

An Evening Prayer

Life's opening voyage, Lord, Thou didst safely keep
O'er childhood's sheltered bays;
As now the tides of age around me creep,
Protect my shortening days.

Thou didst defend my youth when sped my bark
Out toward the open sea;
As I approach the shore, unknown and dark,
Still guard and care for me.

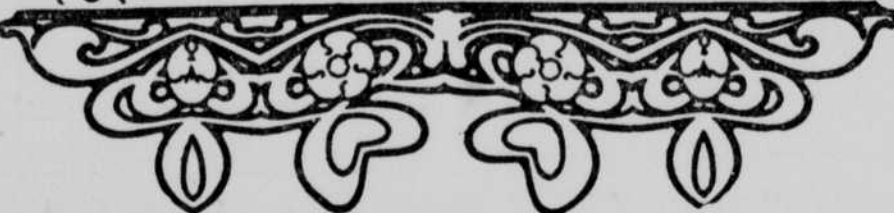
Beckaled by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy vigil did not cease;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink from these,
Impart uplifting peace.

When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly on the prow
Thou gently didst restrain;
Though Sorrow often voyages with me now,
My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies were bright,
I knew Thy presence sweet;
As one by one they vanished in the night,
Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, Thou hast been companion, friend and guide
O'er life's unresting sea;
When Death, the gentle Pilot, stands beside,
Oh, make the port with me!

—Francis E. Pope.



A Dangerous Discovery.

BY JOHN GASTON.

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It all came about because I was too inquisitive—and too honest. I was employed in the counting room of Lemuel Ripley, the wealthy broker. A very successful man was Lemuel Ripley. His signature was good for fabulous sums and the "street" shook when he went in to influence the market. He used his wealth well and was a shining pillar of the church while every appeal for purposes of charity or civic reform found his ears open and his check-book at hand.

I had been in his employ for some five years and had acquired a very responsible position when one day I ran against a most peculiar thing in the books. Of itself it was not of great significance but it suggested that the books had been tampered with. The discovery frightened me as I had had charge of the books and I resolved to investigate. The further I delved the more puzzling the matter became—and the amount involved rose to figures which made me gasp.

I found that customers of the house had been cheated out of hundreds of thousands of dollars but try as I would I could not see how anybody had profited by it. I decided to take it to Mr. Ripley.

"Ah yes, you have discovered that series of errors, have you?" he responded blandly. "They gave me the most serious annoyance and I spent many nights over the books straightening the affair out. You are vigilant, Charles. I am more than pleased that you found this matter because it gives me confidence that I can depend on you. Have you discussed the matter with any of the other clerks?"

I hastened to tell him that I had spoken of the matter to no living being.

"Quite right, quite right," he replied. "It has all been straightened out but it would be unwise to have it talked about. By the way, Charles, I have been watching your work with a great deal of interest and I have come to the conclusion that you are worth more to the house than I am paying you. Hereafter you will draw a hundred dollars a month more than you have been getting."

Oh, fool that I was not to see the whole thing then when he nearly doubled my salary. If I had known anything about the world I should have seen through the scheme. In-



"You are vigilant, Charles."

I leaped to my feet with extravagant exclamations of gratitude.

I thought of one entry in the books that might give a clue to the errors which had so puzzled me and I went to the office after dinner that night to make one more trial to clear up the mystery. Sure enough the entry did give me a clue and following it up I received a shock that nearly took away my senses. There was the evidence in black and white that Ripley himself had tampered with the books and had literally robbed his customers of great fortunes. While sitting stupefied at the discovery a key turned in the door and in walked Mr. Ripley. Glancing at the open books he saw what I had found.

"Still at work Charles? I desire to

use the books tonight. You need not wait. I will see that they are put away."

All the next day I thought it over as I fumbled through my work. Ripley called me into his office and asked me a lot of questions about the errors in the presence of other employees. There were discussions going on in his private room. In the afternoon a deputy sheriff appeared and to my surprise said that I was wanted at the court house.

What was my horror when I found I was called before the court to have my sanity inquired into? Ripley was there as was his manager and several employes of the house. Ripley went



"Oh, uncle, don't!"

on the stand and testified that I was unquestionably insane.

I saw through the whole affair in a minute. I was to be buried alive in a mad house. All the clerks followed Ripley's lead and each spoke of my particular delusion to the effect that Mr. Ripley's books had been tampered with. In despair and anger I told the story of Ripley's guilt. In a moment I saw my fatal mistake. The face of the judge showed that he was convinced that I was mad. How could he think otherwise when it is considered what Mr. Ripley's reputation was? The result of it all was that I was declared insane and ordered confined in an asylum. Ripley wiping his eyes as in the deepest grief offered to pay my expenses in a private institution where I might be "better cared for." I cried out against it raved and begged not to be put in Ripley's power but this was thought to be a part of my delusion.

Words cannot portray the horrors of that asylum. It was one of those dens run by the most brutal and unscrupulous of men. On the way I was drugged and when I came to my senses I was in irons. My head ached and I was nearly maddened at the hopelessness of my position. I cried out and beat the bars hopelessly in my impotent rage. A keeper came in presently and I demanded fiercely to be freed. He knocked me down and kicked me with his heavy boots. I will not describe the days that followed. The tale would be too gruesome.

One day I was taken to the office and informed that I was to help carry coal to the cellar. I had given up all hope and sincerely courted death.

"Not a stroke of work will I do for you," I replied. "Not a stroke."

"Oh you won't," replied the superintendent with menace in his voice. "I guess we'll find a way to make you better-natured."

"Do your worst," I cried throwing my head back, my eyes blazing with anger. "You know that I am no more insane than you are. You know why I am here. You know what my fate is to be and it can't come too quick."

As I began this speech the door opened and there came into the room the fairest vision of loveliness I had ever seen. A young girl in the flower of womanhood, with eyes like stars, and a perfection of feature, form and carriage that was only marred by an expression of unutterable sadness. She paused and glanced at me and when I had finished, said:

"Oh, uncle, don't. Haven't we had suffering and misery enough here?"

"Get out and stay out," replied the superintendent. "I can run this place without any advice from a beggar." Flushing deep, the girl turned to me with a pleading look: "Please, please do as he says; for my sake. I can't stand any more of these horrors."

"I will," I responded, "for your sake." With a look of gratitude she turned and left the room. I carried coal all day under the oaths and blows of two brutal keepers.

That night as I lay exhausted and suffering, but thinking all the time of the fair young girl with the sad face and wondering how it would look if the owner were happy, the door of my cell opened, there was a swish of garments and I struggled to my feet to see the angel of my vision.

"Not a word," she whispered. "It is worth your life and mine." "When the clock strikes one," she whispered, "open your door, turn to the right and you will find the window at the end of the corridor open. You must drop twenty feet and climb the wall. The keeper is drunk. Uncle is going away at half past eleven. I will unlock the door." She unfastened the irons on my hands and feet and in an instant she was gone.

The next morning at 9 o'clock I stood before the man most wronged by Ripley in the affair of the doctored books. My terrible earnestness persuaded him to investigate. Within two weeks the newspapers were filled with details of the terrible scandal and of the downfall of Lemuel Ripley, who now occupied a cell in the county jail awaiting trial on a criminal charge.

This is the end of my story. I might go on and tell of how the people who received their money made me most handsome payment for my services and how I secured a fine position; and I might even tell how I braved the lion in his den and insisted on carrying away the girl who had saved me, from that horrible asylum, but my wife says that is a matter which concerns only two.

COREAN GIRLS.

But Little Pleasure Enters Into Their Monotonous Lives.

Marriage does not bring happiness to girls in Corea any more than to those in other parts of the far east. When young a girl is allowed a freedom which is denied her later, and it is not till she attains the dignity of being a mother-in-law that she begins to enjoy life again.

The daughter of a Corean house is of little consequence, while a son is of great importance, and his advent into the family circle is always welcomed with joy. When very young the boys and girls play together, but when they reach the age of eight or ten a great distinction is made. In the families of wealth, where none of the women of the family are obliged to do any of the housework or toil in the fields, the daughters are secluded in the part of the house reserved for the women, into which no men are allowed to enter. Their brothers dwell in the men's apartments, where they are free to do what they please.

Education in Corea is provided to a certain extent for the boys and young men, but it is almost an unheard-of thing for a girl to be allowed to learn anything outside of the purely domestic accomplishments. The girl is a mere chattel; she is not even considered a unit of society. As an illustration of how far this idea is carried it is interesting to note that the girl has literally no name. When she is a mere child a surname is given to her for convenience, but when she marries she gives it up and merges her identity in that of her husband. Her parents call her by the ward or district in which she contracted her marriage; her parents-in-law call her by the name of the village from which she has come. Later on, when she has children, she is named the "Mother of So and So."

Temperance in Glasgow.

Devotion to temperance impresses the visitor more forcibly than any other feature of Glasgow life except, perhaps, its capacity for whisky. The strictest regard for the great cause animates the authorities in all their dealings with public affairs. Every bailie, every magistrate is a temperance advocate, and needs to be to preserve the esteem of his fellow citizens. For every citizen is a convinced and sincere upholder of the temperance cause. No matter how many whiskies he may take in the course of a day, he never loses faith in his principles. Indeed, he seems to find that his temperance principles are strengthened and his exposition of them facilitated by the consistent use of whisky. The fact seems to be that in Glasgow to drink whisky is not to indulge in strong drink. The Scotch are a hardy, healthy and vigorous race, and to them the national drink is not a liquor; it is merely a liquid. They take it just as they breathe the bracing air, as one of the ordinary conditions of existence.

Daily Exercise of Strength.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, chairman of the international Olympic committee, without previous training, successfully spent six hours out of eight in sport. This he did by going through one hour's riding, one hour's rowing, spending an hour in cycling, another in playing lawn tennis, an hour in riding a motor-cycle and four bouts of fifteen minutes each with the sword, the foil, the saber and the boxing gloves. The baron maintains that any man who keeps up daily exercise in like manner be ready at any time to obey the most exacting call for physical endurance.—Paris Letter.

Good humor is the blue sky in which the stars of talent brightly shine.

COL. W. F. CODY,



TALKS OF EARLY DAYS IN THE WEST.

Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is, as a general rule, rather economical in the matter of giving interviews to the public press, but while in Boston with his great educational exhibition the other day he was induced to say a few words about himself and the development of the great West which will be of interest to readers generally. Speaking of his early life he said:

"There were a heap of occupations for boys in those days, and I guess I tackled 'em all; driving loose cattle behind a bull train, carrying dispatches for freighting outfits, following and going with trappers for furs on different streams. That's how I learned to know the Indian—by going with traders who trade with 'em for furs. When I was along in my teens I was perfectly familiar with all the country from the Canadian river in the south to the Yellowstone of the north, and the lands between the Rocky mountains and the Missouri river. I became thoroughly acquainted with the Indians, knew their favorite haunts, their camps and their bad lands."

"What was the real cause of the first Indian uprising?"

"It was the effect of the bad example set them by the white men. During the war of the rebellion the Indian heard that the white men were killing each other off. They kept hearing about it for two years, until all the tribes were talking about the gradual extinction of the white man, who had wonderful guns and ammunition. At last they held a grand meeting which led to a general uprising. They obtained modern guns and armed themselves like the white men, and it was their impression that they could sweep across the continent clear through to the 'great river,' the Atlantic, and recapture their country from the whites."

The material for western romance began at this time with a vengeance, and followed the dramatic flavor that literature had gained from the sorrows of the civil war. The United States government is not a romantic organization, however, and as soon as peace was declared in Washington between the North and the South, the entire forces of the regular army were hurried out to the frontier, commanded in turn by such men as Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Custer, Carr, Miles, Crook, Augur, Ord, Hazen, Emery, Duncan, Forsythe, King, Reynolds, Terry, Penrose, Palmatier, Gibbon, Canby, Henry, Whistler, Crosby, Greely, Sudley, Mills, Hayes, Schwitzer and many others. Most of these officers were totally unfamiliar with the plains, and then came into existence the man of whom "Bill" Cody is an ideal representative—the scout.

"You see, when these army fellows came out our way," continued Col. Cody, "the question was, Who could they find to act as guides and scouts? The miners were inefficient; they didn't tell much about the hiding places of the Indians, so they began to look around for fellows like me, who had been raised out there. When Gen. Sherman came West in '65 and '66 to make his great treaty with the Kiowa and the Comanche Indians, I was first employed as a scout and dispatch carrier. Well, he soon found that I knew the country better than any man in his command, and he made me his guide. I felt considerable pride in my responsibility, too, for I was pretty young to have an old army veteran like Sherman leaning on me." He paused.

"How young?" I asked.

"Nineteen!" he said, emphatically, and in two years—that is, in '68—when Sherman took command of the field, he made me chief of scouts and guide of the United States army."

"Scouting was a trade?" I asked.

"It's a gift. The Indian is the natural scout, and he'll keep a white man hustling, with all his clothes on, and no sleep either to beat him."

"The scout knew his game?"

"Yes, sir, as well as the Indian could hunt his. A scout had to have eyes, ears and brain working overtime when he was on the trail, I can tell you."

"You followed the tracks of the Indian ponies?"

"Tracks, nothing!" said "Bill" contemptuously. "That's no sawdust country out there; it's all grass. You couldn't see a hoof print. I've followed a single horse file by watching the grass and noticing how it was broken. I could tell the way the grass broke if the Indians were traveling fast or slow, horses packed heavy or light, ridden by Indians or running loose. The manner in which a moccasin shaped its tread on the prairie would tell me what tribe our enemy belonged to, and by their camp emblems whether it was a party on the warpath or peaceful Indians. Nothing made an army man so sore as to have a guide make a dry camp at night, so that a scout had to be conversant with the country and reach water when nightfall came.

The subjection of the Indians was one of the toughest propositions to face. In 1877 the Pine Ridge trouble broke out. The Indians expected their

Messiah, who was to liberate them from captivity. The suppression of this uprising fell to the lot of Gen. Miles, and he fought, as he always does when in command, with his head. He put down the ghost dance without the loss of hardly a life on either side, and in all my service as a scout I never saw finer generalship than his at Pine Ridge.

"Even in the thick of the Indian fighting it was impossible for a man to escape seeing the great possibilities of those arid states, but it took a professor to convince me of the chances of civilizing that country. I was stationed at Fort McPherson, Neb., Gen. Sheridan, in command of the Missouri division. The general came to me one day and instructed me to act as guide for Prof. O. C. Marsh and 25 Yale students who wanted to go through the 'Bad Lands' on a fossil expedition. Well! I got kinder jealous of that professor. He was always talkin' a whole lot of stuff about that country that I'd never heard before. He said that the Great Big Horn basin was formed by the passage of a big snake that had finally cut its way through the Big Horn canyon. He went in to tell why there should be in this basin the finest soil in the world; that there must be great mineral deposits there, probably sea gold. I said to him then that I guess he thought he knew more about that country than I did, and told him he'd better go it alone. Well, sir, the old fossil hunter was right. Twenty

guishes. What is the origin of Dixie's Land or Dixie Land, or Dixie? On, on, it goes. I believe it was right here on Manhattan Island, and that the fellow who wrote about it being a "land of cotton, 'simmon seed, and sandy bottom" was a chump. Old Man Dixie was a slaveholder on Manhattan Island, who removed his slaves to the Southern states, where they had to work harder and fare worse; so they were always sighing for their old home, which they called "Dixie Land." The "nigger" imagination soon advanced this island into a sort of Delectable Country, or Land of Beulah. —New York Press.

Odd Oklahoma Justice.

If one wants to find an extraordinary brand of justice he must go to Oklahoma or some other region known in general parlance as the bounding west. At Alva a man was arrested for stealing two hogs, which he hauled to Waukomis and sold for \$20.50. The law defines grand larceny as the stealing of something of more value than \$20, and petit larceny as the stealing of something of less value than this sum. The question in the hog case was whether it was grand or petty larceny. The lawyer for the prisoner argued that while the hogs had been sold for more than \$20, the prisoner was entitled to a credit of \$1 for hauling them to market, which would reduce their value to less than \$20 and



BUFFALO BILL

COL. CODY AS HE APPEARS TODAY.—From a Sketch by Goodman.

years later a party of prospectors discovered gold, campers had seen the color of it and hurried out there to locate claims.

"And what did they find?"

"Millions of acres of grazing land, the sides of the canyons covered with timber, all kinds of building stone, marble, granite, sandstone, gypsum. They found they could raise cereals as good as any in Indiana or elsewhere. They had discovered a national park. Why, in my town of Cody, within a few miles are seven different kinds of natural water geysers, hot, cold, boiling, freezing, any old style you want."

Starting life in the West at its most thrilling period, Col. Cody has seen the buffaloes pass away, the Indian subdued, the cowboy farmed out, the settlers crowding in. He has been of active service to the United States government in all these years; but the most American thing that this typical American has done is to build a town in the shadow of the canyons and baptize it with his own name.—Boston Daily Herald.

Dixie's Land Again.

The familiar controversy never lan-

the crime of his client to petty larceny. And the court so found.

Riding the Sea Horse.

A few ocean travelers are now enjoying the novel sport of riding the "sea horse." This "sea horse" is not the marine animal which zoologists know by that name. It is an electric contrivance in the gymnasium outfit aboard the new cruising yacht Princess Victoria Luise of the Hamburg-American line. A gymnasium itself is an unusual enough institution aboard ship. One of the appliances affords all the varieties of horsemanship, a conventional saddle, stirrups and other accessories being provided, and with them suitable adjusting mechanism, so that the whole outfit can be given more or less violent vertical and slightly horizontal reciprocating movement through a system of cams and connecting rods, simulating very closely the motion of the animal in life.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—Ruskin.