

WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

When life is done availeth naught. The pleasures that we dearly bought. The wealth we risked our souls to gain.

"SOME INJUNS." THE TRAPPER'S STORY OF A SIOUX'S GRATITUDE.

ONCE in his life old Thad Griffin, the trapper, did a very foolish thing; at least, that was what he called the act, when he thought of it at all, for a long time afterward.

But the Indian did not lead a scalping party back to the trapper's camp, as Griffin had half expected he would. Nothing more was heard of him.

There were "slathers of fur signs," but no traces of Indians in this region of rolling prairie, broken at the eastward by a belt of heavy timber.

Clear sky and bracing atmosphere and the promise of a successful season made the blood fairly bound through the trapper's veins.

Griffin had many a "fuss" with these same Indians, and he recognized them instantly as belonging to a village that wintered in the Ottertail woods.

Flat in the grass dropped Griffin, but not soon enough to escape the sharp eyes of the Indians. Raising a terrific whoop, they left the ponies to look out for themselves.

Griffin glanced over his shoulder. As he expected, a dozen of the swiftest runners had thrown off their blankets and, knives in hand, were approaching at a rate that meant mischief for a man who must cling to a twelve-pound gun.

"White man no shoot!" he shouted. "Me him friend! No stop; Injun no ketchum!" The white man took a good look.

heap quick. Injun run by; no ketchum. Bimely dark, white man run off." Griffin shaped his course for the nearest clump of bush, and put his last atom of strength into a leap that landed him fair in its centre.

It was so contrary to the trapper's training to trust an Indian that his first movement was to slip out his knife. He meant to be prepared in case the Sioux should pounce on top of him.

But the Indians tore on into the forest, and after him went the others. They passed so near the place where Griffin lay that they might have heard his hard breathing had they not been running so fast and yelling so lustily.

He hardly knew what action to take. It seemed that the young brave had meant him to get away as soon as the crowd passed; and it would be easy enough to shoot the old Indian, and then make his escape in the darkness.

"I won't do it!" said Griffin to himself. "Not if I lose my scalp for it." By the time the band returned from the fruitless chase the trapper had got his breath. He wasted none of it, he may be certain, in the course of the impromptu council that the Indians held before they left the timber.

Griffin never saw or heard of the young Sioux again; but the trapper had a better opinion of the tribe and the race from that time forward. "Sure enough," he used to say, when he told the story, "most of 'em are bad, and others of 'em are worse; but I tell you, boys, sure enough, some 'uns are folks!"—Youth's Companion.

That ants doctor their sick by hypnotism and magnetism is proved by observation. An ardent student tells how he witnessed what may be termed a séance in medical science among ants.

On following their movements through a glass the observer saw on this mound some motions in the direction of the advancing invalids. The latter went up the mound, one by one, and submitted themselves to treatment.

In order to assist in the recruiting of men for the navy, the Navy Department has prepared large lithograph posters for display in all the principal cities and towns in the country.

Here is an advertisement that was published lately in an Italian newspaper: "An agreeable young man, of most distinguished family, good, serious, honorable, hard-working, finding it out of his power to effect a most remunerative business plan, proposes to a wise father of a family to marry his daughter, if only she be agreeable and have a dowry exceeding 100,000 lire—Alfa, 1414, Posta, Firenze."—Boston Journal.

Black Adventure.

ONE of the most extraordinary feats of horsemanship ever performed in this or any other country was that of Mr. John Leech Manning, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

Seven or eight years ago a number of German officers stationed at Metz performed an extraordinary equestrian exploit—or perhaps escapade it ought to be called. Shortly after 12 one night six lieutenants of the Thirteenth Dragoons dashed out of the barracks on their chargers, clad in nothing but their shirts.

For the sake of a wager a remarkable feat of horsemanship was some years ago accomplished by a sporting nobleman in a certain West End mansion. He made a bet with a friend that he would ride his pony from the ground floor of the house to the top and down again.

The foregoing performance was paralleled by the exploit of a Lincolnshire farmer who, at Kirton Lindsey, in that county, succeeded in riding a pony up two flights of stairs into a room and to the ground floor again.

A marvelous feat in the hunting field was reported a few months since from Warrnambool, Victoria. During a run of the local hounds a horse known as Handy Andy, ridden by Mr. M. J. Dickson, approached a stiff full-rail fence in the neighborhood of Grasmere.

Some volunteer officers in Wales rode their horses at full gallop at midnight over the rocky declivities of a neighboring mountain without mishap to men or mounts.—Tit-Bits.

Tangled in a big fishing seine after the capsizing of their boat one mile from shore, Charles Beck and his son, George Beck, two Evanston firemen, struggled for their lives for two hours yesterday morning in Lake Michigan.

The Becks, who live at 2140 Maple avenue, Evanston, had gone out early in the morning to take in the seine, which they had set off Grosse Point Lighthouse. They were engaged in hauling in the netful of fish when a squall arose. Their boat, a flat-bottomed scow, swung into the trough of the sea and filled with water.

Divesting themselves of their rubber coats and boots, the father and son, with a fishing knife, began cutting the cords from their hands and ankles.

to give out after a half hour's struggle, and the double burden of helping the boy to keep afloat, and freeing both himself and his son from the impending meshes fell to the father. The latter's endurance had nearly given out when he succeeded in separating the last strands of the seine.

A new rendering of the old story of the bull in the china shop is told by P. J. McCook, a nephew of General Anson G. McCook, and himself a veteran of the Spanish-American War. "During the Porto Rico campaign," said Mr. McCook, "my company was camping in a field not far from the town of Adjuntas.

"Evidently the injured nose troubled the animal, for presently he made another rush for the fence. Again he met a vicious stab. By this time the infuriated animal was roused. He upset the sentry, snapped the wire fence and was in the midst of the camp in a second.

Among the interesting figures at the recent naval maneuvers at New London was a signal corps sergeant named Ackers, who lay claim to one of the most remarkable war records in the Army.

"I brought the word to Liscum," said Ackers, in telling the story. "Liscum's fighting blood was up and he was mad at the idea of retreating. Turning to me he gave me the worst wiggling I ever received. There we stood out in the open, with the bullets flying in all directions, and the Colonel sailing into me for fair.

While a number of passengers were waiting for the morning train at Pablo Beach, Fla., they heard the wail of a child. Jerry DManey, Deputy Sheriff and a former Cincinnati policeman, headed those who hastened to search for the cause of the cry.

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It's a Popular Delusion That the Climate is Changing

By Willis L. Moore, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

RUTHFUL and intelligent men are wont to declare that they know from personal recollection that the climate of their particular places of residence had changed since they were boys; that they had reliable landmarks to show that the streams were drying up; that the precipitation was growing less, and that the winters were becoming milder, notwithstanding the fact that carefully taken observations of temperature and rainfall for each day for the previous hundred years at their place of residence showed no alteration of climate.

The date palm, the vine, and the fig tree flourish as luxuriantly to-day in Palestine as they did in the days of Moses. Dried plants have been taken from the mummy cases of the Pharaohs exactly similar to those now growing in the soil once trod by those ancient monarchs.

American Fire Fighters Are the Best in the World

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

HEREVER the American goes in Europe, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that he finds, in the more important cities, the adaptation of our ideas for fighting fire. Our steam fire-engines, our brass poles that bring men down from the upper stories of their station-houses, our hinged collars that snap around the horses' necks at a touch, are everywhere.

American fire-team from Kansas City, fourteen men under Chief George C. Hale, carried off all the most important honors at the International Fire Congress, at which were represented America, France, Portugal, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Germany, Turkey, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, New Zealand, India, Austria, Mexico and Peru.

Tell Women the Truth.

By Helen Oldfield.

PRINCIPALLY the cause of what is called woman's unreasonableness is the direct result of her not being told the truth. Half the time a woman does not know how she stands to face a problem, because she cannot get a man to tell her the simple facts in the case.

A curious example of this once came under my own observation. A man died, leaving his widow without any means of support. His friends, in the most delicate way in the world, provided for her, and began exerting themselves to get some occupation for her by which she could support herself.

Another thing—and I don't know a more pathetic thing—is that the whole world seems banded together to deceive women about the real facts of working life. Now there's plenty of work in the world for every industrious and intelligent girl, but it's nothing short of a crime to make her believe that there is any get-rich-quick way to fortune; and I never read any of these romances about picturesque modes of getting a living that fails to arouse in me a righteous contempt for the authors of such stories.

Mysticism is Increasing in This Practical Age

By Ralph M. McKenzie.

THE hunger displayed by all classes of people for literature of a mystical or esoteric character is beyond the belief of any one not connected with the sale of books or periodicals or not in touch with the work of public libraries throughout the country. This includes fortune-telling by cards, palmistry, astrology, the phenomena of hypnotism, suggestive therapeutics, spiritism, mind reading, faith cure, theosophy and everything connected with the divining of the future or the mystical or occult in mind, matter or religion.

Many periodicals treating of these various subjects are published now in many languages, and the circulations of some of them have increased wonderfully. A curious phase of the subject is the fact that particular articles in these periodicals attract wide attention, and are often quoted and discussed in coteries which are not usually supposed to be interested in matters beyond the domain of the five senses.