THE RED BARN DOOR.

BY ALICE CRITTENDEN DERBY.

Close snuggled down in furry robes, mid soapstones' kindly heat,
We cleft the drifts to grandpa's house, our mother's kin to greet;
All day our jingling sleigh-bells' tune smote keenly on the air,
But long ere noon some small voice piped, "Pa, aren't we almost there?"
Then to beguile our restlessness our father told once more
How we should know the place afar; the sign, a red barn door.

O'er hill and dale we gayly sped, past farmsteads dull and gray,
And hailed each snowy hamlet as a mile-stone upon our way.
No homely roadside object but our eyes were quick to see,
And muffled voices chattered fast in childish jubilee.
We vied in sighting landmarks which familiar aspect bore,
And longingly we looked ahead for grandpa's red barn door.

Our mother, from the seat in front, held us in heedful thought,
And stayed our rising hunger with the cookies she had brought.
'Twas she who chose the friendly house where we should stop to rest,
And saw us tucked, all warm again, within our sleigh-box nest.
She talked of names once common in her girlhood's rustic lore,
And knew each twist and turn that came before the red barn door.

The reins held laxly in his hand, our father sat serene
And hummed quaint melodies that kept his old world memories green.
The long miles stretched away, and when the lengthened shadows fell
No thought of cold or cramping limbs our eagerness could quell.
We scanned each distant looming crest that reared itself before,
Till all at once somebody cried, "I see the red barn door!"

Now sometimes when the sleigh-bells ring and roadways gleam with snow
I feel that flooding joyousness that thrilled me long ago.
I see the shining faces in the paling winter light,
The ones that wait in welcome there, to clasp and hold me tight.
And then I pray that heaven's gate such gladness may restore,
As when we came to grandpa's house, beside the red barn door.

—Youth's Companion.

IN AN OPEN BOAT.......

.....A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.......

FOUR days and a half in an open dory without food or water, for two days driven by a terrific gale that threatened to send the frail craft to the bottom, and with a half-crazy companion who, in wild delirium from lack of food and drink and terrible exposure, twice attempted suicide by jumping out of the little craft into the sea, is the horrible story brought in recently by Charles Matheson, forty years old, who, with his dory-mate, Fred Hemmeon, eighteen years old, was picked up by the fishing schooner Flora S. Nickerson Saturday afternoon, off the southwest George's banks, and landed in the Port of Boston.

Lying in a little bunk, his mind still filled with strange scenes, his face and body emaciated from lack of nourishment, young Hemmeon showed pitiful evidence of the tortuous experience through which his usually robust young constitution had passed. With large, shiny blue eyes one minute looking peacefully comprehensive and pitiful and a minute later shining in the fever of delirium, he tossed and rolled on his bunk while a Herald man talked with the sturdy Matheson, who had come through the awful experience with mind and body intact, but with great blisters and swollen hands showing evidence of the racking his body had received.

"Charley, why don't you give me that water you have hidden away?" pleadingly asked Hemmeon in his delirious moments; his mind still blurred with the agonizing battle he had made when his cravings for food and drink drove him crazy. As the fishing vessel rose even with the dock on the rising tide, Hemmeon was removed on a stretcher and taken to the City Hospital. It is believed that he will recover.

Matheson and Hemmeon are the last of the crew of the schooner Quonnapowitt, which had an ill-fated experience off Brown's Bank on Tuesday, when her entire crew of fishermen, eighteen men, went astray in a fog, and Captain Elbridge Nickerson was left at sea during a severe northeaster with only his cook and a spare hand to run the vessel. They started for port, and on the way four men from another schooner were taken aboard, where they were warmly welcomed by sixteen men of the crew, who had been picked up by the schooner Ellen C. Burke and landed in this port Wednesday morning. This left Matheson and Hemmeon to be accounted for, and their terrible experience brought tears to the eyes of their mates. The sight of Hemmeon's emaciated and delirious face caused Captain Nickerson to shudder, for he well knew the terrible suffering through which the men had passed.

It was nine o'clock Tuesday morning when the doryman of the Quonnapowitt rowed away from their craft and started out to haul their trawls. A heavy fog was hanging over the water. After the men had hauled their trawls they waited for the fog horn of their vessel. No sound was heard.

Matheson and Hemmeon were to the windward of the schooner. They set their trawls again and waited. Night set down over the fishing grounds, but there was no sense of fear in the heart of Matheson, who, born and bred to the sea had fished in gales and fog on all the fishing banks of the Atlantic coast for thirty years.

When no sound of a fog horn was heard the anchor was kept overboard, and the men lay down to sleep, confident that the morning would find them on board their vessel for breakfast. Daylight came, with the fog still dense, and no sound of a fog horn. Matheson determined that they were adrift, and, giving encouragement to his eighteen-year-old dorymate, they hauled in their anchor and started to row in the direction of the wind.

Matheson was confident that by following the direction of the wind they could make shore, as it was blowing from the northwest when the fog shut down. After six hours of rowing the men began to suffer from lack of food and water. They had 300 pounds of fish on board and this was pitched overboard.

Wednesday afternoon the wind shifted suddenly and began to blow with increasing force. At six o'clock Wednesday night a fresh gale was in force, rolling up huge seas. Matheson took his post at the stern of the craft and steered with one of the oars, while Hemmeon kept the boat as steady as possible with the two oars.

The wind increased in fury, and with darkness the situation became desperate. The strain was telling on Hemmeon, who began to rave over the lack of food and water. At ten o'clock that night a huge comber struck their little craft and Hemmeon went overboard. The craft was nearly swamped and the three oars in the bottom of the boat were lost. Matheson jumped to the side of the craft to save his companion and lost the remaining oar. Hemmeon was pulled into the dory, which was half filled with water.

The northeast gale brought a drop in temperature. Hemmeon had taken so much water that he was half unconscious, and in bailing out the boat and keeping her from upsetting in the wild seas that threatened every minute to engulf her, Matheson passed a desperate time until daybreak. Hemmeon had been revived, but his mind began to wander. Matheson worked desperately to keep the boat steady by the use of a batter board which he tore from the bottom of the dory.

All day Thursday the dory was driven before the northeast gale which was blowing forty-nine miles an hour, kicking up a terrific sea. Hemmeon lay in the bottom of the dory at times able to bail, at other times mumbling incoherently, his mind wandering. There was little chance of watching for other craft, as the huge seas rolled and tossed the boat so that most of the time it was hidden in the trough of waves. As night came on Hemmeon grew more delirious. He began to talk of his father and mother at their home in Shelbourne and to berate Matheson for keeping food and drink from him.

It was nine o'clock Thursday night when Hemmeon got to his feet and said: "Matheson, you have kept me here as long as you can. You can't keep me here any longer without food or water. I am going home. Goodby." With this the young man leaped into the raging sea. Matheson caught his no'wester as the fellow disappeared. With the strength of desperation he hauled him aboard.

Hemmeon lay as if dead. After Matheson had steadied the boat and got its head up to the seas he worked over Hemmeon until he got a faint murmur that showed that the boy was still alive. The gale wore on in the rest of the night bailing water, and keeping the craft steady. Matheson knew that they were being driven in a southwesterly direction, and his only hope of succor lay in being picked up by a passing craft. He also knew that every hour he was being driven farther out to sea, and that his chances of being rescued were lessening.

It was shortly before noon that his hopes were lifted, when, as the little craft rose on the crest of a wave, he sighted the topmast of a coastwise or a fishing vessel. He stripped off his oilskin, mounted it on a pitchfork and waved it. At first he thought the vessel had seen his signal and was bearing down upon him. His shouts of joy revived Hemmeon to the first sign of sanity that he had shown for twenty-four hours. The boy, his cheeks pink with fever, sat up in the boat and yelled with all his might. Wave after wave brought the frail little craft up to where the signal of distress could be seen. But after fifteen minutes Matheson saw that the vessel was bearing off to the eastward and that his signals had not been seen. The day wore on and two more passing craft were sighted.

Each time the vessel appeared to be making toward the dory, and each time, as Matheson became excited with hope, the craft seemed to fade away.

During the long hours of the day Hemmeon was partly rational and did somewhat in bailing. A steamer was sighted, but it was a mile away, and the signal was not seen. After sundown on Friday night, when the men had been eighty-two hours without food or drink, the delirium of Hemmeon began to take on the cravings of a maniac. He accused his dorymate of having food and water hidden from him. At times his mind wandered to his seaside home at Shelbourne, and he talked affectionately of his father and mother. He pleaded with them to take him from the clutches of the man who would not give him food or drink. He snatched up the pitchfork and made a savage lunge at Matheson. Twice he came near striking the man who twice had rescued him from drowning. The dory swayed and came near swamping as Matheson grasped the fork and got it away from his wild dory-mate.

"You can't keep me here. I'm going home," yelled Hemmeon, and with a wild leap he cleared the dory a second time.

Fortune seemed to play with the youth, for he came to the surface close by the dory. Matheson was barely able to grab the boy by the hair and pull him abroad as he was losing his strength. Hemmeon lay unconscious in the bottom of the dory.

This exciting episode had just been completed when Matheson made out the lights of a steamer, which appeared to be not more than a quarter of a mile away. With all the strength of his parched and aching throat he yelled for help. His shouts were apparently heard, for the steamer slowed down. For fifteen minutes he yelled. The parched throat and unnourished system could muster but a faint sound, which, as the minutes of desperation wore on, grew fainter and fainter. Then the lights of the steamer began to grow dim and it passed out of sight.

During the night Hemmeon, whom his companion had given up for dead, again revived, and with brief moments of consciousness, sang and talked with his parents, who appeared in his delirium. Saturday morning came clear and fair. The sea had moderated to a regular swell. During the forenoon three sailing vessels and two steamers were sighted, and each time Matheson rose in his dory and waved with all his strength his oilskin perched on the top of the fork. Sometimes it seemed that his signal had been seen and that rescue was at hand, but each time the craft kept on their way.

Matheson, with high hopes of rescue, as he knew that he was still in the course of ocean traffic. It was at 2.20 o'clock Saturday afternoon that Matheson sighted a sail directly to leeward, and in the course in which they were drifting. After half an hour he was able to make out the forms of dory men, and he knew that his signal of distress had been seen at last. Wild with joy, he tried to stir his unconscious companian, but without success. It was 3.15 o'clock when Captain Gethro Nickerson of the schooner Flora S. Nickerson drew his craft alongside the dory.

Matheson, who tipped the scales at 200 pounds when he left on the fishing trip, was still game. When he got aboard, he asked for water, and without stopping drank one and a half quarts. Later, he joined in the best spread the fishing schooner afforded, eating his first morsel in 102 hours.

After a long sleep, Hemmeon was revived, and given a little Jamaica ginger. He was still delirious, and said he would not haul another trawl and was going home. Even in the cabin of the Nickerson, on his way to port, he fought feebly with the men, saying they had ill-treated him. Saturday night the Flora Nickerson set all sail and started for this port.

As near as Matheson can figure, he was driven 240 miles by the gale of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The Brown's fishing banks are off the Nova Scotia coast, and the men were picked up on the southwest part of Georges banks, 150 miles southeast of Cape Cod.

Though Hemmeon is but eighteen years old, he has been a fisherman for three years. He comes from Shelbourne, N. S., where his parents, brothers, and sisters live.

Matheson was born in Sweden, and came to this country when ten years old. He has been a fisherman most of his life, and for many years sailed out of Gloucester on Grand Bankers.

He said this morning: "It was certainly a tough experience. Yes, I have got a good constitution, but that does little good when a fellow is without money. I probably have lost thirty pounds during the last five days. It is the first time I was ever lost from a vessel any length of time, and I hope it is the last."

Matheson is a very modest fellow, and his experience appears to him to be only one of the many things through which a fisherman must pass in his dangerous work. He lives at No. 322 Hanover street, and is unmarried.—Boston Herald.

New Fields For Chinamen.

Chinamen in New York are constantly broadening the field of their activities. Already many of them are employed as household servants and valets and a few days ago one of them opened up an American tailor ship. Not a few have gone into the stationery and tobacco business in a small way. The first Chinese tailor to open an atelier in New York is Yum-Chuun, originally of Fu-Chau and latterly of San Francisco. "I like not that Pacific so much as that Atlantic," he said confidentially to the Oriental traveler who met him in Chinatown the other day. "They no like Chinaman in Cala. no matter if he high or low caste. I meet one rich Joss man, him bishop you call, and he see me along New York with me. So you like this place. So I come by me by."

An Old Turtle Dies.

About the time the Galapagos Islands were discovered a young turtle was born there. He died the other day in the Zoological Garden, London, Eng. He was at least 350 years old. When he was feeling well he would eat as much grass as an average cow.

A Flight From the Harem.

ONE of the ablest diplomatists, and at the same time one of the handsomest members of the International Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899, was Noory Bey, the second Turkish delegate to that conference. The Sublime Porte has many able men in her service, but I doubt that Sultan Abdul Hamid and the Ottoman Empire have an abler and more devoted servant than Noory Bey, or rather (now after his well-merited advancement) Noory Pasha. What Lord Sanderson was to the British Foreign Office, that was and is still Noory Pasha to the Turkish ministry of foreign affairs. He is a peculiar type of Turk; indeed, he is an original and most interesting mixture of Frenchman and Old Turk. I remember always with true delight hours which we spent together on a balcony of a certain hotel at Therapia, watching the glorious illumination of the mountains of Anadolia by the setting sun, discussing Oriental poetry and philosophy, the great historical events of the Ottoman Empire, and the uncertainty of all human things of empires as well as of individuals. I was not surprised to hear from his youngest daughter, the sapphire-eyed Mihrim, that she and all her sisters adore their father, and would consider it the greatest happiness in life to die for him, if by their death they could increase his happiness.

And yet, the newspapers were informing us these last few days that two of Noory Pasha's daughters have secretly left their father's "Knoak" at Booyookdere, and as fugitives tried to reach Europe against his will!

From friends in Constantinople, from ladies who visited the two sisters in Belgrade, I obtained information which not only places this incident in its true light, but reveals to us a little of that greater of great enigmas—the soul of a Turkish woman.

The jealous guarding against all outside influences, the absence of almost every distraction, often concentrates the affections of the young Turkish woman, deepens and intensifies them. Behind the barred doors in the high walls surrounding a Turkish house, behind the latticed windows and thick curtains there is much more romance in Turkish family life, than is dreamt of by us unromantic Gyaoors. The devotion of Turkish children to their parents is very great and very tender, but the devotion of the sisters and brothers to each other can hardly find its equal anywhere among the Christians. Noory Pasha's daughters furnish a beautiful illustration of that fact.

Zeynella Hanum, the eldest daughter of Noory Pasha, is a delicate and pretty young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three. After her marriage her health began rapidly to deteriorate. The Turkish "Hakims" knew only so much: that she is dying slowly, and that they cannot help it! Zeynella Hanum herself, as a good Turkish woman, seems to have reconciled herself to her fate. After all, what is the harem but a sort of grave, with silk and velvet tapestries and soft sofas and cushions, and what is the grave but—for many a woman—a better sort of the harem?

But the youngest sister, Nooriya Hanum, loved her elder sister with a more intense love than Zeynella loved her own life. She insisted on her father letting Zeynella be examined by the best European doctors in Constantinople. It was not difficult to persuade Noory Pasha to do so. The European doctors saw Zeynella, and saw that she was suffering from consumption in the first stage. They thought that the only chance of saving her life would be to place her in one of the modern sanatoria for consumptives in Germany or France. But to send a young Turkish woman to a modern sanatorium in the cursed Gyaoor-land, that implied a far greater reform than the great Powers have ever dared to demand. If Noory Pasha had been a private Effendi, he might have done it; but he, the Musteshar of the Foreign Office of the Sublime Porte, a pillar of the Yildiz Kiosk—he could never do it! It would have been the practical proof of the extremest liberalism; it would have been an innovation upon which even the boldest member of Young Turkey would not have dared to venture.

The husband of Zeynella Hanum, her father, and she herself took it for granted that it was the inscrutable will of Allah that she should die slowly on the shores of the Bosphorus. But the young Nooriya loved her sister too much to accept such a death without a challenge. She determined to fight the giant of the Oriental fatalism, the "Kismet." She determined to take her sister to that strange country of infidels, but where science can save people from the clutches of death. Of course, they would have to leave the mansion of their father unknown to him. She begged her invalid elder sister to trust to her love and her courage. Not that her own plucky heart did not fail her sometimes when contemplating the long journey through the terra incognita to an equally unknown country. Fortunately, she and her sister were good friends with a young French lady, Mademoiselle Marcelle de Veyssen. Nooriya had full confidence in Mademoiselle Marcelle, told her of her burning desire to try to save the life of her sister by taking her to the best doctors in Europe and to the best place for her recovery. She appealed to the young French girl to help her. Mademoiselle Marcelle, with the chivalrous spirit of her nation, agreed to once to place herself entirely at the service of Nooriya.

As the Turkish frontier at Mustapha Pasha could not be passed without a passport, the most important task for the young ladies was how to get a pass. After some difficulty and delay Mademoiselle Marcelle induced an elderly French lady to cede them her own pass. But then there was another difficulty. The true proprietress of the pass was described as a gray-haired lady of fifty-two, traveling with her two grown-up daughters. For Nooriya that was a difficulty only for a moment. She decided that she would be the gray-haired lady of fifty-two, and Zeynella and Marcelle were to be her two grown-up daughters. She powdered her hair to look gray, and she painted her face to look as old as it could through a thick veil. And she played her role admirably throughout the journey from Constantinople to Belgrade. At Mustapha Pasha, the frontier railway station, she moved with such dignity and spoke so caressingly to the Turkish inspectors of passports, imploring them not to disturb her two invalid daughters, who were just then quietly sleeping, that the poor Turks salaamed most respecafully and let them pass on.

Meanwhile Noory Pasha had been informed that two of his daughters had not returned from a drive to Therapia. Messengers were sent at once to all relatives and friends to ask if the young women had not been retained by some of them. As they had been the night before at Yildiz Kiosk, where a concert had been given for the amusement of the ladies of the Imperial Harem and their friends, Noory Pasha went himself to the Imperial residence to inquire if his daughters had not been kept there to another entertainment. But, no! The inquiries at the station revealed the fact that a middle aged, gray-haired lady, with two daughters, took a special compartment in the direct carriage for Vienna.

Telegrams were sent at once by the Grand Vizier to Fethi Pasha, Turkish minister at Belgrade, to stop the train and send the two sisters back to Constantinople. The Servian Government was ready to oblige the Grand Vizier and Noory Pasha as much as they could; but, met by the determined refusal of the young women either to return or to wait in the Turkish Legation until the arrival of their father, they only succeeded in inducing them to interrupt their journey and to rest a day or two in the most comfortable hotel in Belgrade.

Noory Pasha was immediately informed where his daughters were. He applied to the Sultan for permission to go to fetch his daughters. It is said that Abdul Hamid told him: "Go and bring them back! Without them do not return at all!" On his arrival in Belgrade Noory Pasha had to be informed that his daughters had mysteriously disappeared. Fethi Pasha believes that they have found a secret refuge with some Servian girl friends, daughters of Servian diplomatists who served in Constantinople. But the police agents declare that they have evaded the watching of the detectives by leaving the hotel dressed in men's clothes, and that they are now probably in Vienna.

Anyhow, Nooriya Hanum has shown not only the depths of a sister's love, but that a Turkish girl can exhibit a wonderful strength of will and courage. May she succeed in her mission to reclaim her sister from death to life.—London Tribune.

Florid Language.

In the far east language has always been more florid and ambiguous than in the west. The King of Ava, in Burma, called himself the "regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother of the sun and lord of the four and twenty umbrellas." The King of Arracan, lower Burma, was "possessor of the white elephant and the two earrings," as well as "lord of the twelve kings who placed their heads under his feet." In the Mozambique-Zambesi region of Africa the King of Monomtopa was not only "lord of the sun and moon," but "great magician and great thief."

Automobiliousness.

"Automobiliousness," says the Medical Visitor, "is a comparatively new disease, due to the bacillus financii, although some observers insist that the germ gettthereus is the chief causative factor. A French medical writer reports a case, killed by an irate farmer, whose brain was filled with blood clots, but it is uncertain whether this post-mortem condition is to be attributed to the effects of the disease or the farmer's club.

"Automobiliousness has been mistaken for delirium tremens, but in the latter disease, however, it is snakes that the patient usually sees about him and feels that he must kill, while in automobiliousness it is only men, women and children."

Octopus a Living Torpedo.

An oyster lugger, the Jean Baptiste, with four men aboard, was recently blown to atoms in Terre Bonne Bay Louisiana, by a shell which had been dropped overboard from one of Admiral Sampson's ships seven years ago. The shell had been swallowed by a big fish or carried by a giant octopus nearly 1000 miles, and the sea monster's collision with the lugger caused the explosion. Fragments of a monster octopus were found clinging to the rigging after the vessel sank.

He needs to wear wading boots who takes short cuts to success.

The Prairie Fires of Early Days

By Clement L. Webster.

COMPARATIVELY few perhaps of those who may read this have personally experienced the dangers and often fearful destruction wrought by the prairie fires of earlier days in the West, and which even now frequently sweep the vast prairies west of the Missouri and the rivers of the north. From earliest childhood to manhood I was familiar with this demon of the prairies, and no recollection of pioneer experiences stands out so clearly as those connected with these fiery trials.

From the earliest settlement of this region down to perhaps 1876 or later, destructive prairie fires annually visited us in northern Iowa, and they were especially severe during the falls of 1862 and 1867. None of the old pioneers will ever forget those terrible fires. During the earlier years the fires were, of course, fiercer and wilder, but not so destructive for the reason that the country then was so sparsely settled. Houses, grain and haystacks, and sometimes stock and people, were destroyed by these wild fires. Every fall, and perhaps spring, the vast prairies would be swept by the fires, and they kept the settlers in constant fear and dread. More than once did we come near being burned out, or having much property destroyed. After the first one or two hard frosts in the fall, and even up until the snow came, the settler looked for and expected these visitations. All the long weeks during the fall the air would be hazy with smoke from the prairie fires either nearby or far away, and always accompanied by that peculiar odor of burned wild grass.

There was a sense of wildness and danger about all this, that in spite of the anxiety and dread which each one shared, lent a charm to the scene. The settler would break a few furrows around his home, hay and grain stacks, and then a second line of furrows five or ten rods from the first one, and then during a quiet day would set fire to the wild grass between these two strips and burn it off. This was his fire break. But often the fire would come sweeping along at a race-horse gait, jump the fire-break as easily as though it was only an Indian trail, and destroy everything in its path. The fire gathered wind, and when the grass was heavy and tall, as it was on the lower ground in early days, it was terrible, and nothing could stand before it.

The fire always burned and advanced in a broad V-shaped form, broadening and widening as it advanced, and would sometimes jump twenty to forty rods, catch, and continue on. A great prairie fire would sometimes advance with the mad rush of the wind for miles and miles over the country, when the wind would suddenly shift and blow from a contrary direction, compelling it to backfire or burn against the wind. This was watched day and night by the settlers, as they knew only too well that any moment the wind might change and the fire come on again in its mad rush.

Well do I remember how night after night we would watch the distant fires ready at a moment's notice with bundles of hazen brush, mops and wet rags to begin back-firing to save ours or another's property; and distinctly do I recall what fierce times we would have fighting the flames, sometimes all day long and far into the night. The flames would momentarily become less fierce as the wind died down, and then breeze up again, and only too often the fire would spread with renewed fury over the ground we had gained, and we would all be compelled to run and await our chance to fight it again. Inch by inch we would gain upon it, only to be overwhelmed by it and compelled to retreat again. The men, women and children had to fight for dear life. Sometimes we would conquer, sometimes not. All were nearly roasted and blistered by the fierce heat and blackened by the dense smoke. But home and all we held dear depended upon it, and it must fight—and we did. Beyond the prairie was black and dead, covered with ashes of the burned grass, and whirlwinds passed hither and thither, carrying great black columns of ashes far up into the sky. The roar and crackling of the flames as they rushed through the tall grass and the heavy billows of smoke were indeed appalling, and only by those accustomed to such wild scenes of danger and destruction could they be faced. In spite of all efforts, sometimes the settler's home and all he possessed on earth would be swept away, and all he would have left would be the few smouldering ruins on the prairie.

One day, about the middle of October, 1859, one of our neighbors, a Mr. Whitney, had observed a prairie fire a few miles away to the southeast, and had anxiously watched it, but as the wind was in the opposite direction and it was backing against the wind, they did not apprehend much danger from it for a few hours, so the family sat down to eat. While they were at the meal smoke began to pour into the room, and on looking out they found they were surrounded by the prairie fire and the east part of their house was all ablaze. The wind had suddenly veered to the southeast without their noticing it, and the fire had come down on them with terrible speed. They were forced to break the windows and climb out of them to save their lives. Everything was destroyed, together with a pen of hogs and hay and grain stacks standing near.

These fires would often burn for weeks in the sloughs where the peat was more or less dry, and was thus a standing menace to the settler, ready at any moment to break out again, providing there was yet more grass to burn.

A prairie fire at night was a wild and grand sight, and one watching it at a distance of a mile or two could easily imagine he saw scores of Indians moving rapidly along the line—an illusion caused by the swiftly changing height of the flames.

Every spring and fall the evening sky would be lit up by the lurid glow of innumerable prairie fires all around, and the air would be loaded with their smoke. The fires would be started in various ways. Sometimes people out of pure cussedness and the desire to see it burn would start them, while sometimes they would be started by getting away from the settler as he was attempting to burn a fire-break around his cabin, hay and grain stacks, and again the Indians would start them.—Forest and Stream.

Memphis the Largest River Port.

Memphis is the largest river port, having boats enrolled exclusively in the river trade, in the United States, both in number of boats engaged in trade that make this the home port and in tonnage. This is shown by the report of the Commissioner of Navigation of the United States.

Memphis has eighty-four boats enrolled here as the home port, with a total tonnage of 12,318 tons. St. Louis comes next, with seventy-five boats, showing a total tonnage of 22,820 tons. This large tonnage is shown by reason of the fact that many barges of large tonnage are making St. Louis the home port that are not entitled to be named among boats that are registered as traffic boats. Taking them off it would give Memphis a much larger tonnage, and would also increase the number of boats in excess of those at St. Louis. Cincinnati has sixty-eight boats, with a total tonnage of 14,232 tons. Many of these are also barges, and should not properly be named.

Wheeling, W. Va., is next to St. Louis in number of boats, but the tonnage is only 8188. The total number of boats is seventy-three. Evansville has seventy-one, with a total tonnage of 6500. New Orleans has thirty boats engaged in the river trade, and a total tonnage of 4748. Paducah has thirty, with a total tonnage of 5542, while Louisville has thirty-eight boats, with a total tonnage of 7030. Cairo has only eleven boats that use it as a home port, with a total tonnage of 2308.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Caste and the Army.

At Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, six non-commissioned officers have been reduced to the ranks for running what is technically known as "a bind pig," or "unlawful canteen. When the men grumbled that they were doing no more than the commissioned officers did, Colonel Whitehall, it seems, disclosed with some emphasis that what was meet for officers in the post clubhouse was not necessarily proper for privates in quarters. The papers say that he said: "To put the private on the same footing as the commissioned officer would be ruinous to discipline. We must have caste in the army just as there is caste in outside society. We have the same class distinctions, and without them we could have no discipline."

Colonel Whitehall's sentiments are sound enough, but if he was quoted accurately, he was not fortunate in his method of expressing them. Military law gives officers privileges which privates do not share. It creates an artificial caste for military purposes, though whether it formally gives officers larger liquor privileges than it gives to privates is arguable. But in outside society American law recognizes no caste and no class distinctions. —Harper's Weekly.

A Professor Who Talks Against Surgery.

Professor Ernst Schwenninger, leading physician of the great district hospital of Gross Lichtenfelde, near Berlin, refers in his annual report to the subject of modern surgery in a manner which has created a sensation. He says that, in his opinion, recourse is had to operations far too frequently nowadays. It is a surgical craze which has seized on the profession, to be remembered hereafter in its record with amazement. Cutting out the spleen and the vermiform appendix because nothing is known of their functions—an expedient so frequent in modern practice—he looks on as the top notch of professional frenzy. The professor deplores the existing system of specialization in medical studies, and does not think that the practitioner who studies the pathology of only a single organ can have a proper knowledge of the others which go to make up the human constitution. "The man," he says, "who devotes all his power of work, all his knowledge and capabilities, to the treatment of only the eyes, nose, ears, skin, nerves, or other organs runs a risk of losing feeling, and hence the power to treat human beings. He ceases to be a physician and becomes a virtuoso."

You Will Never Be Sorry.

For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For being generous to an enemy.
For being courteous to all.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being honest in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.—Sunday-School Advocate.