

**Lake Geneva.** In the long summer days I watch our cows and see that none of them wanders away, or else I go fishing in the lake. Here we find the most beautiful flowers, Alpine roses, buttercups and harebells. Every summer tourists come here and stop at our cottage. Sometimes they try to climb the tall, snow-capped peaks that tower to the clouds. One man succeeded in reaching the top of—

But some one was shaking me violently and a voice said in my ear, "Lucy, why don't you get up? Your breakfast is cold and we have been waiting half an hour for you."

Alas, my vision had faded and I was lying in my own bedroom instead of far away in Switzerland. I should like to live in the mountains because of the beautiful scenery. I think the country people live a quiet and secluded life and are much happier than many of our people.

—Lucy M. Proudfoot,  
Mandan, N. D.

Eighth Grade.

**THE WAY TO MAKE WORK EASY**

**The Small Zuni Indians Perform Daily Duties and Think They Are Delightful Play.**

To speak of the Indian conjures to the mind a red and white-painted wild animal, ready to yell, dance, scalp or take life, or crouched behind a sage bush peering out for the unwary. To-day, of course, the blue-coated United States army men ride along and surround our vision. But to see the Indian, the Pueblo Indian, tending his sheep or cattle, bringing in harvest for the winter, making useful clothes; in fact, taking thought for the future—it is an odd sight. But at Zuni, New Mexico, there are 1,500 law-abiding, peaceful Indians who live in houses, and build them, too, and entirely self-supporting.

Such an abundance of children, barefooted, bareheaded, the rabbit hunts to hunt bigger game with the father. But the boys do little of the labor. They go with the family donkey and the father to bring firewood, and many evenings the man will lead his tired horse to drink while a little brave will be learning to stick on bare-back, holding on my mane or woolly side. The girls can make good bread, too, and it is great fun to watch the kneeling figures before the big black stone, under which a fire has been built. They take a handful of batter from one of the food bowls and spread it out with their hands over the stone like tissue paper. When it is baked thru it curls up about the edges, and they carefully lift it off to one side. Little Brother likes it very much, and he folds it up like a pocket handkerchief and munches away contentedly. They call it paper bread. But another kind is shaped like great round moons. It tastes like hardtack, but it is good. Building great fires in the clay full of fun, and serious; but all find it a play to perform the daily duties. No toys have they; perhaps that adds to the zest with which they take hold of work. One tiny baby I saw, three months old, they were teaching to sing by swinging it upon its board cradle in the air, to the song of the dance. It was a little early, to be sure, but the songs and dances play so prominent a part in Indian life they can never begin too soon. It is a pleasant sight, and a common one, too, to see a little one seize the grinding stones next to the mother and with the rise and fall of the mother imitate the grinding of corn. For hours an Indian mother will try to teach her little one to balance her little water jar on her head, until soon she will carry it some distance without spilling water from it. That is the way they all begin; all so very young, and yet, it seems, almost inherit the knowledge of ways and tools. The boys go to ovens till they become quite warm to the touch on the outside, they rake out all the ashes with a broom made of rags, so the floor is clean and fresh. They take a long ladle, shaped like an oar, and put the leaves on the floor away back in the ovens. Little Sister brings out basketsful of the leaves while the mother fills up the oven. Then with a slab of stone they close the door and the bread bakes itself till done. Shoving in the ladle again, they bring out loaf after loaf of golden bread. Should the mother trust the baking to Big Sister her pride knows no bounds, for she will have great faith in her girl to leave the baking to her.

One little friend invited me to come one day they would bake chili bread. When I went to the house there was my friend on the roof with her brother husking corn. They were having great fun counting the leaves of each ear, and I heard her say, "No, I am the chieftess, for I have nine wrapping leaves." "One, two, three, four, five, six," said Little Brother. "No, I want to be chief." "But how can you; I have the most." Taking up another ear of corn, he tore off, counting each leaf as it fell. "Ha! ha! I have nine. I am chief." "But I am chieftess," she insisted. "Yes," I cried, to settle the discussion, "my high chief and my high chieftess. Where is your chili bread?" To make this they first prepare a pot of boiling soup, then pour in crushed chili and flour. Finally they make little cakes of the mixture, put them between corn husks, tying the whole with a spine of soap weed, and cook again.—Mail and Express.

**ALL ABOARD FOR SLUMBERLAND!**

There's a boat that sails at half-past six  
From the busy port of Play,  
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland  
Before the close of day.

The boatswain whistles so low and sweet  
(Like a mother's lullaby)  
That the travelers smile and close their eyes,  
To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travelers tarry too long  
In the busy port of Play,  
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,  
And grieves at their delay.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-by,  
And it's guided by mother's hand,  
For she is the patient boatman, dear,  
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now, what is the fare a traveler pays  
On a Rock-a-by boat like this?  
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,  
For it's only a good-night kiss!

**A JOLLY LITTLE RED SQUIRREL**

**He Is Human Nature from Saucy Chattering Mouth to His Flaunting, Expressive Tail.**

What a jolly, busy, selfish little creature a red squirrel is! He will not tolerate his bigger cousin, the gray squirrel, among his haunts, tho the chipmunk is permitted to traverse the ground while he capers thru the tree-tops; even migrant birds excite his ready anger and call upon themselves terrifying anathemas, and he has no hesitation in making men feel his displeasure at their presuming invasion of his precincts. The red squirrel is human nature from taunting mouth to flaunting tail. Just happen upon one perched upon a veranda post. You can't see him, he is certain of that; so he keeps still as a statue, watching your every move with keen, bright eyes. Ah, but you may spy him—why, then, do you stand so still? Perhaps the undaunted little heart flutters a bit; but the attitude is unflinchingly maintained, only a slight modification of the tense lines of the lithe body. A coaxing, good-natured salute brings him about, and sets the defiant tail into saucy action. He snaps it out as a whipcord. The more you try to provoke him to vocal speech the more maneuvers that saucy tail executes. How long the dialogue will keep up there is no determining, youn taunting, placating in all sorts of tones, he flirts his dainty, expressive tail out and up; but at last you must break off the interesting conversation; and as you move he is up the nearest tree, and in a trice, having turned squarely about, gives you what you wanted all the while and tried to provoke from him, a Scotch blessing from his chattering, chuckling little mouth. On the tree he is in his proper dominion and dares to be as impudent and vindictive as his nature allows. Your mocking laugh, however, does not seem to disconcert him in the least; and



Little Sister Trotting After, With Her Jar Full of Water, Too.

off he goes, up the tall tree and on thru the aerial, leafy path which is his delight.

To be called suddenly from dreamland betimes in the morning is something of a trial; but one forgives the squirrel his bound onto the roof and his merry scamper across it, when it recalls one to a life in the woods beside the lake, which in and of itself is rest sufficient. You don't scowl as you hasten to the window to catch sight of the tiny creature who can make such a gigantic noise. Ah, there he is, bounding lightly up the path from the shingle pile, along the walk, up the very steps to the back porch. Before you can turn away to get ready to make a show of possession of the mansion, he appears again. But what does he carry extended in his mouth—some big, green-coated thing? Why it is a butternut from the painful which you picked up after the hard blow of the day before. Again and again he comes for a nut and by the time you get out onto the porch he has reduced the store by one-third. The young man of the household sets his feet close beside the pan, and yet the persistent little squirrel is not deterred from his quest. He puts down his misgivings, which appear in the earnest little face, and conquers his approach bit by bit, scorning to lose his least thru fear of a shape that offers no violence to his trim little person, no offense to his quick little ears. The pan is carried into the pantry and set upon a high shelf. Pray tell how the scamp learned its hiding place. Later in the forenoon he was caught in the act of carrying a nut out thru the open window, having called attention to his presence there by his noisy activity. A pan was put over the nuts. Twenty-four hours he cherished the knowledge of the whereabouts of those butternuts, and was racketing around in the pantry early the next morning. Will squirrels gnaw thru partitions to get at what they want, as mice do, does anybody know?

Surely, a red squirrel is a whole circus in himself. He does the most daring trapeze acts, dearly loves a race, up and down and around-tree holes, can make you laugh for very glee after the fashion of the most entertaining of clowns, exhibits more or less of musical talent—often he excites your wonder as to what bird-note breaks the silence of the wood—and his antics no monkey can excel. Clever little creature, courageous, persistent little worker! He never fails to take care of himself—amuse himself, keep his individuality unimpaired. Tho he scolds—does he swear?—he does not whine, and he always enters into life with the zest of a healthy soul. Would the squirrel nature were more a part of man! Long shall I treasure the last year's hickory nut, perforated on both flat sides, and showing a clean, empty interior, as a memorial of a brisk, thoro, persevering little fellow-animal.—Boston Transcript.

**The Warmest Part.**

Mosso has determined, as the result of a series of experiments, that the brain is the warmest part of the body.

**THE BRAVE FISHING CAPTAIN**

**He Changed the Signal of Distress Lest Others Lose Their Lives in a Mad Sea.**

Not long ago there was in Gloucester, Mass., as brave a man as can be found anywhere. He was the captain of a fishing-smack, and his heroism is recognized by a steamship company in Philadelphia. An ocean liner crossing the Banks in seas that swept the decks sighted a fishing vessel with the flag flying union down—everywhere the recognized signal of distress. The captain looked at the vessel thru his telescope and saw no signs of life. It was freezing cold, and the waves rolled to gray mountains which threatened to crack a boat into splinters before she was fairly lowered. The captain thought a while, and looked out on the sea and figured his chances of getting to the distressed fisherman.

He called his crew, rang the engineer's bell and made ready to lower a boat. The crew listened to what he said about the danger, but declared themselves ready to try it. Then the captain looked again thru his telescope. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment. The flag on the fisherman, which, a little before, had been flying union down, was now flying from the masthead, union up.

Here was a strange thing. There were still no signs of life on board the distant vessel. The captain thought hard, and spoke again to the crew. They were still for going.

So they put off in a boat, the first officer and the second mate and men at the oars. The liner meanwhile had gone off her course nearer the smack.

When the boat drew near the strange fishing schooner, the chances of boarding her seemed slight. The sea pitched the ship's boat high on a shaking peak of water, then slammed her heavily into a chasm between two tottering walls.

In justice to his men the officer in charge of the boat proposed that they put back. On the deep hulk that lurched a hundred yards from them was nothing to indicate that a living man was there to be saved or left to his fate. But the crew and the mate urged that they should try to make fast and swing on board. If that flag had been changed, a live man's hand had changed it.

So they pulled nearer, and keeping free of the dark hull that tossed and rolled and threatened to smash them, they flung a rope over the rail, and one by one clambered on board.

They found the captain and the crew lashed to the masts, frozen unconscious, took them off, and got them safe back to the steamer. Some of the men were dead, but the captain and several of the crew came to life.

When the captain of the fisherman was able to speak, they asked him about the flag which had been first upside down, then righted. This was his simple explanation:

He had reversed the flag to summon help. Then when he felt himself going and saw how mad was the sea, he thought that if any came to save him, they would run too great a risk; so with his last ounce of strength he had righted the flag again to prevent good seamen from losing their lives in a vain effort to save his.

**CURIOUS BOOKS OF THE WORLD**

**Volumes Which Are Odd or Valuable for Their Size, Binding or Their Wonderful Contents.**

It is a curious fact that the largest book in the world has, during the last half century, attracted little or no attention, while its ponderous covers have not been opened for years. This huge volume is to be seen in the British museum, and was presented to the nation by King George IV. in January, 1823. It measures no less than 5 feet 10 inches in height and 3 feet 2 inches in width, while it takes four strong men to lift it from its place. The binding is of leather, eight skins being used in the process. It is kept closed with three gilt clasps, and the diamond-shaped spaces on the covers are filled with alternate representations of the rose, thistle and harp.

The smallest book in the world was made in Italy; and presents a striking contrast to that just mentioned. Indeed, it is matter for wonder how this Lilliputian volume was ever constructed. It measures only 4-10th of an inch in length and 1/8 inch in width. It contains 208 pages, upon each of which there are nine lines and from 95 to 100 letters.

The largest as well as the most costly Bible in existence is the Hebrew manuscript Bible in the Vatican, Rome. In the year 1512 the Jews endeavored to purchase this precious volume from Pope Julius II. for its weight in gold; and, when it is considered that it weighs no less than 320 pounds the magnitude of this offer will be more readily understood. Indeed, had the pope consented to part with it \$100,000, or even more, would have at once been forthcoming to effect the transfer.

The most costly book in the world, however, is a copy of the Koran, and was enshrined, some years ago, in the holy Mohammedan city of Isonan-Ruza, in Persia. This remarkable volume was a gift from the ameer of Afghanistan. Its covers, which are 9 1/2 inches long and 4 inches wide, are composed of plates of solid gold, one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and lined with silver plates of the same size. Diamonds, rubies and pearls, set in symbolic designs, ornament the center and four corners of this costly volume. The central figure is a crescent with a star between its points, and the whole design contains no fewer than 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies. The diamonds used in the corner designs are almost hidden in their golden setting and the orange colored lacquer, with which they are fastened, and are each worth \$5,000. The leaves are of parchment, and the whole book, which is written by hand, is valued at no less than \$125,000.

If quantity of contents, apart from actual volume size, is considered, the Chinese department of the British museum contains a single work which occupies no fewer than 6,109 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press is an encyclopedia of the literature of China, covering a period of twenty-eight centuries—from 1100 B. C. to 1700 A. D.—Household Words.

**A Real, Grunting Pig.**

Little Irma, aged three, was out in the yard, but presently came running into the house and said: "Mama, mama, the pig is out." Thinking she was mistaken the mother sent her brother Corwin out to see and when he came in he said, "Yes, mama, it's a fact."

"Tis not, it's a pig," said Irma indignantly.—The Little Chronicle.

**The Benefit of Laughter.**

A book of 441 pages on "Laughter" has been written by the English psychologist, Professor James Sully. He dwells much on the physical benefits derived from open, hearty laughter.

**Minnesota's Pine Timber.**

It is estimated that nearly all the pine timber now growing in Minnesota (about 30,000,000 feet) will be cut and marketed within the next fifteen years.