BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Mourn not the goods that fall not to your share;
Each longed for blessing to your prayer denied
Does but give place to gift more rich and rare,
Impossible had you not thus been tried.

Grieve not when efforts fail, as fail they will;
Each purpose thwarted, is but leading you
To fields of striving, nobler, loftier still,
Which earlier success had hid from view.

To win the heights where peace and joy abide,
Our bleeding feet try many a path in vain;
But every crooked way and treacherous guide
We find, at last, has helped those heights to gain.

—Percy F. Bicknell, in Christian Register.

A FRONTIER HERO.

JOHN SANFORD was only about 14 years of age when he did the brave deed that saved a hundred lives in all probability. He was the son of a farmer who had settled on a frontier farm in Minnesota.

For some time before the opening of this story, it had been reported among the settlers of the frontier towns and neighborhoods that there was serious danger of an outbreak among the Indians. Several of the tribes had reservations in that part of the State. But because the intercourse between the white and red men had heretofore been mostly of a friendly, peaceable character, not many believed the reports and rumors of impending trouble to be well founded, therefore nothing was done to protect the settlers in case of an outbreak. Every home was practically defenseless.

One day Mr. Sanford yoked up his oxen and loaded his wife and all the children, except John and Hugh, his 12-year old brother, into the lumber wagon, and drove off across the prairie to visit a relative who had lately settled in the State. The road they had to go over was a rough one, and as they had about thirty miles to make each way, they expected to be gone at least four or five days.

On the afternoon of the day of the family's departure the boys were surprised by a visit from Jim Crow, an Indian who had been a frequent visitor of the family from the time of its settlement there. He had given his name as Red Crow, originally, but John had rechristened him Jim Crow, and he had accepted the new name as if it were a mark of distinction, and seemed quite proud of it.

"You haven't been here for quite a long time," said John. "Where have you been all summer?"

"Long ways off," answered Jim Crow, pointing to the west. "Come back las' week. Found out something. Come to tell fodder. Where is fodder?" looking about the place in search of Mr. Sanford, whom he had always called "fodder" from hearing the children call him "father."

"Gone visiting," answered John. "Won't be back for three or four days."

"Which way go?" asked Jim Crow.

"That way," answered John, pointing to the east. "Gone to see a man who lives as much as thirty miles from here."

"Good," grunted Jim Crow. "Hope he stay. You go, too. Go soon's you can."

"Why?" asked John, in surprise.

Jim Crow explained to the two boys why he had come to see Mr. Sanford. The Indians were ready to break out at any time. Already they had killed several settlers on the extreme frontier limits, and burned their homes. Several tribes were expected to unite in a general uprising against the whites. Some of these had not yet agreed upon the terms of warfare proposed by the leaders of the revolt, but in all probability they would do so very soon, and as soon as a general understanding was arrived at between the tribes, the murderous work they plotted would begin in earnest.

"Mebbe to-night, mebbe next week," said Jim Crow. He had come to warn Mr. Sanford of the danger ahead, and advise him to get away from the place at once. If they were to remain, they would certainly be massacred.

"Fodder gone—you go, too," said the Indian. "No Injun that way—all this," pointing to the west, signifying that they would have no difficulty in making their escape.

In the course of the conversation John found out something that startled him quite as much as the realization of the danger at home. As soon as the tribes got together, they would endeavor to surprise St. Mary's, which was the name of a town about twenty miles down the river. It had, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants, two-thirds of them women and children. Among them was John's grandparents, and with them Alice, his oldest sister.

"Have you any idea when they will attack the place?" asked John of Jim Crow.

The Indian could not tell when the raid would be made, because he did not know just when the expected tribes would arrive, but he was certain that it would be before long—any day, in fact.

"Hugh, I'll tell you what we'll do," John said to his brother. "You take old Doll and follow father up. You'll be pretty sure to overtake him somewhere on the road. I'll go down the river to St. Mary's and let the folks there know what to look out for."

"Can't do it," said Jim Crow. "Injun both sides river, all along road, clear down to big bend."

The "big bend" was about ten miles away, half way of the distance, by river, to St. Mary's. Once beyond that, according to Jim Crow's knowledge of the situation, there would be no danger likely to befall the traveler, but the question was, how to get beyond it. It seemed that the Indians had camps on both sides of the river between Mr. Sanford's place and the "big bend," where the roads ran over which settlers from above would be likely to go if they became frightened and sought safety in flight.

Jim Crow was evidently in a rather nervous condition of mind, for he was anxious to be gone. He had risked a great deal in doing what he had to warn of the danger ahead the white family who had befriended him, and he did not care to arouse the suspicion of his red brothers. Therefore he made his visit a brief one, and disappeared in the forest.

"I can't bear to think of letting the Indians kill off everybody at St. Mary's without trying to do something to warn them of their danger," said John. "If I could only get beyond the big bend!"

Just then a tree-top came floating down the river, close to the shore where they were standing. Many of its branches were above the water, and so thick were they that one could not see through them.

A plan flashed through the boy's brain. Why could he not conceal himself among the branches of the tree-top and drift down the river in it? The Indians along the shores would not be likely to suspect that it gave shelter to anyone. They probably, were not suspicious, or on the lookout as yet, believing, as no doubt they did, that the whites had no anticipation of trouble ahead.

"I'll do it," he decided, and he jumped into a boat and rowed out into the river after the tree-top, which he succeeded in pushing up against the bank, where it anchored itself among the bushes, temporarily.

He explained his plan to Hugh. "You'll have no trouble in getting away without any help from me," he said. "It's all clear in that direction, if what Jim Crow said is so. So I shan't worry any about you, and you needn't worry any about yourself."

They saddled old Doll, and John saw his brother ride away, wondering if fate would ever bring them together again. Then he climbed out upon the tree-top, and let himself down among its branches, with the lower part of his body in the water, which was warm, and not at all unpleasant to come in contact with. He found that he could very easily support himself by throwing his arms over the branches of the tree-top in such a manner that nothing but his head would be out of water. He pushed the novel craft away from shore and presently it caught the current and swung out into the stream.

As nearly as he could calculate the stream had a current of about a mile an hour. It was now past sundown, and dusk was setting in. There would be about eight hours of comparative darkness in his favor, and allowing his calculations of the movement of the current to be correct, they would take him well along toward the "big bend."

It must have been nearly midnight before he came upon any indication of the enemy. Then he saw the flicker of camp fires here and there along the shores. By and by they were left behind, but presently he came upon others. These he passed safely, and as the first red gleams of dawn began to show in the east he felt quite sure that he had got out of the enemy's country.

But in this he was mistaken, as he soon found out. As the tree-top swung around a little curve in the stream he saw quite a little village of wigwams ahead, on the side of a hill sloping down to the river. A careful scrutiny of the camp convinced him that it belonged to one of the non-resident tribes, and he concluded that it was not until his trip had proved successful until morning, provided it proved to be a successful one, of course—for if this were another tribe, the union Jim Crow had spoken of would no doubt be made at once, and the war on the whites be immediately begun.

He was so intently engaged in watching the camp as he drifted past it, that he did not notice the approach of a canoe containing two Indians until it brushed the branches of the tree-top, as it passed by. He would not have known, then, what jarred his craft, had not one of the Indians put out his paddle and gave the tree-top a push. The sound of the voice made his heart beat hard and fast, but he held his breath and did not dare to move as much as a finger for a long time after that. When he ventured to look around the camp was out of sight.

That was the last he saw of any Indians. But he did not dare to leave the tree-top yet awhile, for, from all he knew to the contrary, there might be others ahead.

About noon he came in sight of the first farm. Here was the place for his work of warning to begin. He managed to paddle his craft near shore, and pretty soon he stood on land again. He lost no time in telling the settler his story. An hour later the man and his family, with John as passenger, drove toward St. Mary's. They warned all the settlers along the road, and the frightened men lost no time in seeking for safer quarters.

St. Mary's was reached about 4 o'clock. In a short time active preparations were going forward for the protection of the town. The women and children were put in the places of greatest safety, and men were detailed to watch for the enemy's approach from all quarters.

The Indians did not attack the place that night. But on the following night they came, expecting, no doubt, to find it an easy prey to their murderous methods of warfare. But in this way they were mistaken. The citizens of the little town opened fire upon them so briskly that they were taken by surprise, and they made a rapid retreat, leaving several of their number behind them, dead and wounded.

John found himself a hero; but he bore his honors modestly, as the real hero always does. "I only did what anyone else would have done in my place," he said.

The day after the attack of the Indians, Mr. Sanford and his family and other settlers arrived. Hugh had overtaken his father when near the end of the thirty miles' journey. Mrs. Sanford was so frightened at the thought of the danger John had braved, that she would not listen to the proposal of her husband that she should stay with her friends and let him go to St. Mary's to find out whether the boy had succeeded in his daring undertaking, so they all came together, and the family reunion was complete.

I presume the world has never heard of this frontier hero of mine before. But I am glad to tell his story, and to assure you that in telling it, I have not been obliged to draw on imagination. John Sanford still lives on the old farm in Minnesota, and there I met him last summer, and found out all about his boyhood bravery. But I found it out from others—not from him.—Montreal Family Herald.

DISEASE AND BACTERIA.

Possibilities of Control Through Study of Protozoa.

A new conception of a disease or of the cause of a disease in man makes slow progress. This was strikingly demonstrated when Pasteur first announced that many human ills are caused by living organisms, and the fight which he and Lister waged to establish the germ theory is still fresh in the minds of scientific men. Little by little they and their followers made headway against the opposition, and disease after disease was shown to be caused by the minute bacteria.

To a much less extent the same conservatism is seen to-day in the widespread opposition to the protozoa theory of disease—less, because the battle for the germ theory in general need not be refought. With malaria the fight has been won; with smallpox and yellow fever the battle is now on, and time is needed to overcome the present opposition—an opposition based upon the same grounds as that of thirty years ago—namely, that the foreign structures found in the human body and regarded as organisms are the effect of the disease and not the cause. With bacteria such opposition was overcome by the culture methods introduced by Koch. In protozoa the difficulties of obtaining similar cultures are far greater, and this in part explains the failures to cultivate the malaria organisms or the organism of smallpox by the usual bacteriological methods. It is highly probable, however, that when as much attention is given to the study of disease-causing protozoa as is now given to that of bacteria, all these difficulties will be overcome, and that as our knowledge of this group increases we shall find and control many more causes of human diseases.—Century.

Candidate for Hero's Medal.

There's a medal for the man who is told to fire the cook
When his timid wife succumbs before that domestic's savage look.
There's a medal for the hero who gives up his cozy seat
To the woman in the trolley car who tramples on his feet.
There's a medal for the man who never gives you free advice;
There's a medal for the iceman who gives full weight in ice.
There's a medal for the man who really loves his mother-in-law;
There's a medal for the actor who admits he doesn't draw.
There's a medal for the poet who refrains from odes to spring;
There's a medal for the voiceless girl who knows she cannot sing.
There's a medal for the father of his papa's pride and joy,
Who doesn't stop us on the street to tell about the boy.
In fact, there is a medal free for every hero found,
And I don't see how there's going to be enough to go around.
—Philadelphia Record.

A man thinks he knows a woman when he asks her to become his wife, but after marriage he discovers his mistake.

GOOD Short Stories

At school, little Charlie, being one of the geography class, was deeply interested in learning the points of the compass. Said the teacher: "You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you?" After a moment's reflection, Charlie exclaimed: "A patch on my pants." And to make the information more binding, Charley continued in a shamefaced manner: "I knew you'd see it; I told mamma you would."

When the Queen of England, daughter of the King of Denmark, was the Princess of Wales, she attended, one afternoon, a food show, at which was a display of butter that pleased her greatly. She praised the butter, and to its exhibitor she said: "Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?" The dealer smiled, and shook his head. "No, your royal highness," he answered, gallantly; "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends us the best butter."

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the ambassador from England, is as diplomatic in ordinary as well as in political conversation. At a dinner, not long ago, a lady asked him why there was such bad blood between the English and the Irish. Durand affirmed that there was less enmity between them than most people thought, and that the Irish were among his warmest friends. "Then," said the lady, "why do the Irish sympathize so warmly with Russia? Why do they pray for General Kouropatkin's success?" "That," said Sir Henry, "is probably because they believe he has Irish blood in his veins. Did you ever notice the way he spells the third syllable of his name?"

Helen Beach, a 7-year-old girl of Bayonne, N. J., has almost lost faith in the President. She was in Washington with her parents, who were the guests of Congressman Benny, and with them she was presented to President Roosevelt. Then it was that she took the opportunity of asking information on a matter that puzzled her. "Mr. President," she said, "will you kindly tell me the proper way for a girl to salute the American flag? I would like to know very much." The President's smile disappeared, and, after a moment or so of thinking, he replied: "My little girl, if you had only asked me how a boy should salute the flag I would say by raising his hat and drawing his arm to his left side, but really I do not know just how a girl should salute." And the little girl was greatly disappointed.

Lord Brampton, the famous English cross-examiner, once won a case in which he had no apparent chance by having the magistrate's clerk put on the stand. He made him admit that he had been in the room when the magistrate was discussing the case on trial; then, suddenly, he asked him: "You were in the room, sir, and did you not hear the learned judge say there was not a rag of a case against my unhappy client?" The prosecuting counsel objected, and it was ruled out. But the jurors had heard it, and had heard the answer stopped. The dissatisfaction thus adduced in their minds made them acquit the prisoner. Leaving the court that day, the prosecuting attorney indignantly told Brampton that he should not have put the question, and that he must have known that it would not be allowed. "Yes, I did," was the answer; "but I knew you, too, and felt sure that you would object at the right time. But you should have waited for the answer, as it would have been 'No!'"

HER BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

The Whole Office Force Showed Its Fondness for Flowers.

Miss Barker, the typewriter, came back from luncheon with a bunch of violets pinned to her coat. It was a sign that she had been out with some one who cared for her, and she was willing that every one in the office should read the sign. Her face showed a pleasant glow of consciousness as she hung up her wraps.

Then she took a drinking glass, washed and polished it brightly, filled it with water from the ice tank, plunged the stems of the sweet blossoms into it, and set it on her desk.

It happened that she was employed in the office of a weekly paper, the force of which was crowded into a few rooms in a way that made one large family of its members. Presently the proofreader strolled in and paused near Miss Barker's desk. She clicked away busily, but knew all the time that his eyes were fixed on her bunch of violets.

"It's nice to feel that I'm the means of letting him have that little whiff of sweetness," she thought, complacently, as he passed along.

A few minutes later the foreman of the composing room stopped at her elbow. He was looking at his copy, but when she glanced up at him he gave a start, as if he had been caught at something, nodded awkwardly, and hurried off. Then the office boy did the same thing, and two of the typesetters came after.

"They're all enjoying them," mused the little typewriter. "I feel like a regular missionary!"

Before night every person in the office had stopped for a gaze, and, last of all, the editor himself actually came and sat down by the machine, apparently for the sole purpose of admiring that bunch of violets.

He is a genial, kindly man, with hair that is turning to silver, and Miss Barker respects him thoroughly. After a moment he said, in a voice so low that no one else could hear:

"I have been wondering for an hour past whether I should come in here and tell you something, and I have decided to do it. You're fond of flowers, aren't you?"

The typewriter acknowledged that she was.

"So was Walter Savage Landor," replied the editor, with seeming irrelevancy. "He used to write tender little sonnets to blossoms, telling them how he loved to caress them where they grew, but couldn't bear to tear them from their roots, and all that sort of thing. But strangely enough he had a most unfortunate temper, that would break out now and then as long as he lived. There's a story about him to the effect that he once flew into such a rage with the cook that he threw her out of the window—and then, instantly remembering the flower bed under the window, cried out, 'Oh! oh! I forgot the violets!' Yes, amusing, isn't it? Well, do you know, you have been reminding me of that story to-day."

"I—don't understand."

"I know you don't," was the answer spoken very gently, "and I shouldn't tell you, except that I think it's kinder to let you know. It isn't a case of temper with you, but the fact is, you've been letting your thoughts of these flowers take precedence of your thoughtfulness of other people—and you've been grumbled at this afternoon by everybody in this office, because you had taken the only drinking glass in the place for your violets, and never once noticed when all the thirsty people came in and glared at you for doing it!"

It was a hard lesson, but the little typewriter took it like a hero—and she proved that her fault had truly been lack of thought rather than lack of heart by gratefully insisting that her employers take her bunch of violets home to his wife.—Youth's Companion.

HASTE IS A FEVER.

Great Ones of the Earth Do Not Have It—Cultivate Repose.

From Carman's essay in the Literary World the following seems specially pertinent:

"Haste is the fever of power, a malaria of the soul; and you will find that the great characters of the earth, in history or in our own day, are those who have been able to hold themselves undistracted and undismayed—without haste. They had that sanity or balance of mind which could perceive the futility of hurry and the ultimate triumph of serene endeavor. They never allow themselves to be flustered; they have nothing in their blood of the 'fluttered folk and wild.'

"Each moment was sufficient for itself and its task. If there was more to do in an hour than human force could accomplish, then it must wait the next hour; one thing only was certain, no accumulation of duties and obligations must be allowed to astound the spirit for an instant. For the spirit, the central power within us, our self's very self, is in its essence and in its quality if not in reality eternal, and when we do not hurry it, dwells in eternity amid the fleeting minutes and shows of time.

"This is not the frothy grist of fanciful preciosity; it is common truth. Think for a moment. Stop now, as you are reading this recent volume, and notice how absolutely unhurried and unperturbed your inmost spirit may be. True, you have to hurry at times. You may have had to run for your train, or you may be late for dinner; you may have a stint of work to finish against time. The consciousness of this may be not only made to hurry your steps, it has made you hurry your soul.

"No matter how much of a hurry we may be in upon occasion, there is always the central consciousness which we must try to control and keep undisturbed."

HE FOUND THE TROUBLE.

Bourke Cockran's Story of the Boy Whose Father Kept His Word.

In an address that he recently delivered on the labor question, W. Bourke Cochran told a story of his boyhood, says the New York Tribune.

"I was born in Ireland," he said, "and in Ireland I obtained a part of my education. I remember well the school I attended and I remember well a school fellow of mine named Michael, a lad who was always talking about trouble and always looking for it. We are on the question of trouble now and therefore in Michael's experience it may be that there is something to profit us.

"Michael boasted constantly that the master was afraid to flog him. Why? Oh, because his father had said that if the master ever laid upon the boy a hand there would be trouble. But one day Michael misbehaved and the flogging was not long in coming.

"The boy went home indescribably enraged. He sought out his father.

"'Father,' he said, 'didn't you say that if the schoolmaster ever licked me there would be trouble?'

"'I did,' the father answered.

"'Well, I was licked to-day, and only for throwing paper pellets about the room.'

"The father frowned.

"'I never fail, my boy, to keep a promise,' he said. 'There is going to be trouble. Fetch the strap.'"

His Narrow Escape.

"It has come to my ears," remarked Miss DePlayne, "that you said my face would make a man climb a fence."

"Yes; that's what I said," replied the diplomatic man, "but, of course, I meant if he happened to be on the other side of the fence."

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

How the Animal Is Most Successfully Trapped.

The grizzly bear is the only animal in America that is really dangerous, says a writer in the Illustrated Sporting News. We all know that any animal will fight if cornered; a bull moose may be ugly and charge; a black bear will fight for her cubs or if wounded, but the grizzly, "Old Uncle Ephraim," or the "mountain men" call him, is always ugly and ready for a fight. So much is this fact recognized that very seldom do any of the old-timers take a chance unless everything is in their favor. Their immense size, coupled with their ugly disposition, makes them indeed very dangerous. There are many cases on record of grizzlies weighing 1,500 pounds. I have never seen one that weighed actually that much, but have seen several that weighed over 1,000 pounds, and have seen skins that were larger than those of any I have killed; so do not doubt the statement that they grow to weigh 1,500 pounds.

The most common methods of killing grizzlies are to watch a bait at night or to trap them, either with a large steel trap or a long pen with a falling door made of heavy timber. The steel trap is the most successful, although not considered very sportsmanlike.

I know of two cases where a grizzly was shot through the heart and yet lived long enough to run 150 yards and, in one case, maul a man very badly. These bears, although killed early in September, were in good fur, the large one (estimated to weigh 1,200 pounds), particularly so, the fur being long, clean and very well marked. The smaller bear estimated to weigh 800 pounds was very thin, but had good fur. The large bear was a veteran surely, as on skinning him eight or ten bullets and several buckshot were found, two of the bullets being round, such as were used by the Indians many years ago in their old smoothbores.

Progress in India.

The ancient temples and tombs of India with their intricate carving are the marvel of all who see them, says the author of "Cities of India," and the wonder of the beholder grows when he realizes that the enormous blocks of marble and sandstone have been raised by hand in many cases, up steep and lofty cliffs.

Some years ago Mr. Forrest, while walking through a remote village of the Deccan, noticed a large stone pillar, richly carved, lying by the roadside. He asked the origin and destination of the monolith. "It is for the porch of a temple on the brow of a precipice two miles away, overlooking the hamlet.

"The villagers drag it," said the head officer of the place, "on great festival days. In my lifetime, sahib, they have moved it a hundred yards. And see how much carving they have done."

He pointed to some eight inches of wonderful decoration. The officer was nearly 50 years of age, and the traveler looked in astonishment, wondering how long before the pillar would complete its journey. An old Brahmin reading his thoughts noticed his expression.

"You English are in such a hurry," he said. "There is the age of brass and the age of iron. They come and they go. Others have come and gone their way, and so will you. But the pillar will reach the temple."

This reply was the spirit of ancient India, which takes no heed of to-day, but having once set about the construction of such a monument, goes steadily at work, satisfied to devote a thousand years to it, if the temple be worthy to endure when it is done.

Suicides' Clothes Good.

Women who are driven to suicide presumably lose most of their ambition before taking the fatal plunge, but there is one feminine trait that they retain to the end—namely, pride in clothes.

"Seldom," says a doctor whose position has required him to perform post-mortem services for many of these unfortunates, "have I seen a woman who did not go to her death who is well dressed as her circumstances permitted. The published reports of these tragedies confirm my observation. Read in the papers the account of a suicide, and nine times out of ten it will wind up by saying 'the woman was well dressed,' or at the least, 'her clothing was neat and clean.'

"Unless these women belong to the dregs they are found dressed in the silk skirt and silk waist, which have become the inevitable garb of the suicide of moderate means. At the last the true feminine instinct seems to assert itself, and although the woman will not be here to read the account of the tragedy, she wants to die in the blessed satisfaction that she will be written up as a well-dressed member of society."—Chicago Tribune.

The Two Williams.

The Kaiser's unqualified respect for the divinity that "doth hedge a king" is revealed in an anecdote found in the "Memoirs" of Ludwig Barney, the German tragedian.

On an evening when "Richard II." was played at the Berlin Theater in the presence of his Majesty, the Kaiser sent for Barney at the close, and said to him:

"During the performance four lines were recited which are not to be found in Shakspeare's works."

"It is true, sire," replied Barney. "They are an interpolation by Dingelstedt, in order to obtain greater clearness."

The Kaiser frowned. "In future such mutilation must be avoided," he said. "One does not play tricks with Shakspeare."