

SLEEP SONG.

Good-night, my care and sorrow!
Good-night, if not good-bye;
Till the breaking of the morrow,
At my feet, your fardels lie.

Good-night, my care and sorrow!
I am launching on the deep;
And, till the dawning morrow,
Shall sail the sea of sleep.

Good-night, my care and sorrow!
Good-night—perhaps good-bye!
For I may wake to-morrow
Beneath another sky.

Good-night, all cares and sorrows!
Welcome, my boatlike bed!
None or many my to-morrows,
This one night is overhead!
—Harper's Bazar.

MY INDIANA GUEST.

I had spent the autumn in a little log hut which I had built on the head waters of the Abittibi, in northern Ontario. I had lived chiefly upon the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, with a little of civilization's pork and tea.

November's first snows warned me to return to the city, but the charm of the forest life was too powerful and I stayed on, laying up treasures of health with every day that passed.

Early in December I was returning late from a day's still hunt, with the edible portion of a doe's carcass on an extemporized toboggan of birch-bark, when, on approaching my cabin, I observed human tracks, not snow-shoe tracks, but apparently those of a man wading laboriously through the four-foot-deep snow. They led in the direction of my shanty, and as I had seen no human face since last September, when a party of mining prospectors passed through, I hurried forward, reached my house, opened the rude door and went in.

A bright fire was blazing in the big fireplace, and directly before the hearth sat a motionless man. He was evidently an Indian, for a striped blanket lay loosely around his shoulders, and his long black hair hung tangled on his neck. A double-barreled gun was leaning against the wall near him, and on the floor lay a pair of wet snow-shoes.

He did not even turn to look when I entered, and I, according to northern etiquette, paid no attention to him, but set about cutting up and cooking some of my recently killed venison. When the meal was ready I handed my guest a heaping plate and a steaming bumper of tea, and sat myself down on the other side of the hearth with a similar repast.

During the progress of the meal, which necessitated frequent refilling of the plates, I had a good opportunity to observe the Indian closely. He was dark-colored, very dirty, and about thirty years old. His face wore the average Indian's impenetrable look of stupidity, but it seemed to me that there was a more than average amount of viciousness and brutality in his countenance, as he silently and voraciously devoured the venison and "damper" until the supply was exhausted.

When no more food was offered, he lit his pipe and condescended to give me an explanation of his presence in a mixture of English, Anglicized French and Chippewayan.

"Me come far; yes, from there. Heap snow; ver' froid; Injun heap cold. No deer, no caribou, no moose bear. Ee-na, my racket hee broke out hees cross-bar,—and me got for to wade in snow so high, an' I most cold to death,—die for sure if no reach cabin. Voila!" and he produced the snowshoe in question, of which the forward cross-bar had snapped, slackening the network so that it was impossible to keep the foot in the thong.

However little I liked the appearance of my guest, I felt that I had been the means of saving his life, and threw down half a dozen hides and a blanket in one corner for his bed. Being very tired, I lay down on my couch shortly after, but my last waking remembrance was of seeing the Indian sitting motionless before the fire, smoking his short pipe and gazing solemnly into the glowing coals.

When I awoke in the morning he occupied the same position, but his pipe was gone and the kettle was boiling over the fire, which led me to infer that he had not sat there all night. I got up, and after a wash in an ice-bound, dugout wooden basin outside, with the temperature at ten degrees below zero, I proceeded to get breakfast ready.

I had supposed that my red man would leave shortly after this meal, but his snow-shoe remained unprepared, and he showed no inclination for departure. He continued to smoke, while I spent the forenoon in storing away my meat and in cutting firewood, and whenever I re-entered the cabin I found him sitting precisely as I had left him.

He stayed for dinner, and it was not until well on in the afternoon that he began to mend his snow-shoe. He finished it before dark, but of course I did not expect him to start that evening, and I went to sleep, leaving him smoking before the fire, just as on the night before.

Now hospitality in the Northern wilderness means something. It requires the sharing of your last crust, if need be, with the stranger, for the next time you may be the stranger yourself. At the end of three days, however, I began to think that it was but just that my visitor should help to replenish the larder which he continued voraciously to deplete.

So, on arising early the fifth morning after his advent and finding the day suitable, I proposed that he should

take his gun and accompany me on a moose-hunt. He was still in his blankets, and he only rolled them more comfortably around his body, and grunted contemptuously.

"You go hunt," he said. "Me mind camp."

This reply, coming from his greasy, dirty indolence, made me boil with sudden indignation. I made for him as he lay, and seizing his collar, pulled him out upon the floor and jerked him to his feet.

"Then you'll get out of this shanty!" I exclaimed. "Va-t-en! Understand? Git!"

He made one jump for his gun, but I was expecting that, and my double-barrel instantly covered him. I turned him out of the shanty, and threw after him his gun, his snow-shoes and all his belongings, with a big lump of cold roast venison ribs. He gathered up all these articles sullenly, and tying on his snow-shoes, tramped off up the hillside among the pines.

Now that it was too late, I began to regret my act, for I rather feared that he might hang around and shoot me from behind a tree. I kept pretty close within my cabin that day and did not go out unarmed, but although I watched from my window, I saw no more of my late guest. Next day I followed his trail for several miles through the woods, and as it led unswervingly north-westward, I thought that he had finally left the district.

Four days after, when I was returning about noon from an inspection of some marten traps, I noticed tracks on the snow once more—snow-shoe tracks. A two-days' storm had just blown over, and the wilderness was covered with a fresh layer of "holly unbroken white, beaten hard in open places by the force of the gale. There was also upon the snow-shoe trail a track as of a narrow toboggan, and the sight caused me a certain vague uneasiness.

My heart misgave me still more when I came in sight of the cabin and saw the door standing wide open. I hurried forward, and in another instant had learned the truth. The shanty was sacked and completely dismantled.

My scanty stock of flour, of tea, of sugar; the large canister of gunpowder, the little bags of shot, the loaded shells and the reloading tools—all were gone. The blankets and furs had disappeared, with the cache of meat and the ax, and my few books lay half consumed at the edge of a living fire on the hearth, showing that a desire for revenge as well as the wish to rob me had inspired the deed.

A clean sweep had been made of everything, and I stood possessed of little more than my gun, my small hatchet and the couple of dozen loaded shells in my belt.

I at once set myself to examine the trail of the robber, and as I expected, I found the distinct mark of the patched cross-bar in the snow-shoe. It was the sign of my Indian friend. Had he appeared before me at that moment, I might have shot him down in my anger. He had committed a fearful crime. Better kill a man outright in the North than deprive him of his supplies against cold and hunger! However, the culprit was doubtless miles away, and I set out briskly upon his track.

It appeared that he had passed along about three hours before, probably as soon as he had seen me disappear down the valley. I walked in the track of the toboggan, which, heavy with the spoils of my cabin, had beaten a hard pathway, enabling me to make a good pace. I knew that the Indian, encumbered as he was by the fresh snow and the toboggan, would be able to travel but slowly, and I hoped to overhaul him before dark.

At any rate, I expected that he would camp for an hour or two at nightfall for a cup of tea and a nap, and I felt sure of coming upon him before he could start again. Anyhow, I was determined to keep up the chase until I dropped or overtook my man.

The December afternoon soon grew dark, and the woods speedily took on that inexpressible weird, forbidding look of desolation and loneliness that no one can picture unless he has walked in a Northern forest at nightfall. A moon already hung over the tree-tops, and as the light waned in the west the snow grew silvery with her rays, so that I had no difficulty in following the trail.

About an hour later I came upon the smoldering ashes of a fire, and a heap of sapin under a blanket had been laid. The Indian had been gone at least an hour, but it was plain that I was gaining on him, so I pushed forward with the utmost enthusiasm into a rugged country of hills and small precipices, with a clumsy growth of birch and willow along the frozen stream-beds.

I was upon the brink of one of these declivities, which was piled and packed with a sheer and overhanging mass of huge snow-drifts, blown hard as a floor and offering a good walking-place. The trail led along the base of this hillside, and I was considering how to descend it, when a bright flash blazed out from a thicket fifty yards away. The woods echoed the sharp report, and half a dozen buckshot went whizzing past, while I heard another whack into a sapling close by.

Instinctively I dropped, and the shadows near the ground concealed me. So I lay motionless for some minutes, till I began to fear that I should be frozen, for the night was still and intensely cold. Presently, however, I saw a dark figure creep out from the blackness of the thicket whence the shot was fired, and advance slowly across the glistening surface toward me.

I could hear the creak and crunch of his snow-shoes, and did not need

the moonlight to identify my treacherous guest.

I might easily have shot him as I lay, but I could not bring myself to draw trigger on him in cold blood. My plan was to halt him and make him surrender. He approached closer, looking hard at the point where I had stood, and holding his gun ready for action, till he stood almost directly beneath the little overhanging bluff.

Here he paused, evidently looking for a way to climb to the top, when suddenly an immense mass of snow, well-nigh as large as my little shanty, was detached and slid downward like an avalanche, carrying me with it.

Full upon the hapless redskin he fell, and he was buried instantly out of sight, while I myself was lightly covered with the snow; but I quickly scrambled free, and looked for any trace of my would-be murderer.

There was none; he had been completely engulfed, and I set myself to dig him out with a snow-shoe which I took off for the purpose. In about five minutes I encountered a wriggling hand, with arm attached. I grasped this and pulled vigorously, and my Indian was at length brought to light. He seemed half stunned and wholly bewildered, and stared wildly and uncomprehendingly at me.

I was somewhat at a loss to know what to do with him, for I had no right to execute the death sentence upon him, and if I turned him loose, he would in all probability repay me with another load of buckshot.

I tied his hand and foot, and went to look for the toboggan-load of my possessions. It was in the thicket where he had ambushed himself, and I lighted a fire, made tea and considered.

Finally it occurred to me that the winter was growing on, that I should have returned to the city long ago, that all my moveables of value were now snugly packed away on the toboggan, and that by going to the settlements I could hand over my prisoner to the authorities. So we camped there that night, and with the morning's dawn we set out southward, the Indian drawing the toboggan and beating a road for me as I walked behind him, with my loaded gun in my hand, ready for instant use.

In the course of a week we arrived at a little village called Ramsay, upon the Canadian Pacific Railway, where I lodged my captive in the lockup, and swore out a warrant for burglary and attempted murder. I myself took the next train for Toronto.

I was never called upon to give evidence against my late guest, for he soon managed to escape, and was not recaptured. My visits to the Abittibi country will in the future have a certain element of excitement and peril which they have not hitherto possessed.—Frank L. Pollock, in Youth's Companion.

A Mooted Question

Judge Roger S. Greene, of Seattle, is one of the best-known members of the bar of the State of Washington. He has had a wide experience both on and off the bench, and is looked up to by both lawyers and laymen as one of the first men of the State. But this does not in the least prevent the Judge from admitting the truth of the following train on himself:

B. F. Dennison, of Olympia, the State and territorial capital, the oldest member of the bar in that city, was once arguing a case before Judge Greene, when the latter was on the United States bench. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Dennison had occasion to refer to a certain set of reports of one of the Philadelphia courts, now very old and not often quoted. Judge Greene listened (unlike some other judges), and after a while said:

"Mr. Dennison, I notice in the reports which you quote you pronounce the name of the reporter as though it had a final 'e' to it. What is your authority for that pronunciation, Mr. Dennison?"

"The spelling, your honor—B-r-o-w-n-e. Brownie."

"Well, Mr. Dennison, my name has a final 'e' to it; you would not call me 'Greenie,' would you?"

"That depends entirely on how your honor decides this question."—Harper's Round Table.

Insects Faster than Birds.

A common house fly is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time.

When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it has increased its rate of speed to over 150 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in about thirty-five seconds.

It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of the flying birds, and it was thought until a short time ago that no insect could escape it.

A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects.

The insect flew with incredible speed, and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.

Suicide in Africa.

A favorite mode of suicide among the African tribes who dwell near Lake Nyassa is for a native to wade into the lake and calmly wait for a crocodile to open its mouth and swallow him.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

Opinions on the Corset—National Colors Still the Rage—No Gathers in the New Skirts—A Convenient Pocket—Etc., Etc.

OPINIONS ON THE CORSET.

There are various opinions as to the healthfulness of corset wearing, and while some doctors disapprove of the corset altogether, others advise its use in cases of weak back, etc. All, however, agree that the bones should be flexible, and that they should be worn loose enough to allow abdominal breathing. For growing girls nothing stiffer than corded waists should be worn, but care should be taken that these are not tight enough to prevent full, deep breathing.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

(Hints by Clara Lloyd.)

This box plaited skirt waist is developed in cadet blue cheviot. Two box-plaits are stitched firmly in the right front and one in the left front, the closing being accomplished invisibly under the center plait. The plaits in the back are stitched in place and attached to the lining of the yoke and over the upper edge is stitched the outside yoke. An under-arm piece



joins the fronts and the backs. The sleeves are the one seamed and are provided with a neat lap and cuff. A turn down collar and belt are also provided for by the pattern. This waist may be lined or not at the convenience of the wearer.

Three and one-fourth yards of 35 inch material are required to make this waist for a lady of medium size. No. 336 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

NATIONAL COLORS STILL THE RAGE.

The rage for introducing our national colors has not abated. Red, gray and blue in some of the most beautiful shades we have ever seen these dyes produced in appear among tailor cloths, velvets, etc., for autumn gowns, and the trace of white needed appears on the silk or satin revers, vests, gimpes, and plastron or blouse fronts of the waist or jacket. In millinery these colors are quite as prominent, and in the red shades particularly are some dahlia and damask tints with a military name that are superb examples of the dyer's art.

NO GATHERS IN THE NEW SKIRT.

In duck and serge skirts the pockets are worn anywhere but on the hips and inside the front widths. Two square catchalls, with flaps that button down, are frankly sewn on the front part of the skirt, within handy reach of the wearer's right and left hands, and into these she puts her belongings easily and comfortably. The promise of the tailors is that wool walking skirts for autumn and winter shall be made with the same regard to convenience and that none of these skirts shall have a gather or a pleat the whole waist band round.

A CONVENIENT POCKET.

Ladies who intend traveling will find that a pocket for valuables which is now on sale at all the stores will be found most useful. It is made on the simplest cut of a chateleine pocket, but has no harsh or hard fittings or clasps. It is made of the softest gray chambray and is divided off into various little pockets for different kinds of valuables or money, and the flaps buttoned down tightly.

GERMANY'S HUMBLE HEROINE.

We have had our Red Cross heroines during the war with Spain, and previous wars in our history have their record of heroic women, the best-known to fame being Moll Pitcher. But Germany also has its heroine from humble life who did valiant work in the fighting line. She is pictured in a recent publication entitled "German Heroes from the Time of Emperor William the Great." Her name is Katharina Weissgerber, but she was known in the army as "Die Schulzenkathin," probably because Schultzer is the German equivalent of Tommy Atkins.

It was the battle which raged at the Heights of Spichern, in August, 1870, that afforded Katharina opportunity to distinguish herself. Through-out the fight the citizens of Saarbruecken outdid each other in bringing sustenance to the men of the German army. In this work women and

girls vied with the men, but foremost among all was Katharina, who penetrated with her water pail and dipper as far as the skirmish line. For her bravery on this occasion she received the war memorial medal, and later on, the Cross of Honor.

HOW A BUSINESS GIRL MAY ENTERTAIN.

"As you gain friends," says Ruth Ashmore in an article in the Ladies Home Journal, "the law of hospitality will govern first one and then another, and having been found pleasant you will be asked to visit at the home of each. Perhaps one of these girls may have a real home, where, after her day's work, she is met by a kindly mother and greeted by the children, and though they live in what to your country-bred eyes seems a small space, still to the city girl it counts as a large one which is made by willing hands and loving hearts into a home. The other girl, like you, lives in the hall room of a boarding house, and yet, on your arrival, you find two or three other pleasant girls there, and everybody is in the midst of a game. The bed is evidently a closed one, for none is in sight, while on a fancy table is a brass kettle which later sings merrily as it boils the water for a pot of chocolate, a dish of little cakes and some pretty little cups and saucers. You all have a jolly evening. The next day, talking it over with your hostess of the night before, you find out how a few cents saved from this and a few cents saved from that, has paid for the pretty belongings; how little the chocolate costs, and how the pretty cups and saucers have been picked up as bargains. A good example being contagious, you begin to think how you will arrange to entertain; then you remember there are some unused, old-fashioned cups that you are sure would be sent to you from home, that will not only attract by their prettiness, but will have a special charm to you, at least, because of their association."

GIRL'S BLOUSE JACKET.

(Hints by Clara Lloyd.)

This stylish garment for a young miss is developed in bottle green storm serge and trimmed with military braid. It is exceedingly simple of construction, the body portion consisting of the back and fronts, the right front lapping well over to the left side make a double breast. The fastening may be accomplished by buttons and buttonholes or invisibly with hooks and loops but two rows of buttons should be placed, one row on each side of the center. A deep sailor collar finishes the neck. A belt conceals the seam which secures the added basque portion.



tion to the blouse. The sleeves are the regular two-seamed sort, their fullness being gathered into the arm's eye. The stripe and scroll of military braid make a neat finish for the wrist. The same decoration is used for the added basque portion.

One and one-half yards of 54 inch material are required to make this garment for a miss of 10 years. No. 363 is cut in sizes from 6 to 14 years.

A GIRL'S PRETTY FROCK.

A pretty frock for a girl of ten is of very heavy wiry blue serge. The fabric is so coarsely ribbed as to have a great deal of style in the piece, and is particularly effective for little folks' dresses, standing out well and making the slim bobble-de-boy look trim and jaunty. The bodice is made with a very trim blouse, a deep square sailor collar and a pointed vest. The vest and half of the collar are of scarlet cloth, the outer half of the collar being of the blue serge. Where the two materials meet is a light scroll braiding of black silk. A knot of scarlet ribbon where the collar meets in front and a belt of red edged with the black scroll braiding and deep cuffs and a stock of red and black finish the bodice. The skirt is finished with a haul of the red and black around the bottom.

BRAVE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

From South Carolina comes the story of two young women whose heroism during the stirring Revolutionary days is worthy of recall. It was at the time of the sieges of Augusta and Cambridge by the French and Americans, in June, 1781, that two young women—Grace and Rachel Martin—went to stop with their mother-in-law while their husbands joined the forces. One evening having received word that a courier under guard of two British officers, would pass their house with important documents, the two women decided to obtain the papers. Dressing themselves in their husbands' apparel and providing themselves with arms, they took up their station in a clump of elder bushes by the roadside. Soon the courier and his escort appeared. Out sprang the dauntless

pair from behind their shelter and covering the men with their pistols, ordered them to surrender the papers. Taken by surprise the trio obeyed. After putting their prisoners on parole the women hastened home by a short path through the woods and sent a single messenger with the papers to General Green. Soon after reaching home and assuming their own apparel the men rode up to the house pale and trembling and asked for accommodations for the night, exhibiting their paroles and stating that two heavily armed rebels had taken them prisoners. The young women asked them jokingly if they had no arms to defend themselves with, to which they replied that the rebels were so fierce and they came so suddenly that they had no chance to use them. They were entertained that night by their hostesses with true southern hospitality, and when in the morning they resumed their journey they were still in ignorance that their fierce captors were none other than the charming women who had afterward entertained them so graciously.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A ROYAL WIFE'S PRESENT.

One of the season's gifts to the German Empress by her husband is a splendid schooner yacht, the Iduna. The Iduna is a swift and handsome American-built boat of about the same proportions as the American boat Yampa. Though splendid enough in all her fittings when the Emperor bought her, he ordered that her interior decorations be done anew and in the favorite colors of the Empress, pale blue and white. On the decks of her pleasure boat this royal lady is absolute mistress. Her sailors are uniformed in white, the shirts barred with blue bands, while the Empress's private signal, with that of the Kiel Yacht Club, is embroidered on their caps and shirt vests.

Whether or not the Empress cares for yachting is a question she has never settled, but with her usual admirable compliance with all her husband's wishes she is vigorously studying, under a most accomplished sailing master, to steer the yacht and to direct the handling of her sails. When the annual races at Kiel were sailed this summer the Iduna was one of the string of schooner yachts contesting for cups or honors, and the Empress stood at the helm. More than this, she has taken actively to the social side of yachting, gives dinners and luncheons aboard her boat, and ventures out on a two days' cruise. This was scarcely a venture, however, since two powerful steam tugs followed close in the Iduna's wake in order to rush in to the rescue should nature attempt any familiarities with German royalty.

FASHION NOTES.

"Wilhelmina" jackets, hats, ties, capes, and costumes are now appearing.

Pretty shades of golden and seal brown are much in evidence in winter materials, and there seems to be a rage for every shade of red.

There is a new design in gloves, patented by a Michigan woman. The palm of the hand and the inside of the thumb and fingers are lined with leather to prevent the glove from wearing out so soon.

For autumn wear beige and deep Tuscan yellow of rough straw braids, trimmed with green velvet and shaded velvet geranium or nasturtium blossoms, in all their glowing colors, will be a favored combination.

Designed for the maiden of unbashful fifteen is a toilet of tuckled muslin. The bodice, sleeves and front and side panels are of soft silk, frilled, and ribbon trelis affords the front of the bodice, which is held by a sash.

Few women can afford to adopt the eelskin sleeve, with nothing in the way of a frill, puff or epaulet to give the required breadth to the shoulders, but all shoulder trimmings must be exceedingly small to meet fashionable demands.

Sleeves are being made smaller and without trimming, except at the wrist. Waists are elaborate, with revers and epaulets, and skirts are tucked, ruffled and braided. Suits of cheviot, covert and cloth are braided, while silk and cashmere are ruffled or tucked.

The draped waist front has again made its appearance, and some stylish and artistic garments are shown with this feature. Soft, lightweight woolsens, such as cashmere, Henrietta, eudora and the like, make up effectively in this manner. Surah or foulard can also be used to advantage.

A Superstitious Man.

An American millionaire who has a palace at Venice is more superstitious than his countrymen usually are. On Thanksgiving day he invited a party of friends, including a Roman prince, one of the Queen of Italy's maids of honor, and various sprigs of the Italian aristocracy. The Roman prince, however, failed him at the last moment, and the host refused to sit down to dinner on finding that the company consisted of thirteen persons. He made various fruitless attempts to secure another guest, and at last, in despair, he announced that he intended to follow the custom of the Arabs, who always wait upon their guests, and eat their own dinners by themselves afterward. The meal proved a great success.—Sketch.

The longest plant in the world is the seaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least six hundred feet in length. Seaweed receives its nourishment from the air and mineral matter held in solution in the sea water.