

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE ORGAN GRINDER.

The rattle and roar of a dusty street, In the glare of the noontide sun, The hopeless lag in the dragging feet

The monkey—gay in his coat of red— Imports his copper fee, While the children, grimy and gutter-

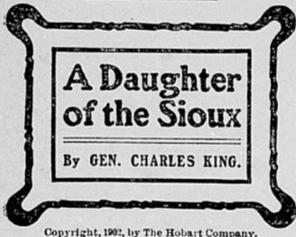
Dance in riotous gawdery; There's a merry lisp in the stolid grind, And it lifts the listeners far

And the pallor and squalor are all forgot In the wheeze of a threadbare tune, That makes of the alley a beauty spot,

But the moments fly and the tune is done— And the light in the sick eyes fades Like the dying glow of the setting sun

God's poor had need of a breathing space— But to be for a moment free In the tender spell that was cast by grace

—Olin L. Lyman, in Youth's Companion.



CHAPTER XI.

The noontide sun was staring hotly down, an hour later, on a stirring picture of frontier warfare, with that clump of cottonwoods as the central feature.

To dart on in chase of the three warriors would simply result in the scattering of his own people and their being individually cut off and stricken down by circling swarms of their red foes.

No, Ray knew too much of frontier strategy to be so caught. There stood the little grove of dingy green, a prairie fortress, if one knew how to use it.

Obviously, therefore, the cottonwood grove was the place, and thither at thundering charge Field led the foremost line, while Ray

menaced by superior numbers, to fall back at the gallop, keeping well away from the front of the grove, so that the fire of its garrison might not be "masked."

Then Ray and his men had time to breathe and shout laughing comment and congratulation. Not one, as yet, was hit or hurt. They were secure for the time in a strong position, and had signally whipped off the first assault of the Sioux.

Loudly, excitedly, angrily these latter were now conferring again far up the slope to the north. At least 100 in one concourse, they were having hot discussion over the untoward result of the dash.

Meantime, having stationed Field on the north front, with orders to note every movement of the Sioux, and having assigned Clayton to the minor duty of watching the south front and the flanks, Ray was moving cheerily among his men, speeding from cover to cover, suggesting here, helping there, alert, even joyous in manner.

Cheerily, joyously they answered him, these his comrades, his soldier children, men who had fought with him, many of their number, in a dozen fields, and men who would stand by him, their dark-eyed little captain, to the last.

putation going on in that savage council to the north. Stabber's braves and Lame Wolf's followers seemed bitterly at odds, for old hands in the fast-growing rifle pits pointed out on one side as many as half a dozen of the former's warriors whom they recognized and knew by sight.

No answer at his side, and Ray, with the lenses still at his eyes, took no note for the moment that Field remained so silent. Out at the front the excitement increased. Out through the veil of surging warriors, the loud-voiced, impetuous brave twice burst his way, and seemed at one and the same time, in his superb poise and gesturings, to be urging the entire body to join him in instant assault on the troops, and hurling taunt and anathema on the besieged.

"I can't say for the life of me, sir," was the answer. "I don't know him at all—and yet—"

"You used to be pretty sure with the carbine in the Tonto Basin when we were after Apaches, sergeant," continued Ray, again peering through the glasses.

"Why, surely, Field," was the quick reply, as Ray turned toward his junior. "That will make it complete."

"I never saw that scoundrel before, but if it isn't that renegade Red Fox—Why, here Field! Take my glass and look. You were with the commissioner's escort last year at the Black Hills council. You must have seen him and heard him speak. Isn't this Red Fox himself?"

And to Ray's surprise the young officer's eyes were averted, his face pale and troubled, and the answer was a mere mumble—"I didn't meet Fox—there, captain."

He never seemed to see the glass held out to him until Ray almost thrust it into his hand and then persisted with his inquiry.

"Look at him anyhow. You may have seen him somewhere. Isn't that Red Fox?"

And now Ray was gazing straight at Field's half hidden face. Field, the soul of frankness hitherto, the lad who was never known to flinch from the eyes of any man, but to answer such challenge with his own—brave, fearless, sometimes even defiant. Now he kept the big binocular fixed on the distant hostile array, but his face was white, his hand unsteady and his answer, when it came, was in a voice that Ray heard in mingled pain and wonderment.

"I cannot say, sir. It was dark—or night at all events—the only time I ever heard him."

[To Be Continued.]

NOT TOO "SPOONY"

A Little Love Episode of the Boyhood Days of the Well-Loved Poet, Whittier.

Poets do not usually err through reticence; in fact, some of the most renowned poets are accused of turning their emotions too readily into fame and mad cash, and still others are suspected of celebrating their lady-lovers for reasons less of love than of literature and lucre.

With Whittier, gentle, genuine, dignified and incapable of playing at passion, it was far otherwise. In all his poems there is to be found but one allusion to his only grown-up love affair; and a recently published letter to Lucy Larcom, when she was editor of Our Young Folks, shows that he even had his doubts about the child poem, "In School Days," so well-known, so well-loved and so often recited, in which he told the fleeting idyl of his boyhood.

"Dear Friend Lucy. I could not make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which I am sure is childish, if not childlike. Be honest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like myself, don't compromise by printing it. When I get a proof I may see something to mend or mar. Thine truly, J. G. W."

Fortunately, the poem was neither marred nor mended; Miss Larcom did not consider it as too spoony; and we have preserved in verse the incident of the boyish poet and his little friend, sweet eleven-year-old Lydia Ayers, who was sorry that she spelt the word that sent her above him to the head of the class—"Because, you see, I love you!"

The manuscript of this poem and the letter with it were sold the other day for \$540. This money, with that brought by the sale of other Whittier manuscripts, \$10,000 in all, is to be used in maintaining the Whittier homestead, scene of "Snowbound" and birthplace of the poet.

WANTED NO WORDS.

Tacturn Englishman Who Believed in Doing Things Rather Than Talking About Them.

"Speech with him," says a recent clever writer, "was a convenience, like a spoon; he did not use it oftener than was necessary." She was speaking of a tacturn Englishman.

Yankees are usually readier with their tongues, yet once in a while there is a man among them of this same silent kind. Such a one was Reuben Jenks, of Hentley, says Youth's Companion.

One day, when he was passing the farmhouse of a neighbor, he saw smoke and sparks rolling upward in considerable volume. He knocked and, walking unhurriedly into the living room, where the family were gathered, remarked, in his usual tranquil tone: "Fire."

"They were rather flutter-brained people, and as soon as they realized that the alarm was genuine began to rush about, collecting both valuable and worthless objects with impartial haste. Only one of them thought to ask where the fire was."

"Chimney," said Reuben. "Roof." Just then the eldest son, a lanky lad, rushed by, carrying an armful of useless things. Reuben's hand shot out and seized the boy's collar. The dash was thrown on the sofa. "Bucket," said Reuben. Then he vanished.

The boy got a bucket and went up to the scuttle, where he found Reuben already on the ridge-pole with an ax. The girls passed up water and the father ran down the road to get help.

In a quarter of an hour he returned with a dozen zealous farm hands, bearing pails; but as they reached the house a grimly figure slipped from the low eaves to the porch and thence to the ground nodded, wiped the perspiration from his eyes with a searched sleeve unremarked, briefly: "Out."

The Value of Good Roads

By HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

WE HOPE by having a great international good roads convention in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to increase the interest which is felt in this country and throughout the world in the making of good roads.

It is not only desirable, from the selfish standpoint of material interest, to have the good roads regardless of their cost, but from the standpoint of our own pleasure, the culture of a community and the enlightenment of the individuals who traverse these roads.

It is not only wise, but it is a duty to remove all obstacles to advancement which can be so easily removed as bad roads. An amendment to the constitution of the state, to improve the highways by a direct tax upon the people of the entire commonwealth, or to sell the bonded indebtedness of the state to meet the expense, from a commercial standpoint, would be a wise thing to adopt.

Now, in order to raise \$3,000,000 per year, a tax of only 25 cents on \$100 would be necessary. And what would be the result on the material interests of Missouri? The average increase in the value of lands in Missouri would be at least \$5 per acre.

I am not advocating the idea that Missouri or any other state should pursue a policy of this kind. I think the people of the different states are not ready for such a broad plan; but I am attempting to demonstrate that, from the material standpoint, the standpoint of wise investment, it would be advisable, if the roads cannot be improved in any other way, to impose a debt upon the people of the state in order to improve them.

In traveling through Europe in pursuance of official duties, I was impressed with the very superior roadways of that continent. Ours cannot be classed with them. They have good roads through France, Germany, and Belgium, the result is that people from the United States go from their homes to Europe and take with them their automobiles and their teams of horses in order to have the pleasure of riding for a hundred miles or so upon good highways.

Ingratitude of the Successful Man

By PROF. EDWARD AMHERST OTT.

HERE is no lesson that we need to remind people of more in life than the lesson of gratitude to the means by which they rise. Some one has said that "ingratitude's a weed of every clime," and America certainly seems to provide soil in which the weed thrives and spreads.

The battle of life is not so easy and none of us fight it alone. The thoughts that we think are few of them ours. A friend suggests something that opens the doorway into a new life, but how often do we come back and tell him how he has helped us?

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude." —Shakespeare.

I wish that our great men would remember their beginnings better. Our rich men, in the time of their prosperity, forget all the bright, sweet things that in the days of their hopes and struggles they had vowed to do. They leave the place where they gained their wealth, the place of their beginnings.

Evolution of Ethics

By DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

Men of future generations will regard with horror and surprise the morals of the world of to-day. The present generation stands aghast at the thought that civilized men should hold their fellow beings in slavery, and the men of future generations will view with equal horror our belief that it is proper to build up large fortunes at the expense of character.

Ethics are subject to the law of evolution, even as are life and education and religion. The doctrine of evolution is not opposed to religion, but those who understand the basic truths upon which all religions are founded appreciate the fact that religion itself was built up by a process of evolution. This doctrine is as old as the chapter in the book of Genesis which declared that Noah was "a righteous man in his generation," meaning that Noah might not be considered either religious or moral according to the standards of the generations that followed.