IN THE UTES' COUNTRY.

Earnest Ingersoll Tells of a Thrilling Moment in the Rockies.

Thrilling moments are as various as human nerves and emotions. I heard a philosopher discourse for two hours once to demonstrate that all life was nothing but divers quivers. The phrase commonly applies to physical peril, but then the sensation is more likely to attack the spectator than the principal of the scene. Sometimes you may be both observed and observer, as once when I sat in a railroad train on a high bridge in the midst of a sudden hurricane. The bridge trembled, the cars tottered under the push of the gale, and few thought any of us would ever get ashore. I was one day riding on the pilot of a locomotive going 50 miles an hour when we rounded a curve, to find a car on the track a few rods in front of us; the future looked unpleasant to the man under the headlight! Pleasure and pain play on the same keyboard of nerves. One can experience much the same sensations as overtook me on that pilot from the sight of the mellow mingling and shifting of sunset lights flushing and paling upon a mountain peak when they usher in the night with a chorus of color. One day, 20 or more years ago, when the Colorado Rockies were still "Indian country," a party of us in government work started to explore their southern fastnesses. In Middle park we were halted by the Utes, who were assembled in considerable numbers. They were determined that we should not proceed, and "had a good mind" to annihilate us on the spot. We were equally resolved to overcome their objections and go ahead. The greatest circumspection was needed lest some spark should ignite the powder of war scattered thickly about us. I, for one, ran at top speed away from a malignant old squaw who chased me with a knife while the red mob applauded. On the second afternoon the crucial pow-wow was in progress in old Peah's teepee. The muffled dum-dum-dum of war-drums resounded here and there from other lodges, where eager young braves were making public opinion. One of the geologists and myself, to while away the time, began to measure the flow of Grand river, by sounding its depth and estimating its velocity. Marvin had gone up-stream a short distance and started a piece of wood which I was to time as it passed a certain point. I had squatted down, the better to observe this small float, when something caused me to glance up. Squarely opposite me, fifty yards away, knelt a powerful Indian, in paint and feathers, glancing along the barrel of a rifle pointed straight into my eyes. "Had the negotiations failed?" was my first thought, followed by I know not what others. But I kept them to myself, and, rising slowly to my feet, drew my revolver from my belt, and steadily brought it down to an aim as good as his. A moment later the redskin lowered his rifle and stalked away. We had to throw in a new chip; and it was some time before the ants ceased to travel up and down our spines, as the Poles say.—Outlook.

The governor of St. Helena in his last report mentions a visit which he paid last year to Tristan d'Acunha in the flagship Raleigh, says the London Times. This little island lies about 1,500 miles almost due south of St. Helena and about the same distance west of the Cape of Good Hope. He found the 61 inhabitants, consisting of 18 males, 23 females and 20 children, under the nominal control of the aged Peter W. Green, in excellent health and desiring the help of the chaplain rather than of the doctor of the ship. The climate he describes as an admirable one, and the general condition of the inhabitants leaves little to be desired from a material point of view. For many years Rev. Edwin H. Dodgson lived and labored there, apparently quite content with the frugal fare and even reconciled to only one annual mail, brought by a man-of-war. Mr. Dodgson came to England in 1892, and the closing of the school which he conducted is much deplored. The live stock consists of 600 cattle, 500 sheep, few pigs and donkeys, some poultry and a large number of geese. The potato crop is largely relied upon, and those obtained were of good quality. The settlement consists of stone-built cottages scattered over a common, lying at the foot of a precipitous and lofty mountain, and the whole system of life is like that of the crofters. The inhabitants are total abstainers, not, perhaps, from choice so much as from necessity, and, the governor says, from a strong argument in favor of teetotalism. Occasional expeditions are made in open boats to Inaccessible island, 20 miles distant, for seals, which they rely on for their lights. The albatross, which formerly abounded in Tristan d'Acunha and furnished large quantities of eggs, has now quite disappeared, owing to the wildcats, which are very numerous, and which, it is hoped, will now devote themselves to reducing the plague of rats.

AMERICAN WOMAN.

Frenchman Says She Is Superior to European Woman.

The American woman is generally gracious, elegant. She likes to remain fresh and young, and to please a long time after the "limit of age."

She is artistic, refined, and cultivated also; she is willing to look and listen and oftentimes she really understands the artistic. There is no lack of "woman painters," but there is a lacking of "paintings by woman."

If one leave in the shadow certain exceptions, one will see that a modern American woman is charming and almost superior to the majority of European women. She is more amusing, more frank, more funny, and has infinite variety; she is more serious also. She likes noise and pleasure; chiffons and even love; she likes children, too—but not too many of them. One may even say that she prefers other people's children; but she makes a good, intelligent and affectionate mother.

It is related that Demosthenes, subdued by a woman, said: "That which he thought in a year, a woman overturned in a night." The history of the Greek women would be almost the history of Greece; and in America, as in French, the history which does not follow woman loses its way.

There is a descending ladder; on the top in the White house we see the influence of a woman; not far from the heights we find a woman forcing men to vote on the no license question. Wherever she appears she dictates the laws, she imposes her fancies, she urges her despotism.

An American writer says that American democracy, the pretended apostles of equality, the levelers of privileges, have finished by establishing inequality for the benefit of woman, by making her a privileged person par excellence, and, reversing the Asiatic conception, have made her a despot, and men her subjects.

The American woman is always in the fashion—no matter what she may do—no matter what the barbarism of her dress may be. It is seldom that she adorns her dress—it is the dress that adorns her.—A Parisian in America.

POPULAR CANDLE SHADES.

They Are Made of Feathers and Are Rarely Dainty.

Now that candle shades are so much used new ideas in this line are very much in demand. One of the very latest fancies is to make these little shades of feathers. The way this is done is very simple. First, cut a cardboard foundation and cover it with silk to match your feathers. This must be done very neatly. Then get some soft, long feathers from your poultry man, who will probably keep a few for you when plucking fowls if asked to do so; or, if you live in the country, and have a hen house of your own, all the better, as you can have as many as you like. Dye the feathers any artistic shade you fancy. When quite dry shake them out before a fire and sew them around the foundation so that the long ends come far below it. Catch them here and there invisibly, so that they may not slip, and around the top twist baby ribbon and tie in a tiny bow at one side. The best colors and those which conceal the light least are scarlet and yellow. The little brass holders which fit on the candle and hold the shade in place can be bought anywhere for a small sum. Parrots' feathers look charming on these shades and very good effects can also be obtained by using peacocks' feathers, the lovely shades of blue and green looking quite delightful with the soft light underneath.

Jilted by Famous Men.

It is a curious fact, says a Washington correspondent, that there are several women here who find a source of gratification in advertising that they have been jilted by famous men. A former sweetheart of John C. Calhoun is an inmate of Louise home. She has a ring that he gave her, a lock of hair and other mementoes of an early engagement, and she likes to tell the story of her love affair.

Another woman here was once engaged to James Buchanan, and might have been mistress of the white house had she been so inclined. She does not advertise the fact, however, but the story is related by her friends to explain the reason why she prefers to remain a recluse rather than occupy the social position which her wealth and accomplishments would command.