

"Bonnetts o' Blue."
 Just five years old,
 This tale is true
 In all respects of Bonnetts o' Blue—
 A dear little maid:
 Not just for rhyme,
 Am I writing this.
 ("Am I keeping time,
 And lockstep, too, like a soldier
 true.")
 "Beautiful eyes of sweetest hue."
 She played around when the day was
 fair,
 All alone with no playmate there,
 'Twas the time of battles and sword
 and hum—
 Of bugle note,
 ("Am I with the drum,
 And lock-step square like a soldier
 rare.")
 "Beautiful eyes and sweetest hair."
 'Twas in time of battles and she knew
 no more—
 Than the battle song and the war
 man's lore,
 She marched with curls and banner
 and gait—
 Of knightly grace,
 ("Am I marching straight,
 With lock-step lone, when the can-
 non's roar.")
 "Soldier child with her soldier lore."
 When the spring bird sang,
 Not just for rhyme—
 Am I writing this.
 ("Am I keep time
 And lock-step, too, like a soldier
 true.")
 Beautiful eyes of sweetest hue,
 "Tears and angels and Bonnetts o'
 Blue!"
 —Capt. Wm. Page Carter in American
 Illustrated Magazine.

Two Fingers for His Life.

BY JOHN K. COTTON.

One blustering night last February I sat pressed in against the wall at Capt. Sol McDaniel's little shop. Early in the evening, among the crowd of regular callers, a big, red-faced fellow, unquestionably a Newfoundland, came in and greeted the old captain warmly. He extended his hand. "I'll have to offer you my left, cap'n," he said. "It's the best I've got. The other one was damaged a little when we lost the Peterheart."

"Henry," said the old skipper, after he returned the newcomer's greeting. "I believe that's the only happening out of Gloucester here that I don't know all the particulars of. Sit down here, son, and tell us about it. We'd all like to hear."

Henry needed a little urging, for he was a man not much given to talking. But when the other visitors warmly seconded the captain's request, he consented to tell the story. We all settled back on the hard benches, and Henry began:

"We left the harbor here this time last year for Flemish Cap Bank. We were after a trip of codfish and gray halibut.

"Our skipper, Sarge Bohlin, was what we winter bangers call a driver. On that trip he lived up to his reputation, and drove the vessel straight offshore from Cape Ann lights for Flemish Cap in the face of everything we met.

"We got some fifty thousand weight of fish—snatched them, as we say in winter. And when the glass showed an able norther rising, we headed for home. It was night when we got under way. The wind had already shaken up a good hubbly sea.

"Our crew was a good one. Every night we used to get together aft in the cabin, headed by the cook's fiddle, and sing till we grew sleep. The skipper was one of the kind that always stood a watch on the runs in and out. That night he had the lay from nine to eleven o'clock.

"'Twas so black and thick you couldn't see the sheer-poles from the wheel. Sitting down on deck to get in the lee of the house, out of the cold wind, the skipper would poke his head into the companionway every now and then, and roar out, 'Pumb! Pumb! Pumb! Pumb!' at every rest in our songs. His big voice would start a laugh among us below every time.

"We had got round to 'The Island Belle,' a down-home song every one of us knew. We had finished the first part when in roared the skipper, 'Pumb! Pumb! Pumb!' Only three times he shouted, then he stopped short.

"All hands seemed to be waiting for the fourth one before we started off on the second part of the song. Then suddenly the skipper cried in a different voice altogether:

"'Jump, men! Jump quick!'

"I was never so surprised in all my life. Our skipper was not the man to mix up a joke and a serious matter. I saw the companionway full of men struggling to get up on deck. A crash came on our starboard quarter. In pushed planks and timbers almost on top of me. I was the last man up.

"A steamer, thought I. But when I raised my head up above deck and caught sight of the big square sails of a bark towering above us in the darkness, I was more surprised than ever. Every man that sat in that

cabin knew that our vessel's side was stove in for a space great enough to sink her in a very few minutes. The thoughts of cold, icy water and a rough sea flashed on my mind.

"I heard a foreign voice yelling out away up above us on the bow of the bark. I couldn't understand a word he said. He was terribly excited.

"'Heave over the port dories!' our skipper shouted. I started forward along the port side after the rest of the hands.

"Our vessel lurched ahead on a sea. Then on came the bark, crashing into us again. The planks even forward to where we stood began to rip and tear apart under our feet.

"'We're going down, skipper!' sang out one of our fellows. I could see from the way they fumbled the work getting the dories overboard that they were confused.

"'Henry, you get a line aboard of her quick, if you can!' cried the skipper to me. I started back aft round the cabin house, intending to get to the other side, to where the bark had cut into us, gram the end of any piece of rope I could get hold of on our deck and climb up on the bark's headstays. Then I could make the rope fast to help all hands up. But my intentions miscarried.

"I threw my arms round in the darkness for the bark's big chain bobstay, the stay running from her stem at the water-line up to the end of her bowsprit. But I could find no trace of it. I knew that it must have been carried away when she struck us. There were no other stays low enough for me to reach them, I knew. I turned, and grabbing the end of our main-sheet, lying loose on deck, stood ready to jump at anything offering me a chance to get aboard the stranger.

"The noise of the two vessels grinding together, the roar of the wind and sea and the slatting of sails and booms were deafening. I could hear nothing above it but the wild yells of the foreigner on the back. We lurched ahead again on a sea. I felt something swing hard against my back. I turned and grabbed it. 'Twas the big iron chain, the bark's bobstay, dangling in the air from the end of her bowsprit. Gripping one of the big links in my right hand, and taking a turn in the main-sheet with my left, I sang out with all my might:

"'Cap'n, come round here! We can all get aboard of her!'

"Not a word came back to me from them. I did not know whether to try to go back to them or not. While I stood trying to decide, I felt our vessel begin to fall away on a big sea. It seemed to me that when the big craft lurched ahead and struck up again that she must bear us under.

"The chain I held to with my right hand suddenly grew taut. It began to pull away from me, and I knew the two vessels were drawing apart. I must let go either our own main-sheet or the bobstay. 'Twas hard to decide which to do.

"I felt our vessel shoot down and ahead in the sea. The big, heavy chain drew me along our deck to the rail. I braced my feet against it and pulled back with all my strength. I grew so confused in the next second by the drawing apart of the two vessels, the thoughts of my duty to our crew and the terrible roar all round me that I seemed unable to think at all.

"The chain bid up taut and hard. My feet slipped on the icy rail, my knees wobbled. Then off I shot from our deck after the bark's stay, my feet trailing along in the water. I roared out to our crew with all my might.

"The main-sheet was still wrapped round my left hand. I started to push the frayed end of it through one of the links in the chain to take a turn. But I had no sooner pushed the end into the link than the rope drew taut, so taut that I couldn't get a turn. I took a firm grip on it with my hand, so as not to lose it altogether.

"I heard the excited voice up above me on the bark's bowsprit keeping up a continuous yell. Then another joined him. I looked all round me in the darkness, to see if they had lowered any rope to me, but could see nothing.

"I began to call out to them to come down on the bobstay, when away drew the two vessels with a lurch, the rope and chain grew hard and tight, and I was raised up out of the water. I hung there in the air, clutching the rope in one hand and the stay in the other.

"While I hung there another voice broke out above me on the bark, and sung out:

"'You speak English? Speak French? Speak German, or what you speak?' And I knew right away that the strong, calm voice belonged to the captain of the bark.

"'Throw me a rope, quick!' I called. Then my arms drew out straight. I bounced up and down between the tightening chain and rope as if I was on a throbbing clock-spring. A sharp twinge shot across my back from shoulder to shoulder, a burning sensation ran the length of my arms; then a numb, prickling feeling came over them. Down I dropped into the water. I had lost both my holds!

"The first plunge into the frosty water was hard. It struck me all over like a stinging slap. I came to the surface right away—in fact, I fell flat and didn't go under far.

"Then I began to swim. I roared once, then again. Then with a jolt my nose bumped hard against something.

"I couldn't see a thing before me.

'Twas all black. I put up my hands and could feel the big, cold planks and seams of a vessel. 'Twas not ours; I could tell by the wide planks and the rough seams. 'Twas the bark,' thought I. 'She's cleared our vessel and is sailing off.'

"'Oh, aboard the bark! Oh-ho, cap'n!' I sang out.

"But with every word the side of the big vessel seemed to slip along by me faster and faster. My fingers, trailing along her side, clutched at every little rough spot, every paint blister, in the butts where her planks came together, but nothing gave to the dig I made.

"She was leaving me behind fast. I felt that my chance was gone. I began to wonder where the rest of our crew were, and if our vessel had gone down.

"I roared out again with all my might. 'Let go a boat or something, quick!'

"'American man, you aft here? Come back the captain's voice. 'You forward there? Or where you are?'

"'Right below you here! Throw me something, quick!' I cried. But with my words the side of the ship slipped away from my hands. She seemed to draw my strength and courage away with her again.

"'Catch a rope!' I heard the captain sing out. But before I could turn my head to look for it, I began to spin and twirl round in the big eddy in the bark's stern. In I shot, and brought up against it with a thump.

"I put up my hands when I struck, and made a wild lunge for anything I could get hold of. My right hand slipped along her sloping stern to the water. Then my fingers struck into a little crack. I drove them ahead as far as they would go. They were in the jamb round the rudder-post.

"When I started to move ahead with the vessel and bring strain on them, my fingers began to slip back from round the wet post. I put up the other hand.

"'O captain, come quick!' I cried, when I felt my hold with both hands slipping away, and I jabbed the fingers of my right hand in as far as I could, in the attempt to get them into the narrow space between the rudder-post, and the circular groove that it hung in. But it was of no use.

"'American man, hang on one minute more!' cried out the captain, over the stern, to me. 'We're coming up into the wind!'

"But I could not hang on. I had nothing to hang on to. My strength was gone. My left hand slipped entirely away. I must let go and sink before the big ship could come round into the wind and lose her headway.

"Now my hold with my right hand began to draw away. Then I felt something tighten against my fingers. It bore and pressed them hard.

"They are putting the helm hard down," said I, and it's squeezing my fingers in the jamb. By instinct I jerked my hand back toward me. Then, shutting my eyes and teeth, I forced it back into the little crack as far as I could.

"A terrible pain shot up my numb fingers and arm. The big rudder-post turned slowly but surely. It held me there fast until they swung down and reached me from over the bark's stern.

"It spoiled my hand, but it saved my life—the only one of that crew."—Youth's Companion.

The Toyland of the World.
 A Tokio correspondent of an American weekly has much of interest to say of Japanese toys. "Japan is the original toyland. I really think that Santa Claus must have a branch establishment in Tokio. There are mechanical toys that go about as if they were alive—in turtles walking around on the earthen floor, mice scampering under counters and around on the shelves, huge gorgeously colored paper butterflies and dragon flies buzzing around in the air. There are no toy-carriages in Japan, because in Japan there are no real carriages. But there are toy jinrikishas, which are little two-wheeled carts pulled by little brown men under great big mushroom-shaped hats instead of by horses. And there are toy cagoas, which are the oddest kind of grown-up cradles, that two men carry, suspended from long bamboo poles, under their shoulders, and in which grown-up folks have to sit, curled up Turk-fashion, until their feet go to sleep and they are forced to demand the privilege of getting down and walking. These are the 'carriages' of Japan, and, as toys, would probably puzzle the average little boy or girl at home."

Scientific Fighting.
 What is needed in military as well as industrial warfare is science, said Lord Roberts at a recent meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce. Great Britain could not be successful against an enemy of anything like equal strength, because she has failed to appreciate the value of modern science in warfare.

"Less attention should be paid," he said, "to such trivial matters as the shapes of headresses or the cuts of jackets, and more given to the science of actual fighting. The Japanese had been successful because of their scientific spirit, and it was becoming plain every day that intellectual efficiency is a truer safeguard of a nation than physical strength."

Reports from China indicate that there is a revival of the demand in England and the United States for Chinese teas.



WHY GIRLS SHOULD KEEP SECRETS.

A woman can't keep a secret. At least that's what the men say. Personally, I think women are quite as good, if not better, than men at keeping secrets.

There is just one drawback in being able to keep a secret, and that is that you can't have the pleasure of telling it.

However, that is a pleasure that we can very well dispense with.

Babbled secrets, like curses, come home to roost, and if you betray a friend's confidence you are sure to regret it.

If you can't keep a secret don't listen to it.

Some girls think nothing of solemnly promising to "never tell" and straightway proceed to "tell" the first person they meet.

The best way to keep a secret is to forget it. Put it right out of your mind and then there will be no temptation to tell it.

And be wise in the telling of your own secrets.

Don't be carried away by the fact that you have found a sympathetic listener, says the New York Press.

When you are tempted to confide in any one think it well over, wait until the next day and then see if you are of the same mind.

Sometimes we meet people to whom we are at once drawn to tell our inmost thoughts and opinions.

Without waiting to know anything about them we want to tell them the story of our lives.

Then is the time we should walk away and think it over.

For what do we know about them excepting that they are sympathetic, ready listeners?

They may, for all we know be the most inveterate gossipers.

It all comes of our love of talking about ourselves.

Because we can't resist the temptation of prating of our joys and woes, we confide in a comparative stranger.

If you can't keep a secret don't for one moment imagine that the person to whom you tell it will be any more likely to keep it than you are.

Don't confide in men. They are quite as apt to let the cat out of the bag as women.

There is only one safe confidant for a girl, and that is her mother.

Isn't it strange that a girl will tell other girls things that she won't tell her mother?

And yet her mother is the one person on earth who will regard her confidences as sacred.

There is one other point I would like to impress on you, and that is the absolute importance of not betraying secrets overheard in your place of business.

The business of your employer should be sacred to you.

He trusts you and you must not abuse that trust.

STILL POPULAR.

The close of each season regularly finds the papers announcing the death of the separate shirtwaist and blouse, and the new season as regularly finds it out fully as strong as ever and little changed from its predecessors. The very first showings of this season's separate waists are enough to convince the shopper that a day of fine finish is here. In place of the lingerie affairs made up by machines of mediocre laws and worse laces, there are inexpensive little waists that bear on their fronts before they are fitted from the boxes the evidence of good taste and exquisite work. With such nicety is much of the machine embroidery done now that it often needs an expert to detect it from the hand worked. And the two, in some of the models are cunningly blended, so that even an expert would have to put on his glasses sometimes to detect the truth.—Newark Advertiser.

TAFFETA COATS.
 Taffeta coats threaten to be all the rage for the coming months, and their shape will be legion. The "embarrassment of riches" in the selection of styles from among multitudinous shapes will be more wearisome than the tiresomeness of a universal vogue. With the taffeta is also shown a very simple satin, which, it is said, may prove a dangerous rival to it for coat use. Satin always, however, seems old, and will probably take the army of fashionable coat wearers some time to make up their minds to adopt it in place of their old favorite. Between the silk redingote and the silk bolero there is a wide range of shapes which are long, short, fitting, not fitting, of Louis XVI, of Directoire inspiration or of distinctly modern inventive, and effects that are baffled, embroidered, decked with buttons, hung with cords or as plain as a miller's coat.



CLEANING LEATHER.

The following directions are said to be very good for cleaning and polishing leather. Dip a soft woollen cloth in boiling hot milk and wipe the leather with this rubbing gently until all the dirt is removed. Then wipe dry with a soft flannel, a piece of flannel on which is spread a tiny piece of prepared wax. The wax should be spread over the cloth as thinly as possible. After the waxing, go over the leather with a clean soft flannel, rubbing briskly, but not too hard.

A recipe for this wax is as follows: Put two ounces of beeswax, cut in small bits, into a bowl. Place the bowl in a pan of hot water on the back of the range. When the wax is quite soft, beat into it (after taking it off the stove) a quarter of a cupful of turpentine and one teaspoonful or half a teaspoonful of paraffine oil. It is ready for immediate use. If before you are ready to use it the wax should get cold, set it in a pan of hot water for a few moments. This is suitable for leather that is used as a furniture covering.

PAPERING THE CEILING.
 Papering the ceiling is hard work, and the amateur is not always successful with it; it is best to let a professional do that part of the job. However, one can learn; but much paper may be spoiled if one is not very patient and cleanly about it. The paper is to be prepared as for the walls with the exception of the folding. Do not try to handle long lengths; it is best to paper across the width of the room. Arrange a strong, easily mounted platform across the room on which to walk as you hang—or lay—the paper, having your head about six inches below the ceiling. Drive a nail sixteen inches from the side wall at each end of the ceiling; chalk a stout string, tie it to the nails and draw it tightly; pull it down in the middle and let go with a "snap" so it will strike the ceiling, leaving a straight mark. Make a "hook" similar to a plasterer's hook, about eighteen inches square; on this hook lay your prepared paper, folding it back and forth, with the end you begin with on top so that the untrimmed edge can be placed on the one made by the chalked string, which will insure the strip being hung straight. The hook will enable you to hold up your paper without tearing or stretching it, and with your free hand you must smooth the paper on the ceiling, as you will find it anything but an easy job, and the attitude that must be maintained by the body is extremely tiresome. Let the job out to the professional, if possible. This is harder than either scouring or scrubbing. The walls are play, beside it.—The Commoner.

RECIPES.
 Roasted Ducklings.—Clean the birds thoroughly, put into each one an onion and apple cut in halves. dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and roast about twenty minutes, according to size. Baste from time to time with melted butter. Take out the birds when done. Into the pan in which they were roasted pour a little stock, thicken this with browned flour, add a dozen olives chopped and serve as a sauce for the ducklings. By the way, remove from the ducks the onions and apples, which are to be used for the purpose only of imparting a little flavor to the birds, and of absorbing, if need be, any strong flavor of the ducks.

Beef Bouillon.—Put good fresh lean beef with bones into cold water; heat slowly, and then simmer three hours; add a little onion, parsley, and other vegetable, and cook two hours more, putting in a little boiling water as the stock boils away. Season and then strain; let this get cold and remove all the fat; then heat, and put through a flannel cloth. Stand on ice and use as you need it. It should jelly, but if not, add a little dissolved gelatine should you wish it. To vary this soup, add sometimes a little cooked tomato and strain again; or add whipped cream; or cook some pearl tapioca in it till nearly dissolved; or serve jellied in a cup, ice cold, with strips of brown buttered bread. Celery salt, or lemon juice, or sherry is useful in changing the flavor.—Harper's Bazar.

La Favorite Pudding.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, two scant teaspoonfuls of orange juice. Put a layer of sliced pineapple in the bottom of a pudding dish and cover with a layer of the mixture. Next add a layer of sliced apples and another layer of the mixture, and so on, using any desired fruit, having the last layer of the mixture. Serve with a rich cream sauce.

Chocolate Mousse.—Beat one and one-fourth cups of granulated sugar until it creeps, then pour it slowly over the well-beaten whites of ten eggs, beating constantly. When perfectly smooth and white put into a double boiler, scald, then remove from the fire. When it becomes cold, stir into it two bars of melted chocolate and a pint of whipped cream. Turn into the freezer, pack and let it stand for four hours.

The empire of Japan comprises nearly one hundred main and nearly five hundred adjacent small islands.