

whole. Some are not fitted for teachers, stenographers or typewriters, and others upon whom this necessity also falls, can not leave their homes. There is not any opportunity unless prairie grass or corn-husks may be converted into baskets for that craft. We have not embroidery or lace making the art of which we can revive. It seems, however, as if much might be done in the way of carved leather. That done in Mexico and California is beautiful. The exquisite leather wrought in Germany is an inspiration. There is certainly a market for carved leather in Nebraska, of original design and as characteristically beautiful as that of other sections or countries. The necessary tools are simple and inexpensive, and small amounts might be earned by this agreeable task that would assist many a woman eager to earn a little money. The brick made from Nebraska clay is exceedingly fine and hard. Why not a Nebraska tile that may be as celebrated for decoration as the famous Delft tile. The lack of any new or lucrative hand employment for Nebraska women is constantly emphasized by the continual appearance of some new industry in the east for women, started by philanthropists. Not long ago Mrs. Abbe originated the idea of rug industry in New Hampshire and Mrs. Volk carried out the same plan for the farmer's wives of Maine. They furnished the women with good designs and supplied them with wood dyes, which grow more beautiful with age and are preferable indeed to aniline dyes which are too brilliant and harsh.

The Philadelphia chapter of the National Alliance, Daughters of Veterans, are urging a more patriotic celebration of Lincoln Day. The plan is to celebrate the day in the public schools by oratorical contests and to award to the most eloquent speaker a gold medal.

The Colonial Dames of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia held their semi-annual meeting last week in Philadelphia. The Valley Forge National Park Plan and the restoration of the Randolph mansion, which through the courtesy of the Park commissioners has been entrusted to the Philadelphia chapter, were discussed.

The new army bill contains the following provisions concerning women nurses:

"Section 19. That the Nurse Corps (female, shall consist of one superintendent to be appointed by the secretary of war, who shall be a graduate of a hospital training school having a course of instruction of not less than two years, whose term of office may be terminated at his discretion, whose compensation shall be \$1,800 per annum, and of as many chief nurses, nurses and reserve nurses as may be needed. Reserve nurses may be assigned to active duty when the emergency of the service demands, but shall receive no compensation except when on such duty; Provided, That all nurses in the Nurse Corps shall be appointed or removed by the surgeon general, with the approval of the secretary of war; that they shall be graduates of hospital training schools, and shall have passed a satisfactory professional, moral, mental and physical examination; and Provided, That the superintendent and nurses shall receive transportation and necessary expenses when traveling under orders; that the pay and allowances of nurses, and of reserve nurses, when on active service, shall be forty dollars per month when on duty in the United States and fifty dollars per month when without the limits of the United States. They shall be entitled to quarters, subsistence and medical attendance during illness, and they may be granted leaves of absence for thirty days, with pay, for each cal-

endar year; and when serving as chief nurses, their pay may be increased by authority of the secretary of war, such increase not to exceed twenty-five dollars per month. Payments to the Nurse Corps shall be made by the Pay Department.

THE MAN-DOG.

A WEIRD STORY OF MAGNOLIA ISLAND IN THE BLACK SWAMP.

My first knowledge of the singular being called "Du Chien, the Man-Dog," began when we were on duty down in the Peche country, a short time after General Taylor's celebrated "Run on the Banks," in the vicinity of Mansfield. The cavalry had really very little to do except "to feed" and await orders. As a result of this idleness many of the officers and men formed pleasant acquaintances with the hospitable planters in whose neighborhood we were located.

One of the planters whom I found to be most congenial, was Captain Martas, a French creole, whose father had come from Languedoc. He was himself native-born. He was a man of forty-eight or fifty years of age, and had two sons by his first marriage, who were in the army of Virginia, and a boy two years of age, by his second wife, who was a young and beautiful lady. The housekeeper was a mulatto girl, who was in every physical development almost a perfect being—even her small hands looked like consummate wax-work. She had been taught, petted, and indulged as much perhaps, or more than any slave should have been, especially by Captain Martas, who uniformly spoke to her more in the tone of a father addressing a daughter, than in that of a master commanding a slave. She was always gentle and obedient. The family seemed to prize her very greatly, and the little boy especially preferred her to his own beautiful mother.

The family was so attractive that I visited it often; one evening on my arrival at the house, I found that its peace and quiet had been disturbed by one of those painful occurrences which so often marred the happiness of Southern families, and which really constituted the curse of "the peculiar institution."

The day before, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Captain Martas had, for some unexplained reason, got into a frenzy of rage with Celia, the mulattress, and had ordered the overseer to give her a severe whipping. The girl had run off into the Black Swamp during the night, and Captain Martas, who imparted this information to me, was in a state of terrible distress by reason of her absence. He did not seem to understand the cause of the trouble, but he could not justify his slave without condemning his wife, whom he seemed to regard with a most tender and dutiful devotion. The only emotion which seemed to master him was a heartbreaking and hopeless grief. I volunteered to hunt for the runaway, and while asking for such information as I thought to be necessary about the neighboring plantations, and of the almost boundless and impracticable wilderness known as the Black Swamp, I saw Celia slowly and quietly coming up the broad walk which led from the portico in the big gate.

She carried in her hand a branch of the magnolia tree, from which depended a splendid blossom of that most glorious of all flowers. She bowed slightly as she came near the portico, and, passing around the corner of the house, entered it by a side door. Mrs. Martas was most passionately devoted to the magnolia, and, from her exclamations of delight, which were soon heard in the hall, we knew that Celia had brought the beautiful flower as a peace-offering

to her mistress, and that it had been accepted as such. Very soon the two women came nearer, and from our seats on the veranda we could hear their conversation. A terrible weight seemed to have been lifted from the heart of Captain Martas by the girl's return, and by the apparent renewal of friendly relations between his beautiful wife and his even more beautiful slave—a relief which showed itself in his face and form, but not in his speech.

"Yes," said Celia to Mrs. Martas, "it is an old, wide-spreading tree on the very edge of the water, and is glorious with just such splendid blossoms as these. There must be more than three hundred clusters, some that I could not reach being much larger and finer than this one."

"And you say," answered Mrs. Martas, "that the air is still, and that the perfume broods all around the tree? Oh, how sweet!"

"Yes," said Celia, "it is so strong that you can taste as well as smell the wonderful perfume. Few people could bear to stand immediately beneath the shade; it is so sweet as to be almost overpowering."

"Oh, how I wish I could see it! How far is it Celia?"

"Only four miles. You can go. It is deep in the swamp; but the pony can follow the ridge all the way. You can go and get home before dusk. I would like you to see it before the rain makes the road too bad, or the winds come and come and scatter the delicious perfume that now hangs as heavy as dew all around the glorious tree for yards and yards away."

"I will go!" she cried. "Tell Toby to bring Selim, and you can take a horse. Let us go at once. It is getting late."

"I would rather walk," said Celia, "so as to be sure that I will not miss the

route in going back, although I watched so carefully that I know I can find it on foot."

Very soon a boy led up Mrs. Martas' pony, and she went out to the steps and mounted, followed by Celia on foot. The girl held the stirrup for her mistress, and as she did so looked back at Captain Martas with eyes in which shone strange love; but the voice of her mistress called her away, and, even in turning her black and lustrous eyes from Captain Martas, their expression totally changed, and showed for a fleeting instant the murderous glitter that gleamed from the eyes of a panther when ready for a fatal spring.

I was startled and troubled, and half moved forward to tell the lady not to go; but a moment's reflection showed me how foolish such an unnecessary and silly interference would seem. A strange mistrust flitted across my mind, but there was nothing on which to base it. I could not give a reason for it, except to say that I had seen the light of a gladiator's eye, the twitch and spasm of an assassin's lip, in the eye and mouth of that now smiling and dutiful young slave girl. The thing was too foolish to think of, and I held my peace.

The women passed out of the gate, and went on quietly in the direction of the Black Swamp. Martas and I resumed our conversation. Hour after hour passed away, and the sun grew large and low in the west; still Mrs. Martas did not return. The sun was setting—set; but she had not come. Then Captain Martas called Toby and had him ride to the edge of the wood, and see if he could learn anything of his mistress; but Toby soon came back, saying that he saw nothing except the pony's tracks leading into the swamp.

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