

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

Should Jonathan and John fall out
The world would stagger from that
bout;
With John and Jonathan as one
The world's great peace will have be-
gun.
With Jonathan and John at war
The hour that havoc hungers for
Will strike in ruin of blood and
tears,
The world set back a thousand years.
With John and Jonathan sworn to
stand
Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
Justice and peace shall build their
throne
From tropic sea to frozen zone.
When Jonathan and John forget
The scar of an ancient wound to fret,
And smile to think of an ancient feud
Which the God of the nations turned
to good.
When the bond of a common creed
And speech
And kindred binds them each to each,
And each in the other's victories
The pride of his own achievement
sees,
How paltry a thing they both will
know
That grudge of a hundred years ago,
How small that blenheim of wrath and
blame
In the bazonary of their common fame!
—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Cen-
tury.

IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

BY PAUL CARSON.

I had tried hours to get to sleep and had failed. The steady dripping of rain from a leaking waterspout and the slamming of a blind proved too much for my nerves, and at length with an impatient exclamation I got up, lit the gas, and sat down to read until sleep or morning came, it did not matter which. Of course I was nervous, and without reason, so far as I knew, being a temperate man with a clear conscience. The aggravating blind still buzzed at intervals, and at length I threw down my book, saying,—"I'll stop that noise anyhow." I opened my bed room door, which led into the upper hall, and was met by a rush of cool air. I stopped. I was alone in the house; my family were in the mountains and the servants taking a vacation. I only staid there at night. The draught came from an open window at the end of the hall, and I had sense enough to know that there was a burglar and very likely several of them on the premises. I turned back, secured a revolver and put out the light not caring to be too plain a target for other persons' bullets. Then I softly stepped into the hall.
There was no sound in the great house, and the darkness was positively uncanny. I hesitated as to which way to turn, but decided to visit the lower floor first. Quietly I made my way down to the dining-room; dark-ness and silence. I crossed the hall to the parlor—nothing there. I turned to the library at the end of the hall. The door of which stood open; there had been fire in the grate earlier in the evening, the light being unseasonably chilly, and the coals were still glowing. My big armchair stood beside the hearth, and in the dim I could see that it was occupied by a woman. Dumb with surprise, and with ghost stories flittering through my mind, I hastily struck a match and turned on the chandelier above my head that I might see of what material my visitor was made. She made no movement when the room was flooded with light, nor yet when I faced her. She was rather young, very handsome, clad in a loose wrapper-like arrangement, a night robe possibly, and her big brown eyes looked straight into mine. But those eyes saw nothing; the lady was sound asleep. Here was a situation! My guest was a somnambulist, of course, and had come from some house in the neighborhood by a road known only to cats and sleep-walkers. She had raised the hall window which opened upon a little balcony, made her way to the library, perhaps unconsciously attracted by the fire, and there she sat. The rain drove against the windows and I wondered that her clothing was not wet but concluded that her home was not far distant and that she had been sitting by the fire long enough to become dry.
"I'll have to waken her," I said aloud, "but I'll wait a little and see if she doesn't take the job off my hands." I thought my voice would have the desired effect, but it did not, and crossing the room I sat down at my desk, still facing the sleeper. To tell the truth, I sat down suddenly upon reaching the desk because I had not strength to stand, so abruptly was I made aware of the peril which menaced me. On the opposite side of the library, behind the woman's chair was a curtained alcove, with one window opening upon the street. My safe stood in this alcove, the curtains were drawn, and between them gleamed the barrel of a revolver.
I had read of Maggie Bragg and her husband, two of the most daring burglars in the country. They always worked together and never had any partners, and my house was their latest point of attack. The lady was not asleep; she wasn't even sleepy. I had come upon them so noiselessly and turned on the light so quickly that she had time only to take a son-

ambulist's pose while the man in the alcove dropped the curtains and wait-
developments. I remembered a hissing sound that had swept through the room as I crossed the threshold, which I had taken to be some freak of wind and rain. It was Maggie giving the danger signal.
I felt the revolver in my pocket, but the light played along that bit of steel between the curtains, and I was well aware that the other man had the "drop" upon me. I heartily wished I had stayed in my room with the door locked, not being fond of secur-
ing in a murder case, and then I would have had a chance for my life. Jim Bragg thought the safe held five thousand dollars which, in some way, he had learned that I had drawn from the bank the previous afternoon in order to meet a note which should have been presented but which had been delayed in the mail. He was mistaken, however, the money, along with the rest of our valuables, was in the bank. I met the cashier on the street early in the evening and induced him to go to the bank with me and let me place the money in my safe deposit box.
My lady moved slightly, I bent forward eagerly. Presently she lifted her head as if partly dazed, then her arms were thrown up and a wailing cry broke the silence.
"Where, oh, where am I?"
She would have made a capital actress if she had not chosen to be a bur-
glar. I advanced at once, I knew that revolver still covered me, but I also had a part to play.
"Do not be alarmed, madam; I see you are a sleep-walker. Your home must be near here. I have been waiting for you to waken, fearing to arouse you too suddenly."
Rising gracefully, with an embar-
rased laugh she said—
"What an awkward situation! I have walked in my sleep all my life, but never did any thing like this before. I fear I must trouble some of the ladies of your family for a cloak or something suitable for street wear, and if one of your servants would see me home I would be grateful."
"Where do you live?" I said.
"At seven fifteen Spruce street."
"That is three blocks from here; how did you ever come so far without waking?" Or getting wet, I could have added, but thought it unwise.
"That is a mystery known only to somnambulists," she replied. "But, a trifle impatiently, 'I am detaining you.'"
This was a hint to go after the suit-
able street dress of which she had spoken and incidentally give her a chance to get away.
"I regret to say," I rejoined, "that we are entirely alone in the house; my family is away for the summer, and as my wife has her keys with her, there is nothing I can offer you in the way of clothing; you must let me go to your residence and bring wraps."
I had reflected that I might just as well admit that we were alone, for my visitors were perfectly aware of the fact before they entered the house. She sat down again.
"How unfortunate! I do so dislike to trouble you, but there seems to be no other way, I shall be under a thousand obligations; you will find my brother at home; please have him come after me."
She was certainly a most artistic liar. My eyes carelessly swept the alcove curtains; I could no longer see the revolver, and felt sure that the man in the case, confident that the woman would be more than a match for me, had dropped out of the window and gone, which afterwards proved to be true. I did not want to lose both burglars, but dared make no hostile movements, not being certain that my diagnosis of the situation in the alcove was correct. I lingered, however, for if the alarm was working help was nearly due.
"How can you go out in such a storm?" I said. "You and your brother would better remain my guests till morning; it won't be many hours."
"Oh, I don't mind rain if I have a mackintosh; it is lucky," glancing down at her robe, which was a little damp around the bottom, "that it was not raining when I left home."
Again I thought it unwise to call attention to the fact that when I left the library at eleven it was raining pitchforks. Unable to find excuse for further delay, I passed out, turning as I opened the door, to find that she had again risen to her feet and was watching me.
"You are not afraid to be left alone?" I asked.
"Afraid!" And the brown eyes shot me a glance that made me wince; then, recollecting herself, "That is—I won't be afraid if you will hurry."
The front door was unlocked. Jim had evidently climbed in at the window and let his wife in at the door. Two policemen were coming up the steps, and two more stood under the alcove window.
"You've lost Jim Bragg," I said, "but his wife is in the library."
She wasn't though. We rushed to the open window, into which the rain was beating, and then remembered that she could not have escaped that way because the policemen would have seen her; she could not have left by the library door because I had not taken my eyes off it, and must there-
fore be concealed in the room. We searched carefully—I remember look-
ing in a big vase that would have sheltered a cat with a little crowding—but we found nothing.
Two years later the enterprising couple were caught in an attempt to rob the same bank that held my valu-
ables that wet night. It was a brazen day light affair. The woman en-
gaged the cashier's attention while Jim deftly cut the screen between him-
self and several piles of bank notes, grabbed what he could reach and ran

Fortunately the cashier was up to the times, and a well aimed shot from his revolver brought the fleeing robber to the ground. Citizens came to the cash-
ier's aid, and Maggie, who had promptly taken a part in the general fusillade, was disarmed before doing any damage.
I was curious to know how Maggie escaped us that night, and in company with one of the policemen who figured in the affair, I went down to the jail to see if she would tell me. The lady was not as handsome as when she sat in my library in the role of a somnambulist, but she was just as full of grit. They had had "reverses," she explained. In other words the police were after them so closely that they had been obliged to keep away from the city and had made no rich hauls.
"I believe you hoodooed us," she said bitterly; "we haven't had a bit of luck since that night and we didn't get any thing then."
"Did you always dress in that costume when you were out on business?" I inquired.
She laughed.
"Often. The somnambulist act had to be carried out on costume you know. I have played it repeatedly in Europe but that was the first time here."
"How on earth did you keep from getting wet in that storm?"
"Big pocket under my dress, mackintosh in it and all that, you know."
"But how did you get away?"
"Let's see; will I need that tick again? No, I guess not. I'll tell you. I couldn't have hidden from a school-
boy that way, but policemen are dif-
ferent. When you swung the library door open, I flattened against the wall behind it, thinking that you would all make for the window, as you did. Before you turned around I was out the door flying down the back stair-
way. I ran out the kitchen door, Jim was waiting for me in the alley, and we were miles away by daylight. It was dead easy."
They are both in the penitentiary now, and Jim doesn't know that my courtesy to his wife that night was entirely due to a revolver between the alcove curtains.

HOW CUSTER FELL.

"Buffalo Bill" Tells the Story Anew in His Recent Book.
Few events in our history have so touched the hearts of the American people as the destruction of General Custer and his men in their battle with Sioux and Cheyennes at the Little Big Horn in the summer of 1876.
Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") in his new book, "The Great Salt Lake Trail," tells the story anew. Custer's forces were divided into three parts, one led by himself, the others by Majors Reno and Benteen. The two latter were first to be engaged with the enemy, and were repulsed before reaching the Indian encampment. Custer, with his division, dashed on, and sent back to Reno and Benteen the order: "Big village; be quick; send on the packs." Reno and Benteen were not, or thought they were not (Cody severely blames them, in a position to send relief, and Custer was left unsupported.
"Down from the hillside, up through the valleys, that dreadful torrent of Indian cruelty and massacre poured around the little squad, to swallow it up with one grand swoop of fire. But Custer was there at the head, like Spartacus fighting the legions about him, tall, graceful, brave as a lion at bay, and with thunderbolts in his hands. His brave followers formed a hollow square, and met the rush and roar and fury of the demons. Bravely they breasted that battle shock, bravely stood up and faced the leaden hail, nor quailed, when looking into the blazing muzzles of five thousand dead-
rifle.
"Brushing away the powder grime that had settled on his face, Custer looked over the boiling sea of fury around him, peering through the smoke for some sign of Reno and Benteen, but seeing none. Still thinking of the aid which must soon come, with cheering words to his men he removed the battle, fighting still like a Hercules, and piling heaps of victims around his very feet. . . .
"The fight continued with unabated fury until late in the afternoon; men had sunk down beside their gallant leader until there was but a handful left—only a dozen, bleeding from many wounds, and hot carbines in their stiffening hands. The day is almost done, when look! Heaven now defend him! The charm of his life is broken for Custer has fallen; a bullet cleaves a pathway through his side, and as he falls another strikes his noble breast. Like a strong oak stricken by the lightning's bolt, shivering the mighty trunk, and bending its withering branches down close to the earth, so fell Custer; but like the reacting branches, he rises partly up again, and striking out like a fatally wounded giant, he lays three more Indians dead and breaks his mighty sword on the musket of a fourth; then, with useless blade and empty pistol, falls back, the victim of a dozen wounds.
Knives Made by Pressure.
It is announced that an entirely new method for the manufacture of table cutlery is being introduced into Sheffield, England, and is exciting much interest. A round bar of steel is placed in a machine, and by means of hydraulic pressure a perfect knife is formed—blade, bolster and handle. The "dash" is taken off, and it is subsequently ground and polished by machinery. One such machine is capable, it is stated, of producing 5,000 of these all steel knives per day at a comparatively small cost in labor. The machines are capable of dealing with any kind of cutlery or tools.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

When Black Is Stylish—Patti's Young Eyes
—A Woman's Hotel—A Discourse on Hats
—A Charming School Teacher—Etc., Etc.

WHEN BLACK IS STYLISH.
Black is never really so stylish as when left entirely alone. Even natural, colored flowers worn with it seem to lower its rich quality, though one sees occasionally a black gown worn with good effect by a woman of artistic taste—a trained toilet, for example, of black satin or moire draped with silk net, or chenille-dotted and trimmed black tulle with just a touch of vivid royal red placed somewhere on the bodice, and an answering gleam set in the coiffure.

PATTI'S YOUNG EYES.
The birth certificate of Adelina Patti, recently found at Madrid, places the time of birth of the prima donna at 1843.

So Patti at fifty-five is still the admirer of all the world; Patti is still youthful, with eyes that are—as described by a Berlin paper—"absolutely young."
When in New York, not many years ago, Patti told the writer the secret of her young eyes.
"I never read at night," she said, "if I can help it. It does not hurt the eyes to cry, if you sleep afterward. I bathe my eyes in hot and cold water, as feels best. I do a great many things I am told never to do. But I also observe certain rules. I never read at twilight, or when hungry. I sleep fully nine hours, more if I need it. I eat lightly many times a day. I keep my eyes free by not making them tired. That is all."

Patti's eyes are the sort that shine. They are almost dazzling. Her lashes are abundant, a fact which she attributes to her habit of nightly anointing them with a cream.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A WOMAN'S HOTEL.
It is possible that a woman's hotel may be established in Boston, founded on the same lines as the now famous Mills hotels for workmen in New York.

Mrs. William Lee, well known in Back Bay circles, is at the head of the movement. Speaking of the matter, Mrs. Lee says:
"My suggestion is that communi-
cation be had with the individuals contemplating the woman's hotel in New York, and that a committee of one or more from the woman's club house corporation go to New York and investigate this and Mr. Mills's system."

"This project will appeal to many business men and capitalists who are not interested in seeing the erection of another business building, when so many are now so poorly occupied, and who feel that to advance money for women would be a losing investment. Such a club house and building also appeals to the women that have not as yet been interested—the women for whom the hotel is intended. Undoubtedly several friends would pool their money and thus obtain shares, each having an individual interest.
"Such a hotel provides for the out-of-town club members the promised accommodations, and will give a club house in the portion of the building set apart for that purpose of which New England women may justly be proud."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A DISCOURSE ON HATS.
To discourse on hats is to dwell chiefly on the recent proneness of women to wear small three-cornered affairs of one color of felt, faced with another. For example, a sweet pearl gray felt will have its brim looped away from the face in three places, and covered all on the under side with a warm shade of dahlia felt, then a big bow of dahlia velvet is set upon one side with a turquoise heart, from which springs a big black osprey. That is the sort of hat that youthful beauty wears to its advantage, while among the most becoming possessions of young matrons are bonnets made of creamy lace in a perfect cap shape, showing a wide winged bow of velvet up in front. The toques all of bird breasts hold their own gallantly, and with demi-toilets it is no longer uncommon to see a stately fowl with breast, head, wings and tail settled down, as if for comfortable nesting, on a woman's head. The head rears up finely, with a black osprey topknot and diamond eyes, right over the brow, while the feathered body completely covers the hair. Unfortunately these birds are dyed the most unnatural tints of pale pink and green and lilac, and thus all semblance of nature is destroyed. Quite as gay and somewhat more appropriate are the really lovely and huge bonnets of blue. They are often as big as Hindoo turbans and consist of ropes and wings and bows and puffs of tulle piled on a skeleton wire frame. Gilt is not only woven into the tulle, but spangles, large and small, are powdered on until by gaslight an idea of a fairy crown is conveyed. Pins with spangle heads are used to hold them in place, and convey a deceptive notion that the bonnet is resting by magic in place.—New York Sun.

A CHARMING SCHOOL TEACHER.
Miss Zebriskie, who is in charge of the cooking classes in the Thorp public school at Chicago, is a graduate of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Miss Zebriskie is a charming young woman, with a beautiful, high-bred face and she is very enthusiastic over her work and her pupils. The lessons begin at 8.30 a. m. and continue until school closes. Each class of seventh and eighth grade girls is taught separately. The predominant feature of the work is the absorbed interest of the pupils. They are all as eager to learn as Miss Zebriskie is to teach.
The Thorp school is a light and spacious basement, and this is turned into a most excellent kitchen classroom. Two long gas tables are placed side by side, and are beautifully equipped not only with gas burners and stove apparatus, but with deep drawers and sliding seats, which may be pulled out or pushed in at will. Besides the gas table there is a gas range, where the baking and broiling is done. There are sinks, and closets with an excellent supply of cooking utensils, from bread boards to patty pans. After the lesson is over there is the cleaning up to be done, and here tongues are loosened. "We don't forbid talking during dishwashing," says Miss Zebriskie, "because there seems no good and sufficient reason why they should not talk. We do however order during the lesson though, otherwise the instruction would be interfered with."
In South Chicago, where the Thorp school is located, the population is largely composed of the better class of laborers, and factory employes, and most of the girls in the classes are destined to be their own housekeepers. Hence the culinary art is fraught to them with deepest meaning and "economy" is not an empty word.

WOMEN'S INTERESTING WORK.
In the general movement of our American women to further the patronizing of home industries, the women of St. Paul, Minnesota, claim to be the pioneers. Their work in connection with a home foods exhibit, given at St. Paul over a year ago, was original and important. In the effort made at that time, in conjunction with the Northwestern Manufacturers' Association, the Ladies' Auxiliary became a distinct and recognized association as president. The first effort was confined to an exhibit of foods. A cooking teacher was engaged, who gave two demonstrations daily, using, so far as possible, St. Paul foods. By this was meant food whose basic element was produced in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul, or was there so modified that its nature or form was entirely changed. Wheat made into flour by local mills, corn into corn meal, hominy, and the like, are examples. One of the most interesting features of the exhibit was the preparation by St. Paul women of a series of competitive dinners, the cost of each being limited. Prizes were awarded in the competition. There were four kinds—a dinner for brain workers, a dinner for persons engaged in manual labor, cooking for invalids, and cooking for children.
The success of this first exhibit encouraged the workers to attempt demonstrations on much broader lines. Their second one this autumn lasted ten days, and was a brilliant success from start to finish. The exhibits were divided into fourteen groups, each in charge of a chairman, who selected her own assistants. Architecture, mechanical arts, china painting, interior decorations for homes, stained glass, jewelry, musical instruments, embroidery and lace, furniture, book-binding and illustrating, building materials, mosaic work and pottery, were exhibited. A most interesting fact shown in the exhibition, and the attention of Japan and the Philippines is called to it, was the possibilities of Minnesota's swamp grass, which has been considered heretofore merely a nuisance. It was demonstrated that this can be made into twine and into beautiful and durable matting. A machine was at work showing the process through the fair.—Harper's Bazar.

COMPLEXION AND DIET.
Hot milk is the newest panacea for all complexion ills. If the face be wrinkled, sallow, freckled or otherwise afflicted, hot milk, says the enthusiast over this new remedy, will produce a cure. Converts declare that the face, after being washed with hot milk at night, feels wonderfully refreshed, while the skin soon becomes very white and soft. They also claim that a generous quantity of milk poured into the bath is positively magical in removing fatigue.
Fruits, being refreshing, nourishing, appetizing and purifying have a great effect on the complexion. Grapes and apples are very nutritious; grapes generally agree with the most delicate people, as they are very easily digested. Black grapes are fattening. Apples are more easily digested when baked and eaten with cream, and many can partake of them in this way who could not eat them raw.
Oranges, lemons and limes affect most directly the complexion, and are especially good if taken before breakfast. Ripe peaches are easily digested, but are also fattening. Strawberries, containing a larger percentage of iron than any other fruit, enrich the blood.
All fruit with firm flesh, such as plums, apples and cherries, should be thoroughly masticated; otherwise they will cause indigestion. The skin of raw fruit should never be eaten, and small fruits should have all impurities removed by wiping or washing. Acid fruit should not be eaten with farina-cous food unless the digestion is very good.
The most recent and popular fad in the way of diet is the "non-breakfast" diet, and it already has numerous adherents, in both this country and England. A well known woman said the other day that not a morsel was cooked in her home any day in the year until the noonday meal. Her children

went off to school, her husband to his business, and even the maid, who had become a convert, went through her morning duties, all without breaking their fasts. The theory on which these two-meals-a-day folk base their conduct is that, no work being done after the late and hearty dinner, and little tissue waste following during the hours of sleep, the body has sufficient energy stored from the evening meal to meet the demands of the next forenoon's work. To take a hearty breakfast, they claim, is simply to provide a surplus of supply, and by just that much overtax the system. The elimination, therefore, of these 365 meals in a year means conserving of energy which, in the aggregate, is very valuable. They say, too, that after the first week or two it requires no effort to begin the day without food, and even the aromatic Mocha steaming through the house produces no effect upon their resolution.—Chicago Record.

NATURE BEATS JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Former Cuts a Channel at Scituate Where Man's Efforts Had Been Unsuccessful.

The following information is given out by the Massachusetts Harbor and Land Commissioners:
"Reports continue to come in daily of the condition in which the coast line is left by the great storm. Chief Engineer Hodgdon, who is an excellent photographer, has secured pictures of the conditions at the head of Marblehead harbor, where 500 tons of paving stones were lifted by the tide and gently deposited in a mass on the causeway to Marblehead Neck, making it necessary for the town to put men at work to dig a roadway before any teams could get across.
The most wonderful work of nature is in Scituate, at North River, between that town and Marshfield. At this point, between the third and fourth cliffs, there has been for many years a neck of land at the mouth of the river, and the attention of engineers and others has for a long time been given to the possibility of cutting a channel through it.
"When John Quincy Adams was President, he looked the ground over, and the National Government attempted to make a channel, but it was a failure.
"When the storm came, however, it accomplished in a few hours what seemed impossible, and now there is a channel 250 feet wide, and from thirteen to fifteen feet deep at low water. At extreme high water some 4,000 acres of meadow are now covered with water, which never were covered before, and at ebb tide this water scours the channel, thus deepening it all the time.
"Inside the channel there is a new harbor, much larger than the Scituate harbor, and much larger than the boat harbors which the harbor and land commission is constructing at several points along the coast, and which at many points is forty feet deep.
"All this wonderful work, which would have taken years of costly labor to perform, was done in a short time by the tide, with absolutely no expense to anybody, either."

Part a Needle Pinned in a Dream.

When Elias Howe invented the sewing machine he got along very well until he came to the making of a needle; then he was at a standstill, for he could not discover where the eye of the needle should be placed. At first he thought that a needle fashioned after the ordinary needle for hand sewing might be all right, but after much experimenting he found that it would not do.
One night he dreamed that he was in a far distant country that was ruled over by a savage king. The king ordered him to construct a sewing machine, and not daring to disobey orders, he at once set to work. All went well until he came to the location of the needle's eye; then his troubles began.
The king grew impatient and finally gave the inventor just twenty-four hours in which to complete the machine, and told him he must forfeit his life if he failed to finish the task. But he could not invent a proper needle, and had to give it up.
Just as the king's warriors were about to take him away to execute him, he noticed that the spears they carried were pierced near the head. Like an inspiration the solution of the needle problem came to him, and, while imploring the savage king for a little more time, he awoke.
Although it was but 4 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Howe arose at once, and went to his workshop, and by 8 o'clock he had modeled a needle for his sewing machine with an eye at the point.—Philadelphia Times.

Savages Holding Their Own.

It is believed that the inhabitants of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, where the struggle for existence is intense, are at least holding their own; and the Eskimos of West Greenland, in recent years, have certainly been increasing in number. In fact, only very limited parts of the world are known to be actually decreasing in population, the islands of the Pacific, where the natives are dying out, being the exceptions. The aborigines of the Hawaii group are about holding their own; and the natives are growing in numbers in the Loyalty group, and in Wallis, Guam, Tahiti, and a few other regions; but among the myriads of other islands in the Pacific there is as yet no evidence that the natives may escape the fate of the Tasmanians, who are now extinct.