THE REFORMATION OF TWO TRAILS

By Henry A. Thompson.

"THAT Indian used to be bad Indian—very bad—but he was reformed; and, curiously enough, the same incident resulted in his moral reformation and his physical deformation."

We were seated on the spacious veranda of Henry Carr's residence, and some called attention to the exceedingly grotesque gait of an Indian, who was leaving the trading store, of which our host was proprietor. The aborigine in question had halted a moment not far from the entrance to the store, and, while he stood still, he was as erect and steady as any man. When he walked, however, his body and legs executed the drollest kind of contortions. His feet moved directly forwards, and his head and shoulders were carried normally, but between these two extremes the trunk and limbs convolved spirally with every step. The effect produced was so irresistibly ludicrous that for a moment it quite obscured our pity for the misshapen condition of the unfortunate redskin. As though replying to the general laugh which rippled over the party, the trader made the remark which opens this story.

"So you want the history of the conversion of the Two Trails," continued Mr. Carr, in response to an inquiry. "It occurred a number of years ago, when I had a store on the Old Yellow Medicine Reserve. The Ojibway and Sioux nations were nominally at peace at that time, not from any superabundance of affection possessed by either for the other, but because the United States troops had made it unpleasant for marauding parties to be found off their reservations without permits. Friendly visitations, were, however, allowed; and one day twelve or fifteen Ojibway braves appeared at the camp of the Red Feather contingent of the Sisseton Sioux, which was pitched near the Black Coules, a deep gash in the Coteaux du Prairie. This was about six miles from my store, which stood at the junction of the stage road and a number of Indian trails; but I was near enough to be fully informed of what was going on. The visiting Ojibways were assigned a comfortable location near a small spring stream, and where wood and grass were abundant. On the first evening, after the horses were tethered and tents set up in the customary semi-circle, the solemn council, without which no Indian celebration would be complete, was observed with all due ceremony. The Sisseton warriors and their guests, seated in a circle, and maintaining a dignified silence, passed the pipe of friendship from one to another. Then the great ones of both sides vied with each other in recounting the wondrous deeds of their forefathers—and themselves. Pledges of undying friendship were exchanged; and finally the council adjourned to the Ojibway tepees, in front of which the Sioux warriors performed the stately "Welcome Dance." After that the days and nights were spent in gambling and in such carnivals of howling, dancing and gorging as only Indians can appreciate or endure.

"In all this Two Trails took a most active and prominent part. As I have said before, he was a bad Indian. His words afforded no foundation upon which to base a forecast of what he was likely to do. If he expressed an intention of following a certain line of conduct it was perfectly reasonable to expect a different action from the one suggested in advance. If he professed a deep admiration it was the part of wisdom to keep a sharp lookout for some act of trickery or vandalism. This habit of saying one thing and doing another gained for the rascal the name of Two Trails; and he seldom disappointed the expectation aroused by the sobriquet. Naturally, then, Two Trails showed his character in his relations with the visitors. None were so assiduous in attendance upon, or so boisterously assertive of affection for the Ojibway braves as he; and it may be added, none profited by the exchange of so-called 'gifts' to such an extent, and none, fairly or unfairly, won so many stakes at the gambling games and dances. The visitors found, at their cost, that the road traveled by Two Trails, was sinuous, and some of them expressed their disapprobation by declining to engage in gambling or sports in which the wily Sioux had part. In all other respects the sojourn of the Ojibways was entirely harmonious; until, one night, a week after their arrival, while hosts and guests were enjoying themselves in a big and final feast at the Sisseton camp, some miscreant shaved the tails and roached the manes of all the Ojibway ponies. The horse of a Plains Indian is more sacred to him than any other possession and, although the curry comb does not contribute much to this result, a proper pride is taken in the welfare and appearance of the steed which bears the dusky master in the chase or on the war path. When the warriors of the Mille Lacs Ojibways reserve, sated with dog soup and good feeling, reached their tepees and discovered the deed done in their absence, their wrath was great. Hastily seeking the spot where the sleepy Sioux were reposing after the festivities of the night, they jabbered gutteral imprecations with such vociferousness that the single interpreter became hopelessly entangled in the maze of angry charges and execrations. The hosts were stout and noisy in their denials; and no one was more conspicuous than Two Trails in the gesticulated and shouted refutation. Suddenly one of the visitors, recalling the fact that Two Trails had been absent for a couple of hours during the sports of the night, advanced upon this crafty gentleman and pulled several strands of horsehair from the beads of his gorgeous vest; at the same time pointing out a number of places where the paint on the body of the Sioux had been scraped off or smeared with soil. These were at once accepted by the Ojibways as conclusive proof that Two Trails had been guilty of a most unpardonable breach of hospitality in offering deep and gratuitous insult to inoffending guests.

"But the Sissetons, while generally disliking their accused fellow-tribesman, whose character was well known to them, were in no mood to look at the trick from the same point of view as their guests. They were not averse to dancing and feasting with their hereditary foes—especially so long as the overawing power of the Great Father, manifested in his blue-coated soldiers, prevented war—but delivering over a number of their tribe to their quondam enemies was quite a different thing, and they did not propose to allow the Ojibways to punish Two Trails for what they regarded as a very cute prank. However, untenable in equity, this position possessed a certain strength, due to the fact, of which both parties were conscious, that had the moccasin been on the other foot, the visitors would have taken the same prejudiced view. Still, the most approved forms of justice were observed. A council was called immediately and the remainder of the night was given up to deliberation. Red Feather, the ranking Sioux chief present, arose and called upon the Ojibways to state their grievance; which they did in a series of harrangues, dwelling upon the enormity of the offense and asserting the identity of the culprit. Two Trails, in turn, pointed out with great clearness and a mighty show of virtuous indignation, that, being the owner of horses himself, it was nothing remarkable for horsehairs to be found entangled in his clothing and that so far as the defacement of the color scheme of his personal decoration was concerned every man present was more or less in the same condition, as a result of the preceding festivities. This attempt to prove an alibi was received with grunts of approval, and when Red Feather, rising, declared his conviction of Two Trails' innocence and added the insinuation that the Ojibways had shaved the tails of their own ponies for a casus belli, the enthusiasm of the Sissetons expressed itself in ejaculations of delight.

"TWO TRAILS REAPPEARED RUNNING AT FULL SPEED."

"Convinced that no satisfaction would be given them, the visitors left the council circle in bad spirits, and immediately struck their tents. They had intended calling at other villages of the Sisseton nation; but now, as they would be the laughing stock of all, further sojourn was out of the question. They reached my store, bound for home, about 10 o'clock of that day, and stopped to purchase powder and shot. There were no buffalo or deer left in the country, and the sport was limited then, as now, to small game, for which shot was the only suitable ammunition. I noticed that most of them were armed with old-fashioned smoothbore muskets, which would throw shot better than ball. They hung about a couple of hours, and one of their number, who spoke English, related to me the events of the unfortunate visit. He was unsparing in his denunciation of the whole Sioux family, insisting at great length and proving categorically to his own satisfaction that none of them, from the best who were poor enough, to the worst who were dogs and beneath contempt, respected the courtesies of friendship, the rights of hospitality, or the decencies of ordinary existence. He finished his tirade with a vehement assertion of Two Trails' guilt, and an equally vehement declaration that if the Ojibways ever caught the culprit where they could have their way with him, he would rue the day he had disfigured the ponies. At present, he said, they would get out of the country as fast as possible, for if the Sioux treated guests in such a fashion what might they not do to a small party of Ojibways taken at a disadvantage. Finally they left, turning directly east and disappearing in a large wooded ravine which cut the prairie about a half a mile away.

"About three hours after the departure of the Ojibways Two Trails appeared at my store and, with the indefiniteness characteristic of the Indian when dealing with any remedial agent for bodily illness, said he wanted 'medicine.' In reply to my questions he informed me that his squaw had been kicked by a horse. I asked him why he did not call in the doctor at the agency, to which he replied that the agency medicine was no good. I inferred that his wife, always a good second in his villainy, had assisted in barbering the Ojibways horses and had been kicked during the operation, and I accordingly gave him a bottle of liniment, warranted harmless when applied externally or taken internally, for the Indian has an idea that medicine is medicine. Two Trails also purchased some ammunition. His gun was a .58 caliber Sharp's carbine, the brass shells of which he loaded with shot and used it as a breech-loading shotgun. It was not the equal of a high-grade hammerless, to be sure, but good enough for the Indian style of pothunting. Questioning failed to elicit any definite information regarding the part which my customer had played in the prank that had broken off friendly relations with the visiting Ojibways. Two Trails inquired, in turn, whether the latter band had passed my way. I replied in the affirmative and gave him some scraps of my conversation with the interpreter, which seemed to put the Sisseton rascal in high humor. 'Horsehair rope plenty in Red Feather camp,' he remarked as he took his departure.

"Beyond the ravine I have mentioned, and at the distance of a mile or so from my quarters, there was a marshy lake frequented by large flocks of ducks. It was the best shooting ground within a radius of several miles. Toward this lake the Indian directed his steps. As I watched his lithe, straight form, and noted his rapid, springy form, it occurred to me that if he were only as finely developed in mind and character as in body he would be a magnificent man. The afternoon was beautiful, the season being early autumn, and I sat in front of the store enjoying the prairie scenery and half-consciously following the receding figure of Two Trails, as he wended his way across the level sward and entered the ravine at a point considerably southward from the crossing place of the Ojibways, whom I supposed to be now many miles to the eastward.

"Suddenly Two Trails reappeared, running at full speed toward me. A minute or two later the whole Ojibway contingent also emerged into the open, lashing their rat-tailed nags to full gallop in pursuit of the Sisseton. I understood the situation at a glance: the Ojibways, ostensibly departing for home, had really camped down in the ravine to plan, and wait for revenge, and the very man they were looking for had, by chance, stumbled almost into their grasp. Two Trails was one of the best runners of his tribe and had a fair start, but was afoot. His sprinting on this occasion fully sustained his reputation and would have given him new prestige with his comrades had they been there to see it. He knew that if he reached my store before the Ojibways overtook him he would be safe; as I would not allow any brawling there, nor would his enemies dare to attempt forcible entry. But his task was hopeless from the first. Some three hundred yards from the store a few furrows had been plowed as a fireguard, for it was the time of year for the prarie grass to burn off. As Two Trails neared the broken sod he turned his head and measured the distance and speed of his pursuers; then, looking forward again, he seemed to calculate his chances of winning the race. A single glance was sufficient to show him the futility of further effort. The shallow trench cut by the plowshare was a poor sort of siege-work, yet it afforded more cover than six-inch buffalo grass; and, with Indian quickness to take advantage of any defense, the hard pressed Sioux dropped full length into the furrow. Quickly seizing a couple of sods he made a small rampart on either side of his head, evidently determined, like a cornered dog, to make the best fight the circumstances would allow.

"The avengers came swiftly on; parting, as by tacit consent, when they neared their prostrate foe, and completely encircling him, at a distance of a hundred yards or more. Then, at a signal from the leader, the circle began to move, and, at the same time, the Ojibways began peppering the exposed parts of Two Trails' body with shot. The range was too long for the pellets to penetrate deeply into the luckless victim, but they stung like fire. At every discharge a yell of pain and rage arose from the Sisseton, and he writhed in movements resembling those of a huge snake. But his outcries were answered by shrieks of delighted laughter from the Ojibway ring. It was the first time, and they enjoyed the sport to the full. I would have liked to assist the poor scamp, much as he deserved his punishment; but decided that my safety and that of my family depended absolutely on the exclusive attention I should give to my own business. Round and round rode the happy and enthusiastic warriors, screaming with merriment at each successful shot and the cries and contortions it elicited. Two Trails tried again and again to get an opportunity to return the fire, but was each time forced to duck his head behind the sod shelter for fear of being hit where it would be dangerous to eyesight or to life.

"Why did not the Ojibways ride up and kill him? Because that would have aroused the whole tribe, and the slayers would not have been likely to escape; especially as it would then be necessary to reckon with the Great Father, who, from his home in Washington, has a long arm. The injured visitors considered retaliation for the insult offered them as fully justifiable; but killing a man was a serious offense, particularly if the deed was done in an enemy's country with a long road to travel before reinforcements could be secured. So they contented themselves with puncturing Two Trails in as many places as possible. They were artistic about it, too, according to their notions of dramatic effect. One brave would ride out from the ring, swing his body on one side of the horse, and shoot under the animal's neck. Another, throwing himself on the ground, would imitate the bodily convulsions of the helpless victim, highly elated if his mimicry was successful enough to attract the attention of his fellows. All together the Ojibways burned enough powder to have made a couple of rounds for a regiment. Much of their shooting was wide of the mark, for Indians are proverbially bad marksmen; a circumstance which was fortunate for Two Trails. If he had received all the lead fired at him it would have required a derrick to have lifted him out of the furrow and a team of army mules to have hauled him home. However, enough shot reached the mark to make the Sisseton very tired of playing the star part in a performance given for the exclusive entertainment of others. At last, probably because their ammunition was nearly exhausted, the Ojibways desisted and rode off, singing and yelling long after they were out of sight, beyond the timbered ravine from which they had emerged.

"Two Trails, with assistance, crawled to my store where, for a couple of weeks, I had him on my hands. He was really a very sick Indian. None of the shot had penetrated to a vital spot, but from his shoulders down to his feet, the perforations of his skin were almost as numerous as the meshes of a wire screen. The agency physician came down to see him and prescribed such remedies as seemed to fit the case; but it was long before the severely punished man was able to get about unaided, and he has never walked straight since. I do not know whether his trouble is muscular or nervous, but the effect is what you have seen.

"Morally, however, Two Trails is as upright as could be desired. From the memorable day of the Ojibway fusillade he has never been known to lie, steal or play a mean trick. The young braves of the tribe have come to look upon him as a model of rectitude and righteousness, and it is no uncommon thing to hear him reproving their lapses into deceit. Indeed, by many of his tribe, he has been given the name of One Road, as indicative of the directness of his reformed character.

A POLICY OF SILENCE--By Victor L. Whitechurch

WALTER MERITON put the question boldly to David Cartwright, even as he had promised the latter's daughter that he would, and now he waited, looking straight at the stern, business-like face of the assistant superintendent of the line for his reply, but already reading a decided negative therein.

"See here, Mr. Meriton," he said presently, "some men in my position would have been highly offended at this. But I don't want to treat you in that way. Understand that I am not in the least angry with you for asking the hand of my daughter, though I must confess you have taken me by surprise. But my answer must be no!"

"May I ask your reasons, sir?"

"You may. In the first place you are both very young—my daughter especially. In the second place, I intend that my daughter shall marry a man who is able to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed, which you are certainly unable to do at present. And in the third place, you will pardon me for saying so, I do not see any special indications that you will rise to such a position. The C. M. & St. P. Railroad company, as you very well know, makes no promotion by favoritism. Every man must win his way up the ladder, as I have had to do myself."

"At least you will permit me to say," replied the young man, "that your answer does not appear to me to be a final one."

A grim smile broke upon the lips of the other.

"It is absolutely final so far as the present is concerned," he said; "and unless you progress up the ladder it will be final in the future. The fact of your being what is called a gentleman makes no difference. The question is, how do you stand with us from a business point of view? Your chief merit is your knowledge of German. There you are useful to us in our correspondence. But do something smart on the line, my lad," he went on kindly, "do something smart! That's the way to get on."

"I'll try, sir—for Evie—Miss Cartwright's sake."

"Very likely. But understand me that from this moment you must not say another word to her on the subject. She must be left free. Can I trust you?"

"Certainly."

"I do, then. Can I also trust you to tell her yourself? Of course, I shall speak to her, but as you have already some understanding between you, it devolves upon your honor to break it off."

"Very well, sir."

"And now to work. I want you to run down to St. Paul tomorrow and make thorough investigations as to the working of the staff there. I'm not quite satisfied about things, and I want a full report before I go down myself. There's a slack tone about the station, and complaints have reached me. We'll go over them, now."

He went through a bundle of documents with the young man and finally dismissed him with the injunction to take the 9:30 express the next morning.

Then he lay back in his chair a minute or two and pondered.

"I like the fellow," he admitted, "and I know Evie's fond of him. But I haven't seen real grit in him yet. Well, time will prove."

Walter Meriton somehow found an opportunity of seeing the assistant superintendent's daughter before the day was over. Possibly the meeting had been arranged beforehand.

"Well," she asked, "did you see him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

Meriton told her.

"Good old dad," she replied, "I knew he liked you. Then it's all right, Walter."

"I don't see that it's all right at all, dear," said the young man gloomily. "We've got to break off the engagement, and——"

"You silly boy," she interrupted, "just as if it really matters. It's only for a time. I'll wait for you if—if you don't make me wait too long," she added roguishly.

"Of course I shall try and win you."

"Try? You must succeed, you know. Father's perfectly right. He thinks I'm worth the winning, and I am. Don't you agree with him?"

His answer was wordless.

There was a resolute look in Walter Meriton's face when he rose next morning. He noticed it himself in the glass. He meant business, did this young man. He had sat up half the night going deeply into the question of the St. Paul station staff, for he intended this report to be his first little rung up the ladder before him.

Railway men from guards to superintendent are generally the last to get into a starting train. So, as Walter Meriton walked on to the platform alongside which stood the St. Paul express, the guard was just preparing to wave his green flag. Even then, Meriton did not hurry, but exchanged a word or two with one of the officials.

Then, just as the train began to move, he made a dash at a first-class compartment. It was locked, but the other hastily produced his key and opened it and Meriton swung himself in. As he looked out of the window to say a last word to the official, he heard a deep voice behind him in German:

"Ach Gott! Curse him, I thought we had the compartment to ourselves! I gave the guard five dollars to lock us in."

He was on the point of turning to apologize when he heard another voice say in the same language:

"Bad luck! But we must settle with him if he is troublesome."

Now Walter Meriton was a thorough German scholar. He had spent three years in a school in Germany, and could speak the language fluently. With great presence of mind he turned naturally from the window and seated himself, never betraying by the slightest movement that he had understood a word. Instinct told him that something was amiss.

He looked for a moment carelessly at his companions. They were two evil-looking men—one short and sandy haired, with little grey eyes that never kept still; the other big and sinewy, a very powerful-looking fellow. They, in return, looked at him closely. Evidently their suspicions were aroused. So were his, but he never showed it.

Then the short man leaned over and spoke to him in German, asking whether he objected to smoking. By no hint did he betray himself.

He simply shook his head and remarked in English that he did not understand.

"We want to schmoke," said the German in English.

"Oh, certainly!"

He smiled and nodded. But the other man was not satisfied. Turning to Meriton he let fly a volley of the foulest abuse in German.

Meriton did not turn a hair, though he understood perfectly. He only shrugged his shoulders and looked bewildered.

Then the short man explained, after a pause: "Mine friend shpeaks not English. He ask you for matches!"

Meriton gave him a box with a laugh, and then took out his pocketbook and busied himself with his papers, pretending to take no notice. But he kept his ears open. The others began to talk in German.

"We may speak," said the short man; "he does not understand."

"No, but he will be in the way."

"What shall we do?"

"Don't worry, my friend. We are a match for him, and we can easily tie him up and put him under the seat."

This cheerful bit of information was duly digested by Walter Meriton, but he appeared quite engrossed in his papers. They glanced at him sideways. It was evident he knew no German.

"And now to business," said the bigger man. "You have brought them?"

"Two of them—in the bag," and he jerked his thumb toward the rack.

"Good! Here is the plan."

He called it Eisenbahn Fahrplan in German, and he pulled a printed paper from his pocket. Meriton gave one lit-tle glance toward it, and set himself with a mighty effort to keep his countenance. For he had instantly recognised it as the paper of special working instructions for a train that was to run that morning from St. Paul to Chicago and which was to carry no less a personage than the governor of Montana, who after a visit to the governor of Minnesota was on his way to Chicago upon another visit.

He might well recognize it, for he had helped to draw it up himself and had dispatched copies of it to all the principal officials along the line some days before. Somehow or other these men had managed to get hold of a copy, and he guessed it meant mischief.

Just a word or two as to these "special working instructions" which are always issued when any excursion or special trains are run. The train in question is carefully timed from start to finish all along the route, not only the times of running through the stations being put down for the guidance of the driver and station-masters, but also the principal signal-cabins and other points on the road.

Provision is also made for shunting ordinary trains into "refuge" sidings, to allow of the passing of the special," while instructions are carefully issued as to the number of coaches of which the "special" is to be composed, and in the case of governors, mayors, etc., traveling the exact position of his saloon in the train is laid down.

High officials of the line always travel on such a train, and in this case Meriton knew very well that David Cartwright, his own particular "chief," had gone down to St. Paul by an early "special" that morning in order to accompany the governor on his journey to Chicago.

So, though apparently engaged in his papers, he was all attention, congratulating himself on his assumed ignorance of German.

"Now, then," said the bigger man, "we must find out the exact time when our train is likely to pass this one," indicating the special. "You see, it is time to run through Evanston at 10:55. Now, we don't stop at Evanston, but I have found out from the 'Working Time Table' that we are due there at 10:35. So, you see, it will be about 10 minutes or so the other side of Evanston. There's a signal cabin called Pine Tree Box that the special passes at 10:42. That will be about the point where we shall cross it."

"We must keep the time carefully."

"Of course. And one of us must be looking out of the window down the line. The governor travels in the third saloon from the engine. We must have the bombs ready in our hands and throw them in as near as we can guess. It will have to be done in a second. I'll throw from the center window, and you must throw from the side one at the same time. We'll have to break it first."

"How about this cursed Englishman?"

"I told you, we must tie him up. As for ourselves, well, we knew the risk when we drew lots at the meeting. If our driver hears the explosion and stops, we must make a bolt for it. If not, we'll pull the communication cord before we get to St. Paul in a tunnel if we can and get clear as best we may."

Walter Meriton had taken in the whole situation, but his face showed no signs of it. These men were about to make a desperate attempt upon the governor's life, by endeavoring to hurl a couple of bombs into his saloon as the trains passed each other.

It was a clever scheme. They knew the "special" would be well guarded and watched, that plate-layers all along the line would be stationed at bridges and all likely points of danger, but that no one would suspect an attack from the St. Paul express.

Rapidly he reviewed the situation. There was a three-fold reason for action. First, the governor was in danger; secondly, his chief's life was at a like risk; and thirdly, there was the honor of the company at stake.

How could he stop these men?

They were powerful-looking fellows, and was no use attacking them. If he attempted to pull the communication cord, which was outside the window on their side of the compartment, they would stop him at once; he must, in any case, act quickly, for they were going to render him powerless very soon.

Suddenly an inspiration struck him. It was more difficult than ever now to appear perfectly oblivious of the other men, but by a great effort he did so. He had his pocket case on his knees, and his hands were holding the papers upon which he was pretending to take notes, apparently. Presently he took a bit of paper out of his pocket case, taking care, as he did so, that his traveling companions could not see the printed matter thereon.

It was a small paper, nearly square, of a type very familiar to a certain class of railway men, being a telegraph form for the sending of official messages. He noted the number of the carriage and compartment, and then, very leisurely, so as not to attract suspicion, wrote these words:

From St. Paul Express, 3824, C. Dynamitards in compartment. Mean wreck Governor of Montana special. Stop train at Evanston—Meriton.

Carelessly putting his hand in his pocket, he took out four or five coppers, wrapped them up in the telegraph form, held it in his left hand, and prepared for action.

Then he looked out of the window. It was a clean run of six miles to the next station, and the train would pass a signal cabin on that side of the line in half a minute.

Should he wait for the station?

Then he heard one man say to the other: "We'd better tackle this fool soon."

That decided him. Standing up, he looked out of the window, holding his left hand well down outside over the door panel, and pretended to be interested in a ruin that was in the distance.

Then, as the train neared the box, he waved his arm up and down with a peculiar motion, still keeping it out of the sight of the two men, glancing at the cabin. To his joy, the man was standing at the open window.

Out flew the weighted bit of paper and fell by the side of the line. The signalman put up his hand with a quick jerk. He had seen it, and understood.

The next moment a violent blow struck upon the young man's head from behind, and he fell senseless.

When he came to himself he found that he was lying on the hard floor of the carriage. His hands and feet were firmly tied with string and handkerchiefs, a bandage was over his eyes, and a gag was fastened in his mouth. The train was still rushing along at full speed.

"Better to have given him a few inches of knife," he heard the shorter man growl.

"Oh, it's all right," said the other. "We've no quarrel against him, and he can't do us any harm. Now, then, we're only a few miles off Evanston, and there isn't any time to lose. Better get that window smashed."

There was a crash of glass as his companion struck at the quarter-light with his stick.

"Now, the bombs. Put them on the seat ready. That's right."

Still the train ran on. There was a long silence. Then came a resounding whistle.

"Just going to run through Evanston," exclaimed one of the men.

But the whistle was shortly followed by a grating on the wheels.

"Himmel! the signal's against us. Put those things back in the bag. So!"

"Are we stopping?"

"Yes—no! The man in the signal-box is waving a green flag. We are going on. No—no, we're stopping again. Lucky we gagged that fool. Ah, we're going to stop in the station. Curse it! Keep still, my friend!"

Walter Meriton heard, understood, and rejoiced. The next moment a voice on the platform exclaimed:

"This is 3824, C!" and the lock clicked.

The villians were completely taken by surprise as a couple of policemen and a railway official dashed in. They tried to open the other door and escape, but in vain. They were handcuffed before they knew what had happened, and the railway official had opened the bag.

"Bombs!" he exclaimed, "and a broken quarter light. Going to throw 'em at the 'special,' that's it. Lucky we got the message in time. Where's Mr. Meriton, though? I hope they haven't done for him."

There a form rolled out from under the seat, and Meriton got his bonds off and his gag out. Directly he had done so he made the captives a mocking speech in excellent German.

"Ach!" shouted the bigger of the two as he shook his handcuffed fists, "I wish I had listened to Heinrich and killed you—you pig!"

Meriton acknowledged the sentiment politely, and the train went on, leaving the prisoners behind.

"Meriton," said the assistant superintendent, "the company won't forget this. Neither shall I, for I owe you something personally over it."

"Which I hope you'll pay, sir?" asked Meriton demurely.

"Eh? No, I told you the other day I make no personal favoritism, and I stick to that. But you've shown yourself a smart man, and I'll give you a promise. When you've got your divisional superintendentship you shall marry Evie. There?"

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile? Oh, well, you're on the way to it. The G. M.'s got a post for you over this affair. So, well—you'd better go and make it all right with Evie, my lad. That's what you want, I suppose, eh?"

RUNAWAY SWISS LAKE.

Marjelen Has Again Broken Way Through Aletsch Glacier.

From the New York Sun.

Visitors to the Alps know the magnificent panorama that is unfolded from the top of the Eggishorn, the highest summit on the rocky ridge between the great glacier of Aletsch and the valley of the Rhone.

There is a splendid view over the Bernese Alps to the north, and the jumble of snow peaks to the south are revealed in all their grandeur. But the sight that first of all attracts attention is the Aletsch glacier, the largest in Europe, and little Lake Marjelen, half a mile north of the Eggishorn, with its dark green waters and the tiny icebergs on its surface.

This is not the sight tourists would see from the top of Eggishorn today. A little while ago Lake Marjelen disappeared in a night. The deep chasm it fills was dry the next morning. The great chunks of ice were stranded on its floor.

In its peculiar way Marjelen is the most famous of the Swiss lakes. It stands 7,764 feet above the sea. On three sides steep rock slopes wall it in. On the west side it is bordered by the Aletsch glacier.

A singular phenomenon has long attracted attention. From time to time the lake suddenly disappears. Its basin was completely emptied 11 times from 1813 to 1887. In 1878 all the water left the lake in eight hours. In 1878 it was emptied in 30½ hours, and in 1887 in 10 hours.

This is a wonderful fact, in view of the prodigious quantity of water that is sent thundering down to the lower valleys in so short a time. The lake is 4,920 feet, or nearly a mile long. Its width is about 984 feet; its depth is from 30 to 150 feet, and its water content has been estimated to be 10,400,000 cubic meters. This immense volume escapes in channels under the glacier, and as it yours along a sound like the rumble of thunder is heard.

Naturally the flood does great damage below, and the little lake has an evil reputation among the inhabitants of the Massa valley, through which the waters of the Aletsch glacier reach the Rhone. The farmers there are very poor and wrest with difficulty a slender livelihood from the meager fields. But these fields have again been destroyed, and much damage has been done to property along the Rhone far to the west.

Rarely have the people received any warning of the approach of the torrent. But since 1687 they have slept securely, believing that the treacherous lake would never harm them again.

Engineers studied the problem of safe guarding them from the constant danger. They found the cause of the trouble to be the opening of deep crevasses on the side of the glacier, against which the lake abuts. In 1887 a stone wall was built along the glacier edge while the lake was empty.

The work was well done and pronounced to be an adequate remedy. Marjelen for all the years since, until the present occurrence, has kept within bounds, and its overflow has been carried off to the east in the valley of the little Fiesch river. But the day was approaching when the people were to be rudely awakened from their dream of safety.

It appears that the foundation of the wall became undermined and through the opening the lake drained away into a deep crevasse that split the side of the glacier from top to bottom. More adequate means of protection must now be sought.

The lake derives its waters from the melting snows of the surrounding mountains. When the crevasse that opens a door of escape to the waters passes beyond the western limit of the lake the basin begins to fill again.

The lake was drained in January, 1883, and on July 13 it was full again. It is not unlikely that in the last weeks of the coming tourist season the deep bowl will be brimming again with the dark green waters.

Japanese Farmers.

Fresno, Cal., Correspondence of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wherever the Japanese farmer comes in force he drive out the white man from the community. His presence is as surely depressing upon real estate values as the presence of a colony of negroes is in a southern city. The Japanese farm laborer in the small fruit sections of the state can find employment at wages of $1.25 to $1.75 a day. In the great prune-growing district of Santa Clara valley they can make as much as $3 a day during the picking season. They live on next to nothing and save their money. To their savings they add money advanced from Japan, or they did until the panic cut off the supply from home, then go out to buy or lease land.

The Japanese in California own over 1,000 farms, an aggregate of more than 100,000 acres. There can be little doubt that many of the farms were acquired with money advanced from Japan by the financial agents of the all-grasping imperial household. A Tokio banker is responsible for the statement that the imperial household is interested in land holdings in California, Texas, Louisiana and Colorado. The agitation for a law to prevent aliens holding land in California grows out of the general dislike for the Japanese and the increasing fear of their encroachment upon agricultural industries.

Carefully Revised.

"Is there anything," asked the preacher, "that you would have me leave out of the service? Some ladies prefer to have the word 'obey' omitted."

"Thank you, yes," replied the up-to-date girl. "Leave that out, and also the 'till-death-do-us-part' foolishness. One never can tell in these days what may happen, you know."

The estate of David Valentine was settled at Fall River, Mass., after having been in the courts 103 years.

WORK A LITTLE MORE
By John-Anderson Jayne

THE "and then some" principle holds good in pretty nearly every department of life.

The man who is not afraid to do a little more than he is paid for doing is usually the man who "gets there" with both beet pointing upward in the path of better things.

Men who simply do the stunt that the boss has laid out for them usually do it with a whine and a grunt, making life miserable and uncomfortable for all with whom they come in contact. Shirkers are never companionable workers.

The man who is satisfied only when he has done just a little more than he has been asked to do, is the man who sings about his work and whistles in his task. He is the man who makes the place vibrate with his cheerfulness and keeps everyone around him in good nature.

Invariably the man who shirks in his work is a man who makes trouble in the "works." That shirkers are jerkers is a well-known fact among men who are in the habit of giving employment to men. The man who is willing to do all that he can and is not afraid to work a few minutes after the whistle blows, if necessary, is the man who, with the passage of the years, rises from the ranks of the employe to the office of employer.

It is all very well to say that a man in a big establishment is unnoticed. But since time began, the old proverb, "Even a child is known by his doings," has obtained currency. What is true of the child holds good in the life and work of the man, it matters little however humble his position in an establishment. "Beest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," he shall not stand before mean men," holds as true to life today as it did thousands of years ago when the wise men of the past first recognised the truth and put it into the form of words.

It is the men who watch for opportunities to do a little bit more who get the chances to make good in larger and more responsible positions. The man with the open eyes always finds the open door. There are very few real geniuses in the world, but capacity for doing hard work and a little bit more than they are paid for, brings many a man of mediocre ability to positions where there are splendid opportunities for working to the full limit of his capacity.

The man who does a little bit more than he is paid for is the man who finds that his resources for the accomplishment of more and better work are unfailing. He who uses the little that he has will find that little to be like the widow's cruse of oil, never ending, never failing. There is always a little bit more for the man willing to do a little bit more.

Men with the little bit more spirit have made possible all the marvels of invention that have made this era the most remarkable era that man has known since time began.

Fulton, having the little bit more spirit, gave the steamboat. Morse, having the little bit more spirit, gave the electric telegraph. Stephenson, having the little bit more spirit, gave the locomotive. Cyrus W. Field, having the little bit more spirit, gave the Atlantic cable. Bell, Edison, Marconi, and a host of others, of whom idle spirits are unworthy, having the little bit more spirit, have struck high chimes in the steeples of time and sent the knowledge of larger things and better up and down the hills and dales of life. The little bit more spirit has transformed life and given to mankind a new zest, a new quest, and a new field for the strength of their heart and brain.

To have more, you must do more.

To achieve more, you must attempt more.

To win more, you must fight more.

To be more, you must think more, work more.

He who is satisfied in the todays of life will never come to the great tomorrows with the passage of the years.

As mountain peaks catch the first rays of the morning sun and are bathed in its lingering lights of evening, so the man who does a little more and then some, finds new joys every morning and fresh delights with the passing of the hours.

Don't let foolish people fool you by telling you that when you do a little bit more you are not working for yourself, but for your employer, and simply increasing his wealth, for every added effort of your life makes your life stronger, fits and prepares you for the larger thing that lies around the corner for the man who persistently and patiently does a little bit more than he is paid for.