

for some buffaloes he thought were near. He stayed out all day, and I, being a child, went out in the evening to search for him, as I thought he was lost. At first the trail was very plain, but soon it grew more indistinct, until I could see it no longer. At last, after sitting on my pony and indulging in melancholy thoughts for about half an hour, I suddenly glanced up. I saw a bright streak of light around the horizon, and heard a very faint roaring. I thought at once of a prairie fire and turned my horse towards a river to the south, about half a mile away. Soon we plunged into its cool waters and the pony climbed the other bank. The pony stumbled as we reached the top of the bank, I felt myself hurled into the air, and then hit the ground with a bump that left me senseless. When I awoke I found myself in a log cabin in Montana.

I went to Chicago the next summer and have gained a college education there in sixteen years. I am going as a missionary to my own tribe as soon as I can.

—Georgia M. Gardner,
High School. St. Thomas, N. D.

Both Sunshine and Shadow.

In thinking of the past I recall many things, both sad and pleasing. My name is Francois De Voise. My parents were French, coming to the United States in 1862. I was a lad of sixteen then, and I remember well how sad we all were, for there were many brothers and sisters, when my father said he was going to war, it being the time of the civil war here. But great was our rejoicing at the close of the war to have our father back strong and well. I had helped my mother keep our family together, and when my father saw how well I had done he started me in the hardware business, at which I made a success, and I am now happy in thinking I have always tried to do right.

—Anna Sprague,
Fifth Grade. Central School. Grafton, N. D.

On the Road to Fame.

I was born in Berry, Illinois, May 5, 1858. My father was quite wealthy until I had reached my twenty-fourth year, when through large speculation he lost everything. The shock of this caused my mother's death, and my father survived her only six months. Thus I was left fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless and penniless. My father had given me a good education, and with it I was able to earn a good living; I had many friends, too. After my day's work I spent my evenings taking a clock apart and putting it together again and trying different experiments. I was always trying to make an invention so that a clock would announce the hour of the day just like someone talking. At last one day, seven years later, I succeeded in making my experiment work, and then I was on the road to fame, and also was soon rich.

—Tamar Sorey,
Seventh Grade. Lewiston, Idaho.

"Yo-ho! A Sailor Bold."

When I was little I always wanted to be a sailor. When fifteen years old, I went to Ecuador, South America. There was a rebellion going on and I saw there was a good chance to become a sailor.

I went on the gunboat Pison as a gunner. One day we were ordered to shell the rebels in a town which they had taken. They had built a fort and mounted a battery. The captain ordered them to surrender, but they would not, so we opened fire on the fort. After a while the commander came to me and said: "If you can blow up the arsenal I will put you in command of a gunboat." I tried with all my might and at last planted a shell in the arsenal; five minutes later it blew up.

The rebels were beaten and soon after the leading rebel general surrendered and the war ended. The captain told the president that I was the one who discouraged the rebels so in the first battle, and that was why they were beaten so easily. The president gave me a present and made me captain of a ship.

—Vernon Tilton,
Sixth Grade. Osakis, Minn.

Siwasha, the Innocent.

My name is Siwasha. I was born in America, not far from where the "Father of Waters" pours its overflow into the gulf. I live in a tent with my father, who is Chief Red Feather, my mother and two brothers, Run-from-his-shadow and Shooting-arrow. I know how to shoot a bow and arrow and how to set deer traps. A canoe of birch bark that my father made I also have.

One day a little girl from the white settlement was lost in the woods. I took her home and her father gave me some red beads. I do not see what he did that for, do you? I am going to teach the little white girl how to shoot squirrels and set deer traps. The little girl said that if I was a good girl when I died I would go to heaven. I should like to know where that is. I asked my mother and she said she did not know.

—Nina Ellsworth,
Seventh Grade. Adrian, Minn.

Like Another Lincoln.

When I was a little boy my parents were very poor; they could not afford to buy decent clothing for me to wear to school, so I had to stay at home. I helped to split wood and saw it, carry in water and drive the cows to and from pasture, as well as a great deal of harder work. I would also get some work from the neighbors and in this way earn a few cents, for which I would buy some books and study them in the evening, or when ever I had a little spare time. At the age of fifteen I applied for a position at a large business house in Chicago. I was informed by the manager that there was no vacancy unless I wanted to go into the basement and assort a lot of rubbish and clean things up, which I gladly did, for small wages. Finding how well I did it he afterwards gave me a position as clerk for a few years. Then the assistant manager died and I was promoted to his place. Later I was taken in as partner, and at the age of forty I was one of the most successful business men in Chicago.

—Hattie Leibbrand,
Eighth Grade. Jordan, Minn.

Successful "Sacrifice."

I was born in 1820 on the 21st day of the month of May, in the sweet little village in northern England, which has been my home always. It was to the gentle guidance of my mother, who was a highly accomplished lady in all respects, that I was brought up with all the advantages of education, art and literature. My father was a successful physician, but I remember very little of him, as he died while I was still young. In my twentieth year, when I had but completed my education, my precious mother passed from this life, leaving me almost prostrated. Her memory has cast a light before me, sacred, lofty, and inspiring; ever leading onward toward that glorious goal!

I tried to follow the profession of a doctor, but found the position very unsuited to my liking. During this time I finished the book called "Sacrifice," it being written merely to pass

the weary hours of inoccupation and sorrow. Spring had blossomed into fragrant summer, and, at the advice of one of my father's old friends, I went for a refreshing vacation in Scotland. Through wild mountain scenery I made my solitary trips. Then, when those days were gone, I betook me to my home, where I found my little book had turned out to be quite profitable. Thus encouraged, I took up literature as a life work, and with the candle of my mother's teachings, I prepared the way for later writings.

Little more can I tell, for the events of my life are few and far apart, but those that I enjoy the most are flying trips to London, where my sympathetic literary friends constantly reprove me for my unsocial ways. I tell them it is because I did not woo fame, but it me.

—Walter Stahr,
Eighth Grade. 3410 Park Avenue S. St. Louis, Mo.
Hodgen School.

From Cowboy to Detective.

I, John Mackinal, was born November 21, 1807, in western Tennessee. In my boyhood I was very fond of sports such as football, baseball and tennis. When I was fifteen years old I went to Texas and began the rough but healthful life of a cowboy. I remained there and enjoyed life for about three years, after which I was sent to one of the great eastern colleges, where



THE CURIOSITY GONE.

Manager (bug circus)—Heavens! I guess it's all over with the circus this season. There goes a bird with our "one and only" fat worm.—From Judge, Copyright, 1901.

I studied law for three years more. After I had graduated I started for Alaska, where I arrived in the cold and frozen north December 3, 1828. After I had been there about a month I discovered gold along the banks of a small creek. This I kept secret until I had obtained possession of the land wherein this gold was concealed. I then began to mine gold and soon became independently rich.

After I had made enough money in Alaska I returned to Texas. The cowboy life did not suit me any more, so I went to New York and began life as a detective. I have been in this business for the last twenty-five years and expect to remain in it as long as my health permits.

—Charles Unger,
Eighth Grade. Jackson, Minn.

A Mechanical Genius.

I, James A. Henderson, was born a few miles from Waterport on a farm. My father died when I was but eight years old, leaving my mother, myself and my only sister, Jane, who was six years old. We had six acres of good land—three acres in wheat, oats and barley—we had forty sheep which were two years old. When I was twenty I left home and prepared for a medical and electrical college, where I stayed for three years, giving up medicine and taking up electricity. With this training I made my fortune. I first rented a small set of rooms for experiments. I stayed there for six months and rented one room in the postoffice; this is where I discovered the great self-connecting motor on Oct. 8, 1883. I experimented for some time with it. I then put it into use and it is now in all large elevators. I am now an old man, eighty-five years of age.

—Will Cantwell,
Seventh Grade. Faribault, Minn.
Central School.

In Freedom's Cause.

I was born in the year 1773, and my father went to the revolutionary war in 1775 under the command of General Washington. I remember about my mother crying. I tried to console her as best I could and she would kiss me every time. I went to school from the time I was six years until I graduated from college; I was then nineteen years old.

My father died while yet at war. I was nine years old at the time he died, and my mother died the next year. I can remember that when she died all I could do was to stand and look at her, for I felt too badly to cry; I knew I had lost my best friend. But I had an aunt and uncle, who had no children. They loved me very much, so they took me and paid my way through college. After I finished college I wrote stories and poems, and was married when I had written for about four years.

I am now ninety-five years old and my grandson is in the civil war on the northern side, fighting to free the slaves.

—Marie Condit,
Seventh Grade. Clinton, Minn.

IMMIGRATION OF HESSIAN FLY.

The hessian fly was brought to this country in straw or hay imported by the Hessian troops during the revolutionary war. It first made its appearance in 1776 on Staten Island, whence it spread to Long Island, over New England, then came west. The hessian fly has traveled from New England west at the rate of about twenty miles a year.

A SAMOAN PARADE.

A military parade in the Samoan islands must be worth climbing a fence to see. The Samoan troops wear red turbans, white navy undershirt, blue dungaree "lava lavas," or breech cloths, with two red stripes around the hem. The legs and feet are bare. In this country the soldier's arms are always an object of interest, but in Samoa his legs must be quite a feature of the show.

THE FLOWERS' BEDTIME

Strangely Disguised by Their Odd Night Dresses, Familiar Beauties Slumber With Eyes Concealed by Drowsy Fingers.

THE sun is giving a last drowsy peep over the top of the hills, and, emboldened by his departure, the shadows are dancing merrily from under every tree and shrub, and from behind the buildings and fences. There are all kinds, from the big, slow-moving ones down to the little shadows that skip fantastically from side to side. And they all seem to have the same spirit of mischief, for they bow and pirouette as though with irrepressible merriment, and they chase the kittens and make grimaces at the chicks moving reluctantly towards the anxious mother hens, who are awaiting them with admonitory clucks and fluffings of warm feathers that are to cover the broods.

Most of the birds have already sought their perches among the branches, and are now chirping sleepy good nights and plans for the morrow across the abysses and alleyways of shadows. Up in the top of a sycamore a mother-robin is twittering tender little lullabies to her three babies, and from somewhere off in the distance come the last sweet notes of a vesper sparrow's evening hymn. As the shadows grow thicker, vigilant fireflies light their lanterns and swing them back and forth above the sleeping plants and flowers, and presently other lanterns begin to gleam down from the dark blue alcoves of the sky. Gradually the chirping and twittering grow still, and the vesper-bird's revellie dies away in a low, carressing murmur. Little by little the shadows cease their revelry and creep into each other's arms, and are presently lost in a universal obscurity.

Around the house and along the paths are masses of nasturtiums and marigolds and poppies and asters, and among the grass are daisies and wild roses and buttercups, and an almost innumerable host of familiar friends and acquaintances; but just now they are "all a-noddin', nid-nid-noddin'," and are scarcely recognizable in their strange disguise of nightcaps and drowsiness.

The poppies are sleeping luxuriously, with bowed heads and closed eyes, each one having her four silken curtains drawn carefully about her couch. They are the sleepest flowers in the garden, and nod and dream in the midst of their drowsy companions. But not far behind them are the red clovers, with their young blossom clusters completely nightcapped beneath the overlapping pair of upper leaves, and their heads tucked away under their wings.

And the white clovers and the yellow pop-clovers and the tall bush clovers, rising dreamily above their bed-fellows, are equally well brought up; they keep regular hours and sleep soundly all through the livelong night, every individual leaf below their hoods being bowed, with folded palms, and the bush clovers having each three-foliolate leaf raised upon its stem, with the leaflets folded inward, clasping the maternal stalk.

The partridge peas and asters and balsam have queer nocturnal expressions, and all sorts of whimsical sleeping postures. The daisies and "blue bottles" and marigolds have almost lost their identity, and the blue flower-spikes of the

lupines are now drooping like closed parasols. And all around are other faces, familiar but strangely disguised by their odd night dresses and drooping attitudes—sleeping beauties, all of them, even with their eyes concealed by drowsy fingers and various sleepy curls and cuddles.

Here and there a silvery moth circles above the flowers, and presently a narrow stream of light flashes out from one of the chamber windows, accompanied by a low murmur. The children are there, going to bed. Then the light disappears, and the sleeping world outside is left to the fireflies and the stars and the white winged moths.—Philadelphia Times.

CROWN OF THE CONTINENT

A Majestic Mountain of Montana That Is Altogether Unknown.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL describes in the September Century what he calls the Crown of the Continent of North America:

Far away in northwestern Montana, hidden from view by clustering mountain peaks, lies an unmapped corner—the Crown of the Continent. The water from the crusted snowdrift which caps the peak of a lofty mountain there trickles into tiny rills, which hurry along north, south, east and west, and growing to rivers, at last pour their currents into three seas. From this mountain peak the Pacific and the Arctic oceans and the Gulf of Mexico receive each its tribute.

No words can describe the grandeur and majesty of these mountains, and even photographs seem hopelessly to dwarf and belittle the most impressive peaks. The fact that it is altogether unknown, the beauty of its scenery, its varied and unusual fauna, and the opportunities it offers for hunting and fishing and for mountain climbing, give the region a wonderful attraction for the lover of nature.

Beyond the head of the lower lakes wagons cannot go and the traveler who wishes to reach the heads of any of the streams must leave his wagon and start into the mountain with a pack-train. This means that all his possessions—his food, his bedding, and his camp furniture—must be lashed on the backs of horses or mules, and so carried through the dense forests and up the steep mountain sides. This is a pleasant mode of traveling, though it is slow and entails much more labor than traveling in a wagon. It has, however, the great advantage that it makes one independent. With a pack-train the explorer can go almost where he pleases. Neither dense brush, close-standing timber nor steep hills furrowed by deep ravines can stop him; wherever a man can ride a pack-horse can follow.—Philadelphia Times.

THE GREATEST EMPIRE.

It may surprise most persons to know that the British possessions in North America and the West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States of America, even including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone King Edward's possessions are nearly 100,000 square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking in the West Indies and Newfoundland more than 200,000 square miles larger. No man ever before reigned over an empire as great as King Edward's. The empire to which Victoria acceded in 1837 covered one-sixth of the land surface of the globe; the empire to which King Edward has acceded covers nearly one-fourth.

SULPHUR FOUND IN RUSSIA.

One of the richest sulphur deposits in the world has lately been discovered in Trans-Caspia, Russia. The geological formation is very similar to that in which the Sicilian deposits occur. It is only in recent years that sulphur has been found in Russia.