



In the mountains west of the big gorge lived the tribe of Cappa Tom, and the chieftain of the tribe, Singing Water, was proud of his 500 braves, who were tall and lithe and strong and mighty hunters; and he was proud of the buxom squaws and the fat papooses in the mountain camp. No enemy in the region for a hundred leagues about dared give battle to Singing Water, for the fame of his braves had spread even to the great forest on the north and the marsh lands on the south.

Once upon a time, so the legend says, Singing Water found among the children in the tepees a poor little papoose, a shrunken diminutive dwarf child, of whom the other Indian boys made sport and forbade him their amusement; so "Little Injin" would sit cross-legged apart from his fellows, and watch them at play.

Chief Singing Water sent for him one day, and to the trembling, shrinking, little figure before him he grunted words of disapproval, and with a frown on his face he spoke to "Little Injin."

"Ha! Little Injin. You good not at all. You very small! You crooked like manzanilla tree; you sick like dying squaw; you ugly like stinking fox; you can no fight, you can no hunt. So, ugh! You go old squaw; you grind acorns, you make fires, you cook, like squaw. Little Injin, you no good."

When the words were uttered a change came over the face and form of Little Injin. He stood as erect as



his crooked limbs would permit, and with a set, stern face and an angry voice he dared answer Singing Water. "Big chief, you say Little Injin no good. Little Injin sick; Little Injin crooked; Little Injin ugly; Little Injin no fight; Little Injin no hunt; only grind acorns and make fires for squaw. Little Injin no more stay with you; Little Injin go far off; you see Little Injin no more!"

He hobbled away from the presence of Singing Water, and that night he left the camp, and through the long hours until the dawn of another day he limped along the path that led to nowhere in particular. By the light of the moon he crossed the creeks and the small streams, and the stars pointed him a way over the hills and through the valleys.

Finally Little Injin reached the summit of a high mountain, and lay down to rest his tired limbs. He was faint and sore; and could not eat the berries that grew in abundance on the mountain slope, he could not sleep, for his eyes would constantly fill with tears. He lay there for a long time, a sobbing in his throat, a patter of tears falling on his moccasins.

Then a good spirit came on the mountain top, and touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was like a woman's touch—like his mother's, back in the land of Singing Water.

"Little Injin, what for you cry?" said the good spirit; and the lad hid his face in fright, and his sobs only increased.

"Little Injin, no get scared," reassured the good spirit. "You no be afraid of good spirit, but say what for you cry."

Little Injin dried his tears and between his sobs he said: "Great chief of my people, no like Little Injin; he say me too little; he say me too sick; he say me too crooked; he say me too ugly; he say me no can fight, he say me no can hunt, he say me no good. Me go away."

"But Little Injin must go back to his people," said the good spirit; "you must speak to them and tell the chief and his braves that you are going far away to live in big valley, where you will find pretty squaw. Then some years more papoose will come, and he will grow big and strong. Then he will go back to your people, and make big chief and his braves all afraid of him. You go now, Little Injin, back to your people in the mountain."

Some days later Little Injin reached his old home, and following the directions of the good spirit he talked to Singing Water and the braves, and he told them what he proposed to do.

They laughed him to scorn and declared that in all the land Little Injin could find no squaw. But, determined to follow the advice of the good spirit, Little Injin now left his people, and he journeyed to a valley far in the east, where he met an Indian girl who became his squaw. Then came a papoose to Little Injin, and he grew and he grew, until he was over six feet tall and had the strength of a bear and the fleetness of the deer. All the other Indians in the valley became afraid of him, and he was soon known far and wide as a great hunter and a mighty man when at war.

Then the good spirit again called on Little Injin and said to him:

"Little Injin, you go now back to your people. Take your son, the big Injin, and tell him to call all his braves in the valley and go with you with their bows and arrows, their beads and war paint, to fight the Indians of the mountain."

The Indians of the valley marched upon the long journey to the mountain the very next day. Meanwhile a bad spirit, in the form of a woodpecker, from his nest in the mountain, saw the valley Indians approach across the plain. So he flew as fast as he could to the camp of Singing Water, and he warned him and his people. "The big Injin and his braves from the great valley are coming to make war on you, and I warn you not to run but to fight them. You can easily whip the big Indian and his braves."

The next day a great battle was fought between the Indians of the mountain and those of the valley; and the legend tells the result in these few words: "Mountain Injin no run away; he fight valley Injin. Valley Injin heap kill Mountain Injin; he strong, he brave, he not sick, he not crooked, he not ugly. He fight like wild cat; Mountain Injin he say got enough fight; he smoke peace pipe. Very well, Valley Injin he stay in mountain; he no go home; he send for Little Injin, now old man, to come back to his people. Then Valley Injin make Singing Water pay money—Injin money; make him grind corn; make him cook; make all Injins of mountain cook same as squaw; while Valley Injin he hunt, he fish, he fight. Little Injin—very old Injin—he now big chief; he laugh, he cry no more; he see his big papoose; he smile; he much happy Injin now."

India's Idols.
The number of India's idols is said to exceed 333,000,000. Every village has its special idol, and frequently more than one. Brahma is the supreme god, and appears in three forms—Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer. Each of the three is supposed to be married, and thus there are six deities which are supreme in India. Vishnu the preserver, the most worshipped, is shown black, and with four arms. His wife, Lakshmi, is the goddess of prosperity and good luck. Very different are Siva and his wife. He is the destroyer, and is represented as a man powdered over with ashes and wearing a tiger-skin. A necklace of human skulls decorates his throat, while he carries a club or trident, surmounted by human heads and bones. China and Japan have immense numbers of idols, many of their temples being full of them. One Japanese temple at Sanjusangendo has so many that, if placed in line, they would extend for not less than half a mile. Many of the Chinese are said to spend from 20 to 25 per cent of their income on idol worship.

The Coaster Brake.
The innovation known as the coaster brake is decidedly popular. Back pedaling is exceedingly tiresome, and coasting has steadily declined by reason of the obvious inconvenience of using the plunger brake, operated by the foot. With the coaster brake one can slide down a hill without removing his feet from the pedals. It requires but a few moments to become used to the new brake, and soon the sense of complete control of the wheel is felt and a comfortable feeling of security is imparted, which has never hitherto been experienced. The coaster brake will be especially popular in this city, where so many hills are encountered. Nearly all the brakes of this kind on the market are operated by rollers, controlled by springs, are simple in construction and easily attached to any wheel.

Meat in Vladivostok.
Butchers in Vladivostok have resolved to raise the price of meat. Their reasons are the usual stock arguments on such occasions; but they appear a trifle funny when it is recalled that one Chinese merchant who imported a thousand slaughtered cattle into Vladivostok some time ago was not allowed to discharge his cargo for three weeks. When landed the meat had to be corned in order to save it, and the unfortunate purchaser was compelled to buy barrels to preserve his importation, and incur additional expense. Vegetarians are amused at the situation, but meat rises in price.

Chicago's Invariably Pleasant Day.
The weather office records in Chicago show that the 25th of April has been clear in that city for twenty-five years past, not a drop of rain having fallen there on that day since 1875.

BIDDY BOYCOTTS MISTRESS.

New York Servant Revenges Herself Upon Unkind Employer.

The New York servant has found a way of revenging herself upon an unkind mistress. The plan is not original but it works satisfactorily. It explains why some women can only keep a servant for a few days. The scheme is simple. The departing domestic writes her opinion of her employer in some hidden nook or cranny, either in the kitchen or in her own room. The new domestic finds this communication. She profits by it. Inquiry at an employment agency on Sixth avenue revealed that this scheme was generally practiced. "It is no more than could be expected," said the manager of the agency, "that a girl who leaves a place in a rage against her mistress, as many of them do, should want to have a word to say to the next servant that comes in. It's an easy matter to leave a line where the newcomer will find it. One woman told me that on the wall at the head of her servant's bed she found a penciled line. 'The mistress here has got such a temper she'd make your hair curl. My, but she's fussy and mean.' A spot often utilized is in the neighborhood of the clock, but perhaps the most unique one of all was written on a slip of paper and pasted in the bottom of the wash bowl. In-going domestics have learned to look for these communications now. A girl I sent to a place the other day came back in a few hours. When I asked her what was the matter, she said: 'I didn't like the missus' references. They wasn't as good as mine.' I knew what she meant and I told the housewife in question that she had better rub out the notice that her departing maid left. The plan was perhaps suggested by the Chinese servants in San Francisco. Their method was to leave a few hieroglyphics under the kitchen sink. The new celestial invariably looked there the first thing. If the signs were favorable to the lady of the house he stayed, if not he left without any explanation. It has only recently, however, come into vogue among New York domestics, but it is already a popular practice."—New York Journal.

BARBER GOT IT MIXED.
He Falls Miserably in Telling the Collar Joke.

Henry Lamm, an attorney of Sedalia, told a story at the reception to the Missouri Bar association last night which caused a great laugh. Mr. Lamm was called on to make an impromptu speech. He said: "This is taking an unfair advantage of me. I have a paper in my pocket which I am to read at the meeting tomorrow. It is a very dry paper and it will take me an hour to read it. If I am given the slightest encouragement I will read it right now. That will be one on you, wouldn't it? And that reminds me, I was in Texas recently and there they have a new joke. A man asks you, 'Have you heard the story about the two dirty collars?' You are supposed to answer, 'No.' And then the man says, 'That's one on you.' A Dutch barber who had been sold on this joke concluded to try it on the next customer who came into his shop. So as he was getting ready to shave the next caller he asked him: 'Haf you heard dot story about the two dirty collars?' 'No,' answered the customer. 'Vell, dot's one you got on.'"—Kansas City Star.

As in a Looking-Glass.

When Livingstone was in South Africa his looking glass afforded the natives endless amusement. They were always asking for it, and their remarks were sometimes simple, sometimes silly, and sometimes laughable. "Is that me?" cried one. "What a big mouth I have!" said another. "I have no chin at all!" deplored a third. "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves," was the proud comment of a fourth. "See how my head shoots up in the middle," joked a fifth, and so on, the company laughing boisterously at the different remarks. While the doctor was thought to be asleep a man took a quiet look in the mirror. After twisting his mouth about in a variety of ways he said to himself: "People call me ugly, and how ugly I am, indeed!" However, he might not have been so refreshingly candid had he known the eye and ear of the missionary were both on the watch.—Detroit Free Press.

Young Men Exercise Wit.

A Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out a large blackboard sign, the other day, with the announcement, "You can't beat our 15-cent dinners." A young man of humorous turn of mind came along, stopped and smiled. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and taking out his handkerchief, he erased the letter "h" from the word "beat." Another young man managed to eat a dinner at that restaurant without paying for it, and then mailed the proprietor a letter telling the facts and asking this question: "Who says I can't beat your 15-cent dinners?"

For Flashlight Pictures.

Powder for flashlight pictures is replaced by gas in a new invention, which has the gas stored in a jar, with the flame in position to ignite it when the jar is opened by pressure on a pneumatic bulb, the latter also operating the shutter of the camera.

Kipling Coming to America.

Rudyard Kipling, according to London announcements, is to visit the United States next autumn. The author says he does not lay his former illness against the American climate.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOR.

The Path of Least Resistance Is the Best One in Which to Perform Good Works—Rough Places in Life's Journey.

(Copyright, 1906, by Louis Klopfers.)
Text, Mark 29, "And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

"It is not that the wild gazelle Comes down to drink thy tide, But he that was pierced to save from hell Off wandered by thy side.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet, Thou calm, reposing sea. But, ah, far more the beautiful feet Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

I can easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake, in Christ's time, lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraces, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement on the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and his head touched the pillow than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Coming of the Storm.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistons; the smaller boats, like petrels, poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto him, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward, he cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, he says, "Be still!" The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-light their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with his foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are baling out the boats and while they are trying to untangle the cordage the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Savior's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all these boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson

for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul—you are bound to do; but, oh, have Christ in every enterprise!

Seeking God's Help.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for a time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, when they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then these men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in a fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say?

Not Always Smooth Sailing.

A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity! the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad and say, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. But be not disheartened! Take courage! You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and he will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures. Look at the various errors going over the church of God. We are going to founder. The church is going to perish. She is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text! Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering his paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping. He rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight. He does not even know the spider's web is spun,

and with his roar he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ. He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord. He will never come forth again upon the nation. Christ is overcome forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

Frightened by Revivals.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects. They are affrighted about revivals. They say, "Oh, this is a strong religious gale! We are afraid the church of God is going to be upset and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it." And they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with 5,000 bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo!" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this 5,000 bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day. The Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together. But that soul is not troubled. There is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our pilot.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide; We're home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er; We stand secure on the glorified shore! Glory to God, we will shout evermore, We're home at last."

TIED OWN NUPTIAL KNOT.

Pennsylvania Justice Acted as Celebrant at His Own Wedding.

Ira Carle of Kingston, Pa., is an old-time justice of the peace who takes a somewhat liberal view of his own magisterial powers. He is somewhat advanced in years and some eleven years ago, when three score and fourteen and a widow, felt the need of some tender spirit to share his troubles and add to the enjoyments of his existence. Casting about him, his eyes fell upon a comely widow of 65, whom he wooed with all the ardor of a swain of one-fourth his years. He was not long in winning her consent to a marriage, but, being of an economical turn, he hesitated about paying the fee that would be exacted by a clergyman or a brother magistrate. He consulted his law library, consisting of the revised statutes of the Keystone state, and could not find therein any interdiction of a lawfully qualified justice of the peace performing the wedding ceremony. His bride-elect was equally oblivious of the proprieties and accordingly the fee was done. Now comes Mrs. Carle into court and asks for a legal separation from the squire on the ground of cruel treatment. Called upon to testify, the aggrieved woman said the marriage ceremony was performed by "Squire Carle himself, and that there were no witnesses present. She said the squire told her such a marriage was all right under the laws of Pennsylvania and that there was no other ceremony. Some old letters were shown to show that she had written to him as his wife even before the strange ceremony of 1893. One was written in 1892 to the squire in which she signed herself his beloved wife. In describing the marriage ceremony the woman said she read from a Bible, asked her if she would be his wife, and she consented, believing the ceremony valid. Now, the squire declares that the ceremony was a farce, but the court was of the opinion that it would be good law. He refused to pass definitely upon the matter, however, and the case will be taken to a higher court.—Chicago Chronicle.

Model of the Maine.

Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, has consented to take charge of the fund to be raised among the sailors and marines of the United States navy for the purpose of having a silver model made of the United States battleship Maine. This model is to be presented to Miss Helen Gould. The model of the Maine will cost about \$2,000. Considerable money has already been raised. The plan is to collect 10 cents from every sailor and marine in the navy. As there are about 25,000 enlisted men, the amount is practically assured.