

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

Alas! I am not beautiful. I have not time to be. 'Tis all a thing of hours and rules...

RIDING INTO THE SUNRISE.

It was an early Virginia morning, so early that the smoke beginning to appear from the chimneys of the negro quarters...

Through the clean atmosphere the distant Blue Ridge gradually became distinct. Scraps of clouds were lazily moving...

The sun had not yet got above the horizon and the delicate pinks and yellows covered the sky. Hubert gazed at them...

They spoke to their horses and started off to the east. It was open country, and toward the advancing day they galloped...

They had penetrated to a wider, more mountainous part of the country. Piles of wood were heaped up in irregular stacks...

They raced across the upland, Hubert in the lead, Helen following just far enough behind to escape the clods thrown from the feet of his mare.

"Lean well back!" Hubert shouted, turning in his saddle as they neared a rail fence. "There's a drop on the other side."

Helen clamped her knees tightly around the pommels of her saddle, and loosened her reins, as she noticed the confidence with which her mount approached the fence.

Louison quickened his pace and rose over the rails with a foot to spare. Helen felt a sense of exaltation; then, suddenly she pitched forward clutching the reins.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded. "Well, we'll see when we get there. He was non-committal."

"We won't see, either," she said through her clenched teeth, and gave Louison a cut with her whip, which sent him flying ahead of the mare.

Hubert raced after her. "Don't go so fast. It's mighty rough and we might stumble." "Are you going to take that charge down?" she demanded through the rushing air.

"No!" He smiled at her grit. "No, I won't."

out of one of the other windows of the cabin. She was trying to throw off the spell which the rage of the elements or Hubert had cast over her.

"Hush! You mustn't! It isn't fair. It was only the storm." Hubert mastered himself. He knew that it must have been the storm, and, as she had said, it did not seem quite fair.

"If you only had your bow and arrow with you, you could go out and shoot something and I could cook it," Helen said lightly.

"I thought you did not care for my bow and arrow." "Bows and arrows are only make-believe. Even the Indians don't really use them any more."

"No, I think I would rather remember you as you were this morning—in the storm." He helped her down at the horse-block, and felt a thrill of ecstasy at holding her, if only for an instant, in his arms.

"Good-bye, then." She held out her hand to him. He bent down and kissed it. "Good-bye, dear!" he said.

Helen turned slowly, and as slowly walked to the horse-block. At the top she turned again and looked down at him. She, too, had been thinking during their homeward ride, and curiously enough, while for him the brightness of Virginia had departed, for her New York had lost its allurements—the allurements for which she had been so long in coming.

Hubert was still standing and watching her. At sight of his dejection all her woman's tenderness for the man rose within her. She held out her hands toward him appealingly.

THE RAIN DROPS.

Some little drops of water. Whose home was in the sea. To go upon a journey. Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage. They drove a playful breeze. And over town and country. They road along with ease.

But O! there were so many. At last the carriage broke. And to the ground came tumbling. Those frightened little folk.

Among the moss and grasses. They were compelled to roam. Until a brooklet found them. And carried them all home.

Little Known Things About the Navajos. The Navajos occupy a big reservation, part of which has never been explored by white men in northwestern New Mexico.

A plain statement of some facts about the Navajos may astonish many white Americans. The Navajo tribe, which comprises about 5000 persons, has absolutely no religion but a sort of patriotism that is more like tribal loyalty than "love of land."

A missionary family taught a Navajo boy in the employ to say grace before dining. The head of the house was away from home, one day at dinner time, and Sequet was persuaded to eat the blessing. "Me thank God—me eat plenty," ran the abbreviated petition, and the young savage began his repast.

When the first phonograph reached Shiprock, a few years ago, a doctor, a man of diminutive stature, invited a passing warrior to come in and see the wonder. The first record played was in a feminine voice, and the lady soundly berated her husband—it was a sort of curtain lecture—while the little doctor stood near the machine. Just as the record was concluded a local celebrity, noted for his enormous proportions, entered the room and, as an instrument, the warrior assumed an exultant attitude.

"Now, squaw, talk! talk!" he urged and taunted, but the squaw was heard "frigid."

The Apache Amazon.

Today, when women compete everywhere with men and break up many a male professional monopoly, it is not wonderful to find that in less legitimate pursuits they show themselves as enterprising as the sterner sex. The Western "bad man" may be approaching extinction, yet his methods still survive in the daring deeds of the Paris female Apache.

The first female to distinguish herself as an Apache was a young woman nicknamed "Golden Helmet," from the head of reddish golden hair, which constituted her chief personal attraction. For the favors of this Amazon two rivals, each with his band of followers armed with knives and revolvers, fought nightly in certain Paris streets. At length one suitor killed the other, and in consequence is now serving a life sentence. "Golden Helmet," deprived of her admirer and thirsting for fresh conquests, decided to adopt the profession of actress. An enterprising variety manager offered her an engagement, but the police objected, and the Apache Queen did not appear.

Of even greater notoriety was "Chiffonnette," the female Apache of 1908, who rejoiced in the title of "Queen of the Courtille." A girl of twenty-three, she is tall and handsome, except for the loss of one eye; she is also tattooed like a red-skin, and exhibits with pride the scars of wounds received in boulevard scuffles. She it was who, strolling in the street at three o'clock one morning last New Year, happened to meet a woman she disliked, and, in the presence of a crowd of male and female hooligans, engaged her in a battle royal, from which she came out victor, having succeeded in stabbing her antagonist to death with a stiletto. Next day the hiding-place of "Chiffonnette" was discovered by the police, and she is now an inmate of the women's prison of St. Lazare. Her successor to the Apache throne, Pepe, the present reigning beauty, is still younger—eighteen only—but has already qualified for the position.

Such are the types of female highway-women who today infest some Paris thoroughfares. In Belleville, La Villette, Montmartre, and on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, working men and girls are held up constantly by armed women, who, not content with robbing them, maltreat their victims. As to the police, the Prefect has at his disposal a body of only four hundred detectives, and they are fully occupied in hunting criminals guilty of specific crimes. Prevention does not come within their scope. Occasionally the police raid the haunts of male and female robbers, but the "wild" evil-doers can generally show papers to the effect that they follow a trade and are but temporarily out of work. In consequence magistrates, unwilling to overcrowd the lockup, hold offenders for a few hours only and then order their release.

For this condition of things the practical abolition of the death penalty is, in a measure, no doubt responsible, as an Apache does not hesitate to kill his victim and thus suppress a witness to the crime. Whether the revival of the guillotine in France will terrify the Paris Amazon or not is a current social question.

Canned Bees for Eating. It has remained for the Japanese to introduce canned bees to the market—that is, the larvae and young bees of a certain wild species known as "jibachi" which dwell in holes in the ground. They are esteemed a delicacy, and are put up in tins like canned meat, the price asked being about sixty-five cents a pound.

The method whereby this kind of insect food is gathered consists in setting fire to small quantities of gunpowder at the entrance to the subterranean hives, in autumn—the fumes spreading through the underground chambers occupied by the bees and stupefying them. Then no time is lost in digging up the brood combs, which are promptly covered with a cotton cloth and placed for a moment in hot water, to kill the insects.

Steam Ploughing by Night.

The vast grain-fields of the northwest, and of South Dakota in particular, require the most improved methods of farming for the cultivation of the enormous tracts of land as economically as possible. We are familiar with the stories of giant reapers and binders, drawn by teams of eight or ten mules, and of other machines that work upon a wholesale scale; but the steam plough is no less spectacular, though it is seldom mentioned.

The attention of the stranger, who chances to be traveling by rail after nightfall through central South Dakota, is attracted frequently by dim lights which appear to be moving slowly across the prairie in straight lines. These lights are the traction engines drawing their sets of ploughs, which are harnessed in series of from eight to twenty. They work day and night with different shifts of men, and the amount of work which they do is enormous. One outfit will plough an acre of ground in ten minutes or less, an area which would require the out-of-date single plough, with its team of horses, to travel six or seven miles, according to the width of the plough. It is estimated that there are about one thousand steam or gasoline ploughs in the State of South Dakota, which means that twenty-five thousand acres of sod may be turned each day.

As a general rule, the purchaser of virgin soil in that State remains at home and does not attempt to install his own machinery to cultivate his new land. He merely hires the owner of a steam plough to break the ground, seed it with flax (for that is the usual first-year crop), and to harrow it. If there is a particular need of haste in getting in the crop, seeders will be hitched behind the ploughs and harrows, and the seeders, leaving nothing more to be done until harvest-time.

How the Week Days Got Their Names. Formerly the days of the week were numbered one, two, three, four, five and six, beginning with the Sabbath. Even now the custom still prevails among certain modern Greeks, the Slavs and the Finns. Many old-fashioned and orthodox Quakers, particularly in the north of England, still hold to this custom, which was the common one in the days of the Apostles and down to the fourth century, as well as usual among the Jews and the Arabs. The orthodox Quakers use the numerical system in preference to the ordinary on the ground that the gods and goddesses, from whom the names were taken were not of the highest respectability in point of morals.

The week was originally only a convenient quarter of the lunar month. Hence it began on Monday, or moon day. The Italians still call Monday the first day Mercury. Friday was supposed to be the common one in the days of the Apostles and down to the fourth century, as well as usual among the Jews and the Arabs. The orthodox Quakers use the numerical system in preference to the ordinary on the ground that the gods and goddesses, from whom the names were taken were not of the highest respectability in point of morals.

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