

## THE LADIES' AID.

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home,  
It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome,  
It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town,  
And when 'twas dedicated, why we planked ten thousand down;  
That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best—  
And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land,  
It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand,  
And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play,  
It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away,  
It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test:  
We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas;  
They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze,  
They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more,  
And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet for the floor,  
No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest  
When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says: "We'll pay the rest."

Of course, we're proud of our big church from pulpit up to spire;  
It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire,  
But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks,  
I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs,  
And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest,  
That men will get the toll and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid the rest.

—Reformed Church Herald.

## Old Mizzkook's Stratagem

ON the maps of British North America, such as were issued ten years ago, one will find an extensive region about the head waters of the Peace river, across which is printed the word, "Unexplored."

It is a tract as large as the State of Maine, walled round to the south by that transverse range of the Rockies in which the Fraser river rises; and the scene of this narrative is the valley of a small tributary now known as McDougal's creek.

Along the creek for a distance of several miles there are grassy plains of alluvial meadows of such fertility and such sylvan beauty that in the summer of 1894 one Roscoe McDougal was tempted to settle here, having it in mind to keep cattle and sheep. Lofly crags sheltered the valley on the west side; and against the almost perpendicular face of one of these McDougal constructed a comfortable shack of



OLD MIZZKOOK DANCED ABOUT THE SHED

plank logs and "splints," and adjoining it built a log shed for the three cows, which one by one he led up here from the nearest human habitation, fifty miles lower down the river.

To this remote spot, during the summer of 1895, he brought his wife and two little boys, Donald and James, aged ten and eight. Potatoes and turnips are said to have grown well here, and McDougal might perhaps have made a home for himself and family and done well. But he seems to have lacked the patience to work and wait; and during the season of 1897, having heard glowing accounts of the gold found in the Klondike region, he grew discontented, and left his family.

He cannot be said to have deserted them, for he left them a good stock of flour in sacks, and other supplies; the cows, too, afforded milk and butter in abundance. Yet it was little less than foolhardy to leave a woman and two boys at such a distance from human aid and companionship. They appear, however, to have passed the following winter without accident or trouble, but in all that time did not see a human being, except an Indian squaw, who came occasionally to beg.

But in April calamity fell on them. Mrs. McDougal suffered a serious injury while attempting to lead one of the cows. Inflammation ensued, from which she died on the fourth night after, without medical aid, and attended only by the boys and the squaw, who chanced to come to them. The grief and terror of the poor lads knew no bounds.

The squaw, a saturnine, hideous old creature, took up her abode with them. Perhaps the dying mother had asked her to do so. She cooked their food after a manner, but was very wasteful and dirty. At times, however, she

went off to snare ptarmigan and hares, and once fetched home a beaver, the tail of which she cooked with curious ceremonies and devoured with much gusto. Her name was Mizzkook—at least, that was what little Jimmy and Donald called her. Sometimes she slept over a day or two, and would not get up to prepare food. When she had cooked, she gorged herself, then slept again. The lads learned to make a kind of flour pone for themselves, which they ate in milk, during these long periods of slumber.

After this fashion they lived through the summer, the boys hoping every day that their father would come back. Donald got out the scythe and put up a little hay in the meadow. They also planted a patch of potatoes. Their cows now gave but little milk; but as the season advanced they gathered berries.

Neither Indians nor wild beasts had troubled them thus far, in summer or winter; but one day in September of that autumn they heard their three cows and their calves bawling in a frightful manner at a distance up the meadow, and on running to learn the cause of the commotion, beheld a terrible spectacle.

An enormous animal, the like of which they had never seen, had killed one of the cows, and was carrying it away to the woods. The calf followed after, bleating pitifully. The other two cows stood at a distance, bellowing loudly.

To Donald and Jimmy the huge animal seemed to be white, or nearly so. It was probably a "silver-tip" grizzly bear. It seemed to them to be larger than any one of the cows, and its strength must have been prodigious, for it carried the body of the cow, a large one, with apparent ease. The fear inspired in Jimmy and Donald by this savage incursion cannot be easily described. Awestruck, they stared at the white monster, then ran back to the shack to call old Mizzkook. The latter, rousing from her slumbers of repletion, issued forth, and on seeing the great tracks of the bear in the black loam of the meadow, was at no loss to comprehend what had happened.

"Neesquoom! Neesquoom!" she muttered, in some excitement, and bade the boys drive the cows to the shed and shut them up.

Nor would she permit them to be turned out the next day, but assisted the boys to cut and fetch dry grass and water from the creek for them. The calf had not come back.

Nothing further was seen of the bear for a week or more, and they had turned out the cows again, when the silver-tip made a second descent on them, killing and carrying off another cow. A calf, too, was disabled; and the foray was made so near the shack that the boys saw the bear approach and heard its terrific roar as it rushed upon the little herd.

So frightened, so filled with horror was little Jimmy that he shrieked and ran to hide himself in the farthest corner of the shack. Old Mizzkook came forth, and stood numbing, rolling her eyes, grunting strange excretions. Donald, who was old enough to think of defending their property, longed for a gun; but they had nothing in the way of weapons save a dull scythe and a duller ax.

For another week they were not molested—while the bear found the cow sufficient for his wants. Then one night they were waked by the mournful lowing of the cow and calves, and looking out, they saw the huge pale specter of a beast standing at the door

of the shed. The grizzly had come for more beef.

But the log walls and door appeared to puzzle the animal. It ran to and fro, swinging its head, snorting and snuffing, and presently came to the shack door. One blow of the bear's huge paw would have crushed it.

The boys cowered in their bed, shivering with fear, but the squaw kindled a fire, and as soon as brands were blazing, she threw one out at the little window on that side. The bear snorted and retired to a distance, where it stood for a short time, as if in astonishment, then came round near the cow-shed again. Immediately the cow resumed her plaintive lowing.

The bear stood up and pawed the walls of the shed, and would probably have torn the structure down, but the squaw, opening the shack door, threw brands at him. The huge beast went away, but returned toward morning, and but for the squaw's firebrands would have secured the cow. At sunrise it shuffled away up the meadows.

Not once during that long night had the boys closed their eyes; but they now fell asleep, and were only wakened several hours later by the sound of blows. The cow and one of the calves were in the shack. The squaw was wielding the ax at the shed; and on going out there Donald and Jimmy scarcely recognized her!

From a grunting, apathetic old creature, she appeared transformed into a gleaming-eyed fury. They were afraid of her, she looked so wild and dashed to and fro with such agility. She had chopped off the rafters of the shed roof at both ends, where they rested on the log walls of the shed, but supported them by two props underneath. As she worked she sang some sort of savage chant over and over, ending it every time with an eldritch whoop.

The lads were wholly at a loss to know what had come over her, or what she was doing in such a mood. She appeared entirely forgetful of their food, nor could little Jimmy induce her to turn her attention to cookery.

During the afternoon she set both youngsters fetching stones from the foot of the crags a few yards away, and these she piled on the roof of the shed. In a word, the squaw was setting a bear-trap probably after the manner of her tribe. The task had roused her from her overfed apathy. She drove the lads to and fro with armfuls of stones, and fetched large ones herself, till a weight of several tons had been piled on the splits of the shed roof.

The squaw had left the lame calf in the shed, tied at the far end of it, and would not allow Donald to lead it out; but the other calf was with the cow in the shed. At sunset she set the door of the shed ajar, and the boys now began better to comprehend her stratagem.

For if the bear entered at the door of the shed to seize the calf at the far end, he would have to pass between the two props, the bases of which she had set on round sections of a pine log. The props stood so near together that the grizzly's body would displace them, causing the logs to roll outward.

As night drew on they retired to the shack, and remained quiet there, without light or fire.

Toward midnight the cow began to low. The bear was coming. After a time they heard it snuffling near the door, and again a great fear fell on little Jimmy. But he dared not cry.

Not long after this they heard a savage roar, accompanied by a clatter. A moment later there was a tremendous crash, followed by hoarse, awful outcries and roars of distress.

Old Mizzkook ran out and danced about the shed, singing and whooping in savage glee. Her trap had sprung. But Donald and Jimmy were thinking of their poor lame calf.

They dared not go near the shed, however, even after it had grown light the next morning. The grizzly continued its outcries at intervals all that day and through the next night, moaning, groaning or roaring in anguish. It must have died a horrible death under that weight of stones. But the outcries were music in old Mizzkook's ears. She danced and sang in unbounded delight, nor when the bear finally expired was she averse to feasting off its flesh.

Her stratagem had at least saved one cow for them; and in praise of her fidelity, such as it was, it must be said that she remained there until McDougal's return in October, when he removed his boys to Juneau, Alaska.

They left old Mizzkook in possession of the shack, and also of the cow and calf.—Youth's Companion.

### Envious Experts.

"I understand that the experts are inclined to criticize the new \$20 bill."  
"What kind of experts?"  
"The kind that hasn't any \$20 bills, I suppose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Men don't like men very well; women don't like women very well, either. And men quarrel with women, sometimes.

## JOS. RODMAN DRAKE'S GRAVE.

Barial Place of the Author of the "Ode to the American Flag."

The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, in its annual report, just issued, renews its advocacy of the establishment of the "Joseph Rodman Drake Park," at Hunt's Point, in the Bronx, New York, to preserve the grave of a poet who has remained too long without honor in his own city—the author of the spirited "Ode to the American Flag," "The Culprit Fay," and of other poems.

"Drake's grave," says the society's report, "is one of about sixty in the little old abandoned Hunt graveyard on Hunt's Point, in the Borough of The Bronx. This diminutive cemetery, about seven rods square, lies on the left hand side of the old Hunt's Point road, about four-fifths of a mile from the Hunt's Point station of the Harlem branch of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, as one goes eastward from the station to the point. It is so obscured by trees and bushes that, although it abuts on the roadway and although Drake's seven-foot monument is within seven yards of the



DRAKE'S GRAVE.

fence, it can be found only by the sharpest scrutiny. Pilgrims seeking the spot may conveniently locate it by the side of a little brown cottage about 150 feet beyond the turn where the road bends sharply from east to north. On two sides the cemetery is bounded by salt marsh, produced by water from the East River, which is not more than half a mile away.

"The cemetery is in a state of deplorable neglect. It is filled with bushes and wild growth of various sorts. Half of the gravestones are broken, some stand upside down against the trees, some lie on the ground. The small obelisk from one monument is toppled over. Some stones have crumbled away into unrecognizable stumps. But others are in a good state of preservation and record the burial of old families like the Hunts, Leggetts, Bartows, Willets, Tillous, Talmans, Whiteheads, Dixons, Leaycrafts, Goodyears, Flemings, Van Rants, and others. The oldest legible inscription is upon a brownstone slab, carved at the top with one of the quaint heads and pairs of wings with which our ancestors of 150 years ago were wont to adorn these mortuary memorials.

"Drake was buried amid the scenes he loved so well, in the old Hunt burial plot, as above stated. Having been left an orphan, and having received no aid from his nearest relatives, he asked to be buried among his friends, the Hunts. His monument is a very modest one, standing seven feet high on a base three feet, three inches square. It is protected by an iron fence like a tree cage, only three feet square, leaded into the basestone and rising half the height of the monument. It is crowded close up against the iron fence surrounding a similar monument to one of the Tillous. Vandals have chopped off the corners of the marble mounting."

### FROST BITE AND FREEZING.

Modes of Treatment that Should Be Applied at Once.

Speaking of people that are suffering from long exposure to the cold, a well-known medical journal says: It is highly essential that forethought, courage and skill be exercised in many cases, or else irreparable injury, or life itself, may pay the penalty of misguided effort. Calmness and hard work will save many lives; recklessness and hastiness of action may cause many to perish.

Every one knows that to rub with snow is the proper procedure in most instances of freezing. Such handling may save many, but will certainly kill some, if practiced regularly.

The first effect of intense cold, or of a lesser degree of cold continued for a long time, is to render the tissues pallid, shrunken and more or less devoid of sensation by contraction of the blood vessels.

If the exposure is not too prolonged, when warmth is again applied to the tissues the vessels dilate and reaction is established with no further harm than an intense aching of the parts; if, however, the exposure has been too severe, or if reaction is brought about too suddenly, pernio, or chilblains,

form; to such conditions only should the term "frost-bite" be applied. The graver injury of actual freezing may be recovered from through appropriate treatment, or may result in gangrene or death even under the best and most assiduous therapy.

The intelligent and scientific treatment of both frost bite and actual freezing consists in retarding the reaction and in moderating its intensity, thus encouraging the tissues to recover rather than die.

The patient is removed at once to a cold room, and thoroughly rubbed with snow or cloths dipped in ice water, or wrapped in cloths which are irrigated with ice water while the underlying tissues are subjected to vigorous massage. The iced bath is not applicable. At the tissues regain their color, the temperature of the applications is gradually raised and finally the patient is rubbed dry with bare hands. As soon as evidences of reaction are manifested, brandy or other alcoholic drinks given by rectal injection, or, if the patient can swallow, by the mouth. Even if gangrene follows, only elevation of the part and perfect dryness is required, the gangrene being nearly always of the dry variety and quick to separate spontaneously unless subjected to undue manipulation or warmth, or unless heat and moisture be applied, when it may be transformed into the moist and spreading variety.

### ODD ACTS OF REVENGE.

Ingenious Means to Get Even Employed by Men and Women.

There was much ado in a provincial town a year or two ago when Mrs. Fielding, the wife of the leading draper, came across a packet of her husband's billet-doux accidentally dropped by one of the young lady assistants.

As Mrs. Fielding was emphatically not a woman to be trifled with, naturally the young lady had at once to "go." Nor was poor Fielding long in following. The next step taken by the energetic Mrs. Fielding was to exhibit all the letters in the shop window. This caused such a crowd to assemble that the police had to threaten the lady with a summons for "obstruction."

Eventually, however, a sadder and a wiser Mr. Fielding was readmitted into his own house and his wife's good graces.

Another curious act of revenge—this time on the part of a barber—was brought to light recently in the course of a county court action by a hair-dresser's assistant named Pye, who was suing for wages in lieu of notice. It was proved by the assistant that the reason of his dismissal was his refusal to "rough shave" a certain customer, whom his employer regarded with disfavor as being guilty of exchanging smiles with his (the employer's) wife.

Not exactly caring to create a scandal by forbidding the customer his shop, the barber had instructed his assistants to shave the gentleman in a manner that would insure his keeping away after a few experiences. The employer had to pay Pye his wages.

A French method of "taking it out" of an opponent has been invented by the Marquis de Dion, the well-known manufacturer of automobiles and a prominent member of the French Chamber of Deputies. The marquis got annoyed with the French government, and in order to embarrass it as much as possible recently advised his constituents in Brittany to withdraw their deposits from the National Savings Bank. Large withdrawals from the savings bank took place in consequence, and the fact has a direct bearing on the French national finances today.

But this was nothing to the elaboration with which a German boy of 14 named Alfred Schimpf set about a scheme of revenge on an old Berlin gentleman named Blitzen, who had complained of the boy annoying him.

The boy bought an India rubber stamp with the signature "Dr. Lang" upon it, and appended this name to a large number of open postcards full of gross insults to Herr Blitzen.

Soon afterward Herr Blitzen was summoned by the district court to answer to an action instituted by "Dr. Lang" to recover a debt of 14 shillings, but when he appeared on the appointed day the plaintiff was not there. Three days later an ambulance drew up and four stalwart men entered Herr Blitzen's apartments and placed him by main force in the ambulance for conveyance to the nearest lunatic asylum, whence, of course, he was liberated when the doctors discovered him to be perfectly sane.

Elegant carriages afterward drove up to take Herr and Frau Blitzen for drives. The boy afterward sent a band of music to play before the house at 4 o'clock in the morning. The climax was reached when a hearse drawn drawn by six horses and followed by eight mourning coaches appeared before Herr Blitzen's house. They had been ordered by "Dr. Lang" for Herr Blitzen's funeral. Nor would the young villain have been discovered and sent to jail had he not betrayed himself by boasting of his deeds to another lad.—Pearson's Weekly.