

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. Scrape clouds were lazily rolling...

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Navajos have no equivalent for "evolution," but many of them are the man developed upward from the animals, and that the wicked (nations) will evolve downward toward insect forms. But there is no form of worship based upon such belief.

How Ostriches Fight. Ostriches battle for supremacy with as much ferocity as stags, bulls, buffaloes, and other animals. An ostrich fight is amusing, inasmuch as it amounts practically to a boxing-match with the feet, wherein the combatants lightly dance around each other.

—An advertisement in the WATCHMAN always pays.

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 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.

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.

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.

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.

Not only in Japan, but also in China and India, the larvae of bees have long been considered a delicacy, the brood combs containing the young grubs being greedily relished. In our own country such provender is likely to continue to lack proper appreciation—a fact not at all surprising when it is considered that we allow the great bulk of our possible bee products to be lost.

Recently stories began to circulate in the neighborhood of Fayetteville concerning various encounters between the natives and these cattle, and the major determined to catch some of the animals. After a number of unsuccessful attempts to take them alive he decided to shoot them, and engaged the services of a crack rifle shot. A farmer who lived nearby acted as guide for the hunter, but their expeditions into the cattle country have not been productive of great slaughter.

It was a narrow escape from death for the animals, and altogether but six of them have been bagged. One of these was a magnificent young bull which, after receiving two bullets, charged the man with the rifle and was only dispatched when within a couple of yards of the hunter. It was a narrow escape from death for the animals, and altogether but six of them have been bagged.

A New Rat Two Feet Long. In 1873 a great rat-like rodent, which was named dinomyx, was discovered in the Peruvian Andes. But a single specimen was found, and this is now preserved in the Berlin museum. Not long ago Dr. Goeldi, of Para-re-discovered the dinomyx in the lowlands of Brazil. Its natural habitat is now supposed to be the almost unexplored regions lying among the foothills of the Andes between Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru.

—Nice dog, that," said the customer. "He is, sir," said the barber. "He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

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 he learns 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.

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 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 one 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 of seven days was imported from Alexandria into Greece, and into Italy about the time of Christ. The Greeks had previously divided their month into sets of ten days, the Romans into sets of eight days, three and a half sets being equal to one month.

Hunting Wild Cattle. If any one should declare there were wild cattle roaming at will through a small wooded tract of one of the eastern States of the Union and savagely attacking any person who chanced to meet them, he would probably be disbelieved, but undoubtedly such a condition of affairs does exist in North Carolina, not far from ten miles from the town of Fayetteville. A number of years ago a certain Major Broadfoot, who resided near Fayetteville, turned at liberty several of his cattle on a narrow strip of land that he owned between Carver's Creek and Cross Creek. The animals were not molested and rapidly multiplied, while they became wilder with each generation. The herd now numbers about one hundred head, and its range covers a district encompassing some eighty square miles.

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The animals are so wary and fleet of foot that it is exceedingly difficult to get within range of them, and altogether but six of them have been bagged. One of these was a magnificent young bull which, after receiving two bullets, charged the man with the rifle and was only dispatched when within a couple of yards of the hunter. It was a narrow escape from death for the animals, and altogether but six of them have been bagged.

—"Nice dog, that," said the customer. "He is, sir," said the barber. "He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

—"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?" "Yes; it is a lock of my husband's hair."