

Done by a Univer-
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... Every night
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Mrs. Stanton's Long Nap

Mrs. Stanton was washing the break-fast dishes in the little back kitchen. She looked up wearily at her husband who was in the door. "I don't know what can be the matter with me. I feel all fagged out. I can hardly drag myself around, and I'm so sleepy all the time. I believe I could go to sleep this minute and sleep for twenty-four hours." "It's only the spring fever," said Mr. Stanton carelessly, as he took a paper of smoking tobacco from the shelf behind the stove and put a handful of matches in his vest pocket; "you must brace up, Lucy, and after you get into the swing of the summer work you will be all right." "But I don't think I can get along this summer without help. Hiram, Susie is not all well. She has a terrible headache this morning; and now that the mortgage is paid and we are doing so well, it seems to me we might live a little differently. We ought to have this old house remodeled, as we have talked of so often, and I need a good strong girl in the kitchen, through the hot weather at least." "Well, well, and so you shall have, Lucy, before long; but you see Jim Lee has offered me the forty-acre lot joining the lower meadow for eight hundred dollars, and I guess I'd better take it. We can pay for it in a couple of years, then we will have things fixed up in shape and begin to take life easy." Mrs. Stanton turned and faced her husband with a look of indignant surprise. "Hiram you know that for fifteen years I have done all in my power to help you get out of debt and provide a comfortable home for our old age. I have denied myself everything but the barest necessities and have done the work of three women. You have the two boys and a hired man, while I have no one but Susie, and she a little frail thing, as you know. I have no recreation, no time to read, and nothing to read if I had time. Everything has gone into land, land, land! When you bought the south meadow I consented because I thought it would be a good thing; but now I shall never consent to your buying another foot of land." Mr. Stanton laughed a little uneasily. "I guess you'll have to this time, Lucy, then we'll have one of the finest farms in the whole country. I know you work hard and so do I; but you don't hear me complaining all the time. The old house has done us fifteen years and I guess we can stand it a while longer," and he strode out and climbed into his wagon and drove away to the field.

Mrs. Stanton had been up since four o'clock. She had skimmed the milk and churned, because she thought it ought to be done in the cool of the day, and prepared breakfast for six; she was tired and discouraged. She looked into the sitting room.

"Is your head better, Susie?" she asked. "If you feel able you may sweep and dust the sitting room. I am going to the garden to pick up some peas and get the potatoes for dinner. I will have to hunt up some eggs, too, for the baking. I sent all I had in the house to town yesterday."

"Yes, mamma," said Susie, a slender girl with blue eyes and wavy hair like her mother's, coming to the door. "But, mamma, I heard you and papa talking—do you think he will buy that land? I did hope that now we are out of debt we could have things a little better."

"I don't know, dear; not if I can help it; but I feel almost discouraged. He said he would buy the land and start- ed for the garden."

"Poor mamma," said Susie to herself, as she went about the meagre little room, brushing the worn and battered furniture, "she has always worked so hard. I wish I could help her more."

When her task was done she dropped down on the little chintz covered lounge, thinking, "as soon as mamma comes in I will shell the peas and help with the dinner."

The clock striking eleven aroused her from a deep sleep. She started up and went hastily into the kitchen. Her mother was no where to be seen. A pan of new potatoes and a dish of shelled peas were on the table, the fire was out and no sign that the baking had been done. She called from the door, but no answer came in response.

"Where can she be?" said Susie, anxiously. She started the fire, put on the potatoes and peas and began setting the table. In a few minutes the men drove into the yard. Susie ran out.

"Papa, where do you suppose mamma has gone? I went to sleep on the sitting room lounge, and when I awoke it was eleven o'clock, the fire was out, and mamma nowhere to be found."

"Gone! why where can she have gone? Isn't she in the garden?"

"No," she had brought in the peas and potatoes, but did not do the baking she spoke of."

"Perhaps she has gone down to the south meadow after strawberries," said Bert, the eldest boy, as he unhitched the team from the wagon.

"Yes, I'll bet she has," said Frank, the younger. "I told her last night there was lots of 'em down there."

"She never went away so near before dinner time," said Susie.

"Well, get the dinner as soon as you can, and if she don't come by the time we are through, I will go down to the meadow and see. She couldn't get lost, you know, daughter," said Mr. Stanton.

Susie went slowly into the house and soon had the dinner on the table. Mr.

Stanton looked anxious and ate his dinner in silence. After dinner the two boys and the hired man returned to the field, the boys having settled it in their own minds that their mother was down in the meadow after strawberries.

Susie went out into the garden and down through the orchard calling "mamma! mamma!" Returning from her fruitless search, she came into the kitchen crying.

"Oh, papa! something must have happened to her. She never would have gone away like this without telling me!"

"What could have happened to her, you foolish child? I'll go down to the meadow and find her."

"I don't believe she went there. I've been worried about mamma lately."

Mr. Stanton went out the gate and down the lane toward the south meadow.

Susie washed the dishes, swept the kitchen floor, and then ran down to the gate to watch for her father.

The river was just beyond the meadow, and the village a mile further, down, but Susie felt sure her mother had not left the farm that morning.

In an hour Mr. Stanton came back alone.

"You didn't find her, papa," cried the child.

"No. I've been to the meadow, the wood lot and the river, and she was no where to be found. Are you sure she is not somewhere in the house, Susie?"

"No. I've looked in every room and through all the outbuildings."

"What did you mean, Susie, by saying you felt anxious about your mother?"

"Why, papa, you know she is not well, and she has to work so hard. She was crying when she went to the garden, and that was the last I saw of her."

"What was she crying about?" asked her father blankly.

"You know you were talking of buying that piece of land and she didn't want you to do it, and she said she felt almost discouraged."

Mr. Stanton looked pale and anxious and his voice was harsh and unnatural as he said:

"I will drive over to the village, Susie. You had better stay right here and not alarm the neighbors. Your mother must be all right somewhere, and she wouldn't like to cause any excitement."

Mr. Stanton drove rapidly away and Susie was left alone in the empty house. In spite of her father's reassuring words, Susie knew her father was greatly alarmed, for she had never seen that strange look upon his face before. She busied herself making the preparations for supper and doing the numberless little things her mother had been used to do, and another hour wore itself away. At five o'clock her father drove into the yard alone. She had not the courage to go out and question him, but threw herself on the lounge and cried bitterly. In a moment her father came in.

"She hasn't come yet?" she asked.

"Susie shook her head and sat gazing straight before her with a look of utter woe upon her face. Her father walked across the room and stood for a moment looking out of the window. When he turned, for the first time in her life Susie saw the tears running down his face, and she flew to him, crying:

"Oh, papa! papa!"

He kissed her tenderly, and said, in a choking voice:

"Don't cry, dear, the boys will soon be here, and we will all search the farm, and then if it must be we will arouse the neighbors."

He sat Susie down in the old rocking chair and started toward the barn. Mr. Stanton was not a hard-hearted man and he really loved the greed children; but he had allowed the greed of gain to take possession of his soul and to crowd out of his life all the sweet and tender sentiments that love and affection naturally tend to promote. He did not intend to be so unawares, and he could see it so plainly now the scales had fallen from his eyes. He thought of the pretty, lighthearted girl he had loved for his wife, and how proud he had been of her; then he thought of her long years of patient toil, and how weary and worn she had grown. All the long years of her married life, and in the few short hours of that afternoon Hiram Stanton summed up her Gethsemane.

In a few moments Susie heard her father coming hurriedly through the kitchen. He came into the room with a strange look upon his face, and said brokenly:

"I've found your mother, Susie. She's asleep in the loft over the barn. You asleep in the loft over the barn. I-I had better go and wake her. I-I thought I wouldn't. I guess I'll go and drive in the cows."

Susie ran out to the barn and up the ladder to the loft, and peering through the half-darkness she saw her mother curled up on the hay, with her blue gingham sunbonnet drawn down over her face.

"Mamma," she cried, touching her gently on the shoulder: "wake up, mamma. Do you know you have slept all day?"

Her mother sat up with a dazed look upon her face.

"Why, did I go to sleep? I came out for the eggs, you know."

"I should think you did. Why mamma, it is five o'clock; you have slept all day, and papa and I have looked for you everywhere," answered Susie, half laughing and half crying in her joy and relief.

Mrs. Stanton sprang up in consternation and scrambled down the stairs.

"Dear me; how could I have done such a thing? What will your father say?"

Susie thought it best to say as little as possible about the fright they had had.

Mr. Stanton soon came in to supper.

"Well, Lucy," he said, with an odd smile and a little tremor in his voice, "you had a good long nap this time, didn't you?"

"Yes, I should think I did, Hiram, I can't see what makes me sleep so; there was so much I meant to do today, too! I'll have to make up for it to-morrow."

After supper, without a word to anyone, Mr. Stanton hitched up his team and drove into town. He was gone so long that his wife began to get anxious about him; but a little later he drove into the house, followed by a stout, good-natured Ger-

man girl, and he said cheerily: "Here, Lucy, is some one to look after things whenever you feel like taking a little nap, and she will stay as long as you want her. And Jackson is coming up about fixing up this talk with you about Now, you and old shell of a house. Now, you and Susie want to lay your plans in short order."

"Why, Hiram, I thought you wanted—"

"Oh, well never mind what I wanted. I have everything I want at present, and now you are going to have what you want. And Susie, I have subscribed for some choice papers and magazines for you and you can look for an organ agent here in a few days."

"Oh, papa!" was all the happy child could say.

But Mrs. Stanton did what she had not done for years. She walked straight up to her husband and kissed him.

"You are the very best man that ever lived, and always was," she said, most emphatically.

And no one contradicted her.

MAGIC OF THE BLACKFEET

WONDERFUL FEATS OF JUGGLERS AMONG THE INDIANS.

A Medicine Man's Dance in a Red-Hot Kettle—A Lodge Shaken and a Bound Man Released by an Unknown Agency—Pet Rattlesnakes of Medicine Men.

In the days long previous to the advent of the white men into the Northwest territories of Canada and into the Western territories of the United States," says Capt. C. E. Denny, who went out to the Northwest with the mounted police in the early seventies, and since then has been an Indian agent and has held other offices under the Canadian Government, "the Indians used to practise their medicine ceremonies, and many of their medicine men were adepts in the use of roots and herbs, and were looked upon as having intercourse with spirits, and accordingly greatly feared by the tribes among whom they practised their rites. On my arrival in the Northwest territories, with the Northwest mounted police in 1874 I was curious to find out how far these medicine men carried their arts, and also what these arts consisted of. I heard from Indians many tales of wonders done by them, but it was a long time before I got a chance to be present at one of these ceremonies. The Indians were reluctant to allow a white man to view any of their medicine ceremonies. As I got better acquainted with the several tribes, particularly the Blackfeet, I had many chances to find out the truth regarding what I had heard of them, and I was truly astonished at what I saw at different times. Many of the medicine feats done by their medicine men before me did not allow of any jugglery.

THE MAN BEING NAKED.

with the exception of a cloth around his loins, and I sitting within a few feet of him.

"All Indians believed in their familiar spirit, which assumed all kinds of shapes, sometimes that of an owl, a buffalo, a beaver, a fox, or any other animal. This spirit it was that gave them the power to perform the wonders done by them, and was firmly believed in by them all. On one occasion I visited a lodge where a medicine smoke was in progress. There were about a dozen Indians in the lodge. After the smoke was over a large copper kettle, about two feet deep and the same or a little more in diameter, was placed empty on the roaring fire in the middle of the lodge. The medicine man, who was stripped, with the exception of a cloth around his loins, was all this time singing a medicine song in a low voice.

"The pot after a short while became red-hot, and a pole being passed through the handle it was lifted in this state off the fire and placed on the ground so close to me that the heat was almost unbearable. On the pole being withdrawn the medicine man being within his feet and, still singing his song, stepped with both naked feet into the red-hot kettle and danced for at least three minutes in it, still singing to the accompaniment of the Indian drums. I was so close, as I have before said, that the heat of the kettle was almost unbearable, and I closely watched the performane, and saw this Indian dance for some minutes with his bare feet in it. On stepping out he seemed none the worse; but how he performed the act was and is still a mystery to me.

"On another occasion I was sitting in an Indian tent alone with one of the medicine men of the Blackfeet in the medicine tent at night and all was quiet in the camp. The night was calm, with a bright moon shining. On a sudden an Indian commenced to sing, and presently the lodge, which was a large one.

COMMENCED TO TREMBLE

and the trembling increased to such a degree that it rocked violently, even lifting off the ground first on one side and then on the other, as if a dozen pair of hands were heaving it on the outside. This lasted for about two minutes, when I ran out expecting to find some Indians on the outside who had played me a trick, but, to my astonishment, not a soul was in sight, and what still more bewildered me was to find on examination that the lodge was firmly pegged down to the ground, it being impossible for any number of men to have moved and replaced the pegs in so short a time. I did not enter the lodge again that night as the matter looked to say the least, uncanny.

"I have seen the loosening of a man, when strongly bound with ropes, as done by some of our own jugglers, but with different variations. In one case, with the centre of a large lodge a small er one was pitched, the small lodge being just large enough to hold one man sitting down. All over the ground covered by this small tent, and about six inches or even less apart, dozens of wooden pegs were about six inches ground. They were all sharply pointed. A small high and all bound to one of the poles bell was also bound to one of the poles at the top of the lodge. The medicine man was tightly bound with rawhide ropes, and was then carried by two Indians to the door of the small tent, which was all this while wide open, and was thrown all doubled up, into the centre of it, and of course on to the sharply pointed pegs. The blanket was quickly drawn over the door, and for about five minutes no sound was to be heard inside the tent, when, of a sudden, the little bell at the top of the tent, the little bell, as it seemed without human agency. The blanket was thrown back and the medicine man stepped out freed from the ropes and without a scratch. I looked into the

tent and found the ropes lying among the pegs, not one of which seemed to have been moved.

"I will give you one instance that came under my own observation, among many curious things performed by Indian medicine men. I had long heard of a Blackfeet Indian who, it was claimed, had a living rattlesnake in his stomach, which he could cause to appear when he wished, out of his mouth. He was considered by the Blackfeet as very strong medicine. It was a long time before I had a chance to see him, but one morning he turned up at my office with a party of Blackfeet. I being Indian agent at the time, and tobacco being promised him some tea and tobacco he agreed to produce the snake. After rubbing the pit of his stomach with his hand for a few minutes he opened his mouth, and I was startled considerably by seeing the flat head and about two inches of the neck of

A GOOD-SIZED RATTLESNAKE appear. I was so close that I saw there was no deception in it. The forked tongue shot back and forth rapidly and of its liveliness there could be no doubt. After allowing me a short view the Indian placed his hand before his mouth, and stroking his throat with the other hand, he again opened his mouth, and there was no snake visible.

"As a general rule the Blackfeet Indians are afraid of snakes and cannot be induced to touch or handle them, but one notable exception I know of is that of a Blood Indian named Calf Shirt, who is still living. The man carries about with him next the skin generally two and sometimes three full-sized rattlesnakes. This is during the summer, while in winter I have seen the snakes in a hole in the floor of his house in a partly torpid state. He will go down to a spot on the Belly River in the spring and capture a number of snakes he requires. This place is near old Fort Whoopoo and place is near old Fort Whoopoo. He has informed me that he boils the roots of a plant and washes his body with the water, and that the snakes will then allow him to catch and handle them. He has often been bitten, but says that by drinking a tea made from some herb and placing some of the masticated root over the bite he suffers no bad effects. The fangs of the snakes which are not extracted, and he will bet a horse with any one who doubts that this is so, and allow any of the snakes to bite a dog, when the truth is soon seen by the death of the animal in a short time. This I have seen on several occasions.

"I have given these few instances of, to say the least, curious things done by Indian medicine men, and do not pretend to give any explanation of them; but I know that some of them are fully as wonderful and also unaccountable as anything ever done by the jugglers in India. I doubt if among the Blackfeet to-day, with the exception of Calf Shirt, the Blood, that tribe being a branch of the Blackfeet, anything of the kind I have mentioned is to be met with, as since the advent of the white man and the settling of the Indians on reservations all the old-time medicine men are dead, and the secret of these rites has died with them."

BICYCLE IN AFRICAN WAR.

It Rendered Good Service in a Variety of Ways.

One would scarcely expect to find bicycles and a bicycle club in the heart of Africa, and 600 miles from any railroad. One club in Bulawayo, Matabeleland, South Africa, is in a flourishing condition, having twenty-five members out of a population of 2,500.

During the late war in Matabeleland these bicyclers all rendered valuable service to the British. By them scouts were often able to "locate the enemy," or to deliver a message, where a man on horseback would not have dared to go, for a Kaffir can outrun a horse every time—that is, such horses as they have in Africa.

In one instance a bicyclist performed a whole impl, a camp of Kaffirs, who evidently never had seen a bicycle before, and this man, who came nearer to the camp than he had any intention of doing, and who was much alarmed for his own safety, when he realized where he was took heart again when he saw these Kaffirs throw up their hands as if in consternation, and uttering savage sounds and noises, jump to their feet and run for their lives. They evidently thought the devil was after them.

SURVEY OF LONDON.

A new "Survey of London" is being prepared, under the editorship of Sir Walter Besant, which will give an account of every important building, institution and company in the whole of London. It will contain a history of the city, its trade, political and customs, and will be a complete record of its condition at the end of the nineteenth century. The book will be in eight volumes, fully illustrated.

JINKS' MISTAKE.

Blinks—What? Can't keep your engagement with me?

Jinks (sadly)—No, I can't. I was drawn on a jury this week and couldn't get out of it.

Did you try?

Indeed, I did my best to make myself out to be a hopeless ignoramus, but they wouldn't let me go.

Great Scott, man! The way to escape jury duty is to act as if you knew something.

FIRE RESTORED HER YOUTH.

A few days ago, Mrs. Mary Moore, an old woman of Muncie, Ind., was calmly smoking in her bed, when she accidentally set fire to the clothes. Before the fire was extinguished she was badly burned. The new skin that has since appeared where the old was burned off is soft and fine as a baby's and her hair formerly white, is now a jet black, as it was when she was a girl. She says that she feels that her youth has returned.

"What is a crank, papa?" "A crank, my son is a fellow who goes around with his wheels."

E SHOOTING.

Advocates of Each
method.
... use shotguns shoot
... but most of them
... is contended by
... that one-eye shoot-
... than two-eye
... eye shooters say
... little difference,
... of the two-eye
... eyes open, the
... is a greater range
... woods he can keep
... better than one-
... sides, he can keep
... at once, without
... the barrel of his
... after a man has
... is aiming at a
... sight when only
... the second bird.
... open the left eye
... and, therefore,
... the one aimed at
... and kept in
... first shot.
... shoot at a tar-
... eye closed, but in
... ash may hide the
... shot must be
... more frequently
... open. At small
... squirrels and
... is believed to
... with game like a
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POSTAL CARD.

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