

MY AUNT'S PEWTER PLATE

HOW pleased we were when it was decided that Pitts, Nell and I were to spend the winter with Uncle Alex, Aunt Emma and dear grandma, away down in the farm. Grandma had been ill and the physician said she must go South and have perfect rest, so Aunt Emma had promised to take charge of us and we were to start in the fall.

We had never been to the farm except on summer visits, and I was kept busy answering our questions while packing our clothes and making other necessary arrangements for our journey.

Early the next morning we bade mamma good-bye with hearty waves and sorrowful hearts, for each a long separation, but when we reached the station we were cheered by the news about what we were to see at grandma's, and our good-bye to mamma who accompanied them to the station much more cheerful than we could have thought possible when standing our way-begone faces when starting out.

There were so many things to anticipate, starting and coming along outdoor sports, cows, calves, sheep, horses, swine and hens to be seen at the farm, all remarkable and full of interest to us city-bred children, and in the morning, games, popping corn, and best of all, grandma and her stories.

Grandma liked old-fashioned ways and things, and never consented to have coal stoves, and insisted on keeping her open fireplace in her room ready for a fire, summer as well as winter.

She always had plenty of company evenings, for when twilight came the little open docked in there, filled with their outdoor play, delighted to wander down before the pleasant blaze, and listen to one of her delightful stories.

On the second evening after our arrival we were gathered around the fireside popping corn and roasting apples, when Pitts said, "Grandma, please tell us a story about when you were a girl."

"Oh, dear grandma, will you never be tired of telling these old stories? You must know them by heart by this time; you might tell them to me instead."

"Oh! So full of a story, chorused all together, a nice story about bears or Indians, or anything like that, you know," rather vaguely added Nell, who revolved in exciting, blood-curling stories.

"Can't you tell us a real, truly story?" said Pitts, somewhat anxiously, she, unlike Nell, being somewhat timid, and frightened by the imaginary horrors in which Nell delighted.

"I think perhaps I can tell you one," said grandma, musingly. "Did I ever tell you how the pewter plate in your Aunt Emma's cabinet came to have one side melted?"

"Indeed, you never did," said Pitts, promptly.

"I don't think I ever noticed the plate," said Nell, jumping up from the floor where she was sitting, tending the apples, "can I get it now?"

"Yes," said grandma, "bring it here for all of us to see, and then I will tell you how the melting happened; my grandma told me the story so many times when I was young like you, that now it almost seems to me that I was living at the time, myself, and saw it, as she did, for she was a child about twelve years old, and remembered distinctly every event of that memorable night."

Nell brought the plate, and it was duly inspected with much curiosity by us children.

"Why, I always thought that was a tin plate!" exclaimed Pitts, looking at the plate rather doubtfully. "It looks just like the tin plates they use at the Children's Home."

"It is heavier than tin," I interposed, "and has something stamped on the back. I can't just make out what it is, some trade mark, I think."

"Do let me look," exclaimed Nell, "Why, that is a lion and a unicorn, and," more slowly, "I think, a crown, but it is rather dim, almost worn off."

"Yes," said grandma, "you are correct, Nell, it is of English manufacture, and very old, just how old I cannot say. It belonged to a set, all of which were melted except that and one other, at the time I am about to tell you of, nearly twenty years before the Revolutionary War."

My great-grandfather, William Woodleigh, settled at what is now called Freeport, then a part of Yarmouth, living in a log house in a clearing he had made in the dense forest, his nearest neighbor being about four miles away, and the nearest garrison, six blocks away nearly five miles in another direction, all through thick woods.

The block houses were built, as places of refuge from the Indians, whose depredations were known to be abroad committing enough to accommodate a number of families, very strongly built of logs, and surrounded by a yard in which cattle could be kept, and this in turn fenced in by a very high, strong fence of logs, containing loopholes, through which to reconnoiter and fire upon foes when they appeared; the block house also had loopholes, and the upper story projected over the lower one, so that should the Indians succeed in getting inside the fence or stockade, as it was called, they could be held in check and perhaps finally driven off from the house itself.

"I have but about two or three pieces left," said Mr. Woodleigh, "but they should mark enough to show you an alarm, but I could not keep them off, but we will do our best, and our clubbed rifles and knives will do some execution," he bravely added.

"I will make some all at once," said Mr. Woodleigh.

"What will you make them off? There isn't a scrap of lead about the house," said Mr. Woodleigh, sadly.

"Yes, here is," quickly replied his wife. "You have forgotten my pewter platters and plates. I think they will make good bullets. I'll melt them and run some while you go keep watch; this hot fire is just this thing."

"Butting her action to her words, first the big and then the little platters were melted and run in the molds, which were a part of the equipment of every settler in those times. They were followed in the same order by the plates, until but two remained on the hearth, the two men, meanwhile firing as often as a redskin showed himself. As day began to break Mr. Woodleigh bade his wife cease her work, as for some little time no sign of their foes had been discernible.

Mrs. Woodleigh was well nigh worn out with anxiety, and the frightened children were huddled together, having scarcely dared to breathe since that first will yell aroused them.

Hope now revived as the daylight advanced. When the sun had risen, no sign of lurking savage being in sight. Mr. Woodleigh determined to go out and reconnoiter a little. Smith kept watch through the loophole which commanded the door, rifle in hand, while Mr. Woodleigh took down the barricade and opened the door, all being careful to keep well out of range, lest a shot come from some unseen source among the trees. Mr. Woodleigh then carefully pushed forward a stick arranged with a coat and hat to look like a half-hidden man peeping out; this was for the purpose of drawing the fire of the Indians, should any still remain in ambush. This dummy producing no effect, he went forth. It was a moment of intense anxiety for all, but no sound of shot or whoop of savage greeted his appearance. He soon found a trail, leading northward, indicating that the band had become frightened or discouraged and were returning toward Canada, whence they had come. He returned to the house, and after all had partaken of a hurried breakfast, they started for the block house, Mr. Woodleigh leading, rifle in hand and one child upon his back. Mrs. Woodleigh followed, with the baby in her arms; next to her came the two eldest children, one behind the other, while Smith guarded the rear, rifle in hand, and a sturdy little chap, four years old, on his back.

Upon their arrival at the block house, the news of the attack and massacre of Mr. Means and child and the capture of Miss Molly Finney, a few miles distant, during the preceding night, by another band of savages, probably a part of the same band which had attacked them, was told.

In a few days it was found that the Indians had surely departed from that region, for a time, at least, and the settlers, who had taken refuge at the garrison, returned to their homes. Mrs. Woodleigh had but two plates left of her pewter dishes, which had been the pride of her heart, among her cherished household goods; one of these was melted at the side by the heat from the hot fire, when on the hearth that memorable night. But she never regretted their loss. And that is the story, a true one, of your Aunt Emma's pewter plate.—C. M. Reed, in Portland Transcript.

There could be no question of attempting to reach the garrison that night with the wily foe so near, and perhaps, at that very moment, watching the house from the cover of the surrounding forest.

It was a lovely night, the moon was near her full and the landscape was flooded with light; every object was distinctly visible in the little clearing, each tree and shrub cast a deep shadow on the ground, and often some member of the little garrison would imagine he detected a crouching foe; a profound silence reigned, which was almost oppressive to our anxious watchers.

It was past midnight, and they were contemplating themselves on their escape, when the melancholy hoot of an owl attracted the attention of Mr. Woodleigh. "Keep watch," he whispered to his wife and Smith, "I am afraid that is a signal. The Indians often use the notes of birds and the cries of beasts to call each other."

In a short time the report was repeated at the time from the opposite side of the clearing.

"I think I can see a dog or some animal near the edge of the woods," whispered Mr. Woodleigh.

Her husband immediately came to her side, and, after a few seconds' scrutiny, he whispered, "Indians."

"They are coming on this side," whispered Smith, who was watching through a chink on the opposite side of the house.

"Don't fire until they make some demonstration," said Woodleigh, "they may think there is no one here and pass on, if we don't molest them."

Just then a stealthy step was heard at the door and a creaking noise as though a heavy weight pressed against it; but the heavily barricaded door was made for just such emergencies, and would not yield.

Soon a line of dark forms were seen approaching the door, bearing something in their midst.

"We shall have to fire now," said Smith, "they have got a log which they are going to use to batter in the door."

"Yes," said Woodleigh quickly, "you fire at those on the right and I will take those on the left. Mary will reload the extra guns while we fire the others, and so divide them in regard to our numbers; they are cowardly curs and will not attack except they think a house is weakly guarded," he added bitterly.

The reports of the two pieces were almost simultaneous; this was followed by a furious yell, which swelled upon the night air, arousing the sleeping children, and thrilling through the nerves of the little garrison like an electric shock.

Again the two rifles rang out, and when the smoke lifted it was seen that the Indians had retreated to the cover of the forest, leaving the log and three of their number stretched by it, killed by the discharges from the guns of the white men.

All remained quiet about the clearing for some long time that the hope began to be entertained that the savages had retired from the attack; just then Smith's rifle rang out, and he exclaimed:

"They are on the roof; be ready for them as they come." He was interrupted by a screeching and a scrambling in the chimney, followed by the appearance of a huge savage, who fell, shot through the heart by a shot from Woodleigh's rifle. Almost before his feet reached the floor, Mrs. Woodleigh immediately plied up some light wood in the spacious fireplace, making a quick blaze to prevent further intrusion from that direction.

A loud whoop was followed by a sharp fusillade, the bullets from the Indian rifles making sharp, zipping sounds as they buried themselves in the logs, or the stout timber of the barricaded door.

OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

A NEWS-SPORT FOR GIRLS.

Girls hear their brothers talking about baseball teams, hockey and football, and they wonder why they are not in the team. It is the most important thing in the world, and each individual game is half as much fun as one which will permit of "team work."

Of course some girls belong to basket ball teams, but for the greater number of them do not, for that sport requires bats and an especial place to play, such as a gymnasium. Still there is no reason why girls should not have teams, too, and these are a good many things at which they might beat the boys if they formed teams and practiced hard.

Here is a new wrinkle in the way of girls' teams, and we predict that if a team of girls should practice half as hard as the boys do in their games they would beat a team of boys who had not practiced quite so much.

Five or even six girls can make the team, although four is the best number. The captain holds a short stick, say, two feet long, in both hands, knuckles up, bending her elbows back until a second stick just like the first can be run through the crooks of her elbows behind her back. The second girl grasps this second stick, one hand outside each of the captain's elbows. The



THE GIRLS' TEAM GETTING UNDER WAY

keep step perfectly, and as long as they do this there is nothing to prevent their going as fast as they like.

After a very little practice the team will be going at top speed, every bit as fast as the girls could run separately. Now is the time to challenge a team of boys to a race. Do not give them a chance to practice, but make them get right at it, and you will beat them so badly that they will not know where they are at.

Remember, the more you practice the faster you will be able to go, and if you do beat the boys you will show them that team work means something to girls, after all.—New York Evening Mail.

IN THOUGHT.
A frog sits upon a stone
And deeply doth he think;
He seems to hold a problem vast,
His goggle eyes blink.
The question—it is doubtless this:
Whether to sit alone,
Or jump off of a stone,
—M. J. in Little Folks.

THEODORE'S BEST FRIEND.
"Oh, dear," sighs mother, "there comes Theodore's best enemy."
Aunt Marcia looked up from her crocheting.

"His best enemy?" in surprise, "I suppose you mean best friend."
Mother sighed another gentle sigh, this one a little longer than the other.

"No, his best enemy," she said, "is such a dear little enemy."
"Why?" Aunt Marcia was looking out of the window. "It is about the little boy Teddy told me about on the way up from the depot! He said he had a red sweater just like his own, and I'm certain he said they were very intimate—yes, I remember his very word, 'intimate!'"

"They are," agreed mother. "They are very intimate—enemies! Wait and see for yourself. It does not usually take very long."

Aunt Marcia waited—and saw. It took a little less than five minutes. All at once the beautiful, sunshine peace of out of doors was spoiled by an angry voice—two angry voices.

"I didn't!"
"Yes, you did!"
"Then, I'm a-going right home, so there!"
"I just as lives—just as lives, so!"
"He won't go home," mother murmured, the sorry creases in her dear face that the angry voices always creased, "not any further than the gate. Then Theodore will call him back and they'll make up—and begin again."

"I see," nodded Aunt Marcia gravely. "I begin to understand. How long is there usually between?"
"Five, or ten, fifteen minutes—or two minutes," mother said sorrowfully, "never more than fifteen."

It was a little less than nine minutes by the dainty watch at Aunt Marcia's belt. The voices this time went up, up, up. There they stayed and said fierce, threatening things as fast as they could say them. It was awful! Aunt Marcia shuddered.

"Something ought to be done," she exclaimed. "Why not try doughnuts?"
"I've tried those, and cookies—and poppers. They relieve, but never cure. I am getting discouraged."

"Wait!" Aunt Marcia dropped her pretty lapful of wools and got up. "I think I have it—arbitration!" And she was gone, with a whirl of crisp skirts, out to the battlefield.

The two intimate little enemies were standing, red-faced and wrathful, glaring at each other. Between them on the gravel walk lay a grumpy-looking stick of candy.

"No, no!"
"No, no!"
"Then he sucked cross it, so there; an sucking is just as biting!"
The hard pressed little enemy appealed to Aunt Marcia. "I never did anything but suck my nut!"
"I saw his tongue!"
"Wasn't either, it was his tongue he saw!"
"Hub, is it I couldn't tell!"

PLENTY OF SUNLIGHT

"A healthy child should be out of doors as much as possible during the sunny hours of the day. Sunlight and air are great healthfuliving factors. Good milk and plenty of it is another important point, and plenty of sleep and woolen under clothing are essential. Children may inherit delicate constitution from their parents, but a healthy childhood often do—much to remedy this. It is very unwise to encourage weakly children to walk at an early age. They should be kept back rather than brought forward.

ARRANGEMENT OF COLOIS.
Sole rather curious manifestations of colors will be much favored this season, as well as shaded effects. One, a large sized Directoire hat, covered with deep Russia leather red velvet, is trimmed with shades of brownish pink. The velvet is cut to shape, and laid on plain over the brim and the high, narrow crown with the forward tilt. Extremely rich, soft satin ribbon, showing those shades of pink melting into each other, is arranged in two puffed rosettes on either side of the horseshoe opening, then carried from thence in a folded band, twisted around the crown to finish in large rosettes, one placed on the edge almost in front, and the other rather lower down on the opposite side. In front also is a large rose, the outer petals of which are made of deep brownish pink velvet, and the inner of the lighter shade of satin.

FADES FOR WOMEN.
By the way, there is a new pocket-book out which looks exactly like a big envelope. The fastenings are a mock jewel, and the pocketbook is carried swinging from a gold chain, which is supposed to be slipped over the wrist. When one realizes what the average woman's pocketbook holds in the way of keys, samples, hair pins and a powder puff, this very flat pocketbook does not seem exactly practical. However, it is something new.

The card case of Egyptian leather is another find of the moment. It is light tan in color, with printed Egyptian figures and designs in deep brown. It is surely old enough to be the vogue for a while, and a pleasant change from things Japanese, which we have been sufficed with ever since the beginning of the Japanese-Russian War.—Woman's Home Companion.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.
The mistaken idea that a child's first or milk teeth need not be cared for entails no end of misery on the child and inspires a feeling of repulsion in all sensitive beholders. Scrupulous care of the teeth should be begun from the day of their development in full, and the child taught as early as possible to care for them itself under the supervision of nurse or mother. Get a small and not too stiff brush, use a good prepared chalk or myrrh and camphor and have the teeth brushed morning and night. A spool of silk dental floss is also essential and should be cut in six-inch lengths as most convenient to use. This should be drawn between the teeth to remove any articles which the brush cannot dislodge; then rinse the mouth thoroughly with tepid water in which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. Have all cavities filled as soon as discovered. Never rely upon cursory home examinations, but take the child to a skillful dentist to have repairs made.—Indiana Farmer.

STOCKS OF LACE INSERTIONS.
This is a pretty stock which is youthful and always becoming. It is made of insertion, through which ribbons are run. The band is just wide enough and just long enough for the neck, and the ribbons are run through it and tied at the back. Three or four narrow ribbons are very neat if knotted in little bows at the back of the neck, just under the low collar. This sort of stock can be worn with any dress.

And there is another stock that is quite as easy to make, and it is one that has been worn a great deal this summer. It is made by taking a strip of lace insertion eighteen inches long and finishing it with little hooks and eyes for the back of the neck. At the front there are fastened two tabs, side by side. The tabs are made by sewing lace medallions together. Take three medallions and attach them in such a way as to make two tabs. Sew them to the neck, so that they hang neatly over the back. This gives something of the stole effect and is very becoming.

The tulle choux are now made smaller and rounder, so that they look like a little ball of cloud. They are light, airy and very becoming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE ELDERLY WOMAN'S DRESS.
Mothers of families are too apt to consider that their appearance is of small importance. The girls, of course, they wish to have as pretty clothes as they can afford to give them, but say they, "Who will notice what I wear?" So they are careless about the neatness of their shoes, the fit of their gloves, the fineness of their handkerchiefs, etc., and present anything but a dainty and smart appearance.

Now all this is a mistake, and it is a worse mistake for the matron than it is for the spinster, for it is likely to lessen the happiness of those whom she loves best. When we look at a fresh young girl we often notice her likeness to her mother, and when we see the mother comes before us of what the daughter will be at the same age, and the vision is unpleasing enough to scare off any man who was just awakening to a sense of her charms.

The vision may be prophetic or not, but all the same it has influence, and therefore it is wrong of the mother not to be as well dressed as she can rightly afford to be for her children's sake. That she will thus also give pleasure to her husband is a consideration which

PLEASANT HIS CALLER.
Yesterday evening, as the shadows had begun to lengthen and indicate the close of another day, a woman, driving a prancing steed hitched to a rubber-tired buggy, came to our office. "I am Mrs. J. B. Snodgrass," she said, "and I notice that you said in your paper that I was posing as a clairvoyant." "Don't remember just what was said," we replied. "Picking up the paper, the woman of fast tones and pretty hands pointed out the article that had made her angry. We had to own up to the error. 'I want you to understand that my husband is a drummer running out of Wehtha. He supports me, and I do not have to be a clairvoyant to earn a living.' The 'clairvoyant' lady had been quite respectable. I have written about me myself, and I intend to do so in the future. As for my husband, I will say that I have had as many as fifteen at one time, and, furthermore, I race them, and I also race horses. I am a great woman for out-of-door sports." We told her we thought she drove a nice horse, and she seemed pleased and went away.—Coffeyville (Kan.) Record.

SCIENCE MECHANICS

Paper car wheels, made by pressure from rye straw, are usually in condition for a second set of steel tires after the first set is worn out by a run of 300,000 miles.

The average passenger haul on steam railways has increased from twenty-three to twenty-seven miles since electrical lines have been competing for suburban business.

The risk of gangrene from carbolic acid dressings is not generally appreciated by physicians. In the view of Dr. G. E. Shoemaker, Harm does not usually follow the applications, but one author has found recorded 132 cases of gangrene from dilute solutions of one to five per cent, applied for about twenty-four hours. The effect is usually produced without pain.

Among other destructive results of the storm which passed over Kansas City recently was the overthrow of two popular superstitions regarding lightning, namely, that it never strikes twice in the same place and that it is powerless against feathers, says the Kansas City Star. The spire of the First Congregational Church was struck by lightning for the second time within a week, and at 1421 Charlotte street the electrical current tackled a feather bed and scattered the contents all over the room.

The Japanese excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varieties, D. G. Fairchild mentions the thin rainproof paper used instead of glass for windows, the oiled papers, serving for coverings and clothing, and the oiled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper, employed for meat and grain sacks, is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting of all, perhaps, are the leather papers, from which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made, these papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, and as soft and pliable as catskin.

Motor Cars as Royal Gifts.
A motor-car or a motor-boat is the correct gift to-day for a monarch to make to his friends or favorites, says the Autocrat. The Emperor William recently presented the Archduke Frederick of Austria with a motor-boat.

A tax on racing in England such as is proposed, viz., on the French basis, would produce \$10,000,000 a year.

BITS ABOUT DRESSES.

White brown is a popular color for suits, blue is a staple color.

Silk lined gowns will be lined with a lighter shade of the color of the gown.

At last millinery attempts in fur are distinguished by real beauty and trimness.

Shades of the same color will be used together more than will contrasting shades.

The round full skirts require stiffening. Many of these have crinoline to a point above the knees.

Lovely blouses may be evolved from a certain creamy silk-and-wool figured fabric shown for that purpose.

Exceedingly elegant gowns will be in good taste if made in the gray shades. The cheaper grays are not good.

The new bright cloth and velvet will be used with sombre suits and gowns. They are especially good as vests, cuffs and revers.

The length of the round skirt will be either ankle length or just touching the floor. The ankle length will be worn more than at first seems likely, being employed in the reception gown as well as in the street gown.

Copper shades are popular and will be combined with colors which seem impossible in such combination. It takes an artist to use colors with effect. Red is about the only one of the fashionable shades with which copper tints will not be used.