

## TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

### The Mission Women in the Fijis.

Among the friends made in the early days of my ministry, writes G. W. Payne, in the New Voice, was the Rev. William Moore, now deceased, and several members of his family. Mr. Moore labored for many years in the Fijian Methodist Mission, his career dating back into the dark days of lust and blood amid which that mission began. His party landed among cannibal savages. Anarchy and bloodshed prevailed on every side. The missionaries were frequently threatened with instant destruction, their houses destroyed and their property stolen. In other parts of the group mission workers found a martyr's death. Many stirring incidents occurred in the earlier and darker days of their work which have never been recorded. The incident of which I write was related some years since in my hearing.

Shortly after the advent of the mission party referred to, a leading chief, named Thakomban, acquired considerable influence over the savages throughout the group. He was a man of great intelligence and striking personality. In later years, by wise statecraft, he brought the scattered tribes of Fiji into some semblance of true nationality. But his superiority displayed itself during early manhood in the successful conduct of numerous wars with neighboring tribes. After every battle, cannibal feasts were held to celebrate a victory or to ameliorate the chagrin of a temporary repulse. At such times prisoners captured in war or kidnapped from hostile villages were clubbed and eaten. After some years the missionaries succeeded in rescuing many of the prisoners destined for death, and occasionally in checking the wild orgies over those actually slain.

During one of the frequent tribal wars the missionaries journeyed to a distant village with a view of reconciling the tribes concerned. Thakomban, for the time being, resided in a village adjacent to the mission station. During the absence of the missionaries a party of his warriors brought in seven women captured while gathering food on the plantations of their enemies. The chief forthwith decided to celebrate a great feast, and all night long preparations were in progress. In the early morning news came to the mission house that crowds were gathering to witness the slaughter of the captives and to participate in the feast. The wives of the missionaries were alone with their little ones and a few faithful attendants, while the country was full of yelling savages. In the absence of their husbands no one remained to denounce the iniquity or plead for the victims. After brief consultation these heroic women, leaving their little ones and commending all to God, determined to act as the missionaries would have done had they been at home. When they reached the scene the butchery had begun. Three bodies lay side by side, the skulls dashed in by the death-club. Without a moment's hesitation these dauntless women confronted the frowning chief, denouncing the horrid iniquity of it all and warning him of the wrath of heaven against his deeds. Then they pleaded for the lives of the remaining captives. The chief waited till they had finished speaking. All present expected to see an outburst of rage culminating in the death of those who dared to cross his purpose in such a way. A word, or even a gesture, and their bodies would have lain beside those at their feet. For a moment a lurid gleam shot into the fierce countenance; but it passed as quickly as it came.

"What I have killed I have killed," he said. "The others are yours. Take them. Go!"

With feverish haste the noble women loosed the bonds of the captives and led them away.

### One Gun Against a Regiment.

A fresh story of a naval officer's courage in the Philippines is brought to Washington by Surgeon Stone, late of the Bennington, who is now in the city. Its hero is Lieutenant Emory Winship, also of the Bennington, and now on leave in this country, recovering from the effects of five Mauser bullets gathered in various parts of his anatomy while saving a landing party of 125 men from being cut up by a regiment of Filipinos.

It happened shortly after the bombardment of Malabon, about March 5, that Admiral Dewey expressed a wish for some photographs of the earthworks and houses that had been struck by the ten-inch shells from the Monadnock. Commander Tausig said that if he were allowed to land a few boat loads of men he could get all the photographs wanted. It was believed at that time that the hostiles had all vacated that part of the shore, so permission was given to land a party. Several boats, with between 125 and 150 men, started ashore and on landing made for an old church which was the chief object of interest.

A false idea of security led them to advance very carelessly, throwing out no advance and taking nothing but their side arms. Only a boat guard of two men under Winship was left to keep up steam in the launch which had towed in the landing party, but fortunately the launch had a small automatic gun mounted forward, and Winship was well acquainted with its working.

The landing party had gone inland some little distance, when they were surprised by a whole regiment of Filipinos, who suddenly appeared out of

the jungle. The natives advanced on the run, shooting wild, but confident of cutting off the whole party. Those ashore expected little else, but seeing it was a case of a foot race or a funeral, they doubled back for the boats, yelling lustily. That was where Winship came on in a star part. He unlimbered his machine gun on the Filipinos, calculating closely, so as not to enfilade his own comrades.

It was practically one man against a thousand, and the natives came on with a rush, hoping to put the lone gunner out of action before his fellows could reach the launch. Winship received the bulk of their fire, thereby also contributing to the safety of the landing party, but he stood up to his work. He was struck five times—once in the shoulder, the arm, the hip, and twice in the leg. He braced himself and continued to train the gun while his men fed it ammunition. Thirty Filipinos dropped under his fire before the little jungle men decided they had enough. Their rush was checked and then they ran, pursued by the relentless fire of Winship's lone gun.

The retreating boat crews reached the shore just in time to see Winship sink down in the bow of the launch. The closest estimate that could be made of the enemy's loss was about sixty killed and wounded.—Washington Star.

### Just Saved From Death.

A thrilling incident occurred a few mornings ago at the E. and O. S. W. Railroad bridge over Hogan Creek, near Lawrenceburg, Ind. Two men named Hatch and Powell were walking across the bridge when train No. 4, known as the "Newspaper Train," from St. Louis, came rolling down upon them. It was too great a distance from end to end of the bridge for the men to escape in that way, and to leap from it meant a fall of sixty feet and almost certain death. To lie down on each side of the track was almost sure death, as there was not room enough. In terror the two men laid down by the side of the rails. Frank Evans, the engineer, saw the men and reversed his engine with such promptness and applied the brakes with such energy that the flying train was brought to a sudden standstill. It was none too soon, for when the engine stopped the two men lay pinioned, bruised and bleeding, beneath the ponderous engine that held them fast in the very jaws of an impending death. Evans called out to the helpless men: "Keep quiet, I will save you," then slowly backed the train off the imprisoned men and off the bridge, so that they could crawl out of the reach of further danger. Their clothes were in rags, but their limbs were unbroken.

### The Bugler Who Forgot.

It is not often that an enlisted man gets a chance to run a part of the fight to suit himself. That chance, however, came to one bugler. Captain Hannay, finding that L Company was too far away to hear orders, sent his bugler after the company to sound the charge. At the first notes L flew onward. It was right here that the bugler forgot, for the time being that he was only the commanding officer's orderly. He saw another chance for L to move on the jump—too good a chance, he thought, to be lost. He sounded once more, and Lieutenant Ross, imagining, of course, that the order came from Captain Hannay, executed it. Not even yet was the bugler's thirst for forward action sated. He sounded again and again, as the heat of generalship made his blood flow fast and hot. By the time the bugler came to himself and relinquished the duties of fight-director, the poor fellows of L Company were troubled with shortness of breath. In this brisk affair, according to the official report, the dead reached a total of about sixty, including some officers. It is the enemy's dead that is meant, of course. Twenty-one Mausers and six Remingtons were the spoils of this field.—Manila Correspondent in Leslie's Weekly.

### Adventure With a Bear.

While berrying on the Ammenia Mountains a few days ago Mrs. Samuel Stanton, of Canton, Penn., was startled by a crackling sound in the bushes. Investigation revealed a huge black bear eating berries off a bush. The beast came at her and seized her bucket of berries, while the woman, terrified, fled down the mountain with the bear following her. Hunters who went out found the empty bucket, but no bear.

### Li Hung Chang No Patriot.

"I regret to say that I may have to shatter a possible American idea," says Admiral Charles Beresford. "Li Hung Chang is no patriot. He is nothing but a selfish old millionaire, anxious to make money at the expense of his country's ruin."

"It doesn't make any difference what his political sympathies are, whether he is the friend of Russia or England. He is a cipher, without office and without influence."

"His successor as Viceroy of China is Jung Lu, now the diplomat of highest rank in the Empire. He is friendly to the 'open door,' though it be held open with the iron hand. The Emperor of China is still alive, reports of his assassination to the contrary notwithstanding. He was a reformer, but he tried to reform too fast."

"You can't alter the system of 4000 years in a few months, and, as he tried, he was asked to step down. The Dowager Empress, who has been a power in Chinese palace politics for two generations, rules as regent in the name of the Emperor."—New England Magazine.

Norwegian legislators propose that girls who do not know how to knit, sew, wash and cook should be refused permission to marry. Daughters of wealthy men are not to be excepted.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

### The Ideal Mother.

She never describes her aches and pains. She never dwells on unpleasant reminiscences. She is never a martyr. She never corrects the children in the presence of any one. She lets everyone have affairs of his or her own. She is always polite and cordial to the children's friends.—Philadelphia Record.

### Keep Up the Diary.

A thoughtful woman says that the "journal habit" should be discouraged in young girls, as writing down the thoughts, feelings and impressions tends to the development of self-consciousness and introspection at a time when they can do more harm than good. A diary, however, is a different matter, and should be encouraged, as it may be of value in after years, in its record of dates and happenings.

### Female Nimrods.

Lady Hopetoun, wife of the Lord Chamberlain, is one of the cleverest of a galaxy of female Nimrods, which includes Lady Sandhurst, Lady Beaumont and the Duchess of Bedford, and she can bring down any animal from a partridge to a stag as skillfully as can most men. In Australia she used to practice regularly at the rifle range, and her score of "bulls" was the envy of many mer shooters. Deer stalking is her favorite relaxation, and many a fine buck has fallen to her gun.

### The Revival of Coral.

Coral beads used to be considered the correct and necessary thing to wear, with muslin gowns and other pretty, old-fashioned toilets appropriated by the present fashion. Perhaps, also, if there be one color in jewelry as to the beauty of which all tastes, from the least cultivated to that of the connoisseur, accord, it is red in its various tones. Its revival began in the favorite old form of beads. It has found its best field again in the fashionable long chains, and it is in this line that jewelers make their principal display. Next to chains in extent of display come brooches and pins. A dainty new fancy noted is the combination of pearls and coral in one or two fine brooches, the design being a crescent inclosing a star. An establishment catering to the finest trade reports coral unequivocally as "coming in," and displays a variety of chains and some new designs in pins and brooches.

### Commonplace Girls.

The brilliant and unusual girl gets more than her meed of praise, but we just go on loving the commonplace girl for the nice little part she plays in life and seldom think of telling her what we do. And the commonplace girl is so apt to underestimate her worth. You know that time and again she has come to you for comfort because she declared she was such a social failure, such a commonplace mortal.

My dear little commonplace girl, it is the commonplace men and women who make up the greater part of the world, and it is the commonplace men and women who attend to the small but necessary matters that go to make up the great sum total of our lives and the world's affairs generally. The geniuses are too busy to look after small matters, and, besides, the geniuses are so few! Maybe out of a thousand folk there will be but one unusual one. The balance are just commonplace.

The commonplace woman is not the inferior woman. The commonplace woman comes just up to the accepted standard of what a woman should be, when all is said and done. Each of us may have an ideal, but we are all quite conscious that in some way, as time has passed on into eternity and Mother Eve's daughters have lived and loved and worked and smiled, a standard has been fixed. To sink below it is sadly disappointing to those who look for all that is best in womanhood; to rise above it puts one in the ranks of the unusual. Our greatness or our inferiority, as men and women, only stands out prominently because there is a standard.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### How to Take Care of Pearls.

Pearls are undoubtedly one of the most beautiful of precious stones, and those persons who are fortunate possessors of them have, doubtless, been puzzled many a time as to the best way of keeping them nice.

A good way of brightening up the appearance of pearls is to wash them in soap and water, that is, if they are what is known as "whole" pearls. But should they be only half pearls, the greatest care must be exercised in keeping them out of water, as this fluid affects their color and lustre, and in time causes them to become quite black.

People who possess a ring or brooch that consist of half pearls find it a most difficult matter to clean them. When they look dirty, just take a dry, clean leather and polish them, and then that being done take a soft brush and go gently over the settings, and you will be surprised at the increased lustre and clean look which this simple process has given to the pearls.

Pearls are valued according to their color and lustre, and so, if the color fades, so does the value, and pearls that are kept locked up for any length of time lose their color entirely. The wearing of pearls do them far more good, and the great pity is that some people who have in their possession pearl necklaces and rings never allow them to see daylight, but keep them locked away in a jewel case, and thus

the color and the value of the pearls are ruined. Pearls should never be kept locked up for more than a week at a stretch, and if possible they should be worn every day, and in the end you will be rewarded by seeing how much handsomer they have become through contact with the fresh air.—Woman's Life.

### The Woman of the Angelus.

Barbizon, a little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, a short distance from Paris, has become a goal of pilgrimage for many admirers of Millet's work, and particularly for those who know that the woman who suggested to the great painter his famous picture of "The Angelus" still lives there in a little cottage a stone's throw from where she was born. Mere Adele's home is a small vineyard cottage, in which she lives a frugal but comfortable life, troubled only by the overinquisitive tourists and by her rheumatism. She must have been an attractive woman once, for even now, although she has witnessed the passing of more than threescore years and ten, there are traces of former beauty in her wrinkled face.

Mere Adele is a lady, though she has worn her fingers blunt by toil, and her form is bent under the burdens she has had to bear. When she looks at you her smile is like a benediction, and the beautiful things of earth are not lost upon her. Her manner is cheerful, as one who feels she has not lived in vain. If questioned closely she will tell you of the day when the great artist came through the dense forest with his wife and children, leaving behind him the gay city of Paris with its schools of painting and its models. She knows a great deal of the very hard days which followed for Jean Francois Millet—the toil, the anxiety, the disappointments. She nursed his five children, and did the little field-work in the garden adjoining the cottage. When he saw his nurse-girl, Adele, and her father reverently bowing their heads in prayer at the ringing of the Angelus he conceived the picture which, if not his best work, is yet the best known, and the one most appreciated by the people. Mere Adele calls herself a child of God. She looks it in the painting, and she lives it every day in her humble cottage.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Gossip.

The chignon is to be revived. Rosa Bonheur was of Jewish extraction. Women have been enfranchised in Western Australia.

In one month Helen Gould received over six hundred begging letters.

Baroness James de Rothschild owns the finest collection of fans in Europe.

Sarah Bernhardt is writing her reminiscences. They will fill two large volumes.

News from London states that Lady Warwick is doing good work for the labor movement in England.

Archduchess Stephanie, daughter of the King of Belgians, is known to her friends by the nickname of "Step."

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan owns a dinner service that cost \$50,000. It is made of silver gilt, and there are 300 pieces in the set.

While it is conceded that the study of astronomy calls for abstract and exact thought, yet many women have gained eminence in this science.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and they are often found to be most excellent and delightful mariners.

The Kansas State Federation now consists of ninety-two clubs, with about four thousand members, an increase the last year of one thousand members.

Mrs. Phoebe R. Sturtevant, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., has agreed to furnish the greater part of the money to build a \$70,000 dormitory for girls at the Hebron (Me.) Academy.

A noted costumer of London says he has designated \$200,000 worth of costumes for one woman, while a pair of stockings he provided for a noted belle cost \$500 and a tea gown \$8500.

Mrs. Caroline B. Nichols, of Boston, is making a name for herself as one of the most competent musical directors in the country. She is leader and musical director of the Boston Woman's Faded Orchestra.

Miss Daisy Lester, who will be remembered by her American friends as a superb horseback rider, has taken up elephant riding as an amusement while in India. She has a pet elephant, which she is training herself.

### Toilet Hints.

Never mistake fads for fashions. Gloves and shoes too small are decidedly bad form.

Ripped garments and frayed edges are fatal to smartness.

A sense of appropriateness in attire is more desirable than riches.

Good grooming is the necessary preliminary to smart dressing.

The little spade-fronted jacket again is coming in for a good deal of esteem.

Well-brushed skirts, well-cleaned shoes, and a trim waist-line costs nothing.

Learn how to carry the body correctly if you expect to carry your clothes well.

Fresh linen is as essential to the smartly dressed girl as to the correctly dressed man.

Dry hair and scaly scalp require nourishing. Rub a little olive oil into the roots of the hair with the finger tips twice a week, making partings over the head for that purpose.

Sweet spirits of nitre is one of the best and simplest of toilet waters. It is an excellent deodorizer, and while possessing no actual fragrance itself, imparts a most acceptable aroma of cleanliness.

### "GANGWAY!"

A New War Cry Raised by Our Men in the Philippines.

The Manila correspondent of Collier's Weekly, writes as follows: The enemy were invisible and shooting. That made it necessary for Uncle Sam's troopers to get on until they got near enough to get a good close view of the little brown enemy. And they did it with splendid spirit, rushing, shooting, cheering and laughing. Two companies of Cook's battalion of the Third were ordered to the left of the railroad, while the other two companies, under Captain Cook, kept to the right of the track. All four of the companies were made up mainly of "rookies," as recruits are called, but they made up in spirit what they lacked in effective drill.

As the two companies to the left of the track, under Captain Day and Lieutenant Hannay, got their first glimpse of the shooting enemy their officers shouted out to steady their commands. It was unnecessary. One tall rooky, who was the first to catch sight of the heads of the mass of Filipinos ahead, yelled gleefully: "Gangway!" With one accord the two companies took up the cry of "Gangway!" and on they rushed. It was their slogan. They kept it up until they reached the thrown-up dirt of the trench and saw the Filipinos, now an irregular mass, fleeing a hundred yards ahead of them. The Filipinos gained another trench, but "Gangway!" was the battle cry that drove them out of it. It was the same with the third line of trenches. Parenthetically, it is understood, of course, that our boys shot off something besides "Gangway!" Dead and wounded Filipinos strewed the ground and filled the trenches. Our losses all along the line that day were trifling by comparison. Day's and Hannay's companies, for instance, which suffered rather more than the average losses, had five men killed and eleven wounded.

But that cry of "Gangway!" is famous over in the Philippines lines. Insurgents who have been brought in either wounded or prisoners have inquired eagerly the meaning and potency of that mysterious Yankee word which invariably preceded a Filipino retreat. And so the Third has contributed another famous word to the technical slang of the American soldier.

### Indian Village Lost.

Historians are at a loss to account for the apparent ruins of an Indian village in Silver Creek Township, Michigan, about half a mile west of Indian Lake. In 1843, when William Gilbert, one of the wealthiest farmers in this section, built his house in this locality, he built upon the ruins of what had evidently been a church. In fact, settlers in the twenties claim to have attended church there, the service being conducted by a priest from Bertrand or Notre Dame.

Other old settlers state that in the early thirties one Slater taught school there, later going to the vicinity of Yankee Springs and continuing that occupation there. The fact of its being a schoolhouse would not preclude its being used occasionally as a church, and there are in existence in this city records of baptism of Indian children at the "Church of the Indian Village."

On this same farm were ruins of nine sugar camps, each about twelve by sixteen in size, with holes bored in a log at the back, in which sticks had been driven on which to make their beds. Copper kettles were used, and copper knives, nails and hatchets, of poor temper, have been plowed up there. There is not an Indian in this vicinity who knows anything about this church or school, yet the evidence that one did exist is indisputable.

Indian Lake was named from the fact that this locality was the favorite resort of the Indians in the maple sugar season.—Detroit News.

### Dentist Tells by Signs.

A peculiar actual or imagined correspondence has been developed between physical acts and mental attitudes. The elocutionist declares that the sledgehammer gesture indicates emphasis and the hands opened with an outward spread of the arms candor. The student of handwriting assures you that the up curl at the end of a word indicates a hopeful mood and the droop a despondent one; that if the handwriting begins boldly and ends in smaller characters a weak will is indicated, and vice versa. Curly hair is supposed to imply a quick temper, and the dentists will tell you that the teeth of the curly haired man pull hard.

"I can tell as far as I see a man," one of them remarked, "whether his teeth will be difficult to pull. If he has a bull neck and curly hair, you will need your strongest forceps. Somehow the roots curl themselves up in the bony tissue of the jaw in as much of a tangle as the hair itself."—New York Mail and Express.

### Eats and Trap Swallowed by a Snake.

A remarkable snake story that is vouched for by the family of Charles Braddock, Sr., of Shamong Township, N. J., is told by John Deltett, the hired man.

Deltett went to the barn the other day to milk the cows. Upon entering one of the stalls he saw a large white-throated blacksnake. It was curled up in an apparently comfortable position, and it was noticed that a rat's tail was hanging from its mouth. Deltett summoned Mr. Braddock and other members of his family. At first the men arranged to give battle to the reptile, when it was found to be dead. An examination showed that in its hunger and greed to get the rats, three in number, the snake had swallowed the trap and all. This caused its death.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Letters and the Man—A Man of Method—Whose the Blame?—Indelibly Imprinted—All Talk—Giving Herself Away—Beyond Expectations, Etc.

For mischief done naught can atone. The letters men have failed to send.

And hearts are pierced with harsh intent by letters better left unsent.

Great woe comes to us, I believe, From letters that we don't receive.

But heaven on our soul do sit Those letters that I've never writ.—Chicago Record.

### A Man of Method.

"Isn't Stubbins rather irregular in his habits?"

"No; when he borrows he never pays."

### Whose the Blame?

"It is false, absolutely false!" she exclaimed. "He never kissed me."

"His fault or yours?" inquired her dearest friend insinuatingly.

### Indelibly Imprinted.

"I shall never forget that lady lecturer; she made a profound impression on me."

"By her intellect?"

"No; she wore a baby-blue sash cinched crooked at the back."

### All Talk.

Smith—"You say that you have a speaking acquaintance with Brown, yet I notice you never speak on the street to him."

Jones—"No; my speaking acquaintance with Brown occurred over a telephone."—Judge.

### Giving Herself Away.

Mrs. Bainbridge—"She doesn't belong to the best society."

Mrs. Marshmallow—"Doesn't she?"

Mrs. Bainbridge—"No, she doesn't. Why, would you believe it, anybody can read her handwriting at the first trial."—Judge.

### Beyond Expectations.

"How did your picnic pan out?" was asked of the cynic, who had gone against his will.

"Great! Never so well satisfied in my life. I counted on rain, but we had hail and a young cyclone in addition."—Detroit Free Press.

### At the Circus.

Something new in hydraulics.



### Retort Courteous.

"I punish you," said the foad mother, "my child, to show my love for you."

"It isn't necessary," replied the bright child, "for your love to work overtime on my account, ma."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Song-Service After the Sermon.

"Did you hear the music, Edith?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you tell me how it sounded?"

"It sounded—it sounded like an ice-cream soda tastes, mamma, just after one has been to a funeral."—Judge.

### Outclassed.

"You must remember," said the proud Yankee girl, "that I am a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the beautiful, dark-eyed woman from Central America, "I am a Daughter of Six Revolutions."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Reasoning It Out.

"Judge, they are accusing you of favoring your friends and being too severe on your enemies when you get a chance at them."

"Oh, well, it will average up all right in the long run, so justice in the abstract is none the loser."—Indianaapolis Journal.

### Outlanders.

She (at the depot)—"It must be awfully hard for these poor foreigners who come to this country to find them selves strangers in a strange land."

He—"Oh, they don't mind it! You see, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands."

She—"True; I never thought of that."—Chicago News.

### A French Court-Martial.

First Witness—"The prisoner is innocent!"

Second Witness—"The prisoner is guilty!"

First Witness (defiantly)—"Of precisely what is the prisoner guilty?"

Second Witness (more defiantly)—"Of precisely what is the prisoner innocent?"

First Witness—"Ha!"

Second Witness—"Ha!"

(Red face and threats to clear the court room if applause continues).—Washington Star.