

A SILENT SOLDIER OF ADVERSITY.

How do I know the measure of woe
Your patience has bravely spanned,
And the foes you've fought and the crowns
You've wrought.

With your proud, determined hand?
Read me a story of kings and queens
Of a royal, loyal race,
And the honest share of the glory you wear
Will be easy for me to trace.

How do I know you have struggled so
To conquer the mad despair
Of nights so black there was never a track,
And scarcely the heart to care?
Point me the spirit of youth suppressed
With a harness of gallant fit,
And his tears may shine with a grace divine
If they spring from your style of grit.

How do I know what the others owe
To the love and the life you've laid
On the cold, hard stone of a day known—
That can never be half repaid?

Bring me the coffers you've richly filled,
In their treasures green with mold,
And the empty heart that will sometimes
glows richer than wasted gold.

How do I know?—as the world should know,
With none of its pitying praise—
With a sense of guilt for the barriers built
'Cross most of your earnest ways.

Where are the records of those who wait
Till the others are cheered and crowned?
In the grand review of the tried and true
Your name is the bravest found.

—George E. Bowen.

The Corporal's Story.

"What a splendid place for ghosts!" exclaimed a visitor at Montauk Point in the presence of one of the provost guards, while the latter was patrolling up and down along the top of the ridge that commands a view of the whole country from the wood line over "Amagansett way" to the tall white light-house on the Point eight miles away. The guard, who wore the crossed sabres and the number of a troop that made itself famous at San Juan, looked wistfully across the deep valley toward the little cemetery lying on a knoll near the furthest edge of the city of tents. The visitor was a woman, who had just arrived and climbed the hill to get the view. She had seen nothing of the war's aftermath, had not even noted the cemetery, which seemed to the guard to stand up above everything else, even above the lighthouse, and was generally the only thing that he did see.

The woman stood waiting for a reply, but as none seemed forthcoming she passed on, humming the air of a topical song, and seated herself on the inward slope of the valley. In all the camp there was not a spot wherein one could hide, except these three slopes, and as the provost himself was well out of the way the guard dismounted, tethered his horse and stood as if still deliberating what to do. The woman, who had been joined in the meantime by three friends, mentioned him to join the party, and he obeyed.

"Are there any ghosts here, officer?" she asked, noting the yellow chevrons, which denoted the guard's rank as a corporal.

"Yes'm," said the soldier, standing at attention. "I've seen lots of 'em here, too. More than you would think. You haven't seen our graveyard here yet, have you? There it is, over there. You can see the crosses if you'll climb up on this stone."

The four visitors rose and, mounting to the top of one of the many bowlders, followed the direction of the soldier's figure and then resumed their seats to listen.

"There's where we bury 'em, miss. There's nigh on to 200 of 'em there. Every one of 'em was a soldier just like me, but now there's nothin' more of 'em but just them pieces of wood."

"Did you know any of them?" asked the eldest of the newcomers sympathetically.

Her tone appealed to the guard's mood, encouraged him to talk, and he began his tale:

"Yes'm. I know'd 'em. I buried 50 of 'em, an' ten was my bunkies down 'n Arizona afore I come out east here. They wasn't all men what you'd say went to heavin, but the e- one man there all alone in one corner with just 'Jones' on the cross, an' if—well he's gone for good now."

"Jones went under half a dozen names, a new one in every regiment he joined, from Fort Sill to up here in Vermont. He enlisted when I did first, and we got out each time when we had done three years. The first time he says to me: 'Dave, what are you goin' to do?'"

"Go in again," says I, when I get back from the ole man's."

"So am I," says he. "Let's go in together!" An' we did; an' when the war come on we were bunkies, just like we had been for 20 years, and we went down there to fight together."

"Jones always was quiet. You couldn't get nothin' out of him, never. One time I was drinkin' and Jones he was sober, for he never would drink when I was at it, nor any other time very much for that matter. He was trying to tell me that I was a fool, an' I got mad."

"You're a jailbird, Jones," says I, "or you wouldn't be always changin' your name. I've been bunkin' with a jailbird for 15 years, and now I'm done. I don't know no man with three names an' one who ain't got no folks, an' I'm done with you for good."

"There was a whole troop there when I says it, and Jones turned white an' shut his lips, too, but he never said a word an' went back to the barracks. If he'd smashed me I'd 'a thought more of him, then, but when I waked up at reveille next mornin' it was in the guardhouse, an' Jones he was in there, too, for helpin' a drunken soldier, that was me, run the guard an' get in without bein' nipped. I was the colonel's orderly an' got off light, but Jones he got ten days. It don't take long for things to get around in barracks with nothin' but parade an' your horse and equipments to kill the time between drills, an' it wasn't long afore the fellers began givin' me a wide range. I had clean forgot insultin' Jones when I woke up in the guardhouse an' didn't know it till one of my old bunkies told me. Then I went to Jones an' says, 'Jones, I didn't treat ye right when I called ye a jailbird, and I wants ye to come here afore the fellers an' let me make it square.'

"No," said he. "We're both of us

jailbirds now, Dave, an' birds of a feather flock together. It's all right."

"Jones paid me back, but not in my coin by a blamed sight. The night before the charge on San Juan I was picket, but Jones wasn't. It was against orders for anybody but the pickets to be out, but along about 2 o'clock in the mornin' I was walkin' right agin the edge of the bushes watchin' the lights in the city and strainin' my ears to hear a sound and wonderin' what the Spaniards were doin' and thinkin' about on the night before a fight, when Jones came sneakin' up to me with a stick over his shoulder making believe he was a picket, so he could pass the corporal's challenge if he was caught, an' he says:

"Dave, I want to talk to you. Something tells me that this is my last chance. I've been tryin' to get my nerve up ever since I found you, but some way I was afraid that you would cut me like you said you would the night that you were drunk, an' you're the only man I've ever wanted as a friend, for I picked you out to tell the story to when I saw you down at Fort Sill."

"He hadn't gone no further than that when the corporal came along an' caught us both. I gave the countersign, an' it was all right, but I hadn't had time to give it to Jones, an' he was caught square. It was guard-house for him an' irous for me, an' I would have got it right there if there hadn't been two things happen. When we went up before the captain, Jones he says:

"Captain, I'm the wrong man here. I went out to talk to Dave; let him off an' give it to me."

"The captain didn't have time to answer when in come a scout reportin' that the enemy was doin' something out there in the trenches an' we might be attacked. I never went to the guardhouse, but Jones did somehow or other. The corporal says that after the scare was over Jones reported armed like he was when he turned out at the sudden order an' says: 'Corporal, I report for punishment.' They put him in the rear, but I stayed out on the line expectin' to be called in any minute an' ironed. Somehow they forgot me, an' I've never heard a word of it since. It came light pretty soon, an' it wasn't long after the batteries opened up on each other across the valley before we went into action. I was in the rear line when we went in, but the line didn't last for more than two minutes. We had to scrap the best we could, and every man was doin' his best to keep nearest the colonel."

"We got right on the edge of the first ditch when one of them Spaniards up and jabbed at me with his bayonet. He hit me full in my stomach, but the point hit my buckle and knocked me down backward. I was winded an' tried to get a shot at him, when he emptied his six-shooter into me and left me lyin' there with four scorchin' wounds an' storming like blazes."

"I'd have been willing to die the next minute if I could have just got a shot into him, when some feller shot right over me, an' the Spaniard dropped. It was Jones goin' at him full tilt to finish him. He'd done it, too, but the Spaniard grabs a pistol that some other feller had dropped an' blowed a hole in his head right there before Jones could get at him."

"I came to in the hospital with a fever on top of my wounds, an' in the next cot was Jones with a hole in his head an' near breathin' his last. I got well, and Jones got better, but he knew that he wouldn't get well an' so did I. The men said Jones was draggin' me off when he got hit and that they found us both. Jones lyin' under me grippin' my sleeve and both of us near dead as any two men could be. Jones never would say that he was tryin' to get me away till the last minute. He never got able to walk, if the doctor did say his wound had healed. They brought him up here, and I came along to take care of him. He lived till we got in the bay over there, an' then he died, his head on my knee."

"The last thing he says was: 'I never got to tell you the story, Dave. You needn't think anything of my dyin', for I tried to do it. I was more than willin' anyway, an' more still for you. I took a life once when there wasn't any war. I haven't been able to sleep since without seein' my ghost, an' in dark nights when you're on picket down there, when you go back to finish the fight, an' you see my ghost, you'll know I've come to do picket duty with ye, for you look just the image of her brother, him I killed; an' I—I loved her, Dave, an' she died when I did my crime.'

The trooper arose and looked over at the graveyard again, but it was time for retreat, and already he could see the night guard coming along the tops of the distant hills back by the regimental camp.—New York Sun.

THE WORLD ON BALL BEARINGS.

The Roller Skating Craze About to Sweep Over the Country Again.

The announcement that the "roller skating craze" is about to sweep over the country again this winter will attract public attention to the manner in which the discovery of the ball bearing principle has revolutionized mechanical construction in a vast number of industrial activities. So universal has become the adoption of this principle in all devices where it is desirable to do away with friction that the world may be said at this time to be actually moving along on ball bearings.

Of course the ball bearing idea reached its greatest mechanical perfection in the modern bicycle. This acme of easy and delightful locomotion would not have been possible without the ball bearing axle. The hub of the wheel is filled with little steel balls that press against the axle and revolve around it with the motion of the wheel, thus reducing friction to a minimum—in fact, almost entirely destroying it. The average person who glides smoothly along on a bicycle has little conception of the increased muscular effort that would be required to propel his vehicle if mounted on the old style of axles.

But the bicycle can claim no monopoly of the ball bearing principle. Fortunately it is one of those inventions upon which no man or combination of men has a monopoly. The farmer enjoys the luxury of a device that dispenses with friction when he rides his sulky plow; it has shoved up the fast records of the turf several notches; it has enabled the housewife to push her heavy furniture from one room to another without hiring two or three muscular men to do it for her. The old-time castor that used to dig deep furrows into the hard wood floor has given place to the easy running ball bearing castor, which makes a piano as light as a baby cab.

And now it has taken hold of the roller skate and threatens to revive a winter pastime that at one time took all the cities and towns by storm. Palatial rinks are being erected all over the country, and old ones are being remodeled and repaired. When the people find how easy it is to glide along on a ball bearing roller skate it is believed by enthusiasts that the rinks will not be large enough to hold the skaters.

Something is needed in winter to fill the same place that bicycling does in summer. Our winters cannot be depended upon for outdoor skating. No one can deny that roller skating, if properly conducted in well managed rinks, is a healthful and invigorating exercise. It would not be strange if the same mechanical device which has placed more than half the human family on wheels in the summer should put them on roller skates in the winter.

This is a swift moving age. The ball bearing principle is destroying the friction of life. We are moving along more rapidly each year and with less expenditure of human energy. Perhaps the twentieth century will find the entire human family gliding along on ball bearing shoes.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The nails on amputated fingers continue to grow.

Football is played with bare feet by the natives of India.

It is customary in China to congratulate a fat man, because it is taken for granted that he must be rich.

It is a curious circumstance that some of the most important inventions have been discovered by lunatics.

Unbreakable mirrors are now made by putting a coating of quicksilver on the back of a very thin plate of celluloid.

An ear of corn 12 3/4 inches long was exhibited on 'change in Cincinnati recently. One industrious broker counted the grains on it and found there were over a thousand of them.

A huge sun dial made entirely of plants and flowers adorns the South Park, Chicago. The standard which casts the shadows is also decked with flowers and is made to resemble a gigantic ear of corn.

A mean rogue in Kentland, Ind., is warned by a farmer, who has inserted this advertisement in the local paper: "I am watching for the man that milks my cow. If I catch him, I intend to shut my eyes and shoot at the cow.—John Keefe.

A chicken with a comb weighing over a pound is owned by John D. Reynolds of Newark, N. J. At night the fowl rests on a perch four inches from the ground, with its head bent forward, so that the comb can repose on the earth. Otherwise, the weight of the comb would cause the chicken to topple over.

When \$1000 Looked Big.

Divide anything up into pairs and you magnify it. A certain wise man took this way to give his wife an idea of money. Her purchases were enormous. It happened one day that her eye fell upon a magnificent ring and she coveted it. It cost \$1000, but what was \$1000 to her in comparison to the ring? Of course her husband consented to the purchase. What else could a dutiful, affectionate husband do? But he tried this method of educating his wife concerning the great price of the ring. He instructed his banker to send the \$1000 in small pieces—pennies, dimes, quarters. In came the money, bagful after bagful. She never had such an idea of \$1000 before. When the money was piled before her it alarmed her; the price of the ring went up a hundredfold, and was considered at once an extravagance which she of her own option abandoned.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the model skirt is to fit absolutely glove-like about the hips, defining the figure in an astonishing manner, and widening out at the bottom.



LADIES' SKIRT WITH POINTED FLOUNCE.

The pointed flounce, as shown in the accompanying design, is very popular, but the dress-makers advise flat trimmings that do not destroy the contour of the figure. Embroideries and novel braidings will be much used. The panel skirt will be chosen by those who wish something distinctive. The panel is usually the front breadth, narrow at the top and widening out toward the hem.

Among the new methods for achieving the flare at the bottom is plaiting the lower fulness separately around the bottom of the upper skirt. The effect of one skirt draped above another so as to show the under one only in part by raising it an inch or two all round, and at one side raising the drapery after the Greek manner,

Gems to Match Costumes.

Women now spend much thought in arranging their gems to match their costumes. Amethysts and all shades



WOMAN'S BASQUE WAIST.

or opening the sides, to show the under petticoat, are all charming models, which show off two distinct shades of one fabric admirably, the under petticoat always being of the lighter shade.

Polonaise motifs will abound in trimmings, and enter into separate parts of a skirt by the addition of a contrasting material to the polonaise forming the length and fulness of the drapery. There is no good reason why the old style of double skirt should not appear later, since the way has been so well paved by it, unless the slenderness now required for the upper part of the figure remains as fixed as it now is.

A Charming Waist.

Fancy ribbed poplin in willow green and gray is the material chosen for the charming waist that matches the skirt, showing by May Manton in the large engraving. The full front, yoke, collar and revers are of silver-gray satin, the trimming being of open bands of insertion, under which willow-green ribbon is placed. Silver passementerie studded with small mock emeralds is used to decorate the low-cut neck extending to the revers in front, the wrists and lower edge of basque fitted. The waist is arranged over fitted linings that close in centre front. The yoke with full vest attached closes at the left shoulder, or the fulness may be sewed to the left front and close invisibly in centre, while the yoke closes over the gathers at top edge. The fronts, shaped with single bust darts, are laid in small side and box pleats at the shoulders that taper to the lower edge, the prettily pointed revers being joined to the front edges from the yoke down. Single bust darts cause a smooth adjustment at the sides and a very slight pouch effect is caused by the fulness in front.

The seamless back is arranged over regular back and side back forms, small overlapping pleats in centre adjusting the fulness at the lower edge. Smooth under-arm gores join fronts to back, and the lower edge is finished in gracefully rounded outline. The close-fitting sleeves are topped with puffs of fashionable fulness, the wrists being finished with chiffon plisse to match that at neck.

Separate waists may be made in this style in charming combinations of velvet and silk, plain and embroidered taffeta or satin, figured and plain satin or silk with lace, net or mousseline over satin for yoke and vest. Plain woollens, such as cashmere or cloth,



GIRL'S MILITARY COAT.

for a patriotic little miss in New York City whose father has just returned from the war.

A FOOL AND A WOMAN.

She never cared for him
Until there came a day
When he fell in love with her
And acted in such a way
As to fill his astonished friends
With feelings of dismay.

Men used honor him
For the good sense that he had,
But he fell in love with her
And carried on like mad,
And people saw, amazed,
And said it was too bad.

Then she that had never cared
And had turned to other men
Would deign to smile sometimes,
For, being a woman, when
She had made a fool of the man
She rather liked him then.

—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

Many people want to get in the swim for divers reasons.
School Teacher—Johnny, what is the capital of the United States?
Johnny—Money, mum.

Ethel—Do you meet many people while wheeling?
Tom—Oh, yes; I run across a friend occasionally.

Claribel—They say he is worth half a million, at the least!
Matlea—How I should like to be his widow.

First Proud Parent—I am a daddy, and it is a peach.
Second Proud Parent—I am a daddy, too, but it is a pair!

The Soldier—What were your admiral's last words?
The Sailor—He didn't have any. His wife was on board.

Manager—I can't use this play. It's too long for the stage.
Amateur Dramatist—Why not make the stage larger?

"Did you enjoy the cathedrals abroad, Miss Shutter?"
"No; the horrid things were too big for my camera."

"Wonders will never cease. I just saw a stone walk."
"Pooh! That's nothing. I have often seen a brick building."

Lady Visitor—What a pretty baby. How old is he?
Mamie (aged five)—I ain't quite sure, mum. We've had him about a year.

"You shall be rich and famous," said the fortune teller.
"Alas!" cried the sinner.
"Then I am undone. For my dream was to devote my life to art."

"How habits cling to a man!" said Mr. Sniff.
"I engaged an old ex-barber to trim my lawn the other day, and he asked me if I would have it shampooed also."

Teacher—Now, boys, listen. Leather comes from the cow, and wool is made into cloth and into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy?
Tommy (hesitating)—Out of father's.

"William," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"
"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."
"What is that?"
"He says it's in a mighty bad shape just at present."

"I don't know that I need any work done about the house. What can you do, my good fellow?"
"Sir, in my day I've been a carpenter, a barber and a school teacher. I can shingle your house, your hair or your boy."

"Doctor," said a fashionable belle, "what do you think of tight lacing?"
The doctor solemnly replied: "Madam, all I can say is that the more a woman's waist is shaped like an hourglass the sooner will her sands of life run out."

Mosher—What are you doing with all those bits of card in your pocket?
Wiswell—They are tickets at different theatres. It says on each, "Retain this portion." It's an awful bore to be obliged to carry so much paste-board about; but, then, what's a fellow to do?

Growth of Outlawry.

The recent attack on a railway train in Texas by a gang of six armed men is one among other signs that America, like many an older country, is capable of producing its own banditti.

In several of our cities—as a few days ago in London—companies of restless youths have given to quiet citizens much alarm, and have caused the police a deal of hard rough work. Birds of a feather easily discover each other and there is doubtless a tendency in the criminal class to co-operation and co-operative enterprise.

Various causes are at work to produce outlawry and hoodlumism, and not alone among the degraded poor. Not neglected children only, but the mis-educated and ill-disciplined, contribute results to the army of evil.

It is thought that the tolerated lawlessness of a few college students is emulated by lads who never enter college halls; that corrupt journalism and rotten literature work like poison or thoughtless minds; that the lax administration of the laws, the misanthropy which broods on social wrongs; and, perhaps more than all else, the widespread disrespect for honest, thorough work; the aversion to it, and the lack of training necessary to success in any form of industry, are creating a class which lives by preying upon society.

Bandits are not all men of violence. Many of them know that craft is less dangerous, because less offensive, than brutal robbery. Yet all combinations for plunder, whether in defiance of law, by evasion of it, or even by the abuse of it, are of the same bad quality. They alike expose property and person to outrage and depredation. Civilized society, acting in self-defence, while dealing with the evil which shows itself above ground, must also dig up the poisonous root.—Youth's Companion.

It is estimated that of the whole population of the globe about 90,000 die every day.