

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**  
**Mischief.**  
 I know a naughty little boy  
 Who lives in Mischief Land.  
 Of all the elves in Mischief Town  
 He's captain of the band.

At early morn he's at the desk  
 And has his father's ink,  
 While next I find him on a chair  
 At play in Bridget's sink.

At noon he doesn't want to eat  
 Because he has a pain,  
 And then we know that he has been  
 In mamma's jam again.

And when we think he's at his nap  
 We find him wide awake  
 And playing underneath the bed  
 At "It's a wigly snake."

When grandma comes and out they go  
 To take a sunshine walk  
 He leads her such a chase that she  
 Has scarcely breath to talk.

The kitten runs when'er he comes  
 His eyes with mischief full,  
 Too well she knows he only thinks  
 To give her tail a pull.

And then at night, at supper time,  
 He's 'most too tired to eat  
 And says, "There mus' be sum'n  
 wron'g  
 Wif oo poor baby's feet!"

And then it is my Mischief leaves  
 The realm of Mischief Land,  
 And on my lap he falls asleep  
 While holding mamma's hand.  
 New York Herald.

**Burying the Hatchet.**

Among the red men of North America one of the highly favored weapons, both of peace and war, was the hatchet known as the tomahawk. In the earliest times it was made of stone, and tied to the handle by strips of skin. Then, after the country had begun to be settled by Europeans, the traders introduced steel hatchets, which they exchanged for furs, getting usually much the best of the bargain. Many of the heads of these hatchets were hollow for use as tobacco-pipes, the shank of ash, with the pith taken out, being the pipe-stem. The tomahawk was employed in war and in the chase. When the Indians made peace, they said they buried the hatchet. When they desired war they spoke of digging it up.

**The First Trousers.**

According to George MacAdam, who writes "About Clothes" in St. Nicholas, the first pantaloons or trousers were made in Assyria. In the reign of King Assurizzirpal (883-858 B. C.) horses were introduced in the army as cavalry. Here, now, was a problem; the cavalryman had to have some sort of a uniform, and it was impossible for him to wear a skirt and ride astride a horse. The tailors to his Majesty's armies wagged their heads a long time over this problem, and finally decided that the only way out of the difficulty was to cut the cavalryman's skirt from hem to waistband, in both front and rear, letting each part fall on its respective side of the horse. As can readily be imagined, this split skirt made an exceedingly poor article of clothing. The law of heredity, however, is full of surprises; this humble apology for a garment was destined to be the father of the original pantaloons. The mind of the tailor has ever been a small one. It is likely that even then, as now, it took "nine tailors to make a man." At any rate, it took the tailors of Assyria over a century to solve the problem of the horsemen's clothing. "Why not," said one of these workers with the needle and shears, "sew together the edges of each division of the skirt and thus form a separate skirt for each leg?"—or, in other words, he invented a pair of pantaloons.

**Deliberate Purpose in Animals.**

An amusing incident, which shows that animals are subject to feelings very like those which occasionally ruffle the bosoms of men, occurred some little time ago at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

A large elephant, formerly the center of attraction, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. The camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel, the elephant prepared for action. It filled its trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

This method of throwing cold water upon the admirers of a rival brought a laugh even from its victims.

Equally wise in making its calculations was a cat that chose a peculiar spot for a bed. Comfort was the cat's object, and the chosen spot did not seem to be calculated to afford it. The cat was found fast asleep in a large s-p-building yard, lying on what seemed to be a very muddy path.

It was found, however, that the spot chosen by the cat for its couch was the point at which a hot steam pipe passed under the road, so that the mud was baked into a warm, dry clay, which made not only a clean, but an artificially heated, sleeping place.

**A Sea Gull Pet.**

Birds do not become tame nearly so readily as animals, but I noticed an exception when living in the coast country. Looking over my neighbor's fence one day, I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions—a beautiful white sea-gull and my neighbor's pet cat, sitting quietly together, apparently the best of friends.

Becoming interested, I jumped the fence; and, inquiring of Jones about his feathered pet, he told me how, a few days before, some cruel boys had shot the gull, breaking its wing, and, as they were passing his house, he had noticed the poor, suffering thing, and had bought the bird from them. Then he carefully bandaged the broken wing; and the gull, seeming to understand his kind intentions, became quite tame, and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

Jones entertained me by showing how Sir Gull usually took his meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called, "Goosey, Goosey, Goosey!" and the bird came running to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork; and Sir Gull seized it quickly with his pretty yellow bill, and ate the oyster as demurely as though he had been so served all his days.

The oddest thing was one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull; but Sir Gull, spying a pan of water near by, deliberately took the meat piece by piece, and, walking over, dropped each one into the water, then, true to his nature, began the fishing for his dinner, and, picking the pieces from the water, swallowed them apparently with the greatest relish. It was really an amusing sight to see that wild sea-gull, there in my neighbor's yard, fishing in the pan of water for his dinner.

It is my neighbor's intention, as soon as the gull's broken wing is healed, to take it back to its native ocean beach, and leave it there to rejoin its wild companions, that it may go once more sailing over the beautiful foam-flecked ocean, free and unfettered.—Christian Register

**The Stubborn Tree Climber.**

Our new fellow citizens to be, the natives of Porto Rico, are a polite people. They have many courteous proverbs derived from the sententious Spanish, and many circumlocutions and phrases of comparison—allusions to local events or to personages of more or less remote epochs. Some of these phrases are equivalent, for instance, to our "Hobson's choice."

You will, perhaps, hear one Porto Rican reprove another for persistence in endeavoring to perform impossibilities.

"You are as stubborn as the man who would climb the tree," he will say, for the Porto Rican is too polite to compare a human being to a mule.

Many natives could not explain what this meant, as many of us could not tell much about the origin of "Hobson's choice." But an old woman was found in one of the interior villages who could tell the story of the stubborn tree climber. This is it:

Once upon a time a planter was telling a thrilling story to his friends of how he had been chased a mile or two by an angry bull. He told them that he barely escaped with his life, thanks to his fleetness of foot.

"I don't think so much of that feat," said one of the listeners.

"No?" said the planter.

"No," said the man.

"What would you have done?" asked the planter.

"I," said the man, "would have climbed a tree."

"But, my dear sir, how could I climb a tree when there was none with branches strong enough to support my weight?"

"I don't care," answered the man. "I know that I would have climbed a tree."

"But I have just told you there were only saplings about me. You certainly weigh even more than I do."

"I don't know whether I weigh more or less than you, but I am sure," said the man, doggedly, "that I would have climbed a tree."

The planter was losing his patience. He mastered his feelings by a strong effort, and asked:

"Supposing you found yourself in a prairie, miles and miles in extent, with nothing in sight save the blue sky above you and the green sod all about you—no shelter of any kind whatsoever, no houses, no boulders, no rocks, no trees, no fences, no fallen trunks, no brush, no bushes, nothing at all except the boundless, level prairie—and of a sudden you saw rushing toward you an infuriated bull, bellowing terrifically, with horns lowered to gore you, what would you do?"

This was a serious problem. The man thought and thought, with his forehead all wrinkled up, because he wanted to be sure he had grasped the question entirely. At length his brow cleared and his eyes brightened.

"I think," he said, "that I would climb a tree."

"But," said the planter, "I have told you that there was no tree in sight; the nearest one was hundreds—thousands—millions—of miles away. There was not even a small bush, no growing thing save the little blades of grass, and you couldn't climb them, I suppose. I repeat there was no tree—

nothing but the grass-covered prairie and the blue sky and the charging, bellowing bull and you—nothing else, ab-

solutely nothing else. What would you do?"

Again the man plunged into profound meditation. He seemed to be going over the question once more. The planter and his friends began to think that he had hit upon some ingenious plan for escaping a terrible death, when he lifted his head, and, looking straight into the planter's eyes, said, determinedly:

"I would climb a tree, anyhow!"—Youth Companion.

**THE FLEXICON MOVEMENT.**

**The New French Way of Marching is Old to the American Red Men.**

Anybody who knows anything at all about modern fighting knows that the North American Indian is the man who sets the pace, says the Kansas City Journal. First the American frontiersman studied his ways and adopted his tactics, and the soldiery took it up. Baden-Powell, so the plucky little South African general confesses, first read about American scouts and then took lessons from their teachers, the Indians themselves. But now there is a slip in the chain, and France is studying the Indian without going to the trouble of first ascertaining what the best scout in the world, the American soldier, things about it. France is trying the "flexicon march."

"Never get the leg straight," are the French instructions. "Keep the back straight, but bent forward. Do not throw the shoulders either back or up."

That is about the way an Indian walks, so Captain Ullie, of the Twentieth Infantry, confesses, but he goes on, he never heard of the trick being tried by military.

"I can not discuss the merits of the 'flexicon,'" the Captain said, "because I am not familiar with it. From the description it is just about the way the Indian walks. His knee is never 'locked' or thrust back, so as to have the leg quite straight. The Indian never uses the heel to the exclusion of the ball of the foot, but puts the sole down all at once. Not all Indians are footmen. I could name half a dozen tribes which, to my personal knowledge, go mounted always and almost everywhere, even about their camp."

The flexicon movement the French experimentalists are said to be tinkering with and copying from our Indians is about the movement a soldier gets when he is fatigued. I am not prepared to criticize it.

An English army officer, a subaltern, here with the horse buyers, said concerning the new movement:

"The French are the greatest bunglers in the world. They get the wildest notions, 'fads,' I ought to call them, in their pates. I remember once they decided to dress every man in Madagascar in red flannel underclothing. Every man in the place got skin disease. Then they went in for natural wool and the men got worse. They admitted red irritated the skin and then found that natural wool, being already charged with oil, could take up no more, so was worthless for absorbing perspiration. Now they are fiddling with the flexicon movement, evidently trying to step ahead of the United States in following the Indian, and overlooking the work the Indian does when he goes on what we call his 'dog trot,' scouting, they propose to imitate his walk."

"It is my observation that a soldier requires this flexicon movement after he has gone about four miles loaded down with his equipment. The French may teach him to always walk tired to death, but I do not think we shall ever see the British or these American soldiers at it."

"Coming home to one's self, one would not like to start to his work in the morning with the tired-out look and movement that he goes home with if he has earned his salt. It is a matter of pride to pull one's self together for the day."

**Occupation of Clipping Poodles.**

An entirely novel mode of earning a livelihood has been taken up with success lately by Miss Blanche Dalling, the daughter of an English cavalry officer. She has adopted the clipping of poodles as her profession. This is one of those things that can be done badly or can be elevated to a fine art. In Miss Dalling's case "the surest sign of fitness"—namely, success—has not been wanting, and a very busy life she leads, now staying in a country house, intrusted with the clipping of beautiful show poodles, now taking charge of some canine favorites whose owners cannot bear them to be sent to shows without some one being with them to cheer them in their absence from home and friends.

**The Life of Seeds.**

An interesting note was recently presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Professor M. Gain. He has been making experiments with a portion of some wheat grains found in an Egyptian tomb. The grains are thought to be about 6,000 years old, and it was predicted at the time of their discovery that they would germinate and grow. Professor Gain, however, found that although the bitumen of the kernel was apparently unaltered, the embryo itself had undergone some change which had entirely destroyed its germinating power.

A man may be said to have reached a ripe age when he begins to fall off.

**NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX**

**NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.**

**Bernhardt on Diamonds—Archery Revived in Paris—High Heeled Shoe in Favor—Some Handsome Dresses—Women as Baby Photographers—Etc., Etc.**

**Bernhardt on Diamonds.**  
 Sarah Bernhardt says that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expression of the face, dims the fire of the eyes and makes the teeth look like chalk.

**Archery Revived in Paris.**

Archery has suddenly become popular with French women of the haute monde, and courts are being laid out at all of the country clubs where there are women members. It is the popular amusement with the "house party" element in the country, and is rapidly driving tennis from favor. It provides an excuse for coquettish costumes, costumes that have an effect quite the opposite from the tailor-like severity of the garments supposed to be suitable for other sports.—Phila. Times.

**High Heeled Shoe in Favor.**

The high-heeled shoe, which many women declared had been banished forever by the athletic girl, is back in favor once more.

Of course the high heel is not comfortable to the average woman, but it increases her height, and the tall girl is the fashionable girl just now. Then the high heel, when tucked cunningly under the shoe, detracts very much, apparently, from the size of the foot. Small wonder that the average sufferer smiles at sight of a mirror in the midst of her tortures.

But the girl who suffers most from the high heel is the one who wears a common sense shoe, with flat heel and built on a manish last, all day; then, just when her feet are tired with the day's tramping or golf, crowds them into high-heeled shoes two sizes smaller than the others.

And yet she is the girl who never complains and smiles as she dances.

**Some Handsome Dresses.**

Cherry-colored foulard, spotted or "snowed" with white, is a fashionable material in Paris. A handsome gown of this fabric has a rounded emplacement forming a double collar of white silk piped with black, the idea being repeated at the hem of the skirt and bordering an insertion of ebony lace. With this toilet is a long dust cloak with a string colored lace hood.

Another pretty gown was in crevette pink foulard trimmed with insertions of gulfure and having that slight touch of black which Paris dressmakers wisely consider necessary to the gown of light coloring.

Hats on the Bois are crowded with flowers, and many of them are tied beneath the chin with narrow black velvet strings. Some of the fancy colored straw hats are absolutely guiltless of trimming. These are made in a combination of shaded straws, which in front take the form of a big bow. Other fashionable hats are of crumpled "erlu" trimmed with full-blown pink roses.

**Women as Baby Photographers.**

Modern photography is making it possible for the coming men and women, who are being pictured awake and asleep, laughing and crying, in the bath and at play, to see themselves in their childhood as other saw them. Many mothers now keep an album devoted especially to each child, and where formerly once a year, or twice at the most, was regarded sufficiently frequent to picture the youngsters, the daily life from the earliest infancy to college days is now faithfully recorded. Many women are taking advantage of this fact, and are carrying on a thriving business as baby photographers, and the multitudes and eagerness of relatives and friends for baby's picture with papa, with mamma, with the nurse and alone secure to them no end of patronage.

**Fur Will Fly High Next Winter.**

A marked increase in the price of fur has been made. A prominent dealer of New York city says that Persian fur is the only variety on which he will be able to make the same price as last winter. An illustration of the great increase in the cost of skins is a red fox pelt which a few seasons ago could be bought for \$2.50 or \$3, and now costs \$12 at wholesale. To further render the wearing of furs an expensive luxury during the coming season it has been decreed by fashion that boas shall be worn very long, the shortest of them reaching to the knees and the longest to the bottom of the gown. The boas are also to be quite wide, so that it will take a very comfortable number of skins to fabricate a fashionable neck piece. Muffs, not to be outdone, are to contain nearly as much fur in their ornamentation as in their actual construction. A drop piece of fur containing the head and shoulders of the animal is to be added to muffs of long-haired fur. This piece will be decorated with two tails, so that when the muff is held with the drop piece falling at feet; though it will reach nearly to the knees. The "drop" may be rolled up with the muff, so as to appear as if sewed to it. The un-

derside of the "drop" is to be utilized to contain a good-sized pocket, which will be a great convenience. Muffs are to be soft and flat instead of padded into stiff cylinders. Sealskins, which are to be very dear, are to have a great revival of popularity. Chinilla in spite of its fragility will be in high favor. A newcomer in the market will be natural otter and beaver, which have been absent from popular usage for several years. Dark colored furs will excel light ones in popularity. Mink and sables will be worn. Combinations of dark with light furs will have a great run. Shawl collars of a light fur on jackets of broadtail will meet with deserved favor. Coats, especially those of seal-skin, will be short, scarcely more than Eton length. There will be also some very long coats, but the jacket of medium length has been relegated to the background.

**Life of Woman Miner in Alaska.**

With my woman friend and companion, writes Emma L. Kelly, having reached Dawson last June, we came on to the Birch Creek camp, where we have been most of the time since, having made our home in a snug little cabin where we have been comfortable during the coldest weather, indicated by the mercury for a short time at 82 degrees below zero and standing for several days at 60. My companion and myself each have a claim in this district, I having won mine at the end of a contest, as two miners attempted to take it from me. The matter was settled by submitting our claims respectively to a jury consisting of all the miners in the district. I took charge of my own case and was given a verdict by a majority vote, having been sustained by all except seven of those voting.

Our cabin is ten by twelve feet, has one door and two windows and is warmed by the regulation sheet-iron stove of this country, which answers for both heating and cooking. The bedstead, cupboard, table and shelves are made of whipsawed lumber, our stools being made of huge logs and covered with fur. The bed-covering consists of furs and skins, including a large robe made of the skins of thirt-two red foxes, lined with a heavy woolen blanket. On our floor we have a large moosekin and two caribou skins for carpet. The walls of our cabin, which have been hewn until reasonably smooth, are decorated with caribou antlers and wings from various wild birds of this region, together with the leaves of ferns in endless variety, gathered after having become beautifully tinted with the first snows of September, the hues of these ferns being most delicately blended.

Our wearing apparel while in our cabin is about the same as that worn in the States, save only in the matter of footwear, which is always in this latitude moccasins with heavy stockings. Leather footwear being entirely out of the question. When out for some time it is necessary to keep the hands and face well protected, the body being kept warm with rapid walking. In fact, there is danger of dressing too warmly for the trail, as when this is done, the exertion causing perspiration, a moment's quiet is sufficient to freeze the garments and thus envelop the body in ice.—Boston Transcript.

**The Seotic Skirt.**

At the present time a large number of women sweep through the streets with their skirts and bring with them, wherever they go, the abominable filth which they have taken up, which is by courtesy called "dust." Various devices have been tried to keep dresses from dragging, but most of them have been unsuccessful. The management of a long gown is a difficult matter, and the habit has arisen of seizing the upper part of the skirt and holding it in a bunch. This practice can be commended neither from a physiological nor from an artistic point of view. Fortunately, the short skirt is coming into fashion, and the medical journals especially commend the sensible walking gown, which is now being quite generally adopted. These skirts will prevent the importation into private houses of pathogenic microbes.—Philadelphia Record.

**Fashion Hints.**

Laces are used on everything this fall, from chiffon to fur.

A frog of crystal forms a novel fastening for a bolero or Eton jacket.

A three-strap slipper, with bead design on the toe and straps, is about the name of dressy foot-wear.

Some belts for evening wear are made almost entirely of jewels. The foundation is a narrow strip of ribbon or kid.

Buckles retain their popularity and are increasing constantly in size. Those with Egyptian and other antique designs are very artistic.

Among the new trimmings are highly effective bands of crash, beige cloth and heavy ecru silk, embroidered in Bulgarian cross stitch, with silks of Oriental colors.

The Eton jacket, in its new form, is without revers, and is double breasted, with small buttons and cord loops, so that it may be worn open or closed at will. It is jaunty and effective.

The horseshoe, while not a par-

ticularly refined and subtle design for jewelry, is unquestionably here in force, and fastens the sharp point of the belt ribbon, the cravat, or the scarf of the outing girl.

Tucks, shirtings, fine pleatings and folds are the fancy of the moment in neckwear, and are remarkably cheap. No woman needs to be untidy in these days, when dainty neckwear may be purchased for a quarter.

There are new graceful autumn models in both five and seven-gored skirts, the backs cut to conform to the latest style, of a certain amount of fulness at the back, in slight draperies, in box-plaits, a number of partly stitched plaits, or French shirrings, very closely massed.

The fancy for combining blue with certain shades of green still prevails though it has been worn so much that many have tired of it. The newer rhododendron blending of pink and blue is apt to form mauve, and is therefore not generally becoming though much admired on those who are fair enough to wear it.

The clumsy, ready-made satin stocks which were the unsatisfactory resort of the girl who does not sew need never her soul no longer. Tucked and lined soft satin for stocks is now sold by the yard at the ribbon counter, and a very few stitches will achieve a fresh and comfortable stock around which to fold any one of the becoming scarfs or barbes.

There will be two forms of neck dressing the coming season. One is the tailor made, high necked, shirt waist form, which means a rounded stock with any kind of tasteful bow in front, and the other is the adjustable collar in Directoire or sailor shape. The former has broad revers, which either is usually a coarse net in black or white, upon which there is an applique of silk, velvet, cloth or lace.

Squares of Oriental cloth make stylish and inexpensive trimming for cloth gowns, if artistically used in combination with gold buttons, buckle or braid. These squares of Oriental embroidery, on coarse ecru cloth, can be bought for two or three dollars apiece, and have until now been used only for house decoration; but this fall they will figure in vests, waistcoats, hats, revers and all the color touches of a dark costume.

The golfing girl is particular to be "bien chaussee," that is, well shod. She never wears any kind of bright stocking or hosiery which would attract attention. Golf shoes, are usually low, with substantial soles and flat heels. Sometimes the sole is covered with rubber disks or hot nails, to prevent slipping. If you wear an underskirt beneath the golf skirt and many girls prefer it, it must be extremely short, so as not to show when your figure is curved in taking the proper strokes. Some of the golf skirts have knickers of the same color or made to match in silk.

**About Crow Indians.**

The Crow Indians are gradually dying out, chiefly from contagious diseases. There is but little temperance among them. It is a crime to sell liquor to an Indian or to bring it upon the reservation, and the law is strictly enforced, therefore they are not in the habit of drinking except when they wander off the reservation. But there is a great deal of tuberculosis, scrofula and such diseases. These are the causes of many of the deaths.

There were twenty-two cases of small-pox on the reservation last year, but none of them was fatal. The census of the tribe has just been taken, showing a total of 1,941, or 51 less than last year. The year before the number fell off thirty, and that has been the average decrease for several years. The landlord at the hotel near the reservation says that for several years all his vegetables and hay have been furnished him by an Indian named Stops, who has a good garden and produces good crops. When Indians come into the agency they usually take their meals at the hotel, sometimes fifty or sixty a day, but the landlord says there is no money in feeding them, because they eat so much. He has to pay fifteen and seventeen cents a pound for meats, and every Indian will eat a pound or more at a meal. They are passionately fond of ice cream, and nearly every day several call at the hotel to inquire if it is to be served at dinner. If so they stay. If not they come again.

**A Simple Life.**

The main duties of a wife, according to a traveller in Central Africa, are the cultivation and preparation of the food of her husband and children. She has to do all the hoeing required, and this generally occupies the morning and forenoon. On her return she has to wash and pound the ch'bunga seeds into ufa which is the staple diet, and pay attention to the brewing of pombe (native beer). When the ufa is cooked, so little does her lord and master appreciate all this work, so little does he even care for her, that she may not share his meal, but wait patiently for what he may leave, or if he has not left enough, wait till he has finished eating before she may cook some for herself. Such a thing as women and girls eating out of the same pot as men and boys is never known.

Two-thirds of the teachers in the public schools of Chile are women.