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Report of the destruction of the gas cotton crop by the boll weevil, reserves the New York Press, is now looked for as regularly as the report of the failure of the Jersey peach crop.

The Ice Trust prosecutions in Toledo fired a shot which has echoed throughout the nation, announces the New York World. Ice dealers of that city having been convicted of combining to double the price of ice were fined $5000 and sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The growth in lavish expense of the comencement-gift custom is one of the phenomena of social development. Time was when a few roses or books sufficed to satisfy graduation demands, observes the New York World. Now the jeweler is called into requisition to supply costly trinkets, the sale of which makes an important item of his season's trade. Within perhaps a decade commencement as a gift day has come to vie American spirit of open-handedness.

There are two reasons why there seems to be a great increase of fraud and peculation in the United States in these times as compared with earlier days, observes the Washington Post. One is that there has been an immense increase in population; the other is that the collection and publication of news has been so perfected that all important happenings are spread before the people with a promptness and fullness undreamed of a few decades ago.

The population of the colonies in 1775 was not far from 2,500,000. The population of the "old United States" is now 86,000,000, having grown thirty-four-fold in 130 years, reckons the New York World. Nine times as many immigrants alone have come to the country within a century as its entire population in the beginning. Even the present mighty flood of immigration is not nearly so great in proportion to our wealth and assimilative power as was the inrush of fifty years ago.

Isaac Stephenson, of Marinette, who counts his wealth in millions and is reputed to be the richest man in Wisconsin, says the poor man carries too much in his share of the tax and the rich bear less, and [illegible] should be a graded income. "The workingman does [illegible] large amount of tax upon his bread," said Mr. Stephenson, "and pays a higher percentage of real value than the rich on this many forms of property. In the case of Marshall Field, of Chicago. In that city he [illegible] in less than $3,000,000, his estate is in court it appears his property in that city [illegible] for six times more than this. There is no doubt in my mind [illegible] incomes over $1000 [illegible] thing."

The problem of noise in cities and its far-reaching effects upon human health is growing a more and more acute one, and one distressing phase of it—that of the factory and railroad steam whistle—was brought out very strongly in the interview with Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, published recently, observes the Boston Globe. There is altogether too much unnecessary clamor and clangor in our large centres of population, and it is a matter that is beginning to receive the serious attention of physicians. Few will gainsay the statement that, as far as Independence Day is concerned, this great patriotic festival could be celebrated just as effectively and loyally with about fifty per cent. of the amount of noise that usually characterizes it; and considering the origin of most of the commotion, such a reduction would likewise have the result of greatly curtailing the length of the accident lists at the hospitals.

On the oft recurrence of practical jokes at the expense of newly-wedded couples the Philadelphia Record moralizes on the barbarity of humor. It says: When a man and his wife return from a trip and find the coal bin in the bedroom and the bed in the cellar, fly paper instead of carpet on the floor and horrible posters plastered over the walls, would the inhabitants of Mars suppose this the work of their friends? Would he not infer that particularly low and vicious persons had broken into the house to commit malicious mischief? But, then, this might be done by his friends, in a spirit of hilarity, to express their pleasure over a marriage and a wedding journey. Annoyance has been caused, damage has been done, the occupants of the house will be put to expense. But that is the very essence of humor. It is something that you must laugh at when done by your friend, but if done by your enemy would justify a blow and an appeal to the police. Did it even occur to a boy that it would be fun to pick up the apples fallen from a peddler's tray, and did it ever occur to a boy that it would be a great joke to tip the tray over? There are few jokes that are not bad, few repartees that do not veil sting, and few epigrams that do not

PERHAPS.

There's one face you shall see no more;
Two weary eyes that you, perchance,
Have often looked in heretofore
Shall ne'er again return your glance,
And as you hurry through the street,
You will not mark his absence there;
The stones worn smoother by his feet
Will never miss him, never care.

I stood beside him yesterday
To take a last look at his face;
The weary frown was cleared away;
A peaceful smile was in its place.
The thousands in the streets rush on
Just as they did when he was there,
And do not know that he is gone—
Ah, well! Perhaps he doesn't care.

—S. E. Kiser.

A PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

By DAVID LYALL.

Old Malcolm MacVean, for forty long years village shoemaker in Inchonnen, looked out by his cottage door in the still morning, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand. It was a morning late in September, and the sun having shone with unprecedented constancy for well-nigh a whole month, the scant sheaves were dotting the little fields everywhere. And there was great rejoicing in hearts and on the tongues of the tillers of the soil. For once in the cycle of years Inchonnen had belied its reputation of being a wet, cold, dreary place, where the fruits of the earth could not ripen, but had to be gathered green and sodden from the fields year after year, and given to cattle beasts as winter fodder.

Now this mystery and great wastry had often laid heavy on the soul of Malcolm MacVean, and he had prayed over it, even wrestling with the Almighty for the heaviness of the blight that seemed to lie on the strath he loved. But after forty years he was no nearer solution than he had been at the beginning, and was forced to fall back upon Holy Writ, "My ways are not your ways, nor My thoughts your thoughts, saith the Lord."

Neither Malcolm nor any of his grumbling neighbors ever gave a thought to the folly of trying to cultivate farms in land that was never meant for it, of sowing corn and planting potatoes on furrows that were half the year under water, when the burns ran in spate from the hills, and the morass about the lock was impassable even for the sheep. And when the people one by one dropped away, felled by the scourge which arose from these unhealthy conditions of life, they took no thought of the folly that had made a place of human habitation there at all.

Who was first responsible for the birth of Inchonnen none could tell. Sure it was very old, nestling there in the silent, close shadow of its encirling hills. The houses themselves, with their gray walls and overhanging eaves, would tell you; and the ruined, empty, desolate cottages scattered here and there on the loch side, and also further up on the slope of Benachree could tell, too, that the place had fallen on evil days.

For looks it was picturesque enough, and in the summer they would come in coaches from distant places of resort to see what they called a typical Highland clachan (pronounced mostly as if it were spelled clackan), and make little notes in pocket-books, or thumbnail sketches of the inhabitants and the quaint nestling little homes. Then they would write articles perhaps about the depopulation of the Highlands, and give their own reasons for the same, and voluminous opinions not worth the paper on which they were written; though they did well enough for people who cull their knowledge from newspaper columns.

For to know and understand the inwardness of life at Inchonnen it was necessary not only to live there, but to be a native of the soil. All the dwellers at Inchonnen had this inwardness of life at Inchonnen if of them were poets though they had never presumed to set pen to paper, and had to dictate their rare letter by word of mouth to Malcolm MacVean or to the village schoolmaster. And because the aloofness of their lives and their nearness to the great heart of Nature the people of Inchonnen were a people apart, silent, mystic, very reverent, given to endurance, and very little to speech.

For these reasons they were not perhaps fitted to go out into the world and fight there with common citizens of the world; and so in the ordinary estimation Inchonnen had sent out many failures.

It was for one of them Malcolm MacVean was looking that still, quiet morning, shading his eyes as they roamed the long winding trail of the white road. He had kept this vigil at the dawning for well-nigh twenty years, each morning with a fresh access of faith and hope. Far down the road he could see a moving black speck, for, like a mirage in the desert, it had deceived him often. He took out his big old-fashioned watch, and saw that it was just five o'clock, an unlikely time for any respectable traveler to arrive on foot at a place so remote as Inchonnen. No doubt it was some "gangrel body," or one of the tinker women, with her load of tins on her back, who had fallen by the way with fatigue, and slept under the dry brackens.

He stepped back to the little kitchen, laid some more peat on the fire, and swung the singing kettle back from the smoke; then, taking his stout stick, set out for the road. He often took a walk in the morning before the day's work claimed him, and nobody seeing him wondered or thought it strange. Already the thin line of smoke was uprising from nearly every chimney; there were few sluggards in Inchonnen or any ants to shame them with their industry.

As he left the village behind and came out on the treeless road the wind seemed to spring up freshly from the hills, to stir his gray locks and fill his lungs with free vigor. Then he could see the flutter of skirts in the far distance, and knew it was a woman approaching. Perhaps his heart beat a little faster—it might be the woman he wished to meet. That he had been disappointed so often took nothing away from the freshness of his hope.

As his foot quickened, hers seemed to lag; once she stood still, and even turned her head down the steep slope whence she had come. Then did Malcolm, with the sweat on his brow, break into a little run, in an agony lest she should escape. And all this before there was any possibility of recognition, only something told him the answer to his long prayer had come at last. The ends of his plaid fluttered in the wind, he had his bonnet in his hand, and his stout stick under his arm so that he would not be impeded, so he came quite close to her, she standing still in the road, with her thin hands folded, a look which cannot be described upon her face.

It was a sad face, and weary—the face of one who had been down in the deeps of life, and had tasted its bitterest cup. Yet she had left it a bonnie, fresh lass, with the bloom of the morning on her cheek, and the light of the sun in her eyes. It was not for her to speak. She was not clever, like the prodigal of old, to con a moving lesson beforehand; she had no words to pierce the heart of the father she had so grievously offended. But none were needed. The silence about them made fitting environment for a moment of acute anguish.

It was the old man who first found his voice.

"Elspet, my woman, so ye are come hame?"

There was a moving pathos in these bald words. Elspet MacVean shook as an aspen shivers in the wind.

"Ay, father," was all she said, and they looked at one another again in that strange, deep silence. It was deep enough and elastic enough to bridge the gulf of the intervening years. He was not learned in knowledge of the world from any experience of his own, but his daughter's story needed no telling. It was writ large upon her from top to toe. Her eyes had wept, her face had blanched and grown thin and weary through feeding on the husks; her poor clothing, though clean and decently whole, spoke the poverty that would not hide.

"Where haf ye been, bairn, a' the nicht?" he asked huskily.

"I started frae Blair last night, but it tired me, an' I had to creep into the bracken. I could hae walkit it once, father—there an' back."

"Ay, but the bracken was dry, Elspet. It iss nineteen year come Martinmas sin ye gaed doon the road to Blair. It hass been a hard road, my woman."

"Yes, it has been a hard road; and what I'm come back for, I ken not."

"You micht haf written, Elspet. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

"I had naething to tell that ye wad wish to hear."

"Did He marry ye, lass?" he asked then, and his eyes seemed fathomless as they dwelt mercilessly upon her face.

She shook her head.

"He left me in three years. The bairn dee'd. I've been in service since. But there's something here," she said, pressing her hand to her side, "and' I couldna dee in the puirhoose."

"God forbid! Ye are welcome hame, Elspet. Ye hae paid the price."

It was his verdict which covered the whole dreary vista of the years he had waited. He had no reproach for the child who had so ill requited his fatherly care; he could leave that in other hands. What he was presently concerned with was her home-coming, and the "something here." Misery is ever selfish. Elspet MacVean had nothing to say regarding her father's looks. Had she been asked, she might have said that in twenty years he had changed but little. All the change was in her.

"What'll they say in Inchonnen, father? It will be ill for me, ay, an' for you, to hear their clashes."

"We can shut the door, my lass; an' nae man or woman will clash to Malcolm MacVean when he hass no mind or ear to listen."

"I will shame ye, father, for I have nothing in the wide world but what ye see. For I hae been ill near a year, an' even in the hospital, an' my sille is dune."

"I haf enough," he made answer. "Come, then, bairn, let us hame, for it is jist on the clap o' six."

They quickened their steps a little, and presently with one accord began to cross a stubble field that brought them to their own door. Elspet MacVean was three whole days in her father's house before a soul knew of her return. Then it was the doctor that discovered it. He was riding past the cottage door when the old man signed to him to come in. And there at the fireside, wrapped in an old plaid, was a woman he had no difficulty in recognizing.

"So," he said, drawing a long breath, "you have come back, Elspet."

He regarded her steadily, and with a deepening gravity. He was a plain-spoken man, of no mean skill, who never beat about the bush. After a brief examination he nodded first, and shook his head. The old man followed him anxiously to the door.

"She'll not last long, Malcolm. It's a pity that she should have made such havoc of her life."

"Then she is to dee? When, doctor?"

"In about six weeks or so the stress will come. I'll drop in as I pass by, Malcolm; but it is little I can do for Inchonnen's fell scourge."

When the old man re-entered the cottage Elspet turned to him.

"He says I am to dee, father; but it winna be yet, not this year nor the next, you can tell him that frae me."

"In the Lord's time, lass," said the old man rebukingly; but there was a mist before his eyes.

The next morning his broken sleep was disturbed by the swish of a heather besom on the floor, and the stir of much cleaning. And when he drew the curtain of the box bed, in which he shut himself nightly in total defiance of all the laws of health, he saw that the place was empty of all its meagre furniture, and Elspet on the chair, with a pail of whitewash ready to her hand.

"Mercy me, lass, ye are beside yersel'!" he cried with a gasp.

"Lie still or I bid ye get up; it's jist five. At six the wa's will be dune, an' ye'll get your breakfast. It's the dirt o' twenty years,' she added critically; "for what can a man body ken aboot a hoose?"

She spoke blithely, like one who had gotten a new lease of life. And she had. In some mysterious way home had laid a healing spell on Elspet MacVean, and in the midst of her gladness she had no mind to lie down and die as was expected and predicted she would do.

The "something here" either disappeared, or remained in abeyance to her strong will—certain it never troubled her, and she lived to be a comfort to her father to the day of his death. Hers was a record of deeds rather than words. As for her neighbors, after they had gotten over the first shock of their surprise, and found what a different Elspet had returned from the one who had gone away, they bore her no grudge, nor did they cast her ill-doing in her teeth. Just as her soul, for the twenty years of her exile, had never ceased to be in blessed bondage to the memory of her father's righteous example, so now it bore rich fruit in a quiet life of service to God and man. The woman who had sinned and suffered became in the place of her birth a succorer of many.—British Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A scientist says that if the earth were birdless, man could not inhabit it longer than nine years. All the sprays and poisons in the world would not keep down insects, which would eat up everything in the way of living foliage and plant life.

J. P. Graves has bought the water rights on the Kettle Falls, on the Columbia River, seventy-five miles north of Spokane, Wash., and a 100,000-horse power electric plant is to be installed there. These falls are among the largest in this country.

An interesting hygrometer is made by dipping a strip of calico in a solution of one part of cobalt chloride, seventy-five of nickel oxide and twenty of gelatine in two hundred of water. The strip is green in fine weather, fading as moisture appears.

It is claimed by a medical authority that the wavering of an incandescent globe, the splittering brightness of the arc light, and the glaring white of the vacuum tube are the agencies which already have made the Americans a "spectacled and blinking nation."

Some interesting experiments have been made to ascertain which woods last the longest. It was found that birch and aspen decayed in three years, willow and chestnut in four years, and elm and ash in seven years. Oak, Scottish fir and Weymouth pine decayed to the depth of half an inch in seven years; larch and juniper were uninjured at the end of seven years.

The medicinal qualities of pure olive oil are numerous and are becoming better known day by day. A teaspoonful taken after each meal will relieve constipation and dyspepsia. Mixed with an equal part of lime water it is invaluable for burns. Poured into the eye it will remove any foreign substance lodged there. It is a sure cure for hang-nails; is good for chapped hands; is excellent rubbed over the whole body after taking a bath, and is beneficial for use in massaging a dry scalp.

There are thirty recognized therapeutic agents originating in the slaughter pen, among these pepsin and pancreatin. There is a product of the thyroid glands that is employed in treating cretinism, or idiocy. Another is suprarenalin, adapted to stopping the flow of blood in delicate operations. To produce one pound of this the glands of 100,000 sheep are required, but the pound is worth $5000. Oil extracted from the wool of slaughtered sheep makes the finest emulsions. Anhydrous ammonia is another important article of commerce sent out in quantity.

In Sardinia.

Sardinia was a wild place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goatskins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort; and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardes are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

In Atchison there is a rule to call the attention of the sheriff to a slot machine when you lose five times in succession.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

What a "boom! boom!"
Sounds among the honeysuckles!
Saying "Room! room!—
Hold your breath and mind your knuckles!"
And a fairy birdling bright
Flits like a living dart of light,
With his tiny whirlwind wings
Flies and rests and sings!
All his soul one flash, one quiver,
Down each cup
He thrusts his long beak with a shiver,
Drinks the sweetness up;
Takes the best of earth and goes—
Daring sprite!—
Back to his heaven no mortal knows,
A heaven as sweet as the heart of a rose
Shut at night!

—Harriet Monroe, in St. Nicholas.

IT IS WELL TO THINK.

Mother was working in the flower garden. "Harold," she said, "will you bring mother the big flower-pot that is in the shed?"

Harold ran to the shed, but soon came back without the flower-pot. "It is so big, I was afraid I would break it, mother," he said.

"I can get it," cried Jennie, who was a whole year younger. And she ran out and soon came back, wheeling the big flower-pot in Harold's express wagon.

"I could have done that if I had thought of that way," said Harold.

"Any one could do it after the way had been thought of," said mother, "but Jennie thought of the way."—Little Workers.

THE BANDOLIRE.

The bandolire is a quaint toy, made of two discs joined at the centre, and having a string wound between them. To play with it you hold the discs in the left hand, and wind the string between them with the right. Then, holding the end of the string, you let the toy fall, and it will revolve as the string unwinds. Just before the end of the string is reached you give the toy a quick upward jerk, when the discs will begin revolving in an opposite direction.

The velocity acquired in the revolution will cause the toy to wind itself up the string in an opposite way, and when again allowed to fall it will

The Bandolire.

wind itself again, and keep on thus for an indefinite time, first unwinding down the string and then winding itself up.

It is a very pretty toy, and is easily made out of almost any desired material. It has quite a history, in spite of its simplicity, having been invented, a long time ago, to amuse an East Indian princess. In 1790 it was brought to England from Bengal, and became the fashionable toy under the name of "Quiz."

From England it was taken to Normandy, where it was called "Joujou," and it was not long until it became the rage in Paris. Indeed, it was made of every kind of material, from sugar to gold, and it said that the Duke of Orleans made a present of a bandolire, set with diamonds, that was valued at 2400 lires.

To-day, in France, the toy is called "L'Emigrant," because at the time of the French Revolution, when so many people were forced to emigrate, the toy was much in favor with the nobility.

Any boy can make a bandolire for himself, and he will be sure to have lots of fun with it.—Philadelphia Record.

TREAT FOR THE ORPHANS.

No inconsiderable number of men in New York City live by buying up tickets of admission to places of amusement and reselling them, at advanced prices, on the sidewalk on the evening of the performance. There is much complaint against these men, the newspapers berate them periodically, and now and then a theatrical manager starts a crusade against them. While calm consideration would scarcely show their calling to be worse than many other businesses coming within the limits called "legitimate," many of these men are not overprepossessing in appearance; and altogether the general attitude toward the ticket speculators is one of execration.

Recently the circus exhibiting in Madison Square Garden gave the regular "Orphans' Day," the annual treat provided for the joy of the homeless children of the city.

No tickets were sold, and, indeed, no adults were allowed inside, except teachers and other guardians of the little folk. One wondered, therefore, why the ticket speculators were in their usual place on the sidewalk.

A big policeman near the door, observing these men in conference, kept an eye on them. Presently his indignation burst bounds.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that's as dirty a trick as I've seen!"

The ticket speculators were "cornering" the peanut market.

The Italian venders, whose entire stocks the ticket speculators had bought, were ordered to put the peanuts into bags—the disgusted policemen looking helplessly on.

The ticket speculators now lined up on each side of the entrance, and presently wagons and various vehicles came rumbling up, labeled "Children's Aid," "Orphans' Aid," "Home For Crippled Children."

As the little ones were put in line and marched or hobbled or were carried across the sidewalk to the entrance, each one received a big bag of peanuts, free.

"Well, now, I'll— Say, I take it all back!" The big policeman offered his hand to a speculator.

"What!" cried the speculator. "Did you think we wanted to sell at a profit to those little fellers that ain't got anything at all?"—Youth's Companion.

A LAMB THAT LOVED OLIVE.

A few years ago my little six-year-old was presented with a young lamb which was brought up by hand, and which soon became a great pet. He quickly grew to love Olive and her little brother, and was often let out of the pen where the sheep were kept to become an interested participant in all their romping games.

As the warm days of May came on it became necessary to drive the sheep to a distant pasture, but Olive pleaded so earnestly for her pet that she was finally allowed to keep him at home. About the same time Olive and her brother began to attend the district school. The lamb, missing both his four-legged and two-legged friends, immediately became very lonesome and inclined to stray from home, so that it was thought best to tie him to an apple-tree not far distant. But poor Dickany rebelled at this indignity and bleated incessantly.

One day he broke his rope, and we found him in the back room chewing his cud and peacefully standing by Olive's old familiar dress, which hung low down upon a nail.

This gave us an idea; and, when Dickany went back to the apple-tree, the dress went too, and was hung on a branch where he could reach it.

After this the lamb stopped bleating and led a very quiet and happy life, wearing his rope with patience in school hours, and bounding and jumping with joy when the children returned at night.—Christian Endeavor World.

THE APPETITE OF A BIRD.

When an old-fashioned hostess says Answers, urges her guests to eat, after the conventional manner of showing hospitality, and remarks, "Why, you haven't the appetite of a bird!" she really speaks the truth though she does not intend to.

The average man, if he had a bird's appetite, would devour from thirty to thirty-one pounds of food a day, which would be a tax on the larder of his hostess.

Recent experiments have proved that the average bird manages to eat about one-fifth of his own weight daily with ease, if he can get so much food; and in a wild state, though the bird has to hunt for his daily provender, he is eating a large part of the time during the day, and manager to get his full rations.

The smaller the bird, the more voracious seems to be its appetite and its power of absorption. A German scientist recently kept a canary under observation for a month. The little creature weighed only sixteen grams, but in the course of the month it managed to eat 512 grams' weight of food! that is, about thirty-two times its own weight. The bird must therefore have eaten its own weight in food every day.

An ordinary man with a canary's appetite would consume 150 pounds of food a day. But the canary is an extreme case. The ordinary bird, in good health, will be satisfied with one-fifth of its weight a day by way of food.

Which Way Are You Going?

Some observant Frenchman has very wisely said—"The stairway of time is ever echoing with the footsteps of those wearing wooden shoes going up—and those wearing polished boots coming down." Bob Taylor aptly said—"The world goes round and round, some go up and some go down." In all spheres of life and activity, some are growing in strength and usefulness, others are losing their grasp upon "the things that are worth while." The question for each of us to answer is—which way are you going? We have been closely watching both classes, and some very striking laws of nature have been forcibly impressed upon our minds:

First. There is no standstill—You must "move on," one way or the other.

Second. The forces that carry you up are—labor, self-denial, diligence, sobriety, economy, honesty, truthfulness and perseverance. These are all sturdy, rugged, forceful virtues.

Third. The agencies that let you lapse on the downward path are—extravagance, self-indulgence, love of ease and what are mistermed pleasures—the whole weakening influence of false refinement and unnatural habits.—Southern Cultivator.

A Terse Sermon.

Perhaps the tersest sermon ever delivered was that by Dean Smith, who taking as his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," began and ended thus: "Brethren, if you like the security, down with the dust."

The temperance committee of the Southern M. E. Conference reported in favor of a rule which would prohibit the use of tobacco by young pastors.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

BADGER'S FEAT.

In the days when the Omahas ruled all eastern Nebraska, and fought the Sioux twelve months in the year, the great chief, Big Elk, lay in his lodge on the banks of the Missouri, sick unto death.

For many "suns" has the great man been troubled with a sickness which the Indians were not able to overcome. The medicine-men of the tribe had used all their efforts; had worked all their charms; had called on "Pe-a-zhe Wakan," the Bad Spirit, and upon "Wakan," the Great Mystery. The chief did not improve. Even the chief's own private "medicine," or charm, was unavailing, and he grew worse. The entire tribe was in gloom.

Then one day, from the south, a trapper came in his boat, and stopped to exchange bright-colored calicoes, mirrors, guns and beads with the Omahas for their skins of the otter, the beaver and the buffalo.

The Indians refused to trade. Their chief was dying—was on the very verge of the "Shadow Land"—and they could not trade.

The white man asked to see Big Elk, and he saw that the great red man was indeed dying. Nothing could now be done for him.

"But," said the white trapper, "there is a white man down the Big River, three sleeps distant; he has a white powder which would have cured Big Elk. But it is too late now. No horse could get back quick enough. Big Elk must die."

Badger, a young Indian, who was standing near when the trapper told of the white powder which would have saved Big Elk, beckoned the trapper to come outside the lodge, and asked him for the white man's "sign" for the white powder.

The trapper wrote the single word "Quinin" on a paper, and handed it to the young red man.

Five minutes afterward Badger, armed with his precious piece of paper, four pairs of moccasins, a small quantity of dried buffalo meat, and five bright silver dollars—all the cash the tribe possessed—shot out from the south end of the Indian village, and headed toward the white settlement, one hundred miles away, at Bellevue, Nebraska, several miles below where Omaha now stands.

The sun was just setting in a red blaze in the Western prairie when Badger started on the run which made his name more famous in his tribe than that of any warrior of his time.

Some time during the middle of the next forenoon, probably fifteen hours after Badger left Big Elk's lodge, old Peter Sarpy was standing in his log trading-post at Bellevue when a young Indian ran into the room, handed him a paper on which "Quinin" was scrawled, laid five silver dollars down, and in the Indian language asked him to "hurry."

The medicine was quickly wrapped up, and the Indian, in his own tongue, which Sarpy knew well, asked how it was to be taken, and was told to place it in water and make the sick man drink it.

Badger, for it was the Omaha Indian who had made the one-hundred mile trip on foot in fifteen hours, then sat down, ate a little jerked buffalo meat, threw away his old moccasins, which were entirely worn out, put on a new pair, rested for a single hour, and started on the return to the Omahas' village, carrying with him the white powder which was to save the life of Big Elk.

It was early noon when Badger left Bellevue. He was stiff and tired from his long run of the night before. He wanted to stop and rest, but did not dare do so, for fear of going to sleep. The sun was hot and there was no path across the prairie. Last night he had traveled by the stars; to-day he was guided by the sun. There were rivers to swim and quicksands to be avoided.

Just after the sun rose next morning Badger staggered up to Big Elk's lodge on the Missouri. He had made the return trip in about eighteen hours, and had traveled the entire two hundred miles in thirty-four hours, including the time spent at Bellevue.

But Big Elk had died an hour before Badger brought the "white medicine."

That was more than fifty years ago, and to-day, when the remnants of the Omaha tribe are gathered round a dance "lodge," and Indians tell of the great deeds of Big Elk, the greatest warrior the tribe ever knew, almost in the same breath another Indian will rise and tell the story of Badger and the fast run he made in his effort to save the life of his chief.—T. R. Porter, in the Youth's Companion.

HIDING FROM THE INDIANS.

In dealing with the Indians discretion is usually the better part of valor, even if the encounter end as the incident described long ago by Mrs. Bates in her book of Western travel. Not many are living nowadays who have felt the tread of the red man, and the casual reader can afford to smile at the experience of Mrs. Brown in the mountains of California. The woman's husband kept a boarding-house for about thirty miners.

Some of the men had had trouble with a tribe of Indians living not far distant. It was believed that the savages meditated an attack, and for some time the whites in the vicinity had been on their guard. As nothing happened, they relaxed their watchfulness.

One day, when everybody was at work at the mine except Mrs. Brown, who was in the house alone, a deafening war-whoop sounded. The woman ran to the door, to see about two hundred Indians approaching in full war-paint, and armed with bows, arrows and tomahawks.

Mrs. Brown, trembling with fright, rushed from the house to where the men were at work and screamed out her tidings. The men naturally supposed the Indians were coming to exterminate them, and they caught up their shovels and picks and stood ready to fight. Their fire arms were all at the house, and flight was out of the question.

They directed Mrs. Brown to flee across the river and secrete herself as quickly as possible. The stream was wide and deep, and spanned by a very narrow timber, but she rushed over it headlong. A large excavation caught her eye, and she jumped into it. In telling of the adventure afterward, she said:

"It would be impossible to describe my feelings. I expected every moment to see the dark and bloodthirsty faces of the savages. I could endure it no longer. I crawled out and rushed on, making all haste for the woods.

"When I got there I was no better off. I would hide for a few moments, then think, 'They will surely find me here. I must find a better place.' I had done this a dozen times, when I finally climbed a big tree and remained, how long I cannot tell; the time seemed interminable.

"Then I heard shouting. I was so terrified I could scarcely retain my seat. At last I recognized my own name called by my husband's voice. He was alive, then, and the others murdered! Presently he appeared, laughing. I thought him insane.

"'Come down, it's all right!' I thought I should never find you. I've been hunting for two hours,' he said.

"It turned out that the Indians were on their way to visit a neighboring tribe in honor of some great occasion. They were painted and armed as they always were when celebrating. The war-whoop was given, doubtless, in sport, for when the band passed the waiting miners, each dark face was on the broad grin."

COURAGE IN MAN AND WOMAN.

Women display courage in their own incomparable fashion. Typical of woman's method of encountering danger is the story of the woman who observed as she was concluding her toilet for the night the presence of a burglar under her bed. Without letting the man know that she had perceived him, this woman quietly put on her dressing gown and knelt down at the bedside to say her prayers. She prayed aloud. She made her own personal intercessions to heaven and then prayed for all poor sinners living in the darkness of estrangement from God, "particularly this unhappy man lying under my bed, meditating the wickedness of stealing and perhaps murder." This woman saved the situation.

I cannot imagine a worse situation than that of a certain steeplejack who found himself one day at the top of a church steeple with a madman grinning into his eyes. The madman was his mate. Both men had been at work on this steeple for many days and had talked together while they hung in the saddles with the utmost accord, but on this particular day one of the men looked up to see madness in the eyes of his companion. In that moment he was alone with danger. No shout could avail. From the street below he looked like a spider snoozing in its web. The roofs and chimneys of the houses seemed to be level with the ground. High up in the loneliness of the empty air he was alone with a madman.

The man kept his wits about him, and addressed some cheerful remark to his mate. The madman only grinned. The man bade him look alive, that they might the sooner get below and enjoy themselves. The madman chuckled, and announced that they would get below in double quick time, for that he was going to jump from the steeple with his friend in his arms.

The other laughed as if at a good jest, and turned to his work. Then he began pushing forth his feet against the steeple to set a swing into his saddle; he meant to grab the madman and hold him till help came. But the madman was also swinging his saddle, and before the sane man realized his danger the madman's fingers were closing round his throat.

There they swung in the dizzy air, high over the unconscious city. By something of a miracle the man found his hands clutching at his tool box as he swung back. His hands closed on a wrench. He grabbed it, made an upward thrust with his strangled body, and caught the madman a jangling blow across the side of his head. Then he clutched the fellow's body to save it from falling, and, after a moment's breathing, quietly lowered himself and his unconscious mate to the ground below.—Strand Magazine.

The Queerest City.

Perhaps the queerest city in the world is that of Nang Harm, the home of the royal family of Siam. This city's peculiarity lies in the fact that it is composed of women and children alone. It is in the centre of Bangkok, has high walls around it, and in its population of 9000 there is not a single man, though the king occasionally pays them a visit. The name Nang Harm means "veiled women." There are shops, markets, temples, theatres, streets and avenues, parks, lakes, trees and flower gardens; a hall of justice, judges, executioner, police, generals and soldiers; all the positions, official and otherwise, being filled by women. The only man in all Siam who can enter this city is the king. It is the home of his family and of the family of the king before him. The ruler of Siam may have as many wives as he pleases. Each wife has her own children and slaves; therefore, a small city is needed to provide accommodations for them all.

Praise For American Women.

In the opinion of the editor of the Mirror, a paper printed in English in British India, "American womanhood is admittedly the finest, the very best, physically and intellectually, of all the womanhood of the world."