

WISHING.
Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions, keep
them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let
your thoughts be clean and high,
You can make a little Eden of the
sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start.
By accumulating wisdom in the scrap-
book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live
to learn and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happier?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as
you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be
ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
shelters armies from the sun.
—Woman's Life.

Brother Friends.

"See, brother-friend, what a fine pony I have!"
Yellow Sun had ridden at a gallop across the prairie to where a group of lads were playing at hoop and sticks. The rider addressed White Hawk who had been looking on, absorbed in the game. This tall youth turned to greet the newcomer.

"Why, so you have, other brother!" he said. He examined the prancing, spotted pony with a young Indian's keen interest and delight in horses. "My father just now gave me this pony. He says it is time for me to go to the hunt," said Yellow Sun, proudly. "He bought this fine horse of my uncle at Ponca Creek. Now see him make the antelope ashamed."

He wheeled and dashed across the prairie, his mount going with the rush of a frightened deer. He cut a beautiful circle and returned.
"Alas," said White Hawk, "my father is too poor to give me a pony. He has only his riding pony and one old Pawnee travois horse."

Yellow Sun's elation vanished. His face fell. These Ogallala youths had been brother-friends since they had blinked at each other from their cradles. They had shared all their things in common. Each had taken delight in giving to the other his most cherished possession.
Yellow Sun hesitated but an instant; then he leaped from the pony's back and thrust its lariet into the hands of his friend.

"Take this horse, brother; it is yours," he said. "I did not intend to keep this one. Doubtless my relatives will give me another."
White Hawk's delight was fine to see. "How—how—how," he said. It seemed that he could say nothing else. Then, in a daze of joy, he leaped upon the pony's back and rode away to try the animal's speed.

Soon all the people in the village knew of this gift. Nearly all of them said that Yellow Sun was a most generous young man to give away his first pony, and just as the buffaloes were beginning to come. The lad's father and mother, however, said nothing.

Some days afterward a herd of buffaloes was seen by the village scout, and when he came in crying his report, all the hunters went scurrying after their horses. Everybody who had a horse and could bear arms rode away to the hunt.

In this excitement Yellow Sun, who had failed to receive another pony, was left behind. His grief and disappointment were so great that he went away from the village and hid himself during the day.

When he returned to the teepee at night he found his parents looking very sober. They said nothing for a long time; then his mother spoke. "White Hawk has killed a buffalo," she said, "and his people have meat. Your father had had luck and we have nothing, except what is given to us."

This quite broke the boy's heart. His brother-friend, riding the new pony, had gone to the hunt without thought of him. And now to be reprieved for his own generous act was more than he could bear.

That night he secretly gathered his clothing and weapons and stole away from the village. Two years before the Ogallalas had followed an old buffalo trail far to the southwest, where they had spent the winter, hunting with a friendly tribe.

Yellow Sun took this old trail, determined to go to the Cheyennes and stay among them until he had become a hunter and warrior. He tramped on resolutely day and night stopping only to sleep and to kill small game or dig roots for his eating. His barbaric young heart was steeled by the desertion of his brother-friend.

He had travelled this way for ten days or more. Then, one day, as he lay hidden among some sage-bushes, he was awakened by the beat of a horse's hoof. He peered from cover in alarm, but was astonished to see no one more formidable than White Hawk, his brother-friend, astride of the gift pony, and jogging along the trail, evidently in search of himself.

He rose with a joyful shout, all his grievance forgotten, and the brother-friend, in turn, rode at him, whooping with delight.
"How—how!" shouted White Hawk. "I thought indeed I should never find you. I made a great circle hunting for

your trail. Come, let us now go homeward."

Without more ado they turned back, perfectly understanding each other. White Hawk did not need to say that he had gone to the buffalo hunt in a whirl of excitement, and supposing that his friend was also furnished with a pony.

The two travelled northward lest suddenly. They took turns in riding, stopping to hunt or to rest as they were hungry or sleepy. They came to the North Platte River, and crossed at a ford. On the north of this river they were both riding upon a rolling prairie one afternoon, when three horsemen appeared upon a hill.

The strangers were Indians, who halted and took careful observation of the travellers. After some minutes during which the youths went forward trying to appear unconcerned, the three put the quirt to their ponies and came on at a gallop. By their long lances, their dress and their manner of riding, the Sioux lads knew that the strangers were Pawnees, and that they were at that instant riding to attack.

White Hawk, who was riding behind, at once leaped from his pony. "Do you ride on, brother-friend," he said. "Go very quickly and escape! I shall contend with these people."

While they stood, each urging the other to escape, the Pawnees came on swiftly. They had recognized the lads as Dakotas, and they raised a war-cry. Neither of the brother-friends would leave the other to his fate. They could not hope to escape, riding double; so they crouched behind their pony and fitted arrows to their bows.

Although they were but lads of sixteen or seventeen, they realized fully their situation. They believed themselves about to perish, and lost all sense of fear in a fierce desire to inflict injury on the enemy.

The Pawnees had been quick to discover that they had to contend with very young warriors—mere boys, as it appeared—and they charged with reckless assurance. They refrained from shooting at the Sioux pony, for they wished to capture the animal.

To avoid injury to the horse and to obtain a cross-fire the Pawnees separated, two passing round on one side and one on the other.

"Do not shoot yet," said Yellow Sun. "Pretend to be afraid, and when they are very close let us shoot two of the dogs."

So they shrewdly withheld their arrows and crouched low upon the ground, as if cowering in fear. The Pawnees came into full view and hooted in derision. They halted their horses for a moment, crying to the Dakotas if they were indeed men to get up and fight. Then, seeing the youths shrink, apparently in abject terror, they raised their lances and charged them.

The Pawnees had come within a dozen leaps when the Sioux boys sprang to their feet with taut strung bows. Their own war cries were now launched in the shrill, disconcerting yell of the Ogallalas.

The Pawnee ponies, thus suddenly confronted, reared and plunged, and the lances their riders hurried went wide of the mark. Good fortune attended upon good judgment in this fight, and the two foremost Pawnees at the distance of half a dozen steps were stricken out of their saddles by the Sioux arrows. The third wheeled his pony and rode rapidly away.

Then, as the young Sioux, wildly elated, shot their arrows after the runner, they saw upon a distant rise a large party of mounted Pawnees. The three whom they had fought had been the advance scouts of this big war party.

Already Yellow Sun had trodden upon a dragging horsehair rope and halted one of the ridersless ponies. The lads now seized upon the lances and shields of the fallen Pawnees, and as a further trophy, each snatched from a shaven pole its gaudy headdress. Within the minute both were mounted and riding at speed.

As they cast backward glances they saw a string of frantic riders—forty—fifty or more—winding over the hills like the coils of a huge, swift and angry snake. The head of that serpentine line, however, was gaining upon the tail. Soon it became evident that the foremost Pawnees were mounted upon swifter horses than the ones which Yellow Sun was riding.

Again Yellow Sun called to White Hawk, urging him to ride on at full speed and escape.

"You have as good a horse as any one!" he shouted. "Ride faster! Tell the Ogallalas I was not afraid to fight!"

White Hawk was holding in his pony and hugging the flank of the Pawnee horse.

"Not so!" he cried. "Give me your blanket roll, brother, and cut away your saddle. We shall outride them till night comes!"

Yellow Sun obeyed, but had no hope. Each backward glance revealed the desperate nature of the chase. White Hawk now held his pony, straining at the bit, well in the rear, and pricked the Pawnee on with the point of his lance.

In this manner they kept a lead still some bowshots in advance after several miles of running. Yet the sun was an hour high and the foremost of the long, winding line of pursuers were drawing steadily, surely nearer. On the still autumn air and above the beat of hoofs, the Sioux boys could hear the sharp, explosive cries, "Huh! Hiee! Howa! Huh!" and the cracking strokes of the quirts.

When it appeared that all would be over with them quickly, the Sioux suddenly dropped from a level stretch in to a narrow, flat valley, where a night fog, low and dense, had arisen.

Here was the bare chance of escape. The boys heard the enemy yelling and looking back, saw them spread fanlike upon the bluff behind. Whether they fled up or down, they knew the Pawnees would sweep this valley, dividing their forces without an instant's delay.

The two plunged into the fog, calling to each other to know what would be best to do. It was Yellow Sun who decided.

Halfway across the valley they turned up the stream, then flung themselves off their ponies. To don the Pawnee headresses and to cinch a blanket upon the Sioux pony, covering its spotted sides, was the work of a few seconds.

Then, with the clatter of hoofs in their ears, the two mounted, and with trailing lances, galloped forward. Each leaned low upon his horse's neck as if searching for a trail. Soon they heard the clatter and the sharp yells of riders on all sides, and two or three figures, dimly outlined in the fog, appeared, riding on either hand.

To these near-at-hand enemies the brother-friends paid not the slightest heed. They rode forward imitating their yells and warping cries, but imperceptibly falling to the rear until all the pursuers had passed; and when the last beat of hoof had died away they halted and grinned at each other.

In the fog they wandered, evading straggling hunters, until midnight. Then, with infinite caution, they made their way out of the valley and rode homeward. They arrived at the Ogallala village in safety, and were welcomed with the acclaim which always greeted the return of the successful warrior or hunter in the old days. Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Comic Test Exercise in Dictation for the Stenographer.

The following is prescribed as a test exercise in dictation for a new stenographer:

The wind blew, so Miss Ballou carefully planned on her hat with the blue bow, and at a leisurely gait went out to meet her beau, whom she greeted with a cool bow as he stood under the bough of the old apple tree at the gate. At their last meeting they had quarreled over a garban and had quite a row. She wanted some rows of treis preferably rose tree. He differed with her, and she finally told him a row of shad rows would perhaps be more to his taste.

"Lou," she said, "in lieu of the apology which is my just due, for you do owe me one, you certainly know—"

"Oh, no!" he said.

"You may take me for an hour or so in our boat," she serenely continued, "until the dew falls. It has been sew, all day, and I am so tired I would be willing to sue to a Sioux Indian for a row. Why, I am willing to ask you."

"I think your manners a trifle askew," he said, "but never mind. We will go for a sail." Then he spoke of the sale of a tract where they had mined for coal and for lead. "That led me to think I was on the track of a really good piece of land, and I simply gave my friend no peace, for I sought in every sort of way possible to secure it, but in vain."

He spoke in this vein for some little time, and as she saw he felt sore, for quite a while she tried every little while she knew to divert his mind to a new subject, without avail. She said this world was a vale of tears, while she was wearing a veil full of tears where it had caught on her hat pin but she courted his usual reproach for a pun in vain. However, she finally won him to happier thoughts by one silly little rhyme about the hoar frost and the rime in the winter. He was interested when she proposed going to the Aquarium to see a sea-lion, a seal and a sea-eel, which she had read of lately. Then a red bird flew by. They saw a gull reach deep down after a fish, and then watched him soar far up into the blue. She said the first was probably a feathered diva, while the latter was a plain, ordinary, workaday diver, who dived for his living. Divers suggestions of his that gulls are not divers she said were merely details.

Just then a houseboat that looked like an ark approached in an arc that threatened pretty close quarters. They dared wait no longer, but started at once, for their weight made the boat sink low in the water, and lo! another glance showed the big one fearfully near. They made for the shore, and the maid jumped ashore, and amid cheers from several boats' crews, they ended their cruise.

She said: "I have escaped being the prey of the hungry waters, but pray take me no more. When we will go higher up the river, we will hire a tug."—C. O. L., in Life.

The Foolish Virgins.

Bishop Potter is amusing his friends with an account of a recent visit he paid to a Sunday school class presided over by a staid young clergyman. The Bishop was asked to question the children so that he might be edified by their knowledge of matters Biblical. As a starter he said to a little girl whose face beamed with intelligence, "Who were the foolish virgins, my dear?" "Them as didn't get married," was the prompt and emphatic answer.—Kansas City Journal.

The number of marriages in the German empire in 1902 was 457,208 in 94,783 (or 20.7 per cent.) of these cases the women were older than the men.

ST. LOUIS "HAS THE GOODS."

NEW YORK WRITER FINDS WORLD'S FAIR BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Addison Steele, After a Week at the Exposition, Expresses Amazement at Many Features—St. Louis Cool and Prices Reasonable.

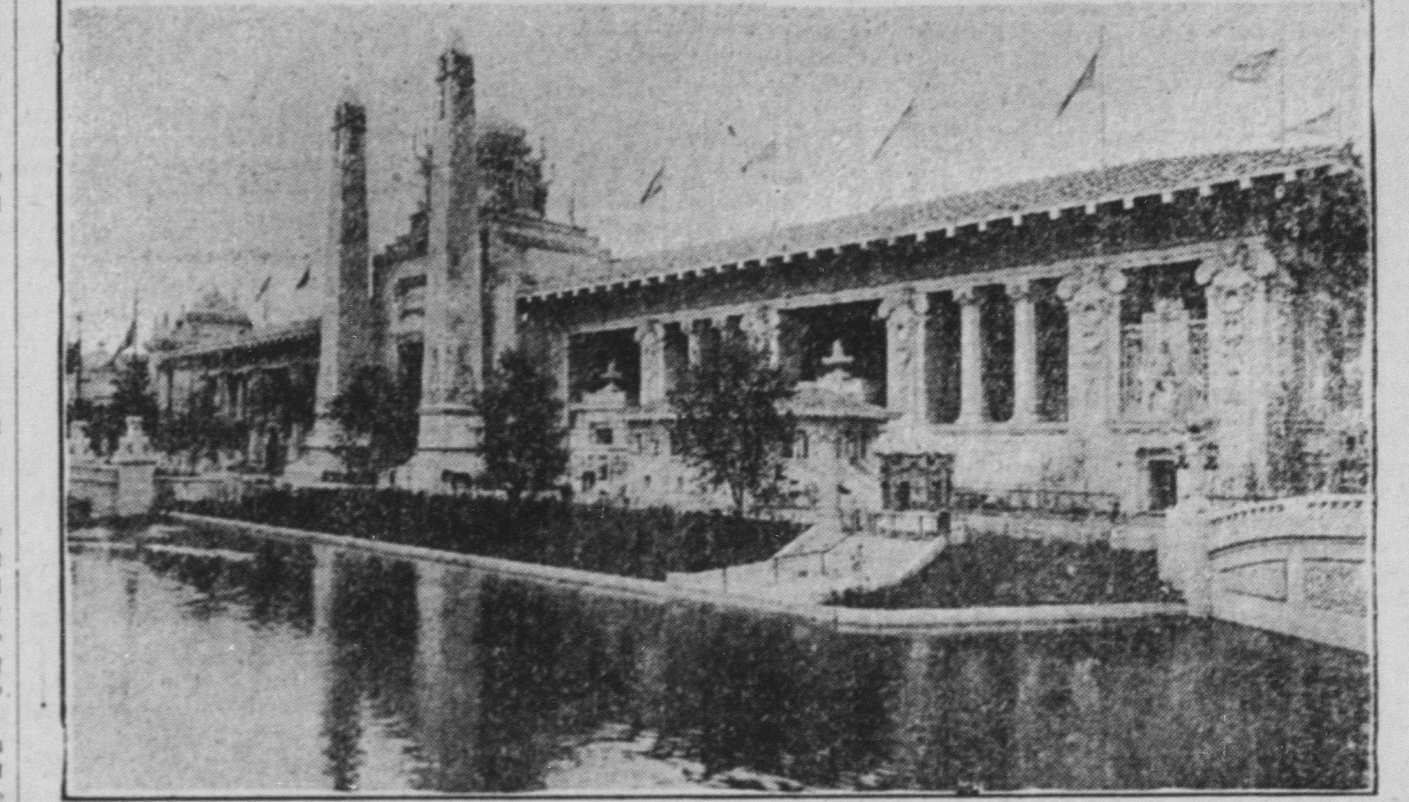
R. ADDISON STEELE, a well-known newspaper and magazine writer, of New York, recently spent a week at the World's Fair. Returning home, he wrote the following appreciative account of his impressions for Brooklyn Life, which should convince any reader that it is worth his while to see this greatest of expositions:
In the expressive language of the day, St. Louis "has the goods." I had expected much of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for I had kept in touch with the making of it from its very inception, five years ago, but after nearly a week of journeying through this new wonderland I must confess that in every essential particular it is far beyond my expectations. The biggest and best it was meant to be and the biggest and best it is. The exposition, rumors notwithstanding, is quite finished.

Those who imagine that the Columbian Exposition remains the last word in the way of a world's fair should remember

the crowning feature is the great Louisiana Purchase Monument—and across the Grand Basin to the Cascade Gardens. On the right are the Varied Industries and Electricity buildings and on the left the Manufacture and Education, these—with Transportation and Machinery still further to the right and Liberal Arts and Mines beyond at the left—making up the body of the fair. For its handle the fair has the Cascade Gardens—rising in a grand terrace to a height of sixty-five feet above the floor level, of the buildings mentioned and crowned by the great Festival Hall, the Terrace of States and the East and West Pavilions—and the Fine Arts building directly behind.

In the architecture of the group there is no uniformity of style. The very liberal use of great columns gives the four buildings fronting on the Plaza and Basin a certain architectural kinship, but the Mines building, with its two huge obelisks and somewhat Egyptian aspect; the much-turreted and befringed Machinery building; the highly ornate Transportation building, with its gigantic arches and pylons, and

eight nations would alone form an exposition worth the journey from New York to St. Louis. Germany's building, Das Deutsche Haus, is a reproduction of Charlottenburg Schloss, 450 feet long and finely located on an eminence overlooking Cascade Gardens. The interior as well as the exterior is a faithful reproduction of the palace; Gobelin tapestries, the old Charlottenburg furniture and the Kaiser's wedding silver having been brought over for the superb apartments. Nearly a mile to the westward France has reproduced, at a cost of half a million dollars, the Grand Trianon, the building and great garden covering fifteen acres. Great Britain has a copy of the banquet hall of Kensington Palace; Japan, the Shishinden Palace, one of several buildings in a characteristic park, and China, the country seat of Prince Pu Lun. Italy has a superb Graeco-Roman temple, Austria an architectural glorification of Moderne Kunst, and Belgium a magnificent structure from an original design. Lesser reproductions of note are the tomb of Etnad-Dowah, by East India, and the new Bangkok temple, by Siam.



PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY.

that eleven years have rolled by since Chicago invited all the nations of the earth to come within her gates. These having been years of remarkable progress the mere fact that the French Ionic style of the buildings of Cascade Gardens. Twelve handsome bridges across the waterways, which form a figure eight by running from the Grand Basin around the Electricity and Education buildings, further contribute to the architectural splendor of the scene.

Rows of fine, large maples set off the buildings in the main vista, adding immeasurably to the beauty of the picture and furnishing one of the many demonstrations of the superiority of this exposition in the matter of landscape gardening. There are also many trees to set off the other buildings of the group, shrubbery and small trees have been used in profusion around the entrances and the bridges and there are handsome sunken gardens in two places. The landscape treatment of Cascade Hill is similarly fine.

The Philippine section covers no less than forty-seven acres, has 100 buildings and some 75,000 catalogued exhibits, and represents an outlay of over a million dollars. A week could easily be spent there to advantage. Entrance to the section is free, but twenty-five cents is charged to go into each of the four native villages, which are intensely interesting. The villages run along Arrowhead Lake, and the inhabitants all have some way of entertaining their visitors. The Igorrites, who wear as little clothing as the law of even savage lands allow; Bontocs, Tingianes and Suyoos are in one village; the lake-dwelling Moros and Bogobos in another; the black Negritos in the third and the civilized Visayans, who have a Catholic Church and a theatre, in the fourth. As a matter of education this great encampment of the "little brown men" is one thing that no American can afford to miss.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

M. Max Regis Wore Golden Handcuffs For Years.

It will be remembered, says the Westminster Gazette, that some years ago M. Max Regis was presented by a group of lady admirers with a pair of golden handcuffs, in commemoration of his arrest and imprisonment in the great cause of Nationalism. The Anti-Semite swore that he would wear the manacles as souvenir bracelets for the remainder of his life. For some time he kept his promise, and then it was observed that he had abandoned his decorative fetters. Why? Was it infidelity to the cause, or what? People wondered, and could get no satisfactory answer, until a few days ago there was a public sale of unredeemed pledges from the Mont de Piete. The golden handcuffs (weighing forty-five grammes) were included in the catalogue, M. Regis having deposited them with "ma tante" to relieve a temporary indigence, and having neglected to recover them. To complete the irony of the situation, they were purchased by a Hebrew, who now wears them in the streets of Algiers and exhibits them to all his friends.

Dr. Hale an L.L.D.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is now an L.L.D. of Williams College, from which his father graduated just 100 years ago. The doctor read an extract from his parent's graduating address, which dwelt with the question "Has There Been a Progressive Improvement in Society in the Last Fifty Years?" Dr. Hale jocosely remarked that a century ago the boys appeared to be wrestling with the same problems as are now discussed.

ONE HUNDRED FOR AN EGG.

An Indian Game Fowl That is Very Valuable.

Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but this is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game hen, which was brought to England some time ago.

For centuries the Indian game, or Azeel fowls, have been the very apex of the game breed, for the pureness of blood and pedigree have been most carefully preserved for so long that the date of the origin of the race has been lost in the past.

It is almost impossible to procure specimens of the purest blood, for they are treasured by the Indian sportsman at the highest value.

As game fowls they are great fighters. Those who have seen them in India—or for the finest birds never reach our colder climates—tell of their prowess and ungovernable tenacity in battle. With them it is always victory or death.

In America, however, the game fowls are seldom raised for fighting purposes, but for show, and as pets and hobbies of poultry fanciers.—Country Life in America.

THE SILENCE OF BUTTERFLIES.

This Insect Represents a Truly Silent World.

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations, in their long and sordid caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis, or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their love making, their parentage and their death. Nor does it lie in the fact that we do not yet certainly know whether they have in the caterpillar shape the faculty of sight or not, and do not even know the precise use of their most conspicuous organ in maturity, the antennae. Nor does it consist in this—that they of all created things have furnished man with the symbol of his own immortality. It rather lies in the fact that, with all their varied life and activity, they represent an absolutely silent world. * * * All the vast array of modern knowledge has found no butterfly which murmurs with an audible voice and only a few species which can even audibly click or rustle with their wings.—T. W. Higginson, in Atlantic.

The Playwright's Complaint.

A popular author, who has lately turned to play writing, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions. Not long ago, thinking to get some useful pointers from the current drama, he made an observation tour of the theatres.

"Well," he remarked to a friend at the end of the evening, "I seem to be the only man alive who can't get a poor play put on."—Harper's Weekly. —Argonaut.