Reminiscences of a Nature Fakir

She Trolley Caribou

By John Kendrick Bangs,

By John Kendrick Bangs.

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

ATURALLY bein' a fed'ral offeroloff for bolive in a fed in the fact of the pesting the cut in his thumb with a 1-cent stamp, "I ain't t: 'in' any side in this here question as to whether a hungry chipmunk reality could bit the heart out o' a buil moose or not. I'm here to sell postage stamps and to see that no third-class matter goes out that ain't fit readin' fer the young. But I have my opinion on the subject, which, protected by the sacred confidence of these here gatherin's around the stove, I don't mind sayin' is wholly favrable to the president o' the United States. I don't believe the chipmunk could do it—not from the outside, anyhow."

"Them's my sentiments." said Si Wotherspoon. "I'm a Democrat, but in this emergency I stand by the administration."

"He might ha' done it from the inside, continued the postmaster, but not from the outside. If that there chaplain o' the Nature Fakirs union had aid that his chipmunk had found the foll moose if rom the mistration and the foll moose in the sell many the mouth open and had run down his throat an' nipped him by the heart, an' then gnawed his way out again. I aln't a sayin' but what mebbe it might of happened."

"What you talkin' about, Joe?" put in the captain. "It warn't a chipmunk an' a buil moose. It was a woodchuck an' a caribou, an' I say without no derive yet on the stream of the postmaster, an' a carribou, an' I say without no derive was a sort of relief to the situation.

"Many a langth the postmaster, in the captain, "It warn't a chipmunk an' a sort of relief to the situation."

"Many a langth the postmaster, "I suphed the postmaster, "I say without no derive was a sort of relief to the situation.

"Many I laughed the postmaster, "I say a langth see none. I any to see the see many caribou around here these days," said Si Wotherspoon, as a sort of relief to the situation.

"Many I laughed the postmaster, "I say the postmaster, "I suphed the postmaster, "I say the postmaster, "I suphed t

an' a caribou, an' I say without no de-



some new-fangled kind o' salad, but he give it up when he'd got through the paint, an' found the thing made o' tin. "Anyhow, since woodchucks don't eat meat, it's few-tile to say that one of

"Many?" laughed the postmaster, "I gorry, ye don't see none. I ain't see one for so long that I don't know 's I'dknow 'twas a caribou if one of 'em should walk in here an' ask for a plug o' terbacker."

"They ain't been none for 16 years," said the captain, moodily. "Sapphira was the last one."

"Sapphira?" asked Si Wotherspoon, and the postmaster in one voice.

"Sapphira?" asked Si Wotherspoon, and the postmaster in one voice.

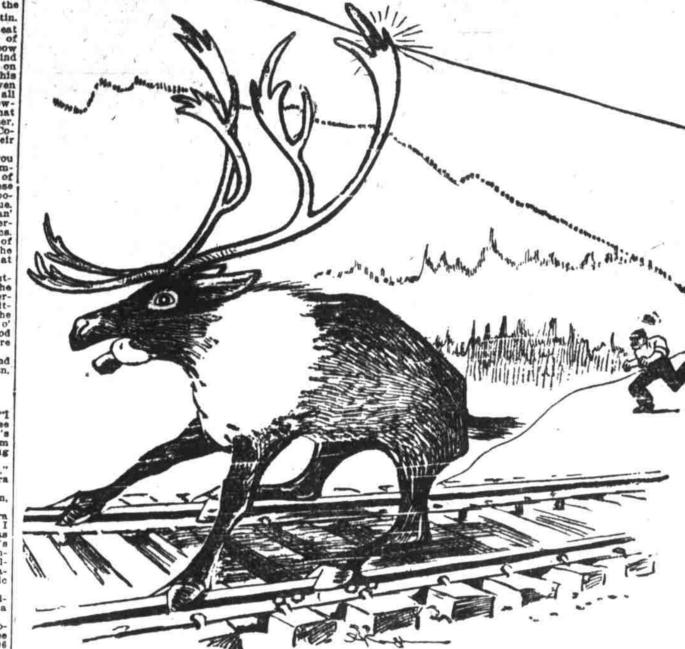
"Yep," said the captain. "Sapphira was the pet caribou of mine that I used to keep out on the farm. He was the usefulest animile I ever see, an' it's always been a wonder to me that considerin' their intelligence an' s'ceptibility to trainin' for the useful occypations o' life they ain't been no scientific move to domesticate 'em."

"I never knowed ye had a pet cari-

move to domesticate 'em."

"I never knowed ye had a pet caribou, Cap." said the postmaster, with a wink at me. "Where'd ye git him?"

"I caught him young up in Penobscot," replied the captain, "Lemme see—I think it was in th' winter o' 1896 I was up on the Penobscot loggin'. It was a terrible cold winter. The snow was thutty feet deep most everywhere an' loggin' wasn't no game fer a dancin' master, I can tell ye; but we had to do it just the same. I went up with Hez Wogley an' old Jim Wotherspoon—Si's uncle up at Bangor. Wogley he an' loggin' wasn't no game for a damch' master, I can tell ye; but we had one with the president that the thing never happened, because and the postmaster, at the thing never happened, because and the moon me, "and Si underspoon." Thought gastronomy had somethin' to do with the moon and had someth



lantern callin' out: Hes! O Hez! They to him he was buried up to his neck. An

time—an' he'd scoot along with it to where the big sledges and stone boats was standin' an' dump it aboard without losin' a stick. Then we'd use them horns to hang things on. Dinner pails, byercoats, hats—anything we'd ordinarily hang on a tree, so that when it come time to eat instead of havin' to hunt up the tree where our things was hangin', we'd whistie to Sapphira, an' he'd come bouncin' along like a happy schoolboy playin' he was workin'. Except on one occasion he was of great help to Jim and me, an' considerin' how much he done for us takin' the huil season through, we forgive him his one little departure from the paths of rec-

amount of animile heat he give out would ha' turned a steam radiator green with envy, an' ye didn't have to keep tendin' to it either. No gettin' up a 4 o'clock in the mornin' to put another log in the stove. No goin' out into the woods after kindlin' to git things started. No pipes freezin' one minute, an' bustin' the next. All we had to do was to draw up a leetle closer to Sapphira an' fergit it twasn't summer. The only trouble was that Sapphira was allers hungry, an' one mornin' while Jim an' me was asleep he caught sight o' the straw an' hay stickin' out of a shole in Jim's mattress, an' when we woke up he'd eat up pretty nearly all the stuffin' in Jim's bed. Jim was pretty mad about it at first, an wanted me to give him a good larrupin', an' sort o' harped on it all day, but the next night when Sapphira eat my mattress, too, he come down off his revengeful perch an' thought it was a pretty good joke."

This is a trolley car exceedin' the last we seen it was the last the last the last we seen it may the targit my said the captain grimly. The was trolley car exceedin' the mean to say 'I began to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it is all the captain grimly. The was a trolley car exceedin' the say that the last we seen it is all the captain grimly. The was trolley car exceedin' the say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it may to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last the last we seen it my matter to say that the last we seen it my matter to say that the last the last we seen it my matter to say that the last the last we seen it my my said the captain grimly. The was trolley car exceedin' the say that the last we seen it may to say that the last the last we stead in the last the last the last the last the last the last

Did Chores on Farm.

"Ain't it funny how the joke on the other feller's allers a good one?" said the postmaster.

"Yes," said the captain. "Some jokes is allers funny, an' some nin't. How-somever, Sapphira stuck to us all winter, and by jings if he didn't foller me home when I come back, an' for three years he stayed there on my farm doin' more chores than any 10 hired men an' a team. He'd haul the plow for me just like a hoss or an ox. When the hay was cut he'd go out an' toss it with them horns o' his like he had a dozen pitchforks onto his head. Him an' me together could load four wagons with hay while the hired men was talkdozen pitchforks onto his head. Him an' me together could load four wagons with hay while the hired men was talkin' how to load one. An' patient! My goodness—that feller Job was a victim of the brain storm habit alongside o' Sapphira. My wife used to make him stand out in the sun for six to ten hours a day with tablecloths an' sheets a dryin' on his horns, an' he never even give a sign of not likin' it; and when my grandson was born we used to swing him in a hammock between two o' Sapphira's antiers, and that there there are not to sleep like a baby.

Gratitude of a Caribou.

"Well, sir," said the captain, addressing me after a pause, "from that time on that caribou was mine. Talk about gratitood bein' a human virtue' Ye needn't tell me that caribous properly treated ain't got it strong. When mornin' come an' Sapphira waked up, he come tottin' along to where I was chosened.

I tell ye I'll never have another pet like Sapphirs, caribou or dog."

"But what became of him captain?"
I asked. "I should like to see him."
"So should I," sighed the captain.
"But I never will—nor you, either. He's gone forever."

The captain brushed the back of his hand roughly over his eyes.

"No, sir, he's gone forever." he continued huskilly. "Ye see, the trolley come through the next year, an' I, like ing! a dern fool, gave 'em a right o' way along the back o' my pasture. They told me the track would attract all the lightnin' on my place, an' my barn an' to buse would thereby escape bein' struck as o I give it to 'em, an' about six months."

Trolley Caribou said he thought it was a ite, an' was goin' to bounce the feller that wrote it as a Nature Fakir."

The captain rose up and bade us all a sorrowful good night.
"I say, Sl," said the postmaster after the apptain had gone. "I'll give ye a stamp if ye'll write to your uncle Jim and ask him if that ever happened."

"What! Don't you know where your own uncle lives?" demanded the postmaster.

"Not now," said Si. "He's dead."
"That's a common habit amongst the captain's witnesses," growled the postmaster. "I hope I don't never see nothmin' ex-tryordinary along with him."

hangin', we'd whistle to Sapphira, an' he'd come bouncin' along like a happy schoolboy playin' he was workin'. Except on one occasion he was of great help to Jim and me, an' considerin' how much he done for us takin' the hull season through, we forgive him his one little departure from the paths of rectitude.

"Ye see when night come on, with the thermom'ter registerin' sil the cold it could, an' pleadin' for seven or eight more inches o' degrees to git at the real truth, Jim an' me used to let Sapphira come into the cabin an' sleep on the floor 'longside of us. An' I tell ye he was better 'n a stove. The amount of animile heat he give out would ha' turned a steam radiator green



got there and asked about it I couldn't git no satisfaction. Even the editor of the paper that printed the story of the Trolley Carlbou said he thought it was

Missions Are Worth While on Ceylon's Spicy Isle

By William T. Ellis. (Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.) OLOMBO, Ceylon.-Reginald Heber has taught more people than have the geographies that there is such a place as Ceylon, and he has determined their impression of it For everybody knows his hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which runs "What though the spicy breezes Rlow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile."

That is a trifle hard on Ceylon, but it has forever marked this island as identified with Christian missions. And they are here, not so apparent, perhaps, as the pleasing prospects, for this is a singularly beautiful land, but still easily discernible to a seeking eye. The first signs of Christianity in this land of palms, spices and tea are the lofty church spires of Colombo, the next the silver crosses about the necks of the diving boys.

The Diving Boys of Colombo. As the ocean liner approaches her

moorings she is surrounded by a fleet of home-made canoes containing native boys, crying: "Dive! Dive! Ten cents! All right! All right! Dive! Dive!" And wonderful little amphiblous animals they are, following the glitter of a far-lung coin clear to the bottom of the mor indulging in a fight under water for p-session of it. Given opportunity, one of the lustrous-eyed urchins with the sun-bleached hair will dive 30 feet from the ship's rail in pursuit of a coin. Long after the passengers have wearied of the amusement the boys will still surround the ship with their cries and teir oft-repeated song. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." until the traveler is quite ready to assent to the hymnwriter's declara-tion that the Singhalese are "vile." These boys are mostly Roman Catho-lics, as are nine tenths of the Christians in the island. So effective has mission work been that Christians are always in-cluded by the natives in any enumerathey are, following the glitter of a far-

in the island. So effective has mission work been that Christians are always included by the natives in any enumeration of the religions of Ceylon. Ten percent of the island's population of 3,500,000 people is Christian. The prevailing faiths are in this numerical order. Buddhist, Hindu, Mohammedan and Christian. Except for the crosses and scapulars (the natives do not wear clothes enough to conceal their scapulars) the Christians may not be known by any outward token. In the case of men, they commonly wear long hair and the comb on top of their heads, which gives them a Mephistophelian appearance; the poorer people are naked to the waist or wear only a breech-clout.

The same is true of the suddhists. The Hindus are Tamils from India, and are smeared on face and body with various sect marks in ashes. The Tamil ringswomen wear nose rings, bracelets, finger rings, anklets and toe rings. The Mahommedan men wear turbans or fez caps and their women, at least of the better class, go veiled.

The Singhalese are a fine-looking, but somewhat feminine people. With good features, an erect carriage and lithe, well-formed bodies, shining in the sun, these soft-eyed men look like philosophers; it is distinctly a shock to find that practically everyone you meet is either quick to beg a gratuity or skillful

these soft-eyed men look like philosophers; it is distinctly a shock to find that practically everyone you meet is either quick to beg a gratuity or skillful in cheating you. The children, veritable black cherubs, run after your carriation is to the cherubs, run after your carriation is described black cherubs, run after your carriation. Sunday schools, Young Men's Buddhist associations and tract distribution.

The Bo Tree and Cricket Match.

Ask the driver of a Colombo ghari to take you to see a banyan tree and pervility seems general; self-respecting independence is a quality chiefly notable for its absence.



THE Y. M. C. A. AT COLOMBO

Our Buddhist guide naively informed us every full moon." For at Kandy is the association building, given by the footh. The tooth that is annually displayed is bogue, the original having been taken away and destroyed by the played is bogue, the original having the temple as a series of pictures who make a series of pictures in the foreign to the temple as the played is bogue, the original having the temple as a series of pictures in the series of the association building, given by the played is bogue, the original having been taken away and destroyed by the been that "All the world comes to Kandy every full moon." For at Kandy is the

The vigor and popularity of the as-

touching their foreleads and crying touching their foreleads and crying touching their foreleads and crying to mommer, got no popper. Please, ask the grown colombo ghard that there are 19 branches scattered by the persistent little beggars are all the while trying to smile the money out of your pockets. But the spirit of take you to see a banyan tree and to take you to see a ban from Iowa, who was for some time sec-

work commends it in a peculiar man-

Dusky Salvation Army Lassies.

Опринция

CA.ADAMS, MOBILL UNIVERSITY

GEN. SECRETARY OF THE Y.M.C.A'S. OF CEYLON

> Like, and yet unlike, home are the native Salvation Army lasses, in the fa-

British crown colony, and the govern-ment maintains a system of medical dispensaries, these being, by the way, a development of medical missions. The only two missionary hospitals in Cey-lon are maintained by the American heard at Jaffra

ond oldest mission. This mission, the ries, 18 churches, 10 ordained pastors, only strictly American one on the is- women, 5 higher educational institu-land, was established in 1826, and it tions, 128 lower schools and 1 industrial has maintained a successful existence school. ever since. In truth, so soundly established and reputable has Christianity complained to me that the church members are in danger of becoming worldly, sion that a country newspaper office just like church members at home!

is at Jaffna, having been in continuous pect News, at Doniphan, Missouri. "I existence since 1823. It now has 200 manage to have people drop into my girls in dormitory. The students are place every little while under the imchiefly high-caste natives, as are most pression that I run a general merchanof the Christians, and recently a nota- disc store. ble victory has been won by the misf equality in all things, with a number men dropped in. of equality in all things, with a number of low-caste students who have been admitted. In the school there are no caste lines whatever. Despite this fact, and despite the fact that the school is strongly Christian in character, nine tenths of its pupils becoming members of the church, high-caste, heathen Hinduparents continue to send their daughters, paying a higher tuition than elsers, paying a higher tuition than else-Jaffna district has a Protestant pop-

ulation of 4,499, of whom half belong to the American mission, the other beto the American mission, the other being divided among several English missions. There are 27,161 Roman Catholics in 1,265 square miles. The whole population is 300,851. The American mission, when all its workers are in the field, has a force of 14 missions.

Missouri Editor's Troubles.

"Some people are under the impres carries a stock of every known article," The oldest mission school for girls said J. P. Campbell, editor of the Pros-

"The girls that set my type have a sionaries in requiring the high-caste habit of hanging their hats in the winpupils to associate closely, on a basis dow, and not long ago two country wo-

was reached when a farmer came walk-ing into the office and back to the mechanical department. "Want to buy some axle grease?"
said the countryman to me.
"Why, this is a newspaper office,"

The Best of Everything

NORTHERN PACIFIC Through Vestibuled Trains, each way between North Pacific Coast Points and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior, carry the latest styles of through Pullman Standard and Touring Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars and handsome Day Coaches. Dining Cars run through and meals are served at regular hours each day.

"North Coast Limited"

daily in each direction-Steam Heated: Electric Lighted; Library, Buffet, Baths and Barber Shop in its unique Observation Car

SEND FOR NORTH COAST LIMITED BOOKLET



Northern Pacific Railway

A. D. Charlton, A. G. P. A. Portland, Oregon Ticket Office Third and Merrison Sts.