

HEART CRAVINGS.
Won't you give me a nod, my brother,
As you journey along life's road?
It would make me forget my wrongs
And brighten my weary load.
Won't you give me a word, my brother?
Just the promise of a kindly eye?
It would make me forget my wrongs
And brighten my weary load.
Won't you give me a smile, my brother?
Just the gleam of a kindly eye?
It would make me forget my wrongs
And brighten my weary load.
—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.



"A Fight For Life"
turned his back on the rough clearing and struck into a lumber road which penetrated into the heart of the dense woods.
But as he continued his walk his quick step was suddenly arrested. The voice of the wind, even in its angriest lashing of the forest, never made a sound like that low-pitched, long-drawn-out howl. Two or three times in his life Jack had heard the dismal yell, but always under circumstances including no danger. How the men in the bleak North country hated the sneaking creature which preyed on the few flocks of sheep, would attack children or even a man when enough of them came together. Many a wolf story had Jack listened to beside the campfire. The animals were getting scarcer as the country gradually became more settled, but he had heard of cases in which the severity of the season had brought the ugly things in packs frightfully near the scattered huts.
He listened with every sense on keen edge. No, it was not the wind. Even in the short moment in which he stood still he could fancy that it grew louder, that snarling howl, broken by barks and yells. He looked carefully at the condition of his gun.
"I'm all right as long as I have you," he said, giving it a pat as he hurried on. "But—if that really is a wolf—or it might be two or three of 'em by the noise—the sooner I can get to the Holcomb clearing the better I'll like it."
He increased his speed to a run, but the shortness of breath induced by the extreme cold soon brought him to a halt. And in the dead hush of the forest the appalling notes came with a distinctness which brought to Jack the first thought of peril.



"THE WOLVES WERE CLOSE BEHIND."
The declining rays of the reddening sunset lent a sparkle to the snow as Jack briskly set out on his long walk. As the luminous look in his eyes faded, the bleak world the moon arose, smiling over a gold appalling in any less sturdy than the forest laborers who knew no other climate, and rejoiced in conditions favorable to their work.
It was a great occasion which demanded Jack's presence at home—no less a one than the marriage of his oldest sister. The father was dead, and Jack, in his faithfully sustained position as man of the house, was already taking on a weight of care beyond his years.
His home lay ten miles distant from the lumber camp in which he did, as was his proud declaration, almost a man's work. In the other direction was the nearest small town, which Jack had taken occasion to visit a few days before on an errand of importance.
When fully out of sight of the camp and beyond all possible observation from any of its occupants he paused to unfasten his tightly buttoned coat. The warmth of his honest heart kept him from feeling the bitterness of the cold on his hands drawn from the clumsy mittens.
A small parcel taken from his breast pocket—and the radiance of the sunset had nothing to do with the glow which lightened his face as he carefully loosened the wrappings to gaze on an ornament of colored glass set in brass, designed for the adornment of the bride.
"It's fine. And Abby'll think no end of it. There isn't a girl in the settlement that's got one like it."
"But, with a more sober face, as, after looking at the sun's rays as they shone through the glass and were reflected from the metal, he returned the jewel to his pocket. "It ain't up really to what I'd ought to do for Abby, and she gets 'em married. Father'd 'a' given her somethin' of a settin' out. All winter I've been watchin' for a bear. If I could 'a' got one and sold the skin, I'd 'a' been able to do real well by Abby."
His mind was full of what this doing would have been had he possessed the means to carry out his loving desires. The log cabin which was to be his sister's home, would, he well knew, be destitute of all but the bare necessities. Deep in his heart lay the fond wish to distinguish it by some special luxury.
"P'raps I'll have luck yet before the winter's over," he soliloquized.
The sharp nip of the cold sent him on with bleak footsteps. He passed the last settler's cabin on his way,

TRIALS FOR FIELD-GUNS
RIGOROUS TEST THEY UNDERGO BEFORE ACCEPTANCE.
Service Conditions Limited—Excessive Powder Charges Fired—Ammunition Immersed in Water and Then Fired—Fifty Shots to Test the Gun's Accuracy.
The ingenuity inventors have displayed in simplifying and perfecting the fieldpiece, the long, slender weapon of that dashing service, light, flying artillery, has remarkable parallel in the methods devised by ordnance experts to detect the slightest fault of design or construction in these pieces.
If the inventor has lain awake of nights over his gun, so, apparently, has the ordnance expert. It is skill against skill; not that the designer or builder has the remotest idea of imposing an inferior weapon upon the inventor (he could not do that if he tried), because the gun is of Uncle Sam's own make. The aim of the expert is to aid in improving the weapon, destructive as his method may seem to be. He feels it is his duty to submit the gun to a series of tests, which, although based upon service conditions—that is, upon the haps and mishaps it would encounter in the field—are of magnified severity. This means that when the fieldpiece shall have withstood the trial it may rest assured in its own inner consciousness that it is a very fine gun indeed, and that it is extremely unlikely, even in the trying time of warfare, to have to bear up under such burdens.
These elaborate and exhaustive tests are now being made at the Government proving ground at Sandy Hook. Experiments—this would seem to be a better word than "tests"—are being tried with field pieces of four models, two of them of foreign design, the others American, one being the Government piece.
The ability to fling its small, swift missile at an enemy is only part of what is demanded of the light artillery weapon. Warfare imposes real hardships upon it from the moment it is ordered to the front. It must withstand the stress of weather, the jolting and jarring of rough roads; it must stand a wetting, even be effective when unavoidable rust has occurred; it must be able to do its duty with defective ammunition, although this is primarily a test of ammunition itself, and do its work willingly, cheerfully, if you will, as if it had been reared under a glass case.
For such a demonstration of serviceability the War Department, through its Ordnance Bureau, lays down rigid rules covering a wide range. They begin with the requirement that the gun shall fire at least two rounds with excessive powder charge to develop the enormous chamber pressure of 44,000 pounds—twenty-two tons—to the square inch, and end with a practice march of 150 miles over country roads. Even then the Board of Ordnance and Fortification may not be satisfied, so it leaves the door open by saying that any other tests seeming necessary will be conducted.
While the fieldpiece is a comparatively small weapon, it weighs, behind horses, in the neighborhood of 4000 pounds. The shell used in it weighs fifteen pounds, and it leaves the piece at a muzzle velocity of 1700 feet-seconds.
When the fieldpiece is ready for test, the experts devote themselves first to its mechanism, scrutinizing it as the horse in the show ring is scrutinized, with a critical eye to its simplicity of action, its certainty, and how readily injured parts may be removed and new parts substituted. Then it must undergo the dust trial, in which sand and dust are blown into the gun, into all parts of the mechanism, and the rust test, to determine whether it is effective when water has been allowed to cover the piece.
Fifty shots are fired to test the accuracy of the gun, the target being 2500 yards distant. When it comes to rapidly, the piece is fired ten times without aim from a loam platform; then ten shell and ten shrapnel are fired for both rapidity and accuracy from a clay platform. To determine the maintained rapidity forty-five shots are fired. The behavior of the gun, the recoil and the jump, which is the departure from the line of fire, are carefully noted. In one test the trail of the gun, that part which rests upon the ground in the rear of the piece, is braced against a stake. The gun is elevated and depressed to its extremes and then fired, and it is even wheeled upon rocks and discharged, and then moved to plowed ground and discharged again, in order that service conditions may be counterfeited.
The ammunition is dealt with quite severely. Metallic ammunition is immersed for five minutes in water and then made to stand for twenty-four hours before being fired. The humidity test is at 100 degrees F., with a humidity of ninety-five degrees. This is maintained for thirty days, and after that the ammunition is expected to be unharmed.
From the gun and the ammunition the experts turn to the limber and the lumber chests. There the chests, being filled with ammunition, are placed upon a vibrating table which resembles in action a miniature earthquake, and kept there for forty-eight hours. After all this jarring and jolting the ammunition must be fired and found perfect. Limber chests also are subjected to the vagaries of the weather for at least a week, so that the experts may feel sure that any ammunition placed in them will survive.
Taking all things into consideration, it is certainly fair to say that the gun which comes satisfactorily through the examination of the experts deserves to be accepted.—New York Post.

THE CARNATION.
The National flower controversy is likely to be revived. Some years ago it was apparently settled, after a long struggle between the daisy, the rose and the golden rod, in favor of the last named. But there was much dissent from this decision, which lacked formal authority, and to-day the question is practically as open as ever. The argument against the daisy, it will be remembered, was that that flower is in reality a weed, dreaded by farmers, and too common to be set up in the high place of National preference. Those who opposed the golden rod insisted that it was not a flower, but a collection of minute blooms, and that it lacked individual form. Some people were so indifferent to the questions of art and patriotism involved as to condemn the graceful yellow plume as a breeder of hay fever. The rose was not generally favored, inasmuch as it is the floral symbol of England. Now, after a lapse of years, with golden rod running first and daisy second in the race, comes a new candidate for public favor, the carnation, its claims being indorsed by the State of Indiana, now holding its annual show at Indianapolis. It was the favorite flower of the late President McKinley, and the tribute to his memory involved in its adoption as the National emblem is proposed as within the reach of the people without difficulty or expense.—Washington Star.

A TRAITOR OF THE VEILD.
When Pardsberg had been fought and Cronje was captured, his faithful dog fell into the hands of the British. The dog had followed the "desert Napoleon" through all his campaigns, faithful and staunch in his devotion. Now, a traitor dog, he is just as devoted to the British camp at Green Point, Cape Town, as ever he was to the burghers.
He is a long-legged retriever with a love for fights. His battered sides bear witness to the fact that he nearly always gets the worst of it. When a company leaves camp the dog follows them to the train and then comes back in dejection. He is sullen and fierce, except to the Tommies.
Squirrel Nesting in a Church Chimney.
Sexton Davis, of the Congregational Church, met with an unexpected difficulty when he made the first fire of the season in the church. The chimney would not "draw," and the cause was found to be a large squirrel's nest, or a series of nests, in the top of the structure. The opening was found completely closed with squirrel-nest material to the depth of four feet from the top.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

RURAL MEXICAN INNS.
Some of Their Little Peculiarities—Lack of Public Accommodation.
There are many sorts of inns in rural and interior Mexico. One finds by the roadside the "venta," where a most exquisite lot of refreshments may be bought, but it is hardly an inn as its nameake was, and is, in Spain. Then there is the "posada," classic name still surviving in country towns. The "posada" is quite like unto the "meson," which is without any pretence, merely a lodging place for man and beast, and where in old times the traveler put up with his beast, and sent his servant out to find something to cook for his supper or dinner, as the case might be. The "meson" is frankly a humble inn, and if, by a miracle, somebody blessed with an idea of cleanliness presides over its administration, it may surpass the "gran hotel de Pekin" on the next street. To see the "ranchero" on his travels, go to the "meson." It is a place where spurs jingle, horses neigh and stamp, and the bed is rude, and sleep cometh only to him who is most healthily tired, for "quien duerme bien no se pican las pulgas"—the sound sleeper is not bitten by fleas!
In many towns the hotels are merely slightly better grade "posadas" and one goes out for a meal to a "fonda," which in Mexico is not a hotel as in Spain, but a humble restaurant. The word "fonda" has a pleasant suggestion, coming as it does from the Venetian "fondaco," in which were to be found many luxuries. But imagine no vain thing of the rural "fonda." You will be served with eggs forever and a day, and with chicken, a fowl that never fails for perennial is the "pollo" of the interior towns. Beans you may have and often very good bread, and there is some attempt, at times, to provide a decent course dinner. Napkins are also provided, though etiquette does not prevent your using the margin of the tablecloth. The separate hotel and restaurant system has this advantage, that one may, without offense to his innkeeper, dine all over town.
Most everywhere the service is primitive; often small boys with slow working brains make a pretence of waiting on table, and stare and grimace at the guest. A neat-handed Indian "muchacha" is better, but a grown lad is a terror in his phenomenal stupidity. In some pretentious hotels in the interior the waiters rush about manly, fairly skating across the floor, vainly imagining that this is the style of metropolitan. They do not succeed in making one fancy that he must bolt his food or lose some imaginary train, and so they promote dyspepsia. When a fiddler or harper is introduced to enliven the meal so gallantly served one feels as if music was no possible aid to mastication.
Many of the really better class hotels of the interior show a marked lack of the woman housekeeper. If she exists, she has delegated her duties to shuffling, ill-shod and unbathed chambermen, who slouch through one's apartment, making a pretence of cleaning up, but leaving everything worse than before! Heaven knows that a register of human folly, which keeps a register of human folly, knows that the gentleman chambermaid is a delusion. The looking glass has the grime of ages, and futility is its attempt to mirror forth your countenance. To make its desperate effort the more evidently ridiculous, it is placed in the darkest part of the room. Often the intelligent caretaker does not change sheets and pillow cases for a new guest. He trusts to luck that the tired traveler will not discern their crumpled condition. We have seen modern hotel furniture with much beveled glass inserted, electric lights, and unchanged bed clothing. They did better than that in the old days when the General Diligence Company had its hotel in every city and important town.
But we had no intention of making a catalogue of complaints. The crying needs of the rural inn are evident enough. Once in a great while one comes upon a little hotel where cleanliness rules and the goddess Hygeia has her home. A heaven-born hotel keeper rules over the establishment, and if there is a restaurant connected with the place, the cook is good, and her "seasoning" delightful to the palate. This one comes to feel that there is hope of reform, and that, some day, this charming land will have all over its vast extent hotels as good as those of the Switzerland, or of the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts, not to speak of Inns in other and happy regions where hotel keeping is a much respected business.
The need of this country is a system of good hotels in the smaller places, towns and cities of from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. It would not be a too tremendous task to provide, even as eating houses along a railway are systematically controlled.—Mexican Herald.

The Home of the Horned Hoop.
Recent excavations in Greece have resulted in the finding of the heads of several horned horses and the skin bones of rhinoceri. Greece seems to have been the land where the prehistoric horned horse most flourished. Out of six places in the world where the remains of the horned horse have been found three are in Greece and one in Samos, in the Grecian archipelago. The portions of horned horses recently unearthed were found in Euboea, where Professor Woodward has been making experimental excavations looking for paleontological remains. He has been excavating also at Pileman, near the plain of Marathon, for some time.
Street Sweeper's Luck.
A street sweeper, occupying a garret in the Rue des Saints Peres, returned to find that he had been burned out. His lamentations regarding the loss of his savings seemed exaggerated to his neighbors, who were accustomed to regard him as living from hand to mouth.
The police, however, handed him a pocketbook which a fireman found between mattresses, containing \$8000 in bonds, and an iron safe with \$1000 in cash.
The street sweeper has one year more to work, and he is entitled to a pension when he retires.—Paris Correspondence New York Herald.

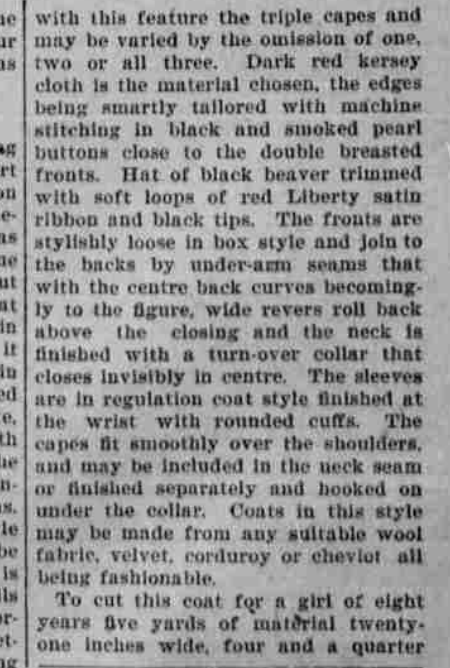
NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES
New York City.—Smart blouse waists are much in demand to wear with jacket suits and the very necessary separate skirts that have come to stay. The simple style illustrated exemplifies the fact that tucking is not indispensable to the realization of a fashionable waist. Ivory white peau de soie of good quality is here charmingly combined with Irish crochet lace over corn colored satin and trimmed with shaped bands of the silk piped with black panne velvet and stitched on each edge, tassels ornaments finishing the pointed ends. Velvet belt closed with fancy clasp. The lining is fitted with single bust darts centre back, under-arm and shoulder seams and closes in front under the plastron that is included in the right shoulder seam and hooks over on the left. The blouse proper has single pleats laid at the end of each shoulder seam and is cut away at the neck and fronts to disclose the plastron and yoke of lace. The sleeves in bishop style are arranged on fitted linings which are faced at the lower edges to form cuffs, shaped straps being added to match the waist trimming. Shapely epaulettes of the lace give length to the shoulders, but these may be omitted if not desired.
To cut this waist in the medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and five-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide or one and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and one-eighth yards of lace and four and a half yards of piping to trim as illustrated.
Woman's Eton Blouse Jacket.
In spite of the tendency toward long and three-quarter coats the smart blouse Eton has renewed its hold on the popular fancy and is more in demand than ever for suits as well as for separate wraps. The added blouse gives a more seasonable effect, but none of its smartness is lost when that portion is omitted. As represented in the large drawing by May Mantou it forms part of a zibeline costume in rich dark red and the lapels are faced with fancy velvet in black and white, the edges being simply tailored with double rows of machine stitching. The garment is simply fitted with wide under-arm gorges and shoulder seams. The fronts lap in double breasted style when closed, but may gracefully be worn open as illustrated. The neck is finished with a double collar that rolls over at the seam. The basque portions fit smoothly over the hips, meeting closely at the back and flaring slightly apart at the front. It is seam to the lower edge and the belt conceals the joining. The coat sleeves flare stylishly over the hands and the garment is warmly interlined and lined with white satin. Velvet, corduroy, kersey, broadcloth, cheviot and all heavy wool suitings will develop satisfactorily by the mode.
To cut this jacket in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide or one and three-quarter yards fifty-four inches wide will be required, with five-eighth yards of facing eighteen inches wide to make as illustrated.
Colonial Shoes.
The Colonial is a favorite model for a house shoe. It is guileless of French heels, and has a sufficiently broad sole, with extensions running all around. Its distinguishing feature is the broad, high-reaching tongue, with central point and border stitching. Colonial shoes invariably have a buckle of considerable size. Usually it is square, and always is at least as broad as long, never round or long or oval.
For ordinary use there is a Colonial shoe in dull Oxford kid; for smart afternoon wear or evenings you have the Colonial of patent leather, with silver, gilt, nickel or bright silver metal.
In Russian Style.
A handsome costume, intended to be worn at debutantes' receptions this season, is an excellent type of visiting dress in its latest evolution. For a wonder it has not the popular standing collar. Instead, it is an example of the new cape collar of fur. This model is strictly new, is supposed to come from the new Russian leaves. Although it is a turn-over collar, it comes high at the back and sides of the neck, being the new turn-over, and rising at least four inches high at the back. The cape collar is of chin-chilla.
Black Lace and Silver Leaves.
A graceful evening gown of black silk net is of cobwebby texture as soft as a veil. It is made up over white satin velled with black chiffon. The edge of the skirt, with its long, billowy train, is serrated and delicately embroidered with silver. The full bodice is ornamented with sprays of silver leaves and flowers; the elbow sleeves finished with a band of silver leaves and a frill of lace. Its belt is of silver tissue, and a butterfly of black and silver is woven in the hair.
The Season's Favored Colors.
Black, black and white, and some very delicate and beautiful shades of gray and brown are the favored colors this season for full, fluffy ostrich plumes on visiting and promenade hats, with matching feather boas er suite.
Handsome Velvetten Costumes.
Louis coats of velvet and separate waists of velvet will be much worn; also shirt waists of velvet in dark shades are relieved of their plainness by a vest of bright color or white material, giving a sharp outline to the coat.
Girl's Long Coat.
The comfortable long coat that closes to the neck is a favorable style for cold weather. The stylish example here illustrated by May Mantou combines



A SMART ETON BLOUSE.



WOMAN'S ETON BLOUSE JACKET.



GOAT FOR A GIRL.

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