

HEART CRAVINGS.

Won't you give me a nod, my brother,
As you journey along life's road?
It would waken anew my courage
And lighten my weary load.

Won't you give me a smile, my brother?
Just the gleam of a kindly eye?
It would make me forget my weakness
And brighten my leaden sky.

Won't you give me a word, my brother?
Just a whisper within my ear?
It would kindle anew my purpose—
Would one little word of cheer.

Won't you give me your hand, my brother?
Let me clasp it before we part?
It would lighten my load of sorrow
And brighten my heavy heart.
—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.



"IT'S a long tramp, Jack."
"Yes, but the crust's hard
and I can do it easily."

"You've done most a good
day's work besides."

"Never mind that." Jack gave a
proud little jerk of his head as he
looked up from the gun he was care-
fully cleaning. "I'm most as big as a
man and full as strong."

"You don't expect to do much hunt-
ing by the way, do you?"

"Only to keep a lookout."

The short winter day was closing in
as Jack set out on his long walk—
a walk under conditions not often ex-
perienced in these days, but not un-
usual twenty-five years ago in North-
western Wisconsin.

Forest in almost unbroken stretches
for miles on miles. A heavy snowfall
had rejoiced the hearts of the lumber-
men in the camps scattered at far
distances from each other. Logging
had been pushed on with energy un-
til the cold weather had been inter-
rupted by a day's rain, which had
spread dismay among those depending
on solidly packed roads.

But nature had been kind to the
hard workers, for the softness had
been followed by a period of cold al-
most unprecedented. For two weeks
the temperature would have read far
below zero had any of the forest la-
borers seen a thermometer to read.

designed for the adornment of the
bride.

"It's fine. And Abby'll think no end
of it. There isn't a girl in the settle-
ment that's got one like it."

"But," with a more sober face, as,
after looking at the sun's rays as they
shone through the glass and were re-
flected from the metal, he returned the
jewel to his pocket. "It ain't up really
to what I'd ought to do for Abby, and
she gettin' married. Father'd 'a' given
her somethin' of a settin'-out. All
winter I've been watchin' for a bear.
If I could 'a' got one and sold the skin,
I'd 'a' been able to do real well by
Abby."

His mind was full of what this do-
ing would have been had he possessed
the means to carry out his loving de-
sires. The log cabin which was to be
his sister's home, would, he well knew,
be destitute of all but the barest con-
veniences. Deep in his heart lay the
fond wish to distinguish it by some
special luxury.

"Praps I'll have luck yet before the
winter's over," he soliloquized.

The sharp nip of the cold sent him
on with brisk footsteps. He passed
the last settler's cabin on his way,
turned his back on the rough clear-
ings and struck into a lumber road
which penetrated into the heart of the
dense woods.

But as he continued his walk his
quick step was suddenly arrested. The
voice of the wind, even in its angriest
lashing of the forest, never made a
sound like that low-pitched, long-
drawn-out howl. Two or three times
before in his life Jack had heard the
dismal yell, but always under cir-
cumstances including no danger. How
the men in the bleak North country
hated the sneaking creature which
preyed on the few flocks of sheep,

between in the dense shadows of the
trees, and with straining eyes he
watched for the curve in the road
which would bring him to Holcomb's
clearing. But as the quick breaths of
the pursuing enemy became distin-
guishable amid their barks and howls,
Jack realized that he had no hope of
making it. Nearer, close by the road-
side, he remembered, an old log cabin,
long since disused as a dwelling, but
occasionally temporarily occupied by
settlers making their way farther on.
How far he might find safety here he
could only conjecture, but it was
something in the way of a shelter.

The wolves were close behind as he
dashed into the cabin, giving the door
a desperate shove after him. No time
to fasten it, for the yelps came in too.
But there were friendly rafters above,
and with one leap Jack was among
them.

With his head reeling, breath com-
ing in heavy pants and a faintness in
realizing the horror of his situation,
Jack grasped the timbers. They were
old; he could almost fancy they shook
and swayed under him. He did not
trust himself to look below until he
felt himself securely poised. It made
him dizzy when at length he ventured
a glance. There they were, the hungry
demons, leaping, snapping, enraged
that their prey, so near, should yet
be beyond their reach. Jack did not
take a second look. With returning
breath and steadier head he brought
his strong common sense to the con-
sidering of the situation.

"Howl away, you brutes. You think
you're going to get me sooner or later,
don't you? Not if I'm a woods boy."

How many of them were there?
Would they never quit crowding in
at that door? A few moments later
he heard a dull slam through the din
of snarling voices and looked for the
cause. The floor had at length been
pushed shut, and in one of the frantic
leaps its heavy old wooden latch had
fallen into place.

"Ah, here I am—locked in. Now,
what next? I wonder which of us
would starve to death first," he mut-
tered. "You, maybe," with another
glance at his foes. "for you're hungry
to begin with, and I'm not. Only I'm
not so used to being hungry as you
are."

Regaining his nerve and self-pos-
session, he examined his surroundings
with anxious eyes. He saw that so
long as he looked well to his hold
among the rafters he was in no pres-
ent danger. But how was he to get
out? The cabin was built of logs. He
might work for days without making
any impression on its solid sides.

But above him, within easy reach
of his hands, was the roof, through
which came small twinkles of blessed
moonlight. He soon found that it
was made of saplings laid close to-
gether, then finished with a thick cov-
ering of brush. To his great joy he
found that decay had begun its work
and the smaller saplings were ready
to crumble under a vigorous touch.

But others were strong. They would
yield only to slow cutting with his
knife. His footing was precarious;
with one hand he must continuously
support himself.

He never could have told of how
many hours of frightfully exhaustive
labor followed his conviction that
through that roof lay the only hope of
saving his young life. Once he stopped,
almost in despair.

"Must be about that weddin' time
now," he groaned, his head dropped
upon his free hand. "And if they
knew—mother and all of 'em—" At
it again. As at length he could put his
head out a new fear was growing.
What if more of his pursuers were on
the outside? Then there was no help
for him. Shelterless, he would surely
freeze to death before the cruel night
would be over. Better that than the
other. With bleeding hands, whirling
brain, every muscle on a strain with
the last effort, Jack pulled himself
upon the roof and peered over its
edge. No, there were no more. The
glaring eyes, the gnashing teeth, the
howls, the pandemonium—all shut in.
With renewed strength, born of
blessed certainty, Jack sped back to
the camp for help.

It was a frolic such as woodsmen
love; such as rarely comes to their
monotonous lives—the shout, the ex-
hilarating rush over the frozen snow,
the keen relish for the hunt.

"Seems hardly fair, though, poor
brutes—like takin' advantage of 'em,
shut in so," said one.

But sentiment did not prevail, as
one after another of the snarling voices
was hushed.

"Seventeen of 'em, as I'm a livin'
man. Jack, my boy, you'll be rich on
your bounty."

Bounty! Jack had not had time to
think of that—of the five good dollars
paid by the State for each one of the
ugly scamps. And to think of all the
good things he could do for Abby and
the others!

"But," he began, "it belongs to all
of you—you all helped."

"Not a bit of it, boy. Every cent of
it goes to you. You 'most earned it
with your life."

"The weddin's all over, of course,"
said Jack, to himself, as late in the
night, he drew near home.
But no wedding had taken place.

Mother and Abby, with anxious faces,
were sitting over the fire, and he was
received with a rush of open arms.

"Where's Hiram?" was Jack's first
inquiry.

"Hiram's gone back—he can only
get away once a week, you know—"
Gone! And without you?

"And do you think there'd be any
weddin' here without you, Jacky? And
we not knowin' what might 'a' become
o' you? The weddin's put off till next
week!"

There was little delay in securing
the bounty at the nearest county town.
And Abby rejoiced in such a "settin'
out" as few of the hardy young home-
makers had ever known.—Sidney
Dayre, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

AMERICA'S WILD RICE.

Furnished Wholesome Support For Traders
and Hunters Years Ago.

In the early days the extension of
the fur trade in a territory unsur-
passed for richness in pelts was actu-
ally made practicable by the wild rice,
which furnished a wholesome support
for the traders and hunters. Pike, the
explorer, in 1845, described the fort of
the Northwest company at Leech Lake
as stored with large quantities of the
grain, 500 bushels of which were put
away in a loft over the trading room.
Employees of the company depended
on it chiefly for food, buying it from
the savages at the average price of
about \$1.50 a bushel.

At the present time white people in
the neighborhood of all the reserva-
tions in Wisconsin and Minnesota are
very fond of wild rice, which is com-
monly offered for sale in the towns.
Charles C. Opper, a produce dealer of
Duluth, states that he handles from
one to two tons of it every season.
"Most of the cruisers, explorers and
homesteaders take it into the woods
with them," he says, "and they claim
that it is better than tame rice, be-
cause it does not take so long to pre-
pare." It is largely consumed in lum-
ber camps in the region where it
grows.

The wild rice that comes to market
in this way is all of it gathered by the
Indians, the work of harvesting and
preparing the grain performed almost
entirely by the women.

Wild rice is more nutritious than
any of our common cereals, such as
wheat, rye, corn, barley, oats and or-
dinary rice. It is richer in starch and
sugar than any of these, and contains
more of the stuff that makes muscle
and blood. The freshly gathered seeds
may be cooked by simply pouring
water over them, but the parched
grain requires half an hour's cooking
and the fire-cured a full hour. It
swells like the Southern rice, a single
coffee cupful of the dry kernels fur-
nishing an ample meal for two In-
dians, or sufficient breakfast food for
eight or ten persons. It is especially
wholesome for breakfast, served with
sugar and cream.

If it could be cultivated with any
certainty, wild rice would long have
become a staple for the white popula-
tion. Unfortunately, however, no
method has been found whereby regu-
lar and satisfactory crops can be in-
sured.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Fable and a Moral.

There was once a Man who was con-
sidered by his Acquaintances to be ex-
ceedingly Well-Informed upon all
Matters of a General Interest. When-
ever, therefore, a Dispute arose con-
cerning the Accuracy of a Statement
about a Public Occurrence the Disput-
ants would request this Man to Settle
the Difference which existed between
Them. When He had Rendered his
Decision, after the Manner of an Or-
acle, it was Accepted as a Verdict from
which no Appeal could be made. And
the Fame of this Man grew exceeding
Great, and He soon had no other Oc-
cupation but that of Arbitrating Disputes
over Matters of a Public Nature and
of General Interest. One day He was
asked by an Inquisitive Person where
He had Acquired His Universal Knowl-
edge which had made Him such an In-
dividual of Note. While a Significant
Smile Hovered around His Intelligent
Countenance He spake these Words:
"Why, my dear Fellow, I Assiduously
Devour every line in My Local Paper,
which is a Greater Source of Accurate
Information than the most Stupen-
dous Encyclopedia which was ever is-
sued as a Substitute for a College Ed-
ucation." Whereupon the Questioner
went his Way a Wiser Being.

Stops Train to Save a Horse.

Clara Schlosser, eight years old, has
received congratulations for her brave-
ry, and also her humane action in the
interest of a dray horse. A train was
approaching Greenville, Iowa, when
Clara discovered that the horse, in
crossing the track, was caught in the
culvert.

To save the animal the girl ran to
the centre of the track, which makes
a sharp turn near the place where the
horse was entangled. She waved her
coat at the train. The engine driver
heeded the warning and brought the
train to a stop within a couple of rods
of the horse.

Marriages Then and Now.

They used to get married at seven-
teen and have seventeen children; now
they get married at twenty-five, but
they don't have twenty-five children.
—New York Press.



The Common Trouble.

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"
So sighed the immortal poet,
Standing beside the sea,
Ah, few of us have such trouble
And few of us sigh such sighs;
Our tongues are ready to utter,
But we have no thought to arise.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Couldn't Help It.

Customer—"Say, waiter, why do you
allow such an unpleasant, ill-bred crea-
ture as that to dine in this cafe?"
Waiter—"Why—er—that's the prop-
rietor."—Chicago News.

One of the Mourners.

Larry—"His lasht requist wor that
livery wan shud look plisant at his
funeral. Cheer up!"
Denny—"How kin Oi? He owed me
tin dolers."—Chicago News.

Transferred.

"Smiggins has taken to riding horse-
back for his dyspepsia."
"Any results?"
"None, except the horse looks as if
it had it now."—Indianapolis News.

They Saw.

Jibbs—"When a man assaults me I
say nothing, but saw wood."
Jabbs—"Well, a fellow assaulted me
the other day, and I said nothing, but
saw stars!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

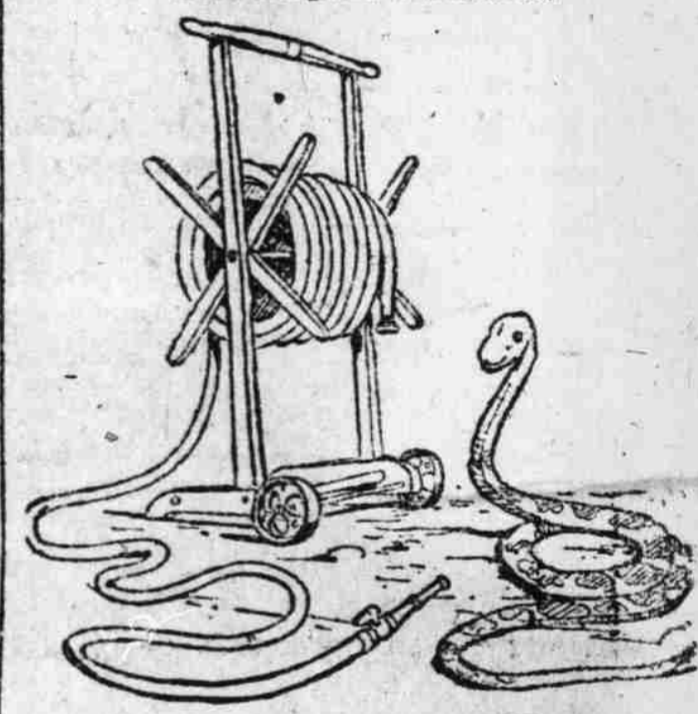
Seasonable Petition.

Tess—"That beggar woman's a fraud.
What did she ask you for?"
Jess—"She said she wanted a few
pennies to get a chocolate ice cream
soda and some lobster salad."—Phil-
adelphia Press.

He Went.

"Father, do all angels have wings?"
"No, my son; your mother has none."
And then she coughed—dropped a
cup and saucer, and said sweetly that
he might go to the club, if he wouldn't
stay too late.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Serpent's Mistake.



"Hey, there! Old man, wake up and
unwind."—Life.

The Only Course.

"Why don't you challenge him to
prove the truth of his scandalous as-
sertions?" said the American.
"That would be too easy a task for
him," answered the European. "I'll
have to challenge him to fight."—Wash-
ington Star.

He Wouldn't Care.

"Did it ever occur to you," said the
thoughtful person, "that the number of
matches used each day reaches the
stupendous sum of 'steen billions'?"
"It never did," replied the thought-
less one, "and I'll be blamed if I would
have cared a straw if it had."—Detroit
Free Press.

He Must Try Something Else.

"It seems to me that English doctor
who wants to increase the number of
children by having dowries set apart
for poor girls when they become brides
is very short-sighted."
"Why so?"
"It's only the poor that have lots of
babies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Business-Like.

"When I get a new job I want a
boss who can take a joke."
"Was your recent employer too ser-
ious?"
"Well, he sneaked in on me when I
was giving the boys a humorous imi-
tation of his strut;—and then—to make
a long story short—I got fired."—Puck.

Recriminating.

The society woman flashed as to her
eyes, and the reporters pressed about
her with ears astrain.
"So they say my refreshments were
stingy, do they?" she exclaimed.
"Well, you may quote me to the effect
that my refreshments would have been
ample, had these critical ladies worn
gowns that fitted them anyhow at all.
So, there!"—Puck.

Self-Approval.

"You want more cast-off clothes!"
exclaimed the woman of the house.
"If ye got 'em to spare, lady," an-
swered Meandering Mike.
"But the clothes I gave you last
week—you are not wearing them.
Have you pawned them?"
"Lady, whatever else my faults may
be, it can't be said I am one o' dem
people dat puts every cent on me
back."



"THE WOLVES WERE CLOSE BEHIND."

The declining rays of the reddening
sunset lent a sparkle to the snow as
Jack briskly set out on his long walk.
As the luminary took its last glance
at the bleak world the moon arose,
smiling over a cold appalling to any
less sturdy than the forest laborers
who knew no other climate, and re-
joiced in conditions favorable to their
work.

It was a great occasion which de-
manded Jack's presence at home—no
less a one than the marriage of his
oldest sister. The father was dead,
and Jack, in his faithfully sustained
position as man of the house, was al-
ready taking on a weight of care
beyond his years.

His home lay ten miles distant from
the lumber camp in which he did, as
was his proud declaration, almost a
man's work. In the other direction
was the nearest small town, which
Jack had taken occasion to visit a few
days before on an errand of impor-
tance.

When fully out of sight of the camp
and beyond all possible observation
from any of its occupants he paused
to unfasten his tightly buttoned coat.
The warmth at his honest heart kept
him from feeling the bitterness of the
cold on his hands drawn from the
clumsy mittens.

A small parcel taken from his breast
pocket—and the radiance of the sunset
had nothing to do with the glow which
lightened his face as he carefully loos-
ened the wrappings to gaze on an or-
nament of colored glass set in brass,

would attack children or even a man
when enough of them came together.
Many a wolf story had Jack listened
to beside the campfire. The animals
were getting scarcer as the country
gradually became more settled, but
he had heard of cases in which the
severity of the season had brought the
ugly things in packs frightfully near
the scattered homes.

He listened with every sense on keen
edge. No, it was not the wind. Even
in the short moment in which he stood
still he could fancy that it grew louder,
that snarling howl, broken by barks
and yells. He looked carefully at the
condition of his gun.

"I'm all right as long as I have you,"
he said, giving it a pat as he hurried
on. "But—if that really is a wolf—
or it might be two or three of 'em by
the noise—the sooner I can get to the
Holcomb clearin' the better I'll like
it."

He increased his speed to a run, but
the shortness of breath induced by the
extreme cold soon brought him to a
halt. And in the dead hush of the forest
the appalling notes came with a
distinctness which brought to Jack
the first thought of peril.

Not one wolf, or two or three, but a
pack, driven by starvation. Oh, the
horror of that ceaseless yell! With
all his strength the boy pressed on,
terror adding speed to his limbs. It
was for life, this race—he knew it
well now. No gunshot would avail
with that pack of yelling demons. The
patches of moonlight were few and far