

THE LARAMIE TRAIL.

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

Across the crests of the naked hills,
Smooth-swept by the winds of God,
It cleaves its way like a shaft of gray,
Close bound by the prairie sod.
It stretches flat from the sluggish Platte
To the lands of forest shade;
The clean trail, the lean trail,
The trail the troopers made.

It draws aside with a wavy curve
From the lurking, dark ravine,
It launches fair as a lance in air
O'er the raw-ribbed ridge between;
With never a wait till it plunges straight
Through river or reed-grown brook;
The deep trail, the steep trail,
The trail the squadrons took.

They carved it well, those men of old,
Stern lords of border war,
They wrought it out with their sabers stout
And marked it with their gore.
They made it stand as an iron band
Along the wild frontier;
The strong trail, the long trail,
The trail of force and fear.

For the stirring note of the bugle's throat
Ye may hark to-day in vain,
For the track is scarred by the gang-plow's
shard
And gulfed in the growing grain.
But wait to-night for the moonrise white;
Perchance ye may see them tread
The lost trail, the ghost trail,
The trail of the gallant dead.

'Twixt cloud and cloud o'er the pallid
moon
From the nether dark they glide,
And the grasses sigh as they rustle by,
Their phantom steeds astride,
By four and four as they rode of yore,
And well they know the way;
The dim trail, the grim trail,
The trail of toil and fray.

With tattered guidons spectral thin
Above their swaying ranks,
With carbines slung and sabers swung
And the gray dust on their flanks,
They march again as they marched it then
When the red men dogged their track,
The gloom trail, the doom trail,
The trail they came not back.

They pass, like a flutter of drifting fog,
As the hostile tribes have passed,
And the wild-wing'd birds and the bison
herds
And the unfenced prairies vast,
And those who gain by their strife and
pain
Forget, in the land they won,
The red trail, the dead trail,
The trail of duty done.

But to him who loves heroic deeds
The far-fung path still bides,
The bullet sings and the war-whoop rings
And the stalwart trooper rides.
For they were the sort from Snelling fort
Who traveled fearlessly
The bold trail, the old trail,
The trail to Laramie.
—Youth's Companion.

an hour or so his mind was relieved.
Then he thought of the letters E. P. T.
that he had spent so much time in
cutting on trees and desks and other
things. No, he must stand by those
initials, anyway, so the name Harold
was given up.

Finally, when almost in despair, he
decided that Edward Percy would
have to do; and at the first opportunity
he opened the family record again and
wrote in the name. After that there
could be no backing out.

The boy now felt it to be his duty
to apprise his great-uncle of the
change. This he did by letter, as fol-
lows:

Mr. Ebenezer Pettingill:
Dear Sir—I write to tell you that you
will not have to leave me that five
thousand dollars, for I have gone and changed
my name. I hope this will not hurt your
feelings. Ebenezer Pettingill is all right
in its proper place. It looks good on the
monument that you have had put up in the
cemetery at Belham. I was out there one
day and saw it. But I don't think it is
quite suitable for me. It doesn't join on
well with Todd, and it causes remarks.
Some have said to me, "Why don't you
shorten it to Eben?" That would not be
so bad, but I don't think it would be a
square thing to do. If I am to earn five
thousand dollars by having your name, I
must be willing to take it just as it is, and
I ought not to be ashamed of it, either.
But I have been ashamed, and I couldn't
help it.

You must think considerable of the
name, and I don't believe you want it
made fun of, or carried round by a boy
that doesn't like it. So I thought it was
best for us both to change. I have washed
out Ebenezer Pettingill where it was in
our big Bible and have written Edward
Percy in its place. So it is all settled. I
have written this so that you can fix over
your will.

Your affectionate nephew,
EDWARD PERCY TODD,
formerly
EBENEZER PETTINGILL TODD.

On the whole, it was easier to write
this letter to his uncle than to an-
nounce the change to his aunt, and to
other people who might be interested.
He waited a little for a favorable op-
portunity, still answering to his old
name, but always saying—although not
aloud—"Edward, if you please." But in
a day or two he received this note
from Mr. Pettingill:

Master Edward Percy Todd:
Dear Nephew—I do not blame you for
changing your name, if you do not like it.
I think that you have been frank and
honest with me. I only wish I could say
as much for some others who are looking
to me for a legacy. But I must set you
right on one point. I never agreed to leave
you five thousand dollars for your name.
I believe I did promise to remember you
in my will, and I find that I have done so
to the extent of fifty dollars. I will
change that, and in place of the legacy I
enclose a check for twenty dollars, to show
my regard. Truly yours,
EBENEZER PETTINGILL.

This letter gave the boy his oppor-
tunity, and he at once showed it to his
aunt, at the same time, of course, ex-
plaining what had been done.

The good lady, although considerably
shocked at first, soon became recon-
ciled to the change, the more easily, no
doubt, because it seemed to involve no
great financial loss. She admitted that
she liked the new name better than
the old, and she quickly became quite
fluent in its use.

But there was still one trouble left
for the boy. "I wish I knew the best
way to break the news to the boys and
girls at school," he said, anxiously.
Presently another inspiration came to
him. "What kind of a party was it
that Aunt Helen gave Cousin Laura
last year?" he asked his aunt, after
some reflection.

"They called it a coming-out party,"
was the reply.

"Well, why can't I have one?"
"You!" exclaimed his aunt. "Why
they don't give coming-out parties for
boys; they are only for young ladies."

But the boy was not convinced, and
eventually he carried his point. Soon
after, all his schoolmates and friends
received a neatly written note of invita-
tion:

Miss Lucy Emmons
requests the pleasure of your company at a
party in honor of her nephew,
Edward Percy Todd,
September the nineteenth, 8 to 10 p. m.

The party was a complete success,
and although it cost nearly the whole
of his twenty dollars, Edward thought
that the end justified the means. As
he had anticipated, his friends, after
having partaken of his ice cream, felt
in honor bound to recognize his new
name, and they never called him Eben-
ezer Pettingill, except perhaps now and
then for nickname purposes.

But the most surprising result of the
whole transaction was the increased
interest shown by Mr. Pettingill to-
ward his nephew. He frequently in-
vited the boy to visit him at Belham,
and occasionally manifested his good-
will in more substantial ways.

And when, some years later, his will
was finally probated, one clause read
as follows:

To Edward Percy Todd, son of my late
nephew, Joseph Todd, I give and bequeath
the sum of five thousand dollars.—Youth's
Companion.

No Hope For Him There.

The "old man" addressed the follow-
ing letter to his son, who was about to
stand a civil-service examination for a
Government position:

"Dear Bill: It ain't a bit o' use o'
you goin' up agin that civil-service
business, it's a one-sided affair alto-
gether. Why, they'll turn you down if
you don't know 'rithmetic, an' they'll
even rule you out if you're a leetle
short on g'ography an' spellin'! Take
my advice an' stick to yer trade of
lawyer before a jury of yer peers, an'
when that fails you kin go to teachin'
school."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE GREAT CULEBRA CUT.

It Will be the Biggest Piece of Dig-
ging Ever Undertaken.

The huge excavation for the Pana-
ma canal across the Culebra divide
will be by far the greatest furrow in
the earth's surface ever made by hu-
man agency. It is so large that the
mind fails to grasp its real magni-
tude, and it can only be appreciated
by comparison with some familiar
object. A question of considerable
interest recently raised by a corre-
spondent relates to the largest exist-
ing artificial excavation which is at all
comparable with the Culebra cut.
Great amounts of excavation were
done, of course, on such works as
the North Sea canal, the Manchester
canal and the Suez canal; but all
these were built through comparative-
ly level country.

So far as we are able to find, the
only deep cut at all comparable with
that to be made through the Culebra
divide is the great Nochistongo cut
through the hills which surround the
valley of Mexico. This huge excava-
tion was begun in 1640 for the pur-
pose of affording an outlet to the
flood waters which had inundated the
City of Mexico and destroyed a great
part of the city and its inhabitants.
For more than a hundred and forty
years labor on this great work was
the chief task of the Mexican nation,
and it was not until the year 1789
that it was finally completed. The
total length of the Nochistongo cut
is 12.1-2 miles. Its greatest depth is
197 feet, and its greatest width 361
feet. The total amount of material
excavated was about 54,000,000 cubic
yards. In comparison with this the
cut at Culebra will have a consider-
ably greater maximum depth and
width, even for the project with the
85-foot summit level. The total cube
of excavation at the Culebra divide
was estimated by Mr. John F. Wallace
as 186,000,000 cubic yards for the sea-
level canal and 111,000,000 cubic yards
for a canal with a 60-foot summit level.

While in mere size of excavation
the cut through the Panama divide is
by far the larger, the fact that the
Nochistongo cut was made with abso-
lutely no aid from machinery or me-
chanical power, but wholly with hu-
man muscle, makes our task on the
Isthmus seem like mere child's play
in comparison with that accomplished
by those patient toilers under the tor-
rid sun of Mexico two centuries ago.
When one recalls that this deep, arti-
ficial valley, more than twelve miles
long, was all dug by the labor of In-
dians, who excavated the material
with the crudest hand tools and car-
ried it in baskets on their heads to
the place of final deposit, the great
cut of Nochistongo is entitled to rank
with the Pyramids of Egypt, among
the world's greatest wonders.—Engi-
neering News.

Law Got it in the Nose.

The policeman was in a hurry. He
had the air of a man who intends to
be home in time for dinner at whatever
cost, and the way he bounded up the
stairs of the "L" station at Twenty-
eighth street cast a new light upon the
efficiency and speed of the New York
police. When he reached the top of
the stairway he saw that the exit gate
was open, and as it was not incumbent
upon him to confront the ticket-seller,
he made a dash straight ahead for the
open gate.

An up-town train was about to pull
out, and the policeman put on speed
to catch it. But a diligent ticket-chop-
per at that instant gave the ropes a
hard jerk and the gate closed with a
bang in the very face of the policeman.

Actually in his face, for gate and
policeman collided.

There was a grunt, a helmet clat-
tered to the floor and rolled to the edge
of the stairs, and a nose was flatten-
ed against the wire netting. The chop-
per heard the racket, and when he saw
what had happened he neglected his
station to assist obsequiously in the
restoration of the finest. The police-
man, stopping the flow of blood from
his nose, said not a word; but the boy,
when he had picked up the official hel-
met, ran down the stairs crying, "Ex-
tra! All about the police raid on the
'L'!"—New York Press.

Shooting Beef on the Wing.

Few city sportsmen have ever made
a hunting trip into the country with-
out having met the bugbear of all Nim-
rods, the "irate farmer" who orders
the hunters off his farm, telling them
how many cattle he has had shot by
careless sportsmen. The hunters do
not have much faith in the farmers'
statistics.

"To know how widespread the cattle
shooting habit is," said a government
meat inspector, Dr. H. G. Pinkerton,
"one should take up a position beside
an inspector at a packing house and
note how many cattle are flayed, re-
vealing a charge of birdshot in their
bodies. Some are peppered on one side
only; others on both sides. I don't
know whether the cases are all acci-
dental or whether the hunters shot the
cattle full of birdshot just for fun;
but mighty few, either native or range
cattle, reach the packing houses with-
out carrying souvenirs of some glori-
ous hunting trip."—Kansas City
Times.

PEARLS FROM LABRADOR.

Indians of the Shore District Have
Fished for Them for Generations.

Deep sea fishermen and whale or
seal hunters are about the only per-
sons who know much of the Northern
Labrador coast where it runs into the
Hudson Bay territory. Barrenness
and desolation, rocky shores beaten by
the ice Atlantic, long winters and
short, inclement summers are its
chief characteristics.

There are few signs of human life;
merely ancient rock built shelters set
up by whalers from Nantucket or
Gloucester when Greenland whales
were hunted among the icebergs or
seal hunters' rude shanties, where
observation parties land for a day or
two at a time. But curious as it ap-
pears there is a little known source
of wealth in that one lone land.

It is found in the rivers, which gen-
erally make their last leap into the
ocean over a steep waterfall. The
immense masses of fresh water mus-
sels, which in many places choke the
streams first directed attention to it
in late years.

Men wondered why old-time whale
or seal hunters and other early navi-
gators collected such quantities of the
shells as were piled about the camp-
ing places. Then a short search by
a ne'er-do-well a few years ago re-
vealed a large, irregularly shaped
pearl under a pile of shells and im-
mediately a valuable secret was re-
vealed.

Since that time several men have
become expert pearl fishers, and now
shipments are periodically, and in
summer, regularly made of pearls.
These men make fair wages by their
labor, though, of course, the returns
vary according to the fortune that
attends the individual.

Some of the pearls are large and of
great value. Last year one was sold
to a New Yorker of rare discrimina-
tion for upward of \$1,000.

In appearance these fresh water
pearls are not easily distinguished
from those obtained in southern seas,
though unfortunately some per cent-
age of them are irregular in shape.

Usually they are silver white in
color, though a young man who has
just returned from Labrador has a pair
of rose pink pearls, perfectly matched,
which weigh about twelve grains
each and are worth \$60 or \$70 apiece.

This lucky one was not a pearl
hunter, but took a clump of shells in
his hand and sat down to open them
with his pocket knife. He found the
pearls in one large shell. After that
find he spent a fortnight in searching
for more, but only obtained about half
a dozen small ones, worth perhaps \$3.

As a rule pearl hunting is gone
about in a more scientific manner.
The mussels are stacked on flat
rocks or sand bars and are allowed to
decompose, when the shells open
naturally and are easily examined for
the pearls, which lie embedded in the
flesh of the fish.

The Indians of that district have al-
ways known of these fresh water
pearls, and several of the rivers
running north have been fished for
them for many generations. Most of
the pearls collected by them in olden
times were ruined by being rudely
bored, so that they might be strung
for necklaces or for the adornment of
wampum belts.

Nowadays the wide-awake Hudson
Bay company traders pay a fair price
for all the Indians can collect. Some
Montreal houses have regular dealings
with the pearl hunters of the coast,
and have agents on the spot who ob-
tain shipments for them.

Swiss Change National Hymn.

It is not often that a nation changes
its national hymn. The Swiss have,
however, formally announced their in-
tention of so doing and adopted the
less well known Swiss Psalm, or "Can-
tique Suisse," instead of the hitherto
universally sung "O Monts Indepen-
dants."

The reason of this change is that the
latter has always been rendered to
Carey's melody of "God Save the
King," which is identical also with the
German "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz,"
and the Switzers are beginning to find
this sameness too confusing. Hence-
forward, therefore, they will change
their tune to one which shall be theirs
only, and, indeed, the melody accom-
panying the words, "Sur nos monts
quand lesoleil," etc., of the "Cantique
Suisse" is, if anything, more inspiring
than the old one.

It is also by a true son of the Alps,
one Zwyszig, to whom a monument
was erected on the Lake of the "Four
Cantons" a few years ago. That the
"late" national anthem can have but
a small hold on the people's affections
is proved by the way the "new" one is
readily accepted on all sides.—Reyn-
old's Newspaper.

Says He is 260 Years Old.

Srimat Brahmananda Brahmacharye,
aged 260 years, is not after all a myth-
ical personage. He is of super-ex-
traordinary age no doubt, but he is
just at present very much alive and
proposes to grace the religious Ma-
hotsavam to be held at Benares with
his august presence.—Indian Daily
News.

THE TODD BOY'S NAME

By E. F. C. ROBBINS.

OW the next boy may give
me his name," said the new
teacher, who was enrolling
his pupils on the first day
of school.

There was an expectant
hush over the room, followed by a
general titter as the boy thus called
upon answered:

"Ebenezer Pettingill Todd."
Even the teacher smiled, as he said,
"That is certainly a good, substantial
name. I suppose I may call you Eben
for short?"

"I guess you had better call me
Ebenezer," was the reply. Then every-
body laughed again except the Todd
boy himself. It was no laughing mat-
ter to him.

"Your name rather staggered the
teacher at first, didn't it?" one of his
mates said to him at noon. "I don't
wonder at it. Gracious! I wouldn't
be caught with such a name as that
on me for five thousand dollars."

To these thoughtless words the Todd
boy made no reply. Nevertheless, he
kept turning them over in his mind
until he reached the modest home
where, since the death of his father
and mother in his early childhood, he
had lived with his maiden aunt.

"Aunt Lucy," he asked suddenly,
as the two sat at dinner, "how did I
ever come to be named Ebenezer Pet-
tingill?"

"Mercy on me, child!" said his aunt,
in great surprise. "You know about
as well as I do. You've heard it
times enough:

"Why, it was this way," she went
on, nothing loath to repeat the story.
"At one time it began to look as if your
poor father and mother would never
succeed in getting you named for good.
First and last I believe they named
and unnamed you four different times,
and then they were just as much at
sea as ever. But one day your father
came home, and says he, 'I've got a
name for the boy at last. It isn't
fancy,' he said, 'but it's substantial,
and it will be worth money to the little
chap some day.'

"Then he went straight to the fam-
ily Bible and wrote the name down in
good big letters—Ebenezer Pettingill
Todd. You have seen it there, you
know, many a time. 'There,' he said,
'that is going to stick!' It was the
name of a kind of half-uncle of his,
you know, that lived over in Belham,
and does now, for that matter. He has
property, and no near relatives, but
plenty of distant ones. Your father
had fallen in with him that day, and
I suppose they got to talking about you,
I never knew the particulars, but at
any rate, they came to an understand-
ing that you were to be named for Mr.
Pettingill, and he was to remember
you in his will.

"Your mother didn't take to the name
at all; but your father said, 'It means
five thousand dollars to the boy when
Uncle Ebenezer goes.'

"Dear, dear! Your father little
thought then that Mr. Pettingill would
outlive him; but he died within a year,
and the old gentleman is alive yet.
I've heard that he is likely to disap-
point some of his relatives by leaving
most of his money to charity. But I
guess there will be no doubt about
your five thousand dollars."

"I would swap the five thousand dol-
lars any time for a different name,"
said the boy, gloomily.

"Why, child, you ought not to speak
in that way. Your Uncle Pettingill is
a good man, and Ebenezer is a very
respectable name."

"I suppose the name was all right
in old times," said the boy, "but it isn't
a good one for me. It is all out of
fashion now. People always laugh the
first time they hear it. The new
teacher did to-day. The boys at school
won't even give me a nickname. They
always call me Ebenezer Pettingill—
that is nickname enough for them.
And grown-up people don't call me by
any first name very often. They just
call me the Todd boy."

"Oh, well," said his aunt, soothingly,
"you can afford a little trouble for
all that money. You know you want to
go to college—"

"I don't know that I do with such
a name as mine," interrupted the boy.
"I should almost hate to see it on a
diploma. They write your name in
Latin, you know. Charles is Carolus,
and James is Jacobus, and so on. How
do you suppose Ebenezer would look
turned into Latin?"

"And it is just as bad whatever I
want to do. I'd like to be a political
man when I grow up, and perhaps run
for office. But you couldn't get up any
enthusiasm for Ebenezer P. Todd."

"I tell you, Aunt Lucy, it is a bad
bargain for me, and for Uncle Pettin-
gill, too, for that matter."

"Why so?" asked his aunt, in sur-
prise.

The boy did not explain his last re-
mark, but when he left the table he
had in his mind the germ of a purpose,
which soon developed into a full-grown
plan.

On his return from school at night
he found that his aunt was out making
calls, and he decided that the time was
ripe for action.

He went at once into the infrequen-
tly used best room, opened the large
Bible that lay conspicuously on the
centre-table, and turned to the family
record. There stood his name in bold
black letters.

He next took from his pocket a cer-
tain package which he had bought at a
drug store on his way from school.
In this were two small bottles, each
containing a colorless liquid. By means
of a little glass tube, dipped first into
one bottle, then into the other, he care-
fully traced twice over the words
Ebenezer Pettingill.

He was not disappointed at the result.
The letters gradually faded from his
sight, and he felt that he was at last
rid forever of the burden of that name.

But as he sat there, half-frightened
at what he had done, yet wholly tri-
umphant, he was suddenly confronted
by a problem new to him, although
quite old in human experience—that of
naming a boy.

Unfortunately, concerning this mat-
ter his mind was as much a blank as
the space in the family record on which
he had just been operating.

To be sure, he could think of names,
but none to suit. He wished that he
knew some of the names that his par-
ents had given him and then taken
away. One of those might do. The
paper was all dry where Ebenezer Pet-
tingill had been, and something ought
to be written in.

But at the end of a half-hour's
thought he had come to no decision.
He heard his aunt's step on the walk,
and hastily shutting the book, he
slipped out of the room, very ill at
ease. It felt queer to be a boy with-
out a name.

All his leisure moments for the next
twenty-four hours he spent in wrest-
ling with his problem. Once, while in
school, he named himself Harold, out
of his English history book; and for