

SPRING.

The sun has kissed the slumbering buds And waked the earth to glory.

Moved, rose and stirred around her. The prince's kiss awoke the maid.

The spring is here. In bush and tree A hundred birds are singing.

We till the ground, we plant the seed White balmy winds are blowing.

And pray God bless the harvest field, And prosper all our sowing.

-Eva O. Wright, in Outing.

A Washout on Horse-Head.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

EARLY all the creeks which are tributary to the two Cheyennes, the upper Niobrara and the North Platte rivers have their sources among the "breaks" of a high, irregular plateau, which lies like a vast, ragged-edged, wide-topped mountain across northwestern Wyoming.

A network of ditches, gulches and canons, a labyrinthine tangle of waterways, slashing the sides and angles of the breaks, goes to form the heads of these creeks.

These numerous and precipitous runlets produce the dreaded washouts which, in the season of rains, occasionally flood the upper valleys of all the streams in that region.

In 1875 my uncle was one of a party of "tender-foots" who lost half a dozen wagons and most of their horses and effects, and had three of their number drowned in the valley of Beaver Creek where it comes out at Buffalo Gap.

During the building of the "Black Hills Branch" railway, several camps of workmen were overtaken by a flood in the deep, canon-like valley of a short tributary of the South Cheyenne.

A few years ago a Swede, named Scharf Bergman, emigrated from Minnesota to the vicinity of the V. 30X ranch near the source of Horse-Head Creek. He came early in the season, with his wife, several children and a bunch of sheep, and built a shack of cottonwood logs about a mile below the V. 30X buildings.

The prospective railroad had attracted many settlers, or "nesters," as the cowboys called them. They were dropping in and building their temporary cabins all along the stream, and were already beginning to break land.

They found the water running ankle deep down the side hill upon which the ranch building stood. It was as violent a storm as they had ever known in that region.

When they reached the shack in which Bergman lived they saw that the bed of the creek was already filled with a torrent of water, which tumbled and foamed as they had often seen it before in advance of the swift flood which would inevitably fill the little valley, rolling down like an avalanche.

The lightning was so incessant as to keep all objects near at hand within plain view. Bob sprang from his horse and pounded loudly on the rough door. Soon it was cautiously opened, and Bergman thrust out his head.

"Come," shouted Bob. "Out o' your with ye, or you'll all be drowned in your blankets!" Bergman looked stolidly out into the storm.

"You go away viz yourselves," he shouted. "You like pitty well get me out by dis watter, hah! You ko away! I neffer will ko, I say you!"

He had allowed the door to open gradually, and stepped partly out into storm as he grew more in earnest, and wound up in quite a rage, shaking his fist in Bob's face.

He was a plucky fellow, at least, as the boys admitted; and believing that they were maliciously trying to get him and his family out into the storm for some purpose, he was determined to make a bold resistance.

"You goin' do by dat?" he exclaimed; for Tex, while the Swede was talking, had pressed up close behind Bob on his pony, and hearing the well-known roar of the washout, knew that something must be done quickly.

Bob needed no admonition. As Bergman was jerked past him he sprang through the doorway. The woman had got out of bed, and stood with a blanket thrown around her and a small child in her arms. She had lighted a small lantern which hung at the head of their bunk, and by its light Bob saw three other children huddled in a frightened heap upon a bed in another corner.

arm, he struck out, using the other arm and his legs to propel himself. The water had now risen so that he could not touch bottom, and the flood was at raging height. It roared in his ears, while the rain descended in torrents upon his head.

The boy, too much frightened to realize anything, clung to him about his neck with a grip that was almost strangling. More than once Tex thought himself lost, as some sudden movement plunged his head under the surface, and the boy's tightened grasp choked him until the water poured down his throat.

Many times as he struggled in the water he thanked the good fate which had given him plenty of practice in swimming in his boyhood.

At last he dragged the poor, trembling, half-drowned child out upon dry land, and had the satisfaction of delivering him safely to his distressed parents.

The family were lodged that night at the V. 30X. Next day it was discovered that Tex's pony and one of the Swede's oxen and a few of his sheep had been drowned. The shack was swept away, and only a few of the household goods were ever recovered.

Bergman was glad enough to get off so cheaply; and it is needless to add, was grateful to have had his family saved, even by violence. When he next built a cabin he made sure to put it beyond reach of a washout.—Youth's Companion.

What "New York" Means. It is a matter of pride and patriotism, and of education, for young readers to think of this—of what is meant by a metropolis—when they visit New York.

Thoughts of this kind probably are not what chiefly fill the minds of New York's younger visitors. They and I know very well the sights they chiefly come to see, the famous marvels and attractions of the great town—the Brooklyn Bridge, the Liberty Statue, Trinity Church, the Exchanges, the great newspaper offices, Cooper Institute, Madison Square Garden, the parks, Grant's tomb, the museums, monuments, and places of historic interest.

Without waiting for a word Bob dropped his burdens the moment his feet touched ground, and turned back into the flood. Before he had made a dozen steps, though, Tex's pony was plunging at his side, splashing water all over him as the rider shouted in his ear to know if there were a child still left in the shack.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE CONTRABAND. How the Cavalry Brought a Colored Man into Suffolk.

SOMETIME in July 1862, a detachment of the 11th Pa. Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Spear, was stationed at Suffolk, Va. Gen. Mansfield was in command, and orders had been issued allowing citizens outside of our lines to purchase supplies upon their taking the oath of allegiance. Many had availed themselves of the privilege.

Complaints came into Headquarters, and Co. A, Capt. A. S. Patton, was sent out to investigate and warn the evil-doers of the consequences of their conduct. Our route led us through Somerton toward the Chow-ching. A part of two days was spent in chasing rebel preachers and arresting Home Guards, otherwise guerrillas. On our return we halted at Dr. Savage's to feed our horses and make coffee. The corn came from the Doctor's crib.

As I was sitting on a log enjoying my salt pork and hardtack, the Doctor took a seat beside me and inquired how he was to get his pay for his corn. I told him there would be no difficulty about it; all he would have to do was to go to Suffolk and give his receipt to the Government.

Some of us had been trying to give the boy a hint to take to the woods. At this point a poor white came up in his cart, and the Doctor called on him to assist in unloading the boy. One glance and the boy was in the woods out of sight. The help would not have availed the Doctor, as the men would not have allowed them to take the boy.

BEAUTY AND BRAVERY. An Incident of the War Which Shows That They Are Found Together. What sort of men are likely to be found the bravest? A writer in the Atlantic raises this question, and seems to come to a quite unexpected conclusion that physical beauty is perhaps the surest sign of physical courage.

AN INTERESTING CRIMINAL. Joseph Smith, the eleven-year-old Denver (Col.) murderer who has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, deserves to rank with Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy criminal.

Not One Worthy. The second chancellor's medal for classics has been withheld this year at Cambridge University, England, the examiners finding no candidate worthy to receive it—a circumstance that has occurred only once before in 150 years.

FAIR WOMAN'S DOMINION

STYLES OF BEAUTY. Illustrated by Some Pictures. How Appropriateness of Costume Sets off the Good Points, and How Bad Taste mars Them.

YOU may see a lot of portraits in this fashion article. It doesn't matter who the girls were, further than that they were genuine belles in their first season "out" society. They were not beauties yet not one of them lacked charm.

sturdy little feature with a humorous tendency about the tip of it; a determined chin and a mouth that needed softening a little—kiss would do it, but make sure never a one but the right one would ever get a chance to do the softening. The coloring

was ruddy and wholesome and the hair full of glints. She had a round, pretty figure that might be made more of than that. Her mouth and those level eyes of hers permitted. She looked a sweet, lovable girl, not

beautiful, but who stopped to think of that! The next girl would have struck you as young before any other impression was

Job Lot of Wails. The late Samuel E. Adams, of Richmond, Ind., was fond of telling of a remarkable coincidence which happened several years ago. During a severe thunder storm a canary bird flew into the house. Within a few minutes a shivering and badly frightened spaniel was found begging for admission. The dog was let in. Less than an hour afterward a child was heard crying on the outside and the door opened to admit a little tot scarcely 2 years old. The child, dog and canary were never claimed. Mr. Adams found a comfortable home for the little one, while he continued to care for the dog and bird.

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made. Her face was not beautiful, either, so far as regularity of feature went, but she had such rare coloring. The skin was a pale pink, the hair like a child's, yellow without gloss, and the eyes, set very far apart, were violet under black lashes. Her forehead and chin set back a little from the fullest curve of the profile. A dreamy, loving intellectual face, the sort of face that makes one remember that the loveliest woman is not and never will be to many of us, the woman with "intellect." The average blonde is likely to have a sharpness of contour and wide eyes. In other words the face, though beautiful, is often a little cold, and a little shrewish—a face that easily suggests temper and discontent and primness. But it is not so with this type. The head droops on the slender neck, the lids are heavy, the eyes appealing and the lips wistful. The form is likely to be slender, never angular, and the curve of the back is always lovely. The hands are delicate. The taste is so likely to select soft materials and delicate colors that such a girl seldom fails, all unconsciously, to be quite in harmony with herself, from the soft knit of her hat to the soft folds about her feet, and the pale beauty of the colors she selects.

The other girl will be prettier far in her thirties than she is now. The one takes more chances in life than does the other. What possibilities does modern life present such a face. Observe what narrow eyes and straight delicate brows, the short neck and well rounded figure; a strange mixture of feeling and intellect. The lower jaw, in advance of the upper, the lips are full and red. It is not a modern face by any means. The pale hair and gray eyes belong to her to be. Not cruel "to hurt," but to see how the victim will act. A cold, bitter cruelty to encounter, yet one that means less harm than it may accomplish. Such a woman is round-shouldered and thin, except the short neck, that somehow goes with her bull dog chin and lower lip, and adds to that part of the strange fascination of her face. She dresses conventionally, in the modern dress does not rouse her imagination. She could never realize her possibilities of beauty in it, so it is as well. She needs the vivid covering of old times and barbarous brilliancy of jewels, and rich drapery. It is a wonder she does not realize this! But maybe that is accounted for by her pale hair. She is a woman now, far more than either of the others are, or for that matter, ever will be. The years may bring her greater beauty; they will surely add interest to her face. She, of them all, has a future, and seems also to have had a past. Her chances for happiness are few. She is likely to make mistakes in her choice of companion. Intellect and inclination, too, must be satisfied. Mere affection will not suffice. She will demand much and give little. Unlike the blond just looked at, who would give all and ask only that she may give. Unlike the first girl, who will want little but practical companionship and who will give just what she needs, she will want a nature of companionship. If one might go into palmistry the hands of these three would afford strange contrast. This last hand is long and firm and like a man's for strength. The palm is bright with color, and the first finger long. The hair dressing is curiously at variance with the type of face. That is because this woman gives no thought to her dress and wear.

No use talking, every girl does not suit the parting of hair at the brows; and those who do not should not permit themselves to be bullied into adopting it. The girl with a low forehead and strong chin will usually be wiser if she keeps to her own modifications of the pompadour. When the pompadour is used as a hard shiny roll of hair, sort of skinned back from the forehead, and outlining the temples in an uncompromising way, it is seldom a becoming style unless the features are severely regular. But the pompadour that is merely a drawing back very loosely and softly of the hair coil at the crown of the head as shown in the third picture is almost surely pretty.

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