it is degraded, life is degraded. If it is steeped in sullen despair, life will show its fruits. If it is hard, life will be hard. If the life of woman leads to hell, hell is high to humanity.

Two hundred and fifty thousand women work in our great cities, and when women make pants for 7 cents a pair and use their own machines, find their own thread, they make shirts for 35 cents a dozen and find their own thread and machines. They make gingham waists for boys at 25 cents each, and it is impossible to make more than a half dozen in a sewing machine. And 14 hours at a sewing machine work a woman's hands and a woman's nerves, means that life is being ground out at a pace that makes the little shroud of actual murder. Cloakmakers can earn but 60 to 70 cents a day. We find 16 hours of toil unrelieved by a single gleam of light or hope or cheer, and the net result of this concentrated despair and misery is \$3.50 a week. And half of this is taken to pay for the miserable den in which the work is done. Two families live in single rooms. Twelve people are found sometimes in a room 13 feet square.

Many of the women who work in this underworld of horror are dying to hope, and when women with their ceaseless passion of life, her undying love, with her quenchless heroism, ceases to hope it is time for your social economist, it is time for your preacher, your politician, your philosopher, to hasten to find the cause. One of this army of a quarter of a million women recently said to Mrs. Campbell:

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"We don't," said one of the other women, turning sadly. "I got rid of my soul long ago, such as it was. Who's got time to think about souls, grinding away 14 hours a day to turn out the contract goods? Take a look at the bodies that can be driven and half starved and driven still till they drop in their tracks. I would try the river if I was not driving to pay a doctor's bill for my three that was with the fever. Before that I was driving to put food into their mouths. I never owned a cent to my name. I have been honest and paid as I went and done a good turn, when I could. Had I chosen the other thing while I had a pretty face of my own I would have had ease and comfort and a quick death. The river's the best place, I'm thinking, for them that want ease. Such a life as this is not living."

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THEY LACK THE SENSE OF HUMOR.

Mr. Henry Furness has found it unprofitable to caricature women. He says that in the few times in which he has yielded to the temptation he has raised much ill feeling, and he has decided that women as a rule lack sense of humor. This is true, and it is to be regretted. There are comparatively few writers of humor among women, as has been demonstrated in the attempt to collect their work for representation in Chicago, and no conspicuous ones.

A man said the other day touchingly this, that in riding out and in daily on a suburban train for you might find never yet seen a woman buy one of the comic weeklies, through they sold by dozens to the men travelers.

It would be interesting to know what link is missing from the female mentality which deprives her of this boon, for it is nothing short of a boon to be able to see the funny side of life. It helps over many hard places and lubricates many creaking joints in domestic machinery.

It would pay for the scientists to diagnose the difficulty, if possible, and undertake to lessen or remove it. In the meantime, sisters, be as joyous as you can.—New York Times.

Advice to Young Ladies. A country girl gives credit to a celebrated doctor for the following very prudent advice to the young ladies of his flock: "The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, chop wood, milk cows and be a lady without an 'in company,' is just the sort of a girl for me or any other worthy man to marry. But you, ye wasp-waisted, putty-faced, consumption mortgaged, fancy-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of 14 chickens. The truth is my dear girls, you want more liberty and less parlor, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding pions, more frankness, and less mockmodesty, more food and less fashion. Loose yourself a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."—Ex.

Don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their fault; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child is driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch your words, and don't indulge in the unfortunate and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the tones of your voice, and above all, watch your hearts; for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

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from the young man so late this afternoon. "God bless him, one said, 'he's the image of his father; he is so proud, he's self to be, for turning to them he's 'My people, I cannot express to you what I feel in my heart today. I'm simple and honest, and the company he's with today \$100,000, and he's a home for your aged men and women, and they shall live in the company's expense when through sickness or old age they are unable to work.' A great wave of joy swept the hearts of the men as the shadow of death was lifted from shoulders and hearts. With a brighter smile they went back to their work; with stronger arms they took their avails ring.

So will our toilers labor for the benefit of the race to better provide for the hearts of a stronger arm, when their lives are made ready work for the living. In our present condition of labor the home, crowded cities life is a waste of life. Let the workingman make his city as he would avoid a pestilence of old gold.

In the face of the much proffered gold fannies, old gold is not demanded. It is bought by the retailers for nominal prices of the greenback variety. Old gold is very rich, not only in its value, but in strange and literary suggestion. Most of it is in the shape of dilapidated jewelry. A small load of gold comes in. It is once a wedding ring and must have been as precious beyond all price by the best of us. It was a ring that was worn for years, as it was worn and it was almost worn away, it must have fluctuated many times in value.

The ring does not say whether its owner was happy or not. The link of gold may have bound together a loving hand and wife, or it may have connected a widow with heaven with the coldness of a ring. It may have held a galley slave chained to his companion that she hated.

The ring tells none of these things. It is old fashioned and worn, and the shows that it has seen long service. Perhaps it was worn by strangers, being perished by mother wedding ring, perhaps it was a precious family heirloom, passed down from generation to generation.

The purchaser rubs it on a smooth stone until it leaves a yellow mark, a drop of nitric compound will dissolve this mark so that the expert assayer can tell the purity of the gold. The ring is carefully weighed and paid for at a rate perhaps of 3 or 4 cents a carat. Boston Herald.

Keeping a Sponge Sweet. There are few things that are so successfully handled and which give so much satisfaction for this reason as a bathing sponge. A large sponge is always somewhat expensive item, and when it becomes odorous, as it sometimes does, it is a good way with the best of us to buy at once, expecting to reuse it. This is a very difficult matter to accomplish. Repeated scaldings will often make a sponge sweet and soft as it is originally.

The best way to do is to take care of it at first. If the sponge is freed from scum and dirt it will not get soiled again after it is washed with soap. In order to do this, use the soap out with warm water after using it and rinse it in cold water. Squeeze it as dry as you can with your hands, but do not wring it. It will break the fibers.

It is a good idea to dry a sponge in a summer in the bright sunshine. However they must be dried by artificial heat and for this reason special care must be taken to rinse them clean after use. It is a great mistake to slush a sponge up in a close box, even though it may be one of solid silver. A good idea is to keep it in a basket lined with a soft material. The best place to keep a sponge is in an open basket of wire near the bath where it can dry and is always convenient.—New York Tribune.

The Cashmere Scarf. In the glittering but chilly salons of Versailles doubtless it was for a century that Josephine wore the cashmere scarf that the Egyptian expedition introduced into France, and which her husband with his characteristic regard for the rights of others, pulled from her shoulders and put upon the blouse of an unfortunate. These properly folded, or, if too narrow, folded in two, with the best long scarf, will add flowing lines to the front of the figure and short horizontal ones not too rigid to the back.

A good critic says of it: "To wear it is a proof of grace, and it imparts elegance, especially to a tall woman. The old portraits of the Empress Josephine, sharpened by every fresh series of facts, that no words, no matter what power of fervor may be behind, can make plain the sorrow of the poor."

King Otto of Bavaria is now a hopeless realist in his position. But his chief amusement seems to be shooting peasants. It seems to amuse the shooting to kill the peasants. Of course they do not let him really kill them, but they dress up a man as a peasant, and he passes before the window, and the king seizes the rifle which has been loaded with the paper shell, fires at his victim, and the victim instantly falls with dramatic effect and dies in great agony. The king looks on with the utmost glee at the result. What a horrible amusement even for a maniac! And yet this is practically the results of the kings of the economic world. They may be mad, but it is the most kindly of tyrannies to put upon their actions—and yet the results of their work is the slaying of the weak. Not only this a fact, but it is a fact that could be remedied, and it is a butchery that is useless and that is a deadly enemy to the conservative forces of society as it is to the weak.

It is a needless butchery. Wherever great hearts have been combined with great ability and a true purpose to labor with the masses for their benefit we behold great fortunes created out of nothing, and yet the results of their work is the slaying of the weak. Not only this a fact, but it is a butchery that is useless and that is a deadly enemy to the conservative forces of society as it is to the weak.

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