

ONE OF THE LOSERS.

I see her stand in the twilight there,
Her hand and her temple gray,
Her furrowed face it is marked with care,
Rough is her garb and thin with the wear
Of the work of the long, long day.

She turns her face to the distant skies—
It is anxious and drawn with pain—
And slowly she shakes her head and sighs,
Sadly the tears course from her eyes
As she enters her cot again.

Oh, the white road stretches across the plain,
And it's here that she comes each day,
For she has not heard that her boy was slain,
And she does not know that she looks in vain
Through the twilight dim and gray.

MEG'S WILD RIDE.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.

Meg's "wheel" was not one of those fascinating lady's bicycles. She did not spin airily over an asphalt pavement to park or boulevard. Meg's "wheel" weighed several hundred pounds. She rode it out over the Nebraska plains. And, after all, it wasn't Meg's wheel anyhow, for it belonged to the Northern Pacific railroad and was made of iron and painted red, and was a tricycle instead of a bicycle.

Meg lived on a ranch, and the nearest village where the trains sometimes stopped was called Squaw Creek. Meg owned a sturdy little broncho pony, which she would ride on a swift lope down the long trail which lay like a white ribbon over the prairie, and at the village she would visit at the "store" where Mr. Smith sold candy and saddles and flannel shirts and laryates and many other things. And then she would rattle her pony's heels, slipping and scrambling down the bluff road to the station, where she would arrive in a cloud of dust and merrily hail the agent, Frank Graham. It was here Meg would ride her tricycle, which was a railroad "wheel" and provided by the company for the agent's use. And though it was heavy Meg's strong arms could make the handlebar fly back and forth while the wheel glided swiftly over the gleaming rails.

Late one afternoon Meg rode to the "store" and found some little excitement over a cattle train that had been derailed about two miles below the station. The accident was caused by spread rails, the men said, and nobody was hurt, but it would delay the express, which was due in two hours. Meg rode down to the scene of the accident where the train men were busy. It was already growing dark and they had built great bonfires to help them to clear up what they could while waiting for the wrecking train. Frank, the agent, had been to the wreck on the tricycle and had raced back to the little station to wire for the wrecking engine and warn the express, as the road wound snake-like along the broad Missouri river in the heavy shadows at the foot of the bluff, and as it was the "flyer" it could hardly be signalled safely. It was quite dark when Meg finally turned her pony's nose toward the station and cantered slowly along to say "how-de-do" to Frank and get the papers he promised her to take home. Also it could not be long till the "flyer" would be due, and Meg loved to see the long, bright train loaded with passengers and flashing its gleam of the great world beyond the plains into her longing eyes for a brief moment.

As her pony's heels thudded lazily along beside the track the station gradually came into view. And then Meg's heart leaped oddly in her breast and her eyes widened. For the station was in total darkness. Meg's quiet came down with a swish on her pony's flank, and Teddy, amazed and indignant, bucked decidedly to express his strong disapproval of such actions. For he and his young mistress understood each other and the quiet was never used except in gentle "love taps." Meg was not western raised for nothing, however, and she retained her place on Teddy's back. Finally his slender legs stretched out and his nimble heels skimmed the sage bush and sharp cactus till the station was reached. Then Meg flung herself from the saddle with a stifled cry, for the agent lay face downward on the dark platform, and the closed doors and black windows of the station, together with the unlighted signal lamps, told a story that froze Meg's blood. She rolled Frank over, but he was unconscious from a blow on the back of the head, evidently given by robbers.

"And the flyer must be due!" cried Meg, in an agony of despair. She knew nothing of the mechanism of the signal lamps and to return to the wreck for help would be hopeless, for they would be too late.

What was to be done?
As Meg moaned aloud Teddy whinnied uselessly in reply. She looked at him hopelessly. The flyer sometimes stopped at a watering tank up the track, but there was a bridge to cross between and Teddy would be useless. Then her eyes fell on the tricycle on the main track, where it had been left when Frank was attacked. It was the only chance and Meg leaped on the machine.

In a moment Teddy and the unconscious agent were alone with the silent station, while down the track the "click-click, click-click" of the railroad wheel grew faster and fainter in the distance. The only hope was to reach the water tank before the express left. Meg's white lips parted with a sob, while her wide eyes strained before her through the blackness for that yellow eye of light that must surely be due.

"Click-click," went the machine. "Waiting!" it seemed to cry, as the girl's hands tightened convulsively

on the handles. The wheels spun over the track with a low roar that again and again, as Meg swung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar of the express. The frightened girl's mouth seemed filled with ashes, her lips were dry and stiff and the sharp particles of sand that swept up into her face and eyes stung like a storm of needles. Her back ached and pained and sharp knives seemed shooting down her arms and through her numbed and stiff hands that now hardly felt the handlebars.

Suddenly the headlight of the express (standing at the tank) loomed in the near distance. Frantically Meg tried to stop her machine, but the best she could do was to retard its progress as it approached the now blinding glaring of the light. With a shriek of agony and despair Meg reeled back in a faint. The helpless little hands fell from the bar and one crash swept her into a merciful oblivion.

But Meg was not killed. When she opened her eyes her face and hair were wet where the trainmen had dashed water over her, and many anxious eyes were looking down at her face. She had been in time, after all, though the engine was just about to start from the watering tank as she dashed into it. The bicycle was a wreck, and Meg's left arm was broken and her head cut and her body bruised. But she had saved the train and was a heroine. Sympathetic women from the Pullman coaches and from the tourist cars and weary travelers from the emigrant cars together thanked the white-faced girl lying on the ground in the yellow light of the lanterns. While Meg was convalescing slowly and being mended up generally her little brown-haired mother hovered around her in an ecstasy of thankfulness, and brawny ranchers rode in miles to see "that gal of Standard's who saved the flyer." Letters arrived from the president and other high officials of the Northern Pacific road, containing beautifully printed pieces of paper bearing very illegibly written signatures and mysterious little holes punched through, and Meg discovered that she was a very important young lady with a bank account.

But, best of all to her, when she was well she went down daily to the "store" and to see Frank Graham, who was convalescing, too, after a very long illness, and she glided swiftly and happily on a "lady's wheel" of latest make.—Chicago Record.

DUG A FELLOW PRISONER'S GRAVE.

Experience of an American Under Lopez in a Cuban Prison.

Colonel B. F. Sawyer, a prominent Southern journalist and at present the chief editorial writer of the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, is one of the oldest and most picturesque characters in the land of Dixie.

When a boy of fifteen or sixteen his fiery spirit led him into our war with Mexico, and the youngster thoroughly enjoyed it all the way through. After returning to his home in Alabama the lad didn't feel like settling down. He was fond of adventure, and the life of a soldier in a strange land suited him exactly.

It was not long before he became interested in the cause of free Cuba, and as one of the periodical insurrections in that country was then in progress he joined the ill-fated expedition of Lopez. The capture and execution of his chief left the boy and his comrades in a bad fix. The few prisoners who were not put to death were chained in couples and placed on the public works.

Sawyer was harshly treated, and it looked as though exposure and hard work would kill him. He managed to send a note to the American consul, but nothing was done for him. One of the Spaniards guarding him was rather clever, and the captive sent his letters through his hands. The half-starved young American awoke one morning to find that the prisoner chained to him was lying dead by his side. The survivor was ordered to bury him, and when the chain binding him to the corpse was rudely broken he dug a grave for his late fellow-sufferer. There was no coffin. The grave was scooped in the sand by Sawyer's tired and trembling hands.

The situation was desperate. Sawyer then wrote a long letter to the British consul, telling his whole story—his youth, his pitiful condition, the neglect of the American consul and many other matters.

The very next day a big Englishman visited the camp. He was very mad and very overbearing in his manner. He talked with the boy prisoner and told him to be of good cheer. How he did it nobody but himself and the Spanish authorities ever knew, but in less than twenty-four hours he secured Sawyer's release and put him on a vessel bound for America.

Sawyer devoted himself for a few years to politics and planting in Alabama, but the first call to arms in the civil war found him ready. At that time he was a prosperous man. He cared nothing for money, and when he organized his company he insisted upon equipping it at his own expense. He paid for uniforms, guns, canteens, knapsacks and everything out of his own pocket.

He was a gallant fighter, and his men were imbued with his fearless spirit. Of course he was promoted. He rose to a colonelcy, and would have gone higher if he had cared for such trifles as rank and title.

The war left very few of his men alive or unscathed. They fought like tigers and nearly all of them were slain in battle.

At the close of the war the colonel faced his new duties and responsibilities and showed that he could work as hard as he could fight.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The only two animals whose brains are heavier than that of a man are the whale and the elephant.

The female brain commences to decline in weight after the age of thirty; the male not ten years later.

A naturalist of eminence says that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds at night.

Hydrogen is the lightest substance known, but coronium is supposed to be lighter, and consequently would prove even more difficult to liquefy.

The horse, when grazing, is guided entirely by the nostrils in the choice of proper food, and blind horses are never known to make mistakes in their diet.

Mercury is a foe to life. Those who make mirrors, barometers or thermometers, who etch or color wood or felt, will soon feel the effect of the nitrate of mercury in teeth, gums and the tissues of the body.

The fecundity of microbes is prodigious, so much so that if fifteen drops of water polluted with bacteria are allowed to fall into a cup of broth the germ population would have increased in twenty-four hours to 80,000,000.

The Esquimaux Dog.

Travelers in Esquimauxland relate curious stories of the dogs that are almost the only means of conveyance in that part of the world. The real Esquimaux dog of pure breed is a rarity. They are so nearly akin to wolves that the breeds become mixed, and it is found extremely hard to keep them separate. Especially is this true where there are not excellent facilities for keeping dogs confined. It is no unusual thing for the sled dogs to run away and take refuge with the wolves. It is said to be very difficult to make up teams of thoroughbred dogs. In almost all cases there will be several that show their wolfish origin most plainly. The wolf cross produces a dog closely resembling the wolf. The creature is exceedingly vicious, unreliable and hard to manage, but very hardy, swift and enduring. With several well-trained dogs in the band, the sledge driver takes large loads of goods across the country. He travels rapidly and safely, provided he can keep his team in subjection. Occasionally the wolf dogs will gnaw the straps of their harness and break away in spite of every precaution. Some of these brutes seem to possess almost superhuman intelligence. They appear to read the traveler's thoughts and know just how much they can trespass on his good nature. The lash is considered by many persons the only method of government. Moral suasion has been tried, but with somewhat indifferent results. The animals are so accustomed to force that they seem unable to appreciate or understand kindness. Possibly if these dogs were taken in hand and gently trained from their birth something might be done with them.—New York Ledger.

Injudicious Use of Disinfectants.

It is a foible of human nature to pass from extreme to extreme. People are slow to accept a new theory, but, having once adopted it, they are ready to work it to death. How many years it is since medical officers had to implore the folk in their districts to use disinfectants, and encountered the most senseless opposition in their crusade? Now they are finding a new difficulty. People have recognized the value of disinfectants and deodorizers, and they employ them by the bucketful without rhyme or reason, trusting blindly to their efficacy, on the principle that one cannot have too much of a good thing. So we find the Clerkenwell medical officer warning the public against this injudicious use, and declaring that "it has been found that disinfectants are used in haphazard and indiscriminate manner by the public. Not only are they absolutely valueless in many cases, but, by creating a false impression of security, they do an immense amount of harm." In other words, people imagine that cleanliness may be ignored provided only that they empty unlimited carbolic washes and powders over the unclean places. That is a dire superstition, born mainly of laziness and aversion to soap and water. The latter are just as necessary as they ever were.—London Telegraph.

Meat Kept Forty-Four Years.

In a recent display of canned meats in this city a case of mutton was exhibited which, it is claimed, holds the record for longevity. Forty-four years have elapsed since it was placed in the tin, and the can which was opened showed the meat to still be in good condition.

When the good ship *Fury* was wrecked in 1854 the canned mutton, with other stores, was cast ashore at Prince's Inlet, in the far north. Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer, found them some eight years later, and helped himself to a number of cans. The remainder rested there for twenty-four years, when the ship *Investigator* appeared and brought them home. For nearly a quarter of a century the meat had withstood a climate where the variations of temperature range from ninety degrees below zero to eighty above, being alternately frozen and broiled. It is still preserved as an object lesson of perfection in canning.—Philadelphia Record.

Overheard in A. D. 1910.

"What a uniform look of disappointment there is on the faces of Billson's youngest children."

"Yes, Billson, you remember, was one of the volunteers of 1898, who didn't get a chance to do any fighting."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Cutaway Effect.
The new circular flounce and cutaway effects introduced in capes this season are extremely fascinating, and a revival of this popular and convenient wrap is already heralded. The



CAPE WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE.

model here illustrated is of light-brown cloth, made on costume. The revers are faced with brown velvet, and brown satin is used for the handsome lining. The upper portion fits smoothly, a single dart taken up on each shoulder regulating the adjustment, and the fronts are cut away from the neck down.

The cape has added length given by the circular flounce that is joined to

bretelles have an interlining of tailor canvas between the lining of white faille and the cloth. The fronts lap in double-breasted style and are closed by diamond-shaped cut steel buttons.

The skirt is seven-gored, in the latest mode, the narrow front gore being outlined with the trimming, an effect which gives height and dignity to the figure. The guimpe effect is a wonderfully attractive and becoming feature of the season's styles and may be plain-tucked or lace-covered. Any of the plain-checked or novelty mixed goods are appropriate for its development, and braid, velvet or ribbon may be used in decoration.

To make the waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material. To make the skirt in the medium size will require five and one-eighth yards of the same width material.

A Skirt Much in Vogue.

One of the most fashionable skirts now in vogue is here illustrated in mixed gray veiling trimmed with ruchings of the material edged with narrow satin ribbon.

The upper portion is of circular shaping fitted at the top by short darts, to the lower edge of which the graduated flounce is joined. The flounce is very deep in back and narrow in front, which gives the admired tablier effect so very generally becoming.

The placket is finished at top of the centre seam in back, the fulness at



WOMAN'S BASQUE AND SEVEN-GORED SKIRT.

its lower edge, and extends on the fronts, where it reverses at the top to form prettily shaped lapels. A piping of the cloth is included in the seam.

The neck is completed with a high flaring collar, faced with velvet, and made in sections to roll over slightly at the top. Rows of machine stitching give an appropriate finish. Some very dressy capes are made of satin, silk or velvet, with one or more ruffles in this style, decorated with ruchings of silk or ribbon, braid, passementerie or fur.

Heavy cloths, in smooth or rough finish, may be used, the double-faced cloths being exceedingly handsome without lining.

To make the cape in the medium size will require two and a half yards of fifty-four-inch material.

A Stylish Autumn Costume.

The stylish costume shown in the large illustration is suited for afternoon or morning wear. The material is castor-colored broadcloth, with chemisette and collar of finely tucked white faille, and the trimming of black braid passementerie is laid over white ribbon. The hat is of brown fancy chenille braid, with castor satin and velvet loops. Small flowers in brown satin and burnt orange are bunched high in front.

The waist is made over fitted linings that close in centre-front, the over-front being cut in heart shape to expose the pretty yoke in front and back. The fronts are corded in groups of three evenly spaced rows, which must be done in the cloth before cutting the pattern. The back is smooth across the shoulders and is drawn to the waist by gathers at the centre. The two-seamed sleeves have the slight fashionable fulness gathered at the top and the wrists are finished by pretty flaring cuffs.

The basque portion is joined to the lower edge of the waist, the seam being hidden by the shaped belt. Both the basque and the stylish

waist being laid in deep single plaits at each side. Gathers may be developed to adjust the fulness if so preferred. The sweep at the foot measures four and three-fourths yards. Almost any style of material can be handsomely developed by this graceful model, and flat trimming of braid, gimp, passementerie or ribbon will decorate stylishly.

To make this skirt for a lady of



LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR GRADUATED FLOUNCE.

medium size will require four and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

For a Drooping Front.

A novelty of the season is a piece of passementerie shaped like a bib. This fastens upon either shoulder and is attached to a belt. It is designed to carry out the idea of the full drooping front.

Princess Dress Popular.

The princess dress is so much liked that it appears again in the finest importations. In many instances the sides and back are in princess form with the front in bodice or jacket shape.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Pure Breeds Pay.

I find that I take a far greater interest in beautiful thoroughbred fowl than in the common barnyard stock. They are much more attractive, too, being all of same color and size. Neighbors passing by and seeing them cannot resist the charm and straightway buy from one to five sittings. Late in the season the grocer kept my eggs on sale for hatching, and quite a number of sittings were sold for double the market price. My experience is therefore that it pays in cash returns to keep first-class thoroughbred fowls, even though you do have to pay large prices at the beginning. More than this, it pays in the increased pride and interest you will take in your poultry; and when fair time comes you will have something worth while to put on exhibition.—W. R. Smith, in New England Homestead.

Weeds For Hogs.

The hog is as much of a grazing animal as the sheep, but raised as it usually is in pens and small yards, it has no chance to feed as its nature demands, and frequently suffers for want of green food. As a rule, hogs are not particular what that green goods is, and will eat weeds with the same avidity as corn fodder. In the early autumn when the weed growth is so rank the hog pen ought to be kept liberally supplied with cut or pulled weeds, as well as with the unsalable product of the vegetable garden, all of which hogs will consume and thrive on. A usual source of vexation may thus be turned into a source of profit, and the hogs be all the better for this variety of food. In feeding weeds or grass, have them fresh; do not allow them to wilt and get dry before offering to the hogs. Let them have the benefit of all the fresh juices in the stalks as soon as possible after they are cut or pulled.

Marketing Garden Vegetables.

Only half, or often less than this, of the gardener's work is accomplished when he has successfully grown his crop. Their marketing in good condition and cheaply is of the greatest importance. There is more often failure here than anywhere else in gardening. Frequently such failure is made inevitable, by locating the garden where its produce cannot find a near market. Such places are also generally difficult to manure, and the necessary help to harvest the vegetable crops as well as to market them cannot be easily secured. The products of the garden are much more bulky than those of farm lands in ordinary crops. The difference of a mile or two miles in carrying each load to market becomes an enormous burden when applied to the bulkiest garden of vegetables. It is this that makes land near cities and villages, that is suitable for market gardening, so dear as it is. And yet, the market gardener who is wise will prefer this highest priced land rather than the land that is much cheaper because it is farthest from market.—American Cultivator.

The Cause of Mottles.

The prime cause of mottles is the use of too cold water in washing the butter and the manner in which it is introduced into the churn. By using too cold water the outside of the butter granules becomes crusted or hardened like the shell of an egg, while the inside is soft. Now when this mass is worked together those little shells remain in the same condition, and no amount of working or tempering salt, or even distribution of salt when added, will change the conditions. They do not work up, consequently do not take salt, hence the fine threadlike streaks in the butter.

The manner in which the water is introduced into the churn is responsible for the large mottles, or seeming lumps of white butter throughout the mass. In the majority of creameries throughout the country the water is pumped directly into the churn, either through a hose or a pipe. Now, when the water strikes the butter these granules become hard and solid like in the first case, only that these hard granules are not broken down at all, and the large mottles are the result. The wash water should be tempered to within two or three degrees of the churn temperature.—New York Produce Review.

Use of Fertilizers.

There is no question but what good stable manure contains all the valuable manurial elements, but so much stable manure is used of such a poor grade that other sources must be worked to supply needed chemicals to the soil. The nitrogen question has been easily settled since it has been found that legumes will gather it for us from the air, so that we are left to deal only with potash and phosphoric acid. It is well known that there are large stores of these in the soil, which remains, oftentimes, undisturbed for years simply because farmers do not go about getting them out in the proper way. Gradually it is being learned that the best way to make these elements available, either when they exist in the soil or are placed there in the shape of dissolved bone or rock and muriate or sulphate of potash, is by frequent cultivation so as to admit air and moisture to act on these elements and set them free for the use of plant roots. Potash and phosphoric acid are not destroyed by the ordinary methods of farming and can be put on the land at any time to be taken up by crops in the course of time. Both require some time to dissolve and if put on this fall or winter they will be used by the coming season's crop. Sow broadcast on crimson clover if you have that crop in, or sow on top of the soil if the ground is to be bare all winter, and harrow in. Unlike nitrogen, nothing will be lost by evaporation, but every bit of it will go down into the soil.—Atlanta Journal.