

THE BAD BAY.

She knelt beside the bed where lay the boy
Who all the weary day had been so bad;
Tears wet her cheeks, and prayer was on her lips
The while she drank grief's gall in bitter sips.
"If you but knew, my boy," I heard her say,
"How you have hurt me through this livelong day,
If you could know the love a mother bears,
Or that your name's the burden of her prayers."

And then she prayed till hope came back to her
And happy tears replaced the grief-drops' blur;
She prayed for patience, prayed for light; but more
Prayed for the boy for whom such love she bore.
She prayed that he might choose the better part
And lose the growing hardness in his heart;
She prayed till joy unto her soul returned
And mother-love through all her being burned.

How like her God she seemed while kneeling there,
Her lips attuned to sweet unselfish prayer;
How like the Christ that nightly over me
Bends, trusting that my love for him may be
Such that upon the morrow I may go
More meekly on his errands here below,
Some day that boy must feel love's thrilling thrill—
I yet may learn to do my Master's will.

—Baltimore American.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

HERE was no death dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were clotted and red, there were still faint groans from the dying and mocking grins on the upturned faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drip tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she trudged over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay there was not one hideous detail of the massacre of Indian Island not seared deep into her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs was cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators, perhaps citizens of Eureka, although suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals, who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa Reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the redskin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands, and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the Island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wallings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the greswome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, Revenge was written large in the very fiber of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said, as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his lithe young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well-a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old laundress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said

this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her nature. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big fellow slumped down on the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar trees.

But while the soapsuds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the thrifty housewife busied herself at tidying things on the porch, for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said half aloud. "It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fish hooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horse-shoes, gopher traps, door knobs, coils of wire, shot pouches, fly boxes, empty shells, a whisky flask, old pipes, rubber gloves—everything, in short, that a catch-all of such sort collects in the course of twenty years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

Teh white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came slinging "Bonnie Doon" through the house, whistled the dogs over from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained, in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book agent was in the front hall, and the contents of the game bag were left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra still bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work, rubbing, rinsing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife in the game bag cried out Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell athwart her gleam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, looked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the ven-

geance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-failing source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut.

The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence, and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him. So day after day the struggle with the Destroyer was waged.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing redskin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were re-established. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stoic and grim than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre, hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill, it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when the real aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only this one son, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suns flew high, frightening the canary from its perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue skies smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the roof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the ples to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even, and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eye shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water, but the red, clotted pools were still vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was she this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for to take home to warm over were tied into her apron under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white-house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought, and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps

devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"We'll leave all these things just as they are till we get back from our trip to Redwood Creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his outing with the Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village, telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search-parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't!"

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stoic silence.

It was now late in the summer. All search for young Howe had proved fruitless. His mother, suddenly old and feeble from grief and suspense, stood, one day, looking toward the bay in a blind hope. The Indian came swinging slowly toward her. The boy had been found. It was on Indian Island. A knife-wound gaped in his breast, his wide blue eyes were upturned in a mocking grin, and the grass around him was clotted and red.

Again there was no swooning, no overt demonstration of grief. Weeks of suspense had taught the family in the white house stoic endurance.

Sikra came every week to do the washing as usual, while her son loitered near the cedar trees. One evening he brought the heartbroken woman what he considered a rare present, a melon of prodigious size. The Indian sat down silently, and slowly and carefully he cut it. It was a trifle overripe, the rich, red heart gleaming as with blood. The knife with which he dexterously sliced the melon was ugly looking, broad and flat, and the deer-horn handle broken, as if by a desperate struggle when last wielded.

The woman did not recognize it. "You are a good boy," she said absently to the Indian, "to do these little kindnesses to Hal's mother."—San Francisco Argonaut.

W. S. GILBERT'S RECREATIONS.

Great Librettist Lives Retired Life as English Country Gentleman.

In his beautiful home at Grim's Dyke, Harrow Weald, W. S. Gilbert, the greatest librettist of the age, lives in retirement the life of an English country gentleman. There he is surrounded by scenes of such sylvan simplicity that it is next to impossible to realize that the life and bustle of the Marble Arch are no more than fifteen miles away.

At home Mr. Gilbert is no longer the creator of scenes and sentences that have set two hemispheres laughing; he is, from choice, the country squire, and in filling that role does not shrink the duties attendant upon the office of justice of the peace.

He is one of the most regular attendants at the weekly sittings of the Edgware Bench, and his seniority among his colleagues very frequently places him in the chair. When not in that responsible position, Mr. Gilbert often beguiles the tedium of a long and uninteresting case by making pen-and-ink sketches of the parties engaged in it, on the foolscap provided for the purpose of taking notes.

Of this class is the outline of a face of a typically criminal character, beneath which Mr. Gilbert wrote the terse memorandum: "Two months' b. l." It is that of a man who was sent to prison with hard labor for the period indicated, for having stolen a pair of ducks. Now and then Mr. Gilbert turns his attention to the court officials, and the result of one such occasion is often a wonderfully accurate and true-to-life portrait.

Once at least the sketches have been known to lapse into reminiscence. Occasionally, note-taking and sketching are mingled on one sheet, as when Mr. Gilbert made the portrait of a prisoner and notes on his crime and its punishment.

In making this memorandum, the magisterial librettist doubtless ruminated upon his well-known lines:

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To make the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime.

When a woman owns a carriage, she delights in lording it over women who have not. But a man feels uneasy in a carriage, and shrinks when he meets an acquaintance.



Toasted Cod.

Secure the fattest, best cured of dry codfish; strip and freshen in warm water. Let it soak a day and a night, changing the water once or twice, according to the degree of salt it contains. When fresh enough to be pleasant to the taste set it on the stove and let the water come gradually to the scalding point. (Never boil cod that has been previously salted and dried. That makes it hard and will not have the soft white tint as when treated thus.) Place in bread toaster when drained, and toast a delicious brown over the live coals. While still hot have ready a gravy of sweet cream and butter, seasoned with pepper and a pinch of salt, unless the fish is decidedly salt still. Place in covered dish for table and pour over it the gravy. If cream be not obtainable a gravy almost equal to it is made by rubbing two tablespoonfuls flour smooth in a half cup cold water, pouring it in a saucepan over fire, and adding half cup boiling water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, then add butter size of an egg and cup of hot milk or cream. Season.—What to Eat.

Washington Pie.

Beat three eggs with one cup of sugar, add two cups of flour, sifted, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake the cake in layer tin or two "Washington pie" tins. Make the filling of one pint of milk, half a cup of sugar, a scant half cup of flour, one egg and a little salt. Flavor it with lemon extract or the grated rind of a lemon. Cook it like a boiled custard until it is thick and spread it on one of the cakes, putting the other layer over it. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

Artichokes a la Bordelaise.

Put one-fourth cup of butter and half a cup of sifted breadcrumbs into the blazer and light the lamp; when the crumbs are well moistened with the butter, add a teaspoonful of fine-minced parsley, one pint of cooked artichokes cut into small cubes, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and half a pint of rich, sweet cream. Let boil up once and put out the flame; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of the grated rind of a lemon (or omit the grated rind); stir well and serve at once.

Some Tests for Oven Heat.

To judge of an oven's heat, try the oven every ten minutes with a piece of white paper. If too hot the paper will blaze up or blacken; when the paper becomes dark brown—rather darker than ordinary meat-pie crust—the oven is fit for small pastry. When light brown, the color of nice pastry, it is ready for tarts. When the paper turns dark yellow you can bake bread, large meat pies or pound cakes; while, if it is just tinged, the oven is fit for sponge cake and meringues.

Gold Cake.

Cream a half-pound of butter with a pound of sugar, whip in the well-beaten yolks of ten eggs and beat hard for five minutes. Now add the grated rind of one orange and the juice of a large lemon. Stir thoroughly; add a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little hot water and a pound of flour that has been sifted. Add this gradually, not putting in the whole quantity if less thickens the batter sufficiently. Bake in loaf tins.

Cocoanut Macaroons.

Sift a scant cupful of flour, and add to it one cupful of granulated sugar and two cupfuls of the best shredded cocoanut. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and fold into the mixture the whites of three large eggs whipped to a very stiff froth. Roll the batter into small, flat cakes, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven, or until they are crisp and a golden brown.

Macaroon Custard.

Crush a dozen macaroons. Make a custard of six yolks of eggs and a pint and one-half of light cream, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Cook this custard slowly till it thickens; stir in the macaroon crumbs, and serve, when cool, heaped on a dish garnished with strips of angelica.

The Kitchen Table.

Even in the best regulated families the kitchen table occasionally gets into a bad condition. To whiten it, make a thin paste of chloride of lime and hot water, and spread it over the table. Let it remain for twelve hours and then wash off, and your table will once again be speckless.

In Case of Fire.

A fire extinguisher, which may easily be made at home and kept in bottles ready for use, consists of three pounds of salt and one and one-half pounds of sal ammoniac dissolved in a gallon of water.