

THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER.

Joe Jerry hoed in a stony field,
Under a sweltering sun.
The boy and the rock and the native
weed
Fought for the life in a battered seed,
And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me,"
Said the man with the better clothes.
"Against you are vermin and drought
and frost;
You will anger nature with labor lost—
Come where a fair wind blows."

But the boy dugged on in the stony
field,
With the struggle barely begun.
"I put the seed in this ground," said
he,
"I think I had better stay and see
Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarried and placed the
stones,
And fitted the timbers true.
When his neighbors came, with fevered
eyes;
"Gold!—pans of gold—just where it
lies!
Shall we wait a day for you?"

A soft voice rifted the evening calm,
Singing the death of day.
A tired child came and went with a
kiss,
"I have a wife and a home—and this;
I think I had better stay."

"War! On to war!"—and the cry came
near—
"There is honor, or fame, for all!"
"I have a dying wife and these;
I shall stay with them if God so
please."

But he went at the second call.
"Come on!" they cried. "It's death to
wait!"
His face was bleeding and grim;
He picked a rifle out of the dirt
And answered simply: "The Captain's
hurt;
I think I'll stay with him."
—Frederick Brush, in New York Sun.

The Gold of Silence.

An Army Tragedy.

More harm has been wrought in this
world by the gold of silence than by
the silver of speech. Especially is
this true of matters of the heart.

Farland came to realize it in the
end; but as he left the commanding
officer and walked in his deliberate
way across the hop-room to where Miss
Cameron stood, he was priding him-
self upon his ability to hold his tongue,
and, with a wretched sort of vain-
glory, nursing himself to hold it for
seven hours longer.

Miss Cameron was talking to the
regimental quartermaster, and when
she caught sight of Farland, she grew
radiant. The regimental quartermas-
ter observed this, and was, of
course, annoyed. He went away and
left her with the lieutenant.

It is the fate of a woman to be for-
ever smiling. Few men have learned
to distinguish that eternal smile. Those
who have, have observed the subtlest
tragedies of life.

Farland was not one of them. He
was too distinctly manly to under-
stand women. He was, therefore,
strengthened in his resolve to keep
silence when Miss Cameron's expres-
sion in nowise changed as he told her
that she must excuse him from the
next dance.

"I have just seen the colonel, and he
has been pleased to inform me that I
must leave at reveille."

"For what portion of the globe?"
She gazed over his shoulder in ap-
parent absorption in something at the
other side of the room. If Farland
had been a student of the sex he
would have known that this was over-
acting. It was one of the many of
Miss Cameron's charms that she usu-
ally fixed her entire attention upon
the person at hand.

"Where are you going?" she re-
peated.

"To join Blake's command. After
that, wherever the will of heaven and
the craft of the Apache may lead me."
For just one instant her expression
changed. But Farland was not acute.

"Upon a scout, then?" she asked.
"Upon a scout, yes. And as I have
to leave before reveille, and, as it is
now eleven o'clock, there is no time
to be lost."

Miss Cameron was smiling again.
"You will not sleep much to-night.
Things must be serious."

"They are," he told her.
There was a pause—one of those in-
tervals when the gods benuom our
mental powers that instinct may have
fair play. But we defeat their ends.
We have trained instinct to lie quiet.

The lieutenant moved uneasily. Miss
Cameron, with the delicate much-sung
discernment of woman, thought him
restless to be gone. She drew herself
up to her full height, determined that
she was indifferent and hard, and his
resolution was enforced.
"You must not let me keep you," she
said.

Farland was too well trained to al-
low his anger and unhappiness to ap-
pear in more than an exaggerated un-
concern. He took her extended hand.
"Shall you be here when I return?"
he asked. His resolution was near to
breaking. If her tawny eyes had
grown ever so little soft, he would
have flung his golden wealth of silence
to the winds. But her pride was
mighty, and it was aroused.
"My visit comes to an end this
week," she said.

"We shall probably meet again," he
ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders negl-
igently.

"Probably. One can never be sure
that one has seen the last of anybody,
in the army." And then she added:
"Good-by."

She would have been glad to bow
her head upon her arms and to have
kept her heartache in silence. In-
stead, she gave the dance which was
to have been Farland's to a married
captain, and succeeded perfectly in
her effort to appear to enjoy it.

And Farland went out, morally and
bodily, into the night. His was the
code of honor—which considers not the
woman—that holds that if a man may
not ask a woman to marry him then
and there, neither may he tell her of
his love. He thought he was doing
right, and he was not one to rail at
Fate. A little tempest of temptation
had ruffled the deep waters of his
conscience for a time. But they were
calm again. He remembered with re-
sentment the haughtily poised head,
and the placid smile, and the last
glimpse he had caught of her through
the hop-room window—a yellow-
gowned figure, swaying to the music
in full enjoyment of life.

Well, she would have gone back to
Bayard by the time of his return, and
one could never be sure one would not
forget—after years. He went into the
barracks and gave his orders.

When the brass mouths of the bugles
pealed their reveille welcome to the
sun, as it shone above the mountains,
far across the prairie, Farland and his
command were trotting toward Mount
Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in
the yellow gown, stood at her win-
dow with her hands clasped before
her, and watched the line of the re-
ceding column.

Farland stopped at Bayard two
months later. The scout was over,
and he was taking his command back
to Fort Grant. They were to strike
the railroad at Silver City, nine miles
away, upon the following day.

He meant to see Miss Cameron.
There was no longer a reason for sil-
ence. He waited with impatience
while the commandant arranged for
the disposition of the men. Then he
walked with him across the parade.
The primroses of the evening were
opening, a great, pale flower bursting
out here and there in the grass, until,
even as he went, all the ground was
starred with them, and the children
from the officers' line and the land-
dresses' row were running, laughing,
and screaming, and calling out to
gather the handfuls of fragile bloom
that would be wilted before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the com-
mandant's long, lank body could be-
stir itself; but there was no such oc-
casion now, and Major Cameron re-
sented Farland's haste.

"I say, Farland," he protested, "slow
up. What is your hurry. You will
not get dinner before retreat, any-
way."

Little the lieutenant recked of din-
ner. But he obliged himself to walk
more reasonably. Major Cameron
talked of the scout and its outcome.
Farland tried to listen and to answer.
In his joyful anticipation he forgot
that he was a sorry-looking sight to
go a-wooling, that his face was burned,
his nose peeling, and his hair half-cut,
and his clothes ragged and dusty. Self-
consciousness was not one of his
faults. The major broke off suddenly
in the midst of a tirade against In-
dian agents, those pet aversions of the
line.

"I suppose you are about worn out,"
he said.

"No," said Farland; "not in the least.
Why?"

"You appear not to be able to keep
your mind upon anything. You have
no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mescaleros' last."
"I am afraid that's so," Farland ad-
mitted.

"And over there at the coral you
answered three questions that I hadn't
asked."

Farland apologized civilly. But he
had seen, through the window, Miss
Cameron standing with clasped hands
and head thrown back, before the
open fire. It was a favorite pose with
her, and it recalled so much. The
major might as well have addressed
his concluding remarks to the flag-
staff.

They went into the hall, and the
commandant opened the door. "There
is Clare," he said; "I believe you know
each other. I will go and get Mrs.
Cameron." He went away and closed
the door again.

Farland was not demonstrative. But
neither was he one to delay in carry-
ing out a resolve. He took the hand
that the girl held out to him, and then
went to the fire-place, and rested his
arm upon the mantel and looked at
her speculatively.

"I am going to be very rash," he
said, "and very precipitate."

She smiled incredulously. "How
unlike you!" she said.

"Perhaps; but it is not unlike me to
go straight to the point, I think."
She vouchsafed no encouragement.

"It is not," was all she answered. She
had long since determined that he was
an unscrupulous flirt—worse than that,
indeed, because he made more preten-
sions than most men. Now, when she
looked into his keen gray eyes, that
consoling fiction vanished. She won-
dered why he did not speak at once of
the one thing that might reasonably
be expected to be of interest—to her-
self, at least. But she folded her
hands in front of her again, and stood
very erect.

"When I saw you last in the hop-room
at Grant," he said, "I was to all in-
tents and purposes upon half-pay. My

mother was alive then, and I was sup-
porting her."

She looked at him, puzzled. Why
should he tell her this now? While
there had yet been time he had been
chary enough of his confidences. While
there had yet been time—
She looked at him as he stood there
before the fire, young and strong, with
his pistol-belt showing beneath his
faded blouse, the kerchief knotted
around his neck, the dusty boots with
their spurred heels, his face so ab-
surdly sun and wind burned, glowing
with blonde redness in the fire-light.
While there had yet been time—
She checked an inclination to throw
out her arms and cry aloud.

"That is why," he went on, "I did
not feel justified in telling you—
though you might, I should think, have
seen—that I loved you."

She went up to him and put her
hand upon his shoulder, and tried to
speak.

"Well, what?" he asked. He was
submitting dully to some blow which
he saw, in her hardening eyes, was
going to fall.

"I"—she was forcing the words from
her throat with a harsh, dry sound—
"I married Captain Whitcomb three
weeks ago, because—I did not know."

Farland turned away and drew a
chair near to the fire. The movement
was quite natural, quite free from any
gesture of tragedy. He was too stun-
ned to feel the pain at once. That
would come afterward, and stay
through many years. He sat down in
the chair and watched the flaming
mesquite-root. It was a little hard for
him to draw his breath, and the pain
was beginning now, too.

Clare stood upon the other side of
the hearth, and looked dully ahead of
her. Then she drew her hand, slowly,
across her eyes.

"I must go home," she said.
Farland did not answer her, and she
went out and closed the door.—Gwen-
dolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

Rioters Become Soldiers.

Colonel Anderson, commanding the
Second Tennessee Regiment, which is
stationed at Camp Alger, was talking
with a group of gentlemen from his
own State recently.

This gallant officer has already gone
through as interesting an experience
as he will ever be likely to figure in,
whether he joins the Spaniards in
deadly combat on the soil of Cuba or
in the far-off Philippines. He com-
manded a force of State troops in the
famous Coal Creek strike in East Ten-
nessee, six or seven years ago, and it
is almost a miracle that he is alive
now to tell about it. The rioting
strikes, it will be remembered, burned
the stockade and freed a lot of con-
victs who had been employed in the
coal mines. Their desperate conduct
necessitated calling out the militia,
and Colonel Anderson went to the
front to help put a quietus on the riot-
ing.

In some way he became separated
from his men and was captured by the
strikers, who imprisoned him and
came very near shooting him. He was
in no wise daunted by his captors,
and when they spoke of killing him he
defied them to fire. A peremptory de-
mand for his release, accompanied
with a threat of wholesale hanging,
caused his liberation.

The most curious part of the whole
affair is that there are now in the
regiment which Colonel Anderson leads
a half dozen of the very men who
participated in the Coal Creek strike,
and who were present when he
was captured. They are now, how-
ever, on the best of terms with their
commander, and are willing to follow
him wherever he leads. They are
great, big fellows, fine specimens of
physical manhood, and are eager for
a chance to spill Spanish gore.—Wash-
ington Post.

Original Way of Testing Gold.

The ordinary practice of taking a
bath solved for Archimedes the ques-
tion of how to test the purity of the
gold in Hero's crown. He observed
that when he stepped into a full bath
the quantity of water which over-
flowed was equal to the bulk of his
body, and it occurred to him that the
worth of the crown might be tested by
such means. He thereupon made two
masses of the same weight as the
crown, one of gold, the other of sil-
ver, and immersed them separately in
a vessel filled to the brim, measuring
exactly the quantity of water that
overflowed in each case. Having
found by this means what measure of
the fluid answered to the quantity of
each metal, less in the case of the
gold than of the silver—the bulk of the
former being less, weight for weight—
he next immersed the crown itself,
and found that it caused more water
to overflow than the gold, but less
than the silver. Having found the dif-
ference between the two masses of
pure gold and silver, in certain known
proportions, he was able to compute
the real quantity of each metal in the
crown, and thus discovered the fraud
that had been practised on the king,
to whom he hurried, exclaiming,
"Eureka! Eureka!" ("I have found it!
I have found it!") an exclamation that
has ever since been used to express
exultation over a discovery.—Cham-
ber's Journal.

An Old Apple Tree.

The original greening-apple tree is
still standing on the farm of Solomon
Drowne at Mount Hygeia, in North
Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old
one when the farm was sold in 1801.

The city of Santiago was the scene
of the shooting of Captain Fry and
of a number of the crew and passen-
gers of the *Virginius* in 1873.

NEW IDEAS ON TRIAL.

NOVELTIES THAT MAY BE POPU-
LAR NEXT WINTER.

Sensible Garments Are More Gen-
erally Worn than They Used to Be—
Five Very "Fetching" Costumes of
the Vintage of 1898.

Fashion Notes from Gotham.
New York correspondence:

ENSE is much more apparent
than it used to be in summer outside
wear. Indeed, there has been a
change in this respect since with
early summer there was presented
to view a lot of fanciful capes. These
highly wrought affairs are still in
sight, but newer and more attractive
are capes that are less elaborate. It is
in coats and jackets, however, that the
greatest improvement has been made.
Now there are no tight jackets, and no
delicate, easily soiled and useless cover-
ings, unless it be some wrap meant only
to lay about the shoulders of an evening
gown. Of all the new outer garments
the latest for travelling, country walk-
ing or driving is the very prettiest. To-
day's first picture shows it. To some
tastes it is a little pronounced for travel-
ing, but it is just right for the other
uses. This was in a loose wool material,
plaided by crossing lines of color in silk.
The color of such is always bright. Blue
lines crossed brilliant red in this case,
bright green went over a golden brown
in another, and so on. The jacket was
very boxy in front, was loose and com-
fortable everywhere, and fastened se-
curely with straps of the material which
are a characteristic of the garment.
Though so solid looking a covering,
the material is so soft that the

edge of the jacket fronts, which were
finished in frill fashion and swept un-
broken from shoulders to foot of jack-
et. Here was the suggestion of princess.
The skirt opened wide to show a petti-
coat of the lawn beautifully embrod-
ered with white. It seemed a bit odd
that the petticoat did not match the
bodice front, but that is part of the
new idea.
Lawns and muslins are always pret-
ty, but were never prettier than this
year. Though made more simply than
last year, there is a touch about this
season's costume that is unmistakable.
Linen colored lawns and linen batistes



PUT FORWARD FOR THE TRIAL SEASON.

jacket will roll up and take little room
in packing.

This is but one of the new fashions
that are having a midsummer begin-
ning. Midsummer trial is, perhaps,
more accurate, for novelties are now
put forward experimentally. They are
not offered with the idea that they will
take especially for summer, but if they
arouse any interest at all in these lan-
guid dog-day weeks, they will be re-
produced in the winter fashions. In con-
sequence these ideas are often very biz-
zarre, and but barely suited to summer
use. There are women who do not feel
their summer wear to be complete
without leaving an order to have spec-
imens of any such idea sent to them. If
these women who are potent in di-
recting the changes in styles, and or-
dinary folk follow them, near to or far
from the pace set, as their purses dic-



IN TAFFETA'S NEWEST WEAVE.

tate. Sketched as thus presented to a
swagger woman was the gown put at
the left in the next picture. It indi-
cates that designers have not yet given
over trying to get women to accept the
princess cut, though they have strug-
gled in this direction for over six
months with but indifferent success.
Jacket and open skirt of this dress
were a soft silk poplin. The jacket
opened over a soft front of tuckd pink
lawn, and was belted by a wide band
of velvet. This band passed under the

under instead of being applied. The
bodice was prettily slashed just about
where the darts would come, showing
apple silk through the opening. A grass
green straw hat, wound with loose
white, with an emerald quill saucily to
one side, completed a very simple, but
a delightfully pretty, summer rig,
which may be used this fall at home
in the city, too.

Scarlet lawns are very stylish. They
are often barred with black lines and
made over black silk, and sometimes
you are fooled, for the lawn isn't a
scarlet, but a black, very thin gren-
adine with black bars worn over a
scarlet silk lining. It is a question
which way of getting at the effect is
more satisfactory. The black over, per-
haps, serves more general purpose. The
gown remaining in the illustration was
of film-like black grenadine barred with
black and over red silk. The sash and
its odd bow were red silk, and the
ruchings that trimmed skirt and bodice
were black chiffon. Above all was a
deep yoke of white dotted lawn.



QUITE AS NOVEL AS NEED BE.

This trick of putting a white yoke
of lawn, lace or chiffon on a dress, no
matter whether white appears in the
rest of the gown or not, is a this
season's trick. Offered as a next season's
trick is the pictured belt arrangement.
The boat-shaped hat still holds favor.
It certainly is, with its dipped curved
front, becoming to the woman with an
oval outline. Then there is a romantic
air about the softly laid plumes with
which such hats are trimmed, and a
softness that suits many faces, too.
The prudent vacationer secures her
home traveling dress early, and then if
the weather does change horribly she
can skip away and astonish her friends
by not wearing the same dress in which
she arrived. Poplin is a favorite ma-
terial for the early traveling gown, and
a bright tone of gray is used. It seems
a little perishable, but poplin is a ma-
terial that sheds dust and dirt amaz-
ingly. A sensible model for its employ-
ment in a traveling rig was the sub-
ject of the last picture. Its scheme of
a jacket cut short and open slightly
over a waistcoat was distinctly good.
Copyright, 1898.

The old-fashioned idea that it was
bad taste to use two kinds of lace on
one gown has no weight in the fash-
ions this season. Two and sometimes
three different varieties are combined
on one bodice, narrow Valenciennes be-
ing very generally used with the
heavier laces.



World's Youngest Cyclist.

Kenosha, Wis., has the youngest bicy-
clist in the world in the person of
Frankie Van Der Vee. He is only 2
years and 4 months old, and small as
he is he rides from four to six miles
on any kind of a road. His bicycle is
almost as much of a curiosity as its
rider. It has a 10-inch frame, 14-inch



FRANKIE VAN DER VEE.

wheel and 3-inch cranks and weighs
seven pounds. It was built by a prac-
tical mechanic. Some people say that
he must have inherited the ability, as
his mother was one of the best century
riders in the State. Others say it is
due to the wheel, but the little one
learned to ride just as naturally as he
learned to walk.

The Wheelman's Alphabet.

A is the Amateur learning to ride,
B is the Bicycle he gets astride,
C is the Cropper he takes with a thud,
D is the Ditch where he lands in the mud,
E is the Evening he selects to depart,
F is the Friend who gives him a start,
G is the Gearing he talks for a week,
H is the Hope that the record he'll beat,
I is the Injury he will receive,
J is the Junkman who laughs in his
sleeve,
K is the Kicking he does at his fall,
L is the Loss of his temper, that's all,
M is the Machine with world-renowned
fame,
N is the Name that indorses the same,
O is the Opinion of all his friends,
P is the Puncture that all pleasure ends,
Q is the Question of "How did you do it?"
R is the Remark of his friend that "he
knew it,"
S is the Scorch that he emulated,
T is the Tack that the trouble created,
U is the Uncertainty found on sharp
turns,
V is the Velocity for which he yearns,
W is the Wish that by this time is wan-
ing,
X is the Xyst where he'll now do his
training,
Y is the Year he goes for his spins,
Z is for Zero, the races he wins,
—Outing.

Fat Men May Ride Wheels.

Fat men who would like to ride a bicy-
cle, but think they are too heavy for
such sport on so frail-looking a vehicle,
will be interested to learn that Joseph
W. Grimes, a champion cyclist of Ken-
tucky, weighs 555 pounds and has been
riding a wheel constantly for five years,
and "his flesh is as firm as that of an
athlete," and "he is not troubled with
shortness of breath." "The longest ride
he ever made at one time was eighty-
four miles, covering the distance in
ten hours, with a stop of one hour for
dinner. Owing to his great weight it is
difficult for him to walk a square, but
he rides a wheel with very little ex-
ertion, and he claims that he could ride
ten hours a day for a week or more
a time without serious inconvenience."

Novel Tombstone.

According to a London newspaper, a
young widow of Rio de Janeiro, who
was introduced to her late husband
while out wheeling, ordered a sculptor
to depict the meeting, bicycles and all,
on the marble gravestone in relief. The
effect is described as more novel than
artistic, especially as the lady is chis-
eled as attired in bloomer costume. In
the inscription, which is in Spanish, is
a sentence which may be translated:
"My dear soul had the tire of his life
prematurely punctured."

Cycling Notes.

Cycling is making great progress in
India, which can now boast two jour-
nals devoted to the pastime. One is
published in Bombay, the other in Cal-
cutta.

On tour, a leaky valve may cause
much inconvenience. Press it all
around with a piece of damp clay, or
if that be unobtainable, damp soap will
answer.

In Berlin arrangements are being
made to apportion off a narrow track
along the sides of the principal thor-
oughfares. Under these conditions the
risk of cycling even in the city would
be minimized.

In outlying districts it is often diffi-
cult to procure a cord for relacing a
gear case, in which case it is worth re-
membering that a couple of long boot-
laces joined together will answer
equally well.

The Gretna Green race carried out at
a recent bicycle tournament consisted
in a lady and gentleman riding hand-
in-hand to a given point, dismounting and
signing their names and addresses in a
register, remounting and riding back
hand-in-hand.