#### 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 1 not know?— My Son was crucified!"

"O, Mother Mary," answered she, You cannot, cannot enter in To my soul's wee-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 wo
I bore upon My head."

"But, 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

Laramie, Wyoming, to go with a turn it, and we came through the an Indian of any tribe to go on such freight outfit to the gold-fields of canon very wet, but none the worse an expedition, but it's more like a Montana. I was too late to catch for our venture. the freighters, but there was at the fort an old prospector and plains-

Aside from the fact that we had Cheyennes, we had an uneventful supposed himself speaking to other to make amends by admitting that trip until we reached the mouth of Indians. 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 hundred yards. Then, as we passed our ponies on a flat bottom, where a piece of broken, rocky bank, I there was abundant grass, and made heard the sharp flit as of a nightour night camp within the shelter of bird passing close to my ear. a cluster of mountain-ash. We were sound asleep, when there came up one of those fierce thunderstorms said, in a low voice, "but get down tinually on the watch. Before night which are known in this region as cloud bursts.

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. 4 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 | -

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

I got the first shot, and brought down my game, and as that was enough for meat, I was surprised when Gasket 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 bullboat, 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 reg'lar 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 hal 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 "lie" 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 affoat on the Bighorn.

I would hardly have believed that such a tub as ours could prove a sea- given up the chase, after all. worthy 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 that a single enemy would dare take. 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 for a nap, ? d we again set our craft 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 fend- in broad daylight. ed our ungainly tub off the too ragged edges of threatening rocks, Of were again passing a rough bank the surfaces of the smoother rocks with cover of bush and rock, I saw my ride thrust into the tip of the a degree of intensity about equal to we glided barmlessly as a turtir my companion suddenly throw himglides. Although the bull-boat ca- olf upon his back and heard the flit able fashion. resned and plicked and tossed, and of a feathered shaft.

WELLES CALKINS. In May, 1872, I rode from a sta- | let in gallons of water at the bring back horses and scalps, and so tion on the Union Pacific to Fort stiches, it seemed impossible to over- make a name for himself. It's like

The weather had become hot, and we slept during the middle of the man named Len Gaskett, who was next day, taking up our run again about to start alone for the same des- by the light of the stars. It was tination. By advice of the post com- toward midnight, and we were placid- Yellowstone in our bull-boat." mandant, who had often employed by floating, when we were roused Gaskett as a guide, I went with him. from our reveries by a voice hailing us from the near-by river-bank. I to make our night camps, for a time, needed no telling that the man who with reference to prowling Sioux and called to us was an Indian, or that he

> Gaskett shouted some Indian fears were set at rest.

Len said nothing to me, and we drifted on in silence for two or three and gathered that last one."

And now my comrade spoke. as low as you can, so's not to give the situation began to wear on me. too big a mark."

helpmate to man."

to fool him, but I didn't."

ter be getting to cover."

Len Gaskett's judgment.

Yet as we floated on for half the

night, buried to our ears in the bull-

boat, and neither heard nor saw any-

thing further of the lone Indian,

I began to feel confident that he had

arrow-shots, at least from any cover

I noted, however, that my compan-

ion's gaze constantly roved, search-

slept for a couple of hours, he sat

Although I urged him, when I

awoke, Gaskett refused to lie down

cocked gun across his knees, and only

used the paddle to keep our tub in

I was almost inclined to laugh at

Just before noon, however, as we me get in front."

the middle of the current.

with rifle at hand.

old to be good enough for any man."

almost instantly, and with a yell our to tire out the follower upon our enemy broke cover and dodged into trail. This we could long since have 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 jackantelope 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 Blackfoot than any other.

"'Twould 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

"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 certainly thought he was.

"He ain't got a great sight of words in a careless fashion, and my arrows," Len added, "for he's shooting now to hit a sand-bank if he misses us. We ought to have stopped

> "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 forencon. We floated on the "'Twa'n't right good shootin'," he centre of the current, warily and con-I had never felt so pestered and goad-

UNPOPULARITY OF MARRIAGE.

From an Editorial in the New York Times.

contrive debatable subject which draw forth hosts of letters from

their unsuspecting and responsive subscribers, is just now prolifically

fitness to maintain a household on the part of women. To quote one

seems to us that the testimony presented is ex parte. It savors too

much of conscious fear on the part of the British marriageable man

that he is losing his honorable and traditional "grip" on the opposite

sex, and he argues that, if he fails to please, it must be their fault

and not his. He has no suspicion of the fact that they may have

outgrown him and his ideas of female subservience. F. Marion

Crawford, the novelist, who may be supposed to know something

about the subject, in his latest novel, "The Prima Donna," declares

that the single state "is not for poor girls, nor for operatic singers,

nor for King's daughters, none of whom, for various reasons, can

live, or are allowed to live, without husbands. Unless she be a

hunchback, an unmarried royal Princess is almost as great an

exception as a white raven or a cat without a tail; a prima donna

without a husband alive, dead, or divorced is hardly more common;

and poor girls marry to live. But give a modern young woman a

decent social position, with enough money for her wants and an

average dose of assurance, and she becomes so fastidious in the

choice of a mate that no man is good enough for her till she is too

like other evidence presented in the case, it does not go far enough.

It presupposes that all women desire to marry at some time or other

and ignores the possibility that bachelorhood may be quite as dear

to some women as it is to some men, and quite as worthily and

"Was that an arrow?" I asked. | ed; and even the stolid old frontiers-

"That's what," said Len. "And man showed something of the same

there'll be more of 'em if the fellow's feeling in his restlessly roving eye

quiver's full. He's a Blackfoot, I and in the dogged look of one

reckon, and he thought he had dis- stealthily hunted, that settled upon

covered some of his friends. I tried his face. The hours wore on wearily,

be a whole tribe at hand. We'd bet- made our camp in a peculiar fashion.

coolly and positively. "I know by paddle for a shovel, he scooped a

the sound of his voice he's a lone trench big enough to hold the bull-

hunter or scout. Not even an Indian | boat. Into this pit we hoisted our

can fool me when he has been out light craft, and spreading our blank-

for days by himself, and thinks he's ets, lay down, feeling safe from at-

met up with friends that way. But tack of one Indian, at least. For no

if he takes a notion to follow us up, Indian would be reckless enough to

he may turn out worse than a whole | walk out upon that bar to attack two

Before many hours I had dis- we felt secure enough to get a good

covered how keen and discerning was unbroken rest of eight hours, and we

our temporary camp upon an iso- within two inches of my body. Again

lated sand-bar, and out of reach of Len's rifle cracked, and the Indian

affoat. My companion now sat with fond of chasing coyotes on foot."

sied.

"Him!" I ejaculated. "There may of the Indian. And that night we

"There's only one," declared Len, sand-bar; and after dark, using his

and night fell with no further sign

Len chose the spot, a point of high

men so well covered. At any rate,

Again I ventured to hope that the

Indian had given over the quest for

our scalps, but this hope was of

affoat an hour when an arrow, shot

A single glance showed us how

point of attack. There were rough

"He'll get one of us yet," I prophe-

, awoke much refreshed.

fled with a derisive yell.

river-bank.

profitably enjoyed by the gentler as well as by the barsher sex.

This is entertaining, and also convincing, as far as it goes, but,

pondering over the question: "Is marriage too expensive"

One of those London papers which constantly and ingeniously

The consensus of opinion seems to be that it is, and for two

The increasing love of dress and pleasure and their un-

With all due allowance to British chivalry, it

'Women of to-day marry for ease and luxury and not to be a

I also saw the sand fly upon a bar | we came to a straight stretch of curbehind, and then the notch of the rent, where the banks were tolerably Indian's arrow stirking out of its clear, I plied the paddle hard, not only as a relief from the nervous Len's shot, too, rang in my ears strain of suspense, but in the hope done but for the many crooks of the channel, which robbed us of the ad-

vantage 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 rabbit. That Indian can run like an 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! ba!" 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 sus-

pense 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 are." 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 shout-

cd, 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 sav-

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 con- their heads together if they so defining it in a cage found that it ate four times its weight for breakfast, taken the opportunity of a prolonged 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 1906 and the first half of 1907.

Over one thousand years ago Switzerland possessed a forest system, and had developed a scientific the fact that her forests and her life were draining away together. But short duration. We had not been it was too late. To-day she is spending \$34 an acre to reforest her waterfrom the mouth of a bushy run, sheds. The same experience is cost-We stopped for breakfast, choosing pierced the bull-boat and passed ing Italy \$20 an acre.

Henry Farman, the French aeronaut, who recently won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize, says he foresees cunningly he had chosen another the time when an aeroplane omnibus will cover the distance between Paris ing the river-banks. And while I hills, with numerous coulees and and London in five hours. He says ravines, within a short run of the he feels certain that within twelve months aeroplants will be able to "This thing's getting mighty in- travel seventy-five to 100 miles at teresting," said Len. "I'd like right an insignificant cost compared with well to go after that chap, but I ain't | the expense of running an automobile for the same distance.

A Frenchman, Raphael Dubois, re-"Shouldn't wonder," admitted ports to the Academy of Sciences the Len, dispassionately. "But s'pose we results of experiments with phoshis precaution, deeming it altogether change the program a bit. Let me phorescent animalculae in producing improbable that a single Indian could have your magazine gun. My old an illumination useful to man. By dare to follow two well-armed men rifle's too heavy for snap-shooting; cultivating in suitable media a large and now you steer a while, and let number of micro-organisms capable of emitting light M. Dubois suc-We shifted places, and Len with ceeded in illuminating a room with craft, disposed himself in a comfort- that of moonlight. No radiation of heat appears to attend the produc-Weary hours were on again. When | tion of this physiclegical light.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

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, nat at last he emigrated

To a country far away -Maud Walker, in the Birmingham Age | shop .- Washington Star.

### A GENEROUS HORSE.

The horse is generally rated as one and a pretty incident that was witcently 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 en- dia rubber, and a button of a piece trance to the Merchants' Exchange. of lath and a screw like Fig. 1. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get sired. The owner of one of them had 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 munch-Ing his oats, when his attention was attracted by the action of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentfful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up instances of this kind occurred in 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 forestry by the fifteenth century. As far as his hitching strap would perearly as Louis XIV France awoke to mit. 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.

tyed Vireos and their family. The feet; and woodchuck, if he cannot espretty mother built her little basket cape overland, can, pernaps, under nest in the apple tree just outside my land. So he goes through the winter, window. Mr. Red-eyed Vireo did not down into a mild and even temperahelp his wife in her work, but was ture, five long feet away, but as far ever near at hand to cheer her with away from the snow and cold as bobohis song. It was wonderful to see link among the reeds of the distant the bits of material into a charming farther journey, and even more wonlittle home. Soon there were four derful than bobolink's, for these five

A STORY OF FIVE LITTLE BEARS. | 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 "Shadyside." Often Mrs. Red-eye 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 E 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 walted 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.

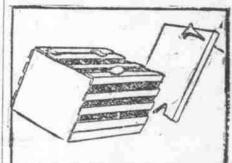
We take so many things for granted that at times, when we learn of the amount of trouble a simple appearing thing has cost, we are amazed. For instance, how many, when they glibly stick a postage stamp on a letter, think of the trouble that has been taken to put just the right amount of mucilage on the 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 coat. ing 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 nostage stamp is an item of interest in the country's work

### FOR YOUR FISHING TRIP.

To make this useful bait box for your fishing excursion select two of the most intelligent of animals, pieces of lumber about eight inches square. Saw sixteen pieces of lath nessed by a number of persons re- 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 In-

But in making this box be careful



Becarding the second

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 First come my friends, the Red- not go deep-down only about four now skillfully this tiny creature wove Orinoco. Indeed, woodchuck's is a retly eggs in the nest, and in due fest carry him beyond the bounds of ime three tiny, squirming, maked time and space into the mysterious ittle birds, and one unhatched egg, realm of sleep, of suspended life, to which Mrs. Virso calmly poked out the very gates of death. That he will return with bobolink, that he will While the mother bird was on the come up alive with the spring out of nest, I spent a great deal of time by this dark way, is very strange,that window, and after a few days Dallas Sharpe, in The Atlantic.