

And now England is importing our golf sticks—one more in the many links that bind the Anglo-Saxon race.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the day nurseries of the city are supported by the Cleveland day nursery and free kindergarten association, whose members are so deeply impressed with the need of combining kindergarten and nursery that they are conducting, in addition, a training school for kindergarten teachers.

Those Cubans who thought that with the expulsion of the Spaniards the skies would fall and larks on toast would be their daily diet have been somewhat disappointed, but they are now learning better, and are realizing that if all their expectations have not been fulfilled a vast deal has been gained, and illimitable opportunities for Cuba have been opened.

A steady progress toward safety in railroad operation has been noted within recent years, notwithstanding the prevalent impression to the contrary. An occasional accident, with distressing incidents and a heavy loss of life, makes a deep impression upon the public mind, while hundreds of trains, bearing thousands of passengers into depots safely each day, causes no comment. It is only necessary to consider the vast railroad mileage of the country and the millions of passengers carried in safety to their destinations, to see that the loss of life in moving them is relatively very small. Fewer travelers, indeed, lose their lives by railroad accident in proportion to the number traveling, than came to their death from like cause in the old days of the stage coach.

It is possible that the immigration into the United States during the coming season will include many of the inhabitants of unhappy Finland, which has been deprived of such nominal independence as it has possessed since it became a part of Russia in 1721 by treaty and in 1805 by conquest. The czar has authorized the exile of all inhabitants who are even suspected of opposition to his sovereignty, and as the Finns have so long been accustomed to their ancient constitution and laws, the edict will affect unknown numbers of the people. The race is hardy, intelligent, of Altai-Uralian stock, accustomed to agricultural pursuits and almost wholly of the Lutheran faith. Because of these qualities and of their climate they should form a desirable addition to the farming population of our cold Northwest, thinks the New York Mail and Express.

A unique banking institution is the Retailers' National bank of Pittsburgh, Pa., recently authorized to do business with a capital of \$200,000. The principal feature of the bank will be collecting outstanding accounts of retail merchants and the discounting of their notes on such outstanding accounts. Retail accounts have always proved an annoyance to merchants, and many of the bills have proved uncollectible. The new bank is to collect the money, and in some cases appraise the value of the accounts and assume the risk. The bank will also give the merchants accommodation on accounts left with it for collection, having the accounts assigned to it, and being given a note. This will be discounted, and the commission for collecting also deducted. The bank will endeavor to have the accounts of a patron collected before a note reaches maturity.

The Philadelphia Leger is led by taste for historical sequence into discovery of a special fitness in the fact that the first shot in the war that destroyed the colonial empire of Spain should have been fired from a ship named Raleigh. The idea is picturesque. It is not that the name of Raleigh recalls the birth of England's sea power and world empire, but that his tragic death binds it eternally with the idea of English nationality. This idea was in eclipse from Elizabeth to Cromwell, and the Stuarts brought back the old idea of dynastic loyalty and made the national interest secondary to the domestic interests of their family. Raleigh was the last of the Elizabethans, and made private war on the king of Spain, even as Drake had done, when James was trying to keep up diplomatic and matrimonial alliance with him. His execution was a sacrifice to Spanish friendship, and may well have sharpened English hatred for Spain and royalty together and helped rouse the national spirit to that slow, enduring fury which made Cromwell possible and set nationality finally above dynasties in the second revolution—the curtain-raiser for a century of war for world empire. After Elizabeth, Raleigh began the race struggle which the Raleigh helped to end.

ONLY MAN.

The world is queer in its awful way;
Twas so since the world began;
For man may fight for wrong or the right
And still he is only man.

A man may struggle to reach the top,
And be to his work a slave;
But, though the best, he follows the rest
To death and a six-foot grave.

A man may sink to the lowest depths
And drink of the dregs of life;
Though steeped in sin when death steps in
He leaves the world and strife.

A man may have at his beck and call
Great stores of wealth and of gold;
But strive as he may, no hand can stay
The death, and his story is told.

A man may fight the wolf from the door
And breathe of poverty's breath;
Yet long may wait for the hand of fate,
The sweep of the scythe of death.

The world is queer in its awful way,
Twas so since the world began;
For man may fight for wrong or the right,
And still he is only man.
—Storrs Nelson, in Denver News.

THE TRAGEDY OF AFRAID EYES.

A BRAVE MAN WHO WAS A DERELICT OF THE FRONTIER.

None of us out in Montana ever knew where he came from or anything of his past; he just drifted in among us as a log is left by the receding current on a sandy bar. There he was, and no questions were asked, for in those days it wasn't considered good form to be inquisitive. Some men didn't care to have their antecedents particularly inquired into, and one who persisted in looking up the record of people he met sooner or later found himself looking into something different—the muzzle of a six-shooter.

He had evidently come from some mining country out onto the plains, for we noticed that one of his pack horses carried a pick, shovel and goldpan and other implements of the prospector. But he wasn't broke like the majority of those wanderers of the earth, for he carried a little sack of gold coin, and after sitting around a few days, listening to the boys and getting the lay of the land, he purchased a wagon and trading outfit of the company and became an Indian trader on a small scale. On the company's books his name appeared as Obrien Osborne. Perhaps it wasn't his right name, and perhaps it wasn't. The boys called him Briny. He was a thin, round-shouldered man of medium height, black-haired and black-bearded. He had very peculiar eyes; they were deep set, behind great bushy eyebrows and had an appealing, supplicating expression in their gray depths like that seen in certain timid animals at bay. The Indians, quick to note any little peculiarity of a man, named him Ko-pop-in-e (Afraid Eyes).

When Briny came into the fort with a load of furs he would at once buy a new outfit of trade goods and then spend his surplus capital among the boys. The last dollar expended, he would hitch up his team and drive out over the great plains to the Indian camp, wherever it might be located at the time, to trade for another load of robes and furs.

Briny was always so quiet and apparently of so timid a nature that the boys used to make fun of him and speak to him in that half-contemptuous, half-patronizing way in which rough men will address one whom they consider their inferior mentally and physically. But if ever these men made a mistake they made it when they sized Briny up the way they did. When they found out their error, however, they acknowledged their fault and from that time on treated him like the man he was up to the hour of his untimely death.

One winter Briny made a successful trade with the Piegan Indians, who were hunting and camping along the Missouri river in the vicinity of Cow island. The ice being very thick and strong, he concluded to drive up the river with his load of furs to the fort, instead of traveling over the cold, barren prairie where neither wood nor shelter was to be found. In those times men not inaptly called woodhaws were strung along the river at convenient points—generally the foot of a long rapid—and made a livelihood by selling fuel to the steamers which plied up and down the stream during the high water of spring and early summer. The woodhaws were a rough set of men and their occupation hazardous in the extreme, for they were constantly exposed to the attacks of war parties from the surrounding tribes, especially the Sioux, Assiniboin, Cheyennes and Crees. Wood cost \$20 a cord and more, and where money is to be made men are always to be found to make it, regardless of the risks involved. It was a very common occurrence for a steamer to land at a woodyard and find the owners scalped and dead by the smoldering ruins of their cabin. Traveling along on the ice, then, Briny reached the yard of a couple of acquaintances one afternoon and camped with them for the night. The woodhaws were glad to see him, for not a living soul had they met since the preceding summer. Moreover, Briny had been at the fort two months before and could give them many a bit of news. It was late when they retired, after eating a second supper of buffalo ribs roasted in front of the wide fireplace.

The woodhaws arose at an early hour the next morning, Briny remaining in his bed until breakfast should be ready. One of the men went to the river for a pail of water while the other began to chop some splinters from a dry log some fifty yards from the cabin with which to start the morning fire. In the early light of dawn, or perhaps some time during the night, a war party of six or seven Assiniboin had discovered the lonely little cabin and laid plans to kill its occupants without any risk to themselves. Choosing places in the dense brush within short range, they lay concealed and patiently waiting for the men to appear. Everything happened as they wished. When one of the men reached the river and the other the log, they opened fire, and poor Joe Hines fell dead on the ice. Briny was aroused by the shooting

and rushed out of the door, Winchester in hand, just in time to see three Assiniboin rushing toward the other woodhawk, Arnold, whose leg had been broken by the volley. In a second or two more they would have been upon the unfortunate man, but before they realized what was up Briny dropped two of them, and the third ran off into the brush east of the cabin. Briny then ran down the path toward the river and saw the other Indians gathered about poor Hines, whom they were proceeding to scalp and dismember. Two of them fell at his first shot, and the rest ran across the ice toward the other shore, but only one of them reached it, for at the fourth shot Briny managed to hit the other, and he tumbled over with a wailing yell. Not knowing how many more Indians might be concealed in the brush or in the vicinity, Briny went quickly back to where Arnold was lying and packed him into the cabin. He knew Hines was dead and that there was no use in risking a shot from the Indians by going after his body then. Closing the door and fastening it securely, he got Arnold into a bunk, stanching the flow of blood from his wound and temporarily bandaged the broken limb. He next proceeded to knock the mud chinking out on the three sides of the cabin where there was no door or window and from the small openings there made watched carefully for any signs of the enemy. Hours past, and no one was to be seen, not a sound was to be heard. Arnold, in great pain and grieving over the death of his partner, spoke not a word and merely shook his head when Briny asked him every few minutes if he could do anything for him.

It was about noon when they heard in the direction of the river a faint wailing, quivering chant which gradually increased in volume and then died away.

"What's that, do you s'pose?" Briny asked.

"It's one o' them fellers you shot out on the ice singin' his death song," replied Arnold, who was better versed in Indian ways.

"Then his partners must a lit out and left him," said Briny. "Anyhow, I can't stand this any longer. I've got to go out and see if the rest really are gone."

"Yes, go," Arnold urged, "and put a ball through that critter so he won't yowl any more. But first give me my gun, so I can feel a little safe while you're gone."

Briny slid out of the door and made a short detour to where he could plainly see the first two Indians he dropped. Both were lying on their backs, arms outstretched, having died without a struggle. He went down the path to the river. The two he shot at the water hole were lying just where they fell, one of them partly resting on Hines' body. The one wounded when part way across the river had managed to drag himself, gun and all, to the other shore, but hadn't sufficient strength to climb the steep bank into the brush. There he was on his hands and knees, his body swaying and head drooping, again chanting that weird death song, but in fainting, weaker tones. At the crack of Briny's rifle he pitched forward with a lurch, and all was over.

Having made a tour of the big timbered bottom and found the trails of the two survivors who had left it at different points and at good speed, judging by the long distance between their footprints, Briny returned to the house and reported to Arnold, who had become very uneasy after hearing the shot fired. The horses were safe, he found, and that was something to be thankful for.

"Briny," said Arnold, after they had made a pretense of eating some dinner, "we've got to light out o' here. In a few days the whole Assiniboin camp will be here for revenge."

"I know it. I'll dig a nice, deep grave somewhat this afternoon and bury Jim as good as I kin, and tomorrow we'll strike for the fort."

A few days later they drove into the little trading post, Arnold having had a soft and easy bed on top of the load of furs. Briny hadn't much to say, but Arnold lost no time in telling all that had happened, and then the boys learned their mistake and couldn't do enough for the man they had before treated rudely.

The buffaloes, hemmed in on all sides, were practically exterminated in 1883-4, and with them went the days of prosperity for most of the white inhabitants of the country and for all the Indians, who were brought suddenly face to face with starvation and want. Merchants failed, and most of the small traders and the hunters left the country. Steamers no longer brought goods up the 3000 miles of swift river from St. Louis to return loaded to the guards with bales of furs and robes. Railways were entering the country, and civilization was close at hand. The few whites who

remained in the country turned their attention to stock raising or farming, and lucky were those who stayed with the few head of cattle they managed to get together. In a few years they found themselves rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Briny located a ranch on the Marias river and put into practice some cherished theories he had about raising crops on the benchlands without irrigation. Like many another old-timer he had married an Indian woman, and with their child of six or seven years they lived frugally and for a time in peace. Two or three miles up the river another former trader had located, who was also married to an Indian woman, and Briny's wife often went up there to stay a day or two with her friend, who was of the same tribe as herself. Late in the fall a big bull outfit, or freight train of wagons drawn by oxen, came to the river to winter, and the owner of it, a man named Tricket, made arrangements with Briny's neighbor to board himself and his men. Tricket was a fine looking man and evidently well off, and seeing Briny's wife at the ranch often, he finally persuaded her to quit her husband. When Briny heard that his wife had deserted him, which he did in the course of a few days, he quietly saddled his horse and went up to where she was stopping. His little son was playing out in the yard with some other children, and calling the child to him he lifted him up on to the saddle and returned to his home.

While the boy's mother didn't care for her husband she did for her son and fretted continually about him. One day she told Tricket that if he did not go and bring the child back to her she would leave him. Tricket demurred; he had no use for the boy and didn't want him around, so he kept putting the woman off with all kinds of excuses. Finally Tricket's herder, a wild young fellow who had come west with his head filled with dime novel yarns, told the woman he would get the boy for her and saddling his horse rode away down the river. Arriving in front of Briny's cabin he shouted to him to come out, and when Briny came to the door he levelled his rifle at him and said:

"Now, then, you old potato eater, I've come after that kid; his mother wants him. Give him out here quick or I'll fill you full of holes."

Briny looked him quietly in the eye and replied: "The boy is mine, I will not—." But he never finished his sentence; the herder shot him squarely in the forehead, and down he went in a heap. The murderer got off his horse and stepping over Briny's body into the cabin grasped the terrified child, threw him up into the saddle and returned home.

By the time news of the murder reached the settlers the murderer had become alarmed and had disappeared without leaving a trace of his course. The little band of determined men who hunted for him were finally obliged to give up the search and return to their homes. A month later they heard some news which caused them to rejoice that they had not found and hanged him. The mail carrier from Fort Macleod, away across the border in Canada, brought word that on his way north on the previous trip he found the fellow wandering about on the prairie badly frozen. He carried him in his wagon to the fort, and there the surgeon was obliged to cut off both hands and both feet. Thus his punishment was vastly greater than if he had been hanged or shot. No warrant was ever asked for his extradition; the friends of Briny wished him to live and suffer.

The following spring Briny's son died, and late in the summer the woman followed him. The writer was at the ranch of a friend where she was stopping the night she died. She had been sinking rapidly all the evening, and about 11 o'clock, after repeated supplications to the gods of her people to spare her, she said to the ranchman:

"Pray to your white man's God for me. Ask Him to let me live."

"Woman," said he, "I cannot pray for you. I cannot forget that you were the cause of Briny's death."

A few moments later she died.—New York Sun.

Siamese Football.

The Siamese youth have only one game worth considering, and that one is indigenous—or native to Burma—the question of parentage being a much-mooted one. At all events, the game requires a certain amount of activity, and is very interesting to the on-looker. It is a kind of football—in fact, I have heard it called Burmese football—played with a ball about four inches in diameter, made of braided rotan, very hollow, very strong and resilient. The number of contestants is not arbitrarily fixed, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter. The larger the circle after it has passed the desirable diameter the slower the play. The game is to keep the ball tossing into the air without breaking the circle. As a man fails at his opportunity he drops out, and when their remain but four or six the work is sharp and very pretty. The ball is struck most generally with the knee, but also with the foot, from in front, behind, and at the side. Some become remarkably clever. I have seen a player permit the ball to drop directly behind his back, and yet, without turning, return it clear over his head and straight into the middle of the circle by a well-placed backward kick of his heel.—Harper's Weekly.

When He Remembers.

"We hardly ever see any congress gaiters now," said the elderly boarder. "That's a fact," said the Cheerful Idiot, "though I can remember when they might have been seen on every hand."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Nickel gray taffeta, showing corded stripes of wedgewood blue, is here delightfully combined with blue satin in that popular shade. The waist and sleeves

gores, which are shaped in pointed outline at the lower edge, and to which is joined a full circular flounce that reaches over half-way to the belt in the back. A smooth-fitting adjustment is rendered by the shaping of the gores over the hips, and the fullness in the back is arranged in flat underlying pleats that meet in the centre over the placket, where they are closed with silk buttons and loops. The flounce flares in graceful ripples all around, the fashionable dip being given in the back with perforations that shape to round length.



A POPULAR BLOUSE WAIST.

are made on the bias. The backs fit smoothly and may be made with or without the centre seam. The fronts are arranged over fitted linings that close in centre. Their front edges are deeply underfaced with the plain satin and rolled back to form pretty pointed lapels, the back edges extending over the under-arm gores of the lining. Single side pleats are laid at the shoulder seam, which give graceful fullness over the bust. A double box-pleat is formed in centre of the plastron vest, which is sewed to the right front lining, and closes over on the left. A standing collar of the plain satin, to the top of which a scalloped flare portion is joined, completes the neck, and the wrinkled stock of ribbon may be worn or not, as preferred. The two-seam sleeves have a becoming fullness gathered at the top, the wrists being finished by scalloped flare cuff portions of the plain satin. Some handsome combinations can be developed by the mode, as the vest, collar and cuffs may be of lace, tucking, corded taffeta or other contrasting material. When made of pique or other cotton wash fabrics, the lin-

ing may be omitted and the vest portion closed under revers. Waists in this style made of black or colored satin, taffeta, peau de soie or poplin, may have the collar with plastron finished separately and made adjustable with hooks and eyes on both sides of front. This allows the introduction of other separate fronts with stock collars, which imparts charming variety to dressy waists. To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require three yards of material thirty inches wide. Easily Made at Home. Gray crepeline de soie and white tuck-shirred chiffon are charmingly combined in the large illustration, the trimming of ruffled satin ribbon being in a darker shade of gray. Dame Fashion revels in dainty fabrics this season, and the fact that chiffon yoking in this and many other styles can be bought all ready for use makes home dressmaking an easy accomplishment. Fitted linings support the over-fronts and back, that show prettily scalloped edges in the latest design. The fronts may be arranged over the yoke portion of plastron, and together closed invisibly at the left shoulder, arm's-eye and under-arm seams, or they may open in the centre and the full plastron only close at the shoulder and arm's-eye, as shown in the small sketch. The sleeves are faced at the top with the truck-shirred chiffon, the material being shaped and trimmed in scalloped outline, to harmonize with the waist. The lining backs are faced in deep-yoke effect, the over-backs shaped and trimmed to match the fronts, having a slight fullness, which is drawn snugly to the waist line. The skirt comprises five

linen collar may be substituted for the stock, if so preferred. To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require three and one-half yards of material thirty inches wide.

Waist With Unique Shaping.

Polka dotted foulard in dove-gray and black made this handsome waist, the collar, yoke and cuffs being edged with stitched bias folds of black satin.

A stylish feature of the waist is the unique shaping of the yoke and collar. Two box pleats are formed in each front, a third being taken up on the right front edge, which laps over the deep hem on left, closing with studs or buttons in centre. Three backward turning pleats are laid on each side of centre back, which are joined to the top to a straight yoke lining, the plaits being overlapped closely at the waist line with pleasing effect. The box plaits at shoulder edges of front are brought together and joined to the front edges of lining yoke, the yoke of



WOMAN'S WAIST AND SKIRT.

material with its rounded edges being arranged to overlap the plaits in front and back.

The neck is completed with a band in regular shirt waist style, and the stock collar is made separately to close in centre back. The shirt waist sleeves are correctly shaped, being both stylish and comfortable. Gathers adjust the fullness at top and bottom, slashes at the back being finished with laps in the usual way.

The cuffs have rounded corners and close with link cuff buttons. Attractive waists may be made by this pattern of silk, fine wool or cotton wash fabrics, and the regulation

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BOX-PLEATED SHIRT WAIST.