

# Story of Gingan and the Salmon People

WHEN GINGAN was a little boy there came a season, up there in the Northland where he lived, when food was very scarce. The people depended largely on salmon and berries, and this year the berry crop had been bad and the salmon had not run so plentifully in the streams as usual.

One day when Gingan cried for food all his mother had to give him was half of a dog salmon. "That is not enough," he said. "I want more," and when his mother told him that was all he could have he cried and went out with the half of a salmon and threw it into a swamp near the shore.

As soon as it struck the water the piece of salmon began to grow big, and then Gingan wanted to get it again. But to his surprise it became a whole salmon and went swimming away out of the mouth of the river.

While the boy sat on the shore wondering about this, there came along a canoe filled with people.

"Come, get in," they said. "You have given us back our chief, and we will take you where there is plenty of food as reward. You must be hungry."

"I am hungry," replied Gingan. To tell the truth, that boy was always hungry. "If I get aboard the canoe with you," said Gingan, "and go to the place of food, will you let me return with some of it for my father and mother?"

Now Gingan did not know it, but these people in the canoe were Salmon People. Part of the time they were like other people, but at certain seasons of the year they changed into salmon. The piece of salmon which Gingan had thrown away in his pettishness was a part of the chief of the tribe, who, while in the form of a salmon, had been caught in a net by Gingan's parents.

As the chief was a magic fish, he became whole again at once when he was thrown back by Gingan into the salt marsh. Then he sent a canoe full of his people to get Gingan and take him to the village of the Salmon People.

So when Gingan began to make terms about going with the people in the canoe, they consulted together a minute and then one said: "Yes, you can go back and bring food to your people if you do not eat anything at our town except what we give you to eat. If you do, we will not be responsible."

So the boy went away in the canoe with the Salmon People, and when he came to their village he found a lot of people eating and drinking and having a good time generally. They took him to a great



"I ATE OF THAT DISH AND HAVE BECOME HALF ROCK AND CAN NEVER NEVER GO AWAY."

"Do not eat salmon eggs in Salmon Town," they told him. "For if you do you will turn into a salmon yourself when you fall into water."

One day several canoes full of people visited the Salmon Town and there was a great festival. The visitors were the Herring People, who announced that the season of the year had arrived when they must go away and become herrings for a while. The day after the Herring People left the Salmon People said that it was time for them to take to the water, too, and off the whole village started. One canoe loaded with food was told off to take Gingan back to his people.

Just before he got into the canoe Gingan saw a lot of salmon eggs, and he ate them on the spot, thinking: "It won't do any harm now that I'm going to leave the village."

The canoe with Gingan in it sailed away and away for a long time, until they came to where the sky came down to meet the water. The edge of the water was falling all the time. Beyond that lay Gingan's home.

They waited until the edge of the sky had opened a second time and then, at the sixth raising of the edge, they went to shove their canoe swiftly under and out on the other side. But the sky came down so quickly and cut the canoe in two, so that they were all thrown into the water and became salmon, Gingan among them.

But they were on the other side of the edge of the sky, and before them lay Gingan's land and the mouth of the river where his people lived. As they swam up the river they became caught in fish nets, and the people came out and hit them with clubs and began to haul them ashore. Among them were Gingan's parents. Gingan was hauled out with the others, but as soon as he struck dry land he changed into a boy again, and his father and mother took him home with great rejoicing.

There was plenty of food now in the country and Gingan lived very happily for years, but never dared go into the water or eat of salmon.

He was warned that if he did he would change into a salmon and stay changed.

His father died and he became a chief. He could always tell when the salmon were coming into the river, and when they were coming he used to go out and beat a drum to call the people to come and fish. But he never quite got over his greedy habits, and one day, in spite of his warning, he picked up a salmon and ate it.

At once he became a salmon himself and floated away into the water. The people of the town came to see where he had disappeared, and when they discovered his remains they beat a drum to call them to come and fish. And there he lives today, in a deep hole in the river, and when there is going to be plenty of salmon he can hear him beating away at his drum.

# Story of Isobel's City Entertainment



They went up the trout stream and tried for trout.

Strickland suggested that anything in the whole world, because if he proposed things then he really wanted to do them, and knew they were worth while.

It wasn't so very difficult after all, Jean and Sarah were wildly delighted. Sarah telegraphed her mother and got an answer at noon, which said certainly she could go. Mrs. Stewart hunted up leggings and sweaters and heavy stockings and had a dress suitcase ready for Jean in no time at all.

The girls at school who had been asked for the evening gladly agreed to come the following week, and wished them all good luck with their fishing.

At 3 o'clock the whole caravans was ready. Mrs. Strickland and the maid had spent a busy day getting out fishing tackle and boots and shooting jackets. Sarah had to repair her dress suitcases and leave out almost everything she had brought. But Isobel had plenty of outdoor things to lend her.

At 6 o'clock they were having dinner in the dining-car of the long train. At 7 they disembarked at a little station into the blackness of unknown country.

They walked a short distance, there to meet them with a three-seated spring wagon, and the horses seemed to know every inch of the dark road. Once or twice somebody went to sleep, but everybody else was too polite to say who it was. They came, at last, to the rambling lodge, built of logs but really a very big building, and quite a group of club members came out and welcomed them heartily. These were all men, and they seemed quite amused when they saw the party Mr. Strickland had brought with him.

The girls put away in one large room in three small cots, slept without rocking and awoke early in the morning, dressed and went out to look over the country. It was a glorious Spring morning, cold, but filled with promise. There were buds on the trees and faint suggestions of green. The birds were singing and the small lake which came nearby to the veranda of the lodge fairly flashed in the sunlight.

"My," cried Jean, "how good it smells!" "And isn't it quiet?" said Isobel. "It makes my ears ache."

"It's lots more country even than Willowmere," laughed Sarah, "and we think that's about the quietest spot in the state."

It would take at least one whole volume to tell the things that happened to the girls in those two perfect days. They paddled on the lake and fished. They went up the trout stream and tried for trout. Sarah was the only girl who caught any, and Mr. Strickland said that because she could keep still for five minutes at a time.

They walked and rode and got soaking wet and voraciously hungry and gobbled all the good country food that the steward of the club provided. And their giggles and their remarks delighted the stout old fishermen who never thought of bringing along their families when they were in search of a real good time.

It was very hard work to pack up and know they were going back to work and the noisy city again. But they had a delightful ride through the woods with the young moon and the bright stars shining down on them. By the time the journey was over, however, they were busy talking of the next day and how they could manage to get their studying done before school time, and Mrs. Strickland smiled to see how equally enjoyable they seemed to find both work and play.

"Well, Sarah," said Mr. Strickland, "we started out to give you a city good time, but it proved to be the country of the country."

"I think that's the very best kind there is," said Isobel, "and you know, Sarah, gently, 'Don't you?'"

# How Little Margy Saved Methuselah



FEW ANIMALS LOOKED AT MARGY WITHOUT TRUSTING HER.

house where there were many people, and gave him food.

After he had eaten he looked around and saw a dish of some other sort of food standing near. Although he had eaten enough for two boys already, he reached out his hand toward the new dish, when he thought nobody was looking.

But a man sitting near, a curious-looking person, who did not seem to belong to the Salmon People, saw him and said: "Do not eat that. It was brought here

how! discommodately if a door was shut behind them.

A week or two later Father came into the house. "These men say, Margy, that the dog is theirs—that he killed sheep, and that they must kill him."

"How are ye goin' to prove that they're yours?" said Margy, hotly.

"Well," said Margy, "he's deaf, for one thing, and he's blind and he's got three lame legs. Any sheep that he could lead him out to be killed? So there?"

"Well, anyway, he's a nuisance, and he's too old to live. We'd better take him and kill him, stay."

"You shan't! You shan't! He's mine. I saved him."

"I think the dog is harmless, and if my daughter wants to keep him I'll take the responsibility."

The men went off, muttering, and Methuselah came from behind Margy's skirts, wagging his broken tail and licking her hand with his grateful tongue. The next few months made up for all the sorrow of his past life.

How it all happened no one knows, but one day, late that Summer, the children had been playing in the front yard when Methuselah suddenly roused himself with a low growl, and when they saw him shaking something and tossing it about, growing viciously all the time.

"Margy and the boy ran towards him, and he wagged his tail as if he drew near."

"It's a snake! It's a snake! He's Father!" shouted the boy. And Father, "Himself! It's a rattlesnake. The first I've seen in 30 years."

"Methuselah killed him!"

"And you playing right here in the yard! Thank heavens you were not bitten. Methuselah, you're a brick. You've earned the best there is for the rest of your life!"

But Methuselah was lying on the ground, and his eyes were rolling in the sky, and his tongue hanging out. "He's bitten! My own Methuselah!" wailed Margy, kneeling by him.

And it was true. Father took him tenderly to the barn that the cowmen never see him suffer. Soon a shot was heard, and they knew that Methuselah was beyond all his troubles.

That night Father took his little girl tenderly in his arms. "Margy, girl," he said, "you shall keep all the old useless dogs and cats you want. I'm thankful enough that you kept Methuselah."

# THE FLATBOAT BOYS A STORY OF PLUCK AND LUCK

CHAPTER V.

DOWN the great river the boys drifted for the next week without special adventure, although every day brought more or less excitement. Sometimes they were in the company of several boats and rafts, and again they seemed to have the stream all to themselves.

"The Boy Partners" were approaching the big bend in the river above Memphis when the boys had their first adventure with a steamboat. She was on her way up the river, with flames and smoke pouring from her stacks, and Ned, who was at the steering out, observed the boat over toward the Missouri shore to give the steamer plenty of room.

When she had approached them within 300 feet her pilot saw a great five floating down upon him, and he had to alter his course quickly.

He probably thought he could pass the flatboat in safety, but he made a mistake about it. Ned observed the raft still further in, but not enough to escape. The steamer struck her a glancing blow and fairly pushed her ashore. When the boys came to look for damages they found that their boat was so knocked about that she could not resume her voyage without repairs.

The first thing was to unload a part of the cargo. The steamer had passed on without a halt or a second look from her pilot. It took a whole day to unload sufficient of the poles to come at an injury. It was then found that they must have a new plank 10 feet long and nine inches wide. They had eight planks, a hammer, a bit and some caulking with them, but to get a new plank Harry had to take the raft and go back up stream 12 miles a sawmill. This took up another



"HE MADE ME USE FOR WHISKEY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOATMEN'S ROPES."

for an accident to others. It was seldom that the big raft tied up at night, and sometimes they were careless as to whether they showed a light. On the fifth night of their stay on shore a raft a quarter of a mile long came up and ran plump into it and tore it to pieces.

There was a heavy fog on the river, and a man should have been blowing a horn at frequent intervals. No one was sounding a warning, however, and five of the six men on the raft were sound asleep when a big steamer coming up ran plump into it and tore it to pieces.

Two of the sleeping men were drowned, and the others reached shore close to the boys, and were invited on board. They had saved their boat, and Ned and Harry not only lost theirs, but went with one of the men to save as much of the raft as they could. They worked at this until noon next day, by which time most of the logs were recovered. Then the captain of the raft said:

"Well, boys, you have helped me, and turn about is fair play. We will soon have your craft afloat."

The two boats put out with ropes attached, and when the boats had been anchored all hands pulled on the ropes. It was a hard tug, but the flatboat finally came out of the mud and was afloat again. Two days later she reached the big bend.

As they could not reach Memphis that day they concluded to tie up for the night. Half a mile below where the flatboat tied up was another craft of the same kind, but partly under way, and the two men who comprised her crew were living on the shore. They had a shelter made out of blankets, and a fire on which to do their cooking.

The boys wondered if the boat had met with a misfortune similar to theirs, but did not go down to visit it. If the men wanted help they would let the fact be known.

They filled the keg, got a heap of firewood, and had just eaten their supper when the two men came up from the wreck.

Both boys wished at once that they hadn't. It was plain that the fellows were not of middle age, had hair and eyes neither of them could speak ten words without using an oath.

As soon as they had come aboard one of them said:

"Well, young fellers, being you are so glad to see us, you can hand down a drink for two whole days."

"We have no use for whiskey aboard of this boat," answered Ned.

"Oh, you hain't! Perhaps it is a good boat, though you don't look old enough to be a preacher. Where's the rest of the crew?"

"They are not more than a hundred miles away."

"Well, look-a-here now, we are shipwrecked men. A steamer ran into us three days ago out in the current, and we just managed to get in her when we sunk. She took down our whiskey and tobacco and everything we had. We want to go down with you to Memphis to see about raising her."

"But we are not going down to-night," said Harry as Ned walked out of the cabin to see if anything was in sight on the river.

"Then tomorrow will do for us."

"But we are not making passengers."

"Oh, that's your way, is it? Well, we'll see about that!"

(To be continued.)

# Johnny's Last Little Word

Johnny and his father were sitting around the reading table after a good dinner. Johnny was busy studying a spelling lesson in words ending in "ous," while his father read the evening paper.

"Oh, papa," called Johnny, "what does bilious mean, please?"

"Why, it means 'sick,' feeling bad, you know—full of bile."

Johnny was satisfied and bent over his chair and clear his throat in an effort to attract his father's attention, but father was very deep in his paper, and did not look up.

"Papa," said Johnny, timidly.

Papa kept on reading, and made no answer.

"Papa!" called Johnny, in a louder tone.

Father crumpled his paper up and looked at Johnny hard. "Johnny," he said, severely, "I told you not to bother me with questions while I am reading. Now, if you speak to me again, I shall have to send you out of the room."

"Well, papa, can't I ask you just one little word?"

"Yes, just one word, and remember—this is the very last."

"Why, papa, if I was full of apple pie, would I be bilious?"

# Henry's Novel Snore Cure

Henry and Penrick, called by their playmates "Henry and Penry," were twin brothers and slept together in a trundle bed. They were exactly alike in every respect except that Penry would sleep with his mouth open. Owing to this, Henry had the bad habit of snoring and kept Henry awake.

Henry tried every plan that he could devise to break Penry from snoring. He used to wake him up to make him close his mouth, but Penry would simply turn sleepily over and begin snoring again.

Penry's snoring became worse and worse, and Henry was almost in despair. He could not sleep at all with his brother. He leans over the side of the bed, picked up Penry's buckled garter that lay upon the floor, pulled it around under Penry's chin and over the top of his head, and then drew the cover up to sleep in peace.

The mother of the twins was greatly surprised next morning to find both boys sound asleep. Penry with a piece of elastic around his head which kept his face tightly closed.

And the best of it is, that it did really and truly cure Penry of snoring.

# When a Boy is Big

It's wonderful how a fellow's mind gets different when he's tall. He doesn't care for things that used to please when he was small.

A year ago a rocking horse just seemed my chief desire. Now a pair of nice long pants is to what I aspire.

I bet that if I had them on And walked along the street, I would be taken for a man. By every one I'd meet.

It seems real funny to me now That just a year ago, When I was but a kid, that I could be contented so.

# Her Garden

Earlie Gardner in Woman's Home Companion.

I'm spending up my garden. I'm going to plant some seeds. The kind that grow up flowers. But I don't want any weeds.

For weeds, my papa tells me, Are just an awful bother. So I'll plant mine all posies And leave the weeds for father.



"I guess," said Tommy Popsy, "that Aunt thinks she's an artist-cat. I wonder if it will not cool Her pride to make her April Fool."

"Papa," called Johnny then.

"Now, Johnny," said his father, "you must not bother papa while he is reading his paper. But now that you have interrupted me, what is it that you want to know?"

"I just wanted to know what 'plentious' means, please, papa."

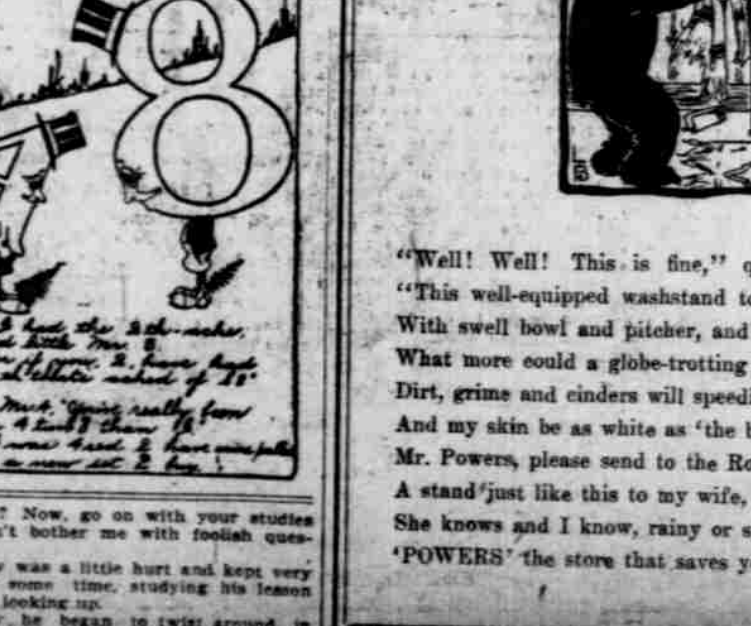
"Now you ought to know what 'plentious' means, Johnny. It means a whole heap, abundant—or full of plenty. don't you see? Now, go on with your studies and don't bother me with foolish questions."

Johnny was a little hurt and kept very still for some time, studying his lesson without looking up.

Finally he began to twist around in

# Virtruous Billy

I know a house where children fight From early morning till night. They tease and quarrel without cause. And pinch and punch without a pause. It's different in our house, you know; I wouldn't treat my brothers so. We never quarrel, for you see They all are little than me. And I have taught them through and through That I know what is best to do. And they do everything I say. So I don't fight with them all day.



"Well! Well! This is fine," quoth the travel-stained harr, "This well-equipped washstand to lave paws and hair, With swell bowl and pitcher, and soap right at hand, What more could a globe-trotting Bruin demand? Dirt, grime and cinders will speedily go, And my skin be as white as 'the beautiful snow.' Mr. Powers, please send to the Rockies, Cave 3, A stand just like this to my wife, Mrs. B. She knows and I know, rainy or sunny, 'POWERS' the store that saves you money."