LOOKING BACK.

- Ah, backward passes eith. The sun for then bath seal
- Nothing to produce,
 But only to forgot.
 Alexes a grave, skill grioving.
 By the belief mixed.
 That life is not worth living. Till after it is shoul.
- Nay, turn not still away From all that draws sweet breath --
- Lanck not in life, I proy. Through tears that fall for death! No iran allegiance giving. Nor needing to forget. Be happy in believing
- What has been, may be yet.

 -Inter Ocean.

MEDICINE BLUFF.

Caknowa, perhaps to the reader, in the very heart of the Wichita range. Indian territory. there is an immense hill which by triangulation, effected during the winter campaign of 1868-60 by the engineer officer attached to General Sheridan's headquarters, is 310 feet high. At its base there is a clear running river, or properly a brook-for it is only about 70 feet wide. The shape which the of the mountain is that of a croscent

forming quite a large pool or basin. much of its prestige among the Indians, for the reason that since the extinction of the buffalo and other large game the tribes have been scattered. being generally pretty closely confined to the reservations, and the superstitions, or at least many of them. having passed gradually out of the remembrance of the new generations. known only to the few old warriors

The savage like the white man, in sometimes resorts to suicide as a cureall for and end-all of life's burdens. Among the powerful Comanches Medicine Bluff was, for an unknown per-1od one of their famous places like the Vendome Column in Paris, from and miserable existence. The Bluff warriors, who were to go for the first their favorite ponies. of the tribe to propitiate the Great

tribe of Natches symbolized their god. For three consecutive mornings the youthful aspirant for military honors was obliged to go to the highest point of the great hill where armed with his buffalo bide, and alone, he was with the utmost reverence to present the front of his shield to the rising sun as its rays gilded the rocky crags of the mountain, assuming the attitude of a warrior in the heat of battle.

The stream which flows so picturesquely at the base of the isolated mountain is called by the Indians Medicine Bluff Creek; the hill above it, Medicine Bluff. From the time when the memory of the various tribes runneth not to the contrary" Medicine Bluff has been a prominent and sacred spot in the traditions and legitimate history of the many nations of savages, but especially in that of where the sick were cured in the most leap in mid-air. miraculous manner after they had doctors of the tribe. I' the party afflicted had never seriously grieved the Great Spirit the cure was as sudden as marvelous; if the sick who were carried to the top of the bluff by their friends had at any time offended the Great Spirit they died at once, the wolves devoured their flesh, and their bones were transported to the 'Land Terrors" Sometimes, when the individual taken up to invoke the aid of the Indian god had lived an exemplary life, instead of being cured of his fleshly ills he or she was translated, like Elisha of old. to the happy hunting grounds.

The Comanches declared that a night the Great Spirit frequently rested on the top of the mountain, and when that occurred the whole region to the verge of the horizon was lighted up with a strange glow, resembling that emanating from an immense prairiefire reflected upon the clouds. The Indians also claime! that no dew or rain ever fell upon the extreme summit of the bluff, where the sick were to lie and wait for the manifestation of the Manitou; nor did the wind blow there, so that it was a calm spot, comprising all the essentials to a speedy

A story told to many of us during the campaign referred to by one of the oldest of the Comanches, the oldest Indian I have ever seen. "Little Benver," of the Osages, is very interesting, showing to what an art the despised savage of thirty years ago reduced story-telling. The dried-up old warrior prefaced his tale by stating that he was so aged. "that he was brother of the highest peak of the Wichita mountains," at the foot of which we were camped on a cold December night in 1868. Here is the

so many years ago that it seemed like a dream even to the narrator, the Commuches were the greatest tribe on earth. Their warriors were as numerons as a herd of buffato on the Arkansas in the fall. They were more cunning than the coyote. Their herd of onies contained to many animals-all ne and fat-that no man could count hom in a year. All the other Inans of the plains and mountains ared and trembled at the name of

In the tribe, as is ever the case, we were two warriors who excelled all the others in their prowess. One was young and the other middle aged. They were very jealous of each other, each constantly attempting some deed of daring at which it was hoped, the val would balk. One fall, when the Indian summer made the air redolent with the sweet perfume of thousands flowers and the mountains were thed in the amber mist of that deus season, all the great watriors

were returning from one of their most famous victories.

They camped under the shadow of Medicine Bluff late one afternoon, where the young brave who was quietly smoking his pipe as he howered over the little complies on which he was breiting a piece of autotope steak, happened to fix his game on the highest point of the bind and in that position continued for several manutes. wrapped in a most profound study, while all the rest of the band stopped whatever they were doing and gazed

at him as intensly. Suddenly he rose to his full beight. and easting a dollant look upon the warriors seathern! seems! on the grass, who excited at his strange manner, sprang up to learn what he meant. Presently he turned his face towards the sun, which was about two hours high, and broke out with this bonst

"No warrior equals me! I am the greatest of all the Comanches! I resemble that mountain" pointing with his spenr to the highest peak of Medicine Bluff. My actions are as far above yours as that mountain is above the stream at its foot! Is there stream assumes at the immediate foot any warrior here who dare follow

moi Then he shook his spear and bran-Medicine bluff has of course lost dished his shield in defiance of any and all. His rival was all the time swelling with rage and pride. He knew the boast was intended for him alone, although he was the elder of the two. He approached the braggart with all the dignity of the savage that he was, and striking himself on the bosom several times, exclaimed:

"So! You are the greatest warrior of the Comanches? You are the buffalo that leads the herd? I am the old bull to be driven away by the cowhis disappointments and miseries ardly covote and die leaving my bones to whiten? You ask me to follow you. Never! I never follow! I will go with you"

The remainder of the band gathered around the two celebrated warriors. They wondered what new deed which to terminate an unsatisfactory of daring they were going to attempt, as the rivals arrayed themselves in was also a rendezvous for the young their buckskin dress and mounted With time in battle with the tried soldiers shields held in a defying position, their faces painted and their bonnets of war-eagle feathers flowing The sun in that nation as in the old in the breeze, they rode away without another word.

They forded the stream. youngest now started up the difficult trail which led to the sacred summit of the Medicine Bluff, where, stopping his affrighted steed, he pointed to the fearful precipice a few rods off, and exclaimed:

"You have followed me here; follow me further."

awaken, and thumping the flanks of his animal vigorously he darted tow ard the awful brink. His rival instantly raised his pony on his hind legs, and with a whoop more plereing followed the young man, who when he reached the edge of the precipice falled in couraged and pulled his pony violently back on his haunches. The elder saw his chance With an the Comanches and Wichitas. It was awful yell of defiance and triumph. he sort of Our Lady of Lourdes" place. forced his horse to make the terrible

All the warriors on the grassy botbeen given up by the celebrated tom below watched with eager interest what was going on above them. They heard the whoop of the aged warrior as he jumped down the awful abyss. They saw him sit as calmly as if in his lodge as he descended, seated as upright on his pony as if his animal were walking the prairie. and above all they heard his clear voice as it rang out in the clouds: Greater than all the Comanch-

Sadly they wended their way to the foot of the bluff, where both horse and rider lay a mangled mass on the rocks, the old warrior with a smile on his wrinkled face of unmistakable tri-

The boasting rival became a wanderer among the tribes. His name was accursed of all Indians. The very dogs snapped at him as he passed. At last, overcome with remorse at his cowardice and treachery, he killed himself. One day he was found dead on the grave of his rival at the foot of the bluff. His body was eaten by the coyotes his shield and spear, by which he had been identified were found lying at his feet - Col. Henry Inman in the National Tribune.

A Dog! . Fidelity

A living example of a dog's fidelity is presented by that noble Newfoundland owned by the late Oscar C. Mc-Culloch. He is a large dark brown fellow and is well known to the congregation of the Plymouth church. He was generally permitted to attend church services during the life of his master and in fact was considered a privileged character about the institute. On rare occasions he was even dignified with a place at the Rev. McCulloch's feet in the pulpit. At the meeting of the Nat onal Association of Charities last year at Plymouth church this dog appeared regularly every morning and afternoon upon the rostrum with his master. The dog still goes to church and walks about the room as though he was looking for somebody-no doubt he Frequently he curls up under a seat in the auditorium at the beginning of services and if anybody attempts to take the seat over him he offers a prompt protest that settles matters This dog is very popular about the church and is as dignified as any potentate under the sun but | when It comes to a question of personal rights the handsome capine is decidedly patriotic.—Indianapolis

A Doubtful Blessing.

The telephone is making the ladies of Honolulu stouter. They used to do their own shopping, marketing, a demi-train, a velvet hem and a ruche etc. Now they send their orders by telephone, and the lack of exercise has caused an accumulation of flesh. example, with a novel ribbon corselet growth are most active, is obvious.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

UBEFUL READING FOR MAIDENE, WIVES AND MOTHERS.

interesting and instructive Gossip About the Latest Fashions for Women -- A New Form of Massage, Children Need Change.

About April Tolleta.

April will bring out pale greens and whitey greens and watery greens of deep, intense shades, with grass green to keep them company, and fern greens and moss greens and greens that can be named after nothing but the grasshopper. There is a very delicate "pompadour" that is blue at night, and there is a lily green whose highest ambition it is to copy after the stem of the valley lily.

Two April frocks that attract considerable attention are worthy of description. One was a rough cloth of mignonette green, which is a dull, pale shade, very pretty for you if you are just the right woman, but as unbecom- has brought to the pores for egress; ing as any color under heaven if you are



TWO APRIL TOILETS.

the wrong woman. To wear it with effect you should have some little color, and you should preferably belight, though if you fulfill the first requisite it doesn't matter much about the blondness and brunetteness of your complexion. The mignonette green frock had yoke and sleeves of a darker green. The plain skirt was cut of two widths, the front fitted about the hips and with Vs cut away and fitted in with velvet, the back Then shouting the war-whoop, which with one bias seam. The waist made the echoes of the mountain material was shirred beneath the yoke and over a tight lining that fastened under the arm. A V of dark velvet was added to match the skirt, and to the plain tight sleeves were adjusted semi-circular pieces of velvet gathered in flaring cape-like fashion and hang-



ing to the elbows. The general effect was simple enough, yet smart. The other outfit was a black camel'l hair frock brocaded in Indian red. It had a plain bell skirt with a band of embroidery at the foot and a jacket of red cloth, without darts, opening over a white vest and belted with a band of embroidery. Its red sleeves had tops of the figured goods, and to be worn with it was a red star toque with black jonquils.

An April idea is a cape made of cream-colored lace gathered into a black velvet yoke, cut in vandykes and finished with fringe. The effect is unique, but not unpleasing in these days when many variations are worked on the general black and white



Two pretty evening frocks belong with an Easter trosseau. They give a very good idea of the ease of mind with which at present we in-dulge in ribbons. One is of sheer, ivory white silky stuff, threaded with sitk embroidery in pale yellow and lily green. The short bodice is put on full, fastened diagonally in front, and trimmed with a deep flounce about the shoulders and bows of yellow ribbon on the shoulders. The skirt has

of hour hands with fluttering bows of THEIR AWFUL MISTAKE. green. The nock is trimined with lace put on wide and falling very full over the shoulders. There are shoulder bows of green ribbon, and—tell it not outside of Outham—the long gioves Ate green.

A New Form of Massage.

The non probasional or hometreat ment of the skin by massage by a rub ber brush, called a "complexion brush," has come into favor. It is a Boston notion," we believe. The brings a peculiar soft pinkness upon the skin. Among the good effects of its use soon apparent is the restoration of the skin to its natural texture in cases where the pores have become enlarged. This state of become enlarged. the skin often occurs, because the bath does not sufficiently soften and carry away the oily waste which the blood then the oily exudations remain and harden, and, moreover, become capped by impalpable dust, producing the odious "blackhead." The pressure of this hardened matter against the delicate walls of the pores enlarges and fixes their size. The rubber brush never fails to remove the dust, cap and sensitize the skin for the dissolving and cleansing action of the bath. The pores thus regularly relieved, nature again acts freely, the pores contract and the skin becomes again of its natural texture.

The brush also assists in the disintegration of the skin constantly going on, and removes the fine scales, thus helping to prevent the thickening, roughering and sallowing of the cuticle. It also acts very gently, but very urgently, upon the muscles be-neath the skin, keeping them in a healthy and vigorous state, and so helping to prevent the wrinkles women

What Is the Perfect Neck?

What is a perfect neck? This question was put to many of the well-known authorities on art here by the writer. In various respects as to coloring they differed, but as to formation they thoroughly agreed. A per-If lacking plumpness of parallel equalities it has awkward lines and inharmonious expressions. The poise of the neck is not a matter of cultivation. It is a heritage, like the shape of a finger or the formation of an ankle. You can improve on existing curves, but you can never utterly change them. Of the New York woinen who possess pratty necks Mrs. William Astor must be named first. She has a regal, queenly presence and a neck which matches. The curves are shapely turned, but always graceful. She wears a necklace of diamonds on all occasions. Mrs. low the chest line, otherwise the poise, coloring and construction of her neck is perfect. Mrs. Burk Roche and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, who are sisters, both have beautiful necks, and Mrs. William C. Whitney is noticeable in every gathering for her faultless shoulders and graceful neck. Mrs. Chauncey Depew has a dainty, slim, but graceful neck .- Pittsburg Leader's New York Letter.

Education of New York Society Women.

Boston is happy to know that New York society women are now being instructed in the science of correct speakable girls over there are wont to converse is to be overhauled by a person whose authority in language is pronounced impecable. Correct pronunciation is made, of course, a special feature in this person's code of instruction, and all slips in grammar to be despised by women whose early training has been neglected, but the worst of it is, such people are rarely conscious of their deficiencies, and "Murder the Queen's English" norance is the chief crime of civilization. If the world was all-wise it would be too good to live.

Children Need Change.

statesman, in the first of her valuable articles, "Hints from a Mother's Life," in the April Ladies' Home Journal, says: "Children are the better for frequent changes of room; they have to spend most of their time in the house; they require short intervals ter of toys; a quiet room is needed both for work and sleep. Home life to the younger members of a family and to the gentler sex means that by far the largest part of every day must be spent indoors, and half of it-at least for the very young-in the bedroom. No attempt should ever be made to rear children in a single room. More danger lies in this than many mothers imagine. The necessity of of yellow ribbons.

Plain white silk is used in the second fresh air in youth, when change and

A Burmless Cities Mistaken for a Murderer and kindshed With Bullets ... Terrible Results of You tirent Haste.

An old farmer and his wife were recently murdered under very brutal brush itself is simply a shaped piece elecumstances in Napa Valley, says of thick rubber, one of its surfaces cut the Fortnightly Review. The man deep into round tiny treth, while on who committed the murder was a the other are fastened two rubber Sweds named Olsen, and he at once disappeared. Every effort was made straps to admit the hand. The brush to find him and large rewards were is used both before and after the usual offered for him, either dead or alive. ablutions. The friction, even when He was heard of or supposed to be most vigorous, is gentle, agreeable and | heard of, at all sorts of places, but when hunted up he had either disappeared again, or it turned out to be the wrong man. His escape was the more remarkable, as be was a marked man, having a large scar on his face.

Some weeks after the murder a man was hunting for strayed cattle in the mountains and he came upon a small clearing. A cabin had been built and some land cleared, and the owner was splitting wood in front of his door. The hunter accosted him, and was invited to enter and have some breakfast, which he did. He then noticed that his bost was a man of a somewhat peculiar appearance, and that he had a large scar on his face; so after breakfast he abandoned his hunting and his cattle and rode home with all possible speed. There he gathered some of his

friends to aid him in the capture of this desperate criminal, and to share with him the blood money. They armed themselves mounted their horses and started for the scene of their enterprise. While they arrived at some distance from the cabin they dismounted, tied their horses, and then, forming a wide ring they stalked their prey, dodging from tree to tree, till they held him in a small circle. guarded on every side. No escape was possible this time, the brutal murderer was trapped at last, and his gallant captors could almost count the price they were to receive.

There he was, still in front of his cabin, sitting beside the pile of, wood he had chopped resting from his labors, his ax lying beside him, little thinking what was awaiting him. Yes, there was the very tell-tale scar fect neck must be twice as long as its on his face. There could be no miscircumference; that is a law of nature. take this time, and the reward was as good as won.

All of a sudden he hears that terrible Western cry. Throw up your hands" rang out from one of the trees a few yards from him. No, he is not going to surrender-he makes a bound for his ax to de end himself from his unseen foe, and the next instant falls, pierced by a volley from the rifles of his captors.

Well, it is all over now. The murder is avenged at last, and the murderer lies weltering in his blood, his white upturned face still showing the fatal scar.

the body to the authorities and claim a thin plate of silver, or ornamented John Jacob Astor, who has created the reward; but first they have a good with silver knobs as umbrella and some sensation by her beauty and look around the place to examine the grace has very nearly a perfect neck. den of the wild beast they have just The only fault lies in the thinness, the exterminated. Well, there is the collar bone protrudes too much be clearing he has made, and the wood he has cut, and there the cabin he has built, and there is something written over the cabin door. What

They examine it and a very strange sign they find it for a murderer to have written up above his abode: you. - New York Press. . Here the weary shall find rest. But probably even murderers need rest after they have been hunted all over the country, and has he not got the scar on his face? But still the captors have an uneasy feeling, and the blood money does not seem quite so certain as it was. They start for home, and the body is brought down to be identified. The sheriff of Napa, ing, says the Boston Post, and that or some who know the veritable Olthe slipshod English in which fashion sen, is sent for, and then it turns out that, despite the scar on his cheek, he is not the man they wanted.

And they had no difficulty in finding out who it was they had murdered for the price of his blood. He was a poor, harmless fellow, who had started fairly well off, but had been worstare looked after with a fierceness that | ed all through in the battle of life and brooks no reply on the part of the at last, beaten and weary of the fight, delinquent. Spelling and writing are forsaken by his friends and even by indirectly improved by such coaching, his wife, he had retired into the reas the mispronounced words are writ- mote spot in the wilderness, where, ten down on cards, to be pondered in alone and unfriended he hoped that secret, and correctly repeated at the the weary would find rest, and here next lesson. The idea is by no means at last he found it, the rest that at last he found it, the rest that knows no waking.

The Earth's Foundation.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bed rock of utter disregard of consequences. Ig the world. It shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is from two to ten times as thick as the united thickness of all the other rocks. It is the parent rock from which all other Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the British rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

The Glowworm.

The English glowworm is the wingless female of a winged beetle. Some suppose that the light she bears is bestowed for her protection to scare away the nightingale and other nocturnal birds. Others, however, bebetween their meals, with quick tran- lieve that the gift of brightness is the sitions from play to rest. The meals very lure by which her foes are should be taken where there is no lit- assisted to discover and devour her.

Worse Than Rotten Eggs.

Science has at last invented a worse smell than that from a bad egg. The smell that has added fresh purgatorial experiences to this life is a preparation of sulphide of ammonium, and enough of it to break up a political convention can be carried in a thin glass bulb in the vest pocket.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.

THE UNDERTAKER

Contracts Between the Source Directors of Yorklax and Long Ago.

As a rule undertakers are not populas, says the Circinnati Commercial-Garetie. Few people care to be very intimate with them. We all feel that while full of life and vigor we are objects of indifference to the undertaker. It is impossible for us to avoid suspecting that, as a thoughtful man. with an eye to business, he regards us with less complacency as active members of society than if we were quietly lying in our winding-sheets awaiting burnal. He knows, of course, that he cannot have our custom until we are dead, and it is natural to suppose that like other tradesmen he is anxious to secure customers. He is not to be blamed for this His family must have bread. And there are disheartening drawbacks to his business. He cannot issue flaming circulars inviting the public to patronize him and promising to put them under the sod with 'meatness and dispatch;" nor can be send out drummers' to bring in grist to his solemu mill. Long lists of references tell well in many kinds of business, but to whom shall the undertaker refer? Dead men give no certificates, and it is not etiquette for the living to puff the undertaker who has laid their friends or relatives in the dust. They may be very much obliged to him, but they don't like to say so On these accounts there is but little scope for energy, enterprise, and tact in the funeral business, and much time for slight cogitation. Hence undertakers are gene ally men of few words and of a reflective turn.

The vulgar sextons of the olden time may have been merry fellows. It would seem that in Shakespeare's time grave-diggers punned as they dug. But a modern undertaker is not a sexton. He is a dignified, ceremonious personage, and the 'havior of his visage is tristful. His bearing accords with his position as usher of the black rod to the court of death. Southey, the poet, illustrates the satisfaction with which the old-fashioned sextons were accustomed to receive the news of a bit of business "in their way" by a little anecdote. He says that while the sexton of an English town was showing him over the church somebody ran to announce the death of an old townsman. "Oh!" cried the grave-digger, clapping his hands delightedly; 'is he dead at last? Thank God! It's the best piece of news I've heard this many a-day!" The deceased it appeared, had left the man 5 shillings in his will on condition that he buried him in a particular corner of the churchyard. No modern undertaker would be so illbred as to express pleasure at the demise of a fellow-creature no matter how much he might have been set down for in the will of the deceased.

What It May Come to.

Silver is used so extensively in the making of articles which were formerly made of brass or iron, sometimes plated with silver that it would not surprise any one to see plano cases And now they prepare to carry down and articles of furniture covered with cane handles are.

One Advantage of Matrimony. Benedick-I should think you would get married.

Bachelor-I am just as well as I

Benedick (musingly)-I don't know. It's mighty handy to have somebody to blame when things go wrong with

FEMININITIES.

There are about four yards of very close sewing in a lady's 10-button glove. Girls need all their charms to make marriage a success, and should preserve them.

Children born in the spring are said to be more healthy than those born at any other season of the year.

One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it is just as well that it is so, for a great deal of scandal is thereby saved.

"You seem to think very highly of him. Does he praise your looks when you are with him?" "No; but he runs down those of the other girls."

"When I went away," said the returned wanderer, "Hardhit was crazed over Miss Icely. Did he ever get cured of his fancy for her?" "Oh, yes; she married him."

There is said to be nothing better for the complexion than to eat oranges and plenty of them. A famous French beauty often ate as many as two dozen oranges in a single day.

Green: "I find it cheaper to court summer girls in the winter and winter girls in the summer." White: "How do you make that out?" "Things are a little cheaper out of season."

"Why did you never marry, colonel?" "Well, it was a curious thing: but the only woman I could ever have been brought to marry labored under a very serious drawback." "What was that?" "She was never born."

Mrs. Oldboy: "Oh, you needn't talk, John. You was bound to have me, You can't say that I ever ran after yon." Oldboy: "Very true, Maria; and the trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the

an absent minded Toronto woman in her hurry to start for church took from a closeta pair of her husband's trousers for her dolman, threw them over her arm, and did not discover her mistake until she had thrown them over the back of a pew in front of her.

In London lately, in an action for breach of promise of marriage, the defendant put in the plea that he was insardle when the promise was made. This could not be considered a justifiable plea, for, whenever a man proposes to a lady, he is general supposed to be "madly in love."