

INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft,—
Sleep, as a papoose should;
For, safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owl hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully.

So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night-wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of the hunt and fight;
And the peace-leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night.

But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Brave Struggle.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

David Morgan settled upon the Monongahela river, more than a hundred years ago, and erected his cabin in the wilderness, three or four miles from the nearest settlement.

He had been a splendid type of the pioneer—stalwart, powerful, active, and an unerring shot with the rifle, but he was now 70 years of age. He knew the risk he ran from Indians, but he was brave, and the spot where he located was so admirable in every respect that he believed other settlers would speedily follow, thus steadily lessen the danger, until it should cease altogether.

Morgan was warranted in his theory, for common report placed the red men so far to the west that it looked unreasonable to count upon their venturing into this neighborhood; but the aborigines had a disagreeable habit of making their appearance where they were not desired.

One morning, Morgan, having sent two of his children to do some work in a neighboring field, became uneasy over their long absence, and started in quest of them. Of course, he carried his rifle, for such was the custom of every pioneer in venturing the briefest distance from home.

Reaching the field, the old gentleman was inexpressibly relieved to observe his youngsters at work, and he sat upon the fence a few minutes to watch and give them necessary directions. It was while thus employed that he made the alarming discovery that two Indians were standing a short distance off, talking and gesticulating in such a fashion that there could be no doubt they were planning the capture or death of the little ones.

The father instantly called to his children to run home as fast as they could, while he would cover their retreat with his rifle. The house was almost a mile distant, but the children, terrified almost out of their wits, immediately started on a run for home.

They were soon beyond danger, and the Indians turned their whole attention to the pioneer himself.

A score of years before, Morgan could not have been overtaken by any red-skin, but he was now too old to run fast. However, as the only resource, he struck a bee-line for home, and ran a considerable distance, with a fleetness which astonished himself; but he couldn't keep it up and he speedily realized that he was only postponing a deadly hand-to-hand encounter.

Another frightful disadvantage under which the old man was laboring was the woods through which he was running consisted of thin scattered trees nearly all of which were too small in size to afford shelter. Thus he was shut off from crouching behind one of the trunks, placing his hat on the end of his ramrod, and drawing the shots of his enemies, in accordance with the fashion of men, when placed in similar peril.

But in dashing through the woods, the panting fugitive passed a large walnut tree, which he immediately saw was the very thing he needed. To reach it, it was necessary to wheel about and run back a rod or two. He did so.

The Indians failed to understand the meaning of the movement. It looked as if the venerable gentleman had suddenly changed his mind, and concluded to assume the aggressive. The result was that the red-skins were so terrified that they turned also, and dodged in among a lot of saplings where they made desperate efforts to shelter themselves. It is not impossible that if Morgan had continued his retrograde movement his enemies would have kept up their flight, but he prudently concluded to stick to the shelter of the walnut tree.

At this day, it is hard to say whether his next proceeding was a ruse or not; but when he saw the frantic efforts of the Indians to hide behind the "steek, slim saplings," he raised his rifle and blazed away. From that point forward one of the noble red-men failed to display any interest in the proceedings.

The survivor, instead of showing enough courage to wait until Morgan could reload his piece, immediately sprang from shelter and advanced upon the pioneer, with the evident purpose of disposing of him before he could reload.

This compelled the old man to take to his heels again, for he did not possess even a knife with which to defend himself. The short respite he had gained gave him his wind, and he made good time for a short distance; but his pursuer was a young athlete,

who gained rapidly, until within 20 yards, then fired a shot that missed the fugitive.

This left the combatants upon somewhat equal terms, though the old gentleman was quite exhausted from his severe running; but, nothing daunted, he clenched his rifle, and awaited the onslaught of the Indian, who drew a tomahawk and began dancing about and brandishing the weapon.

The painted warrior looked dreadful in prancing around, whooping and flourishing the glittering tomahawk, while at the same time, he continued edging closer and closer to his victim. But Morgan manfully stood his ground, with his rifle clubbed, until the dreaded tomahawk was about to descend. Then he threw himself slightly forward and brought down the butt of his gun, the two blows being simultaneous, and took effect.

The stock of the rifle was shattered upon the bronzed skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was broken against the barrel of the piece, after cutting two fingers from Morgan's left hand.

Without any delay, the red man reached down to draw his knife, when Morgan, with a view of preventing it, grappled and threw him to the ground. Here a terrific struggle took place, in which none but nature's weapons were used. Morgan in his day was a skillful pugilist and wrestler, and for a brief while he was master of the situation; but his waning strength soon gave away the advantage, and the Indian rolled him underneath.

The red man had been guilty of some thievery before reaching this spot, for he wore a woman's apron tied around his waist. He had tied it on with great care, so that it was not torn away, although it got slewed around once or twice during the struggle.

The Indian planted one knee on the breast of Morgan, and then let out a series of yells, which were heard at the house, nearly a mile distant. Having given vent to his feelings in that fashion, he reached for the knife at his girdle.

And in doing so, he received a warning against the sin of thievery. The knife was so much confined by the apron-string that he was perplexed. While the Indian was tugging awkwardly at it, Morgan got one of his dusky fingers between his teeth and bit like a vise.

The yells of exultation were now changed to roars of pain, and the Indian tried desperately to jerk the finger from its torturing imprisonment, while at the same time he continued vaguely grasping for his knife. Convinced that this weapon must finally decide the contest, Morgan made equally desperate efforts to obtain it, and it thus happened that both clutched it at the same time, the white man by the handle and the red one by the blade.

Morgan, feeling the knife slowly slipping from his grasp under the pull of his adversary, shut down harder with his teeth upon the finger. The Indian gave a spasmodic gasp; the knife was dexterously twitched from his hand, which was severely cut, and both adversaries sprang to their feet.

Morgan, however, had secured the knife. That now being the only weapon between them, he made the best use of it. The first blow struck a bone and accomplished nothing, but the second was a disastrous one, and the Indian sagged heavily downward. The pioneer fell with him, and followed up the blow, until the Indian was effectually finished. Morgan was so exhausted that when he staggered to his feet he could scarcely stand. As soon as he regained enough strength he started for home, hurrying as fast as possible. His family were immeasurably relieved to see him alive, even though wounded; for the panting children had brought the terrible tale with them, and the sound of the rifle-reports apprised them of the fight under way.

Although Morgan lived several miles from the settlement, yet he had a few neighbors dwelling nearer by. When his fingers were dressed, he and some members of the family started out in different directions, until all the neighbors were roused and gathered at his house. It was then found that nearly a dozen were on hand, and they set out at once for the scene of the struggle.

Reaching the saplings where the Indians made their first stand, they discovered the first lying dead, killed by the shot of Morgan, fired from behind the walnut tree; but the other, much to their astonishment, had vanished.

Making their way to the spot where the final struggle took place the settlers saw evidences of its frightful character. The ground was stamped and torn, and blood was scattered all around.

"Here is the trail," said one, pointing a little to one side; "and it doesn't look as if there'll be any trouble in following it."

There could be no difficulty indeed, for the green sward was marked so plainly with crimson, and the men walked along over the trail until it led them to a fallen tree-top, where the miserable Indian had dragged himself. He was endeavoring to dress the wound with the stolen apron about his waist.

As the men came up, he extended his hand, and said in broken English: "How do, brother—how do, brother!"

But the settlers were in no sentimental mood, and, conceiving the Indian to be mortally wounded, they did that which they would have done had he been uninjured—put him beyond all possibility of further suffering or harm.—Saturday Night.

It is estimated that the armor for the new battleships for the German navy will cost \$65,000,000.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Gray and white foulard is attractively combined with white Liberty satin and a girdle of violet panne, in the accompanying cut, reproduced from Modes.



GARDEN PARTY COSTUME.

The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the center front the seams and darts being featherbonded.

The front yoke is included on the right shoulder seam and fastens invisibly on the left side. The deep girdle closes at the left side and combines the full front which is arranged in a moderate blouse.

The correct two-piece sleeves have just enough fullness at the shoulders to give a stylish rounded effect, and are shaped in a bell flare over the hand.

The smart Empire jacket is arranged in single box pleats back and front, and applied to outline the lower edge of the yoke. It reaches just below the girdle, and gives a stylish fullness over the bust. The pleats are pressed flatly and stitched about one-third of the distance from the yoke.

The skirt is made with a narrow

in pale blue and white crepe meteor elaborately trimmed with white crepe de chine.

The bodice is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the center back. It is faced to a round yoke depth with white thread lace and the crepe applied at the lower edge of the yoke. A soft Marie Antoinette fichu of crepe de chine is draped to outline the yoke and fastens in front under a rosette. It is edged with a ruffle of the same fabric which extends out over the close fitting two-piece elbow sleeve.

The skirt is shaped with four pieces, a front gore which is comparatively narrow, and wide side gores which fit smooth over the hips, almost to the center back, where they meet the waist.

To make the waist for a miss fourteen years will require one yard of figured material thirty-six inches wide, with five-eighths yards of all-over embroidery twenty inches wide, for yoke and collar, and one and one-quarter yards of white nullo thirty-six inches wide for fichu, bertha, ruffles for sleeves, rosettes and girdle. To make the skirt for a miss of fourteen years will require two and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

Useful Toilet Accessory.
A little book filled with leaves of tissue paper covered with face powder is one of the useful toilet accessories imported for summer use. The powder remains fast until the paper is applied to the skin, and the fragrance and tonic effects are highly recommended.

Pretty Gown For Bridesmaid.
Handsomely embroidered ecru batiste made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insettings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

A Fancy Waist.
China blue and white foulard is here combined with cream Liberty satin and a bertha of heavy white lace over satin.

The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted lining, which closes in the cen-



GIRL'S DRESS WITH SCALLOPED YOKE.



WAIST WITH FICHU—FOUR-PIECE SKIRT

front gore and wide circular sides. It closes in the center back, having a single box pleat on either side. The lower edge is trimmed with three narrow ruffles which give a stylish flare at the floor.

To make the waist in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material for jacket, three-quarters yard of velvet for girdle, and one-half yard of twenty-two-inch material for yoke and collar. To make the skirt in the medium size will require five yards of fifty-inch material.

Two Attractive Toilets.
Light green figured percale was chosen for the attractive frock, with trimmings of plain green pique, which is shown to the left of the large illustration, from Modes.

The waist is mounted on a fitted lining which closes in the center back. The full front and backs are applied on the lining body, at a yoke depth, the fullness being gathered at the lower edge and drawn down close in the back, forming a slight blouse in front over the narrow pique belt. The neck is completed by a comparatively high straight collar.

Over the shoulders is a pretty drop yoke of pique, which is adjusted with shoulder seams and closes in the center back. The lower edge is shaped in scalloped outline, extending over the sleeves to form a cap.

The little four-piece skirt is shaped with narrow front gore and wide sides, which extend almost to the center back, where they meet the double box pleat.

A band of pique is applied around the skirt in scalloped outline to match the yoke. It is finished with a narrow cotton bra.

To make the dress for a girl eight years will require three and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material. The attractive toilette, on the right of the large drawing, is fashioned

ter front, the seams and darts being featherbonded.

The satin is gathered at the neck together with a jeweled clasp, the fullness being adjusted in a slight blouse.

The bertha outlines the yoke back and front, extending out over the sleeves in a becoming manner. The bertha and fronts are finished with a narrow pleating of satin.

The correct two-piece sleeves have slight fullness at the shoulders, and flare in bell shape over the hand.

To make the waist in the medium size front and extends in plastron effect to the belt, closing invisibly in the center. The loose fronts are held to-



LADIES' FANCY WAIST.

size will require one and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material, with one yard of mousseline for full yoke and one-half yard of twenty-inch material for bertha.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Already a half dozen American engineering plants have been established in Europe, and some 20 more American firms have the matter of building European plants under consideration.

Commenting on the amount which a spider actually consumed during 24 hours, Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat steer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs, and just before retiring nearly four barrels of fresh fish."

The scarcity of coal in Europe has served as an impetus for the construction of apparatus for using liquid fuel, petroleum, benzine and gasoline. Railway companies are trying oil on locomotives. One steamship company has adopted oil mixed with hot air. The Russian government is leasing its crown oil lands in order to force a reduction in the price of coal oil.

The average dietary of individuals in different countries varies greatly. An English statistician, Mr. R. F. Crawford, finds that an inhabitant of the United Kingdom consumes much more meat than a Belgian, Frenchman or German, but a smaller proportion of bread and potatoes. More bread and less meat is eaten in Belgium than in any other country considered, while a French peculiarity is the apparent small use of milk.

M. Felix Plateau of the Zoological society of France, as the result of very numerous experiments to determine whether insects are guided in their visits to flowers by colors, decides in the negative. He admits that concurrently with the odor, although in a less degree, certain vague visual perceptions may help in directing the individual bug to a mass of flowers, but he shows that when he has arrived there it seems to be a matter of entire indifference to him whether the flowers are blue, red, yellow white or green, and he shows no settled preference for any one color.

A bacteriological method of exterminating rats has been successfully tried by M. J. Danysz of the Pasteur Institute at Paris. From field mice, suffering with a spontaneous epidemic disease, he isolated a bacillus, which by an elaborate method of successive cultures passed through a series of mice and rats he succeeded in intensifying in virulence so as to make it fatal for the latter rodents even when eaten by them. The result of a large number of trials on farms and in warehouses was that in 50 per cent. of the cases the rats entirely disappeared, and in 30 per cent. their number was notably diminished.

A novel form of electrically heated soldering iron is being used in Germany, in which the copper of the iron is heated by means of an electric arc in a closed cylinder, and the same arrangement has also been applied to flat-irons. In the soldering iron there is a cylinder of wood which carries at one end the soldering iron itself, while at the other there is a receptacle for the carbon. The arc is formed between the carbon and the copper, and the consumption of the carbon is said to be small on account of the arc being enclosed. From four to five amperes of current are used at a pressure of from 25 to 35 volts.

A NEW KIND OF BRICK.

Quartz Sand and Lime Subjected to High Pressure Steam.

For thousands of years men have been making brick out of clay, and pretty good brick, too. But recently a new kind has come into vogue. It is composed chiefly of quartz sand, bound together with a small amount of lime. In the process of manufacture the compound is subjected to the influence of steam at high pressure. When properly made this brick is said to be hard, waterproof and able to resist the action of acids. A lack of uniformity in the quality has been noticed, however, "Limestone brick," which are made in cold, wet weather seem to give less satisfaction than those produced under other meteorological conditions.

But there is now a promise that this difficulty will soon be obviated. A consular report from Germany announces that a Zurich chemist, Wilhelm Schwartz, has found a way to get good results every time. The secret lies in controlling the amount of moisture admitted to the compound and in maintaining the temperature within certain limits for a time. The former part of the process is managed in a vacuum, so that no dampness can be imparted by the atmosphere. Herr Schwartz has invented a machine of his own to do the mixing. Much confidence is expressed in the substantial value of the innovation reported.—New York Tribune.

The Passenger Understood.

One of the most delicate replies ever made was that of a Frenchman who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all that could be expected. He was sinking, pale and disheveled, into his steamer-chair, when a passenger asked cheerily:

"Ah, good morning, monsieur. Have you breakfasted?"

"No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman. "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Woods' Journal.

A LEADER OF WOMEN.

THE WIFE OF SENATOR FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA.

Her Recent Elevation to Directorship a Compliment to a Learned and Respected Woman—Was Calm in the Recent Storm.

One of the new officers of the General Federation of Women's clubs is Mrs Charles W Fairbanks, wife of the United States senator from Indiana. She was elected director at the recent Milwaukee biennial. In her own city—Indianapolis—Mrs Fairbanks is accounted an all-around club woman. She is the founder of the Fortnightly Literary Club, an organization of several hundred women. As the vice-president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Indiana she is conspicuous among the patriotic women of the country. As a member of the Contemporary Club, the leading mixed club in Indianapolis, and a worker in the Art Association, she is also well known in her state. When in Washington with her husband she is affiliated with the women's clubs in the national capital.

In appearance Mrs. Fairbanks is unusually prepossessing, having that indefinable stamp of a gracious and refined woman. As one of the few women who sat through the stormy sessions of the club woman's convention



MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS.

In Milwaukee with a serene smile on her face she deserves "honorable mention."

Five Thousand Against Custer.

There is a student at the Carlisle Indian school whose father was a leader in the battle of the Little Big Horn, where Gen. Custer and his entire command were killed. Some authorities tell us that 277 men fell in that awful massacre and none lived to tell the tale. The opposing Indian force is set down at about 1,200. This student says his father informed him that there were no less than 5,000 Indians in the battle. Nine thousand "tame" Indians were settled on surrounding reservations, and many of these slipped away in the night time to join Sitting Bull for a raid, returning under cover of darkness to their homes. Nearly 4,000 were with him when Custer made his fatal error.—New York Press.

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