

MOONLIT MEADOWS.

On these white nights, when over hill and wood
The brooding mystery of midnight lies,
Beneath the glad enchantment of the skies
The moonlit meadows spread their quietude.

Drenched in the deluge of effulgent light
Their dew-sweet reaches, sweet with new-mown hay,
Into the hazy distance stretch away,
And lose their brightness in the folds of night.

The far-off hills recede beyond the plain,
And this expanse of moonlight meadow seems
The land we may have visited in dreams,
But may not find when day returns again.

Earth's weary train of days remoter grows,
The voice of care sounds faint, and dies away—
And all distress that waits upon the day
Fades from the memory like forgotten woes.

Peace on the troubled earth when day is flown!
Silence that falls across the clash of strife—
And fleeting glimpses of that higher life
That speaks in other language than our own.

Fair moonlit meadows! Nature's open page
Which we with clouded vision vainly trace,
Yet fail to read the meaning of its grace
Whose message is withheld from age to age.
—Youth's Companion.

Marooned

I accepted my Aunt Maltrevor's invitation to her river picnic, for the simple reason that I dared not refuse. A broken leg or a doctor's certificate that you have something infectious are the only excuses Mrs. Maltrevor recognizes, and I could produce neither. Besides, Dulcinea was sure to be there and public opinion would expect me to be in attendance.

I may, perhaps, say a few straightforward words about Mrs. Maltrevor later. Dulcinea you will take for granted. I cannot describe her—she is neither the most beautiful, the most accomplished nor the cleverest of the girls I know; but there is that about her which is beyond the power of adjectives to describe. Most men will understand me—they all know at least one girl of that sort.

I perhaps might mention that I have always known Dulcinea; we grew in beauty, so to speak, on opposite sides of the same road; and when she put up her hair, I started smoking. When she left school, I proposed and she refused me. Unfortunately our friends (and for the moment the definition must include Aunt Maltrevor) don't know this, and they smile on us both in the fatuous way that the world always does reserve for matrimonial folly. And when Dulcinea gets up a promising flirtation (as she did with Jack Guthrie in the spring) people only murmur "Lovers quarrel," while if I pay ardent if somewhat spasmodic attention to some other girl (Dulcinea declares I flirted outrageously with Daisy Gordon at the Hockey Dance) I only hear a whisper, "Oh, those foolish young people." So you see my position. Now about the picnic.

Mrs. Maltrevor's picnics are pretty important things. The country people are always represented, and as many as three motor cars have been garaged on her tennis lawn at the same time; while the reporter of the local paper always spreads himself on a florid report of the function, which I (noting under my aunt's orders), rigorously sub-edit.

On the present occasion I rather wanted to see Dulcinea; she had just had her twenty-first birthday, and I had sent her some red roses and a short poem which began:

A poet, miss, would write a sonnet
Felicitating you upon it,
So naturally I wanted to see how she would take it.

Arriving punctually at 1:30, at the lock which Mrs. Maltrevor had appointed as rendezvous, I found the lady surrounded by the youth and beauty of Maston (this phrase I deleted regularly from the local reporter's outburst) and simply overflowing with good humor. This, as I discovered later, was partly because my Uncle Maltrevor had got toothache, partly because she had roped in a broken-down baronet for the picnic. Dulcinea I could not see for the moment (she had gone off, I found, to look for forget-me-nots with Jack Guthrie), so, having been presented to Sir Hugo Jones, I retired into private life and made myself agreeable to Daisy Gordon.

A small flotilla of boats lay in the stream ready for us, and as soon as my aunt had introduced the baronet to everyone except Mrs. Neville Ponsobly and the Hon. Ethel Ponsobly (whom she had asked specially to snub), we began to embark.

I watched the process with admiration. My Aunt Maltrevor being my uncle's mistake and not my own. I do not pretend to understand her, but there is little doubt that, excluding her toupee, and her complexion, she is composed mainly of tact. If such a thing had been conceivable, I should have said she winked at me as she despatched Jack Guthrie off with Daisy Gordon on one of the first boats to start, and, conceivable or not, I believe she did wink as she waved her hand to me in parting, having left Dulcinea and me to bring up the rear in a single sculler.

"You cannot fight against Fate when it has Mrs. M. on its side," I observed as I handed Dulcinea into the Sancy Jane. "You know it's really rather funny—the way people throw us at each other—it ought to amuse you."

"It doesn't—to any extent," said Dulcinea, moodily steering into the bank. "If you don't want to take the overland route, perhaps I'd better row."

"Perhaps I'd better steer, you mean," I retorted. "You've got the ropes crossed. Pull your left—quick." Too late—crash! I had seen, but not soon enough to avert a collision, that we are heading straight for a barge moored by the towpath. We did not capsize, but we lost a lot of paint and woke up the bargee. At Dulcinea's request I rowed as fast as I could to get out of earshot—indeed, we should soon have overhauled the rest of the party had not Dulcinea suddenly burst out with a slight exclamation:—

"We have sprung a leak," she said tremulously.

I stopped rowing. I knew Dulcinea well enough to be sure that the tremor was on behalf, not of herself, but of her elegant river gown, for she swims a little better than a mermaid; but the leak was a leak for all that, and from behind the steering-seat came a little gushing stream of water, bubbling quite viciously around Dulcinea's shoes. I rowed quickly to the nearest shore—that of a little wooded island, twenty yards across, in the middle of the river. Here we debarked in good order, but even as we did so Fate stepped in again. The boat in some inexplicable way wrenched itself out of my hand and began to drift down the stream.

"I believe you did that on purpose," said Dulcinea, as I leaned over in a vain effort to reach our craft.

"Just like your beastly vanity," I said in a brotherly way (Dulcinea had often offered to be a sister to me). "Why, do you suppose I want to be cooped up on a desert island with you in your present temper? Fortunately I have plenty of cigarettes."

"Oh, very well, then," said Dulcinea, with withering scorn. "So long as you are happy, I don't mind starving for a few hours."

(She had, I know, lunched at 1; it was now 3.)

Shortly afterwards she turned her back upon me and began pensively nibbling at dandelion leaves. I commended this step highly, and told her they were most nourishing, though rather bitter.

I suppose we must have sat in silence for quite half-an-hour after that. I smoked and Dulcinea sulked. At the end of that time she asked me in her



"IT'S REALLY RATHER FUNNY."

brightest way the date of the Tennis Tournament. (This is a desperately important affair and as many as five motor cars have been garaged in the town at one and the same time during its progress.)

I told Dulcinea the date, and slugged the style of all the local ladies in a way that went straight to her heart. We conversed quite amicably.

"Guthrie is almost sure to win the Singles, of course," I remarked carelessly.

"Is he?" said Dulcinea, apparently neither surprised nor interested. "But where do you come in? You used to play some sort of a game?"

"O, I shall enter, no doubt," I admitted. "But Guthrie'll win. I hear he's come on a lot."

"Perhaps you will have a chance in the Mixed Doubles," suggested Dulcinea, innocently. "Who are you playing with?"

"I may not enter at all if I see any really good couples," I countered. "You, for instance, if you have a strong partner. Let's see, it's Guthrie, isn't it?"

"Possibly," agreed Dulcinea. "I mean, has he asked you to play?"

"He had not, for Dulcinea was almost disconcerted, and swished her gloves at a harmless butterfly.

"Never mind," I said, "he will."

"I didn't say he hadn't," said Dulcinea, sharply.

I lit a cigarette.

"And if he does," she declared, in a sudden burst of graciousness, "I'll play with you, if you like."

Dulcinea is never so dangerous as in her gracious mood.

"Dulcinea," I said, kneeling on a wasp by her side (how hard it is to kneel gracefully on a wasp), "Dulcinea—oh, hang it all!"

The splash of oars fell on my ears, and I started to my feet. What had happened was only too clear. Our absence had been noticed, and a relief expedition was on its way, conducted by Mrs. Maltrevor, whose stentorian tones I could already hear.

Rather sheepishly we advanced to the edge of the water, and as we did so I noticed that the Sancy Jane had merely drifted across the river, and was resting serenely against the opposite rushes. The leak was evidently not a

serious one, for I could not detect that she was lower in the water.

Mrs. Maltrevor seemed to have brought about twenty people to witness our ridiculous plight.

"We're awfully sorry," I began, as the party bore down upon us.

"Awfully sorry," echoed Dulcinea. "But we sprang a leak—"

"The water simply rushed in," Dulcinea corroborated.

"And just as I was going to see whether I could stop up the hole, it drifted away," I concluded, with a complete and desperate disregard for the rules of syntax.

Mrs. Maltrevor's smile simply fascinated me. I think she said she quite understood. At any rate, she was in an excellent temper—this, I afterwards learned, was because Matilda, her eldest and most hopeless, had that very afternoon brought to book the senior curate of All Saints; while the broken down baronet, fortified with champagne, was at that very moment flirting openly and outrageously with Evelyn, another of Mrs. Maltrevor's forlorn hopes, to the complete discomfiture of Mrs. Neville Ponsobly and the Hon. Ethel Ponsobly.

It is against Dulcinea's principles to let a little thing like Mrs. Maltrevor disconcert her, and it is due to her to say that she never lost grip of the situation. She conversed amicably with the junior curate of All Saints, then with Mrs. Maltrevor herself, and kindly inquired after Mr. Maltrevor's toothache. She was rapidly disarming suspicion when young Perkins, who had been landed on the other bank with a view to the salvage of the Sancy Jane, suddenly called the attention of the party to himself by a loud exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Perkins?" said Mrs. Maltrevor sweetly. "Is the leak a bad one?"

Young Perkins laughed. (I detest him.) "Very serious indeed," he replied, holding up in each hand the half of a lemonade bottle, which he had extracted from a hamper behind the steering seat. "As you see, the bottle not only leaked, but burst. It's quite done for."

"But what about the boat?" inquired Mrs. Maltrevor, still more sweetly.

"The boat? Oh, the boat's all right," remarked young Perkins, as he boarded her over to the island.

For a moment there was a silence. Then a roar of laughter in which Dulcinea joined and I tried to. I think Mrs. Maltrevor repeated that she quite understood; at any rate, in her most ostentatiously tactful way she gathered her party on board and announced her intention of departing forthwith in search of tea.

"You can follow at your leisure, dear," she remarked to Dulcinea, with a meaningful look at me. I knew the look. It said, "If you haven't proposed, do it now."

Dulcinea had gone back to her old seat. As I joined her I noticed that my old friend the wasp was still there, but I carefully avoided kneeling on him.

"Dulcinea," I said, "Dulcinea, it's no good my trying to tell you all the nice things I think about you, because you know them already. And you know that I shall be waiting for you to marry me ten years hence—if you won't do it before, Dulcinea."

I felt I was doing it very badly; I was convinced of it by Dulcinea's next remark.

"I've never been so badly proposed to before," she said serenely. "Why, you did it better when you were eighteen. However, this is the last time."

"The last time," I queried. "Why, Dulcinea, you're not angry with me, are you?"

A smile spread from the corners of her mouth, dimpled in her cheeks, and I knew my answer even before she spoke.

"This is the last time," she said slowly, "because the answer this time is 'Yes.'—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Too Argumentative.

Two are not always company in spite of the proverb to that effect. On the Western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced on one another when they least want it, get to hating each other. This, at least, is the theory that a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger formulates. He tells this story, which was narrated by an ex-sheepman:

Let me tell you of a fellow I once rode with. We had finished supper one night, and were rolled up in our blankets. Not a word had passed between us for more than a week.

"Hear that cow beller?" he asked, suddenly.

"Sounds to me like a bull," I said.

No answer, but the next morning I noticed him packing up.

"Going to leave?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"What for?"

"Too much argument."

Aunt Mahaly's Expedient.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pensioner of her family.

"No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them.

"Rastus en' Verbena got such black lags dat de holes won't show, nohow, en' dem chilluns what got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time; en' you knows, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockin's ain't gwine hit de same places."



Disordered Perspiration.

The perspiration is a watery secretion of certain curiously coiled glands in the skin. It used to be thought that it served a useful purpose in removing waste matters from the system, and there is no doubt that it does so in a measure, but it cannot compare in this respect with the secretion of the kidneys. Indeed, it is ninety-eight and eight-tenths parts water, and the solid part is chiefly chlorid of sodium, which gives it the well-known salty taste. Its function is to moisten the superficial layer of cells in the skin, and so facilitate their removal; but its chief use is believed to be to regulate the temperature of the body and prevent, by evaporation, excessive and dangerous heat.

The quantity secreted depends much upon the temperature of the air, exercise, and the amount of fluid drunk; but it averages between thirty and forty ounces a day.

It varies in inverse proportion to the secretion of the kidneys. The secretion is constant summer and winter, day and night, but ordinarily evaporation keeps pace with it, and it does not appear as moisture on the skin; this is called the insensible perspiration, while that visible as water is called the sensible perspiration.

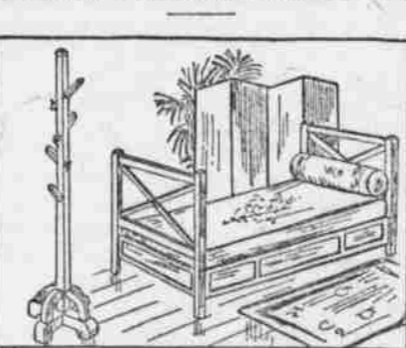
It is decreased in amount in certain diseases, such as diabetes, in which the kidney secretion is enormously increased, and in lethargy—a dry scaly disease of the skin.

Increased perspiration may be purely nervous in origin, as seen in the beads on the forehead of one who is embarrassed, or the cold sweat of fear, or some other powerful emotion. In some cases the increased perspiration is localized in the hands and feet. If this is an expression of general weakness, tonics and good food may correct the condition, but usually local treatment is called for. Immersing the palms of the hands or the soles of the feet in water as hot as can be borne for about five minutes, and then, after drying, dusting them with a very finely powdered boric acid is often of great service.

The moist hand may be kept dry by frequent application to the palms of a saturated solution of boric acid in cologne water.

The perspiration that occurs at night in consumption and other diseases accompanied with hectic fever is often very distressing. The quantity of water exuded is sometimes enormous, soaking not only nightclothes, but the entire bedding and mattress. If the patient's condition will permit, a hot bath of four or five minutes' duration at bedtime will sometimes prevent or lessen night sweats. If this is not permissible, sponging with hot vinegar and water may be tried. A glass of milk and half a dozen crackers taken at midnight will also occasionally be found useful.—Youth's Companion.

SUMMER BEDROOM FURNITURE.



The sketch shows some of the new designs in inexpensive bedroom furniture, the drawing being suggested by a certain guest room in a country house. This room had a sunny exposure and got a great deal of light, so cool, restful tones were selected for the furnishings. The furniture consisted of a single Mission bed, a dressing table, high chest of drawers, and several comfortable chairs in Mission style and in wicker. The wicker furniture was stained soft green, the pieces in Mission being finished in green also. The wall paper was in green and white stripe, but plenty of life and color was given to the room by curtains, cushions and chair covers of rose flowered cretonne. The clothes pole shown in the sketch is very convenient and is especially useful when cupboard room is limited.

CONVENTION OF 1912.

Effort Should Be Made to Eliminate "Boiler Shop" Features.

Detroit and Milwaukee are already making efforts to secure one or both of the national conventions in 1912, says the New York Times. However tedious the big, noisy, protracted conventions may be to the delegates and however dispiriting to the whole country, they are profitable to the cities in which they are held and therein lies the danger that the plan lately suggested by Champ Clark and approved by the most intelligent men of both parties, to reduce the number of delegates by one-half and limit the seats for spectators to 2,000 will not be adopted.

The prevalent idea that a national convention must be made very profitable for somebody cannot easily be corrected. Growing cities are always looking for means to increase their growth and prosperity. Probably Chicago will not be so anxious for a con-

vention four years hence as it was this year. The amount of money expended by the delegates and the throng of unofficial visitors does not count for so much in so large a city, but many of the smaller cities are anxious for the money a convention brings in and the supposedly valuable advertisement a town gets from four or five days of political hullabaloo.

Yet there is little difference of opinion as to the undesirability of repeating every four years such senseless exhibitions as those at Chicago and Denver. They waste time and money and detract from the dignity of our political system. If Mr. Clark's plan is carried out the work of the conventions can be conducted more rapidly and with more regard for form. On the other hand, the western towns will not be so eager to have them.



The Miami and Mohegan.

The original Hoosiers—inhabitants of Indiana, dwellers by the banks of the Wabash—were the Miami Indians, who occupied large sections of that region long before the white man came, and who still hold a fragment of the land their forefathers called their own. Algonquin of race, of medium stature, and much inferior to such Algonquin tribes as the Delaware and Shawnee when it came to war, the Miami held a fairly prominent place in the councils of the nations.

Their ablest chief was Little Turtle, who was wise in war craft and a shrewd old leader generally. Under his command the Miami took part in the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair, but did not hold fast to the confederacy of tribes in later years. In 1812 the Miami did not join the British cause, and some of their warriors even took part with the American garrison during the siege of Chicago, but fled at the first volley when the famous massacre began.

The tribe divided about twenty years later, part going to Kansas, and ultimately to Indian territory, while the rest remained in the ancestral home. Those who went west now number about 100, nearly all mixed bloods, and mostly classed as white men in the federal census. Those who stayed in Indiana number 439, according to a recent payroll, while only 243 of the number had enough Indian blood to be classified as red men in the United States census, the rest being seven-eighths white. In all probability the Miami never totaled more than 900 souls.

The Mohegan, a branch of the Delaware, and ranking specially high in the aristocracy of that tribe, inhabited Connecticut when the Pilgrims landed. They became friendly with the whites, and aided in the wars with the Pequots and King Philip. Treated with the utmost kindness by the people of Connecticut, they were given lands, missionaries, and every incentive to civilization.

They still remain on their farms in Connecticut, and are officially recognized as owning a reservation, so far as the State is concerned, while they are not even mentioned in the United States Indian reports. About 225 of them, of whom 150 have the appearance of full-blood Indians, yet linger in Connecticut, the remnants of a people that must have numbered 1,500 or more 200 years ago.

A Brave Man.

"Captain," said the first mate of the good ship Cauliflower, while the storm was at its height, "the ship has sprung a leak, the watertight compartments are full of water, and the vessel is going down. What shall we do?"

The gallant skipper's face blanched, but only for one-eighth of a second; he lost his self-control.

"Don't waste a moment," he replied. "Prepare at once an address thanking me for my coolness and heroism in the face of deadly and overwhelming peril. Let not a boat leave the ship's side until every man and woman has signed it."—Detroit News-Tribune.

That Prosperous Look.

"Well," said Hincley, "I've got to go around among my friends and borrow money."

"Is that so?" asked Winckley sympathetically.

"Yes," said Hincley, "but I have got to go and get a new suit at the tailor's first."—Yonkers Statesman.

Seventy Times Seven.

From a Paris paper we take the following conversation in a police court:

The President.—It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted.

The Prisoner (sententiously).—Man is not perfect.—Home Herald.

A Logical Conclusion.

"Mr. Pursington says he believes a man should pay as he goes."

"Judging from the way he gets in debt, he must be accustomed to traveling backward."—Washington Star.

A Choice.

"Excuse me," sputtered the victim of the barber; "but if you intend to put so much lather in my mouth I wish you'd shave me with whipped cream or mayonnaise dressing."—Judge's Library.

One very effectual way to simplify spelling would be for more people to learn how.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1248—Construction of the Cathedral of Cologne begun.
- 1461—Louis XI. of France crowned at Rheims.
- 1645—Peace concluded between Sweden and Denmark.
- 1670—John Dryden created Poet Laureate of England.
- 1741—Behring, the navigator, discovered East Cape.
- 1750—Fort Oswego captured by the French under Montcalm.
- 1765—Pontiac's war for the extermination of the English in America came to an end.
- 1775—Liberty Tree in Boston consecrated.
- 1776—Constitution of Maryland adopted.
- 1780—Americans defeated British and Tories at battle of Musgrove Mills.
- 1802—Bonaparte invested with power to nominate his successor as ruler of France.
- 1804—Work begun on the first public road between Georgia and Tennessee.
- 1807—British army invested Copenhagen.
- 1836—British Parliament passed the Dissenters' Marriage Act.
- 1838—The first United States exploring expedition sailed under Commander Wilkes.
- 1846—Gen. Kearney took peaceable possession of Santa Fe, Mexico.
- 1860—The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) arrived at Quebec.
- 1868—Cabal recovered by Shere Ali.
- 1884—Mme. Patti sued for divorce from Marquis de Caux.
- 1888—More than 100 lives lost in collision of the German steamers Thingwalla and Geiser off Sable Island.
- 1891—Between 900 and 400 lives lost in earthquake in Martinique.
- 1893—The Bohring Sea arbitration award was delivered.
- 1904—Russian and Japanese warships engaged in battle off Vladivostok.



A trial week of dispatching trains by telephone from the stations of the Lackawanna system has resulted in the adoption of the phones.

The line of the Wisconsin Central road from Ladysmith to Superior has been completed as far as the Northern Pacific crossing within the Superior city limits.

Several hundred thousand freight cars may be standing idle, as the railroad managers tearfully protest, but some Kansas grain dealers complain that they are unable to get box cars enough.

In the Circuit Court at Chicago Judge Kohlhaas enjoined the issuance of transportation by the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railway to the publishers of Munsey's Magazine in exchange for advertising. He held that the contract under which this transportation was issued is in violation of the Hepburn rate law. The railroad company gave notice of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

At Helena, Mont., legal representatives of the government began suit against the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Rocky Fork Coal Company and the Northwestern Improvement Company to recover title to valuable coal lands which it is charged were procured through misrepresentation. The lands in question contain coal mines from which the railway obtains great quantities of coal through its control of the subsidiary companies.

Presumably due to the industrial depression of the past year, the death rate from accidents by rail appears to be on the decrease. The Accident Bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first quarter of 1908 shows a total of 125 passengers and employes killed, as compared with 220 such deaths in the preceding quarter, and with 346 in the one before that. The latest record is the smallest since these statistics were first collected in 1901. During the first quarter of this year the number of deaths of passengers and employes from all causes was 728, against 1062 in the preceding quarter. In the same period the number of casualties was 15,441, the least within three years.

The right of shippers to combine small quantities of freight of various ownership, either by arrangement among themselves or by a forwarding agency, was confirmed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a decision recently rendered.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has published the final figures of the income of the railroads for the last fiscal year. The total net earnings amounted to \$540,589,944, which is an increase of \$54,600,399. The total number of employes on the payroll on June 30 was 1,072,071, against 1,521,355 a year ago.