

## White Stone Canoe.

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an-ge-ta-ha was taken to the door of the lodge. Before him stretched a verdant country, reaching to the borders of a gulf, beyond which, showing faintly, was a land of softest blue. Pointing with his bony finger, the old man spoke to him thus: "See yonder gulf and the plain of blue beyond it; that is the Land of the Soul. Go forth now and find her whom you seek, but your body you must leave with me. For you cannot take it with you, nor your arrows, club, nor dog."

Then the freed So-an-ge-ta-ha bounded forward upon the pathway as lightly as though his feet had wings. All things were as he had known them; they retained their color, shape and form; but the leaves were very much greener and the flowers were far more bright. The sky above was vastly bluer, and the songs of the birds sounded strangely sweet. Along the path wild creatures bounded. O-jeeg, the weasel, and Wa-bas-so, the white rabbit, friendly now and not afraid. And Mishe-Mokwa, the great bear, and Pez-he-ker, the bison, showed no signs of fighting there. While in the branches, far above them, Be-na, the pheasant, and Ke-nue, the eagle, rested there at peace together. Mahng, the loon, and Chet-ow-ak, the plover, lighted on his outstretched arm, for in this land of the hereafter bloodshed is a thing unknown.

And the path was not obstructed,—neither trees nor rocks could bar his way, for this was the land of shadows, and these were but the shadows of what once had been. And the flowers, which were blooming, were but souls of flowers on earth, which, in dying, shed their perfume on this air of the land above. Every song whose echoes had vanished was singing here aloud again; every thought which had died unspoken found its utterance in this land. Every act of pure unselfishness done on earth and passed away lived once more in this land of beauty and filled the soul with lofty thoughts.

A half a day was passed in this way, and then before him stretched the gulf whose crystal waters lapped the azure shores of the land he sought. At his feet a canoe was resting, shining white in the noonday sun, for it was made of a pure, white stone. And in it lay a crystal paddle.

Leaping into the canoe, he pushed it quickly from the shore and headed boldly for the gulf. But as his paddle struck the water he heard a rippling by his side, and turning, he saw another, white and shining like his own, and within it was his sweetheart, Ne-ne-moo-sha, whom he had sought.

Side by side they cleaved the water out into the unknown gulf. But here the waves towered and threatened, raised their crests and hissed and frowned as though they would engulf the voyagers who dared to venture on this sea. Down below they saw the bottom through the crystal clearness of the water, and it showed both white and gruesome, strewn with bones and skulls of men, who, unfitted, had dared the terrors of this sea. And they saw such fellow voyagers, struggling, shrieking in the waves, engulfed there by the mighty billows. But to Strong Heart and Ne-ne-moo-sha, Mitchie-manitou was good. But there were canoes, before which the gulf was without a ripple, and which were impelled by unseen hands. These canoes contained the souls of children.

At last their prows touched the shore of the blue and blissful land. Hand in hand they wandered onward through those fields where all that was good and had died upon earth now lived again to die no more. Here the air was food, and it nourished them. There were no tempests to rack the mind with fear; there were no cold winds to chill them to the marrow; there was no ice to freeze them; no hunger to hurt them; no pain to sting them; no dying to grieve them. All things rejoiced in life.

And one day there was a sound as of the breeze stirring in the tree-tops. Stronger and stronger it grew until from out it came the voices of Mitchie Manitou, Master of Life, saying to So-an-ge-ta-ha, "Your time has not yet come. You have been permitted to see the land of the soul, but you must go back to your people. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet done. Return to your people and tell them of what you have seen. Accomplish

## Some Famous Buckskin Men.

By *Dan Beard*

**M**ANY boys to-day would not know who was meant by Michael Cresap or Simon Kenton or George Rogers Clark, but those men, with their great courage and their willingness to be the pioneers in the wilderness, made the life of the present day possible.

Michael Cresap was born on the 29th of June, 1794. He was a mountain boy, and even his schoolmates thought him wild, but his courage and generosity soon won him many friends.

Cresap, with Clark and Rogers, and many other buckskin men, had banded together, about twelve months before the battle of Lexington, to protect the people of the Northwest against the Indians. England had just passed a law forbidding American colonists from settling in that territory. Naturally, this encouraged the Indians, who probably thought that they were now to have all that part of the country to themselves. They were urged on to fight the settlers, too, by a reward which the British general offered for the colonists' scalps, a deed so black, so treacherous to his own white blood, that it would be hard to believe if history did not prove its truth.

George Rogers Clark led the "long knives" of the border, a handful of buckskin men, to Kaskaskin, where he arrived on the Fourth of July, and found the people all having a jolly time at a dance in the fort. The merry-makers were astonished to see a number of travel-worn and anxious-looking buckskin men confronting them.

"Go on with your fun," said Clark, "but remember you are now dancing under the flag of Virginia, and not that of Great Britain."

Simon Kenton was a great, tall athletic American. He was an unerring shot, an

adept in woodcraft, and the centre of all the fun and mirth of a camp, despite the fact that he was a devout Methodist. His clear, mellow and penetrating voice was a joy to hear.

In battle that same voice, now stern and commanding, could be heard over the din of the strife, urging his men on, and striking terror to the hearts of his foes. For many years Kenton and Daniel Boone were the chief reliance of the settlers for protection from the hostile and unfriendly Indians.

Cresap has always been blamed for the massacre of the family of the noble Indian, Logan, whose famous speech white boys have delivered on Commencement Day, ever since Thomas Jefferson quoted it. Cresap, himself, always denied the charge. To be sure, he had started out with the party, but had thought better of it, and turned back. You must remember that in those early days it was difficult for the Buckskin men to remember who were good Indians and who were not. All the Redskin had seasons of hating the white settlers, and those who went on the war-path at such times did such awful things that the white men could hardly believe that any Indian was a good one until he was dead!

Well, after Cresap turned back, thirty-two of the most lawless bordermen, led by a low border ruffian, named Dan Great-house, went on and murdered all of Logan's family, at Baker's Bottom, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio River.

Michael Cresap is buried, if I remember aright, in Trinity churchyard, on Broadway, New York. Few of the Buckskin men found as quiet graves. Many of their bones are scattered in nameless gullies, are sunk in distant streams, but their imperishable memory lives in the hearts of the boys of to-day.

made the journey across the sky, attended by her faithful maids, the stars.

Aurora, like a dutiful younger sister, helped Apollo and Diana in their journeyings. She put away all the stars when Diana's need for them had passed, and strewed the mist of early morning on the earth, so that Apollo's rays would not strike it too quickly. She lifted the bars of Apollo's Sun-palace so that his great white horses could rush out, and at night she closed the bars behind the flaming chariot, and put the stars in their places. The last thing she did before she retired was to sprinkle the reviving dew upon wilting flower and field.

One of the commonest of our flowers is closely connected with the Greek sky children. It was a common flower even in those old days, and so the story-loving Greeks made up a beautiful tale to account for it.

Clytie, said they, was a little sea-maiden who loved the beautiful Apollo, but it was very far down for Apollo to look, where the sea-maiden rode in her boat made of a pink seashell, drawn by six gold fish, and so she came out of the sea and stood upon the land, watching the flaming chariot steadily as it made its wonderful journey from the east to the west. She watched so long that at last her feet took root in the ground, her beautiful robe became broad green leaves, and her pretty face and golden hair turned into a blossom.

But Apollo never stopped his steady progress across the skies, not even though the sea-maiden Clytie was turned into a sun-flower.

Watch a group of sun-flowers, the next time you see them. Like Clytie, of the Greek fairy tale, they watch steadily the flaming chariot of the sun, turning their heads faithfully to follow its course.

Wild wolf-like dogs are still found in the remote parts of Ireland. They have soft, round ears, rather pleasant, broad faces, and can easily be tamed if they are caught young. They do not hunt in packs, like wolves, but usually live and hunt apart, with their mates. In bodily conformation they are much like the Eskimo dog, but of slighter build.

## The Butcher Bird.

BY MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

**A** CLEAR, sweet note rang over the snowy field. Every mouse and every small bird scurried and fluttered to cover. "The Butcher! The Butcher! The Cannibal Bird!" whispered one to another, safe hidden beneath the stone wall, and down in the hollow tree.

A silver-gray streak darted through the air, and up rose the shrike, clutching a squeaking field-mouse in his claws. Flying to a sharp splinter, which protruded from a pine-stump, he hung the mouse on it and was off for more prey. Presently a junco was impaled on a thorn, and next a downy woodpecker was wedged into a crotch in an oak.

"Good hunting," said the shrike to a hawk, perching near; "I haven't had such a feast since I left Alaska, three weeks ago!"

"Pity you hadn't stayed there," replied the hawk. "We dislike murderers in our woods!"

"Murderers!" laughed the shrike. "What do you call yourself?"

"Oh, I only hunt to live, while you hunt for mere sport, hanging your victims round



on the bushes and trees—a ghastly sight for the wood folk—frightens the timid ones almost out of their senses."

"You are quite mistaken, friend hawk! As for hunting merely for sport, I am laying up for a snowy day when I hang the surplus birds and mice on the bushes and trees. What shall I do when the hard freezes and the big storms come if my cupboard is bare and no bird or beast abroad? Just ask the farmers if I don't help them a lot. They are thankful for every meadow-mouse I catch. Then in Fall and Spring I almost live upon grasshoppers and beetles—those fearful crop-destroyers. When I'm tired of country fare I pay a visit to the city and devour English sparrows by the dozen. Can you deny that that's a mighty useful thing to do?"

"Well," replied the hawk, "your high-sounding name, Lanius, means to tear, and tear you will, I suppose, but, pray leave a little prey for the natives, and start for your arctic home as early as the season permits."

The days of the week get their names from very, very long ago, when the Norsemen had never heard of Christianity. In those days they worshiped the sun, and Sun's Day was named for it. Moon's Day (Monday) was the wife of the sun, and, and, of course, had to be honored also. Tyr was the god of war, and so they had Tyr's Day (Tuesday), while Wednesday is Woden's Day, the god of the Norseman's heaven. Thor was the god of strength, so he has Thursday. Friday is Freya's Day. Freya was the Woden's wife and Thor's mother. The last of the days, Saturday, gets its name from a Roman god, Saturn, who presided over the games on a holiday called the Saturnalia, so that it is quite appropriate that our Saturday should be a holiday, too.

The new five-cent piece has for its design a fine portrait of a Cheyenne Indian chief on one side, and that of a buffalo on the other. The "V", as well as the Goddess of Liberty, has thus disappeared for twenty-five years, as the law does not allow of a change in a coin design any oftener.

The city of Dresden, Germany, owns and operates a newspaper, the property having been bequeathed to the municipality. The annual profits amount now to about \$60,000.