

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE FUTURE A BOOKWORM'S ECSTATIC FORECAST.

Academic Groves in Bryant Park—International Exchange—Subway Branches.

"The library of the future is not yet," remarked the high browed, soft voiced young man with iron gray hair.

"How can it be?" suggested his friend. "Ah, I meant to say that our latest approaches to perfection are far from ideal, and the future will bring forth the ideal."

INTERNATIONAL FEATURES.

"It might not be wise to do so for publication," murmured the other, "because a syndicate of Carnegie's might attempt to realize the ideal prematurely. You can't hustle the future, as Pliny observed. But I will take a chance and trust that my suggestions will not arouse such a spirit of discontent that patrons of our present institutions will cease to visit libraries."

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"Only between local branches in our cities, and on special occasions the New York library may get you books from Boston and the Congressional Library at Washington. There is no house delivery as there will be in the future. A reader will phone his order to the nearest branch and will get his books shot through a pneumatic tube to a sub-station, thence by automobile delivery, within a half-hour. People will hardly care to encumber their homes with private libraries, entailing expense and dust for the housewife, when they will have so perfect a command of public resources. Most of us solve intellectually with the years; we pass through our periods of Elizabethan, Victorian, and early French school, and so on, and we keep the bookish reflections of our dead selves cumbering the premises, largely because we don't know what to do with them. They're like old clothes and shoes. But with the public system our libraries would perpetually change and keep pace with our progressing personalities. We might expect publishers and booksellers to object to this improvement until they perceived the large market in supplying the public trade. A great many copies would be necessary and better bound and printed, thus elevating the entire publishing business."

CANVAS BOOKS FOR SHELTER TENTS.

"So far that books would circulate around the country like commercial travellers. Collections are now sent out by the authorities in several States. I would supply every farmhouse and village home, all hunting camps and seaside resorts. There would be sets made up to suit every grade and kind of intelligence, every section, climate and season. A complete education, from the first reader to the higher calculus, would be boxed and shipped to the solitary dweller in Alaska or the South Seas. The army and navy would be looked after with durable and portable literature. It is a bare possibility that the canvas pages of several volumes might be united to form a shelter tent in time of need. Then our gallant soldiers could drink in the wisdom of the ages while lying on their backs

beneath the printed canopy. Not to lay too much stress on a vision like this or to apprehend further that Shakespeare's sonnets might be used as a patch on trousers, we might consider features of domestic travel. Think of a library in every hotel, train, trolley car and steamship! If you are taking the train to Chicago and desire something more than the library car affords you notify the official of whom you purchase transportation and sleeping car ticket. The books are served to you aboard the train, and they do not necessarily return to New York when you reach the city of stockyards. Another traveller may take them on to "Frisco, and they may circulate about the country several years before going back."

"Will books be provided on the subway?" "Yes, when the lighting system is improved so that people will not ruin their eyes trying to read them. At present it is hard enough to read newspapers. The latest fiction and more serious works will be in cases near the ticket seller's window, and the hurrying throngs will reach out their hands, pick out books suited to while away half an hour's ride and on reaching City Hall or The Bronx will deposit them again in station shelves. There will be no strapping, hanging, poor light, bad air or jolting motion. Imagine the benefit to millions of people—an hour of solid subway book reading a day, the vast acquisition of knowledge, the soothing and wholesome effect of partaking of pure literature on the way to and from business. Of course the sensational press would suffer."

"Can you beat some of the interior arrangements already devised in the new public library?" "That's easy. I suppose you refer to bathrooms for the director and some of his subordi-

nates. I should have baths for all of the readers—some of them need it, too—and tennis courts and gymnasiums as well. No intellectual work can profitably be carried on for hours without exercise and relaxation. Give sunlight and athletics to bookworms and they would disappear and be transformed into more useful animals. I should have a rule forbidding any person to read more than four hours without a turn on the parallel bars or a game in the tennis court. There should be, at least, an obligatory walk in the court, and we might gradually reconstruct a modern academy where philosophers, scientists and poets would compare notes to their mutual advantage while strolling about. There's likely to be too much gorging and gormandizing in our libraries. People need, at intervals, to talk over what they have read. The new library in Bryant Park has special rooms for scholars and will aim to illustrate special subjects with museum exhibitions and so forth. I should combine this idea in a practical way with exercise. For example, the Assyrian scholar, after spending the prescribed time in poring over arrow-glyphs, will don mantle and sandals and go out to play a game of Assyrian quoits. The student of Chinese will perhaps fly a kite and partake of chop suey in the public refreshment room as an intermission in his toil. Think how much atmosphere would casually be gained in this way."

"What provision have you made for common people, not freakers?" "We shall have a staff of attendants, experts and linguists, who for a small fee, or perhaps gratis, will look up anything you wish to know. Some folks hate to wrestle with the card index and to paw over several hundred cards for the sake of a little information. They don't know how to go about it, and the average library attendant to-day either can't or won't tell them. Often the knowledge you seek is embalmed in a foreign language. An interpreter would solve the difficulty in five minutes. There are guides and interpreters to cities, and a library, which has the scope of all cities and times, needs most of all. You are not expected to be able to guide yourself for the first time through the mazes of Paris or Peking, yet you are supposed to be quite at home among a million or two volumes in all languages. Besides the regular guides for casual and special use, I should have schools of instruction to teach people how to use a library and to get what they want."

"Are there any other features?" "Well, I vaguely foresee the time when the library will put the universities out of business, publish encyclopedias and anthologies, give concerts and lectures, enact classic dramas and combine in itself most of the intellectual interests of civilization."

LORDS OF PARLIAMENT The Rosebery Scheme of Reform—Radical Objections.

London, December 6. Lord Rosebery is a leader of thought, if not of men. He has been for many years a strenuous advocate of the reform of the House of Lords, and was, naturally, an ideal chairman of the committee appointed seventeen months ago for removing the anomalies and increasing the efficiency of the upper chamber. He has imparted his own zeal as a progressive reformer to a representative body of twenty-five peers, of whom the majority are Conservatives. The scheme of reconstruction introduced by Lord Newton was the excuse for the appointment of the committee, but it has been largely through Lord Rosebery's authority and persuasiveness that there is a thoroughly digested plan of reform in a Parliamentary paper printed this week. It is published at an opportune moment, when the House of Lords has thrown out the licensing bill through the action of a party caucus, and before the leader of the House of Commons has had a suitable opportunity for discussing the deadlock. In place of Radical tirades against an irresponsible, caucus ruled chamber of hereditary legislators there is thoughtful discussion of a practical scheme for strengthening and improving that body. The committee's report starts off with the comprehensive idea that hereditarily ought not to be the basis of legislative service. The only exceptions are three peers of the blood royal. The

Radical governments, and these titled legislators have become more reactionary than the Conservatives themselves. One of Mr. Asquith's own peers, with a title conferred only a few months ago, voted against the government measure. No Radical ministry can ever expect to obtain trustworthy support in the upper house, and consequently uncompromising members of the party are opposed to any process of mending the Lords and strengthening their influence. They prefer to have the upper chamber remain as it is—an unreformed, unprogressive and irresponsible body of privileged legislators. On the other hand, Conservative politicians are well pleased to have "Dolly" unregenerate and unaltered. They have no trouble in obtaining the assent of the upper house to their measures when they control the Commons; and the obstructive action of the peers can always be justified by by-elections and other signs of popular discontent when the Liberals are in power. Inspiration for the reform of the Lords will not be found among practical politicians on either side. It must come from leaders of thought like Lord Rosebery, who are capable of rising above partisan issues and converting the House of Lords into an improved and efficient legislative chamber.

The House of Lords cannot reform itself without the consent of the Commons. The act creating the Lords of Appeal is a precedent, and that required the sanction of both houses. The Lords if they are seriously interested in the reform proposals can embody them in a bill and send it to the Commons; but with the Liberals in majority those old scores would be paid back with interest and the measure either be rejected without a second reading or amended until it was unrecognizable. It would be regarded by them

merely as a rearrangement of the privileged house so as to make it more presentable without alteration of the immense preponderance of the Conservative peers and the landed interests. No Liberal government is likely to accept the reform schemes unless the absolute veto upon the work of the Commons is converted into a suspensive veto, with provisions for a referendum to the general electorate when there is a deadlock between houses. If anything be done with Lord Rosebery's ingenious and statesmanlike scheme it will be a reform undertaken by the next Unionist government on enlightened self-interest for the sake of strengthening the upper house and restricting the creation of new peers. A reformed House of Lords, set in order, swept, disinfected, revarnished and decorated with the insignia of the order of merit, would be an invisible safeguard against raids on landed property and Socialistic agitation.

I. N. F. PURE FOOD LAWS IN FRANCE. Frank H. Mason writes from Paris: "The laws of France, notably the statute of July 21, 1881, require that every animal, whether native or imported to this country, shall, before being slaughtered for food, be subjected to a veterinary inspection. Even hogs and sheep, which are sold by farmers to local butchers in rural districts, are subject to the same invariable system of inspection before they can be slaughtered and their flesh offered for sale."

"If an animal is found afflicted with a contagious disease it is seized, killed, and its entire body, hide and viscera, horns and hoofs, destroyed by fire. If the animal is found to be afflicted with a non-contagious disease it is killed and its flesh and viscera soaked with petroleum, so that they cannot be used for human food. In some cases the meat of such animals is permitted to be used, under supervision and without impregnation with petroleum, for such purposes as feeding carnivorous animals in menageries. Cattle afflicted with tuberculosis are treated in this manner—no part of the carcass or viscera can be used for human food, but the hides, horns, and hoofs may be used for the usual purposes."

"When any domestic animal has passed the official inspection and has been pronounced sound, for food, the entrails may be used for sausage-making, and the carcass may be used for other purposes, and this principle is general, namely, that official inspection of the animal covers both flesh and entrails. There can be, therefore, no inspection for sausage casings from non-inspected animals, since no ox, cow, calf, hog, sheep, goat, or horse can be slaughtered without having undergone the prescribed inspection, and if found diseased its viscera are either impregnated with petroleum or destroyed. In rural districts where no public furnace is available for burning the flesh and other parts of diseased animals the law prescribes that they shall be buried."—Consular Report.

ASK ANY YALE MAN. Shocked Father (laying down his yellow paper)—What reason have you Yale fellows for not going to Yale? Hades sooner than to Yale. By the way, the Yale graduates—No doubt, sir, it would be easier for you to get him in Yale than to get him in Yale. The examinations are harder than the Yale—The Bohemian.

RUNNING THE INDIAN GANTLET PLEASING PASTIME FOR THE REDSKINS. Hard on Pioneers—How a Woman Survived Cruel Ordeal and Escaped a Husband.

Running the gantlet has become a mild phrase associated with such jocular attacks as a man is subjected to when he intrudes in a bargain rush or a meeting of suffragettes. Time was when it stood for a bloody ordeal of savagery. There are not a few descendants of the country of those who suffered it, and many a thrilling story of the Indian rite is still told around the evening fire in regions where people have time to dwell on pioneer days. Holidays commemorating the early days of the Republic are well calculated to stir up the memories of the children, and it is not surprising that the Adirondack and the Adirondack of half-raising hounds the possible of a man to go to the top in the search for dramatic accessories. The presence of a modern red man talking slang and smoking a cigarette would spoil the picture.

The gantlet was a peculiar institution among the Indians, being a combination of field sport and spectacle for the children, and it kept the squaws amused so that they did not ask for votes. An Indian on the warpath had his selfish tendency to accumulate scalps at his belt modified by the tribal sentiment of taking home a few captives to give pleasure to others. There were feasting and dancing as a prelude to the game and every Indian put on his best feathers and painted his face like the leading lady of a big show. Red blankets and purple wampum were the costume of rigour. Two long lines were formed and the members of the tribe were armed with stones attached to thongs, pointed sticks, rawhide whips and other miscellaneous weapons. Knives and tomahawks were forbidden by the rules, not out of kindness, but lest the victim should drop before everybody had a share in the fun. It was also a foul to give a mortal wound unless the captive's face was painted black. Generally he was expected to survive the gantlet and afford a final spectacle by being burned at the stake. The more humane white Puritans, it has been pointed out, merely put their wives on the rack before burning them. The Indian love of bravery or physical fortitude occasionally saved the life of a captive who had withstood the ordeal of the gantlet without complaint. He was then adopted by some member of the tribe, perhaps a widow or a mother bereft of her son. Fenimore Cooper describes the narrow escape of his hero from marrying a squaw who elected him after the test of the gantlet. Leatherstocking frankly declared that he would rather die than become a peacemaker in a wigwam.

FRYING PAN WINS THE DAY.

A story is told how a Pennsylvania woman in the year 1780 successfully ran the gantlet with the aid of a frying pan. Her name was Mrs. Elder and she lived in the Juniata Valley. She was good looking, black haired and thirty years of age when the Genesee captured her in a raid and took her to their settlement on the Allegheny. They made her walk during the long journey and her homespun dress became torn, her feet were bare and her hair was filled with twigs and leaves. She carried the big iron frying pan which she had been washing when the attack was made on her home. She had a presentment that the frying pan, emblem of civilization, would be of use to her when she clutched it firmly as she trudged through the woods. The other captives were downhearted; she had faith in the frying pan in which had sizzled so many indigestible dainties for her loved ones. The fatal day and moment came when the Indians, yelling like demons, started the captives down the line of the gantlet. Mrs. Elder calmly watched the progress of her comrades and waited her turn. She trusted to the speed natural to a frontierswoman and the charmed domestic implement that she bore. The word was given, and she ran. By using the pan as a shield she escaped so many blows and was getting on so well that an old Indian stepped out to block her progress. She raised the frying pan in air and brought it down on his bare shoulder with such force that the sharp edge of the iron cut his flesh. The Indian fell back, taking the name of the Great Spirit in vain.

A howl arose from the rest of the line. The beautiful captive made a hit with a chivalrous blow, but the most were enraged by her daring. However, the success of her first attempt gave her renewed strength, and using her weapon on one side, and then on the other, she finally reached the end of her tormentors and safety. The medicine man who dressed the wounded graves said that there must be a neap or magic in the white squaw's pan. At the council fire that night the young brave who had taken Mrs. Elder, asked permission to have her as his wife. His wife so impressed with her courage that he was willing to take chances with the frying pan and its owner. The council postponed decision on this request until the Indians should be established in their winter quarters. The march toward this village was begun in a few days. On the march the young brave was kind to Mrs. Elder, and she, in return, kept him with a slight degree of the coquettishness of her sex, kept him guessing. One day she would promise to ask the council that she be given to him, and then she would spend all her time doing little things for other admirers. The frying pan was her constant companion, and, discovering its proper use, the Indians appointed her chief of the culinary department. A thought came to Mrs. Elder of undermining the health of her captors by frequent treats of flapjacks and doughnuts, but she hesitated, thinking it would be less cruel to use poison. She was saved from the necessity of deciding these doubts by the opportune arrival of an English rescuing party, and she lived many years to tell her grandchildren of her adventures in captivity.

BOY'S WIT SAVES HIM. Among the captives of a large band of New York Indians in the early years of the Revolution was a boy named David Ogden. He was a sturdy lad of fourteen, and he was captured while cutting wood near a fort. In those days boys liked to cut wood, because they had a chance of things happening like this. David wore a buckskin jacket, homespun trousers and fringed leggings. His hair was of the coonskin, made by tying the head and tail of the animal together. While marching through the wilderness of Central New York toward Fort Niagara the younger members of the Indian party tried to scare David by telling of the tortures that awaited him and the other captives. All would have to run the gantlet outside of the fort before they could appeal to the English officers for protection. There were no particular hands across the sea at that time, nor was white blood much thicker than blue, so that David felt justified in feeling a trifle water.

Early one morning after a night march the party came within sight of Fort Niagara. Hundreds of people were gathered before its weather-beaten towers. A great shout went up as the crowd discovered that the approaching party had the makings of a first class torture festival. Preparations were quickly made. Officers and men rushed out of their race to enjoy the spectacle of seeing men of their force put through the ordeal. There was such enthusiasm that even the children picked up clubs and stones. The din was deafening, when the captives drew close together to determine who was to run the gantlet first. They were allowed to cast lots. The lot fell on the young boy. David must have figured it out before. He separated himself at once from the others, tightened his belt, threw off his coonskin cap, and before the savages were aware of his intentions was dashing down the double ranked line. It was half way to the fort when they realized that the Yankee cheer, while others suitably foresaw the Yankee sharpness that would defeat them in the war, the Indians were wild. Those who had missed the first whack threw their clubs and weapons after the fleeing figure. A fat old squaw broke through

the line and tried to stop him. David dodged and tripped her, and she fell to the ground, taking several other pursuers with her. A little further on a brave tried to grab hold of his coat, but as the garment was unfastened the runner escaped, and the warrior had only the coat and the belt. For a rod or more the runner fell panting inside the walls of the fort, unharmed. After this the boy was adopted by an old squaw and taken to live in an Indian village. He received the name of Chee-chee-lee-cho, which probably meant Young-man-who-beats-it-quick, and he adopted the dress and manners of the redmen, with whom he lived in fair contentment for several years. Sometimes an Indian family wishing to adopt a white boy in place of a son killed in battle sent definite directions for the obtaining of a son to a party starting on a raid. A gift for the prospective heir might accompany the instructions. Such a case was the capture of the young man, Horatio Jones, a young man living on the Genesee River, New York. He had lost a favorite son in battle and desired that a substitute should be gained for her. She made an elaborate wampum belt, which she led heading a raid in Northern Pennsylvania was to put on the person of the selected captive. Horatio Jones, a young man living on the Genesee River, New York, had lost a favorite son in battle and desired that a substitute should be gained for her. She made an elaborate wampum belt, which she led heading a raid in Northern Pennsylvania was to put on the person of the selected captive. Horatio Jones, a young man living on the Genesee River, New York, had lost a favorite son in battle and desired that a substitute should be gained for her. She made an elaborate wampum belt, which she led heading a raid in Northern Pennsylvania was to put on the person of the selected captive.

AN UNUSUAL ADOPTION. On he went at full speed until he came in sight of a rude hut. A woman and a young girl stood in the doorway. As he approached they motioned him to come in. They knew him by the wampum belt which he wore. The woman's eyes sparkled as she thought that war was returning to her; the son that war had taken. The young girl was delighted with the looks of her adopted brother. But the code of the tribe had to be followed, and the young man had to be hidden under the bed as if nothing less could save him. He heard the women, who had returned to the door, talking to his captors. The men seemed satisfied with the explanation given by the women and went away. Horatio was brought out from his hiding place, given food and treated very kindly. The excitement was not over yet. The young man was returned to the Long House for the night and left there with the other prisoners. The Indians filled up on stewed meat which had not been guaranteed by the laws. They yelled and talked about killing the captives. At length the door of the council house was knocked in and one of the prisoners taken by the maddened crowd. The noise increased as the savages dashed out the man's brains, put his head on a pole and danced around it. Again the door of the prison opened, this time softly. Horatio felt his hand taken by that of another person and a finger was put warningly to his lips. He was led from the building to the house where he had spent the afternoon. His rescuers left him there, and one by one led the other prisoners to the edge of the forest. The last captive had just reached the forest when the savages, thirsting for more blood, again broke into the council house. Finding all the prisoners gone, they began fighting among themselves, but they were too drunk for pursuit, and they fell into an alcoholic stupor, which lasted till the morning. However, the prisoners were all recaptured the next day, and their fate was debated at the council fire by the braves who were not too much troubled by the popularly known "left over." Not until then did Horatio know that he had been selected for adoption. A brave arose, and by a long argument showed how the Great Spirit had watched over the boy, had taken him safely through the gantlet, removed him to safety when he might have been killed, and had endowed him with all the attributes that the tribe wished in the son they adopted. It was voted that he should be given to the person who wanted him. He was decidedly given to the squaw who had sheltered him, and she came forward to claim him as her son. Horatio went to the hut which was to be his home and donned the clothes of an Indian warrior. The other members of the family greeted him, and then the whole tribe offered him best wishes and vows of friendship. He lived among the redmen many years, acted as interpreter between them and the whites, and at length became their chief. Ultimately he returned to civilization.

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Running the gantlet has become a mild phrase associated with such jocular attacks as a man is subjected to when he intrudes in a bargain rush or a meeting of suffragettes. Time was when it stood for a bloody ordeal of savagery. There are not a few descendants of the country of those who suffered it, and many a thrilling story of the Indian rite is still told around the evening fire in regions where people have time to dwell on pioneer days. Holidays commemorating the early days of the Republic are well calculated to stir up the memories of the children, and it is not surprising that the Adirondack and the Adirondack of half-raising hounds the possible of a man to go to the top in the search for dramatic accessories. The presence of a modern red man talking slang and smoking a cigarette would spoil the picture.

The gantlet was a peculiar institution among the Indians, being a combination of field sport and spectacle for the children, and it kept the squaws amused so that they did not ask for votes. An Indian on the warpath had his selfish tendency to accumulate scalps at his belt modified by the tribal sentiment of taking home a few captives to give pleasure to others. There were feasting and dancing as a prelude to the game and every Indian put on his best feathers and painted his face like the leading lady of a big show. Red blankets and purple wampum were the costume of rigour. Two long lines were formed and the members of the tribe were armed with stones attached to thongs, pointed sticks, rawhide whips and other miscellaneous weapons. Knives and tomahawks were forbidden by the rules, not out of kindness, but lest the victim should drop before everybody had a share in the fun. It was also a foul to give a mortal wound unless the captive's face was painted black. Generally he was expected to survive the gantlet and afford a final spectacle by being burned at the stake. The more humane white Puritans, it has been pointed out, merely put their wives on the rack before burning them. The Indian love of bravery or physical fortitude occasionally saved the life of a captive who had withstood the ordeal of the gantlet without complaint. He was then adopted by some member of the tribe, perhaps a widow or a mother bereft of her son. Fenimore Cooper describes the narrow escape of his hero from marrying a squaw who elected him after the test of the gantlet. Leatherstocking frankly declared that he would rather die than become a peacemaker in a wigwam.

FRYING PAN WINS THE DAY.

A story is told how a Pennsylvania woman in the year 1780 successfully ran the gantlet with the aid of a frying pan. Her name was Mrs. Elder and she lived in the Juniata Valley. She was good looking, black haired and thirty years of age when the Genesee captured her in a raid and took her to their settlement on the Allegheny. They made her walk during the long journey and her homespun dress became torn, her feet were bare and her hair was filled with twigs and leaves. She carried the big iron frying pan which she had been washing when the attack was made on her home. She had a presentment that the frying pan, emblem of civilization, would be of use to her when she clutched it firmly as she trudged through the woods. The other captives were downhearted; she had faith in the frying pan in which had sizzled so many indigestible dainties for her loved ones. The fatal day and moment came when the Indians, yelling like demons, started the captives down the line of the gantlet. Mrs. Elder calmly watched the progress of her comrades and waited her turn. She trusted to the speed natural to a frontierswoman and the charmed domestic implement that she bore. The word was given, and she ran. By using the pan as a shield she escaped so many blows and was getting on so well that an old Indian stepped out to block her progress. She raised the frying pan in air and brought it down on his bare shoulder with such force that the sharp edge of the iron cut his flesh. The Indian fell back, taking the name of the Great Spirit in vain.

A howl arose from the rest of the line. The beautiful captive made a hit with a chivalrous blow, but the most were enraged by her daring. However, the success of her first attempt gave her renewed strength, and using her weapon on one side, and then on the other, she finally reached the end of her tormentors and safety. The medicine man who dressed the wounded graves said that there must be a neap or magic in the white squaw's pan. At the council fire that night the young brave who had taken Mrs. Elder, asked permission to have her as his wife. His wife so impressed with her courage that he was willing to take chances with the frying pan and its owner. The council postponed decision on this request until the Indians should be established in their winter quarters. The march toward this village was begun in a few days. On the march the young brave was kind to Mrs. Elder, and she, in return, kept him with a slight degree of the coquettishness of her sex, kept him guessing. One day she would promise to ask the council that she be given to him, and then she would spend all her time doing little things for other admirers. The frying pan was her constant companion, and, discovering its proper use, the Indians appointed her chief of the culinary department. A thought came to Mrs. Elder of undermining the health of her captors by frequent treats of flapjacks and doughnuts, but she hesitated, thinking it would be less cruel to use poison. She was saved from the necessity of deciding these doubts by the opportune arrival of an English rescuing party, and she lived many years to tell her grandchildren of her adventures in captivity.

BOY'S WIT SAVES HIM. Among the captives of a large band of New York Indians in the early years of the Revolution was a boy named David Ogden. He was a sturdy lad of fourteen, and he was captured while cutting wood near a fort. In those days boys liked to cut wood, because they had a chance of things happening like this. David wore a buckskin jacket, homespun trousers and fringed leggings. His hair was of the coonskin, made by tying the head and tail of the animal together. While marching through the wilderness of Central New York toward Fort Niagara the younger members of the Indian party tried to scare David by telling of the tortures that awaited him and the other captives. All would have to run the gantlet outside of the fort before they could appeal to the English officers for protection. There were no particular hands across the sea at that time, nor was white blood much thicker than blue, so that David felt justified in feeling a trifle water.

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