

LOVE.

Life comes, life goes, brief hours and days... Consume its scanty breath; Love comes but once, and henceforth...

Wild West Story.

In the country of the great Apache nation, the savage lords of Northern Mexico, by the clear swift waters of the Gila river...

The camp was on a little island in the center of the stream.

Few white men had set foot within that valley; fewer still had lived to tell of it; and yet the little band—six, all told—languished as carelessly by the river...

Could it be possible that they knew not their danger? Were they not aware that the red Apache braves guarded their hunting grounds with all the jealousy of the Eastern monarch watching over his hundred wives?

Had they not seen the thin columns of smoke stealing upward on the clear mountain air from hilltop after hilltop while they were penetrating farther and farther into the wilderness?

They knew the risk and boldly took the chances. A golden vision led them onward, and blindly they followed.

There were rough Ben Todd, little Montana Mike, swarthy Dick Peters, the Kentuckian; old, burly Mountain Ned, the trapper; huge-bearded John Onderdonk from Frisco and slender, handsome Spanish Charley.

"How much farther?" asked Mountain Ned, thoughtfully glancing up at the mountain peak that frowned down upon the little camp.

"One more day's march and we will strike the mine," Spanish Charley replied.

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake about the location?" the old mountain man asked, his face grave and his whole manner giving proof of great anxiety.

"Not a doubt of it," the young man replied, gayly. "From two different parties I have received descriptions of the place, and I think you will own that I have exhibited a pretty knowledge of the country so far."

"Yes, but we're running an awful risk," the old trapper observed, soberly. "The Indians are hovering around us, thicker'n' skeeters in a blackberry patch. The first thing we know, they'll try to lift our hair."

"Did the Indians tell you of this mine?" demanded the Kentuckian, abruptly.

"Yes; perhaps you remember that I had a little Injun wife about a year back," Spanish Charley said, with a laugh. She was a pretty little thing. I picked her out of the Gila one day when her pony had upset her into the drink, and to make a long story short, she took a notion to your humble servant and left her tribe to live with me. She came of good blood, too; her father was the old chief of the White Mountain Apaches. She told me about the rich placer by the bend of the Gila and how the warriors of her tribe dug out the red metal to make bullets for their guns. It must be rich stuff, and pretty pure, too, for she always said it was more red than yellow and that her people always termed the slugs red bullets."

"What ever became of her?" little Montana Mike asked suddenly.

Spanish Charley appeared confused and hesitated a moment.

"Well, to come to the rights of the matter," he said, slowly, "we had some hot words one night when I came home late from a fandango and I jest gave her a couple of cracks so as to let her know who was boss of the shanty, and she got so mad about it that she went right off and drowned herself in the river."

Then an awkward silence fell upon the party for a few minutes.

"That was rough," the old mountain man observed at last.

"Yes; and the worst of it was that all her tribe accused me of murdering her," Spanish Charley said.

"And didn't none of 'em try to square the account?" the Frisco sharp, John Onderdonk, asked.

"You bet!" responded the bereaved husband, tersely. "One copper-colored Injun lay for me and plugged me with a slug—a regular red bullet, too; that she is," and Charley drew the rudely formed and now flattened slug from his pocket. "The wound didn't amount to much, though, but the will was good enough."

"And who else told you of this mine?" asked rough Ben Todd, an old and experienced miner.

"A drunken buck that I came across

at Maricopa Wells; he was wonderfully free-spoken, for an Injun."

"And did he describe the same mine as the girl?" asked the old trapper.

"To an iota," Charley replied.

"Hush! To cover!" the Kentuckian said. "There are Indians yonder!"

The whites at once took shelter in the little clump of timber that grew upon the island's center.

Then from the clump of timber at the foot of the mountain range a single Indian advanced, while the underbrush seemed alive with the dusky faces.

Straight to the bank of the river came the brave, his arms extended, showing that he was weaponless, except the broad-bladed knife that he held in his right hand.

"He wants a talk," the trapper exclaimed. "We're in a regular hornet's nest, and we must fool him if we can."

The Indian halted at the edge of the water. He was a tall, young brave, muscular and powerful.

"Will the white brave, Spanish Charley, step out and fight the brother of the Indian girl that he killed?" cried the chief speaking in excellent English.

Spanish Charley started and turned pale.

"The Apaches make a fair offer; they do not wish to shed the blood of their white brothers. They have nothing worth taking, and the Apache lodges are full of white scalps now. Let Spanish Charley step out, and if he kills the Apache chief in fair fight he is free to depart with his braves."

"If you're afeared, Charley, I'll tackle the Injine for you," the Kentuckian remarked.

The taunt stung the guilty man and he started to his feet.

"No living man ever saw Spanish Charley show the white feather yet!" he cried, boastfully. "I'll cut the heart out of this red dog inside of five minutes, and send him to join his proud-backed sister. Come on; I'm ready for you!" he cried, stepping down to the water's edge, knife in hand.

The Indian pointed to a sandy bar about 200 yards down the stream.

"Let the white chief meet the Apache brave there," the warrior said.

Spanish Charley nodded his head, and throwing off his outer garments, plunged at once into the water.

The Indian followed his example. The redskin was not encumbered with clothing, being naked to the waist.

The combatants reached the island, both at the same time, and as Spanish Charley emerged from the water at one side, the Indian's tall form came up on the other.

Knife in hand, the foemen glared upon each other. With the cautious movement of two angry tigers, they circled around, each striving to obtain the advantage.

Suddenly the Indian made a spring forward; the white assumed the defensive to parry the expected blow, but it was but a feint upon the part of the Apache; for as Charley raised his arm to parry, he uncovered his chest, and the Indian, improving the opportunity, launched his knife full at the heart of the white, throwing the weapon with all the skill of the Eastern juggler.

Through Spanish Charley's white flesh and keen blade cut its way until it split his heart in twain.

With a hollow groan the unfortunate man threw up his arms and sank down dead, all in a heap.

A shrill cry of triumph came from the throat of the Apache as he sprang forward and tore the warm and reeking scalp from the head of his fallen foe.

Again the note of triumph rang on the air, as the brave stood erect and dangled the curly locks, Spanish Charley's pride in the air; and from the cover of the hills a hundred throats echoed the cry of triumph.

And then, all in a moment, the shout of joy changed into a wail of horror.

The rifle of Montana Mike spoke, and its ball drilled a round, red hole in the temple of the victor.

"He was my pard, boys," cried the Irishman, in answer to his comrades' remonstrances.

The whites expected a terrible fight for life; but contrary to their expectation, the savages did not attack.

The Apaches thirsted for revenge, but feared the death-dealing rifles; besides, no booty could be got.

When nightfall came, the whites withdrew from the island and fled down the river, hotly pursued by the Apaches; but they made Fort Goodwin in safety. And to this day Montana Mike exhibits the red bullet, and tells the terrible story of the redskin's vengeance.—New York News.

Baby's Head Was "Wobbly."

She is a very little girl, only 5 years old, but in the short period of her few years she has enjoyed a large experience of life with dolls of all kinds and descriptions, who, in the course of their existence under her loving but not always kind administrations, have undergone many vicissitudes. So the little 5-year-old, when there came a real live baby into the house, felt himself to be something of a connoisseur in children. When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, she regarded it with a critical air.

"Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

"Yes," replied the little girl hesitatingly, "it's nice, but it's head's loose."—New York Times.

There are said to be at least 5207 motor cycles in France, on which the annual tax has been paid.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Whether a girl plays golf or does not, the golf cape makes a most desirable wrap for school and general wear, as well as



MISSSES' GOLF CAPE.

for traveling and to slip on over the pretty gown she wears to the informal evenings that all young people enjoy. As a rule, the material chosen is double-fac d cloth, plain outside, plaid within, and the cape is unlined, but very pretty evening wraps in the same simple model can be made of lighter cloth, drap d'ete or even cashmere lined throughout with soft silk and interlined with wool wadding, if a seam be made at the back. To cut without a seam fifty-eight-inch goods will be required.

The smart May Manton model illustrated is cut without a seam, and is finished with simple machine stitching, the fronts being underfaced with the cloth, all outer edges turned under. The hood is the latest style, and hangs gracefully over the shoulders, at the same time that it is entirely practicable and can be drawn up over the head when required. The high collar is cut in sections that are curved to fit the throat and that flare becomingly when

black satin ribbon, this completed by a tiny bolero of tinted guipure, cut in a small square, back and front, and supplied with long, close-fitting sleeves to the elbow, where they met sleevelets of plisse mousseline de sole. And for wear around the throat was provided a high collar of white chiffon passed through diamond slides, the whole affair asserting itself as in the best sense recherche.

Black and White Striped Velvet. Word comes back from Paris that the fair Parisienne has taken a great fancy to a new weave of velvet made in narrow pin stripes in black and white. The effect is quite attractively silvery and is seen in boleros, sleeves, vests and even whole costumes. The wide stripes of an eighth to a quarter inch, advanced as a trimming, is too striking and has not had nearly so warm a welcome.

The Princess Effect. A princess effect is given to some gowns by carrying the pleats which finish the back of the waist down the skirt. These may be in box or side pleats. One frock of this kind, which has a broad, loose corsage belt, has the belt begin under the two sides of the pleats in the back, whence it comes around to the front, which is finished with an Eton jacket effect.

Girls' Long Box Coat. Box coats are almost uniformly becoming to little girls. The loose fit means comfort and ease in slipping on and off, and the lines are such as to suggest without concealing the figure. The long one, designed by May Manton, here shown has the added merit of giving a tall, slender appearance and of entirely covering the gown. Covert cloth, chevrot and beaver are all correct in black, blue, tan and mixed tan and brown, but the covert cloth is especially smart, and is far less difficult to handle than the beaver. As il-



DOUBLE BREASTED JACKET.

turned up against the head. Straps are attached to the shoulders that cross over in front and, closing in front, support the weight. At the front are three pointed straps, held in place by buttons and buttonholes, by means of which the cape is closed.

To cut this cape for a girl of fourteen years of age two yards of material forty-four inches wide, or one and a half yard fifty-eight inches wide, will be required.

Useful, All-Round Jacket. The useful, all-round jacket which no woman is without takes many forms, but is never more serviceable than when made after the May Manton model illustrated in the large engraving with a fitted back and half loose fronts. Favorite materials are beaver cloth and heavy chevrot in black dark blue and Oxford gray and the darker shades of covert cloth. When additional warmth is required the revers can be faced with fur, which, besides meaning comfort, adds to the style, but as illustrated the jacket is of heavy black chevrot, with revers and collar faced with peau de sole machine stitched. The fronts are fitted with single darts. The back includes a centre seam and side backs, and is joined to the fronts by under-arm gores. When the revers are rolled back to the waist line the jacket is closed invisibly with large hooks and eyes. When the shorter revers are used it is lapped over in double-breasted style, and closed with buttons and buttonholes. The high flaring collar is cut in sections and fits the throat snugly. The sleeves are two-seamed and flare over the hands, where they are stitched to simulate cuffs. Pockets, with laps, are inserted back of each dart, the laps being machine stitched round three sides.

To make this jacket for a woman of medium size four and three-quarter yards of material twenty inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards fifty inches wide, with three-quarter yard of silk for collar and revers, will be required.

Black Satin Empire Gown. A pretty black satin empire gown had the fulness at the back laid in a shopped waieteau pleat, held in the centre of the figure by a wide bow of

yards of material fifty inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yard of velvet for collar, cuffs and shield, will be required.

Illustrated, the material is covert cloth in a tan shade, with collar, shield and cuffs of velvet in the same shade, machine stitched; the lining, taffeta in flowered stripes.

The back is seamless, shaped only by under-arm seams. The fronts are cut simply, and hang straight from the shoulders. They are lapped one over the other, and are closed by means of handsome buttons and buttonholes. The sailor collar is stitched to the neck and rolls over; the shield is attached to the right side and hooked over to the left beneath the collar, but can be omitted as shown in the small cut. The under-arm seams are left open for a short distance from the lower edge to give ample freedom, and the edges of the coat are finished with applied bands of the cloth. The sleeves are two-seamed, with roll-over flare cuffs.

To cut this coat for a girl of eight years of age one and three-quarter



GIRLS' LONG BOX COAT.

BATTLES IN PLANT LIFE.

Some Curious Traits Which Follow Closely Human Instincts.

A struggle for existence, and consequent survival of the fittest, has been going on through countless ages of seriation among the plants just as among the animals and men; and in this struggle a keen war has been proceeding among the different sections of them—a real war, in which the object of one side has been to damage the other, either by elbowing it out of its territory, shelling it as in the case of the thistle when the wind blows its down into a field of meadow grass, or by engaging with it in gladiatorial combat. The first instinct of plants is clean-jumping and land-grabbing, and neither Russia, Great Britain nor any other nation is keener on annexing land which offers opportunities than these plants.

Now, it is an extraordinary thing that leaves and weapons should be so strikingly suggestive of each other; but note the names which botanists give to the former, and the meaning of these names. For instance, there is "clarate," signifying club-shaped; "gladiate," sword-shaped; "dolabriform," axe-shaped; "lanceolate," lance-shaped; "sagittate," arrow-shaped, and "clypeate," buckler-shaped.

Professor Max Muller once referred to the Australian boomerang, the invention of the natives, as the most remarkable weapon in history; yet the plant warriors have had their boomerangs for ages, for the leaves from the eucalyptus, or Australian gum-tree, which are sickle-like, with sharp edges behave, when projected forward by the hand or by a gust of wind, in precisely the same way, describing an arc of a large circle, and then falling to within two feet of the point of projection.

Moreover, other varieties of a domestic and peace loving nation are favored with means of defence to such onslaughts as these. There is the case of grass, as an example, across experiences of the little ways of its enemy having taught the leaves to assume a flat, blade-like form, which is well adapted for compact growth and for presenting a united resistance to the foe.

Moreover, the botanical world has its navy. The seeds of the double coccanut of the Seychelles go abroad in boat-shaped capsules, and go on maritime expeditions in search of new islands which they may war with—herbally—and capture. It is declared even that the war vessels of the world, from the savages' canoes to the iron clads of the Powers, have been modelled originally on certain leaf-structures.

Mankind has not got a monopoly of torpedo boats. The vegetable warriors had such things, or something remarkably like them, long before us. These are the leaves of what is known as the "pepper-tree," which is very plentiful in California. If you pluck one of these leaves fresh from the tree and place it quickly in a basin of water with a perfectly still surface, you will find the leaf propelled forward in quick, spasmodic jerks by the sap.

How the vegetable world is in some places fortified to resist the incursions of animals and men we all know, and there is at least one case where some of their most formidable warriors have been drifted into our own military service and used as barriers for the production of forts. This is one of the islands at the west entrance to Hong Kong harbor, where there are two large forts surrounded with a thickly-planted mass of yuccas and Spanish bayonets, the latter being a very spiny species of prickly pear. These form a perfect protection.

Owing to their very succulent nature, these plants are impervious to fire, and in case an attacking enemy should go for them with such weapons as scythe and cutlass, the riflemen on the ramparts would have plenty of time to stop the little game.

What with one thing and another, the armies of botany are in a great state of efficiency, and campaigns as important to them as this in the Transvaal is to us are matters of the commonest occurrence.—Answers.

Origin of Ghetto.

Ghetto, the name of the Jewish quarters in oriental and European cities, according to Theodore Elze, the German Shakespeare scholar, is derived from the historical fact that the Jewish traders in the republic of Venice, who, by a law enacted in the fourteenth century, were only allowed to reside in the little town of Mestre, received in 1516 permission again to settle in Venice upon two isles where the government's foundries (ghettos) were situated. The "ghetto" of Rome was probably not known by that name before 1556, when it was established by Pope Paul IV. Similar separate Jewish quarters later on existed in Prague, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Mayence and other cities under the same designation.

Still in Infancy.

In Germany, the question of gentlewomen earning their own living is still in its infancy. A girl of the upper classes rarely leaves her home for that purpose, unless forced to stringent measures by absolute poverty; whereas in England girls strike out independently, sometimes merely on account of sympathetic surroundings. However, the great question has begun to seethe in Germany, and the signs of approaching changes in the world of women are to be found in German contemporary literature.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Who'll Buy?—Lines Suggested on Seeing the Advertisement of a Wholesale Liquor Dealer—How an Alcoholic Intoxication is Speedily Made—Poison in Wine.

Forty casks of liquid wood— Who'll buy?

Murder by the gallon. Oh! Who'll buy?

Larceny and theft made thin, Beggary and death thrown in, Packages of liquid sin— Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure— Who'll buy?

Warranted not slow, but sure— Who'll buy?

Empty pockets by the cask, Tangled brains by pint or flask, Vice of any kind you ask— Who'll buy?

Competition we defy— Who'll buy?

Dye, to make the soul jet black; Dye, to make the conscience slack; Nothing vile our casks lack— Who'll buy?

Two and One-half Ounces of Alcohol.

I am assured from observation extending through fifty years of professional life, that two and one-half ounces of alcohol or the equivalent in the finest brandies, whisky, wines, or ales, used daily for a period of time at all extended, will not fail to make an alcoholic habitue of the most finely endowed man or woman in the world. The nervous system surely registers the abnormal impression, no matter how carefully the two and a half ounces of alcohol may be taken. Once an habitue and under the control of the alcohol mania, the strongest man or woman becomes impotent to escape from the tyranny of its power.

Thirty-six years ago two of the noblest physicians, men of fine native and physical powers, commenced the use of two tablespoonfuls of the purest whisky, to induce sleep when overworked. They were younger than myself. One gradually lost his standing and practice and died four years ago, filling a drunkard's grave; the other possessing great native hardness of constitution, lived yet, and happily and helplessly alcoholic habitue, whom neither the entire medical pharmacopoeia, nor the strongest moral aid has availed to save. Two and one-half ounces of absolute alcohol are equal in volume to five tablespoonfuls. This amount of alcohol is found in ten tablespoonfuls of the purest whisky or brandy. I have recently secured the services of two eminent chemists who have analyzed six varieties of the finest wines, native and imported. I give the result of these analyses by volume in common measurements, each being somewhat less than the measure stated, to avoid fractional reckoning. Two of our finest California wines contain six tablespoonfuls of alcohol in a pint. One much vaunted American wine has but over eight tablespoonfuls of pure alcohol in one pint. One brand of port contains seven tablespoonfuls of alcohol to a pint. One French wine imported and much advertised contains five tablespoonfuls of alcohol to a pint. The lightest wine, a California brand, contains four tablespoonfuls of alcohol to a pint.—Dr. Greene, in Medical Record.

America's Internal Foes.

In a sermon upon this subject the Rev. Dr. Locke, of Buffalo, had this to say with regard to the drink foe:

A few months ago our army and navy responded to the cry of the starving reconcentrados in Cuba and rescued them from the clutches of cruel masters. May we not adapt the Oriental proverb, which constitutes our text, and vehemently demand, "Whatsoever we have heard done in Cuba, do also here in thy country?" Do we not as a government and as a people bear the wailing of the reconcentrados of vice here in our own towns and cities? The war in Cuba cost our country 350 lives and 1500 wounded, and was prosecuted at an expense of \$225,000,000. These are appalling figures, a great price to pay to redress the wrongs of that neighboring isle. But how our hearts should stand still when we know of the victims of vice in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave! How many young men have been entrapped! How many young women have been inveigled! How many homes have been desolated! How many hearts have been broken! How many family circles have been severed! How many children have started! How many wives and mothers have been murdered! How many asylums have been crowded! How many prisoners have been peopled! Oh the tears and the sobbing! The blasted lives and hopes! The graves among the galleons! The maniacs! All, all because the citizenship of this nation does not demand its right and gallantly defend the helpless and the weak! Answer me! If General Wood could stop the fearful ravages of vice and whisky in Havana, why cannot the authorities of our city do as well for our Buffalo? Is a military regime better than a civil government?

The Woes of the Drunkard.

Could one dip his pen in fire, and experience the agonies of the lost, he might portray the woes of the inebriate. Drunkenness is the parent of every evil known to man. It is one long, impetuous, awful career of anguish and death, disease, insanity, imbecility, remorse, crime and a Gehenna of unspeakable suffering and remorse. That man is capable of such degradations and self-selected woe is one of the certain proofs of a hell. Such life is hell. Men who defile the body, dethrone reason, pollute the spirit, transform themselves into devils, suffer the woes of perdition in two worlds.

Language on this theme can never exaggerate nor equal fact. In the heart of every great city is a literal, an awful pandemonium. The crime of civilization is that it not only tolerates but legalizes it. It authorizes men to poison their fellows. It homes become dens of vice and crime, until parents become criminals, until children are cursed with poverty and cruelty unspeakable, and existence becomes both for the drunkard and his family nothing less than infernal.—New York Observer.

A Fiendish Traffic.

A recent issue of the China Mail states that there are now 50,000 gallons of liquors in Manila made from crude alcohol, drugs and dyestuffs! Anything can be produced on the moment from a bottle of "old blackberry brandy" to one of "old Scotch whisky mellowed in the wood." And under the present regime the traffic is limited only by the number of men and women to be ruined. The fiendishness of this traffic words are inadequate to describe.

The Crusade in the M. & O. Railroad.

On the main line of the M. & O. Railroad in Mississippi, a distance of 296 miles, there is not a single saloon of such extent as seventy-five counties the traffic is driven from sixty.

The truth is out at last. The disgraceful riot at Akron, Ohio, was caused by the saloon. The negro, we are told, attributed his crime to liquor and said he had been on a spree for a month.

Under the influence of Chaplain R. B. Hoen, a temperance league has been formed on the recent steamer Wabash at the Charleston navy yard, and 176 of the marines and bluejackets have signed the pledge.