THE BAD BAY.

She knelt beside the bed where lay the boy
Who all the weary day had been so bad;
Tears wet her cheeks, and prayer was on her lips
The while she drank grief's gall in bitter sips.
"If you but knew, my boy," I heard her say,
"How you have hurt me through this livelong day,
If you could know the love a mother bears,
Or that your name's the burden of her prayers."

And then she prayed till hope came back to her
And happy tears replaced the grief-drops' blur;
She prayed for patience, prayed for light; but more
Prayed for the boy for whom such love she bore.
She prayed that he might choose the better part
And lose the growing hardness in his heart;
She prayed till joy unto her soul returned
And mother-love through all her being burned.

How like her God she seemed while kneeling there,
Her lips attuned to sweet unselfish prayer;
How like the Christ that nightly over me
Bends, trusting that my love for him may be
Such that upon the morrow I may go
More meekly on his errands here below.
Some day that boy must feel love's thrilling thrill—
I yet may learn to do my Master's will.

—Baltimore American.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

THERE was no death dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were clotted and red, there were still faint groans from the dying and mocking grins on the upturned faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drip tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she trudged over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay there was not one hideous detail of the massacre of Indian Island not seared deep into her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs was cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators, perhaps citizens of Eureka, although suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals, who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa Reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the redskin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands, and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the Island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wailings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the gruesome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, Revenge was written large in the very fiber of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said, as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his lithe young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well-a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old laundress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her nature. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big fellow slumped down on the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar trees.

But while the soapsuds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the thrifty housewife busied herself at tidying things on the porch for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said half aloud. "It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fish hooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horseshoes, gopher traps, door knobs, coils of wire, shot pouches, fly boxes, empty shells, a whisky flask, old pipes, rubber gloves—everything, in short, that a catch-all of such sort collects in the course of twenty years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

Teh white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came singing "Bonnie Doon" through the house, whistled the dogs over from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained, in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book agent was in the front hall, and the contents of the game bag were left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra still bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work, rubbing, rinsing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife in the game bag cried out Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell athwart her gleam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, loked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the vengeance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-failing source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut. The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence, and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him. So day after day the struggle with the Destroyer was waged.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing redskin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were re-established. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stolid and glum than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre, hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill, it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when they rent aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only this one son, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suds flew high, frightening the canary from his perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue skies smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the woof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the pies to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even, and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his felt hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eye shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water but the red, clotted pools were still vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for to take home to warm over were tied into her apron under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white-house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought, and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"We'll leave all these things just as they are till we get back from our trip to Redwood Creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his outing with the Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village, telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search-parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't!"

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stoic silence.

OLD FAVORITES

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The gravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree.

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again;
My peaceful home has no charm for me,
The battlefield no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride,
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit;
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I played on my master's lute;
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree;
Oh! had I but loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
When smiles away the bridal pair,
I'll hasten to give them mine;
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festive train,
And if I survive it, I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine,
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom;
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

WHAT SEA SERPENTS ARE.

Monsters that Have Survived Most of Their Species.

Professor Charles L. Edwards, of Trinity College, told the Hartford Scientific Society recently a lot about the sea serpent and had shown on a screen pictures of the monsters calculated to scare an innocent youngster out of a year's growth. Unfortunately, none of the pictures was an actual photograph, but the lecturer seemed to tend to the belief that there was something doing in the monster line, and Rev. James Goodwin, the president of the society, said at the close of the lecture that he for one believed more in the thing than he had before. As to how great that previous belief had been he did not say.

Professor Edwards in the first part of his lecture had thrown on the screen pictures of sea monsters as represented in years past. He explained in his talk that, while he spoke of "sea serpents," the so-called and oft-repeated sea serpent could not be a big snake, but some other kind of a monster (if it was anything). As back as far as Job mention is made of a great leviathan and accounts of some great things are found in all early histories. One myth seems to have come from a sperm whale and another from the squid. Even the Indians had a belief in a monster serpent and thought one lived in the great lakes and broke up the ice in the winter when it became irritated.

Professor Edwards gave a long list of dates when the great sea serpent has been reported and related some of the circumstances. They stretch from 1639 down into 1906. A bishop, Commodore Preble, crews of British warships and many persons have made the reports. A noted appearance was at Gloucester and Nahant, Mass., in 1817, when hundreds of reputable citizens saw something and testified to it. It is estimated that from 600 to 700 persons saw it and people even drove along the beach in crowds, keeping up with it as it swam along off the shore. Professor Edwards said there was no doubt that something was seen at that time.

It is always described as black or brownish, with eyes in the upper part of the head, swimming at a speed of five or six knots, carrying its head out of water, generally with a mane, and proceeding with a humping motion like a caterpillar. A curious appearance was one reported in 1898-1899 in a Swedish lake, where, it was declared, a huge animal had been seen a number of times and had been watched through glasses for long periods. Finally, a newspaper sent an eminent naturalist to investigate and he reported as his conclusions that several monsters from six to four feet long had certainly been seen in the lake.

Professor Edwards said that probably in all the many cases reported something had been seen, for it is impossible to believe that all these people were liars. The universal declaration that the thing proceeded with an undulating motion does away with the theory of its being actually a big snake. He showed that the stories might arise from the appearance of a manatee, a big stingray, a gigantic squid (one was caught with arms and body 100 feet long), a basking shark, whales or school of porpoises. A few years ago what was called the Florida monster was found near St. Augustine, with arms nearly 100 feet long. The basking shark grows to forty feet long certainly. There is no known limit to the growth of fishes.—Hartford Courant.

MIXED ON HISTORY.

Who Said "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"?

At a recent meeting in this city of colored citizens from various parts of the country an incident occurred which not only demonstrated to some extent the negro's need for a better education, but showed also that he had a marked sense of humor, says the Washington Star.

Many of those most interested in the uplifting of their race were present at the meeting, and speeches were being made on the theme of the colored man's natural ability, which, it was stated, awaited only a fair chance to become apparent.

Ere long great enthusiasm was aroused, each speaker, as he went further in the eulogy of his brothers, receiving more deafening applause. The race pride of the audience was appealed to by a speaker, whom we may call Mr. Jackson, a man with remarkable natural powers of oratory.

"Let us stand up for our rights," he shouted, waving his hands above his head, "Let us remember the sentiment set forth in the Declaration of Independence, that immortal document penned by the hand of Patrick Henry. Aye, I would say in the very words of Thomas Jefferson, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

For a moment, deeply impressed by this oratorical climax, the colored brothers were silent. Then a listener in the rear of the assemblage began to laugh hilariously.

"What's the matter, brother?" queried Mr. Jackson.

"Suh, it happen to hab been Gen'al George Washington who spoke dem immortal wuds, 'Gib me liberty or gib me death!'"

Emboldened by this sally, another gentleman ventured a criticism:

"And shuly, suh, you knows dat Benedict Arnold was de man dat penned dat immortal document, de Declaration ob Independence!"

These objections to his statements completely nonplused the enthusiastic orator, and he resumed his seat with great humiliation, while the entire assemblage indulged in a hearty laugh at his expense.

Some members even dared to shout that the criticisers were themselves in the wrong. As it was, the patriotic feelings of the occasion turned into a huge joke as quickly as an icicle would melt in an August sun.

"The Woman in Business."

"As a new woman," he said, "I suppose you will not object to the wedding ring as a symbol of man's tyranny?"

"Of course I shall," she replied. "Under no circumstances would I consent to wear such a thing. It is not essential to a marriage, and it stands for all that is objectionable in the marriage relation."

"And on the same theory," he continued, "I suppose you will refuse to wear an engagement ring, also?"

"Well—no," she answered, slowly and thoughtfully. "That's a very different matter."

"But theoretically it——"

"There is no use arguing," she interrupted. "I don't care what it is theoretically. Practically it is very often a diamond, while the wedding ring is only plain gold, and that makes all the difference in the world."—Tit-Bits.

Had Heard of It—Somewhere.

Senator "Tom" Platt was fingering a gilt-edged book that had come to him in the mail. He seemed so much interested in it that Senator Quay asked what he was reading.

"This," explained the New York "boss," as he turned the pages slowly "is a reprint of a curious volume much thought of by William Penn and his followers, but which I am told is scarcely known among their descendants."

"And what is it called," asked the Pennsylvania statesman.

Platt tossed it on Quay's desk. It was the Bible.—Baltimore Herald.

There is only one way to escape: if the bride and groom take a trip, they are assaulted with rice at the depot; if they stay home, they are "chivareed." The escape is not to get married at all.

QUEER STORIES

In the fortified rock of Gibraltar there are 62 miles of tunnels. They are stocked with an ample supply of arms, ammunition and provisions, in readiness for a siege.

There was some trouble over the dividing line between the towns of New Hartford and Harwinton in Connecticut until the original survey of the towns laid out in 1729 by the proprietors, who were taxpayers of Hartford, was found, and this record will be used in making a new survey.

After 10 years incessant labor, Mrs. Lizzie Hoffman of Anthony has finished what is probably the oddest bedquilt in the country. It is a patch quilt made of 14,000 pieces of silk of all kinds and colors, and every piece of silk came from a different bride's hat. During 10 years Mrs. Hoffman has been collecting these pieces.

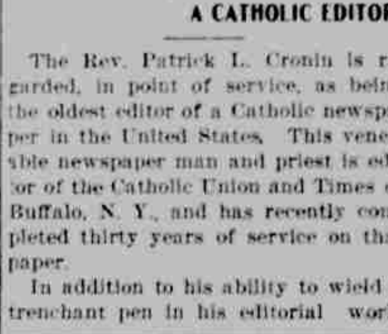
A remarkable industry of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Every engineer is now familiar with the fact that in all modern works of any size the making and repairing of tools is managed by a special department of the works. The "good old days," when a gang of men would stand in line, waiting for their turn at the grindstone, have gone by. In a modern shop, when a tool needs grinding it is sent to the tool department and another one, all ready for use, is obtained at once. It is easy to see how much more economical such a method is, for the preparation of tools is kept in the hands of people who are doing nothing else, and who are necessarily much more expert than the general workman would be, while the latter does not waste time in waiting for a turn at the grindstone.

FATHER CRONIN, LONG A CATHOLIC EDITOR.

The Rev. Patrick L. Cronin is regarded, in point of service, as being the oldest editor of a Catholic newspaper in the United States. This venerable newspaper man and priest is editor of the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, N. Y., and has recently completed thirty years of service on that paper.

In addition to his ability to wield a trenchant pen in his editorial work,



FATHER CRONIN.

Father Cronin has written verse which has won him a reputation. He is also a powerful orator and among scholars is recognized as a man of great literary attainments. Despite his years, Father Cronin shows a marked capacity for work and besides his editorial duties, on which he spends several hours a day, he has charge of a large parish at Tonawanda, N. Y.

Nearly all of the many priests who exercised the sacred ministry at the time Father Cronin assumed his present editoral position have passed away. In every case the venerable priest penned their obituaries.

A Vegetable Chair.

One of the most wonderful pieces of furniture in the world is a vegetable chair, which came from Korea, and has grown from a single seed, planted twenty-six years ago. The seed was that of a gingko tree. In fertile soil and amid sunshine and rain the seed grew into a vine, when the native gardener set about to fashion by ingenious twistings, compressions and trainings into an arm chair.

Much pruning was necessary in order to make the lower branches develop in size and strength. The chair was carefully formed by tying the young and pliable branches together with strong fiber ropes, and as the tree expanded the ropes held firm.

The chair weighs more than 100 pounds, and is even harder, sturdier and more imperishable than oak. It is three feet four inches in height, and twenty-five inches in width, and some of the knots which formed between the binding ropes are twenty-two inches in circumference. The bark has been removed, and the surface, which is golden brown in color, has taken a fine polish, and in spite of its look of lumpy antagonism it is quite as comfortable as the conventional factory made chair.

As a rule, when we write anything nice about a man, he says: "What did you go and stick it in the paper for?"