

DISCOVER A NEW RACE

ESKIMOS FOUND WHO ARE SCANDINAVIANS IN APPEARANCE.

Explorers in Canadian Arctic Regions Visit Tribe Who Have Never Before Seen White Man or Indian.

New York.—A race of people who had never before beheld a white man or an Indian has been discovered in the arctic regions of British Columbia by Vilhjar Stefansson, leader of the American museum's scientific expedition which left here in April, 1908, according to a letter received from him in Brooklyn. In his letter, which is dated "Mouth of the Dease River, October 18, 1910," and is the first intelligence received from the party within a year, Stefansson says:

"We have discovered people in a region supposed to be uninhabited, and have lived a few months among people who had never seen a white man or an Indian (though they had heard of both), and did not even know I was not an Eskimo—so little were they informed on what white men are like. We have discovered Eskimos (in speech and habits) who are Scandinavians in appearance.

"This find is the beginning of the solution of one of two problems:

"What became of some of Franklin's men?

"What became of the 3,000 Scandinavians who disappeared from Greenland in the fifteenth century?

"Or, if neither of these questions is to be answered, then we have introduced a new problem of scientific interest.

"Why do some of the people of Victoria Land differ markedly from the rest of their race?

"Why are they so European in type?

"We have discovered the non-existence of a stream which the maps make the size of the Hudson river. When the River La Ronciere disappears from the map I shall feel I have done some housecleaning.

"We have found a certain cape to be a cape; we know the source of Rae river, of which only the mouth and lowest ten miles were seen by Doctor Rae. And a few other things we have done that are in the nature of discovery. But, of course, if we deserve any credit it will be more for our routine work than for any discoveries properly so-called."

Stefansson left New York on the present expedition in April, 1908. His principal purpose was to study the different tribes of Eskimos in the northwest, and more especially an unknown tribe living in Victoria Land.

The explorer is about thirty-three years old, and a graduate of Harvard university. Stefansson was accompanied by Dr. R. M. Anderson of Harvard. During the long, dreary journey to the land of the midnight sun the party met with many a hardship, the explorer writes. Once, when the food supplies ran out and no relief was in sight, he says, they ate the skins from their fur clothing. In mid-winter in 1909 Doctor Anderson fell ill of pneumonia and lay for a month too ill to be moved.

"Had it not been that we had a small cache of flour, etc., at Cape Perry we should not have been able to pull him through," the explorer writes.

VOW CAUSES GIRL'S ILLNESS

Willful Girl Took to Her Bed Ten Years Ago and Can't Leave It Now.

Alton, Ill.—When Miss Alice Mundy, disappointed and heart sore because her mother forbade her communicating with her fiance, took to her bed, vowing that she would never arise until all objections had become removed, Mrs. Mundy thought it was a girlish whim and that in the course of a very short while the attachment would be broken.

The years have elapsed since then, and not once has Miss Mundy placed her foot to the floor. Now she is unable to arise, even if she would. Total lack of exercise has so weakened her physically that she has practically lost the use of her hands or feet, and the muscles have become so weak that they now refuse to obey the command of her brain, even were she inclined to command them.

The nervous system has now become affected, and a physician makes daily visits to the Mundy home, and does what he can to relieve the most remarkable case of nervous prostration that has ever come under his observation. It is feared now that the girl is hopelessly ill.

Babe Smothers Under Pillows.

Port Huron, Mich.—Because William, 7 weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Marleton, cried too much the father put a pillow over the child's face to stop him. He claims he left the pillow there but a few moments, but at any rate when the parents looked at their babe, it was dead.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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The Spinning Wheel

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead, Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows, Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.

All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.

Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,

Waxing vallant in fight and defeating the alien armies,

Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current a while, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,

Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

There, too, he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard;

Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the nighttime

Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Of when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy, Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday

Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—

How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,

How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,

How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,

How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,

Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So, as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn,

Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.

"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,

Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;

You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha, the Beautiful Spinner."

Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:

"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;

She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla, the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:

"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands,

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when

fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the ter-

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow

Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,

Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,

Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,

Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming:

"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap



Pressing Her Close to His Heart.

rible news from the village. Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;

All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward

from the rocks, and pursuing Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Artist Who Had No Arms

Miss Sarah Biffen, de Mentholon and Hiles Held Brushes in Their Teeth or Toes.

Miss Sarah Biffen was a conspicuous example of the skill which armless people sometimes acquire in spite of their affliction. She was miniature painter to Queen Victoria and her work was widely known for its beauty and delicacy.

She was born without arms, but as a girl, having a great wish to become an artist, she worked earnestly for years until she could paint by holding the brush in her teeth. In 1821, according to the Raja Yoga Messenger, the judges, without any knowledge of the means she was compelled to use, awarded her the gold medal of the Society of Arts, a prize sought by hundreds of others.

M. de Mentholon and Bertram Hiles other artists who were deprived of the use of their arms. The former had only one foot, which he used to paint with.

Mr. Hiles lost both his arms in an accident, being run over by a street car when he was only 8 years old and when he was just beginning to acquire skill in drawing. He spent two years in patient toil learning to draw by holding the pencil in his teeth, at the end of which time he won a first-class certificate from a local art school.

Where David Copperfield Was Written

"Bleak House" at Broadstairs, England, which has failed to find a purchaser, is of interest to the Dickens lover because the greater part of "David Copperfield" was written there. But it is not the "Bleak House" of the novel, which is definitely located in Hertfordshire. The novelist and his family appear to have been somewhat tightly packed in their Broadstairs home. When Lord Carlisle con-

templated paying a visit to "Our watering place" in 1851, Dickens wrote promising him the North Foreland Lighthouse for a night light in his bedroom, and he continues: "As we think of putting mignonette boxes outside the windows for the younger children to sleep in by and by, I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardly undertook to lodge him." During the last few years the house has been transformed out of all recognition.

Luke 19:3.

Deacon—"I fear it's the Sunday paper we must blame for our small morning congregations, pastor." Pastor—"Yes, many of our people are like Zaccheus, prevented from getting near our Lord by the press."—Boston Transcript.

Slurring 't Over.

"I'm a poor conversationalist at these highbrow dinner parties. I'm always afraid of mispronouncing some word." "Take a mouthful of spinach before attempting a word that you are uncertain about."

He Had One Essential.

Mr. Leo—"Why did you let your daughter marry that little bandy-legged sport?" Mr. Monk—"Why, he's the best climber in the jungle, and that's quite important when food is so high."

Eternal Feminine.

Lady—Why are you all so worried? Captain—The fact is, madam, we have broken our rudder. Lady—Is that all. Well, the rudder is under water and it won't show. Let's go on.—Toledo Blade.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?—George Elliot.



The Light Foot on the Treadle Grew Swifter.