

# THE FAMILY STORY

## ...JOE BAKER'S GAL...

THAT was the way she was referred to in a general way—"Joe Baker's gal"—and there were plenty of soldiers, teamsters and others who did not know that her name was Mary. Joe Baker was a hunter, Indian fighter, scout, prospector and miner, and he had a cabin and a home up in the Three Buttes of Idaho, to the west of Fort Hall. Father and daughter were all alone—he a man of 50 and she a girl under 20. We at the fort knew him well, and we saw the girl quite often, but no one knew Joe Baker well enough to question him about the past. For reasons of his own he had taken up his abode beyond civilization, and though the life was wild and lonely and full of danger, the daughter seemed to prefer it.

A girl of about 18 when I knew her, slight, blue eyes, short, curly hair, a strong face, dressed for climbing, riding and walking, and one who commanded both admiration and respect the moment you laid eyes on her—she had a handshake for officer and private alike, and to us and all others who came that way she was a border queen. We said to each other that it was a strange thing for Joe Baker to make his home among the dangers of the mountains, miles and miles from the nearest settler, and to expose his daughter to the hardships, privations and perils of a frontier life, but no one questioned him or her, nor did either volunteer any explanations.

The cabin was in a bit of valley way up the East Butte, and was built mostly of stone and contained three rooms. There were days at a time, when Baker was prospecting or scouting, in which the girl must have been left entirely alone, but she rode, hunted and fished, and now and then was the guest of the colonel's wife at the fort for two or three days at a time. The woman may have found out more about the girl than I have told you, but if so the information did not cross the parade ground to the barracks.

For weeks the Indians of Idaho had been sulky and sullen and threatening. The force at Fort Hall had been increased by fifty men, all wagon trains were doubly guarded, and every soldier or citizen who understood Indian character felt that an outbreak was at hand.

One day, when Joe Baker was at the fort consulting with the colonel, the latter advised him to abandon his home and take refuge among us. The old man realized the situation, but said he would wait and see. He hated contact with the world—even that infinitesimal portion represented by a hundred people at a frontier post—and the daughter knew no fear. We saw him two or three times a week, as he was then scouting among the Indians and bringing in reports, but we had not seen the girl for a month, when a sergeant's guard was dispatched to East Butte to cut and haul telegraph poles for the line which was to connect the fort with the outside world. There was danger that we might be cut off if an outbreak occurred, but there was also need of haste in completing the line.

That was our first glimpse of the cabin, as we went to our work on the mountain-side, and Mary stood at the door to shake hands all around and inquire after those who were absent. She anticipated an outbreak on the part of the Indians, but expressed no fear. Only the day before she had received a visit from three sullen warriors, who demanded food and seemed on the point of committing violence, but she ordered them away at the muzzle of her rifle, and had no thought of leaving the place until her father returned and advised the step.

Two miles east of the cabin we made our camp and began work, but the Indians were ready sooner than we had planned for. On the second night of our stay we were fired into at midnight and routed out of camp with the loss of two men killed. We were falling back in the direction of Baker's cabin when we were joined by Mary. In a rocky pass, crouched down behind boulders and being fired upon every moment by thirty Indians on our front, the girl told her story and assumed the command in place of the poor sergeant lying dead.

Indians to the number of a dozen had made a sudden rush upon the cabin just at sundown, but fortunately she caught sight of them in time to close the door. Then began a fight which lasted for an hour, during which she had killed two and wounded another of their number. The redskins had at length drawn off, and the brave girl's first thought was of the soldiers on the mountain side. She hoped we had heard the firing and would come down to investigate, but as midnight came without us she left her shelter and headed for our camp, knowing at any step she might run into a prowling Indian, but yet determined to warn and save us.

We were soldiers and by no means novices in Indian warfare, and yet none of us grumbled when she assumed the leadership and passed the word to slowly fall back on the cabin. The Indians pressed us every foot of the way, and but for the darkness of the night and the girl's familiarity with the lay of the ground, not one of us

would have escaped. We were no sooner sheltered by the cabin than it was clear that we must stand a siege before the door could be opened again.

Baker's cabin, as I have told you, was a pretty substantial affair, its walls being of rock and its roof of dirt. Here and there were loopholes and the door was heavy enough to stop a bullet. In leaving the fort we had been provided with 100 pounds of ammunition per man. In our retreat from camp the four of us had brought off our carbines and artridges. The girl was armed with a rifle, for which she had a bountiful supply of ammunition, and when we came to take stock we knew that we could hold out for a week, so far as having the means of defense. It was the question of food and water which made everyone look serious. There wasn't food enough to give the five of us a square meal and not a drop of water inside the walls. The spring from which it was obtained, as wanted, was 200 feet away, and it would be running the gauntlet of death to attempt to reach it.

"Well," said "Joe Baker's gal," when we had canvassed our situation and its chances, "we must put up with things as they are and do our best. The Indians have encircled the cabin and will be on the watch the rest of the night, but they will make no move until daylight comes. Let us sleep if we can."

She went to her room and the four of us lay down on the floor and napped until daylight came. The Indians counted on us as a sure prize and only needed to be vigilant, while night lasted, to see that we did not escape. There was but little firing during the last of the night, and none at all during the first hour of daylight. From the loopholes we saw the Indians moving about, however, and it was clear that they were all around us and in strong force.

In the larder there were about five pounds of flour and two or three pounds of bacon—nothing else. The outbreak might or might not be known at the fort. Even if it was, the colonel would hesitate before weakening his slender garrison to send a column to our relief. He would rather expect us to fight our way through or dodge about and come in singly as fugitives. There was no telling how long we should be cooped up to live on those scant rations, and by common consent we went without breakfast.

The Indians cooked their morning meal in a leisurely manner, and it was some time after sunrise before they made their first move. It was a band with "Chief Charlie" in command, and he knew Baker and the girl even better than we did. Baker had hunted with him and on one occasion had saved his life, and he called at the cabin on various occasions and had been hospitably received. He was, therefore, probably in earnest when he advanced alone and unarmed to within a few feet of the cabin and said to Mary:

"We are on the warpath against the whites and we mean to kill, kill, kill until all are dead or driven away. Your father saved my life, and an Indian never forgets. I do not want harm to come to you, and you shall take your horse and ride away to the fort in safety."

"But what about the soldiers?" she asked from one of the loopholes.

"They cannot go," he replied. "The soldiers are here to make war on us—to shoot us down—to make us obey orders we do not like. We have only hatred for them. I know how many there are in there—four. They have their guns and will fight, but we shall kill every one. Come out, and we will send you safely away."

"I shall remain here and help the soldiers to fight you!" answered the girl.

"Then you will be killed with them." The chief turned away and went back to his warriors and ten minutes later there was a circle of fire all about the cabin. The loopholes were the objects aimed at, and as every redskin was sheltered from our return fire we plugged the loopholes up and did not fire a shot in answer. It was noon before their fusillade ceased, and it was almost the last bullet which penetrated a loophole and struck one of the soldiers in the groin. In half an hour he was dead. From the minute he was hit until the death rattle came the girl sat beside him, holding his hand, but helpless to do anything. When his life went out she rose up quietly and said:

"Carry the body into my room and lay it on the floor. Thank God, he did not cry out for water when we had none to give."

We had scarcely removed the body when the Indians made a rush. There were now 100 of them. Some of them carried a log to batter in the door, some climbed upon the roof, some fought with us for possession of the loopholes. We fired up through the brush and dirt and through the loopholes, and at the end of ten minutes had beaten them off, but we had lost another man. A bullet had struck him in the heart and he had fallen without a groan. In return we could count five dead Indians outside and see three or four wounded crawling away.

As we bent over the man and knew

that he was dead the girl motioned for us to lay him beside the other, and when we had returned to the front room it was to beg of her to accept "Chief Charlie's" offer, if he still held it good, and secure her own safety. With only three of us left to guard the cabin another such general attack must overcome us. She replied that she would not go, and we at once set about reloading the carbines and making ready to defend the cabin to the last. It was hours before we heard from the Indians again, and we were almost certain that they had drawn off, when, an hour after sunset, and without the slightest warning, they rushed for us as before.

We blazed away as fast as we could through the loopholes, but I am sure the cabin would have been carried but for a lucky shot which killed the chief. His fall created a panic, and just when the situation was most critical the attack was ceased. I did not know when they drew off.

The demons were on the roof and battering at the door and firing in upon us from some of the loopholes, when things suddenly turned dark about me, and when I recovered consciousness I felt a horrible pain in my side. A bullet had broken a rib and passed out behind the shoulder. Stretched dead on the floor was my comrade and sitting upon the floor weeping was "Joe Baker's gal." She had fought the last of the fight alone, and with three dead and a wounded man in the cabin it was no wonder her nerves had given way.

There was no more firing that night. Consumed by thirst and racked with pain, I remembered nothing except that Mary spoke hopeful and sympathetic words now and then, and that she had the guns distributed around so as to cover as many loopholes as possible in case of an attack.

When morning came the Indians asked for a parley, and offered to send her to the fort. I did not know it, being out of my head with fever. She scorned the offer and for three hours the cabin was under fire. A rush would have followed the fusillade, but as they were gathering for it a half troop of cavalry from the fort, headed by Joe Baker, came galloping to the rescue, and the Indians were routed.

It was ten days before I knew all about it. A great Indian war upon the land, the girl had been sent hundreds of miles away for safety, and when peace came again she did not return. It is like a dream to me—three dead men—one grievously wounded—a white-faced girl moving about and making ready to fire a last shot—the crack of rifles and the fierce war whoops—but I know that it was all real, and a humble private soldier whispers:

"God bless 'Joe Baker's gal' wherever she may be!"—Pittsburg Post.

**Could Afford New Ones.**  
"I want to look at some of your best paintings," said Mrs. Crewe Doyle to the art dealer, according to the New York World.

"Yes, madam," replied he. "You prefer landscapes, do you, or marines, or shall I show you both?"

"I'd rather have a picture of country life, I think, with cows and trees and things like that, you know."

"Yes, madam. This way please. Now here is a very fine work by Rembrandt."

The customer surveyed the work critically and then said:

"This picture looks like a second-hand painting. Isn't it?"

"Well," said the dealer in a somewhat surprised tone, "I suppose it might be termed second-hand, but I don't think I ever heard a Rembrandt called that before."

"Who is Rembrandt? Where can I find his studio?" she asked.

"He's one of the old masters, madam."

"H'm! Well, I don't want you to try to sell second-hand pictures to me, for I can afford to buy new ones. You may just tell Mr. Rembrandt to paint a picture especially for me and have it made twice the size of this, please."

This order so astonished the dealer that he allowed Mrs. Crewe to stalk out without putting down her name and address and now he doesn't know where to send the painting when Mr. Rembrandt gets it done.

**An Honest Judge.**

"One of the most honest men who ever lived was Judge Arthur Shields," said C. R. Markham, of Cheyenne, "He was on the bench in the early days of Kansas, and I was one of the lawyers who practiced in his court. Upon one occasion I was conducting a case in which I had perfect confidence when the trial began, but before it had progressed far the evidence against my client's side of the controversy was so strong and so unexpected that I saw the case was hopeless. I fully believed the witnesses lied, but could not shake them by cross-examination, and it looked as though my client would lose his property. Judge Shields had decided every question with perfect fairness, and it could not be seen that he was in any way interested until suddenly he called to an attorney: 'Mr. Black, take the bench for the rest of this case,' then turning to me he said: 'Have me sworn as a witness. I will not see a man robbed in this court in matters of which I am personally cognizant.' He took the stand and his testimony saved the case for me. The other side appealed, but the judge was sustained, the only case of the kind in the books."—Washington Star.

**Under Water.**  
A contrivance for producing a naked flame under water has been patented in Germany. It consists simply of a chamber, into which there is led a stream of gas and a stream of oxygen, both at such pressures as to overcome the pressure of the liquid. These streams are made to spread out by being driven against a flat surface.

## NOTES ON EDUCATION.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

**The School Savings Bank a Simple Method of Inculcating Economy and Instilling Thrift—How Maps May Be Used—A Schoolroom Scrapbook.**

**School Savings Banks.**  
One of the simplest methods of inculcating economy and instilling the thrift which discourages drunkenness, pauperism and crime, is through the school savings bank.

This system, the administration of which occupies but fifteen minutes of school time per week, provides for the collection of the children's deposits, by means of a special roll-call every Monday morning. The child always has on a memorandum card (containing a date for each Monday in the school year), receipt for his pennies and record of his possessions. He becomes a regular bank accountant, drawing interest on his amount when he has deposited \$3, and when he is ready to leave the public school has often from \$50 to \$200 to his credit.

This distribution of money, responsibility, business knowledge and disposition to thrift and industry is of incalculable benefit to those having the advantage of it; and explanation of the system assures, almost universally, its broader use.

Germany, Italy, Hungary, Austria, England, Belgium and most European countries teach practical thrift in this way. The system is in use throughout France and under direct patronage of the Government. If our Government would thus insure safety for and encourage small savings by the people our individual tendency to extravagance would be less and the United States have little need to borrow from foreign countries.

The postal savings, arranged for by most of the older nations, are mutually helpful in the same manner to both Government and people, and I can but trust that later this thoughtful home economy will be nationally fostered here.

The school savings bank system is knocking at the door of every schoolhouse, the influence of the directors and the co-operation of a reliable bank being only necessary to set them in motion. Back of this comes the initiative interest of the philanthropic individuals who knock at the schoolhouse doors. These carriers of good news and practical help budgets are many, and they are the connecting links of social and economic value between the student and the practitioner, between the dreamer and the laborer.

To those not yet familiar with this every-day thrift-teaching some facts in regard to its introduction into and present status in the United States may be opportune. J. H. Thiry inaugurated the school savings system in Long Island City (N. Y.) public schools in March, 1885. In these public schools the system has been in approved operation for eleven years. The system has been taken up in the interval by several other schools, mostly in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, until now we have it in four hundred public schools throughout this country, and the aggregate deposits of the children, March, 1896, amount to \$402,020. Much of this money has been withdrawn during the time, either for use, or by the pupil leaving school. When a pupil outgrows school he conducts his business directly with the bank and the money is no longer counted with the school deposits; \$24,856.74 have been thus withdrawn, leaving to the credit of our attending school boys and girls to-day \$157,164.16.

The practical knowledge of money's accumulative force, economy, industry, self-reliance and business insight given pupils through this method is of far more worth to them than the money, though no boy or girl underrates the satisfaction of having to his or her personal credit \$50 or \$200 on leaving the public school. The possession of money broadens the capabilities of daily usefulness, especially when it has been accumulated by the saving of a few cents daily or weekly, and he who is thus trained usually knows how to distribute wisely.

The inculcation of thrift by this method, as testified by educators in the communities where it is used, tends to industry, to a lessening of needless expenditure, to the uplifting of the poor, the equalization of opportunity, and the growth of responsible self-supporting citizenship.

The school savings bank system is simple of administration. Teachers using it often speak of its reflex benefit on themselves, for, like the parents of some of the pupils who had not earlier bank accounts, they have themselves become owners of bank books and bank credit.

This pleasant and popular reform measure is gaining adherents wherever known, and in a few years, I think, will be as much at home here as in the old world.—Life and Health.

**How to Use Maps.**  
The following exercise will help children to make rough plans of the streets in the neighborhood. The teacher draws a large slate on the board. In the center she draws a small outline of the schoolhouse. She then has the pupils decide in which direction the different streets or objects lie. She now tells the class that she will take a walk and that they are to follow her, and she moves the chalk along to represent a street. The pupils tell the name of the street represented; and where streets cross they are indicated by lines crossing the one the teacher is on. The children are now asked where the teacher is, and they name the church, store, or other well-known building on the corner.

Several of these walks are taken in

this way, the teacher leading. When the pupils are sure of their ground one of the number may be called upon to lead the class, first to his own home or any given place, and afterward wherever he will. The teacher may now dictate the direction, and the pupil may draw at her direction. These exercises may be dictated by using the terms right and left to direct the pupils, or by using the points of the compass. It is well also to direct by description only, and have the pupils follow and tell where the teacher has stopped; the pupil can also be benefited by the giving of clear and explicit directions, so clear that the class can follow easily.—Connecticut School Journal.

**A Schoolroom Scrap Book.**

Few are the schools in rural districts that are supplied with any kind of reference books. A very useful book can be compiled by teachers and pupils. A scrap book can be bought for a small amount, or one made of cambric with board covers and leaves filled with historical and geographical sketches, anecdotes and biographies of eminent men, notes on travel and descriptions of natural curiosities.

In my school was a large class of well advanced pupils who became much interested in gleaming from all classes of papers such extracts as were available. As the articles were brought they were placed in envelopes, properly labeled and were pasted in the book when quite a collection was on hand.

An index, neatly written on the first page, aids in finding the subject to be referred to. All articles should be placed in their proper department, and blank pages should be left for future use, so that sketches and extracts brought in later can be put under their correct head.

Interesting facts about plants and animals, pictures and scenery, and persons of note, all should find a place in this "Encyclopedia."

Pupils will take more interest in this book of their own manufacture, and refer to it more than they would to a whole set of encyclopedias.—Ex.

**A Schoolroom Revelation.**

Among the revelations which the school makes to the child there is one whose force is far reaching. It is the revelation of a man or a woman, presented by this teacher. He has had a presentation of manhood in his father and of womanhood in his mother, but the revelation of manhood or womanhood coming from his teacher has a different appeal and attacks his sensibility at a different point. The writer overheard two mothers engage in conversation opposite him in a street car a few days ago discussing their children's school relations, and one of them, the mother of a third grade boy, said:

"I have had to abdicate, the teacher is queen. The teacher's statements are gospel, mine are commonplace." It is true, the teacher is queen for her pupils, and happy for them if she is really a royal woman, and he a kingly man.—Ex.

**Kindergarten Magazine.**

At Indianapolis, Ind., an innovation in the way of raising funds for the support of the free kindergarten and children's aid society, is a kindergarten magazine to be issued monthly for nine months in the year. Mrs. Tucker will undertake the general management of the paper, the editors of which are yet to be chosen. Miss Rhoda Sellick will make the design for the cover and Mrs. Lois G. Hufford will conduct the child-study page of the magazine. A few pages will be given to advertisements.

**How It Happened.**

"Well," inquired the commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces as one of the field officers entered the room, "what news?"

"Sire!" exclaimed the officer, "I have to report that yesterday a body of nearly a thousand of our troops met a band of about two hundred insurgents fifteen miles from the city. Within ten minutes of the time when they caught sight of us they were on the run, and—"

"Stop! until I can cable Spain! The Home Government must be apprised at once of the victory."

"I wish to say, sire, that—"

"Silence! There will be time for that later," and turning to his stenographer he dictated the following dispatch from the seat of war:

Havana, July 25th.—Yesterday a small detachment of the Spanish army came suddenly upon several thousand of the insurgents strongly entrenched upon the hillside at a point about fifteen miles from this city. Though outnumbered ten to one, and at a disadvantage as regards position, the Spanish force quickly drove the enemy from their position and pursued them until nightfall. The Spanish loss was one man killed and two slightly wounded. The insurgent loss must have been tremendous, amounting probably to several hundred, but in the darkness they succeeded in making their escape and taking their dead with them.

"Now, what was it you wanted to add, you tan-faced freak from the frontier?" gently inquired the commander-in-chief.

"I was on the point of saying, sire, that they were on the run toward us, and that it was only by throwing away our arms that we managed to escape with our lives."

By that time the dispatch was ready to be sent, and, inasmuch as it was correct in the main point that the two forces had met, Weyler thought it hardly worth while to make the other minor changes.

**A Cannibal's Misfortune.**

Missionary (in the Cannibal Islands).—What is the matter with that man? Native Doctor.—He hafa vata you calla delirium tremens.

"My My! The poor fellow must have eaten a Kentuckian."

## The Library Corner

Marriott Watson's next story is to be entitled "The Career of Delia Hastings."

The Rev. Washington Gladden is writing a book on "The Working Church and Its Pastor."

The visitors at Shakespeare's birthplace during the year ended with last March numbered 27,038.

Harold Frederic's new book, "Mrs. Albert Grundy," is declared by the London Sketch to be rather flat and "too easily written."

Maurice Maeterlinck is at work on a new tragedy to be called "Aglavaine et Selysette." The title sounds quite Spenserian, with a touch of the Far East.

Though 74 years of age, Edmond de Goncourt has attracted world-wide attention with his new volume on "Hokousai," the greatest of Japanese designers.

Gladstone's new volume of "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler" will be published early in July. It will appear simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic.

Gen. Sir T. E. Gordon has nearly ready a volume entitled "Persia Revisited, 1895," in which he comments on Muzaffer-ed-Din, the present Shah, and on the political situation.

After a long stay at his country house at Saint-Tropez Emile Ollivier is again back in Paris. Improved health allows him to push forward his history of the Second Empire and a novel called "Marie Madeleine."

Charles E. L. Wingate is preparing a volume on "Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage" as a companion to his "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage." He also has ready a handsome holiday volume to be called "Famous American Actors of To-day."

The Bookman is authority for it that John Morley has in preparation a new volume of "Studies in Literature," and adds: "It is pleasant to note that Mr. Morley's writings have happily continued to increase in spite of the jealous demands of the political shrew."

Mrs. Lynn Linton's "My Literary Life," which is to be published in volume form in the autumn, is said to contain some startling revelations and much personal gossip about literary characters who lived amid the "Sturm und Drang" of the midcentury period.

Andrew Lang says: "O difference in taste in books, when it is decided and vigorous, breaks many a possible friendship." He indicates the passport to his favor by telling as that "he or she who condemns Scott and cannot read Dickens is a person with whom I would fain have no further converse."

In 1865 four lads occupied the same room on the ground floor of the first division of Gauley barracks at West Point. Since then they have made their names more or less well known in current American literature. They are Capt. Charles King, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, John Brisbane Walker and Richard Henry Savage.

After Mr. Barrie's mother and elder sister were buried together last September it was authoritatively announced that these two were the original of Jess and Leely in "A Window in Thrums." It is said that the sad beauty of those characters is found in still fuller measure in Mr. Barrie's forthcoming book about his mother entitled "Margaret Ogilvy."

**Iron Foundations for Tall Buildings.**

A new way of constructing a solid foundation for a tall building has been tried with success in Berlin. It was necessary to find a solid base sufficiently strong to carry a building weighing more than 10,000 tons. The plot of ground upon which the building was to stand was adjoined on both sides by high buildings, which rendered unsafe the digging to any depth for a foundation. The only way out of the difficulty was the sinking of a caisson in the center of the plot, upon the cemented top of which a hollow form of cement was poured. Into this form molten iron was built, filling up the space, and upon this cast-iron foundation plate the understructure of the building now rests, while the side walls are supported by a cantilever structure. The full weight of the load upon the cast-iron foundation is estimated at more than 20,000 tons.

**Looks Out for Himself.**

In hunters' lore there is an idea that the jackal is the lion's provider—that he finds the game and takes the lion to it. This superstition has no more foundation than is found in the fact that after a lion has slain his quarry the jackals always attend, and await the conclusion of the repast, in order to pick up the leavings.

**A Gem by Richter.**

Look upon fame as the talk of the neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second, sorrow as a minute, life as a day; and three things as all in all—God, creation, virtue.

**"I Want You, My Honey."**

For those with weakened digestive powers honey is said to be a very desirable food. If a person is very tired—"too exhausted to eat"—a few tastes of honey will act like magic.

The cheaper some men are the more prominent the position they try to secure in an audience addressed by a great man.

A man who has a boil ought to have sense enough to keep away from a circus.