Hearts Courageous

By... HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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She met Henry in front of the Indian Queen inn and walked with him up toward the churchyard, now filling with a vast throng.

"Tell me," she questioned eagerly. "Will it come today?"

He looked down at her with that rare smile which seemed to be the higher part of him, gilding and transfiguring his other self. "What faith you have in me!" he said.

"I know," she answered. "I have seen it in your face. No one in Virginia can do it save you—none of them. It must be the voice before the arm."

"The spark before the explosion," he muttered, "and the train is nearly laid." His hands moved restlessly.

"I have longed—prayed—for some new overt act of Dunmore's that should be spark to powder. But he lies low. And it must come from us. You were right when you said that last fall at Winchester. Boston is trodden on, but she lies quiet. The colonies look to us. It is the voice of the south, of Virginia, that is wanting."

He stopped. Jefferson was hasting toward them. He bowed to Anne.

"Have you heard the buzz from London?" he asked Henry hurriedly. "'Tis all among the delegates. 'Tis declared that our petitions to the king are graciously received, that all the acts will be repealed save the admiralty and declaratory and that North and Dartmouth will be replaced."

"Aye," burst Henry fiercely. "Another Tory tale! And they will waver again. Tom, Tom, it must be now or never!"

He stopped abruptly and strode across the churchyard over the matted ivy on the shrunken mounds and, threading his way between the old slate tombstones, upright like black lichened coffin lids, entered the edifice.

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From her seat in the west gallery, whither Jefferson had taken her, Anne surveyed the scene below.

The first proceedings interested her little — the reading of Jamaica's late memorial to the king—and her gaze wandered. Through the open windows she could hear the hum of the great crowd about the building and catch a glimmer of the foaming James. The space below her was packed and full of a strange intentness.

Here and there she could see faces which she knew. The ladies of Richmond were scattered through both galleries. Freneau and young St. George Tucker were leaning over the rail opposite. Jefferson and Colonel Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley sat together just below Peyton Randolph, the president.

Colonel Washington sat far back, hands on knees, quiet and meditating, and just below her Mr. Thomas Nelson shifted nervously in his seat, turning his eyes now there, now here.

Well to the front sat Richard Henry Lee of Chantilly, "the gentleman of the silver hand." The black bandage he wore over his hand fascinated her. She had heard it said he wore it to hide a wound he got swan shooting on the Potomac.

Her attention came back with a start as she heard the resolution in answer to Jamaica that "it is the most ardent wish of this colony, and we are persuaded of the whole continent of North America, to see a speedy return to those halcyon days when we lived a free and happy people." As she looked down at Henry, Anne saw that he was scribbling on a scrap of paper.

There was a hush as he arose and a buzz of expectancy as he mounted the rostrum. He held in his hand the paper upon which he had been scribbling.

Anne felt a touch of disappointment at the cold, measured quality of his tone. With that flickering half smile which meant dissent he moved an amendment to the Jamaica resolutions. He read without a gesture, in pronunciation as plain as homespun. His voice moved evenly, almost carelessly, over the periods.

But as he progressed the assembly awoke with a shock, and Anne saw a certain ripple almost of alarm surge over it. Henry had spoken the phrase, "our inestimable rights and liberties."

At that moment the speaker raised his voice, and the last words came challenge-like, the snap of a whip. "We do resolve, therefore, that this colony be put in a state of defense and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

Anne looked at Henry in the black clothes and tie wig which set off his face and drew a breath. The humility, the diffidence, the modesty of address were gone, and in their place was sternness. Even his voice had grown harsh, as though in menace, and on the convention, uncertain and wavering, those lovers of the "halcyon days," the menace fell. It was the plunge from hesitation to resolve, from expostulation to powder. The fire had fallen!

Henry knew his men. All these years he had been learning them, drawing them out, questioning, story telling, watching effects, experimenting in their emotions.

His eye held every man within those walls. He turned it upon Richard Henry Lee, and he, his polished oratory forgot, hurled a blunt second at the chair.

Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, limping from the gout, and Colonel Richard Bland got upon their feet with arched frowns, barking that such action was "premature," and at the word Anne saw a pale scorn burn Henry's face. These, who had so lately sat in the Continental congress, prated of "dignified patience," "filial respect and discretion," "the relenting of the sovereign," "the nakedness of the colonies."

Anne had afterward no certain recollection of how Henry began in answer. All impression was swallowed up in that thrill which held every hearer. It has been said that he spoke as Homer wrote.

"Shall we shut our eyes—we wise men struggling for liberty—and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us to beasts?" he cried. "Shall we, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not the tidings of our temporal salvation? For my part I will know the worst, and I will provide for it. I cannot judge the future but by the past, and by the past how shall you solace yourselves? What is there in the conduct of the British ministries of the past ten years to justify hope?"

As he went on passion crept over his face like the wind that precedes a storm; his lean neck was scarlet and corded with white lines, and his eyes glared hollowly.

"Do you regard the insidious smiles with which our petitions are received? Be not betrayed with a kiss!"

Sitting in a quiver of feeling, with fingers clasping the gallery ledge, Anne felt the shaken pulses of the audience. Under the intrepid metaphor she saw the messenger of the colonial assembly standing before the king's attorney general entreating that Virginia had souls to be saved as well as England, and the brutish answer: "D—— your souls! Make tobacco." She saw the colonies supplicating on their knees, spurned, contemned, spit upon. She saw the chains forging, navies building, armies gathering. She saw British ministers, like harpies, with cold eyes upon the green of the Americas.

Henry's voice had risen louder, more intense, and his colorless features and eyes of fire had become terrible to look upon. He sat upon the whirlwind. The very walls seemed to rock with vibrations.

"There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle we have vowed never to abandon until its object be obtained, then we must fight. We must fight! An appeal to arms, to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us."

Anne dragged her eyes from Henry's. Amid the sea there was one face that had not moved a line. It was Colonel Washington's. He sat stonelike, as immovable as a bishop at his prayers, his hands still upon his knees. He was as a soldier should be—cool of head and saving passion for the hand. And as a soldier he was slow to disallegiance. But cold as he seemed when Henry bent the wills of that assembly and whipped the conservatives to the wall, there was a glitter in his eye that leaped to flame behind the quiet mask.

"They tell us that we are weak. When shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? When we are totally disarmed and when a British guard is in every house? Shall we lie still till our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We cry 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. Why stand we here idle? What do you wish? We are three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty and invincible! We shall not fight our battle alone! The war is inevitable. and let it come! Let it come!"

Henry's voice, which had been like a battle shout, sank in his throat. His form bowed itself in the attitude of a galley slave. On his crossed wrists the felon's manacles seemed actually to be visible. His very tone thrilled helplessness and heartbroken agony.

"And if we chose," he said heavily, "there is no retreat save slavery. Our chains are ready. We may hear their clanking on the plains of Boston! Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be so purchased?"

He lifted his chained hands toward heaven. "Forbid it," he prayed, "Almighty God!"

With the words he straightened. His tendons strained against the fetters, and they fell from his wrists as he sent a look at the quaking loyalists of the house that chilled their blood.

"I know not what course others may take"—oh, the hissing scorn of that now triumphant voice!—"but as for me—as for me—give me liberty or give me death!"

Anne heard what followed as in a dream. She heard the studied oratory of Richard Henry Lee, aided by the elegant gestures he practiced before the mirror. She heard Thomas Nelson, the richest man in Virginia, no longer shifting in his seat, now crying out that if British troops should be landed in the county of which he was lieutenant he would obey no forbidding, but call his militia and repel them at the water's edge.

(Continued next week.)

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT

Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair —Tennyson

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Second Quarter. Lesson VIII. Mark X. 35-45
Sunday, May 22nd, 1904.

JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.

A strange and sad incident! It illustrates vividly the small progress Jesus had made with His disciples in teaching them the new ideal of life. It was within thirty days of the end of his career, and they had had three years of instruction. Yet their notion of the nature of His kingdom was so vague and crude that the heart of the Master must have been distressed. They thought it something objective and material. They had taken his analogy of the twelve thrones literally, and were hungry for the spoils of office.

James and John, the very ones from whom He might naturally expect the most, really led off in the demand for official preferment. They seemed not to have profited by previous errors which Jesus had corrected. They had forbidden one whom they found casting out devils, because he did not follow them, and they had wanted to call down fire on the Samaritans. The Master had, in these instances, rebuked the earthliness of their aims and methods. But now they betray such a base notion of their Leader that they think He could be guilty of nepotism. Their mother, Salome, was Mary's sister, and they cousins of Jesus. Hence, their claim to preferment. It is a family attempt to steal a march on the others. They are especially anxious to cut Peter out, the most agressive of the apostles. They had reason to believe Jesus regarded them with special interest—for John was His favorite at table. and James was always included with the two others as witnesses of the most significant events.

In the form of their request they seem to have had the Sanhedrin in mind—the splendid supreme court and parliament of the Hebrew nation. The Prince of the Sanhedrin sat in the midst of two rows of elders. On the right sat the "Father of the Sanhedrin," and on the left the "Sage of the Sanhedrin." So James and John had an ambitious dream of being clad in gorgeous raiment and seated high in the marble court of the Elders of Israel, in the rehabitated nation. It may not have been entirely unmixed selfishness. There may have been elements of patriotism and courage. But they totally missed the scope and spirit of the kingdom. This dullness of His best disciples must have been mortifying to Jesus. In fact, it was more trying to Him than the active and cunning opposition of the scribes and Pharisees.

With infinite patience Jesus began to teach the lesson all over again, and unfold the essential principles of His kingdom. He could be tardy to His charitable disciples, for He was founding a commonwealth absolutely unique—the like of which the world had never seen before—a kingdom of the heart, entirely subjective, ethical, and spiritual. Well could Jesus say, "Ye know not what ye ask." Within a month they saw those coveted places at His right and left hand occupied indeed, by the crucified thieves! "Can you drink of My cup!" So far from being able to drink of the cup of His calamity, they did not even dream, in spite of all His teaching, that such a cup was to be pressed to His lips. There was no room for the cross in their conception of His kingdom. Again, the very ethical and spiritual nature of the new commonwealth makes the arbitrary distribution of position and emolument among favorites an utter impossibility. In point of fact, "lordship" in the common sense of the word, is entirely ruled out. The only greatness is that of love, obedience, humility and service. And there can be nothing capricious in this. To the fit seat the fitted person only can come. Those nearest the King can reach the station only by the path the King Himself has taken.

Jesus must have been touched with pity when He said to these overconfident disciples, "you shall drink of My cup." He knew the significance of the words. They did not. It compensated also for present disappointment to know as He did that these crude and vainglorious followers would finally learn His doctrine and imitate His example, and prove in heroic martyrdom their premature assertion, "We can drink Your cup."

The officious criticism of the "two" by the "ten" gave Jesus another opportunity to further illuminate and enforce the essential principle of His kingdom. The ten were not worthier than the two. In point of fact they were in the same fault. They were only incensed against James and John because they had forestalled them in the preferment of a claim. Jesus differentiates His kingdom from the Gentile state. In it there is lordship and authority, and consequent state of degrees and emolument. But it is not so in His kingdom. The very opposite maintains. The greatest is the greatest servant. And of this principle he is about to give the purest and sublimest example ever witnessed. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN

It may have been because Jesus had lately rebuked them, and they felt themselves not in good form, that James and John got their mother to prefer their request for them. She is supposed, also, to have been Jesus' aunt.

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The request was in the "spoiled child" form. They sought to exact a promise before they named the thing they wanted.

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The frankness and openness of Jesus is here illustrated. He was "out and out." He also knew that to have the disciples put their mean request in words in the hearing of all would help them discover the meanness of it.

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Jesus here shows, in his reference to His cup and baptism, His perfect knowledge of what awaited Him. The end was not hidden from Him. His composure, courage and fidelity exhort our admiration.

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There is nothing mystical in the term cup. It is a very familiar figure of Hebrew speech. Its origin is natural. In the Oriental family yet it is the father's custom to divide the meal according to his judgment, giving each his portion of meat and drink. So the good and ill of life is considered the portion dealt to each by the Heavenly Father. Gradually the cup came to indicate the sorrowful portion particularly. It became the common figure of calamity.

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"We can" was the rash avowal of ignorance. But that pledge was later lived up to superbly by these very disciples.

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The unfit person in the fit place is the most incongruous picture in history. The prepared place is for the prepared person and *vice versa*. High station has high price. Incompetence may stumble into office, but has no tenure.

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Not men-selected-men have been the immortal heroes of the kingdom of heaven, but the heaven-selected.

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This is not, however, a proof text against office in the Church. Reference is only to the spirit in which office is assumed and administered.

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Unseemly that in that solemn hour, so near the shadow of the cross, there should be this fierce fire of controversy. The displeasure of the "ten" is as reprehensible as the ambition of the "two." It sprang out of the spirit of rivalry which Jesus had lately rebuked. The "two" were selfish. The "ten" were jealous. Selfishness is the seed of jealousy.

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"Lordship and authority, not so among you," is the announcement of a new law in the new kingdom. It is a bran-new principle in hopeless conflict with current ideas. It is service *versus* lordship. All the greatness known in Jesus' kingdom is the greatness of goodness, humility and service.

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Ambition to spiritual lordship has ruined men and churches. The church has ruined many a State and the State corrupted many a State. In every instance, however, it has been when this initial principle of the kingdom of heaven on earth has been discarded.

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The unintelligent things of nature exemplify humility. The lark soars high, but builds its nest low. The nightingale sings only when veiled in night. The fullest head of wheat bows lowest, as does the limb most laden with fruit.

What Becomes of Circus Stars.

There are still a few people left who talk about the good old times at the circus. The enormous proportions of the modern circus and its complicated performance still fail to impress some of the old-time circus-goers, who sigh for the performance of 20 or 30 years ago. The clowns, they will tell you, were funnier then than now, the aerial artists more daring and skillful. As a matter of fact, of course, a great modern show is at least twenty-fold better than the primitive little performance of the past generation. There has been a rapid evolution in circus life in America, as in many other things. The steam engine marks no greater advance over the stage coach than the up-to-date circus over the old-fashioned one-ring show.

There are still a few old performers left who return to look upon the world of sawdust, the scene of their former glories, and regret the good old times, but their point of view is prejudiced. Even these old fellows are fast disappearing. The circus, of course, uses up its men very fast; the life is a hard one and especially for the performers. There are comparatively few years that a man is at his best.

This naturally leads to the question: "What becomes of the old circus man?" Taken in the aggregate, there are thousands of them. For years his fame fills the country. Thousands crowded to watch his feats and applaud him, and then in a few years his name is quite forgotten. There are compensations in every life, however, and that of the circus man has its advantages. To be sure, he may risk his neck twice a day and his professional life is a short one, but the remuneration enables him to retire and live comfortably after a few years.

It is perhaps not generally known that circus folks are perhaps the most economical and cautious people as regards money matters in the world. They have the saving habit to a marked degree, and you will rarely find a circus performer of any prominence who, in after years, is in straitened circumstances. In the modern circus organizations, especially in the case of the Barnum & Bailey show, there are few single performers; they almost invariably work in troupes and sets. It is not uncommon for such a troupe to put all its savings in a common fund and at the end of the season make a joint investment.

It is not uncommon for a troupe or family to receive from $600 to $1,000 a week for their services. together with all living expenses. A troupe of half a dozen performers receiving $800 a week will have been paid in a single tenting season of 32 weeks the neat little sum of $25,600. All the performers receive their transportation, their lodging and food. There are few ways in fact, that a circus performer can spend money. He must work early and late, so that he has no time for amusements; he is not allowed to drink or gamble by the rules of the show. The only expenses which are at all considerable are in providing himself with costumes and properties, and these do not need to be replaced often.

Those who talk about the good old times forget another important feature of modern circus life. In the olden times the tenting season comprised the performer's working year. He was obliged to support himself throughout nearly half the year in idleness. Nowadays, however, the performer can usually find plenty of engagements in theaters, music halls and private exhibitions during the winter months. The circus man is rarely lazy, and he is glad to take advantage of this opportunity to earn more money and keep in training the year round. In many instances the higher class of aerial artists and specialists are engaged by the show for the entire year to make sure of them. In other words the skilled performer can as a rule work under salary for from 48 to 52 weeks in the year, and calculating at the rate of compensation mentioned, a troupe of half a dozen should be able to earn about $37,000 in a single year. Only last year a troupe of five who had traveled continuously with the show for seven years decided to give up their circus life and showed a fortune in securities which they had amassed in that time to the amount of $200,000. The members of this troupe were still young men, not one being over 45 years of age. Curiously enough, the bespangled performers of the ring, when their time comes to retire, almost invariably choose farming as their favorite pastime. They have had enough of the glitter and glory and desire a quiet life.

The old-fashioned circus companies could not afford more than one or at most two or three artists at such enormous salaries. The idea of engaging a troupe of 10 or a dozen men or women for a single act was out of the question. Here is one of the greatest advantages of a modern show.

QUICK ARREST.—J. A. Gulledge, of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at Green's druggist.

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Terra del Fuegans Lowest Rung of Human Ladder.

Wild Races at Man's Farthest Limit South—Dip Children in Icy Sea.

The South American Continent does not, properly speaking, end in Cape Horn, for a narrow passage some two hundred and fifty miles long cuts across it somewhat farther north. A 40-foot tide races twice a day into the Atlantic entrance of this passage, covering and uncovering dangerous shoals as a wild beast bares its teeth. On these shoals many a good ship's back has broken. As we adventure to the west the waterway stretches betweeen twin ranges of splintered hills, covered to the low snow line by a dripping forest of Antarctic birch its somber green seared at short intervals by blue-white glaciers which push their frozen hummocks to the water's verge, or discharge a cascade from cliffs so high that only an icy spray, touched with rainbow hue, falls athwart the steamer's deck. Throughout all the year the roaring southwest wind blusters past, bringing in its train—save for some short, deceptive calm—showers of rain and sleet and a cloak of trailing mist. Such are the famous Straits of Magellan, which the yet more broken channels and islands terminating in Cape Horn—a fit barrier of the wild races who, in that wild land, mark man's farthest limit to the South.

Since Darwin published his famous "Voyage of a Naturalist,' made in H. M. S. Beagle in 1834, Fuegans have been generally classed as one tribe—"the lowest step in the human ladder"—while popular credulity, based on the fears of ship captains, beating a painful passage home, cheerfully consented to dub them wreckers and cannibals as well. Only of late has the mist of half truth lifted, so that we may judge them fairly; and the task must be undertaken speedily, if at all. During 20 years of contact with whites the numbers of the Yaghan tribe, or canoe dwellers have sunk from 2,500 to 200; and that of the Onas from 2,000 to 600; man, woman and child. Should this rate of decrease continue few, if any, members of either tribe will survive the next decade, and a fragment of the Stone age of intense human interest will disappear altogether from our ken.

TRIBESMEN, CANOE-DWELLERS.

The Yaghans frequent chiefly the shores of the Bergle Channel, a sheltered passage of great beauty but little practical use, lying as it does, half way between the Magellan Straits and the Horn, its entrance blocked at either hand by dangerous reefs and racing tide-rips. These tribesmen are true canoe dwellers, since they must search forever the shores of otherwise barren islands for food, in the shape of mussels, fish, sea fowl, or, perhaps, by great good chance, a stranded seal or whale. Till the South American Mission established itself among them they braved the rigours of the climate naked, save for a small, flat otter skin, slung from the neck to the side where the wind happened to blow. The women, usually two, paddled the canoe from the stern. The man crouched in the bows, alert, harpoon in hand. In the center of the canoe were piled other simple hunting gear, babies, and a slab of shingled turf, on which smouldered the firebrands carried to each fresh halting place. For in the Land of the Horn fire is a first necessity of human life; and from hundreds of tiny smoke drifts, which lined the channels in the days when first Magellan and Drake passed on their way round the world, came the name "Tierra del Fuego," or Land of Fire.

DIP CHILD IN ICY SEA.

In their unceasing struggle with the elements for a bare existence the Yaghans have been forced to abandon all but the slightest mental equipment. They have evolved no faith, no god; they have no totem to bind them into one tribe, no head man to organize them into common defense or attack. They are still stationary at that microcosm of great empires—the family. They are a chatterbox tribe, and their language is a very complex one, with a regular grammar and upward of thirty thousand classified words. To each tiny, each unnoticed headland, they give a full descriptive name, which are the surnames of persons born in such spots. Shortly after birth the child is dipped in the icy sea, to render it more hardy. Their dead are buried without ceremony under rocks or in great hidden heaps of mussel shells which accumulate by an oft-frequented camp. Their name for death signifies simply "gone away," yet they have the instinctive dread of the wild animal for all dead things, and when one member of the family dies all those, who, having been born in the same spot, bear the same name, change it for some other. The departed are thereafter never mentioned, save in some roundabout fashion, for the Yaghans are apt at nicknames. The tribe has been decimated by white men's diseases, which are fostered by their passion for liquor—a weakness taken full advantage of by unscrupulous traders. Of the quality of drink supplied it is sufficient to say that it can be bought for about sixpence per quart bottle at Ushuaia, the present seat of Argentine government in the Beagle channel.

BODY IS A RELIGION.

The second tribe, the Onas, are foot Indians, living in the mountainous interior of the great island of which the Beagle Channel marks the southern boundary. Although they are thus in a sense islanders, they have no canoes, and cannot even swim, being dependent on the guanaco, which frequent the upper pastures, for food and general equipment, from their rawhide waterbags to the strung sinews of their bows. An all-enveloping fur robe is their only covering, and this, when there is need for freer movement, the braves at once discard, standing clothed, like our own ancestors, in the primal simplicity of bow and arrows and paint. They use such pigments to aid their stalking, a science in which they are past masters. To hunt the guanaco they first cover themselves according to the ground over which they must move—e. g., white, when on snowfields, yellow among dry pampa grass, slate color with red spots when among lichen-covered rocks. Their amusement consists in wrestling and in long races, perhaps to a hill-top ten miles distant. This last is a severe test of endurance, for the valleys the Fuegan forest are carpeted with rotten tree trunks and spongy moss, while, as the wood approaches the snow line, it is dwarfed and twisted into the intricacy of a box-hedge, and further progress is only possible by scrambling over the tops of the trees.

STORY OF THE PARROQUET.

The tie of comrade or brother is far stronger with the Onas than that linking man and wife. The men have a superstition that formerly the women had the upper hand, while the men were forced to do camp drudgery. So on reaching manhood they bind themselves to a kind of free masonry, whose object is to impose subjection on the women by personifying, on fit occasions, the watchful spirits with which they have peopled the woods and lakes, the mists and mountains, whose companionship is all they have of home. Behind his Indian reserve, however, the Ona is of a frank and—for a savage—kindly disposition, and especially fond of little children. As the Ona youngsters grow up they listen in the long winter nights to tales which have been handed down of a bygone time when all the members of Nature's great family, sun and moon, bird, beast and man, walked and talked together. It is noticeable that such stories have no taint of the disgusting animalism which prevades every Yaghan tale.

This is the Ona story of Querr-Prrh, the Parroquet; and why the birch trees in Tierra del Fuego turn red:

In the time of long ago young Camshoat set out upon a long journey alone, as is the custom of the Ona in order that his limbs might harden and that he might grow up to be a great hunter. He traveled far from Onaland, keeping his face ever to the North, and when he came back he told how, in the land where he had been, the leaves of Hanis, the birch tree, fell off in winter, and before they fell they first turned red. But all his people laughed, saying that Camshoat told lies to make a boast of his long journeys; for could they not see for themselves that there was only one kind of tree in the world, whose leaves were ever green? When he heard them laughing Camshoat was very angry, because he knew that he had spoken only truth. Once more he traveled to that country in the North, and this time when he came back it was in the form of the first parroquet, whose back is as green as the green leaves, but whose breast is blood-red. Each year he makes the long journey, going and coming; and wherever he perches on the trees he makes them red with his red breast, while he calls to the folk who pass below, "Querr * * *! What do you say to this? Now you see I tell no lies. Prrh!"

ENGLISH SHEEP FARMERS.

Before we pass judgment on the Fuegan tribes let us consider their later surroundings. English sheep farmers, crossing from the Patagonian mainland, first fenced off the best northern grazing grounds. This brought about raids by the Indians on the tame "white guanaco" of the farmers, with savage reprisals, carried to the bitterest extremity by both sides. In the south the Argentine government established at Staten Island a military penal settlement, and at Ushuala a civil convict prison. Service rendered in Tierra del Fuego still counts as double time with Argentine officials. From the Chilian town of Sandy Point—the trading center of the Magellan straits—which may be best described as the Port Said of South America—sailed schooners fitted out for fur trading with the canoe-Indians, gold washing on the mere exposed beaches to the southeast, and seal poaching round the Horn. The scourings of a continent flocked to this trade; above and with it all was the pitiless climate, keeping human vitality at its lowest ebb, and prompt to crown each mishap. Tierra del Fuego lies within the same degrees of latitude South that England does in the North; but its average temperature is 20 degrees colder; nor is it fenced and comforted by the presence of a great and peopled continent. It is but a narrow breakwater of granite rock thrust out between two oceans toward the lone world of Arctic ice. So stands today the Land of the Horn, drear and desolate for all its wild grandeur, buffeted by ever-rolling breakers, as its children are buffeted by fate, till, as the departing voyager strains the eye and the imagination to see beyond both vanish together into an unknown sea.

Improving the Capitol.

The whole country will be anxious for assurance that the proposed extension of the Capitol at Washington will not mar the happy, if not quite perfect, proportions of that building, nor rob it of any part of its imposing beauty. One recent attempt to extend a famous national edifice, though its result is defended by many competent critics, has caused widespread popular dissatisfaction.

From the architectural point of view, and indeed from the sentimental one as well, there is far more at stake in a remodeling of the Capitol than of the White House. The President's mansion is a modest, happily designed house of considerable quiet dignity. The Capitol is the nation's monumental building; grandiose in character, its outline and proportions are so excellent as to afford the liveliest satisfaction to the informed judgment, while it impresses the popular taste as probably the noblest of existing buildings.

The people of the country are anxious that the country lose nothing in an ill-conceived effort to improve it. Nevertheless, it is true that as it stands today this famous building has undergone improvements, and is what it is in consequence of them. In the course of these it has come to pass that, however numerous the merits of the fabric may be, the dome, graceful and impressive as that mighty creation is, rises from a foundation which from several points of view discloses itself as inadequate. The wings of the Capitol are members heavier than the body. The dome is well proportioned to the building as a whole; seen from the west or the east. it soars from a magnificently satisfactory base. But it is too big for the central—that is, the main or the original—building, upon which in particular it stands; viewed from an angle to the north or south, the dome may be observed almost to overhang its base.

It is this defect which the proposed improvement is designed to remedy. A joint committee of Senators and Representatives has agreed to recommend that the central building be enlarged, so that its front be flush with the front of the wings. This was the plan proposed by the architect, Walter, in 1865. In 1874 Walter recommended a much greater enlargement of the central building. In the opinion of many, his later plan threatened to subordinate the wings unduly, though since the project of enlargment has been revived some architectural authorities have insisted that the 1874 plan is the right solution. That the enlargment of the main building is demanded by architectural considerations, all agree. To expand it to the size now recommended by the committee' is at all events, a step in the right direction, one which cannot possibly do any harm, and which may prove to fulfill all the requirements of the canons of proportion.

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