

THE MOTHER

The mother by the gallows tree,
The gallows tree, the gallows tree,
(While the twitching body mocked the sun)
Lifted to Heaven her broken heart
And called for sympathy.

Then Mother Mary bent to her,
Bent from her place by God's left side,
And whispered: "Peace—do I not know?
My Son was crucified!"

"O, Mother Mary," answered she,
"You cannot, cannot enter in
To my soul's woe—you cannot know,
For your Son wrought no sin!"

Then Lord Christ bent to her and said:
"Be comforted, be comforted;
I know your grief; the whole world's woe
I bore upon My head."

"Dut, O, Lord Christ, you cannot know,
No one can know," she said, "no one—
(While the quivering corpse swayed in the wind)—
"Lord Christ, no one can understand
Who never had a son!"

—Don Marquis, in Putnam's.

A VOYAGE BY BULL-BOAT.

By FRANKLIN
WELLES CALKINS.

In May, 1872, I rode from a station on the Union Pacific to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to go with a freight outfit to the gold-fields of Montana. I was too late to catch the freighters, but there was at the fort an old prospector and plainsman named Len Gaskett, who was about to start alone for the same destination. By advice of the post commandant, who had often employed Gaskett as a guide, I went with him.

Aside from the fact that we had to make our night camps, for a time, with reference to prowling Sioux and Cheyennes, we had an uneven trip until we reached the mouth of Grey Bull River, on the Bighorn, and then, despite the thirty-five years' experience of my guide, disaster overtook us.

Believing ourselves now out of range of the hostiles, we had staked our ponies on a flat bottom, where there was abundant grass, and made our night camp within the shelter of a cluster of mountain-ash. We were sound asleep, when there came up one of those fierce thunderstorms which are known in this region as cloudbursts.

The wind blew eighty miles an hour, and the rain fell in torrents. To keep our feet in that hurricane was out of the question. It was as much as ever we could do to crawl off the flat bottom, dragging our small camp equipage, to higher ground.

Nor was it possible to look after our horses, and when the storm was over, and the river-bottom roaring with a flood, the animals were gone. Whether they were drowned or had pulled their picket-pins and fled down the valley we never discovered, although we spent two days in search of them.

We were still a long way from the Gallatin valley, whither we were bound, and we were uncertain whether to go on or to retrace our steps to Laramie and procure fresh stock, when a herd of buffaloes came off the hills and settled the question for us.

I got the first shot, and brought down my game, and as that was enough for meat, I was surprised when Gaskett brought his big rifle to bear and knocked over two large bulls.

But the shots were admirable exhibitions of marksmanship, and presently he explained.

"Now," he said, "I'll make a bull-head, and we'll go down the Bighorn. I know all the Crow Indians along the river, and we can pass 'em safe, and when we get to the Yellowstone, we'll soon catch a flatboat or steamer going up. They run pretty regular to the first of July."

Immediately he set to work with the skill and the patience of a Sioux. At the end of three days he had, by the help of an awl and some coarse needles from my kit, sewed together three half-dried buffalo pelts, and stretched them over a stout frame of willows.

When completed, his craft resembled the bowl of a big spoon. The biggest bull's pelt was stretched over the bottom, and the rim and tip of the "spoon" were of lighter strips, and all were sewed on with the hair outside and lying toward the stern. By this means the ordinary draft of the boat was kept below the seams, and the "leak" of the hair was a help both in running the boat and in preventing leaks. A light paddle of ash completed the outfit, and on the fourth day we put ourselves afloat on the Bighorn.

I would hardly have believed that such a tub as ours could prove a seaworthy craft; but, in fact, it seemed admirably adapted to down-stream navigation, and we were borne along, at four or five miles an hour, in such easy and comfortable fashion that I hardly regretted the loss of our ponies.

It was not until we came to the canon and rapids of the Bighorn that the perils of this venture were fully apparent.

No one who had passed through it would be likely to forget that breathless experience of fourteen hours. Time and again we were hurled through narrow passes, or pitched over tumbles of rocky rapids, as a leaf is tossed on a similar current. I could only sit in the bottom and let Gaskett manage the craft.

I was, indeed, kept busy in bailing with an iron skillet, while Len edged our ungainly tub off the too ragged edges of threatening rocks. Off the surfaces of the smoother rocks we glided harmlessly as a turtle-glide. Although the bull-boat ceased and pitched and tossed, and

I also saw the sand fly upon a bar behind, and then the notch of the Indian's arrow striking out of its bank.

Len's shot, too, rang in my ears almost instantly, and with a yell our enemy broke cover and dodged into a coulee before I could bring my gun to bear.

"Let's land and get that fellow," I urged, now thoroughly roused to the necessity of getting rid of such a dangerous follower.

"Huh!" grunted Gaskett. "We might as well try to catch a jack-rabbit. That Indian can run like an antelope and dodge like a hawk on the wing."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand why one Indian, armed only with a bow and arrows, should follow two men with guns."

"That's because you don't know the critters yet as well as I do. I've known one to follow a whole company of trappers, or a tribe of Indians on the move, watching for a chance to pick off his man or steal some horses. This fellow I take to be a Blackfoot, who has set out from his country on foot, vowing he would bring back horses and scalps, and so make a name for himself. It's like an Indian of any tribe to go on such an expedition, but it's more like a Blackfoot than any other.

"I would be a big thing for that chap, too," he continued, reflectively. "If he should pepper both of us, get our guns, and go home down the Yellowstone in our bull-boat."

"Well," I replied, rather testily, "it wouldn't be a big thing for us if we let him do it."

"I'm doin' the best I can to prevent it," said Len; and I hastened to make amends by admitting that I certainly thought he was.

"He ain't got a great sight of arrows," Len added, "for he's shooting now to hit a sand-bank if he misses us. We ought to have stopped and gathered that last one."

"That's so," I replied. "He'll wade over and get it, and so not waste a shot."

That afternoon was a repetition of the forenoon. We floated on the centre of the current, warily and continually on the watch. Before night the situation began to wear on me. I had never felt so pestered and good-

we came to a straight stretch of current, where the banks were tolerably clear, I piled the paddle hard, not only as a relief from the nervous strain of suspense, but in the hope to tire out the follower upon our trail. This we could long since have done but for the many crooks of the channel, which robbed us of the advantage of our speed.

I believe it was about 4 o'clock that afternoon before we again heard from our enemy. Len was lying at ease, apparently forgetful of danger, and we were passing under a rough ledge. I was keeping the bull-boat to a far edge of the current, out of the near range of cover, when Len lazily rolled over upon his back. My rifle came to his face and spat its report and its thin puff of smoke. And then my comrade rose to a standing posture in the boat with a great shout of laughter.

"Bring her to land!" he shouted. "Bring her to land! I've fixed that Blackfoot a plenty!"

Believing that he had actually shot the Indian, I turned the nose of our boat, and we leaped out upon a dry bar.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Len, and immediately laid his gun aside, and began to make signs in the most bewildering fashion.

"Throw down your gun!" he cried. "I've fixed that Indian!"

Much mystified, I obeyed; and again Len began making signs which were Greek to me.

There was a minute or so of suspense on my part, and then, as I stood looking up at the ledge, I saw a half-naked savage step out from cover of a rock, and with a pacific motion of the hand, answer my comrade's signal.

He was fifty yards away, but I saw the Indian had a grin upon his face, and that he evidently had no further hostile intention. To my imagination he really looked sheepish and abashed. Len shouted some words in the Crow tongue, and then slapped his thigh in another hearty laugh.

"Len," I said, "do tell me what this means."

Again Len laughed joyously. "Why, just this," he said. "I caught a glimpse of the end of that fellow's bow sticking out from behind a rock, and just as he was going to step out and let go at us, I spoiled his little game—shot off the end of his weapon as clean as you could cut it with an axe."

And now I joined my comrade in his laugh. And I must say that the Indian evidently appreciated the humor of the situation, for his grin was still broad enough to be seen.

"And now," said Len, "there's no use making enemies when you can just as well make friends." And he stepped into the bull-boat, brought forth a big piece of dried buffalo meat, and tossed it upon the sands.

"Come over and get it!" he shouted, pointing to the beef. "You'll need it before you get home!"

And without more ado we got back into our craft and drifted away, leaving an amazed and harmless savage standing upon the cliffs.

Some days later, at the Yellowstone, we caught a small steamer bound for the head of navigation.—
From the Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Rutile is described as the purest ore of the metal titanium. They think that this metal is going to be in great demand for the bearings and axles of flying machines. A big deposit of rutile has been found in the Timaroo district of Queensland.

A gentleman, fond of scientific experiments, captured a spider, and by means of weighing it and then confining it in a cage found that it ate four times its weight for breakfast, nine times its weight for dinner, and thirteen times its weight for supper.

The known number of little members of the solar system continue to increase every year. Up to June last the number to which permanent designations had been given was 635. Many reported discoveries turn out to be simply the re-finding of asteroids already known. Fifteen instances of this kind occurred in 1906 and the first half of 1907.

Over one thousand years ago Switzerland possessed a forest system, and had developed a scientific forestry by the fifteenth century. As early as Louis XIV France awoke to the fact that her forests and her life were draining away together. But it was too late. To-day she is spending \$34 an acre to reforest her watersheds. The same experience is costing Italy \$20 an acre.

Henry Farman, the French aeronaut, who recently won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize, says he foresees the time when an aeroplane omnibus will cover the distance between Paris and London in five hours. He says he feels certain that within twelve months aeroplanes will be able to travel seventy-five to 100 miles at an insignificant cost compared with the expense of running an automobile for the same distance.

A Frenchman, Raphael Dubois, reports to the Academy of Sciences the results of experiments with phosphorescent animalcules in producing an illumination useful to man. By cultivating in suitable media a large number of micro-organisms capable of emitting light M. Dubois succeeded in illuminating a room with a degree of intensity about equal to that of moonlight. No radiation of heat appears to attend the production of this physiological light.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



A STORY OF FIVE LITTLE BEARS.

Five little bears in the mountain;
One heard a lion roar!
It frightened him till he quickly died;
And then there were but four.

Four little bears in the mountain;
One fell from a great high tree!
He broke his neck as soon as he struck;
And then there were but three.



Three little bears in the mountain;
One fell some thin ice through;
But beneath the water was very deep!
And so there were but two.

Two little bears in the mountain;
They thought to have some fun;
One got too near to a precipice!
And then there was but one.



One little bear in the mountain;
He was so lonely night and day,
That at last he emigrated
To a country far away.
—Maud Walker, in the Birmingham Age-Herald.

A GENEROUS HORSE.

The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons recently shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine looking horses attached to single-buggies were hitched at the curb opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was constantly munching his oats, when his attention was attracted by the action of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—
—St. Louis Republic.

SOME BIRD ACQUAINTANCES.

First come my friends, the Red-eyed Vireos and their family. The pretty mother built her little basket nest in the apple tree just outside my window. Mr. Red-eyed Vireo did not help his wife in her work, but was ever near at hand to cheer her with his song. It was wonderful to see how skillfully this tiny creature wove the bits of material into a charming little home. Soon there were four pretty eggs in the nest, and in due time three tiny, squirming, naked little birds, and one unhatched egg, which Mrs. Vireo calmly poked out of the nest.

While the mother bird was on the nest, I spent a great deal of time by that window, and after a few days

she did not mind me in the least. Once I almost touched her, and she never moved.

When the three little Vireos began learning to fly, there were exciting times at "Shady-side." Often Mrs. Red-eyed came to the veranda where I was reading, and invited me to step round and rescue her children, once from Miss Day's good, toothless old pussy-cat, and several times from a mass of tall, wet grass. Soon I concluded to bring the youngsters to the vine on the porch, and after that I had an easier time. Then, too, I could watch proceedings from my comfortable steamer chair. One day it occurred to me to try my hand at feeding these young Vireos. So I got a few meal-worms and offered one to a youngster. My, how quickly he opened his mouth! Down went the poor worm into what looked to me like a deep well, and his parents had been feeding him almost every moment since dawn! While I stood feeding them, the parent birds came into the vine with food in their bills. Did they fly off in alarm? Not they. Instead they waited until I had dropped my last worm into the mouth of a nestling, and then proceeded to take their turn as undisturbed as you please. You may be sure I was very happy to be taken into partnership by these neighbors.—
—Emma L. Drew, in Bird-Lore.

SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

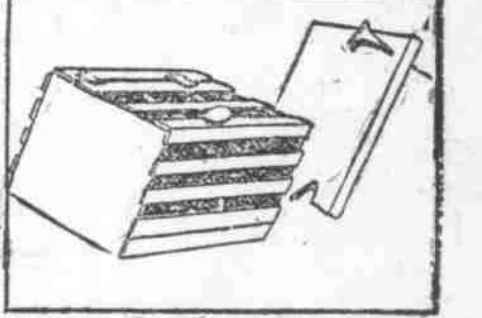
We take so many things for granted that at times, when we learn of the amount of trouble a simple appearing thing has cost, we are amazed. For instance, how many, when they glibly stick a postage stamp on a letter, think of the trouble that has been taken to put just the right amount of mucilage on the stamp? And yet the labor and care expended on the backs of stamps is considerable. It is a most delicate operation.

After the printing, great sheets of stamps are passed under a roller from which they receive a thin coating of gum; then they are gradually dried over steam pipes. Of course care is taken to make the coating even. Tests are hourly made to see that the heat and humidity are exactly right. Then for each season of the year allowance must be made. A harder gum for summer, a thinner one for winter. In winter the gum is apt to crack and care must be taken to prevent that. A third grade for spring, and fall gum is known as intermediate. So you see even so small a matter as a postage stamp is an item of interest in the country's work shop.—
—Washington Star.

FOR YOUR FISHING TRIP.

To make this useful bait box for your fishing excursion select two pieces of lumber about eight inches square. Saw sixteen pieces of lath about a foot long, and nail them around your eight-inch piece of board, leaving one-quarter inch space between the laths. Make the door of two of the laths, the hinges being India rubber, and a button of a piece of lath and a screw like Fig. 1.

But in making this box be careful



how you hammer the nails, cautions Philadelphia Ledger. Look at the point and place it just the way you think it ought not to go. The point is broad one way and not the other; put the broad way across the grain of the wood like Fig. 2, otherwise the nail forms a wedge and splits your lath.

You may generally observe a faint line running across the head of a nail, even in tacks; these lines run with the grain of the wood when the nail has been properly driven.

THE GROUNDHOG SLEEPS.

The woodchuck's is a curious shift, a case of nature outdoing herself. Winter spreads far and fast, and woodchuck, in order to keep ahead out of danger, would need wings. But he wasn't given any. Must he perish then? Winter spreads far, but does not go deep—down only about four feet; and woodchuck, if he cannot escape overland, can, perhaps, under land. So he goes through the winter, down into a mild and even temperature, five long feet away, but as far away from the snow and cold as bobolink among the reeds of the distant Orinoco. Indeed, woodchuck's is a farther journey, and even more wonderful than bobolink's, for these five feet carry him beyond the bounds of time and space into the mysterious realm of sleep, of suspended life, to the very gates of death. That he will return with bobolink, that he will come up alive with the spring out of this dark way, is very strange.—
—Dallas Sharp, in The Atlantic.