A CUP OF COLD WATER

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

PART I.

It was on a drowsy afternoon, a long time ago, that little Dorothy Mayfield sat in the door of her home playing with her doll.

Beyond the child through the open door could be seen the mother at her spinning wheel, humming a hymn that was as soothing as a lullaby.

"I must have a drink," suddenly said the little one, as if the sensation of thirst had just made itself manifest. "Now, Dorothy, you will have to stay right here till I come back; I won't be gone long, and you must be real good."

With this she set her doll on the step, with her back against the jamb, in order that she might maintain a genteel position during her own's absence, and away the young mistress ran down the winding path to the spring, only a few rods off at the rear of the house.

Dorothy ran every step of the way, because she couldn't help it, and, pausing in front of the crystalline spring of icy coldness, she took a brown gourd from its resting place on a projecting ledge of stone, and, stooping down, dipped it into the water. Then she held it to her lips, while its dripping coolness moistened the corners of her mouth and the tip of her pug nose. Two or three swallows were sufficient, and, with a sigh of enjoyment, she laid down the vessel and was about to whirl round and dash back to the house, when she was abruptly checked by the appearance of an Indian warrior, who came from among the undergrowth, walking as silently as a shadow.

He was of medium height, rather good looking for one of his race, his long black hair hanging loosely about his shoulders, while two or three gaudily stained eagle feathers projected from the crown. His countenance was not disfigured by the hideous paint which his people use when they go upon the warpath. He wore the simple huting shirt, leggings and beaded moccasins common among the New England Indians two centuries ago. The buckhorn handle of a knife thrust into his girdle at the waist showed and he grasped the barrel of a long, old-fashioned flintlock rifle, whose stock rested on the ground at his feet.

"What do you want?" fearlessly asked Dorothy Mayfield, after the blue eyes had looked for a moment straight into the black orbs of the redskin.

"Drink water," replied the Indian in fairly good English.

Once more, snatching up the gourd, the girl dipped it into the spring and held the dripping vessel toward her dusky guest. The immobile face never changed as he reached out the free hand, took the gourd and held it to his lips.

That he was thirsty was quickly shown, for he steadily drank, gradually raising the vessel and throwing his head back, while the astonished Dorothy watched the "Adam's apple" in his throat as it bobbed up and down, until not a teaspoonful of water was left in the gourd.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "I guess you haven't had a drink since you were a little boy; you don't want any more, do you?"

"No," replied the Indian, with a shake of his head as he returned the gourd, sat down on the ground and drew the back of his hand across his moist lips.

"Dear me! Haven't you got any handkerchief?" asked the little one, turning up her nose in disgust. The Indian was somewhat mystified over the name of the article, but all became clear when the little miss whipped out a piece of spotless linen from the pocket of her dress, and, stepping forward, carefully wiped away the moisture that remained. Then she noticed several beads of perspiration on the Indian's forehead—for the day was sultry, and he had traveled far—and she soothingly removed them.

"There," she remarked, retreating a step and viewing her work with satisfaction, "now you look like somebody."

It is not often that a member of the Indian race betrays the emotion of mirth; but as this one looked at the little miss and understood her words his mouth moved until his even white teeth shone between coppery lips.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Dorothy—that's the name of my doll, too."

"Live dere?" continued the warrior, pointing a finger toward the log dwelling, which showed among the leafy limbs of the trees.

"Of course I do. Where do you live?"

He turned half round, as he sat on the ground, and pointed behind him.

"Off dere, good way. Little girl can't walk."

"Yes, I can, if I wanted to, but I don't want to. Have you got any little girl like me?"

Again the dark face was lit by a smile and the head nodded without speaking.

"Won't you bring her to see me some time?"

"Mebbe," was the non-committal reply.

"You mustn't forget it. I'll look for her every day and will feel bad if you don't bring her to see me."

"What fader's name?" asked the Indian, who had hardly removed his piercing eyes from the face of the chattering miss.

"Why, his name is my father. How simple you are!"

There was a glow of real mirth in the countenance of the red man at this scornful reply of the little girl, and in a voice of wonderful gentleness he added:

"He fader have oder name."

"Oh, why didn't you say what you meant? He is Mr. Mayfield. Do you know him?"

A silent shake of the head was the response.

"Sometimes Indians come to our house. If they are hungry we give them something to eat. Are you hungry? 'Cause if you are it will soon be supper time, and if you will go with me you can have all you want and stay at the house till morning."

"No hungry—go back in woods."

It suddenly dawned on Dorothy that it was her turn to laugh, and she did so right heartily.

"I know why you can't eat any supper. It's 'cause you drank so much water that you can't hold another mouthful."

The conversation might have lasted a long time, for the Indian acted as if he were interested in the chatter of the little one, whose questions and observations came so fast that little opportunity was given him to do more than answer questions, some of which were of a most puzzling character.

Suddenly the voice of the mother was heard. The prolonged absence of the child had caused disquiet on the part of the parent, and she was calling to her.

"That's my mother," exclaimed the little one by way of explanation. "I shall have to go now. Goodby!"

She was off like a flash of sunshine, but had taken only a few steps when she stopped short and looked around.

"You won't forget to bring your little girl to see me? Won't you tell me your name?"

The warrior had risen to his feet and was moving away. He, too, checked himself, and, turning his head, answered both questions, but unfortunately, Dorothy did not catch what he said. She repeated her queries, but the red man, for some reason that cannot be conjectured, did not look around again, nor speak. He struck into his long, silent stride, and quickly disappeared among the trees.

"I guess he said he will bring his little girl to see me," murmured Dorothy, as she hurried up the path to her mother, who was waiting for her, and to whom she related her singular story.

And little Dorothy waited and watched for the coming of her dusky visitor leading his child by the hand, but he never came.

PART II.

One soft September afternoon in 1675 Hugh Lardner, a lusty young man, carrying a flintlock and powder horn, came to the home of Jacob Mayfield with alarming news.

"It will not do for you to remain another hour," were his words to the palefaced husband and wife. "King Philip and his warriors are near you, and no one is safe."

"Whither shall we go?"

"To Deerfield. Captain Mosely is to be left there with a small force, while the rest are busy in the harvest field. The village is only a few miles off, and if you make the most of your time and are very careful you can reach it in safety. Will you do it?"

"Yes, with heaven's help. I am greatly thankful to you, Hugh, for your kindness."

"It is but a neighborly act. I must hasten."

Time was precious, and, bidding the husband and wife goodby, the young man hurried out of the house, and, breaking into a loping trot, headed toward the camp of the brave pioneers from Ipswich.

Jacob Mayfield was too wise to disregard the warning of Hugh Lardner. Without encumbering themselves with anything in the nature of luggage, the father stepped out of the house, followed by his wife, holding the hand of Dorothy, who was now two years older than when she had given a drink of cold water from the spring to an unknown Indian.

The door was shut behind them, but the latchstring was left hanging out, in accordance with the hospitable custom of the border. If the Indians chose to visit this outlying cabin, they would meet with no trouble in securing entrance.

It was nearly ten miles to Deerfield, the distance being greater because of the circuitous route taken by the pioneer. He was familiar with the route, and was hopeful that by following the advice of Hugh Lardner he would avoid the hostile redmen, who were liable to be encountered at any time.

All went well until the winding course through the woods, marked at times by an indistinct trail, but oftener without any mark at all, had been passed. Finally, the father stopped in front of a deep, calmly flowing stream, a dozen feet or more in width.

"We must reach the other side, somehow," he remarked, as his wife and child paused at his side.

"Can't you jump it?" asked his wife, with a faint smile.

"Perhaps, by taking a short run; but how will that help you and Dorothy?"

"I will tell you," replied the child. "Take mamma in one arm and me in the other, and then make the biggest jump you can."

"I am afraid it would land all three in the middle of the stream."

"But you can swim out with us."

"If it is necessary to swim I can carry you all across, but it isn't pleasant to have our clothing wetted."

"It will not harm us, for the weather is mild," suggested the wife.

"We may do better."

They moved up the stream searching for a straiter place, and met better fortune than they expected. One was found where the width was barely six feet, to leap which was a slight feat, even to the wife, accustomed to the rough, outdoor life on the frontier.

Dorothy was equally certain she could accomplish it as readily as her parents, who were inclined to think she was warranted in the belief. There was enough doubt, however, to cause the father to try a somewhat original plan, which was carried out with astounding results.

He laid his gun on the ground behind them, and lifted his laughing child, his hands beneath her arms close to her shoulders. Then, standing on the edge of the stream, he swung her back and forth with increasing oscillations, having explained that he intended to throw her across.

"One, two, three, and there you go."

As he uttered the last exclamation, she left his grasp, and, describing a short parabola, landed lightly upon her feet, on the further bank, and, under the impulse of her own momentum, ran several paces before she could check herself.

"There!" called the pleased parent. "That is better than trying to jump and falling into the stream."

"But I shouldn't have fallen into the stream——"

Jacob Mayfield heard a slight rustling behind him, and, turning his head, was confronted by five Indians, one of whom, stooping as silently as a shadow, had caught up the white man's gun from where it lay.

The mother uttered a cry, but it was because of the terrifying sight on the further shore. An Indian warrior stepped from behind a tree, only a few feet away, and approached the child, whose back being turned, suspected nothing of her peril, while held speechless by what she saw just across the brook.

At the moment when the parent was unarmed, the half-dozen warriors made him and his family prisoners.

Since all the Indians were armed and in war paint, Mayfield and his wife did not believe their lives would be spared for more than a few minutes. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when one of them by gestures indicated that the couple were to leap to the other side and join their child. Since she, too, was in great peril, the curious command was obeyed on the instant. The wife easily leaped across, and was followed by her husband, the former being quick to take the trembling hand of Dorothy.

The warriors talked for a few minutes in their native tongue, while Mayfield anxiously scanned each face in turn, in the hope of recognizing an acquaintance to whom he could appeal, but all were strangers, though if every one had sat at his board it probably would not have affected the case.

The chief was saying something, and in the act of gesticulating with his free hand, when, to the astonishment of everyone, Dorothy Mayfield tugged at the other arm. The surprised leader turned angrily and glared down in her face.

"Don't you remember me? I'm the little girl that gave you a drink of water, oh, a good many years ago."

For several seconds the painted face was a study. The Indian stared at the upturned countenance, silent, peering and intent. Then the shadow of a smile played about his mouth, he laid his hand on the flaxen hair, and, in a voice of wonderful tenderness, uttered the single word:

"Dor'thy!"

"I knew you would remember me. You told me your name that day, but I did not hear you; tell me again!"

"Pometacom; white people call me King Philip."

"Why didn't you bring your little girl to play with me? I watched, oh, so many days, but you forgot all about it, didn't you?"

"Too far—good way—little girl can't walk so far."

"That was so long ago that she must now be a big girl like me. She can walk it now; will you bring her to see me?"

"Some time," was the grim response.

King Philip, the grim hero of the greatest war in the history of New England, had not forgotten the innocent child who gave him a drink of water two years before.

Without hesitation, therefore, he announced that no member of this little family should be harmed. Not only that, but in face of the fact that he was urgently nedeed elsewhere by his warriors, he accompanied Dorothy and her parents through the forest until they came in sight of the little village of Deerfield, when, knowing that all danger was at an end, he bade them goodby and hurried off.—Cassell's Little Folks.

With an Eye to the Future.

The eminent explorer stood at last at the North Pole.

Instead of indulging in sentimental rhapsodies he took a notebook and pencil from his pocket and began jotting down certain memoranda.

"Noting the temperature, direction of the wind and aspect of the landscape?" asked one of his shivering subordinates.

"No," he said coldly, "I am arranging dates for my lectures."—Chicago Tribune.

The first parlor car has made its appearance on the New York subway.

PICKING THE MOTORMEN

SEVERE TESTS APPLICANTS FOR POSITIONS MUST TAKE.

COMPLETE FAMILIARITY WITH CAR MECHANISM ESSENTIAL--RECORDS OF THE MEN FOR FIVE YEARS INVESTIGATED--HOW THE SURGEONS WEED OUT THE UNFIT--THE SCHOOL.

It is surprising how many men would like to be on the front of the electric car in Denver, but what is still more surprising is the very small per cent. of the hundreds of applicants who stand the tests employed in the making of a motorman, says the Denver Republican. Of every fifteen applicants only about three survive the preliminaries, then about fifteen per cent. of the aspirants fail to pass the physical examination, while about five per cent. of those who get thus far never become O. K. and receive positions.

The school of the motorman is a hard one. The tests are severe and the all prevailing rule is that of the survival of the fittest. The candidate for the front end realizes that he is in the sifter from the moment that he makes application to the superintendent, S. W. Cantril, who employs and discharges all trainmen. He immediately learns that all motormen in the service of the Denver Tramway Company must not be less than 150 pounds in weight, nor less than five feet five and one-half inches tall, sound in eyesight and hearing and free from all physical defects. They must be of good moral character, temperate and between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age on entering the service.

All possible information is obtained from the applicant by means of blanks, which he fills out, answering questions going closely into his personal history. His first blank shows his name, age, height, weight, place of birth, whether his parents are alive and if so where living. It also shows all persons dependent upon him for support; whether, if married, he is living with his wife, number of children, if any, and their ages. He also gives his previous profession or trade, tells whether he uses intoxicating liquors and to what extent, or indulges in games of chance. He tells where he was last employed and the cause of his leaving.

Next the applicant states whether he is in debt and to what amount. If he was ever employed on a steam or street railway, he tells in what capacity and gives the reasons for his leaving. His acquaintance with employés of the Denver company is detailed, and he tells whether he has any relatives in the service. This blank concludes with a list of the man's employers for the last five years and the names of any references whom he desires to be consulted.

If satisfactory returns are received on private blanks sent to these people Superintendent Cantril has a personal talk with the applicant regarding the duties of the position sought, the necessity for certain rules and their observance. If the candidate makes a favorable impression he is given a blank for his medical examination and sent to the company surgeon. There he meets with a more severe examination than is given by most of the life insurance companies, especially regarding his sight and hearing. It is at this stage that many fall by the wayside.

Having been O. K.'d by the surgeon, the superintendent starts the applicant on his way to the shops with a blank requesting that he be given full instructions in this department. He has entered the school of the motorman and has his first view of the "instruction car." After mastering the mysteries of the motors, brakes, etc., he enters the shops where repairs are being made, and there he works daily until he learns all parts of a car. When familiar with the construction of controllers, motors and all car equipment, his foreman recommends him to Superintendent Cantril for further instructions, and the latter assigns him to one of the divisions. On reporting to the day foreman he is instructed regarding the movement of cars and the duties of motormen, then he is turned over to the division superintendent, who places him in charge of an experienced teacher.

Then come exciting times for the new man. For a few days he rides on the front of the car merely to become accustomed to conditions. He learns not to lose his nerve under trying circumstances, and becomes accustomed to judging distances, unconsciously absorbing knowledge and gaining self-confidence from his environment. Then comes the day when he is permitted to handle the controller and brake. Under the tutelage of the old motorman he works from five to eight or ten days, according to his aptitude to master the machine in his care.

Next the embryo goes to the night foreman of his division car house, where he learns to make all small repairs, such as might b erequired on the road, and he is taught his duties in taking out or bringing in a car. While at this work he must remember all that his old friend on the front end taught him about ringing the gong, full stops, speed, slow two miles and slow four miles an hour, rounding curves, taking switches and other details needful for the safe operation of a car, for at the conclusion of his instruction in small repairs comes the ordeal of his life—examination day.

The student's book of rules is taken from him. This he has studied in all his spare time, and its contents are as important as is the knowledge that he has been assimilating by his actual experience with cars and their parts. He is given a blank containing fifty-nine questions on the duties of a motorman, and is then shut up in a room by himself. And this room has proven the death chamber for many a man's hopes and ambitions.

If the result of this examination is apparently satisfactory, the candidate is sent with the blank to the division superintendent, who thoroughly questions the man upon all points in the paper and upon all others that he desires to investigate. If the division superintendent then certifies the applicant to Superintendent Cantril as eligible for service, another milestone on the long road of learning has been reached.

The aspiring knight of the controller and brake is furnished with a badge and paraphernalia and reports to the division superintendent, this time to be placed on the roll. After a couple of weeks' service in this division, running on all lines, the new employe is sent to all others in turn, running at first with an experienced man on each line not less than five hours. Thus he becomes familiar with the conditions on every line in the city and can be used in any emergency.

For the first thirty days of his actual service the motorman runs only on cars equipped with hand brakes, at the end of which time he learns the intricacies of air, under the instruction of an experienced man. This he follows when off duty until recommended for a third trip. If he makes good he gets an air brake car.

Always under the watchful eye of his superiors the new man is also closely observed by the motorman first instructing him for the period of from six months to a year after entering the service. This teacher has orders to see if his former pupil thoroughly understands and follows his instructions and to assist him whenever necessary.

From two to three weeks is occupied by the new man in preliminary instruction from the time of his application for a position until he begins to run a car, and after that he finds something new every day as long as he stays in the service. Of the large per cent. of candidates who fail to reach the front O. K. many fail because of inability to judge distances. Others are prone to lose their heads on being confronted with obstructions or when their brakes fail to work; they can't meet emergencies.

Many experienced motormen apply daily by letter or in person for service in Denver; men from all parts of the country, for the local company has a good reputation away from home among street car employes. It is said that any motorman or conductor with good clearance papers from the Denver City Tramway can get a position anywhere in the United States, so well recognized are the merits of the school which it conducts and the efficiency of the employes trained therein. The local management, by the way, prefers to educate a good healthy farmer boy right from the start, rather than to accept of motormen of years' experience who have been less carefully trained by some other company.

There are now about 300 motormen in the employ of the Denver Tramway Company, which has averaged to break in about 100 new men a year for the last two or three years. This large number is accounted for by the fact that the service has been rapidly increasing, instead of being made necessary by the retiring of old employes. Few men leave the company, a much smaller percentage of loss being recorded than in other local industries employing similar large forces.

It is the policy of the company to retain its experienced men in order to maintain the highest standard of efficiency, and it is only the most efficient who are able to stand the severe test in the local school for motormen.

His Religion.

Not long ago a certain clergyman from the West was called to a church in Jersey City. Soon after his arrival, the divine's wife made the usual visits to the members of the parish. One of these, a plumber's wife, was asked by the good lady whether the family were regular churchgoers, whereupon the wife of the plumber replied that while she and her children were attendants at divine service quite regularly, her husband was not.

"Dear me," said the minister's wife, "that's too bad! Does your husband never go to church?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that he never went," was the reply. "Occasionally Will goes to the Unitarian, now and then to the Methodist, and I have known him to attend the Catholic church."

A look of perplexity came to the face of the visitor. "Perhaps your husband is an agnostic," suggested she.

"Not at all," hastily answered the other, "he's a plumber. When there is nothing for him to do at one church, there is very likely something for him at one of the others."—Harper's Weekly.

London is to have an amusement building in a central position, on a four and a half acre site.

THE FUR BEAVERS.

Millions of These Creatures Are Slain Each Year by the Hunters.

Some months ago we called attention to the extraordinary manner in which the fur-bearing animals of the world persist, notwithstanding their continual pursuit by man and the vast multitudes annually destroyed.

All over the Nearctic and Palearctic worlds man is continually shooting or trapping or snaring the wild animals native to the section to which he belongs, and yet as regards all except the largest of these animals, the supply seems to keep up from year to year, without anything like the marked changes that this continued destruction and pursuit would seem to call for.

Attention is again drawn to the matter by the receipt of the list of skins to be sold at auction by one of the largest London fur dealers during the March just past. These people offered for sale 1,000,000 muskrat skins, 310,000 skunk skins, 170,000 raccoon, 110,000 opossum, 75,000 mink, more than 92,000 foxes, of which 38,000 are red, 3500 blue, 1800 cross, 500 silver, 10,000 white, 21,000 gray, and 18,000 Japanese. There are 20,000 wolf skins, 8000 beaver, 2500 otter, 320 of the rare sea otter. All these, besides many thousands of the skins of other and less well known animals, have by this time been sold in the London market.

So it would seem that the race of the small creatures of the world is not soon to die out, and indeed those of our readers who have the luck to be country dwellers, know very well that the woods and swamps and mountains and fields which surround their homes are the homes of a great multitude of these small folk, which, though seldom seen, are always there and always known to be there. Sometimes the farmer loses patience with fox or weasel because a few of his fowls are destroyed; sometimes the damage done by the muskrats' chisel-like teeth provoke the landowner and lead him to set a few traps.

Usually, however, the town or section or district contains a single man who makes more or less of a business of trapping, and it is he who gathers up the fur taken in a district and who finally ships it to the towns, whence in turn it goes to the big city, and then then perhaps crosses the sea, and at last brings up in London, one of the greatest fur marts of the world.—Forest and Stream.

Calves' Heads.

"I was going about Cadillac Square the other day," says a Detroit business man, "when I noticed a wagonload of calves' heads standing before one of the markets. I began to wonder what under the sun anybody could use calves' heads for, so I stepped into the market and made inquiry.

"Well, do you know, there is really an industry in calves' head? Several men in town, and particularly one out Gratiot avenue, make a business of buying them up. They prepare the tongue and brain for use as edibles, and as these are regarded as a delicacy on the best tables, they bring a considerable sum. Sometimes the whole head, with the lower joint of the forelegs and the feet are used by hotels for table decorations. After the brain and tongue have been removed, the remaining portion is used for head cheese or sausage. The bone is sold to be used as fertilizer.

"My informant told me that about 500 calves are killed every week in Detroit, and each head brings about thirty and one-half cents, or a total in a year of some $8000. That's a pretty big sum to be realized on an article that the average person would regard as absolutely without value."—Detroit News.

Gibraltar is Crumbling.

The public is not aware that the great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down—that its crumbling, rotting masses must be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement.

Yet they who sail past Gibraltar cannot fail to notice on the eastern slope of the fortress enormous silver-colored patches gleaming in the sun. These patches, in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration. Of thick, strong cement, they keep huge spurs of the cliff's side from tumbling into the blue sea.

Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate than heretofore.

They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that in a little while the phrase, "the strength of Gibraltar," will be meaningless.—Chicago Chronicle.

Feared Left-Handed Shave.

"I said my prayers this morning for the first time in several moons," said the sporty looking man. "I was then brought into that devout frame of mind by a left-handed barber. He shaved me. I had had left-handed people do everything else to me like shining my shoes, brushing my clothes, and even cheating me at cards, but never before had I seen one of the left-handed fraternity manipulate the razor. The fellow scared me half to death. He saw that I was afraid of him.

"'It's all right,' he assured me. 'I know my business.'

"And he did. Nevertheless, I don't want to try him again. The strain is too hard on my nerves. Every time he whisked the razor around anywhere near the jugular vein I prepared to yield up the ghost. However, nothing happened except that he finished me off looking more beautiful than I ever looked in my life. But for all that, I'd rather peg along with only my ordinary share of good looks than to experience another such a set of thrills at his hands."—New York Press.