

'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,
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee:
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret, as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad full glare
Of many lamps, thine own might pale,
And thy sweet song, amid the roar
Of many voices, slowly fall:
While these, thy kindred, wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted to the end,
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Whoever sad hearts need a friend,
—Penny Magazine.



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. Only those on guard details were doing duty. It was a holiday at the post and the soldiers sat around the tables in their company quarters and told stories of Thanksgiving days of the past when the feast was celebrated under the home roof-tree, thousands of miles from the burning mesa. 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. Social events at Wingate were as few and far between as at any isolated frontier post, and the hop had been the subject of much discussion for weeks. The ladies had ball gowns sent on from the East to lend warmth of color to the occasion. The bandmaster had rehearsed an orchestra chosen from the band in a program of dance music. The great hall of the post had been decorated with green boughs, trailing vines and sprays of evergreen. The floor was waxed to perfection by the quartermaster. Nothing was lacking to make the post hop a brilliant event.

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. An hour after the troops were dismissed to quarters the officers began assembling near headquarters in dress uniform, drawing on white gloves or smoothing the wrinkles in those indispensable adjuncts to an officer's attire. They were impatient for the first strain of the music which should announce that the grand march was to begin. Those lucky enough to escort ladies to the affair strolled along officers' row to present themselves to the ladies and the orchestra hurried to the hall and was posted in a balcony. Slowly the officers and their ladies began to arrive in the hall. Colonel Hunt strolled in with the wife of one of his captains hanging upon his arm and her husband following close behind with the daughter of a major. The field and staff officers followed with other ladies, the luckless bachelors, who came alone, trooped in, pulling their moustaches, and bowing right and left to those seated about the hall. Colonel Hunt gave a signal to the bandmaster, the baton fell and the Thanksgiving hop was on.

"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 yearling, 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 next moment he claimed the hand of a promised partner for a quadrille and walked with stately tread to his place in the figure. Though the night was cool the dancers were heated, and the windows were raised that the south wind might blow across the ballroom. The music floated on in rollicking strains to where a sentry stood in the shadow leaning upon his saber, his thoughts far away in the town hall of a little place in Illinois where he once capered through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the State, where he was as welcome as was Colonel Hunt at the Wingate hop. The step of the corporal of the guard awoke him to duty, and New Mexico and the present, and he slowly sauntered along his post.

The quadrille ended as ever 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. The music sounded merrily across the ballroom and the dance began. But the first figure was not ended when more music stole upon that same south breeze and was wafted through the open windows, the mellow notes of a trumpet and it was sounding the officers' call. Officers' call in the midst of the Thanksgiving hop! Officers' call when the whole post was on holiday! It was like the sudden clangor of a fire bell during a wedding supper.

Few of the women heard. Every of-

ficer'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. The woman looked around the hall in surprise. Not an officer remained. There had been hurried bows, murmured apologies, and a scurrying of feet and clanking of saber scabbards, and they were left alone. The music stopped with a clash, the few civilians in the hall gazed about in blank wonder, and with half-formed inquiries on their lips, while the ladies began to gather their wraps and start for their quarters. The post hop was over.

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. He came from Keem's canyon, he told Colonel Hunt. The Moqui Indians were on the parpath, Ha-be-mah was leading 500 braves on a tour of carnage. The school at the canyon had been burned and settlers had been murdered. Ha-be-mah threatened to murder more. His braves were inflamed against the whites, and their lust for blood increased with each murder. Help was wanted quickly or it would be of no avail.

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. When the story of the horseman was ended the colonel made up his plan. Boots and saddles had long since been sounded and the post was under arms. The troop of the fighting Seventh were in the saddle and the pack trains were ready to move when the trumpets should sound "march." The gala attire of the Thanksgiving hop had been torn off and thrown aside in a hurry and the officers were moving around among their men in fatigue uniform with



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. It was but an hour from midnight and Oriba, the village of the Moquis, was 241 miles away.

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. They climbed mountains thousands of feet high and dived into snow-filled valleys. They camped at night as best they could and slept upon the snow.

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. Through the long, cold nights he cheered the men with his unfailing good nature, told them tales of his early life and counted the days until they would have suppressed the Moquis and returned to the post. After four days they arrived at the lesser of the three towns of the Moquis, within a few miles of Oriba. The Indians had returned to have a dance. They had slaughtered right

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, entrenched with his 500 braves, would never be taken without a fight. But, more than all, he knew that he had orders to take him dead or alive. Ten minutes later he was riding toward Oriba at the head of his patrol of twelve men. None knew in what part of the town the Indian chief had his tepee. None knew how the skulking redskins were disposed around the place, whether in a body or scattered in a circle which would draw in around the patrol and wipe it off the earth. But the thirteen men rode boldly into the village to capture Ha-be-mah, dead or alive.

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 tepees. Had Sergeant Lear commanded a regiment, a squadron or even a troop of cavalry he might have swept everything before him. But twelve men against 500—well, they did the best they could. They drew their revolvers and rode shooting into that band of savage warriors. They spurred their horses right and left upon the surprised, half-drunken Indians, who fired volley after volley after them. They noticed the Moquis rallying around a certain lodge and, suspecting that Ha-be-mah was there, Sergeant Lear hurl-

ed 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.

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.

DYING IN THE CHAIR.

An Electrician Describes the Sensations Felt in a Slow Electrocutation.

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. Your head feels abnormally large, somewhat like that of a person troubled with vertigo. A heavy weight seems to be bearing down upon your head. The pulse is high, and a feeling of exhilaration takes possession of you. You feel as if you were treading the air, with everything around you a blank. You are alone—the only being, the only object, the only tangible thing in the universe. You gradually sink into insensibility. A fierce shock suddenly passes through your entire system. You are again struck on the head with the mallet, the same bright light dazzles your eyes, and then all is a blank. This second shock is caused by the turning off of the current. The experience thus detailed was the result of a comparatively weak current, which was gradually and cautiously turned on. It is safe to say that in cases of execution by electricity the victim experiences none of these sensations. In nine cases out of ten, he is killed instantaneously. To be exact, it takes 1-25th part of a second to kill a man in the electric chair.

Sent Upon Application.

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. A school teacher, for example, may have this library sent to him for circulation among his pupils or the members of their families at a cost so small that an assessment of five cents a month will cover all expenses. With the books is an oak bookcase, a lock and key and a cabinet to hold book cards and readers' cards, both of which are supplied. The library may be kept for six months, and upon its return another may be secured. The books which make up the libraries are selected by the book board. Occasionally an expert on the subject of books is called upon to select a special list. The statistics concerning those wandering bookshelves contain some interesting lessons. One is that the great reading public is honest. Books are rarely damaged, and almost never "lost, strayed or stolen." Out of nearly twelve thousand sent only one was lost, and that one was paid for by the village trustee. Each library averages two hundred and ninety readers. The idea is only just out of its experimental stage, but it is considered a great success, and capable of unlimited development. It was first put in practical operation three years ago.

A New Version.

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 claim agent of the road went out to effect an amicable settlement, if possible, with the old man.

"We are sorry, of course, that this affair happened," said the railway man, "and I hope it will not be necessary for us to go into court."

The old farmer looked at him suspiciously and shifted about uneasily, but said nothing.

"You must remember," continued the claim agent, "that your colt was a trespasser on our property when the accident occurred. We don't want any litigation, however, if we can help it, and we'd like to arrange a settlement with you on a friendly basis."

"Well," slowly said the Swede, "Ay tal you, Ay bin sorry das fool colt runned on de railroad track, but Ay bin poor man. Ay skal give you two dollar!"

A Silver Coffin.

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.

Too Convenient.

"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.



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 an fait as to his pursuits and be prepared to go with him at an hour's notice and rough it like a man. The wife, moreover, must let him see her affection for him and never refuse him anything he asks, and, withal, keep up the honeymoon romance and dress to please his taste always. The wife should be always pushing his interests wherever she is. If the husband is only interested in planting turnips the wife must learn to plant turnips. She must never tell a female friend about her domestic affairs and must shade her husband's faults from everyone. She must never allow anyone to speak disrespectfully of him before her and never hurt his feelings, even by a jest. She must never ask him not to visit other women, and she must trust him and must not bother him with religious talk, but set him a good religious example. The wife should, however, "try to say a little prayer with him every night before going to sleep."

Perhaps Lady Burton has lived upon the precepts she has laid down for others. If she has, her husband is a man greatly to be despised, for no man of spirit—no man capable of winning and retaining the respect or love of a woman whose respect and love are worth having—would exact such things from the woman he calls wife. There is not a suspicion of irony in Lady Burton's words. She will have little success in converting American women to her way of thinking, and all manly men will rejoice in the fact.

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. It is as light as other gossamer shields, also impervious and soft as well as odorless. It can be washed and will always retain the flutings. The shield is quite an innovation and will be appreciated as the mercury ascends in the bulb.

Newest Collars.

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 ruffle 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



PRINCESS OF NAPLES.

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.

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 his 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 bed at night in its soft depths when visiting in regions where baby's bed cannot be carried.

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.

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 filled 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.