

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

THE GIRL THAT BELIEVES IN ME.

Of all the pretty maidens
There's none so sweet as she,
That simple, trusting lassie,
The girl who believes in me.

There are some with greater beauty,
And some that witter better,
But there's only one sweet girl
That ever believed in me.

She's never been to college,
Knows not her A. B. C.,
Yet she has stores of wisdom
(Or she'd not believe in me).

She's not an ancient lassie,
Her years they are but three;
Which, maybe, is the reason
That she believes in me.

—Jean Lowell, in Truth.

An Indian Dinner Raid

By Eleanor Kirk.

"I AM NOT able to sentimentalize much about Indians," said Harry Denman, a young man who had spent his boyhood in the far west. "There is no doubt that they have been unjustly and inhumanly treated, and what they might have been had conditions been more favorable, it is hard to tell. But they were the terror of my young days, and though never one did they harm me or mine. I was in constant fear that I might do something which they should consider worthy of their vengeance. The braves straggled into our hamlet from time to time, sometimes to sell their bows and arrows, or exchange them for 'eat,' but more frequently begging or demanding what they wanted, their favorite articles of diet being rice, hominy and meal.

"The squaws came often, and brought herbs and berries of various kinds, and in the winter rush baskets, some of them being exceedingly pretty. "Our little settlement was in the neighborhood of Elk Lake, Minn., and our schoolhouse was only a short distance from our homes."

"Did the Indians ever disturb the school or frighten the pupils?" one of the little group hastened to ask, with the rest of us, being eager for a story.

"They were in the habit, in the winter, of coming into the schoolhouse to warm themselves," the young man replied, "and they were generally cute enough to arrive about dinner time. You see, out of our fear we had to have a very strict system of dividing our food with them."

"I should call it a very humane precedent," another lady remarked. "Poor, down-trodden creatures! How they have suffered!"

"Very true," was the smiling reply; "but of all the perils and perils that our big game and our big game carry off the palm, and if you once begin to give them you can never stop without a row of some kind. It was no joke to me, I can tell you, to see three or four tall, copper-colored 'braves' horribly painted and well armed, glide into the schoolhouse and surround the children. Indians never walk like other folks, you know. They must have had some respect for education in the abstract, for in all my acquaintance with them—and it was much more intimate than I desired—I never knew them to do anything but to stare. If one of us in progress, they waited silently until we had served. When the class was dismissed, each brave would select his victims, and begin the guttural cry of: 'Eat, eat, Injun! eat, eat, eat!'

"On these occasions I used to be frightened almost out of my small wits. I could not swallow a mouthful, and they got not only my dinner, but my dinner pail also, which they always received with a grant of satisfaction.

"About half the pupils were like me in this respect, and of the other half would divide equally with the voracious redskins, and the other quarter would not give them a single bite.

"I think that the Indians liked best those that divided with them, and had almost as much contempt for the cowards who gave up everything as they had respect for those who gave them nothing."

"Among the latter class were two girls, one 12, the other 16, Mary Hammond and Lizzie Bradbury, who seemed to have no more fear of the Indians than they had of each other, and would frequently tease by their arrangement of large slices of bread or cake, of which the savages were very fond.

"Such behavior terrified me beyond description. For I knew by intuition, as well as by what I had read and heard, how merciless those red men were to those who offended them.

"One parents did not know what was best to do, some counseling one course of conduct and some another. But at last the teacher decided that the only way to put an end to these Indian dinner raids was for us to bring nothing with us to eat for awhile, and be dismissed earlier by their arrangement.

"I was old enough to know that a step must be put to their work, for every week the number of would-be diners out increased, and our parents would before long have the whole tribe on their hands. But I was distressed beyond measure by this arrangement. It seemed to me it would be much wiser to dismiss school entirely than try such an experiment.

"But the teacher was firm, and the hungry regime was inaugurated. The first time the Indians came after this they simply gazed at us, and departed peacefully. The next time their grunts were more pronounced, and they held a protracted powwow outside the schoolhouse. The teacher—a young woman who had been sent to Minnesota for her health—had the courage of a lioness. There she stood, quivering with the Indian character had advised her to take no notice of these undesired visitors, and no one would ever have supposed from her manner that the savages made the slightest impression upon her fears, to say nothing of her inner consciousness of contempt and disgust.

"Between the second and third call of these dusky braves there was a much longer time than usual, and we began to think that the teacher's plan had been successful.

"But one morning, immediately after assembling, a squaw by the name of Moosha, whom we all knew and liked very much, came hurriedly into the schoolhouse and approached the teacher.

"She had picked up quite an assortment of English words, and I, sitting

near the teacher, heard about all she said.

"In a few suns," Moosha informed the 'pale faces,' the Indians—those straggling members of the Sioux tribe who were so troublesome to us—are going further south; but the braves were coming to the schoolhouse this very day. To save trouble the squaw advised that they should be fed. In vain did our teacher reply that the pupils no longer brought their dinners, and that there was nothing to feed them with.

"'Paposos go home—get eat,' Moosha insisted.

"But the teacher said no to all of this, kindly but firmly, and at last her visitor drew her blanket more closely about her, and, with a look of disappointment and anxiety on her usually inexpressive face, silently left the schoolhouse.

"Moosha had made a very deep impression upon the teacher, and after a brief mental conflict, which I knew was the hardest battle that braves and little woman ever fought, she laid the case before her pupils.

"'I said no to Moosha,' she explained, 'because I am not afraid of these Indians. But I wish to say to those who are afraid, that if they think they do not want to go home and bring food, they have my permission to do so. The only thing I insist upon is that you all return, and as quickly as possible. Moosha has never told me a lie, and since she has said they are all going south, I am willing to make this concession.'

"I can tell you there was one boy who made a rush for the door, and I was followed by at least half the pupils. I hadn't much breath when I reached my mother's pantry, and she hadn't much good left after I had made up my mind. I shall never forget how she begged me to remain with her. But though very much frightened, and very cowardly, I fear, I couldn't be so mean as that. Yet I confess there was no place like home about that time.

"I entered the schoolhouse with my package, the teacher laughed till she cried. I can see her now wiping the tears away and hear the merry 'ha ha ha's' with which she greeted me.

"Well, the redskins arrived—five of them this time—looking as black as their clouds, and more horribly painted and bedecked than ever. It was evident that this call meant business.

"I thought the teacher would never dismiss the class. You see, she wasn't made of the kind of stuff that could have a very few words with her. But at last the little bell tinkled, and we were at liberty to go as we pleased.

"The names of the Indians were Deer Skin, Oak-knot, Thunderbolt, No Eyes and High Stepper, the last being chiefly distinguished by his long legs and his ability to get over the ground quickly.

"But there wasn't one of the five who would have felt any more compunction about murdering the whole lot of us than they would have felt in killing a chipmunk.

"The boys and girls who had provided for this occasion cut to work immediately to make a good showing of the viands. My contribution covered a whole desk and at once attracted Thunderbolt and High Stepper, who 'sailed in' to my mother's goodies with appreciative glances which had been hidden for a long fast. The more they ate the better I felt, having been early instructed that man was a very docile animal when his stomach was full.

"'Boy eat,' said Thunderbolt, pointing to a solitary piece of bread on one corner of the desk.

"The boy thus commended shook his head; but it must have been a very sickly smile that played about his trembling lips.

"'Boy eat,' the Indian insisted.

"'Boy no like,' said I, trying to grin again.

"Just at this point Mary Hammond and Lizzie Bradbury approached my desk. Mary had a piece of cake in her hand and Lizzie a sandwich. They held them out apparently in good faith, and then, as the Indians were about to take them, they drew back with most tantalizing and contemptuous expressions.

"Before I could draw a second breath High Stepper had seized Mary and thrown her across his shoulders as if she were only a feather's weight, and with a snarl he carried her to the door, where he strode out with a most tantalizing and contemptuous expression that followed.

"The other four Indians kept on gormandizing, apparently not in the least disturbed by this episode.

"Thunderbolt, inspired by the example of his comrade, made a movement to seize Lizzie, but the teacher and a few of the larger boys stood between.

"The matter was settled by the arrival of a score or more fathers and brothers, who put the wretches to flight.

"Mary Hammond returned unharmed but so badly frightened that it was a week or more before she could articulate a single word.

"The Indian had mounded his pony with his burden still swung over his shoulder, and, after having taken her with a snarl, he had returned, suddenly dropped her and allowed her to return to the settlement.

"Whether this unique punishment was a compliment to the girl's past fearlessness or not we could not tell; but this we do know—that, however the red man may see fit to punish impudence, he always has a sneaking respect for those who dare make use of it.

"I have always thought that if High Stepper could have recalled one time when Mary was ever afraid of him he would have killed her. But to quote the words of the girl's little sister:

"'I just guess that Mary Hammond won't never see another Injun as long as she lives.'—Golden Days.

A YOUNG INVENTOR.

Two-Year-Old Villa Shultz, an Italian Boy, Displays Great Mechanical Skill.

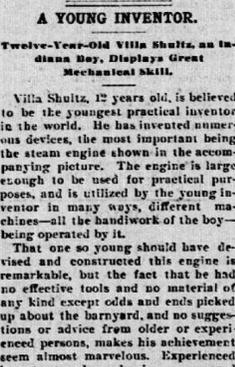
Villa Shultz, 12 years old, is believed to be the youngest practical inventor in the world. He has invented numerous devices, the most important being the steam engine shown in the accompanying picture. The engine is large enough to be used for practical purposes and is utilized by the young inventor in many ways, different machines—all the handwork of the boy—being operated by it.

That one so young should have devised and constructed this engine is remarkable, but the fact that he has no effective tools and no material of any kind except odds and ends picked up about the barnyard, and no suggestions or advice from older or experienced persons, makes his achievement seem most marvelous. Experienced inventors and mechanics are amazed at his handiwork, and say that but few skilled mechanics, if given only the tools and materials possessed by the boy, could have equaled his production, and no inventor but one of the first class could have conceived it.

While the engine is made of the roughest and crudest materials, it is so delicately fitted and balanced that it is noiseless and very rapid in movement. No packing is used about the



THE ENGINE.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC.

TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

Wonderful Structure Erected in Ages Long Past in Honor of the God Baal.

Harry Fenn, the artist, contributes an illustrated article on the Temple of Baal, under the title, "Were There Giants in Those Days," to St. Nicholas. Mr. Fenn says:

"We stepped the dusk of the evening and found our camp pitched in the courtyard of the inner temple, but we were too tired, after ten hours in the saddle, to admire much as we stumbled over the broken ruins in the thickening darkness. Next and dinner, I am afraid, seemed then far more important than all the temples in the world. But later in the evening, on lifting up the tent flap to see what were the prospects of weather for the morrow, I was almost overcome by the information that had taken place in two hours. The



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC.

darkness had faded, and the full moon was flooding the stony peaks of Lebanon, and still against the mountains of whiteness stood the six huge columns, their glorious capitals just slipping into the mysterious light. It seemed as if they reached up to the very stars. The people who built them disappeared thousands of years ago, and their history has been forgotten; but the grandeur of their idea remains, and men of to-day travel weary miles, as we did, to come in touch with the handiwork of men who never dreamed that America existed.

The name Heliopolis ("City of the Sun") is a little confusing when used in connection with the Baalbec of whom we are talking, because the former, you will remember, is the name of the old city in the north of Egypt where Joseph and Mary took the child Jesus for safety at the time of the persecution of Herod. The story goes that the Romans, who worshiped, among other deities, the lord of the sun, Baal, stole the golden god from the desert Egyptian temple, and carried it far up north into the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, in Syria. There they built a great acropolis on the foundations of much older structures of the Phenicians, with temples, courts and colonnades by the thousand, and called it Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. The tenacious natives continued, nevertheless, to use their own name for the place, Baalbec. Baal was a sort of double divinity, both Jupiter and the sun. He was depicted as a figure with a long beard, holding in his right hand a whip (to symbolize his driving the horses of the chariot of the sun), in his left hand a thunderbolt and ears of wheat.

Syria, as well as northern Egypt, was then up to one time to the worship of Baal, and Baalbec was the center of that worship. I could not but sympathize, in part, with the symbol of their worship. Our camp was pitched in the courtyard of one of the great temples. For two weeks, in a cloud each morning at sunrise the snow peaks of the Lebanon glowed like molten metal against the green-blue sky, the first herald of the god of day.

The worship must have been an imposing one. The rising sun was watched by the priests of Baal, who watched the summit of Dhabir el Khodid, upon whose western slope are situated the cedar forests of Lebanon. The moment the first rose-colored rays struck the snow peaks, the great daily ceremony of the greatest temple of ancient or modern times began.

Imagine the long line of priests, trumpeters and choristers waiting and watching, their faces turned to catch the first flush upon the snow peaks, which was announced by a mighty blast upon a hundred trumpets.

The moment the glowing edge appeared above the eastern hills, 500 voices of the choristers broke into a grand hymn to the sun—the god of day, the lord of life.

"Speaking of the structures, an eminent writer upon such matters calls it the 'boldest plan ever attempted in architecture.' Nothing that I can say or draw—alas!—will give you an idea of the overpowering immensity of the buildings, particularly the great Temple of the Sun, with its enormous fluted golden columns, that helped to reflect the glory of the coming day. Many people describe Baalbec as being built upon white marble, but it is really a durated (hardened) limestone, that has retained the wonderfully delicate detail of column and peristyle as sharply as though it had been finished yesterday. And it is a thrilling thought that our obelisk in Central park may have looked as old, in its day, as Egyptian infancy, look into the very Temple of the Sun, and saw our golden god at Heliopolis thousands of years ago.

FOR SAW HANDS.

An English Saw Hack Device That Will Doubtless Be Welcomed by Workmen.

The accidents with rack saws working roughly in timber, and which result in ordinary saw benches, are chiefly due to workmen stumbling or slipping while moving the logs, and a fall onto the saw teeth leads to fearful consequences. The rack saw guard depicted in the illustration is an English device to prevent accidents of this kind, and as the guard is self-sustaining and is adjustable by a touch of the hand, while at the same time it presents no obstacle to the action of the sawyer, it will doubtless be welcomed by workmen. A standard secured at the side of the bed carries an arm adjustable vertically to suit wings of different diameters. On the extremity of the arm a socket is fixed to which a pair of dished steel wings are independently pivoted, and these wings are supported by counterweights on chains passing over pulleys fixed to a beam overhead. The action of these wings is so apparent in the engraving, and the construction is so simple, that no further explanation is necessary.

Benefit of High Altitudes.

Going to the mountains for benefit in cases of pulmonary disease is a regular thing among persons thus afflicted. That there is a reason for this many people understand, although they do not know precisely what it is. A number of medical scientists have been working on this question and have discovered that the increase in the red blood corpuscles when one moves from lower to higher altitudes is very marked. As it is known that the absence of red corpuscles causes feebleness and weakness, so the presence of many of them indicates a higher degree of vitality and better state of health. High, cool air is very beneficial in complaints of this sort.

Straw Pavements.

A Berlin patent agency announces that a Polish engineer has found a method of chemically treating straw in such a way that it can be pressed into a substance as hard as stone and cheaper than wood paving, for which it is expected to prove a substitute.

Clock Made of Bread.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India and has devoted three years of his time to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of respectable size, and goes well.

Explained at Last.

Savior—Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence. Her father—Oh, that it eh? I've often wondered how you could ever see her, with the gas turned down so low.—Chicago Daily News.

An Evening Up.

Yeast—I saw a man throw a banana skin on the sidewalk to-day.

Crissal—Well, that even things up; I saw a banana skin thrown on the sidewalk yesterday.—Yonkers Statesman.

Work and Value.

Edith—I don't see why you are going to marry old Stobbs. Why is he good for?

Clara—A million or more.—Facts and Fiction.



RARE SURGICAL FEAT.

French Medical Man Succeeds in Mending Broken Muscles by Means of Electricity.

French physicians have made a successful experiment in mending broken muscles by the aid of electricity.

The patient was a man of 50 years, and had received a terrible blow from a heavy ladder. A gust of wind had blown the ladder and it caught the man across the left thigh. In a little time extreme swelling became evident, but the most minute examination failed to find a fracture of any kind. Despite this fact the patient was completely unable to move the limb.

Finally, when it was possible to make a diagnosis, the trouble was pronounced to be rupture of the triceps tendon, above the patella, accompanied by considerable effusion of blood into the thigh.

Monsieur Championniere performed an operation. On cutting down it was found that only a short tongue of fibrous tissue remained to represent the triceps tendon at its insertion to the patella. The muscle above was irregularly torn and retracted.

Two silver wires were inserted into the patella and carried above to the triceps tendon. This had to be done most delicately, as the least traction would have torn away the tendons.

After this the patient healed rapidly, and left the hospital. A month later he was seized with a species of convulsions, followed by a repetition of all the symptoms of the injured limb.

A second time Championniere cut down on the knee.

It was necessary to devise some means of avoiding a repetition of this accident. So the surgeon proceeded in this fashion: He threaded a strong piece of silver wire perpendicularly above the level of the torn stump of the triceps muscle and tendon to the muscular fibers in such a manner that it could not possibly give.

Two parallel wires were then passed through the patella and drawn upward to pass over the first transverse wire.

Again the healing process was very rapid, and in seven weeks the patient was able to walk without difficulty.—N. Y. World.

PHILADELPHIA POLICEMEN.

They Are a Patriarchal Body Provided with Cases by a Kindly Municipality.

"Did you ever see a Philadelphia policeman?" said a New Yorker the other day. "Of course you haven't unless you have seen one in Philadelphia. I guess they're not strong enough to travel. The first thing a New Yorker man notices about the Quaker City police is that they all carry canes. Of course the men over there will tell you that these canes are weapons of offense and defense intended to aid in suppressing the exuberant Philadelphia temperament. They will give you understand that in such a case our policemen carry would never do in Philadelphia, because over there things move so rapidly that evildoers would be out of reach before a man could swing a club. So they give the policemen long canes, and hooked hands to catch the fleeing sinner and yank him back into custody.

"That's what they'll tell you over there, but it won't take a New Yorker long to find out the truth. They give canes to the police force because that ancient and honorable body needs them. The Philadelphia police like to make out that he's a real devilish individual; too mean to live and too awful mean to die. The fact is, however, he's generally a kind-hearted soul that wouldn't fly at a fly. That's the reason the fly cut. If Mrs. Smith killed Mrs. Jones was sure to be remembered.

"They belonged to the same church, had the same politics, and stuck up for each other in a way that was the talk of the entire neighborhood.

"Their chief had had a quarrel and settled near, and so closely did they live among themselves that it was difficult to tell what place they really called their home.

"When the village preacher preached of the benefits of living in peace and harmony, everybody knew to whom he was alluding.

"But all this was changed one day when each entered a pumpkin at the little county fair near by. As both could not carry off the prize, one of them was disappointed, and a quarrel started that grew more bitter day by day.

"Neither would have anything to do with the other, and the quarrel soon centered on the well that they had been using in common. It was near the dividing line, and both claimed it. They got into a row, and the matter was to run the line between them. I did so, and found that the true line cut the pump squarely in two, leaving the handle on one side and the nose on the other.

"Farmer Jones could pump all the water he wanted to, but had no means of securing it. On the other hand, Farmer Smith had access to the note, but could not use the handle.

"Neither would give in, and when I left they were both hauling their water from the river a mile away, while the pump was taking a long-earned rest.—Detroit Free Press.

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"Neither would have anything to do with the other, and the quarrel soon centered on the well that they had been using in common. It was near the dividing line, and both claimed it. They got into a row, and the matter was to run the line between them. I did so, and found that the true line cut the pump squarely in two, leaving the handle on one side and the nose on the other.

"Farmer Jones could pump all the water he wanted to, but had no means of securing it. On the other hand, Farmer Smith had access to the note, but could not use the handle.

"Neither would give in, and when I left they were both hauling their water from the river a mile away, while the pump was taking a long-earned rest.—Detroit Free Press.

PHILADELPHIA POLICEMEN.

They Are a Patriarchal Body Provided with Cases by a Kindly Municipality.

"Did you ever see a Philadelphia policeman?" said a New Yorker the other day. "Of course you haven't unless you have seen one in Philadelphia. I guess they're not strong enough to travel. The first thing a New Yorker man notices about the Quaker City police is that they all carry canes. Of course the men over there will tell you that these canes are weapons of offense and defense intended to aid in suppressing the exuberant Philadelphia temperament. They will give you understand that in such a case our policemen carry would never do in Philadelphia, because over there things move so rapidly that evildoers would be out of reach before a man could swing a club. So they give the policemen long canes, and hooked hands to catch the fleeing sinner and yank him back into custody.

"That's what they'll tell you over there, but it won't take a New Yorker long to find out the truth. They give canes to the police force because that ancient and honorable body needs them. The Philadelphia police like to make out that he's a real devilish individual; too mean to live and too awful mean to die. The fact is, however, he's generally a kind-hearted soul that wouldn't fly at a fly. That's the reason the fly cut. If Mrs. Smith killed Mrs. Jones was sure to be remembered.

"They belonged to the same church, had the same politics, and stuck up for each other in a way that was the talk of the entire neighborhood.

"Their chief had had a quarrel and settled near, and so closely did they live among themselves that it was difficult to tell what place they really called their home.

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