

A WINTER WOOING.

Guess I reckoned that I'd never... First I tried to be as earnest... Settin' on her, I thought I'd...

COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun-up, and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites has managed to achieve both these delightful ends...

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along, until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails, and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand, and gone off to the Land of Nod.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station. But Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention.

"F Tom!" sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off these prickles, jus' like we Injuns does." "O-o!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Who's dat?" "Why it's a jug!" and Dubs left the "hoonies" and started towards the pile

of rock where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself. The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and no more to be feared than papa, when he lay on his lounge in his midday repose.

Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was "worky Injun," like the Yaqus who shovelled and poked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease. The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off, and lay by his side.

"It's bigger'n Mommie's butcher knife, ain't it," Gay the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish-looking blade. "Now you 'tend over here an' I'll get 'hind us wock. Ven you tum along, an' I'll jump out and kill you."

"Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, Mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily. "You've woked him up an' 'pilled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough the Coyote That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over, and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt, and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish.

Just what it was that kept his fingers off the trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell; but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his eye—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grass-wood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever.

There was one had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust-devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and stared about in feverish rage.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eye rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges, where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicked it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low-roofed station-house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs, holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own.

of rock where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful. And, in truth, there was.—Frank R. Millard in the Overland.

The Cliff Dwellers.

The people of Colorado are preparing to give their young and thriving State a good showing before the eyes of the world at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, and it is probable that its exhibit will be one of the most interesting to be seen.

Mining affairs will be strikingly exemplified, of course, for Colorado leads the States in its output of the precious metals, and the illustration of the modern mining processes of drilling, boring, blasting, lifting, separating and smelting, with electrical appliances will be a sight worth seeing.

The cliff and cave dwellings, the former homes of a once active and enterprising, and now vanished people, will also be illustrated in so perfect and minute a manner as to afford to students and investigators all the facts that the subject affords for the solution of the strange problem.

The canyons of Montezuma County abound in these curious dwellings, in which are found the still undecayed roof and floor timbers, fragments of baskets, cloth, pottery and cooking vessels left behind by the vanished race when they were driven in a body from their ancestral homes by some pitiless foe or overwhelmed in some great catastrophe that led none to tell the story.

Some of these dwellings contain skeletons also, which are being carefully collected and preserved. It is proposed to make large models in clay of some of the more picturesque cliff homes, with their watch towers and fortresses, and erect them in the Colorado quarter of the Exposition.

A collection of well preserved relics showing the mode of living and domestic habits, and the condition of civilization of the lost people, will add interest to the picture—and it will be the task then, for the archaeologists and ethnologists of the world to tell us, if they can, who this people were, where they came from, how long since they disappeared, and what became of them.—St. Louis Star-Bayings.

Fables of Notables.

Archduke Louis Victor, the younger brother of the Emperor of Austria has the most irritating trick of continually snapping the fingers of his right hand while he is talking to a person, especially if he is any way animated.

It is a nervousness more than to anything else; but when one sees him thus snapping his fingers with his arm extended at an angle of about forty-five degrees from his body one is apt to become sufficiently exasperated to long to give him a good shaking.

There is a well-known and philanthropic newspaper proprietor in a city within a few hours' distance from New York who has a trick of manner that is somewhat similar to that of the Archduke.

Instead of snapping his fingers, he devotes his superfluous energy to catching imaginary flies. No matter what his topic of conversation, or how bitterly cold the weather, he will sweep his right hand through the air, and suddenly close it as if the fly was caught.

He will then carefully open it, of course without finding even the ghost of any insect. No disappointment, however, is discernible on his benignant features; and a minute later he is as actively engaged in his peculiar chase as ever.

This strange taste for fly-hunting appears to have been shared by the father of the present King of Bavaria, and it is related at Munich that one day, when two of his Cabinet Ministers called upon him with the draft of a new law for which they required his approval and signature they found him seated in his armchair with an open book on his knees.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

Women doctors say, and many women prove it in practice, that by going upstairs slowly with the foot—heel and toe alike—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs really rested, instead of gasping for breath as when one runs upstairs.

DAINTY FOOT WEAR.

Dainty foot wear is most conducive to ease and grace of attitude. What gives a more constrained pose than the effort to keep the feet under the hem of one's gown, and it is the easiest thing in the world to forget yourself and become animated and vivacious if you have the sustaining consciousness that some little unconsidered turn or movement will reveal a pair of daintily clad feet with something distinctive and characteristic about them.

SPANGLED FANS.

The new fans, like new dress trimmings, are spangled. A pretty example in black gauze, mounted on carved ebony, is thickly strewn with silver discs and stars. It sparkles splendidly by night, and looks well with any kind of ball dress.

SHOPPING AS A PROFESSION.

Shopping has risen from a pastime to a profession. It is said there are several thousand women in New York City who live on the percentage allowed them by the big shops in which they spend their people's money.

WHY GIRLS WANT OLD GLOVES.

Days when a girl asked every man she met for a necktie for her crazy quilt are passed; she no longer collects his handkerchiefs to make curtains for her windows, and even his matchbox is comparatively safe.

PICTURESQUE HATS FOR SMALL GIRLS.

Large picturesque hats for small girls have a low pointed crown, with a broad brim arched in front and turned up at the back. They are of felt and should be chosen of the color worn in the cloak which they are intended to accompany.

A Famous Miser.

Perhaps the most famous miser that ever lived was John Elwes, an Englishman, who died from neglect because he refused to incur the expense of physicians and nurses, though worth not less than a million pounds.

FOUR MONTANA BEARS FACED HERE.

While John Chapman was in here from his Wyoming ranch this week he told of a thrilling experience his wife had recently with four silver pig bears, a she bear and three cubs.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

EGG-FRYERS.

Egg-fryers with sunken pieces in shape of hearts, stars and other devices are comparatively inexpensive kitchen utensils, by means of which eggs may be fried in these fancy shapes.

BOIL YOUR MILK.

There seems to be no doubt, says London Hospital, that the milk of cows suffering from diphtheria will communicate the disease to those who drink it unless it be thoroughly cooked.

FASHION NOTES.

Many of the handsome cloth capes have a short over cape of fur, plush or Lyons velvet.

Velvet capes are lined with bright silk, and those who study details in dress have a corresponding color in their hats or bonnets.

Lacings the shade of the gown along the seams, beneath which is seen a color contrasting but harmonious, appear on handsome imported gowns.

Many women have had their too short seal jackets and coats lengthened by adding deep bands of curled black Persian-lamb fur or velvet beaver skins.

The Italian is the latest form of sleeve. It is like a loose shirt sleeve to the elbow, where it is gathered into a tight-fitting sleeve, which covers the rest of the arm.

A new feature of the popular princess dresses is their bias back seams that give the effect of a bell skirt.

Only a woman with a pretty foot can wear the dainty fur-trimmed boot, opening at the side, that some importers are trying to introduce.

At present there is no indication of skirts being made shorter in the back. The demi-train will remain in vogue just as long as the three-quarter coat and the deep basque bodice prevail.

The fur muff par excellence this season is larger than for many seasons past, is less graceful and convenient and so open at the ends that it forms a favorable passage for the wintry blasts.

A pretty jacket is the "duchesse," which comes about ten inches below the waist, fits the figure closely and opens from a single fastening over a double-breasted vest closed with small gold buttons.

Tailors are making a specialty of jaunty and stylish little bonnets to be worn with theatre gowns and capes of cloth. Plain velvet is much used for these little capotes, in a bright color overlaid with lace.

Velvet and wool are combined in some of the most tasteful winter gowns. The velvet often forms a peasant waist, which can be worn with various dresses, or a basque of graceful shape, with skirt, vest and sleeves of striped vigogne or camel's hair.

Pingot, the famous Parisian designer of costumes, makes black velvet coats of the prevailing three-quarters length, with fitted back, large pockets on the sides and the straight fronts to turn back and show facings of black guipure lace wrought with gold.

A new and delicate shade of raspberry pink is called "salambo." This color combined with Russian green is especially effective. A very beautiful brocade recently seen at a leading shop had a beautiful flower design brocaded on a ground shot with these two colors.

A Paris correspondent says many costumes are made complete for walking, with an open jacket showing a waistcoat or chemisette or a closed coat, generally double-breasted, and with a double row of rather large buttons.

Many fashionable dressmakers are insisting that serviceable cloth dresses be cut to escape the floor all round for street wear. Box-plated backs bid fair to be worn again, and the fashion of trimming the gored seams of the skirts is becoming more and more popular.

This is especially becoming to a stout figure, as it apparently gives greater length.

A black velvet coat made in the new style, either in close princess shape or with slashed basque, is a very valuable acquisition to a limited wardrobe, as it can be made to do great service and is always becoming.

A black velvet coat is handsome, over a skirt of flowered brocade, and in this case a pretty drape of crepe de chine that repeats the color of the flower brightens and changes the front of the coat.

A bit of full, deep ruching of the crepe in the neck and sleeves is added.

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How to Fold an Umbrella.

Many umbrellas are ruined by the careless manner in which they are folded and put aside after using in the rain.