

LORD OF THE DESERT

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Bertha Lyle had come all the way from Scotland to look after an estate supposed to have been left her by her father. He and a brother had come to America eighteen years before, when she was a mere child. At the age of two years she had lost her mother, and her father had placed her in school and come to America. He doted on his troubles and America, he thought. Before he had been here ten years the report came that he had been killed by Indians. This was shortly after the report that he and his brother had inherited an immense fortune from a brother in New York, and while neither Bertha nor her friends could ever get any information concerning what became of this fortune, her uncle in America had supplied her with plenty of funds to complete her education and meet all her wants. He wrote her that they had inherited their inheritance together in American property and that the speculation had proved a failure, and that while her father had left assets above his liabilities there was nothing to speak of coming to her. Out of pure benevolence, however, he, the uncle, would see that his niece should not suffer for the necessities of life.

Economizing the funds he had sent her from time to time until her savings amounted to considerable she started for America, not informing her uncle of her coming until she reached New York City, from which place she wrote him of the probable date that she would reach Boise City Army Post.

Reaching the latter place she grew impatient waiting the arrival of an escort from her uncle and started with



Bertha.

a pack train for the interior. On the night in which the conversation at the beginning of this chapter opened, the pack train had reached a point on Snake river on the Old Oregon Trail near the Oregon and Idaho line. Fortunately, on the same night, the escort consisting of cowboys, sent out under the leadership of an expert frontiersman, met her at this place.

Both parties had camped in a small valley near the river, surrounded by mountains, covered with rocks and boulders. The pack train consisted of thirty mules and two wagons, while the escort consisted of ten men, besides its leader and a dozen horses, one of which was used exclusively for a pack horse, and another was brought along for Bertha to ride.

Tired and worn out by the hardships of the trail, the packers had bobbed out their mules, prepared their meal, and gone to bed early. The members of the escort, while not so fatigued, had prepared for retiring early also, partly to keep from disturbing their neighbors and partly to be refreshed for the following day's journey, for from this point the pack train would continue to the west and Bertha and her escort would take a course over the trailless plains and mountains to the north.

After she had retired to a bed of straw, this girl from a comfortable home in Scotland had plenty to think about before she fell asleep. This barren plains and mountains over which she had passed during the past few days, and the trackless desert before her looked gloomy enough, but the probable attack from Indians and a long trip through a barren country to her destination were calculated to increase her anxiety, while the reference of the leader of the escort to the danger from Indians and the same tribe who, it was alleged, had murdered her father thickened the mantle of gloom that hung about her, and besides, she did not like the appearance of the man under whose charge she had fallen. Her own intuition had properly aroused her suspicions on this point.

How long she had been asleep she did not know when awakened by the fiercest yell that had ever pierced her ears, and these intermingled with the discharging of firearms and a din of oaths and shouts as if a thousand demons were engaged in war. And it was a war, and the men fought like demons. The packers and cowboys, though outnumbered five to one, stood their ground until the struggle became a hand to hand one, and not until she had been snatched from her bed and dragged a short distance and bound on the back of a horse, and being rushed out through a deep canyon in the mountains, surrounded by a band of Indian warriors, each seemingly claiming her as his prey, did she fully realize that her people had lost and that the red skins had won.

It was fortunate for Bertha that she did not remove her clothing upon retiring that night, and that she placed her shoes on her feet upon being first awakened, for the chill night air of that altitude even penetrated these.

CHAPTER IV.

The Chase.

The following morning showed the effects of the Indian raid. Two of the packers lay dead upon the ground, their scalps taken, while one of the escort had been killed, and three mortally wounded. Not a horse or mule remained in the vicinity. These, an important object of the attack, had been driven away and treasured more highly even, than the fair captive, whom they had taken for stock of all kinds was scarce with them. They had been forced into the rimrocks and lava beds by the United States soldiers, and the scanty vegetation there had caused their animals to disappear almost as rapidly as the pangs of hunger, which prompted the decaying race in butchering and eating them. While viewing the band of fat mules and horses from the crevices of the rimrocks the previous evening, the eagle eyes of old Egan, the chief, saw Bertha Lyle in the camp and then with a sudden cry he uttered in this section of country, and especially so after the proposition that had come from

the lips of Martin Lyle, the Lord of the Desert. As it were, it was the killing of two birds with one stone with the chief. It was the obtaining of animals for his hungry and hard beset tribe and obtaining a prize of far more personal value, which meant more wealth for his tribe and a white squaw for his wigwam.

After the surprise of the attack of the previous night the men rallied to defend the camp. But it was too late, the work was done. While the main body of the red men had charged on the camp, detachments of the party had not been idle. They cornered the horses and had them on the road, ready to join the main band with their captives. They disappeared as silently as they came and the handful of whites that still survived knew that it was useless to follow them in the dark, besides, they did not know but that a reindeer lurked behind every boulder on the mountain sides.

They had spent the remainder of the night in ministering to the wounded, and preparing the dead for burial. They were in a predicament indeed. They had neither horses to pursue the marauding band of Indians, or to continue their journey. While some of the members of the party aroused at the fate of the white girl, were willing and anxious to pursue the Indians on foot, all saw the futility of such an attempt, and the leader of the escort showed no concern about her capture and no inclination to follow her captors, but rather, they supplied the stranded party with a few horses. The stranded packers returned with this train to Fort Boise, while four members of the escort with the daring equal to those times, and against the admonition of their leader, entered into a solemn oath that they would follow the Indians and would never return until they had recaptured Bertha Lyle and placed her in the stone house with her uncle. Early the following morning, armed and provisioned, and mounted these four started out on the trail of the bandit Indians. The packers moved on, taking the wounded cowboys with them, all of whom died and were buried at Boise City. Dan Follett and the others started for the Stone House.

Fortunately, that night another pack train arrived from the west. It had a few surplus horses, and as these men of pioneer days were always willing to lend a helping hand to the distressed, they supplied the stranded party with a few horses. The stranded packers returned with this train to Fort Boise, while four members of the escort with the daring equal to those times, and against the admonition of their leader, entered into a solemn oath that they would follow the Indians and would never return until they had recaptured Bertha Lyle and placed her in the stone house with her uncle. Early the following morning, armed and provisioned, and mounted these four started out on the trail of the bandit Indians. The packers moved on, taking the wounded cowboys with them, all of whom died and were buried at Boise City. Dan Follett and the others started for the Stone House.

The four cowboys who went in pursuit of the Indians were familiar with that part of the desert, and being on comparatively fresh horses made better time than the Indians, so that by night they came to where the red men had stopped to prepare their dinner the same day. Each camping place of the Indians was marked by the carcass of a mule, for hungry as they were, and their party was so large that it required a full grown animal for every meal. Arising bright and early the following morning they soon reached the camp of the Indians of the previous night and came upon the Indians at noon. The latter were conscious of their power and boldly ate their dinner in full view of the whites, and took their time about moving on, shouting out words of defiance as they went.

The brave four were rewarded by see-



Old Egan saw Bertha in camp.

ing Bertha from the rimrocks, still well and unharmed, but it was with a shudder that they beheld the attention that she received from the leader of the band.

The Indians numbered about forty warriors and were a set of as ugly and vicious looking fellows as ever won the unenviable name of their tribe. The whites could do nothing but follow at a distance with the hope that something might transpire by which they would be enabled to relieve the young woman from her dilemma. But now that they were discovered by the Indians their prospects seemed far less flattering than when they first started out.

Strategy was their only hope. To make the Indians believe that they had abandoned the chase and that they were going to their guard, approach the camp by stealth at night and rescue the woman was the plan they formed.

So in full view of the Indians they saluted them as if bidding them good bye, and turned and rode away as if they had abandoned the chase.

But as soon as they were fairly hidden behind the rimrocks at the crest of the mountain overlooking the plain in which the Indians had camped they turned down a gulch, and continued, cautiously, traveling in a direction parallel to that taken by the Indians.

As already described, travel among the rimrocks is difficult. Openings in the wall are few, and subwalls lead off in many directions. The traveler must needs go a zigzag course and frequently travel many miles out of his course to reach a given point, so that when night came the little pursuing party had lost sight of the objects of its pursuit, and the succession of walls of rimrocks and level plains lay alike in every direction.

There was but one hope and that was when it grew darker to abandon their horses and climb to the top of the highest rimrocks and try to discover the campfires of the marauders. Selecting a spot near where a seep of stagnant water flowed from the rocks, with which they were compelled to quench their thirst, they pitched a temporary camp and waited.

CHAPTER V.

Two Villains.

It is the fourth night after the Indians attacked the pack train. At the Stone House the Lord of the Desert sits at his accustomed place, sipping from a goblet of old Scotch whiskey. Of late years he has done but little besides drink from the flowing bowl. One day he deadens all sense of feeling, to rise the following with a keener appetite and a conscience more stinging. On this night his eyelids are heavier than usual, his eyes look more glassy and the grimaces are deeper in his face.

No wonder. If Dan Follett, the Canadian Frenchman, has followed his instructions and old Egan, the Indian chief, has kept his eyes open and been prompt in action, another crime has been added to his life. He stares into the vacant darkness and this, so still and gloomy on the desert, reminds him of a distant cave in the rimrocks, and the picture there causes a shudder to come over the great frame of Martin Lyle, the Lord of the Desert.

The welcome bark of the dogs, announces the arrival of one who is not a stranger. In his eagerness, the Lord of the Desert rises and paces the floor, now and then stopping at the arm chair and taking a sip from the goblet. Presently a lamp from the door. His dark heavy eyebrows, and the natural scowl upon his face, his careless ambling walk, depict the character of the man at a glance. But nothing ever tells the inmost thoughts of Dan Follett. Whether after victory or defeat, or during anger or in a happy mood, the oily black eyes of this man never change. It is only when he speaks or acts that his mood is known.

Upon entering the house, and after greeting its Lord, he soon unburies himself.

"I saw from the smoke above the distant rimrocks the evening before," said Follett, "that old Egan was ready for action, but in spite of my effort the clash came in a way that several lives of our men were lost. I tried to have the surprise so complete that the girl and animals should be taken away without the loss of a life, but our boys were on their feet instantly and fought bravely, and it was certainly a miracle that any of them escaped after they engaged such odds." Then he detailed the circumstances of the fight as the reader knows them.

"Do you think there is any chance of those four dare-devils rescuing the girl?" inquired Lyle.

"None in the world," replied the Frenchman. "They will either lose their lives by their foolishness or come in a few days starved out, as I saw to the fact myself that they took but few provisions with them."

"How did the girl take her captivity?" inquired the Lord of the Desert.

"I only saw her for a moment by a flash of the campfire after she was secured, and she wore a bold look of firmness and defiance, as if she feared not even the devils into whose hands she had fallen."

"She's a Lyle!" muttered the Lord of the Desert.

"This is a costly affair, Martin," in-sinuated Follett.

"Yes, I know," replied the man of wealth, "but old Egan wanted animals for his men and would not do the other work, you know, without the horses as he said his men would not be satisfied with taking the girl alone."

"The twenty-five head which I am to deliver at Gray Butte and the forty head they got the other night," said Follett, "are a pretty heavy tax, besides the men we have lost. Better if you had let the girl come on and made away with her as I did with her father."

"That would never have done," replied Lyle. "The notoriety of her visit here would have led to an investigation, but now that the Indians have done the work it is a natural turn of affairs in this country and the American's 'Uncle Sam' will reward Egan and his warriors by giving them a reservation and feeding and educating them. The English would reward the whole gang by hanging them. But enough of this. Tomorrow arrange to deliver the twenty-five cayuses to the old brute, but before you do it require positive proof that he's performed his part of the contract, he has to kill her, you know!"

"And the deed to the Spring Creek Valley," replied Follett, "don't forget that. While Egan must be rewarded for his damnable deeds, I must be paid for my bloody ones!" and he gave the Lord of the Desert a piercing look that made that man of nerve shrink like a coward.

At this time Follett's companions came in from attending to the horses and the three repaired to the dining room, while the owner of the Stone House sat down and drank and thought, and drank and thought.

(To be Continued.)

A \$5,000,000 Palace. Seven hundred artisans, backed by Clarence H. Mackay's millions and directed by Mrs. Mackay, have set about building near the little village of Roslyn, L. I., the most beautiful country home in America. Already the work is well under way, and the wilderness of



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

wooded hills is fast becoming a land of perfect enchantment. The vastness of Mrs. Mackay's plan is fairly illustrated by the fact that his estate is almost as large as Central Park, and that the estimate of the cost in the end will closely border upon \$5,000,000. The gateway, or lodge, alone will cost \$150,000. The structure is of granite, and is 228 feet long from east to west and 100 feet broad from north to south. It will in every way be a palace.

Science AND Invention

Hypnotizing by mechanical means is the novelty of M. Leduc, who uses a multidirectional electric current with 150 to 200 interruptions per second.

A "dry" accumulator, from English makers, is transparent, unbreakable and non-spilling, the acid solution being replaced by an almost solid electrolyte.

Remains of a pre-Columbian sacrifice or signal station on the top of the Nevada de Chani, at a height of 20,000 feet, are one of the Nordenskiöld expedition's late finds in northern Argentina.

A suggested new American industry is the making of fish flour. In Norway, at seasons of abundance, the flesh of fresh fish is dried and pulverized by special apparatus, and the highly nutritious product can be kept and easily transported.

The American built Oroya Railroad in the Peruvian Andes attains the greatest elevation reached by any railroad in the world. At one point it passes through a tunnel 15,905 feet above sea level. This is nearly 1,500 feet higher than Pike's Peak, and but little over 100 feet less than the elevation of Mont Blanc. The Oroya Railroad also enjoys the distinction of having cost more per mile than the great majority of railroads. It is 138 miles long and cost \$43,000,000. The many tunnels, bridges and zigzags presented difficult engineering problems.

The recent volcanic cataclysm in the islands bordering the Caribbean Sea has awakened fresh interest in the geological history of that part of the earth's crust. Prof. J. Milne, the great English authority on seismic phenomena, remarks that the ridge on which the islands of Martinique, St. Vincent and their neighbors lie is a line of weakness characterized by unusual instability. Geology points backward to a time when the Isthmus of Panama was submerged, and when a belt of land, spoken of as "Antilla," connected North and South America along the eastern border of the Caribbean Sea. But, like the fabled Atlantis, this land has sunk out of view, and only a line of islands marks its site.

The hydraulic mining cartridge of James Tongue, Jr., is designed to replace explosives in mines liable to contain freedamp. It consists of a steel cylinder twenty inches long by three inches in diameter, across which are arranged a series of eight small telescopic rams, and in use the cartridge is pushed up into a drill hole in the coal and hand pumps force water into the cylinder, driving out the rams. A pressure of three tons per square inch can be readily obtained. In about ten minutes the rams bring down the coal in large pieces, and with much less waste in dust and fragments than when explosives are used. A test of two years has shown the cost to be about the same as ordinary mining. But the coal is more valuable, and the dangers are greatly lessened, many deaths resulting yearly both from accidents with explosives and from the igniting of explosive gases. The British Society of Arts has found the cartridge worthy of an important prize.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

Opinions of Young Men as to What She Should Be.

The majority of young people, in speaking of the ideal woman, refer to the woman of poetry and romance, and as Mary Wilkins says, "a pedestal altogether too shaky a place to place any human being."

So we use the term in its practical and more definite sense, making the subject more real and giving the ordinary girl a hope of emulating her.

Not long ago a certain clergyman sent out questions to young men all over the country, and to a few young women, asking them for their conception of the ideal young woman.

The answers were from men in all walks of life—professional and commercial—and the din of city life and from quiet country homes. From these answers we are glad to note that the young men generally do the subject justice and speak in a kind and brotherly manner.

The one clear-cut wish of the young man is that his life companion must be a housewife, with all that the term implies, while not denying the importance of education, this must not be merely ornamental, but of the kind to fit her as a home provider and enable her to take her place as an every-day worker in this very busy world. The young men do not object to her knowledge of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but they require her to know of the decline and fall of the people by whom she is surrounded.

Mere dolls have no place in woman's work and woman's hands are more beautiful after they have been soiled by useful employment.

As to the subject of morals, the young men say, that to have one standard for men and another for women is a relic of barbarism, and a doctrine that has no place in modern times. The rigid rule that keeps a girl at home evenings should also restrain a boy from wandering around the streets or country at unbecomingly hours; the evil effects of this conduct tell on the one as much as the other.

All the answers require a girl to be a Christian; and many of them speak of special objections, such as card playing, wine drinking, dancing, but with the exception of wine drinking, these open up too wide a field of discussion, and the opinions of parents are controlled largely by the particular society in which they have been brought up or the locality where they reside—what might be right in one section would not be tolerated in another, unless it be wine drinking, about which there cannot be two opposite opinions among right thinking people.

In older times parents stood out against the education of girls, but now, always the danger is of running to the opposite extreme—the education of mere adornment. To many of the girls the business of their husbands or brothers, the way they vote and their cases and worries have scarcely any

interest for them, so long as they can dress well.

We have not given the ideal woman from the young girls' point of view; but one sensible girl expresses it in a few words. She asks to be judged by the same standard by which she judges young men, "and, allowing for sex, let her have all the liberties which a young man ought to have."

So then we can certainly say that the essential idea in young men's minds of true womanhood is her ability to make a home—in a palace or a cottage—in affluence or in poverty—she is the one who makes it—or as a true mother and wife gives it: "We had a home long before we had a house to put it in."—Housewife.

TEACHING TARS TO SWIM.

French Sailors Are Poor Swimmers—How They Are Instructed.

The tars of the French navy are learning to swim.

Moreover, they are learning on land, or rather on board ship, and when they first hit water are supposed to have the elements of natation down pat enough to keep them afloat and moving.

The methods of the naval officers are scientific and the innovation in itself is unique. Incomprehensible as it may seem, all sailors are not swimmers. In fact, it is absolutely known that there are fewer good swimmers, in proportion, on board ship than on land. Why this is so it is equally difficult to account for the fact that sailors are usually poor swimmers as compared with landmen. But the French navy is intent on having its fighting men scientific swimmers, and to make them so they teach by scientific methods.

The best thing to be taught in is what is called a "swim," but, when there are not enough swimmers to go round, the French sailor uses a chair. In this swim, or on the chair, they lie as though they were in the water. Then, under the eye of the swimming master, they go through their maneuvers. It is popularly supposed that a swimmer propels himself with his hands and arms or the feet, but he doesn't. This is the first thing taught. A scientific swimmer uses his hands and feet to ballast himself, as it were. He keeps afloat with them. The motive power is created by the way he uses his legs. First the tar is taught to draw his legs up as far as he can, like a frog, which leaves a diamond-shaped opening between them. All this time he is keeping himself afloat with his hands and feet. Then he is taught to shoot his legs back together, exactly as a frog does in swimming. By this maneuver the "wedge" of water between his legs is forced out and the swimmer springs ahead. It is the same motive force that sends one over the ice when "sculling" on skates.

Then the French swimming master and a couple of assistants, says the Detroit News-Tribune, hitch a rope around the beginner's waist and pitch him overboard.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies that Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The gray carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flicked the dead ash from his cigar, says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the live-long day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out West. He doesn't write to her twice a year. Yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give \$50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good-for-nothing boy of hers for whom she's eating out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the gray carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about 4 or maybe 5 years old. She has blue-gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month afterward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and looking me to the heart out of those big, trusting eyes, she would say: 'Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven? I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came with a letter and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma she wants some letters, too,' and, boys, every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray-blue eyes, and I wondered the angels did not find some way some how to make her baby heart understand."

A Marked Woman. Surprising fair she was, and yet Grim Fate had snared her in its net—A price was on her head! And as she walked among the crowd, Some sneered, some even laughed aloud, For Charity was dead.

Her fair cheek mantled with dismay, For walking forth that summer day To bow at Fashion's shrine, She found that on the hat she wore, A printed slip the legend bore: "Reduced to forty-nines."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not in the Trust. "What's that?" queried the old hen, as she observed a strange plant in the garden.

"That," replied the gray goose, "is what they call an egg plant."

"An egg plant, eh?" observed the old hen. "Well, they say that competition is the life of trade, but I'm getting too old to take any chances, so I'll nip this in the bud."

Every mother's pet wishes when he is grown that the money had been saved for him that was spent on photographs when he was a baby.

ASTONISHED THE INDIANS.

Explorers' Appliances of Civilization Resound Natural to Them.

It is small wonder that the first view of a white man created terror among the superstitious Indians. A striking instance of this occurred when the Wallawalla Indians first saw Captain Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Thinking to propitiate the savages and allay their fears of the white men, he planned to visit a village of Wallawallas before the arrival of the rest of his party.

With this end in view he set out to cross the Columbia River in a canoe, taking three men with him. On the way he shot a crane and a duck, both of which fell near him. He landed before five wigwams placed close to each other, but not a person was visible, and the doors, which were of mat, were closed. Holding his pipe in hand, as an indication of good-will, he pushed aside one of the doors and entered the lodge.

Inside were thirty men, women and children, huddled together in terror. He went to them, shook each by the hand and said some friendly words, expressing by word and manner his kindly feeling. Their apprehensions were allayed until he took out his burning-glass and lighted his pipe by the rays of the sun. Consternation again prevailed, and what might have occurred but for the timely arrival of two chiefs who knew the white men cannot be told.

It seems that the Indians had not seen Captain Clark, but they had seen the white crane which he had shot just before his appearance. They had also seen the duck fall at his shot. They connected the fall of the birds with his advent, and thought that he had fallen from the clouds.

The sound of the rifle, which they had never before heard, they believed was a signal to announce the white man's coming. Small wonder, then, that their hardly allayed fears were again aroused when he brought down the fire from heaven by means of his burning glass.

STEAD SHOCKS BRITAIN.

William T. Stead, the famous English publicist, has shocked Great Britain by writing a book to proclaim and support his theory that, if the British empire is to be saved, it must be merged into



WILLIAM T. STEAD.

the United States of the world, a new union which is to result from a political union of Great Britain and the United States, the latter being the moving factor. This will doubtless be taken by most Englishmen as an insult and certainly by many Americans as a joke, though Mr. Stead seriously thinks that the United States ought to accept the gift and gladly undertake the new task.

Stephen Phillips' Psychic Experience.

In a New York paper appears the report of an interview which a correspondent of that journal says he had with Stephen Phillips while in London. Mr. Phillips and the "interviewer" had lunch. "I'll tell you a strange thing that happened to me once," said Mr. Phillips, and he laid his knife down, as though psychics and cheese would not blend. "My wife and I had taken a little house for the season in Surrey. Beerbottle Tree wanted me to go to Marlborough with him in order to discuss Herod, and I went. When I returned my wife met me at the station and told me that nothing on earth would induce her to live any longer in the Surrey house. She had heard horrible noises, and every night the wailing of a child kept them all awake. 'I did not laugh at her,' Mr. Phillips is reported to have said, 'for these things do not appeal to me, as they do to others, as ridiculous. I determined to investigate, and I wrote to the late P. W. H. Myers, of the Society for Psychical Research. Mr. Myers sent a man down and gave us particular instructions not to tell him what we had heard or to give him any clue whatever as to the kind of noises that had disturbed us. The man came down, slept a night in the house, and returned to London. We had no intercourse with him at all. Later on Mr. Myers wrote us that after due investigation they had discovered that a child had once been murdered in this particular house. I thought it, and still think it, remarkable, for it was the wailing of a child that had annoyed us, and we had not mentioned the fact to the investigator. That, I may say, is the only 'psychic experience' I ever had."

The Slaughter of Elephants. Antwerp has within the past fourteen years developed into the most important ivory market in the world, and a few years ago only twelve tons of ivory were imported into Antwerp from the Congo Free State, but to-day the trade has grown so greatly that over 200 tons are yearly disposed of in the ivory market.

About one-half of this comes from East and West Africa, in nearly equal proportions, the rest being divided between South Africa, Egypt, India and the fossil ivory, which comes from Siberia, the tusks of extinct mammoths. This increase in supply has not prevented a still larger increase in prices, and at the last Antwerp sale teeth were valued at \$150 per hundredweight brought \$270, and all grades rose correspondingly.

A famine price for ivory is tolerably certain before long. The present supply destroys from 30,000 to 40,000 elephants in Central Africa, and about 75,000 the world over.

Pope Leo's Poems.

The volume of Latin poems written by Pope Leo XIII., which has recently been published, contains some poems written in 1822.

OLD FAVORITES

The Last Hymn.

The Sabbath day was ending, in a village by the sea, The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly;

And they rose to face the sunset, in the glowing lighted west, And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there; A fierce spirit roared above them—the wild spirit of the air— And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and howled.

And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed, Very anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales, Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales.

When the sea had spent its passion, and should rest upon the shore, Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing 'round her, a brave woman strained her eyes, And she saw, along the billows, a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be, For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their houses and thronged the beach— Oh! for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach! Helpless dawns were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread.

And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped, "She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!"

God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown? Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea, Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave; And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet—shoot away!" 'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no. There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;

So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! can you hear?" And "Ay—ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" And the wind brought back the echo—"sings the nearer waters roll!"

Strange, indeed, it was to hear him—"Till the storm of life is past," Singing bravely from the waters—"Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on thee? Leave, or leave me not—" The singer dropped at last into the sea. And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,

Said: "He passed to be with Jesus, in the singing of that hymn."—Marianne Farnham.

Preferred a Plain Dinner.

The virtue of plain speaking is not desirable on all occasions, even when it is so pleasantly received as in an incident described in "Queens of American Society." What passes under the name of "plain speaking" is too often, as it was in this case, only rudeness.

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