

BEHIND THE LINES.

It was between nine and ten on the evening of the diplomatic reception at the White House, when the fashionable and semi-fashionable populace of Washington is accustomed to make its annual onslaught on the Executive Mansion. A good-natured crowd stood about the gates and formed into a semi-circle around the great north portico, watching the carriages file through the massive gate-ways while the occupants alighted and pushed forward to the cheerful light and music within. The chill January wind had no effect upon that democratic throng. Men, women, and children, office-holders and office-seekers, laughing, joking, jostling one another, seemed heedless of the soft, melting snow which had been falling since the early morning, and equally indifferent to the dampness and cold of the night.

Closed landaus, hansom cabs, state carriages, with filmy gauze and enormous bunches of flowers seen through their glass windows, passed one after another, each stopping in turn under the portico, where the women with gloves to protect and veterans in social warfare nudged, edged, and inched for advantage, while the men fell back slowly before a persistency which put to shame their strategic movements to gain the door-way. Among these who were not fortunate enough to come in closed vehicles were Robert Caldwell and his friend, both striving with the aid of pocket-handkerchiefs to protect their silk hats from the snow.

"Caldwell, let us retreat and acknowledge our defeat in the social world. Your first dash for prominence has not been over-successful, I must admit. A Welsh rarebit and a bottle of ale will go better than this."

"No, I am going to see it through," Caldwell answered doggedly as he elbowed his way a foot nearer the main entrance.

"There is no use for me to argue with you, as I know from experience, but I am going to let you work out your social destiny alone. You have been here for five years, and no one has ever been able to get you to budge before, and now that you have started, far be it from me to bring you back to the life of the hermit. Take my advice and be careful, Caldwell. It is the first step in society, as it is the first kiss, that does the harm. Behind those doors there are designing mammas and insinuating daughters, and you, old chap, are very soft. Won't you come with me here?"

"No, I have been under worse than this and held my own."

Just then two opposing streams of people came together under the portico and swept the friends apart. Caldwell looked at his friend, and the latter, who had just begun fighting his way in the direction from that in which he had just come. As one of the prominent members of the corps of Washington correspondents, Robert Caldwell had been invited to the Executive Mansion to meet the diplomats. Every year since his name had been placed in the "Congressional Directory" opposite to that of one of the big metropolitan dailies he had been invited to these receptions; yet up to the present time he had never entered the White House save in his capacity of correspondent.

In his own profession he was pointed to with pride. His work had gained for him an enviable reputation, and his more recent career as a war correspondent had added to his influence. He was with the troops that made the dash up San Juan Hill; he had shared in the dangers with the fleet off Santiago, and when the campaign there was ended had pushed on to Porto Rico. On his return he was welcomed by the men in his profession as a hero, and his courage and experiences formed the basis of many letters from the capital. With the feeling of security in his chosen profession there came to him a natural desire to see something of the social side of Washington life. He had not been without social ambition in the past, but he knew that official society, in which he would always be welcomed, was no *entree* to the exclusive circles of the capital. He hated to begin at the wrong end, he told himself, and then too his life was a busy one. So, for one reason or another, as he wrote his mother, he knew no one worth knowing socially from her point of view, though he had lived in the capital five years.

Knowing how obdurate Caldwell had always been when asked to entertainments of any kind, his friend was greatly surprised when he consented to accompany him to the diplomatic reception. He was even more surprised when he refused to leave the crowd waiting to be admitted to the Executive presence. For a moment after his friend had left Caldwell half regretted that he had not gone too. He was chilled through to the bone; he felt dreary; his collar seemed to weigh on him, and he thought his tie had come undone.

In this frame of mind he was admitted. He became then a part of the moving throng. He was in the tide, and it was bearing him on. It would have been impossible to turn back now even had he wanted to do so. Someone took his hat and coat, and again the movement in the direction of the Blue Room was begun. He whispered his name on reaching the reception-room to a gayly-uniformed young marine officer, who seemed to shout it out with special vim. He felt embarrassed, and became visibly so when someone in front of him said, "That is Caldwell, the correspondent-hero, you know." He shook hands with the President and his wife and passed down the line of Cabinet ladies. By each one he was addressed by an entirely different name from that pronounced so audibly by the handsome marine officer, who was himself a hero, and who at Camp McCalla had fought side by side with Caldwell.

As he looked down the line he saw a crowd of people pouring into the great East Room ahead of him, while a greater throng was waiting in the Red Room to be presented to the Chief Executive. Caldwell took little notice of any of these. He knew them to be a horde of official folk,

who were there either from a sense of duty or else from idle curiosity.

But behind the lines of Cabinet ladies, chatting merrily and possibly commencing upon those passing in front of her fifty or more young women who, he knew, belonged to that inner circle to which he knew it to be difficult to find one's way. For a moment he rebelled against the fate which precluded him from going behind the lines and mingling with this fashionable coterie, as he saw young officers of the army and navy and a few neatly trimmed club men doing. As he passed on he found some comfort in the reflection that he was a man of brain and of affairs, and not without influence. With such thoughts as these he reached the East Room. Disgusted with himself for having come, however, he was on the point of leaving when a Senator whom he knew touched him on the arm.

"What are you doing here? I thought you scoffed at this sort of thing," he said good-humoredly.

"For the same reason that brought you," answered Caldwell, taking the outstretched hand, "to forget for a moment that I do not answer the purpose, for the work people I know remind me of my work."

With public men he was on familiar ground and he felt at home. He knew the Senator well. The latter was from the North, was wealthy, but with more truth than polish in his composition. "Queer gathering," he remarked, glancing at the crowd. Then, turning to Caldwell, he asked—

"Have you been behind the lines?"

"Not yet," he answered, and then added quickly, "I know no one there. They are total strangers to me," a little nettled over this confession, but not feeling ashamed to make it.

"Then come with me. My wife has a guest who is with the redoubtable and I am afraid she finds it dull back there, knowing so few men."

Before Caldwell could offer any objection he was being led, or rather pushed, in the direction of the Blue Room again. He was soon presented. He was tall, handsome, easy in his manners, and soon met others. Finally he was introduced to Her. He never heard her name. He could never remember afterwards how she was gowned. He only knew that she was blond and that she was beautiful. He felt instinctively that she was the very centre of that set he had coveted to enter, and in which both by birth and breeding he rightfully belonged. She looked bored, he thought.

Her head was turned away from him with an air of well-bred indifference. She did not seem inclined to talk, and he was content to be allowed to gaze upon her partially revealed profile. Presently she said she was tired and sat down. Caldwell looked at her and began discussing some indifferent topic. As she scanned his features, for the first time her large blue eyes showed that her interest had been momentarily aroused. She soon resumed her former air of languid indifference, however, and leaned back, as if preparing to dismiss him.

Just at that moment the Adjutant-General of the army passed behind the lines on his way to the conservatories. Recognizing Caldwell, he stopped for a moment to shake hands with him, saying as he left—

"I have not seen you at the department in some time. If you are in that neighborhood any time to-morrow come in: I have something important to say to you."

Before leaving the old warrior laid his hand affectionately on the arm of the younger man and said, "I am glad to see you here to-night. You should go in more for this sort of thing."

There was the appearance of personal friendship between the two men, but it was not less Caldwell's companion. One's career was rounded, the other's but beginning, but both were strong and manly, and each had a love of truth that had sealed their friendship years ago when they first met. The Adjutant-General was only a boy on the young woman with whom Caldwell had been talking and passed on, taking little or no heed to the glances of admiration that followed his stalwart form as it made its way through the crowded room. The young woman had begun to wonder as to who her companion could be; evidently a man of some importance, she thought. She had never seen him before, yet he was evidently a resident of Washington. When he turned to speak to her her eyes were averted, and he saw fixed on a young man chatting gayly with some girls in another part of the room. Caldwell watched her face as she kept her eyes on the centre of the group in the distance and understood, he thought, the reason of her anxiety to dismiss him. Presently, as if reaching some conclusion, she turned to Caldwell, and noting his look of inquiry said simply, "My brother."

Caldwell could not have told why, but he glanced at the young fellow with an additional interest, and felt that he must be a nice sort of chap to hold the attention of his sister as he had done. He could now see the family resemblance, and thought that the father and mother must have been splendid specimens of the human race. By entirely different avenues of thought and by contrary processes of reasoning each had arrived at the same point of inquiry as to who the other could be. Their conversation had been in patches, and Caldwell was wondering whether she was going to speak to him again when she said—

"You seem to be well acquainted with the powers that be," and before he could make any reply she added, "Do you live here?"

"Yes," he said. "But I know few people outside the official set. My influence, if I have any, is centered there."

"Influence is all a man needs in Washington," she said, looking him in the face. "Mine is only temporary, I fear. It will end with this administration. My work in the last campaign was useful, but that fact has been forgotten already by many whom it helped."

"Not by the Adjutant-General, it would seem."

"I don't think he ever knew of it, as he is outside the breastworks of politics. Still, he is not the kind to forget assistance or a kindness. His friendship is one of the most valuable possessions I have."

At that moment a young *attache* came behind the lines bringing with him an atmosphere as if from another world. He was welcomed by every one, but Caldwell rather resented his freedom with the young woman, who took no pains, however, to conceal their delight when he stopped to chat with them in broken English. Looking at the retreating figure, Caldwell said carelessly, more to open up the avenues of conversation than from any serious thoughts on the subject—

"What a delightful life for a man to lead. Now, with all my influence, I could not get an appointment in the diplomatic service if I tried ever so hard. I might be able to land someone else either there or in the army or navy, but I should fail if I tried myself."

"Rather paradoxical, I should say. Why would you fail if you tried for an appointment yourself?"

"As an officer of the government I would be useless, while as a correspondent I am a

valuable adjunct to my official friends."

She rose to go. Extending her hand to Caldwell, she said with sympathy: "You certainly smart and give your profession merely for a life of comparative ease. If I were a man, your life is the one above all others I would choose." She had turned to go, but, hesitating for a moment, she spoke again with an earnestness she had not shown before. "Will you come to see me? To-morrow is my day at home. I will introduce you to some stupid but pleasant people."

They chatted for few moments longer, and he found out her name and address. He spoke to no one else. He left the great throng behind him, passing out into the night, uplifted and proud of his profession, carrying the image of one face only in his memory.

II.

Caldwell called the next day, though on the night previous he had certainly made up his mind not to do so. He hesitated to enter as he stepped in front of the residence on one of the fashionable avenues. A certainly smart and glibly-voiced man in a street, while well-gowned women, in furs, velvets, and violets, and a few men in conventional frock coats and top hats, were entering and coming out. He did not mind meeting her. In fact, he knew now that direction to see her again, he dreaded meeting a host of others. When at last he was ushered into the richly adorned drawing-room he was welcomed cordially by the mother, he thought almost effusively.

"My daughter has told me of you," she said, of a young man of her acquaintance. Before he could reply she greeted other callers, all of whom he met during the remainder of his visit. Seeing him so well received by the Simontons, their friends invited him to call on them again, and he accepted. Caldwell's conversation with the daughter, but in that time she gave him to understand that he would always be welcomed, and told him he must call informally on Sundays, the greatest compliment a Washington woman can pay a stranger, but a flattering point was lost on Caldwell. She asked him to bring with him, sometime, something he had written; said that she was deeply interested in literary work of all kind and had once had ambitions in that direction.

During the next two or three weeks he called upon several of those who had invited him to do so, with the sole idea, however, of meeting her whom he had learned to worship. He soon became popular, to a certain extent, a fact of which he was a writer was a guarantee that he had brains, thought those who seldom read and never wrote; that he was introduced by the Simontons was a sufficient guarantee that he was a gentleman. He dressed faultlessly, he was irreproachable, and several of those were credited with something more than mere admiration for him. Either he did not know of this last fact or else he was made oblivious to it by his singleness of heart.

He was often invited to dine informally at the Simontons'. His visits became almost daily in time, but it was always his wife which interested her. Whenever he became personal in his conversation she said to herself, "I wish to see his actions and urge him to greater efforts. He now learned to know all there was to be known of the family. The husband was a colonel in the army when he died, and the widow was ambitious for her son to follow his father in the profession of arms."

"But here in the District we have neither Senators nor Representatives, and I suppose it takes enormous influence to get an appointment through the War Department," she said; "so I suppose the wish of my father-in-law that my daughter must go unfulfilled."

"Let me help you," Caldwell said eagerly. "I have never tested my influence with this administration."

She shook her head sadly and merely sighed as she thought the effort would be useless. That same evening Caldwell spoke to the daughter. He told her that his life would be well spent if he could add a little happiness to hers and earn the gratitude of her father. He spoke of the first meeting in the White House, and how, in spite of her indifference to him, and how he felt irresistibly drawn to her, and how the hope had there and then entered his breast that in time she might be willing to accept his prize of the profession. He recalled all that passed that evening behind the lines, his meeting with the Adjutant-General and their conversation about the life of a diplomat, and how he had begged to himself every word that she had said in praise of the profession, and how since then it had been the whip and spur to his ambition. He had dedicated to her that night his influence and all future efforts. It was to her that he owed his present position in society, and he begged that she would consent to accept some assistance from him, if only in part payment of all that she had done for him.

They were sitting in front of an open grate fire. He spoke with earnestness, and did not notice that her hands were clenched tightly in her lap, and that her face had grown scarlet and then perceptibly pale. He saw only the exquisite contour of her form as it lay back in the chair, and the queenly head bent forward while her eyes were wandering whether she was going to speak to him again when she said—

"So that no expression might disturb her listening attitude or cause her to reproach him even by a look. When he ceased speaking there was a silence for some moments. He leaned forward, and looking up into her face said, "Would you give me—"

She raised one of her hands as if to motion him to stop. "Do it first and then finish your sentence," she said, rising. She was very pale, and her eyes dropped beneath his earnest and passionate gaze.

"I will see the Secretary of War to-morrow. If you are at the German Embassy to-morrow evening I will tell you of the result." He took the small hand held out to him, and after pressing it to his lips he left the house.

The next evening he was in the midst of the fashionable *melee* at the Ambassador's ball, and though he wandered for hours through the spacious rooms and scanned each passing face he could not find her. He called the next day, to learn that no one was at home. Several days passed, yet still his opportunities prevented his seeking her. A week later he wrote—

"Your brother's commission was presented to-day. His appointment will be sent to the Senate to-morrow. When may I see you and finish my sentence?"

An hour later, while seated at his desk, writing a despatch on the latest complication in foreign affairs, a note was handed him.

He raised it reverently to his lips for a moment, and then tore it open hastily and read—

"We leave for Europe on Monday. On

my return I will be married to—, *attache* of the—Legation. I will always remember you kindly on account of my brother's appointment."—By Archibald Willingham Butt, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Sabbath School Convention at Centre Hall Next Week.

The annual convention of the Centre county Sabbath School Association will be held in the United Evangelical church at Centre Hall next Tuesday, March 20th. It is desired that all the Sunday Schools in the county be represented and in order to make the session as beneficial as possible the following attractive program has been prepared.

MORNING SESSION, 9:30 A. M.
Devotional Service.....Conducted by Rev. W. W. Rhoads, Centre Hall.
Address of Welcome.....Rev. J. M. Reardon, Centre Hall.
Response.....By C. M. Bower, Esq., of Bellefonte.
Conference—Home Department Starting.....By Rev. Chas. Roads, D. D. General State Sec't.
Report of the President.
Appointment of Committees, Business.
Address—"Bright Beginnings".....By Mrs. J. W. Barnes, Supt. Primary Work of the State Association.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:45 P. M.
Devotional Service.....Rev. S. N. Kerchner, Centre Hall.
A Symposium of Short Addresses on Practical Topics—(15 minutes each).
The Proper Use of Proper Helps, by Rev. A. A. Black, Boalsburg.
Missionary Work in the Sunday School, by Rev. Chas. Roads, D. D.
Building Up the Sabbath School, Rev. D. T. Hepler, Lemont.
The Adult Bible Class, W. A. Murray Esq., Boalsburg.
Conference—The Normal Class and Progress, by Rev. Chas. Roads, D. D.
Address—"Home Cooperation and How to Secure It".....By Mrs. J. W. Barnes.
A Scripture Exercise.....By Classes from the several S. S. of Centre Hall, arranged by Rev. R. Crittenden, of Bellefonte.
Election of Officers, Business.

Devotion and Song.....Rev. Chilcote, Spring Mills.
Address—"Teach the Little Ones to Pray".....Mrs. J. M. Barnes.
Address—"The Parents Place in the S. S.".....Rev. Chas. Roads, D. D.
Question Box.
The music of the convention will be in charge of Prof. E. W. Crawford, of Centre Hall. The program will be interspersed at intervals with music, prayer and offerings. At 1:45 p. m. Mrs. J. W. Barnes will conduct a conference with the primary superintendents and teachers present in the lecture room. Primary workers please note this.

Each school should send two delegates, besides superintendent, primary superintendent and pastor, who it is hoped can be present and are members of the convention. Contributions are solicited from schools or individuals for the county work. If each school would send a contribution of one cent for each scholar enrolled the efficiency for work could be greatly enlarged.

Fires in Chimneys.

Why Salt is Nearly Always Used to Extinguish Them.

In accounts of chimney fires it is common to read that the fire was extinguished by throwing salt down the chimney. Salt is used because it is liberated from it when it comes into contact with the fire gas that, within an enclosed space like a chimney, is very effective in extinguishing fire. The primary purpose in throwing salt or anything else down a burning chimney is to dislocate the burning soot, chimney fires being caused by the ignition of the soot clinging to the inside of the chimney. Salt is used for this purpose not alone because of its peculiar effectiveness, but also because it is something available for the purpose that can commonly be found at hand in a house. It is thrown down the chimney in such a manner that it will rattle down the sides and by its weight knock down the soot and sparks clinging to the chimney's insides.

A bucket of sand has been put to the same use with good effect, and sometimes a scuttle of coal has been poured down the chimney, the coal bounding about from side to side as it dropped, and so doing its work effectively. Sometimes a brick is taken from one chimney well, and tied to a whistles line of hand up and down the chimney with the same result. At the hearth below, or at the bottom of the chimney wherever the soot and sparks may fall there is stationed a man with a pall of water to put out whatever fire may drop. Water is not played on chimney fires from a hose because it is not necessary and the water would do more damage than the fire.

The damage caused by a fire in a chimney when it is confined there is nothing or nothing to be feared. Left alone, however, a chimney fire might work its way into a building and so prove destructive, and therefore slight as they may be in themselves or they might be in their consequence chimney fires are always put out and commonly in the manner described.

The occupant of the premises upon which a chimney fire occurs is liable under a State law to a fine of \$5, which, however, is not always imposed. There have been in this State, in one form and another, and with the amount of the fine involved varying from time to time, laws on the subject of chimney fires, since colonial times. The small size of the present day chimney makes it more difficult to clean, it is impracticable for the sweep to go down it in the old way; but the use of anthracite coal makes the necessity for cleaning it occur less often, and chimney fires are of less frequent occurrence, and they seldom do much damage now; but in the old days of shingled roof, and statures otherwise non-inflammable than now, and with such fires more frequent, chimney fires often caused serious damage, and laws imposing fines were enacted as an incentive to keeping the chimneys clean. Some years ago there was introduced in the Legislature a bill placing the penalty for chimney fires on the owner of the premises and making the fine \$25, but this bill never became a law.

The present fine of \$5 when collected in this city, was turned over to the pension fund of the fire department. It is, however, not always collected. In cases where the payment of such an amount would be a hardship to the tenant upon whose premises the fire occurred the department remits the fine.—*New York Sun*.

"There is no little enemy." Little impurities in the blood are sources of great danger and should be expelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Crepe de chine, with a high luster lustrous with a silk finish, olive crepe; are all three more beautiful today than black satin. It will take about five and a half yards of these materials to make you a skirt.

If you wish to make a blue and white foulard the following may give you some hints. Cut the skirt circular to hang over a silk petticoat equally as long, and of dark blue taffeta. There are two ruffles on the skirt, each about three inches wide. One goes all around the bottom of the skirt. The other starts at the waist line a little to the left, curves around the hips, goes down in the back and curves in and around the other hip, and comes back to the starting place. The sweep of the ruffle is very graceful.

Both ruffles are edged with a course yellow lace about half an inch wide. The lace is an insertion instead of an edge, and is put on underneath the ruffles, so that it makes an extremely pretty finish, whether the ruffle is lying close or flying in the breeze.

The bodice is tucked all around the girle in small tucks an inch apart and fitting snugly to the figure. These tucks are ended just below the bust and the fullness reaches up to a very shallow yoke of cream lace over white satin; the edge of the foulard where it meets the yoke is finished with three bands of the lace insertion, running around the waist. The collar is very high and is finished with a stitched girle of blue satin antique.

Nothing is so stylish in a pale taffeta waist as the entire waist being laid in small tucks fully an inch and a half apart. If you do not care to tuck your waist all around you need tuck it only in the back. Make it very long around the girle and fit the back and sides very snugly. Cut the shoulders exceedingly broad over the arm and make the sleeves without any fullness.

Now for your touch of black velvet which you wish. Get some imitation rennaissance or Cluny lace in deep cream and lay it from shoulder to bust in two broad bias lines. Take black velvet ribbon about an inch wide and lace in and out the holes of the lace.

When the two bands meet in front tie the two ribbon ends into great velvet bows. You can either tie them on or have a made bow which hooks over to the other side. You may use dark blue velvet as well as black in this trimming, but I think you will prefer the latter. At the wrist of the sleeve put one broad band of lace with the velvet ribbon through it tied in a great bow on the outside of the arm.

Make your collar of pale blue chiffon, with a rosette and ends of the chiffon in the front.

The bias lines of the lace will make your waist look longer than it is.

The new wash skirt waists are very long waisted in front and rather short at the back. Fitting correctly under the arms and with wide shoulders, they look a good deal like last year waists until contrasted with the left over. Then it will be seen that this season's waist is built along better lines and with more graceful junctures. Shirt waists of wash silks are going to be worn a great deal, and the run on flannel waists is tremendous. Almost all waists are made with self collar and a collar band, with an attachable shaped stock collar. When a linen collar is worn only a white stock and scarf are chosen. Only a white stock should be worn with a colored or print shirt waist unless the stock harmonizes with the shade of the waist.

When a daughter not only begins to show decided signs of temper, but is inclined to boast that "I am not one of your nobby-pamby girls, who cannot stand up for her rights," it is time to convince her of her folly or she will reap lasting discomfort later.

The woman with a temper is seldom well educated. She has not the concentration and calm of mind which lead to the acquisition of knowledge. She may possess a share of accomplishments, may be a little musical, a little artistic, may pass muster among the superficial, but the chances are against her possessing the restful knowledge that comes of thoroughness.

Then beware of the girl who boasts of her "spirit" if you would later avoid the companionship of that very undesirable personage—"the woman with a temper."

Take one-half pound of tallow, two ounces of turpentine, two ounces of bees-wax, two ounces of olive oil and four ounces of good lard. Melt by a gentle heat. This mixture should be rubbed into boots and shoes a few hours before using them, and makes them not only impervious to rain and snow, but softens the leather as well. New shoes should be rubbed two or three times before using them.

Children can hardly have too much fresh air in fine weather, and should be wheeled briskly but not carelessly along as straight a road as possible. Wheeling a car or baby carriage down a steep hill is bad for a baby's brain.

The more milk a little child takes the better, that is, when it is past babyhood. A cup of warm milk between meals, with a crust or a biscuit, is very desirable, especially in winter. They very often cannot eat enough at a regular meal time to keep them going till the next and allow enough nourishment or proper growth. This will be considered rank heresy by many parents.

The vogue of the tuck is something startling. Everything is tucked from the lady's hat to the bow on her dainty evening slipper.

The shirt waists in tucks until one is ready to vote the shirt which boasts none a sorry affair. Then there's the entire bodice, for evening wear or otherwise, which is tucked. And very beautiful it is. In some elaborate instances, the entire dress is tucked to below the knees.

Then there's a mere tucked yoke; most dainty little finish in taffeta for a taut little bodice. The tucked girumpe is the yoke plus sleeves, though it is tucked in opposite direction—crosswise that is.

As we all know the world of lingerie rests on a foundation of tucks. A few ornaments the plainer specimens, while the splendid sorts are masses of tucks, tucks bias, tucks straight, tucks in lattice effect, tucks without number. Whole petticoats and chemises (even the two in a combination garment) are formed of lengthwise tucks, which are let out round the foot to form a ruffle, and even to support additional frills.

So much for the tuck, and it seems that the "latest tuck" is to get as many tucks as possible.

Marriage By Force.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook tells of a little known race of aborigines in an article in The Century Magazine on "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego," whom he visited on the Belgian antarctic expedition. Of their marriage customs he writes:

Marriage, like almost everything else, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. Women generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed to steal women from neighboring tribes and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Onas, being by far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for 30 years has given it as his opinion that plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their peculiar emotions and habits of life.

The relation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam is of no interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous than are the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the several wives are often sisters. A young man takes his bride by mutual agreement or by barter the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently when a young man or orphan she is taken into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the but each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children.

The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game, but he seldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving the women take up their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unnumbered leads of their brave but ungainly husbands. Thus the women carry day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting detail and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying evil of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless palefaced invaders to shield the honor of his home.

Red Tape in the English Navy.

The late Rev. E. L. Berthon told me what he describes as one of his saddest experiences. He had succeeded in exhibiting his collapsible boat in 1852 to the queen and the prince consort. Osborne, and he said he was silly enough to think that with such patronage his course was clear.

The lords of the admiralty sent for him. He was received coldly. They asked the price of cutters, as her majesty wished his boats to be tried. Long afterward an admiral who was present at the interview between the inventor and the admiralty board told him that he had hardly shut the door when one of the sea lords said:—"That parson and his boats! They shall never come into the navy!"

They were tried, however, and answered well, but the inventor received a letter from the secretary that the admiralty as follows: "Six-Your boats, having been tried in her majesty's navy, are found to be useless."

The old man's boats are now commonly employed and are fitted on almost every first class ship that goes to sea. They are largely used in the navy—London Chronicle.

A Worldly Discussion.

Near Whitsett, this state, some of the colored brethren had a discussion in the meeting house as to whether or not "de worl' tu'n round." There was considerable "contention" for and against, but the testimony of old colored deacon was conclusive. He said:

"De'ns no sich 'ting ez de worl' tu'n round—no sich 'ting, I tell you! Et dat was de case, wouldn't all de water in de sea spill out w'en de sea git upside down? Answer me dat no'ice! En fuddermore, could you hol' yo' balance ez hit tu'n'd over?"

Here a somewhat learned brother interrupted with:

"Fer de Lawd sake, deacon, don't you know nuttin' 'bout de contraction or graduation?"

"No, sub, I don't!" thundered the deacon. "Will you please explain ter de meetin' what is contraction or graduation?"

"Well," replied the brother who had interrupted him, "I did know once 'pon a time, but danged ef I ain't done fertig!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Not In Their Line.

The young married woman had been telephoning to the grocer's for an order of supplies. A girl had taken her order and had just said good-by. Suddenly the young married woman remembered that she had a turkey for tomorrow's dinner and must have something with which to make the dressing.

"Hello!" she called hurriedly.

"Hello!" pleasant girl's voice answered.

"I want you to send up two loaves of stale bread," said the Y. M. W.

"Madam," answered the same pleasant voice, "we don't keep stale bread at the telephone exchange."—Detroit Free Press.

Guess It Meant Molecule.

The following comes from an Australian school magazine: "If we break a magnet in halves, each piece becomes a magnet. If we break each piece in halves, each of the smaller pieces becomes a magnet, until we come to something we cannot split up. Each of these pieces which cannot be split up further is called a molecule."—Household Words.

So much for the tuck, and it seems that the "latest tuck" is to get as many tucks as possible.

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