

A SILENT SOLDIER OF ADVERSITY.

How do I know the measure of woe
Your patience has bravely spanned,
And the foes you've fought and the crowns
You've wrought—wrought with a hand
With your profit, determined hand?
Read me a story of kings and queens
Of a royal, royal race,
And the honest share of the glory you wear
Will be easy for me to trace.

How do I know you have struggled so
To conquer the mad despair
Of nights so black there was never a track,
And scarcely the heart to care?
Paint me the spirit of youth suppressed
With a harness of galling fit,
And his tears may shine with a grace divine
If they spring from your style of grit.

How do I know what the others owe
To the love and the life you've laid
On the cold, hard stone of a duty known—
That can never be half repaid?
Bring me the coffers you've richly filled,
In their treasures green with mold,
And the empty heart that will sometimes
Glow richer than wasted gold.

How do I know?—as the world should know,
With none of its pitying praise—
With a sense of guilt for the barriers built
'Cross most of your earnest ways.
Where are the records of those who wait
Till the others are cheered and crowned?
In the grand review of the tried and true
Your name is the bravest found.

—George E. Bowen.

The Corporal's Story.

"What a splendid place for ghosts!" exclaimed a visitor at Montauk Point in the presence of one of the provost guards, while the latter was patrolling up and down along the top of the ridge that commands a view of the whole country from the wood line over "Amansett way" to the tall white lighthouse on the Point eight miles away. The guard, who wore the crossed sabres and the number of a troop that made itself famous at San Juan, looked wistfully across the deep valley toward the little cemetery lying on a knoll near the furthest edge of the city of tents. The visitor was a woman, who had just arrived and climbed the hill to get the view. She had seen nothing of the war's aftermath, had not even noted the cemetery, which seemed to the guard to stand up above everything else, even above the lighthouse, and was generally the only thing that he did see.

around in barracks with nothin' but parade an' your horse and equipments to kill the time between drills, an' it wasn't long afore the fellers began givin' me a wide range. I had clean forgot insultin' Jones when I woke up in the guardhouse an' didn't know it till one of my old bunkies told me. Then I went to Jones an' says, 'Jones, I didn't treat ye right when I called ye a jailbird, and I wants ye to come out here afore the fellers an' let me make it square.'

"No," said he, 'we're both of us jailbirds now, Dave, an' birds of a feather flock together. It's all right.'

"Jones paid me back, but not in my coin by a blamed sight. The night before the charge on San Juan I was picket, but Jones wasn't. It was against orders for anybody but the pickets to be out, but along about 2 o'clock in the mornin' I was walkin' right agin the edge of the bushes watchin' the lights in the city and strainin' my ears to hear a sound and wonderin' what the Spaniards were doin' and thinkin' about on the night before a fight, when Jones came sneakin' up to me with a stick over his shoulder making believe he was a picket, so he could pass the corporal's challenge if he was caught, an' he says:

The woman stood waiting for a reply, but as none seemed forthcoming she passed on, humming the air of a topical song, and seated herself on the inward slope of the valley. In all the camp there was not a spot wherein one could hide, except these three slopes, and as the provost himself was well out of the way the guard dismounted, tethered his horse and stood as if still deliberating what to do. The woman, who had been joined in the meantime by three friends, motioned him to join the party, and he obeyed.

"Dave, I want to talk to you. Something tells me that this is my last chance. I've been tryin' to get my nerve up ever since I found you, but some way I was afraid that you would cut me like you said you would the night that you were drunk, an' you're the only man I've ever wanted as a friend, for I picked you out to tell the story to when I saw you down at Fort Sill."

"He hadn't gone no further than that when the corporal came along an' caught us both. I gave the countersign, an' it was all right, but I hadn't had time to give it to Jones, an' he was caught square. It was guardhouse for him an' ionic for me, an' I would have got it right there if there hadn't been two things happen. When we went up before the captain, Jones he says:

"Are there any ghosts here, officer?" she asked, noting the yellow chevrons, which denoted the guard's rank as a corporal.

"Yes'm," said the soldier, standing at attention. "I've seen lots of 'em here, too. More than you would think. You haven't seen our graveyard here yet, have you? There it is, over there. You can see the crosses if you'll climb up on this stone."

The four visitors rose and, mounting to the top of one of the many bowlders, followed the direction of the soldier's figure and then resumed their seats to listen.

"Captain, I'm the wrong man here. I went out to talk to Dave; let him off an' give it to me."

"The captain didn't have time to answer when in came a scout reportin' that the enemy was doin' something out there in the trenches an' we might be attacked. I never went to the guardhouse, but Jones did somehow or other. The corporal says that after the scare was over Jones reported armed like he was when he turned out at the sudden order an' says: 'Corporal, I report for punishment.' They put him in the rear, but I stayed out on the line expectin' to be called in any minute an' ironed. Somehow they forgot me, an' I've never heard a word of it since. It came light pretty soon, an' it wasn't long after the batteries opened up on each other across the valley before we went into action. I was in the rear line when we went in, but the line didn't last for more than two minutes. We had to scrap the best we could, and every man was doin' his best to keep nearest the colonel."

"There's where we bury 'em, miss. There's nigh on to 200 of 'em there. Every one of 'em was a soldier just like me, but now there's nothin' more of 'em but just them pieces of wood."

"Did you know any of them?" asked the eldest of the newcomers sympathetically.

Her tone appealed to the guard's mood, encouraged him to talk, and he began his tale:

"Yes'm. I know'd 'em. I buried 50 of 'em, an' ten was my bunkies down in Arizona afore I come out east here. They wasn't all men what you'd say went to heavin, but there's one man there all alone in one corner with just 'Jones' on the cross, an' if—well he's gone for good now."

"Jones went under half a dozen names, a new one in every regiment he joined, from Fort Sill to up here in Vermont. He enlisted when I did first, and we got out each time when we had done three years. The first time he says to me: 'Dave, what are you goin' to do?'

"We got right on the edge of the first ditch when one of them Spaniards up and jabbed at me with his bayonet. He hit me full in my stomach, but the point hit my buckle and knocked me down backward. I was winded an' tried to get a shot at him, when he emptied his six-shooter into me and left me lyin' there with four scorchin' wounds an' stormin' like blazes."

"I'd have been willing to die the next minute if I could have just got a shot into him, when some feller shot right over me, an' the Spaniard dropped. It was Jones goin' at him full tilt to finish him. He'd a done it, too, but the Spaniard grabs a pistol that some other feller had dropped an' blowed a hole in his head right there before Jones could get at him."

"Go in again," says I, when I get back from the ole man's."

"So an I," says he. "Let's go in together!" An' we did; an' when the war come on we were bunkies, just like we had been for 20 years, and we went down there to fight together."

"Jones always was quiet. You couldn't get nothin' out of him, never. One time I was drinkin' and Jones he was sober, for he never would drink when I was at it, nor any other time very much for that matter. He was trying to tell me that I was a fool, an' I got mad."

"You're a jailbird, Jones," says I, 'ot you wouldn't be always changin' your name. I've been bunkiu' with a jailbird for 15 years, and now I'm done. I don't know no man with three names an' one who ain't got no folks, an' I'm done with you for good."

"There was a whole troop there when I says it, and Jones turned white an' shut his lips, too, but he never said a word an' went back to the barracks. If he'd smashed me I'd a thought more of him, then, but when I waked up at reveille next mornin' it was in the guardhouse, an' Jones he was in there, too, for helpin' a drunken soldier, that was me, run the guard an' get in without bein' nipped. I was the colonel's orderly an' got off light, but Jones he got ten days. It don't make long for things to get

"I came in the hospital with a fever on top of my wounds, an' in the next cot was Jones with a hole in his head an' near breathin' his last. I got well, and Jones got better, but he knew that he wouldn't get well an' so did I. The men said Jones was draggin' me off when he got hit and that they found us both. Jones lyin' under me grippin' my sleeve and both of us as near dead as any two men could be. Jones never would say that he was tryin' to get me away till the last minute. He never got able to walk, if the doctor did say his wound

bad healed. They brought him up here, and I came along to take care of him. He lived till we got in the bay over there, an' then he died, his head on my knee.

"The last thing he says was: 'I never got to tell you the story, Dave. You needn't think anything of my dyin', for I tried to do it. I was more than willin' anyway, an' more still for you. I took a life once when there wasn't any war. I haven't been able to sleep since without seein' my ghost, an' in dark nights when you're on picket down there, when you go back to finish the fight, an' you see my ghost, you'll know I've come to do picket duty with ye, for you look just the image of her brother, him I killed; an' I—I loved her, Dave, an' she died when I did my crime.'"

The trooper arose and looked over at the graveyard again, but it was time for retreat, and already he could see the night guard coming along the tops of the distant hills back by the regimental camp.—New York Sun.

DOESN'T HURT THE SURGEON.

A Half-Told Truth With Regard to Minor Operations With the Knife.

A New York surgeon connected with one of the post-graduate medical schools of that city was one day on the point of lancing a felon for one of the students, a young southern physician. The patient paled at sight of the knife. "It won't hurt," observed the surgeon with a sympathetic smile. "I sometimes think," he added, "that it is well for a surgeon to feel the point of the knife at least once in his life."

"I saw my first hospital service in this city with Dr. S.," he went on, "and no better surgeon was then to be found in America. He had a large dispensary clinic and rarely a day passed that one or more cases of felon did not appear."

A CATTLE QUEEN.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF MRS. NAT COLLINS ON WESTERN PLAINS.

Picturesque Figure of True Western Type—Married, But Master—Husband Is "Quiet"—At 55 as Vigorous as at 20—Time Still Hangs Heavily Upon Her.

The city of Minneapolis has within its gates, says the Tribune of that city, a notable guest, no less a personage than Mrs. Nat Collins, who is known throughout the Northwest as "the Cattle Queen of Montana."

"Mrs. Collins presents a picturesque figure of the rare and perfect Western type which is fast giving way to another order of things. She is the product of the conditions which prevailed upon the Western plains many years ago, and a history of her eventful life is about as interesting as could possibly be painted by the greatest living novelist."

Mrs. Collins is en route to Chicago and she came to Minneapolis with a trainload of cattle—thirty-two car loads—all her own property. She makes this trip each year, and accompanies the stock from the point of shipment in Montana to Minneapolis, the last feeding point before reaching Chicago. From there she takes a regular passenger train and travels as benefits her condition as mistress of a great fortune. The cattle are directly in charge of six cowboys from her ranch, and they are with the stock from Montana to Chicago.

Mrs. Collins, although a married woman, is master of the various ranches in her name in Montana. This property is located in the vicinity of Choteau, a little town north of Helena and is about sixty-five miles from Great Falls, which is the nearest large town. Choteau is about twenty-five miles from her ranch, and is also thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad. Thus it can be seen that the cattle queen is located remotely enough almost to rival Robinson Crusoe for isolation.

Mrs. Collins has had a romantic career, although not devoid of what would be considered grievous hardships by the average American woman. She is now about fifty-five years of age and is just as lively and vigorous as any young woman in the twenties. She is an industrious worker, and is of that nervous temperament which must find employment to keep the mind at rest and the heart satisfied. She began her Western experience at the age of ten years and has lived upon the plains ever since. It is her boast that she went through Denver when that great city of today contained but one log cabin and a few tents. Long before she was twenty years old she had made ten trips across the plains between Omaha and Denver, acting in the capacity of cook in the wagon train of which her brother was wagonmaster.

Later on the spirit of adventure which had begun to dominate her disposition impelled her to remove to the new mining fields of Montana, at the time of their first opening. She visited Bannock and many other points, and was the first white woman in Virginia City. She was at Helena before there was such a place, and it was at Helena some time later that she wedded Nat Collins, a well known and respected miner. The marriage occurred about thirty years ago, and shortly after the ceremony the young couple quit the mining camps and went into the northern part of Montana and established themselves in the stock-raising business, to which they have clung persistently and with great success ever since. They have but one child, a daughter sixteen years old.

They began ranching with about 450 head of stock. The animals were turned loose upon the plains and allowed to increase and multiply as rapidly as they would, and today Mrs. Collins says it would be utterly impossible for her to give an estimate of the number of head of cattle upon her various ranches. No effort is made to count them. Each year they round up as many as they care to ship and the others are unmolested.

The cattle queen has well earned her reputation. Probably no one in Montana has larger cattle interests than she. Her success has been due to her own interest and exertions, for her husband is one of those quiet individuals who prefer to take life with as little trouble as possible. When Mrs. Collins began to ship her stock to the eastern market she found herself confronted by railway rules and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the cabooses attached to the stock trains. She immediately put in a protest, and as the agent could give her no satisfaction she carried the matter to the division superintendent. That official found himself powerless, and finally James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern, was appealed to. Mr. Hill reluctantly refused her the desired permission, and by so doing raised a storm of indignation about his head. In a few days he was fairly smothered with letters from prominent ranchmen and cattlemen of Montana demanding that he accord the customary privileges of the road to Mrs. Collins. In a few days threats began coming in, the writers declaring that if he

did not accede to Mrs. Collins' request they, the principal cattlemen of the West, would refuse to ship another hoof over his road. Mrs. Collins got her pass and has had one each year since, and is today the only woman so favored.

One would suppose that with the management of several ranches upon her shoulders Mrs. Collins would find plenty to keep her busy, but such is not the case. She declares that there is any quantity of time which she finds it almost impossible to dispose of, and she finds vent for her surplus energy in various ways. Repeatedly she visited the new mining region near St. Mary's Lake, Mon., and while there invested in several fine copper claims and located a town site on the banks of the lake.

MRS. CONDON, MITTEN CAPITALIST.

The Big Industry a New England Woman Started on \$40.

At South Penobscot, Me., lives the mitten capitalist of the United States. Mrs. A. C. Condon is the name of this wealthy woman and she distributes every year from 12,000 to 15,000 dozen pairs of mittens. She is a living illustration that it pays to knit mittens, a modern, up-to-date proof of the fact that our grandmothers knew what they were doing. Mrs. Condon's story shows what a brave, plucky New England woman can do when she sets her mind to it. Mrs. Condon has written this statement of her mitten industry from its beginning up to the present time.

"I began business in 1864 with a capital of \$40 in a little room about 15 by 12 feet in size. I first made over worn-out felt hats thrown away by the men, cleaned, shaped and turned them, and then made them over into hats for women and girls. Then, as I lived in the country where there was no industry, but very many willing hands, I resolved to procure, if possible, some work for those idle hands to do."

"I went to Boston and saw some yarn manufacturers and from them got twenty-five pounds of yarn on credit, this yarn to be made into mittens. The manufacturers furnished the yarn, and I put it out at the homes of the people near where I lived. I had difficulty in starting the work and was obliged to return part of the yarn to the manufacturers at the end of the year because I found it impossible to have it all knit into mittens."

"This was not very encouraging for a year's work, but I persevered and at the beginning of the second year one family insisted on having some yarn to knit into mittens. So I tried it over again and after it once got well started I could not supply the demand for yarn. Tons of yarn were sent to me and my business grew until I paid the steamboat company the largest freight bills of any one who did business on the Boston and Bangor route. From 10,000 to 15,000 dozen mittens were manufactured yearly, and besides making mittens we made ladies' and misses' hoods and caps, toques, etc."

"I had 1500 names on my books of people who were at work for me, and many more that were really working, as on my books there would be only one name from each house, although perhaps two, three or four members of the household were knitting, oftentimes as many as there were members in the family. In the long winter evenings men and boys wound the yarn and in some cases even the men knit."

"After 1873 the knitting of mittens by hand gradually decreased and machines came in to take the place of the knitting. In 1882 I began to buy machines and kept adding to my stock, until now I have eighty-two machines. We make from 12,000 to 15,000 dozens in one year on the machines. One of my girls has made 104 pairs of mittens in one day, small single mittens, and eighty-five pairs of boys' double-lined mittens. Nearly all the machines are run at the homes of the knitters, for in that way they make more money."

"Girls on an average make about four dozen of cheap mittens or two dozen of lined mittens in a day. We make a great many fine fancy-backed mittens of all sizes and of these the girls make from one to two dozen a day. The price of knitting used to be 25 cents a pair. Then it dropped to six and it is about that now."

When \$1000 Looked Big.

Divide anything up into pairs and you magnify it. A certain wise man took this way to give his wife an idea of money. Her purchases were enormous. It happened one day that her eye fell upon a magnificent ring and she coveted it. It cost \$1000, but what was \$1000 to her in comparison to the ring? Of course her husband consented to the purchase. What else could a dutiful, affectionate husband do? But he tried this method of educating his wife concerning the great price of the ring. He instructed his banker to send the \$1000 in small pieces—pennies, dimes, quarters. In came the money, bagful after bagful. She never had such an idea of \$1000 before. When the money was piled before her it alarmed her; the price of the ring went up a hundredfold, and was considered at once an extravagance which she of her own option abandoned.

A FOOL AND A WOMAN.

She never cared for him
Until there came a day
When he fell in love with her
And acted in such a way
As to fill his astonished friends
With feelings of dismay.

Men used honor him
For the good sense that he had,
But he fell in love with her
And carried on like mad,
And people saw, amazed,
And said it was too bad.

Then she that had never cared
And had turned to other men
Would deign to smile sometimes,
For, being a woman, when
She had made a fool of the man
She rather liked him then.

—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

Many people want to get in the swim for divers reasons.

School Teacher—Johnny, what is the capital of the United States?
Johnny—Money, mum.

Ethel—Do you meet many people while wheeling? Tom—Oh, yes; I run across a friend occasionally.

Claribel—They say he is worth half a million, at the least! Matlea—How I should like to be his widow.

First Proud Parent—I am a daddy, and it is a peach. Second Proud Parent—I am a daddy, too, but it is a pair!

The Soldier—What were your admiral's last words? The Sailor—He didn't have any. His wife was on board.

Manager—I can't use this play. It's too long for the stage. Amateur Dramatist—Why not make the stage larger?

"Did you enjoy the cathedrals abroad, Miss Shutter?" "No; the horrid things were too big for my camera."

"Wonders will never cease. I just saw a stone walk." "Pooh! That's nothing. I have often seen a brick building."

Lady Visitor—What a pretty baby. How old is he? Mamie (aged five)—I ain't quite sure, mum. We've had him about a year.

"You shall be rich and famous," said the fortune teller. "Alas!" cried the sitter. "Then I am undone. For my dream was to devote my life to art."

Teacher—Now, boys, listen. Leather comes from the cow, and wool is made into cloth and into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy? Tommy (hesitating)—Our of father's.

"William," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?" "Only what my father found out in the newspaper." "What is that?" "He says it's in a mighty bad shape just at present."

"I don't know that I need any work done about the house. What can you do, my good fellow?" "Sir, in my day I've been a carpenter, a barber and a school teacher. I can shingle your house, your hair or your boy."

"Doctor," said a fashionable belle, "what do you think of tight lacing?" The doctor solemnly replied: "Madam, all I can say is that the more a woman's waist is shaped like an hourglass the sooner will her sands of life run out."

Mosher—What are you doing with all those bits of card in your pocket? Wiswell—They are tickets at different theatres. It says on each, "Retain this portion." It's an awful bore to be obliged to carry so much paste board about; but, then, what's a fellow to do?

Quaint Costumes of Holland.

Many people will have seen the charming portrait which has been taken of Wilhelmina in the national dress of the Friesland women. To realize how wise was the decision of the regent mother to encourage her daughter in her fondness for the handsome peasant dress, one must understand what an important place in the lives and affections of the Dutch people of the present day their national dress holds. In all parts of the country the old styles of peasant dresses are still to be seen. On the brows of the women of Zeeland wonderful headdresses of silver and gold are worn by the Friesland women.

There are no more conservative people in the matter of dress and family customs than the Dutch, and their little queen has become doubly dear to them through her devotion to the quaint national dress and her love for many other of the time honored customs.

Shooting a Deserting Soldier.

Very rarely, indeed, does a British soldier allow fear to overcome his sense of duty; but some old veterans will occasionally admit that he has known perhaps one such instance; and in reply to the question: "How is it we never read of such cases?" he will answer: "One dead man is a small loss to a regiment. Besides, one man running off may cause another to follow him, and a panic may thus set in. Before any one has time to think about it or issue an order, depend upon it, one of his comrades, for the honor of the regiment, puts a bullet through him."