

TOLD ABOUT BUFFALO BILL.

Attempts have been made to prove that Robert Fulton did not discover the power of steam, that Morse was not the inventor of telegraphy, that the telephone did not originate with Edison, that Shakespeare's plays were written by Francis Bacon, and that Buffalo Bill isn't Buffalo Bill. The last named attempt was the maddest of all. If there ever was a man called Buffalo Bill, he was not known through the west when that title was conferred upon W. F. Cody, and to this day he has never come to the front to assert his claim.

There is but one Buffalo Bill. And he is the most widely known American today, living or dead. The quantity of prose and poetry, history and fiction, that has been printed about him in books, magazines and newspapers, if measured up, would undoubtedly exceed the printed matter published concerning any historical character, with possibly the solitary exception of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In his poem "Columbia to Buffalo Bill," Hugh Wetmore, the western poet, mentions the fact that on his European tour Buffalo Bill received homage from countries that "howed not to Bonaparte's sway," meaning, of course, the British kingdom particularly.

Buffalo Bill was honored by the nations of Europe but the queen of England tried hard to outdo all the other crowned heads by the attention which she showed the distinguished American. Her majesty showered diamonds upon him, and it is said that the queen found but one fault with the recent jubilee celebration, and that was on account of the absence of the celebrated scout.

One of the questions which has caused many a dispute is Buffalo Bill's age. One frequently overhears the assertion made that this knight of the plains has been before the public for sixty years. There is no excuse for this mistake. He was born in 1848, and at the age of ten years, in 1858, shot his first Indian. This heroic act, which helped materially to save himself and

companions from massacre, made him famous, and chroniclers have never wearied of writing about him from that day to this.

He is still under fifty, and if his hair is touched by frost, it is the result of commencing very young, and enduring excessive hardships.

The world knows him as pony express rider, freighter, stage-driver, trapper, hunter, soldier, scout, marshal, justice of the peace, legislator, and educator—for his congress of rough riders was organized originally by Col. Cody with the laudable intent to enlighten the world in regard to the then unknown empire of the west—but much that would prove interesting remains to be written regarding that period of his life which was the brightest to him, before his mother died, while he was setting as the sole protector of his widowed mother and his baby sisters. That fond mother was wont to predict that her son would one day be the president of the United States. Could she have lived she would have had the gratification of seeing him decline a nomination to the United States senate, and to have read in a hundred western journals a proposal to run him for the highest office in the land. If that heroic mother had lived, all this might have interested him, for her sake; but politics never seemed to have any charm for him.

In the language of the marts, he has made oceans of money, and he has expended millions of his wealth trying to develop his beloved west.

The present season his vast ranches in Nebraska, on the North Platte and on the Dismal river will yield an immense harvest, and his big irrigation scheme in the Big Horn basin, in Wyoming, whereby he is reclaiming and colonizing hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable land, will have a boom.

In the year 1900 Buffalo Bill will again take his educational exhibition to Paris, where he was immortalized in bronze and in oil, and where his show rivalled the Eiffel tower as an attraction at the last exposition.



HON. WILLIAM F. CODY.
(Buffalo Bill.)

HIP DISEASE.

Hip disease is one of the most common causes of lameness in children. This is not only because it occurs perhaps more frequently than disease of any other joint, but also because it begins so insidiously that the early stages, when treatment might accomplish most, are often passed before the trouble is recognized.

The first sign is usually a slight limp, which comes and goes for no apparent reason; there is no pain, and as the child can give no excuse for limping, he is perhaps reproved for what is regarded as merely a bad habit. There is a little stiffness after sitting, and especially in the morning on getting out of bed, but this passes away with exercise. It may disappear for days at a time, and then return in a rather more pronounced form.

The child seems instinctively to avoid a shock to the hip by stepping on the tips of his toes, but when told to put his heel to the ground he does so without trouble. After a while a little pain begins to be felt, and this, like the limp, may be intermittent at first; it seems too slight to have any serious significance, and the parents often speak of it as a "growing pain." At first the child hardly knows where the pain is, it is so indefinite, but soon it becomes more marked and is referred to the knee.

The limp and the pain are so slight and so inconstant that no alarm is felt, and so the opportunity of thwarting the disease in its infancy is often lost, and the more striking symptoms of the second stage set in before a physician is consulted. Now the little patient begins to have "night cries." Suddenly, in the midst of sound sleep, he utters a piercing cry expressive of severe pain; but he is not conscious of

suffering, and may not even wake, or if he does he cries in a startled way for a minute or two and then falls asleep again.

At this time, if the child is examined, one leg may be seen to be a little thinner than its mate and perhaps slightly drawn up at the hip. The disease is now fully established, and while not necessarily incurable, is much more difficult of management than it would have been at the beginning, when a few weeks' rest might have sufficed to remove all signs of the trouble. The moral is, never to neglect a limp or a "growing pain" in the young.

Not Much Danger.
A dash of cold, worldly knowledge falls occasionally like a wet blanket on a gush of warm sentiment, and leaves nothing more to be said. A young man who had gone to the great city to make his fortune had written home to tell of his unexpected success in finding a job.

"I have great hopes of Archie," said the mother, looking over the letter for the fifth or sixth time, "if he only won't fall into expensive habits."

"I don't think he will, Matilda," replied the father. "I don't think he will—on nine dollars a week."

No Such Thing as Homely Baby.
The man who has offered a prize of \$5 to the homeliest baby exhibited at a country fair in Maine has a safe thing. No committee can be found to make such an award, unless the infant happens to be an orphan.

Difference of Opinion.
"I hear you are going to marry again." "That," said the lady who had already disposed of four husbands, "that is my business." "Oh, your business? I thought it was merely your recreation."

VISITS HIS OWN GRAVE.

A Kansas Postmaster Who "Played Possum."

On July 16 the assistant postmaster-general appointed A. W. Hall postmaster at the village of Trading Post, this county, says a La Cygne (Kas.) correspondent in St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The only remarkable thing about this transaction is that, according to the war department records, Mr. Hall is dead and the government has discharged its obligation toward him by placing a tombstone over the place where he is supposed to be buried.

The town of Trading Post is within three miles of the Missouri state line. During the war Mr. Hall, then a young man, enlisted in the union army and saw considerable irregular service fighting the bushwhackers, who swarmed over the country and terrorized the inhabitants. One day a company of ten soldiers, of whom Hall was one, and an officer were detailed from a company of scouts to cross the state line and forage for provisions, the Kansas settlers having been pillaged until nothing was left. Hardly had they crossed the line before 100 bushwhackers swooped down upon and captured them. Without a moment's hesitation the captain of the guerrillas ordered their execution. They were taken to the summit of a large mound about a mile west of the line and shot down like dogs. Hall fell with the rest, shot through the head, but did not lose consciousness, and heard his executioners discuss the advisability of wasting another round of ammunition. Large numbers of union men were in the vicinity and the marauders made haste to recross the line and seek safety farther east.

Hall was found by friends, was taken care of and recovered, but was reported as killed to the war department. To this day he is known over the country as "Possum" Hall. His dead comrades were buried about two miles from Trading Post, and a few years ago the government erected a slab to mark the graves, bearing Mr. Hall's name, in addition to those of the dead soldiers.

Thus it happens that if the postmaster so desires he can ride out and visit his own grave and read the record of his death.

THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

Although the Paris exposition, which will mark the close of the nineteenth century, is still three years in the future, the French capital has its preparations for the great event well under way. The remarkable extent and beauty of the world's fair at Chicago have stimulated the civic pride of Paris, and no pains will be spared to make this exposition of 1900 surpass even that of 1893.

In anticipation of the approaching event several grand public works, which will add greatly to the beauty of the city, have already been begun. A noble avenue is to be opened from the Champs Elysees to the Hotel des Invalides, crossing the Seine by the great bridge of Alexander III., the corner-stone of which was laid by the czar during his visit to Paris last year.

At the upper end of this avenue two beautiful art palaces, which are to be permanent additions to the public museums of the city, as well as features of the exhibition, are being built. And finally, the Seine in the neighborhood of the exhibition grounds is to be transformed into a sort of Venetian canal, lined with palaces, terraces and Italian gardens, and furnished with broad embankments for use as promenades.

All of these undertakings are now fairly begun, and upon the most magnificent scale. The Pont Alexander III. will be nearly two hundred feet in width, and its single arch crowned by monuments of heroic size will occupy three years in building.

The exhibition itself is planned upon lines of equal grandeur, and there is every reason to expect that it will prove the most extensive and varied display of the products of civilization, useful and beautiful, which the world has ever seen.

Our own country has not yet officially accepted the invitation to take part, but will soon do so. It is to be hoped that the American nation will be represented by a display in all respects worthy of itself and of the occasion, and that Americans who visit the great fair will have no reason to blush at seeing the republic outdone in the friendly rivalry.

A Norwegian Monarch's Long Reign.
Norway can boast one of the longest reigns known in European history. Harald Fairhair, the founder of the kingdom of all Norway and of the dynasty which reigned 400 years, became king at the age of ten, 880, and died 933. If he had not resigned, owing to his advanced age, in 930, he might have held the "record" of Europe, which now belongs to Louis XIV. of France.

Tracked by a Photograph Button.
While robbing an old man in Chicago Joseph Hoffman lost a photograph button upon which was the picture of his sweetheart. The police found the button and thereby traced Hoffman, who fled. The police found evidence enough, however, to warrant the arrest of two accomplices.

Don't Blame Him.
Because his wife drank thirteen gallons of fine old wine stored in his cellar, Jacob Wahl, of Abilene, Kan., has applied for a divorce.

FERN COTTAGE.



ND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there.

This was the last statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs, when I returned from a seven-years' absence, to take up my abode in my own home. He had by his directions renovated and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation through a course of modernizing that still left the stately, old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton place, and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty.

But beside my own home, I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottos and piles of rock placed there.

I confess to a feeling of decided annoyance when I heard that this little gem of a country home had been leased to a workingwoman. It had been a summer resort for some of our own intimate friends, who preferred an independent home to the hospitalities of others, and it annoyed me to think of any one living there who would not preserve its dainty furniture and pretty surroundings with cultured taste. But I kept my opinion to myself, and, indeed, for many days, was so crowded with business calls that I quite forgot the matter.

It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the circle of light from a student lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw:

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features, and shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice, while I looked, she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and cultivated.

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face. And all these instincts warned me that here was a woman burning a candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quite forgotten that mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy, when an elderly woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her: "Rest! You know I cannot rest!"

"Play then! Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Walling, minor music full of sobbing pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a rare power in the long, slender fingers only called out strains of heart-breaking pathos.

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

I might have accepted this for the real woman, but I had a habit of lingering about my garden, and as the drawing room of Fern Cottage commanded no other view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows as the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with added sadness in the great, dark eyes. Mrs. Raynor became almost ethereal as the warm weather stole something each day from her strength, and I was not surprised one morning to see old Susan coming hastily into my hallway.

"Oh, Doctor Wilton," she said, "she has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

I went at once, finding my patient prostrated at last, and gently submissive to all my commands but one, the most imperative.

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush."

"But you will die," I said, bluntly. "If you do not take a few weeks of entire rest."

"Die!" she said, quietly, not as if there was any terror in the thought but as if it was a new possibility in some problem of life. "No, I must not die yet!"

"Then you must obey me," I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed, she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country. And I pointed to a seat, saying: "Susan, I am past sixty years old, crippled, as you see, seldom leaving my home except for foreign travel—no gossip. If you think you can trust me with Mrs. Raynor's secret trouble, I may be able to cure her."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then, bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want it to be known about here!"

"I'll not betray you," I said, gently. "You see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, for she's never hid her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and bad company. He spent all the money her father left her, he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fist, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crushed. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found us out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the fiend, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Edna—Mrs. Raynor, I mean—thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her, and—ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, so sore you can never guess, for she was one to take trouble hard—and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"But he is not living now?"

"Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She pays him so much a month to leave her in peace."

"And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said.

"Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanness of everything for the sake of be-



BURST INTO TEARS.

ing alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those two loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled boy!"

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. He was coming home again, when he stumbled, somehow, and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. I suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy despondency, throwing self aside, Mrs. Raynor developed her charitable, forgiving nature in the weeks of illness that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any self-sacrifice it had been possible, but she could only make smoother the passage to the grave.

I had thought her own tenure of life but frail, but in her devotion she grew stronger. She gained sleep by actual physical exhaustion, and calmness by the consciousness of duty performed. Susan, by my advice, provided food that was nourishing in small quantities and as the injured man passed toward the portals of eternity, we kept his wife from throwing her own life away by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me:

"Thank the Lord, he is dead this time!"

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily, for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. And Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness.

They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals. The slender, handsome boy had his mother's face, and was evidently cured and on the way to a noble manhood.

And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beautiful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage.—N. Y. Ledger.

Deep Holes in the Ocean.

The deepest spots so far sounded in the ocean, were found a year or two ago by the surveying ship Penguin, while returning from the Tonga group to New Zealand. In three places a depth exceeding five thousand fathoms was found. Till these soundings were made, the deepest water found was to the northeast of Japan, where, in 1874, the United States steamer Tuscarora obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

The Penguin's soundings are 5,022, 5,147 and 5,155 fathoms. The increase is therefore 500 fathoms, or 3,000 feet.

These soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep, and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the ocean.

These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centers of the oceans, but are near land, as two of them are within one hundred miles of islands of the Kermadec group, and the other not far from a shoal.

Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact, that this sounding of 30,930 feet shows that the ocean contains depressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is perhaps worthy of record.

Very Natural.

"What's the row between you and Miss Nipper?"

"Oh, she accused me of cutting her in the street, and I explained, too, that as I had only met her at evening entertainments I didn't recognize her with her clothes on."

NOTES OF THE VOGUE.

Moire ribbons are, for the moment, higher in fashionable favor than satin or taffeta.

Oyster color is the very newest shade and is particularly effective in heavy satin or faille.

A new summer dress material is called chaille de lustre, and is, as its name indicates, a glossy fabric, somewhat resembling mohair.

The modish silks for early autumn wear are in the pretty bayadere stripes, a trying fashion, however, becoming to none but women of the Tribby type.

Narrow baby ribbon is a feature on modish gowns, and is now ruffled and used to edge ribbons of greater width—a particularly pretty finish for the long ribbon sash.

The old fashioned iron grenadine is again the vogue, superseding the filmy materials which masquerade under that name, and to which even the crispest of taffetas falls to give a satisfactory body.

Brilliant hued plaids are in high favor, and the up-to-date girl revels in an endless variety of sailor-hat bands, belts and neckties, which, worn in sets, give a chic finish to her duck skirt and tailor-bull shirt waist.

A full niche of black at the throat gives a modish finish to the simplest costume and is a needed touch of precaution these chilly August evenings. One recently seen in London is of black chiffon, cascaded to the waist-line and edged with narrow white ostrich feather trimming.

To avoid that unpleasant sagging at the bottom of the dress the newest silk petticoats are stiffened at the hem with a whalebone, one ingenious woman who particularly dreads an appearance of limpness placing a second bone across the front breadth in a casing ten inches above the dust flounce.