

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER VI.

driveway after his terrific exertion; re- the dawn, according to schedule. membered that the girl and her mother | mails should be ready for distribution at were standing upon the veranda; that the nine. former stretched out her hand to help him | "We'll have luncheon aboard the Madand the elder woman released a cutting ame to-morrow." Constable mused, "and remark. Then a servant brought a chair, while the blessed maiden is passing cake and billows of nausea surged over him. and pouring tea, the Madame will be Just as his consciousness waned, and he running like a scared deer, to hitch herwas launching, chair and all, into space, self to the solid old Horn, built of rock Lara's voice reached him again. * * * and sealed with icebergs!" Then he was in the hallway, through | He shaded his eyes at the window, starsome miracle, and insisting most uncom- ing beyond the city into the ashen shroud monly that he was not to be taken into | - Pelec's flag of truce. "Grand old marthe library, but into the music room, be- tyr," he murmured devoutly. "Hang on, cause the windows there commanded the hang on!"

mountain. He awoke to the interesting discovery that Miss Stansbury was fanning him. Presently she re-chilled a towel in the iced basin and folded it upon his fore- ble. head, now deliciously cool.

of me this way," he muttered gratefully, I drama here. It is your drama, Peter. "How is Pelee! How long have I been Then, I have found a place of many marhere? The last I remember, I was lost | vels." in the hall, and you found me."

"You've been here about three hours, Mr. Constable. Pelce is quiet again, but fect blizzard of ash has fallen! They an, wholly wonderful." say a terrible thing has happened at the Thirty people are reported killed and the here."

Usine Guerin destroyed." . She thought he was considering the disaster in the science which followed, but]

would indice your mother to spend the for this. Breen, I thought I had a seinight off shore? She shown her heart.

"You know that the Madame could be brought in for the mails to morrow morn

that to mother," Lara replied. "She says! that to he green will be time enough."

"Miss Stansbury, won't you but yourself in the care of Captain Negley tonight? I hope I'm wong, but the Guerin disaster may be only a preliminary demonstration like the operator experimentif it is dark enough to start the main fireworks. You know, I would stay assoure, and Negley is a good old man of the sea.

"Don't you understand, Mr. Constable?" she said, in real distress for deny Ing him so repeatedly. "Don't you see that such a tier z weild bring down miserable some upon our heads? Besides I am not be to the use on the own safety as such a price of the age. I don't want to be one of J. C. lone wirelears. Mother and Uncle Joes and you raust go-when I do."

The pair a arching face regarded her Again he reserved. His line were shut his exclude half board, . . . A swift intuition was been to the woman. He was also to recen the slege. She was not reads, and shrank from being moved to a decision which she had not formed in the propert of her ean mitel. The last two days of safering had rendered her strangeds respeciable to his mental actions. His gares had hiled her brain with wonders for ther were not set contental - imputed and inspirations without wanted to sold with grace, if it came to that, but not to be courthrown. His hand reached for here but she drew away. "M se Standart --

"Please don't say I now " she whise pered salfile, her woods startling beredit quite as made as the natu. These are and hadendral hours. We must think of the eries only of that posting behind all that passed has night!"

"I'mil?" said the stable, sitting up. "the who can tell" this knows Me. Constable, suit it worked of you to much dle me this was ? A strile from kim had given her the

The terroids was essent. Non, as he held out his hand to her, she was not slow to accept it, or to miss the meaning of the compact.

"Peles will be beyond the sky line for us all poetty soon," he said cheeffully. "We'll be very good pals in the mean-Please go to the window and see how our oure is faring the giant who thinks he's going to eat us when we're 'member the fairy story? By the way. Miss Stansbury, did you ever have a set of hilliard balls cracking off caroms

"Yes, and ten pins. Men don't know bendache matters. . . . The north is elearer, sir. A little while ago it was all a conthing mass of blacks and grays, An exclamation broke from her line.

and Constable joined her at the window A doz n birds had failen to the lawn from the cares. Most of them were dead from the tainted air. The sight brought the altuation more forcibly than ever to her

"I should think the birds would fly away I' she said pittingly

"Perhaps the mother birds are waiting for mails to come in." suggested a voice believed them. Mrs. Stansbury was stand-

ing in the hall doorway.

A gracious rain cleared the air of early evening, and Constable settled himself for a further nap at the north window postairs. He had not realized his exhaustion, and was astonished to find that it was midnight when he awoke. He was stronger, but a cyclonic headache still oppressed him. Glad though he was for the hours passed, still he was by no means unappreciative of the chances he had taken. A forlorn hope of saving the lady even though a destroying eruption overtook them at the plantation house, had grown in his mind since the night before. To be caught asleep would render this chance a far one.

The Guerin disaster might be consid ered among the promises of a favorable issue, as well as a forerunner of chaos. The mountain's overflow into the River Blanch might have eased the pressure upon the craters. There was no authority not precedent for such a hope. If Pe lee's fuse were burning shorter and shorter toward a Krakatoan cataclysm, it was not for man to say what spark would demonstration. Let us flee with all disshake the world. Still, Constable held patch to the craters of the volcano, to

the hope. He turned on the lights in the room. A cablegram had been slipped under the door. It proved to be an answer to message he had sent to Basse Terre in the morning, regarding the movements of

the Panther. "Str. Panther arrived and departed

word. The mail liner reasonably might Constable remembered turning into the | be expected to call at Martinique with

There was a tap at the door, and Breen

was admitted. "I haven't seen much of you in the past three wons, miscalled days," said Consta-

"It is true. I have felt my own in-"It's mighty sweet of you to take care | consequence in the presence of the big

"Pere Rabeaut's?" "None other. There is something like coolness in this thrice-burned isle. Also the whole world is white outside—a per- a maiden creature, half child, half wom-

"I have been glad to see you make the extreme northern end of the city. The best of things. Of course one can never River Branch over lowed her banks, and tell on a cruise where one is to encounter ran with boiling and from the volcano. In stries of business obligations such as

"True again," Breen said gravely. "I have been busy as that, but have accomplished nothing. Seriously, Breen, in reality he was buttling with the old times are running close. Guerin's the first volley. To think I haven't been to "Miss Stansbury," be said finally, "is the mountain; haven't taken a photothere anything a man possessed of full graph or a note! My fellow researchers faculties and do say or bring about that in things seismic will never forgive me entific mind-thought that even though i bulled in all else. I was a loyal geologist; but I have betrayed even that deent instinct. Another man would have had the women away to sea and be at-"I have taken the liberty to suggest tending the mountain now; but here I am, a child with man's tools, gassing the night through, and she-across the hall marked, for all I know, for Pelee's own! It's good to talk, though."

"There's only one way when words fail, Peter. If the mountain won't recede from the maiden, you must snatch up the naiden and make a get away from the

"I'm not pirate enough, Breen," Constable replied wearily. "Hy the way, I'm sending some of the natives of the its the women with laber-out to the Madame for cool sir. There is no reason in the world why we shouldn't entertain our friends of the shop. Soronia is too rare a creature to be immolated by Pe lee's bursting boilers. She and the Pere might just as well share the benefits You see, the presence of others makes it possible. Attend to it, will you?"

"Good old Peter." Breen said softly but I don't think they would come. Who'd feed the bitle song birds?" "Have ber bring the birds along

They'll die there." "I had plauned not to go to the little hop again, l'eter. Constable turned upon him abruptly

"Why?" said he. 'You see, Peter, she is such a rare little soul asking so little and so reads to give her all for the promise of a man theak of it. I have found a good many playinings, pottering around this little cupened planet clear little films they are new which stick in the brain and won't (ash Let me alone, Peter, and I'll wan ther back to reason presently. A very uglialignm is a sinner's memory, and when it is unite full the sinner usually diesametimes off Brooklyn piers. The truth is, I frome! a shred of conscience develoved under your eniture and Peler's heat and so I refused another plaything, re fired to creed another film into that sol lied allum of mine. I lied, said I didn't understand that admiration meant any thing to her and went away. Not too

and show to lose faith in mankind." Constable believed that Soronia had found her first lover in Breen, and he sitied the heart so suddenly impassioned and so swiftly dethroned of its dream. He remembered the face of Soronia in the court shadows, and his pity lingered

They talked until the Panther lights

late. I trust. She is a natural optimist.

shone afar in the offing, misty with dawn and volcano fog: then parted for ar honr's rest. Constable was the first be low, and there was little joy with the coming of the day. The rumblings of the mountain were renewed. The great tow or of ash shot up resterdar was still fall ng: the trees and shrubbery in the ear dens were bent with the weight of white indeed, many branches were broken. The dismal bellowing of cattle and the stampng of ponies were heard from the barns. It was only by keeping the doors and vindows of the house tightly shot that living was bearable. The native who brought the copy of Les Colonies wore a thick wet rag over his nostrils, and had the appearance of having freshly emerged from a bin of cement. Constable and Breen were first in the breakfast room

"This pudgy editor." Constable declared savagely, as he read the morning paper. "Yesterday I called upon him and in sweet modesty and limping French explained the proper policy for him to take. To-day he devotes a half-column of insufferable humor to my force of character and extreme views."

Constable translated Mondet's account of the Guerin disaster, and his assurances of the safety of Saint Pierre, so far as the mountain was concerned. "Oh, the flakiness of that French mind." he exclaimed. "With a volcano in the pangs of dissolution, towering over the city. apparently in dread of an earthquake . . . Where on the island,' thus he inquires editorially, 'could a more secure place than Saint Pierre be found in the event of an earthquake visitation?"

Constable crushed the paper in his hand. He glanced at his watch and then at the mountain, from a habit now grav

"The northern end of Saint Pierre is flooded out like an ant hill under a kettle boiling over," he capitulated thoughtfully. "The mountain is gathering for another escape this hypothetical earthquake! M. Mondet certainly enthralls me. I must call upon him again. * * * Breen. is there any way to stimulate the distribution of the Panther mails?"

CHAPTER VII. Immediately after breakfast Constable drove down to the city to send out final orders to Captain Negley, and attend cer- 60 per cent of the foreign population.

tain matters having to do with the Madame's facilities for entertainment. Uncle Joey was to go for the mails. If he could prevent, Constable was minder. that there should be no hitch nor tangle at the last moment. In spite of darkish apprehensions, his heart would burst now and then into singing, since he asked but two hours more of old Pelee, upon whose summit was now written in lightning and black cloud the ominous letters of Dis-

The ladies were left to such graceful ministrations of Breen as were found needful. Mrs. Stansbury, having gained her point, imposed no further delays. The eagerness of the daughter was controlled. but in no way concealed. The past three days had left a pallor upon her face, and shadows under her eyes, but the innate fineness of her features seemed intensified rather than diminished by physical suffering, and the more subtle perturbations of the inner woman.

"When a strain brings out the splendor of a woman's face, mark her well for a thoroughbred." Breen had found occasion to whisper to his friend. The sentence ican. was soul's refreshment, as Breen intend-

ed it to be. the full significance of the words, and their possible bearing upon his present and future, as he rode down the Morne d'Orange into the Rue Victor Hugo. The little black carriage of Father Damien was approaching, and, gripped by a sud the elder spirit of the parish, whom he delphia Record. had met at the plantation house: "Father, take this two thousand francs and use it for the maintenance of the homeless refugees in Fort de France. I shall see that more funds get to you to-day."

A little way further, another carriage approached, one of the public conveyances of the city this time. Behind the driver loomed the head and shoulders of a white man-hard head and broad shoulders the sight of whom struck the music from the brain of Constable, as a knife that is slashed across the strings of a harp. Both vehicles stopped abruptly.

"Well, I've got you." the broad individ- What, wiv water? Constable-Yes, of ual remarked cheerfully. "Where's the other fellow?"

Let it be known that the man whom 'onstable now faced was the same energetic person who occasioned discord on authorities seized all the finery you the Brooklyn pier, just as the Madame brought over from Paris. Will it be swung blithely forth into the harbor. Constable was thinking very rapidly 11e dear; I got my name in the papers .-felt prepared to commit murder rather Puck. than have his plans for the morning thrust aside.

"The other fellow?" he repeated gent-

you cleared. His name is Nicholas Stembridge, if you don't happen to know," the stranger said, with some impatience. 'Where is be?"

"Where you saw him last," Constable said, with sudden cordiality; "and I want to state that I'm glad to see you-that is," he added doubtfully, "if you've come to take him away. If you've looked me up, you'll have found that I'm usually rendy to pay in money, hide, or liberty. for the mistakes I make."

(To be continued.)

to the second second second second

LOW-DOWN TRICK ON A THIEF. Reformed Jailbird Explains Now He Lost Patth in Mankind.

"A short while before I reformed. said the man who spent much of his entrly life in Inil, to a New York Sun writer. "I had an experience that shock my faith in boman nature. Go ing uptown one night in the 6th ave one elevated train I extracted from man's pecket a letter and \$50. leadn't wanted the letter, but it was targled up with the bills that couldn't belo taking it too. After ours got it out of the man's pocket ! couldn't very well put it back, so kept it. Unfortunately I read it.

"It was a puthetic letter. Even a heart of stone contain't hold out against an appeal of that kind. It had been written by a woman who evidently had some claim on the man. She was in deep trouble. The letter related in touching simplicity a ctory of sickness want and death. The writer inchered the man to aid her and her family and it was clear that the \$50 I had reflexed him of had been seraped together to send to her.

"Well, with that \$50 in my pocket and that woman's letter on my mind out throught the most miserable night of my existence. I hadn't much of conscience left, but what little bit had was hard at work. Even when dropped off to sleep I was tormented with dreams of that poor woman. By morning the strain had told on me. couldn't stand to keep that money in my preservation another hour.

"The man's address was on the let fer and I wrote to him, inclosing the Sat and the letter that had brought me to that softened state. I did even more than that, I inclosed \$5 of my own. I told the man that I was about as low as they make 'em, but I wasn't low enough to keep money that had been meant for these poor sonls.

"For obvious reasons I did not give my name and address. I was satis Sed with doing good. I did not want to be thanked. I wanted no notoriety. On account of my obscure position it was impossible for the man to communicate with me if he had wished to do so: However, I did hear from bim again, just a week before I went out of business for good. It was what heard then that made me doubt all mankind.

"I learned that that letter was a kind of financial preserver. The man always carried it wraped up with whatever cash he happened to have on hand. A sister-in-law of his out in Indiana wrote a fresh copy and mail ed it to him every week so it would always look nice and new and prevent suspicton of its being a fake. You see, that fellow reckoned the chances were 10 to 1 on even the most hardened infl bird being melted by that appeal and returning the money. He guessed right, to. Is it any wonder that I have been cynical since then? To see a nice, respectable man stoop to such trickery is enough to sour the most trusting disposition. "

Punnies the Small Boy.

The small boy is apt to wonder why a roung man has the shoulders of his cont padded instead of the seat of his trousers.—Philadelphia Record.

Buenos Aires has a population of 1,200,000, of which about 80 per cent is foreign, the Italians forming about | ashamed of it.



Stranger-This village boasts of choral society, doesn't it? Resident-No: we just endure it with resignation.-London Tit-Bits.

"If you were awakened by a fire in the middle of the night what would you think of saving first?" "My trousers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Husband-Oh, I wish I had never learned to play poker. His Wife -You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?-Chicago Daily News.

"A woman's 'No' means 'Yes.'" 'You think so?" "I know so. Don't you?" "No: I am all over that Illusion. I am married."-Nashville Amer-"That new preacher you have is a

pretty wideawake young man, isn't Constable, indeed, was contemplating he?" "Yep. Keeps right on preachin" when everybody else is asleep."-Cleveland Leader. Nell-A girl shouldn't marry a man

till she knows all about him. Belle-Good gracious! If she knew all about den idea, Constable halted it, saying to him she wouldn't marry him .- Phila-

"Why do they have consultations of physicians, pa?" "Sometimes one doctor can think of something to operate for that hasn't occurred to the other.' -The Smart Set.

Tody-Jennie telle me young Woodby proposed to her last night. Viola-I don't think I know him. Is he well off? Tody-He certainly is. She refused him.-London Tit-Bits. Constable-Come along: you've got

to have a bath. Tramp-A bart! course. Tramp-Couldn't you manage It wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners? Mrs. Gramercy—I hear the customs

a total loss? Mrs. Park-Why, no "Why did you shake your fist at the

Speaker?" "Well," replied the Congressman, "I didn't want the whole "The man hidden in your cabin when session to slip by without my having made a motion of some kind."-Philadelphia Ledger. "Who is the old file over there with

the comic coat, the stovepipe hat and the baggy-kneed trousers?" "That's the professor who is lecturing on the absurdities of woman's dress."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Grouchy, ". don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night." "Well, well," replied Bridget, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same thing about you."-Philadelphia Press.

"I never object to fair criticism," said the pompous young actor. "What you object to, I suppose," said the critic, "is the understanding most people have of the meaning of the word 'fair.' "-Chicago Record-Herald.

On reaching a certain spot the driver turned around on his seat and observed to the passengers: "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys; I must therefore ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot." "Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I

don't blame dat dog of yours for tryin to bite me." "Why not?" "Hecause It shows his intelligence. De last time I came dis way I banded him a piece of ple you gave me."-Washington (D. C.) Star. Visitor-And how is Pat this morn-

ing? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady-Sure, yer bonor, it's still alive he is. Visitor-Did you give him the soup I sent? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady-Well, no, sir. Father Phelan said it would only be after delayin' him.-- London Sketch.

"Ah, yes." said Senator Smugg, in a self-satisfied way. "I got my start in life by clerking in a humble grocery store at a salary of \$3 per week. and managed to save money on that." "But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course, was before cash registers were invented."

Brown-About the greatest man who ever lived in this community was Jenkins-broad-minded, big-hearted and brilliant-and yet he died with all his talents and goodness unsuspected. Jones-How did you come to find out about it? Brown-I married widow.-London (Eng.) Tit-Bits.

"Ladies," called the president of the Afternoon Whist Club, "ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?" "I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from table A. And the suggestion was

Publican-And how do you like being married, John? John-Don't like it at all. Publican-Why, what's the matter wi' she, John? John-Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when goes 'ome to my dinner it's money Nothing but money, money, money Publican-Well, I never! What do she inal character, as a relie of the past, in a small tin bucket and drunk do wl' all that money? John-I dunno. I ain't given her any yet.-Punch.

His Cold Joke.

The American auto was in the lead. One of its occupants espied the but of looking Eskimo maiden standing before ceeding as steadily and ruthlessly as well advanced, but most of the

near we are to Paris?" "I don't know," replied the other.

Alaska." The machine, running into the point

mock, it took her half an hour to get her skirts and feet arranged. The girl who flounces down regardless of her appearance, may be comfortable, but she looks as had as a woman who rides a horse astride.

Every boy is proud of the fact that he chews tobacco, and every man

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INDIAN TRIBES PASSING.

Man will Be Only a Tradition. Thirty years from now it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find an Indian tribe in the country, living in tribal relations, according to the officials of the bureau of Indian affairs, says the Boston Transcript. The day of the befeathered, blanketed, mocca siped red man is passing. It will pass coner than it is generally realized. The Indian problem would appear to be near its settlement and will soon be listed with the questions of the past. Fifty years from now, if an other James Fenimore Cooper arises. he will have little but his imagination to draw upon unless he goes north into

Canada or journeys south into Mexico. Of course, the Indian blood will remain and will be traceable for many generations to come, and for a long time to come there will be Indians of mixed and unmixed blood scattered among the whites. But these Indians will earn their living as other folks or will be exterminated, the hunting ground will be but a tradition, and the weapons of the chase will be sup-

The United States government is proceeding on the theory that the Indian is a desirable person when he gives up his tribal relations, proceeds to live as the whites do, earning his own livelihood, and not being a ward of the

can citizenship. veneration for the traditions of the past will probably cry out when they understand just what the government is undertaking to do about the Indian. Many will probably insist that the Intion of whatever has historic value.

troublesome and expensive and enter-

When a girl looks pretty in a ham- dian problem. He is a trusted friend child. Seeing their eagerness to and he believes that the best kind- every hour of the short school term. red man is to help him take up the to the school board concerning the white man's burden and cease to be a hours. The weather was pleasant There are two lines on which Mr. ways been my custom to have an

Leupp and his aids are working. The entertainment on the closing day first object is to break up the reserva- school tions and to get white men to settle speeches,

the Indians. The other object is to parents, but it requires time at

something, and he will tell you he those from a distance, on horse learn readily enough. This is the ex-

A BACKWOODS SPELLING BEE.

nteresting Work for Teacher and Pupils Alika.

in which I took the liveliest interest was one I taught for a short term in planted by the tools and appliances of a backwoods section. My heart sank when I saw the school house. It was a one-room log cabin. On one side was a long very narrow window, under which was nailed slantingly a wide, smooth, thick plank. This was the writing desk. The seats made of puncheons that is, split logs, round on the lower to be an Indian and blends with Ameri. Hat and tolerably smooth on the ing, and laughed and cheered as the upper side. Auger holes were bored spelling bee contest proceeded. Un Persons of sentiment and those with at either end, and sticks wedged in as legs for the seats, which had no backs. The cracks in the floor were so large that all of us got down on our knees and stuffed them with bits of rags and old sacks brought dian should be preserved in his aborig- by the girls. The water was brought just as they insist on the preserva- from a cracked gourd. Owing to a difference of opinion as to the dis-But the government finds this tribution of the school fund, there had been no school in this section tains much doubt whether it is a for several years. In some instances kindness to the Indian. At any rate, parents had sent their children to an Eskimo not far off and a pleasant- the extirpation of the Indian is pro- school elsewhere, and these were the wiping out of any conquered peo- pupils had attended no school for "Say," he said to his partner, "do ple of history ever proceeded. To be years. The smaller tots had never you think that girl would know how sure, it is not being done by cruelty. had a day's instruction, but I can Probably any other course would mean say truly that I never saw children that the Indian would ultimately be more eager to learn or more interested in their studies. It was pa Commissioner of Indian Affairs thetic to see some of the larger boys Francis E. Leupp has given a quarter and girls laboring faithfully to masof a century to the study of the In- ter a lesson suited to a five-year-old of the Indian, and a believer in him, learn, I determined to give them ness the government can show to the For this reason I made no complaint and we got on very well. It has al-

on these reservations and mingle with This gratifies the children and their In a Short Time the Moccasined Red encourage the Indian to leave the reser- pains to prepare such an entertain vation and to go out and work by the ment, and I determined on this occaday or week or month, as the white sion to dispense with it. I told the man does, taking his chances with the children we would have an old-fam loned spelling bee on the last day; These results from these two methods also, if any of them wished to reci are the same. They educate the In I would select pleces and teach them dian in the ways of the white man. but not in school time. The closing Mr. Leupp says it is an education by day arrived. I had no idea our hum absorption. The Indian has brains, ble spelling bee would have an but he is ultraconservative. Go to the dience, but behold, the people began is doesn't want to learn it. But if the and in wagons, carryalls and oxearts Indian is set down in the midst of The benches were soon filed and the conditions where he can learn by ob- brought chairs from the wagons, an servation and absorption, he is apt to those who could not get seats stoo up. The house was packed, with a perience of the Indian affairs officials. room for the lines of spellers. face were a look of pleased an pation, which I feared would

place to disappointment. Well, the captains in the chose their spellers, the opposing line I have taught a number of schools were formed and the spelling bee on. You should have heard those of spellers of former schools had as permission to enter the contest. these looked badly creatfallen beaten by some smaller boy or girl better practice. As for the lo on, they were immensely entertain I had given elaborate school arbi tions where the company was far mo cultured, but I never had a more preciative audience than that filled the log school house to overfi

Remus's Magazine.

his twentieth year, is heir extensive domain. King Edward. More than acres in England and Scotland are Breadalbane, who is probably the largest proprietor in the kineth

