

**WHAT THEY DO.**

All night long the little stars blink;  
 All night long they twinkle and wink;  
 All night long, when we're fast asleep,  
 Through the cracks in the shutters they  
 peep, peep, peep.  
 But what do they do when the daylight  
 comes?

When the sun wakes up and his big,  
 round eye  
 Stares and stares at the big, round sky,  
 The little stars nestle right down in their  
 own,  
 And their bright eyes close, while they  
 rest, rest, rest.  
 And that's what they do when the day-  
 light comes.

All day long in the warm summer time,  
 The posies blossom and creep and climb;  
 All summer long when the south winds  
 blow,  
 They nod their heads and they grow,  
 grow, grow,  
 But where do they go when Jack Frost  
 comes?

They wrap themselves in their faded  
 gowns,  
 And they take a trip to the rootlet towns,  
 When the icicle fringes begin to grow  
 And the air is full of the snow, snow,  
 snow,  
 And that's where they go when Jack  
 Frost comes.

And the little ones chatter the whole day  
 long,  
 Of building and weaving and lesson and  
 song,  
 All day long in the merriest way,  
 They laugh, and they work, and they  
 play, play, play,  
 But what do they do when the Dream-  
 man comes?

They nod and forget all their joys and  
 cares;  
 And they fold their hands, and they say  
 their prayers;  
 And under the blankets they gladly creep,  
 And they close their eyes, and they sleep,  
 sleep, sleep,  
 And that's what they do when the Dream-  
 man comes.

—Otis Globe.

**HER UNAVAIL-  
 ING SACRIFICE.**

It was very quiet, very tranquil, in barracks that day, and from the deserted grounds, where only a solitary sentry or two paced up and down, none of the usual barrack-room talk, laughter, or singing could be heard. For every soldier, band-man, and officer had been called to the officers' police quarters, where a fellow-soldier was being tried for his life by the court-martial. It was during the revolutionary days, when power was vested in the hands of the military. They had the right to say whether or not Private Santiago Moreno was guilty of manslaughter, and whether, in payment thereof, he should die.

No women were present in the grim, fortress-like quarters; only the soldiers who stood in silent, stern rows around the room. On the dais sat the colonel, the mayor, and some lesser officers; fronting them, straight and erect, with shoulders thrown back, stood the prisoner, Santiago Moreno. He was a good-looking fellow, and the star on his uniform lapel showed that he had received credit "for valor in the field." Not a flicker of an eyelid, not a movement, showed what he felt; there was not even a tremor when the colonel, after long and grave discussion, at the last stood up, with the other officers grouped about him, and pronounced the sentence of death—"that on the morning of the following day, Private Santiago Moreno would be escorted to the plains of San Geronimo, and there be put by the ley de fuga to death." That was all. The prisoner drew himself up, and saluted, his face no more concerned than that of the men about him, and was taken to his cell.

The soldiers melted away, group by group, some of them displaying sorrow, some unconcern, and others anger. For the slaying of his companion-in-arms by Private Moreno had been a very cold-blooded and more than usually wicked deed, even in a country where wicked deeds are common. For with deliberate intention Moreno had waited for the other, after parting with his sweetheart, Pancha, and coolly and methodically bored a dagger straight to his heart. For it he had offered no excuse or defense, stating simply that the murdered soldier had "annoyed Panchita; that a caballero cannot allow such a thing as the molesting of his novia."

In his small stone cell—once the room set apart for those about to suffer in the auto da fe of the inquisition days—Private Moreno walked about, whistling a gay Mexican dante, hunting the walls for writing material. He wanted to write adios to his sweetheart, he stated lightly to the warden, who was eying him warily, the hand on his pistol. Though Moreno might not be regarded, he was a man to be watched. But at the prisoner's wish to write a note to Panchita, the warden's face relaxed, and he offered to find pencil and paper. For Panchita was his own cousin, and every one loved the gay, pretty girl, with her artless, innocent ways that had lured two men on to death.

Four little Panchitas! Five minutes after the death sentence had been pronounced, she knew of it, and her door opened, was lying face downward on the cold stone floor, moaning and crying to the Virgin for help. It had all been so fast, as the knife—through the door—was about to penetrate, and how would she answer for that? The Panchita below her, dashed on to the floor and white, was a tiny, yellow

image of the Christ, with blood-stained body and hands. Underneath him hung the holy pictured face of the Virgin, and to the two, Panchita, weak and faint from long fasting and crying, was pouring out heart and soul. Only that Santiago—her Santiago—might be saved somehow—in some way. Ay buen Dios—Marie madre de Dios—take her life—her soul for torture in purgatory—only let Santiago escape! Too weak to pray aloud, she had crawled before the shrine, and with burning, tear-covered face was faintly whispering her petitions.

The girl drew herself up numbly on her knees, sobs that came from her very soul still shaking her slender body. A sound outside startled her, until she remembered that Santiago's mother had come to weep and lament with her own mother. Out there, in the patio, they were lamenting and wailing with loud cries. How could they do it like that—wailing and shrieking so that the neighbors could hear? How angry Santiago would be if he could hear them making such a noise over him! She cast one more pitiful glance at the Virgin, but the sweet, calm face was so quiet, so restful, so little disturbed. What was the use to ask her anything? No, there was no help. She stood up, tottering, and moved over to the window. There was no one in sight; the hot sunshine poured down on the yellow sandy street and the gray adobe walls. Out in the middle of the callejon some dogs and small children rolled and tumbled in the dust together in high glee. A burro, with melancholy face and long, drooping ears, munched alfalfa, while his owner drank pulque in the pulque-shop near by. It was all so ordinary, so everyday; and yet Santiago was to be shot to-morrow! That is, unless she could think of a plan to save him.

There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and bobbing of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing mare, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a mozo on a hacienda horse. Panchita thought dully that some one at the pulque hacienda of San Juan must be very ill and wanted the padre for confession. It would be a long ride for the good old man, because San Juan was many miles away. He would be absent from the town for over a day.

Pulling at the strings of his soutane, Padre Francisco rode on, his old black cloak flapping in the breeze. It was so old and shabby that even Panchita's dim eyes could not but remark it. Poor Padre Francisco, with no one to look after his clothes—he was a good man, and really deserved a better cloak than that shabby thing! Perhaps, if she asked her father, he would allow her to take the cloak that had belonged to her uncle, a priest of the same order as Padre Francisco, to give to the latter good man. And the hood that the padre wore, covering his head and nearly all his face—was ever anything seen like it? One could, of a surety, wear it to a masquerade; perhaps she might borrow it for the next "Balle de Mascaras." At the thought she laughed and choked—it would be a good disguise.

The next moment she was weeping her heart out, pressing passionate kisses on the cold feet of the Ivory Christ. He had heard her, after all, and the Virgin had helped her—interceded for her! For now she knew what to do, and Santiago should be saved. There was a plan—the Holy Mother had sent it to her. Now to carry it out.

At 6 o'clock that evening the soldier on guard before Santiago's door admitted without question the thin, stooped form of Padre Francisco, cloaked and hooded in his usual manner, and carrying prayer-books and rosary. The good father was silently telling his beads, and the soldier bowed humbly and crossed himself as he opened the door, speaking no word. For no Catholic is privileged to address a priest who is counting his rosary-beads—it is a sign that silence is desired.

The cell door opened and closed silently after the padre, and the warden outside heard a smothered, impatient ejaculation from Private Moreno, who was smoking a cigarette and trying to write that adios to Panchita. Then the door was locked, for the padre was going to confess the prisoner, and the guards retired, laughing at the idea of confession for Santiago—the wickedest dog in the army of Mexico.

Lounging in the doorway, the soldiers speculated lazily as to what was going on in the condemned cell. It was so quiet. Not even a murmur could be heard, and finally the men agreed that the padre was praying silently, with Santiago cursing in the other corner of the room.

It was dark—quite dark—when Padre Francisco came out, with head bowed lower than ever, cloak wrapped disconsolately about him, and fingers still telling his beads. He had been there for an hour, and surely Santiago was either talked down or dead by this time. "Shall we go and see?" asked a guard.

"No, hombre; let the poor brute alone," said another.

To the men who watched all night for fear that the prisoner might escape, it seemed a century before midnight gave way to the darkness that comes before dawn, though to the prisoner—quiescent! Such waiting is hard even on the men who are not to die, and there was a sound of relief when at last the first bugle sounded! It was time to get the prisoner and march. Because a soldier is allowed two privileges—to be executed before dawn, and to be shot in his uniform. There was no need to change the clothes of Private Santiago Moreno; so far as costume was concerned, he was ready.

In front of the prison, stiffly drawn up into line, in the darkness, stood the squad of the Twenty-third (Private Moreno's own regiment, who were to attend to the "law of God" and in the corridor waited impatiently the two guards who were destined to walk on

either side of him. The prisoner, however, was not ready; and deep disgust and scorn was shown on every face when the warden appeared and stated grimly that the prisoner was weeping come on him, and had begged one moment's grace. Weeping, indeed! A pretty way for a soldier of the Twenty-third to die! And men who had thought privately that they would aim low in the ley de fuga, hardened their hearts—a coward did not deserve such treatment.

That the prisoner, barely visible in the gray dawn, was perfectly calm and composed when he did appear made no difference to them; perhaps he had mustered up some courage, after his weeping, but he had played the coward for all that, and a coward's death was no loss.

Out on the bare, swampy plains of San Geronimo, just where Mount Ajusco rises up bleak and rock-covered, was the place of execution. The walk was not long for the men, to the sound of the muffled march, but very dreary. There was hardly light enough to see each other's faces, and the trees and cactus shrubs loomed up gray and ghostly along the side of the rocky trail. As for the condemned man, though he might have played the part of a coward in the prison, there was no sign of fear now. With quick, light steps, almost out-distancing the regular pace of the others, he walked out bravely, as though going to another decoration by el presidente, instead of to the death of a murderer, at the hands of the very men with whom he had fought at Matanzas, and Huella and other places, arm to arm, back to back.

Here was the spot. And, with his back to Ajusco, his feet sinking into the damp ground, and the gray mist of the morning resting like a pall about him, the prisoner was allowed to stand for a moment, while the Captain made a brief address, concluding with the statement that only because the prisoner was a soldier the "law of fire" would be put into effect; when the word "uno" was pronounced he was to run for his life. On the craggy side of Ajusco, he might find shelter, perhaps. "Uno—dos—tres" would be counted; at "tres" the squad would fire. Therefore he would have to hasten—otherwise, God have mercy on his soul.

"Atencion!" The soldiers stood on guard.

"Uno" was counted slowly. The prisoner stood stock still, and the man nearest swore that there was a smile on his face. "Dos"—(Dios de la vida, was he paralyzed, that he could not run, even to save his life?)—and at last, slowly, "Tres! Fire!"

Motionless, horrified, the men had watched. Still the prisoner stood there, head up and shoulders back. At the sound of the "tres," however, muskets were lowered, and every hammer pulled. Out thundered the salute of bullets, a veritable hail of them, and the solitary, pathetic figure tottered, then reeled over, face downward, in the damp grass. Dead, of course—how could it be otherwise? The Captain should have looked to make sure, but he wanted his breakfast and some cognac; merely glancing casually at the body, he gave the order to march, and with the marcha once more ringing out the men tramped back through the light of the coming day to barracks and breakfast, leaving the dead man alone on the plain.

The next day Private Santiago Moreno himself, whom we have seen shot and left dead on the San Geronimo plains, was there at sunset, pale, crazed with grief, and holding in his arms a dead body in the uniform of a soldier, but with the sweet, peaceful face of a woman who had offered up her life for a friend. When the sun went down his lifeless form remained, still clasping—even in death—the other body that had been thought his.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Recent Being Made a Show.**  
 "The Steerage of To-day" is the title of an article by H. Phelps Whitmarsh in the Century. Mr. Whitmarsh says: One evening several members of steerage No. 1 and I were grouped about the foremast, talking upon the all-absorbing subject, America. The conversation drifted into an argument on the equality of man, and this, in turn, led to a discussion as to the rights of the saloon passengers.

"If we ain't got no right to go into their quarters," said one of the men, "wot right 'ave they to come into ours? It 'ud be all right if they be 'aved their selves; but they don't, blast 'em! Anybody 'ud think as 'ow we was a lot of bloomin' lepers, to see the way they carries on—a 'oldin' 'andkerchiefs to their noses, an' a-droving their silk petticoats close to 'em, an' 'uptoin' an' 'eterlin'." "Ho, George," says the big woman with diamonds in 'er ears, as come down yesterday; "the pore, bloomin' crotchahs; but wot makes 'em smell so? Just as loud as that, mind you, S' 'elp me, I could 'a' tore 'er to pieces!"

As I happened to witness the incident so graphically described by the cockney, I could not help feeling that his anger was righteous.

**Measuring Tapes Made of Steel.**  
 Steel tapes for measuring are made in lengths varying from three to 1,000 feet. Tapes of 1,000 feet in length are made only one-eighth of an inch in width, so as to save weight, and are usually made to order. Tapes of great length are used in bridge and railroad work and in measuring streams. Sometimes two 1,000-foot tapes are joined in measuring.

**The First Printers.**  
 The first printers used to print only on one side of a page, and then pasted together the two blank pages to give the impression of one leaf.

There is enough salt in the sea to cover 7,000 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.

**FOR SUMMER GIRLS.**

**DAINTY FASHIONS FOR WARM WEATHER WEAR.**

**Threatened Revival of the Dreaded Overskirt—Some Very Elaborate Fancy Capes—Late Garments that Are "On the Bolero Style."**

**What Dame Fashion Dictates.**  
 New York correspondence.



It's a clever notion of the girl in the initial picture to allow the points of her lace bib to come over the band of the bodice in the way shown here. She thus avoids that sharp break of outline which often mars the grace of the bust curve. The belt is clever, too, for with the lines of delicate tucks that cover the entire torso portion of the dress, that part of the body would be thrown into undue prominence were it not for the break at the waist. She also has met very prettily the requirements of her dress in the parasol she carries. An elaborate affair would not do, but the latest, a plain silk in a harmonizing color edged with pinking of contrasting or plaid ribbon, is just right.

The classic girl comes to the front with the re-entrance of trailing skirts. One of the loveliest classic gowns the season has shown comes direct from a master designer. You can tell it as the result of a master hand from its simplicity and the apparent lack of effort in its make-up. The polonaise is revived in it with charming variation, the material being of the very softest. The polonaise is drawn to the figure by a belt that stops either side of the front, allowing the garment to blouse

suggested further by rows of braiding that extended to the belt and below, spreading slightly on the bust and stopping at the edge of the luscious yoke. Waist and skirt may be separate at the belt, but then the polonaise is an overskirt, and that is still a dreaded word. A feature of this gown was the matching of yoke and sleeves, which were elaborately puffed lawn over satin. The dress itself was almost green chaille. Remaining in this picture is one of the least objectionable of the overskirt models—an apron design that allowed the under-



THE PRESENT ORDER OF BOLEDO.

skirt pretense to show high at one side, while the counterfelt overskirt closed on the other side. It was in silver gray cashmere of a delightfully light and fine quality. Below the apron, which was outlined with violet satin ribbon, the skirt was full, in the Spanish flounce shape. The bodice of this dress was highly ornate. The upper part consisted of tiny pleatings alternating with violet satin ribbon to which violet chiffon frills were attached by their upper edges. Below these came three rows of ribbon with ends interlaced near the waist, a similar garniture appearing on the sleeves. Collar and belt were violet satin.



THE OVERSKIRT AS NOW SHAPING.

and to open over the under gown, which shows from yoke line to foot of skirt. The polonaise is cut to about the bend of the knees in the back, and slopes to points that reach the foot of the skirt. The skirt trails slightly and is open in front, following the line of the polonaise and showing the under gown. All suggestion of monotony or too great length is avoided by the collarette that edges the tiny yoke and breaks the long line of the under gown. The yoke matches the under gown, and it and the front of the under gown to well below the waist are embroidered. The sleeves do not call attention to themselves. The entire result is so perfect that you can hardly spoil it by bad coloring even. For summer the idea carried out in ivory shades of white India silk over mull will be exquisite. Of course, the under gown is only a pretense suggested by panel and yoke. The model gown appearing at the left in to-day's second illustration

The crop of new fancy capes that women are now gathering includes a lot of extremely highly wrought examples. As in their last period of fashionableness, many of these capes are made to display just all the ornamentation that they can possibly carry, and again, many of them are far more correctly classified as accessories than as garments. One would think that the most extravagant lover of finery would be satisfied with her pick of these, but it does not prove so. Hence fashionable endorsement for elaborate mantles of which two types are put here.

Time was when it was regarded as a bit of unconventionality to plan even a ball gown with one sleeve different from the other, but now this piquancy appears on the street dress, a big bow being set at one shoulder and not at the other. The gown just considered was found in pale gray cashmere, the lace yoke over white satin and the cloth skirt ending with scrolled embroidery over an underskirt of white satin. The velvet trimming was turquoise blue, but it could be orange. For a brunette the same idea could be in a cream color with velvet, the under skirt burnt orange, the ribbons to match, and soft yellow lace over white satin in the yoke. Color counts a great deal more than it used to in our costumes.



SUDDING CAPES FOR ELABORATENESS.

Black velvet stocks with the effect of steel bead embroidery have belts to match. Pale gray stocks with vest fronts and belts to match and the steel embroidery effect are for more dressy wear, as are those of pale pink and blue.

A pretty hat now popular is a white leghorn with yellow plumes, white daisies lace trimming and long streamers.

The English walking hat still holds a place in fashion, and is often prettily trimmed with plumes and jab.

**Nebraska Notes**

An old man by the name of Keisser of Salem who has for the past two and a half years resided at the county poor farm, was struck by the eastbound freight No. 68 Thursday and killed. The train crew brought him to the depot where he died shortly after arriving. The old man was about seventy years old and was quite feeble and somewhat demented. He left the poor farm the day before, staying all night with a farmer about a mile east of town and continued his journey west the next morning. He conversed with parties at the depot in the morning and by his talk they concluded that he was un-sound mentally. He stopped at the section house and was given something to eat after which he went on up the track a short distance and sat down. The engineer upon coming around a bend saw the old man and whistled which caused him to get up and endeavoring to walk past the train was struck by one of the box cars which hurled him to the ground his head striking against the end of a tie crushing his skull, and badly disfiguring his face. After the arrival of the coroner and the selection of a jury the old man was examined and upon his person was found several small packages covered with rags and securely sewn, which upon investigation were found to contain small bits of iron and steel, old nails and pieces of old files. Mr. Cook, keeper of the poor farm came up and identified him. The jury then rendered their verdict stating that it was accidental, exonerating the train crew as they were in no way at fault. He was buried Friday at the expense of the county. There being no relatives to assist that last sad rite.

J. S. Putman, an old man who has been a resident of Beatrice for probably twenty-five years, was found dead in a small house on lower Eighth street Wednesday morning which he called home. He laid on his bed with one arm folded across his breast, death having evidently come as quietly as had been the old gentleman's life. He was eighty-five years old last January. No one here knows anything about his history previous to coming here. As he has for years been too old and feeble to do much work, he managed to eke out an existence by taking care of one or two offices and of the Knights of Pythias hall. The Knights have employed him constantly for over ten years, and he had long since become to be so much a protege of the lodge that several years ago the members, knowing his condition, placed him upon a monthly pension sufficiently large to keep him. Immediately upon learning of his death the lodge ordered his remains taken care of by Undertaker Scott and he was buried under their auspices at 10:30 yesterday forenoon. Putman's home presented the appearance of a hermit. He never had any visitors except his washer woman with an occasional call from some neighbor who took a kindly interest in him. A little money was found in his purse. He died just as his few close acquaintances have expected for years he would die. The last that was seen of him alive was about noon Tuesday. No inquest was had, the coroner, after viewing the remains and talking with some of the K. P. members, deciding it unnecessary. The remains were buried in the Knights of Pythias lot in the new cemetery, Rev. O. S. Dudley officiated.

The many friends of J. S. Hoagland who was at an early day sheriff of Lancaster county, but is now practicing law at North Platte, will be glad to know that his son Arthur, who was severely injured in a railroad accident on the U. P. at Julesburg last December, has just arrived home after six months' suffering at St. Joseph's hospital in Omaha. Arthur is the youngest son of J. S. Hoagland who is a brother of Lincoln's child of police and many Lincolnite will remember him as he received his education in the public schools and graduated in the Lincoln business college. While braving on the U. P. last December his left arm was run over and crushed in a horrible manner so that for many weeks the question of removing the arm to save the young man's life was a serious one, but the arm and life also were saved. He returned to his parents Friday with the injured member somewhat crippled but eyes with its limited use it is of much more value than an artificial arm.

E. S. Chadwick, an old and respected citizen of St. Paul committed suicide early Friday morning. He had been suffering greatly with neuralgia lately and judging from the tenor of the note he left his family he had resolved to end it all. He leaves a wife and three children. One of the boys is with company B, second regiment Nebraska volunteers at Chickamauga. He has been one of the leading citizens here since 1871.

During the storm Tuesday evening hail and wind worked havoc among the farmers a few miles northwest of Geneva.

The immense alfalfa crop is being cut in Dundy county and it is the heaviest ever harvested here. The rain is retarding the work somewhat. All crops are in a most flourishing condition.

J. E. Case arrested three men at the fair grounds at Syracuse, Friday afternoon on a message from the Omaha chief of police, that they were wanted by grand jurymen summoned in Omaha.