

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

When sorrow comes with waiting breath,
And sinks beneath its weight of years,
Nor finds that hope can save from death,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

If gladness floods the heart and brain
And passion born of love appears
Till passion almost knows pain,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

Though trouble class Gorgon-wise,
Or bristles like a host of spears,
And Nature stares with sphinx-like eyes
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

Where tigers roam, or sea birds call,
Or where man wrestles with his years,
In palace, waste or cottage small,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

AN ARIZONA EPISODE.

BY COSMOS MINDELEFF.

I was sitting in my tent one afternoon in November absorbed in some mathematical calculations connected with my work, when I heard a tremendous splashing in the river a few hundred yards below, followed by shots and yells and the sound of galloping horses. A moment later four men rode into camp like a whirlwind. Loud cries of "Where is he?" "Don't let him get away!" "Who's got the rope?" gave me an inkling of what they were after. They wanted me.

The camp was a large one, and generally there were eight or ten white men and forty or fifty Indians about; but this happened to be a holiday, and all the men had gone away except my tent mate, Barton, and myself. We were building some large irrigating ditches, and I had come out to take charge of the work only a short time before. I had found it necessary to discharge a number of the men and replace them by others. Only the day before I had had trouble with one of the men, Leonard by name. He went a little too far, and I knocked him down. As he arose he picked up a heavy club and came at me with it, but throwing up my left hand to guard my head I caught the blow on it and knocked him down again with my right. That settled the matter, I supposed, for the fellow went off to his tent, swearing roundly and calling for a gun with which to clean out the camp.

But when I heard the splashing at the ford I remembered the incident of the day before, and on the instant it flashed into my mind that I had no weapon of any kind and that I might need one. I slipped out quickly, and running down to a tent near the end of the line I seized a revolver and belt of cartridges which I knew were there and was back when the men rode up.

I remained in my tent while the men dismounted and tied their horses together. Leonard appeared to be the leader of the gang, for I heard him say:

"Look here, boys, I'm the captain of this outfit, and you've got to do just what I tell you. We'll do all that we came down here to do before we leave; you must leave it to me."

"All right," responded another. "We're here for fun."

"We'll have our fun all right," replied Leonard. "Come into my tent and talk it over. You, Miller, stay here with the horses and watch that tent there so he can't get away."

Leaving one of their number outside with the horses under the big tree, the men went into the tent next to mine. They had all been drinking, and as I was separated from them only by two thin canvas walls and twenty feet of space, their conversation was easily audible.

The conversation I heard was amusing, even under the circumstances. Leonard was laying out the program to be followed and telling his companions what a "worthless cuss" I was, the burden of his accusations being that I wore white shirts in camp and was "a long-legged cuss from the east."

The man left on guard outside I knew; he was one of our own men. While the talking was going on in the next tent he came in to see me and to explain that he had been forced to come down with the others against his will. He added that if I wished to get away he would make no effort to stop me.

My plan was to run out just as the rifle was fired and bringing down the man who had it, for I could hardly miss him at twenty feet distance, get in one more shot at the others crowded to the door and were well bunched together and then break for the big tree, from behind which as a shelter I would stand as good a chance as two men in the open.

Filling my coat pocket with loose cartridges and taking my revolver in my right hand, I was on the point of stepping outside and opening the proceedings when I heard one of the men say:

"That's no fun. Let's make him put up his fists before we hang him; or, if he won't do that, we'll make him wade the river."

"That's great," replied another. "We might as well have some fun out of him first. Come on."

Remembering the old western maxim, "Never show a gun until you use it," I tucked my revolver into my vest so that it was out of sight, but with the butt not more than two inches from my hand as I held my pipe to my mouth. I turned to Barton, who was trembling, and cautioning him to control himself I lighted my pipe and resumed my stool near the front of the tent. A moment later the canvas door was thrust aside and a man entered, followed by two others.

The first comer was a little fellow, slender and not much over five feet in height, but he had a wicked look in his eyes and the face of a professional desperado. I learned afterward that he was considered the "bad man" of the neighborhood. Behind him was a big man in a flannel shirt and no coat, with a .45 Colt tucked into the waistband of his trousers. He was a saloon keeper in a small town near by

and had provided the "courage" for the expedition. Back of him came Leonard, his face inflamed with drink. I remained seated, while Barton backed off to the rear of the tent.

The little fellow looked at me, and I looked at him. Neither spoke for a minute or more. Finally the suspense became too great; he shifted from one foot to the other and presented such a picture of uneasiness that I laughed. At this he recovered his self-possession and said:

"Good day! I haven't been introduced to you; my name is Carter. Leonard, introduce me to this gentleman." Leonard yelled out my name, and Carter resumed: "We've come down with our friend Leonard here to see that he gets satisfaction for the way you've treated him. We've decided that you'll either have to put up your dukes against all three of us or wade the river three times."

"Very well," I replied. "In that case I will fight. I expect you to act as my second and see that I have fair play. Draw a ring outside, and I will join you in a moment." I knew that I would have to remove my coat and vest, and I wished to get rid of my revolver without letting them see it.

As they went out I turned to Barton and, to my consternation, found him the picture of abject fear. Putting my revolver into the holster I handed it to him and told him to stand by the door with it when I went out, to closely watch the men during the fight and if either of them raised his gun, or if more than one at a time attacked me, to fire into the crowd, and in the confusion following the unexpected shot I would have an opportunity to break for the tent, snatch the revolver from his hands and from behind the shelter of the big tree hold my own against them.

Barton said he understood and promised to follow my instructions. Afterward I learned that as soon as I turned my back he dropped the pistol and ran out into the bushes, where he hid himself. But not knowing this at the time I went out with confidence and stood up before Leonard in the ring.

Leonard was almost exactly my height and weight, and as he stood before me stripped to a tight-fitting undershirt, trousers and moccasins, I could see the movement of his muscles as he put up his guard and made play with his hands. He seemed no mean antagonist, and I thought as I examined him critically that I would have to do my best, disabled as I was, if I held my own in the coming struggle. But I noticed that his face was flushed with drink and excitement, and in that I felt that I had an advantage.

The ring had been drawn nearly in the centre of the open space; Carter and his companion stood a little to one side with their pistols in their hands, "to see fair play," and they notified me that if I made the slightest move which they considered unfair they would take a hand in the fight. Carter came up and examined my clothing to see that I had no weapon. Then, turning to Leonard, he said:

"We'll see that you do him up," and a moment later asked him, "Are you ready?"

By this time a number of Indians and Mexicans had appeared, attracted by the sound of the firing, and they stood in little groups some distance off, ready to break away into the bushes if pistol play recommenced.

"Play ball!" shouted Carter, and I advanced and put up my guard. Leonard made a pass at me, but failed to land. I had been a good boxer in my boyhood days, and the knowledge now stood me in good stead.

While the sparring was going on I kept one eye on Carter and the big man. I was afraid that a straight knockout blow delivered by me would be the signal for two pistol shots and that Barton might not be quick enough to fire first. I temporized, sparring lightly, until Carter called out:

"Kick him, Leonard; kick the stuffing out of him."

"Hold on," I cried, "kicking is not allowed;" for I had been notified that "this was to be a fair fight, no rough and tumble."

"Kicking is all right," rejoined Carter in a sully tone. This angered me, and as Leonard made another rush at me I met him half way, and striking through his guard I landed my right full in his face. Leonard spun around and around and finally measured his length on the ground, fully twelve feet from where I stood. As he fell I whirled upon his two companions and cried out, "One for me."

"Yes, that's one for you," replied Carter. "But it's my turn next."

"Wait a moment," I replied. "I'm not through with Leonard yet, nor will I be until he has said he has had enough."

"I've had enough," rejoined Leonard, rising to his feet. "It's Carter's turn now. Give me that gun, and if he hits you the way he hit me I'll blow his head off."

"If Leonard has enough, so have I," was my reply. "I shall certainly not fight with men I never saw before."

"Well, if you won't, you won't," he rejoined. "Let's call it square."

Joining the two men I moved with them toward the tent into which Leonard was just disappearing. I noticed one of our Indians standing by the door, a magnificent specimen of a man, over six feet tall and a noted warrior. Apparently he had just arrived, and I nodded to him as we came up, for we were great friends. It did not occur to me that there was anything peculiar about his standing there at the door, but his experience was greater than mine—as the sequel will show.

Just before we reached the tent, and when perhaps twelve feet away from it, one of the men stopped me a moment to emphasize some remark, and as I turned again the canvas flap of the tent was thrust aside, and I found myself looking straight into the muzzle of a Winchester.

As I looked the little black hole seemed to grow and expand; all the interest of my life seemed centred in that spot. The perspiration started out on me, and it may be that my hair rose. I thought of a great many things, but above all I remember I longed for something to happen—that black hole was maddening. The time seemed very long, but it could not have been more than a second when I saw flame leap from the muzzle of the gun. I heard the ball whiz over my shoulder; my Indian friend had seized the muzzle of the rifle at the very moment when the trigger was pulled. Had he been but the fraction of a second later some one else would have had to tell this story.

I had seemed under a spell as I gazed down into that little black hole, but the sight of the flame and the noise of the discharge restored me, I cleared the intervening space with a spring. As I came through the door like a wild duck on the wing I saw my Indian friend and the fourth man of the gang struggling with Leonard. They had just taken the rifle away from him, and a moment later he broke down and became hysterical.

The men assured me that the gun had been accidentally discharged, and although I knew better I accepted the explanation. Leonard's state was pitiable. He seized my hand and pressing it convulsively between his own again and again asked my pardon and wailed, "Why did you hit me so hard?"

For over an hour we worked to soothe and quiet him, and finally I saw them all out of camp, just as a wagon filled with our own men returned. Barton also turned up as the wagon pulled in, and then I learned for the first time how frail my dependence on him had been.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

Calhoun county, Illinois, enjoys the peculiar distinction of not having a railroad, a telegraph, or a telephone line.

The Indians of Paraguay eradicate their eyebrows and eyelashes, saying that they do not wish to look like horses.

At Swedish weddings, among the middle classes, the bridegroom carries a whip. This is an emblem of his authority in the domestic circle.

A Berliner has asked the permission of the local authorities to establish a public cemetery for pet animals. He believes it would meet a long-felt want.

Kokomo, Ind., has an extreme curfew ordinance, requiring all persons under eighteen years of age to be off the streets at 8 p. m., under a penalty of ten days in jail.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India and he has devoted three years of his time to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of respectable size and goes well.

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full grown Andaman is less than four feet, and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over seventy-five pounds.

Regards the Czar's Life.

The man who is the most important in the whole domain of Russia, from the point of view of its ruler, is the outrider. The czar never travels by rail without the gendarme, who is supposed to have the keenest scent for nihilist weapons of any one in his empire, going ahead of the train on his peculiar railway bicycle. Traveling slowly, with eyes and ears alert for the presence of the enemies of his master and their terrible weapons, this outrider carries his own life in his hands and the life of him who is considered of much more importance, the ruler of the Russian empire.

Incidentally, the outrider is on the lookout for defects in the railroad that might play havoc with the royal train, but this is not the primary object of his preceding the imperial party. He is an inconspicuous object on his curious wheel, and it is not likely that his swift progress along the road will be observed until he is too near a would-be assassin for the latter to accomplish his purpose.

A long experience with the nihilist gang of Russia has taught the police of that country that the bomb is the favorite weapon with the killer of kings. Should one of these be left on the track in such a position that the wheels of the imperial train would explode it; it must surely be discovered by the outrider, or, if he were unfortunate enough to overlook it, the czar's life at least would be saved, for the railway bicycle would cause the bomb to blow up, the rider's life alone being sacrificed. Hence the importance of the outrider. He is continually in the proud position of offering his life for his master.—London Chronicle.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Whoever made the foolish remark that shirt waists and separate waists were going out of fashion little knew how

The sleeves are fitted with upper and under linings, a puff being gathered over the top. The material portion is shaped at the top to harmonize with the fronts and back, and the trimming confined in evenly spaced rows to the wrists, where it is prettily slashed to expose the plisse of mousseline de soie. The neck is complete with a standing collar, surmounted by flaring circular portions, squarely shaped on the outer edge. The narrow front gore of the skirt is extended in a circular flounce, which is joined to the lower edge of the other four gores. The skirt fits the hips closely, small darts adjusting the fullness at the waist, and the flounce falls in stylish ripples to the foot, where it measures a little over four yards. Four rows of the frizzed ribbon are applied in evenly spaced rows at top of flounce and outlining each edge of front gore. Many combinations will be suggested by the mode, which may be all of one material if so desired, and trimmed with braid in various widths, gimp, folds of satin or silk, corded silk, ruchings or ribbon.



LADIES' WAIST.

sensible the feminine population of this country is. No woman of sense and figure will give up that comfortable garment known as the separate waist until the municipal authorities

Serviceable and Becoming. Camel's hair serge in a serviceable shade of tan is here becomingly associated with brown velvet in a pretty golden shade. The collar, shaped in pointed tabs, is edged with gilt cord, while on each tab is applied a cross design of long shaped topaz jewels. The waist is arranged over fitted body linings that close in centre back. The



LADIES' AFTERNOON TOILET.

pass some law absolutely prohibiting the wearing thereof. There are critics who say that women's figures have not been improved by wearing these loose garments. Certain it is that a small waist and a general cramped appearance is no longer fashionable; but, on the other hand, women have a smarter look and do not have the appearance of being simply advertisements for cheap corsets, as they did in the days when they laced themselves into waists of heavy material simply because it was the fashion to do so.

This spring there will undoubtedly be more tight-fitting waists than have been the fashion for some years—waists that will match the skirts of the gowns which they are made to wear with; but to wear with the same gowns will be separate waists of silk, satin or wash material, and smart women who are coming home from Europe or who are ordering their spring costumes are bringing out any number of dainty and attractive waists suitable to wear with any kind of skirt.

An Elegant Gown.

The Parisian model of the elegant gown, shown in the large engraving, was of handsome gray broadcloth, combined with black gimpure over white satin, but brocade, velvet, silk or other fancy mixed goods may be effectively united with cloth, serge or other plain woolen fabrics in this style. The trimming is of half-inch-wide black satin ribbon gathered through the centre, and crystal buttons studded with jet decorate the waist and sleeves. The shaped girdle is covered to match, the vest and front of shirt, and closes invisibly at left side. The waist is stylishly arranged over fitted linings that close in centre-front, the plastron vest portion being included in right shoulder seam and sewed permanently to lining, hooking over on left. The fronts are uniquely shaped in squares at the top and are arranged in two forward turning plaits at the lower edge, the trimming being gracefully brought down on the edge of each plait. The back linings are covered to yoke depth with the contrasting material, the shaping and trimming being arranged on the whole back to correspond with the fronts.



GIRLS' COSTUME.

material may be used in place of the combination as here shown, the collar being trimmed with braid, ribbon insertion or incrustations of lace.

FARM TOPICS.

Making Clay Land Pay.

A rundown farm of any kind of soil is hard to reclaim, but if the soil be heavy it probably has much unused fertility that only requires thorough working to develop. Almost all clay soils have a surplus of water, and they must be under-drained before any success can be made of them. It is a good plan, after laying a tile drain, to fill up half the depth of the ditch above it with loose stone. Through this the water will run into the tile, and each year, for at least ten or fifteen years, the area of drained soil on either side will be extended.

Experience Turning Under Clover.

My little experience with plowing under clover may be valuable to others. In 1897 I had a twenty-acre field from which the previous year I harvested a heavy crop of clover. I concluded to cut one crop. When the second crop, which was heavy, grew up, I turned under ten acres during its blossoming period. I allowed the remaining ten acres to mature seed, which I harvested, securing four bushels per acre. This ten acres was then plowed and the entire twenty acres was sown to wheat at the same time. To my great disappointment I secured only thirty-one bushels of wheat per acre from that portion from which the clover had not been cut. From the other ten acres, where I had secured the clover seed, I harvested forty-five bushels per acre. Five acres of this, it is only fair to say, had few years before been enriched by an application of a heavy coating of wood ashes and this portion produced fifty bushels per acre.

I think the cause of my small crop of wheat from the first ten acres was that so much clover was turned under that the soil became very loose, thus resulting in injury to the roots during the winter. If it had been plowed earlier and thoroughly worked down so as to pack it, the results might have been better. I give this experience for what it is worth and might add that in addition to the increased yield of wheat on that portion from which the clover seed was secured, I received \$16 per acre for the seed, besides the straw and chaff for bedding, which almost compensated for the cost of harvesting. I used to pay large sums of money each year for clover seed, but now I raise it myself and have it to sell. I am a great believer in clover for hay to feed to dairy cows, for pasture, and for the enrichment of the land. I plan to sow clover with every grain crop. During dry seasons it does better sown alone, as it has the benefit of all the moisture and stands the drought quite well. It always does well in small grains when there is plenty of rain.—E. D. Tillson, in New England Homestead.

Profit From Feeding Dairy Cows.

Some dairy farmers feed their cows on the supposition that the less feed consumed the greater profit. It is interesting in this connection to note the difference in quantity and quality of the feed given "to the poorest five herds and contrast it with that given the best five herds out of eighty-two herds of Meroden creamery patrons investigated by the Kansas Experiment Station during the summer of 1898. One herd out of the poorest five received no grain during the year, three received ear corn as their sole grain ration, and the fifth herd received a little oats and rye in connection with corn meal. For roughness, only one herd out of the five received any clover, the rest being fed on millet, prairie hay or corn fodder. With one exception the best five herds received oats, bran or shorts in connection with the corn fed, and in most cases the roughness of corn fodder or millet was balanced with alfalfa or clover. The composition of the feeds given to the five poorest herds shows that they contain entirely too much carbohydrates and fat in proportion to the amount of protein, the element in feed that is absolutely necessary in the manufacture of milk. The feed given to the best five herds approached more nearly to a "balanced ration" for the reason that bran, oats, shorts, alfalfa and clover contain a larger percentage of protein.

Now, let us look at results. Not all the difference in the income of these herds is to be attributed to the feed, but a larger part of it can be. Suppose we estimate the cost of keeping a cow at \$15 per annum for the poorest five herds, which sum is doubtless below the actual cost, and one-third more, or \$20 per cow, for the best five herds. There would then be \$3.04 annual profit per cow from the poorest herd and \$34.38 annual from the best herd, a difference of \$31.34 per cow. This means that one cow from the best herd brings as much clear cash to a man as eleven cows from the poorest herd. If we take the average of the poorest five herds, there is a profit of \$8.59 per cow; while from the best five herds the profit amounts to \$35.12; a difference of \$16.54. In other words, one cow from the best herds will bring a man as much clear profit as three cows from the poorest herds.

It should ever be borne in mind that it requires a certain amount of feed to keep up the animal machine, just as it requires a certain amount of feed to run an empty locomotive; and that the profit comes from the feed eaten over and above that necessary for animal sustenance, just as the efficiency of a locomotive comes from the fuel consumed over and above that necessary to move it on a weight. Economy along the line of withholding feed from a good dairy cow is false economy. It is simply extravagance.

Newfoundland is now the sixth copper-producing country in the world.