

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

BY W. A. FRASER.

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CHAPTER III.

THE BELIEF OF SWEET-GRASS. That was the beginning. Sweet-Grass had been graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model was soon outclassed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal pagan. No glinting of a light that illumined the wrong doing side of horse stealing and killing that thwarted the narrow pathway of his pagan mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree pantheon, they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe, the Blackfeet.

No Sweet-Grass served the Great Spirit with an eager vigor that left many a scalp hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the medicine man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he studied the census of his neighbors his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen chief, and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the rukom, for Sweet-Grass honored her in his prosperity even as she had tolled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the traps.

CHAPTER IV. THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS. Father Lacombe was a great warrior as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a warlike brave. His bow was the Christian religion and his arrows God's will, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Cree's ropes he wandered at will, and with the Blackfeet he slept back to back on the sky-tipped cairn.

As a rule, an Indian does not receive a visitor with open arms. He is not looking for it; he has other things to think of.

And, though they received the father for his own sake, his Master's commands they cared not much about.

Father Lacombe was working his way southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May.

He came upon a small party of Blackfeet. With them they had a captive—a young Indian.

Practically Christianity was part of a father's creed, and he determined to convert the young man.

Two Winks came and stood in the light of the campfire.

"Camp here," he said to them, for a pagan with Indians is like a Chinese with a white man.

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JOKED WITH A BEAR.

ZEB WHITE HAD A HEAP OF FUN WITH THE VARMINT.

The Possum Hunter's Story of the Tricks He Played on Poor Bruin and the Way the Unforgiving Beast Beat Him Out of the Hide.

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"One September day," said the old possum hunter of Tennessee as I asked him for a story, "I was sittin on these yere steps smokin my pipe when a b'ar suddenly appeared out thar by the corner of the pipen. I didn't git distracted. I seen the b'ar was pore in deah, and I knowed his fur wasn't prime. It ain't no use to kill a b'ar jest for the sake of killin. Besides, thar was somethin sort of cute lookin in his face. As we looked at each other he cocked his ears and seemed to say:

"Hello, Zeb White! I've called around to see yo'. I won't be with you for two months yit, and meanwhile, if yo' don't mind, we'll hev some fun."

"I took it that he said that, and the old woman took it that way, too, and so I didn't skeer him off. He sauntered around fur a spell and then disappeared, but I knowed what he was up to. I had two lives of bees, and he

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give me back Two Winks?" cried Many Herbs. "Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked the little Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the priest. "You have forgotten one thing you have forgotten the power of this." And he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen campfire flickered against the brass image of the Saviour drooping from the cruel, boiling nails.

Surely the light of his mission was in the gray eyes of the black-cloaked man as he drew himself up to his full height and held the figure toward the Indians with a commanding supplication.

It was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call on your medicine to give us Two Winks. If it can do that, I will believe—I and my tribe. The little father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The chief and the priest were old friends, almost old antagonists, on the question. "Pere Lacombe knew that Sweet-Grass' words were like the dew of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon."

"And I have heard," he said as the Cree chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips. "I have heard, and my Master has heard, and the power of the cross is for good!"

Among the whites Pere Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted, and as the priest spoke he started forward eagerly in a half-finished way, a giant wild eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two Winks," he whispered huskily, expectantly.

"Yes," answered the priest in his deep voice as he drew aside the curtains of the tent.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two Winks came and stood in the light of the campfire.

The same light that had flickered at the brass Saviour's streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair and showed the great love light in the sparkling eyes.

Pere Lacombe stood a little to one side, with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour as he held it against his breast. The power of the cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

The Antithetical Chinaman. To attempt to get a Chinaman to assign a reason for anything is futile. One day while riding a donkey through the country west of Peking I noticed that the women of the country villages, mostly farmers' wives and daughters, did not bind their feet.

"I said to the donkey driver who was running along beside me, 'The country women do not bind their feet, do they?'"

"Why?"

"They do not bind their feet."

"Why is it that the Chinese women bind their feet?"

"They bind their feet."

"But why do they do it?"

"That is their custom."

"But why is it their custom?"

"There is no why—no reason whatever."

"Ask a child, 'Why did your brother not come to school today?'"

"My brother did not come to school today."

"Or inquire of a man, 'Why is it that the Chinese build a pagoda 12 stories high?' and he will most probably answer, 'That is the way to build a pagoda.'"—Isaac Taylor Headland of University of Peking in Washington Star.

Effect of Her Prayers. A Philadelphia woman relates the following instance of an answer to prayer: "One day I was walking on the street when I saw a runaway horse galloping toward me. The driver had lost all control over the animal, and as the wagon was swaying from side to side the driver seemed in great danger of being thrown out and severely injured. If not killed, I stepped into the street and prayed for the horse with all my might. It gave one look at me, stopped an instant, and I was amazed.

"But that isn't all. The driver, seeing the horse was subsiding, was about to seize the whip, with the intention of lashing the beast, when I directed my prayers toward him. He at once gave up his cruel design, jumped from his seat and began patting the horse's head. Then I went on my way rejoicing."—New York Tribune.

"These Loving Girls."

"Oh, yes," said the brunette, "it was very sweet of Marie to give me that blue gauze scarf. She knows I look a fright in blue, but the scarf is lovely and just the thing she wants to wear over her yellow hair. I'm not going to leave it around where she can borrow it, though. I'll keep it safely on till her birthday next month, when I will have it dyed scarlet for her."—New York Mail and Express.

THE SCHOOL IN A CAVE.

A most novel building is that on the banks of the Smoky Hill river a few miles east of Kanopolis, Ellsworth county, Kan. It is known as the home of the cliff dwellers and richly deserves the name. It is a huge cliff 60 feet high, rising sheer from the bottom lands along the river and a few hundred feet from the banks of the stream. It was the headquarters of an old band of Indians, and the records of the tribe are cut deep in the face of the wall, still clear and sharp after long centuries of western wind and storm.

At the base of the cliff are limestone caves washed out by the waters of other days and enlarged by the people of this generation. Doors have been fixed in the openings that lead to the outer air, and of course all the light comes from that direction.

The caves are used by the people for various purposes, but the most interesting is that of holding the district school. For this purpose has been selected a room 12 by 14 feet square and with high ceilings. In one corner has been fitted up the teacher's desk, and the maps and charts are fastened to the wall. The rough rocks arch over the whole, and the pupils are surrounded by walls that are cool and solid, while their seats and desks are placed on the earthen floor. The light comes from the door, though there is at times a necessity of a lamp when the sky is lowering. Day after day they study and recite in the little school, secure from the dangers of storm or flood, for the cyclone and lightning are not to be feared in this secure retreat.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Suicide Steamer. There are "suicide ponds," "suicide rooms," and there are "suicide craft," too.

One of the ferryboats plying between New York and Jersey City is called the "suicide boat," or was a few years ago. Among seafaring men the belief is common that if during the building or the first trip of a vessel some bloody deed be committed aboard it will be the scene of a whole series of terrible occurrences.

This certainly holds good of the steamer Leopold II, plying between Ostend, Belgium, and Dover, England. The Leopold II is one of about a dozen vessels in the same service, but those intending to end their lives between Ostend and Dover invariably select that particular steamer whereon to commit the deed.

The fourteenth suicide on the Leopold II occurred a few weeks ago. Shortly before arriving at Ostend the sailors heard a faint detonation, but paid no attention to it, believing it to have been the report of a cannon fired at Ostend to warn the vessels of the heavy fog along shore.

But when the passengers had left the steamer a new hat, a new coat and a discharged revolver were found on deck. Some unknown unfortunate had shot himself and caused himself to fall overboard.

"No. 14," said the sailors.

Object Lessons in Finance. Some months ago a United States commissioner, taking a house in Porto Rico, hired a man to wash the windows and another to scrub the floors. The bills submitted were for \$12 and \$7 respectively. "What does this mean?" was the astonished query. "Twelve dollars, man, for one day's work? You must be crazy!"

"Oh," came the courteous reply, "of course I only expect a dollar and a half for myself, but that is the way we always made out bills for Spanish officers."

"Take back your bills," was the emphatic reply, "and make them out honestly."

While such an incident warms the pride of the United States the honest reader cannot ignore the current out-crowd of great embezzlements in our own banking houses nor certain less important incidents of the past weeks.

Three clerks were recently dismissed from a prominent savings bank. They were neat, accurate, prompt and in no case had tampered with accounts. The directors discovered, however, that one had speculated to the extent of \$10 in Wall street and the other two had made small bets at a society race course. "They were men of good character," said one of the bank officers, "but they were seen where none of our employees ought to be."—Chicago Tribune.

His Half Dollar Came Back. Twenty-five years ago, while working in the blacksmith shop of J. W. Shetter at Stoughton, Wis., Harvey Hlav man, ex-chief of police of Sioux City, stamped the letters "J. W. S." his employer's initials, on a half dollar. This week that same coin, without any doubt, was handed to him over the counter of his fish market in Sioux City. In that period of time it had jingled in the pockets of perhaps thousands of persons and traveled miles and miles across the country and back only to land finally in the hands of the man who had marked it with letters of an unmistakable character. Never was a man more completely surprised than was Mr. Hlavman. In spite of the fact that he had not thought of it in the quarter of a century since he last saw it he recognized it at once. He proposes to keep it now.—Iowa State Register.

Look Out. Within six weeks past the market value of the stocks of 17 of the leading railroads of the country, including the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe, have increased in value more than \$267,000,000. Prices will finally soar so high that a decline will be inevitable. Then will come a panic. The people then will be responsible when there is a panic. It is always the same old boom story.—Atchafalaya.

The ways of the female shopper are beyond the ordinary salesman's ken," said a disgusted optician who is in business in the shopping section of the city. "A woman came in here the other day and asked the prices of all kinds and styles of spectacles and eyeglasses known to us in the trade. Finally, after a half hour's quizzing, she rustled out with the remark: 'Thank you, I expect to get a pair of glasses for a birthday present, and I just wanted to know about the prices of them.'"—Philadelphia Record.

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THE NEW GOAT LYMPH IS ACTUALLY CURING IT.

Sufficient Records Are Now at Hand to Say that It is Really Specific Except in Extreme Cases.

The new goat lymph already explained in these columns is really a cure for consumption except in very advanced cases. The testimony is profoundly impressive. The following are samples of physicians' daily experiences all over the country.

Reported by Dr. Stabbin 236 Kearney St., San Francisco. Case of Mrs. George Montell 20 years of age, residence 2721 Buena Vista ave., Alameda, Cal. Reported by three specialists to be suffering from consumption. All three found tubercular bacilli swarming in the sputum. Night sweats, quick rise and fall of temperature, hectic flush, losing weight and strength rapidly. In June physicians advised the case as hopeless and change of climate as only chance. Commenced with the lymph. Sixth day fever and night sweats disappeared and expectoration decreased. Sixtieth day had gained 17 lbs and all symptoms and bacilli had disappeared. Dismissed cured.

Reported by Dr. J. W. Hagdon, Lansing Mich. Mrs. S. A. age 42. Diagnosis pulmonary tuberculosis. Sputum revealed bacilli in abundance. Two years standing, both lungs involved. Thin and emaciated. Fifteenth day, temperature normal, cough disappearing, gaining flesh. At end forty days no cough, expectoration or bacilli. Departed cured.

Dr. Hagdon adds: "I have treated ten cases of consumption with the new lymph, three inpatient and seven advanced. All the inpatient cases have been cured. Of the seven advanced cases only two were beyond help. Two were decidedly benefited and three were complete recoveries."

Reported by Dr. G. B. Sweeney, Pittsburg, Penn. Young man 21 years. Bacilli abundant weak from hemorrhages within five days of treatment. At the end of eight weeks' treatment hemorrhages, cough and bacilli had disappeared and the patient had regained strength and returned to his trade cured.

The above are everyday samples of hundreds. L. R. Stabbin M. D., a prominent Eastern expert who has been making a study of the new lymph and has administered it successfully to hundreds of cases, has opened a lymph institute at 206 Kearney St., San Francisco. Full information containing tabulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others enquiring.

Surprised by Dickens. "I vividly recall hearing Charles Dickens read selections from his own writings in Steinway hall, New York city, shortly after the close of our civil war," said a well known judge. "The hall was densely packed with an audience of cultured people, by far the major part of whom were intense admirers of the man who was to entertain them that evening. I was a youngster then, but was glad to part with \$2 to hear the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby' read his own lines. But his appearance on the stage, though greeted by applause, was a distinct shock, so thoroughly out of keeping was his costume with the conventional evening attire of a gentleman. He was clad in a short velvet coat that looked exactly like a smoking jacket, velvet vest to match and a flaming red necktie. Such a garb was in reality an affront and an impertinence to that fashionably clad assemblage. But it was overlooked as an eccentricity of genius, and much applause attended the rendition."

"Nowadays the newspapers would roast any man, however famous, for daring to come before the public in such grotesque attire, but I do not recall that any of the New York papers criticized the distinguished visitor for his sartorial laxity."—Washington Post.

He Forgave Twain. Many years ago the Montana club in Helena entertained Mark Twain after a lecture. He met many old friends there and one old enemy. The latter had come all the way from Virginia City, Nev., on purpose to settle an old score. When the glasses were filled and Mark's health proposed, this man interrupted the proceedings by saying: "Hold on a minute. Before we go further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with you."

There was a deathly silence for a moment, when Mark said in his deliberate drawl: "Let's see. That—was—before—I—reformed, wasn't it?"

Senator Sanders suggested that he was much as the other fellow had never reformed Clemens and all the others present forgave him and drank together.

Lots of Ribs. Snakes have the greatest number of ribs. The boa, or python, has no fewer than 320 pairs. The rattlesnake has 171 pairs. The python, or boa, sometimes attains to an enormous size and has been reported as reaching the length of 30 feet.

The shark has 95 pairs of ribs and the conger eel 60.

The chelopis, or two toed sloth, has 46 ribs, 23 on each side, as against the 24 ribs of man.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Recommendation. Fair Shopper (to assistant, who has shown her every piece of goods in stock)—Well, I don't see anything here that suits me. I'll go down to Yard & Stuff's and see what they have.

Salesman (eagerly)—Here's the card of one of their assistants. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?

Fair Shopper (pleasantly)—Ah, a friend of yours, I suppose?

Salesman—No, my greatest enemy.—London Fig.

The German Protectorate in east Africa has a coast line of 620 miles, an area of 384,000 square miles and includes a portion of Zanzibar. The population is estimated at 8,000,000 natives and about 1,000 foreigners, mostly Germans. The country is being rapidly developed, for the German government is encouraging commercial enterprise and immigration by bounties and subsidies.