The Fear of Fear

WHEN a man has passed his fiftieth year, is unmarried, has no near and dear relatives or friends to whom he is especially attached, when his life, whether in business or in leisure, is methodical and unchanging, and when things that divert and give pleasure to others have become a burden—then let him beware of his own mind, for he knows not what trick it may be making ready to play upon him.

It is with souls as with animals—starvation and ill treatment will render even the most gentle of them unmanageable, eccentric and dangerous.

I am moved to set down these reflections by the peculiar fate that recently overtook Andrew Dawley—a man whom I had known for ten years or more with some degree of intimacy, but whom I hesitate to describe as a friend of mine, for the reason that I have once or twice heard him say—coolly and without bitterness—that he had no friends.

There were twenty years between our ages, an interval that would be likely to forbid close relations between two men who were without common tastes and interests. Propinquity gave us acquaintance, for I occupied at that time the room next but one to his, on the fourth floor, in the east wing of the Hotel MacMahon; but it was an acquaintance that was as slow of growth and almost as frigid as a glacier.

The first year, I think, we merely nodded when we met in the hall. During the second and third years we exchanged an occasional word. About that time, I remember, he captured a sneak thief on the stairway, overcame his fierce resistance, and held him until the police came, and I, hearing of it, went to his room to talk it over.

Then I left the hotel for a matter of five or six years, and on my return found Dawley the only one I knew in the place—still occupying the same room, and living the same unvarying life. And now, at rare intervals, we spent an evening together, usually on his invitation, and in his room. He seemed to be ill at ease elsewhere.

Up to the time that he explained to me his peculiar theory on the subject of fear, I had regarded him as a dull and commonplace character. Conversation with him was difficult, by reason of my apparent inability to discover a topic in which he was genuinely interested. There were interminable pauses, during which he drew slowly and regularly at his pipe, and stared into the fire.

Our discussion on the subject of fear began with my commenting on the fact that a light was burning in his room the night before at one o'clock, which I had noticed, coming in at that hour, after a dance.

"I keep a light in my room all night," said he; "I hate the dark."

Now, this had not been his custom when I was a neighbor of his some years before, and I commented upon the change.

"I suppose it is an evidence of the weight of years," said he; "but I am troubled of late with peculiar fancies and dreams. Sitting alone here in the evening, things somehow get on my nerves, and the thought of suddenly waking out of a sound sleep to find myself shut in by blackness is quite intolerable to me."

Now this sentiment was so utterly at variance with my conception of Andrew Dawley—a cold, practical man of business and of the world, as I knew him—that instead of dropping the subject, as I might have done with a more sensitive man, I pursued it somewhat farther.

"As a child," I remarked, "I had a great terror of the dark; but it ceased entirely when I was old enough to reason with myself."

"What was the course of your reasoning?" he asked.

"Well, I had become convinced that supernatural beings did not exist—such as ghosts and goblins and gnomes—and, on the other hand, I knew that in a well-protected house there was practically no danger from burglars or wild animals. So, having completely assured myself that there was nothing in the dark, any more than there was in the light, I ceased to be afraid of it."

"Good logic," said Dawley, with a smile. "I remember working out the same conclusion when I was about twelve years old. And it has held with me ever since, until recently I discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Oh, it doesn't apply to anyone else," he added hastily, "as I undertook to speak. "It is purely personal, and I hesitate to disturb your equanimity by describing it...

"Never fear," said I, with a laugh. "These sentiments are largely based on temperament, and I don't believe anything is likely to change my point of view."

"Our boyish logic," said he, after a pause, "disposed of everything that was objective—from the outside—whether real or supernatural; but it did not touch the subjective elements of the problem, of which the chief is fear itself. Now, I do not believe I am physically a coward—"

"I know you are not," I interrupted. "I remember your capture of that thief. He was armed, and resisted fiercely, but you hung on."

"Yes," he said, "a man finds out whether he is a coward or not by the time he reaches my age; and I have good reason to know that my courage is not deficient. And I have no superstitions—which disposes of ghosts and supernatural things. So there is nothing for me to fear. Here is where the reasoning faculty stops, and something else—you call it temperament, do you?—begins. I do suffer from fear—at times to the very edge of my self-control. What is it? Why is it? I believe that what I fear is fear itself."

I shook my head. "Thaat statement is meaningless to me," I said.

"Is it?" he asked, almost wistfully; "can't you imagine being in terror of a great fright that may overtake you some time, even though you are unable to anticipate a reasonable excuse therefor. Let me give it to you in more concrete form. A year or two ago I had a dream of a peculiarly vivid and impressive character. It was of my sudden awakening here in bed, in this room, to behold a man leaning over me. He was in strange, uncouth dress—not of the modern day, I should judge—and he was surrounded by, and seemed to give out, a fierce red light. He shouted some words to me—I don't know what they were; only, at the sound of them, such a mighty and overwhelming terror came upon me that I lay paralyzed as to motion and thought. Then I awoke, really awoke this time, and I found my body wet with perspiration, and my heart beating so fiercely and with such great pain that I feared some blood vessel must give way."

At this point I interrupted him, for his voice was trembling with excitement.

"You say you are not superstitions," I said. "Then you surely are not going to allow yourself to be affected by a dream? An overloaded stomach is always likely to disturb the heart. Its rapid movement causes a sensation exactly similar to fright, and the wandering brain conjures up a scare situation to fit it. Did you never dream out an elaborate series of events, culminating in a pistol shot, and then awaken to find that a window sash had dropped, and you had pieced out the dream backwards, as it were?"

"How do you account for my having this same dream, without an iota of change, half a dozen times since that first experience?" asked Dawley.

"It results," I answered, with the easy confidence one shows in disposing of the problems of others, "from the profound impression the first dream made on your mind and memory."

He smiled, and looked at me with half-closed eyes. Then he relighted his pipe, which had gone out, and I remember that the hand holding the match trembled a good deal.

By this time the subject had become distasteful to me, revealing a mental weakness or eccentricity in Dawley that was not pleasant to contemplate. So I turned the conversation into other channels.

Only on one other occasion did we speak again of this fear and the dream, and then, as before, it was brought up by a careless question.

Entering his room one night, I noticed a powerful bolt that had been newly fastened on the inside of his door, and I asked if the lock had been broken.

It was a natural inquiry, and there seemed to be no cause for the tremble in his voice and the peculiar light in his eyes as he replied to me:

"A lock can be picked. I wished to satisfy myself that it was impossible for a human being to enter this room while I sleep."

I glanced up at the transom. It was held shut by a heavy iron bar. Then I looked out of the window. It faced the court between the wings of the building, with a sheer drop of nearly forty feet.

"Utterly impossible," said I.

Then I noticed for the first time a certain waxiness in the texture of the skin over his forehead, and a sunken depth to his eyes.

"Has the dream reappeared?" I asked.

"Frequently."

"The trouble with you, Dawley," I mused aloud, "is that you are too much alone."

"I have no friends," he said, in a calm, dispassionate tone, such as one might use in speaking of some trivial matter of business.

"You should make them," I said, with emphasis.

"I am over the Divide," he answered. "My course of life will not change very readily, I fear."

Then he deliberately and pointedly changed the topic, and I did not recur to it again at any time. As I say, he was twenty years my senior, and we had little in common. I had many friends and many interests, and Dawley and his oddities formed an unimportant episode.

But it was only a week after this conversation that the terrible event took place, which every newspaper reader in the city will remember.

It was at two in the morning that I awoke suddenly from a profound slumber, with the consciousness that some one had run past my door, screaming.

I sprang out of bed, and as I did so heard the crash of breaking glass in the court below, and saw a brilliant red gleam through the blinds at the window. I looked out; the kitchen and dining-room in the rear of the hotel had already burst into flame, and a great volume of smoke poured out of the lower windows of the east wing.

My own room was on the second floor, in the center of the building, and I saw that there was plenty of time for me to escape, and to help others in that vicinity. I jumped into a bathrobe and slippers, and, rolling my clothes into a bundle under my arm, ran out into the hall.

I hammered at each door that I passed, and yelled in a frenzy of excitement and horror. The place was rapidly filling with smoke, and the light grew brighter. Presently I noticed that my clothes were gone. I had dropped them while helping a woman who seemed to be unable to walk through pure terror. The man who had first roused me had gone up to the fourth floor, and the people were pouring down the stairways, in their night robes, or wrapped in blankets, some carrying children—of which, thank heaven, there were few in the house—others bird cages, and some dragging trunks, bang, bang! over the steps.

I had several good friends in the hotel, and now that the alarm seemed to be generally given, I ran to their assistance; but I did not think of Dawley, nor did I at any time attempt to get over into the east wing of the building. It was on that side that the flames were fiercest, and the elevator shaft and stairway between that wing and the main building were roaring like a furnace. Suddenly the halls began to fill with firemen in long coats and helmets, some with axes and others dragging up hose.

There seemed to be nothing more for me to do, so I ran down the main stairway and out into the street, where a great crowd was assembled. I noticed that their faces were turned toward the east wing, and, as I instinctively glanced in that direction, I remembered Dawley and the man of his fearsome dream.

The man was on his way—a huge bulk of a fireman, running up the long ladder that had been hoisted from the wagon and now rested against the wall, just below the window of Dawley's room.

But was it possible that he still slept through all this uproar and the glare of the flame, and the odor of burning wood? Surely, he must be asleep, else he would have appeared at the window. Then it suddenly flashed into my mind what was the meaning of the white skin and sunken eyes—a narcotic! Without doubt, he was still sleeping.

The fireman made his way through the heat to the top of the ladder, and swung into the open window. Streams of water played upon the flames beneath him, to protect his retreat. Two other men ran up the ladder, and had just reached the top, when he returned to the window, carrying a human figure wrapped in a blanket. The others assisted him, and they made their way slowly down the ladder again.

"Overcome by the smoke," said a man standing near me. But I noticed that no smoke came out of the open window.

I ran forward to a pile of mattresses and bed clothes that had been carried out from the hotel, and arranged a place for him to be laid. The call for a doctor flew along the line of spectators, and presently one came running. I asked the fireman what had happened.

"He was sound asleep when I entered the room through the window," he said. "I had to shake him hard to wake him up. He just stared at me a moment, and said, 'Ah! You have come,' and then his face turned kind of black, and his jaw dropped, and he went into a dead faint."

"How is it?" I asked the doctor, as he rose from stooping over the prostrate figure.

"Heart action ceased entirely," he replied. "Man is stone dead from mere terror."—San Francisco Argonaut.

EPITAPHS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Old-Time Ways of Taking Leave of the Proud World.

Among those time-worn burying grounds in which New England is so rich are many doggerel mementoes of the departed which, but for the solemnity of death in which they are enshrouded, would partake of the farcical. In an obscure corner of York's ancient cemetery is an epitaph which quite evidently was not dictated by the occupant of the grave which the stone marks, for it thus memorializes the departed:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Drew,
Who cheated all he ever knew.
His Maker he'd have cheated, too,
But that his God he never knew.

Here is one worthy of emblazonment for the warning of the indiscreet: "Emma, daughter of Abraham and Matilda Cox, and wife of Theodore Shallen, died July 9, 1847, aged 26 years, leaving five children; married too young against her father's will. Single women, take warning."

In the quaint old Kittery Point (Me.) cemetery, prostrate upon the bank of the Piscataqua, is a granite block bearing these words, rough hewn by the hand of a member of the only race in the world that could have originated such a "bull":

Bridget and I have two children dear,
One in Ireland and the other here.

Maine is particularly rich in gravestone oddities, but no inscription of them all can cap this one, which displays to such advantage the bitterness of a local warfare over the individual medicinal qualities of the noted springs of two old towns:

Here lies John Jones and his two daughters,
Who died of drinking Cheltenham waters;
If they had drunk the waters of Howe,
They might have all been living now.

Beneath a leaning slab in an old Massachusetts burying ground slumbers an ancient cynic, caustically rebuking, even in death, the curious:

I was somebody;
Who, is no business of yours.

The old First Parish cemetery of Alfred, Me., says the New York Mail and Express, is fruitful in unique curiosities of epitaphy, of which this legend is a fair sample:

"John Hall, 1762-1813. May he rest in peace till we meet again. His loving wife."

A Neat Remark.

Edmund About once wrote in a feuilleton that Alboni's singing—she was very stout—was "like a nightingale piping out of a lump of suet." The indignant prima donna sent him a goose-quill through the agency of a certain marquis. About received the pen with his most charming smile, "I regret, monsieur," he said, "that Madame Alboni should have plucked you for my sake!"

For Weak Stomachs.

"What kind of breakfast food have you?" inquired the New-Yorker in the Boston hotel.

"We have pumpkin, custard, apple and meringue pie," replied the waiter, carefully adjusting his glasses.—Yonkers Statesman.

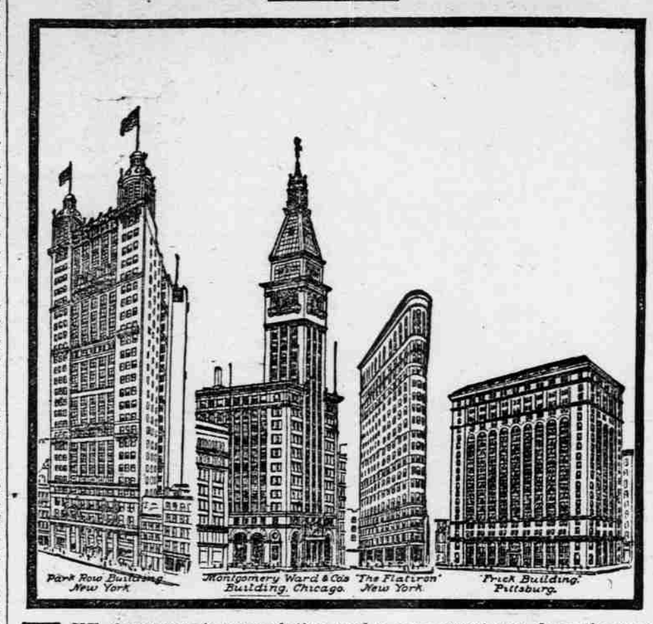
Just the Man.

"Do you think he would keep tally all right?"

"Sure. You can count on him every time."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a man makes a very long prayer in church, somehow his hearers get the impression that when he scolds in the privacy of his family he keeps a long time at it.

UNIQUE FEATURES IN SKYSCRAPERS.



THE skyscraper is an evolution, and a very recent one, from the comparatively modest structures of an earlier period. It is only fifteen years since the first of the type was planned, and it originated in Chicago, which city claims the Tacoma Building, completed in 1889, as the first American skyscraper. In all our large cities, where foot front values are enormous and constantly enhancing, the "Chicago construction" idea, or the modern bridge built skyscraper, with its skeleton of steel and outer covering of stone, brick and glass (and which is riveted together so firmly that the Cyclops might roll it down hill like a bird cage, if they chose, without injury to its structural parts, at once leaped into favor. Other cities, notably New York, seized upon the idea, expanded and elaborated it, and then began a race as to which should build the tallest structures, the tendency ever upward and with "excelsior" as the motto.

Without any intended disparagement of other cities, it may be safely asserted that New York now possesses more and larger skyscrapers than any other city in the world. A decade or so ago Chicago was in the lead, but now it is the great metropolis of the Empire State, with its structures of steel towering skyward by the score.

The tallest office buildings in the world are to be found in New York City. It was thought the limit had been reached in the Park Row or Syndicate Building, which, though nominally 382 feet in height, is 447 feet from the street to the tops of the flagstaffs on its twin towers and 501 from the base of its foundations. It is called the tallest office building in the world, its cupolas being 100 feet higher than the dome of the capitol at Washington and almost as high as the apex of the great pyramid. And yet this great structure, with its 950 rooms and accommodations for nearly 4,000 occupants, stands upon a foundation of sand. Its total estimated weight of 20,000 tons is supported upon a forest of 12,000 piles driven into the sand by the blows of a twenty ton driver. It cost $2,400,000 and is said to be a paying investment—in fact, there is hardly a skyscraper in New York, Chicago or any any other city where realties are vastly valuable that is not returning a good rate of interest from its rentals. If it is not, then there is something the matter, the experts say, with its management.

One of the most unique of skyscrapers, almost abnormal in its peculiarities, is the so-called flatiron structure at the intersection of Broadway, 5th avenue and 23d street, New York. Viewed from the front it appears like the bow of an immense ship, being just wide enough at its edge for a narrow window, yet it is twenty-one stories high, rising 285 feet above the street, and each floor of this stone and steel structure contains 8,600 square feet of space. It cost $1,500,000. One of Chicago's latest and finest structures is Montgomery Ward & Co.'s building. It contains twenty-one stories and measures 390 feet to the top of the weather vane.

One of the most sumptuously fitted of office buildings is said to be the Frick skyscraper in Pittsburg, recently erected, which is twenty-two stories, covers an entire block, has a floor area of 500,000 square feet and cost, with the land it stands on, $4,250,000.

The erection of a five hundred foot skyscraper presents no greater difficulties to be overcome than that of a two hundred footer, for the structure itself, considered geometrically, is a cumulative growth to which the genius of years has steadily contributed. The building of skyscrapers is now an exact science, and doubtless a structure could be planned by our architects that could be extended upward as far as desired. It has required a rapid readjustment of the point of view to keep up with the growth of skyscrapers, and the really unique features have become, like the articles enumerated by the auctioneer, "too numerous to mention."

LIVED TO A REMARKABLE AGE.

"Grandma" Mills Was the Oldest Woman in Canada.

Mrs. James Mills, of Woodham, Ont., who died a few days ago at the age of 115 years, was the oldest woman in Canada, if not in the world. "Grandma" Mills, as she was called, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Coulter, was born in the town of Pettig, County of Fermanagh, Ireland, October 18, 1787, when George III. was King. She lived under the rule of five British sovereigns, George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria and Edward VII. Until three or four years ago she could readily recall and fluently relate stirring incidents of the early part of the nineteenth century, but of late, though her memory was clear and un-

"GRANDMA" MILLS, WHO DIED AGED 115.

impaired, it was difficult to converse with her, owing to her deafness. Up to a few weeks ago she was bright and active, and through her last illness she retained consciousness until within a few hours of her death.

Mrs. Mills and her family emigrated to Canada in 1857 and settled in the virgin forests of Osborne Township, Huron County, on the concessions of the Canada Land Company. Mr. Mills died two years after landing in Canada, succumbing to the hardships of ploneer life in the backwoods. Of their family of nine children, four sons and five daughters, five are still living—one in New Zealand, and four in Canada. The second son, James, of St. Thomas, is 76 years of age. All her other children are well on in years. Mrs. Mills has descendants to the sixth generation. Three or four years ago she went to St. Mary's Ont., to have her photograph taken, and surprised her friends by walking unassisted with a light, brisk step up a long flight of stairs leading to the photograph gallery. She was proud of her old age and was always pleased to receive visitors, of whom she had many, as she was known far and wide.

All through her life Mrs. Mills had been a devout Methodist, and while living with her sons in St. Thomas walked to church every Sunday that the weather was favorable. Mrs. Mills never partook of tobacco, snuff or stimulants of any kind, and in her active days toiled at many things from which women of the present generation shrink.

Taking Advantage of the Situation.

A member of the military band at a certain barracks came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not bad—a slight irritation, nothing more! You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk by using your throat though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave." Armed with the surgeon's certificate the bandsman obtained two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The bandsman saluted, and the surgeon, recognizing the face, stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you play in the band?" "The small drum, sir!" said the musician.

Some Noted Names Pronounced.

Because there are no rules for the pronunciation of proper names, innumerable errors are made in this matter. Here follow the correct pronunciations of the names of some persons of renown. A. T. Quiller-Couch sounds the ou of his last syllable as the oo is sounded in the word root. Jerome K. Jerome accents the first syllable of his last name; he pronounces it to rhyme with tear 'em. In the name of Robert Louis Stevenson the Louis is pronounced as though it were spelled Lewis. Sir Walter Besant's last name has its first syllable accented, and rhymes with pleasant. The poet Richard Hovey's name has its first syllable sounded so as to rhyme with dove. The name of Andrew Carnegie is accented on the second syllable; it should be pronounced as though it were spelled Car-nay-gie.

The Weight of It.

Hix—The total coal output of this country exceeds 1,000,000 tons anually.

Dix—That is the output of the mines. The output of the retail dealers exceeds 2,000,000 tons.

Superior Art.

Pallette—DeAuber is an odd genius.

Brushly—What's he up to now?

Pallette—He is painting a $300 portrait of a 30-cent man.

You all have kin you don't like, although you consider it a mark of good breeding to admit the fact to only a few.

An Irish lawyer in speaking of the demise of a colleague said: "He left a brilliant future behind him."

LAST OF OUR CANNIBALS.

Tribe that Long Was the Scourge of Indians of Texas.

Uncle Sam's only remaining cannibal tribe is fast dying out, according to James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, who has been making a study of them. There are now but fifty of this once powerful kingdom left, and in a few years or more it will become extinct.

A CANNIBAL CHIEF

The people in question are the Tonkawas, who, even in the times when eating of human flesh was a common practice among many bands of our wild aborigines, were known as the most depraved of all New World cannibals. The few remnants of their tribe are being kept on a reservation in Indian Territory, whither they were taken twenty years ago for protection against their many enemies. To all other tribes they are still known simply as "the man eaters."

The old home of the Tonkawa cannibals was about San Antonio, Tex., just back of the coast. In their prime they were physically powerful, nimble athletes, fearless fighters and good hunters, but inveterate rovers.

The "man eaters" are outlawed and tabooed by all other Indians. For a century and more the entire red race in America have set their faces against these depraved people. For this the Tonkawas have retaliated by serving as scouts for the whites and guides in many government expeditions against hostile tribes.

In 1867 the government placed them, together with several other smaller tribes, upon a reservation on the upper Brazos. The Texans, who had declared that no Indians should live in the State, attacked the agency, fired on the soldiers protecting it, and scattered the Indians. This but added a further hardening to the temper of the forsaken "man eaters." Their 300 survivors were collected upon a new reservation on the Wishita, Indian Territory.

During the civil war, when some Indians were persuaded to fight with the North and others with the South, the Tonkawas, with a few others, preferred to remain upon their own reservation rather than take chances with the Indians on either side. But, despite the attitude of the Tonkawas, their agent and all his employes took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. The Tonkawas, though unconsciously, were now Confederate Indians.

On the night of October 22, 1862, the "man eaters'" enemies—140 picked Shawnees, Delawares, Wichitas and Kickapoos—armed with modern rifles, surprised the agency, killed the white employes and burned the buildings to the ground. The Tonkawas, only 306 in all, had only bows and arrows, but kept up a stubborn resistance long enough for a part of their women and children to escape to the hills. When the battle ended 136 Tonkawas—nearly half of the tribe—lay dead upon the ground, more than 100 of these victims being defenseless women and children. The attacking party lost 27 killed and wounded. The hearts of the Tonkawas now were hardened still more than in their former defeats.

The surviving "man eaters," after this massacre, were marched in pitiful procession to Fort Arbuckle under guard of a single representative of the government. After a short stay at Fort Arbuckle the "man eaters" drifted back to Texas, occasionally acting as scouts against the wild Comanches.

The word "Cannibal" is of Indian origin, according to Mr. Mooney. It is a corruption of "Cariba," of "Caniba," the proper name of the Carib, that dreaded scourge of the Antilles, who reigned over the West Indies 300 years ago.

Human limbs, hung up in the sun to dry, like hams, were seen by Spaniards who first visited the Caribs. The Aztecs made a great business of cannibalism in connection with their sacrifices of prisoners of war and man-eating prevailed all through the Orinoco and Amazon regions. American Indians still eat their fellow men on the upper Amazon, and it is alleged that cannibalism is still practiced on Tiburon island, off Lower California.

How Nations Sleep.

As a man spends on an average one-third of his life in bed, it is not wonderful that care, expense, and trouble are expended on his sleeping place. In this country the unhealthy feather bed is being driven out by the healthier mattress. French beds are noted for their hardness, and German beds are so ridiculously short that English visitors are often much too big for them. Many Norwegian beds are made to pull out from recesses. The hammock rules in South and Central America. The Indians in Guiana plait most beautiful hammocks out of grass, which they dye prettily. Japanese lie upon matting laid on the floor, with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden head-rest. It would take an American years to get accustomed to such a bed of torture. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, but their only mattrasses and coverlets are made of matting. In winter they put on heavy clothes wadded with cotton, in which they sleep. Of all people the easiest to suit in the way of sleeping quarters are negroes. An African negro, like a wild animal, can curl up anywhere.

The Missing Articles.

In a book of memoirs recently published a story worth repeating is told of a well-known bishop. On one occasion he was just starting on a railway journey from Chester Station when the station-master came up to him and said, referring to his luggage, "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a Dissenter!"

Too True.

Tom—How would you analyze obstinacy?

Jerry—Well, in the clearest definition—obstinacy is noiseless self-conceit.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FAVORITES

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've passed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea—
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.
—Nancy Priest Wakefield.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
—Thomas Moore.

Indian Smoke Signals.

The traveler on the American plains soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground—a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not mistaken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by repeatedly covering the little fire with his blanket. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within thirty miles, "Look out, there is an enemy near!" Three columns close together meant danger. One column merely meant attention. Two meant "Camp at this place." To any one who has traveled the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone is at once apparent. Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling. He might guess that thees were signals of the Indians, but unless he were experienced he might not be able to interpret the signals. One fire arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the column of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us."

Her Idea of It.

"Mrs. Geezer intends to have a number of literary evenings," said Mrs. Tenspot to Mrs. Hojack.

"What is her idea of literary evenings?"

"Well, she's to give a Ben-Hur progressive euchre followed by a Longfellow ping-pong."—Detroit Free Press.

The Maligned Italian.

Mother—Willie, what did you do with that penny I gave you this morning?" Willie, aged 4: "I gave it to the monkey." Mother—And what did he do with it? Willie—He put it in his cap, and then gave it to his father, who played the organ.