

JACK

Immediately the medicine-men sprang forward to him, the musicians set up a yell of triumph, and every Indian in the tepee began to shout at the top of his lungs. The terrifying noise was at its height when suddenly another squaw walked forward to the centre of the lodge until she stood directly beneath the opening. Behind her came four medicine-men bearing upon a buffalo robe an Indian who seemed to be dying. His pallid face as they laid him in the sunshine, took on a more ghastly hue. The closed eyelids quivered an instant, but could not open. At sight of the dying man, the frenzied Indians ceased howling, and in the silence which followed, the Indian woman, standing motionless, the blazing sun beating down on her bare head and uplifted face and hands, began a mournful sort of chant or invocation to the sun and a prayer for the restoration of her husband to health. When she ceased speaking she sank down beside the man, but still held her eyes turned to the light. Yellow Wolf crawled over to her and whispered fiercely in her ear for an instant. A look of terror and despair settled on her face, and she turned her eyes for an instance on the white women, who, with pale and drawn faces, were watching her. Yellow Wolf sprang up with all the strength that was left in him, and facing the Indians, cried: "Do you think the Great Father will hear her or you while these evil spirits are with us? I tell you, Great Hawk will die. Do you hear?" he screamed. "Great Hawk will die, and if he does, it is the whites who killed him."

The Indian Black Tongue edged his way through the crowd to Yellow Wolf's side. "It is true what Yellow Wolf says," he yelled. "Have they not given bad medicine to the Beaver and Yellow Wolf? And did they not try to give bad medicine to White Eagle? Only because he is all-powerful did he prevail. Can Great Hawk, who is ill and helpless, overcome these evil spirits?" There was a fierce howl from the now half-crazy Indians. Some of them broke through, and would have leaped into the open space had they not been restrained by the older chiefs and the medicine-men.

Pretty Feathers stood up and waved his hand for quiet, but only a few of the howling, maddened Indians would listen to him.

"What are you doing?" he shouted. "Would you turn against the Great Mother's children? You are fools, madmen! Are you so fond of the guard-room, of the gallows? And have they not been our friends? Answer!"

Yellow Wolf stood up again. "Friends!" he cried back scornfully. "Friends! They are our masters. Pahl you old men are fearful. We young men ask but to fight, to kill. We shall exterminate them. We shall be free. Do they not bring trouble? Look at Gold Eagle, at the Sword. Look at the Beaver and Yellow Wolf, fallen. Listen," he cried in a penetrating voice that reached even the Indians farthest off, "listen! If Great Hawk does not die, I will eat my hot words—I will say that I, Yellow Wolf, knew not what I spoke; but if the Manitou refuses to hear me, then shall we know that these whites have brought us trouble and evil and deserve death." He dragged himself forward, panting and screaming, and raising his eyes and hands to the sunlight, began a fierce, wild prayer.

The Indians, half crazy with excitement, scarcely knew what was happening. They looked irresolutely at their chiefs and the medicine-men, uncertain what was expected of them or how or why they were to act. They were in a state of supreme agitation and irresponsibility, when anything was possible to them. A silence, like the silence that falls on a mob just before the first stones are hurled, settled on the throng of maddened Indians. The little party from the detachment waited breathlessly, the women trembling and terrified, and even the men white under their tan. They fully realized how impossible it was to make any attempt at resistance, hemmed in, surrounded by five hundred half-crazed Indians. Five unarmed men with seven women to protect were helpless. Even had the men been armed it would have been madness to fire. Captain Eviston told himself that there was not a single ray of hope, that nothing short of a miracle could save them. He had kept the expedition so quiet that his soldiers, who alone could have aided him, did not even know where he was. And although he had spoken of possible trouble, in his heart he had no fear of it, and this uprising of the usually peaceful Indians came to him as an almost unrealizable shock. A lifetime of suspense was contained in that instant of silence. Captain Eviston turned to the orderly:

"For God's sake, Doyle, talk to them. Say something to quiet these fiends." Doyle shook his head hopelessly.

"They wouldn't listen to me, sir," he said, "and, besides—"

His words were drowned in a half-smothered shriek of terror from Mrs. Eviston. Raising his head, he heard the quick rush of a pony's hoofs, and saw a narrow lane opening up through the dense mass of Indians, and far down it, uncertainly, miles off seemingly to his bewildered eyes, he saw a little bronco bedecked with painted feathers and scarlet ribbons, whom he had once, ages before, known as Nellie, making her way into the lodge, and on her back Jack, in all the glory of her Indian paraphernalia, casting cordial glances and nods to the Indians, first on one side and then on the other, flicking some particular friend lightly with her little whip, or calling to an-

other familiarly and condescendingly as she rode through in triumph.

Mrs. Eviston laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Arthur," she said faintly, "Arthur—" She pointed to Jack, and her lips moved unintelligibly.

Doyle leaned down eagerly. "For the love of Heaven, Mrs. Eviston," he gasped softly, "leave 'er alone. They won't touch 'er, an' she'll fix 'em—she knows 'em."

When Jack reached the center of the lodge, she reined Nellie in, aware all at once that she might be interrupting the proceedings, and a little puzzled at the strange and sudden silence. She looked about her, smiling brightly and fearlessly, though she was a trifle bewildered, and then down at the irresolute faces turned up to her.

"Satsit, nitsitafflake!" "Behold, I am an Indian also!" she said gaily, pointing to her fantastic dress and feathers. Suddenly something seemed to give way in the crowd. With a roar of delight and childish amusement the mercurial Indians rushed forward to Jack, pouring into the dancing-circle and surging about her, laughing and clapping their hands.

"Ninspaupit!" she said magnificently from her lofty position on Nellie, and cracking her quirt to keep them at a proper distance. Pretty Feathers came leaping and pushing his way to her through the crowd.

"Pukspit!" she called out delightedly to him. He was her special friend among the chiefs.

"Kitaipukspato," he answered, hoarsely; and reaching her side he sprang up behind her on Nellie. Standing upright on the astonished little pony, he called to the laughing, gesticulating, excited Indians.

"Behold," he cried, "here is the proof of the friendship of the Great Mother and her children for us! Here is the idol of the whiteman's heart, who comes among us, not as a stranger, but as one of ourselves, who loves us and talks the speech of the red man. She does not harm us, and therefore fears no harm. O fools! What would you have done? Yellow Wolf would have persuaded you to your death. His voice glided to your ears, and you listened. You would have broken the bonds of friendship with our Great White Mother and her sons. She has never broken them with us. The heart of the Indian has become bad. During the long winter he has dreamed evil dreams, and they would blossom into evil deeds under this fierce sun. His blood boils like the water which the Kootenais tell us springs up in their country. Fools! Listen to your wise men, not to the counsels of the young and foolish, such as Yellow Wolf and the Beaver. Be calm, and bid the sons and daughters of our Great Mother to go in peace and forget the evil thoughts of the Indian!"

He sprang down from the horse, and waving aside the now pacified Indians, threaded his way to Captain Eviston.

"Go in peace," he said, in his soft guttural English, hesitating over the unfamiliar words. And then he added rapidly in Indian to the orderly:

"Tell them to go quickly—now while my Indians are under the spell of this child whom they love. And tell them that it was she who saved them. Tell them that Pretty Feathers grieves for the evil his people would have done, and that, whether Great Hawk lives or dies, he and the other chiefs will hold a council to punish Yellow Wolf for his wicked words."

When they were all safely outside the lodge, Jack became more puzzled than ever. The Indians had acted strangely enough, she thought, but she could not understand at all why the young ladies were crying and the men white and silent, nor the unexpected and effusive affection of which she was suddenly the object. She disliked very much being kissed and petted and hugged by people who earlier in the day had paid so very little attention to her. Indignation at having missed the great dance, and fear that she had displeased her mother by coming without permission, were also battling together within her, and making her very miserable, though still unregenerate.

"I'm a naughty girl, I know," she began defiantly, sitting up very stiffly on Nellie. "but I'm glad I came, 'cause you went off an' left me; an' I caught Nellie, an' I rode as fast as I could, but course I couldn't keep goin' like Bill an' Jim, an' now I've missed the dance—" Here she broke down and wept. "Nex' time you oughter take me—" Jack found herself unable to continue, because she was being hugged and having her tears wiped away simultaneously by seven excited and affectionate young ladies.

Pembroke walked over to Jack and stood beside her pony waving aside the women impressively.

"I promise you jolly well, Jack," he said solemnly, "that none of your people will ever go to another Indian dance without you, and as for myself, nothing that I can now think of would ever induce me to forego your company on such occasions."—Abbe Carter Goodloe, in Century Magazine.

The End.

A PRACTICAL FATHER.
Wife—Why shouldn't Mr. Goodsoil make a nice husband for our daughter?

Husband—Won't do. He's a miserably paid, wage-earning producer. Well, how about Mr. Kindheart?

He won't do either. He's a poor, money-spending consumer. Hum! The only other one she cares for is Mr. Headhead.

He'll do. He's a middleman.

The Queen's annual comings and goings to and from Scotland alone cost her close on £5,000 a year.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

SOME NOTES OF A PLEASANT TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Down the Beautiful St. Lawrence to Quebec—Magnificent View of the Ancient Capital—Shortest Trip Across the Ocean—Only Four Days Out of Sight of Land—Comfort and Conveniences on the Steamships Californian and Parisian.

Recently, having had occasion to go to England, a party of three left by the Allen line, from Montreal. We decided upon the Allen line because it has some of the best ships that sail from Canadian ports, and everything possible is done for the convenience of the passengers of this line. We went on board the Californian, at about half past eight on a Thursday morning, as it sailed promptly at nine. After having embarked, we went up on the promenade deck so as to watch the crowds of people on the wharf. Here a large crowd had collected to see the departure of the vessel, most of them having friends who are leaving, and they are saying their last good-byes, while some are only looking on with the general interest of seeing a large ocean steamship start on its voyage. Porters laden with hand baggage of every description are running up the gang-ways, officers are

SHOUTING OUT COMMANDS, and sailors are running about in every direction. At last the bell, warning friends that they must go ashore, is rung, and the whistle blown, then the Californian slowly swings out into the stream and proceeds down the St. Lawrence towards Quebec, which is the first stopping place.

After the ship is well under way breakfast is announced and every one goes to partake of their first ocean meal. The dining room, or saloon, is situated exactly amidships, and occupies the entire width of the ship, where there is the least possible motion. It has a seating capacity which will comfortably accommodate all the first-class passengers at one time, thus doing away with the necessity of a double service, which is so annoying on so many ships. The dining saloon is lighted from above by a magnificent colored glass dome and from the sides by large port-holes, extending along the entire length of the room. The meals are ordered from a lengthy and choice menu, which includes everything that one could possibly desire. The service is also most excellent; there being plenty of stewards in every department of the ship to attend to the wants of the passengers. If one feels hungry on waking in the morning, it is only necessary to

TOUCH THE ELECTRIC BELL at the head of his berth, and any refreshment desired will be served before rising. Then, further on in the morning, at about eleven o'clock, hot beef tea and biscuits are served on deck; then at one o'clock the grand luncheon is served in the saloon; and at four refreshments are again served on deck, and then at seven o'clock dinner is served in the saloon, which is the great social event of the day. So we see that although the ocean does create an almost uncontrollable appetite, it is well catered for, both in quantity and quality.

After every one has done full justice to the first dinner on board, we explore our state-room and its immediate surroundings. Then we call the bath-room steward to find out if we are not yet too late to secure the favorite hour for our salt-water bath in the morning; then we discover which is to be our cabin steward, and instruct him in regard to our peculiarities in his line. After all such small but important matters have been arranged below, we go up on deck, and then for the first time we are aware of the immense size and conveniences of the boat. The main promenade deck runs completely around the outer side of the ship and has a long row of comfortable steam-chairs placed along the lee side. The central portion of the ship is occupied by the numerous saloons, and also a few of the most

LUXURIOUS STATE-ROOMS are situated here. Some of the more important saloons are: The ladies' saloon, which surrounds the dining room skylight, the library, and the smoking room, each luxuriously and tastefully furnished. After we have thoroughly explored the steamship we find our deck chairs, which have been located in a pleasant spot, and enjoy the river scenery.

The ever changing variety and beauty of this scenery is nowhere surpassed. This river trip, combined with the ocean voyage, is one of the features which combine to make the crossing by the Allen line from Montreal so much superior to all others. At first the surrounding country is flat and low, with beautiful different colored flowers, and farther back the ground gradually rises, and here and there, almost hidden by the trees, a quaint old French village may be seen. Then, as we go on farther towards Quebec, the land rises rather abruptly from the river and we notice larger towns and cities situated directly on the banks. We pass three rivers about noon, and at last arrive at Quebec about six o'clock in the evening. The "Californian" does not go into the dock, but merely slows down in the middle of the river and waits for the tender which brings out the passen-

gers. As it is not yet dark we are able to obtain.

A GOOD VIEW OF THE CITY and fortifications and its magnificent and historical surroundings. The renowned hotel, Chateau Frontenac, is beautifully situated on the Dufferin Terrace. At half-past six, after we have left Quebec, the first-bell for dinner rings, and every one goes below to prepare for the meal. Then, after dinner is over, we again go on deck to lounge in our steamer chairs, so as to fully enjoy the beautiful moonlight.

The next day the river and surrounding scenery is entirely changed; the river has become almost a great lake, the banks are high and barren, nearly all life seems to have disappeared and we only pass four or five small fishing villages the entire day. After this the river becomes larger and larger, until at last we can only occasionally see land on the southern side, and at last on Monday morning we pass through the Straits of Belle Isle and are out upon the open sea, after being almost five days on this mighty and beautiful river.

Now the captain comes down from his bridge and everyone has become acquainted with each other and we spend the most enjoyable and yet lazy time imaginable. Some seem to spend the entire time in their steamer chairs, others being more athletic promenade up and down the decks and play games such as

QUOITS, SAUFFLE-BOARD, ETC., while others spend their time in the library or music saloon.

After only four days in the open sea a light-house is discovered, on Friday evening, away off in the distance, and everyone is anxious to see land first. Early on Saturday morning the "Californian" enters the large and beautiful bay of Moville. We do not remain here long, but after some of the passengers have been landed, and the papers and mail have been taken on board we proceed through the north channel along the north coast of Ireland. Everyone rises early to enjoy the beauties of the Irish scenery, and really the different formation of the rock on the coast and farther inland, the beautiful farms with their strange houses are well worthy of the small inconvenience caused by rising so early. Then we pass through the Irish sea, passing so close to the Isle of Man that we are able to see quite plainly some of the towns, which are situated on that side of the Island. We now pass into the great harbor of Liverpool, which has the largest shipping trade in the world. The ship comes along side of the landing stage at about eight o'clock in the evening, and we reluctantly say good-bye to the friends whom we have made on board and

LEAVE WITH REGRET. the comfort and pleasures of the Allen line steamship, "Californian."

Captain Brown was very courteous towards all the passengers; he was neither boastful of his splendid seafaring career by monopolizing all the conversation at the table, nor was he unkind. He was unremitting in his attentions to the comfort and welfare of the passengers. Everyone down to the lowest seaman followed the splendid example set by their captain, of whom they might well be proud.

We returned by the "Parisian" commanded by Captain Barrett. As we had such a delightful outward voyage on the "Californian" we thought we could do no better than return by the same line. The "Parisian" happened to be the boat which sailed on the date which best suited us. We expected the sea voyage to seem very long and tedious, as we desired to arrive home as soon as possible, but it seemed just like a few hours of

COMFORT AND REST.

This was due to the excellent manner in which the ship was commanded and disciplined, and the comfortable way in which the ship itself was planned. The ship was kept in perfect condition, everything being as clean as a new pin, the meals and service being equal to that which may be obtained at any of the best hotels. And what more can a person desire than a comfortable, strongly-built ship, commanded by an efficient commander, with a well trained disciplined crew, the best of meals, and the ship crossing the Atlantic between the two nearest points of land? Any person desiring to visit the old country this year, or, in fact, any other year, let him patronize the Canadian route by the Allen Line from Montreal, and so be sure of a profitable voyage.

A GREAT PLANET ON EXHIBITION.

There will be fine opportunities during the coming summer for amateurs in astronomy to view the planet Jupiter. In June, Jupiter will be near the meridian, or noon-line, about nine o'clock in the evening, and no star will equal him in brilliancy. Even an opera-glass will suffice to show one or more of his moons, when they are favorably situated, and a pocket telescope will occasionally show all four. An excellent opportunity of this kind will occur on the night of June 1st, about 10.30 o'clock, when two of the moons will be seen, one above the other, west of the planet, while the other two are strung out, at a greater distance, on the east side. The very next night, at the same hour, a most interesting arrangement of the moons will be visible, for then all four will appear in a row east of the planet, standing in the order of their true distances from Jupiter, beginning with number one at the inner end of the row, and finishing with number four at the outer end.

A London man, who always takes a cigar when invited out to dinner, though he does not smoke, has now a collection of half a century's accumulations, each cigar wrapped up and labelled with the date and occasion on which it was taken.

A SERIOUS TIME.

A QUEBEC FARMER SUFFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS.

Had the Best of Medical Treatment, and Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

Mr. John Storey, of Maryland, Potomac Co., Que., is well known to all the residents of that section, and his cure from an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other remedies had failed, has, if possible, added to the popularity of this favorite medicine. Mr. Storey gives the following statement of his suffering and cure. He says:—"Some ten years ago I was engaged in railroading on the Lake Superior section of the C.P.R. I was exposed to all kinds of weather, and as a result sustained a severe attack of rheumatism, which all but crippled me, and from which I suffered much agony. I spent more than a hundred dollars on doctors, and for medicine, but was gradually getting worse and finally had to quit work. At this juncture the doctor told me that he did not think medicine could cure me, and advised me to go to some hot springs. I took his advice and went to the Harrison Hot Springs, in British Columbia, where I remained for eight weeks under the care of the house physician, but experienced no benefit. I then went over to Tacoma, and took a course at the Green River Hot Springs, but with no better result. Completely discouraged I returned to my home in Quebec, and went to farming, but the rheumatism bothered me so much that I could scarcely do my work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me and I decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I found they were helping me and I continued their use until I had taken six-ty boxes, by which time every vestige of the trouble which had bothered me for years, and had cost me so much money, had disappeared. It is now more than a year and a half since I discontinued the use of the pills and during that time I have not had the slightest symptom of the trouble, which I regard as the very best evidence that the cure is permanent.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box you purchase bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

He Is Not Eager for War, But Is Busy Planting German Colonies.

The German Emperor, unless all signs fail, will not be a disturber of European peace. He is his own master and is not under the influence of ambitious soldiers, many of whom would gladly accept even a slight provocation as a reason for a war with Russia, France or England. His self-restraint is remarkable, armed as he is with tremendous resources of power. He is intent upon maintaining German military prestige without quarrelling with any foreign power or striking a blow.

The empire was never so well prepared for war as it is now. Both the cavalry and the artillery have been greatly strengthened since the campaign with France. Thoroughness is the chief German virtue. Every practical detail has been mastered by the general staff in its preparations for scientific warfare.

These military measures are defensive, for Germany has nothing to gain from any great campaign on the continent. The emperor has aimed to enlarge his colonial possessions, to strengthen the German navy and to open new markets for the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen.

His methods have sometimes seemed meddlesome, but his motive has been clear and reasonable. The Germans have shown themselves to be thrifty and successful settlers in other foreign lands. The emperor has wished them to do under their own flag what they have done under foreign flags. He dreams of a Germanized Asia Minor and a circle of prosperous colonies around the world.

In carrying out this general policy he has acted like an energetic trader, whose eyes were open to the main chance. In Africa, China, Asia Minor and the South Seas he has either been obtaining concessions, or planting colonies, or watching for opportunities. He has been ready to pick up anything in the form of territory or of commercial advantage which has come in his way.

Neither Americans nor Englishmen are justified in complaining of the emperor's colonial policy. Germany has the same right to a share in the world's trade which they claim for themselves. The emperor's methods are sometimes aggressive, but the general trend of his policy is pacific.