

Your Trade.

We have heard many boys make the remark that they do not intend to follow the trade they are now working at, and then go to their work with an indifference with which they intend to emphasize their statement.

When we hear a boy make such a statement, our heart goes out in pity for him, because we realize that he is of the age in which he neither thinks or cares seriously for what the future may bring forth. Boys, whether you will or not, you must work for a living at some trade or profession. Thus while learning a trade it is a duty you owe yourself to strive your uttermost to learn all you can while you can. You may never, in truth, be called upon to follow the trade at which you worked in youth, but you will have comforting knowledge that you have a trade to fall back on should your future craft be dashed to pieces on the breakers of life's storm. Suppose you enter a profession when you reach the forks of the road where you must choose; suppose in the course of time, you are left with nothing but your profession, your patronage gone (for many such cases occur), what will you be if you have no trade to fall back on? A common laborer will be your lot, or you must begin over again, accepting the wages of an apprentice. Unused to the former, how tired you will be at nightfall, how your bones will ache—and only for a pittance; as an apprentice your proud spirit will secretly rebel at the thought of being compelled to work for a boy's wages. How different with a young man who learned a trade in his youth! If his chosen business fails him he can still command a decent salary as a master workman at the trade of his boyhood.

We would always urge our boys to set their aim high, to try to reach the highest pinnacle. At the same time we would urge them to learn well the lesser duties that they may more fully understand how to do the greater.

Put forth your best efforts now, boys, to master the intricacies of the trade at which you are now working —[*Line Star*].

Don't fail to read our advertising columns. We hope that our readers will see fit to patronize these people who are paying for this space in order that they might get a share of your trade.

Mrs. McLeod had a beautiful rose on exhibition at the mess the first of the week, which she picked in her own garden, that would be hard to beat even in Oregon where roses abound. It was of a delicate pink color, very fragrant and measured over 6 inches across.

Congressman Charles Curtis is proud of his Indian blood. When a recent party of Indians was being received by President Roosevelt at the White House Mr. Curtis happened to be present and stepped into line. He and his three children have just been given 1,600 acres of good land in the Kaw allotment.—*Indian's Friend*.

The Story of Sacajawea.

(Continued from page two.)

hausted their stock of merchandise; there could be no more trading unless they fairly stripped themselves.

We read how Clark, to obtain a fine horse, gave in exchange his sword; while Lewis, determined to obtain a magnificent skin of the sea-otter, persuaded Sacajawea to let him buy it with her girdle of blue beads. It is, however, with Clark that the Indian girl seems to have been more especially associated. At Christmas time her present to him is two dozen tails of the white weasel; and at a time of distress, when starvation seems near, it is pathetic to read how with almost too great loyalty to her captain, she gives him the piece of bread which somehow she had reserved for a long time, intending it in case of extremity for her baby.

As the expedition worked its way back, again in 1806, the friends made through Sacajawea remained faithful. Though in part the road had been once traveled, to some extent the party struck into new paths, and in the mountains sometimes felt themselves to be utterly lost. When