

JUST WHERE THOU ART.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice And sing the song that stirs thy heart; Reach forth thy strong and eager hand To lift, to save, just where thou art.

Out yonder, in the broad fall glare Of many lamps, thine own might pale, And thy sweet song, amid the roar Of many voices, slowly fall.



It was Thanksgiving day, 1894, at Fort Wingate. A dull sky hung low over the plains and an occasional gust of wind from the southwest caused the sentries to cast a quick look at the heavens for signs of the threatened storm.

In the officers' quarters preparations were going forward for the Thanksgiving hop which was to take place in the evening after the dinner had been discussed by the post commandant and his officers.

Adjutant's call for parade was sounded half an hour earlier than usual that evening that time might be afforded the officers to dress for the hop, and the ceremony of parade was cut short a trifle by Colonel Hunt, the gallant commander of the Seventh cavalry.

"Reminds me of old West Point days," whispered Lieutenant Brainard to Colonel Hunt when the two met after the first dance. "By George, it makes me feel like a yeardling, the music and the waxed floor and the pretty girls and all that."

"Not much like arctic hunts for the north pole, eh, Brainard?" responded the colonel, and the lieutenant who went with Greeley to the "farthest north" shivered a bit as he smiled back a reply.

The quadrille ended as gayly as did every quadrille that was ever played, and the laughing women were escorted to seats by the officers who begged for more dances. The cotillon was next on the program and Colonel Hunt was to lead. With the pretty wife of Lieutenant Fuller upon his arm the commandant stepped out upon the floor and the dancers followed.

feer's wife and daughter knew that call, knew every call, indeed, that came from the guardhouse, but there was talking and laughing and music in the ballroom, and their ears were not keen for interruption. But Colonel Hunt heard. He knew.

"We will stop a little, if you please," said the colonel to Mrs. Fuller, escorting her to a seat. "If you will excuse me, I will try to finish our cotillon some other time." And bowing low he was gone.

Down at the guardhouse Colonel Hunt was questioning a courier who leaned upon the saddle of his quivering horse and answered the commandant in jerky sentences as he gasped for breath. He had ridden with the speed of the wind for many, many miles over the rough country, his mind full of his story, his heart torn with agony, lest he be too late.

Colonel Hunt's gray eyes were closely knitted while the courier was talking. He was revolving in his mind a plan of campaign. He thought of the great stretch of country that lay between Wingate and the Moqui country 200 miles away, of the roads and rivers and every feature of the landscape.



campaign hats in place of the plumed helmets. The women of the post knew now what had broken up the dance. They heard "boots and saddles" and they knew that meant action, somewhere, somehow.

"Lieutenant Brainard, you will report to Captain Sibley with your troop," said Colonel Hunt, and the officer who ten minutes before had been joking with his colonel about the West Point dances, raised his gloved hand in salute and hastened away to his troop quarters. Twenty minutes later two squadrons of cavalry under command of Major Thomas McGregor trotted across the parade ground and the start was made.

How they made that trip will never be known save to those who rode out of Wingate that night. The snow in places was up to the bellies of the troop horses, but they floundered bravely through it.

Among the enlisted men was one who would be recalled by anyone who ever saw him, Sergeant Edwin Lear. Tall, lithe and straight as a ramrod, a trifle poor in flesh, but with the flush of health in his cheeks, Sergeant Lear was every inch a soldier. He was one of the finest riders in the army, and if he is still in the service he doubtless still holds that honor.

and left and Ha-be-mah was holding court in the midst of the plunder his men had captured. The reds were inflamed with liquor, Major George learned, and were likely to go on the warpath again in another direction.

On the morning the squadrons of the Seventh arrived and went into camp. Lieutenant Hopin sent his orderly for Sergeant Lear. When the tall soldier stood before the door of the officer's tent and saluted Lieutenant Hopin said:

"Sergeant Lear, you will take a patrol of twelve men, proceed to Oriba, and capture Ha-be-mah, dead or alive." Sergeant Lear did not move a muscle. Still standing at attention, he asked:

"Any further instructions, sir?" "No, you know what to do," said the lieutenant.

The hand of Sergeant Lear came up stiffly to the brim of his campaign hat and dropped, he faced about and strode away to his troop. He knew what those orders meant. He knew that death awaited some brave fellows, perhaps all of the patrol, in the rambling Indian village yonder. He knew that Ha-be-mah, intrenched with his 500 braves, would never be taken without a fight.

The Indians had no warning of the coming of the troops, but when they heard the galloping hoofs of the horses a great shout arose and there was a scurrying for weapons among the teepees. Had Sergeant Lear commanded a regiment, a squadron or even a troop of cavalry he might have swept everything before him.

AN ELECTRICIAN DESCRIBES THE PENALTIES FELT IN A SLOW ELECTROCUTION.

An electrician who has been experimenting on himself in the electric chair, undertakes to describe the sensation of electrocution. A sudden shock is first felt, as if someone had struck you on the head with a heavy mallet. There is no pain. The brain feels benumbed. Bright lights dance and flash before your eyes.

It is not generally known that New York maintains what may be called a traveling library. It is under the control of the public libraries department of the University of the State of New York, and consists of a box of books, twenty or fifty in number, which will be sent to any reputable citizen in any city or village upon application.

An old Swede farmer who lives on the Baltimore & Ohio road a few miles out of town had the misfortune to lose a valuable colt the other day. The animal jumped out of a pasture, ran down upon the railway and was caught in a cut by an express train.

The remains of the late celebrated traveler and writer Sir Richard Burton, were buried at Mortlake Churchyard in a solid silver coffin made for the purpose at Trieste. His tomb is also a peculiar one, made of white stone, in the form of an Arab tent, the interior being fitted up with altar and swinging lamp, the latter having been brought from the far East.

"Wiggins had to have his telephone taken out." "Why?" "Well, he had told his wife they must cut down expenses, and so she called him up every afternoon to see whether he had gone to base-ball."—Detroit Free Press.

"Sir, I have the honor to report the return of our party," said he. "What was the result of the expedition?" asked the lieutenant. "We lost six men and brought back

Ha-be-mah and eighteen other prisoners," said Sergeant Lear. "What was the enemy's loss?" asked the lieutenant. "I should think there were about thirty Indians killed, sir," answered the sergeant. "That will do," said the lieutenant; "report to your quarters," and Sergeant Edwin Lear went to look for something to eat.

DYING IN THE CHAIR.

Thousands of Chicagoans have seen him and applauded him, though none had any idea who he was or what stuff he would prove to be made of when the time came. Sergeant Lear is the dashing rider who led the troop of cavalrymen in the Buffalo Bill show during the World's Fair. At the close of that engagement he went "back to the army ag'in, sergeant," in time to be the hero of the Moqui outbreak of 1894.—Chicago Chronicle.

SENT UPON APPLICATION.

The newest collars have a white standard, surmounted by an exceedingly full knife-plaited frill, which is also box-plaited as well, of colored organdies in the richest patterns and most delicate shades of the popular colors—heliotrope, red, green and blue—the hem of the ruff being edged with Valenciennes lace. The cuffs are trimmed in a similar style to match. These are worn with cloth suits, and can be laundered successfully, taking the place of the chiffon ruche of the same general effect.

A beautiful woman. Popular opinion and expert judgment unite in pronouncing the Princess of Naples the most beautiful of the many handsome women who represented the different courts of Europe at the Queen's jubilee.

Women in Kentucky Politics. The fact that ten public school superintendents in Kentucky are women, and that there are forty women candi-

dates running for similar offices in that State, indicates that Kentucky women have gained greater ground in politics than in any other of the Southern States, and that as to progress and advancement in that line they rank with their most progressive sisters in the North and West. In Kentucky they seem to aspire to the higher educational offices, and as ten school superintendents are already giving satisfaction in their offices, and forty more aspiring, it will not be long before a question may arise in the blue grass regions as to whether men are really eligible to the office of school superintendents.



CODE FOR A WIFE.

LADY Burton has been formulating a code of rules to govern a wife. The husband should find in his wife, in her opinion—and she is a woman of experience and observation—a companion, friend, confidante and so much of everything pleasing that he will have nothing to seek out of his home. The wife must be a careful nurse when he is sick and at all times make the home superlatively attractive to him, letting him smoke everywhere and have at home the society that suits him at all times, and the wife should study to keep as full as to his pursuits and be prepared to go with him at an hour's notice and rough it like a man.

VENTILATED DRESS SHIELD. The new fluted dress shield is the first ventilated shield ever invented which has proved practical. By every movement the moist air is forced out of the flutings and fresh, dry air drawn in, keeping the body cool and free from perspiration.



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A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. Popular opinion and expert judgment unite in pronouncing the Princess of Naples the most beautiful of the many handsome women who represented the different courts of Europe at the Queen's jubilee.



FACTS ABOUT SLEEVES. A sheath sleeve with one, two and three ruffles at the top is the best one for wash gowns, as they launder so easily. The latest mousquetaire sleeve has the heading or tuck at the back of the arm or on top of it graduated, beginning at a quarter of an inch at the hand and ending two inches and a half wide at the top.

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GOWN FOR A GIRL. The beauty and reform dress lecturers all claim that the highest point in dressing will come when we discard the scissors and use the material as drapery. In a child's frock this is not yet reached where beauty is wanted, but from a point of usefulness a very nice little dress is made without cutting the



goods into more than one piece for the gown and one for each of the sleeves. The body of this little dress is cut all in one section, a piece of gingham five yards long will make it, provided the little maid is not taller than the width of the goods. Sew together so that you have the opening in the back and gather the neck upon a broad band of cambric to match the principal color in the gingham. Gather again around the waist. The sleeves are straight pieces of the goods, shirred at the armhole and again at the elbow.



A bathtub that serves the purpose of amusing the baby as well as being a necessary part of the outfit of a well ordered home is made of rubber. To give it shape you blow it up with a bicycle pump through a tiny valve. It stands on the floor and holds water equal to the strongest wooden tub. This tub can stand upon its side or be folded up. Its great advantage is that, after baby has had its bath, the water can be emptied out, the valve unscrewed and the air released from the pneumatic interior. The tube can then be rolled or folded up and put upon the shelf until next bathing time. The rubber tub is considerably lighter than a wooden one and can be taken away for the summer, when baby goes to the country. If need be, it can be used for a family foot tub in summer districts where personal comforts are scarce. A mother who is watchful of baby's comfort makes the little one's bed at night in its soft depths when visiting in regions where baby's bed cannot be carried.

Sleeves with tucked uppers are much affected for fancy thin gowns, and the sleeves are considered handsome when the tucks are graduated. These graduated tucks have created a furore. They are used for everything.

Wing drapery on sleeves is very much in vogue. The top is pulled and the fullness is drawn tight and tacked down across the middle, then allowed to stand out in a wide frill from the back of the arm like a wing, as its name denotes.

A swagger shape for the bottom of a sleeve is to have it flare out in bell shape and come well down over the hand, but this necessitates some stiff interlining so that it will stand out. It is usually lined with silk or the trimming material. This style is especially adapted to cloth gowns.