WOMEN AND THEIR WORLD.

The Latest Creations of the Rulers of Fashion's Realm.

DAINTY DESIGNS FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Shopmen Show a Lovely Array of Silk and Woolen Textures.

The Newest and Prettiest Things in Spring Bonnets—Mary Kyle Dallas Chats of Home and Society—The Lovely Old Age of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher—Lively Feminine Small Talk.

The really charming weather of the past few weeks has been a real inspiration to all those who have any pretense to fashion. Easter week of last year is decidedly outshown by the new and elaborate gowns, pretty bonnets, hats, gloves, parasols, jewelry and the thousand and one small things needed for a complete Easter outfit. One would think that hard times were a thing of the past, judging from the costumes displayed this year in the realms of fashion. More care and better taste are shown this spring than ever before, for there are many new fashions as well as fads.

The bodice shown above is suitable for future or theatre. It is of the new soft silk which needs no trimming but must be made over a tight-fitting lining.

Grenadines are being worn again and the new designs are most exquisite. Designs of black moire, mingled with trimmings of French lace are shown to the greatest advantage by skillful window dressers. A novel and beautiful design in skirt width is seen in coarse black silk net covered with an insertion in deep points of cream white lace about one and one-half inches in width. This is to be used over black moire or pale black silk. The laces, both wide and narrow, are more varied and beautiful than ever. As spring advances combinations of fancy patterned silks and more seen to be taking the place of plain goods.

Although Easter Sunday comes unusually early this year, charming weather comes with it, and the typical Easter sunshine is necessary to the display of spring bonnets, surely promises to favor 1894. The exquisite hats now completed, and the new silks and woolens that have so long been in preparation for this eventful day, are being thoroughly appreciated and admired. It would not be positive to say more, since no season has shown a lovelier assortment of woolen and silken textures. Perhaps in revolt against the pronounced character of much of the winter goods this year, the spring and summer goods have assumed an extra touch of daintiness. Even in woolen goods the colors and textures are light and they contain a charming delicacy of tint and lightness of weave. There is a new and charming goods called silk lace striped gingham, in such exquisitely fine work and delicate dainty colors that if carefully and tastefully made up, it combines beauty, elegance, lightness and economy. Novel and fetching designs are also being displayed in challies, light ground covered with dainty, tiny sprays of grass and spears intertwined with stems and beautiful delicately colored moss rose buds on long, almost leafless twigs that intertwine in the same way.

The costume shown above is made of golden brown rough serge or camel's hair. Skirt full and well pressed and entirely devoid of trimming of any kind whatever. Lined two-thirds up with crinoline, placed between the outer goods and lining. Long, tight-fitting coat reaching to the knee, and thrown open over a low cut, double breasted vest of the same material. High, balloon-like sleeves, revers on coat faced with same material. The whole with a thorough tailor finish; linen shirt with bosom and cuffs of striped pink and white, white or pink cravat; gloves and hat to match, patent leather shoes.

Bewildering in quantity, beauty and variety are the hats and bonnets displayed at the spring openings. Gold spangles are the leading and newest thing on most of the more exquisite hats and bonnets. They are seen everywhere and upon everything. One hat in particular that caught my eye was made upon a cap-shaped foundation fitting snugly to the crown of the head and composed entirely of gold spangles and floral designs. Above that arose a broad, flaring brim of black silk net, surmounted by black plumes and flaring velvet bows and black aigrettes—a chic and striking hat, but needing a beautiful face underneath it. A hat very becoming to almost anyone is the Spanish hat, flat-crowned, something on the sailor order, only with a broad, turned-up-all-around brim. It is very charming if tastily trimmed and lends an exceedingly youthful look to its wearer.

Among the many beautiful imported hats seen to-day, none are more striking than the three illustrated below. The first is a beautiful little theatre bonnet, the crown made entirely of gold-spangled flowers, surmounted by a fan effect of spangled black net; gold and white aigrettes and pink moss rose buds compose the back and front of this charming little creation from Paris: ties of narrow black velvet.

The second is a broad-brim French hat made of black shirred net on silk wire. The edge of brim of fluted straw in natural color and covered with jetted lace; crown of flat square straw, trimmed in black plumes, velvet and black aigrettes.

The third is composed of a flat crown of olive green porcupine straw, with medium wide brim composed of black silk wire covered with stiffened jetted black lace; the straw crown studded with large jet balls and surmounted with three black plumes and black lace bows caught up with Rhine stones; brim turned up slightly on both sides and pointed in the front.

J. FLORENCE WILSON.

An Irishman was climbing a cherry tree, and helping himself to the all-tempting fruit, when the owner appeared, and shouted to him in a voice choked with rage: "You are stealing my cherries!" "By what right do you take them?" "By the right hand, answered Patrick, as he put a few more cherries in his mouth."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Brilliant Mrs. Flyaway and the Day Dreams of Olivia.

Hopes That Turn to Ashes When Realized—A Husband's Love a Pearl of Great Price and a Baby of One's Own Better Than Diamonds.

When Mrs. Flyaway, who is so frequently mentioned in the society papers as having been somewhere and worn something gorgeous, descends the steps of her mansion to enter her carriage, she is such a vision of opulence that the nurse-girls check the perambulators under their charge and stand and stare, and quite a little crowd gather for a private view. I am quite sure Queen Victoria never was so fine. Nobody could be finer. And when it is a grand occasion and the maid follows, keeping the train from the dust and restraining the billows of satin, lace and velvet that seem to fall over as the lady seats herself, and the bouquet is handed in, and the maid coquettishly tells where to drive, and the door shuts with a snap, one may hear the little street children utter ohs and ahs as on the glorious Fourth, when the most lurid fire-works go off.

Olivia, hidden behind the silk-lined curtains at the window of her pretty flat, often watches the scenes. She is a handsome young matron of three years standing, with a good husband, a pretty baby and plenty of comforts about her, but as she gazes, envy stirs her heart, and she contrasts the life she leads with that of her opposite neighbor.

"Mrs. Flyaway is always going somewhere," she says. "She is asked to breakfasts and luncheons, to afternoon teas and dinners, to receptions and balls, and I believe she always accepts. Such a round of gaiety, such a whirl of pleasure, what a contrast to my existence. I lead the life of a family cat. I never have any enjoyment. A few friends to tea, an evening at sister Sarah's. His people to dinner, a day at my mother's, perhaps a trip to the beach in Summer, once or twice to see a play in winter, that is the most I ever have, one new costume a season must content me, and yet I'm as handsome as Mrs. Flyaway, and I'm sure I could make a figure in society, if I had a chance."

She goes to the glass and peeps in: she imagines herself in all the splendor of one of Worth's costumes, bejewelled and with hot house roses in her bosom. Scenes of delight open before her. As she glides through splendid rooms, the observed of all observers, murmurs of admiration follow her.

She resolves to do nothing that John would mind, but it is delightful to feel that she is cutting out every other woman there. Ah, they were right—married ladies are the belles of society nowadays.

Very stale, flat and unprofitable seems her life as this day-dream vanishes. Tears drop into baby's cradle and barely escape the pudding as she mixes it, and it seems to her that Mrs. Flyaway must be the happiest woman out of paradise. Craving your pardon, Olivia, you are dreaming of a land of which you know only through the medium of English novels and the newspaper reports. The life your neighbor really leads is not at all what you suppose. She is not floating upon a sea of pleasure, but working very hard, indeed, for her foothold in society. The gridiron, in which everything was a case of "Robin Adair," and any festive occasion was delightful if Robin was there, is long past. Years ago her husband grew weary of following her various magnificent trains up and down other people's stair-cases; of fighting at midnight for chicken salad and coffee with which to sustain her failing energies, or of yawning in the hall in company with other middle-aged gentlemen. He goes to his club and plays cards, and long before his lady's return reads himself to sleep in his own room over French novels, the authors of which, he thinks, have the right opinion of women. When asked about his wife he generally says: "Oh, she's always on the go, so I suppose she is well." And other men with wives of the same sort comprehend him.

There are some children at boarding-school. There was a baby. Mrs. Flyaway did not know that the nurse put it to sleep with laudanum, until one day it had an overdose, and then she had to wear black and stay at home evenings. To stay at home is her great terror, and yet, as all her "occasions" are those great crushes by which society women pay their debts in bulk, all that happens after the hostess has said "charmed to see you," and the host has bowed over her hand and declared that he is delighted is that she is pushed about in a crowd of well-dressed people, all beaming amiably on each other, all dreadfully bored, all envying the people who have chairs, now close against a steaming register, now in a draught under a window opened by some fresh-air crank. Every five minutes some one asks her if "This is is not delightful?" or says: "I need not ask you if you are well, Mrs. Flyaway?" Her feet are weary; her corset is tight; she yawns behind her fan and catches her neighbor at it the next moment. In fact, I venture to say that though novices may be pleased for a time, to the regular habitues these elegant assemblages are simply bores, which they only attend lest the awful doom of being "forgotten by society" should befall them. Of "Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul" there can be none. The greatest wit finds his brain addled in the overheated atmosphere. Besides, to be overheard above the band, he must bellow. The fleshly feast is a sort of lottery. Some people must devour it, for it vanishes. But you never heard any one confess that he or she had a mouthful. There is no more real meaning in them or real satisfaction in them than in the wild gatherings of savages, who meet to brawl and caper.

Oh silly, little Olivia, not only are you really happier, but you have more social pleasure at those quiet assemblages of a few friends, than one ever finds at one of these affairs.

Mrs. Flyaway wears jewels, but the heart's love of a good husband is a pearl of great price, and a baby of your own, better than diamonds, and even if all were as you fancy, to be queen of a quiet home is better than to be a queen of society. As it is these women who suffer for no purpose whatever, are merely mild maniacs, while the woman who finds her joy at home has her reward in lasting happiness.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

NOTED WOMEN AT HOME.

Ripe and Beautiful Old Age of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

How she is Spending the Old Age of a Noble and Eventful Life—Busy With Her Pen—Recollections of the Past.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the remarkable women of the century. Her prominence is not entirely due to the splendid position won by the great divine whose wife she was, though that in itself would have given eminence to a common-place character. She has the force and strong personality that would have given her position in any society with which she might be associated.

Indeed it may be asserted with truth that her being the wife of so great a man tended

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

to dwarf her own strong individuality by its contrast. She showed her fidelity at a time when the clouds hung blackest about her husband, and proved that no matter who might be sceptical, she, whose life and happiness were most concerned, never entertained a doubt, never wavered in her loving loyalty and wifely devotion.

Since 1847 Mrs. Beecher has been a resident of Brooklyn; that city was the scene of her husband's greatest trials and triumphs. In it nearly all her children were born; there are the many friends who have grown up or grown old with her, and there are the associations that give a golden glow to the sunset of her life.

The fine mansion on Hicks street, in which Mrs. Beecher lived till her husband's death, she still owns, and derives from it a handsome rental; but not far away, and nearly in the shadow of the church which her husband made famous, and a shrine for millions of admiring pilgrims, she has a cosy little home all to herself—and one servant. This house is at the corner of Hicks and Orange streets, the parlor windows having a sunny exposure.

Children coming from school gather on the pavement and look up at the window where the white haired old lady, with gold spectacles on nose, sits framed, busy reading or writing. She smiles and waves her hand to them, then goes on with her work, for despite her years, Mrs. Beecher's mind is as active as in the past.

Physically she is not so strong, nor is that surprising, but the well-stored brain is quite as active as of yore. She greets her visitor with easy grace, and is glad to talk about the past rather than the present, and is rejoiced to dwell with loving reminiscence on the life with which her own was so long and so intimately blended.

Mrs. Beecher writes regularly for a number of publications, and, if driven to it, could still support herself with her pen. She is engaged on a voluminous work, but as she does not volunteer its purport nothing is said about its character, though it is safe to infer that it is autobiographical, and that it will throw much light on the life of her husband and the men with whom he was associated during the days that tried men's souls even more than the Revolutionary times.

Mrs. Beecher has four children, three sons and a daughter, living. Hattie, the daughter, is the wife of the Reverend Samuel Scoville, of Stamford, Connecticut, where he is a Congregational clergyman. Mrs. Scoville is a frequent visitor at her mother's home. Harry is married and was formerly in the insurance business, but he does not seem to have prospered. Willie C. is married and occupies a fine position at the New York bar. Herbert is married and living at Seattle in Washington, where he is practising law with success.

Mrs. Beecher could find a welcome home in the houses of any of her children, to all of whom she is greatly attached, but this would not at all comport with her love of independence. The mistress of her own home so long, it would not be an easy matter for her to occupy a position where even a loving voice directed and kindly hands controlled.

Although she walks with more effort than a few years ago, Mrs. Beecher stoutly resists the inexorable advances of time and will not use a street car except for long distances.

Every Sunday, rain, snow or shine, she is always to be found in the old family pew at Plymouth church. She is a great admirer of Dr. Lyman Abbott, her husband's successor, though two men more opposite in temperament it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Beecher was the embodiment of intellectual fervor; Dr. Abbott impresses one as being as bright as a diamond and as cold as an icicle. Yet those who know the man intimately, declare that he is as simple as a child in his manners, and full of that brotherly feeling that is so broad in its catholicity as to embrace all creeds and races.

Mrs. Beecher, though eighty-two years of age, does not look more than sixty-five. Her eyes are bright, there is a set to the lips that denotes unusual will-power, and a curve to the chin that is one of the best indications of her strong yet entirely feminine character.

BLANCHE ELLIOTT.

FEMININE SMALL TALK.

People Who do Not Know How to Eat Properly.

Good Table Manners the Basis of Good Breeding—The Servant Girl Problem Discussed From a New Standpoint—Other Matters.

There is an old saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman or lady, but if some of my readers could set for a couple of hours in some first class hotel dining-room, or in Delmonico's, the most fashionable and famous place in America, where only people who are considered by the outside world, to be real gentlemen and ladies, go, they would imagine that it would take eight or ten generations to make the majority of the guests, at least, eat like gentlemen and ladies. And there is no place in the world where a person's breeding is so quickly shown as at the table. The majority of people are not adepts in the art of eating, and nine people out of ten could not properly order a meal if their lives depended upon it. If the average parent would teach children from babyhood up table etiquette as they teach them how to eat, much embarrassment might be saved them in after life. Good manners and politeness cost nothing save a little care and observation. And true refinement is always an open sesame to refined friends and kindly treatment.

The servant girl is an old subject, but one that never ceases to be of interest. Ill-trained servants are trying, I admit, but if the subject was investigated it would be found that nine times out of ten the blame lies as much with the mistress as with the maid. How many ladies attempting to keep house, hire a servant from the nearest intelligence office, give her no directions and then expect things to move on like clock-work, and blaming the poor servant if they do not. It only takes a few days for the maid to learn that her mistress really knows nothing about cooking or housework herself, and the consequence is that she grows neglectful, whereas, if in the beginning the mistress had tacked up on the kitchen door a neat little card with each day's duties plainly stated thereon, and then each day inspected the whole house and seen for herself that those written orders were strictly carried out, much trouble might have been saved both mistress and maid.

Print your kitchen card after the following formula: Monday—Rise at six, light fire, open up the front hall doors, sweep out the hall, clean front steps and sidewalk, wash out vestibule, rub off brass handles, etc. At 6:45 set out meal (after adding water) and potatoes on the stove, prepare breakfast for 7:30, and get clothes ready for the wash. If only one servant is kept, the mistress should clear off the breakfast table, do up-stairs work and get lunch. Servant is supposed to be through in time to wash up all dishes and get dinner.

Tuesday—Prepare breakfast, iron, lunch 12:30, iron, dinner 6 P. M. Mistress doing up-stairs work.

Wednesday—Servant doing all regular work and going out from 2 to 4 P. M.

Thursday and Friday—Regular work and thoroughly cleaning house, except the kitchen.

Saturday—Scrub front steps, clean silver and do regular work.

Sunday—Breakfast at 9, general work made as light as possible, dinner at 3. After the dishes are washed and things in order the remainder of the day belongs to the maid. At 6:30 or 7 a neatly prepared cold lunch is set upon the table. The material for this lunch should be prepared during the latter part of the week.

If these instructions are clearly followed out and strictly attended to there is no reason why any lady with limited means should have any trouble whatever in keeping house with only one servant. If two or more are kept, then divide the work evenly among them, but see that each one understands thoroughly what he or she has to do and also see that they are made to do it. The main thing in successful housekeeping, whether your means are large or small, is system and order.

Ladies having no maid, yet who possess fine handkerchiefs are foolish to send them away to the laundry, where they are apt to be torn or lost. By putting in warm water a few drops of ammonia and using castile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful, clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry, fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy book or weight of some kind, and you will find your handkerchiefs lasting thrice as long as ever before.

If ladies would only realize how disappointing it is to go a long distance to call upon one and then find the one they desire to see "just gone out," there would be more who would set aside some particular day each week upon which they would beat home, have that day understood by all their friends, and above all things make it a point to stay in upon the appointed day. And a call seems so much more home-like and cheering if a cup of chocolate, glass of wine or tea and some light cake are in readiness. Try it and see if you and your friends are not both better satisfied with each other.

If the white of an egg is immediately applied to a burn it will take away the pain and prevent a scar.

Any stain upon the hand or under the finger nails can be easily removed with lemon juice. Immediately after using apply cold cream to prevent hardening the skin.

Bathing the feet in cold water immediately after getting them wet will prevent one from taking cold.

NAN.

There are, it is estimated, 203,000 Americans, or people who derive their incomes from American sources, living in Europe, and that not less than $200,000,000 a year is drawn by those people from America. It has been urged that if any incomes are taxed they should be those of Americans who spend their money abroad.

THE REALM OF THE CHILDREN

Story of a Daring Young Diver of the Navigator Islands.

HOW HE SAVED A COMPANION'S LIFE.

A Light Hearted Sailor Boy Who Did Not Fear Danger.

A Wonderful City Without Men—A Great Herd of Reindeer—A Chapter From the Life of Admiral Farragut—Other Matters of Interest to the Little Ones.

In March, 1893, I was at the town of Apia, in the island of Upola, and one of the most charming places in all the South Pacific. After seeing our own North American Indians, the natives of New Zealand, the blacks of Australia, the Sandwich Islanders and the lushy-headed Fijians, I am ready to subscribe to the general opinion of travelers that the people of Samoa are the handsomest and kindest of all the uncivilized races of the world.

"I WENT ON BOARD THE ALIA."

I expressed to Mr. Roberts, an English gentleman, whom I met at Apia, my delight with the natives, and he replied:

"Yes, they are a fine race, but contact with the whites is, I fear, spoiling them here in Apia. If you want to see the Navigators' Islanders in their primitive simplicity come with me to Pongo-Pongo, in the Island of Tutuila, a day's sail east of here. I have chartered a schooner with a native crew, and will be back in ten days."

"And Mrs. Roberts and your little daughter, Nellie. You will, of course, leave them behind?"

"On the contrary, I shall take them along; they will enjoy the trip quite as much as we do. These people never harmed a white man, and their regard for children is akin to idolatry," replied Mr. Roberts.

Pongo-Pongo, the finest harbor, it is said, in the South Pacific, was ceded by these islanders some years ago to the United States as a coaling station for war ships, and being anxious to see a place of which I had heard so much, I eagerly accepted my friend's invitation.

Mr. Roberts was agent for a large firm in Sydney, Australia, that did a prosperous trade with these and other islands, principally in the way of bartering gaudy cotton prints, glass beads, knives and such like for cobra, dried coconut, pearl shells and wild cotton.

The following morning, with a grip sack containing a change of clothes, I went on board the Alia, where I found Mr. Roberts, his charming wife and his daughter Nellie, ready to welcome me. The girl was about twelve, and one of the prettiest, winsome little things that it was ever my good fortune to meet.

The Alia was a trim two-masted schooner, built with the fine, sharp lines of an American yacht, and with comfortable cabin quarters for our little party.

With the exception of the cook, who was a Chinaman, the crew of four men including Captain Law and his handsome young son, Upola, were islanders, tall, lithe men, with long blue-black hair, gold-bronzed faces, and excellent eyes and teeth. Although on shore the natives of both sexes wear only a girdle, called a lava-lava, about the waist, the captain and crew of the Alia had on cotton shirts and trousers and large palm leaf hats; shoes, I am certain, they would have regarded as a torture.

I have a great fondness for wholesome boys, boys that are boys and not premature men, and Upola won me from the instant I first set eyes on him. Neither his father nor himself knew his age, for in that land of perpetual summer there are no seasons to mark the years, but from his appearance I should say the youth was fourteen or fifteen. He was as tall as most men, slender, active and erect, with regular features, teeth as white as a hound's, and eyes as soft and gentle as those of a tame antelope.

Upola did his full duty as one of the crew, and it was an actual pleasure to watch his quick, graceful movements, as in obedience to his father's orders he flew over the deck, adjusting the ropes, or up to the mast head to shake loose a snarl in the jib halyards.

The captain and his son must have been very popular in Apia, for as the anchor was being weighed scores of outrigger canoes, crowded with young people, swarmed about the Alia, all shouting "Ha lofa," my love to you, and "San onan," good luck. The language of these people is very musical, every word ending in a vowel; and they gave further evidence of their good will and kind hearts by raining flowers and fruit on the deck.

All these islands are surrounded by coral reefs that act as a breakwater, and through the openings, which are not many, ships can enter and find an anchorage, as at Apia.

The sails were up and we flew out through "the gate in the reef," as Apola called it,

"READY TO SHOW HIS SKILL."

to the open sea, then headed east for the famous little island of Tutuila.

"If we have good luck," said Mr. Roberts, "we shall have no need to touch a rope again till we are entering the harbor of Pongo-Pongo to-morrow evening."

We did have good luck, for the trade wind, though not astern, blew with steady persistency from the southwest, and the Alia flew over the waters with the grace of the albatrosses flying about us.

As there was nothing for any one but the man at the wheel and the cook to do, I had a good chance to get acquainted with Upola, whom I found quite as gentle and modest as his looks indicated. He had been for some time in the employ of the American consul at Apia, so that he spoke English fairly well, but he skipped the r's as much as possible, and persisted in giving a vowel ending to words that did not have one in the original.

Hoping to get into the lad's good graces by touching his affections in the tenderest point of every boy, whether civilized or savage, I asked:

"Is your mother living, Upola?"

A kindly light came into the soft black eyes, as he replied:

"Oh yess, mutta she live Apia."

"And she has other children?"

"Foah," he held up his slender hand, concealing the thumb in the palm, and continued, "me, Upola, one; two sista, one lillee boy, he—Pah! vera prettee is Pah," and he laughed with delight at the thought of his "lillee" botha.

"Did you ever go to school, Upola?"

Oh, yess. I go someday. I reada, ande writa. Samoa, oh vera nice. Anda I sing Angalesee," he said. As he was quite as unconscious as a child, and looked as if he were ready to show his skill as a singer, I said I should be pleased to hear him sing in English. Without waiting to be urged or the least sign of clumsy bashfulness, the graceful youth stood erect, with his feet well apart, for the schooner was pitching smartly, and with his expressive face upraised, he sang in a clear, sweet voice—though the words astonished me, for I did not suppose anything of the kind had spread into the South Seas:

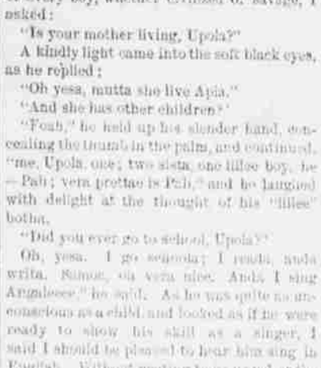
"I go down Apia,
Anda holdy out upona sea,
De waves dey from Yankee land come,
And tells me home loved one,
"Anda lo dada lofe, naughty pray,
Tarra, ra ra boom dey ay."

Then followed the chorus and two more stanzas, given with a spirit that denied the person at least enjoyed the singing.

When he had concluded Nellie Roberts, who showed her delight by laughing and clapping her hands in great glee, treated us an encore and Upola complied.

I saw that his father, who was at the helm, watched him with an expression of affectionate delight. I had evidently started the boy on his hobby, for, without any urging, he proceeded to give us other songs which he had picked up from the sailors in Apia. The words were not always intelligible, but there was no mistaking the love of "Nancy Lee," "Sally in Our Alley," or "A Stormy Night on a Stormy Crew, tally-ho, you know."

After this, and at Nellie's request, Upola gave us a song in the native tongue which he called "The Diver," illustrating it by the most graceful gesticulations. He did not need to be seen in the water to prove that he could swim and dive quite as well as he could sing and climb, nor did we then think that he was soon to give us an heroic example of his skill in both.



"HE PLUNGED OVERBOARD."

Bright and early the next morning the schooner rounded an emerald point on which was a grand grove of cocoanut palms with a number of beautiful huts shaded by them, and swept into the beautiful land-locked harbor of Pongo-Pongo. It looked like a great silver basin framed in emerald hills.

We anchored within two hundred yards of the shore, and from a staff that stood in the middle of groves of breadfruit, mango, pineapple, lime trees and bananas I saw the Stars and Stripes and for the time I felt I was back in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The temptation to give a description of the swarm of canoes that at once surrounded us, and of my most interesting visit to the native village is very great, but I dare not do so and at the same time have space to describe an incident that must forever keep that young Samoan, Upola, affectionately alive in my memory.

Sailors, like farmers, like their dinner in the middle of the day, and this custom prevailed on board the Alia.

That one might enjoy the sunset for which these islands are particularly famous, we dined, Mrs. Roberts told the cook that we should not have supper till after dark. This was not long to wait, for in the tropics there are no calm, delightful twilights, as we know them in the temperate zone. As soon as the sun is out of sight, the splendid equatorial constellation of the Southern Cross and all the brighter stars flash down in a way that is at first quite surprising to a new comer.

Although there was sixty feet of water where we were anchored, it was so clear that we could see the bottom almost as distinctly as if we were looking through the air.

I was watching the colored fish and the wonderful coral formations through which there now and then moved the long black form of a shark, for these things interested me even more than the gorgeous coloring of the clouds now growing dark, when I was startled by hearing an excited cry from the direction where I knew Mrs. Roberts had been sitting.

Accompanying this cry there was the splash as of a falling body.

I turned and saw Mrs. Roberts clinging to her husband, while he shouted:

"For Nellie! Let me go! Let me go!"

The girl, in playing at the deck rail, in some unaccountable way, fallen overboard, and was being swept away by the outgoing tide.

The Samoan captain, his son and the rest of the crew were lying down on the forward deck, when the child disappeared over the stern.

We have all often heard the expression "quicker than it can be described," but in this case the movements of Upola were so quick that the eye could not follow and note them.

Mrs. Roberts' cry was still ringing in my ears when I saw the youth leaping from the deck with the bound of a panther. He threw off his palm leaf hat as he ran, and at the quick bounds took him to the stern of the schooner, over which Nellie had vanished.

I was more anxious than I can describe, yet I could not but note the wonderful confidence and perfect grace of Upola, as he leaped on the bulwark, then with a motion that seemed more the flight of a great bird than the leap of a human being, he sprang fearlessly out, and there was hardly a splash when head-first he struck the water.

I looked up at the sky, as I hurried in the direction the youth had taken, and I saw the arms of the Southern Cross blazing down, and, as there was no moon, I knew it would be dark in a few minutes.

But it was not Upola alone who was quick in his movements, the boat in which we had gone ashore was alongside, and obeying the captain's shout, the two Samoans leaped into it with vim, but the rope was fastened in a way that it took fully a minute to unloose. The time seemed cruelly long to me, but what must it have been to Mr. Roberts and his wife.

"I gotta Nellie!"

This was the glad cry Upola sent from the darkening water, and about fifty yards away I caught a glimpse of a white dress, back of which was the gold-bro[illegible] hero.

Mr. Roberts tried to spe[illegible] his wife, but his voice broke [illegible] a hoarse whisper:

"Ask him—ask him if she's s[illegible]"

"Upola! Is the child safe?" I [illegible]

The orders of the captain and th[illegible] of the oars must have drowned my [illegible] horrible thought, the diver and the g[illegible] the prey of the monstrous sharks I [illegible] watching with a shudder, for no reply came back.

By this time all the stars were out, and [illegible] was so dark, that the boat, though not more than fifty yards away, could be seen by the phosphorescent flash of the oars.

I made a trumpet of my hands and shouted again, and after a painful pause there came the response:

"I gotta Nellie!"

Mrs. Roberts had fainted in her husband's arms, but he still retained his presence of mind:

"There is no light on the schooner," he said to me, "get one so that the boat can see the way back."

I recalled that there was a lamp in the cabin, and I hurried down and lit it, but not till I had, in my nervousness struck a half dozen matches.

When I got back to the deck and held the lamp over the rail, a cheer from the darkness told that the light was seen and welcomed.

Then came the dash of oars and the creaking of the oar locks. A few minutes and the boat shot into the circle of light.

I expected to see pretty Nellie, if not the boat, at all, lying out dead or unconscious; great then was the joy of all when we saw her sitting beside Upola and heard her sobbing out:

"I'm quite, quite, quite well, but I'm aching so."

I could have kissed the dear girl for joy, and wet though she was, clasped her in my arms, but she was soon in a more loving embrace than mine.

And I will close my story by saying that there was a hug, and he smiled and showed his white teeth as he said:

"An no let mama to take gal I Upola. I can swim. I like swim."

NELSON TOWNSEND.

INTERESTING ODDS AND ENDS

Quaint and Curious Things for the Little Folks.

A City Without Women—Big Herds—Reindeer—A Noble Resolve—Facts About the World's Big Diamonds.

We know that Venice is a city without streets, without horses except four or five hundred, and with 3 carriages, without these except in the garden and without a sidewalk. But there is only one place that has neither. It is in Mongolia, near to the borders of Russian Siberia, and is named Maimatchin, and it is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to leave the territory between the two parts of the great wall of Kiakta, and enter into Maimatchin. And the Chinese of this border city are excessively truthful, and they so enjoyed the profit they realized with Europe through Siberia, that it created a sufficient impulse to enable them to return to their native cities, and live in peace with their families. Two thousand miles of them, it seems, [illegible]

[illegible] Big Herds of Reindeer.

Some time ago the Government sent to Norway and Lapland to get reindeer, and to import them into Alaska, where they could live on the mountains, and furnish support to the poor Indians who are in bad straits. With these reindeer there will be Indians who make tents of skins to live in, milk and cheese and butter to protect them from famine. The horns will furnish handles for their knives, and points for their spears and arrows, beads and ornaments, and a great number of household utensils, and implements of use. Then if the Indians get reindeer, they can ride in sledges on their hunting trips, and will be induced to settle down in small villages, where they can gather the herd about them, and they will be induced to become more domestic, like the Eskimo and Lapps. But the Government need not have gone so far to get reindeer, there are millions of them in British America. Last year, May first, two young men, brothers, named Joseph and James Tyrrell, made an exploration in a territory west of Hudson's Bay, where no white man had ever been. They found a large river, 500 miles long, and sixteen lakes, the smallest being fifty miles across. They found a vast treeless plain, hundreds of miles across, covered with short grass, with big rocks sticking up through its surface. Here and there, as they left one of the lakes, about half way down the length of the river, as they had not met with any animals, they were startled to see, at a distance, on the borders of the lake, a herd of moving objects. As they came closer, they discovered that it was a large herd of reindeer, which had probably come down to the lake to drink. Landing, the explorers passed among them with surprise at their tameness. The poor brutes had never seen a human being, and were not afraid of them when the men went among them. They were almost as tame as cows, and the explorers could pass through the herds within fifteen feet of many of them. There were hundreds of thousands of these fine animals. The men got up on a small hill, and as far as they could see, behind this great herd extending. They saw them gathered in groups of several thousand, huddled close together to protect themselves from the black flies. The explorers were out of provisions, and had to kill some of the reindeer and dry the meat, to carry along with them, but they killed only as many as they needed. For many days after they left the shores of that lake, and were coasting down the river, they saw great herds of these reindeer, which lived on the short sweet grass, and green fresh moss, which is very nourishing and excellent. Let us hope it may be long before this beautiful herd of God's untamed creatures is wantonly slaughtered by hunters, as the bison or buffalo of our plains were.