

stared and nodded. "The 24th of November?" Jackson considered and nodded again. "Well, then," cried the delighted trapper, "it's THANKS-GIVING DAY!"

"W'l I'll be damned," said the company man.

But like a good American, he rose to the occasion, and the resources of the two expeditions were pooled to make a feast. Batiste had plenty of flour and lard, and even a private store of delicacies; loaf sugar, chocolate and some small cakes, together with a bottle of choice brandy. The mountain man had traded a "plew" at Sarpy's the night before for some of the treats he remembered from his boyhood—raisins and figs, that had wandered all this way to Captain Peter's shelves; wormy, but still figs; and some sticks of striped candy. Batiste undertook a plum pudding, and as the two Americans planned their feast they chattered like two boys of the great fire place, the turkey and the pumpkin pie of New England, and the Dutch oven, the 'possum and the sweet potatoes of Kentucky. And when Paul went down to the uncontaminated stream on the north for water, and returned with his cap full of hazelnuts, they shouted loud and long into the empty air, and the years of stern and bloody labor fell from them, and they were boys again.

The feast was glorious. If they had an unfulfilled wish, it might have been for hump and marrow bones, with "boudins;" but the feast, as it was, was glorious. In the midst of it they heard a voice say "How," and looking up they saw a single Indian, tall and motionless, standing watching them from a short distance. Richardson's rifle leaped to his arm like a flash, but they all sat still.

"How," said the Indian again. Jackson then hooked his two fore-fingers together and held his hands up before him. The Indian smiled, clasped his extended hands, then touched his breast with his right hand and waved it toward the white men.

"Kuggy how," he said.

"Ah, I know heem," Batiste there-upon exclaimed; "he is Otoe." And a dialog ensued between them, apparently in the Otoe language; while Jackson watched intently the workings of the trapper's face, from which the innocent gayety had vanished again, as he sat gazing wolflike at the unexpected guest.

The latter stood, wrapped in his blanket, with an easy smile on his heavy features, while his eyes ran from one face to another, but for the most part were fixed on the unusual display that was spread between the feasters on Batiste's apishamore. "He says he is Otoe Chief," Batiste

remarked. "He is name White Water."

Richardson came to himself. "Call him up and feed him," he said, and gave the invitation himself with a gesture. The chief approached, smiling and calm, and seated himself on the vacant side of the saddle blanket. What was given him he ate, without haste, but steadily as fate; if nothing was given him he sat and smiled. He would not help himself, but what was put in his hands he took with a polite grunt, and directly it passed through his greasy lips to the unfathomed mystery that an Indian carries within him. "Why don't you eat?" Jackson asked of his neighbor; but the trapper made no reply.

Presently the brandy was produced and circulated. When it came to White Water he put it from him civilly and addressed his hosts briefly in his own tongue. "He says," Batiste interpreted, "he nevaire drink whisky. Too many Otoe chief make big fool of himself." Richardson drank with the others, but sat in gloomy silence; he ate no more. When his friends had eaten what they could they signified to the chief that the remainder was his; and slowly, relentlessly, he consumed it. When everything was gone, he was through; not before. Then he drew back from the blanket, produced a red stone pipe, filled and lighed it, blew a puff to the above-person, one to the earth and one to each of the four winds, and then handed it to Richardson, who sat on his left.

The trapper made no move to accept it, but stared with set face at the fire. The Indian still held out the pipe. The trapper still ignored the offer. The Indian sat patiently, humbly extending the token of peace; his ungraceful features took on a look of sadness, almost of dignity. Suddenly the trapper caught the pipe from him. "I can't help it," he said. "It's all over. That cow-bell has spoiled me, and this gosh-danged dinner and all the talk about the old home. Twenty years of it is enough. The mountains are under, and I'll never see another grizzly nor taste buffalo-meat again. I ain't Paul Richardson the trapper any more, but a gosh-danged Connecticut farmer, if live to get that far. And I'll have to forget if I ever knew what a scalp was, and I might as well smoke with a polite Otoe Indian as with any other white man. So here's to you." And he proceeded to smoke to the above-person, to the earth and to the four winds.

After they had smoked, they sat in perfect friendliness and silence, by the red fire, under the moon and the stars, telling stories on their fingers until well along in the night. This

happened under the big tree in Granville Stevenson's barn-yard; and many an exciting tale of war and the buffalo hunt did each of the four have to tell, with waving, pointing and chopping of hands, punctuated with an occasional grunt. And when White Water finally rose to take his leave, Richardson shook hands with him gravely, as befitted two warriors, and said "Good night to you, Mr. Otoe chief, and good luck. You have something to give thanks for yourself, if you only knew it. And I'll call in on you and your wives and babies in the morning as I go along down." A. T. R.

AGENTS WANTED.

A speculation upon human folly is always safe. Credulity and the profitable industry of "catching suckers" are international. The latest success in that line comes from Berlin, Germany. Not very long ago "Christian Science" crossed the ocean and found a home in Berlin, but the particular brand of this "science," on tap in Germany's capital is superior and an improvement on the domestic article. A benevolent genius in the said town has also invented an apparatus, called the "psychoscope," which is designed for the use of Christian Scientists. The man who gazes in the psychoscope is rewarded with a wonderful revelation of certain psychic forces, not visible to the naked human eye. He discovers beautiful and edifying qualities of his own soul, heretofore unknown to him, but extremely helpful to conquer disease and death. The psychoscope serves as a kind of spiritual mirror, bringing out the occult and mysterious powers of the soul, hauling them, so to say, by the neck out of the deepest recesses of the gazer's transcendental mentality. Of course the Berlinese know a good thing when they see it, therefore the psychoscope has a tremendous sale for spot cash and no discount. But if the benighted foreigner can inspect his soul with this new apparatus, what is the matter with our own Christian Scientists? Should they be deprived of the use of this beneficent invention? Is there no enterprising man to take the agency for the United States? There are certainly thousands of our own progressive "scientists" who would like to practice "psychoscopy" and take a look in the dark abyss of their own souls, gaining thereby new powers to drive out disease and death. There are millions in it for the right man.

By all means let us have a psychoscope. No happy family should be without one. It chases away death, baffles disease and saves doctor-bills. There is nothing like it! Who will be the agent?