

My days of usefulness past,
I'm carelessly thrown aside—
Into the alley way cast.
My silken coat, so glossy once,
Is rugged and tattered and
torn;
My ribs are broken—braces

In rain and snow, in sleet and hail;



### BY YON LONE GROVE. BY AD H. GIBSON.

By yon lone grove I found a grave Over which the daisies wave, In the sad-voiced autumn gales, Sweeping down secluded dales.

Where the rabbit's tread is heard, And the trill of woodland bird; There the wild vines climb and creep Where is kept that dreamless sleep.

nderneath the falling leaves, ree from all that vexes, grieves; d of this world's mad strife ad all the ills of human life.

Who lieth there I cannot tell, Sleeping in that quiet dell; No name is on the low, gray stone At the mound's head, vine-o'ergrown

Is that grave by all forgot?
Does no one visit that lone spot
In memory of the one once here,
Who reveled in this life's brief sphere

# SOME GENTLE SAVAGES.



yons, into whose silent depths the ident depths the oright sun never whines, flows away to the east to mingle its f the Huerfano.

The tall cottonwood trees which grow thick on either bank form a broad belt of darker green across the valley's rolling bosom.

This lovely spot, now dotted here and there with the settler's rude cabin, was, at the time our story opens, occupied by a village of Apache Indians, and many specimens of their rude workmanship are still found there, such as stone arrows and spear heads.

workmanship are still found there, such as stone arrows and spear heads.

The time had come for the great fall hunt, and small parties were sent in all directions to locate herds of buffalo. Black Elk, a young chieftain of some



"CUT HIS BONDS AND PLACED WEAPONS IN HIS HANDS,"

note, went with six warriors up the Ar-kansas River, and, coming in contact with a superior force of Blackfeet, his men were all killed, and himself taken

men were all kined, and himself taken prisoner.

The victorious party at once set out for their own village, two hundred miles away. On arriving there quite a number of the principal men of the tribe were found to be absent, and it was decided to keep the prisoner until their return, which event was daily ex-pected.

their return, which event was daily expected.

During his confinement Black Elk's
wants were supplied by a young maiden, Whippoorwill by name, whose soft,
dark eyes looked first with pity, then
with love, on her helpless charge, and
she resolved to set him free. Accordingly, when she went at sunset to take
his supper, she made known to him her
plan.

plan.

Black Elk had not been unmindful Black Elk had not been unmindful of the many acts of kindness shown him by this little maid, but had not expected this. Should he escape, she would at once be suspected, and most likely put to death, and his heart grow warm toward her who would risk so much for his sake. He refused to go and leave her to suffer in his place, but told her that if she would go with him and be his bride they would make the attempt together.

Whippoorwill was unable for a time to decide; her lover, on one hand; friends, relatives, and the home of her childhood, on the other; but she at last consented to go.

Returning to her own lodge she anxiously awaited the approach of night, for well she knew that should the expected war party return her lover would be put to death in the most cruelmanner.

Slowly the hours dragged by and as

would be put to death in the most cruel manner.

Slowly the hours dragged by, and at last, near midnight, all grew still. Since he had a since he had been dead the captive's lodge, cut his bonds, and placed weapons in his hands. Slowly and cautiously they moved awar, and succeeded in reaching the dark forest of pine and cedar, which covered the mountain side, without being discovered. They halted not, but kept on their course until the rosy-tinted ear-cent sky warned them that day was top-proaching.

Entering a cavern they remained

conceased until the snadows of night again fell over the earth, when they came forth and resumed their journey, taking care to keep on ground over which their trail would se most difficult to follow.

They glided through the forest like specters, their light footfalls giving back no sound, for well they knew that many swift feet and keen eyes were on their trail.

In this manner they reached their destination in safety, and great was the joy of his tribe at the return of one whom they had mourned as dead.

Black Elk at once announced his intention to make the Whippoorwill his wife, and ordered a great feast prepared. The appointed time soon came, and every dusky face beamed with pleasure, save one—the Willow-Bough. She had long looked with jealous eyes on the young chieftain, and had fondly dreamed that some time he would take her to his lodge. She took no part in the grand preparation. Her little sav-



age heart was full of hatred for this daughter of the Blackfeet, and the light that shone in her dusky eyes boded no good to the happy pair. The hour had come for the marriage ceremony, and Black Elk sat beside his intended bride within the nuptial lodge, now beautifully decorated with wild flowers and evergreens, when suddenly, and before any one could prevent it, the Willow-Bough stepped in front of the open door, and, drawing an arrow to the head, let if thy, piercing the heart of Black Elk, who fell dead at the feet of the horror-stricken girl so soon to have been his bride. Hastily throwing the bow aside, she drew a long hunting-knife from her girdle and drove it to the hilt in her own bosom, and her spirit followed that of the one she had loved to the shadow land. Sorrow and gloom mow fell on all. Loud cries of grief and lamentation filled the air on all sides; bereaved friends and relatives blackened their faces, and spent the night in mourning for the dead.

Whippoorwill, thus left among strangers, and fearing to return to her own people, wandered about for a time, and inally disappeared and was seen no more.

The superstitions red men supposed.

The superstitions red men supposed that she was transformed into the bird whose name she bore, and all through the summer nights the note of a whip-poorwill could be heard coming from the grave of the murdered chieftain.

THE SOUL OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

Much Vexed by the Servan; Question.



Much Vexed by the Servan Question.

O be a millionaire's wife is not to escape petty domestion. We will be a millionaire's to troubles. That fact was indicated by a dialogue between two Fifth avotteen tw

late with my help," the other remarked, "oxcopt a moid for myself."

"Sut I thought you were delighted with Marie."

"O, she was the quickest and neatest girl I ever had in the house—pretty as a doll, too, wasn't she?—and she knew experthing shout toilet and wardrobe work. But what do you think? She had cold hands, and I couldn't bear to have her touch me, First along I thought it was impoverished blood that caused it, and I had our family physician dose her with iron and other things; but it wasn't any use—we couldn't warm her hands. She'd heat them when about to dress my hair, or do any other job around me, but they wouldn't stay heated, you know, and I really had to let her go."

Sc you see that wealth demands the utmost degree of refinement in luxury, but at the same time encounters difficulty in commanding it.

The soul of the housewife of the day is much vexed by reason of the servant question. It is a cry that the domestic is becoming uncontrollable. It, as a class, has dared to assert itself, and we hold up our hands and wonder what the upshot will be. The searer itself, and we hold up our hands and wonder what the upshot will be. The servant question is old. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and remoter ancestresses still, sat in solemn conclave and lamented the days when servants knew their place and did their duty to the satisfaction of their musters; and as far back as we can trace the servitor seems always to have been regarded as a troublesome person. The same old story is repeated for generations, and will, I suppose, ever supply the housewife with a rich mine of complaint. The reverse side of the medal is not often contemplated, but I would ask you to consider it; for while we rail in the parlor, know that we are a no less fruitful source of complaint in the kitchen, and that we should find it very lard to refute the charges against us fruitful source of complaint in the kitchen, and that we should find it very hard to refute the charges against us fruitful source of complaint in the kitc fruitfal source of complaint in the kitchen, and that we should find it very hard to refute the charges against us if we stood arraigned in a court of domesties. Let us weigh against their independence, insolence and idleness some of our own little failings with regard to them. Do we over remember, when we have wearied ourselves in pursuit of pleasure, that there are, perhaps, tired have and aching heads in the kinded of the standard of the standard in the s

## Staying His Sorrows.

Staying His Sorrows.

He was dressed like a cowboy and a wild look of despair had settled upon his face, while his countenance, as he glided slowly into the sanctum and seated himself mournfully upon the northeast quarter of the exchange

gotten howers, they
"Yes."
"Did you ever look over a musty
packet of letters and come upon a spray
mignonette that brought back to you
the touch of fingers that traced the
words?"

the touch of fingers that traced the words?"

"Hardly."

"I have. My life has been a bitter mockery and I have tried to drown the past in the flowing bowl. Such is my purpose now. I wish to stay the flood of sorrows that presses upon my spirit. But alas! I have only five cents. A glass of whisky costs ten. Will you loan me a nickel?"

The stairs to the street were not long, but they were steep, and when he reached the pavement the past sorrows were engulfed in the flood of present pain.—Detroit Free Press.

Better than Faith Cure.

Better than Faith Cure.

There were five men of us and three woman, besides the driver, who were staging it between two towns in Kansas. We set out at 7 o'clock in the morning for an all day's ride, and had not made over two miles when the oldest man in the crowd, who was from the Nutmeg State, and built on Yankee principles, suddently exclaimed:

"By gosh to quash!"

"What's up?" asked one of the lot.

"The toothache! She hit me in that 'ere lower double tooth and I'm in for a bushel of trouble."

"Just try and not think of it," suggested one of the women. "Keep your thoughts on your family."

"He tried it for two or three minutes, and a smile of affection came to his face. It-suddenly died away, however, to be replaced by a look of ferocity as he yelled out:

"Hang my family, but it don't work! Has anybody got any camphor?"

Nobody had. We hadn't even a drop of whisky. One man had some tobacco, but the Yankee couldn't goit. The ache, once started, grew worse, and as he began groaning a second woman suggested:

"Ye heard say as imagination has all to do with pains. Suppose you implied you have been a drop of whisky. One man had some tobacco, but the Yankee couldn't goit. The ache, once started, grew worse, and as he began groaning a second woman suggested:

"Ye heard say as imagination has all to do with pains. Suppose you implied you are sound asleep and dreaming of angels and such."

He tried it, and for a minute or two the ache let up. Then it struck him with a jump, and he seized his jaw and yelled:

"Jorusha Jackson! but I'll be goal darned if I hain't goin' to die right here? Driver, stop the wagon!"

It was stopped and he panted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was topped and he panted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was topped and he panted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was topped and he panted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was tone on right on that tooth. I want it knocked into a cocked hat."

"You vego to knock

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ire

land.

Kid gloves are not made of kid, but of lamb skin or sheep skin.

German silver is not silver at all, nor of German origin, but has been used in China for centuries.

Dutch clocks are of German manufacture.

6 Duten clocks are to facture.
Baffin's Bay is not a bay.
Turkish baths are unknown to the Turks.
There are no leaves in Valombross, Milton to the contrary notwithstand-

Mitton to the contrary notwithstanding.

Turkey rhubarb should be called Russian rhubarb, as it is a Russian monopoly.

Why are turkeys so called? They do not come from Turkey.

Slave means noble or illustrious.

Tit-mouse is a bird.

Scaling-way contains no way.

Tit-mouse is a bird.
Scaling-wax contains no wax.
Shrew-mouse is no mouse.
Rice paper is not made of rice or the rice plant.
Cat gutshould be sheep gut.
Blind worms have eyes and can see.
Cleopatra's needles should be named after Thotmes III.

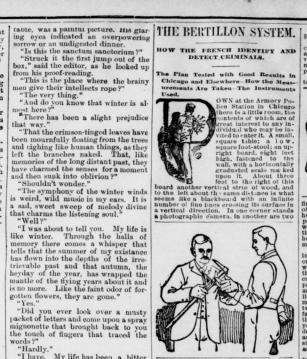
# A Source of Annoyance

A gentleman, coming home at even-ing, spoke harshly to his little three-year-old, who was playing very noisily. The little lady dropped her play-things and retreated hastily to a cor-ner.

"Well," said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and new you come home and make trouble the first thing."

This is a world of contradictions. Men praise heroic actions first because they are well done and then because they are rare.





cases, each containing a windiass, on which are arranged hundreds of cabinet photographs, while on the opposite wall is seen a large cabinet, which looks like a section of the postofflee, owing to an array of pizoon-hols, all filled with cards. Hunging and what appears to be a large and small carenter's square, each having a short-sliding arm working at right angles to the longer arm of the square.

The casual visitor wonders what all this peculiar partphernalia is used for, but the eriminal who is compelled to submit to its other undergoes will stand as a perpetual menace to him, and will prove his entry into the criminal classes. It represents the famous Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, adopted by the French Government, and now used very extensively to Europe and in this country.

"One of the most difficult problems con-



fronting the police force of a large city like Chicago, said Chief Hubbard to an Inter-Ocean reporter, "is the control of that class of men known as 'habitual criminals." It is made up of men, women, and a large fillmbor of children, who are the product of inherited criminal tendencies through sowmen, and a large man the control of th



acter as a pisoner, and whether, through his escape from jail or the officers of justice, there is an unexpired term of pushing the property of the property o

Ordering one of the operators to strip to his trousers, two of the others, after



first taking a front and profile photograph of his face, proceeded to measure first his roll in the points of the middle ingers of them the points of the middle ingers of them the with the arms outstretched; the height of the trunk, the length and width of the head, the right ear, the left foot, the left middle finger, and the left forearm, and the left forearm, and the left forearm in the prisoner is compelled to assume such positions while the measurements are being taken that only the length of the bones is secured. T should think, said the news-new face of the prisoner is compelled to assume such positions while the measurements are being taken that only the length of the bones is secured. T should think, said the news-new face of the prisoner is consistent which is the measurements of no value after a year or two had clapsed. "It is a well-known fear replied the citie, 'that the bones of the prisoner is the prisoner of the



places, and a classified description made of all marks and sears upon his person, together with the pigmentation of the eyes and the contour and appearance of his sose, they are recorded on a card prepared for the purpose, which is then forwarded to the Bertillon Bureau at Chicago, where it is placed on record, the original entries still remaining at the local office. Should this be a first offense the criminal is entitled to be a first offense the criminal is entitled to sent to prison, instead of being placed in a cell with an old and hardened criminal who would soon overcome what little moral sense he has remaining, he has for a cell commanion one wio, like himself, is in a repentant rame of mind and capable of reformation. In case the arrest should occur pentant rame of mind and capable of reformation. In case the arrest should occur would telegraph to Chain, the chief of police code of words which stands for certain measurements, and which are son in the order in which the measurements are taken. By this means the cost of a lengthy descriptive telegram is saved, as it all comes within the regulation ten word. On the receipt of this message at the Central vious arrests, convictions, sentences, services and escapes noted and forwarded to the inquirer, placing the authorities in full



possession of all facts bearing upon that particular criminal.

mation from Chicago concerning a criminal.

mation from Chicago concerning a criminal, a photograph was sent with a vorbad description. This entailed a close and careful examination of something like 8,000 photographs, a process requiring a long time and only resoluting a result which demonstrates the sent and the se





is barely possible that in the measurement of ten thousand criminals there may be two that correspond, yet the sears upon the body, thick or thin lips, the shape or twist of the nose, the inclination of the facial line, all of which are determined, not, as in the state of the nose, the inclination of the facial line, all of which are determined, not, as in the state of the body, supplemented finally by the photograph, render the identification accurate and complete beyond a doubt.

The metrical system of measurement has a complete beyond a found in the state of the state





and the manner of taking some of the measurements.

The reader can see by the four portraits of "Mollie Matches," about the most adroit criminal of his class in the country, the unreliability of the photograph. Who would recognize the dignified, intellectual individual with the professor-like beard in the other countries. The same person, photographed on the oceasion of different arrests.

"Are you going to break off your engagement with Miss Prentice?" inquired Merritt. "I hear she will be a cripple for life through that railway accident."

accident."
"I intended to break it off at first" returned his friend, "but I have juts heard that the company has offered her twenty thousand in settlement."—

Epoch

A COMPANY has been organized in the South to pay Jeff Davis' debts. It might extend its operations so as to in-clude other people without making them enemies for life.

### FASHIONS FOR OUR BOYS.



against the pinafore see do little girls, and something ought to be said.

There has been a tendency of late to put boys not over 3 or 4 years of age in long trousers, but how any mother who cherishes the all-too-short babyhood of her little son can have the heart to do this is beyond comprehension. One never runs across these elderly dressed manikins without a half regretful imile of amusement, followed by an involuntary thought of "What a pity!" Keep the little boys in kilts as long as you can. Rest assured they will rebel soon enough.

On the other hand don't keep a boy in knickerbockers until he is 14 or 15 years old. If he is a manly boy it will occasion him such bitternoss of mortification as only a boy made the butt of his play mates can feel; and if he is, unfortunately, an stural born namby-pamby who prefers the best of the property of the state of the little see a colothes, there is all the more reason to put him into long trousers at suitable age and thereby at least give him an appearance of manilmess.

It is difficult to fix definitely just what the suitable age is to make the change from kilts to knickerbockers, and from knickerbockers to long trousers, on account of the difference in growth. It would be obviously absurd to insist, for



THE PLAID KILT.

Instance, that all boys should be taken out of kilts and put into knickerbockers at 5 years of age, for one boy might grow so rapidly as to necessitate the change one or two years and another might grow so slowly that the infantine skirt could be retained for some time longer. A boy whose mother kept him in knickerbockers until he was 19 years old, but permitted him to crown himself with a Dorby hat, was a caricature that his acquaintances will never recall without a tauch, and in the same way an abnormally fat boy of 14 who persisted in retaining his knickerbockers and shirt waists made a sight of himself that was ridiculous to the verge of disgusting.

Generally 6 seems a proper age to discard the kilt and 13 to assume long trousers.

For the first stage dresses are made with

trousers.
For the first stage dresses are made with kilt skirts, and with them are worn the jersey waists or jackets. An olive-green



A Chauce to Serve Two Masters.

Attorney—Look here, Smith, you will oblige me and save yourself trouble by handing me that \$20 which you owe Townloy. He has placed the bill in my hands for collection.

Smith—Sorry, Briof, my boy, but I can't accommodate you.

Attorney—Oh, very well; I know how I can collect it.

Smith—Then you'd better make the amount \$50, and help me as well as Townley, besides increasing your own commission. I'll willingly divide the additional \$50 with you, if yon can manage it. A Chauce to Serve Two Masters.