

THIS HEART OF MINE

BY ANIDA

This heart of mine is so human,
And passion sweeps it oftentimes;

WHAT WORD?

BY KIL COURTLAND

What was the word you said to me
In the gleam of the sunset glow?

LITTLE ROBBIE'S NERVE

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN

IN the fall of 1873
My business called
Particularly a dogging as I admit

In this I was meeting with decided
success, and was making money at a
rate I had not, in my wildest dreams,

I was a widower, and, as will readily
be believed, was devotedly attached to
my only child, an active and unusually

Three days later he joined me, having
been placed in charge of a kind-
hearted lumberman, who delivered him

"Don't start to-day!" cried he, when
within speaking distance.

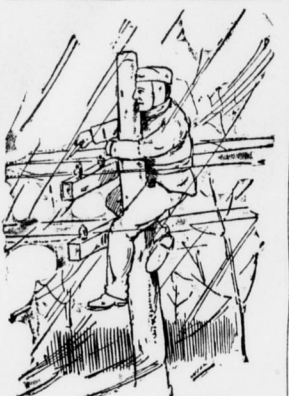
"I see no indications of it,"
"You would, if you'd been waitin'."

as I have, a fortnight for snow to start
the sleds, so that you could earn the

A railroad line had been projected
here some years before, and abandoned,

adopted it because it shortened the
distance by more than one half, from

We were, as nearly as I could estimate,
within five or six miles of our



ROBBIE CUTTING THE WIRES

the rising wind, and flakes of snow
were beginning to flutter to the ground.

I tried to increase the speed of the
horse, but found it impossible by reason

"Don't be afraid, Robbie," said I, in
an cheerful tone as I could command.

"I'll make the eyes of the boys
at home open—"

This seemed to increase the terror of
the animal, which stopped stock still.

Another instant and the tree was
upon us.

I felt a sharp twinge of pain and lost
consciousness.

My first thought was of Robbie, and
the groan I uttered was caused not so

"Trace up, father," said he, "I'll run
on, and be back before long with lots

But I at once interdicted this plan.
The storm had become furious by this

Toward evening, however, it abated
and finally ceased altogether.

My pain was forgotten in the awful
consciousness that my foolish fondness

"Where do the telegraph lines run,
father?" asked Robbie suddenly.

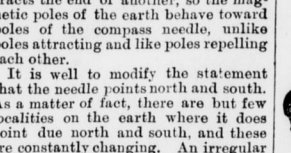
"O, yes; I understand they are a
great convenience to the inland camps."

"Can't we use them, somehow?"
"No, my boy; we have no instrument

A STUDY IN CRADLES.

RUDE CONTIVANCES IN WHICH TO
ROCK THE BABY.

Comanche Mothers Make the Simplest
Cradles. Those of the Sioux Being Very



COMANCHE

The National Museum at Washing-
ton has a large and growing exhibit of
the cradles used by the people of this

Many questions of scientific and gen-
eral interest depend upon the knowl-
edge of the manner in which a child

Its position is constantly changing,
and in the last five hundred years it

In the United States the rate of the
change in variation differs much in

The reason is that the compass
needle points, not to the geographical

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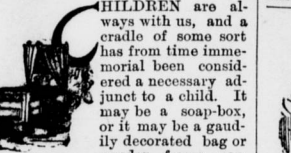
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THE FASHIONS OF '76.

NOT AS MODEST AND SENSIBLE AS
REPRESENTED.

How Ladies of To-day Would Appear if
Rigged Out in Fashions of a Century Ago



LADY CATHARINE DUER

HE ought to be taken without her
dress-body. She wasn't nice!" said a

Frivolous maidens are often remind-
edly proper manners of their grand-

Speaking of the stays worn a cen-
tury ago, social history tells us that

When Dolly Madison came as a bride
to Washington she wore at one of her

In California the Indians weave very
pretty and artistic slipper-shaped

The cradle of the Pitt River Indians
is a transition type. A pole of wood

The Montana infant has any amount
of pains spent on both himself and

The Ute Indians of Nevada use a flat
wicker cradle frame, kite-shaped or

The elements of the Moki cradle
frame are the floor and the awning.

The Comanche cradle is the most
primitive cradle in the National Mu-

The Sioux Indians are very particu-
lar in their baby habits.

On the eastern coast of Labrador
the infant, immediately after birth,

East of the Mississippi River, north
of the Tennesses and south of the

Further south the Indians were ac-
customed to use one of the forms al-

The Crucial Test.
Maine Lawyer—What is your opinion

Gallantly Rewarded.
He—What are you reading, Clara?

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

MAINE LAWYER—WHAT IS YOUR OPINION

He—What are you reading, Clara?

He—How to be beautiful.

He—You have no need to read such a

He—Why not?

He—Because you are beautiful al-

He—I think you asked me for a kiss

He—And I refused it?

He—You did.

He—Well, you may take it now.

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