

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

Serene I fold my hands and wait And hope that wind or tide or sea Some day may be induced by Fate To bring some good thing here to me.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, straightening up to attention. Then, scrupulously exchanging salutes, the old soldier and the young parted company, and the major returned to receive the reports of the old and new officers of the day.

tion of Miss Flower's radiant face, and in the effort to make his own words eloquent, had no ears for those of others. He never heeded the trader's excited outburst. He only saw her suddenly flinch, suddenly pale, then sway. His ready arm was around her in a twinkling.

CHAPTER VI.

Ray's gallant half hundred, as has been said, took the route for the north at break of day. Before them spread the open prairie, apparently level and unbroken for full five miles to the front and either flank, the distant slopes and ridges bounding the level expanse growing more distinct with every moment.

Without a word of reply, Field reined out of column, glanced along the double file of his platoon, nodded a signal "fall out" to Sergeant Scott, and the men nearest him at the front, merely said "advance guard," and then proceeded to choose his corporals and men for flankers.



CHAPTER VII. As Webb had predicted, even before nine o'clock, came prompt, spirited response from Laramie, where the colonel had ordered the four troops to prepare for instant march, and had bidden the infantry to be ready for any duty the general might order.

last look, for the time, at least, at the distant walls of Frayne. Somewhere toward seventh-thirty, Corporal Connors' foremost man, far out on the left flank, rising suddenly over a low divide, caught sight of a bonneted warrior bending flat over his excited pony and lashing that nimble, fleet-footed creature to mad gallop in the effort to reach the cover of the projecting point of bluff across the shallow ravine that cut in toward the foothills.

"They may try to hold us among the breaks of the Mini Pusa," said he, to his still unreconciled second in command. Field had been civil, respectful, but utterly uncommunicative in his replies to the captain's repeated cordialities.

CHAPTER VII.

Everybody, of course, was aware by eight o'clock that Field had gone with Ray, and while no officers presumed to ask if it was because Ray, or Field, had applied for the detail, no woman would have been restrained therefrom by any fear of Webb.

Athletics Not Beneficial to Women

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.



During the last twenty years and more we have never ceased to plume ourselves on the supposed fact that with the improvement of modern conditions and the increasing attention to physical exercise our women have greatly added to their health and beauty.

The modern girl begins early and continues till her marriage, and often afterwards, the unnatural athletics which ruin her figure and frequently her health. She shoots up tall, flat chested, colorless, and lacking in reasonable proportions.

The Youth of the World

By PROF. LUIGI LUZZATTI, Three Times Minister of the Italian Treasury.

THE United States is, to quote the words of Lucretius, "the blooming youth of the world." There the characteristics of all the better European races are fused together, and connected with the bond of liberty and democracy.

Slang as Virile Force in Literature

By PROF. GEORGE O. CURME, Of Northwestern University.

SLANG is the language of the people and always will be. The speech of the street gamin is more virile, direct and forceful than that of many educated people. Slang fills a logical want, and it is useless to fight it.