

## THE GOING AND COMING.

He marched away with the regiment—  
he sailed o'er the stormy sea;  
But how did they send my lover home  
—home to the heart of me?  
With muffled drum, and sword in  
sheath—Ah, me! for God his  
grace!  
And the flag that he had died for over  
his still, white face.

He marched away with the regiment.  
Ah, me; for the men who fight:  
Their breasts are red with the blood  
they shed, but the cheeks of wo-  
men are white;  
Are wan and white for the cruel fight  
where the swords are keen to  
kill;  
And the red flags droop forever over  
the faces still.

He marched away with the regiment.  
What does the fighting mean?  
Widowed women and breaking hearts  
—a shrine where the graves grow  
green.  
Alas, for a maiden's lover; and give  
her, dear God, thy grace  
To welcome her lover home again,  
with the flag o'er his still, white  
face!

## THE DUEL ON FLOATING LOGS.

By Major Hamilton.

Two hundred miles below Vicksburg  
there lies a little hamlet upon the  
western shore of the Mississippi River,  
known as Rufftown.

The method of spelling the name is  
malice aforethought; for when the set-  
tlement was first christened, the raftsmen  
and steamboat hands meant  
"rough."

The town consisted of a long wood-  
dock, where steamers occasionally  
came for fuel, a half-dozen slab "hot-  
els," where all the "accommodations"  
to be had were sold by the quart from  
a jug, two stores, a score of shrunken  
houses, and away back, almost to the  
bluff, a log school-house.

I was the teacher in that log school-  
house, at a salary of seven dollars a  
month and board; the latter, in New  
England style, "boarding round."  
I think I earned my wages. That  
may be as it may. Certain it was that  
when spring came and the term closed,  
the trustee could have been no better  
pleased to pay and discharge me than  
I was at being discharged. Had he  
forgotten to pay me, I should have dis-  
charged myself. I was disgusted with  
Rufftown, and had determined to voy-  
age to New Orleans. Consequently the  
close of my engagement pleased me  
better than its continuance.

School "finished," as the boys had  
it, on Saturday. On Monday I had  
found a place as raftsmen upon a  
great raft, bound for the end of the  
river. From teaching the young idea  
how to shoot I had changed to teach-  
ing logs how to float—from a lands-  
man I had become a sailor.

The crew were one and all strangers  
to me, tough and brawny lumbermen  
from the up-country. I was probably  
the only green hand aboard.

For a few days all went well. I  
could push an oar and boil potatoes,  
so that I was able to fill the duties of  
steersman or cook; but I was young  
and foolish enough to think that my  
book-knowledge, slight though it was,  
placed me above the other men upon  
the raft, and I probably showed it.  
This engendered strife.

At first, the scorn which grew in my  
companions' breasts showed itself in  
looks and sneering words; but, as the  
days and nights passed, and I smoked  
my pipe apart from the others, and did  
not join them in their songs and  
dances after the sun went down, a  
more open and hostile spirit betrayed  
itself, and suddenly I was aroused  
from my dream of superiority by the  
return of a blow for some scornful  
word which I had cast at one of the  
raftsmen. I defended myself as best I  
might, and rather flatter myself now,  
as I look back, that I gave as many  
hard knocks as I received; but the bad  
blood was out, and my life became  
wretched.

For a time I held my own with my  
opponents, but when the number of  
my persecutors grew, as it shortly did,  
to include every man on board, from  
captain down, I felt that prudence was  
the better part of valor, and I simply  
sought to avoid intercourse or trouble  
of any kind.

"The teacher's kinder techy, eh?" said  
Zack Nicholson to his companion, as  
they eyed me where I sat, at the rear  
of the great raft, smoking alone. "He's  
kinder techy an' high-toned. Won't  
speak to no one now. What he wants  
is another good t'ras'ing."

"Yes," continued Nicholson, "he  
needs more lekin' to make him know  
his place. He's like a dog—the more  
you lick 'em the more—"

The comparison was too much for  
me. Quick as a flash, I seized a block  
of wood, hurled it at the speaker, and  
felled him to the floor of the raft. His  
companion assisted him to rise and  
walk away; but that night I slept with  
my hand within my bosom upon my  
knife. The climax had come; Nicholson  
would kill me now, if I was not  
careful.

At noon, the next day, the friend of  
my enemy spoke to me after dinner,  
and called me one side. I followed  
him.

"You knocked Zack down yester-  
day," he said.

"I know it," I replied.

"He wants satisfaction."

"Then let him get it," said I, turning  
away, enraged.

"No, no," said the man, "don't be a  
fool. He's mad clear through. Ef ye  
won't fight him, he'll strike ye in the  
dark. Ye must fight!"

I reflected a moment. What this man  
said was doubtless true. Nicholson

hated me and wished to have it out at  
once.

"What does he propose?" said I.

"A duel, with knives!"

I shuddered. The man meant to kill  
me, as I had feared.

"But this Nicholson is twice my size.

He could seize me and cut my throat  
while I struggled helplessly," I re-  
turned. "It would not be a fair fight."

"Zack has thought of that, and pro-  
poses to fight like this: Each man  
shall choose a log, and set it afloat  
behind the raft. Then you shall both  
jump into the river and swim to the  
logs, each seat yourself upon one, and  
so fight."

I laughed.

"But if we fought with knives the  
logs might be a hundred feet apart, and  
we could not do each other much  
harm."

"The logs to be fastened together  
by thirty feet of chain."

It was a plan to murder me; but I  
would die game.

"Agreed!" said I, hoarsely. "When  
shall the duel take place?"

"Now," said Nicholson's friend. "It's  
as good a time as any."

I bowed my head in silent consent.

"Who's your second?" said the man.

"Name him, and we'll fix talings up  
ready."

I choked a little, and a sense of my  
utter desolation amid this crew of  
savagely men afloat upon a mighty river  
swept over me; then the spirit of my  
youth and independence arose again.

"I have no friend, and will fix things  
for myself. Get your chair, and come  
to the rear of the raft. We will pick  
out the logs and fasten them together,  
and then you can call Nicholson," and  
I turned away.

"But you'll have some one to act for  
you—to see fair play?"

"No!" I cried, sharply—"no one! If  
my knife cannot win for me fair play  
I'll not look for it among this gang.  
Get your chair!"

The man looked at me an instant as  
if dazed, then, he left me, to rejoin me  
a moment later, near the stern of the  
raft, with a short chain and two iron  
staples in his hands.

"Select your log," said I.

He did so, and I selected a some-  
what smaller one, with a coarse bark.

A few blows of an axe released both  
logs from the withes which bound  
them to the others, about them, and,  
uniting our strength, we dragged them  
across the raft and launched them at  
the stern. Then with the staples we  
fastened the iron chain end and end  
to the logs, binding each near the mid-  
dle.

When pushed free from the raft, they  
floated some twenty-five feet  
apart, each following its own motion in  
the current and eddies, occasionally  
swinging so close as almost to touch,  
and again separating until restrained  
by the chain.

"They'll do," said my companion.

"I'll go for Nicholson."

I felt that I had been hunted down,  
and a fierce desire to kill inflamed me.

Had I prayed, it would have been for  
success in the coming combat, not for  
simple safety.

A sound at my side caused me to  
turn. The man had returned, and my  
antagonist was with him. A thrill of  
joy ran through me as I noted the pal-  
or of Nicholson's face.

"He is afraid! I shall kill him!" I  
whispered to myself.

"Now strip to your shirts and  
breeches, take your knives in your  
teeth, and, when I give the word,  
jump and swim for the logs. Either  
man to either log," said the third party  
to this strange encounter.

Silently we obeyed, disrobing our-  
selves, and standing, a moment later,  
side by side upon the edge of the raft.

"Are you ready? Go!"

Two plunges that were but as one,  
two dark heads above the muddy foam  
of the river, and, an instant later, two  
men astride of two floating logs faced  
each other, each with murder in his  
eyes!

I had secured the smaller log, per-  
haps by chance, perhaps because my  
antagonist had sought the other one,  
but I felt it to be an advantage. I  
could move my support more rapidly  
and easily than he could his—could at-  
tack or retreat with less exertion.

Each held his knife in hand and set-  
tled himself on his log; then Nicholson  
began with his unarmed hand to pad-  
dle slowly toward me.

Perhaps this motion of our logs af-  
fected our relative position to the raft  
—perhaps some eddying current seized  
us, but whatever the cause, just as  
my enemy was almost within reach,  
and both were preparing with tense  
nerves for the coming contest, a sud-  
den plunge of the logs forced us both  
to look to our individual safety, and I  
noticed, to my astonishment, that in-  
stead of following in the wake of the  
great raft, we had drifted to one side,  
and were now abreast of it, moving  
with much greater speed than the raft  
itself, and evidently bound upon an  
independent journey to the gulf:

The sight startled me, and I cried  
out:

"We are being swept away!"

Nicholson half-turned, then, care-  
less of all else, looked back at me,  
and our logs now ranging side by side,  
leaned toward me, his knife-hand half-  
outstretched. I bent backward to  
avoid him, when a sudden plunge of  
the log upon which I rode threw me  
almost into my antagonist's arms, and  
his gleaming blade shot downward.

I could not ward the blow, for I had  
almost lost my balance; but one thing  
remained to do, and I did it. Slipping  
from my log and diving, the knife  
missed me, but Nicholson, overcome  
by the force of his stroke, followed me  
headlong into the muddy stream.

Neither of us feared the plunge, but  
as I came to the surface, a sudden hor-  
ror shot through me—I and dropped  
my knife! At the same instant the  
head of my enemy appeared at my  
side, followed by his sinewy arm and  
the shining blade. He threw himself

upon me, and raised his hand to strike.  
I was lost!

But even as I closed my eyes in the  
horror of despair, a sudden rush  
sounded in my ears, a dark something  
passed close by me, the knife that had  
sought my throat sank glittering  
through the water, and with a groan,  
and a quivering outstretching of his  
hands, Nicholson, a lifeless body, fol-  
lowed it.

The log upon which he had ridden  
had been thrown by the current end  
on against his head, crushing it like an  
egg-shell. I was saved!

## CONCERNING BABY CARRIAGES.

Brakes Now on Nearly All—Rise of the Go-  
Cart—The Baby Carriage Season.

The predecessor of the present pre-  
valing style of baby carriage thirty  
or forty years ago, was built like a  
chair; it had but two wheels, and the  
body, which had a folding carriage top,  
was supported on straps attached to a  
wooden frame. This carriage was  
drawn by means of a tongue in front,  
and attached to the under side of the  
tongue in front, near the body of the  
carriage, was an iron foot or rest upon  
which the carriage was supported  
when the tongue was not held. The  
immediate successor of the old style  
chaise was the perambulator, a baby  
carriage with three wheels, two at the  
back and one at the front, the perambula-  
tor was succeeded by the four-wheeled  
carriages now in common use.

In the course of time baby carriage  
brakes appeared, to prevent accidents  
when the carriage was left unguarded.  
One of the first was a sliding bar at-  
tached to the running part of the car-  
riage and having a forked end which  
fitted a spoke, thus locking the wheel.  
There are now a number of styles of  
brakes, and they are in common use,  
being applied to low-priced carriages as  
well as to the more expensive ones.

The modern baby carriage is made  
in a great variety of styles, cheap and  
costly, some of them being sold at  
prices remarkably low. It is a ve-  
hicle admirably adapted to the uses to  
which it is put, and it seemed, excepting  
as to details, as though, in its  
present shape it had reached the final  
stage of its evolution; but now the go-  
cart, a baby carriage of a very different  
model, is pushing it hard. It is esti-  
mated that of the total stock of ve-  
hicles used for baby carriages this sea-  
son go-carts will occupy a third, or per-  
haps more. The go-cart is produced  
this year in a greater variety of styles  
than in any previous season; and the  
cheapest of them costs considerably  
less than the cheapest baby carriage.  
The go-cart has been in use but four  
or five years, but the demand has in-  
creased from the start and is still in-  
creasing.

The go-cart is propelled from behind  
like the ordinary baby carriage, but  
it is a vehicle of much less bulk and  
more like a chair on wheels. Original-  
ly it was used only for the older chil-  
dren, that is for children old enough  
to sit up, but it is now made with a  
movable back that can be tipped at  
any angle and left held in place by set  
screws and so made a reclining as  
well as a sit-up vehicle. One charac-  
teristic that is supposed to commend  
the go-cart, especially for city use is  
its smaller size. It is more easily  
stored than the four-wheeled vehicle.

The great season for the retail baby  
carriage trade is spring. The babies  
have been more or less cooped up in  
the house through the winter, and  
every mother wants them to have the  
benefit of the air. As many baby car-  
riages are sold here in the spring sea-  
son as in all the rest of the year put  
together.—New York Sun.

## Plight of a Nurse in Cuba.

An army nurse but lately returned  
from Cuba to Washington declares  
that never again will she go to a coun-  
try whose language she cannot under-  
stand. It was before hostilities had  
come to a definite end that she was  
started one day by the unexpected  
visit of her Cuban laundress. The  
woman was intensely excited. Anxiously  
sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt  
in her eyes. She gesticulated and she  
talked. The nurse knew not a word  
of what she said, but the pantomime  
filled her with terror. The Cuban's  
hands seemed to speak of an attack on  
the hospital—of wounded men butchered,  
and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse  
was frantic. She must know the  
worst.

In the hospital was an officer very  
ill with typhoid fever. She knew he  
understood Spanish. Only in a matter  
of life or death would she disturb him,  
but this was obviously a matter of  
life or death. She led the Cuban wo-  
man to his bedside, and there the  
story was repeated. The officer listen-  
ed intently. The nurse held her breath.  
The Cuban ceased. The sick man  
turned his head on the pillows.

"She says," he whispered feebly,  
"she says the stripes in your pink shirt  
want to have run, and she doesn't know  
what to do with it."—Washington Star.

## Merely a Feeler.

"No, I thank you. I prefer to stand."  
The stout woman who was standing  
up in the crowded car looked straight  
ahead of her as she made this re-  
mark.

"I didn't hear anybody offering me a  
seat," she said, still looking straight at  
the front end of the car, "but I took it  
for granted somebody had done it."

Six men slowly rose up.

"No, I thank you," she said, without  
looking at any of them. "I've been  
standing for fifteen minutes. It won't  
hurt me to keep it up a little longer.  
I get off at the next crossing."

Then six men sat down again, much  
relieved.

She had overestimated them.

Sweden is building a new navy. Its  
sixth ship of the new type, the Niord,  
is just receiving its guns and final  
equipment. It is a coast defence ves-  
sel of 3,500 tons.

## NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEM-  
INE TOPICS.

Light Summer Fabrics—The New Purse—  
How to Wash Your Face—Aunt Euphemie  
—Advice to Mothers, Etc.

### Light Summer Fabrics.

Very thin summer textiles will again  
be made up without lining, giving the  
wearer an opportunity to make any  
number of effective changes in the low-  
cut under-waist and skirt, or princess  
slip or silk, lawn, or light-weight mus-  
lin, French organdine, grenadine, sheer  
silk nun's veiling, and bishop lawns  
will all be made up in this airy  
fashion, and the embroidered dresses  
will be worn with sashes and neck  
trimmings to match.

### The New Purse.

At last woman has a place for her  
handkerchief! The new purse is five  
inches across the top and six inches  
deep. It is made of silver wire mesh  
and has two compartments, one for  
small change, the other for the hand-  
kerchief. The purses are finished with  
a metal fringe and fastened to a fine  
chain with a ring to be worn on the  
finger. Some chains are made to hang  
on the arm. Gate purses have disap-  
peared. They are too bulky to slip in  
dress fronts, now that the blouse is  
being displaced by the tight fitting  
corsage.

### How to Wash Your Face.

Telling girls "How to be Pretty  
Though Plain," Mrs. Humphrey, in the  
Ladies' Home Journal, guarantees any  
girl a good complexion who will wash  
her face every night and morning, and  
twice a day besides, according to her  
directions: "The water must not be  
quite cold in winter, and soap should  
be used but once a day. The fingers  
are better than any sponge or glove or  
flannel, and they should be used as  
the masseuse uses hers, pressing them  
firmly but gently into the skin, and  
passing them two or three times over  
every inch of the face. More particu-  
lar pains should be devoted to the cor-  
ners, where dust is always liable to  
loam, around the eyes, nose and  
mouth. If a washcloth is used it should  
be of the softest and finest, and plenty  
of water should be applied after the  
soap so as to wash it all away. The  
drying process should be equally thor-  
ough and effectual, a hurried rub open-  
ing the way to all sorts of roughness  
and chappings. Not one girl in twenty  
knows how to wash her face, and  
that is the reason why massage flour-  
ishes. It thoroughly cleanses."

### Aunt Euphemie.

One of the most interesting figures  
at Mount Vernon is Aunt Euphemie,  
an old colored retainer, who sits beside  
an ancient loom or a spinning wheel  
of the last century, and furnishes a pic-  
ture that is sketched as often as any  
scene about the place. She is a strik-  
ing character, a tall, spare, straight  
figure, and ebony face, with expressive  
features, and when she sits at the  
loom with a white turban, a checked  
gingham apron, one would think that  
time had slipped back a century.

Aunt Euphemie has been a spinner  
and a weaver all her life, and knows her  
business, although her age is begin-  
ning to affect her speed and skill. She  
devotes most of her time to weaving  
rag carpets, and several of the rooms  
at Mount Vernon are carpeted with her  
handwork. The loom she uses is a  
large clumsy machine, standing in one  
of the little outbuildings, the same  
that in Washington's time was used  
for spinning and weaving purposes,  
and about two years ago was restored  
by contributions from the school chil-  
dren of St. Paul.

The loom itself is believed to have  
occupied in Washington's time the  
very place where it now stands, but  
when Augustine Washington died the  
spinning wheel and other appurten-  
ances were sold to the late Ben. Perley  
Moore, who carried it to his quaint and  
historic home at Indian Hill, Mass.,  
where he had a large collection of col-  
onial relics. After his death the col-  
lection was returned to Mount Vernon.  
—Chicago Record.

### Advice to Mothers.

A great doctor once remarked that  
bad ventilation deforms more children  
and destroys more health than acci-  
dents or plague. Baby should never  
be put to sleep in bed or perambulator  
with the head under the bed clothing,  
to inhale the air already breathed and  
further contaminated by exhalations  
from the skin. "You are smothering  
the life out of your child's lungs," an  
anxious mother was told not long ago.  
"How would you like to drink the wa-  
ter you wash in? Well, when you cover  
your baby's head up you force him  
to use air that is just as bad and just  
as impure." Never frighten your  
little ones into obedience with foolish  
threats. Many a timid, shrinking and  
cowardly man has to thank the experi-  
ence of his nursery days for this de-  
fect in his constitution. It is wicked  
and cruel to tell a child that if he is  
naughty the black man will take him  
away, or something equally terrifying,  
as foolish nurses and careless mothers  
have learned to their cost. Small won-  
der if the child, whose susceptible  
mind has been tainted with stories of  
the supernatural, grows up a helpless,  
cowardly specimen of humanity, unfit  
to fight the battle of life. "When a  
baby screams at night," says an au-  
thority on the subject, "you may be  
sure that one of three things is the  
matter with him—a pain, a pin or a  
passion. If it is the former, put a  
teaspoonful of lime in a little milk and  
give it to him; then hunt for the pin.  
But if he has been sufficiently and

properly fed at his usual meal time,  
don't be troubled about his being hun-  
gry. Put down the howling to natural  
or inherited or acquired habit, and get  
through the night as best you can."—  
Philadelphia Times.

### Homemade Corsets.

A pair of high class corsets as a per-  
manent investment will pay sure divi-  
dends in the shape of copies "just as  
good," or even prettier. It is not nec-  
essary to rip them apart. Lay one-  
half, free from the lacing, upon a  
table and cut pieces of paper "by the  
eye" slightly larger than each section.  
Then pin the papers upon the model,  
and with a pencil feel for the seam,  
and mark it. This line must be cut,  
so as to leave a perfect pattern.

Allow for each seam half an inch  
when cutting out the silk or batiste, so  
as to lap and turn in. Strap the seams  
like those of a coat, making smooth  
edges and laying the pattern from time  
to time upon each part as a guide  
when basting together.

Two side steels, two front ones and  
four narrow ones for the back, must  
be bought. Be sure to measure the  
length before buying. Three yards of  
whalebone, at twenty-five cents a  
yard, a piece of bone casing, a quarter  
of a yard of heavy muslin for the pocket-  
ets covering the steels, two yards of  
narrow lace heading, three yards of  
baby ribbon, a pair of silk laces and  
some narrow embroidery of edging  
will be required for a very dainty pair  
of stays. The eyelets can be put in  
while you wait, at any corset maker's,  
for about fifteen cents.

Wash silk, pongee or silk striped  
gingham is cool and delightful for the  
coming warm days. Brocade and taff-  
eta, of which a yard is enough, if  
not too narrow, makes handsome, ser-  
viceable corsets.

A bride-to-be has concocted "dreams"  
for the envy of her girl friends out of  
left over pieces. A white pair, made  
from bits of the wedding gown, and  
embroidered with marguerites; a pong-  
ee pair trimmed with ecru lace, to be  
worn with a petticoat of the same, and  
an Empire corset, made of inch wide  
satin ribbon, to be worn under a tea  
gown, are driving a limited number to  
go and do likewise.

A pair of corsets, eleven inches long  
at the front and sides and twelve in  
the back, made of inexpensive silk,  
possibly a remnant, with pretty trim-  
mings and good accessories, costs  
about three dollars.—New York Her-  
ald.

### The Austrian Empress and "Black Devil."

The unknown author of "The Mar-  
tyrdom of an Empress" tells many in-  
teresting anecdotes of Elizabeth's won-  
derful power over horses, of which we  
quote the following:  
"Black Devil" was a vicious, coal-  
black stallion which no one was able  
to control. For six months his groans  
had been a dread to the household and  
him from buckets fastened to long  
poles. This is how the Austrian Em-  
press entered his box and subdued him:

"Without a moment's hesitation, and  
disregarding the exclamations of hor-  
ror from the onlookers, Elizabeth  
walked deliberately to the box, and  
chirruping in a peculiar manner to its  
occupant, she drew back the bolt and  
coolly entered. Those present held  
their breath, expecting every moment  
to see the dauntless woman trampled  
upon and torn to pieces. No such  
thing, however, happened. At first  
the startled beast snorted and laid  
back its ears, but soon the great fiery  
eyes softened and grew tender, and  
the Empress was suffered to pat the  
dilated nostrils and arched neck.

"Come here," she called out to me;  
"he is as gentle as a lamb, poor old  
boy, but he is bad need of a brushing-  
up."

"Where she had gone self-respect  
forbade me to refuse to follow, so I  
promptly obeyed her command. Be-  
tween us we polished up 'Black Devil,'  
and ultimately left him whinnying  
with fond gratitude, a vanquished  
tyrant. So astonished was the Count,  
and so relieved also at finding that no  
accident had happened, that he craved  
permission to present the dusky beau-  
ty to her Majesty. The gift was ac-  
cepted, but it took a long time before  
the four-footed 'Devil' could be in-  
duced to endure the presence of a man  
near him, and we had all the work we  
could do in attending personally to his  
demoniacal needs. However, the Em-  
press ended by obtaining such good  
mastery over him that he used to fol-  
low her about like a dog in the park  
and grounds of Godollo."

### Fads and Fancies.

Black taffeta blouse waists are worn  
with white cloth skirts in Paris.

Masses of tulle in one, two, or three  
colors are piled on countless new hat-  
shapes.

Applique trimmings are to be seen to  
a great extent, and in both lace and  
embroideries.

Royal, Roman, iris, mourning-glory,  
silver, marine, army, corn-flower, and  
lobelia are among the varied shades  
in blue that are popular this season.

All sorts of fanciful open-fronted  
jackets and basque-bodices are to pre-  
vail this summer, and the dainty,  
sleeveless blouse vests, tucked and  
lace-edged pinafores, and shirtwaists  
provided to wear with them cannot be  
counted.

Very pretty petticoats are made of  
plain satins cut with a circular flounce  
which is nearly covered with rows of  
black velvet ribbon an inch or more  
wide, alternating with three rows of  
black and white velvet ribbon of the  
narrowest width.

Every woman wants a black skirt to  
wear with separate waists, and what  
to get seems to be a puzzle, now that  
satin is not so fashionable. Moire,  
which has no gloss, seems to be the  
latest fancy in Paris, and the skirt is  
made with a tunic overdress edged  
around with a band of black velvet.

A very old fashion is revived in mak-  
ing the overskirt and portions of the  
bodice of one material, and the under-  
dress and additional parts of the waist  
and sleeves of another. This gives the  
dressmaker an opportunity to make  
some novel and pretty color-combina-  
tions. The style is an economical one  
as short lengths can be effectively  
utilized.

The shapely little mutton-leg sleeve,  
so easily fashioned and so graceful in  
its present modified style, still con-  
tinues to divide honors with the close  
coat shapes, open or slashed on the  
shoulder, tucked, strap-finished, and  
with many other fanciful arrange-  
ments. Novel and varied styles in  
these pretty sleeves appear upon al-  
most all of the dressy tailor gowns.

### Holland's Men of "Butter and Eggs."

When Philip the Second debated the  
question of coercing with fire and  
sword the Dutchman who did not like  
the Spanish Inquisition of taxes, which  
they themselves did not vote, the Duke  
of Alva counselled violent measures,  
for in his eyes the rebels were only  
"men of butter." Nevertheless he  
found that these men so fond of cows  
and hens could hold his veterans at  
bay, finally overcome them in the field,  
and after eighty years leave poor  
Spain "a broken-backed tiger."

Indeed, in time of war country folk  
with baskets of eggs and butter exci-  
ted no suspicion even to alert senti-  
nels. Taking advantage of this fact,  
Sir Francis Vere determined to recap-  
ture from the Spaniards the Zutphen  
concores, or forts, by a stratagem. In  
1591 he picked out some lusty and  
handsome young soldiers and dressed  
most of them like the Gelderland egg-  
women, and the rest as boers. With  
bundles of vegetables, baskets of eggs  
and butter, but also with daggers and  
pistols inside their clothes, they were  
ferried across the river by twos and  
threes. They sat near the gate of the  
fort, being already at the break of  
day, chatting and gesticulating, as if  
in some tremendous argument about  
the rise or fall of market prices. Then,  
according to arrangement, Vere sent  
some cavalry forward, as if approaching