He ran a race, but never reached his goal; He sped an arrow, but he missed his aim; And slept at last beneath a simple stone,

With no achievements carved about his Men called it failure; but for my own part

I dare not use that word, for what if heaven

Shall question, ere its judgment shall be

Not "hast thou won?" but only "hast thou striven?"

-Kate Tucker Goods,

The Major's Antipathy.

BY EVERARD JACK APPLETON,



came slowly down the steps of the Veteran The day was a warm one

and the Major's wounds were apt to worry him a good deal in hot weather, but he held his handsome old head none the less high.

the club itself, watched him go for a more. moment, and then turned to Altman, who sat near him.

"One man in a hundred is the Major," said he, "one man in a hundred," "Yes," agreed the other" "but what has he been saying this afternoon?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," replied Markham, "I was only thinking of his past generally. I believe that he was the best all-around soldier that I ever knew. He has the greatest antipathy for anything bordering on frivolity in military affairs, as you probably know, and he declares these him. boys do nothing but' play soldier' as than they really are."

"But doesn't he see the good side of the question?" asked Altman,

"I suppose he does, but he thinks the Guards should be composed of more capable then -workingmen who can stand a great deal, and not aristo-"Hat -

"Pray don't think I am supporting the Major's views, my dear Altman. When I remarked that the Guard had been ordered to the mines, he said: 'I feel sorry for the young men themselves, but more sorry for the State. It ought to send experienced men to such places if they ever hope to enforce the laws rigidly and quickly. Very firm in his beliefs is the Major, and the strongest one he has, however wrong it may seem to us, is that the Governor's Guards in its present state is a uscless organization.

"For a stranger's opinion that might pass," said Altman, "but the Major ought to know better. And I'm cetd, too, that the officers are all excellent swordsmen.

"Yes," said Markham, "so I've to him. But you can't shake the Ma-jor, as I said."

"Well," returned Altman, picking up his paper again, "it gives him something to talk about, anyway.

But neither he nor the Major's old comrade knew the real reason of his last outburst against the Guards in question; for that reason, in the form of a square sheet of note paper, lay in the Major's inside pocket, and it consisted of hastily written but entirely earnest offer for his daughter's hand in marriage. And the young man who took such a liberty was none other than the First Lieutenant of the Governor's Guards.

Lieutenant Halloway was not a disagreeable young man; in fact, he was quite the opposite. He came from the South and of a soldiering family, his father having lost his life at Cold Harbor during the Civil War; he was interested in a well established business situated in the heart of the city; his family pedigree was a long one, and his own character and record

"He doesn't want my answer for a week, doesn't he?" muttered the old soldier, as he marched on homeward. "Well, he shan't get it! I'll think it over, as he asks me to, and not make a hasty decision, but I can tell him right now what it will be. No, emphatically !

been living herself, she would have pointed out long ago the possibility of of this contingency arising, and would have prepared him for the blow, which childless, while some enterprising young man gained a wife; but Mrs. Major had died many years ago, and left the Major with the pretty child dier was staggering forward from a to bring up alone.

From a vivacious, headstrong, pretty little girl. Dorothy had grown up into a beautiful young woman, with her mother's sweet face and her fath. er's will and determination.

So to-day, when he found the letter waiting for him at the club, and to be torgiven for railing against anything. especially the Guards, when it was remembered that one of them was the vandal, bent upon robbing the old open door of his hand some house, he called as cheerfully as he could:

"Dorothy, daughter!" "Yes, daddy," came the answer moment the face he loved peeped over | rushed after her. the banister and a small forelinger was shaken warningly at him.

trying to be very severe; "what does

pretty face dimpling with happy

"It means, little girl," replied the Major, slowly, taking her bright face between his two kindly old hands, "it means that my daughter has

"Gone where, daddy?" said she, after one glance at him, for she felt what was coming. "Over to the enemy," returned the

Major. Then, as they went arm in arm into

the library, he added: "Dorothy, Dorothy, to think of you deserting at this time."

"But I'm not descriing dear, I'm not!" she cried.

Then she asked, slowly:

"What-what did he say?" "Nothing," replied the Major, shortly; "he wasn't soldier enough for that, so he wrote it."

"It was not because he wasn't soldier enough, papa, but because he didn't have time. And now you call him a coward-and-and he's up to where those wicked miners are, and he may be-killed-'

But the rest was unfinished, for the tears had welled up into the pretty question her further, her lover ran Club house eyes, and the next minute the contrite and turned Major was apologies and declarations out the prostrate form of the Major homeward, of better behavior in the future.

"He isn't a coward, daddy," murthe Major's shoulder, where she had taken refuge again, "and-"

"My dear child, I didn't my he was," remonstrated the harassed old Markham, one of the founders of soldier; "and you musta't cry any

> But all through supper, though she chatted and laughed so brightly, the Major's old heart was still a trifle and swung about his head, and as the sore, for he kept saying to himself: "Only half her love is mine, and the rest belongs to a Governor's Guard !" house had gone to bed, the Major had wounded him at the mines. climbed the stairs, when he heard a patter of small bare feet coming along | the officer. the entry, and the next moment a white-robed little figure stood beside

"You aren't angry with me, are if they were fifteen years younger you, daddy dear?" she asked, hugging the Major had opened his eyes and him lovingly, "and you won't feel badly about it, will you?"

"Of course I won't," replied the Major, laughingly, "but run back to fore him. bed, my dear girl, or you'll catch bed, my dear girl, or you'll catch "I am sorry to hurt you, my cold. Of course, you couldn't expect friend," said Lieutenant Halloway, me to feel very gay," he added again, "when I'm about to lose a daughternow could you?"

"But you aren't, she answered quickly; "you're going to find a son -Tom says so himself."

Two days later the Guards were in the city again. The night they reached the mines an attack had been made upon them by the desperate strikers, and though they were taken by surprise, their officers had not lost their heads. Using a row of salt bags as breastworks, they received the charge and repulsed the enemy. Then the Guard had captured fifteen of their principal men, driven the rest back to their homes, and waited until the Second Regiment arrived on the scene to relieve them. The latter having apdered home with their prisoners. The leisurely along in their direction. Lieutenant Halloway was mentioned as one of the most efficient and collected officers there, did not tend to harden the Major against his wouldbe son-in-law. He had also received a painful, though not serious wound, in his left arm from the knife of a necessitated his carrying the arm in a

Later in the day all sorts of rumors egan to fly about the town concerning the injured feelings of the miners in regard to the imprisonment of their ringleaders, and as night came on, the report that they would come to the city in force and endeavor to take their men from the jail was gaining ground every minute.

"That is nonsense, plain and simple," said the Captain of the Guards when approached by a newspaper man on the subject. "The miners have had a dose they will not soon forget. The only danger the city now stands in is from men out of work, who are more desperate by hunger and want, and who will take to robbing if they cannot find any other way to live." And that very night the Captain's

words were proven. The Major and Dorothy had been to the theater and were returning home. The night was warm and soft, Had the Major's good little wife and the moon shone so bright and clear that the old soldier and his pretty daughter walked on another square before going in to enjoy the night. The Major was about to say something must fall some day, and leave him about the stillness of it all, when from behind them there came a light tread, and the next moment, without the slightest warning, the kindly old sol-

> stunning blow on his head. With a little cry of terror Dorothy caught at him as he fell, but she was quickly grasped from behind, and a boarse voice whispered in her ear: 'Scream, an' I'll choke the life out o'

"Go through his pockets, Jim," continued the fellow, who was now binding Dorothy's arms to her sides; "he won't come to right away, but illumination begins at present at 7.30 we've got no time to lose." As he o'clock every evening, and continues soldier of his daughter. Entering the spoke, he picked up the short, heavy stick he had used with such murderous effect a moment before, and as he stooped to do so Dorothy sprang away from him and dashed toward the corfrom somewhere upstairs, and the next ner. With a muttered oath the man

Despite her clinging skirts and imprisoned arms, the brave girl had "Yen minutes late, sir," she cried, gained the corner and was just turning \$980,000. down it, however, while her pursuer

man, who was coming up the street with a long, easy stride

"What-why, Dorothy-you!" he exclaimed, as he looked down into her white face; but he got no further, for the man was upon them. With another flerce exclamation of disgust and anger, for he recognized the Lieutenant as he turned the corner, and utterly desperate as to the consequences, he threw himself at the young office. Halloway stepped quietly aside as he saw him coming; then, as the footpad missed his arm and hurled himself past the Lieutenant, the latter struck him a sharp, hard, scientific blow just below the ear, and doubling up like an empty sack he fell to the pavement without a sound.

Then the young soldier sprang to Dorothy's side.

"What in Heaven's name is the meaning of this?" he cried, freeing

her arms. "There are two of them-he struck papa-back there!" she answered, pointing to the spot where the other highwayman was still bending over the Major. Without stopping to quickly up the dark street, and made and the kneeling one of his assailant. As he came upon them, the latter mured Dorothy from the depths of sprang to his feet, and seizing his own club he struck at the Lieutenant viciously, but the soldier was too quick

for him. Like a flash of light the slender. tough sword leaped from its scabbard, and as the man's blow fell it was parried neatly by the officer's only weapon. Again the stick was raised man moved his face came into the single patch of moonlight that shone through the thick boughs above, and That night, after the evening had Halloway laughed grimly as he recogworn away and the daughter of the nized his antagonist-the man who

"So it is you, is it, Scarry?" said

There was no reply to Halloway's remark, but faster and faster rained the blows of the frenzied man.

At the first clash of wood and metal struggling to his feet he leaned against one of the trees near by and watched the little battle going on be-

coolly, "but I really think you've done enough to-night; and in order to render you harmless I'll have to-" He did not finish the sentence in words, but before the other could recover from his last misdirected stroke he was reeling backward with a stinging blow from the flat of the Lieutenant's sword.

The Major, though still dazed, held out his hand to Tom, and wrung it

"I hope that villain did not hurt you badly, Major," said he; "and as soon as I find a policeman and get these two pleasing individuals in the hands of the law before they come to themselves, I'll be back to belp you home, if you need it." And without waiting for an answer, he hurried down the street, soon returning with peared at last, the Guards were or. a city officer whom he met sauntering

heard, and all of which I pointed out papers were, of course, full of the Then he and Dorothy and the Major story of the fight, and the fact that went home. Though the Lieutenant's sweetheart had kept back her tears all along there was a suspicious moisture in her pretty eyes as they passed into the hall, but she was smiling bravely, nevertheless. As the old housekeeper bustled off to get something to put on the Major's wound-which luckly was murderously inclined miner, which not a serious one-the three stood looking at each other beneath the chandelier for a minute. Then the Major took the Lieutenant's hand once again, and put Dorothy's little one into it, with a kindly smile.

"It was one of the finest bits of fencing I ever saw, my boy!" he said, with only a slight tremor in his pleasant old voice, "and a man who can handle a sword as you can in these degenerate days, deserves anything another can give him. So take her, Tom, and God bless you both!"

And this is how the Major's antipathy was overecme at last. - New York Advertiser.

A Considerate Servant,

A young lady, lately and happily married, has a literary man for a husband, who does all his work at home. It is very good work, and pays well. Recently they got a new servant, a buxom German girl, who proved herself happy, and also seemed to take a deep interest in the affairs of the young couple. Of course she saw the husband about the house a good deal, but her mistress was not prepared for the following:

"Ogscuse me, Mrs. Blank, but I like to say somedings. "Well, Rena?"

The girl blushed, fumbled her apro-, stammered, and then replied: "Vell, you pay me twenty-five shil-

lings a mont-"And I can't pay any more," said the mistress, decisively.

"It's not dot," responded the girl; but I be willing to take twenty till--till your husband gets work."-Household Words.

How New York's Streets Are Lit. New York is lighted by 25,123 gas amps and 2725 electric lights. This o'clock every evening, and continues

till 3.15 o'clock in the morning. The hour for lighting and extinguishing the lights is regulated according to the length of the nights. In the course of a year each gas lamp burns for a total of 4000 hours. The electric lights burn for 3950 hours annually. The estimated cost of light-

ing the city streets this year will be

The city has more street lights in mesn?"

was still several yards away, when she use to-day and in preparation than Then she ran down the stairs, her ran plump into a a tall, soldierly young ever before. — New York Sun.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

THE NEW WOMAN'S GAIT.

The fashionable feminine walk is curious thing. It is a swinging from the hips, a throwing of both shoulders and arms, and a rattling pace that oftentimes puts the male companion to his breath's limit to keep up with it. -New Orleans Picayune.

"THE LATEST" LONDON HAT.

The hats of fashionable English ladies are becoming more startling as the season advances. A fashionable London milliner displays the "very latest" in headgear. Poised on the front of the hat is a dove with outstretched wings, around a small riviere of diamonds.

HEROIC LITTLE WOMAN.

If there is a heroic little woman in this country, one of whom every American should feel proud, it is Mrs. Josephine D. Peary, wife of Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, and also a first-class Arctic explorer in her own right. She had a terrifying experience in the icy latitudes of the far North not so long ago, but is now making ready to try another voyage. She is also raising the funds wherewith to equip the ship with which to rescue or aid her husband, who seems to be icebound far up in North Greenland. She has already lectured before large audiences and raised a goodly sum of money and has now a second lecture with which she hopes to produce the amount of money required for the expedition. - New York Adver-

WOMES ON THE BICYCLE.

There was a good deal of pith to Mrs. Stanton's remark in reply to Bishop Donne that "women are riding to suffrage on the bicycle." They may not be riding to suffrage, but they are riding everywhere and everywhither they want to go. Certainly and conspicuously they are riding into any sort of costume it suits them to put on. Bloomers are getting so common that it seems possible that the untutored eye will presently dwell upon them without a shock. The more circumspect American ladies still keep out of them, and may never come to prefer them to skirts, but the young and giddy experiment with them pretty freely. Was there ever anything so efficacious to give woman an idea of what she could do if she tried as the bicycle? Soberly speaking, if she had to choose between the ballot and the bicycle as a means of development and advancement, she might better cleave to the bike. It is worth more to her than the ballot. It is more fun, more use, less trouble, and very much less costly. There was pith in what Mrs. Stanton said, but is there not some substance in the suggestion that the bicycle has brought women so many new opportunities and privileges that she never needed or wanted the suffrage so little as now. -- Harper's Weekly.

MODELS WHO DISPLAY CLOTHES.

There are hundreds of young women in New York City who make their living as models; one authority says that there are more than a thousand; which estimate leads to the conclusion that good looks are not scarce in the island of Manhattan, for these young women owe success entirely to their fine physique. The models here alluded to are not those who sit to artists, and whose charms are transferred to canvas, but those who try on suits, silk waists, jackets, cloaks and capes for the benefit of the customers in the stores and dressmaking establishments.

The more exclusive and expensive of the uptown women's tailors all employ models to display their gowns. The best firms in the shopping districts have them, but the great majority of models find occupation in the big wholesale houses in middle and lower Broadway, a number of firms in that vicinity employing as many as a dozen the whole year round. The av-312 to \$15 a week, but an unusually pleasing subject may command as high as \$18. Those in the big retail establishments who combine the office of a model with that of a saleswoman get

The available model must measure thirty-six inches about the bust and twenty-three or twenty-four around the waist, her height being in proportion, the trying on of gowns and cloaks for women built on a less liberal plan being intrusted to the misses' models; that is, to unformed girls fourteen to fifteen years old .-New York Tribune.

THE WOMAN DOCTOR.

The woman doctor is already an accomplished set, but as yet she has apparently made no considerable way in public favor. It may be contended that there is something in the art of healing in accord with the primary instincts of a woman's nature. But if we look closer into the subject, it will be seen that there is more than mere prejudice and long-established custom to account for the exclusion of the female sex in the past from the praccalmness of nerve-the aplomb, so to say-the steadiness of hand and pulse for the work of the surgeon? Is it a jacket or blazer. possible to suppose that a non-abnormat woman, with her more highlystrung constitutional sensibility, could amputate a limb with the same imperturbability that we should look for in the male operator?

To this it may be replied that, granting a certain daawback to women by reason of sex in the matter of surgical expertness, the case is different with the "metier" of the physician, and

that here, at least, the sexes can compete on terms of perfect equality. Yet, again, as a matter of plain fact, are the services of lady doctors much in request with their own sex-nay, even in those branches of the therapeutic art dealing with specially feminine ailments? Moreover, if the advanced woman's theory of exact professional equality and indifference as to sex is to be maintained, why should any bar-rier suggest itself to the consultation of medical women by men, any more than now exists to the calling in by women of the male practitioner? But is there no such barrier? Surely the mere statement of the case disposes of the parity argument.

We have heard of a man here and there resorting to lady experts in massage, but that men should go to women short and instantly the catbirl doctors and lay bare their bodily symptoms in the same way as women have done from time immemorial to their male medical advisers, would be a pro-cedure repugnant on both sides, and "not convenient" for obvious reasons. Here, then, while admitting that a sprinkling of females may, perhaps, usefully find their mission in obtaining employment as doctors among a limited number of their own sex, we are brought face to face with the eternal and immutable disparity of sex. -The Scottish Review.

PARITION NOTES. Basket-woven linen duck is much

used for vests.

Silks in solid colors are invariably trimmed with rich jet and guipure ef-

The newest thing in crepon is semitransparent. It is wool, and of very light weight.

Surpliee folds, those quaint garnitures of our grandmothers, are more popular than ever.

Delicate pale green stationery, stamped in gold or silver, is one of the present fashions.

Picturesque dresses of chiffon-crepon show a sheer black guaze, held in full waves on a black net ground.

Ribbons come in all colors, and often show brocade and lace-like patterns. They are of velvet, silk and The material known as drill will be

more popular than ever. It comes now stamped with a variety of bright and beautiful designs. Leghorn flats occupy a prominent place in fashion's realm, as do the numerous fancy white braids that are to

be seen at every hand. Black crepons and grenadines have in a large degree usurped black lace in fashionable favor in the making of semi-diaphanous black gowns.

One of the daintiest ribbon productions of the season is the narrow satin stripe alternating with fine Valencienues lace insertion and edging.

Though wide and flaring at its circular edge, the fashionable cape, of whatever material, fits the neck and shoulders as perfectly as a bodice.

Some of the prettiest waists are made of cream-white embroidered batiste, after the same models which are used for silk and more expensive ma-For full-dress occasions the half-low

bodice is encircled with a wreat's of artificial blooms. This wreath usually, but not necessarily, heads a fall of rich lace. Some of the prettiest black gowns are of sheer materials. Black mulls

and organdies are in special demand, trimmed with black thread lace or pointe d'esprit.

Pure undved silk with a weave resembling canvas and rather coarse in texture is called Arabian silk. It is used for tailor suits for morning and traveling wear.

Striped crepons are very fashion-Many of the silk and satin crepons show flowered grounds and lace stripes. These goods are made up over taffeta silk.

Black and white is more fashionable than it has ever been before. Black and white light-weight silks, very narrowly striped, are among the season's most popular fabrics.

Black lace, embroidered with real erage downtown model is paid from straw, is now used for trimming hats and bonnets. These embroideries, which give the impression of pale gold color, are extremely effective. This is a season of box-plaits. They

are often made of passementerie and of rows of overlapping ribbon, which begin on the shoulder, cross the bust diagonally and end at the waist-line. Slender-waisted women and girls may wear ribbon belts fastened with silver buckles, and finished with long,

beware of such garniture, fashionable though it may be. Several attempts have been made to lessen the size of the sleeves. Possibly they may become suddenly flat. It would be a pity, for puffed sleeves when not exaggerated give much

elegance to the figure.

streaming ends, but stout women must

Tailor-made suits of white and pearl-gray satin-faced alpaca and pique are included in very smart wardrobes. They are made with short natty jackets and full skirts fitting tightly around the hips.

Traveling gowns of mohair are be ing made with the fullness of the skirt carried over each hip in a series of very fine pleats, stitched down flatly and visibly. With many of these skirts is worn a short cape, instead of

Crepele will be very fashionable. Some of them are extremely variegated and original. The shades most worn are mordore, violet prelat, blue gray, Venetian red, emerald and violine, The same fabrics are made in silk and the west of some bright color in wool. This produces a transparent and very pretty effect. White crepons with spots or stripes and fanoy patterns are also extremely pretty. Some Feathered Joker.

Have birds a sense of humory

must not only be thoroughly as quainted with its habits, but he be able to enjoy the doings of a mischief maker if the catbird as appreciated at its full worth, On as the writer was watching a thrush in a quiet grove where enjoying life in its own way, will casional spurts of song to enlive occasion, a catbird appeared branch not very far from the the but a little below it. Just then thrush began to sing. Instanticathird spread its legs a bit, she wings slightly clear of its body, or one eye up at the thrush and ery that must have sounded der to the dullest ear. The thrush sto up the thrush's strain in a voice was simply ridiculous. At the thrush eyed the catbird calmiy quiet was restored and then star once more on its song. Again if interrupted by the mocker, and performance was repeated a time, when the thrush gave it flew away. Keep an eye on almost any gre

birds and one will be seen to another, and away the two will game of aerial tag. Watch the egged water birds in places food is abundant, so that they slined to make up the little d parties for which they are per and sly, make-believe attacks apon the other, will be found the usual beginning of the in traordinary performance of Even the hard-working robin tinually playing tricks on his n early spring, though ordinar tators take their games for a fights. In sport, half the bird one may see in the course of observations are so full buoyant in spirits, that they others about them to take part, i way or another, in the jova earth. -Chautauquan.

Skill in Driving Horseshoe Name After the old shoe has been off, the hoof pared and the new fitted, the skill of the horse comes into play in driving the shoe. Sometimes nails are drive an inch, and a good floorman easily drive a nail its full length out injury to the hoof, while who did not know his busines ruin the hoof before he had ! nail twice with the hammer.

The nail penetrates only the horn of the hoof. This is about ! eighths of an inch thick and a the entire hoof. Inside this coffin-bone fits. It is to disting between the sensitive coffin box the insensitive horn that the app tice must study the formation of hoof and attend the veterinsryl tures. The usual method is to d the nails about three-quarters of inch and in such a manner that th will come out when they have m that far. The ends are then pin off, the under side rasped a little then clinched down over the ho prevent the shoe pulling off. done the horse is again turned on the apprentice, who trims of rough edges with a rasp, and horse is ready for the street. should not be permitted to ret long on the horse's foot. The b continually growing and the old may cause a deformity or so

Dogs That Hate White Men.

lameness. - Chicago Record.

Kickapoo Indians are very for degs, both alive and friessed And their tepees or wickiups or (Anne's, or whatever they call abodes, says the Kansas City there are always half a dozen dogs. An Indian dog hates a man as far as he can see him. loves an Indian as far as he can

him, and that is saying a good d When a white man driving the the Kickapoo country sees a the roadside his natural impulse whistle in a friendly way, for s how in a wilderness of prairie est a dog is a comfortable sight. the instant you whistle to an I dog he turns his tail and is o sight quicker than if he had kicked. An Indian never whistles his dog when he wants his beas come to him; he places his told against his teeth and hisses.

The colored population of homa have almost as many dogs as Indians. Those who live in the jack sand hills are dog rich. dogs have a deep rooted aversion the white man also. When a colored cotton planter comes to some of the dogs are sure to and when the old man walks up the dog stays right between his like a country dog under a wagon. And whenever a white comes within snapping distance dog gets busy.

Misdirected Eggs.

There have been many stories to within the last few days about Vit Chancellor Bacon; there is said tob only one to tell about the late Va Chancellor Malins. When that me excellent and well-meaning man on a certain occasion pelted with es while administering justice on the bench, by a discontented suitor, observed, after committing the fender, that he had probably mistais the court, since the eggs must of tainly have been intended for Buck -London World.

Heroic Way to Strengthen the Volt

A simple way to strengthen if chest and throat with cold water, st rub with a towel. To earry out !! recipe regularly through cold weath will be an effort, but it certainly its reward. Many people add salt to the water, and find it very vigorating.