

LITTLE BROWN HANDS-

They drive the ows home from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lanes,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-
fields.
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry
grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.
They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the
thickest.
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.
They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy banks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rooking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are foomed in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.
Those who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.
—M. H. Krout.

A Sage-Brush Nightingale.

BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN

Kitty Mims is not a common name, nor can it be truthfully affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman; but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter. Simon Mims was known far and near as "the Doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graduated as ye mout say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but thar's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?"

The population of Experience was largely transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cottillions exhausted the supply, and as they were not always available for the Saturday night dances, the younger men fastened handkerchiefs about their arms, and so were brevetted "ladies," for the time being.

But, had the ladies, been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle.

She was over the average in height, finely formed and with a certain piquant, self-reliant expression in her dark eyes and about her rich lips, that made her irresistibly attractive to the habitués of the Aurora hotel.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three R's. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims would give odds to Neilson, Patti and the bull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."

Judged by the effect of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang. "The lone starry hours give me love," which was always followed by a storm of "angkores."

But she came out strongest in "Way down upon de Swatnee Ribber," and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of zonghing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course, Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heart-burning amongst her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms with a fascinating tyranny, against which the strongest did not dare to revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song, in which he designed having "darling Kitty Mims" at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it. There's 'adored' and 'floored' and 'gored' and—"

"And 'swored,'" said Tom Reed, coming to the foreman's aid.

Mr. Ford refused any assistance, in this connection, and it may be added he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.

Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man of six-and-twenty, "bashful as a gal," his companions said. He was the only man in Experience that neither drank nor gambled, and though these were hindrances to his social status, it was generally thought that he would get over the defects when he was older.

It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit at the table on which Kitty Mims waited. He was always Kitty's first partner at the dances; and the very first time a buggy drove down the one street of Experience, Kitty sat in it beside the young superintendent.

The older men joked with Simon Mims, and thought the landlord was non-committal; he gave the impression that he would not object to Rufus Ford for a son-in-law.

"But," he would say, "the gal's young, and as she ain't got no mother to advise with her, I calk'late she'd better not think of marryin' for some years to come."

The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tom Reed.

It might be said, however, that Tom Reed was really never in the field. He did not board at the Aurora hotel. Kitty had never "sweetened his coffee by looking into it"—a plan that was thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to ask her hand for the next set, she was engaged.

Tom Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims, and pretending not to see her when she came in sight.

On her nineteenth birthday Tom sent her a bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning—in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the centre of the blossoms he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to Frisco for a "dime-ant ring," and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.

As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora hotel did service this night as a ballroom, and from the crowded doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel on Kitty's hand.

After the dancing had progressed some time the men about the walls began shouting:

"A song! a song from the sage brush nightingale!" Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs. But the "Swatnee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" were not given tonight, there being no wish to divert thought from the present festivities to other scenes.

During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tom Reed was standing, and she whispered:

"Thank you, Tom."
His eyes did not deceive him. Some of his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.

Tom Reed did not wait any longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast.

She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.

"Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's sake, come out! The mine is on fire!"

He sprang up and threw open the door.

There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.

"See, Tom! see! There are eight men in the shaft and eight of them married!"

Tom Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.

"What are you about, Tom Reed! Don't go down, man! Don't!" shouted the people.

"Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!"

That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, "hand over hand."

Encouraged by this daring example, the men got their senses and the women hushed their wailing.

After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away, quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"

The bucket flew down the shaft from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.

An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a signal to "Haal up!"

The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame.

A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell, fainting, beside the blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.

"Any other man but brave Tom Reed would have died," was the general comment weeks afterwards, when it was found Tom would live—live, but never again to look up at the hills that he loved.

"Why—why did you go down?" asked Kitty, as she sat beside his bed, wondering why he was feeling her fingers—they had no jeweled ring now.

"I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What mattered it so that I saved them."

"Hush! Tom!"

He left a tear on his hand and he knew her lips were near his sightless face.

"You will want a wife now, Tom. Let my eyes do for both. Father is willing."

It is the privilege of queens to propose, but when Kitty was a queen, and she is none the less one now that she is Mrs. Reed and the landlady of the Aurora hotel.

If Tom Reed ever bemoaned his calamity no one knew it—not even the wife, from whom he could have no secrets.

INDIANS GROWING GOOD.

Army Posts in Arizona and New Mexico May Be Abandoned.

It is rumored in department headquarters that there will be a rattling of dry bones at some of the older western posts in the near future. As a result of the shake-up predictions are that a number of them will be stricken from the list of necessary stations and either sold at auction or turned over to the Indian service for agencies.

Whipple barracks, Arizona, was abandoned some time ago, and but a small handful of men are kept there under Lieut. Tupes. As negotiations for the sale of this post are about completed the detachment will probably be withdrawn in a short time, after which it will be turned over to a custodian, who will look after Uncle Sam's interests until the sale is consummated. It may be used as a training ground for several Arizona troops which are being fitted for service at the front, but nothing definite on this score is yet known.

Five years ago it was thought the height of folly to think of abandoning any of the Arizona military posts, which are in the region infested with Apaches, but today it seems to be the settled policy of the government to make these men self-supporting, and therefore safe citizens. As rapidly as the Dawes bill requirements are complied with the Indians are admitted to the rights of suffrage. These requirements are "the severance of all tribal relationships and the adoption of the modes and habits of civilization." This will soon cover the whole Apache tribe, once so bloodthirsty, and it is not improbable that the next five months will see the abandonment of Forts Apache, Grant and Huachuca in Arizona, and Wingate and Union in New Mexico. The only reason why the government keeps troops in those God-forsaken regions now is because of the fancied fear of the Indians.

It is also the policy of the government to turn over all abandoned military posts in the Indian country to the red men to be used as agencies; thus, as in Utah, can be seen the Ouray agency, once the site of old Fort Roubidoux; in Montana can be seen the Fort Peck agency, once the site of a military cantonment of that name, and in Arizona the Fort Defiance agency flourishes where once stood that sentinel of the advance of civilization westward, Fort Defiance.

In speaking of the Apaches recently, General Sumner said: "It is generally misunderstood this question of the Apache Indians. They are generally looked upon as being bloodthirsty, fierce warriors. On the contrary, I never dealt with easier Indians to handle. They are making as rapid strides toward civilization as any band in the United States and no more need watching than many of the tribes of the Indian Territory. The Utes are vastly more turbulent and troublesome."

New Use for a Church Steeple.

Church steeples are generally considered as of little use except for the sensation they cause by occasionally falling down, and for serving as a refuge for bells, which often disturb the repose of the community. It has been left for the village of Long Sutton to find a new municipal use for these miniature "star-pointing pyramids." The urban district council of the place mentioned have a fire engine and several lengths of hose, but are at a loss for a means of drying the latter after they have been washed in preparation for a conflagration, on any scale, that may take place. After due reflection they severally and conjointly evolved the brilliant idea of utilizing the steeple of the parish church for the purpose. The proposition that "hose" exhibited on a church might be construed by some as unauthorized ecclesiastical vestments was considered frivolous, and the vicar was accordingly requested to make room for the articles. At first he demurred, finding no precedent for such a use of the church fabric, but after a long correspondence he seems to have conditionally granted assent. He insists, however, that the whole matter must be left to his superintendence, because he repudiates the notion that the urban district council have anything to do with church management. Fire hose hung out for drying purposes can hardly be considered an ornament to a steeple, but really good effects might be obtained, especially of the sunset kind, if the burnished helmets of the firemen could be added.—London Telegraph.

A Frightened Procession.

The wrath of the gods seems to have been displayed in so convincing a manner at Seoul as to unconsciously disperse an imperial procession. We learn from the "Nichi Nichi" that the emperor of Corea was paying a visit to certain tombs of the imperial family. The procession consisted of about one hundred office-bearers, and just as they were approaching one of the tombs the sky suddenly became clouded, and a mighty roar of thunder so startled the emperor's attendants that they fled helter-skelter back to their homes. It goes without saying that the emperor became highly indignant, and ordered the timid office-bearers to be severely punished. Apparently the circumstances of the time did not allow of their being punished severely, and they were let off with the forfeiture of a month's salary.—Kobe Chronicle.

Gave Her Pleasure.

"What do you think Miss Podus said about my photograph?"
"Goodness knows."
"She said she loved to look at it, because it reminded her of another man."—Chicago Record.

AUTUMNAL FABRICS ARE WORKS OF ART.

WAR COLORS IN THE GOWNS.



ATE fall and winter dress materials of 1898 are works of art, and their variety is great. Many women hesitate to select fabrics for their winter gowns so early in the season, believing that new designs and materials will be brought out as the season advances. Those who plunge right in, however, have the wider choice. In colored goods, poplin and crepon vie with each other for first place. Many people understand by poplin a smooth one-toned material worn by their grandmothers, and by crepon almost any soft stuff with a raised figure. Such will open their eyes in astonishment when they come to view the brilliant goods now displayed. Among poplins there are exquisite shadow plaids on a poplin ground, broken plaids, two-toned poplin velours and plain two-toned poplins in all the new shades and standard colorings. One thinks that nothing in the way of dress goods could be prettier until the plain poplins in the new shades of red and blue and purple, with bayadere stripes of black plush, come into sight. Some of these have a black stripe, between the plush stripes, in serpentine braid effect.

In fact there is more chance than ever for woman to be beautiful, since now there are war colors in her gowns. She wears marine blue, mil-

Very satisfactory results are obtained by combinations in a waist of this kind, which may either match or contrast with the skirt. Turquoise blue with black in silk or velvet, oleander pink silk with olive broadcloth and dark red satin with soft grey green poplin are new and artistic combinations in coloring that unite with black or cream guipure new so fashionable.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Ladies' New Three Piece Skirt.

As broadcloth and other fabrics of wide width is the vogue for autumn



THE FAVORITE SKIRT.

and winter wear, the three piece skirt as here presented is the favorite model. It combines grace of form and style in outline with economy of material



LADIES' ADMIRAL BASQUE.

tary gray and cavalry yellow. Artillery red is also seen in the trimmings of her costumes and wraps and there is a martial air about them.

A Charming Design.

A charming combination is here represented in steel grey and white broadcloth decorated with black guipure lace and narrow black satin ribbon "frizzed out." The yoke and standing collar of white cloth is overlaid with black guipure lace applique to match decorating the fronts, back and sleeves. The fashionable fronts are cut low and crossed in "Indor" style, just enough fulness being collected by gathers at the waist to pouch becomingly over the belt. Glove-fitted lin-



AN "INDOR" WAIST.

ings that close in centre front support the deep yoke that is included in the right shoulder arm, and closes with the standing collar over on the left shoulder. The over fronts lap to the left and close invisibly with the shaped belt. Over the seamless back that is smooth at the top a rounded yoke facing is applied, the fulness at the lower edge being laid in overlapping plaits at the centre.

A novel feature is the smooth round bertha of white cloth that outlines the yoke edge with narrow black "frizzed" ribbon and the shaped belt that lengthens the waist line.

The stylish sleeves are shaped with two seams, the upper portions being adjusted by gathers and tacking over the fitted lining to form a puff at the top. At the wrists a narrow pointed cuff is joined that flares downward over the hand

and can be decorated in various ways, cross bands as here shown being best for tall and lengthwise for short figures.

The narrow front gore is set between two wide circular portions that meet in a seam at centre back.

The fulness at the top is laid in two overlapping plaits at each side of centre but gathers can be employed if so preferred. Small darts fit the top smoothly over the hips, the graceful flare to the foot resulting from the shaping that accords with the newest mode.

Cloth, serge, camel's hair, crepon, chevot, mohair, etamine and all wide novelty fabrics will give satisfaction when developed by the mode; braid, ribbon or bias bands of the material providing suitable decoration.

A skirt of black nuns veiling, henrietta oshmere or drap-d-ete trimmed with bands of crepe or dupe ribbon silk in this style will be very appropriate for mourning.

The skirt measures four yards at the foot in the middle size.

To make this skirt for a lady of medium size will require three and a half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

An Autumn Military Effect.

Military effects dominate the new season's styles, braid and brass buttons entering largely into the decorations.

All shades of blue are worn from the light greyish cadet to the darkest navy.

A perfect glove-fitting adjustment is the prominent characteristic of the "Admiral" basque shown in the large illustration. It is fitted with the usual double darts, under-arm and side back gores, that curve higher on the back than is usual and may be made with or without a centre back seam. The fronts lap in double breasted style to the neck, closing with graduated rows of brass buttons.

The lower outline reaches a trifle below the waist at the sides curving over the hips to pretty points front and back.

Shoulder straps are included in the neck seam, the pointed lower end being secured by single brass buttons.

The high military collar is trimmed with braid and all the free edges of the basque are similarly outlined.

The sleeves are shaped with upper and under portions, the moderate fulness being gathered at the top and the wrists have cuffs simulated by double rows of braid.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A matrimonial agency is the latest Jewish venture in the East End of London.

Merit.

The extraordinary merit won by "Johnson's Happy Pills" in the different camps, especially Wikoff, in curing malaria, chills and fever and liver complaints is a great endorsement of their never failing qualities. Happy Medicine Co., West New Brighton, Richmond Borough, New York.

During the last century 100 lakes in Tyrol have subsided and disappeared.

When Golden Rod Ripens

Thousands suffer with Hay-Fever, Hoxsie's Disk cure wheezing, sneezing and coughing 25 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

This year's cranberry crop in Wisconsin is estimated at 18,000 barrels.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fall, druggists refund money.

Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Chimney-pot hats were worn in France nearly 500 years ago.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Marigolds and camomiles in North Africa reach a height of four or five feet.

Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Joking With the Queen.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the Queen. This is Canon Teignmouth-Shore, at one time governor to the children of the Prince of Wales, and a splendid type of Irish humorist. He was discussing with Her Majesty the question why it was that shoemakers were supposed to be so advanced in their heterodoxy and in the want of faith in futurity. "Why, ma'am," quietly remarked the audacious Canon, "one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the sole (soul)!" Her Majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed very heartily over it.

A Magnificent Tomb.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is deemed to be the palace Temple of Karnak, occupying the area of nine acres, or twice that of St. Peter's at Rome. The temple space is a poet's dream of gigantic columns, beautiful courts and wondrous avenues of sphinxes.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhoea. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhoea. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."
—ATLANTA L. HUPP.
100 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



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