

PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Both songs were given with all the feeling that a lone and homesick people can show. Will the elder listen to the sermon, James, who had been growing more restless, went back to the hill and looked toward Snake River. The Indian ponies of the previous night were no longer visible, but Indians could be seen in their place. They were about three miles away.

There was naught to do but to await developments. James returned to the camp and listened to the elder's closing remarks. He had scarcely finished when James, glancing toward the river, saw the malignant visage of an Indian peering out of the thick undergrowth. He saw the face only a moment, when it disappeared, but the sight completely unnerved him and he kneeled faintly.

"It has come at last, and we shall probably see some fighting," he whispered to himself, as he tried to walk unconcernedly to his father. After a few whispered words, the Captain realized the danger, but took pains not to alarm the people who were, as yet, in ignorance of their peril.

Precautions Taken.

It was impossible to know how great the danger was, but Captain Joachim quietly sent several armed men down to the brush, while the service continued uninterrupted. It was soon finished, and the immigrants set about preparing dinner. Then James saw his opportunity, and, drawing Anna aside, told her what he had seen, and what had been done. He said:

"You know that our stock is about a mile from here, and that the first thing the savages will do, if they intend to attack us, is to stampede them, so that we shall be helpless. Are you willing to go with me and help round them up?"

"Anything to save the train," answered the brave girl, and then they slipped away unseen.

They reached the place where the stock were grazing without being observed by the Indians. James immediately caught Anna's pony and placed a bridle on it, and Anna mounted. To her pony was attached a bell, which would show where the horses were when it was time to round them up. The pony was the leader, and the rest of the stock kept close to him. As they stood in the rear of the bunch, an arrow whizzed close to Anna, and she turned faint with fear. It was the tip of the arrow that she controlled herself, as James seized another horse and swung on his back. The savages had

camp without being intercepted by the redskins, so she turned and galloped westward for half a mile; then dashed down the slope toward Burnt River. A clever scheme of outwitting the treacherous savages had taken possession of the child's mind. When she reached the edge of the jungle, she checked her horse, and, dismounting, quickly led him through one of the paths into the recesses of the tangled wood. James, seeing her object, drove the frightened stock after her, and they were soon out of sight of the yelling Indians.

Only the evening before the children had wandered through the tunnels and learned that one of them led first to the river and then back near the camp, and it was that one that Anna and James now followed. When they reached the river they led the stock half a mile along the river bed, then entered the jungle again by the path directly opposite the camp. Soon they emerged into the opening, and in less than 10 minutes were safe in camp, without the loss of any of the stock.

After Anna dashed down the hill, the immigrants had not seen anything more of them, and concluded they had been captured. Captain Joachim, usually a man of great control, was much affected when the children came into camp, and tears of joy shone in his eyes as he caught them in his arms.

Indians Also Deceived.

The Indians had been as much deceived by the children's maneuver as were the immigrants, and, although they were aware of the secret paths, they never thought the children could know of them. It was their intention to intercept them on the hill south of the camp, but while they waited in a ravine Anna and James were passing through the jungle with the stock. As soon as the children entered the camp the savages realized how they had been outwitted, and much chagrined, disappeared over the hills.

But the children had not escaped unhurt. Both had been struck by arrows as they dashed madly over the open mountain side. Anna was wounded in the side, and James in the shoulder. Both were suffering greatly, but bore the painful operation of removing the arrow-heads with the same fortitude that they had shown in facing the savages.

Next day the immigrants proceeded toward their journey's end. Most of them settled in the Willamette Valley and became prosperous farmers. Captain Joachim long ago bade his children farewell and went to join his beloved wife, but Anna and James still live in the home

Tragedy of the Toy Shop.

Bob was only a wooden dog; Elaine was a china cat. And on the shelf in a tiny shop side by side they sat.

"We ought to wed, my dear," said Bob, to the cat of porcelain.

"And I'd be happy always, 'cause you have no claws, Elaine!"

"And as for you," replied the cat, "though once part of a dog, since you were carved into a toy, you've lost your bark and tail."

"Then marry me!" cried loving Bob; "I can't eat, cannot scratch, I'm just the mate for a barbershop dog. 'Twould be a splendid match!"

"And, love, you'd find my pedigree is good, though I'm not vain. For you must know my family tree. Is dog wood, sweet Elaine?"

Said she: "My health is delicate, I'm brittle as can be, you'll have to treat me gently if you marry me."

But, alas! for china bliss! Elaine fell down one day, her lovely head was broken off, her engagement, too, they say.

The poor thing died of a broken heart, some say of a broken head; and Master Bobbie sighed and cried to think his love was dead.

—Douglas K. Dely in Brooklyn Eagle.

the hospital. Later in the day it was learned that he had died.

Another accident occurred later on. A horse became frightened at the noise of a cannon and dashed into the crowd upon the sidewalk. Such a commotion! Women screamed and fainted; but, fortunately, no one was seriously injured, although a number were slightly bruised. But then this was the Fourth of July, and seldom does the day pass without accidents.

After the soldiers were reviewed and dismissed we went to one of the forts to see a sham battle. We thought we had best prepare ourselves for the sight, as we might see a real battle when we were older. It is best to get used to the smell of powder, when it is your desire to become a soldier.

The Sham Battle.

What a sight it was to see the troops prepare for the attack and then march upon the enemy! We expected to see many drop dead or wounded, so fierce was the struggle. But nothing of the kind happened. It was only a sham, you know, although it gave us an idea of what a real battle is.

We felt it would take a long time to make good soldiers of us, brave as we had been. Why, each time those cannon were fired we jumped about five feet. I guess then we would look down at our uniforms, and remembering that we were soldiers, would determine to stand firm when the next went off. One of the gunners lost an eye and one of his arms by a premature explosion. Poor fellow! How sorry we felt for him as they took him away.

Well, after all, the life of a soldier is not as easy as it looks. Wonder how I will feel if in the years to come I shall be called upon to leave father and mother, friends and home, to fight for my country. Shall I be willing to leave all and go? Bah! away with such notions! I will be a soldier. You can look for Captain Fred Evans on the next Fourth of July.

E. S. BALDWIN.

tribesmen, and they burn his throat, which changes his voice to a very smooth tone, like that of a girl. He returns to the cave, and in this time admitted, the cannibal once ties Demanza up in a sack he has brought with him and takes her away to his own habitation.

Demanza, returning home with a swarm of bees he has found, discovers his wife's abduction. Forthwith he tracks the cannibal to his lair. The latter has left Demanza tied up in a sack, while he goes to fetch some relations to share in the feast that is to follow. So Demanza releases his wife and substitutes in the sack the swarm of bees, and the husband and wife at once make themselves scarce. The would-be feasters arrive, and the cannibal tells one of them to get something good out of the sack.

He attempts this, but is stung for his pains, so mims himself, to disprove the charge of practical joking, that has been unanimously preferred, goes to the sack, on opening which all the bees swarm out and sting him so unmercifully that he rushes from the cave and jumps into a pond head first and sticks in the mud at the bottom. Thus he dies, and Demanza and Demanza appropriate all his wealth and live happily ever after.

JAPANESE WALTZING MICE.

Queer Little Animals That Wear Or Their Feet Dancin'.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic pet that is said to waltz through the greater part of the waking hours of its life, never growing tired, even if its feet wear out in the process.

The animal belongs to a peculiar breed of mice—black and white, with pink eyes. One of their peculiarities is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz.

If several mice are put in together they will often be seen waltzing in couples, and sometimes more than two will join in the mad whirl. So rapid is the movement that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. When the floor of the cage is not smooth the mice actually wear out their feet, leaving only the stumps to whirl on.

Waltzing seems to be as necessary for the waltzing mouse as midair somersaults are to the tumbling pigeon. An upright peg forms a convenient pivot around which the mice can whirl, but Natural Science is the authority for the statement that without any such guide they would not in several minutes cover an area

When de Hoot Owl Hoots.

W'en de hoot owl hoots, Dat's de time ghost walk. It doan' make no match What de white folks talk. F'r dat simple reason 'T' kin bet yuh boots. Dis chicken allus scoots W'en de hoot owl hoots— Foh what Ah hoots de moos', Dat's de w'y Ah scoots. Dat's de w'y Ah shins, W'en de hoot owl hoots, Lak a quailth hooz foh de po'.

W'en de hoot owl hoots Dat allus am a sign Someweh, someway, Shuahly am a-dyin'. F'r dat simple reason 'T' kin bet yuh boots. Dis chicken allus scoots W'en de hoot owl hoots— Foh what Ah doan' lak see, Dat's someone die rou' ma. Dat's de w'y Ah scoots, W'en de hoot owl hoots, Lak a dawg-chased possum foh a tree. —Will Frost, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAVED STOCK AND TRAIN

Brave Act of Two Clever Children on the Immigrant Trail in Early Days of Oregon.

It was the morning of a Saturday in July, 1862. An immigrant train, starting from Missouri, in the early part of the year, had crossed the American desert and reached Burnt River, in Eastern Oregon. Encampment was made near where Huntington now stands. The old immigrant road wound down the steep hills on the south side of Burnt River. This river flows eastward through a ravine to a junction with the mighty Snake.

A peculiarity of the place was the dense growth of bramble brush that fringed Burnt River. The brush was so interlaced and woven together that it was scarcely possible to force a passage, while the top formed a matted roof, strong enough to support a man. Paths, like tunnels, led through this jungle, thus permitting stock to reach the water. It is thought that they were made by Indians or wild animals. These paths afforded lurking places for the savage Bannock and Snake Indians, who made the trip of the journey, and was based near the Platte River, in the great desert. Shifting sands soon obliterated the spot, sacred to the hearts of the bereaved father and children, and it was lost forever.

Strong Leader.

This particular train was not large, but it was safer than many larger ones, in that it had a thoroughly efficient and courageous man as leader. Captain Joachim was a man of determined will and strong character, and with these qualities was a magnificent physique. He had a daughter and a son—Anna and James—who were 15 and 16 years of age, respectively. Their mother had recently died, worn out with the hardships of the journey, and was buried near the Platte River, in the great desert. Shifting sands soon obliterated the spot, sacred to the hearts of the bereaved father and children, and it was lost forever.

As Anna and James stood together that bright July morning, on the high hill overlooking the sweeping trail of Burnt River, they thought of their dear, beautiful mother, who had given up a home of luxury to take up life again in the great untamed West, and they could not repress a feeling of sadness and longing, as they now felt the lack of her mother love more than ever.

"Though we miss mother sadly," said Anna to her brother, "we must not be selfish, but help father, for he grieves constantly for her," and a tear glistened in the brown eyes of the child, as she gazed out over the silent expanse of country.

A Son's Longing.

"Yes, sister," quickly responded James, "sometimes I have such a longing to see her that it seems as though I should die. It is especially so at night, when I watch the stars. But, as you say, we will try to make father's burden easier by being cheerful. Tomorrow is Sunday, and I wonder what we shall do."

"Father told me that we would have services. Elder Sanders will preach and we'll all sing," replied Anna.

"What is that toward the Snake River?" continued James, as he happened to glance in that direction.

"It appears to be a band of Indian ponies," answered Anna, making a careful survey.

James said nothing, but determined to keep watch on the horses. He had learned to be observing on the plains. What they had seen might turn out to be a band of bloodthirsty Bannock Indians, who only recently had attacked a train on Snake River, killing the immigrants and burning their wagons. Only a short time before Captain Joachim's party had driven past the spot, and seen the iron and debris of the wagons.

They Return to Camp.

With these thoughts in his mind, James returned to the camp with his sister. Neither said anything about what they had seen, but the immigrants learned of it the next day.

An uneventful day and night passed, and the Sabbath day dawned. It awoke a feeling of reverence and love in the hearts of these loyal Americans, and each one thought of the quiet Sundays spent in the old homes. The day was clear and beautiful, and a gentle breeze wafted the bunchgrass and rustled in the jungle that fringed Burnt River. But James could not rid himself of the remembrance of the band of Indian ponies of yest'day, for he felt that it meant harm. He thought he would tell his father, but when he saw how harassed the Captain looked, he decided to wait. In the meantime, however, he determined to be on his guard, so that the camp should not be surprised.

At 10 o'clock the services began with

HE SHAKES, ALL RIGHT



discovered them and were determined to cut them off. If they succeeded, Anna and James would be killed.

The Pursuit.

With this thought in her mind, Anna galloped forward, not straight back to camp, but in a circuit around the south side of the mountains, the stock following their leader. James kept close in the rear, urging them on.

"I guess there's about 50 of the brutes, and they are on horses. See, they will try to head us off as we enter the camp!" he cried to his sister, as the redskins came into the open from the brush.

Anna saw that what he said was true, and strove to gain the hill south of the camp. Even in her excitement she noticed that the immigrants had seen the Indians and were in great commotion. The women and children were put in a circle formed by the wagons, while around the men stood, armed and prepared to make a brave resistance.

There seemed to be no chance of escape for the flying girl and her brother. Anna was plainly visible; her long, golden hair streamed out behind as she raced

be made for them near Oregon City, honored and respected by all who know them. ALICE M. WELLS.

HOW ANIMALS PUT IN TIME.

Captive Brutes Act Much as Human Prisoners Do.

"It is a common saying among keepers that, averaging one animal with another, a menagerie must be renewed every three years. Yet," says a writer in the Century, "I know of one manager who kept most of his animals, those of Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, alive, healthy and happy from the beginning of his time to the end, 15 years later, when the establishment was broken up and some of the animals were ordered to be shot in their cages. The great secret of his success, he tells me, was caring for their minds as well as for their bodies."

"Why does the elephant swing to and fro forever from his chain yicket? And how does he gather on the floor all the straw he can reach, throw it over his back and over the stable, to be regathered



later? Why does the squirrel enter and work for hours the simplest treadmill, and from point to point—door, perch, slat, box, floor, perch, slat, box—day after day?"

"To all, the answer is the same as to the similar query about the man prisoner. They are putting in time. They are responding to the natural craving for exercise. They are trying to pass the tedium of their hopeless lives; they are doing anything, everything, their poor brains can suggest to while the weary drag of dull, eventless days."

DAY OF PATRIOTIC ARDOR

One Small Lad Enjoyed the Fourth, With Din of Cracker and Martial Pomp and Parade.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! for the Fourth of July!" we shouted, as we sprang from our beds at the early hour of 5. We had our supply of firecrackers and were stealthily creeping down the stairs, when the voice of father was heard, saying: "What are you doing up at this early hour? Go right back to bed."

We hesitated about obeying that command, as we wanted to be the first in the neighborhood to celebrate. The spirit of independence could not be suppressed, and out we went into the front yard.

Everything was quiet. The flag that floated from the flagstaff in front of the house seemed to be the only thing alive. I said:

"Here goes for the Fourth of July and the dear old flag!" and then I set off one little cracker; then, as no one appeared to interfere with me, off went another, and still another. By that time I had gained confidence enough to set off a large bunch. I looked up and saw father standing beside me, and expected a scolding, but to my surprise, did not set it.

No, there he stood, looking as pleased as if he had given us permission to make all the noise we wanted to. The Fourth of July makes boys of all the men. They cannot resist that new uniform, before the great day comes. But you can rest assured I was perfectly satisfied with myself.

Soon the orders to march were given, and the procession started. How important we felt, as we fell into line; even if we did bring up the rear! We comforted ourselves with the thought that if we were last, we were not least.

How grand we thought it is to be a soldier! We could have marched right on to a battle-field at that moment. How gay and bright the streets of our big city looked! Smiling faces appeared at every window; cheer after cheer went up from the balconies of course, there were many for us. Pretty little girls were standing on the edge of the sidewalks, as we passed, and we could hear their words of admiration.

"Oh, here is Fred, right close to us! Don't he look fine! I know he saw us, for he looked right over here," and then, from another: "There comes Charles! Isn't he handsome, with his new uniform!"

We were tempted many times to take the bunches of flowers from our belts and toss them to those bright-eyed girls who were casting such admiring glances at us, but we refrained from doing so, as we felt sure those flowers added to our appearance.

On we marched, tramp! tramp! How long the blocks seemed! How many of them we had left behind; how many more there were to be gone over before reaching the end of the route! The sun had come out so bright and warm that we were melting a shower of rain, and our uniforms were uncomfortable, and our caps were heavy; we wished we wore our straw hats, even if they did not make such a fine appearance. Even the bands, although they still played on, could not inspire us as they did at first. We doubted if the life of a soldier was just what we wanted; our patriotism was fast cooling out.

Would Never Do.

But this would never do. I asked myself the question, "What kind of a Captain would I make if chosen to fill that place on the coming Fourth?" I would not give way to that tired feeling.

Just then one of the bands struck up the lively, familiar air of "Dixie," and I took courage. My father was a Southerner. How often that air had been sung and played in our home! I forgot I was tired, and think the people on the sidewalks did, too. They whistled and sang as if they wanted to hear something lively.

All went well until one of the officers was thrown from his horse. That caused a break in the procession. As the man was badly injured, he was carried into the nearest drug store. Then an ambulance was sent for and he was taken to

Military Aspirations.

The boys had organized a military company and I was First Lieutenant, with great expectations of being Captain before the next Fourth. We had been drilling for many months, and were in fine trim. I could not tell you how many times I had tried on that new uniform, before the great day came. But you can rest assured I was perfectly satisfied with myself.

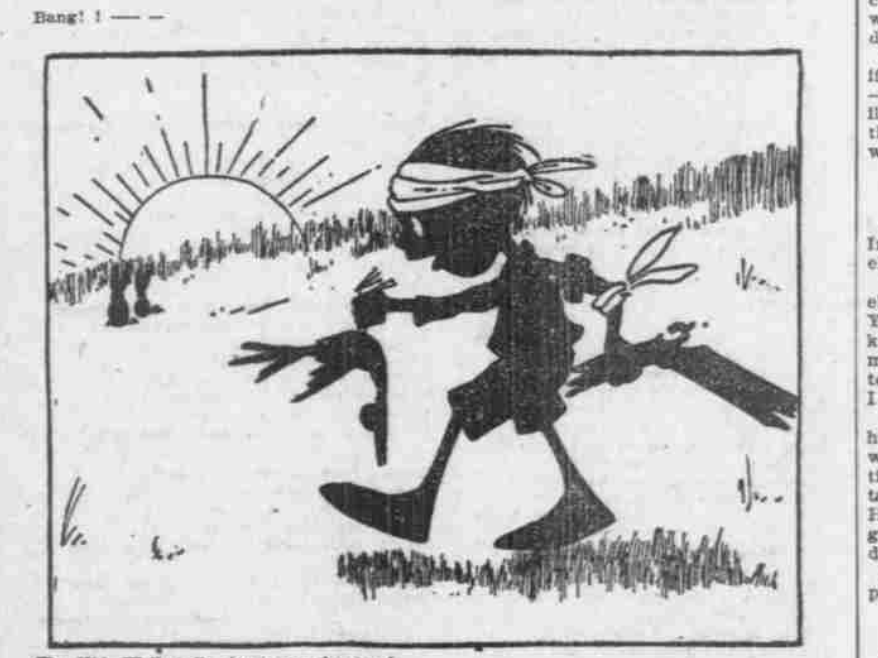
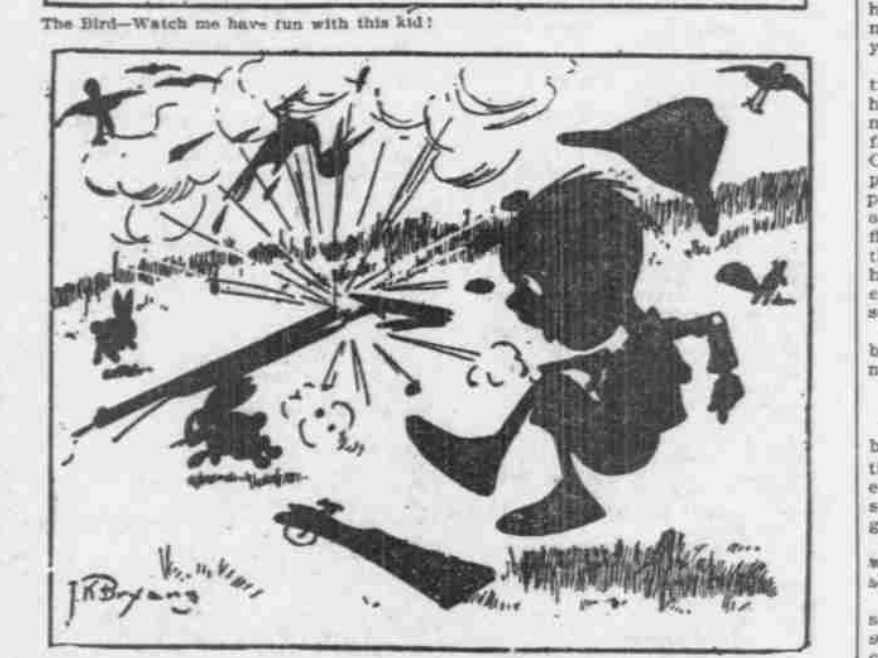
Disobedient Demanza Rescued From a Horrible Fate.

Here is a Kaffir story. It is called "Demanza and Demanza," and is a very good example of the kind of story current among the dusky "boys" of South Africa. Demanza and Demanza are husband and wife, living together in a cave. Demanza one day goes out to hunt, but tells his wife before starting that on no account

must he cook any food during his absence, lest the cannibals, attracted by the smell of the cooking, find out the cave and carry her off and eat her.

Demanza, directly her lord has gone, commences to prepare a meal, with the result that one of the cannibals knocks at the "door" of the cave and demands admission. This is refused him. So the cannibal goes and consults with his

NOT SO FUNNY AS HE THOUGHT



larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.

Takes the Bun.

This takes the prize in unique obituaries: "Here lies the body Of my Maria, Kicked by a mule, And went up higher." —Atlanta Constitution.

TIRED OF BEING A TWIN

Master Johnnie Takes Radical Steps Toward Effecting a Change in His Appearance.

Little Johnnie Hopkins was tired of being a twin. For almost seven years he had been compelled to share the joys and sorrows of existence with his twin-brother, Oscar, with whom he had always to divide his apples and candy, and even the bed in which he slept at night. It seemed to him that on account of Oscar he was only getting half of what he was entitled to. Not only was he disgraced because of this state of affairs, but he was also tired of looking exactly like his brother, for he and Oscar so closely resembled each other in appearance that no one save members of the family could tell them apart. This resemblance their parents tried to strengthen by dressing them exactly alike. Wherever they went people stared and said:

"Oh, see those twins, they are as much alike as two peas." Johnnie had come to despise this figure of speech. He did not like being referred to as a pea, and would never eat them when his mother had them for dinner.

Johnnie Reflects.

As Johnnie sat in the big leather chair in the sitting room, thinking it over, it seemed to him that fate had been especially severe with him. Why should he have to go through life a twin? Other boys were not twins, and it did not seem fair that he should have to be one. It was humiliating. Once that morning, Jim Brace, the tough boy in the second square below, had walked up to him as he stood with Oscar watching a game of marbles, and demanded: "Say, which of you guys is which, anyhow?"

He could not stand it. He would be a twin no longer. Jumping upon a chair he reached and took from its place on the mantel-piece the savings bank which his father had given him and Oscar at Christmas time. This bank was supposed to be burglar-proof, but Johnnie possessed considerable mechanical ability, and soon the contents were lying on the floor—46 cents in all. Johnnie counted them carefully. Twenty-three of them he put back in the bank for Oscar. An equal number he placed in his pocket, seized the contents of the box, and said:

"What can I do for you?" asked the barber, in whose shop he appeared 20 minutes later.

Wants His Hair Cut.

"I want my hair cut," replied the rebellious twin, with an air of such authority that the barber took it for granted that he had his mother's consent, and soon relieved his head of his superfluous growth of curls.

"I'll pay you the other 2 cents next week," explained Johnnie, as he left the shop proud of his new appearance.

When he reached home there was a scene. Johnnie had never supposed that such a simple thing as a hair-cut could create so much confusion. When quiet was restored, he was asked why he did it, Johnnie said:

"Cause I'm tired of being a twin, and if you cut off Oscar's, I'll cut off my foot—meanin' truth, and the Hopkins family, fearin' he might try to carry out his threat, has allowed Johnnie to have his way.—Indianapolis News.

Electrocutes Rats.

A 15-year-old boy, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, has hit upon a novel method of electrocuting rats.

"You see," he said, "I had read about electrocution in the state prisons in New York, and thought animals might be killed the same way. So I took a box and made a lot of little sulphuric acid batteries with an inch induction coil. Then I set the trap."

"After I got a rat into the box his tail hung out behind, while the tip of his nose was just visible at the front end. Then I used one pole of the batteries to the rat's tail and pushed the other toward his nose. He bit at the electrode. The moment he grabbed it he completed the circuit and dropped dead."

Since the first electrocution, the boy has put 50 or more rats to death.

Acrostic.

My first is in lark, but not in blow,
My second is in dawn, but not in snow,
My third is in dark, but not in night,
My fourth is in stand, but not in paw,
My fifth is in dark, but not in light,
My sixth is in evening, but not in night,
My seventh is in river, but not in lake,
My eighth is in scald, but not in bake,
My ninth is in happy, but not in sad,
My tenth is in witty, but not in glad,
My eleventh is in lemon, but not in plum,
My twelfth is in fancy, but not in gum,
My whole is for ornament, also for use,
To guess it is easy if you will persevere.