ristmas Preparations.

he turkey, 'Mandy,
e the cook stove blaze;
irls are comin home
l old country ways,
men an women,
ut they won't forgit
ristmas comes but once a year,
n this here time is it.

n't neglect the fixin's,
ies an cake, you know;
s o' sugar in the sauce—
he babies likes it so.
ez fur me, a cedar tree
ll git, the size ter fit,
Christmas comes but once a year,
n this here time is it.

—Washington Star.

Y PORTIA.

KING, U. S. A.,
Colonel's Daughter," "The
rom the Ranks," "Dun-
h," "Two Soldiers."

t, 1890, by J. B. Lippincott Company,
lphia, and published by special arrange-
with them.]

Who are they, may I ask?"

"Mr. Wallace and his especial friend
r. Hearn."

"And is it possible that you find such young men to your taste? I gave you credit for having rather a higher standard."

"But it is their standard that I so much admire, Col. Lawler. I don't suppose anything would tempt either of those young men to say or do a mean or wardly thing."

"No," said the colonel, with a superior ile; "and yet, do you know, I'm ready to stake my professional reputation that one of them at least is quite unworthy your trust or confidence."

"Now, are you not a trifle prejudiced, onel? I thought the law presumed a innocent until proven guilty."

eoretically, yes; practically, men ve, ridied human nature through ts, as I have had to, get to see he veneering of high tone that ngsters' are so apt to assume."

you are probably quite ready with the correspondent of The , colonel, that most officers , especially the second lieuten-

xperience has certainly not given gh opinion of the young men, arshall."

now, do you know, colonel, my n is very much in their favor."

is your intuition as well founded, hink, as long legal experience?"

your experience has been con- he limited few that have come urts martial, has it not? My covers the great array of their the ninety-and-nine. Now, I ny especial knowledge of the you seem to be investigating. wler, but I fancy that evidence Mr. Schonberg might give would tle weight before a court of intel- en."

will change your mind when to see the books, young lady."

you changed yours?"

ey simply confirmed my judg-

my intuition was right, colo-

o, may I ask?"

me that you had prejudged

moment the officers came saun- t into the open air, joining the ladies, who had fled back to rn end of the piazza as soon as their obnoxious visitor safely by Miss Marshall's side.

re's Lawler?" queried Morris in ant tone. "Has he gone off with llows?"

I'm here, colonel, getting a les- w which this young lady is so to give me." Miss Marshall at the discourtesy in his tone, e no other sign. "I shall ex- e you apppearing in the role of yet, Miss Marshall."

well, colonel; if it ever comes shall fall back on my intui-

shall's cheeks were still flush- yes had a dangerous gleam dark and fringing lashes pped a moment after into ecrated parlor.

r to have had quite a tilt d the judge advocate," said l come in for more cigars "I think I once told you e to be cross-examined by all; and it looks as though tle nettled."

ven't been rude to a guest t. Lane; but that gentle- e wish over and over again an. Did you know who ?"

heard," said Lane.

sudden lull in the conversa- piazza without, then the e quickly:

r what that can be. That in earnest, doesn't he?"

s it?" asked Lane, stepping to

elling for the corporal of the onder they go."

oss, who was officer of the tly picked up his sword ut of the southwest gate, e roadway could be heard rapid footfalls. The call, not repeated. Conversa- ame brisk and general, and s Cross came back.

the matter?" asked Col.

lians, sir, and one of our men who said they came out by eneral commanding the di- ad been detained here until

; that's all right. Those ess the witnesses Col. Law- Why wasn't the corporal d sent down with them to out?"

uggy was tied the other side sir, and no one at the guard see them start."

sentry ought to have let how as soon as he saw who We have no authority to s here."

the civilians the sentry was after, sir; he was perfectly wi g they should go; but they had an enlisted man with them."

"Who?" asked Morris, with uncomfortable premonition of the answer.

"Private Welsh, sir, of C troop."

CHAPTER XI.

Corp. Stein was at their heels.

The week that followed the advent at Fort Ryan of the staff officer from division headquarters was one that the good people at the post have not yet ceased talking about. Lawler had remained in the garrison only twenty-four hours, and went back eastward without a word as to his intentions, and, to the surprise of even Col. Morris, without having sent for or spoken to the man most interested in his coming—Lieut. Hearn. This in itself was something that excited most unfavorable comment, for it was known that he had had long interviews with Mr. Abrams, the busy representative of the press, and that he had driven in town to spend some hours in questioning certain dubious looking citizens presented to him one by one at the establishment of Mr. Schonberg. He had furthermore sent to the guard house for Trooper Welsh—once again there incarcerated by order of Capt. Cross, who as officer of the day had arrested him for attempting to slip across a sentry's post the previous night. And once again, to the dismay of the cavalry officers and the unconcealed ridicule of the infantry battalion, Col. Morris had directed Welsh's immediate release.

"It was a misunderstanding, probably, Capt. Cross," said the colonel in conciliatory mood to the old officer of the day, as he relieved him after guard mount. "Welsh was given to understand that these gentlemen, who had just come from an interview with Col. Lawler, had the authority of the department commander to take him to town with them, so as to be ready to make certain depositions early in the morning."

But Cross eyed his commander unflinchingly and said no word.

Among the infantry officers the opinion was openly expressed that between Abrams and Lawler and Trooper Welsh the colonel was simply demoralized. The crowd at dress parade for several evenings was almost as big as that before spoken of, and, though The Palladium man did not again take position on the colonel's left during the ceremony itself, he was frequently at that officer's side when he made his way through the curious throngs both in going to and returning from his post. And afterward, with the eyes of the townspeople upon them, Private Welsh and the unterrified correspondent paced up and down the road in front of the cavalry barracks for half an hour; and the group sitting on Lane's piazza one evening especially could not help noting how ostentatiously the two conversed as they neared the white wicket gate.

"Wharton," quoth Martin, as for the sixth or seventh time the swarthy trooper and his champion approached the captain's quarters, "I'm consumed with envy. The time was when good looking cavalrymen like you and me could command some small attention from the eyes of our friends and fellow citizens in town; but our day is done. These are the popular heroes of the hour. Now, here comes Hearn's first sergeant. Surely he's not going to have the unbearable effrontery to remind Trooper Welsh that he ought to be cleaning up for guard tomorrow, when a gentleman of the press wants to talk with him?"

"Is Welsh for guard tomorrow?" asked Capt. Lane, in some surprise.

"He is. The colonel relieved him from durance vile before guard mount this morning, and I heard the first sergeant tell Hearn an hour ago that it was Welsh's turn for guard, and wanted to know whether he was to order him or not. Hearn said certainly."

"And the man cut parade to-night on plea that Mr. Abrams wanted to talk with him. He was the 'one private absent' reported from C troop," said Wharton. "That is the reason the sergeant is after him now, I fancy, either to arrest him or else warn him for guard."

"If I were Hearn I'd quit attempting to dispicline that young man," said Maj. Kenyon, pessimistic and glowering as ever. "He ought to have sense enough to know that the worst blackguard in the service, with the press behind him, is more than a match for any officer who seeks to do his duty."

"And if I were Hearn," drawled Martin, "I'd make that particular protege of The Palladium do his duty if I died for it, especially after the marked copies that came today. Now watch."

The first sergeant, a trim, soldierly fellow with determined face and manner and quick energetic step, had by this time overtaken the pair, who strolling together had almost reached the picket fence and were within earshot of the Lanes' piazza. Mrs. Lane glanced eagerly up the road, for Miss Marshall and Lieut. Hearn at that very moment came from the Whartons' quarters next door and appeared upon the gravel walk, Wallace following with Jeannette McCrea.

Sergt. Wren had stopped short on overtaking the trooper, and with scant ceremony addressed him in tones that all could hear:

"Welsh, you're for guard to-morrow, and you've got mighty little time in which to get ready. Did the lieutenant excuse you from parade?"

"I didn't ask him. Col. Lawler was good enough for me."

"Col. Lawler left the post at 5 o'clock and couldn't have wanted you."

"All the same I was acting under his orders and nobody else's. If you want any other authority you can go to Col. Morris; I'm busy now." And with his hands in his pockets and a jerk of the head to his companion, Welsh whirled about and led the way down the road toward the store, Abrams slowly following in his wake, but looking back as though curious to see the sequel. The first sergeant stood an instant flushing and with wrathful eyes, but raised his hand in respectful salute as the young troop commander came quietly along. Miss Marshall leaning on his arm.

"You warned him for guard, sergeant?" said Hearn, answering Wren's salute.

"Yes, sir, and he says Col. Lawler excused him from parade."

"I reported the absence to Col. Morris, and he tells me there may have been some such understanding, sergeant. At all events, as Col. Lawler has gone, he would give Welsh the benefit of the doubt; so we have nothing further to do with that matter."

Wren ground his teeth as he briskly strode back to his quarters.

"What does the loot'nant say?" demanded Duffy, as he with half a dozen of his comrades clustered about the office, eagerly watching the sergeant's face and his clinching hands as he returned.

"Nothing. Don't ask questions now, you men. The lieutenant can't do anything to him: the colonel won't let him."

"The colonel won't, is it?" said Duffy, with a wrathful grin. "Be jabers, if I were colonel I'd command my rigiment, and no damned newspaper man would scare me out of it. It's The Palladium that commands Fort Ryan tonight, and that blackguard Welsh is post adjutant —more shame to us all!"

"Silence, there, Duffy! No more of that talk!" ordered Wren, as he banged to the door of his own little den, and the knot of troopers scattered away. "All the same," muttered he to his faithful second, Sergt. Ross, "Duffy only tells the truth, and damn me if I ever thought the day would come when my old chief would knuckle down like that."

And if in garrison circles that night it was predicted that something would be the outcome of the detail of Welsh for guard duty, no one was destined to disappointment. He appeared at the appointed time, and was curiously scanned by the other members of the troop, as carbine in hand, he came slowly and indifferently down the stairway just as the trumpets began to sound the assembly of the details. Unluckily for everybody who hoped to see Welsh brought up with a round turn by the snappy young adjutant, a drizzling rain had set in, and undress guard mounting in overcoats was the result. Welsh's forage cap and accouterments might past muster in a shower, but his full dress rig every man knew to be wofully out of shape, and such was the fellow's unpopularity among his comrades by this time that audible regrets were expressed by the men that the weather had "gone back on them."

"Step out, there!" shouted Wren sharply to the dawdling soldier, as he gave the command to fall in.

"Get a move on you, Misther Welsh," laughed Duffy from the upper gallery. "Or don't they ever shtep out in the excellent family down east? Sure, isn't he a fine looking, intelligent young man of 25?"

"Twenty-five? 'Faith, it's thirty-six in months he'd get if I was commanding," muttered Kerrigan. "How are your patriotic motives this morning, Mister American-Blood-with-the-Asshumed-Name?"

"Sure his name is Dennis," laughed Duffy again. "Quit your sneering, Kerrigan. The young soldier's eyes are blazing with pent up feelings again, don't you see?" And indeed a most malignant scowl was that which Welsh launched aloft at his persecutors, whose fun was cut short by the stern voice of Sergt. Ross ordering silence. And in another moment the detail of C troop was dancing away in double time, with a parting adjuration from Duffy not to go too fast; "it's to aisy to set the blood boiling in Welsh's veins, anyhow."

It was in the ugliest possible mood that Welsh tossed up his carbine for the inspection of the officer of the guard. He had expected to pose as a hero and martyr. But whatever might be the mistaken sentiments aroused in the east by the efforts of a paper that had exhausted local well springs of scandal and sensation, here among those who knew the facts, and, above all, knew him, he had gained only ridicule and contempt. In all the garrison, now that Goss was gone, there was not a soldier who had ever stood his friend. In his own troop especially, where the rank and file were devoted to their young lieutenant, there was wrath and indignation at his expense, and well he knew that nothing but discipline saved him from a ducking in the river or a hearty kicking down the barrack stairs. Still, with Abrams to stand by him and The Palladium to champion his cause, he felt secure against fate; only he had thought to be looked upon as liberator and leader among the men, and they were all laughing at him. This was bitter indeed. He almost hoped that the adjutant would order him back, replaced by the supernumerary, for the rust he knew to be about the breech block of his carbine, and which the officer of the guard would be sure to discover. But the young lieutenant contented himself with pointing to it with white gloved finger and passing on, probably thinking it best to get him on duty at any price.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It must be confessed that the war cloud now hanging over the palace of Abdul Hamid is considerably bigger and blacker than any of its predecessors in recent years.

WOMEN AND HOME

AMONG CANNIBALS.

TWO women have recently distinguished themselves in the East, Miss Kingsley and Mrs. J. George Scott, both of England. For two years Miss Kingsley has been traveling in West Africa in the Gaboon country of the French Congo—the country of Du Chaillu. The greater part of the time was spent among the Fangwees, who are cannibals. Gorillas were encountered everywhere, and big game, such as elephants, hippopotami and the like abound. In the deep recesses of the forest a dwarf race was found. These people poison their arrows by sticking them in corpses three days old. Corpses were encountered stuck all over with arrows and looking like hedgehogs.

MISS KINGSLEY.

Mrs. Scott's traveling was in the Shan states bordering on China. Most of the time was spent among a tribe called Wild Was. These people are head hunters and cannibals. In speaking of head hunting Mrs. Scott says: It is regarded essential, to secure good crops, that each village must get, at least, one stranger's head; or failing in this a head belonging to one of their own people. In February and March of each year these people go off on head-hunting expeditions. We had not been long in the country before we were made painfully aware of these practices. In one day we came across no less than three dead bodies lying across the path, one horribly mangled. The Was live up in sheltered parts of the hills at an altitude of five or six thousand feet above the sea. Their villages are very curious. Situated, as a rule, far apart, they are surrounded by earthen ramparts covered with bush and guarded by a deep ditch. To enter the villages the traveler has to go through a long, narrow tunnel—often 100 yards long—so low that we could not go through without stooping and so narrow that two persons could not pass without touching. At the village end these tunnels are closed by heavy wooden doors, while leading to these tunnels are long avenues of trees, with heavy undergrowth. Along these dreary paths are rows of posts about four feet high, with ledges on which are exhibited the skulls taken by the inhabitants.

MRS. J. G. SCOTT.

Inartistic Crowding.

Often we find every sort of curio, from the horrible and grotesque to the realistic, arranged in reception and family rooms. Of course where space is limited one must do the best one can, but, all the same, there are many bits of bric-a-brac that would be much more agreeable if less prominently exhibited. To jumble Indian, Chinese, Japanese and all manner of articles into one place, and in such close proximity that they continually elbow each other, is like colonizing the different sorts of people under one roof and compelling them to live there, whether they will or no. The incongruity, after a time, becomes painful, and it seems as though in their own way the articles would quarrel with one another as violently as would the human specimens of the same species were they thus crowded in together.

Keeping a Canary Bird.

It is essential for the good health of a canary bird to keep the cage perfectly clean and strewn with fresh gravel. Fresh water for both drinking and bathing should be given every morning and during the moulting season a bit of iron kept in the drinking cup is excellent. Never hang the cage in a room without a fire, but on mild days the bird will be greatly refreshed by the air from an open window. The cage should never be less than eight inches in diameter and twelve in height. It should have perches at different heights. The canary, which is the usual house bird, thrives during the winter on a diet of small brown rape seeds, obtained during the summer, and occasional slices of sweet apple. Occasionally a few poppy or canary seeds and a very little bruised hemp seed may be added.

Hair Frizzing and Crowsfeet.

The majority of women make a great mistake in crimping their hair. For some reason or other an overhanging cloud of curls or frizzes has a way of bringing out all the little lines and defects that nature or time have stamped in a woman's face. This is quite contrary to the old-time notion. Then it was taken for granted that the tighter the curls the prettier and more becoming the woman. But modern taste decrees differently. "If you want to look young and natural rather than faded and artificial," said a woman the other day, "stop crimping your hair. I know of no surer way to bring about the effect, at least. Just call to mind the—well, not the elderly, but the no longer youthful women that you know, and think how ugly, inartistic and artificial they look with that mass of frizzes over their faces. And how soft, natural and becoming straight hair is to any woman at any age or state of health. Not necessarily tightly drawn, streaked back hair; it may be loose and puffy, if you choose, and always, of course, arranged with an eye to artistic and individual effect, but uncrimped, uncurled and unfrizzed."—New York Sun.

Hardly Knows Her Own Name.

So far as known Bertha Koenig, of 78 Christie street, New York, is the only sane human being who ever lived for two years within a block of the Bowery without learning the name of that or any other street in the Eastern metropolis. Bertha, who is 17 years old, came from Roumania two years ago and went to live with her grandmother at the address given above. Her astonishing ignorance would perhaps never have become known to the public had not her grandfather fallen out of a window a few days ago. He died as a result of his injuries, and the girl was called as a witness at the coroner's inquest. It then developed that she did not know the name of the city or street in which she lived. She had never heard of the Bible or of the Savior, knew nothing about the nature of an oath, and, more astonishing than all else to the New York people present, never heard of the Bowery. Of course she could not speak a word of English. The girl seems to be possessed of average intelligence, but is simply steeped in profound ignorance of common subjects, no one having taken the trouble to instruct her in any way.

BERTHA KOENIG.

A Woman's Work for a Year.

A busy wife, tired of hearing her husband declare that woman had nothing to do, made up a little statement of the way she had spent her time for one year. She had two children and two servants. Here are only a few of the items which silenced the husband once for all: Number of lunches put up, 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts prepared, 172; lamps filled and trimmed, 328; rooms dusted (a nine-room house), 2,259; dressed children 786 times; visits received, 879; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,236; articles of clothing made, 120; letters written, 429; hours at the piano, 90½; hours in Sunday school work, 208; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women and Their Lovers.

It is easy enough to tell a man by his friends; but it is impossible to tell a woman by her lovers. One reason for this is that a man usually shows himself to his fellows as he is; but it is impossible for his fellows to know how he shows himself to a woman, so long as he is in love with her. In that blissful condition the rude, off-hand man of business becomes to his mistress a picture of clumsy courtesy; the coward is capable of feats of valor from which a French cuirassier would shrink; the mean, tradesmanly person will stop before the shops of jewelers, hesitate, and at last enter; the rake will honestly regret the hearts he believes that he has broken, and, for the moment, steadfastly purposes to lead a new life.

Pink Satin and Apple Green.

Another stylish cloak was of pale pink satin brocaded with a light flowering pattern of convolvulus leaves in various artistic shades of green, and a few half ripe wheat ears. This was lined throughout with pale apple-green satin; the shoulder cape was edged with fulled pink chiffon.

Flings at the Fair Sex.

He—Are you going to the opera? She—No; I have such a cold I can't speak above a whisper.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Just think," Fraulein Rosalind, I was dreaming about you last night." "Indeed! What dress did I have on?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

She—I think I will do the cooking myself awhile. He—H'm! That was what you wanted me to take out more life insurance for, was it?—Indianapolis Journal.

"I want a quarter from you for that starving family on Bottle alley." "Mercy! I can't spare a cent. My dress for the charity ball will cost me $200."—Cleveland Press.

Mrs. De Fadd—The latest fashion is to have the piano built into the wall. Mr. De Fadd (wearily)—Well, that's sensible. Let's wall up ours.—New York Weekly.

Old Graybeard—It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. De Style—Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat.—Tid-Bits.

She—And you really attended the Queen's reception in London. The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty? "Yes, but not to the same extent as the women."—Life.

A NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

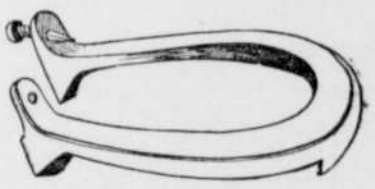
Which Seems to Be Admirably Adapted to Its Purpose.

In one respect the human race has made very little improvement during the past few thousand years. This is in the matter of horseshoes. Our present method of shoeing horses has not changed materially for centuries, and has always been rude and irrational. One of the chief objections to the system is that the hoof is made to fit the shoe instead of the shoe to fit the hoof. This involves a lot of cutting and scraping and is the chief cause of lameness and stumbling. The use of nails is also a serious objection, as, no matter how careful the blacksmith may be, there are cases when a tender spot will be penetrated. It is quite obvious that nature never intended nails to be driven into a horse's hoof.

THE SHOE AS FITTED.

The accompanying illustrations show a novel horseshoe that has been subjected to a careful and thorough trial on half a dozen horses. Like a great many works of genius, the one in question is extremely simple. It consists of a band of metal about an inch high, which fits around the lower edge of the hoof. At the base of this band there is a sort of projecting shelf, or flange, which is made to fit into a groove running around the inside of the shoe. The latter is made of steel, of the usual shape and style. The only differences between it and the ordinary shoe are the presence of the grooves and the absence of nail holes.

When the band is fitted to the hoof (which is done very readily), the shoe in turn is attached by slipping the flange into the grove. It now remains to clasp the arrangement by two screws in the rear. These may be turned to any degree of tightness desired, and a moderate degree is sufficient to prevent the shoe from coming off. The whole arrangement may be put on or taken off in a moment.



THE SHOE PROPER.

Made Him Apologize.

That Christian IX. of Denmark, whose illness is at present causing much anxiety, brings up his children in the way they should go is sufficiently evidenced by the following anecdote: One day at the dinner-table the young Prince asked his father what was the meaning of a word he had never heard before. This word, "lusing," is the Danish equivalent for our "box on the ears." The king asked his son where he had heard such a word. The boy, blushing to the roots of his hair, confessed after a little natural hesitation that he had been out in the streets amusing himself by ringing the bells and then running away. But at one door an angry porter rushed out and shouted after him that he would give him a "lusing" if ever he did such a thing again. When the prince had finished his explanation, his father exclaimed, "Very well, to-morrow you shall go with me to that very house and beg the porter's pardon for such rudeness." Accordingly, the next day the king went with his much-abashed son and made him apologize.

Discouraging a Boy.

A boy 8 or 9 years old stood at the corner of Brush and Elizabeth streets the other day with head up and arms folded. He had three hen's feathers stuck in his cap. He had a bow slung to his back, and in a quiver made of buffalo hide he had three or four arrows. In his belt was the family breadknife, and in his right hand was a war-club. As he thus stood, casting his eagle eye about him, a telegraph boy came along and stopped and looked him over. The inspection lasted a full minute and then he asked:

"Playing Injun?"

"Yes."

"Got a name?"

"Red Cloud."

"Humph! No go."

"What's the matter?"

"You have been eating bread and butter with sugar on it, and forgot to wipe off your mouth! Better stay in the back yard and scare the baby! You're no big Injun!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Expensive Violin.

It is reported that the Stradivarius violin known under the name of Hercules, has just passed into the possession of M. Eugene Ysaye, the well-known Belgian violinist, who purchased it of Paul Nothomb, king's advocate, of Manche in Belgium, for $2,500. The instrument, dated 1732, and one of the most perfect ever turned out by the celebrated Cremona master, is said to be in a beautiful state of preservation.

Unusual Colors of Animals.

The coloring of animals seen in Maine this season is something unusual. There have been white moose, milk white fawns, gray wolves, and there has recently been captured a pale yellow fox.

There is nothing a married woman enjoys more than assisting a girl to land a young man.