

The department of agriculture has recently called attention to the backwardness of this country as a producer of the particular kind of crops that go to the making of perfumes...

The savings bank figures of the Comptroller of the Currency are impressive in their aggregate; they are less flattering to national thrift and prosperity when analyzed than is easily assumed from a casual glance at their totals...

The brand of "S" figures in an extraordinary act passed by our parliament in 1547. Any able-bodied man or woman found loitering and not seeking work for the space of three days could be seized and brought before two justices of the peace...

It would be futile to deny the gravity of the landslides along the Culbra cut. Utterly stupid, on the other hand, it would be to overrate their importance. The descent of five hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards of loose earth recently was an impressive disaster...

Automobile journals are now looking for a \$500 four-cylinder car of twenty or twenty-five horse-power—all this to come in 1915. A car of this character now costs about a thousand dollars.

A Virginia judge has decided that a man must make the best of a mother-in-law if he elects to take one. Solomon might justifiably have patted himself on the back for such a decision.

Perhaps the horse isn't really worried because the motor truck is supplanting him as a draught animal.

Perhaps if the Ten Commandments can be shortened sufficiently they will be more easily remembered.

...NODSA WANA...

By ROY NORTON

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NODS, he was called, not because he was particularly sleepy, but rather as an abbreviation for the only name which he had ever known, his Indian appellation of Nodsawana...

When Sandy Smith first saw him, he was about three years old and was in trouble. He was about as dirty as any member of the tribe which harbored him...

Seeing Nods crying, out in front of the tepees, Sandy pulled up his horse, swung over into the side of his saddle, and took a look at such an amazing thing as a little white boy in an Indian village...

Nods saw this, and without delay trudged up alongside the pony and held up both hands. Wanted to be taken up and away from that village; to go to some place with some one who had a kind word instead of a kick for him...

A powwow brought out the fact that this youngster had been left with an old squaw by a man who claimed to be his daddy...

The minute Sandy showed signs of wanting Nods, the chief valued him highly. It took a day and a night's trading to get him, but Sandy won out, being the kind of a fellow that never quits...

As he was getting ready to go and Nods was waiting, Sandy heard a kind of moaning noise in the tepee where Nods lived, so took a look inside. There, with her blanket over her head and rocking to and fro with her hands clenched in front of her...

Then he argued with himself in this fashion: "Although I do know how to care for mules and dogs, I ain't much up on kids. On't when I made a shirt out of buckskin for a kid, it took me six months. This old dame would be mighty handy. So she's in the play. She's goin' to be Nods' little nursery maid, because he likes her; even if she is a hundred and fifty years old."

Well, in the course of time, they all landed in Canada gulch, and settled down into the happiest little party you ever saw. Before they came, the only partner Sandy had was a three-legged dog. Before they came, an eight-by-ten shack had been big enough. Now all this was changed...

Sandy had the finest cabin on the gulch. The biggest in all the district. Had three rooms and a big porch, and some store furniture. Quit using tin plates and tin cups and tin spoons. Swore off on tin, and got so that real china, a half-inch thick, the real, fine kind they use in restaurants in big cities, wasn't any too good...

Sandy, wanting to give Nods an "education," used to come in at night and laboriously teach him his A B C's, until the little yellow head would get the droops, and the eyes would lose their velvety brightness. Then any one passing the cabin would see the glow of a pipe, and if he took the trouble to walk up the path between the sweet-smelling flowers, he would find a big, lank man sitting on a bench in the darkness of his porch, looking far out over the hills and the lights of other cabins...

When one is happier than ever before in all his life, and has everything he wants, and all the love he has starved for through all the years, the heels of Time's moccasins are greased. Then Time is young and travels fast. The fellow who first pictured him as a slow, dragging old man, with a gait like a turtle, and toting a scythe, must have known him only in trouble...

Sandy had a piece of pipe to mend, and came up to the cabin, on the point of the hill, when he heard steps. He turned round inquiringly to see a man as big as himself. And he wasn't the sort of man you like. One of those bull-necked, thick-lipped, coarse-looking fellows, who leers instead of smiles, and brags when he talks...

"I've come to get my boy—the one you call Nods," he said. The wench dropped from Sandy's clay-covered hands. A minute before the birds had sung, the flowers bloomed, and the sun shone. Now the birds were voiceless, the posies withered, and the sun had slipped from sight...

As he was waiting, Sandy heard a kind of moaning noise in the tepee where Nods lived, so took a look inside. There, with her blanket over her head and rocking to and fro with her hands clenched in front of her...

To take him away from me—to take Nods!"

The man didn't really know Sandy, you see, or he wouldn't have broken it so confidently. Most men would have sooner gone against a Kansas cyclone, or a nest of rattlers, or a band of Apaches, than to stir up Sandy Smith...

Nobody knows what would have happened next, but just then, around the corner of the cabin, with the dog and Pete following, came Nods, talking to Rebecky. The stranger turned, took a look at the squaw, knew her, and triumphantly waved his hand at her...

Sandy turned and looked at Rebecky, and she looked at this stranger. But her face never changed a muscle. They all looked at her quite a while; then Sandy woke up. For the first time he was rough with her. He made three quick steps, leaned over and grabbed her so tightly by the arm that she winced, in spite of her Indian blood, and said:

"Rebecky, for God's sake, tell me! Did ye ever see this man before?" Everything was quiet for what seemed another long time. The man grinned at her, as if pleased over all the trouble he was making, and she looked him straight in the eyes, and, as she looked, her eyes changed. Instead of having a quiet, contented look, like happy old folk have, they grew narrow and black and sharp and young. Then she turned to Sandy:

"Heep He. Never saw this white man before." Without waiting to say

"or I'll put it in you clear up to the hilt."

The stranger ran away, but in this last move Sandy had practically admitted his own defeat. Had practically admitted that he knew the man was within his rights. Otherwise, why Rebecky's denial, and then her attempt to decide the question at the point of the knife? That was convincing.

He turned into the cabin, an old, old man, dropped on his knees over Nods, who was looking at a picture-book gathered him into his arms, and sobbed in the way a fellow of that kind does when he goes all to pieces—the big, dry, shaly kind, where the heart jumps and jerks, and tries to hammer its way out of the body.

The next day the sheriff came alone. He knew Sandy and loved him, and dreaded the trip. He knew that to bring a posse would mean a fight in which many men would die. He knew that old Sandy Smith, unless influenced by reason alone, would unflinchingly fight a regiment of officers to hold the thing he loved. But Sandy and the sheriff were friends, so it didn't come to that.

"Sandy, old friend," he said, when Sandy had shut down the hydraulic's roaring mouth. "Sandy, God knows I hate this trip. I'd rather not be sheriff than to have to tell you. But you've got to give the boy to his father. The man's got the proof and the order of court for his child. You might kill me, or a dozen other better men who come after, but you can't kill the law. You know that! It's the one thing that follows a man in open fight, and is unwhippable."

So it was that the big tamaracks moaned that night, and the flowers around the cabin drooped, while in company with them an old squaw

feared. Rebecky understood, and she, too, feared. Perhaps it wasn't fear she felt, but rather the old call of the Indian blood. But, anyway, on the morning when Sandy dragged down the dusty Winchester from the wall, oiled it up, and filled the chambers, she showed sense. He was just starting from the door with it in the crook of his arm, his eyes fixed toward the other gulch, when she stopped him, and said in Indian, which they sometimes used when talking together: "Not that way, brother. It would do the boy no good, nor bring him back to you and me. Peacepipes and the Great Spirit can make smooth rough trail." He didn't resist when she took the rifle from his hands, and stood quietly thinking, as cartridge after cartridge was ejected by her hand to rattle, unheeded, on the cabin floor.

Sandy finally went down across the gulch and up to the brow of the opposite hill, where he could look on that other cabin. He was hungry for a sight of his boy. On the doorstep, dirty, unkempt, and dejected, sat little Nods, while at his feet, covering in fear of something, sat a three-legged dog, which had already found the way across the hills.

Nods' father didn't seem to like the dog's presence. He was putting around at something, when Sandy, sprawled on top of the ridge and peering over, first saw him, then he came over to Nods, shook him, and when the dog bristled, gave him a kick. The dog wanted to fight, but the man beat him off to a safe distance, while Nods apparently cried. Nods' father then slapped him.

And the man came pretty near going out of the game about that minute. On top of the ridge, a long, red-haired fellow had shut his teeth,

square. He seems to run things pretty well, after all. Keeps us from doing a heap of things we shouldn't do. Now, about this time the Lord noticed that Sandy was going to make a mighty big mistake, so took a hand. "Daddy Sands," a little voice said, "why don't you take me in your arms? I do so want your arms!" Sandy, naturally, couldn't kill a man and hold Nods at the same time, and when he grabbed up the boy, the Lord, having interrupted at the right minute, kind of took him out of his madness, and led him into sanity. The red things quit floating around in front of his eyes. His brain, so weary and so tired for all the sleepless nights since Nods had gone, grew clear again, and he saw what a big mistake he was about to make.

Sandy finally put Nods down on the ground. When he did so, he saw three black-and-blue welts on the bare skin. Where the unbuttoned blouse was open. Well, he would have a little satisfaction for that, anyway. He made one quick jump to where the man stood, his arm shot out with terrific force, and Nods' father fairly flew up into the air.

Before he could realize what had happened, Sandy was on him, one hand on his throat and the other battering his face.

"I came here to kill you," he rasped between his teeth. "You've been beating Nods. Take this as a promise that I'm coming here now every day, and if ever I find another mark on him, by God, I'll tear your heart out of your body, as sure as my name's Smith!"

It seemed there wouldn't be any necessity for a return trip, the way Sandy's arm was working. His blood was boiling again, and the desire to kill so strong that, unless the Lord had interfered again, it would have ended differently. It must have been the Lord who put it into Nods' father's mouth to say: "Let me go! Let me go! If you want the kid so bad, why don't you buy him?"

Sandy's fingers released their hold. Buy Nods? Buy Nods? He had never thought of that before. It seemed so incomprehensible that anybody would offer to sell anything as dear as Nods; that of all the ways he had contemplated in these last weary days, this had been the one way overlooked.

Slowly he climbed to his feet, and Nods' father, shrinking and battered and cowed, but hopeful for his craven, worthless life, also arose. Cupidity was in the man's every look. He was reaching the very end for which he came, and for which—alone—he had claimed the boy. This was his chance.

"Give me your claim," he said, "and I'll deed you all my right, now and forever—to him." "It's done!" said Sandy, without a moment's hesitation. His claim, the richest in all this land, the thing that could produce the gold which would buy a king's ransom, could go as a ransom for this boy. Gold? What was gold? Nothing! A paltry metal, which, though all of it in the world, were within his reach, couldn't pay for one clan of those little arms that again hugged him around his feet, and were soon after transferred to his sun-tanned throat.

They went into the cabin, where Sandy, on a sheet of paper, wrote: "Know all men by these here documents—that one William Martin does hereby sell to one Smith, known to most folks as Sandy Smith, one white boy named Nodsawana. And this here thing calling himself a man—aforsaid, and whereas known as Martin—takes as full pay number four claim on Canada gulch, and it's agreed by one of the aforesaid named Sandy—that he will kill this man Martin if he ever speaks to or claims this aforesaid boy Nodsawana again. So help me God."

"P. S.—This is also a quit-claim deed to the aforesaid boy, and just the same as a bill of sale for a pony or anything else a lawyer might write transferring the boy to Sandy Smith." They signed it in several places. Sandy wanting to make dead sure, and Martin, who was mighty pleased at the deal, being perfectly willing.

There had been a time when a paying claim, a big cabin, a heap of furniture, and a field of flowers, would have seemed just about all in life that Sandy wanted. But the boys on the gulch know, and will tell you that all these things were passed up like a pawn and without thought, when on the following day Sandy and his family rode away.

They got up to that point you can see on the very brow of the hill, where the trail dips off toward the sunrise, the morning after. In the lead was Sandy Smith, holding Nods on the pommel of his saddle. Next came two pack-ponies with an outfit, another pony with old Rebecky, and then Pete, on whose back was packed a big basket, in which a three-legged dog could ride. Right up on that point they stopped and looked back, most of us hope and believe without regret, on the cabin, and the claim, and the flowers. Somehow it was like the thing you remember out of the Bible, long after you've forgotten the words; perhaps you know the place—where a man named Joseph and a woman named Mary, and a tender, smiling little boy, rode off and out into the big world, with none but God to care for them, and right sure in the knowledge that He looks after His own.

The man's arms closed around the little boy, the old woman behind was happy, and old Pete and the three-legged dog were willing to go along after, knowing that green pastures can be found for all things which are faithful to the end.



"PUT THE KNIFE INTO HER, WHY DON'T YOU?"

more, she stooped over Nods, who had stood curiously looking at all of them, fiercely gathered him into her arms, and trudged through the cabin door.

"You see, you're mistaken, stranger," Sandy drawled gently, with a big sigh of relief. "She don't know you. You can't have the boy."

The stranger began to argue, in a reasonable sort of way, and he and Sandy set down on a log. Then Sandy heard something "slip-slipping" over the grass behind him, and turned round in time to see Rebecky with a hunting knife, about ready to end the stranger's claim on Nods, or anything else in the world. She was all Indian again, and was there to kill. Sandy grabbed her, and although she was withered, old, bent, and small, and he a giant in strength, it was about all he could do to hold her off. She fought like a wildcat trying to get at this intruder.

Sandy got the knife away from her and turned to the man.

The fellow sneered, and said: "Put the knife into her, why don't you? She's nothing but a lynx old squaw!" That started Sandy to hollering, and he moved toward him with that kind of a stealthy, deadly way that panthers have when slipping up on something. The fellow saw he had gone too far, and began to back off.

"Now you hike, and be damned quick," Sandy said between his teeth,

moaned upon the floor, and a bent, wearied, heart-stricken old man sat on the door-step with his fingers clutched through his hair—robbed—desolated and alone. And away over across a ridge, in a dirty little shack, on a worthless claim purchased for a song, a big, coarse man brutally cuffed a tired little boy for sobbing and gloated over a triumph. Nods had gone from Sandy's life.

Of course, Sandy and Rebecky knew, within a day or so, where Nods had been taken. There was just one ridge—a low divide—between Canada gulch and Poor Man's gulch, where Nods' father had taken his claim. But it was several days before either Sandy or Rebecky tried to see the boy.

In the meantime, Sandy didn't work. He was kinder to Rebecky than usual, because he knew how the old woman suffered. He thought more of her for it, because it was perfectly natural that he should love anything which had loved Nods. He wandered aimlessly around the cabin, or out among the flowers, where Nods had dug holes. He grieved when he picked up the little A B C books, and when he was alone, out under the big, sympathizing trees, had long talks with the Lord, begging him to show the way so the little feet might patter into the cabin again.

Then his thoughts took a new turn, and he was the grim Sandy that men

pulled a heavy Colt's from his pocket, and was taking very careful aim. Things he drew a bead on didn't live long as a rule. Then he decided the distance was too far. Decided something else, also, and that was that he could go down and kill his brute, if it cost him his own life, his hope of the hereafter, and Nods. That boy should never be cuffed again. He would see to that, he muttered, as he creased down into the clearing.

The man started to say something, but got a good square look into Sandy's flaming eyes, and decided this wasn't his hour to talk. Nods looked up, and with cries of "Daddy Sands! Dear Daddy Sands! I knew you'd come. I knew you would find me," rushed frantically over and clasped his arms tightly around Sandy's legs. For once he was not taken into arms. For once there was no reply.

Sandy had an errand to perform. He wasn't the quiet Sandy of the last two years, but the old Sandy of the Geronimo and other border days. He had a mission.

And Nods' father read it and grew white, and lost his defiant grin. There in front of him stood death. Just waiting a few minutes to do its work! And it would be done—the glint of the white-hot steel shone in the eyes, and told him so.

The Lord mayn't always work things out the way we like best, but somehow or another, if you're on the

LIGHTS USED AT THE MASS

Candles Were Placed Near the Altar in the Early Days, Not Upon It.

It would seem that in very early days, though lights were prescribed at mass, they were placed not upon but near the altar. Sometimes the number of lights at a solemn mass was very great and the candles then used

were invariably made of wax. Anglo-Saxon writers, such as Aelfric in his "Tenth Canon," give reasons for these lights. "The acolytes," he says, "light candles at mass not so much to dispel darkness as in honor of Christ, who is our light."

Even when later on it became the general practice to have two candles lighted upon the altar, "two others," we are told, "were often lighted at

the parochial or high mass during the canon, or at least before the elevation."

But while it seems to have been usual at high mass on Sunday and feast days to have even in smaller churches two candles on the altar and two in larger candlesticks at the side the number was much greater in abbeys and cathedrals.

At Chichester in the thirteenth century it was the custom on great feasts to place seven tapers of two pounds each on the altar, eight on the

beam above it and two on the altar step; and on ordinary days three on the altar and two on the step. We know also that in the chapel of Henry VIII, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, there were ten golden candlesticks on the altar.

With regard to the universal custom of burning candles before shrines and images it would be impossible to enumerate examples of a practice so beloved by the faithful. But in England in the thirteenth century there was a curious devotion very common

at that period which consisted in having a candle made to the exact height of the person offering it. The petitioner then spent the whole night before the shrine holding the votive taper in his or her hands all the time.

Not a Lost Art. In one New York department store spelling is not a lost art. Ample measures have been taken to enable women who write letters in that store to spell correctly the names of the goods. Above each writing desk in the corre-

spondence room is a typewritten list of words containing the names of popular materials, colors and styles, with the Anglicized pronunciation of the most recently imported foreign terms.

Quick Changes. Wife—Darling, I want a new gown. Husband—But you had a new one only a short time ago.

Wife—Yes, but my friend Ellen is to be married and I can't wear the same dress as I wore at her last wedding.