

Bill Mathison, Medicine-Man.

How Magic and the Mice Defeated the Blackfeet.

Bill Mathison stood in the cabin doorway malevolently regarding the huddle of many-poled lodges across the river. Shrieking yelps rose in a chorus as a copper colored crane issued from a lodge and hurled maledictions and pieces of firewood at a pack of thieving mongrel dogs. On the flat beyond the tepees, a bunch of ponies, a thousand head or more, of mingled breeds and many colors, were being held together in a compact mass by mounted Indians, while scores on foot prowled through the circling herd, catching trim little ponies and leading them to their tepees.

"Blast 'em!" growled Bill. "If they stay another week, antelope 'll be me mair plentiful than water on the Mohave; an' there'll no be grass enoo' on yon bottom tae feed a healthy prairie dog, mair less a bunch o' calves."

"If we was in God's country now," murmured Todd Wayne, as he wiped the last of the breakfast dishes, "an' such doin's was takin' place, there'd be a bunch o' Injuns hot-footin' it for the reservation, with certain representatives o' Uncle Sammy givin' 'em a touch o' high life on the rear. They're here Canadians is more d'stiberzie."

"Oh, ay! they'll be around," Bill caught a whiff of the rank odor that hangs like a halo about an Indian camp. He slammed the door viciously, and sat down with his feet cocked up on the stove front. "But the red devils 'll hae an' the hides an' jerked meat they'll want by that time. It's a cryin' shame tae see the pair beasts murdered by the hoodlums."

"It shure is," Todd agreed, "but I don't see that we get any license t' enforce the game laws—them bucks is somewhat numerous for two white men."

Over in the Blackfoot camp the hunters mounted and rode north; fourscore greasy, bead-bedecked aborigines, wrapped in the many-hued blankets furnished by a benevolent Indian Department, their post-trader rifles looped to their saddle horns.

Ten miles north of the Red Deer no soft-breathed chinook had touched the hills since the first fall of snow. Blizzards, bearing the chill of the ice pack and ever-lying snow, swept up from the north and tore across the wilderness that lies between the North Saskatchewan and the Red Deer, driving the antelope farther and farther south; for when the snow covers the grass on the hills, and buries the sagebrush in the hollows, the prong-horns must seek fresh grazing grounds. That was why the Blackfeet under Medicine Child jumped the reservation and hunted in the Red Deer country.

Their method was simple and, under the conditions, eminently successful. Then they rode in a body until they came to the deep snow. Then they scattered east and west until there was a crescent-shaped line of braves, five miles from end to end. In this formation they combed the country, driving thousands of antelope before them to a head in the river, across which, because of the glassy ice, the prong-horns could not go. When the frightened wild things surged to and fro, seeking to break through the ever-tightening lines, the Indians cast off their mask of stolidity and fell to slaughtering, with flashing eyes and shrill whooping, until the last antelope had broken desperately through the line of barking guns or lay unheeding in the trampled snow.

The popping of guns down the river and the sight of the squaws hastening away with skinning knives and pack ponies to carry the meat, provoked Bill Mathison to the utterance of profane sentiments. As he and Todd Wayne surveyed the killing from the roof of the calf shed, and speculated on the length of time it would take to wipe out the antelope on the Red Deer at that rate, there came a jangle of bells; and a single horse sleigh slipped out of the mouth of the coulee down which ran the home ranch trail.

"Good enough! That's the wisest gent that teaches school at Beaver Crossin'," Todd exclaimed. "I'm shure glad somebody's come along. Yuh're good company, Scotty, but yuh've got t' broodin' over this Injun proposition, and it's gettin' monotonous."

"Aw, whist yer fule talk," commanded Bill. Then he shouted hospitably to the newcomer, "Pit yer nag t' the stable an' gas right in. We'll be w' you as soon as we feed these blattin' beasts o' calves."

When Bill and Todd finished taking care of their stock they hastened to the cabin. The schoolteacher had built a roaring fire, and was interestedly watching the Indian camp through a space he had thawed on the frosted window pane. A box, about two feet square, stood in the centre of the floor. The lid was thrown back, exposing a queer looking thing that immediately attracted the inquisitive Todd.

"Say, now, Howell," he queried, "what breed yu machine is this? Looks like a cross between a railway engine an' a blacksmith bellows."

"That?" laughed Howell. "That's a magic lantern. I'm going down to the Forks to give a little entertainment. Pictures, you know, and a tableau or two—watha little red fire."

"I never like t' monkey with machinery unless I know it's out o' gear

an' harmless," Todd commented, jocularly, as he deposited it in a corner. "A magick lantern, eh?" observed Bill. And he viewed the box with a great deal of interest.

During the preparation of supper Bill and Todd explained to Howell what fashion of folk were the dwellers in the lodge across the river, and dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that they were undesirable.

"It's no right for the Government tae allow the red devils tae squat in a body's dooryard, as ye might say," Bill concluded, angrily; "tae say naethin' o' their killin' the pair antelope, till there'll no be anther bunch come tae the Red Deer for ten year."

"Bill has been a-wishin' he was a 'heap big medicine man,'" Todd, the irrepressible, confided to Howell, "so that he could get out an' scare these here Blackfeet o'ff'n the face o' the earth."

After supper the three clustered round the stove, for the mercury was marking time around the "twenty-below" point, and the hear frost hung thick on the window panes. Howell and Todd discussed the various phases of the Indian question, but Bill sat silent, puffing industriously at his pipe. He seemed to be studying over some matters, and at times his eyes rested speculatively on Frank Howell's lantern case.

Suddenly Bill dropped his feet from the top of the oven door with a thump that brought a reproving look from Todd. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the stove front, and stowed it away in his pocket. Then he looked from one to the other and spoke. "I hae a plan for scarin' these red bodies finely," he began, rather dubiously.

"Throw it out yu hah, Scotty," cried Todd, enthusiastically. "I'm the greatest son-of-a-gun t' work out schemes yuh ever saw—only I never can think u' one t' work."

"It's no on ye I'll be dependin' tae work out the thing," retorted Bill. "Ye'll no hae a big part tae play. It's on Mr. Howell here ma plan depen's, an' maybe he'll no care tae tak a han'."

"Let's hear yur plan, by all means," Howell said, impulsively. "If there's any sport in it I'll be right with you."

Thus pressed Bill voiced his idea, and when he had done Todd Wayne and the schoolteacher were idiotically giggling.

"Yuh've shure got a vivid imagination," Todd assured him. "Yuh ought t' been one o' these here story-writin' sharps, Bill, with such a noble set u' think-works—yuh shure had!"

"I prophesay that we startle the noble red man a little, anyway," Howell chuckled, gleefully, "even if it doesn't act as Bill thinks it will."

It was a cloudy night, and the ranch lay under a high bank, which masked the cabin and stable, the corral and calf sheds with unbroken gloom. Bill and Todd bundled themselves in fur coats and caps; they put on extra socks and dry moccasins and went outside. Their actions did not betray anything unusual. They simply secured an axe each, and split a good sized pile of firewood.

They piled the wood forty or fifty yards from the cabin almost on the river bank. While Todd whittled shavings to start a fire Bill dived into the cabin, reappearing in a moment with a ten-foot square of white cotton. This he fastened securely to a line that ran from the woodpile to the stable, placing blocks of wood on the lower edge to hold it taut.

When Bill had completed his task Todd signified that he was ready to start the fire. Bill shouted to the cabin: "We're ready noo, if ye are."

The window lights were abruptly blotted out a second after he spoke. They fanned the fire a little, and as the flame shot up a nipping night breeze caught and blew it to a roaring blaze. From the blackness of the cabin wall a yellow glare of light shot forth, wavered a moment, then fastened fairly on the white cotton square, and disappeared.

"The old boy's got the proper focus, all right, all right," Todd remarked, jocularly. "Ain't it about time t' begin the grand march? S'pose yur copper faced friends don't get curious?"

"Dinna ye fear," Bill replied, testily, "the red devils 'll be here fast enoo'. Hae ye the concertina?"

"I shure hae," said Todd, producing the instrument. "I ain't no Paddy-roosky, Bill, but I'll do the best I can."

He squatted in the snow by the fire, and slipping his mitts into his coat pocket, stretched the bellows and rans his fingers over the keys of the antiquated affair. The squeaking notes shrilled wonderfully loud in the silence. While Todd indulged in a few preliminary flourishes, Bill heaped wood on the fire. Then he slipped out of his fur coat and straightened up with a six-shooter in his hand; the barking crack-crack of it went echoing far up and down the river.

The Blackfeet, peering out of their tepees at the report of the gun, noted the fire by the Gordon line camp. They looked with growing wonder at the figures of the two men vividly silhouetted in the glare, one huddled by the fire, the other capering before it with loud cries and strange contortions of his body; and as the squeaky trill of the concertina drifted over the frozen river, the Indian dogs voiced a canine protest that died away in an eerie, wolf-like howl. Hesitating between curiosity and superstitious fear, the Blackfeet listened and watched silently, until Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, medicine man, struck his inflated chest with the palm of his hand, and spoke.

"It may be that the white men hae drank too much firewater," he shrilled. "Or they may make medicine against us; for they like us not. Shall fifty lodges of the Blackfeet stand in fear before two palefaces? Let us cross the river and behold the things they do! My medicine is stronger than theirs—and it is far to where dwell the redcoats, in their big tepees of wood."

By the time Bill Mathison had executed some thirty different steps of the Highland fling, great drops of sweat were standing out on his tanned cheeks, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he heard Todd growl encouragingly. "Go to it, old boy! Yuh got 'em a-comin'." As Bill balanced airily on the toes of one foot, prouetting like a giddy chorus girl, and yip-yipping in a manner that amazed even Todd, he heard the shuffling pat-pat of moccasins in the snow. He glimpsed a line of inscrutable bronze faces peering at him out of the dark. Closer they pressed, until the light of the fire touched their features with its glow, and their figures took on tangible shape. Then Bill faced them with hands outspread. Todd flung the keys dolorously.

"Have the Blackfeet come to behold the strength of my medicine?" he asked, calmly. Bill spoke the Blackfoot tongue like a chief of the tribe, and wide knowledge of their customs and superstitions gave him a solid foundation to work upon.

"What medicine does the white man boast o'?" Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly demanded, in a scornful tone. "Does he think the Blackfeet are little children to fear a fire and a thing that squeaks and groans with a strange voice?"

"Listen! For many days the Blackfeet have had good hunting on the Red Deer. Is it not so?" Bill made a gesture up and down the river.

"Our young men have had good hunting," responded Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, spokesman by virtue of his position when medicine talk was made.

"Even so!" thundered Bill. "The hunting has been good—so good that the young men, having powder aplenty, slaughtered the prong-horns for the joy of killing. And now the carcasses, stripped only of hide and tongue, lie on the river bottoms as close together as the cottonwoods in the coulees; so that when the chinook comes the stink of them will drive even the gray badger to the high lands. Therefore, O men of the Blackfoot nation! the Great Spirit is angry. And he has said to me this night, 'Make medicine, and I, the Great Spirit, will send a sign that the Blackfeet who hunt under Medicine Child may be warned and cease their wanton slaying of the deer.'"

Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly and Medicine Child exchanged guttural confidences for a minute. The younger Indians stood silent, but the gleam in their roving eyes betoken an uneasy spirit. All through this Todd Wayne with bowed head faithfully squeezed pianissimo strains out of the concertina, oblivious, seemingly, to his surroundings.

"We would see the sign," boldly declared Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly. "We are no coyotes, to be driven from our hunting by a white man who speaks loudly. Show our young men the sign, white medicine-maker."

Turning his back on the Indians, Bill Mathison threw his arms aloft and shouted invocation to the black masses of cloud-drift overhead. The strident tones of him went bellowing across the hills. What he said was Greek to the Indians, and even Todd Wayne, though he attended strictly to the orchestral part of the affair, racked his brains to make sense of the words. But Frank Howell, listening through a window, caught such fragments as

"They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, And coast her duddies tae the wark, And linkat at it her sark!"

and he leaned against the casement, holding hands to his shaking sides. Of a surety Bill Mathison knew how to conjure up spirits.

Suddenly he ceased and held both hands over the dying fire, palms down. There was a sputter, a brilliant flash of blood-red flame that died away instantly. Bill faced the cabin and, pointing into the gloom, shouted: "Behold the sign!"

As he spoke a yellow glare showed fearfully bright on what seemed empty atmosphere. In a breath a group of Indians stood where the yellow beam had glared, then they were eclipsed by a squad of mounted police, the Riders of the North, their red coats standing out like splotches of scarlet paint. A brief space they lingered, startlingly life-like, then there was nothing but black night.

"Have the Blackfeet seen?" howled Bill. "Let them look again. Behold the sign!"

Bill delivered himself of more language as another scene flashed boldly out. It was a smoke-stained ground—a grim picture, perfect in detail. Back from the bodies a gaunt, gray wolf squatted on his haunches, nose pointed skyward, as though he were calling his brethren to the grewsome feast.

Bill turned on his heel as the picture went out like a match in the wind, but there was no half circle of glittering-eyed braves. There was nothing but the shuffling pat-pat of many moccasins in the crisp snow, and Todd Wayne, sitting by a few glowing embers, grinning foolishly up at him.

"They drifted," said Todd, tersely. "Mon, mon!" Bill Mathison said, earnestly—when, next morning, there was no sign of the Blackfoot camp, "the pair antelope 'll be thankfu' for the night's wark. But wha wad a' thought the ignorant bodies wad see frae a magick lantern—an' a bit o' Bobbie Burns!"—Bertrand W. Sinclair.

A Welsh firm is exporting to Brazil briquets made from waste coal and coal tar pitch, moulded under pressure and heat.

Compelling oysters to produce pearls by placing a foreign substance, such as small pebbles, in their shells, has become an extensive industry, in which the Japanese have specially excelled, but the Chinese can claim distinction in the originality of one of the substances often used by them.

Paul Bequerel has exposed seeds of lucerne mustard and wheat to the temperature of liquid air for three weeks, and subsequently for hours, to the temperature of boiling hydrogen, 253 degrees centigrade, and yet all of the lucerne and mustard seeds, and several of the wheat seeds, germinated normally when planted.

Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the pilgrim fathers. It was more than two centuries after the first white invasion of New England, however, before modern beekeeping began. The industry of the present day dates from the invention of the movable frame hive by Langstreth, in 1852.

Canadian doctors having reported frequent cases of slight injury or strain to passengers alighting from electric cars, the Toronto Railway Company at the request of the Railway and Municipal Board has made some experiments with both two and three steps below the car platform level. The latter were found to project too far from the side of the car, but the two step pattern has been adopted.

An electric rail grider has been devised by the Albany and Hudson Railway for use in grinding the wing rails of frogs to insure smoother passage of car wheels. A motor is carried in an ordinary hand car, a sort of small barrow carrying the emery wheel being suspended from a crane overhanging the end of the car, and the operator supplying the necessary pressure upon the grinding wheel through the handles of the barrow.

Famous Commercial Travelers

By FORREST CRISSEY.

Marshall Field was a commercial traveler; so were John Wanamaker and Tom Murray. So also were Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, and Richard Cobden, the famous English statesman and writer. Ex-Governor Frank Black, of New York, followed "the road" with his simple cases before beginning his legal and political career. Walter D. Moody, one of the chief executives of the Chicago Association of Commerce and author of "Men Who Sell Things," was for fifteen years a road salesman. This list might be extended almost indefinitely.

Occasionally the commercial traveler leaves the road to enter one of the professions. Milton J. Foreman, one of the leaders of the Chicago bar, president of the Chicago Charter Association, alderman, and a power in local politics, was a "star" hat salesman and took his law books on the road with him until he was well grounded in the rudiments of the profession.

Another commercial traveler, Charles N. Crowdon, took a course in the University of Chicago after he was married. There he became interested in Egyptology and later, between his regular commercial trips on the road, visited Egypt and studied the ancient ruins at first hand. This brought him into print in a series of travel articles, and he found that he could write, and write well. Later he began to draw upon his experience as a commercial traveler for literary material and scored a success and a National reputation. But he resolutely withstood all temptation to be drawn away from the road. His work kept him in touch with the world of affairs, and one day his alert eye caught sight of the opportunity to start a novel business "on the side."

His "road partner" became his actual partner in the new enterprise. Their work for their respective houses took them where they most needed to go in the interest of their private venture. To-day one of these men draws a salary of \$12,000 and the other a little less than that, while their private venture probably yields them more than they earn from their regular calling.—Everybody's.

Did as He Was Told.

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leettle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the harbor shore, so aft he went to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side said:

"Cap'n Spooner, yu're getting a leettle too close to them flats. Hadn't yu better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that ar mud hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" he roared.

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, capt, my part of the skuner is to anchor."—The Bluejacket.

Leather Money and Medals.

On the authority of Seneca, a curious account is given of a period when leather, appropriately stamped to give it a certain legal character, was the only current money. At a comparatively recent date in the annals of Europe, Fredrich the Second, who died in 1750 at the siege of Milan, paid his troops with leather money. Nearly the same circumstance occurred in England during the great wars of the barons. In the course of 1350 King John, for the ransom of his royal person, promised to pay to Edward the Third of England three millions of gold crowns. In order to fill his obligation John was reduced to the mortifying necessity of paying the expenses of the palace in leather money, in the centre of each piece there being a little bright point of silver.

In that reign is found the origin of the burlesque honor of conferring "a leather medal." King John having used them when he wished to confer honor upon some nobleman.—Harper's Weekly.

Best Wheat For Bread.

It is a well recognized fact that the flour from the hard spring wheats of the Northwestern districts will produce a large, well piled loaf of bread of excellent quality, and because it absorbs a lot of water it also gives a good yield of bread. These are desirable qualities and naturally explain why this class of flour is so popular for bread making.

The softer winter wheats do not contain so much gluten and do not make so large or to many people so desirable a loaf as the spring wheat flours. Yet a good, palatable loaf of bread can be made, and is being made every day, from this class of flour.—Bakers' Weekly.

Changing Times For a "Juggernaut."

As sequel to the Jagan Nath Car Festival at Mahesh, in which one man was killed and several injured, Police Inspector of Serampur has been suspended.—Lahore Tribune.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Paw Paw, Mich.—"I suffered terribly from female illa, including inflammation and congestion, for several years. My doctor said there was no hope for me but an operation. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can now say I am a well woman."—EMMA DRAPER.

Another Operation Avoided. Chicago, Ill.—"I want women to know what that wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has done for me. Two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation, and I never thought of seeing a well day again. I had a small tumor and female troubles so that I suffered day and night. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me a well woman."—Mrs. ALYSSA SPERLING, 11 Langdon St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female illa, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

One Or the Other. Little Lola was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him for some time, she said: "Gwanpa, was 'oo in ze ark?" "Certainly not, my dear," replied the astonished old gentleman. "Zen," continued the small inquisitor, "why wasn't 'oo drowned?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED.

Spread Over Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—It Was Something Terrible—Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely free from the disease and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhart, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."—Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

In Good Training.

"Just time you've ever milked a cow, is it?" said Uncle Josh to his visiting nephew. "Well, y' do it a durn sight better'n most city fellers do." "It seems to come natural somehow," said the youth, flushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen."—Seattle Week-End.

Thousands of country people know that in time of sudden mishap or accident Hamline Wizard Oil is the best substitute for the family doctor. That is why it is so often found upon the shelf.

Montreal, with its winters of great severity, is 350 miles nearer the equator than is London. Montreal, indeed, is on the same degree of latitude as Venice.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Major George F. Ahern, U. S. A., recently accomplished a journey around the world at a cost of less than \$1,000. The major chose the route across Siberia and the Philippines, where he was stationed. His actual time was 67 days 15 hours.

While 60,000 volts was considered a maximum tension for transmission lines a few years ago they are now using 72,000. An 80,000-volt line 13½ miles long is now building, and a line has been built designed for 100,000 volts.

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring headache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. Virginia Spitzer, Buena Vista, Va., says: "For thirty years I suffered everything but death with my kidneys. I cannot describe my suffering from terrible bearing down pains, dizzy spells, headaches and periods of partial blindness. The urine was full of sediment. I was in the hospital three weeks. Doan's Kidney Pills were quick to bring relief and soon made me well and strong again."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMurray Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rules of Life and Eating.

Horace Fletcher has printed in a book his rules of life and eating, summing them up as thus:

- Don't eat when not hungry.
- Don't ever get angry.
- Don't drink in a hurry.
- Don't tolerate worry.
- Don't ever waste good taste.
- Don't pass it by in haste.
- Don't gobble pure good food.
- Don't fail to eat as you should.
- Don't make work of exercise.
- Don't make light of good advice.
- Don't ever half take breath.
- Don't thus court an early death.
- Don't squander precious time.
- Don't miss to do your best.
- Let Nature do the rest.