

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby, dear? Out of the everywhere into the here. Where did you get those eyes so blue? Out of the sky as I came through. What makes the light in them sparkle and spin? Some of the starry splices left in. Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I got here. What makes your forehead so smooth and high? A soft hand stroked it as I went by. What makes your cheek like a warm white rose? I saw something better than any one knows. Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss? Three angels gave me at once a kiss. Where did you get this pearly ear? God spoke, and it came out to hear. Where did you get those arms and hands? Love made itself into bonds and bands. Feet, whence did you come, you darling things? From the same box as the cherub's wings. How did they all just come to be you? God thought about me, and so I grew. But how did you come to us, you dear? God thought about you, and so I am here. —By George MacDonald.

THE LAW OF THE TRIBE.

[BY REX BEACH.]

THIS is the tale of a Kanaka whaler, a whisky cask and a missionary, having to do with a bloodletting away out on the edge of things, involving white men's passions and the smoldering hate of the Eskimo, as it was told to me by a revenue man while we were steeped in laughter, music, clinking glasses and the muffled clang of Broadway trolleys.

I had bemoaned the urbanity of life, the paucity of the pastoral! What though the duck had been delicious and the salad perfect! The stale breath of the city was in my nostrils, and I railed at its refinement. So, led by my m-c-d, my friend's discourse wandered out into the distant reaches till I felt the heave of slanting decks, smelt the sea spume and heard the salt air whining through the shrouds. North and west we cruised through the smoky seas where the sea parrots scream, up toward the Diomedes, where the roar of the bull walrus drowns the beat of the surf, and there, out of the tropic blue of his Havana, he wove this story of the arctic:

At the tip of that point of land which leans farthest out and whispers across to the moss garbed hills of Siberia nestles a native village. Since the earliest days no whaling ship has passed it without pause to trade, for it is the most prosperous of all the towns from Dutch Harbor to Point Barrow. The strait teems with walrus, deer range the ridges behind, salmon choke the rivulets, and the cry of geese in the slow summer air is like a noisy burden.

One June midnight, as the yellow sun dipped shallowly below the horizon, a Hawaiian schooner anchored abreast the sand spit and was soon surrounded by the curious populace. They came off in kyaks and big skin boats, bearing many things to barter, noisy and pleased in their childlike friendliness. They had not trafficked long until the captain ordered up a cask of whisky and broached it. So it was but a short time until the sailors were in possession of the Eskimos' spoils and they in turn reeled under the drunken fumes. The schooner's master was a half breed—swart, thick and domineering. As time drew along for some reason he grew enraged at a native and struck him. That one, liquor maddened and aroused from his customary good nature, drew a knife and made at the master. Doubtless white blood would have run had not a sailor snatched a bludgeon and beaten down the Eskimo, at which his tribesmen drew together threateningly. The crew, who had likewise become inflamed, charged them with every weapon handy and swept them overboard, all but a dozen, who fought back doggedly. These, forced down the deck inch by inch, sought refuge beneath the forward deck, where they crouched, thoroughly terrified.

The sailors, drunk with victory and the blood lust, seized blubber hooks and, reaching in, dragged them out one by one. As each was brought forth they knocked in his head and threw him overboard—eleven in all. Then, glutted with the kill, their decks awash with blood, they weighed anchor and sailed away like pirates of the Spanish main. In this fashion hatred was sown at Prince of Wales.

On the sand ridge behind the town they reared eleven great whale ribs in a row, while the squaws let down their hair and rocked and wailed, and the men spoke with stony faces and bitter words.

As the years passed, whenever a child grew to understanding, his mother taught him the story of the bleaching bones and nursed the hatred in him as jealously as she did his life. Withal they were a crafty people and realized that vengeance must come cautiously, for each year there were more and more white men in the country, and back of them was a great power which they felt, but could not fully grasp. These newcomers treated them well, as a rule, and but for the memory of the whalers' treachery they would have made friends greedily. As it was, the tribe came to be known as unfriendly and inhospitable, and it was at this time that my friend sailed north out of the mists, bearing on the revenue cutter missionaries—two of them.

that he would make the Indians like him. But the other—somehow I knew he was due for trouble from the first. He was nice enough, only for his airs, and he brought his young wife with him—both of them aflame with the desire to teach the heathen.

"We anchored about a mile and a half from shore, and the 'old man' sent for all the villagers. It was the only town we had ever stopped at where they didn't hurry out of their own accord, but ever since the day of the Kanaka schooner Prince of Wales men were slow in their greeting. They came finally, and a finer lot I never saw—big, clean limbed and clothed in royal furs, but sullen—yes, very sullen—and when they saw the two white men and the woman they murmured among themselves.

"The captain knew their story—he knew everything that had to do with Alaska—and he called them together below the bridge.

"These people have come to live with you," he said. "Be good to them."

"There was considerable talk. Then one spoke up in his native tongue: "We don't want the white men and their squaw."

"They're good men," said Healy. "They'll teach you many things and cure your children when they're sick."

"We don't want the white men," said the spokesman again. "Take them away. If they stay they will be sorry. Maybe they will die. Who knows?"

"The 'old man's' eyes glowed and his voice raised a tone as he spoke. "If anything happens to them I'll blow up your village. I'll shoot your houses to pieces."

"They had never seen a cannon before and began to laugh at this.

"No," said they: "we are not children to be frightened with fools' talk. The village is too far away, and the ship can't come close to land. No; you must keep the white folks yourself."

"At that the captain made them climb the rigging, every one of them, and had me load the bow gun.

"Shoot low, lieutenant," he said. So I did. The shot struck halfway to the shore. A laugh came from aloft.

"What did we say? They glibbed. The big whale gun is no good. You can't scare us; we are men."

"Load her again," said Healy. I did, and this time the laughter was not so loud, for the ball struck close to the beach. They were unconvinced, however, and jeered us mightily till the commander said:

"Lieutenant, that big cache to the east of the village."

"Aye, aye, sir," and I sighted. "They had caught the 'old man's' tone this time and ceased to chatter. The deck was very still as I fired.

"The cache was a rude log shelter, perched high on posts and standing well out from the village. It was a good shot. The target smashed like a clay pigeon. We saw women and children scurrying out of the huts back toward the hills.

"The men came down on the deck quietly, and they were not laughing now, but more sullen faces I never saw.

"Don't shoot again," they said. "Let the white men and the squaw come ashore." And that's how we landed our missionaries."

During the next few years the revenue cutter called at the village frequently, leaving mail, provisions, etc., and it seemed that the churchmen were getting along much better than had been expected. Particularly did the Ohio boy succeed with them, for he worked earnestly and treated his charges with a tact and understanding of which the other, Mathison, seemed totally devoid. However, he was eventually sent down the coast to Port Clarence in charge of a government reindeer herd, leaving the Kentuckian and his wife at Prince of Wales.

Now, the spirit of mischief dwells as stoutly in a native child as in one of other blood; but, no matter what faults are committed, the Indian never chastises his offspring. This tender spirit of reverence is one of the most touching traits of the aborigine, and not only does he never lift a hand against his little ones, but violence from another is a deadly affront.

The children of this village did not like Mathison, and he began to feel an unrest in his school which he could not fathom. One morning he found a rude caricature of himself on the blackboard. It was most disparaging to his dignity and led to severe language. A few nights later some one threw pebbles at his house door. Again, the schoolhouse was broken open and chalk taken out. He spoke to the scholars of dire punishments, and still the thing prevailed until he grew maddened out of all proportion to the gravity of the offenses.

Had he treated them with a patient good humor the little ones would have exhausted their resources of annoyance, but they irritated him cumulatively till one day in an outburst he threatened death to any one who approached his house at night. His residence sat well up on the mountain above the village, and for some time thereafter they slept in peace. But the liberties with the schoolhouse continued, and one day, becoming frenzied, he made public announcement that should he catch any one forcing it open he would shoot him.

Some time after three little boys, wrenched with devilry, sprung the door to the place, paroling some chalk. Later as they thought of the master's threat the gravity of it smote them, and they became frightened.

"Al, we have done a very bad thing," said the littlest one, who was but eleven and lame of the left leg.

"So, but won't the master be angry?" said the second, laughing. "How he will shout in the morning!" "What will he do?" the timid one questioned.

"He will kill us," answered the third, speaking from the wisdom of his thirteen years. "He said so." Whereat the other two went a-tremble and a panic seized them.

"Yes, he will kill us," they said and wanted to run home to their mothers, but were checked by the eldest.

Now, it is not good to threaten an Indian with death. Complacent he will stand, abuse he will suffer and vituperation even, but beware of the threat, for he is serious in his mind and has no conception of a bluff. Self preservation will str within him, and like the wolf, he is quick to snap.

The oldest boy, in whom lay deepest rooted the story of the eleven whale ribs, spoke to the other.

"There is but one thing to do. We must kill him first. Come; let us do it." So they went back to the village.

It was the middle of August, and the nights were growing dark. Thus they were unnoted, particularly as most of the men were gone hunting.

The leader stole a whale gun from his father's cache, a great weapon, throwing an explosive bomb; the second sneaked from his home an old musket, relic of Russian days, with a ball half the size of his little fist, while the cripple could find only a sledgehammer.

Surely there has never been a more curious spectacle than that of the three brown children on their mission of death winding up the hill, hushed with the tragedy of the soft, sweet summer night, the mind of each aflame with the hatred of the other race, the grim tale of their slaughtered fathers and the fear of the missionary's threat urging them. First crept the young leader in the tremendous dignity of his bravado, the second barely large enough to lug the long barreled musketoon, and then the pitiful, halting boy with the withered thigh clasping the hammer to his aching chest, his hand leaving a trail in the dust like the track of an accusing finger.

They loaded their weapons, for this knack they had learned with their first speech, and as they were unable to aim with certainty they approached the door and placed the muzzles on either side of the knob. Bracing themselves, they cocked their guns. At a sign the little one raised the sledge and beat a tattoo. It awoke the two within, and the man arose. He spoke: "Who is there?"

"Now," whispered the boy with the whale gun, and the two reports boomed out into the night, rolling down to the village, and the recoil flung them into the sand. They arose, but heard nothing within save the frightened cries of the woman, and then the horror of their deed stole coldly into their veins, and they went shaking down the mountain and into their mothers' huts.

They awaited the sure alarm, but it did not come, for the white woman huddled fear stricken at the house. Across the door lay her husband's body, shot through and through with a whale bomb and a Russian slug.

As the settlement stirred in the first dawn the lame boy could stand it no longer and spoke to his mother.

"What a bad dream I had last night, mother!"

She noted shrewdly that he was frightened and that lines showed around his tired eyes other than the marks of pain that a cripple bears.

"What was it, little one?"

"I dreamed that the missionary man was dead." He trembled, but she dismissed him.

"Chut! What a dream!" and she went about her labors.

Later he spoke again, for the secret grew with its repression till it weighed down his soul, and now the old woman, her quick suspicions aroused, drew from him most of the story, all but the names of the other boys. This he refused, saying he did not know that it was all a dream.

Within five minutes the village was roused, and they found the shattered door, the stark body behind and the shuddering woman where she had raved all night in the fear that the murderers would search her out. Then the wrath of the men rose, while the squaws wailed and rocked and threw sand in their hair.

"Who did this?"

Back to the village they were led by the old squaw till they found the two older boys, but the lame one had fled.

When questioned they denied their part stoutly, although the men saw signs which caused them to doubt.

"Come with us to the dead man and swear that you are innocent," said one, and the boys agreed. They moved down the beach together, but the certainty grew in the minds of the men that these children were the ones.

The Chukoot, or medicine man, began to chant and cry out as they went, working himself into a frenzy. He told them that they must come with him to the naked body and kneel beside it, where they must take off their shirts and repeat their oaths with hands upon the wounds. At this the little shavers grew pale, and the smallest one began to cry.

"Not the shirt," he whimpered. "Don't make us take off our shirts." And at this the men looked at each other sadly and fell behind so that the boys were ahead. They had flinched at the ordeal. They could not endure that most terrible oath wherein the shirt is removed, and their guilt was patent to these keen men. They spoke gutturally among themselves; then, without further warning, their rifles rang, and the little bodies pitched forward on the beach.

Two hunters bore them to the door of Mathison's house, followed by the grim braves, and tears raced down many a wrinkled visage at the sight, for the children had been blood of their blood, and he whom they had avenged had been hated by them all, but justice of the Spartan type reigns among these hardy people. Moreover, in the past years they had grown to respect the grizzled man who rules this great realm from the bridge of the white revenue ship and who stood in their eyes for the grim, unyielding image of the law and for the vengeance of the other race.

They dug a grave before the widow's door and placed therein the two bodies; then the chief went in and spoke to her.

"Come forth and look. We have killed our own sons that your blood might be avenged."

They took her away from the place and down the coast to Port Clarence to her husband's friend, but further than that they did nothing save to lock up the house and leave things as they were, for they felt that the news would travel by the mystic channels of desolate lands and that the revenue cutter would glide around the point and soon they would have to face the wrath of the white men and, worse, the accusing eyes of the old man whose voice in anger shook every native from Akutan upward.

"How we first heard the news I don't know," said the lieutenant, "for we were away up in the Kotzebue country, and it was vague, but we steamed south full speed and anchored abreast of the town less than a week after the tragedy."

"As on our first trip, no canoes put off to meet us, and a deadly silence was over the place. The gaunt hills leaned forward, listening; the birds seemed hushed, and not a soul showed till I landed in the gig. It was not long till I had the whole story, and I called a meeting of the men, saying that the captain would be there to hear them. Then I went back and told Healy."

"It was a strange sight that August night—the glaring light on the gaunt, bronzed faces that stared so moodily at us, the agony of the parents, whose thoughts were in the grave on the mountain side, the overhanging velvet hills rearing up to the starry sky. The dignity and the ceremony of it are fresh with me yet, for here at last was the fruit of that forgotten orgy on the whaler's deck; here the law of the Eskimo met the steel of the white man's rule."

"The plaint of a distant squaw floated to us on the air, thick with the strange odors of a wild people and a wilder land, and then the oldest chief arose and spoke.

"This was a solemn time, he said, and every soul felt that it marked an epoch in the history of the tribe. They were cold with sorrow for their children and sick with dread of what the future held—fearful of the wrath of the whites.

"He went back and told the story of the great crime so adroitly that I felt the hot, impotent rage of his people in my veins, felt the hatred flare in me as it had flared in them when the Kanaka sailed reeking away. He pointed to the ghostly whale ribs, lighted by the fire, and told how his people had refused to welcome the missionaries, but how they had been forced upon them; how the one grew to be loved and taught them of the white man's God and laws and then went away; how the other had stayed and become hated; of how he abused their children and how they said nothing. Then he described the deed of the three boys, and the pathos in his deep voice as he told of the tribe's quick vengeance caused my throat to ache and the fire to blur before me. What more did we want? We had spoiled their faith in their old gods, we had murdered their men, we had forced a creed upon them whose teachers they did not want, and yet for the death of one of these they had wreaked vengeance on their own offspring. Two they had killed, and although the other had escaped, they would offer him as a sacrifice also. Surely that was enough!"

"When he had done our 'old man' stood up. Ah, there was a man for you! I'd have broken down or bungled matters wretchedly, even though I realized that on my words leaned the faith and loyalty of a people. I knew dimly that when he sat down either the Prince of Wales men would be the loyal Americans, warmed and cheered by the sympathy of the whites, or sullen renegades, imbittered by the blood of their people.

"He talked as a mother does to her children till the men shifted their skin

boots and hung their heads so that the light might not glisten on their cheeks.

"Squaws crept up and encircled us, their mottled reindeer parkas weird and ghostlike in the darkness. With them there was no dignity in stoicism, and they wept quietly, and yet, through it all the master was as firm as a rock, for the dignity of the law was in his hands.

"All I ask is the other boy," he concluded. "Bring him to me, for he must answer to the white man."

"At this there was a murmur. "What will you do with him?" questioned the chief, and I saw that they were afraid we would torture him. When it was explained that he would be detained perhaps, but one so young could not merit death under the white man's rule, an old hunter spoke:

"No! That is not a good law. We are brothers to the white man, and the boy must answer to our law. Let the guilty ones die. Leave this one to us, and we will punish him."

"Remember, he is only a little one," said Healy, and now he was pleading in his turn. "Give him to me." But the hunter shook his head doggedly, and the others murmured acquiescence.

"He must die," he said and patted the stock of his rifle. "When you return next the stain will be gone."

My friend reit his cigar and, eying it speculatively, went on in slow words:

"Sometimes I picture a halting, half starved Indian lad wandering there all alone among mossy, barren hills, an exile from his home, an outlaw, hunt-

ing shadows.

When you return next the stain will be gone."



When you return next the stain will be gone."

ed and harried where he should have been rocked in his mother's arms. Tears of hunger streak his weakened little face, grown pinched and old and gray, while his hands are bleeding where he has dug for roots. The stain of berry juice is on his teeth. He shivers weakly as the raw wind searches through his rags. Each night, creeping to the mountain crest, he lies there on the sharp stones and hears the faint sounds of the village, straining his tired eyes through the dusk toward the place where he knows his mother sits.

"But Lord! Think of the gray man who took his loaded rifle and went out into the bleak mists to save the law of his fathers and the honor of his house! Think of his returning silently, with only the deepened seams of his face hinting of what he'd done!"

The gong of the Broadway electric brought me back out of the north. The lust for the elemental was spent within me; the breath of the great city was sweet again in my nostrils.

"I don't care to think of it," said I and shuddered.

"And he was the boy's father," said my friend.

Concord Was Selected After Fifty Years of Controversy.

The name of Concord, N. H., was given to the town after a controversy which lasted fifty years. In 1725 the land now within its bounds was granted to the colonists under the name of Peacock by the colony of Massachusetts. This claim was disputed by the colony of New Hampshire, which two years later granted this same land to the township of Bow. 1733 Massachusetts incorporated Peacock into a township named Rumford, and for more than forty years a fierce legal controversy was carried on. No agreement could be reached, and the matter was taken to the authorities in England, but even then there was no satisfactory nor permanent settlement.

In the face of an evident leaning toward the claims of Bow, both in England and in America, the little band of colonists in Rumford fought on valiantly, and in 1765 an act of incorporation was granted to the inhabitants of Rumford. This was still highly unsatisfactory because it only made them a parish in the town of Bow.

The controversy continued until 1774, when it was finally settled and an independent town was formed under the name of Concord. It was due to the devotion of the little band of settlers to their cause and the unity which existed among them that the independent incorporation of the town was finally obtained, and it was eminently fitting that the concord which existed between them during the struggle of nearly fifty years should be memorialized in their town's name.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Gentleness is far more successful in all its ends, terrify than violence—indeed, violence generally frustrates its own purpose, while gentleness scarcely ever fails.—Locke.

Shadow Parties.—Quick and easy to arrange for evening entertainments and parties are shadow plays. They require for their production only a stretched wet sheet, a lamp with a reflector, some paper, thread, the darkness, a little ingenuity, and a play.

The best shadow play I know is "The Ballad of Benjamin and Mary Jane" in an 1877 "St. Nicholas" magazine, but any narrative poem, or song, or story, in monologue can be used. Some of Lewis Carroll's, Will Irwin's or Gelett Burgess's poems would make admirable shadow plays. Another good plan is to condense and burlesque some popular fiction with the audience would be familiar with—or, better still, put it in rhyme, interspersing local hits.

Weird or beautiful scenic effects can be made with cut paper pinned to the sheet, a tree, window, fence, e. c. Marguerite's spinning wheel need be only a cut of newspaper, while birds, flying machines, the sun, moon, cut out of pasteboard, can be worked from the side on stout linen threads running through rings or stout safety pins at the top of the sheet; and pastebord ships, wagons, and animals fastened to sticks can be made to come and go, their size decreasing with the distance from the light, which is usually placed from six to eight feet from the sheet. The actors should pose and gesticulate slowly, and the tableau can be made to glide off the sheet by moving the lamp to one side.

ZOB G. WILLIAMS.

Guessing Shadows.—The company has divided into "sides" to guess shadow pictures. The children of the party were posed with spectacles and with different styles of headgear, some of it only folded newspapers. A tongue thrust out at intervals or a nose wrinkled, or a yawn, added to the fun, and some of the mothers failed to recognize their own children.

Girls wore boys' coats and hats, with hair and bows tucked under, and boys with girls' fixings lost their identity entirely. Little Miss Muffit fell off her tuffet at a paper spider, and a mock fight was engaged in which two boys seemingly ran each other through with improvised rapiers. Everyone had a good time with little trouble and expense.

MRS. M. W. SPAULDING.

A Rag-Rug Party.—In our town crocheting rag rugs has become such a fad that one clever woman, alert for new methods of entertaining, gave her friends a "Rag-Rug Party."

Her invitation read as follows:

Will you in good old-fashioned way, Come Tuesday next to spend the day? A ball of cotton rags please bring, Cut from some old, discarded thing. A crochet hook and scissors, too, You'll need a "Memory Rug" to do, Be sure to have an apron big, And come right early to the "jig."

Eager with anticipation, on the appointed day the guests arrived promptly, each with her "ball" tucked snugly away in her workbag.

Upon the floor were scattered for inspection many completed rugs, some made by the hostess, and a number borrowed.

There was a quaint "pumpkin" rug, made largely of tan stockings cut spirally; the old watermelon rug, with seeds intact; the "hit or miss" rug; rugs rectangular, round, elliptical, in fact ample variety from which to model a new rug.

Each guest, in turn, crocheted up ball—or allotted rugs, as the case might be—then passed the rug on to the next, who began where the last one left off. The enthusiastic workers were interrupted in due time for luncheon, which proved quite as unique as the entertainment.

Old-fashioned dishes were in evidence and the menu was prepared from old-time recipes. In the center of the table was an exquisite miniature rug crocheted of very narrow strips of delicate shades of silk.

The dainty place cards were rugs (or parts of rugs) cut from advertisements in the magazines, and mounted artistically on pale yellow cardboard. A rubber thimble in a tiny sweet grass basket was the souvenir at each place. The baskets were wrapped about with silk rag strips till they simulated balls, so that a delightful surprise awaited the unwinding of the balls.

After luncheon, work on the rug was resumed, and before leaving it became a tangible reality. Conversation was supplemented with music and readings.

The memory rug when finished was spread upon the floor and given place of honor. Among its meshes were bits from dresses admired long years before, strips of an apron with a history, pieces from a one-time handsome chintz coverlet, parts of dainty paint curtains from the home of an old friend—all reminding the hostess of many delightful days of the past.

SARA B. BILINGS.

A Lemon Social.—The invitations were cut in the form of lemons from yellow water-color paper. The first game was lemon seed guessing contest: The guests, upon forming for a grand march, were slowly led past a bottle containing lemon seeds and requested to guess the correct number at a glance. The prizes were a box of lemon drops and a bottle of lemon extract.

The two prize-winners were then requested to choose sides for a game entitled, Hand Me a Lemon. When all were lined up, each one took hold of the next person's wrist, the game being to hand six lemons up and down each line in the quickest possible time without releasing hold of each other's wrist. The winning side was given a large lemon pie, to be equally divided, and the losers received a tiny pie.

Lemon races were the next feature, which were carried out on the same plan as potato races, except that the contestants were blindfolded. The evening closed with refreshments of lemonade, lemon pie, lemon cake, and lemon wafers.—Ladies Home Companion.

Quaint little needlecases were made by an ingenious girl as souvenirs for the members of an embroidery club.