

## A DALLAD OF THREE KISSES.

BY POST WHEELER.

When first I kissed you, 'twas full on your mouth.  
Red as a blackbird's cherry. You recall.  
'Twas spring, the soft air smelling of the South.  
The whole world gay and you gay most of all.  
You laughed—that low, sweet, tender, bird-like trill  
Which made the very bobolink be still.

When next I kissed you, 'twas upon the cheek.  
Molded just round enough. 'Twas autumn then,  
And you were graver grown, and did not speak,  
But seemed in wonder at the ways of me.  
And yet you smiled. So dear a smile it was  
That it seemed sudden summer over us.

When last I kissed you, dearest Heart-of-Gold,  
My lips just brushed your forehead.  
You were sad,  
And it was winter. All the world was old,  
But at the touch, my love swelled fierce and glad;  
For then I felt you tremble, and saw fall  
Two great, slow tears. Ah, that was best of all!

### The Chilian's Oath.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether, the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem best adapted for republican government of any in South America. Yet the common people are of a dark revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiso" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and, as Ned was a man to be trusted, the "Old Man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dare, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I am in the way, I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no," cried the girl, "do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help. Mr. Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then and there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapons, he kicked him indignantly down the slope, for it riled him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels and when once out of reach of Ned's number eight boot, turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed, "I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!" Ned answered with a contemptuous laugh, and, whirling on his heel, went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit, Bosas, and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch, surrounded by buildings and corrals for cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you."

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I remember you, senor. I danced with you at the fandango, in Valparaiso, last week."

They entered the house, and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story, and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now, you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty on shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure, senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon, a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants, and mortally wounded another, before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola—"

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had taken no trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the banditti. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and, as they passed out of sight, all could see that she was gaining rapidly, and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now, ten thousand curses on the girl," he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast, so that he cannot fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in his hand. Ned, held in his place by his bond, looked him, boldly in the face. Advancing a pace, the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded, and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to bring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reload his pistol carefully, he stepped close to the prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistol over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them, and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the banditti turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then

Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed, and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said, softly. "Yo te amo!" (I love you).

Ned Wilson recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Instead, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—New York News.

### MEDICINE MEN'S LORE.

#### A Secret Formula That is Known Only to One Man.

Mrs. Harriett Maxwell Converse, honorary chief of the Iroquois Indians, who has just returned from a council meeting of that tribe at Cattaraugus, has succeeded in inducing the Indians to make their knowledge of herbs of financial use by preparing their medicines for sale. As honorary chief, Mrs. Converse attends the council twice a year and is a member of the secret medicine society, which sits in the lodge four times a year—when the strawberries ripen, when the deer puts on its summer coat, when the last fruit is ripe, and when the deer puts on its winter coat. This society exists in every North American Indian tribe.

Heretofore the Indians have steadfastly refused to make their medicines for sale to the white people, but Mrs. Converse thinks that the opening of a new industry among them is of great importance in their future development. Their medical formulas are unwritten and are passed down orally from generation to generation.

The Indians gather just enough of the herbs and roots for their own requirements. The gathering of these herbs is a matter almost of instinct with them. The Indian child knows just what to do for a cut or the sting of a bee. The little ones even of the almost civilized tribes are taken into the woods every spring and fall and taught the values and distinguishing characteristics of the medicinal herbs. The Indians have one medicine whose ingredients are said to be known by only one person now living—a white haired old medicine man on the Allegheny reservation. This is known as the sacred medicine, and tradition says that a medicine chief was one dark night guided out to the woods by the Great Spirit and directed to gather certain roots, twigs, plants and barks. When properly mixed by the medicine man, who was inspired by the Great Spirit, these constituted the secret medicine. That favored chief never wrote down the formula, but kept it in his mind until he grew old, when he made it known to his son, and thus has it come down to the present time.

It is thought by many distant tribes that the secret of making this medicine is lost, and Mrs. Converse says that undoubtedly none has been made for a century. There is about a pound remaining of the quantity then made, but so sparingly is it used that it is expected to last for forty or fifty years. It is in the form of a powder, and is kept in bags made of the ears of deer. The medicine chief of the Cattaraugus reservation has a few ounces. The possessor of the secret formula is supposed to give it to his probable successor when he feels that his life is nearly ended.

Another secret of theirs is the preparation of parched corn. Their runners in old times lived on it exclusively on their journeys, and found a small portion sufficient for their longest runs that often covered days. They carried perhaps a pound of it in a little pouch around the waist, and when hungry would mix a tiny ball of it with water from spring or river, throw it into the mouth and run on.

The tribe is to have an exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition, to be held in Buffalo next year, and the Indians will prepare the corn exactly as they do in their forest homes.—New York Tribune.

#### Must Learn the Life Spots.

The first task of a Chinese medical student upon entering the Imperial College at Shanghai is to learn the 300 "life spots" in the human body, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. A "life spot" is supposed to be a place through which a needle may be passed without causing death. The Chinese believe firmly in demoniacal possessions, and their doctors do a good deal of stabbing and prodding to make holes for the purpose of letting out the evil spirits that are causing the sickness. I was called in to see one poor fellow who was dying of jaundice, and counted over 80 punctures in his chest and arms. The Chinese practitioners had furnished the demon with plenty of exits, but he declined to depart. When a criminal is executed the native doctors are nearly always on hand to secure sections of the body to use in compounding their medicines. A powder made of the thigh bones is believed to be a specific for the disease known to science as "miner's anaemia," which is caused by a parasite and easily controlled by proper remedies.

#### Wise Iceland.

Iceland, in the eleventh century one of the most learned countries in the world, is soon to have easy and quick communication with the modern outside world. The proposed cable from Copenhagen to Iceland will be 60 miles and will cost \$850,000.

## NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

### NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

**Earrings of Pearls and Brilliants—Erin's Joan of Arc—Librarians in England—When One is Traveling—Mourning in England—Etc., Etc.**

Among the earrings which are again becoming essential to the toilet are pearl acorns set into cups of small brilliants. This shows the tendency to ward hanging ornaments, and where they will end time alone can tell. Mayhap on the shoulders as in ye olden days.

#### Erin's Joan of Arc.

Miss Maud Gonne, the beautiful Irish girl who is regarded by a section of the Irish Nationalist party as the Joan of Arc of Erin, lives more in France than in Ireland. Her gift of eloquence added to her beauty has naturally endeared her to the French. Women have always played a very considerable part in Irish politics, but of late years Miss Gonne has been the only prominent feminine personality connected with the Nationalists. Gonne is, as all the world knows, a good old Irish name, and Miss Gonne numbers among her forefathers many distinguished soldiers.

#### Librarians in England.

By The Woman's Year Book, it appears that no woman since 1894 has occupied a prominent library position in Great Britain. This is the more remarkable, because in the United States there are fewer men than women who are filling positions as head librarians. There are many poorly paid women assistants in England, the maximum salary given there being about equal to the minimum salary here.

#### When One is Traveling.

A soft, light and pliant felt hat is an essential of every woman's wardrobe. For the journey there is no end of comfort to be taken in it, and for windy and stormy weather it has no rival. Quite a new thing in travelling shapes is a round hat, which is generally becoming and which is finished with a narrow velvet band and a pair of jaunty quills stuck in the side. Some are in a delicate cream tone, and others in blues, blacks, browns and reds. Others in a sort of sailor shape are decorated with big flower-like rosettes of velvet and silk.

#### Mourning in England.

A friend of ours who visited London recently expressed astonishment at the absence of deep mourning in our parks and promenades. "Why," she said, "I expected to see almost every third person wearing deep black, owing to the fearful losses in the war." It is true that very deep mourning is becoming almost rare. Very few wear crape after the first four or five weeks of bereavement. Even widows' weeds have now become so modified that one hardly recognizes them as "weeds" in the usual meaning of that rather curious expression. As to the widow's cap, it has now shrunk into a little maid-of-all-work's morning cap. Mourning seems to be actually going out of fashion. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, one of our best-known actresses, appeared at a bazaar just a fortnight after her husband had been killed at the front, and she wore a black chiffon dress, thickly jetted; and a black chiffon toque, trimmed with jet and ostrich feathers replaced the more usual widow's bonnet.—Madge, in Harper's Bazar.

#### Felt and Velvet in Winter Hats.

Felt will be a good deal used for smart millinery, through not so much as velvet; and, in some cases, the soft, low crowns of toques, with narrow, rolled brims of black tulle richly spangled, are of pale pink, blue, or mauve long-haired felt. A particular shade of pinkish mauve—a pale plum color—is much affected for felt. A hat with a slightly waved brim of black velvet has a beret crown in this mauve felt, drawn up at the top through a jet buckle. The trimming of this hat consists of a bunch of satin roses in several shades of the same color.

It will be seen from the preceding that plumage is by far the most usual trimming, and that the choice in this line of decoration is large. Besides the kinds mentioned above, some use is made of large balls of clipped ostrich. I have taken note of two models trimmed with these. The first is a tricorn, which has a soft, full crown of grayish-green velvet; bent up against this in three places is a wide brim, made of double layers of black net closely cross-banded with black chenille. Three balls of black clipped ostrich ornament it on the left side. The second is more simple, but is also of the tricorn form, the three-cornered effect being obtained by the waving of the narrow brim; this and the low-domed crown are made of alternate layers of brown and cream felt. About the base of the crown is twisted a piece of gold galon tied in a small bow in front. On the left side are two balls of clipped brown ostrich, surmounted by a clipped egret to match.—Millinery Trade Review.

#### Women in the Klondike.

Miss B. A. Mulroney, of the Keystone State, has become rich in Alaska.

She has executive ability and made it tell for all it is worth. After three years of splendid work she is returning home for a visit.

She lives in Dawson City, runs a hotel, has a mine, superintends her own "gang" and has made a name for herself.

Miss Mulroney is a woman of remarkable energy. She possesses a business foresight that would do credit to any business man. Going to the Klondike at a time when the chances for making money were numerous, she did not hesitate in branching out, and the result has been that she has outstripped those of the sterner sex who have been connected with large business enterprises on the outside.

Faith and daring are not wanting in her plans for all future operations. It is due to these qualities, and a rapid execution of all plans mapped out, that to-day she stands without a rival as the most successful woman of the Klondike in mining, hotel management and other large enterprises.

People passing up and down Upper Bonanza this summer were surprised to find a woman, in the person of Miss Mulroney, of Pennsylvania, actually engaged in superintending the workings of her placer mine. Securing a lay on a rich fraction between 25 and 26 above Bonanza, she had in her employ twelve men, and was taking out fully \$1,000 a day.

As she expresses it: "I like mining, and have only hired a foreman because it looks better to have it said that a man is running the mine; but the truth is that I look after the management myself."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Winter Ribbons.

Ribbons, except slightly as a garniture, have been rather in the background for several seasons past. It is promised, however, that this winter will see them again in renewed favor. Velvet and lace effects in silk gauze, most artistically handled, are prominent among those promised to be most fashionable. Then usually the velvet is of some light tint on a background of black, white or some shade of yellow. Extremely pretty ones have narrow black velvet stripes alternating with Pompadour effects in colored brocade. Satin or silk gauze foundations in delicate shades, with figures of black velvet or satin in relief, are novel and striking designs among these new fall ribbons.

From Paris comes an odd conceit in Nos. 30 and 40, used there for millinery garniture in large choux, or for a bodice adjunct in long loops and ends from the waist line in back without a waist band. These ribbons have a velvet dot, about the size of a pea, surrounded by gold or silver threads forming rays. Black and white, without any additional color, are given the preference. Sash-width ribbons in double-faced satin, moire antique and velvet, with handsome deep-knotted fringe woven in the ribbon to finish the ends, will be quite a feature of afternoon and evening gowns this winter. The narrow widths of all kinds will be worn, particularly black velvet. Some new effects are to the fore for stock ribbons in plain gauze, with a double back and white line forming the edge, and more elaborate kinds in tiny plaid checks, Pompadour and Jacquard designs.

#### "Lady Scent Farmers."

The lady market gardener, says the London Mail, may shortly have a rival in a sweeter and more attractive branch of agriculture. People who ought to know say that there is a great opening for lady "scent farmers" and growers of sweet herbs.

The idea should be essentially pleasing to the feminine mind; the very name of "scent farmer" conjures up a dream of fragrant perfume, and certainly the cult of the sweet lavender and the tending of the modest rosemary should be more attractive than cutting cabbage and digging up potatoes.

All that is wanted is pick and a small amount of capital. Most modern women possess the former, and the latter is not impossible to raise. Land, of course, is the principal difficulty, as rents are high within striking distance of London.

For the raising of lavender the soil should be a nice, deep sandy loam, preferably overlying chalk. Forty pounds is the sum required to lay out an acre and prepare the young plants. The return the first year is not great, but an acre of lavender in good condition will yield \$250 in a season. English lavender is the sweetest in the world, and the demand for it is great. It is a hardy plant, and needs but little cultivation.

There is a typical scent farm at Wallington, near Croydon, and, according to the Lady's Pictorial, there is no question of its financial success. For miles round the Crystal Palace to the Epsom Downs are fields of blue-purple lavender.

The growing of rosemary and the more plebeian peppermint is, too, an occupation with money in it.

#### Royal Widows.

Queen Margherita constitutes a very notable addition to the extraordinary long list of royal and imperial widows. In fact, it may be asserted that there is hardly a court in Europe where widows' weeds do not form a conspicuous feature, destined in a way to remind its members that above all the brilliancy, the pomp and grandeur which characterize it there hovers always the shadow of death. In Russia

we find the widow of Emperor Alexander III. playing an important political role, while the morgranatic widow of the murdered Alexander II., Princess of Youreffska, lives in exile abroad.

In Germany there is the widow of Emperor Frederick, whose political influence has become impaired by failing health, and who, indeed, is reported to be critically ill with Bright's disease. Spain is wisely and carefully governed by a regent who is the widow of King Alfonso XII., while in the neighboring kingdom of Portugal the widowed Queen Pia may be said, like the widowed Czarina at St. Petersburg, to lead a species of opposition to the court and government of her son.

The widowed Queen Emma of Holland surrendered a little more than a year ago to her now grown-up daughter, Queen Wilhelmina, the reins of government, which she had held as regent during the minority of her child, and near by, confined as a lunatic in the Belgian Chateau of Bouchout, is the widowed Empress of Mexico, who has been bereft of her reason ever since her husband was court-martialed and shot in Mexico thirty-three years ago.

The Court of St. James has sometimes been described as "the court of widows," owing to the fact that not only Queen Victoria and two of her daughters, as well as a daughter-in-law, but likewise the majority of her ladies-in-waiting, are widows, while among other royal and imperial widows may be mentioned the Empress of the French, the Empress of China, the Khedive's mother and the widow of the reigning Prince of Serbia, who was murdered in 1868.

#### Essentials of the Latest Modes.

Blouse effects are "it."  
Present shape bolero still to hold its strong position.

Many new jackets finished with tiny triple shoulder capes.  
Great vogue predicted for gold and all metallic effects the winter season.

Many charming designs for children's coats and suits for school wear.  
Taffeta gowns still copiously trimmed with tiny mousseline de sole ruches.

Venetians, satiny paune finished Vienna and camel's hair, the coming fashionable woolsens.

Plain black taffeta skirts much favored in connection with a fancy waist for afternoon house wear.

Laces of the coarser kind, Arabian, Plauen, Renaissance, Cluny and guipure to be more la mode than ever.

Gimps and braids with inlet leaves or flowers of satin antique among the newest and most effective trimmings.

Numerous sashes, both plain colors and beautifully soft Roman effects finished with heavy knotted fringe a trimming feature of dressy gowns.

The present skirt model is retained, but wider and wider ones being constantly introduced, a straight, round, full one, touching at every point promised for next spring.

Paune, leather-finished velvet, fluorescent changeable silks, fancy fabrics on Louise grounds, crepe crystals, crepe de chine and rich metallic effects in broadcases, the predicted smart winter silks.

Canvas effects the underlying motive of the season's dress goods and promising to be the height of vogue by next spring. Canvas in cotton, voile or grenadine in wool and Louise in silk very correct as dress goods.

New shaped guimpes, directive effects, berthia designs, draped busts relieved by choux of dark velvet, lingerie sleeves, pretty laces, beautiful appliques, vests and yokes of seed pearl, embroidered mousseline de sole, some of the trimming features distinguishing the latest silk waists.

#### Startled by the Telegram.

A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful wife, was just rising to speak in a debate, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, left the house, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train for Dover.

Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and, finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him.

"Then what did you mean by your telegram?" he asked.

"Mean what I said, of course. What are you talking about?"

"Read it yourself," he replied.

She read: "I flee with Mr. X. to Dover straight, Pray for me."

"For the moment the world would not come; then the suspected wife quietly remarked: "Oh, these dreadful telegraph people! I telegraphed simply 'I tea with Mrs. X. in Dover street. Stay for me.'"—Tit-Bits.

#### Farmers to Mend Churchyard Wall.

At Eglwys Cwmmlin, in Carmarthenshire, Wales, there is a curious custom of maintaining in repair the parish churchyard wall. The wall is divided into as many parts as there are farms in the parish, and each farmer is supposed to keep in repair his portion. The custom possibly throws a ray of light on the curious name of the church. "Cwmmlin" is only a form of "common," and may be refers to the erection of the church on ground that was common land.—Cardiff Western Mail.