

Bird With a Broken Pinion.
I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.
I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity
I took him to my heart,
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.
But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin has stricken
Ralsed another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soars as high again.
Hesekiah Butterworth.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Traveling recently from Chicago to New York, I found in the morning, upon crawling out of my berth, that the train was standing stock still. The porter told me it had been standing thus for an hour and a half, while I had been sleeping the sleep of the just. I dressed and peeped out, and saw that we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dining car, and then went out to stroll up and down the platform.

In the cab sat the driver, or engineer as they call him, alone, waiting. With the natural fondness of an Englishman for machinery, I stopped and gossiped with him a moment about the engine.

Then I offered him a cigar, which he took with thanks, and asked me to come in. I swung myself into his cab.

The engineer, a bright, pleasant faced man, about 40 years old, explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polished brass, and for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housekeeper is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam gauges with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab.

"Is that for an ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth.

The driver smiled. "Well, partly for an ornament," he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life, and the lives of 250 people as well."

"How in the world could an insect save human lives?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you if you want to hear the story. I reckon there's time enough before we are able to get out of this."

"I settled myself in the absent stoker's seat and prepared to listen."

"It wasn't such a long time back," said the engineer, "only a year ago last spring. I was running this very train, and this very engine—old 449. My fireman, Jim Meade, the same fellow as I have got now. You can see him over there leaning up against the telegraph office."

"We were timed to leave M— about 1 o'clock in the morning, and to arrive in S— about 6 o'clock. On the night when the thing took place a fearful storm of wind and rain had been raging since early evening, and was at the height of its fury when I started from the engine shed."

"It was about midnight and the wind seemed to sweep clear round and through the building. It was terribly dismal. Jim was there, and the engine was all ready, so, after getting my working clothes on, I ran the engine down to the station. Our train, the vestibule limited, was an hour late. I gave the engine a thorough oiling, and made sure that all was in order."

"As we sat in the cab we could hear the storm raging outside, while the rain, driven by the gusts of wind, beat fiercely against the windows. Presently our train came in long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers."

"By and bye the little gong above my head clanged sharply, and with a puff and hiss of escaping steam we were off into the night and storm, rattling over junctions, past signal lights, and between long lines of carriages till, with a roar and a rumble, we rushed over the long iron bridge and away through the hills, waking their slumbering echoes with our shrill whistle."

"The darkness grew more intense, if possible, while the wind shrieked by. The rain became more blinding, all nothing could be distinguished in the gray mark which enveloped us."

"Suddenly through the mist and rain I saw looming right in front of

us the gigantic figure of a woman wrapped in a long, black mantle, which seemed to flutter in the wind. She waved great spectral arms about in swift, twisting movements. As I stood looking in horror, the figure vanished with a final wave of the arms.

"I was too much astonished and stupefied even to make a movement of my hand toward the throttle. At that moment Jim had been bending over the fire. As he looked up he exclaimed:

"'Halloa, Frank. What's up? You look as though you had seen a ghost.'"

"I did not answer. My mind was too full of the strange figure I had perceived."

"We were now nearing Rock Creek, where there is a bridge over a deep stream. I felt more nervous than ever. We dashed around the curve and whizzed by Rock Creek station, which is only a mile from the bridge. As we passed I glanced at the steam gauge for an instant. A cry from Jim caused me to turn quickly toward him. He sat rigid, his eyes large and staring. His jaw dropped, the very picture of terror. He pointed with a shaking finger out into the darkness. I turned and looked, and then I began myself to shake. There on the metals was the same hideous figure of a woman outlined on the background of light from the engine, now motionless, now whirling in a witch dance, but all the time motioning us back."

"'Frank,' gasped Jim, but scarcely above a whisper, 'don't go over the bridge. Don't go for heaven's sake! Don't go until you are sure it's safe.'"

"I suppose I was pretty badly scared. At any rate, I put on the brake for all I was worth. I couldn't have resisted the impulse to stop the train."

"As we came to a stop I could hear the roar of the water in Rock Creek just ahead. I stepped out of the cab and met the conductor coming up."

"'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he asked impatiently."

"I felt decidedly foolish. There was no gigantic woman to be seen now. Nothing could be made out more than a few feet away in the blinding storm."

"'Well,' said I, 'we've seen something. I don't know what it is—seemed like it was a great black ghost that was waving its arms, and warning us not to go forward.'"

"The conductor looked at me curiously. 'Are you crazy, Frank,' he said. 'I should think you were. But we're so near the bridge we'll take a look at it.'"

"We took our lanterns and went ahead, leaving Jim with the engine; he looked frightened to death. But I tell you, we hadn't gone five rods before we stopped in horror."

"There at our feet lay a black chasm, filled with the roar of the river, as swollen with the spring rains, it dashed down toward the lake. The bridge was washed away."

"Only a few splinters of wood and twisted iron clung to the abutment, while now far out over the blackness, that awful black figure of a woman danced again on the thin air, relieved against the shaft of light that the headlight threw."

"It was flinging its arms about as if in wild glee. The conductor stared at the chasm and then at me."

"'Was that the thing you saw when you stopped the train?' he asked."

"'Yea.'"

"'Well, it's something more than luck that saved us tonight, Frank.'"

"We went back slowly to the train, feeling very queer and thankful too, I can assure you. Several passengers had come running forward by this time. Among them was a young fellow from Chicago, about 18 years old, who was smarter than the whole of us, as it turned out."

"When he was told of the woman in black he turned and looked at the locomotive headlight. Then he ran up toward it. I looked up as he did so, and I saw a peculiar spot on the glass."

"'There's your woman in black!' said the boy."

"And there it was, sure enough—that same moth miler that you see there in the frame. He was clinging to the inside of the glass. As I tapped on the glass the creature flew back and lighted on the reflector."

"That's the whole story, sir. The moth, by fluttering on the glass just in front of the illuminator, had produced a great black shadow like that of a cloaked woman darting in front of us, and when he flapped his wings in his vain attempt to sail out through the glass, he gave his mysterious shadow the appearance of waving the arms wildly."

"Then when he flew back out of the direct shine of the light, the figure disappeared, of course."

"We never knew just how he got in there, but no doubt it happened when Jim went to fix the light at the pumping station."

"'Anyhow, he saved our lives by scaring us with that woman in black. 'So you see why I keep the moth in the frame. It's to remind me of the way we were saved that night. Yes, you may call it accidental, but I called it providential.'—Pearson's Weekly."

To Prevent Hydrophobia.

For the consolation of nervous or timid people, the bite of a dog—even if it proved to be mad—need not necessarily result in hydrophobia, though it is certainly advisable to treat every bite at once and to take every care to prevent evil consequences.

When you are attacked by a furious dog it is worth remembering that his instinct prompts him to always fly at any uncovered portion of our body; so, if you have presence of mind, you can do something toward saving yourself by covering up your hands and protecting your face. The reason is that the dog's saliva contains the poison, and if his teeth have to pass through clothing, the probability is that the material will wipe the teeth clean before they enter the flesh, and thus render the wound very much less dangerous. Nevertheless, attend at once to a bite given in anger by either dog or cat, for a very minute quantity of the poison introduced into the wound is sufficient to set up the disease if allowed to get into the system. This it will do if the blood carrying the poisonous germs is permitted to flow back to the heart in the ordinary course.

The object, therefore, in these cases is to stop the circulation near the wound by making it bleed freely. If possible to do so, tie a string or ligature tightly on the side of the wound nearest to the heart and set to work at once to bathe the bitten place. Warm water is best, but if there is none handy, use cold. If far away from water, the bite may be sucked, provided there are no cracks on lips or mouth. This method of inducing bleeding is, however, only to be used when no other is practicable. Should it be impossible to obtain medical assistance within a reasonable time some people recommend that the wound be cauterized with a red-hot wire, a poker or some such thing. But if a doctor can be had, you need only continue to bathe the spot until he arrives.—Washington Star.

How a Snake Does It.

The following is an interesting paragraph in a letter sent to friends here by Harry Hammond, formerly of this city, who is now making his home in Florida:

"Today I had the good luck to see a curious sight, that of one snake killing and swallowing another. We came on the scene just as a 'king' snake was killing a black snake, each a little over three feet long. The king was tied and coiled round the black, and the latter's tail could just wiggle. After a few minutes, during which the king tied himself in the most curious knots and ran his head up and down his victim's writhing body, biting it here and there as if examining his supper, he turned to the black's head, gave it a preliminary bite, and then slowly proceeded to take the black snake into camp. It seemed impossible that he could swallow a snake as long and as large as himself, but he did. This is how he did it:

"He would stretch his head as far as possible, get his teeth hooked in his victim's scales, then slip his body up till it was in wrinkles at his neck and for some way down, then loose his tooth hold and slide his head forward for another grip, just as if you were putting on a tight glove, in fact. It was the most interesting operation I think I ever witnessed, and the king swallowed all but three inches of the tail of the poor blacksnake and then, with that dangling from his mouth, glided off into the grass. We let him go, as he is a known enemy to the rattlesnakes and often kills them."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Useful Egg.

An egg added to the morning cup of coffee makes a good tonic.

A mustard plaster with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

A raw egg taken immediately will carry down a fish bone that cannot be got up from the throat.

The white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a useful application for a boil.

White of an egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon relieves hoarseness. Take a teaspoonful once every hour.

A raw egg, with the yolk unbroken, taken in a glass of wine, is beneficial to convalescents.



HEAVY WEIGHT SILKS.
Silk was never in greater demand than it will be this coming winter. The heaviest weaves, the thickest zords, will be most in favor. Light-weight silks will be used only for linings. Heavy moires and richly brocaded satins with raised flowers in contrasting hues, and in shades to match the ground tint, will be the fabrics for dinner and evening wear.

HOW TO KEEP THE EYES BRIGHT.

Never rub your eyes nor allow your children to do so from their cradles. Veils are bad for the sight, especially those spotted or covered with a pattern; so eschew veils when you can, or wear the softest, clearest net when obliged to do so. Never read in bed or when lying on a sofa. Sit with your back to the light when engaged in reading or working. Pale blues or greens are the most restful wall papers for the eyes, whereas red is exceedingly fatiguing. Do not read, write or work longer than two hours without resting your eyes and closing them fully five minutes.

ARTIFICIAL GARDENS ON THE HEAD.

A writer in one of the London fashion papers hopes that the present fashion of wearing a quantity of artificial flowers on the headgear will long flourish as it gives employment to a very large class of poor women. Taking one thing with another, from the aesthetic point of view, ladies may just as well wear flowers as anything else. Englishwomen have a heavy taste in headgear, and a feather stuck in otherwise than with the most artistic nicety always gives a ridiculous look to a hat or bonnet. This is not so much the case with flowers, which are now lovelier than ever, and can be manufactured in several different materials. There is no reason why this fashion should not hold its own in autumn and winter as well as in summer, since velvet leaves and rich deep tints have so excellent an effect on either bonnets or chapaneux.

FIRST WOMAN CYCLIST.

Mrs. W. G. Smith, wife of the man who invented the drop frame bicycle, was the first woman to venture on a safety in this country. She had long admired the bicycle, but considered that riding a diamond frame was utterly out of the question.

Eight years ago she urged her husband to invent a wheel which women could ride in safety and comfort, and some regard for the proprieties. Smith constructed a wheel on the same principles involved in the drop-frame of today and it was ridden by Mrs. Smith. It weighed sixty pounds. It was the general opinion at the time that a woman could not maintain her equilibrium on a wheel any lighter than that.

Mrs. Smith, by the way, weighed but eighty pounds when she first began to ride the bicycle. Things have changed since then. Now the bicycle is forty pounds lighter and the women riders are heavier.

MAKING OVER DISCARDED GOWNS.

A favorite gown of silk, challie or any figured or striped material, after its original service has expired, may be made to do excellent duty as a tea gown. The bodies should be cut off neatly at the belt line and renovated, if needed, in any simple way by a jabot of lace or revers of velvet from some other discarded gown. The skirt is then ripped carefully, linings all taken out and sponged and pressed, if need be, and from the best of it four straight widths, hemmed all round, except across the top, prepared.

These are to be fitted to the waist two at the front and sides, and the other two laid in small plaits to join the back waist line. All fly open from the waist, the polonaise for such being worn with an old black silk skirt. A very dressy house gown made from a challie that had a red flower in it was produced in this way, and a skirt of white albatross whose waist was useless, was combined with it with most happy effect.

A twist of ribbon is passed over the seam of waist and skirt tabs, ending

in loops and flying ends in front. Of course new materials should not be purchased unless a remnant of ribbon is picked up, but this model will be found very helpful to combine and restore to service parts of two or three dresses that are apparently useless. If the sleeves of the bodies have given out, a pair may be made from the combining skirt material.

THE LOVELY CHILIAN WOMEN.

The most striking features of the Chilean cities Valparaiso and Santiago are those of its women. Certainly nowhere else in South America, if on all the western hemisphere, is there to be found so large a proportion of pretty women in a large population.

The Spaniards say that the very air there conduces to a perfect development of form and feature.

However that may be, it is a fact that the proportion of beautiful women to be seen in the cities mentioned is remarkable. The pure blood of the German, French and English has mingled with the Indo-Spanish and the result is a race with the graces and beauties of each, beside which the far-famed beauty of the Indo-Spanish women seems tame and insipid.

With their beauty they have much ease and grace of movement, and walk with the long, swinging, virile stride of the English girl.

Strange to say the modern Chilean beauty has little love for the Spaniards and resents the imputation that she is an "Indo-Espanol." But they are pleased immensely, any and all of them, when referred to as the "Yankees of South America."

On the promenades or when shopping, riding and attending to ordinary social duties, they are attired quite as fashionably as any of their sisters further north.

While attending church services, however, they invariably dress in black and discard the latest French fashions in millinery for a mantua, which has a bewitching effect when worn by one of these glorious senoritas. The mantua is the common head-dress of the poorer classes.

The brunette is the more common type of beauty, though a magnificent type of blonde is not uncommon. The brunettes have clear, olive skins, their eyes, big and black, are lovely beyond description.

In both Valparaiso and Santiago women act as conductors on the street cars. The cars are double-decked and the conductor, who wears a smart, uniform, has a seat on the rear platform. There she sits and collects the fares of passengers as they get on, and she rings the register with which all the cars are fitted, without leaving her seat. She is affable, polite, even-tempered and accommodating to every one but the male flirt.—New York World.

FASHION NOTES.

Autumn hats are more than ordinarily picturesque.

The sack or box coat is very much in evidence this fall.

Velvet gowns and jackets are fashionable for autumn wear.

Links are used, to the exclusion of buttons, to fasten the cuffs of shirt waists.

Ombre or shaded ribbons and alpaca ribbons, which shed the dust, are the ribbons for this fall and next spring's wear.

Ribbon bows are not now used in the hair, unless it be a very small one used to support an aigrette or some ornament when in full dress.

For children it is always wise to make your design as simple as possible. Avoid two shades of ribbon if one will do as well and any unnecessary number of feathers and ornaments.

Nothing is more becoming to the small girl than mulle and lace. She can bear it in most delicate tints next to her fresh young skin, and it will add only new charms to her clear, laughing eyes.

The latest mourning paper is of dead white with monogram or address in black. This is a great improvement upon the gloomy bordered symbol of woe so universally in vogue among stricken letter-writers.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Falling in love is a serious accident. Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

He is only exempt from failures who makes no efforts.

Love's voice doth sing as sweetly in a beggar as in a king.

The wealthiest man is he who possesses a contented mind.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

People who carry sunshine with them, shine the brightest in the darkest places.

The man with only one idea is much more dangerous than the man without any ideas at all.

The things which a man jokes himself about are just the things that he doesn't like to have other people joke about.

A great many will be looking for their wings when they awake in the other world and will not be able to find them.

A woman may know a man is lying when he tells her she is pretty, but she would not have him punished for the fault.

Dyspepsia Proof.

Much is said about American dyspepsia, but there is one native race of America that is certainly not greatly troubled by the modern curse. The sturdy little Eskimos defy all the laws of hygiene and thrive. The Eskimo, like the ordinary dweller in America, eats until he is satisfied, but there is this difference, that he never is satisfied while a shred of the feast remains unconsumed. His capacity is limited by the supply, and by that only.

He cannot make any mistake about the manner of cooking his food, for as a rule he does not cook it, nor so far as the blubber or fat of the arctic animal is concerned, about his method of eating it, for he simply does not eat it; he cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick, and then lowers the strips down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

And after all that he does not suffer from indigestion. He can make a good meal off the flesh and skin of the walrus, provision so hard and gritty that in cutting up the animal the knife must be continually sharpened.

The teeth of the little Eskimo child will meet in a bit of walrus skin as the teeth of an American child would meet in the flesh of an apple. And that when the hide of the walrus is from one-half to one and one-half inches in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the skin of an elephant. The Eskimo child will bite it and digest it, too, and never know what dyspepsia means.—Popular Science News.

The Tongue.

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papilla. The tongue may be furrowed from local causes, or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fevers, and indicates a nervous prostration or depression. A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid. When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal. When the papilla on the tongue are raised and very red we call it a strawberry tongue and that means scarlet fever. Sharp pointed red tongue will hint brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coated indicates liver derangement. When so much can be gained from an examination of the tongue how important it is that the youngest child should be taught to put its tongue out so that it can be visible to the uttermost point in the throat.—New York Medical Reporter.

Banana-Leaves.

Banana-leaves serve many useful purposes, for of them are made tough paper, from the thinnest tissue to thickest cardboard; clothing, hats and brushes, mats and hammocks. Millions of pounds of banana fiber, misnamed Manila "hemp," are each year brought to the United States or taken to Europe, and spun into cordage from the fineness of silk up through the size of twine to the bigness of mammoth cables; and many a dainty handkerchief and bit of fine lace has been woven from the fibers of banana-leaves by the deft fingers of the women of South America and of the far East.