

## AN OLD-FASHIONED NEIGHBOR.

It's old for an old-fashioned neighbor, like the one I remember of yore, who always near calico aprons and gowns Except on the Sabbath day wore, And who in my care-laden hours, With a sunbonnet perched on her head, Ran in bringing bowls of nice jelly or jam, Or loaves of her freshly-baked bread, And then, without asking me whether I needed her help, fairly flew To do in the kindest and quickest way, Whatever she saw was to do. Nowadays though a friend may assure me That over my burdens she grieves, She really can't aid me for fear of mishap To her lace or very big sleeves. And as for the clubs women govern Why, they are but schools for the arts, Where minds are improved in an elegant way. But no time is devoted to hearts. Or else they are pledged to the seeking Of those whom most people condemn As lost beyond hope—so it's plain to be seen. There's no chance of assistance from them. And it's old for an old-fashioned neighbor, When my sky with dark clouds is over-spread, To run in neatly dressed in a calico gown With a sunbonnet perched on her head.

## THE FATE OF EVERETTE AUSTIN.

"Whose place is this?" I inquired of a man who was digging a ditch near the water trough. He stopped his work, and looked up and pushed his sombrero on the back of his head, giving a sigh and passing his hand across his brow. "It is the Circle-A ranch. It belongs to Everette Austin. Can I be of service to you?" "Ech—well, yes; at least the boss can. I've lamed my horse, and as I'm a small matter of fifty miles from my destination I can't walk in this weather." "It is rather warm," he assented. "Slightly. Is Mr. Austin in, or anywhere around?" "He's not in, but he's around. I'm Mr. Austin." "Oh! indeed. Well, I am Mr. Brant—William H. Brant—Mr. Austin, and I must ask you if you can let me put up my horse until its foot is rested or until I find some way of getting to Miles City?" Mr. Austin stepped forward, lifted the ragged sombrero, and put out his grimy hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Brant. I am sorry I can't call a man to take your mount, but if you will turn him over to me I'll stable him and attend to the foot, and you can go up to the house and ask Mrs. Austin to make you comfortable. The men are all off on the range." "I'll go with you," I answered, and we set off to the barns. They were beautifully kept, as few but Englishmen keep their stables, and I was glad that my weary steed should be so well installed. I saw in a moment that my host was accustomed to being his own veterinary surgeon. It puzzled me to reconcile the fact of his manual labor and ragged working clothes with his large possessions, his perfectly appointed stable, and his yet more perfect language, so unmistakably British, for I was new to Montana and its people; though not a tenderfoot, by many years of Arizona experience. The doctoring of my horse finished, Austin led the way to his house—a long, low, unpainted structure, set up a foot or so from the ground on posts. There was a wretched attempt at a bed of flowers near the door, but the sun and wind gave it small chance of success. A few stunted petunias, a straggling line of mignonette, and several bushes of sapless red and pink geraniums were all that rewarded evidently patient care. My host was not communicative, nor did he expect me to be so. I started to give him a reference, but he cut me off by changing the subject. In a moment more we had gone up the steps and stood on the porch, which boasted of neither roof nor railing. Austin handed me a feather duster, and we brushed the white dust from our boots. Then we went in. "Sit down and I will announce you to Mrs. Austin," he said, with no apparent perception of the incongruity of the language and his attire. It was a tidy little drawing-room—as I did my host the honor of calling it all through my visit—with some well-chosen colored prints from English papers on the rough board wall, clean white curtains, a few cane chairs, and a box covered with cretonne, which served as a divan. There were no new books or papers, but the old and much used ones were of the best. There was a pot of "wandering Jew" in the huge fireplace, which made a very pretty effect. I was just looking at my travel-stained countenance in a small mirror, when a door opened, and Austin, holding it back, stood aside to admit his wife.

Mrs. Austin conducted me to my room. The ceiling and the floor were of solid boards, like the rest of the house, but the partitions were of white manta and every sound in the place was perfectly audible. However, it was clean and darkened and cool, and there were no flies, which I took as the crowning blessing of Providence. I sat upon the chintz-covered potato box, which served for my chair, and gazed at myself in the mirror again and wondered, profanely, what the woman must think of me. I sighed for my calling suit, which was safe in Miles City, and considered my surroundings; my hostess, in chief. In absolute regularity of features, she was not a beauty; but she had the fine gray eyes, finer brown hair, strong chin, sensitive mouth and dignified carriage of the best examples of the women of her nation, and, above all, an air of grave sweetness which is peculiarly and distinctively English. Her figure was indifferent and her gown had not and never had had any style of cut, which also gave evidence of her English birth; but it was pleasing and harmonious, in some way. Altogether she was a fascinating woman—a woman that a man must absolutely worship. She knocked at the door and brought me a big wooden bucket of hot water. My sensations at being served by this woman, with her air of the daughter of a hundred earls, were not pleasant. My toilet made, I went back to the drawing-room and read "Pelham" until, at 5 o'clock, tea was served—tea as only the English serve it, with slices of bread and butter, as thin as cloth, and rich cream, and good tea, none of the bitter, nerve-shattering, green decoction which is dignified by that name in the average American house. I found out afterward that this was the one meal of the day where there was any approach to luxury. Austin came in, after having washed his hands and brushed his smooth British head. With the exception of a coat slipped on over his flannel working shirt, he wore the same clothes in which he had been digging. So we sat there—we three—and talked of the doings in the outer world in quite the same strain as we should have talked in London. My host in his boots and work suit and my queenly hostess in her calico gown might have been seated in a lordly mansion. After a three a bell rang. "The dressing bell," said Mrs. Austin; "we dine at half after 6, and it is now 6 o'clock. I retired to dress, a simple operation, which consisted of running my fingers through my hair and retying my necktie. However, I devoted as much time as possible to this, and together with sitting on the potato box and meditating I succeeded in consuming twenty minutes before I returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Austin was already there, looking even sweeter and more girlish, in an ancient but fresh white muslin and white ribbons. Mr. Austin joined us at the end of five minutes, fully attired in evening clothes, with a spray of mignonette in his buttonhole. A great, gruff fellow in a dirty apron announced dinner in the surliest of tones. I saw Mrs. Austin glance at a frown passed across her husband's brow. "Brant," he said, "I regret to say that you will have to eat at the same table as the ranch hands do. We tried long ago to have a separate dining-room, but it made too much ill-feeling among the men." That was the one apology he made during my stay. We sat at an oil cloth covered board on long wooden benches, Mrs. Austin at the head, her husband on the left and I on the right, as I had offered her my arm in entering the dining-room. Our dinner was of the poorest; both as to food and cooking, and there was no profusion. I realized now the full poverty of my entertainers and remembered having heard that the price of horses was steadily decreasing. I fancied, too, that Mrs. Austin did not care to have dainties for herself and her husband while the democratic American citizens at her board fared on plain things. I could see that there was no love wasted on the master and that his dress suit and aristocratic bearing were a source of annoyance to his free-born employees. They were sullen and gruff, as was the man dignified by the name of cook. On the whole, I was glad to leave the table and get back to the drawing-room. "We breakfast at 6:30, Mr. Brant," my hostess informed me, graciously, holding out her hand to say good-night. It was a rather large hand and work-hardened, but firm and beautifully shaped. I have said that every sound in the house could be heard, because of the manta partitions. I had just lain down on my cot, when I caught the voice of Austin. "Really, Alexandria, the men are getting almost unmanageable. They border on mutiny." "I know it, Everette. It makes me very nervous, too. I'm so afraid they will do you some harm." "Oh, I fancy not." "Everette?" "Well?" "Suppose you stop wearing your evening suit and that we give up our tea in the afternoon. They think we are patting on airs, as they call it." "No, I will not. I am not going to change the habits of thirty years and throw over all memories of home." "You are only one of twenty, dear. It might be wiser." But the woman's counsel went unheeded. There were bouilloniers at our places at breakfast, and Austin, fresh from his tub, in an old but natty corduroy suit, tried, with much cheerful loud talking, to cover the evident sullenness of his "hands." After break-

fast he donned his working clothes and went back to the digging of ditches. My horse was better, so I left at 10 o'clock, with considerable reluctance. Mrs. Austin was so charming. No wonder Austin was desperately in love with her. I sent Mrs. Austin a box of new books and some small trinkets such as a man believes that a woman likes, when I reached town. Two days after they had gone I met a friend who had come to the city that morning. "By the bye, Brant, wasn't that a ghastly thing about those Brits at the Circle-A ranch?" "Who, the Austins?" I cried, turning cold and forboding. "Yes. You've heard about it, then?" "No. For heaven's sake! what is it?" "Well, the way I heard it was this: Their men on the ranch didn't like them, accused them of being 'bloody aristocrats,' I believe, and they set fire to the grass near the stables two or three nights ago. You know it's been a dry year, and the grass burned well. Austin and his wife tried to fight the flames and keep them from the stable, all alone; no men to be found until it was quite over. They kept the barns safe, all right, but Mrs. Austin—pretty woman, they say—was so burned that she died in perfect agony at the end of an hour. The men had turned up by that time. Been down at Central City at a dance, they said. Austin nearly went crazy while his wife was suffering, but after she died he went outside, drew his gun, and shot the foreman and another of the—'rascals'." "Thank heaven!" "Wait—that's not all. The ones he didn't kill, it seems, said it was cold-blooded murder—I believe they were all half drunk. Anyway, they held him and dressed him up in his evening suit—they had a special grudge against him—and then they took him out and strung him up to the rafters of the barn. It is supposed that there were fifteen men, but, of course, they can't be found; you know how it is. Did you say you knew these Austins?" "Yes. I knew them," I answered.—San Francisco Argonaut. Sand Painting. One of the most curious native customs of India is that of making sand pictures or "sand painting," as it is often called. It is generally done on festival days in front of both houses and temples, and it has a religious significance. The sand, which is prepared and sold by natives of the Deccan, is white, red, black, blue, orange and purple. A woman, who has observed certain preliminary ceremonies, takes the sand in her hand, and allowing it to trickle out as she moves her arm forms upon the prepared ground in front of the door curious colored designs, inclosed with a border and representing human figures, crosses, semicircles or birds. One explanation of the purpose of these pictures, according to Mr. J. W. Fewkes, is that they are believed to attract good spirits. To step on a sand painting brings bad luck. This strange custom assumes a scientific importance when it is known that it prevails in almost exactly the same form among the Tulasay Indians in the southwestern part of the United States. The Pueblos, like the Hindoos, ascribe to the pictures the power of attracting friendly spirits, and they also use them in ceremonials intended to cure the sick. It has been suggested that, as far as it goes, this fact is an indication that our Indians are related in origin to the native races of India. The first European discoverers of America thought they had hit upon the eastern extremity of Asia, when the name of Indian was given to the red skinned people whom they found here. Would it not be a singular coincidence if further evidence of community of origin should finally establish the fact that the Indians are really Indians? How Bees Serve Thieves. There is a large moth, commonly known as death's-head moth, from its having a curious mark on its back like a skull and cross-bones sculptured on an old tombstone, which makes very free with the bees' honey. It flies in the dusk of the evening when the bees are at rest, and enters the hole in the hive, pokes its long sucker through the wax walls which surround the comb, and draws much honey into its stomach. Very often in the long evenings there are many bees lingering round the hive, but if the death's-head alights and moves toward the door, they do not take much notice; yet one sting would kill it, and it has no means of hurrying the bee in return. So much troubled are some hives by these curious visitors that the bees erect a flat wall of wax just within the live door, allowing a small opening to exist on either hand. This, as a rule, puzzles the moth and it cannot enter. On the other hand, if a moth gets right into the hive the bees do not kill it, but either let it alone or use all their ingenuity to stop its honey-stealing propensities. While the moth is enjoying the meal, the bees occasionally pull down some of the honeycomb behind it, and mould the wax quickly so as to form a dense wall. When the moth has finished its meal, and turns to get out of the hive, it finds itself walled up and imprisoned for life. Clara—What, engaged to him? Why, it was only the other night that he told me nothing could induce him to marry. Maude—Yes, Jack was always susceptible to the influence of the person he happened to be with.—New York Herald. You can't save some people from being imposed upon; expose a thief, and some people will love him.



### Guessed Exactly.

Squillin (newspaper in hand)—Here's an account of a terribly bungled execution. McSwilligen—Couldn't the sheriff get the hang of it?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### The Hiatus.

She—I've seen just sixteen winters. He—Ah, I see, you've spent the rest of them in Florida.—Yonkers Statesman.

### Very True.

Professor—I tell pains me, William, whenever I am obliged to punish you. William—I know that, sir, but it doesn't pain you on the same spot.—Fliegende Blätter.

### It Always Pays.

"How did your daughter come to get the duke?" "By advertising." "Nonsense! You don't mean to tell me you advertised for a husband for your daughter?" "No. But I advertised my business."—Exchange.

### Some Inside History.

"See how clean of snow Brown's sidewalk is and look at Jacobson's next door." "Yes, but you don't understand." "What?" "I saw Brown borrow Jacobson's snow shovel two hours ago."—Cleveland World.

### Saw His Fate.



Try Roentgen's photograph before proposing.—New York World.

### Honors Even.

Wool—I met a Russian to-day who had served a long term of exile in Siberia. Van Pelt—My own brother lived for years in Brooklyn.—Exchange.

### A Generous Nature.

Bangkrup went into the Delarin the other night, and after eating a hearty dinner summoned the waiter. "What is your name, Alphonse?" he asked. "Patrick McGuffey," replied Alphonse. "Thank you," said Bangkrup, putting the name down in his memorandum book. "You have served me so well I'll place your name on the list of my preferred creditors for a liberal tip."—Harper's Bazar.

### Doubtful Honors.

Bobby (presenting a friend)—Mamma, do you see Tommy Jones? Mamma—Yes, Bobby, but I've met Tommy before. Didn't you know it? Bobby—But you know, mamma, that you said yesterday that I was the naughtiest boy you ever saw. So I wanted you to see Tommy Jones.—Harper's Bazar.

### Ten to One.

There was once a lawyer who indicated his office hours by a notice on his door: "In from 10 to 1." "An old sea captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding him in, at last furiously wrote under this notice: "Ten to one you're out."—Exchange.

### Too Bad.

Little Mrs. Newbridge (tearfully)—Oh, dear me! I wonder what can be the matter with this cake? Husband (cautiously)—It is a trifle heavy, that is a fact. Little Mrs. Newbridge (sobbingly)—It is as heavy as lead and I put in plenty of rub-raised to raise it, tut-tut!—Harper's Bazar.

### A Greater Brooklyn.

Over-the-bridge people are now talking about Greater Brooklyn. They must annex New York or New Jersey to become greater.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Certainly Not.



Ella—Do you think the bicycle will ever take the place of the horse? Della—Certainly not. They can't make sausage meat out of bicycles.

### A Life Position.

"Have you got a permanent position, Jawley?" "I think so. Snip & Co. have employed me to collect your account with them."—Harper's Bazar.

### An Interesting Phenomenon.

"Dear me," said a South American republic as it looked at Great Britain's map of Venezuela. "It is really very astonishing if it is not misrepresented." "What is it?" inquired a sister country. "The manner in which a country is liable to shrink in this warm climate."—Washington Star.

### "Many a True Word."

The office boy—Der editor is busy; jist drop yer stuff in de slot. Miss Posey (the sweet singer of Sing Sing)—Tell me, does he get many poems?

The office boy (disgustedly)—Poems! Why, he's got 'em to burn.—Judge.

### Sure Indication.

"Those photographs must flatter her." "Why?" "She's ordered another dozen from the same negative."

### Science for the Household.

Extract from woman's club proceedings: "Many a man who goes to bed with insomnia becomes a cataleptic the minute the baby begins to cry."

### The Proprieties.

"But why," persisted the native, "do you serve the missionary for dessert?" "Oh, he was such a pudding," rejoined his wife, lightly. The propriety of the thing was too manifest to permit further discussion.—Detroit Tribune.

### Somewhat Misunderstood.



Clerk (in jewelry store)—Gold rings? Yes, sir, step this way, please. Eighteen carats? Mulvane—No, sir, I've been aittin' onions, av ut's anny o' yure bizness.—New York Ledger.

### Her Idea.

"Mrs. Dash, can you tell me about your husband's incubator?" "Oh, yes; this is where the dear little chicks hatch, you know, and that's the brooder." "What does the brooder do?" "Why, it lays the eggs."

## WOODEN SHOES IN DEMAND.

Footwear of the Dutchman Finds Favor in America. The largest wooden shoe factory in America is located at Grand Rapids, Mich. The factory does not overshadow all the other buildings in its vicinity, nor does the hum of its industry disturb the peace and quiet of the neighborhood. It is a small two-story building with a sign out in front to distinguish it from the dwelling houses in the same secluded street. It is operated by two Hollanders who have been making wooden shoes almost from infancy. The junior partner occupies rooms in the second story of the factory building, and the senior partner, with his family, lives in the rear, while the factory proper, the largest in the country, and producing about half of all the wooden shoes made on this side of the water, occupies a 10x12 room on the ground floor opening on the street. Three men find steady employment in the factory, and the force at times is increased to five, and the product will average the year around about 300 pairs of shoes a week. A wooden shoe is produced entirely by hand, and in its evolution from a block of wood to the finished product it undergoes three operations. The wood is purchased in shoe lengths, and the shoes always go through the processes in pairs. The shaper takes two blocks, and first with a broadax, and then with a hand adze, he hews and hocks with great apparent recklessness until he has reduced the blocks to a semblance of a pair of shoes. Then he puts them on a block of wood, and with a long knife, that looks like a scythe blade, swivelled to the block at one end, he rapidly brings the rough blocks to the perfect form of a wooden shoe. The blocks are then turned over to the borer, who with a variety of implements makes the hole for the foot. He first bores a hole for the heel and then with what looks like an exaggerated cheese-iron works his way toward the toe. An expert workman can reach the toe in two or three minutes, while a green hand could not get there in half an hour. Once started with augers, knives, scoops and scrapers, the piece for the foot is rapidly shaped. The workman often uses callipers and measures, so that one shoe of a pair shall be as near as possible the mate of the other. The shoe is then sent to the drying-room to remain a month, when the final touches are to give it the last scraping and the artistic finish. Willow is the best wood out of which to make wooden shoes, but the American willow is unlike that which grows on the native heath of the wooden shoe. In this country basswood is used almost entirely, and is light, easy to work, durable and dry. Occasional orders are received for fancy shoes to be made of maple or walnut, and once an extra fine pair had a mahogany veneer. The shoes are especially adapted for wearing in wet places, and the demand for them is steadily increasing. The Hollanders brought them over from the old country, and were long made sport of by the irreverent. But the Americans have within a few years been coming to the conclusion that in adopting the wooden footwear the Dutch had pretty level heads. The shoes are especially desirable for work in laundries, breweries, stables and on the farm when the ground is wet. They do not become saturated with moisture, never get out of shape like leather boots, and are surprisingly warm and comfortable, and in addition they are cheap, and will outlive several pairs of cowhide boots. The awkwardness of wearing the shoes soon passes away, and when the wearer enters the house he kicks them off for shoes or slippers of more graceful build. The shoes sell for \$3 a dozen, adult sizes, \$2.40 for small sizes and \$1.80 for children's, and are shipped to all parts of the country from there. The Hollanders are still the largest buyers, but the Americans are making rapid progress in adapting them to their own uses. Besides the factory at Grand Rapids there is one at Holland, Ottawa County, producing about fifty pairs a week when in operation, which is only part of the time. Iowa has one or two small shops, and New Jersey has one or two, but few if any work more than four or five months a year except the big factory at Grand Rapids.—New York Sun. Women's Ways. A domestic wife is a blessing, but not if she is too domestic. A wife is willing to be obedient, but she hates to be considered a slave. When a woman says no, she wants you to insist upon her saying yes. A man will always respect a woman if he sees that she respects herself. With a woman, her soul should always be at least as well clad as her body. If a married woman commences as a slave, she will never regain her freedom. A great many women transfer to their baby the love they once had for their husbands. Even when a woman is in love she never forgets to see that her hat is on straight. A woman should not be afraid to die. Why, just think of it! It relieves her of the marriage tie. A woman who is a good cook can always retain the respect of her husband, if not his love. A woman should be chary with her kisses and caresses, even to her husband. We get tired even of a canvas-back duck if we have it every day. A Bayonet Jag. It is claimed that the Sultan never drinks alcoholic liquors. The bayonet jag is the only kind that will ever arouse him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Our idea of a man indifferent to the world's scorn, is one who would carry a corset box through the streets.