

OUTWARD!

Outward broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweep
And larger voice on shores of lovelier lands,
Starred heavens of vaster light and night
with sleep
Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours,
Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise;
Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fall like
flowers
Gardened in Paradise.

Outward! O throes resolved in mightier
song!
Splendor of nameless deeds, essential
words,
Merged in the large acceptance, in the
long
Pulse of the cosmic chords.

Outward, where every word and deed
is fit;
Outward, beyond the lies of name and
shame,
Of sin and ignorance the cause of it,
Life's prison of fancied flame.

Outward! O heart, the secret solved at
last!
Love that enfolds, unites and under-
stands;
Love like the sea, with equal waters cast
On this and alien lands!

Outward! O free at last! O steadfast
soul
Calm in the poise of natural things! O
wise,
How wise is love!—only, beyond control,
To pass with open eyes!
—George Cabot Lodge, in Scribner's.

THE WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

A Strange Story of the Pacific Coast.

THE story of the Indian woman left alone on the island of San Nicolas for nearly twenty years has been written by a number of romancers who gave but little heed to fact and free rein to imagination. From occurrences that have passed into history and are known to be authentic, this tale is drawn.

The aborigines of San Nicolas Island were supposed to be of Aztec or Toltec origin, a peaceable people like all tribes indigenous to the tropics.

War with the savage Alaskan Indians had nearly exterminated the Indians of San Nicolas when the Catholic fathers who founded the missions on the mainland desired to bring the few remaining natives across the channel that they might teach them the Christian religion. Accordingly, after repeated efforts to accomplish this, a schooner was sent to the island in 1836 for this purpose. Some time was consumed in gathering together these people and their effects.

As the last boat was leaving the strand, a woman with a young babe in her arms sprang on shore. Her little girl, a child of eight years, had slipped from her side in the confusion—gone probably in search of some remembered trinket dear to her childish heart—or, perhaps, run away, overcome with terror at the unusual migration of her people.

The woman besought them to await her return, and hastened over the hill, calling as she went. The moments passed—the white man is ever impatient, and he grumbled at the delay. An hour went by, but the woman had not returned. The wind was rising rapidly, and a storm was imminent. The schooner had signalled them twice in the last half hour. The waters about the island were shoal, and there was no safe anchorage along its shores. The waves were running high upon the ledges surrounding the little bay, and their crests were white with the foam of action. The ship signalled again, and with a muttered imprecation and a gruff command, the boat pushed off to join the tossing vessel.

As soon as all were on board, Captain Hubbard weighed anchor and stood away for deep water. When the relatives and friends learned that the woman had been left behind, they besought the captain with many tears, and with pleadings in their own tongue, to return and bring her away.

The gale increased in fury and continued unabated for the space of a week. The heavy-laden schooner labored hard and disaster threatened. When San Pedro Harbor was finally reached, the San Nicolas Indians were distributed between Los Angeles and San Gabriel missions, and Captain Hubbard departed for Monterey, where he had orders to take on a cargo of lumber for San Francisco.

On reaching the Golden Gate, in rough weather, the improperly laden craft capsized and was eventually blown out to sea, and is supposed to have been taken by a Russian vessel. The crew reached shore in safety, and it was always Captain Hubbard's intention to return to San Nicolas for the lost woman. There was now no craft of any description except open boats and Indian canoes from San Francisco to San Diego, and no one could be found willing to risk a voyage to San Nicolas in one of these.

It was generally known along the coast of California that an Indian woman and her children had been left upon the island of San Nicolas, but as time passed and they were not rescued, it came to be generally believed that all had perished. Fifteen years slipped by, and in the spring of 1851 Captain Nidever, of Santa Barbara, with one other white man and a small crew of Mission Indians, visited San Nicolas in a schooner in search of otter. They made a landing at the eastern end of the island, and walked along the southern shore a distance of five miles or more. Captain Nidever discovered footprints of a human being soon after landing. These were no doubt made when the ground had been soaked by the previous winter rains, for the impressions were deep and quite dry and hard. The footprints were small, and the captain felt con-

vinced that they were made by a woman. A short distance from the shore were found several circular, roofless huts made of brush, about six feet in height and the same in diameter. These enclosures were fully a mile apart, and near them were stakes of driftwood driven in the ground, from which were suspended pieces of seal's blubber out of the reach of wild animals. The blubber was comparatively fresh, and had no doubt been placed there but a few weeks previous.

Captain Nidever had landed upon San Nicolas early in the morning, intending to remain during the day to search for seal and otter, but near noon a northwester began blowing, and he hastened back to the schooner. Here they remained at anchor for eight days in the lee of the island, the sea being at times so rough and the wind so fierce that he expected momentarily to be driven from his anchorage. When the storm abated sufficiently, Captain Nidever returned to Santa Barbara without again landing upon the island.

The next year he once more visited San Nicolas for game, landing near the same place as on his previous voyage. He and his ship's mate explored the island nearly to its western extremity. The blubber found on the previous visit had been replaced by a fresh stock. In the crevice of a tree near the west end of the island they found a basket containing a garment made of the skins of the cormorant, cut in squares and neatly pieced together; with the ends of the feathers all pointing downward. There were shell hooks, bone needles, a rope of sinew, and various trinkets in the basket with the robe. These things Captain Nidever scattered upon the ground, thinking if they were replaced on his next visit to the tree it would be conclusive evidence that the woman was still alive. After several days spent in securing seal and otter upon the ground already explored, another wind storm came on, and the spot containing the basket was not revisited; as on all previous voyages, the woman was left to her fate and the schooner crossed to San Miguel Island without her.

In July, 1853, Captain Nidever again went to San Nicolas, determined to rescue the woman if she could be found. Before, he had gone to find otter and seal; now he had a nobler quest.

He anchored midway of the northwestern shore of the island, near Coral Harbor, where the natives had embarked in 1836. At this point and at the western extremity of the island is found an abundance of good water, seal and fish. Here Captain Nidever made camp, and with his men began a systematic search. On the second day a hut was discovered upon the ridge, and on approaching it, piles of ashes and bones were seen at its entrance.

Within the enclosure sat the object of their search, talking aloud to herself, and with a rude knife, manufactured from a piece of rusty iron hoop, washed up by the waves, she was diligently scraping blubber from a piece of sealskin.

She watched the approach of the men with interest, but made no attempt at flight. She was clothed in a garment of cormorant skins which reached nearly to her ankles, and her throat and arms were bare. Her hair was yellowed by the sun and tangled, and her skin, where exposed, was brown, but where protected by her robe it was quite fair, showing her to be of Aztec or Toltec origin. She received her visitors with the quiet and dignity of a queen, greeting each with a bow and a smile. She talked incessantly, but no word of hers could be understood, although the Indians of the rescuing party spoke several dialects. In her hut was a fire, and when the captain and his men were seated, the woman roasted roots, termed "carcomite" by Californians, which she served to the company on abalone shells.

One day she took her new comrades to a deep hidden grotto, where bubbled a cool spring from whence she drew her supply of water for cooking.

Here they found several unique water jars woven by her of the island grasses, and lined with asphaltum, which is plentiful on the western shore. The water jars resembled wide-mouthed bottles, and would hold from two to six quarts. It was interesting to watch her make baskets water tight. She would drop into them bits of asphaltum and hot pebbles, whirling them deftly as the asphaltum liquefied. It required skill and patience, but when they were thoroughly galvanized with a thin coating the jars were both light and durable.

A second spring near the above-mentioned grotto she used as a lavatory, and would frequently visit it, for she was very cleanly in her habits.

At the expiration of a month, when the schooner was ready to depart, she was made to understand by signs that she was to go on board. She evidenced the pathetic struggle she had waged with want in the years of solitude by gathering together every fragment of food in her possession. In the crevices of rocks and in other spots secure from the depredations of the wild dogs which infested San Nicolas she had laid up stores of bones and other refuse in anticipation of some future "starvation time." These she insisted should be carried with her. Once on board and the firebrand she had brought burned to ashes she clung closely to the stove, showing that she often suffered from cold, as well as hunger.

Captain Nidever conveyed the Indian woman to his home in Santa Barbara, where she lived in his family until her death. She was supposed to be about fifty years of age when rescued.

She had a docile, loving nature and was of a peculiarly happy disposition. How she had retained these qualities in her years of lonely life is a mystery. She became much attached to her new friends, and they in turn gave her a most cordial affection. She was naturally intelligent and full of resources, and soon learned to communicate with those about her. She told of her sorrow at the death of her oldest child, who was devoured by wild dogs on the day her people were taken from the island by Captain Hubbard. The young babe met a similar fate later, when the mother, driven by hunger, was forced to leave it unprotected and go forth in search of food.

Strange to say, this woman had formulated an apparently fluent language of her own, which no one was able to understand. Three of the mission fathers, versed in every Indian dialect on the California coast, were quite unable to make themselves understood. Some of the former inhabitants of San Nicolas were brought from San Gabriel and Los Angeles, but they were also unable to converse with her or interpret her language. But few of her words have been remembered. Man she called "noche," the sky, "toyg-wah," a hide, "toeah."

Possibly the Alaskan Indians, who overran San Nicolas in the early part of the last century, left upon her memory an indelible impression of their nomenclature, which superseded her native tongue in the years when human association was denied. This is a question that might be settled from the meagre vocabulary she has left by some enthusiastic, painstaking student of philology.

Travelers abroad who visit the Vatican in Rome, and are permitted to view the priceless relics from many of the lands that have been gathered there, will find among the collection a basket woven of island grasses, and within it a wonderful feather robe made of soft breasts of the cormorant. This garment was fashioned by the deft fingers of Morenita, the Indian woman, when she dwelt alone upon the island of San Nicolas.—Los Angeles Times.

Science and Beggary.

A Berlin correspondent writes to the London Mail: The theory of Professor Koch that cattle tuberculosis cannot be transferred to a human being was the subject of legal proceedings in Hamburg.

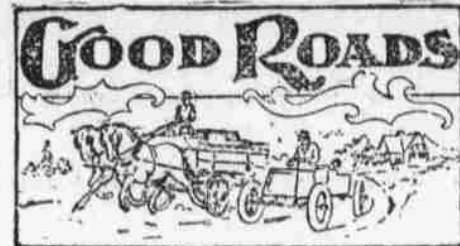
A beggar named Paul John Heyn was prosecuted on a charge of vagabondage. His defence was that six months ago, while slaughtering a tuberculous cow, he got some of the virus into a wound in his arm. Since then his arm had been useless.

Dr. Saes, of the Hamburg Hospital, confirmed the man's statements and said that the whole of the right arm was tuberculous. He had performed an operation thereon and was satisfied about it.

The court acquitted the man.

A Century of Progress.

It is well known that the immediate cause of George Washington's death was an attack of quinsy that baffled the skill of the physicians of that day. If medical science had been as far advanced then as it is now no doubt his life would have been saved. A medical paper, in commenting on his case, says that the aimshouse patient to-day has more rational treatment than he had. This shows how the knowledge of medicine and surgery has progressed in a hundred years, but it also suggests that physicians a hundred years hence may look back on our methods as crude and imperfect.



Roads of America.

THE influence of the mechanical steed on our civilization is best exemplified in the growth and improvement of the country highways, which, in a country that stretches between two oceans, and includes within its boundary nearly all the climates and physical characteristics of a mighty continent, have been slowly evolved from the almost indistinguishable trail of the pioneer settlers into roads of high engineering skill and achievement. American country roads have lagged in the development of the nation's material growth and expansion until within the past few years. With the exception of the few old post roads, established in colonial days, when the stage coach was the only vehicle for comfortable travel, there were not more than two or three country highways of passable physical condition, summer and winter, a score of years ago in the United States.

Military roads were the earliest in existence in all countries, and the protective necessity of having different parts of the empire joined together by highways over which an army could be quickly moved inspired most of the great engineering feats in road building of the past. This factor had little or no influence in American industrial life. Our boundaries did not abut those of other powerful nations with whom we might at any time wage war. Consequently no thought of establishing lines of fortifications, connected by military highways, ever entered the head of our most warlike legislators or Presidents. Military roads were not features of our national development, and though potent factors in the growth of many European States, they are almost nil in American history.

The modern road-building movement is attributed to the bicycle and automobile, but it must be said that it was rather the conditions of the times, which were ripe for the change, that made the popularity of these mechanical steeds. Railroad construction had almost reached its limit; important trunk lines were already paralleling each other so that they cut disastrously into each other's profits, and the most important parts of the country were joined together by the ribbons of steel. Railroad stocks were declining in value; profits were being reduced, and capital was chary of investing in new enterprises of this character. What the country needed was more feeders—country roads leading from farms, mines and producing lands. For months in the year the great agricultural sections were shut off from the railroads by almost impassable country roads. Mills and manufacturing plants located on streams of water that furnished excellent motive power could not market their products in winter. The logging camps and the mining companies were likewise helpless in winter. Thus for a good portion of the year the country's commerce was paralyzed, and the producing centres were cut off from the world.

We rapidly grew into a nation of cities as a consequence. There was little attraction in the country except in the summer season. Impassable muddy roads made rural life disagreeable in the extreme. Even the small villages suffered and dwindled in numbers and population. In the cities stone pavements defied the mud and storms of winter, and thither our population flocked, building for themselves habitable places where they would not be shut indoors for months at a time.

The bicycle, and later the automobile, spread a propaganda of good road building at a time when conditions were ripe for a mighty change, and the fire that smoldered for a time soon broke forth into flame. There was need of better highways to improve trade, to develop the country and to add to our appreciation of country life. With the new movement there commenced a counter-current in the trend of our population cityward. The country was improved by good roads so that people who had been shut up in the city now longed to return to the less artificial life in small towns and villages. Rural existence suddenly received new charms, and with the extension of good highways there sprung up handsome rural homes and estates. The love for country life has suddenly developed so that it marks a new era in our existence. It is not that our cities are less prosperous, or that they will cease to grow in size and wealth, but that the country is better appreciated as a place of residence, and that it has been made so by the better roads.—Quinton's Magazine.

The People Impressed.

The people of New Jersey seem to be so wonderfully impressed with the idea that by good roads the value of lands will be increased, transportation cheapened, travel and business attracted, school houses and churches

filled and civilization advanced that they are praying as earnestly for them as for great riches. Consequently, the pressure for new roads is so great it seems almost impossible to hold the people back. They are so anxious that they are not willing to confine themselves within the limit of the State and county appropriations. They are constantly insisting upon building ahead of the State appropriation, in order that they may enjoy them now, therefore, although the law on account of the increased expense of construction will not allow for the payment this year of more than eighty miles of roads, there have been and are about 140 miles under construction.

The Good Roads Movement.

Over in Dooly County the press and many of the leading citizens have united in an effort to obtain better roads. The Citizen hopes the effort will be successful and that the contagion will spread even unto old Irwin. Our roads are better now than they used to be, but there is lots of room for improvement yet.—Fitzgerald (Ga.) Leader.

LONDON'S BIRD TRADE.

A Surprising Export of Robins and Import of Canaries.

The birds to which the majority of people are devoting their attention at this festive season of the year are those which are hung up or laid out attractively in the windows of poultry-ers' shops. There are other kinds of birds, however, that cause a considerable turnover in money in the course of a year. Vast numbers of robins, for instance, are caught and sent abroad.

The number of robin redbreasts (*Erythraea rubecula*) that are exported from this country to the United States, Canada and Australia during the year reaches a total of nearly 25,000, and they fetch about £18,000. A few starlings are included in these figures, as it has been found impossible to obtain separate statistics; but the great majority are robins.

Among singing birds, at least 500,000 canaries find purchasers in this country in the course of a year, representing in cash £120,000. Fully a quarter of these come from Tyrol and certain parts of Germany, where in some little villages canary breeding is practically the only industry. The largest number of canaries bred in England is by a firm in the neighborhood of Norwich, which disposes of 20,000 per year, the value of which is about £5000.

Piping bullfinches are also largely of German importation, the best districts for these being Hesse and Fulda.

About 40,000 trained bullfinches come into this country every year from Germany and Russia, and their value, taking one with another, is over £100,000.

The chaffinch is a very common bird in England, so common that it can be bought in the streets for sixpence, but in Germany there is a variety whose song is very highly esteemed. A few have been brought over here and sold at £4 each, but the climate does not apparently suit them.

Larks and linnets are actually to be bought for twopence each from the men who net them, but a dealer usually charges at least a shilling for them. Blackbirds, thrushes and gold finches usually cost more, about a couple of shillings, although they may be got for sixpence first hand.

The largest price obtained for a British wild bird is £10, for a perfectly white specimen of a blackbird.—London Mail.

At the Moment.

It is not an unusual thing to be able to waken oneself at a certain time, yet the habit may be carried so far as to be almost mysterious in its delicate accuracy. Says the author of "Three Men on Wheels":

There are men who can waken themselves at any time, to the minute. They say to themselves, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four-thirty," "four-forty-five" or "five-fifteen," as the case may be; and when the time comes, they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this. The more one dwells upon it, the greater the mystery grows. Some ego within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers "Time!" and we awake.

The work of an old riverside fellow called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. Never once did he oversleep by half a minute. At last he gave up working out the time for himself. He would sleep a dreamless sleep, and every morning, at a different hour, this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silently call him.—Youth's Companion.

Little May was showing the picture in the album to the visitor, and, on opening the page containing the portrait of her father's first wife, she said: "That's my eldest mother."—Tit-Bits.