



One of the most absurd things cycling women have been doing in the way of outdoor attire recently has been to wear during the beautiful fall days...

A beautiful dodo for a room finished in light, carved wood is of dull green velvet about a foot and a half wide. Two not large round mirrors are effective, sunk in the wall, one on each side of the fireplace...

In a household whose head recognizes that the providing of good tools insures better work, are to be found special floor and paint cloths. These are made from remnants and scraps of woven merino underwear...

If the schoolroom does not seem sufficiently warm when the thermometer shows that the proper degree of heat has been reached, says a public school teacher, "I place a dish of water in the room, and I soon find that the room seems very comfortable..."

The wide use of ammonia to assist in all household cleaning demands that the maids of the household should be instructed in the necessity of removing its traces from many surfaces upon which it has been employed...

A sensibly planned library is completely lined with bookcases to the height of a rather tall wainscoting, with no shelves running further up the wall, so that every book may be easily reached, and portable steps—that library bugbear—should be first removed over the spring and life of the feathers...

The study of domestic science by young women in Germany includes the study of the vegetable garden and how to cultivate it. For the Record-Union.

There is no time for hating. Hating is no time for hating in this bright bottom. Let us gather the roses, the sweet, fragrant flowers. Let us breathe the thorns we cast gladly aside. As our barque o'er the sea of life softly drifts, let us not forget all the misery and woe that others have brought us, nor ask why "so."

Polished copper for large pieces of bric-a-brac, such as lamp standards, candelabra, urns, and so on, is more satisfactory for general use in the home than much wrought iron, which is rather unattractive in appearance unless it is very discreetly disposed of.

Aluminum gray is the way fashionable colors keep up with the procession. A cooking-school receipt is one for an attractive dish of apples. Four large tart apples should be cored and quartered and steamed in a saucepan...

King Humbert's generosity in charitable works is said to be fabulous. A petition hardly ever remains without an answer. His majesty spontaneously gives presents to those persons to whom he does not wish to grant subsidies. These presents are generally of two kinds—a golden clock with the royal arms or a brooch set in diamonds. His jeweler supplies him each year with five hundred clocks and one thousand brooches.

dam," he announced, bowing, "I never allow the carvings to become dusty." In this statement is embodied the very essence of good housekeeping.

The amateur photographer who has no room or closet may envelop the bulb of an electric light with a red bag shade, with the same result as to workmanship, an entire freedom from smoke, and also a much stronger and steadier light.

A handsome three-fold screen, about two feet high, is utilized by its owner to hold photographs gathered during a journey in Scotland. It is covered with one of the plain plaids, in rich blues and greens, and is filled in symmetrical arrangement with landscapes, historical buildings and the noble faces of Scottish heroes. The idea is suggestive and adaptable to other lands, periods, or associations of events.

Silver corn-hoppers seen at the big open fireplaces of country houses seem rather extravagant, but are not unreasonably so at the present rates of silver. They are handsome affairs, usually having a circular basket of silver wire, with a more or less elaborately ornamented solid cover and attached to a long ebony handle, with a silver ring in the end for a hanger.

While maple sugar is new, it will be found that, grated, it serves as a most delicious hard sauce for hot puddings. It is so soft and moist that the grating process does not granulate it, as happens later, and a cake of the solid sugar is quickly converted into a smooth, compact sauce.

Russian women and Japanese men are said to be the most skilful workers with the needle in the world. They are handsome affairs, usually having a circular basket of silver wire, with a more or less elaborately ornamented solid cover and attached to a long ebony handle, with a silver ring in the end for a hanger.

Chocolate stains on fine napery are, it should be remembered, as needful of prompt attention as are wine stains. Cold water should be first poured over the stain, then the cloth stretched across a bowl or soup plate, they may be treated with boiling water fresh from the tea-kettle. The important point in treating any stain upon linen is promptness.

Careful housekeepers slip a long, round cover, open at both ends, over the feathers of a good duvet, and keep it standing, brush uppermost, when not in use. The cover is simply a narrow, deep cut, hemmed top and bottom. This not only keeps the duvet from getting dusty, but preserves the spring and life of the feathers. It is the care and not the use of utensils that determines their length of service.

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A DESERTER.

The proud Tecumseh had called his red brothers to arms. The voice of the prophet, the voice of Ellakwatawa—the fire that rushes through the land—had shrieked denunciations and foretold the doom of the invader of the red man's territory, the exterminator of the red man's race. Everywhere throughout the Gulf region the dogs of war were loose, and two races flew savagely at one another's throats. Hamlets burned; villages abandoned, fell in ruins; white men, horribly tortured, suffered at the stake; red men fell in their thousands, shot, bayoneted, bludgeoned, until at last the fury of the unequal contest slackened, and the Indians, broken and despairing, their trusted leaders slain or captive, laid down their arms and swung sullenly from the land of their fathers.

It was early in 1812 that General Floyd, with his little army of Georgian volunteers and 450 friendly Indians, took up his position on the heights above the swamps of the Chilibee in Alabama. It was supposed that a large force of Creeks was lurking in the vicinity, though the keenest eyes among the scouts had hitherto failed to discover the exact whereabouts of the cunning foe. But Floyd was too good a soldier and too experienced in Indian warfare to be deceived by appearances, and, notwithstanding the outward calm, made most careful preparations against surprise. Pickets were doubled, patrols moved incessantly to and fro; and, though wearied by his long march, a brief hour of sleep was all the watchful commander allowed himself to snatch.

Far away on the outermost line of sentries Amos Duerden stood on guard. Still as a statue, he leaned against the trunk of a great tree and peered into the dark darkness that surrounded him, or strained his ears to catch the faintest sound that might break the oppressive stillness. Bravest where all were brave, strong of muscle and stout of heart, there was no one in his army in whom Floyd reposed more confidence than in Amos Duerden; none who might be trusted so well to stand firm and do his duty, though death came to him in the doing. Therefore it was that he had been selected for this lonely outpost, the most dangerous of all, where his firmness and knowledge of the country would stand the white men of the army against the craft of their dusky foes.

Yet were the thoughts of Amos not altogether with the army. Twenty miles away to the northwest lay a little village, never destined to attain to the dignity of a town, which bore the picturesque name of Whispering Pines. Towards this Duerden's heart turned as he kept his watch; for there, waiting until the war should be over, waiting in fear and trembling for her lover's safety, lived Agnes Brotherton, his wife that was to be.

No wonder, then, that Amos, for rumor had it that Whispering Pines was in the track of the Creek advance, and if that were so—He put the thought from him as one too horrid to be entertained.

Away to his right a brook murmuring mysteriously through the blackness, but, save for that slumberous sound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark boughs of the pines, the stars looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anon one fell, and there, like a signal, rocketed athwart the sky.

"This monstrous dark here," thought Amos, straightening his tall form, and grasping his musket firmly at the sound of a twig snapping somewhere plain here ere he knew it was attacked. Then, as silence reigned once more, "I trust all is well with them at Whispering Pines. If Agnes and her mother had but followed my advice and moved north out of this accursed country, I should have no fear."

Again two stars suddenly—this time at his very feet; and, almost before he could recall his straggling thoughts, a dark form rose swiftly from the ground, and a hand was laid lightly upon his lips.

"Steady!" breathed a voice in his ear, so low that he could scarcely catch the articulate words. "Steady! All's well! I'm Rivington. Who are you?" Before Amos could reply the man went on: "The redskins are coming on in force. They are not much more than five miles away. They have swept through Whispering Pines, and cleared out the village. Not a soul left, I'm told. But they brought away some women prisoners. Agnes Brotherton is one of them. If you see Duerden, tell him, I'm off to let the General know. I think they'll attack about daybreak."

He dropped to the ground, and gave away, while the man in the dark drew himself up against his stiff, with horror. There could be no mistake; Mark Rivington was too careful a scout for that, and he was an old friend of Duerden's, too. Hence his anxiety to impart his fateful news to the first man he met. "Agnes! Agnes!" he cried, and, coming on in force. The camp would be attacked. What of that? What was that to him? Agnes! Agnes was in the hands of the brutal redskins. Rivington had heard that, and yet he had done nothing to save her. In the bitterness of his grief and despair, Amos clenched his fist, recognizing him in the dark, had imparted the grewsome news.

As these wild thoughts coursed through his brain, yet another sound, close to him, startled him. No rustling branch nor snapping twig, this time, but a dull, smothered, and silent, and silent. Then a sudden rush, a swish, a sharp thud as the keen blade of a tomahawk was buried in the trunk of a tree an inch from his face, and Amos found himself hugged against the brawny chest of a greasy savage, whose hot breath panted against his cheek, and who strove mightily to bring him to the ground. His musket dropped to the ground at the shock; but with a twist Amos freed his left arm and drove his knife deep into the throat of his assailant, who sank with a gurgling sound to the ground.

He thrust the thought from him and sped with swift, silent steps in the direction indicated by poor Rivington as the position of the foe. Was this his foe? He stopped. He was a knicker, and behind him lay his post, the one spot of all others which the Creeks would choose for their point of attack, should they make it at dawn. That the attack was contemplated he knew. He alone of all men, now that Rivington was gone, possessed the false key of knowledge. Floyd, though he had not neglected precautions, was secure in the belief that the Indians were far away. Only through Rivington could the mistake have been corrected, and now Rivington was dead the secret was in the possession of Amos and none other. The lives of the men under his command, the lives of his comrades, his comrades, his General, he alone would remain to tell the story of that shameful night. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he loved, he could die with them. He thought comforted him somewhat, and he rose to his feet.

His decision was instant, his action prompt. With a rapid movement he drew from his pocket a piece of cord, tied one end round his foot, and attached the other to the trigger of his musket. Then he put the muzzle in his mouth.

For an instant he stood, eyes closed, breath coming and going rapidly, for even to a brave man death comes not wholly without terror. "Agnes!" he sighed. A strong shudder shook him, and he dashed the muzzle from his face, and flung the musket to the ground.

"My God!" he exclaimed, half wrathfully, half fearfully, "what is I about to do? If I must die, let me meet death as a man, not as a coward. It is not my fault that I am here. I shall not be. I will go back. I will break through the Creek lines somehow. I may redeem my honor in part; if not, then let death come how he will, but not by my own hand."

The darkness of the night had deepened. To make a long circuit was equally impossible. The post of time, No; all was lost—Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his General. He alone would remain to tell the story of that shameful night. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he loved, he could die with them. He thought comforted him somewhat, and he rose to his feet.

The first faint trembling streaks of pink waved up into the sky, the white mists curled upward from river and swamp, just perceptible in the gloom, and the hog wandered on, grunting and rooting, too careless or too stupid to move, and a low, low sound around it. More than once it collided in the darkness with the legs of some watchful warrior, to dart away with a squeal, followed by the curses of the brave, who dared not move for fear of exposing his position. And so, turning his head and thither in his search for food, the beastly pig was startled by Bald Eagle and his fellow-chief Whistling Hawk, stood beside a tree and discussed their plans for the coming attack. Terrified, apparently, the hog stood still for a moment, and then Whistling Hawk drew an arrow from his quiver and fitted it to his bowstring.

"Not so, my brother," interposed Bald Eagle, laying a detaining hand upon the other's wrist. "Shoot not, lest if you only wound the brute, it run off towards the camp of the pale-faces, and betray by your arrow. Go and warn our young warriors, and let them be ready for the time as it is at hand. I will tell them upon the right."

"Waugh!" was all the reply Whistling Hawk vouchsafed, and the red chiefs moved away.

But as they disappeared, the hog sat upon his haunches, and, as if by magic, he was again in the foreground, looking oddly, while from underneath the coarse hide a hand stole forth. Then the mask was cautiously raised, fung back from the face it concealed, and out from the greasy skin crawled a man, who cast himself flat upon his face and lay still.

But the Indians were behind him now and his friends in front, and, though he moved slowly, yet in no long time he reached a sentry, whom he passed with a whispered word, and hurried to the General's tent.

Duerden, who had sprung to his feet, as he saw the man burst in upon him with little ceremony, "What are you doing here? Why have you left your post?"

"Why have you left your post?" The sharp and sudden question recalled a momentary memory to Duerden's mind, and for an instant he stammered vainly to speak. Recovering himself, he briefly detailed to the General the presence of the foe in large numbers, and how he had contrived to pass through their lines.

He ought to have known better. Whispering Pines was no doubt in ashes; Agnes, too, surely dead. And he, by this vain pursuit, had lost not only her—but that was already accomplished. That his captives might make his life sweet as water, he would have done so.

He flung himself face downward upon the damp ground, not striving to stay the harsh dry sobs that shook his body. He was a strong man in despair, and, so, weaker than the weakest of men, he could not get back. He knew, though it might be the Indians would not attack before dawn, and dawn was yet far distant. But even so, how could he break through the cordon of red men, even now surrounding the devoted Floyd? That was impossible. To make a long circuit was equally impossible. The post of time, No; all was lost—Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his General. He alone would remain to tell the story of that shameful night. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he loved, he could die with them. He thought comforted him somewhat, and he rose to his feet.

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upon the savages, tore him from his hold, and then buried his bayonet in the broad red chest. Then he turned to assist the General to rise.

"Thank you, Amos," said Floyd, gasping for breath. "You had not come just when you did, you would have been left without a leader. I am your debtor for this."

He rushed away, and, as the sun rose, allowing him to survey the whole field of operations, ordered his right wing and the cavalry to charge simultaneously. The effect was immediate. Floyd to face with those long lines of glittering steel, the Creeks lost heart and fled through the swamps, leaving behind them a trail of dead and wounded. The battle was won, though the white men had not come off scatheless.

In an hour later, while the hungry soldiers were breaking their fast, Amos Duerden stalked gloomily into his commander's tent. "I have come to make a confession, General," he began, without preface. "I have come to ask that I may be placed under arrest."

"Is the man guilty?" "Of his wife?" cried Floyd, considerably astonished. "What ails you, Amos? Has the fight proved too much for your stomach? Here, drink a cup of this." He handed him some wine. "Twice bring back the color to your cheeks."

"General," he began, unsteadily, "this is my fault. There is not a man of ours lying dead there in the pine woods and swamps who does not owe his death to me." In a few simple words he told the General the story of his temptation and his fall. "I am a deserter, General, and I deserve a deserter's fate."

At that Amos stood up quickly. His face was grave, for he was a soldier first of all, and knew the gravity of the fault of which Amos accused himself. But he was also a man, and the trouble in the young man's face as he stood there confronting what, but for the confession, must ever have remained undiscovered, touched him, and he answered, not unkindly: "My lad, your offense is a grave one. I could not tell you aught else. But you have striven to atone, as my thinking would have done, to my thinking; and besides, you were, after all, in time to give the alarm, and to do a complete surprise. Surprise or no surprise, the attack would have been made, I have little doubt, and those who are slain would have been slain. If you hold it otherwise, then your punishment is great enough. I have no wish to make it heavier. Go, and I will forget that you have made this report to me. The story shall never pass my lips. I know you, and I am sure you will never give away again."

"No, that is very true, General," answered Amos, in so strange a manner that the General gazed dubiously at him. "You are too generous, General," he went on, his face white and set, his lips trembling, his voice husky. "You may forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself. Had I done my duty as I should have done, should I be to life you have saved, should I be to a shameful death, which you by no means deserve. By heaven! I will not do it. Go away and sleep, my poor fellow. When you are rested and refreshed you will see things in a different light."

But Amos stood by his ground firmly and shook his head with a melancholy smile. "No, General," he said; "it must not be. I shall never see things in any other light. Death I deserve, and death I am ready to meet, and it is fitting that death should come to me at the hands of the man I have betrayed. Listen to me, General. I am a deserter. Give me over to the fate I have earned. I demand a court-martial."

Floyd sprang to his feet. "What!" he cried. "You demand a court-martial?" You ask that I, your General, whose life you have saved, should send you to a shameful death, which you by no means deserve. By heaven! I will not do it. Go away and sleep, my poor fellow. When you are rested and refreshed you will see things in a different light."

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and in one hour from now you be removed thence to a place to be determined upon and there shot. The court is dissolved."

Not a word more was said. The guard removed the prisoner, who, amid the wondering glances of his comrades, walked with firm step to the guard-net, where the flap was lowered and he was left to his own meditations. The hour passed all too quickly; but ere it struck there was a sound of jingling spur and scabbard, and Floyd strode into the prisoner's presence.

"Amos stood up and saluted. "Duerden," began the General, "I think you have behaved like a madman. But you left me no option. I do not wish to make your load of trouble heavier than it is already, but I wish to tell you that already your story is known throughout the camp, and not one of your comrades has a word to say in your blame. You have forced me to condemn you; you are acquitted by them."

Still Amos was silent, and Floyd went on, not without emotion. "You saved my life, Amos, and I would fain be of service to you now. Is there nothing you will allow me to do?"

"General," was the answer, "let me face my comrades' fire with my eyes unbound, and let you see that it is not without reason that I am so sad. I am dead and died as a brave man should die."

"I will," promised Floyd. His voice was gruff and unsteady, and his keen eyes were moist as he left the tent.

Ten minutes later Amos Duerden stood in front of the firing-party told off to do him to death. His retirement, drawn up, looked on, and all the superior officers were present.

Amos stood with the handkerchief in his hand which he was to drop as a signal for the volley which was to cut his throat. He looked at the firing-party, glanced at his comrades, and some of the rough fellows were weeping. He looked at the sky, the woods, the river for the last time, and drew in a long breath of the sweet, fresh morning air. "For the last time," he thought dully. "For the last time," and braced himself for the coming shock.

Suddenly far away, his eye caught sight of a party of horsemen advancing at a gallop. There was a flutter of skirts somewhere in the midst of them, and Amos, forgetting to give the signal, fixed his eyes upon the cavalcade and held them there, fascinated.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last he could distinguish the familiar figures of men he knew. But among them, horrible to dream of, was his lover, his Agnes, coming to see him die. A strange scream, more like that of an animal in pain than any human sound, burst from him. If he lost his nerve now he would be disgraced forever. And it was going. He had not looked for trial such as this. It was going—going fast. He raised his hand above his head and dashed the handkerchief to the ground.

"Fire!"

From the dark mouths of the levelled muskets tongues of flame streamed viciously towards him. The rolling echoes of the volley died away, and Amos Duerden stood erect and unharmed.

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