

THINKING AND OBEYING. "Captain, what do you think," I asked...

BASHFUL YET FEARLESS

If I had been caught in such a situation by anybody but John Benton I should have been terribly annoyed...

My little sister Alice was having a party and of course I had to assist in entertaining the guests...

John Benton blushed and looked at me. Most of the penalties were in the shape of kisses, and I felt nervous until my turn came...

There was silence as everybody except Mr. Benton looked at me to see the operation performed, when a baby voice at my side said: "I'll kiss him for you, Lou."

Benton's knee and looked out of the window, while the company awaited her pleasure. "Oh, foot—foot at the big birdie on the tree out of the window," she said...

I glanced carelessly into the room, with my hand on the handle of the door, and was about to continue my journey to the dining room when I felt a current of air from an open window...

For a few seconds my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see anything. Then I saw two men rolling on the floor in a desperate struggle...

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that it would empty itself, so rapid was the fall. "Two years ago, instead of falling, the lake, without any apparent cause, began to rise, and at one time residents of Truckee were organizing to prevent, if possible, the destruction of their town in the event that the dam at the mouth of the lake gave way...

A LITTLE STUDY IN TIPS. Young Men Going Courting the Barber's Best Customer. "More from young men before they are married than after," said the barber...

In Forbidden Places. A very large mastiff at one end of a kiosk and a very small girl at the other end formed a combination which attracted the attention of a casual pedestrian in a quiet side street...

The Reward of Faith. Bret Harie had bushy hair, very piercing eyes, and a moustache which soon became white. He was apparently deeply attached to his children, and he told me a very funny story about one of them, which I fear has appeared in print, but not with the names attached...

A Word For the Railroad. Great as is the power and prominence of the road in the West, it is itself only the instrument by which a mighty nation is making progress. The road was the effort of the East to knit to itself with steel the far-outlying Rockies and the Pacific coast...

TWO FOMO INDIAN MYTHS. MUYAMUYA THE BANTERER WAS HARD TO SLAY. He Even Survived the Attacks of Grizzly Bears, but at Last His Concealed Heart was Discovered—The Old Frog Woman and the Floating Log

Among the recent publications of the University of California is one dealing with the ethnography of the Pomo and neighboring Indians, by S. A. Barrett. The territory included in the investigation lies immediately north of San Francisco Bay, and includes several counties. It extends about one hundred and thirty miles north and south and about one hundred miles east and west...

This portion of the Coast Range, however, consist of two fairly distinct ranges, and between these mountains lie several streams, one of which is the Russian River, on whose banks were several village sites. One of these was supposed to have been the home of Muyamuya, a mythical being. "There is considerable doubt," says Mr. Barrett, "as to whether this site was ever inhabited by the present Indians, but it is given by some as an ordinary village. By others, however, it is given as the site of a village occupied by the mythical people only. According to one informant, Muyamuya was a great, ugly-looking, hairy, man-like being, nine or ten feet in height, who lived alone near a spring called Kapasil, spring brush."

"As any one passed by he would always make fun of them and invite them to gamble. No one ever paid any attention to his bantering, but passed on, and as his back was turned Muyamuya would run up and steal whatever the person was carrying and make off with it. On account of his strength and size the people were afraid to attack him at such times, but they eventually gave a big dance and feast to which he was invited, and there they endeavored to kill him. He warned them repeatedly that if he were killed some great calamity would befall them, but said that if they wished to dispose of him they must drive up in a certain very rich costume and throw him into a big pool in the river at the foot of the cliff just north of the village. "They, however, paid no attention to his warning, and proceeded to pinion him and allow the women to pound him to pieces with pestles. They then threw the mangled remains away and rejoiced that they were at last rid of this vicious tormentor. But no sooner had they returned to the village than he also reappeared, the pieces of his body having come together and reunited. "At other times he was known to have been attacked by grizzly bears while hunting and to have been chewed to bits by them, and still to have survived. Finally, after the people of this village had endeavored a number of times to kill Muyamuya, they determined to again try mashing him. They accordingly caught him and took him to the top of the cliff just north of the village and mashed his body completely, this time not overlooking any parts, and particularly the great toe of his right foot. Under the nail of Muyamuya's great toe on the right foot there was a small hard kernel which when cut open and examined was found to enclose his heart. "It was the overlooking of this heart that had formerly baffled their attempts to kill him. This time, however, they cut out the heart and rolled the fragments of the body over the cliff into the pool below; also rolling large boulders after them. The boulders may now be seen at the foot of the cliff. The people then celebrated the occasion with a great dance, at the end of which all were transformed into birds, which flew away, and the village has never since been inhabited. Mr. Barrett also tells about a lake which in aboriginal times was surrounded by a dense growth of shrubs and briars—a place viewed with some awe by the Indians. "There is a story told of a supernatural log which formerly floated about in this lake," he says. "In appearance it was like an ordinary log five or six feet in length and eight or ten inches, possibly a foot, in diameter. It floated about the lake as an ordinary log might, but when people, particularly children, approached the lake the log would be seen to float toward them and come to the shore, where it would remain until they either stepped upon it or moved away. If they did the former the log moved rapidly out to the middle of the lake and there floated about for a long time. "So far as informants could remember the log did not roll or in any way seem to try to throw off its cargo, and no one was ever known to have been killed or injured by such a ride. Nevertheless, no one except the most daring ever ventured to step upon the log and it seems to have been particularly forbidden to children by their parents to undertake such a risk. "Another strange thing in connection with this lake is the fact, which is attested by some of the oldest settlers of the region, that every evening there was to be heard coming from the lake a deep and very loud sound resembling somewhat that of a locomotive blowing off steam or the loud bellowing of a bull. This was said to be the sound made by the old frog-woman who lived in and controlled this lake and all things surrounding it. She is not represented as having injured Indians, nor was there formerly thought to be any direct connection between her and the miracu-

ously moving log above mentioned. "However, not many years after the settlement of this section by the Mexican rancheros there came a very wet season which raised the river so high that it flowed into and out of this lake, taking with it the miraculous log; and never since has the sound of the old frog-woman been heard in the evening. It is now believed by the Indians, therefore, that there was some connection between the two, of which they were formerly unaware."—New York Evening Post.

HE DIDN'T GO HUNGRY. Neither Did His Partner After Their Scheme Worked Out All Right. The man who once was down and out but is no longer was telling the other day of one of his poverty time devices. He was travelling with another chap just as much down and out as he, and both were hungry. Their capital was insignificant and they didn't intend to spend any of it. But they had a revolver which suggested to the first man a scheme. It worked out something like this: "I went into a pretty good looking restaurant," said the prosperous one, taking a long draw at his cigar, "and as my clothes looked pretty good I wasn't an object of suspicion. I had an overcoat which belonged to my partner. "As the overcoat and the revolver were chief characters in the ensuing drama, they have to be mentioned prominently. I got a seat right near the door and hung up my coat so that it was only a step away from the door. "Then I sat down and ordered a square one, a meal that it would be impossible to describe. It was so good. "I ate and ate and ate, and by and by my partner came along. Without his overcoat—and it was a cold day—he didn't look good. He hung around the door for a long while, looking like a hobo getting up his nerve to come in and beg. "Just about the time he made a signal to me that showed he was about to enter I got up to go to the cigar counter to pick out a nice after-dinner smoke. In came my partner and slunk up to the desk to ask for a bit of food. "Nothing doing. He was turned down cold. Then to make the thing work better, he came up to me and asked, 'Say, boss, won't you give me a lift? I'm down and out.' I repeated him sternly, and after looking around he started out. "I said to the proprietor in a virtuous way, 'I don't believe in helping those bums,' to which he answered with a smug shake of the head, when my partner grabbed the overcoat. I knew what he was doing, but I pretended to be very much interested in the cigar until the proprietor yelled out: 'Hey, he's stealing your coat!' "I held on to the cigar, wheeled around and started for my partner. He was half out of the door, I yell, 'Drop that!' and for answer he drew the revolver and discharged it. "The proprietor dropped behind the counter and the waiter fled to the kitchen. From his place the proprietor called out: 'Look out! He'll shoot you!' and taking my cue I let him run out. "Then when the excitement cleared off I raised an awful row about losing the coat, and the proprietor finally came up with the money for a new one, say about \$30. Well, did that meal pay me? What?—New York Sun.

ORIENTAL SECRET TELEGRAPHY. Strange Power of Communicating News Over Great Distances. The hope that the movement of troops against the Zaktia Khels will prove "a regular surprise" to these erring tribesmen leaves out of account the mystic Oriental power of rapidly and secretly communicating news over vast distances. An instance of this strange faculty was furnished during the Indian frontier expedition against the Waziris in 1895. Seventy-five miles as the crow flies and 120 miles by mountain roads from their base at Sheik Budin the British troops defeated the Waziris. Heavy mist prevented the news of this success being telegraphed until the following day, when, communication being opened up, the British officer at Sheik Budin anticipated the news of the victory by stating he had been informed of it by natives on the very evening of its occurrence. The most famous instance of this sort is associated with the assassination of Lord Mayo by a convict in the Andaman Islands. Within a few hours of this murder an English official at Simla was told by his Pathan servant that the Viceroy was dead. Telegrams announcing the news did not arrive until the next day. How such messages are transmitted is hidden from Europeans, but again and again in India, as also in Egypt during the Sudanese campaigns and in South Africa during the Boer war, the authenticity and speed in such native telegraphy were proved. —Dundee Advertiser.

Slow Mental Ripening. Not infrequently those mentalities that ripen the slowest last the longest, and often the history of these great men has been persistent neglect and worldly coldness until forty or more years have passed before their greatness has been recognized by their contemporaries. Truly, "the life history of a great genius is almost invariably one of a sad and somber tonality, a walk apart from the beaten path." Such are the words of one who should know what the "doers of deeds" must endure. Be this as it may, it is now recognized that many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature and in all activities have been wrought by men long past sixty. Writes one: "No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability."—From W. A. Newman Dorland's "The Age of Mental Vitality" in the Century.

One-tenth of the earth's surface is unexplored.

For boys and girls

FALLING LEAVES. The sentimental poet always grieves when he beholds the falling autumn leaves; But I think their importance very small compared to other leaves that swiftly fall. From my big calendar, as day by day The months of glad vacation slip away. Each night I pull a leaf off, and I sigh To think how fast the summer pleasures fly; There goes the day I fished the brook for trout, There the three days the boys and I camped out— There goes the day we spent down by the sea— The day we cut our names upon a tree; The day we waded in the shady pool— Oh, dear! Just six more days—and then comes school!

COW THAT LIKED COMPOSITIONS. Caro had never written a composition. At the city school nothing had ever been said about them. But here in the country, where they had lately come to live, every Friday was composition day, and Caro was expected to write something on the subject printed upon the blackboard. "Cows," she read, and felt perplexed at once. "Then I sat down and ordered a square one, a meal that it would be impossible to describe. It was so good. "I ate and ate and ate, and by and by my partner came along. Without his overcoat—and it was a cold day—he didn't look good. He hung around the door for a long while, looking like a hobo getting up his nerve to come in and beg. "Just about the time he made a signal to me that showed he was about to enter I got up to go to the cigar counter to pick out a nice after-dinner smoke. In came my partner and slunk up to the desk to ask for a bit of food. "Nothing doing. He was turned down cold. Then to make the thing work better, he came up to me and asked, 'Say, boss, won't you give me a lift? I'm down and out.' I repeated him sternly, and after looking around he started out. "I said to the proprietor in a virtuous way, 'I don't believe in helping those bums,' to which he answered with a smug shake of the head, when my partner grabbed the overcoat. I knew what he was doing, but I pretended to be very much interested in the cigar until the proprietor yelled out: 'Hey, he's stealing your coat!' "I held on to the cigar, wheeled around and started for my partner. He was half out of the door, I yell, 'Drop that!' and for answer he drew the revolver and discharged it. "The proprietor dropped behind the counter and the waiter fled to the kitchen. From his place the proprietor called out: 'Look out! He'll shoot you!' and taking my cue I let him run out. "Then when the excitement cleared off I raised an awful row about losing the coat, and the proprietor finally came up with the money for a new one, say about \$30. Well, did that meal pay me? What?—New York Sun.

THE STARS. A dear little child lay in bed and sobbed because it was dark in the room below, heard the soft sound of wind and said, "What are you, dearie, and why do you cry?" And the little child said, "Oh, father, I am afraid of the dark. You say I am too big to have a nurse, but all of the corners are full of dreadful blackness, and I think there are things in them, with eyes that would look at me if I looked at them and if they looked at me, I should die. Oh, father, why is there such a terrible thing as darkness? Why cannot it always be day?" The father took the child in his arms and carried it downstairs and out into the summer night. "Look up, dearie," he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights." The little one looked up and saw the stars spangling the blue veil of the sky; bright as candles they burned, and yellow as gold. "Oh, father," cried the child, "what are those lovely things?" "Those are stars," said the father. "Those are God's little lights." "But why have I never seen them before?" "Because you are a very little child, and never have been out in the night before." "Can I see the stars only at night, father?" "Only at night, my child." "Do they only come then, father?" "No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining." "But, father, the darkness is not terrible here; it is beautiful." "Yes, dearie, the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars instead of into the corners."—Laura E. Richards, in "The Golden Windows."

BUTTERFLIES. The short hair of the clock had crept round to seven, and Aunt Alice was a nice, snapping log on the grass and he was sitting cross-legged on the rug, watching it burn. He had been hard to sit up a little longer, although his eyes blurred, often, and his neck ached from trying to hold his head upright. But he said he was not sleepy. "I will tell you a story," said Aunt Alice, "about some little people who have to sleep every night instead of having a nice warm bed, as you do." This made the little man's face Harriet's face, because he loved the stories Aunt Alice told. "I have told you about the flock of English sparrows that build in a bush near my window, but this story is about the dear little blue butterflies. Harold followed Aunt Alice up the stairs, and was not long in crawling down in his own little bed, waiting for the rest of the story. "These butterflies," continued Aunt Alice, "have gray spotted wings, and are seen flying over the dandelion all day, and when it comes night they go in great numbers to a sheltered place, where the grass is tall, and each one chooses a separate blade of grass on which to make his bed. Each butterfly turns his head downward and folds and lowers his wings, so that he looks exactly like a seed blown by the grasses to and fro they are rocked to sleep. "I should like to see them," said Harold, sleepily, "but I am glad that I have a bed—and an Aunt Alice." And while he was thinking about the little butterfly brothers, all sleeping together, he made his journey to dreamland.—S. H., in Youth's Companion.

AS TOMMY SAW IT. Tommy's teacher had taken him to the zoological garden with his classmates. Upon their return the teacher asked that each should write an essay on some one of the animals he had seen. Here is a sample from a bright-minded eleven-year-old. "Lions always walk except when they eat, and then they growl. Their roar is most terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest, but when they are in cages it sounds like they were sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkeys' according to the time, and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats, no matter what you think, and their size has nothing to do with it, and they think without talking. Once a donkey stole a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got onto him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."—Home Herald.

An Inspiring Type. Taylor, Stoddard, Albrecht, Bradman—chief figures in the second group of American poets—have all passed to the unseen. Among them none stood more strenuously for the purity of his art and the dignity of the profession of letters, than he who was the last to go. To those writers who for these many years have had the habit of turning to him for counsel, who have been helped by his discriminating and encouraging criticism, who have worked with him in movements for the honor and dignity of literature, who have been witnesses of his devotion and his heroic endurance, Edmund Clarence Mearns will be a name of beautiful and inspiring memory. His life was a noble and heroic one.