



THE OKLAHOMA COUNTRY.

Herewith is presented a map of the Oklahoma country which is just now attracting the attention of not only the people of the West but also the National Government. The country in question has an extent of about one thousand eight hundred square miles. In order to reach it, it is necessary to go from the borders of Kansas one hundred and twenty miles westward through the Cherokee country. Its boundary on the South is the Canadian River, on the north the Arkansas River, on the west the reservation of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It originally embraced nearly five thousand square miles of territory, but various reservations have been set off, so

that its dimensions have been reduced to one thousand eight hundred square miles as mentioned above. The name Oklahoma was given the country by Colonel Bondnot, a Cherokee, and signifies, in the language of that tribe, "the home of the red man." A bill was introduced into Congress some years ago to establish a Territorial Government in the Indian country to be called Oklahoma, but the project fell through.

Oklahoma, as may be seen from the map, occupies a position nearly in the center of the Indian Territory. In general, it may be defined as bounded on the north by the Cherokee strip of land lying west of the Arkansas River;

PRESSURES.
The Burdens Which Rest on Mankind From the Cradle to the Grave.
The text books tell us that a man of usual size moves about unconscious that he sustains a constant load of over three thousand pounds, or more than fifteen tons. If this pressure is partially removed from one surface of the body, its existence then becomes very manifest. The barometer shows us that this pressure constantly varies having its daily maximum and minimum and its "high" and "low," and these variations are an essential element in making predictions about the weather. We learn more or less well to adjust ourselves to this fluctuating weight of fifteen tons, and to carry on our business and pursue our pleasures with but slight regard to the height of the mercury in either the thermometer or barometer. When these atmospheric pressures become violent and destructive, as they often do, causing death and devastation, then the survivors, when the cyclone is past, gather themselves and the fragments that remain together and consider "the value of what is left," and build again the waste places.

The great harvests of the world are gathered in climates subject to constant and wide variations of atmospheric pressure and of heat and cold. The fields that next summer will be green with growing grain are now covered with a soft mantle of fertilizing snow and swept by wind and storm.

We can not estimate the weight of trouble to which "man is born," as we can that of air, but like the air it presses upon us in every direction from the time we cry our first cry till we cease to breathe. We give it various names—pain, sickness, disappointment, sorrow, hunger, poverty, ignorance, death and whatever else may be included in the "ills of life." These burdens press on some more than others, and on all with varying weight. Some may be for a time unconscious of them, and some are rarely conscious of anything else. The great work of the world is done under the pressure of these burdens and by reason of them. George Eliot says, "I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them." It was for bread that Homer sang his immortal songs, and for bread that many a long, many or sad, has been sung since his time. For bread or its equivalents we fight out daily battles. "Fame, that last infamy of noble minds," incites some to scorn delights and live laborious days, but the masses of mankind are compelled to industry and achievement only by the pressure of want in some one of its everyday forms. And yet how we all dream of getting out from under this constant pressure!

How to adjust ourselves to the varying burdens that are laid upon us is our problem. At times we may avoid them, as we shield ourselves from the wind; at times we may protect ourselves against them, or prop ourselves so that they do not seem so heavy, even while we bear them. We need to learn how to sail into the eye of the

wind, tacking now and then, yet keeping straight on our course; how to carry the enemy by a flank movement when we are unable to attack him in front; to divide and conquer; to go round the mountain when we can't go over it, remembering that the base of a tall measure the same in a horizontal as in a vertical position; to wait a favoring moment when the pressure lets up a little and then push our way forward, all the time keeping our souls in equipoise—that most difficult of all to learn. It comforts us to see that nothing but what is common happens to us, common in all ages and to every people. It comforts us to see how burdens nobly borne have been wings to lift others heavenward, and we can but trust they will prove such to us.

We may learn lessons of courage and hope from "calm and patient nature," from the lives of great men who have struggled with adversity, and what great men and women have had and rest our hearts on Him who holds the winds in His fists, and the sea in the hollow of His hand. When by communion with great thoughts our souls are filled with courage and serenity and hope, we become insensible to external pressures, balancing that without us by that within. If this relief is denied us, we can then try and rise above that which weighs us down; there is always some way to escape so that we need not be crushed.

When the mariner sees a storm approaching he reefs his sails and puts out to sea, where he will have plenty of room. So we, when we see trouble on the way to us, may often rob it of much of its power to hurt us by holding ourselves in readiness to meet it fearlessly and, if possible, to make it bear us on our course, avoiding those reefs and shallows on which we have found our selves aforsaken liable to be stranded.

BERMUDA.

The Singular Inhabitants of an Isolated Island.

The population is about fifteen thousand, two-thirds black and one-third white. Both colors are English, the blacks quite as pronounced so as the whites. The Bermudian darky says "ewww" with as emphatic and marked a broadness of pronunciation as a cockney, and all his manners and deportment are based on the most improved English model. A thoroughbred Bostonian is not more accurate, successful, and diverting in his English imitations than a Bermudian negro. They are well treated, pretty generally well-to-do and, I must do them the credit of saying, well behaved. About one-half of their number are Episcopalians, and sturdy supporters of the establishment. I attended a children's service at the Cathedral church last Sunday afternoon and a regular Lenten service in the same place at night. The worship was earnest and animated, the discourses of admirable spirit and pertinence, and the bearing of the people attentive and devout—and there were as many negroes in attendance as

An entry in Washington's diary, February, 1768, shows the great number of visitors he entertained at the time. "Would any person believe," he says, "that with one hundred and one cows actually reported at a late enumeration of my cattle, I should still be obliged to buy butter?"

—By a ludicrous mistake of the copyist, one article in the written warrant for a town meeting posted according to law in the post office in Winstrop, Me., reads: "To raise a sum of money for the support of poor and other necessary town officers." —*Advertiser.*

—An entry in Washington's diary,

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE YEAR'S SEASONS.

There are four seasons in the year,
As all my children know,
And I will mention them to you,
In order as they go.

First, comes March comes clustering in,
The sun begins to melt,
The farmer digs the loosening soil
And gathers springing grass.

The birds from distant homes return,
The leaves turn green,
And joyous notes from little throats,
With music fill the air.

April and May come on arrayed,
With gaily falling showers,
And cheer and song of mother Earth
To whom with sweetest voices.

June and August hurry on,
The seasons speed fast,
The roses—takē my children, too—
Enjoy them while they last.

September with her wealth appears,
The golden grain and corn
In waving splendor now is seen
The landscape to adorn.

October and November now,
A "Merry Christmas" brings;
And winter over all the earth
Shows manna skies.

And while the "Happy New Year" bell
Resounds from sky to sky,
May noble and meek, and gentle inspire
All children and young people.

HASTY TEMPER.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath—
An Easter Sunday Lesson.

I was ten years old when I found out that Easter Sunday meant anything besides a good supply of gaily-colored eggs and huge custard pies.

I was a country boy, and as there was always an abundance of these things, they naturally occupied more of my attention than did the yearly Easter sermons that Parson Hartwell preached in the little country church which we attended; they had always made me feel sleepy and restless, with a desire to be out in the bright spring sunshine instead of sitting on the hard, bare seat, with my feet hanging down until they were almost numb with the prickly feeling of being asleep.

One Saturday night, before Easter, I sat examining my coarse leather shoes (my father always said it was no way to wait until Sabbath before getting a pair for church.) I rubbed and polished very slowly, for in truth I was not in a pleasant humor. That very day I had quarreled with Cousin Ned, and we had even come to blows. It had been about a dam which I had been building across the brook behind the barn.

I had just completed it to my satisfaction and was watching the bright, clear water flow over the miniature falls, when Cousin Ned came over and began giving my advice as to ways of improving it. I was puffed up with success and answered shortly that I had made it in the way I wanted, and didn't need his advice. Ned was a bit inclined to tantalizing and he kept on chaffing me about the dam, until I could keep my temper no longer, and I broke forth with the most abusive language I could command.

Ned was as hot-tempered as I was, and, picking up a handful of stones, he began pelting the dam. In a second, he had broken away part of the work, and, as soon as the rushing waters found an opening, they soon swept the rest away, and the result of my morning's work was carried down the stream.

I sprang up from where I had been lying trying to prevent the destruction of my dam, and confronted Ned with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. In a moment we were locked together, and were fighting like young tigers. Two boys, who had been loving playmates from babyhood until now, were fighting as though we were mortal enemies!

Who would have conjectured, I can't tell, for William, my eldest brother, saw us from the barn, and, hastening toward us, soon separated us in his arms. He held a great feast in his home, and was carefully nursed, and carried on the back of a faithful servant, who fastened her there by a long string or bandage drawn around the waist and legs of the child, and crossed over the neck and shoulders of the maid. Her little head and bright eyes would be on every side as her nurse walked her, and here she would go soundly asleep, or play as any baby would. She was never carried in any person's arms Japanese ladies seldom are. When King Kamehameha wished to ease his son from her nurse or mother, they would hold their backs invitingly, and she would put out her little arms and go to one or another as she chose. Clasping tightly the neck of the favored one, and holding there by the tender legs, she would be as happy as if cuddled up in the arms. As the baby grew and began to walk, little sandals made of straw were put on her feet. These were fastened on by putting the great toe through a loop. When she was a year old her hair, which had been shorn, was allowed to grow a little, and then tied on the top in a very funny fashion. Every year it was worn differently. —*M. C. Griffis, in Standard.*

Easter a new meaning to me. I scarcely knew when the sermon had ended, and it seemed sacredly appropriate to me, when the choir had finished singing the beautiful Easter anthem and I saw the sun shining full on his bowed head as though in benediction.

I could not get home fast enough, for I was so anxious to tell Ned how sorry I was, and to beg his forgiveness. As soon as we reached home, I asked mother if I might go over to Ned's, as I wanted to ask him to forgive me a wrong I had done him.

"Has my boy been hasty again?" she said, reproachfully.

This was more than I could bear, and putting my arms around her neck, I told out the story of our quarrel.

"Here is your uncle John," said mother, after I had grown more quiet, "and he is running up the path. There must be something the matter." In another moment I heard that which made my cheeks turn white, for Ned had been taken very ill, "injured internally by a fall," the doctor said, and there was but little hope of his recovery. I sprang past Uncle John, and in a moment was running w^ts all my might towards Ned's home.

How I got there, I could not tell. I fairly flew over the ground. Aunt Jane saw me coming and opened the door to inquire for mother, but I could not answer her, and only begged to see Ned.

"Why child?" she said, in astonishment. "Don't be so excited! You can see him, but only if you will be very quiet," and she led the way, while I followed on tiptoe. There on the little bed, which we had so often shared together, he was lying. The intense pain had brought a few pale drops of sweat on his smooth, white forehead, and his dark chestnut hair was damp with moisture. What agony I endured when I looked at him, and saw on his pale cheek the print of my angry fist! He opened his eyes as I came in, and a tear crested on my cheek and ran down.

"Frog've him!" I would have given anything to have been able to call back those angry words and blows, but it was too late for that, and I knelt down by the bed and begged him to forgive me.

Ned did not die, for a strong constitution and careful nursing compassed his trouble, and he lived to play and work many days after, but I never forgot the lesson that was taught me that Easter Sunday, and I believe that through it more than in any other way I learned to curb my violent temper.

We are both men now, and my black hair is plentifully streaked with gray, but never have I endured greater anguish than when I felt, that throughout the land that was taught me that Easter Sunday, and I believe that through it more than in any other way I learned to curb my violent temper.

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Do you comprehend these figures? Do you comprehend the terrible fact that rum costs the country every year almost as much as all the frosts combined, that its sum total is almost as great as that paid in wages, that it absorbs more of the productive industry of the people than some dozens of the necessities of life combined?

And when you have figured up this enormous cost you are not more than half so rough with it. When the capitalist has put his money into a house and the drunkard does not pay the less of rent is a subtraction from the sum earnings of capital. When the victim of the brewer becomes incapable of labor in whole or in part, his increased idleness is that much robbery from the wealth of the country. The cost of the crime and pauperism of the country, the expensive police system, the enormous expense of courts, penitentiaries, jails, houses of correction and other reformatories, almost per cent. of this is to be charged directly to rum.

FUNNY CUSTOMS.

How Japanese Babies Are Cared for—The "Prayer Bag."

When King, the little Japanese baby, was one hundred days old she was carried to the temple, just as some American parents take their little children to the church to have them christened, though King's parents do not know or worship the true God. The priest wrote a prayer on a piece of paper and put it into the prayer bag, which was small and made of red crape, embroidered in white flowers and drawn together by silk cords. This bag containing the prayer was the "guardian deity," and it is devoutly believed by all Japanese to have the power of keeping children from evil spirits, from delusion by foxes, for people think that foxes can cheat or enchant people—and from all dangers.

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Do you doubt the correctness of these figures? Their correctness is easily ascertained.

The city of Toledo has about 80,000

population. There are in the city 800 rum mills and beer shops, of all grades that are recognized. This does not include the numberless places where liquors are sold to families by the bottle or case, or the seafaring saloons, houses of prostitution and gambling dens, all of which live directly by interests, nor does it include the "treacherous" wholesalers who supply these places for profit.

It is impossible for any one of them to live upon less than daily sales of \$10, indeed, their average is a long way beyond that. Some of them do a final

business of hundreds of dollars per day, and they are open every day in the year. Averaging them for convenience, at \$100 a day, and each one does business of \$3,600 per annum. Multiply that by 800, and you have a sum total of \$2,400,000 per annum.

Actually it is a long way above that. It is entirely safe to say that Toledo pays every year the enormous sum of \$3,000,000 for liquors alone.

Toledo, be it borne in mind, is not especially a rum and beer city. It is not so bad in this respect to population as Atlanta or Philadelphia, the latter, for instance, paying forty miles of doggeries, allowing each one to have a license of twenty-five feet. And you will notice that this average keeps up a place of all sizes. The county town of Toledo has a population average, as a rule, only a trifle below the larger cities. But the figures given as to the total of the trade in intoxicants in the whole country are official and not to be disputed.

How is this terrible burden on the industry of the country to be stopped? Have we the right to invoke the power of the law to stop it? Do we have the right to meet force with force? The brewers and distillers are organized to increase the consumption of their products. They are not content with a natural demand, but they are at work day and night to force a demand. They are organized to determine men and boys to the sale of intoxicants.

They do not want for means to be established, but they go on to secure the means to sustain them. They are making an aggressive fight, using moral, physical, political, and economic weapons, and never failing to open up new fields of opportunity.

Progress has enabled us *plus de peur* when religion forbids us to do what we please. We believe in ghosts and poltergeists, and we are fond of showing our smartness by performing any of the weird passages in the Bible.

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TEMPERANCE READING.