

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT GREW UP.

She was sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair; There wasn't a curl in her shining hair, There wasn't a speck on her dainty dress, And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to this maiden fair, She suddenly crumpled her shining hair, And dropping down "in a heap" on the floor, Uplifted her voice in a wail most sore.

"Now, what is the matter, my pretty maid?"

"I'm all grown up!" she dolefully said, "And I'm lonesome, as lonesome as lonesome can be;

For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle-Me-See.

"There's Little Boy Blue, who used to creep

Under our haystack, and fall asleep; He isn't my friend since mother dear, 'Did up' my hair in this twist so queer!

"And the Dog and the Fiddle, they left me, too,

When the baby into a woman grew; The Dish has hidden away with the Spoon,

And the Cow has stayed at the back of the moon!

"The Little-Old-Woman who Swept the Sky

Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry; And Jack and his Beanstalk I cannot find Since I began to improve my mind.

"I wouldn't be scared—not a single mite— If the Bugaboo I should meet to-night; The Bogey Man I'd be glad to see— But they'll never, no, never, come back to me!

"I watched in the garden last night at dark,

A fairy favor to find, but—hark! My mother is calling—don't you hear?— 'Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my dear!'"

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THE BAYONET POINT.



Young Jimmy Stevens went from the plow to the bayonet, with little intervening time in which to prepare for the handling of his new implement. The intention had been that young Stevens should stick to the plow, for his father and mother were getting old, and the two elder brothers had already gone to the war, expecting to be home in three months, and now two years had passed without their return; one of them, indeed, it was guessed, would never come back, although his name was not in the list of dead, but in the apprehensive roll-call of the missing.

Much as the farm needed Jimmy, his country appeared to need him more, and it called out his name blindfold, by means of the draft. There being no money in the Stevens family to buy a substitute, Jimmy let go the handle of the plow and shouldered a gun. There was little time to waste in the camp of instruction, for the country was loudly calling for more men, and a farmer's boy can stop a bullet as well as the most expert soldier, even though he may not direct it with much accuracy. So with the farm-yard fences scarcely out of his ears, Jimmy found himself in the rough and ready turmoil of the camp, thing unprepared into soldiering; splendid material to make a warrior of in time, through the hard, unsympathetic handling of that great machine, the army. At but the bullet that was searching for him failed to find him for some months, what with marching, counter-marching and sleeping in a blanket, Jimmy would be as good a soldier as the rest of them, ready to kill or be killed.

Hard as farm work may be, it is at least regular, and in the quiet of the country a man gets a good night's sleep. Jimmy found that the only regular thing about soldiering was its irregularity. He had been up two days and a night on the cars, he had marched, not knowing where he was going, counter-marched, halted, slept when he could, bugled up again, as it seemed, almost before he had lain down, and of all things on earth that Jimmy most wanted was one uninterrupted good night's sleep; but grim fate, who was waiting for him, decreed that Jimmy should be sent out from midnight till 4 o'clock as a sentry, where, most important of all things he was not to do, he must not fall asleep. The Captain had the unfortunate idea that young fellows fresh from the farm, or from the workshop, made better sentries than the old stagers who were up to the tricks of the trade.

It was ten minutes to 12 when Jimmy was awakened by a rough shake from a rough hand grasping his shoulder. He was drunken with sleep, and would have given anything for another hour of it, but he was marched through the camp, and then across a narrow field to the edge of a plantation; here he relieved a man whom he could not see in the darkness, and who had been standing under a tree.

Jimmy's instructions were that he was not to march up and down nor to move from the foot of the tree; he was not to fire his gun unless directly attacked, but if he heard anyone approach he must make for the camp as silently as he could and give warning. If suddenly surrounded, he was to fire his gun, but it was impressed upon him that the great point was to keep the enemy in ignorance of the fact that he was there; therefore he must not walk, nor move, but stand with his back against the tree and keep his ears wide open.

The relieved man of the guard walked noiselessly away, and Jimmy was

left alone in the deep darkness caused by the overshadowing tree. He was at the edge of a wood, and if the enemy came, it would be through that bit of forest.

The night was very clear, very silent, and very dark. The clearness of the air was shown by the brilliant twinkling of the stars. Jimmy pulled out his open-faced silver watch, and found that by holding it at a certain angle, the light from one clear star would just enable him dimly to discern the time, although he had to look sharply to see the position of the large hands on the broad, smooth face of the watch.

"Five minutes after twelve," said Jimmy to himself, repeating the words over and over, but somehow they seemed to convey little meaning to his partially-stupefied brain. "Five minutes after twelve," he reiterated, and closed his tired eyes for a second until he could comprehend what he was saying to himself; when he opened them and stared again at his watch he was startled nearly out of his wits. At first he thought the minute hand had dropped ten minutes. It was now a quarter after twelve. In that seeming second he had been asleep ten minutes, standing with the watch in his hand. It frightened him to think that this was possible; he imagined that under such circumstances a man would have fallen.

If, with his back against the tree, he could sleep as comfortably as lying in his own bed at the farm, what might not happen before his long four hours' watch was over? If he could only pace up and down, he might keep himself awake, but to stand there like a statue—the very thought made him shudder. The safety of an army probably depended upon his vigilance. He must keep awake at all hazards, for the army's sake, if not for his own. He knew that the penalty of sleep was death. "I must keep awake; I must keep awake," he kept repeating to himself; then he was astonished to hear his father say: "Come, Jimmy, it is time to get up; this will never do, you know." He saw the kindly face of the old man before him.

"It isn't daylight yet, father," he said, and as he spoke he saw above him the clear starlit sky, and he gasped, "I have been asleep again."

With trembling hands he took out the silver watch. Actually the bright star seemed to have shifted in the sky. He rubbed his eyes two or three times before he could persuade himself that the watch was not playing tricks with him. It was seven minutes to 1 o'clock.

"I have been asleep for nearly three-quarters of an hour," he said with horror, as he placed the watch in his vest pocket again. He picked up his gun with a bayonet on the end of it, and swung it backward and forward from hand to hand to keep himself awake; all at once he missed it, and it fell clattering among the dead leaves at the foot of the tree. He picked it up quickly and stood, at once all alert, at the foot of the tree to listen. Nothing but the deepest stillness surrounded him. He leaned the gun against the tree and moved his arms up and down. He blinked at the stars, and the movement of his arms seemed to become more and more mechanical, until at last a wagon half-laden with new-made hay drove up beside him, and he saw his father on the load driving the horses.

"Come, Jimmy," he said, "this is the last load, and it looks like rain."

"I don't see, father, how I am to stand sentry and load hay at the same time," replied Jimmy.

"Oh," said the old man, "it's quite easy. You may as well be doing that as moving your arms up and down."

Jimmy saw there was truth in this, and noticing the haycocks beside him he took a pitchfork in his hand and dug it deep into the sweet-smelling hay. The pitchfork sank down through the hay and struck something; then wagon and haycock both disappeared, and Jimmy found himself trying to extricate the point of his bayonet from one of the gnarled roots of the tree. He was in despair.

"I may as well lie down and be shot for it," he said dully. "I can't keep awake if I am to stand still."

He looked again at his watch. It was twenty minutes past one. He had some thought of saving himself by rushing into camp and crying that he heard some one coming through the wood, but he knew that would be treachery to comrades, all of whom were doubtless sound asleep. So he set his ingenuity to work to keep himself awake. He needed a sharp lesson, he told himself, and so he prepared one.

Searching his pockets, he found a piece of string. He made a loop with it which he put round his wrist; then, over the lower branch of the tree, he wrapped the unlooped end of the string three or four times, so that if the weight of his arm came upon the loop the cord would unwind from the branch and his hand would come down. He leaned his gun against the tree with the bayonet point upwards, and his open palm hovering a few inches above the sharp needle of the bayonet.

"I shall stand this way till four o'clock," he said, "and if I fall asleep my hand will drop upon the bayonet point."

Again he looked at his watch and saw it was half past one. Two hours and a half still to stand guard! As he stared out into the night he suddenly saw an officer and soldier before him. The officer had spoken in a low, threatening voice, but the import of the words were completely missed by Jimmy's dazed mind.

"What did you say, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"You were asleep at your post," said the man.

"I swear I was not," cried Jimmy, and then he wondered why his hand had not dropped on the bayonet point. He felt for his gun; it was not there.

"You need not search for your weapon," said the officer. "I have it. You

were asleep at your post. Here, Johnson," he added in a low voice, "take this fellow's place. Come, sir, you are my prisoner."

Jimmy hadn't a word to say, but followed the man into the camp. They passed between the silent tents, seeing sentinels standing here and there like statues. At last, near the center of the encampment, they came to a large tent which showed that a light was burning within. The Sergeant, or whoever he was (Jimmy was too recent a recruit to know the distinction of the army), raised a flap of the tent and entered. An officer with stern and haggard face looked up from a rough table whereon he was writing. The Sergeant said to him:

"Caught asleep at his post, sir."

"Ah," said the officer with a deep frown on his face, and drawing a long breath.

"I took his gun away from him and had to speak twice to him before he awoke."

"Ah," repeated the officer; then to Jimmy: "What have you to say, sir?"

"I suppose it's true," admitted Jimmy. "I did my best to keep awake."

"The usual excuse," replied the officer, turning to his writing again.

"Place him under guard till daylight. Then have out a file of twelve men and shoot him."

"Good God!" cried Jimmy, "you surely don't murder a man who has come to fight for you in that off-hand way without even hearing what he has to say for himself."

"I have heard you," rejoined the officer quietly. "Take him away, Sergeant."

The Sergeant grasped young Stevens roughly by the arm and led him out of the tent.

"This isn't right, you know," protested Jimmy. "I must be tried by a jury or something."

"Oh, don't trouble about that, sonny," replied the Sergeant. "What the General says is usually right; if there is anything wrong about it there will be an inquiry later, but that won't help you much. See, it is beginning to get light in the east already."

"What time was it when you found me?" asked Jimmy, in despair.

"We found you at four o'clock, when we came to change guard."

Then Jimmy saw that further protest was useless. He had slept two hours and a half.

"Oh, if I had only another chance," he groaned. "I don't feel much like sleep now. Don't you think the General would give me another chance?"

The Sergeant shook his head unsympathetically.

"Too much depends on it," he said. "The General has wanted to make an example for some time, short and sharp, and you're the man to furnish the example."

The Sergeant turned Jimmy over to two armed men.

"Guard this youngster," he said. "He's to be shot at daylight, and it's getting near that time now. I'll go and rout out a squad. Don't waste any time lamenting, youngster." This to Jimmy: "If you have any prayers, now's your time."

"It's all irregular," cried Jimmy to the sentries on each side of him. "A man's life can't be taken away at the simple word of another man."

But the sentries' business was not to answer, so they stood, two grim, voiceless automatons, one on either side of him. All the time there was running in Jimmy's mind a horrible sense of the irregularity of it all. If the country, if the newspapers knew of this, there would be a fuss made, but he felt that when the fuss came it would be too late to help him. The steady tramp of a number of men broke into his reverie. The gray of the coming day was spreading over the east.

"Right about! March!" said the Sergeant, and Jimmy mechanically marched as he was told.

They stood him up with his back against a tree, the twelve men drawn in line before him, and appallingly near.

"I won't have my eyes bandaged," said Jimmy. "I want to see them fire."

"Very well," replied the Sergeant, putting the handkerchief in his pocket nonchalantly, as if it were a point not worth discussing.

Jimmy felt as if he would choke. His heart was beating with tremendous rapidity, and his breath came in thick gasps. There was a short, sharp command from the Sergeant and the twelve rifles were leveled at his breast. He heard the word "Fire," and then the ringing of a dozen shots, and it struck him as curious that they did not go off simultaneously, but with a perceptible interval between, as if some had hesitated to pull the trigger. Then the amazing fact struck him that all the bullets had gone through the palm of his hand, which was the more astonishing because he had kept his hands behind him. He found himself looking curiously at the palm of his hand, and feeling the warm blood trickle over it.

"Well, I'll be blessed," said Jimmy; "this was a dream, too, but what a horrible one. My hand has come down on the bayonet point, after all. I wonder how long I've been asleep this time. It was half past one when I last looked at my watch."

Jimmy pulled out the big silver time-piece once more, and turned it toward the glittering star. It seemed to be half past one, but as he looked closer he saw that the minute hand had moved just perceptibly beyond the half-past point.

"Good heavens!" gasped Jimmy in amazement; "have I dreamt all that ghastly stuff in thirty seconds. But, hang it, I knew the General's proceedings weren't regular."

The pain in Jimmy's palm kept him awake till four o'clock and release came.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

SOLDIERS ON WHEELS.

Can Cover Great Distances Quickly and Carry Full Supplies.

In the month of September last the people of Helena, the capital of Montana, were surprised to see riding through their streets a party of eight colored soldiers and a white officer of the United States army, all mounted on bicycles. They were weather-beaten and covered with the dust of the hills and plains; and they carried a great weight of rations, blankets, tents, cooking utensils and extra tires and parts of bicycles, besides rifles and thirty rounds of ammunition to every man.

These wheelmen were a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States Infantry. They had come on their wheels from Fort Missoula, by way of Fort Yellowstone and the National Park, having covered altogether a distance of eleven hundred miles in twenty-two days. In the meantime they had made and broken camp in the rain, ridden through mud, sand, dust and water, and over rocks, ruts and stones. They had crossed mountain ranges and forded streams—in fact, they had stopped for nothing. Much of the distance had been rough riding in every sense of the word.

The journey was really made to test the question whether the bicycle is suitable for such military purposes as it would have to serve if used in Western campaigns. It was not a test of rapidity, but of durability.

The eight soldiers carried everything necessary to an actual campaign in an enemy's country. Baggage, arms, ammunition, rations, blankets, tents and spare apparatus made, in fact, such a load as ordinary bicyclists would think it impossible to carry over good roads. But these men were common soldiers, and in no sense experts on the wheel.

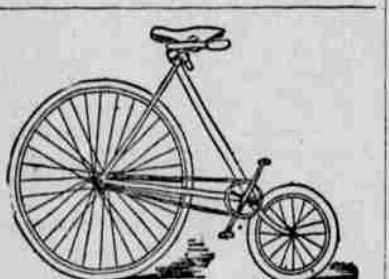
No such test of the bicycle has probably been made before. The military tests of the wheel in Europe have involved no riding over so rough and mountainous a country to such a distance.

The machines and the men stood the work well. No man and no wheel broke down, though to the wheels a certain amount of repair was, of course, necessary. Lieutenant Moss, who commanded the expedition, regards it as entirely a success, and as demonstrating the utility of the bicycle for actual military purposes. He believes that soon every regiment in the army will have its bicycle corps.

FREAKS IN WHEELS.

Some Queer English Notions Presented to the Public.

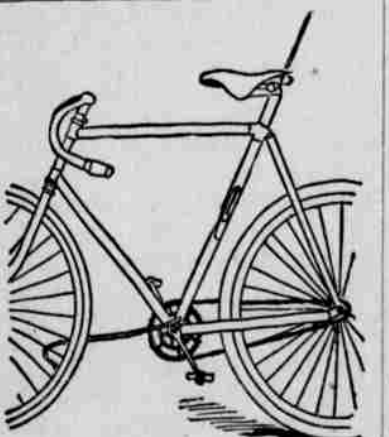
At the Stanley cycle show in England this year there have been on display some novel creations in wheels. Perhaps the most interesting of them is the triangular framed wheel, with handle bars to the rear of the saddle, giving the rider the bolt upright, or, as it is sometimes called, the triangle position while riding. The triangle frame was originated by a New London,



NEW TRIANGULAR FRAME.

Conn., manufacturer, who exhibited a wheel of that description at the '96 cycle show in Madison Square Garden. But the handle bars on his machine were on the front tube, and not behind the saddle, which gave the rider a leaning position. Another curious feature of the English freak is that it is driven with grooved sprockets and a band, in place of toothed sprockets and chain.

The new seat-post is decidedly novel. It is a double-barreled affair, the top and bottom bars being connected by

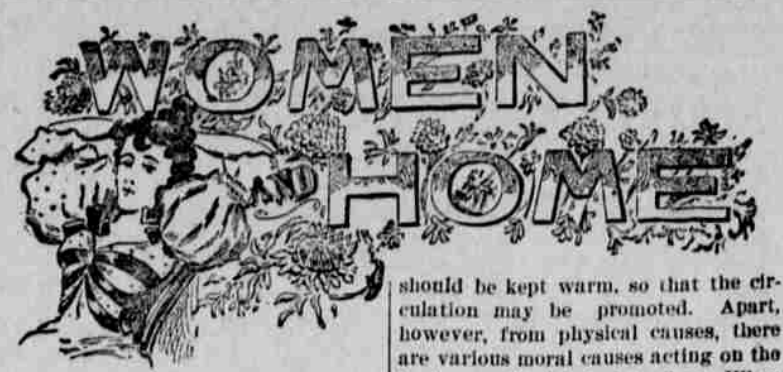


ENGLISH FRAME PUMP.

steel hinges, which allow considerable forward and backward play. It is not likely to become popular. The use of one of the tubes in the frame as a pump cylinder has been tried in this country in a slightly different form without success. But the English inventor claims that he has overcome all the difficulties experienced in previous experiments, and that he has a device which is easily applied to any wheel and furnishes a powerful pump that will not get out of order and is always ready for use.

A Hen's Remarkable Fast.

The length of time a hen can survive without food or water is something remarkable. About the middle of September an Ohio farmer put a setting hen in an empty barrel, placing a lid on top. He forgot all about the hen until three months after, when he was surprised to find it alive. It had remained in the barrel during all that time without a drop of water or food. In a very short time it was restored to the flock as well as ever.



DEAT HER HUSBAND.

In the recent election Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon, of Salt Lake City, defeated her husband for a seat in the Utah Senate by more than 4,000 votes. She is a Democrat and her husband a Republican. A believer in polygamy, she is the fourth wife of the man she defeated and has three children whom she supports by her income as a practicing physician. She is 32 years of age and is an unusually attractive woman. She is well educated and a fine stump speaker.

In the matter of polygamy Mrs. Cannon believes that in the present condition of society it is a good thing for women. A fourth wife has more liberty than a whole one. She is only one-fourth the slave that a whole wife is. As woman's influence on man grows man will become less domineering, have more regard for the feelings and liberty of his life companion, and when woman's victory is completely won polygamy will disappear, for each member of both sexes will find his or her affinity, and both will be perfectly happy.

Hints for Beauty Seekers. In addition to its daily brushing, it will be found that frequent changing of the style of dressing the hair improves it.

Going gloveless not only tans the hands, but hardens them. Therefore the wise dame who objects to wearing tight gloves by day, but who has equal prejudices against a harsh skin, wear at night loose gloves, rubbed on the inside with cold cream. If the fingers are cut out there is no disagreeable sensation connected with the operation. If you have a rooted objection to turning a livid lobster hue and still retain a fondness for aquatic sports, rub cold cream into your face before going forth. Wipe it off with a soft rag and apply powder with inartistic liberality. No veil will be needed with this protection.

When the summer girl's complexion has been exposed to the rays of the sun and she is burned, she should not wash her face in cold water, but in water as hot as she can bear it. In it should be dissolved some ordinary soda. This takes the sting out of the burn and prepares the face for an application of some soothing lotion.

For Slender Women. Columns of conflicting advice have been written from time to time for the benefit of women who wish to get thin, and, as it is not enough for the woman who desires to put on a little extra flesh to draw her conclusions from the reverse side of the fleshy woman's instructions, she is coming in for a goodly share of counsel, too, which is all excellent in a way, but the regime of exercise and diet which is advised for perfect development from the standard of too much or too little flesh is usually an absorbing process which leaves very little time for other things, and the average woman soon wearies of it if she has the courage to attempt it at all. The simple recipe, "Eat vegetables and plenty of butter, drink milk, sweet wine and stout, take cod-liver oil, go to bed early, sleep a little during each day, and laugh as much as possible," will often help the thin woman immensely. Cream may be substituted for the cod-liver oil if preferred.

A Prayer for Girls.

You ask for a little prayer. Here is one written by Jeremy Taylor in his effort to teach the world what was meant by holy living: "Teach me to watch over all my ways, that I may never be surprised by sudden temptations or a careless spirit, nor ever return to folly and vanity. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not in my tongue, neither against piety nor charity. Teach me to think of nothing but Thee, and what is in order to Thy glory and service; to speak nothing but of Thee and Thy glories; and to do nothing but what becomes Thy servant, whom Thy infinite mercy, by the grace of Thy holy spirit hath sealed up to the day of Redemption."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Dress of the Future.

According to Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller the house dress of the future will not in the least resemble the long-skirted affair of to-day. The skirt of this rational gown will come half way between the knee and the ankle, and the waist and the skirt will be in one piece. This simple affair may be worn while the mother of the family is lounging in her room or attending to her little necessary duties about the house. It should be supplemented, however, by a little Eton jacket, rather more elaborately made, which may be slipped on in the emergency caused by the unseasonable caller. This is supposed to represent utility in dress.

Keeping Insomnia at Bay.

Everything which increases the amount of blood ordinarily circulating through the brain has a tendency to cause wakefulness. Tight or ill-fitting articles of dress, especially about the neck or waist, and tight shoes and boots, should be discarded; the feet

should be kept warm, so that the circulation may be promoted. Apart, however, from physical causes, there are various moral causes acting on the brain equally inimical to sleep. When the mind is quieted the tendency of the vessels is to contract and for sleep to follow.

Women as Sailors and Pilots. Scandinavia bears the distinction of being the only nation of the world in the navy of which the women enjoy the same privileges and share the same perils as the men. Whether the woman on board is the wife of the captain or of the commonest sailor, she is compelled by government to do the work of a man before the mast, and the women are even compelled to stand guard at night. Women pilots are also a usual thing in the navy of both the Scandinavian and Danish governments.

Fresh Air.

If the baby is even ordinarily healthy he should have his daily airing, no matter what the state of the weather. From the first time he is taken out his constitutional should be religiously observed. To take him out on some days and keep him at home on others is to pave the way for all sorts of illness. The child will be much more liable to take cold who is kept indoors on some days than the one who goes out every day.—Chicago Ledger.

Dainty Toilet Articles for Baby.

A tortoise-shell puff-box and brush are newer for the baby's basket than are those of either silver or ivory. Very elaborate ones have an initial or the monogram in gold. A soap-box may be added to match them, and sometimes a tiny comb is put with the brush, though few young babies have hair long enough to require one.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dancing Frocks for Girls.



Good Exercise. Coming up and going down stairs is the best exercise in the world. And yet you will find learned doctors who will warn women against going up and down stairs.

Success.

Jenkins—Had you any luck on your Western trip?
Jackson—Great luck! The baby cut four teeth while I was away.—Puck.

Woman's Amiability.

Bess—If I were in your shoes—
Madge—Don't talk of impossibilities.

Flirt at the Fair '63.

See—I think Dr. Jenkins will very soon have a large practice. She—Why? He—He has just had a case in which he prescribed millinery for hysteria.—Puck.

A woman will argue that her clothes are more sensible than men's even when she has to lean against the wall to get the hooks and eyes together in the waist of her dress.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. B. Reeder—I'm told you'd like to purchase a stylish riding horse, Miss Standish. Now, I have a green hunter I'd like to show you. Miss Standish—Oh, that would be lovely! He'd go so well with my new billiard cloth habit!—Harper's Bazar.

"Dearest," she asked, snuggling up to him, "are you sure you love me more than you did your first wife?" "Why, darling," he replied, "I paid only \$7 for her wedding ring. Yours cost \$15." Then a look of trust overspread her countenance, and she murmured: "Oh, you have made me so happy."—Cleveland Leader.

"There!" said the young woman who wants to wear them. "Well?" said her husband. "A woman on a bicycle stopped a runaway team a few days ago. And she says it was her bloomers that enabled her to do so." "Shouldn't wonder. Most of 'em I've seen would stop a clock, and perhaps it might work on a team."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wonderful Demand for Spruce.

Timber cutters in this country are now confronted with the unique conditions that spruce is worth more in the market as material for wood pulp than as lumber. Spruce is the only wood that is in demand in the pulp mill as well as in the saw mill. A recent calculation, made by experts in the lumber trade, shows that at least 65 per cent. of all the spruce cut in the forests of the country this year will go to the pulp mill. During 1897 fully 1,200 cords of spruce woods will be converted each day into ground wood pulp and sulphate. This will aggregate 360,000 cords for the year, or the equivalent of 225,000,000 feet of spruce logs.

The finger ring was the earliest ornament worn by man.