

ing through the darkness.

"Yes-I-I suppose I must."

liberate.

#### SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth in-fantry from Fort Bethane trapped by hulians in a narrow gorge. A mong them is a stranger who introduces himself by he name of Hampton, also Gillis the out trader, and his daughter. Gillis and majority of the soldiers are killed dur, in a three days' siege. Hampton and he girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A ompany of the Soventh cavalry, Lieut brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in hencaid, Mrs. Duffy, proprietess Hampton is pleture and tells him what she can be kid, she shows him her moth is pleture and tells him what she could be kid, eruns away from Mrs. Herndon's be kid, eruns away from Mrs. Herndon's and rejoins Hampton.

## CHAPTER VIII. Continued.

He extended his hand, and drew her up beside him into the shaded corner. Well," he said, "teli me the truth." "I've quit, that's all, Bob. I just

couldn't stand reform any longer, and so I've come back here to you."

The man drew a deep breath. "Didn't vou like Mrs. Herndon?" "Oh, she's all right enough, so far as

that goes. 'T ain't that; only I just didn't like some things she said and did.

"Kid," and Hampton straightened up, his voice growing stern. "I've got to know the straight of this. You say you like Mrs. Herndon well enough. gloom. but not some other things. What were they?"

The girl hesitated, drawing back a little from him until the light from the saloon fell directly across her face. Well," she declared, slowly, "you see it had to be either her or-or you, Hob, and I'd rather it would be you." "You mean she said you would have

to cut me out entirely if you stayed there with her?"

She nodded, her eyes filled with entreaty. "Yes, that was about it. I wasn't ever to have anything more to do with you, not even to speak to you if we met-and after you'd saved my life, too."

"Never mind about that little affair, Kid," and Hampton rested his hand gently on her shoulder. "That was all in the day's work, and hardly counts for much anyhow. Was that all she said?"

"She called you a low-down gambler, a gun-fighter, a-a miserable barroom thug, a-a murderer. She-she said that if I ever dared to speak to you again, Bob Hampton, that I could leave her house. I just couldn't stand for

Three men sat at the single table, cards in hand, and Hampton involentrance, his coarse mouth instantly taking on the semblance of a smile.

"Ah, Bob," he exclaimed, with an evident effort at cordiality; "been wonthe night was over. You're the very stuff

his manner coolly deliberate, his face

trude," he explained, quietly, watching He led her down the steps, out into the uplifted faces. "I believe I have the jostling crowd below, as if she had never before met these gentlemen." been some fairy princess. Her locket hung dangling, and he slipped it back

fingers drumming the table. into its place and drew her slender form yet closer against his own, as "It is an acquaintance easily made," they stepped forth into the black, dehe said, "provided one can afford to serted road. Half-way up the gloomy trot in their class, for it is money that ravine they met a man and woman talks at this table to-night. Mr. Hampcoming along the narrow path. Hampton, permit me to present Judge ton drew her aside out of their way, Hawes, of Denver, and Mr. Edgar Wilthen spoke coldly. lis, president of the T. P. & R. I have

"Mrs. Herndon, were you seeking no idea what they are doing in this your lost charge? I have her here." hell-hole of a town, but they are dead-The two passing figures halted, peergame sports, and I have been trying my best to amuse them while they're "I was not seeking her," she re here."

turned, icily. "I have no desire to cul-Hampton bowed, instantly recognizing the names. tivate the particular friends of Mr.

Hampton." "Glad to assist," he murmured, sink-"So I have understood, and conseing into a vacant chair. "What limit?" quently relinquish here and now all "We have had no occasion to discuss that matter as yet," volunteered claims upon Miss Gillis. She has informed me of our flattering opinion regarding me, and I have indorsed it have scruples we might settle upon gathered more closely about his chair, as being mainly true to life. Do I something within reason." state this fairly. Naida?" Hampton ran the undealt pack care-

"I have come back," she faltered, fingering the chain at her throat, "I smiling pleasantly. "Oh. never mind, reckless abandon with which he forced have come back." if it chances to go above my pile I'll

"Without Bob Hampton?" The girl glanced uneasily toward there is any cause for you to be mod- a jack-pot which Hawes had opened. him, but he stood motionless in the est on my account."

Hampton rested his hand softly upon

her shoulder, his fingers trembling, although his voice remained coldly de-

"I trust this is entirely satisfactory, his eyes studying keenly the others Mrs. Herndon," he said. "I can assure about the table, seeking some deeper his eyes cold, impassive. Hawes you I know absolutely nothing regard- understanding of the nature of his op- threw down his hand, wiping his



bearded gambler, in expectation of detecting some sign of trickery, or some untarily whistled softly behind his evidence that he had been selected by teeth at the first glimpse of the money | this precious trio for the purpose of openly displayed before them. This easy plucking. Knavery was Slavin's was apparently not so bad for a start- style, but apparently he was now er. and his waning interest revived. A playing a straight game, no doubt realred-bearded giant, sitting so as to face izing clearly, behind his impassive the doorway, glanced up quickly at his mask of a face, the utter futility of seeking to outwit one of Hampton's enviable reputation.

It was, unquestionably, a fairly fought four-handed battle, and at last, dering if you wouldn't show up before thoroughly convinced of this, Hampton settled quietly down, prepared to fellow to make this a four-handed af- play out his game. The stakes grew fair, provided you carry sufficient steadily larger. Several times drinks were served, but Hampton contented

Hampton came easily forward into himself with a gulp of water, always the full glow of the swinging oil lamp, gripping an unlighted cigar between his teeth. He was playing now with expressionless. "I feel no desire to in- apparent recklessness, never hesitating over a card, his eye as watchful as that of a hawk, his betting quick, confident, audacious. The contagion of Slavin laughed, his great white his spirit seemed to affect the others, to force them into desperate wagers. The perspiration was beading Slavin's forehead, and now and then an oath burst unrestrained from his hairy lips. Hawes and Willis sat white-faced, bent forward anxiously over the table, their fingers shaking as they handled the fateful cards, but Hampton played without perceptible tremor, his utterances few and monosyllabic, his calm face betraving not the faintest emo-

> And he was steadily winning. Occasionally some other hand drew in the

tion.

growing stock of gold and bank notes, but not often enough to offset those continued gains that began to heap up in such an alluring pile upon his portion of the table. The lookers-on who Hawes, sneeringly. "However, if you had come in began to observe this, and fascinated by the luck with which the cards came floating into his hands, the lessly through his fingers, his lips cool judgment of his critical plays, the

success. Suddenly he forced the fight drop out. Meanwhile, I hardly believe to a finish. The opportunity came in The betting began with a cool thou-

The play opened quietly and with sand. Then Hampton's turn came. some restraint, the faces of the men | Without drawing, his cards yet lying remaining impassive, their watchful downward before him on the board, glances evidencing nothing either of his calm features as immovable as the success or failure. Hampton played Sphinx, he quietly pushed his whole with extreme caution for some time, accumulated pile to the center, named the sum, and leaned back in his chair, streaming face with his handkerchief: Willis counted his remaining roll, hesitated, looked again at the faces of his cards, flung aside two. drawing to fill,

and called loudly for a show-down, his eyes protruding. Slavin, cursing fiercely under his red beard, having drawn one card, his perplexed face instantly brightening as he glanced at it, went back into his hip pocket for every cent he had, and added his profane demand for a chance at the money.

A fortune rested on the table, a fortune the ownership of which was to the movement of a hand. Willis was as a cat does a mouse, his thick lips agery. And even in the very lowest rivers, spanned them with bridges panion.

The latter smiled grimly, his motion

cards, never even deigning to glance

with both hands.

last game."

along a blue-steel barrel.

with his heel. "This is no variety

larly hilarious to-night I'll give you

another chance. I said this was my

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# The Dark Skinned Woman's Achievements By Marion E. Stockton

Woman's Share in Early Art-Even the Primitive Woman Had Certain "Rights"-Brilliant Dark Haired Heroines of the Past-Women Aid in Founding a Religion-Some Interesting Facts About What Has Been Accomplished by the Sisters of the Pale Faced Races The Important Part they Played in Early Civilization.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

There is literally no end to this branch of the subject, but I have said (Marian E. Stockton, widow of the late popular story writer, Frank R. Stockton, was closely associated with the work of her gifted husband. Any reader of the "Rudder Grange" stories, for example, will realize that she was a valuable asenough to convince any rational mortal that a creature capable of all this sistant to him. She was joint author with him in writing "The Home," one of his earlier books. Mrs. Stockton is a member of a prominent South Carolina family.)

sold: but, running through all the So much has been written about savagery, there is found a strong women of the fair-skinned races, of thread of respect for women. Even their part in the making of the his- in the lowest tribes they had some tory of the world, of what they have rights which they were not at all backdone and ought not to have done, of ward in enforcing: and among the what they are doing and ought not to more advanced peoples they had many do and to what they should do, that well-defined rights which no man it may be of interest to catch here and could in any case take from them. there in this world's history what The men privately sought their advice their dark-skinned sisters have done to take the council and exploit it as in bringing about the conditions of their own wisdom; they were admitthe life we are now living and the so- ted to some of the solemn feasts; and, cial, religious and geographical dissometimes, they armed themselves and tinctions which prevail at present. went to the battlefield. This, however, It is not my intention in this article seems rarely to have occured in the

to exploit the famous dark-skinned very early ages. women of recorded history-we will Such was the dark-skinned primitive glance at them in their proper places. woman and such were her achieve-They were types, it is true, but they ments.

her descendants of all colors.

could not have been and have acted their great parts had not the wom-Drifting down the long stream of en whom they represented been time, we suddenly come upon the bril-

endowed, in some measure, with their liant vision of the queen of Sheba. gifts. Such women do not spring full- Out of the darkness of the dark confledged from a sordid environment. But tinent she emerges, robed in splendor, they were exceptional and individual invested with power, endowed with in their careers; and, after all, it is wit and fancy, moved by an intellifrom the ordinary women of a race gent curiosity-a woman capable of

or nation that progress comes. appreciating not only the glory of Sol-The portraits the ethnologists give omon but his wisdom also. She dazus of the primitive woman are not zles us for a brief moment and then captivating, but the poets represent disappears into the darkness whence her as being almost divine, floating in she came and leaves no trace. But ethereal beauty fresh from the hand it requires no imagination-simply of her Creator. Whether the scientist common sense-to follow her into that has arrived at the truth through long mysterious land and find a nation of and laborious stages of investigation, women, not so exceptionally endowed, or whether the poet has divined the perhaps, as this great queen, but womtruth through inspiration. I do not en of strong character, and vigorous pretend to decide. But they are both intellect, capable of dealing with the agreed upon one thing-that her com- problems of their time. Otherwise plexion was of a "sun-kissed" hue ac- there could have been no queen of cording to the latter and of a "dark Sheba. pigment," according to the other. In the twilight of history we note

the appearance of a remarkable As-From the investigations of science syrian queen or, more plausibly, several and the reports of explorers, and from successive queens, who were new types be decided in a single moment, and by other sources we have a good deal of in that olden world. They were not information, if not in relation to this only successful warriors, but they were gasping, his whole body quivering; very primitive woman to her not dis- engineers, mathematicians and archi-Slavin was watching Hampton's hands tant descendants in a state of sav- tects. They turned the courses of the art of having time."-Youth's Com-

elation from God, or whether man dis- their kith and kin and not a solitary covered it accidentally. In the ab figure. There has arisen no Cooper sence of any authentic information for the Indian woman.

on the subject I venture the opinion It It is probable that the Indian tribes was discovered by a dark-skinned in the east with which the early setwoman. As she was the one who had tlers were familiar were less cultured the most use for fire it is reasonanted than those found on the Pacific coast to suppose that she it was who chanced at a later date. Among these their (in a fit of temper, perhaps) to rub women-subject and inferior, of course two of her stone knives together with were of much importance. They had great violence and velocity and was so improved the comforts of existence surprised with the divine spark. by quite a range of culinary prepara-However this may be, it was woman tions, clothes and blankets for warmth who immediately availed herself of and various devices for increasing the this all-important discovery, and being happiness of their lords, that they had tired of meat and fish dried in the won a position of some dignity and sun, conceived the brilliant idea of exercised a large and beneficent influlaying it on the hot coals. And thus ence, not asserted and probably not she started in a long career down the publicly acknowledged, but far-reachages the roasts and ragouts and chow- ing in its effects in civilizing that ders and fricandeaus that have given race. pleasure and dyspepsia to millions of

COMPLAINT IS NOT NEW.

Other Ages Have Said "There Is No Time for Leisure."

could not have been held in utter con-"Leisure," a woman declared the tempt by contemporary man. Inother day, "is neither a fact nor a posferior she was considered, as a matter sibility-it is scarcely even an ideal. of course, and she was, to a great ex-It is a word that in the dictionary tent, a commodity to be bought and should be marked obsolete."

Whether or not the majority of people would agree with her in considering leisure no longer an ideal, it can not be denied that leisure is a rare possession in the first decade of the twentieth century. The common theory seems to be that we have bartered it for telephones and automobiles, for speed and society and business.

Fifty years ago, we say, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, life was much simpler and less hurried. Yet. as a matter of fact, a hundred years ago exactly the same complaint was made. It was in 1797 that the famous Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote of that "insatiable love of change-that restlessness, which is, I think, a great and growing evil of the age," and complained that the hours of her young friends were so "engrossed and divided" that there was no time for reading and conversation. Doubtless, could we but look back, we should find the same complaint made in the eighth century as in the eighteenth. So far from leisure being less possible now than in past years, the aver-

age woman, as a recent economic writer has pointed out, never before had so good an opportunity to enjoy it. Gas and electricity, ready-made clothing, prepared foods and numberless household inventions have reduced her work to a fraction of that done by her grandmother. Instead of candle and soap-making, spinning and weaving, salting down the year's meats and making her husband's shirts by hand, she spends hours each week in shopping, amusements, study, fancy work or society, according as inclination and opportunity dictate.

Yet-she has no leisure. After all, is it not frequently because she does not desire leisure so much as she wishes for some other things? The "simple life" is an achievement, not a chance gift, and leisure, to quote another woman's definition, is "merely

that, so I came away."

Hampton never stirred, his teeth set deep into his cigar, his hands clinched about the railing. "The fool!" he muttered half aloud, then caught his breath quickly. "Now see here, Kid," and he turned her about so that he might look down into her eyes, "I'm mighty glad you like me well enough to put up a kick, but if all this is true about me, why shoulin't she say it? Do you believe that sort of a fellow would prove a very good kind to look after a young lady?" "I ain't a young lady!"

"No; well, you're going to be if I have my way, and I don't believe the sort of a gent described would be very apt to help you much in getting there.' 'You ain't all that."

Well, perhaps not. Like an amateur artist, madam may have laid the colors on a little thick. But I am no winged angel, Kid, nor exactly a model for you to copy after. I reckon you better stick to the woman and cut me." She did not answer, yet he read an

instinct led him to do the right thing: he drew forth the locket from beneath the folds of her dress, holding it open to the light. He noticed now a name engraven on the gold case, and bent lower to decipher the delicate lettering. "Was her name Naida?" he questioned, sharply. "It is an uncommon

word." "Yes."

Their eyes met, and those of both greater faith in the girl, and-perhaps had perceptibly softened.

"Naida," his lips dwelt upon the peculiar name as though he loved the sound. "I want you to listen to me. child. I sincerely wish I might keep pressed his lips upon it. The next moyou here with me, but I can't. You are more to me than you dream, but it out, and she stood there, half frightwould not be right for me thus delib. ened at she knew not what, on the erately to sacrifice your whole future threshold of her new life. to my pleasure. I possess nothing to

offer you,-no home, no friends, no reputation. Practically I am an outlaw, existing by my wits, disreputable in the eyes of those who are worthy to through the darkness down the silent live in the world. She, who was your road, his only guide those dim yellow mother, would never wish you to remain with me. She would say I did right in giving you up into the care of a good woman. Naida, look on that long, irregular street was jammed with face in the locket, your mother's face. It is sweet, pure, beautiful, the face of a good, true woman. Living or dead, ing noisily, the shuffling of feet in the it must be the prayer of those lips that | crowded dance-halls incessant. you become a good woman also. She should lead you, not I, for I am unworthy. For her sake, and in her name, I ask you to go back to Mrs. into a saturnalia of unlicensed pleas-

He could perceive the gathering tears in her eyes, and his hand closed tightly about her own. It was not one soul alone that struggled.

"You will go?"

"O Bob, I wish you wasn't a gamhler!"

A moment he remained silent. "But unfortunately I am," he admitted, so-herly, "and it is best for you to go back. Won't you?"

Her gaze was fastened upon the open locket, the fair face p here smiling up at her as though in

"You truly think she would wish it?" w she would." The girl gave atterance to a

startled breath, as if the vision fr ed her. "Then I will go," she said voice a mere whisper, "I will go."



"Now, Damn You! If You Feel Like It, Laugh."

unchanged purpose in her eyes, and ing her purpose of coming to me to ponents, their strong and weak points, his own decision strengthened. Some night. I realize quite clearly my own and whether or not there existed any deficiencies, and pledge myself here- prior arrangement between them. He after not to interfere with you in any was there for a purpose, a clearly deway. You accept the trust, I believe?" fined purpose, and he felt no inclina-She gave utterance to a deep sigh of tion to accept unnecessary chances with the fickle Goddess of Fortune. To resignation. "It comes to me clearly one trained in the calm observation of as a Christian duty," she acknowledged, doubtfully, "and I suppose I small things, and long accustomed to must take up my cross; but-" weigh his adversaries with care, it was "But you have doubts." he interrupt not extremely difficult to class the two

ed. "Well, I have none, for I have strangers, and Hampton smiled softly on observing the size of the rolls

rather ostentatiously exhibited by in God. Good-night, Naida." them. His satisfaction was in noways He bowed above the hand the girl lessened by the sound of their voices. gave him in the darkness, and ever when incautiously raised in anger after she believed he bent lower, and over some unfortunate play. He immediately recognized them as the iden- Hampton spurned him contemptuously ment the black night had closed him tical individuals who had loudly and vainly protested over his occupancy of show, and your laughter was in poor the best rooms at the hotel. He taste. However, if you feel particu

chuckled grimly. But what bothered him particularly was Slavin. The cool, gray eyes, glanc- last game; I'll repeat it-this was my Hampton slowly picked his way back

ing with such apparent negligence last game! Now, damn you! if you across the cards in his hands, noted feel like it, laugh!" every slight movement of the red-

lights flickering in the distance. It was Saturday night, and the min ing town was already alive. The one constantly moving figures, the numerous saloons ablaze, the pianos sound-

CHAPTER IX.

At the Occidental.

Riot reigned unchecked, while the quiet, sleepy town of the afternoon lossomed under the flickering lights ure, wherein the wages of sin were death.

Hampton pushed his way through the noisy throng with eyes ever watchful for the faces.

"Anything going on to-night worth while, Jim?" he questioned, quietly.

"Rather stiff game, they tell me, just started in the back room," was the genial reply. "Two eastern suckers, with Red Slavin sitting in."

The gambler passed on, pu rather unceremoniously through the throng of perspiring humanity. The large front room upstairs was ablaze with lights, every game in full opera-tion and surrounded by crowds of de-votees. He walked directly toward the rear of the room. A thick, dingy red curtain hung there; he held back its

neavy folds and stepped within maller apartment beyond.

It may fairly be said that women have only themselves to blame for a Micawber knew, spells happiness. very considerable proportion of do Hence it is worth while yet again to ognizing that the ordinary housewife is specially subject, at any rate, at times, to unavoidable worry, we must

says, especially, woman's worry, be Fair Sex Criticized by a Writer in cause it would appear that the wife, rather than the husband, is more often

responsible for the neglect of that margin of income which, as Mr. point out the commonplace factsthat the happiness attained by keep ing three servants when you can afford two is most lamentably outences of that worry on sleep ne's means if not beyond it, is re-ponsible for a great deal of woman's forry that might be avoided. One ter destruction. ding to its ut

parted, his fingers twitching nervously. of these primeval races we find that and confined their waters within women played an important part. bounds; they raised great monu deliberate, his eyes never wavering. They were slaves, it is true, because ments and built temples and public Slowly. one by one, he turned up his they knew nothing better. If they had edifices. The name Semiramis is had the least glimmering sense of synonymous with every kind c greatdownward, his entire manner that of woman's rights they were quite capabie ness. unstudied indifference. One-two- of asserting themselves even at that

three. Willis uttered a snarl like a period of time. And here it may be stricken wild beastt, and sank back in well to correct a misapprehension. his chair, his eyes closed, his cheeks Men did not make slaves and beasts ghastly. Four. Slavin brought down of burden of their women merely be- any age in the Arabians. Those darkhis great clenched first with a crash cause the man was wicked or lazy, or skinned women, with no possible way on the table, a string of oaths bursting both-they had affection (of a sort) of cultivating intellect, the women of for their wives. But they realized a brutal race of men, in a degrading unrestrained from his lips. Five, with great force that man was a su- environment, fenced in with customs Hampton, never stirring a muscle, sat there like a statue, watching. His all it contained, including woman, and the habitable globe and founded a right hand kept hidden beneath the table, with his left he quietly drew in that she was an afterthought of the great religion! Mohammed himself gods created for his benefit, and the stack of bills and coin, pushing the therefore made of very inferior ma- he would never have been able to stuff heedlessly into the side pocket of terial. Consequently it was considhis coat, his gaze never once wanderered as degrading in a man to do woming from those stricken faces fronting an's work as it is now for him to wear him. Then he softly pushed back his petticoats. If it chanced that it came chair and stood erect. Willis never into a man's mind to relieve his weary moved, but Slavin rose unsteadily to wife of some part of the load she was his feet, gripping the table fiercely carrying on her back, he would reject the thought instantly, not so much be-"Gentlemen." said Hampton, grave cause he did not want the burden, as

ly, his clear voice sounding like the because by so doing he would make sudden peal of a bell, "I can only thank himself the laughing stock of the you for your courtesy in this matter, tribe. and bid you all good-night. However,

And what did these mighty lords of before I go it may be of some interest creation do toward the improvement for me to say that I have played my of the world they claimed? Absolutely nothing! Fishing, hunting, trapping, Somebody laughed sarcastically, a fighting, the necessities of the presharsh, hateful laugh. The speaker ent; the implements to accomplish whirled, took one step forward: there these purposes, and there the record was the flash of an extended arm, a ends. Meantime, as the years went ing the armies into hostile camps; dull crunch, and Red Slavin went on and generation succeeded generacrashing backward against the wall. tion, the women were using their As he gazed up, dazed and bewildered, brains and improving social life with from the floor, the lights glimmered all sorts of inventions to assist them as the Christian woman reads the rec-"Not a move, you red brute," and

> Sewing. Consider how patient they nust have worked to get a thread from a rawhide and the cleverness of evolving a needle from a bone. Tanning and dressing leather. To turn a dirty, hairy, tough skin into a clean and soft material suitable for clothing. Fashioning with deft fingers this clothing to their special needs. Agriculture of the simplest

sort, but mostly the experiments of women. Spinning. The records of the human race go not back to a time when the spindle was unknown, worked out from a woman's brain which hem. grasped the idea that the long fibers

of the flax she was cultivating ought in some way to be made more adaptable for thread than the unwieldy skin

with its slow and painful process. Hence, the stick twirled in the fingers. Weaving. Not a long journey to the oom after arriving at the spindle and

cloth, so much easier than skins to work into clothing. Besides, the birchbark basket weaving had been done long before with the fingers and it was only necessary to steady the threads on wooden rollers.

And this brought about woman's share in early art. So many plants yielded beautiful-colored juices; hence the dyeing, and later, the painting of oth and skins. Some of these savage lornings may be seen at the p olors still vivid and with lay with colo

And so I might go on through all the industries that have come down to us-all suggested by dark-skinned

It has never been decided by the

Coming down to the Christian era we find one of the most interesting studies of womankind of any color or

perior being, the lord of the earth and hostile to them, changed the face of declared, persistently and often, that achieve success but for his wife Cadijah. This plain, faithful, sensible woman never faltered in the darkest hour, encouraging in weakness and restraining in excess. And when the creed he taught was accepted by the Arabs all the women threw themselves into it with such energy that nothing could stand before them.

They even organized companies of women soldiers and, leading them praise."

into battle, fought with a savage cru-

elty that might have been expected. but also with a heroism most surprising. And all through the Mohammadan conquest women are prominent; sometimes like unto the judicions Canijah; sometimes like the beautiful and wicked Ayesha, who came near divid sometimes like the savage Henda drinking the blood of the epenter at the faith. It is all wonderful. And, in their manifold labors and to add ord, she marvels how it was possible new comforts to a rude existence. that so much good and evil purpose, so much that is noble and heroic could have been expended with such energy on a religion that does not tend in any way to exalt womanho bo

I have not space to tell of the Chinese woman whose story we glean from legends and glimpses into the histories of their dynasties, while she herself looks at us out of the past with an impressive silence. Nor to dwell upon the East Indian woman, who, with her seductive charm and romantic, poetical nature, conquered great conquerors and ruled through

We pass down the centuries and en ter, at last, into our own land to be mmediately confronted by a darkskinned maiden whose name and history are familiar to every school child. Was there in all this newly discover-

ed country but one Pocahontas? She happened to be the one who fell in love

with a white man, and, thus, moved to save from destruction the little white colony, has become immortalized. Whether or not this is to be regarded as a meritorious act on the part of this Indian maiden depends upon the point of view, whether that point be In-dian or English. But there is no oubt that she was intelligent and at-ractive and of a sweet nature a very loveable creature. If you find a well-molded and decorated vase standing in the midst of crude ugly pottery of past age, you may be reasonably cer-

# Good Words for Gunner's Mate.

"A few days ago," said a retired naval officer, "the navy department specially commended for bravery Edward Whitehead, a gunner's mate. Though his act of heroism hannened to take place on land instead of at sea, the incident seems to remind anybody familiar with the duties of the men aboard a warship that the position of gunner's mate is one involving hard work and slight chance of recognition. It is certainly not the pick of the jobs on a man-of-war, particularly during an engagement. The gunner, above, on deck, can see how matters stand. He has the actual firing to interest him and the credit if he acquits himself well. But his mate is below, in the blackness of the hold, feeding the powder and shot into the ammunition hoists. He sees nothing and hears little of what is going on, but he knows that if the ship sinks or the magazine blows up his chances of reaching Davy Jones' locker are swifter and surer than those of his comrades on deck. I am glad to see the useful and inconspicuous gunner's mate come in for

## The Revolt of Betsy.

Two-score years ago there lived in Pennsylvania town an ill-mated couple, both as to size and compatibility. The wife was much the larger and stronger, and, in the words of their narrator, "the husband, though a small man, was a nagger and a pesterer.' He always provoked the quarrel, and when he went too far his irate spouse would revolt. She would retaliate with such splendid vigor that the husband would call in the neighbors as arbiters, and when they began to take evidence he would invariably thus explain matters: "I struck Betsy in all leasantness and she got mad," or "I oured water down Betsy's back in all pleasantness and it made her mad."

### Curiosities in Divorce.

Some curious facts appear from an international table of divorce statistics. that has been published in Paris. From this it appears that the little cosmopolis known as Switzerland is pro rata most prolific in divorce, the numbers being 40 per thousand marriages. France follows with 21, and Germany comes next with 17 per, thousand. In France divorces have grown from 1,879 in 1884 to 14,692 in 1904. It also appears that nearly twice. as many women are divorced as men, on the ground of misconduct, not that men are more virtuous but that they have more opportunities of concealment, and women are readier to forgive.

### Law Catches Druggists.

Under a new law in New York state that went into effect on Sept. J, a druggist is liable to a heavy punishment if he offers a customer one special article if he asks for another. When the patrons enters a drug store and asks, "Have you Brown's pills?" the lruggist can either produce the article. leclare that he does not carry it, or offer to get it. But if he says, "No, we do not keep Brown's, but we have Green's which are just as good," he ays himself liable to jail or a fine. The reveal similar vases. And so, while Pocahontes may have been somewhat more highly gifted than the other young women of her tribe, she was of



# Woman and Her Worries.

# English Magazine.

mestic worry, with its consequences of irritability and bad temper, leading to worse things, says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. Even after fully recsurely grant that the common prac-tice of living up to the very limit of one's m