To Amuse Mr. Brewster Barringer.

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.

"Caroline, if you will——"

"But I won't," Caroline frowned.

"You've been such a dear," Miss Van Horn spoke vehemently—it was Miss Van Horn's mother who gave the house party—"and you look perfectly beautiful lying back among those cushions! It won't be long until dinner, and he is very clever, and you are clever, and——"

"Very well." Miss Nicholson gave a little sigh. "Who is he?" she asked, but Miss Van Horn was out of hearing.

Miss Van Horn recrossed the long portico to the vine-shadowed corner where the hammock swung slowly, presented Mr. Barringer to Miss Nicholson, and departed.

Miss Nicholson regarded her long, slim hands as if she saw them for the first time; she turned them over and looked attentively at the pink palms. Mr. Barringer's moody eyes were fixed on her.

"It's very hard to amuse clever men," Miss Nicholson's voice was plaintive. "Last night there was a young congressman at dinner. I knew I was to go out to dinner with him, so I studied political questions all day—Cuba, the outlook in Porto Rico, the improvement in the Philippines. I determined to shine, and I had absolutely no opportunity. I don't believe," reflectively, "that he talked of anybody or anything but myself. He said my lips were like cherries after a rain. I think they are more like woodland berries, don't you?" The girl's eyes were lifted, to quickly retreat behind the long lashes. "And he said my eyes were mountain mists; and my hair a silken, golden mesh. I was sorry he came down to platitudes when he mentioned my hair. It was disappointing in the congressman. But perhaps you are not interested in congressmen?"

"No," the man spoke deliberately, "I am not."

"In baseball?" hopefully.

"No."

"In golf?" pleadingly.

"No."

"You dance?"

"No."

"You must be a very stupid person," Miss Nicholson said. "I think it is easier to amuse the congressman."

Mr. Brewster Barringer was silent. Miss Nicholson looked down on the red lilies that swayed below them. A very little smile twitched the corners of her mouth.

"I met a Mr. Brewster Barringer down in Florida one winter," she said. "He was engaged to a girl who was visiting the Peytons. But perhaps you are not interested in the Peytons. If you are not," in a severe tone, "I will leave you to enjoy the twilight in solitude."

"I am interested in the girl who visited the Peytons," he admitted.

"Oh," her red lips parted suddenly, disclosing ravishing dimples and the gleam of regular teeth.

But Mr. Brewster Barringer was watching a dusky moth drift toward the mass of brilliant lilies.

"The girl was called a flirt, but I don't think she meant to flirt. She couldn't be unconscious of the admiration she received. She was rather a pretty girl, you know."

"I shouldn't have used that adjective," the man said, grimly, and this time he saw the flash of Miss Nicholson's smile.

"No?" she was still smiling. He had suddenly decided that a deep dimple on the left side of lips that parted in a sweet, eager way was the loveliest thing in the world.

"The girl was glad there were men in the world who loved her, all women are." Into Miss Nicholson's voice there had suddenly come an earnest note. "They plead with her, or sighed before her; but pleading or sighing her nature retreated before their advance. Then Mr. Brewster Barringer came into her life. He didn't belong to her world. She was rich, a society girl; he hadn't a penny that he didn't earn for himself, and was different from the men she knew—men of the

Mr. Brewster Barringer.

golf links and clubs and dances. He was alive! She caught his enthusiasm, and gloried in his strength and in his belief in himself."

Miss Nicholson no longer lounged on the hammock pillows; she sat very straight and still.

"The man did not understand the girl," she spoke quietly, but a spirit of contempt hovered about her lips and quivered her nostrils. "He viewed her from an external point. He saw the gowns she wore, the jewels—they were the environment of her life—mere adjuncts, but indispensable. He thought they were herself—that she was all billowy chiffon and perfumed lace——"

"He thought—?" the man interrupted.

"The girl would rather have tramped ten miles through rain and mud with the man to whom she was engaged than tool a coach through half a dozen columns of a society paper with young Peyton; but, she went with young Peyton, she was a guest in his mother's house. There are reserves even from the man a woman loves. She didn't tell him that she wanted to leave it all and be dependent upon him; she didn't tell him that bare walls would not crush her spirit; she didn't tell him that she was young and strong and brave and that she wanted to live his struggling, climbing life; she didn't tell him any of it—but she showed him the richness of her love—beneath in her heart was the solid ground of trust and faith; this he knew."

"Miss Nicholson—Caroline——"

"Mr. Brewster Barringer broke the engagement himself. A word from the girl, who was eager to explain, would have straightened things; but she was given no opportunity to explain—in fact, she was not allowed to vindicate herself. She suffered—young, tender things do sometimes suffer—but she pulled through." Miss Nicholson's voice was quite cheerful. "Some of her died, but the most of her lived." She laughed a little, low, amused laugh.

"I was a fool!" the man broke in vehemently.

"Yes," Miss Nicholson agreed, sweetly; "I think you were."

"There's never been a day since that I haven't been hungry for a sight of

"I was a fool!" the man broke in vehemently.

you." Mr. Brewster Barringer had got to his feet and stood over the hammock, his eyes had lost their moodiness.

She laughed; a little, low, delicious laugh.

"I'm unworthy, unworthy of the great happiness your love will bring, but——" he made an attempt to sweep her into his arms.

A tall figure crossed the porch and approached the hammock. A man looked doubtfully towards the dusky corner.

"Oh, are you there?" seeing the gleam of a white gown. His eyes, unaccustomed to the darkness, failed to see Mr. Brewster Barringer. "I have been bored to death! But then I am always bored away from you." There was an air of proprietorship in the very manner in which he laid his hand on the hammock.

"Bored?" her voice rang like a joybell, the pride and tenderness of the woman loved was there; she rose from the hammock and turned towards the newcomer:

"I rave been amusing Mr. Brewster Barringer by telling him about a girl he once knew. He doesn't care in the least for congressmen, so we won't stay to bore him. We will see you at dinner, Mr. Barringer."

Identity in Doubt.

Before making millions ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott and his brother established a law and real estate office in Georgetown, Col. Henry Wolcott ran the real estate office and did fairly well, but there was nothing doing in the law, and the ex-senator became discouraged, gossips a Washington writer, and decided to move to an adjoining camp, where a silver lead had been struck. He packed his belongings on a donkey. Just as he was leaving he remembered his first sign, reading, "Ed Wolcott & Bro." "You don't want that sign, do you, Henry?" asked the ex-senator. "No, Ed, take it along," replied Henry. Edward packed the sign on the donkey and arrived at the new mining camp the next afternoon about dusk. The miners came up and looked him over. One of them read the sign strapped on the donkey's back and asked: "Which of you all is Ed?"

He Knew the Family.

Col. M. H. Welsh, of Lancaster, once arrived in Steelton, Pa., early in the morning to make arrangements for a circus performance at that place. To obtain his license it was necessary to see the Burgess of the town.

The first person he met was a large, burly Virginia negro, who was on his way to work at the steel works. Colonel Welsh approached the fellow and said:

"Captain, can you tell me where I can find the Burgess of Steelton?"

"Say, boss, I is a stranger around here myself, and all I can say is keep away from dem Burgesses. I was engaged to be mahried one time to Mary Elizabeth Burgess and dey is a pesky lot of ——"

Peculiar Custom of Navajo Indians

To Look Upon a Mother-in-Law Is Believed To Be a Portent of the Direst Misfortune.

(Special Letter.)

WE were chatting in the Indian trader's store at Gallup, N. M. A group of Navajo Indian bucks and squaws were squatted close by outside, squabbling in their own tongue about the value of a lot of blankets they had brought from the reservation for selling to the trader. Suddenly there was a warning screech from one of the

A Navajo House.

squaws, and instantly one of the stalwart Indians—a powerful six-footer, who would seem a match for man or beast almost anywhere—sprang to his feet and dashed into the store and ran in fear behind a pile of wooden boxes. The remaining Indians in the group grinned and clattered at the sudden change of base, while a wretched little, wrinkled, dried-up old squaw came hobbling down a side street and joined the squatters on the sunbaked earth. The big Navajo buck remained secreted a few minutes, and then, assuring himself that no red face followed him, he shamefacedly came out from behind the boxes, but did not go out of doors while the little old squaw was in sight.

"What's the matter?" said the trader, as he laughingly repeated our exclamation. "Oh, nothing but a mother-in-law on the scene."

Then he told a custom among the Navajos, centuries old—a custom which we found later is universal among the great Indian tribe all over its reservation. All Navajos have a belief that it is a blight upon a husband's life to have any communication with or association with his wife's mother. The greater part of the Navajos believe that a husband who looks upon his mother-in-law is tempting all the evil spirits upon himself, and many are so intense in the belief as to say that a husband who gages at his mother-in-law will surely have his eyeballs wither and drop out of their sockets. Navajo lore is full of legends about great warriors in the past, who have had visitations of hideous physical ailments and helplessness upon them for defiance of the law of the tribe. But while no Navajo can cite a modern instance of blindness or bad luck or paralysis or decreptitude because of a husband's accidentally looking upon his mother-in-law, the superstition is just as potent. The Navajo who accidentally comes in contact with his mother-in-law is the subject of commiseration by all his relatives and is much pitied by the mother-in-law herself.

Marriage among the Navajos is a matter of purchase, and the mother of the prospective bride is particularly consulted to know whether the son-in-law is agreeable to her, and if he is agreeable, whether she will make his life happy and prosperous by keeping out of his sight and giving him full warning whenever she comes near to his presence. Many a Navajo sends constant gifts to his mother-in-law for her kindly consideration by her avoidance of his sight.

Some of the side effects, as it were,

A Navajo Squaw.

of this custom are peculiar. The silversmith of the tribe, a man of high intelligence and a leader among his fellows, wealthy and wishing several wives, apparently devoted much thought to the problem. His business brought him in contact with many thousands of Indians, and he was unwilling to place himself in a position where he might be compelled at any moment to drop everything and run for shelter. He solved the problem in a way very satisfactory to him by marrying three sisters.

Another method, even more peculiar, is shocking to us, but to the Indian appears not only proper but an easy solution of a perplexing problem. It is not at all uncommon for a Navajo to marry a woman and her daughter. Of course he takes the mother, usually an elderly woman, first, and the daughter next, although negotiations for both are carried on at the same time. By this expedient he obtains the woman he wants with no mother-in-law appendage.

In his eyes all women are to be cherished, not from any chivalrous regard for the sex, but because the old women assume largely the care of the children, and because all women, young and old, are weavers, and the well-known Navajo blankets, the manufacture of which is now a considerable industry, are made by the women. When a woman dies her man does not speak of what she has done for him or the children she has borne him, but only that she was a good blanket weaver. He mourns the loss of a valuable and productive machine.

The Navajo women mature early and also fade early. Girls are usually sold in marriage at 14 or 15 years of age, but they are often "reserved" when but 9 or 10 years old by part payment. Eventually as civilization progresses no doubt the sewing machine plan will be introduced, and a man will be able to pay for his wife in monthly installments.

QUESTION PASSED LONG BEFORE.

Rules of Parliamentary Practice Not Liked in Primitive Oregon.

At the time when Oregon was admitted as a state and the first legislature of the state met, old Senator Nesmith, who was a member, possessed himself of a copy of a book on parliamentary procedure. This work, which was at the time probably the only one of its sort west of the Mississippi, he studied diligently, and by the time of the first session was well up in the rules of debate. At the first meeting of the new legislature a motion was introduced and speedily carried, but on the second measure a dispute arose and for three days the state legislators wrangled and debated.

Finally, on the third day, Nesmith, who had watched the proceeding without even opening his mouth, decided it was time to use a pice of his parliamentary procedure, so he rose and moved the "previous question."

There was a moment of silence following this motion, and then amidst a shout of derision the speaker cried: "Sit down, you fool! We passed the previous question three days ago."

Story of a Statue.

Not long ago a tourist in New Orleans went to see the statue of Andrew Jackson in that city, on the pedestal of which is inscribed, "United We Stand; Divided We Fall." Seeing an old colored man standing by, he asked, "Uncle, did that inscription stay there all during the civil war?"

"No, sah," responded the old uncle, "hit didn't stay dar enduring de wah. In de fust place, dem letters was standin' out laik dey was plastered on. Den de wah bust loose, and de Confed'rate gin'ral down yere, he tuk a chisel and cut dem letters off smooth. Den ol' Gin'ral Butler, he come erlong wid his Union sojers, an' he tuk a chisel an' cut dem in deep laik dey is now. An' Lordy, how de folks down yere did swar when ol' Gin'ral Butler brush de dus' off'n his clothes an' git up frum his wu'k an' say, 'I'se gwine to hang de fus' Johnnie Reb what cuts dem letters off ag'in.'"

Excellence Rewarded.

"The other night," said the fat boarder, "I slept in a room with a generous gentleman. I snore horribly—in fact, I'm a snorer from way back. We retired. In the morning when we arose this gentleman handed me a silver half dollar.

"'What's that for?' said I.

"'Oh, take it,' he replied. 'You have won it. You deserve it.'

"'But what for?' said I.

"'Oh, take the money and go and buy yourself several first-class drinks. I like you. You are the best one I ever saw. You are the only man I ever saw who could snore louder than I can holler.'"

His Sense of Smell Was Bad.

About forty years ago some enthusiastic person conceived the idea that oil existed at Palmyra, Wis., and a company was formed to bore for it. A well was bored several hundred feet in depth and plenty of pure water was obtained, but no trace of oil. A farmer, who had come to the village with a load of produce, went to the well while the work of boring was going on. He was asked by some of those interested in the project if he could smell oil in the sand that was coming up from the well and replied: "No, I can't say that I do, but perhaps if I owned some of the stock I might smell it."

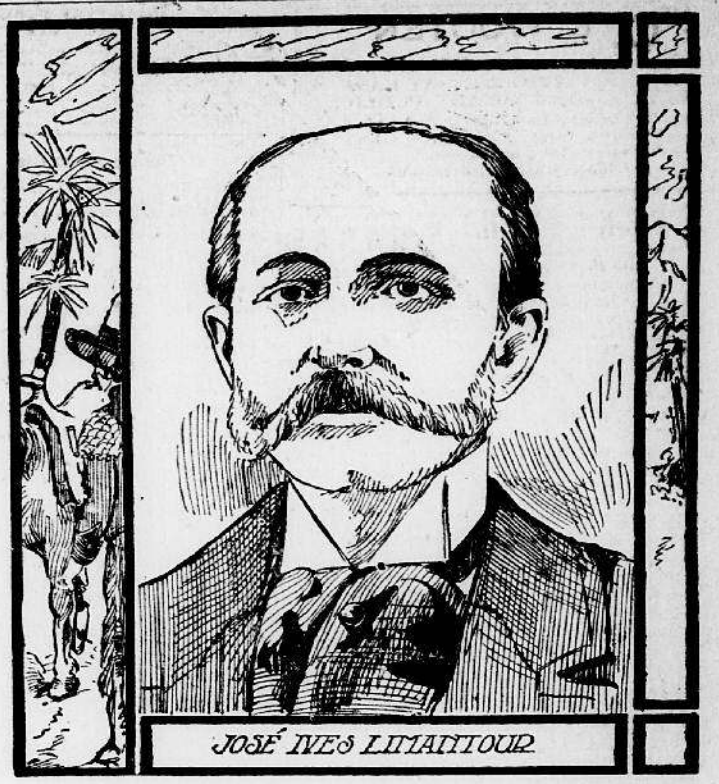
Knew Where the Trouble Was.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, as everybody who has sat in front of his pulpit in All Souls' church, knows, is a man of considerable size. It is a matter of much effort on his part to fasten his shoes, and while engaged in this operation the other morning his wife remarked:

"My dear, I think you need a valet."

"Well, responded the doctor, "if I had a valley where I now have a mountain, I could fasten my shoes myself."—New York Times.

MEXICAN STATESMAN WHO HAS BEEN SELECTED TO SUCCEED PRESIDENT DIAZ.



Jose Ives Limantour, secretary of the cabinet of President Diaz, who, it is understood, has been selected by the president as his successor upon his retirement within the next few months, is a leader among the most progressive of Mexican statesmen and a member of one of the oldest and wealthiest families. He has traveled much and is a student of finance. He has been a member of the Mexican lower house for many years and speaker several times. In 1892 he was appointed assistant secretary of finance, and since 1893 has been head of the department. The president has the utmost confidence in the ability of Secretary Limantour, and his selection over Gen. Reyes for the presidency is due to the belief that a civil rather than a military man is most needed.

He Wanted to Hear.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who distinguished himself in the Confederate service and is now on the regular army retired list as a brigadier-general, recently went on a visit to West Virginia. While there he met an old comrade in arms whose reception was somewhat frigid. "Well, what's the matter?" said Gen. Lee. "Oh, nothing much," was the noncommittal reply. "There is something wrong," persisted the general. "Out with it! What do you want?" After being strenuously urged, the old comrade said: "Well, I want to die at least half an hour before you do. I want to be in the other world when you arrive, just to hear what Gen. Jubal Early says when he sees you in the blue uniform."

Not What the Dominie Wanted.

The prayer meeting was held at good Brother W.'s house on the hill. The meeting had progressed and prayer and remarks and hymns had ocupied the time. The dominie, in a low voice, said: "Now, there is just a moment left; isn't there someone who would like to fill in that moment before we close?" Dead silence; when, in the twinkling of an eye, the door on the clock flew open and out popped the head of a little bird, which said, "Cuckoo."—Homiletic Review.

Times Had Changed.

A. H. Dunham, formerly of New Haven, Conn., but now a resident of Nome, Alaska, passed through Chicago on his way east a few days ago. At a ball in Nome last winter he wore the first dress suit ever seen there. A grizzled old miner looked at him for a few moments and then said: "Pard, I helped lynch the first man that ever wore a biled shirt in Alaska, but I want to shake hands with the gent that's got the nerve to wear a spiketail coat in Nome. Put 'er thar."

Woman Suffrage Movements.

Fourteen nations of the world now have well defined woman suffrage movements or well organized suffrage associations. They held an international suffrage conference in Washington, during the meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association, February 12-18. Delegates to this conference from England, Canada, Russia, Germany, India, Sweden and Australia were present.

Old-Fashioned Cameo Jewelry.

There is a revival of interest in old-fashioned cameo jewelry this year. One of the large manufacturing jewelry houses in New York says that it has done more work altering and restoring old cameo jewelry this winter than it has for twenty years.

AMERICAN SOLDIER HAS BEEN FOUND NOT GUILTY OF MURDERING FILIPINOS.

MAJOR L. W. T. WALLER.

Major Littleton W. T. Waller of the United States marine corps, who has just been acquitted by a court-martial before which he appeared under charges of torturing and executing without trial natives of the Island of Samar, began his career in the navy in June, 1880, when he received a commission as a second lieutenant in the marine corps. He was promoted to a first lieutenancy in September, 1885, and to a captaincy in June, 1896. The department records show that before he won his present rank by distinguished service in Cuba and Tien-Tsin he was stationed successively at the marine barracks in Norfolk, aboard the Lancaster, aboard the Newark and aboard the Indiana. Major Waller's defense during his recent trial was based on the contention that his treatment of the Samar natives was always a literal obedience of orders from his superiors or made necessary by extraordinary and perilous exigency.