

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily published, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and addresses to have the letters and names plain and distinct. Proper names are often omitted. To decipher, best...

THE SHIPS OF TIME.

There's a wonderful fleet, sailing one by one, O'er a measureless, pathless sea; It carries a freight More precious in weight Than the wealth of an argosy.

The vessels are trim, and strong, and safe, And they bravely broast the gale; They ride with ease The wildest seas With never a broken sail.

Their way is straight as the narrow path, For their compass is always true; And their prow's point high To the sunlit sky As they ride the waters blue.

'Tis a noble fleet, and steady, and sure, With no loss of its priceless store; And it never fails Of the port it sails On that distant, unknown shore.

These ships are the years that breast the tide Of the turbulent sea of time; And faithful fulfill The Father's will In man's destiny sublime.

They leave behind a light in their wake More true than the phosphorus glow; For they usher the day And they show the way Of God on this earth below.

The books are kept by an angel's hand, There is never an item lost— Not a hope nor a fear, Not a prayer nor a tear, While the boundless sea is crossed.

But the day will come when the ocean of time Will swell and beat no more; And the last ship ride O'er a dying tide To that distant, unknown shore.

When the storm-swept years have un-loaded their freight, The souls and the needs of men; When the last sun sets, When vain are regrets, What will the reckoning be then? —Jennie L. Lyall, in Christian Work.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED. That night the sentries had just called off half past one when there was some commotion at the guard-house. A courier had ridden in post haste from the outlying station of Fort Beecher, far up under the lee of the Big Horn range. The corporal of the guard took charge of his reeking horse, while the sergeant led the messenger to the commander's quarters. The major was already awake and half dressed. "Call the adjutant," was all he said, on reading the dispatch, and the sergeant sped away. In less than five minutes he was back.

"I could get no answer to my knock or ring, sir, so I searched the house. The adjutant isn't there!" For a moment the major stood in silence; then, briefly saying, "Call Capt. Ray," turned again to the dimly-lighted hallway of his commodious quarters. (The women thought it such a shame there should be no "lady of the house" for the largest and finest of the long line known as "Officers' Row.") while the sergeant of the guard scurried away to the soldier home of the senior cavalry captain on duty at the post. When the major again came forth his field glasses were in his hand and he hurried down the steps and out into the broad sheen of the moonlight when he caught sight of the courier seated on the horseblock at the gate, wearily leaning his head upon his gauntleted hand. Webb stopped short.

"Come right in here, my lad," he cried, "I want to speak with you," and followed slowly by the soldier, he entered his parlor, and whirled an easy chair in front of the open fireplace. "Sit right down there now, and I'll be with you in a minute," he added; bustled into the rear room and presently reappeared with a decanter and glass; poured out a stiff tot of Monongahela; "A little water?" he asked, as the trooper's eye brightened gratefully. A little water was added and off came the right hand gauntlet. "I drink the major's health and long life to him," said the soldier, gulping down the fluid without so much as a wink. Then, true to his training, set down the glass and stood strictly at attention.

"You've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, I'll be bound," said Webb. "Now, I've got to see some of my officers at once. You make yourself at home here. You'll find cold beef, bread, cheese, pickles, milk, if you care for it, and pie right there in the pantry. Take the lamp in with you and help yourself. If you want another nip, there's the decanter. You've made splendid time. Did you meet no Indians?"

"Not one, sir, but I saw smokes at sunset out toward Eagle Butte." "Your name—I see you belong to Capt. Truscott's troop." "Kennedy, sir; and I thank the major."

"Then I will leave you in charge until you've had your fill," said the commander. "Then go over to 'F' Troop's quarters and get a bed. Tell anybody who comes I've gone to the flag staff." With that the major stalked from the room, followed by the Irishman's adoring eyes. A moment later he stood by the tall white staff at the edge of the north-

ward bluff, at whose feet the river swept by in musical murmurings. There he quickly focussed his glass, and gazed away westward up the Platte to where but the evening before a score of Indian lodges dotted the other bank, perhaps two miles away. The September moon was at its full and, in that rare, cloudless atmosphere, flooding the valley with its soft, silvery light so that close at hand, within the limits of the garrison, every object could be almost as distinctly seen as in broad daylight, but, farther away, over the lowlands and the river bottom and the rolling prairie stretching to the northern horizon, the cottonwoods along the stream or in the distant swales made only black blotches against the vague, colorless surface, and the bold bluffs beyond the reservation limits south of the flashing waters, the sharp, sawlike edge of the distant mountain range that barred the way to the west, even the clean-cut outlines of Eagle Butte, the landmark of the northward prairie, visible for 50 miles by day, were now all veiled in some intangible filament that screened them from the soldier's searching gaze. Later in the season, on such a night, their crests would gleam with radiance almost intolerable, the glistening sheen of their spotless crown of snow. All over this broad expanse of upland prairie and wooded river bed and boldly undulating bluff line not so much as a spark of fire peeped through the wing of night to tell the presence of human wayfarer, white, halfbreed or Indian, even where the Sioux had swarmed, perhaps 200 strong, at sunset of the day gone by.

It was to Ray he promptly opened his heart, as that veteran of a dozen Indian campaigns, then drawing his fourth "foggy," came hastening out to join the commander. "Here's confirmation of the telegram. Read that, Ray," said Webb, handing him the dispatch from Fort Beecher. "Then come with me to Field's. He's missing."

"Missing!" cried Ray, in consternation, as he hurriedly opened the page. "In God's name what do you mean?" "I mean, he isn't in quarters and hasn't been in bed to-night. Now I need him—and it's two o'clock."

"Lame Wolf out? That's bad in itself! He's old Red Cloud's nephew and a brute at best. Stabber's people there yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on his heel and gazing westward. "Can't make it out even with my glasses. All dark as pitch among the cottonwoods, but Kennedy, who made the ride, says he saw smokes back of Eagle Butte just before sunset."

"Then you can bet they won't be there at dawn—the warriors at least. Of course the women, the kids and old men will stay if only for a blind. He had 40 fighting men, and Wolf's got at least 200. What started the row?"

"The arrest of those two young bucks on charge of killing Finn, the sheep herder, on the Piney last week. I don't believe the Sioux began it. There's a bad lot among those damned rustlers," said Webb, snapping the glass into its well-worn case. "But no matter who starts, we have to finish it. Old Plodder is worried and wants help. Reckon I'll have to send you, Ray."

"Ready whenever you say, sir," was the prompt and soldierly reply. Even marriage had not taken the edge from Ray's keen zest for campaigning. "Shall I have out my sergeant and cooks at once? We'll need to take rations."

"Yes, but wait with me till I wire the chief at Laramie. Come to the office." So saying the post commander turned and strode away. The captain glanced at the upper window where the light now dimly burned, but blind and window were open, and a woman's form appeared.

"It's all right, Maide," called the captain, softly. "May have to start out on scout at daybreak. That's all. Home soon," and with a reassuring wave of the hand, turned again to his stanch friend and commander.

"I hate to send you—again," said Webb. "You were out in June, and the others have had only short scouts since."

"Don't bother. What's a cavalryman for? Shall we? —I—can't believe it—some how," and Ray stopped, glanced inquiringly at the major, and then nodded toward the doorway of the third house on the row. The ground floor was occupied by Field as his quarters, the up-stair rooms by Putney and Ross.

"Come in," said the major, briefly, and, pushing through the gate, they softly entered the dark hallway and struck a light in the front room. A wood fire was smouldering on the andirons in the wide brick chimney-place. An open book, face downward, was on the center table. Two embroidered slippers lay as though hurriedly kicked off, one under the sofa beyond the mantelpiece, the other half-way across the worn carpet. Striking another match at the doorway, Ray passed on to the little inner room—the bed chamber. On the bed, carelessly thrown, were the young officer's best and newest forage cap, undress uniform coat and trousers. He had used them during the evening when calling at the Hays'. On the floor were the enameled leather boots he wore on such occasions. The bed was otherwise untouched. Other boots and shoes in orderly row stood against the wall beside the plain, unpainted wardrobe. The spurred riding boots and the knee-tight breeches were gone. Turning back to the front room, Ray found the major, his face gray and disturbed, holding forth to him an open envelope. Ray took it and glanced at the superscription, "Lieut. Beverly Field, Fort Frayne," and returned it without a word. Both knew the strange, angular,

slashing handwriting at a glance, for both had seen and remarked it before. It was Nanette Flower's. Dropping the envelope on the table—he had found it on the floor—Webb led the way to the open air. There was no time to compare views. There stood the sergeant.

"Sir," said he, with a snap of the gloved left hand at the brown tube nestling in the hollow of the shoulder, "Number Five reports that he has heard galloping hoofbeats up the bench twice in the last half hour, and thought he saw distant horsemen—three—couldn't say whether they were Indians or cowboys."

"Very good, sergeant," was the major's brief answer. "Send for the telegraph operator and my orderly." The sergeant turned. "One moment," called Ray—"your pardon, major—my first sergeant, too, and—sergeant, have any sentries reported horses taken out from the stables to-night?"

"Not one, sir," and stanch and sturdy, the commander of the guard stood ready to vouch for his men. "That's all!" A quick salute, a face to the right about and the sergeant was gone. Webb turned and looked inquiringly at Ray.

"I asked, sir," was that officer's brief explanation, "because wherever Field has gone he wore riding dress."

CHAPTER III. Comforted by abundant food, refreshed and stimulated by more than two or three enthusiastic toasts to the health of the major, the men so loved, Trooper Kennedy, like a born dragoon and son of the old sod, be-thought him of the gallant bay that had borne him bravely and with hardly a halt all the long way from Beecher to Frayne. The field telegraph had indeed been stretched, but it afforded more fun for the Sioux than aid to the outlying posts on the Powder and Little Horn, for it was down 10 days out of 12. Plodder, lieutenant colonel of infantry commanding at Beecher, had been badly worried by the ugly demonstrations of the Indians for ten days past. He was forever seeing in mind's eye the hideous details of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney, a few miles further on around the shoulder of the mountains, planned and carried out by Red Cloud with such dreadful success in '67. Plodder had strong men at his back, whom even hordes of painted Sioux could never stampede, but they were few in number, and there were those ever present help-



ANOTHER INSTANT IT GLEAMED ALOFT IN THE MOONLIGHT. Ravens 300 Years Old? Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to 100 or even to 300 years? Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the elder Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid and Ausonius.

Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the Highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod: Three the life of a dog is the life of a horse. Three the life of a horse is the life of a man. Three the life of a man is the life of a stag. Three the life of a stag is the life of a raven.

There cannot be so much smoke without some fire behind it, and I am inclined to think that a raven does live to a great age for a bird, and that Horace's epithet for the raven, *annosus*, and Tennyson's "many wintered crow" are justified by facts.

But the belief in its extreme age rests, I suspect, on one of its most touching characteristics, its intense hereditary attachment to the spot, a particular cliff, a particular grove, a particular tree, where its ancestors, where itself, and where its young have been born and bred.—Nineteenth Century.

Swan a Royal Fowl. In England, under an old law still in force, the swan is a royal fowl, as whales and sturgeons are royal fish. All swans the property whereof is not otherwise definable, when within the British dominions, belong to the king by virtue of this prerogative. When swans are lawfully taken into the possession of a private person such person may be said to have a property in them; but if they be at liberty they belong to the crown. Formerly it was necessary for persons who wished to keep these "royal fowls" to obtain a swan mark, which was granted by the crown, and which could not be legally impressed without grant or prescription. The marked swan law still holds good, and it is a felony to take swans which are lawfully marked, even though they be at large, as it is a felony to take unmarked swans which are kept near a dwelling house.

the quill forget heaving at his massive throat; the heavy blanket slung negligently, gracefully about his stalwart form; his nether limbs and feet in embroidered buckskin, his long-lashed quirt in hand; here stood, almost confronting him, as fine a specimen of the warrior of the plains as it had been Trooper Kennedy's lot to see, and see them he had—many a time and oft.

"How, John," said he, with an Irishman's easy insolence, "Lookin' for a chance to steal somethin'—is it?" And then Kennedy was both amazed and enraptured at the prompt reply in the fervent English of the far frontier.

"Go to hell, you peck-marked son-of-a-seut! Where'd you steal your whisky?" For five seconds Kennedy thought he was dreaming. Then, convinced that he was awake, an Irishman scorned and insulted, he dashed into the attack. Both fists shot out from the brawny shoulders; both missed the agile dodger; then off went the blanket, and with two lean, red, sinewy arms the Sioux had "locked his foeman round," and the two were straining and swaying in a magnificent grapple. At arms' length Pat could easily have had the best of it, for the Indian never boxes; but, in a bear hug and a wrestle, all chances favored the Sioux. Cursing and straining, honors even on both for a while, Connaught and wild Wyoming strove for the mastery. Whisky is a wonderful starter but a mighty poor stayer of a fight. Kennedy loosed his grip from time to time to batter wildly with his clinched fists at such sections of Sioux anatomy as he could reach; but, at range so close, his blows lacked both swing and steam, and fell harmless on sinewy back and lean, muscular flanks. Then he tried a Galway hitch and trip, but his lithe antagonist knew a trick worth ten of that. Kennedy tried many a time next day to satisfactorily account for it, but never with success. He found himself speedily on the broad of his back, gasping for breath with which to keep up his vocal defiance, staring up into the glaring, vengeful black eyes of his furious and triumphant foeman. And then in one sudden, awful moment, he realized that the Indian was reaching for his knife. Another instant it gleamed aloft in the moonlight, and the poor lad shut his eyes against the swift and deadly blow. Curses changed to one wordless prayer to heaven for pity and help. He never saw the glittering blade go spinning through the air. Vaguely, fainting, he heard a stern young voice ordering "Hold, there!" then another, a silvery voice, crying something in a strange tongue, and was conscious that an unseen power had loosed the fearful grip on his throat; next, that, obedient to that same power—one he dare not question—the Indian was struggling slowly to his feet, and then, for a few seconds Kennedy soared away into cloudland, knowing naught of what was going on about him. When he came to again, he heard a confused murmur of talk about him and grew dimly aware that his late antagonist was standing over him, panting still and slightly swaying, and that an officer, a young athlete, was saying rebukeful words. Well he knew him, as what trooper of the —th did not? —Lieut. Beverly Field; but, seeing the reopened eyes it was the Indian again who sought to speak. With uplifted hand he turned from the rescuer to the rescued.

(To Be Continued.)

Household Service Is Honorable

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. Year after year, generation after generation, the daughters of the poor pass in hundreds of thousands from the narrow means and lowly culture of the cottage or the tenement into the atmosphere of a higher social state. They go from what is often a pinched and noisy and quarrelsome home into some family where they will, day by day, whatever other drawbacks there may be, live amid good manners, measured speech, and ideas of refinement, progress, and the march of events.

They receive, insensibly and gratuitously, an extremely valuable expansion of thoughts, feelings and views of life, and the more capable among them quickly learn something of what is best in their mistresses and their manners. Most of them partake of much the same food as is provided for those to whom they minister, and share comforts largely similar to those which their superiors enjoy.

They pick up, or, at any rate, may pick up, information useful to them afterwards as wives and mothers, cooks and nurses, and if they be careful and dutiful, they can help the people at home and save up money to make a little start for themselves and their husbands when they marry.

The main portion of them will marry; for these girls lead healthy lives, become robust, well fed, and attractive far beyond their sisters and social equals in the factory, the shop, or the crowded tenement. Thus, family by family, and year after year, the daughters of the poor become in true sense, for a larger or shorter period, the children and charge of the well-to-do classes, and in this way takes place that silent blending together of higher and lower strata of cultivated and uncultivated natures which nobody could have invented or organized, but which has worked so well, in spite of bad mistresses, ungrateful domestics, and the foolish fashion for what the latter call freedom. This keeps numbers of their class out of good service, and prevents many who have been lucky enough to find kind employers from reaping the prodigious benefits of their early serving time.

What good fortune it is, if they only realize it, to serve good masters and mistresses! How happy and honorable that condition may be rendered where a serving maid, properly self-respecting, proudly repays by faithful work and humble attachment the fair treatment which has fallen to her lot! George Herbert, in a famous little poem, has told us how that even to sweep a chamber conscientiously and in a loyal spirit "makes that and the action fine."

Education of the Negro

By DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS, Of Chicago. Among the people of the south there has come to the fore a noble resolve that the beautiful southland shall no longer be known as the abode of the illiterate. There is a warmth of sentiment, a largeness of soul and a pride of country about the true southerner that rises above difficulties and defeats and goes forward to success. With the south is the brightest promise of the near future years of our great country. With the natural advantage of climate, soil and scenery, progress along all lines is assured.

With this wonderful age of the new man, the new life, the new thought, the question of the new education is everywhere coming to the foreground. There is a feeling that more practical results should be reached along the lines of doing and living, and less time be given to studies of seemingly little value.

What man is, the kind of a world he is in, and how to best get through such a world, are the important facts. Time was when education was a class distinction, as it is now among the professional scholars, and hence the dead languages held so large a place. But now education is for the masses, and with these it is not sufficient to know everything and not be able to do anything. That may suit the professional scholar, but the practical scholar must be the useful doer, the wise liver.

This question is now agitating the colored people of both north and south, and it is not strange that the generally untrained minds think that to be educated they must study Latin and Greek, and that the industrial training and the common branches in English taught at the Tuskegee school will tend to retard the progress of their race in the social and political world. That feeling was strongly voiced in the late treatment of Booker Washington, in Boston, and there are white people who share these ideas.

The home is the unit, the center, the soul, the shaping and controlling power in the social order. What the homes are the people will be. Industry is the normal life of mankind. To build and own homes is the first and greatest need of the colored people, and this means to understand and be able to do all the kinds of work in the house, the shop, the garden and field, and in this there is a positive mental culture. The body may be made strong by many forms of exercise, the mind is educated—its powers called out—by every skilled industry. The good house-keeper, the good farmer, has a trained mind.

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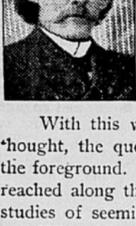
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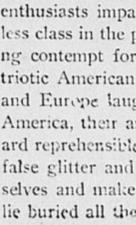
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Sins and Follies of Fashion

By REV. DEAN RICHMOND, Pastor Church of Epiphany, New York.



AM more and more convinced that we of the clergy must preach clearly, pointedly, as forcefully as possible, to the sins and follies of the times, dwell less on the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt and more on the exodus of Christian virtues from American life. Each one of us is the keeper of Christian morals and public opinion to the extent of our social abilities and influence, and it is just as necessary for each of us to carry out reforms in ourselves and neighbors, if possible, as it would be to reform the entire nation, which is impossible. There are many ways to look at the selfish, wasteful, indecorous, baleful and often insane class of the so-called "smart set," who seem to make a crusade to get their peculiar social antics in the newspapers, as enthusiasts impale butterflies for exhibition in a museum. The senseless class in the public imitate them; the sober-thinking class have a pitying contempt for them; the earnest Christians blush for them; the patriotic American abhors them and the genuine aristocracy of America and Europe laughs at them. Their example is pestilent to democratic America, their antics a violation of all normal sanity, their moral standard reprehensible at the bar of Christian morals, their lives, with all their false glitter and brilliant frippery, are a personal degradation to themselves and make a rapid descent into that Avernus of the senses where lie buried all the best and choicest of human aspirations.