

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Every man plies himself more or less, but few deserve half of it.

The death of Zola has served to remind the world that Dreyfus still lives.

A man suing for divorce calls his wife a cold-blooded proposition. Feet, probably.

Mr. Baer has not as yet expressed any fear of what may happen to a man who dies rich.

The lady who swallowed a bottle of furniture polish doubtless had that mahogany brown taste.

Russell Sage has almost arrived at a point from which he is able to see that money isn't everything.

The Yohe woman and the Strong man have been married at last, and this is as good a time as any to forget them.

A French physician says education breeds insanity. The theory will enable us to account for the sanity of some people.

A watched pot never boils, and the chances are that those Venetian steeples whose collapse is anticipated will never tumble.

The Sultan of Cardamomseed was killed by the Americans. The Sultan of Sulu was murdered some time ago by George Ade.

Lieut. Peary says that the arctic region is the place for consumptives. More people would prefer less lung and more comfort.

Pa Zimmerman has given the Manchester baby \$250,000. The duke will now be able to work up quite a little popularity with chorus girls for a year or two.

The defender of one of the St. Louis hoodlums alluded to bribery as a "conventional crime." What is needed now is some good, conventional punishment to fit it.

A New York man who died the other day left a collection of over 100 snuff boxes. So live, young man, that when you die the world will see you had a definite object and aim in life.

One of the curious inconsistencies of good people is their eager sympathy for the whitewashed villain of romance, and their unwillingness to believe of a living man that he is not so bad as he is painted.

It is said that one American magazine has received within one year 400,000 unsolicited manuscripts, of which number only ninety were accepted. The young man or woman who has chosen literature as a profession has a hard road to travel.

A citizen has been cut open by the doctors to recover a set of false teeth which were afterward discovered in a mattress. It is to be suggested, therefore, that the next time baby swallows his rattle the skillful surgeons should cut open the mattress on the baby's crib.

"You could not hit a barn door!" cried a little boy of eleven to an older lad who held a rifle in his hand. "Is that so?" retorted the other, as he fired a bullet through the child's lung. "It was all my fault!" gasped the little fellow before he died. Could the "dare" offered and accepted, the widespread lack of self-restraint, and the reckless use of firearms be more concisely epitomized?

The school children in Reggio nell' Emilia, Italy, are required to commit to memory ten precepts formulated by the new socialist city government. The first is, "Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy coworkers for life," and the last is, "Let it be thy purpose in life to hasten the day when all men, as free citizens of a free State, live in peace and happiness in true brotherhood." These are excellent principles, and the socialists deserve credit for teaching them, although they did not originate and cannot monopolize them.

Among the tendencies of the times none is more gratifying than those that are gradually making rural life less objectionable to the best elements of our society. The tide of rural exodus to the city shows some signs of turning. Those who have been leaving the old farms have more and more disposition to turn back. The rush of rural communities cityward is being stayed and the country districts show more and more marked signs of being rescued from desertion. Certainly no more hopeful indication were possible. City life stands, on the whole, for mental, moral and physical deterioration.

Winston Churchill is probably the most distinguished contribution to the New Hampshire Legislature since the memorable accession of Charles Hoyt. Mr. Hoyt wielded a potent influence in legislation by freely distributing passes to the "Rag Baby" and the "Parlor Match," and Mr. Churchill is in the same enviable position as a dramatic author of power and standing. We shall watch the race to glory between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Tarkington with the liveliest interest. When a man has sounded all the depths and shoals of literature, and wearied of the empty honors of the arduous life, he naturally turns with longing to the calm, peaceful, scholarly existence of the State Legislature.

The bequest of a French millionaire follows to a certain extent a plan of Cecil Rhodes for educating Americans at Oxford. The sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars is set apart as a fund to enable French students to study philosophy and religious sciences in German universities. There is also a fund for the support of a German university professor to lecture in Paris under the auspices of the College of France. In such instances of liberal giving there is more than a recognition of the educational advan-

tages in institutions of learning for foreigners who enroll themselves therein. The civic acquisition, sure to follow such a residence, is not the least result. To know other countries more thoroughly is, generally, to appreciate better the excellences of one's native land, and to realize more clearly the defects of administration, if such there be.

John Charles Collins died the other day in New York. Never heard of him? That is because he was a brave man who kept his sorrow locked in his own breast and refused to whine. You've seen the picture of a jolly boy, his arms full of snowballs, waiting for a victim to pass his way. John Charles Collins painted that. It was his best piece of work, and thousands of copies of it were printed. But he was an artist—not a business man. God gives to few men genius and also the ability to make money. So John Charles Collins dropped out of sight and passed his last days painting campaign banners to gain a bare livelihood. His belongings told a story of poverty. There were pawn tickets by the score. At first he had parted with paintings, and then one by one his other valuables passed into the hands of the money lender. There were letters that told of a consumptive son who was sent to Colorado in the vain search for health. They were full of endearing expressions. This old man loved his son with all the force of his nature. Every letter was signed "Pop," and the artist had refused to let his boy know of his father's poverty or the cheerlessness of his life. It was plain that every dollar that could be spared, that could be raised by pinching and starvation, went to "Pop's" sick boy. That is about all. John Charles Collins is dead and John Charles Collins' boy is dead. The thing is one of life's little tragedies that holds humanity for a minute, brings a tear to the surface—and then we forget.

A German peasant declared that his small earnings were divided into three parts, one of which went toward paying an old debt, another to support himself and wife; the third he put out as a loan. When surprise was expressed that he could do all this, he explained that the paying of the old debt came in the support of aged parents, and that he regarded the expense of rearing his children, who would some time look out for him, as money lent. In a somewhat different way the world at large is living in part on an inheritance of the past, and at the same time is laying by something for coming generations. The fresh grain fields of this new country are depending each year from the wealth that they have been storing through the centuries; our grandchildren will necessarily cultivate lands of considerably diminished fertility. In Europe the scramble for fertilizing substances has become keen, and as they are found in stored beds, in most cases, their use represents only a more indirect "wearing out of the earth." Mineral deposits, such as coal, oil and ores, in course of exhaustion, affords a still more striking example of what the past has bequeathed to us. Can we do anything to maintain a good balance in the treasure house of nature? This question is entirely practical. It enters into the work of several divisions of the Agricultural Department, notably the bureau of forestry. Inventors in the mechanic arts are also helping to suggest answers. Public improvements in parks and highways, in drainage works and irrigation systems, except those which are transmitted to posterity with huge debts, really constitute a gift from the present to the future. Nations should practice economy with their natural stores, just as individuals do in the use of a modest patrimony. It was only a vague thought that he cared nothing for posterity because it had never done anything for him.

BLIND BANK PRESIDENT.

Loss of Sight No Apparent Handicap to This Business Man.

The only bank in the United States, if not in the world, which has a blind man for President, is the Second National Bank, of Orange, N. J.

Hubert L. Pierson is that man.

Mr. Pierson has been totally blind, instead of causing a retrograde movement in Mr. Pierson's business affairs, the accident which caused him to lose entirely the sight of both eyes seemed rather to impel him to push forward in the commercial world. This enterprising blind man conducts an extensive business aside from his work connected with the bank. He owns two flour and feed mills, which he personally manages, besides attending to the affairs of his bank. At his office he looks after his many real estate transactions; he conducts an extensive brokerage business and owns large pieces of valuable property, both in and out of town. He attends carefully to all investments and conducts personally all contracts of sales. In his business transactions he is so accurate and conducts every step with so much sureness that those who are not personally acquainted with him often do not suspect that he is blind.

Doing the Best He Could.

"Boy!" shouted the woman, with her head out of the window, "what are you throwin' stones at?"

"At yer cat," replied the boy.

"And what are you throwin' at my cat?"

"Because yer ain't got no dog to throw at."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Where Shots Strike.

Of every one hundred and ten shots which strike some soldier, forty-three will lodge in the legs, twenty-three will lodge in the arms, twenty-two will lodge between neck and waist, one in the neck, and eleven shots some part of the soldier's head.

Lunatics in the Army.

A French writer states that of every 100,000 men of the army or naval profession 199 become hopeless lunatics. Among mechanics the number is only sixty-six per 100,000.

The procrastination of the baby's teeth is the thief of papa's slumbers.

RANGE OF THE RAMAPOs.

A Wild Region Lying Close to New York City.

Who would believe that within thirty-two miles of New York city there are mountain dwellings in a district so wild and rough that they are inaccessible even to the feet of ponies; that no produce can be taken out to nor supplies brought in from these farms save on the backs of men; that the people gain their living by making baskets, wooden spoons and such light articles as they can transport on their shoulders; that even the bodies of the dead cannot be taken out, but must be buried in the forest or in the yards of the mountain cabins? A region where the people are as primitive in their ways, though not so lawless in their tendencies, as the Tennessee mountaineers? It is hard to believe, but it is true.

When, in the middle of August, I pitched my tent on the easterly side of the easterly range of the Ramapos, in Rockland County, close to a mountain stream, I did not know that just over the range of these wild mountains descendants of the Tory rangers of 1770 were yet to be found. I did not know that the higher reaches of the mountains were tolerably full of rattlesnakes of great size and beauty. I did not know that the wild dogs lived up there. I only perceived that the hills were beautiful, the air pure and invigorating, the woods practically unbroken and the streams clear and cold. I perceived that there were no wells placed anywhere in the hills, and that the wood ranger's pasturage was unbroken. The people whom I met were cordial, smiling, unassuming. I liked Ramapos as the result of only a glance, and liked them still better after a camping acquaintance of a couple of weeks.

It certainly did not decrease my interest to know that, beginning some twenty or more years ago, sundry domestic dogs of large size, finding in the Ramapo woods no one to say them nay, had fled from the lowland farms to the hills, and had, after going quite wild, started a breed of creatures which has now taken on quite a type of its own.—New York Mail and Express.



Mrs. Humphrey Ward enjoys the distinction of being paid more for her literary work than any other woman now living or who ever lived.

Marie Corelli is credited with saying: "I read in the papers that Kipling has gone up into Scotland to find material for new stories. The idea of anybody trying to write of Scotch life after Sir Walter Scott!"

Rest, in its ordinary acceptance, is a comparatively unknown quantity in Edward Everett Hale's busy life. Few are the days in the total 365 but what are more or less interlarded with work of some sort or other. True it is not of the laborious order, rather it is of the kind that makes deeper, more insidious inroads—mental, intellectual, spiritual. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett dearly loves flowers, spending some of the happiest of summer's hours working among them in an old-fashioned garden back of her home. This inherent love of everything wholesome, combined with her sympathy and devotion to the people of whom she writes, are what make her stories so real—so pungent with the breezy and odor of the sweet-smelling pines of the Maine woods.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's first story, Retribution, published in 1840 in the National Era, and which is said to have been the first novel published serially in this country, was not written for pure financial gain, but simply to inflict upon the public the fact that another author was born unheralded by the usual story of hunger and the "garret." It is a fact that her novels in the Boston Public Library are re-bound oftener than any other works of fiction.

Some one quoted Robert Louis Stevenson in a hearing of Marie Corelli having said that no man with a family to support ever ought to attempt to write unless he has an assured income from some other source. Miss Corelli blazed with indignation. "It makes me so angry to hear writers who have prominent names in this manner," she said. "I have made a success. I have supported my family, but I don't think you can do it. You'd better not try it. It is like a man who has climbed to the top of a tree, saying to those below: 'It is true I have reached the top, but it is very doubtful if you can do it, and the limb might break if you did. Don't attempt it; stay down there where you are.' I have no patience with such conceit. If men and women think they have a talent for writing, let them try and keep on trying, for how else can they ever find out the truth?"

Poorly Equipped. There are some pleas so moving that we don't take a heart of stone to resist them. Squire Patterson is the only representative of the law in a New England town, and is therefore the recipient of constant appeals for the administration of justice not only from his neighbors, but from many of the dwellers on outlying farms.

One day a widow, known to him as a shiftless and complaining person, waylaid him in the postoffice. "See here, square," she said, querulously. "I want you should say something to Nathan Boggs that's got the farm next mine. He's told it round that he'll keep my hens at home, and that he'll have the law on me if I don't, on account of his corn. And I want you to put it plain to him how that he ought to have more patience, considering he's got sons to help him and money laid by and what's a't." And everything I've got in this earthly world is one cow and those hens and six head of gal chickens that can't throw a stone straight!"

When we hear of a man performing a brave action we wonder if the story is true; we know of so many cowardly tricks being done every day.



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CHAPTER I.

THE OREGON "DESERT."

From the north boundary line to the south boundary line of the state, there lies in Eastern Oregon a strip of territory about 400 miles long and about 200 miles wide, which was once known as the Great Oregon Desert, and through which ran the old Oregon trail.

This desert, unlike most deserts, contains many oases. There are running streams of pure water, and numerous springs boil from the sides of the mountains and rise even from desert sands; and wherever this water touched the fertile soil beautiful meadows of native grass greeted the eye of the occasional adventurer.

But these seemed few and far between in early days; and for lack of knowledge of their location many a weary traveler lost his way between them, and his bleached bones for many years afterward marked the last place where he laid himself down to rest.

Even in these days when much of the ground, accessible to water, is occupied by the pioneer homesteader, one may travel a hundred miles without encountering a single human habitation, or living thing.

The Oregon desert is practically a succession of mountain plateaus. It is at a high altitude at every point. To reach it from most any direction one must climb a great mountain range, and meander at intervals among snow-capped peaks and through rock-bound canyons and gulches; and to cross it, one must traverse wide stretches of barren plains at no higher level than the tops of the mountains, and taste of water, except from the melting snows of winter, and must also encounter lava beds and walls of rock seemingly insurmountable. These plains remind one of a huge extinct volcanic crater, although they cover thousands of acres in area, and it takes days of travel to cross any of them. They vary in size, however, from small plateaus of a few acres to the illimitable outstretched plains. But they all bear the same characteristics. The traveler, whether passing through a small basin or a great plateau, is struck with some impression. A wall surrounds him, and the top of these basins or plateaus and separates one from another. These walls consist of rocks piled upon one another with masonry care, the joints being broken as perfectly and smoothly as if done by the hand of man. They are not perpendicular from ten to two thousand feet into the air, and to make them the more difficult of ascent, a thick layer of flat rocks lie along the top of the wall extending out on either side into wide caves and sheltering them like the rim of a hat or the eaves of a flat roof, and these are called the rimrocks.

While they appear to be a succession of plateaus, independent of one another, and in nowise connected whereby one might scale the walls, and descend to the level of the plain, an exception, nature has come to the rescue, and by the same process through which the great upheavals were caused and these mountains of lava rocks and plains of volcanic ashes were formed, serpentine chasms and canyons had rent the walls, and through these the traveler may find his way from one basin to another.

The smaller plateaus were the scenes of many conflicts, and were often places of great slaughter. In early days, bands of deer and antelope often wandered into them, and the watchful Indians came upon them, and guarding the only places of outlet, would charge down upon the engaged animals and slaughter a whole band. And the only victims to Indian cunning and bloodthirstiness. Many an immigrant train whose members had become exhausted and careless from want of proper food and water, together with the care of their loaded animals, and the burning of the plowing through the burning sands and drawing heavy loads over the flinty rocks, without food or water, while passing through these canyons and beneath the rimrocks, came under a shower of poisoned arrows that left the trail a ghastly scene. The heaps of rocks in the gulches and canyons, and the little mounds scattered over the plains, are yet indexes to many of these sad stories.

Captain Jack had his territory, and had some principle, although he died of the desert. He was the ruler of the chiefs, Egan and Paulina, knew no bounds of territory and knew no limit for crime and bloodshed. The peaks, buttes, streams and canyons still bear their names from one end of the desert to the other, and there are landmarks, including elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain lions, cougar, coyote, wildcat and marten roamed at will, and were seldom ever disturbed by the hand of man. The flesh of the game animals was the tenderest and best, while the furs produced in this section were considered the best in the market.

It was the paradise of the hunter and trapper. CHAPTER II. THE LORD OF THE DESERT. In the center of one of these plateaus containing hundreds of thousands of acres of land, lay a round mountain, from the distance it looks like a mountain peak, and is called Mount Juniper, but from its base to its summit it is only about one thousand feet. Its south side is covered with juniper, evergreen of the desert, and the mountain is called Juniper Mountain. The mountain is a barren, and huge boulders lie piled upon one another, and deep canyons cut their way down its sides.

In the canyons on the south side numerous springs boil forth and send their waters dashing over the rocks. The plains below, the moist from the mountain of several hundred acres. A fence of barbed wire attached to juniper posts, protects this meadow from the stock for which it is not intended.

At the foot of the mountain, and surrounded by tall clusters of junipers, is a large single-story house, built of the rocks that from time to time have rolled down the mountain. To the east are stables, corrals, hay-racks, watering troughs, and all the appurtenances of an old-time western ranch. To the west is a garden spot irrigated from pipes that run from a reservoir fed by springs higher up the hill, and in the rear is a young orchard where every indication points to the fact that the trees are being nurtured and cultivated for experimental purposes. In front of the great stone building beautiful walks are laid out, along which shrubbery, roses and flowers of many varieties grow, with a beautiful green lawn for a background. Fountains play in the sun-light through the heat of the day, and the ice-cold spring water is thus tempered for the tender roots of the young vegetation.

The grounds about the house, including orchard, garden, stables and cowsheds, are inclosed with a rock wall several feet high, with loopholes here and there in the wall, which allow the owner to see the country with a view of being able to defend itself in case an attack was made from the outside. But it is the interior of the house that the reader should see. In the front room there are easy chairs, lounges, tables, books and writing materials. On the walls there are pictures. To stop here one would imagine himself in a cultivated home in a thickly settled country, but in glancing further one sees reminders of the fact that he is in reality in a frontier place of abode. By the side of the outer doors stand the latest manufacture of rifles, and guns of all makes hang in the racks over the doors and about the walls. Large revolvers swing from points here and there like ornaments, while numerous

varieties of this deadly weapon adorn the tables in the room.

In the dining room this same abundance of firearms exist, and in this room, as in the front room, a large table stands in one corner and upon it is fastened all of the latest improved apparatus for loading and reloading cartridge shells, and an abundant supply of ammunition is at hand to withstand an ordinary siege. The other rooms of the building are only ordinary bedrooms, showing the lack of care and attention usually found in bachelor's quarters, while the dining-room and kitchen are large and spacious, and a large supply of provisions are stored away to keep a large number for an indefinite period. The front bedroom, like the kitchen and dining-room, is kept in perfect order. These and the front room are frequently visited and occupied by the owner, and the latter is kept intact, or the derelict may suffer more than a storm of words. But the other rooms of the house present a different aspect; the beds are unmade, and meager wearing apparel are scattered about the floor; broken matches, half consumed candles, and, in fact, a general miscellany of unimportant things make up the debris of the rooms. But there is a deserted appearance about the place. Save a slight noise from the cooking apartment, and the floor of the work of a stout, round-faced Englishman, who might be taken for almost any age, and who does the work of chef, cook, dishwasher, housekeeper and man-of-all-work, in performing his routine labors, no other sound is heard.

But there are two occupants of the place at this time. In the front room a man sits in a peculiarly constructed chair in deep meditation. An anxious look occupies his countenance, and now and then a cloud seems to obscure his whole face. It lights up with a beam of pleasure for a moment, as if the way looked clear to him, and then the clouds again, followed by gleams of light and grimaces caused by a tortured conscience. The chair upon which he sits is a home-made affair. It has huge posts and high back, with long, awkwardly constructed rockers that give it the appearance of having been made for a giant. The front posts extend up almost even with the arm-pits, and support wide arms—so broad that they look like tables. In the left hand of the man occupying the chair is a book, but the thumb only marks the place to where he has read and his arm lies carelessly on the table-like arm of the chair. On the right table, or arm of the chair, sits a goblet filled with old Scotch whiskey, the right hand clasping it gently. Although the glass is conveyed to his lips occasionally it is never permitted to become empty, a demijohn within easy reach being drawn upon at intervals when the fluid runs low in the glass.



He sat in a high-backed home-made chair.

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The chair does not only look as if it had been made for a giant, but a modern giant does occupy it. Six feet three, when standing, large limbs and spare hands, the man shows wonderful strength, though his constitution has been ailing for many years. He has long, deep-set eyes, large ears and high cheek bones show as plainly as does his brow that he is a Scotchman. Like his servant of the house, he is also a Scotchman. He is not more than forty, but the wrinkles in his face and neck, the inevitable markers of time, and the gray that intermingles the black hair, tell the observer that he is at least sixty, if not more.

"Will she make it here without a mishap," he muttered, with an anxious look upon his face, and then in almost inaudible tones, "What will be the result if she reaches this place in safety? But she will never do it!" and he took a quaff from the goblet to relieve the terrors of his soul, which were depicted in his face.

CHAPTER III.

A Midnight Surprise.

"And how did you leave dear uncle?" inquired a young woman in a voice of innocence.

"Oh, in the very best of spirits," replied a rugged frontiersman, covered with the dust of the plains.

"And how long shall it be before we reach his place?" inquired the same female voice.

"Within about two days—that is if nothing happens to prevent it," replied the man.

"But nothing can happen to prevent it, except an extraordinary event, can it?" inquired the girl anxiously, and continuing as if to remove all doubt. "You look fresh, your men are all fresh and your horses look as if they were anxious to start on the return journey."

"That is all true, Madam, but in this country we never count on anything until it's accomplished, and the 'extraordinary' is likely to happen any time."

"Oh, then are we to pass through a dangerous section?" inquired the maiden with some alarm.

"No, not particularly, but when the Snakes are skulking among the rocks, they are likely to strike at any time," replied the frontiersman.

"What kind of snakes are they?" inquired the young woman. "I have read of your American snakes," she continued, "and know that there must be very many varieties, and that they must be dangerous but never read of them biting people on horseback."

"But these Snakes bite at any time and at any place," replied the man with a smile. "They prefer the dark, however, and more often strike from ambush. To be plain with you, Madam, and you must be a very young lady, have crossed the ocean and come this far alone, the Snakes I speak of are Indians, belonging to the tribe of Plutes called Snakes for the very reason that they strike from ambush."

"Then are we in imminent peril?" inquired the girl with self-possession. "No, no, not that, Miss, we might make this trip a dozen times without being molested, but the Snakes are on the warpath now, and while cattle stealing and horse stealing is their principle object, they are not averse to bigger prey, especially when the odds are in their favor. They go in small bands, though, and our boys are capable of holding their own with most of them. As it is getting late and we wish an early start in the morning, I would advise you to retire and get a good rest, for a couple of hundred miles on the back of a cayuse will prove a task for a tender young lady like you," and as the young woman walked away to her tent, Dan Follett muttered to himself: "A pretty fair flower to be plucked by the Snakes!"

(To be continued.)

Egyptian Girls at Play.

In her "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess" the author describes a little game at romps in the garden of the palace which discloses a very close touch of nature. The princess was seated near a little lake, which had been constructed in a serpentine shape, winding about under rustic bridges.

She was laughingly scolding her attendants, when the girl broke away, crying out, "My mistress is angry with me! I'll drown myself!" and rushed into the water.

The princess called out, "Oh, stop her! Stop her!" and three or four followed immediately. But the first knew well enough that the water was not more than three feet deep, so she had done it for a joke, and she turned round and threw water in the faces of her pursuers.

The princess had seen the joke directly after the cry had escaped her, and now joined heartily in the fun, and urged others to help in the capture. The general harem dress when warm weather set in was white Indian garb—cloak, robe or less fine, made loose, and confined at the waist by a colored sash, a ribbon to match being usually worn round the throat, and to tie back the hair.

The dress could not be hurt by the immersion, but the ribbons might be spoiled. Some were seen to cast a glance on their pretty ties, which was a signal to those who saw the look to rush upon them at once and push them in.

There was nothing but screaming and laughing, several disporting themselves in the water, others pursued all over the garden, met at the cross-roads, turning and doubling on their pursuers. The princess clapped her hands with delight and laughed unrestrainedly, and the girls themselves were immensely pleased with the joke.

RADIUM IS DANGEROUS.

Is a Source of Powerful and Scorching Roentgen Rays.

The rare substance radium has been brought into much prominence of late by the investigations of Becquerel, Curie and others. A constant source of Roentgen rays so powerful that it should be carried in a lead tube to avoid danger of burns, is a bit startling to say the least, and while its visibility is not strong, its extraordinary properties are enough to set one thinking strenuously. The real nature of the radiations is, of course, involved in the same mystery that surrounds the Roentgen ray.

In spite of the very large and valuable body of work that has been done upon this subject, the ultimate nature of the phenomenon is still very far from a satisfactory explanation, since several hypotheses meet the facts fairly well, and no one of them can be verified without involving still further hypotheses as part of the argument. But the behavior of radium opens a beautiful vista of possibilities.

What would happen in the art of illumination if some one should hit upon a luminous paint fifty times as brilliant and permanent as the ordinary calcium sulphide variety? If one had only to expose the light-giving body to sunlight or bright daylight for a few hours to obtain storage or energy for the evening, how the electrical arts would get shaken up! And yet such a discovery is far less improbable, says the Electrical World, than some that have actually been made—like Moissan's diamonds, let us say. But diamonds are no cheaper yet, and do not sparkle as brightly as every fair bosom.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Countree.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
of this waurld, an' I'm weary
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine ean
do see
The golden gates o' heaven, an' my ain
countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-
tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these sounds will be
naething to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain
countree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame
will bring
Wi' 'een an' wi' hearts runnin' o'er, we
The King in his beauty, an' our ain
countree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er
remembered mair.
My bluid hath made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my
ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee bield
to its nest;
I wad fain be reeling noo to my Sa-
viour's breast;
For he gathers in His bosom wiles,
worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them hame to His ain
countree.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep his trust wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain
countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' my
hame as I wait,
For the son-in' o' His footstap this side
the golden gate,
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens
now to me,
That we'll gang in gladness to our
ain countree.
—Mary Lee Demarest.

Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Now you are come all my grief is re-
mored,
Let me forget that so long you have ro'd,
Let me believe that you love as you ro'd,
Long long ago, long long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long long ago, long long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would
forget,
Long long ago, long long ago;