

The Maria Teresa's performance indicates that it is very hard for a Spanish ship to get over its old habits.

There is a tendency of the day, both in this country and Europe, toward municipal control and support of all new hospital projects. Much can be said in favor of such control if the municipality be inspired with enlightened and humane ideas.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler's plan to aid the development of Cuba by the free education of young Cubans in this country is worthy of the support which it has received from one hundred consenting colleges. The man honored by unanimous re-election to Congress shows that his patriotism is of the sterling kind, no less useful in peace than indispensable in war.

That peace also has its heroes of brave deeds has been demonstrated by the two gallant railroad engineers, John Rohlfing and John McNally, who nobly held on to the throttle to the last moment, saving the lives of the passengers and themselves meeting a death glorious as was ever won on battlefield. The least that can be done in their honor is to see that their families are well provided for.

A twenty-four hours' time-table has been printed for the first time by a British railway company. This is in connection with the Great Eastern's service to Belgium, where the twenty-four's system is compulsory on the state railways, the system having come into operation this year. It is curious to read about a train leaving at forty-four past fourteen, and arriving at thirty-eight past eighteen, but it is all a question of use. The attempts made in Great Britain to introduce the new system have not been very successful.

Probably most Americans have forgotten if not forgiven that French sympathy for Spain that led so many resolutions to be passed for ignoring the Paris exposition in 1900. If the exposition offers a chance to exploit American manufacturers and gain new markets, most of our manufacturers will be willing to send their goods there and not think of France as a hostile country. So there will be general commendation for Commissioner Peck, who has secured 40,000 square feet more for American exhibits than had been expected.

The new Dutch premier of Cape Colony has shown his loyalty and imperialism by proposing a grant of \$150,000 a year to the British admiralty. This is not novel. Australian colonies having contributed to the imperial navy for years. It shows, however, that there is little cause to distrust the loyalty of the Afrikaner Bond, which placed Mr. Schreiner in power. There are good reasons why British colonies should contribute to support of the royal navy. It exists chiefly for their protection, and for that of their commerce. Any nation at war with a colonial power is at war with all her colonies, and war between England and a naval power would involve sea attack on every British colony and blockade of its ports. Canadian public men have talked listlessly of contributing to the British navy, and they should do more than talk. Canada is a great beneficiary of the navy, and should not let smaller and poorer colonies lead it in recognition of that benefit.

Among the many good examples which America and the Americans have set the people of England none is better than that of the fire brigade. For years England has not only been far behind in this respect, but has been making no effort to reach a better state. Now, however, the London county council has taken serious steps to improve the appliances used in fighting the flames. First among the improvements is a better type of steam fire engine. Doubtless the chemical engines which render such good service in America will come in good time. An improvement has already been effected in regard to the escapes which hitherto have been wheeled by hand, and of necessity are slow and cumbersome. At a recent fire in London a horse-drawn escape proved of avail where one of the old kind would have been useless. The question is being discussed also as to whether that simple and effective hook-and-ladder so widely used in the United States shall not be introduced into London. In the alarm posts it is probable that England will follow the example of America. The alarms used today in London are far more effective, and offer opportunities which are only too numerous for mischievous persons to call out the fire brigade needlessly.

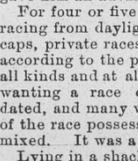
SESAME.

If you only could find the fitting phrase  
When life's perplexities spread their snares!  
But we vainly search through a misty maze  
For the word which will lead us from doubts and cares;  
For the word that will linger yet leave no smart  
In a spirit proud or an aching heart;  
The word that will lead to the safe, sure way—  
If you only could think of the word to say!  
But you stand like the interloper lost  
Mid countless wealth in the cavern gloom—  
And a breath, breathed rightly, is all 'twill cost  
For happiness. And delay means doom.  
And you try in vain and you try again,  
Till you fear the echoes that mock your pain.  
And hope fades faint like the dying day  
While you're trying to think of the word to say.

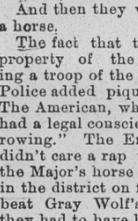
GREY WOLF'S PINTO



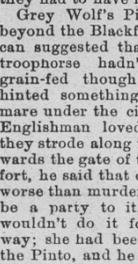
VERY woman is considered by the ordinary Indian as he would his cayuse or dog. That is a mistake. The woman sometimes asserts herself. Then there is trouble. It was the first week in July. In the boiling hot sun of a North west summer there had come across the Battle River the Blackfeet, the Sarcees, the Piegans and their cousins from Montana, with the swiftest horses of the South, to try conclusions on the race track with their hereditary enemies, the great Cree nation, as they had done in other days in bloody foray and fiercely fought battle before the white man came. And the white man was there, racing, betting, and haggling over conditions in the Lingua Franca he had picked up from the half-breed. And the half-breed found, perhaps, on that race-track the only place where his dual nature gave him an advantage over both.



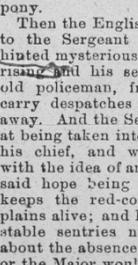
For four or five days there had been racing from daylight to dark, handicaps, private races, races according to the programme, races of all kinds and at all times. Any one wanting a race could be accommodated, and many wanted. The fever of the race possessed white, red and mixed. It was a saturnalia of sport. Lying in a shack, half a mile away, on the outskirts of the settlement, the American could tell by the time of the monotonous Indian drums whether the stakes were high or the play was fast and furious. The Englishman dropped in after midnight. He had bought himself out of the mounted police a few weeks before; said barracks were dull, that the Canadian Pacific Railway had knocked all charm out of Western life, and that he was going East. He knew the American and made him get up. He wanted to talk to him. When the Englishman talked, which was seldom, he was worth listening to, and the American got up. Before the Englishman had finished, he had dressed himself.



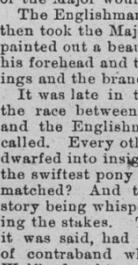
And then they went out and stole a horse. The fact that the horse was the property of the Major commanding a troop of the Northwest Mounted Police added piquancy to the theft. The American, who was a lawyer and had a legal conscience, called it "borrowing." The Englishman said he didn't care a rap what it was called, the Major's horse was the only thing in the district on four legs that could beat Gray Wolf's Pinto mare, and they had to have him.



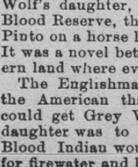
Gray Wolf's Pinto was known far beyond the Blackfeet, and the American suggested that even the Major's trophorse hadn't speed enough, grain-fed though he was, and he hinted something about doping the mare under the circumstances. The Englishman loved a horse, and as they strode along in the moonlight towards the gate of the palisaded police-fort, he said that doping a horse was worse than murder, that he wouldn't be a party to it, and that the girl wouldn't do it for fifty Pierres any way; she had been brought up with the Pinto, and he believed loved the pony.



Then the Englishman went and lied to the Sergeant of the Guard, and hinted mysteriously about an Indian rising and his secret mission, as an old policeman, from the Major to carry despatches to a fort fifty miles away. And the Sergeant felt flattered at being taken into the confidence of his chief, and was duly impressed with the idea of an Indian rising; the said hope being the something that keeps the red-coated riders of the plains alive; and he told the gate and stable sentries not to say anything about the absence of the Major's horse or the Major would be mad.



The Englishman and the American then took the Major's horse away and painted out a beautiful white star in his forehead and the three white stockings and the brand mark. It was late in the afternoon when the race between Grey Wolf's Pinto and the Englishman's unknown was called. Every other event had been dwarfed into insignificance; for wasn't the swiftest pony of the South at last matched? And there was a strange story being whispered around regarding the stakes. The Englishman, so it was said, had wagered ten gallons of contraband whiskey against Grey Wolf's daughter, the beauty of the Blood Reserve, that he would beat the Pinto on a horse he refused to name. It was a novel bet even in that Western land where everything went.



The Englishman had explained to the American that the only way he could get Grey Wolf to put up his daughter was to bet the whiskey. A Blood Indian would sell his mother for firewater and he knew Grey Wolf.

The only thing would be the bother of getting the whiskey if he lost. "But Pierre stuck to me the time I had the ruction with those Stonies in the Peace Hills a year ago," the Englishman had said, "and it is the only chance of doing him a good turn before I go down East. Grey Wolf will never give his daughter to a half-breed Cree interpreter of the mounted police if he were offered a thousand ponies. That Cree dash in Pierre spoils him in the old Blood's eyes. Pierre wants her, though, and I think she wants him, and, if I win this afternoon, I'll do the paternal 'bless ye, my children' act and then try and make my peace with the Major."

Everybody didn't know this, and when the Englishman went up to the Major's party, the ladies were cool, and the Major became interested in his conversation with the Hudson Bay factor, and he slipped away under cover of the yells and sounding tom-toms that announced the appearance of the Pinto—the Indian horse. She was a beauty as she loomed past in her slender litheness. An Indian pony? Yes. But in her complex nature the old Arab blood of her Spano-Moorish ancestry had asserted itself and showed in the brightness of her eye, the poise of her head, and the grace of her slim legs.

The course was half a mile straight-away, and the two contestants moved off to the starting point. And the white men bet their hard cash against the ponies and rifles and furs of the Indians, bet them to a finish—that is when the red man has nothing left on earth to bet.

There was a pistol shot, a fierce yell from civilized and savage, and they were off. The Pinto sprang easily to the front and seemed for the first few hundred yards to be increasing the lead at every stride. The trooper was held well in hand and was going magnificently. The American knew that the Englishman was relying on the superior staying qualities of his half-bred horse over the grass-fed pony. But half a mile is a short course, and at the quarter the Englishman was four lengths behind. The Pinto did not falter at the terrific pace, and the American felt that the race would be won or lost on the home stretch. No pony can keep that pace up on grass alone, he thought, but she seemed to be doing it. The troop-horse was letting himself out now, and the space between the two was diminishing. "Oats will tell," muttered the American, "but will he have time?"

Gradually the Englishman drew up until his horse's nose was at the pony's flank. Only a hundred yards now! The game little pony seemed to realize that it was now or never. The black horse of the whites was at her quarter, and the cheers of anticipated victory were already coming from the white men's throats. She gathered herself together for a last effort, and as she gained a few feet there was silence still as death in the swaying mass of onlookers. Only fifty yards, when the stillness was broken by a shrill call from the lips of a young squaw, who thrust herself a little beyond the crowd that lined the course as the galloping horses came up. No one heeded it except the Pinto. It was the call the pony had never disobeyed, the call it had known from the days when, a frolicsome filly, it had been the companion of Grey Wolf's daughter. For a strange understanding grows up between the horse that dwells in the tents of men and its master or mistress. And the Pinto heeded not the desire of victory or the urging or voice of its rider, but sweated whence the voice had come.

What caused the pony to bolt was a subject of animated discussion at prairie stopping-places, around tepee fires, and in Mounted Police mess-rooms for half a year. People did not stop to discuss the affair, as the Englishman rode in a winner, for there was considerable interest taken in half a dozen Indians and squaws that had been ridden down by the Pinto in her bolt.

When the Major's daughter was asked to be a witness of the marriage of Pierre and Grey Wolf's daughter that evening, she felt kindly towards the Englishman, and asked him to dinner—which is a considerable condescension on the part of a daughter of a Major of the Northwest Mounted Police. And when the ladies had left, the Major wanted to know what the Englishman would take for that very decent-looking black horse he rode.—Field and Stream.

A New Parliamentary Insult. We have received from Brussels a veritable find in the shape of a new insult uttered in the Belgian Chamber by a Socialist Deputy, M. Demblon, who referred to another Deputy by whom he had been contradicted as "the honorable liar." This is an expression which we would strongly recommend to some of our revolutionists as a welcome variation to their usual repertoire of epithets.—L'Evenement (Paris).

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The free use of capes and all loose wraps that can be thrown aside with ease has brought about the custom of discarding the outer garment in the carriage

pressed. The side back seams having extensions, are lapped on the backs and held in place by single rows of small tailor buttons, the outline being curved over the hips and shaped to form a stylish postillion back, one of the new fancies this season. The fronts roll back to form narrow-rounded revers at the neck, between which is disclosed a seamless chemisette that closes with the standing collar at the left shoulder. The two-seamed sleeves are of fashionable size and shape, the wrists being completed by turn-back cuffs of velvet.



A VISITING COSTUME.

Basques in this style for shopping, traveling or ordinary wear are much in favor with ladies of good full figure, cheviot, serge, Zibeline, tweed, covert and broad cloth being the materials most in demand. Braid or stitched bands of cloth or satin decorate stylishly, a plain tailor-finish being always in good taste. To make this basque for a lady of medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Weaves For Traveling Costumes. The new weaves in blue and green English serge are considered very stylish for traveling costumes, which, as a rule, are made with a seven-gored or five-piece skirt gracefully widening from the knees down, with a very slight dip at the back; the open jacket with fronts curving back towards the hip, and finished with a rounded turn-down collar and short pointed revers.

A Charming Little Frock. Charming as the white guimpe is, every mother realizes that it has certain practical drawbacks for everyday wear. The charming little frock shown here is designed to fill just the need created by that fact, and while it

or at the door and of making formal visits in the snug fitting bodice worn beneath. The model by May Manton here shown, which exemplifies some of the latest ideas, is of fine broad-



LADIES' BASQUE.

cloth in reddish violet and is trimmed with black silk braid, both the revers and vest being of white satin.

The bodice as given includes the coat back in the rounded outline known as "turtle back" but can be cut with only a slight point below the waist as preferred. Both the revers and vest are banded with narrow black silk braid while their edges as well as those of the high collar are finished with a broader band and the fancy edge which can be purchased ready for use.

The skirt fits snugly and smoothly about the hips and across the front, no fulness whatever being shown at the waist line, and flares stylishly at the lower edge. To insure most satisfactory results it should be unstiffened but worn over a skirt of silk or moreen that has sufficient resistance to prevent that falling in about the feet which is fatal to grace and effectually prevents a dignified walk.

With the costume are worn white pique gloves and a toque of violet velvet trimmed with a single ostrich feather and a pin of pearls and cut steel.

To make this basque for a lady of medium size two and one-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

To make this skirt four and one-half yards of material in the same width will be required.

Ladies' Basque With Chemisette.

Navy blue serge is the material chosen for the smart basque shown in the large engraving, the collar, cuffs, chemisette and revers of velvet in the same durable shade, relieving the severity of outline peculiar to the tailor-made style. An extension or lap added to the right front brings the closing diagonally on the left, the lower edges being cut away in prettily rounded outline. The basque is fitted with the precision necessary to its successful finish, by double bust darts and a curving centre front seam. Under-arm and high-curving side back gores, with a centre back seam, complete the stylish adjustment, extra under-arm gores being provided in the large sizes. The centre back seam finishes just below the waist line, where extra fulness is given by an underlying box-pleat that is flatly

is stylish and eminently childlike, in cludes nothing too perishable for the hours of play. The material illustrated is cashmere on a soft shade of golden brown with yoke of blue India silk, small revers of brown velvet and bands of velvet ribbon in the same shade, but Henrietta cloth, challie and all light weight wools are appropriate, while combinations can be varied to suit all tastes and needs.

The round yoke is closed at the centre back and to it are attached the graceful, straight skirt, the revers and the circular frills, so making a simple garment that is easily removed and can be slipped on the child without fuss or delay. The circular ruffle at the bottom trimmed and headed by bands of velvet adds to the general effect and gives an up-to-date touch without materially increasing the labor of making. The sleeves are small but not tight and are finished at the shoulders with frills that are just full



CHILD'S DRESS WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE AND BOW.

enough to support that which finishes the neck and to insure the desired stylish result. To make this dress for a child of six years of age, two and five-eighths yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

**LUMBAGO**  
IS EASY TO GET  
AND JUST AS EASY TO CURE  
IF YOU USE  
**St. Jacobs Oil**

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Annot, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 3, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. —2c a bottle

Italy exported last year 21,000 ancient and modern works of art, valued at \$600,000. More than one-half of them went to Germany.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 10c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The present population of New Mexico is estimated at 283,000, including about 25,000 Indians.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 50c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Queen Victoria's favorite song is said to be "And ye shall walk in silk attire."

The late Mme. Carnot was fond of busying herself with the garden and a greenhouse built by her late husband.

The duke of York is the only member of the British royal family who can dance a genuine sailor's hornpipe. He learned the steps when he was a young cadet.

There lives in Sedalia, Mo., an old gentleman who was tutor to the late King Alfonso XII. of Spain. His name is Col. Van B. Wisker, an American, born of English parents.

Pierre Loti is to go to India with Sarah Bernhardt. The actress intends to shoot tigers and elephants and the author expects to keep an interesting journal, from which he will make a book.

The duke of Buccleuch possesses landed estates which are perhaps the most considerable in the United Kingdom. He owns something like 500,000 acres, which represent a revenue of some £225,000 a year.

Frank A. Vanderlip, assistant secretary of the treasury, began life an apprentice in a machine shop, giving his few spare moments to the study of stenography, having mastered which he became a reporter and later a financial editor.

Emperor William uses the largest visiting cards of any member of Europe's royal families. They are of heavy card, six inches long and four inches wide. On the upper line is the single word "Wilhelm" and on the second line are the words "Deutscher Kaiser und Koenig von Preussen."

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease. There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor. Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address: AYER, Dr. J. Lowell, Mass.

Farms for Sale!

Send stamp, get full description and price of 40 choicest farms in Ashtabula Co., O. Best state in the union; best county in the state. H. N. BANCROFT, Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. General business, pays well. Goods or ladies needed at once. HOWARD BROS., Buffalo, N. Y.