

IF YOU STILL SMILE.

Let others sneer if you still smile
And praise me for the things I do;
I'll still endeavor proudly while
All others sneer, if you still smile—
Yea, I'll go bravely on, and I'll
Be splendidly rewarded, too.
Though others sneer, if you still smile
And praise me for the things I do.
—Washington Star.

**Romance of
Geronimo's Daughter.**

The daughter of Geronimo, the most implacable foe that the white man ever had, whose visit to the Trans-Mississippi exposition here is remembered, will wed one of the hated race—that is now authoritatively announced.

Lola, the "Red Rose of the Forest," as her people called her, will marry Houston A. Ward, one of the wealthiest and most accomplished young men in Southern Texas.

And this happy culmination grows out of a singularly beautiful romance, one scene of which is blood-curdling and exciting enough to form the nucleus of a highly successful melo-drama.

It was while flying for life from a prairie fire and a herd of stampeded steers that the love of the young couple was first revealed, and in such dangerous surroundings was their truth plighted.

Houston A. Ward, who is certainly eager to become the son-in-law of one of the most notorious Indian chiefs that ever shed blood on the borders of Arizona, is the son of old Shanghai Ward, a famous mustang king of the Rio Grande country.

The old man died a few years ago, leaving his only son a splendid fortune in lands, mustangs and cattle.

Young Ward's boyhood was divided between Texas and Illinois. He usually spent the summers on his father's ranch, and the winters in the north, where he attended school.

As the result of this simple career he possessed a fine education and he is rather proud of certain trophies won on the playgrounds and a diploma won in the classrooms of the college at Campaign, Ill.

Last summer the grass was scarce in the Rio Grande valley, and Houston Ward shipped some 400 or 500 head of cattle to the Indian Territory.

Finding abundant pasture lands, the young man remained for some time in the vicinity of Fort Gill, where he made the acquaintance of the pretty Indian girl who will some become his wife.

The gallant Texan frequently sought the company of the dusky belle of the border, often dancing and riding with her, but he now says that he did not know that she loved her until one evening he found her fingers in his hair and upon opening his eyes, in flame and smoke, he felt the earth trembling beneath his feet, while his ears were filled with noise of a cyclone.

Houston Ward had been riding about over the prairie looking at his cattle, and, becoming tired, he dismounted and lay down on the grass in the shade of a tree, leaving his pony to graze at will.

He soon fell asleep and his pony wandered off to mingle with a large herd of cattle and a big drove of horses that were not far away.

The grass was very tall and most of it was dead and dry. Either some careless cowboy dropped a match or a spark from a hunter's gun set the prairie on fire. A strong breeze was blowing from the north and, as usual in such cases, it looked as if the flames increased the commotion in the air until a wind storm was driving the rapidly spreading fire before it.

The great herd of Texas steers stampeded the instant they scented danger and started south, bellowing with terror. The horses caught the contagion and mingled with the flying steers, snorting as if a pack of panthers were at their heels.

There were about 500 full grown Texas steers in the herd and seventy-five or eighty head of horses.

This moving mass of frightened animals started straight toward the tree under which the sleeping Texan was lying, wholly unconscious of danger.

Old Geronimo's daughter, mounted on a magnificent horse, was riding across the prairie when the fire broke out and she saw the animals stampede. No one knew why she happened to be there or how she knew that the handsome young Texan was lying under the bone tree asleep.

As the noble animal turned the horns of the steers crushed against the tree and several of the big grutes fell headlong, rolling over the very spot where the rescued man had been lying. Their carcasses were trampled to jelly by the sharp hoofs of the flying herd.

The sure-footed horse bore the Indian girl and the Texan away at the top of his speed, but more than 500 head of furious beasts were close to his heels and it was four miles to a place of safety.

"Ride straight to the river," shouted Ward, as soon as he was able to command his voice.

"I know, I know," replied the girl. "Maybe we can turn out of the way pretty soon," she added.

The earth seemed to tremble as if convulsed by an earthquake and the air was filled with a roar more appalling than the noise of the cyclone.

Ward turned his head and he was surprised to see the red eyes of the mad brutes and their white horns almost at his horse's tail.

Striking the foaming flank of the horse with his hat, he shouted:

"On, on, Lola, or we are lost!"

She turned her head and looked into his eyes.

"Let me slip off," she whispered. "The horse could save you; I am too many."

The Texan comprehended her meaning, and in that moment of peril he realized that the Indian girl loved him.

Fearing that she might execute her suggestion and sacrifice herself to save him, he instantly grasped her in his arms, and it was in that moment of peril that their truth was plighted.

The horse came upon smooth ground and in a short time he began to get further away from the herd.

"Right there," says the Texan, "I made up my mind to love that little Indian girl forever, and I resolved that, if we escaped the danger that pursued us, I would do everything in my power during life to make her happy."

The noble horse continued to increase the distance between his heels and the sharp horns of his pursuers until he again encountered rough ground.

Ward at this moment for the first time, thought of his pistol, and hurriedly drawing the weapon he poured a stream of lead into the faces of the cattle.

He was gratified to see that the progress of the herd was slightly retarded by the bodies of the several animals that he killed.

Again the heroic girl suggested the idea of sacrificing herself to save the man she loved.

"If the horse falls," she said, "you must lie close to him and the cattle will jump over you."

"It was evidently her intention," says Ward, in referring to the matter, "to stand on the body of the horse in case he fell and make an effort to frighten the steers while I crouched by the side of our exhausted steed."

The horse had no notion of falling. Once more his heels came in contact with clear ground and he carried his burden in triumph to the brink of the little stream.

Ward turned his head and with a shout of exultation he threw his hat in the faces of the leaders of the stampeded herd as the horse plunged into the water that the flames could not cross. The Texan knew that the hot steers would stop to cool their parched tongues, and when the horse had crossed the river he pressed a kiss on the Indian cheek and whispered to her:

"You have saved my life, and it belongs to you."

And he will keep his word.—Omaha World-Herald.

THE MOUNTAIN-LION.

The American Mountain-Lion the Champion Rough-and-Tumble Fighter.

From a story in St. Nicholas we clip this description of the old-time mountain lion:

There was a time when the American mountain lion was one of the most formidable animals in the world. The cat is the masterpiece of nature; and the mountain lion was one of the most terribly armed and powerful of the cat family. It was a compact mass of hard and tough muscle and gristle, with bones of iron, strong jaws, sharp teeth, and claws like steel penknives blades. It was prodigiously strong, lithe, and quick, covered with a mail coat of loose skin that was as tough as leather. It had the temper of a demon, and was insatiably bloodthirsty. Withal, it had the proverbial nine lives of the cat tribe.

Against such an animal it was hopeless to match dogs. It was said, in the school books of 40 years ago, that "three British mastiffs can pull down a full grown Asiatic lion." Perhaps they could; but they would have been sorry if they had tackled a full grown American mountain lion of that time. He was not to be "pulled down" by anything; and if he had been "pulled down," that was exactly the position in which he fought best. With his back protected by the earth, and all four fearfully armed paws flying free, aided by his terrible teeth, and a body so strong that it could not be held in any position—well, when he was "down" was the time that he was most "up."

He once was found in all the Rocky mountain regions, from the jaguar-hunted tropical forests of the extreme south to the home of the northern winter blizzard; but he attained his greatest size and ferocity on the sub-tropical plateau of northern Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona.

These animals are no longer what they were. The tourist or hunter of today cannot hope to find any of the old time power or ferocity.

**NEW IDEAS
TOILETTES**

New York City.—Tucked blouses are in the height of style, and are simply charming, both in delicate wash materials and such soft silks and wools.



TUCKED BLOUSE.

as crepe de Chine, crepe Ninon, peau de cygne, taffeta mousseline, wool crepe, veiling and albatross. The very pretty May Manton model shown is made of white Persian lawn, with a finish of beading run with black velvet ribbon, and is unlined, but silk and wool fabrics are more satisfactory made over the fitted foundation.

The lining is snugly fitted and closes with the waist at the centre back. The front of the waist proper is tucked at the upper portion to give a triple pointed yoke effect, and again at the waist to simulate a pointed girle, but the backs are tucked for their entire length to give a tapering effect. The sleeves are entirely novel and in the fashionable elbow length, but can be made long and the deep cuffs added when preferred. The upper portions are becomingly full and soft puffs are formed at the elbows, but between the two the sleeves are tucked to give a close fit. The neck as shown is collarless, but the stock can be added when desired.

To cut this blouse in the medium size three yards of material twenty-one

A loop and a ring also finish the row of braid that finishes the narrow, turned back cuff.

Golden Rod Brocade.
Flower designs are beautiful upon rich brocades. They rival the geometric figures as patterns and are much preferred for satin-ground brocades. Care is taken to have the flowers broadly apart, well spaced from one another. The flowers are raised sometimes in velvet, sometimes by the broche process. Among rather new ideas in velvet brocaded flowers are the chrysanthemum, carefully copied, and spikes of golden rod. In rich brown and amber the golden rod is a superb specimen of a brocaded velvet.

New Rose Bow.
Later and larger than the already favored rose bow for the hair is the new rose bow which is equally stunning at the corsage or on a hat. Indeed, three of these bows are displayed on some hats. Most of us, however, would find a single one would give more chic. Tightly looped satin ribbon in a very pale pink forms the centre, while the outer, looser petals are of more deeply shaded ribbon. This gorgeous rose is the size of a corsage head, and may be had in any color.

Foliage Hats.
Very distinguished and usually pretty is the dress toque composed of foliage, or having a wreath of foliage for its finishing touch. White velvet foliage is very dressy, making a lovely crown for a white dress or one of dark or black velvet, or even a handsome dark cloth costume. With green foliage a toque takes on more general usefulness, as it does also when the leaves are the lovely dead browns with their innumerable though shaded lights of ashes and gold and bronze.

Cranberry Red.
Keeping up with the vogue of red is no small matter. Ox-blood, cardinal, pomegranate, Pompeian, Turkish, American Beauty, flame, scarlet, hunt



HOUSE JACKET.

ing pink and the rest have all had their day; for our latest favorite we have chosen pale cranberry red. While it is good in very many goods—notably those for summer wear—it is just now desired in velvet, a rich material which exploits the shade tremendously.

Woman's Morning Jacket.

Tasteful morning jackets are essential to every woman's comfort and become an economy, inasmuch as they take the place of waists that can be reserved for the latter part of the day. The pretty May Manton model shown in the large drawing is well suited to dimity, lawn, batiste and all the familiar washable fabrics, but in the original is made of old blue challie dotted with black, the trimming being stitching with black corticeil silk, and narrow ribbon frills. Closing the front and holding the cuffs are carved gold buttons with a tracing of black, and at the waist is black louisine ribbon bowed at the centre front.

The jacket is simplicity itself. The fronts are gathered at the neck and fall in soft folds that are held by the ribbon belt. The back is plain across the shoulders but drawn down in gathers at the waist line that are arranged in a succession of shirrs. Connecting the two are under-arm gores, that render the jacket shapely and trim at the same time that it is loose. The neck is finished with turn-over collar and over the shoulders falls a deep round one, that gives a becoming cape effect, but which can be omitted when the jacket is preferred plain.

To cut this jacket in the medium size three and three-eighths yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Braid Loops and Rings.

A very handsome new silk, loosely woven and heavy looking braid trims many of the tailor rigs effectively. In addition to its richness it curves into graceful forms. An example in navy broadcloth shows three rows of black braid as a heading to the flared flounce. These end at the narrow front gore in a loop, each being pulled through a black silk ring. Three rows are round the shoulders in Carrick cape effect, ending each side the front in loops and rings.

Misses' Shirt Waist.

Waists with deep tucks at the shoulders are in the height of style for young girls, as they are for their elders. Pique, duck, chambray, madras and Oxford make the favorite washable fabrics, but taffeta, peau de sole and such simple wools albatross and veiling are all in use for the cold weather waists. The admirable model shown is of white mercerized duck with handsome pearl buttons, used for the closing, and is unlined, but the fitted foundation is advisable for all silks and woolen materials.

The lining is carefully fitted and closes with the waist at the centre back. On it are arranged the front and backs proper, laid in two deep pleats that extend over the shoulders, but are stitched to yoke depth only. The sleeves are in shirt style with deep cuffs, and at the neck is worn a plain stock collar with a bat-wing tie.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age three and three-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and five-eighths yards



MISSSES' SHIRT WAIST.

twenty-seven inches wide, two yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

The Brit remove the cows from the apparatus from the deck. Ships, experts having decided that they retard the speed of vessels.

Ice will cool down with everything else on a cold night to zero or below. What should prevent it? On a day when it is just freezing a block of iron, a block of ice, outdoors will stay at 32 degrees. If the weather grows warmer, the iron will warm up with the weather, but the ice will stay at 32 degrees and melt away. But if the weather grows colder, the iron and the ice will cool off, and one just as much as the other.

The wave motion of the sea is utilized to run an electric-lighted buoy at the mouth of the river Elbe in the North sea. The least motion of the water is sufficient to generate the electric current, which when not needed passes to storage batteries. The success in this case and in the generating electricity by means of floats off the shore of Los Angeles, Cal., is encouraging to the belief that the power of the waves will later be made valuable to coast towns.

A student of bird life has discovered that while different species of birds sing the songs peculiar to their species, certain individuals develop variations of their own, so that the close listener may recognize their peculiar personal song. In illustration of this he cites the case of two Baltimore Orioles that he took from their nest when they were five days old and brought up in captivity. They developed a novel method of song, and four other young Orioles, which he put with them, keeping them all apart from other birds of their kind, learned this new song and never tried to sing in any other way.

The importance attached in Germany to the construction of canals and the utilization of rivers as a means of cheap transport is best shown by the following figures: From 1877 to 1897 the number of river and canal boats has increased from 17,653 to 22,554, an advance of 28 percent. The carrying capacity, however, has increased from 1,400,000 to 3,400,000 tons, or about 143 percent. If this latter number, 3,400,000 tons, is compared with the loading capacity of the German sea-going fleet upon January 1, 1898, which amounted to 2,400,000 tons, it will be seen that the carrying capacity of the river and canal boats surpassed the loading capacity of the sea-going fleet by about 1,000,000 tons.

Naturalists will say that New Zealand is the land of freakish animals and birds. The kea, a big parrot, is one of these. Its special delight in the way of food is the kidney of the sheep, and it gets it in a manner that recalls the harpies of old. It boldly lights on a sheep's back and digs down into its body with its big beak until it reaches the kidneys. What the naturalists do not understand is how the kea developed this peculiar taste and how it knows where the kidneys lie, for it digs down directly to them. It was not very long ago that sheep were introduced into New Zealand, and before that the kea had to live on berries and insects. It is probable that some accident led to the discovery of the kidneys, perhaps in a dead sheep.

Rarity of Tin Deposits.

It is a curious fact that the known deposits of tin in the world are far less extensive in area than those of gold. Specifically there are about 132 square miles yielding workable gold deposits to every square mile containing commercially available tin deposits. According to Dr. Wahl, in the Journal of the Franklin Institute, there is scarcely a country in the world in which gold might not be profitably obtained, or from which it has not been obtained in the past, but there are at the present time probably not more than a dozen districts in the world where tin is being mined. The famous tin deposits of Cornwall are about exhausted, and the same is true of the deposits of Bohemia, Tuscany, Southern Spain and the Pyrenees. In all the vast area of Asia there are but two workable districts—one in China and the other in the Straits Settlement and adjacent principalities, from the latter of which by far the largest quantity of metal has been obtained in recent years. Africa has no known deposits and but little is produced in South America. Several deposits have been discovered in the United States, but not in profitable quantities. Australia and New Zealand contain the most promising new deposits, though at present they only produce about one-tenth that of the Straits.

To Tell the Age of Eggs.

The following method of determining the age of eggs is practised in the markets of Paris: "About six ounces of common cooking salt is put into a large glass, which is then filled with water. When the salt is in solution an egg is dropped into the glass. If the egg is only one day old it sinks immediately to the bottom; if any older it does not reach the bottom of the glass. If three days old it sinks only just below the surface. From five days upwards it floats; the older it is the more it protrudes out of the water.—Backer and Konditor-Zeitung.

Joe. Couldn't keep the chap in school. Seemed to ails have some fool 'Ideas of his own, an' laid 'Round the river in the shade. Never graduated ner Keered what grad'n's for! Just packed up one day, an' he Seemed to sort of natcherly 'Ld. it right on a claim that's jest like as any in the West. —Indianapolis Sun.

HUMOROUS.

Wigg—Do you suppose crematories pay? Wagg—That depends upon their urning capacities.

Tommy—Pop, what's the difference between a cook and a chef? Tommy's Pop—About \$100 a month, my son.

She—I suppose you think every woman wants a husband. He—Oh, no; some, already having husbands, want the earth.

La Mont—They say some of that barber's talks are very interesting. La Moyné—No wonder; he illustrates them with cats.

Blobb—Your friend Spender is something of a magician, isn't he? Slobbs—Well, if you lend him a \$10 bill he can make it disappear.

"Yes, he is a great man for advancing theories." "And yet he is not as popular as the little man?" "No; the little man advances Xs and Vs."

Hook—You may say what you please about Borrowell, but he is very sympathetic. Nye—I guess that's right. He even seems sorry for his creditors.

"The picturesque is passing." "Think so?" "Yes; look at this picture of an old witch. Instead of the traditional broom she is riding a modern dustless, pneumatic tired carpet sweeper."

Monahan—Poor Clancy! Donegan—Why, man alive, 'tis great luck he's in. "Phwat! D'ye call it luck to have wan o' yer legs cut off?" "Av coorse. It'll only cost him half as much now for shoes and pants."

Dr. Young B. Ginner—Did I understand you to say you were never sick, and therefore didn't have any regular physician? Krusty—Not at all. I said we didn't have any regular physician, and are therefore never sick.

"What sort of a young man is your daughter engaged to?" asked Mrs. Muggins. "Oh, he seems just like an everyday sort of fellow," replied Mrs. Buggins. "An every night sort of fellow, I guess you mean," growled Mr. Buggins from behind his paper.

"We cannot accept your story," remarked the managing editor of the daily newspaper. "It is very good, but we never print fiction." "I don't know about that," replied the disappointed author. "It seems to me that I have read the weather indications in your paper."

HIS 'RITHMETIC LESSON.

How All the Clerks in the Corner Grocery Helped Him Learn It.

"This is a straight story," said a grocery clerk, whose veracity has never been impeached. "It happened in our store. A little boy came into our Market street store and waited for some one to notice him. He carried a sheet of writing paper in his hand, at which he glanced from time to time. One of the idle clerks came to him finally, and the boy, reading from his paper, announced in a sing-song voice: 'My mother wants 10 pounds of rice, 15 pounds of sugar, 12 pounds of oatmeal, 20 pounds of—' 'Hold on!' interrupted the clerk. 'Not so fast. Suppose you give me that paper and I'll fill out the order.'"

"But the boy insisted on calling off the articles himself. Two other clerks were pressed into service, and the three men proceeded to do up the various packages as the boy called them off. He wanted all kinds of things, and he asked the price of each article as they went along, making a note of it on his paper. The clerks had the counter stacked with packages when the boy wound up with '18 pounds of flour.' One of the clerks called out the price, and the boy continued, in his sing-song voice, 'And how much money does my mother have to pay for her groceries?'"

"One of the clerks counted up the total and announced it as \$18.73. The boy made a note of it and started out. 'Come back here; where are you going?' cried the clerks in chorus.

"Why," said the boy, as he made for the door, "that's jest me 'rithmetic lesson for Monday. I have ter know it, or I'll git licked.'"

Useful Colleagues.

The man of millions looked up at the neatly attired youth who stood hat in hand on the porch steps. "Well?" he said. "I am looking for employment," remarked the youth. "College man?" "Yes."

There was a brief silence. The man of millions yawned.

"I'm using all the college men I can give employment to," he said and turned back to his paper. As the youth wearily moved away the millionaire looked up.

"You can call again," he said. "One of them might resign or something."

"And may I ask what line of work you offer them?" inquired the youth.

The man of millions grimly smiled. "You can see 'em over in yonder cornfield," he said. "I'm using 'em all for scarecrows."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.