

MY DAY.

O Father, grant my every day may be A day of service to mankind and Thee. Errands on which my willing feet have sped And words of helpfulness to others said.

THE LONELY ONE.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders had lived so long with native people that he had absorbed not a little of their simplicity. More than this, he had acquired the un-uncanny power of knowing things which he should not and could not have known unless he were gifted with the prescience which is every aboriginal's birthright.

This irritated Sanders to an unjustifiable degree. "Master, I say to you that the Isisi are quiet," protested one of the spies, "and there is no talk of war."

"H'm," said Sanders, ungraciously; "and you?" He addressed the second spy. "Lord," said the man, "I went into the forest to the border, of the land, and there is no talk of war. Chiefs and headmen told me this."

"Truly you are a great spy," scoffed Sanders; "and how came you to the chiefs and headmen? And how did they greet you? 'Hail! secret spy of Sandi!—huh!'"

He dismissed the men with a wave of his hand and, putting on his helmet, went down to the Haussa lines, where the blue-coated soldiers gumbled in the shade of their neat white barracks.

"I see you are afraid of me, yet I want nothing from you," he said. "I am Imgani, which means The Lonely One, and I have no desire for wives or women, being too high a man for such a folly."

nothing from you," he said. "I am Imgani, which means The Lonely One, and I have no desire for wives or women, being too high a man for such a folly. You are safe, for if I wished I would fill this forest with the daughters of chiefs, all as beautiful as I am, I could do so."

"The girl's fear had disappeared and she looked at him curiously. Moreover she recognized that there was truth in his claim of austerity. Possibly she was a little piqued, for she said, tartly enough, employing an Isisi proverb: 'Only the goat bleats at the mouth of the leopard's cave—the Isisi grow fat on strangers.'"

He looked at her, his head cocked on one side. "They say in the lower country that the Isisi men to the Arabi," he said, musingly; "that is bad talk; you may go."

With another jerk of his head he dismissed her. She had gone some little distance when he called her back. "Root-eater," he said, "if men ask you I, be, you say that I am Imgani, The Lonely One, who is a prince among princes; also that I have killed many men in my day, so many that I cannot count them. Also say that, from my house, which I have built by the river to as far as a man can see in every way, is my kingdom, and let none stray thereon except to bring gifts in their hands, for I am very terrible and very jealous."

"Lord," said the girl, "I will say all this, and she went half running in the direction of the village, leaving Imgani to continue on his way. Now this village had many young men eager to please the girl who carried manioc, for she was a chief's daughter, and she was moreover fourteen, a marriageable age. So when she came flying along the village street, half hysterical in her fear, crying, babbling, incoherent, there was not wanting sympathy or knights valiant to wipe out the insult."

Six young men with spears and short swords danced before the chief and the chief's important daughter. How important she felt any woman of any race will tell you, and one of them, E'kebi, a man gifted with language, described from sunset to moonrise, which is roughly four hours, exactly what would happen to Imgani when the men of the Isisi fell upon him. How his eyes would shiver as before a great and terrible fire, and his limbs wither up, with divers other physiological changes which need not be particularized.

"That is good talk," said the chief. "Yet since Sandi is our master and has spies everywhere do not shed blood, for the smell of blood is carried farther than a man can see. And Landi is very devilish on this question of killing. Moreover, this Lonely One is a stranger, and if we catch him we may sell him to the Arabi, who will give us cloth and gin for him."

Having heard all this they sacrificed a young goat and marched. They came upon the house of Imgani, but the Lonely One was not there, for he was trapping beasts in the forest, so they burned his house, up-rooted his poor garden, and being joined by many other Isisi people who had followed at a respectful distance, lest Imgani's estimate of his own prowess were justified by results, they held high revel until of a sudden the sun came up over the middle island and all the little stars in the sky went out.

Imgani saw all this, leaning on his spears in the shadow of the forest, but was content to be a spectator. "For, he reasoned, if he went out against them they would attempt to kill him, or beat him with rods, and that his high spirit could not endure. He saw the flames lick away the house he had built with such labor."

"They are foolish people," he mused, "for they burn their own, and perhaps the spirits of the dead will be displeased and give them boils." When all that was left of his habitation was a white heap of ash, a dark red glow, and a hazy wisp of smoke, Imgani turned his face to the forest.

courage, observed the spears, noting that the shafts were polished smooth by much handling. "Lord," said he, mildly, "I am chief of this village, appointed by the government, who gave me a medal to wear about my neck, bearing on one side the picture of a great man with a beard, and on the other certain devil marks and writings of vast power. This was given to me that all people might know I was chief, but I have lost the medal. None the less I am chief in this village as the Isisi know. He fumbled in the bosom of cloth and brought out a bag of snake skin, and from this he extracted a very soiled paper. With tender care he unfolded it and disclosed a sheet of official note-paper with a few scrawled words in the handwriting of Mr. Commissioner Sanders. They ran:

"To all sub-commissioners, police officers, commanders of Haussa posts, arrest and detain the bearer if found in any other territory than the Isisi."

There was a history attached to this singular document. It had to do with an unauthorized raid upon certain Ochori villages and a subsequent trial at headquarters, where a chief, all aquiver with apprehension, listened to a terse but intelligible prophecy as to what fate awaited him if he put foot out of his restricted domain.

Imgani took the paper in his hand and was interested. He turned it about, rubbed the writing lightly with his fingers to see whether it was permanent, and returned it to the chief. "That is very wonderful, though I do not see how it came to me, an especial kind such as is practiced by a certain witch doctor of my father's," he said, "nor do I know any government which can govern me."

After which he proceeded to tell them of his father, and his legions and wives and various other matters of equal interest. "I do not doubt that you will understand me," he said. "I am a Lonely One, hating the company of men, who are as changeable as the snow upon the mountains. Therefore I have left my house with my wives, who were faithful as women go, and I have taken with me no legions, since they are my father's."

The chief was puzzled. "Why you are lonely I cannot tell," he said, "but certainly you did right to leave your father's legions. This is a great matter which you have refused, a great matter as befits a man of your rank. And he ordered the lokali to be sounded and the elders of the village to be assembled. They came bringing their own carved stools and sat about the thatched shelter where the chief sat in his presidency."

Again Imgani told his story: it was about fifty wives, and legions of warriors as countless as the sand on the river's beach, and the trustful Isisi listened and believed. "And I need this," said Imgani in his pronunciation, "a little house built on the very edge of the forest, where no path passes me, for I am very lonely by nature, and a great hater of men."

Imgani went to live in the clearing near the hut made for him and in a hut erected by his new-found friends. Other hospitably he refused, a great matter as befits a man of your rank. "I have no wish for wives," he stated, "being full of mighty plans to recover my kingdom from evil men who are my father's councillors."

Lonely he was in very truth, for none saw him, except on very special occasions. It was his practice to go hunting by night and to sleep away the hot days. Sometimes, when the red ball of the sun dropped down behind the trees on the western bank of the river the villagers saw the straight blue film of his smoke as he cooked his evening meal; sometimes a homeward-bound huntsman saw him slipping silently through the thin edge of the forest on his way to a kill.

They called him the Silent One and he enjoyed a little fame. More than this, he enjoyed the confidence of his people, and they knew the Isisi country is within reach of the great river down which strangely shaped boats come by night empty and return by night full of people who are chained neck to neck, and the officials of French West Africa—which adjoins the Isisi country—receive reports of raids and of burnings which they have not the facilities for investigating, for the Isisi border is nearly 600 miles from French headquarters, and lies beyond a wilderness.

because of your pride, knowing your wisdom." Imgani tossed the buck to one side, and sat down, staring threateningly, and laying the haft of his spears across his bare knee.

Then the other man craned his neck forward and spoke eagerly. The sun came up and flushed the world rosy, but still he sat talking with great force, Imgani listening.

"So, master," he concluded, "we will kill Sandi when he comes to palaver, libba, M'bwka, and a cousin of my mother's will put spears into him very quickly, and we shall be a great people." Imgani nodded his head wisely.

"That is true," he said. "People who kill white men must be greatly honored, because all other nations will say: 'Behold, these are the people who kill white men.'" "And when he is dead," the messenger went on, "many young men will go to the boat that smokes and slay all who are with him."

"That is wise also," said Imgani. "When I kill white men I also kill their friends." He discussed his deeds to some length and with great detail. After the man had gone Imgani made a small fire, polished the spears, and dried them carefully with grass, and laid himself in the shade of the hut to sleep.

He was awake in the early part of the afternoon, and went plunging into the river, swimming far toward the middle stream with great, strong strokes. Then he swam back to shore, let the sun dry him, and dressed himself in his leopard skin. He came to the village slowly and found it agitated. More especially so was the chief, for news had arrived that Sandi was coming that night, and even now his steamer was rounding the bend of the river.

A plan had miscarried. Sanders was two days ahead of time, and libba and M'bwka were away on an expedition, and there was no time to substitute unseasoned assassins. The steamer drifted broadside to the shore, one stern wheel revolving lazily, and then they saw, Imgani among the rest, that the decks were crowded with soldiers, impassive brown men in blue uniforms and fezes.

A plank bumped down, and holding their rifles high, the soldiers came patterning to the shore. With them was a white officer—but not Sandi. It was a brusque white man. "Who is chief here?" he said, crossly. "Lord, I am that man," said the stout chief, after a great thief, "said 'Take that man.'"

A sergeant of Haussas grasped the chief and deftly swung him round: a corporal of Haussas snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrist. "Lord," he whined, "why this shame?" "Because you are a great thief," said the Haussa officer, "a provoker of war and a dealer in slaves."

"If any man says that, it is a lie," said the chief, "for no government man has witnessed such abominations." Imgani stepped forward. "Chief," he said, "I have seen it."

General Booth's Secret.

"When I was in London," said Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in a recent sermon, "I recently brought that if I was at the Salvation Army headquarters at ten o'clock sharp, I might meet General Booth. I hurriedly made my way there, for he was to leave for the Continent in a very few minutes."

I looked into his face and saw him brush back his hair from his brow, heard him speak of the trials and conflicts and the victories, I said: 'General Booth, tell me what has been the secret of your success all the way through.' He hesitated a second, and I saw the tears come into his eyes and steal down his cheeks, and then he said: 'I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there was. And if there is anything of power in the Salvation Army today, it is because God as all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will, and all the influence of my life.'

Then he looked at me a minute, and I soon learned another secret of his power. He said: 'When do you go?' I said: 'In five minutes.' He said, 'Pray'; and I dropped on my knees with General Booth by my side, and prayed a stammering and stuttering prayer. Then he talked with God about the outcast of London, the poor of New York, the lost of China, the great world lying in wickedness; and then he opened his eyes as if he were looking into the very face of Jesus, and with sob he prayed God's blessing upon every mission worker, every evangelist, every minister, every Christian. With his eyes still overflowing with tears, he bade me good by and started away, past eighty years of age, to preach on the Continent."

I learned from William Booth that the greatness of a man's power is the measure of his surrender. It is not a question of who you are, but of whether God controls you.—Exchange.

Sixty-five dancers from all parts of England are assembled in Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., says a Monitor special, and are taking part in the English folk dance and song revival. The success of this midwinter festival is a pleasant surprise and is a good indication of the vitality of the movement in England. There are men and women here, many of them teachers from elementary schools, who give part of their vacations to the acquiring of a better knowledge of old country dances, being anxious to revive their use among the villagers in their neighborhoods.

Many old villages around Stratford-on-Avon, in other parts of Warwickshire and the Midlands these old dances have never died out, and from the people in these parts Cecil Sharpe has been collecting carols and local songs, and, in many instances, dances which show the most intricate steps and measures. The dancing is made a most serious business in Stratford. No easy-going methods are countenanced. Everything must be done correctly, from the gay riot of a country dance to the intricate movements of the sword dance, where the swords are thrust and drawn together in rhythmic measure and form a circle amazingly perfect and exact.

One delightful morris jig was discovered at Sherborne, that beautiful little Dorsetshire town, so redolent of the England of the middle ages. To judge by it, the people of that day were no mean dancers, for it has a wonderful and baffling backstep, which has been known as the shuffle and which requires a great deal of rehearsing. The evolution and not the actual steps are, however, the principal charm in most of these western dances, where the repetition of effects by numbers of performers is so attractive.

Treating "Sick" Pearls. Pearls, the most capricious of all gems, are curiously susceptible to adverse influences, they being affected even by the physical condition of those who wear them. When a pearl becomes "sick" or "dead" it is necessary to take measures to restore to it its former luster and brilliancy, and this is done in a number of ways.

One method is to boil the sick gem in fresh cow's milk in which soap has been dissolved. When the gem has been boiled for a period of about fifteen minutes, it is taken out, rinsed in clean water, and dried with a clean white cloth. If the desired effect has not then been obtained, the stone is again subjected to the boiling process.

Sometimes, when the above method proves unsuccessful and the expert fears to subject the gem to another boiling, another curious method is employed. There is procured a small loaf of bread, in which, before the loaf is baked, the pearls are laid, strung upon a silk thread; or they may be closely wrapped in a piece of gauze. The bread is then allowed to bake thoroughly, but not to become brown. When the loaf is taken from the oven, it is allowed to cool, after which it is broken and the pearls removed.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

A good laugh is sunshine in the home.—Thack. eray.

An exhibition of spring clothes by a New York house, shows a good deal of mohair used, which is uncommonly like Irish poplin in the silky weave. The manufacturers will evidently advocate it a good deal next spring and it deserves popularity. It is far more wearable than linen because it does not crush and wrinkle so easily and it is cool and gives good service.

Faquin sends over a two-piece suit of it in a rather wonderful tone of prisms purple. The skirt is just a little over a yard wide and is straight in its lines from a slightly high waist. There are two plaits, small ones, down the middle of front and back, but no other trimming. The blouse is of black satin. The two pieces are joined by an ornate braiding at the high waist line and there is a touch of china blue embroidery across the lower edge of a V-shaped chemise of white net.

The coat is hip length, is widely open at front, a straight line from the shoulders and the two sides are joined at the waist by a two-inch band of the poplin fastening at each end. There is rather a large collar and the back is slightly gathered into the peplum, which runs up to a point about three inches above the waist line.

Quite a good deal of old material was shown under a new name. Terry cloth sounds well, but there is no disguising the fact that it is common garden Turkish toweling and a thin quality at that. There was one white frock shown made of crepe Francaise with a large collar of white terry cloth caught in front with huge green leather buttons and long leather buttonholes. Around the waist was a white belt with a green button and ornamental buttonholes that resembled a belt buckle.

And, by the way, these novelties are already over here from Paris and they are quite fetching. The public has not yet seen them in any quantities, but the importers are very much interested in them. They are of leather in the shape of ornaments and consist of a large buckle with corners of colored leather coming from buttonholes in the middle of the button. That sounds complicated, but you will know them when you see any of this description.

They are to be attached to any kind of a gown or suit. Two of them are used on the front of a coat or, sometimes, at the back. One is used in the middle of the skirt at the waist line, back or front; again, you see them on sleeves, and I have no doubt they will make their appearance on turbans, for you can't keep anything off a hat these days. The same person who invented this has also sent over a pair of white trousers made of supple patent leather with these ornaments at the middle, and this is to be attached to the back of a coat or the back of the high waist line on a skirt. There are also whole belts of green. They are not wide enough to cover an old-time joining of a skirt, but they are pleasant. They are evidently intended purely for ornament.

Some of the other features brought out in this spring exhibition were a material called Perno in serge weave; a silk serge suit with a wonderful blouse of lace showing the new long drapery from the bust falling over the waist line; a queer shade of yellow mohair made into a coat suit with revers of white terry cloth, and a tailored suit of raspberry colored terry cloth.

If you dress smartly, says an exchange, you will have at least one of the skirt from which buttons are made of supple patent leather with these ornaments at the middle, and this is to be attached to the back of a coat or the back of the high waist line on a skirt. There are also whole belts of green. They are not wide enough to cover an old-time joining of a skirt, but they are pleasant. They are evidently intended purely for ornament.

This is the season of the year when we are plunged into a very debauch of clothes, for the advent of winter brings forth a diversity of new things modistic. Of course the foundation of all good dressing lies in the corset, and the woman who wishes to be well dressed takes the precaution of buying good stays. Fashions in this line change almost as often as they do in our outer garments, and to have a fashionable figure one must have a newly fashioned corset. Just at present La Mode adheres more firmly than ever to a perfectly straight appearance below the waist. From that point the lines are carried as straight as the stream of a waterfall.

Lime Application Profitable.

"Just how much lime should be applied to correct certain conditions in the soil," according to Professor Agee, "will depend on different things. If the soil is a tenacious clay, and physical improvement is desired, an application of two or three tons of stone lime may be profitable. In many cases, one-half a ton to the acre will accomplish the desired result, and smaller amounts may be sufficient. It requires between 1200 and 1350 pounds of slacked or hydrated lime to equal 1000 pounds of stone lime, or a little less than one ton of raw limestone reduced to a powder."

"The best time to apply the lime is the year before clover seed is to be planted. This can be done most easily by putting it on the land with a regular lime distributor when the seed bed is being made for wheat, oats or other crop with which clover is to be sown. Never plow the lime down, because it is the top soil that makes the best use of it. Do not drill it in with seeds or mix with a commercial fertilizer, but apply on the top soil and harrow in. Do not think that because you have applied lime your crop will be successful without anything else—it is only a corrective, and is the means of putting to the best advantage all else you do for your crops."

The young man and young woman who undertake the voyage of life without some reliable chart, showing the rocks and shoals where health may make shipwreck, are inviting catastrophe. Of all books, fitted to give instruction on the care of the body, the preservation of its health, none can compare with Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells the plain truth in plain English. It deals with questions of vital interest to both sexes. Its 1008 pages have over 700 illustrations, some in colors. This book is sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

—There are people who are so concerned about getting even with some one else that they fall hopelessly behind the procession.

—Any chap can be brave in the absence of danger.

—The largest loom. At Rodevisch, in Saxony, the center of the German textile industry, there has been set up what is thought to be the largest weaving-loom in the world. This huge crank loom is seventy-seven feet long and sixty feet wide. It stands ten feet high and weighs thirty-five tons. The shuttle is of corresponding proportions, and travels to and fro at the rate of fifteen times a minute.

This machine is capable of turning out seamless disks of felt, such as are used in paper-mills, up to two hundred and thirty-three feet in circumference.

It is more true in repairing the health than in repairing clothes, that a stitch in time saves nine. The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription before the strength is run down, before the hole in the health has grown so big by neglect, would save many a woman from periods of suffering. But whether used soon or late, "Favorite Prescription" is the one remedy for the ailments of women which can be always relied upon to soothe the nerves, strengthen the body, brighten the mind, and build up the health. It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and is free from alcohol.

—Mistress—And why did you leave your last place? Maid—Me and the missis was not congenial.—Harper's Bazar.