

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

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"A" N' this," observed the Old Cattleman, as he lighted his pipe, "is the tale Sioux Sam unfurls on little Enright Peets one evenin' as they-all sprawl about the grass in front of Dave's door; Tucson Jennie sort o' ha'n'tin' about the scene, the better to keep her lovin' eyes on her papoose.

"This is in the long time ago," says Sioux Sam, "when the sun is younger an' not so big an' hot as now, an' Kwa-Sind, the Strong Man, is a chief of the Upper Yellowstone Sioux.

"It is on a day in the moon-of-the-frost an' the snow, the Wise Bear, is gatherin' blackberries an' filling his mouth. As Moh-Kwa pulls the bush toward him, he pierces his paw with a great thorn so that it makes him howl an' shout, for much is his rage an' pain. Moh-Kwa cannot get the great thorn out; because Moh-Kwa's claws, while sharp an' strong, are not fingers to pull out thorns; an' the more Moh-Kwa bites his paw to get at the thorn, the farther he pushes it in. At last Moh-Kwa sits growin' an' lookin' at the thorn an' wonderin' what he is to do.

"While Moh-Kwa is wonderin' an' growlin', there comes walkin' Shaw-shaw, the Swallow, who is a young man of the Sioux. The Swallow has a good heart, but his spirit is light an' his nature as easily blown about on each new wind as a dead leaf. So the Sioux had no respect for the Swallow, but laugh when he comes among them an' some even call him Shau-goh-dah-wah, the Coward, for they do not look close an' mistake lightness for fear.

"When the Swallow comes near, Moh-Kwa, still growlin', held forth his paw an' showed the Swallow how the thorn was buried in the big paw so that he could not bite it out an' only made it go deeper. An' with that the Swallow, who had a good heart, took Moh-Kwa's big paw between his knees an' pulled out the great thorn; for the Swallow had fingers an' not claws like Moh-Kwa, an' the Swallow's fingers were deft an' nimble to do any desired deed.

"When Moh-Kwa felt the relief of that great thorn out of his paw he was grateful to the Swallow an' thought to do him a favor. "You are laughed at," said Moh-Kwa to the Swallow, "because your spirit is light as dead leaves an' too much blown about like a tumble weed wastin' its seeds in foolish travelings to go nowhere for no purpose so that only it goes. Your heart is good, but your work is of no consequence, an' your name will win no respect; an' with years you will be hated since you will do no great deeds. Already men call you Shau-goh-dah-wah, the Coward. I am Moh-Kwa, the Wise Bear of the Yellowstone, an' I would do you favor for taking my paw an' the thorn apart. But I cannot change your nature; only Pau-guk, the Death, may do that; an' no man can touch Pau-guk an' live. Yet for a favor I will give you three gifts, which if you keep safe will make you rich an' strong an' happy; an' men will love you an' no longer think to call you Shau-goh-dah-wah, the Coward."

"Moh-Kwa when he had ended this long talk, licked his paw where had been the great thorn, an' now that the smart was gone an' he could put his foot to the ground an' not howl, he took the Swallow by the hand an' carried him to his house in the rocks. An' Moh-Kwa gave the Swallow a knife, a necklace of bear-claws, an' a buffalo robe. "While you carry the knife," said Moh-Kwa, "all men will respect you an' fear you, an' the squaws will cherish you in their hearts. While you wear the bear-claws you will be brave an' strong, an' whatever you want you will get. As for the skin of the buffalo, it is big medicine, an' if you sit upon it an' wish it will carry you wherever you ask to go."

"Besides the knife, the bear-claws an' the big medicine robe, Moh-Kwa gave the Swallow the thorn he had pulled from his foot, telling him to sew it in his moccasins an' that when he was in trouble it would bring him to Moh-Kwa for help. Also, Moh-Kwa warned the Swallow to beware of a cunning squaw. "For," said Moh-Kwa, "your nature is light like dead leaves, an' such men as you hunt ever to be a fool about a cunning squaw."

"When the Swallow came again among the Sioux he wore the knife, an' the bear-claws that Moh-Kwa had given him; an' in his lodge he spread the big medicine robe. An' because of the knife an' the bear-claws the warriors respected an' feared him an' the squaws loved him in their hearts an' followed where he went with their eyes. Also, when he wanted anything, the Swallow ever got it, an' as he was swift an' ready to want things the Swallow grew quickly rich among the Sioux, an' his lodge was full of robes an' furs an' weapons an' new dresses of skins an' feathers, while more

of craft is hard work an' soon wears one. "When the Swallow woke up he missed his knife an' bear-claws. Also, he remembered that Moh-Kwa had warned him for the lightness of his spirit to beware of a cunning squaw. When these thoughts came to the Swallow, an' seeing the Robin still sleeping by his side, he knew well that she had stolen his knife and bear-claws.

"Now, the Swallow fell into a great anger an' thought an' thought what he should do to make the Robin return the knife an' bear claws she had stolen. Without them the Sioux would laugh at him an' despise him as before, an' many again would call him Shau-goh-dah-wah, the Coward, an' the name bit into the Swallow's heart like a rattlesnake an' poisoned it with much grief.

"While the Swallow thought an' the Robin still lay sleepin', a plan came to him; an' with that the Swallow, seeing he was with the Robin lying on the medicine robe, sat up an' wished that both

himself an' the Robin were in a far land of rocks an' sand where a great pack of wolves lived. Like the flash an' the

flight of an arrow, the Swallow, with the Robin still asleep by his side, an' with the medicine robe still beneath them on the ground, found themselves in a desolate land of rocks an' sand, an' all about him came a band of wolves who yelped an' showed their teeth with the hunger that gnawed their flanks.

"While the wolves yelped the Robin waked up; an' when she saw their white teeth shining with hunger she fell down from a big fear, an' cried an' twisted one hand with the other, thinkin' now Pau-guk, the Death, was on his way to get her. The Robin wept an' turned to the Swallow an' begged him to put her back before the lodge of Wah-bee-noh, her father. But the Swallow, with the anger of him who is robbed, spoke hard words out of his mouth. "Give me back the knife an' bear claws you have stolen. You are a bad squaw, full of cunning an' very crafty; an' here I shall keep you an' feed you—legs an' arms an' head an' body—to my wolf friends who yelp an' show their teeth out yonder, unless I have my knife an' bear claws again."

"This brought more fear on the Robin, an' she felt that the Swallow's words were as a shout for Pau-guk, the Death, to make haste an' claim her; yet her cunning was not stamped but stood firm in her breast.

"The Robin said that the Swallow must give her a little time to grow calm an' then she would find the knife an' bear-claws for him. While the Swallow waited, the Robin still wept an' sobbed for fear of the white teeth of the wolves who stood in a circle about them. But little by little, the crafty Robin turned her sobs softly into the Ewah-yeah, the Sleep-song; an' soon slumber again tied th' hands an' feet an' stole the eyes of the Swallow.

"Now the Robin did not hesitate; she tore the big medicine robe from beneath the Swallow, an' throwing herself into its folds, the Robin waded herself again before her father, Wah-bee-noh's lodge, an' the robe rushed with her away across the skies like the swoop of a hawk. The Swallow was only awake in time to see the Robin go out of view like a bee huntin' its hive.

"At first the Swallow was so cast down with shame he thought he would call Pau-guk, the Death, an' give himself to the wolves who sat watching him with their hungry eyes. But soon his heart came back, an' his spirit which was lit as dead leaves, stirred about hopefully in his bosom.

"While he considered what he would do, helpless an' hungry, in this desolate stretch of rocks an' sand an' no water, the thorn which had been in Moh-Kwa's paw pricked his foot where it lay sewed in his moccasins. With that the Swallow wished he might only see the Wise Bear to tell him his troubles.

"As the Swallow made this wish, an' as if to answer it, he saw Moh-Kwa coming across the rocks an' the sand. When the wolves saw Moh-Kwa they gave a last howl an' ran for their hiding places. Moh-Kwa himself said nothing when he came up, an' the Swallow spoke not for shame but lay quiet while Moh-Kwa took him by the belt which was about his middle an' throwing him over his shoulder as if the Swallow were a dead deer, galloped off like the wind for his own house.

"When Moh-Kwa had reached his house he gave the Swallow a piece of buffalo meat. Then Moh-Kwa said: "Because you would be a fool over a beautiful squaw who was cunning you have lost my three gifts that were both your fortune an' good fame. Still, because you were only a fool, I will get them back for you. You must stay here, for you cannot help since your spirit is as light as dead leaves an' would not be steady for so long a trail an' one which calls for so much care to follow."

"Then Moh-Kwa went to the door of his house an' called his three friends—Sug-gee-mah, the Mosquito; Sub-bee-kah-shee, the Spider, an' Wah-wah-tah-see, the Firefly—an' to these he said: "Because you are great warriors an' fear nothing in your hearts I have called you. An' at that Wah-wah-tah-see an' Sub-bee-kah-shee an' Sug-gee-mah stood very straight an' high, for being little men it made them proud because so big a bear as Moh-Kwa had called them to help him. "To you, Sub-bee-kah-shee," said Moh-Kwa, turning to the Spider, "I leave Kwa-Sind; to you, Wah-wah-tah-see, the Firefly, falls the honor of slaying Wah-lee-noh, the bad medicine man; while unto you, Sug-gee-mah, descends the hardest task, for you must fight a great battle with Nee-pah-win, the Sleep."

"Moh-Kwa gave his orders to his three friends; an' with that Sub-bee-kah-shee crept to the side of Kwa-Sind where he slept an' hit him on the cheek; an' Kwa-Sind turned first gray an' then black with the spider's venom, an' then died in the hands of Pau-guk, the Death, who had followed the spider to Kwa-Sind's lodge.

"While this was going forward Wah-

MOH-KWA'S THREE GIFTS



WAH-BEE-NOH MADE HIS STRONGEST MEDICINE. OH-PEE-CHEE

An Easy Lesson for Whist Players.

THE first lead of a deal is of the utmost importance, as the subsequent play is indirectly influenced by it, and the score, let it be good or bad, is attributed to your good judgment.

The original leader has the advantage, which is of more or less value, according to the composition of the hand. The leader must bear in mind that he is imparting to his partner the information of his holdings and intentions. He must also bear in mind that he assumes the responsibility of the deal.

Nearly all of the benefits attaching to the position of original leader may be lost by an injudicious opening, as your partner will be on the qui vive to draw inferences from the original lead. He will naturally be guided by and, therefore, it is necessary that the opening should be unequivocal and from his long suit. Whatever theory a player may hold in regard to the opening of a hand, he will often find it to him combinations which do not admit of a lead that he is fully satisfied with. If the long suiter's only four-card suit is headed by the five spot, he will be pretty apt to lead from a short sequence that he will feel willing to play away from. And the short suiter not infrequently finds himself compelled to open a long suit, when he knows he has no hope of making it, simply because his short suits are of such a character that to lead any of them is to lose a possible or probable trick. In all such cases the opening lead is unquestionably a disadvantage, and the player who is placed in this unenviable position has the choice of two evils—whether to stick to his "system" or what he considers best according to his judgment. Then if loss

disues he can comfort himself with the thought that any other opening would have turned out as badly. It is a natural supposition that partners adopt the same "system," and on the opening of a hand they at once begin to count their hands, and are thus enabled to combine their forces and really play a partnership game. Each card played will carry with it a certain amount of information, and the first card of all will proclaim almost the exact combination led from. For the benefit of the beginner a few hints on the lead from certain holdings may not come amiss. For example: When the leader holds six cards of a suit, more than half the time it will go around only once, and the chance of speedy establishment is so great, in default of a trump lead, it should be led regardless of the absence of high cards. The holder of a five-card suit of average strength may count upon establishing his suit, therefore should lead it.

It will seldom happen that two five-card suits are contained in the same hand. When it does occur and one of the suits is the trumps, the suit should be led in preference to the trump, unless the suit, by reason of its high card holding is already established, then lead the trump. If you hold a split hand, three three-card suits and one four card suit, and that four card suit trumps, lead trumps. A suit including the major tenace (ace queen), or minor tenace (king, jack), or double tenace (ace, queen, ten), may be held up with some advantage, because if he is led up to, the holder gets the chance of catching the intermediate

Photographic Pointers for Amateurs.

IT is well to remember at this season of the year to remind one's self frequently that the actinic power of the sun is stronger than at any other time of the year, and to remember that its full light is seldom necessary for the photographing of ordinary subjects. It is, in fact, quite often as much a detriment to pleasing effects as an advantage because of the extremes of contrast between the lights and shadows produced under it.

The experienced worker knows better than any one else what beautifully soft and dainty effects may be secured on gray days, or when the light is obscured by thin, vapory clouds.

The beginner is advised to satisfy himself on this point by photographing the same bit of landscape under these different conditions, carefully comparing the results obtained.

It will be well in choosing a subject for this trial to select one that offers a variety of brightly lighted and shadowed parts when viewed in bright sunlight, and after photographing it under these conditions to repeat the operation with all conditions are nearly similar as possible, only excepting the intensity of illumination. The results will afford material for interesting and instructive study.

Not enough attention is paid to the use of the swingback in the photographing of tall buildings and architectural subjects, the lines of which without its use will seem on the ground glass or finder, and subsequently of course in the finished print, to be coming together at the top of the picture, giving to the buildings a wedge-like appearance that spoils what otherwise might be a pleasing subject.

Mental Industry and Longevity.

It is asserted that men of science live long, and that mental industry, is a positive aid to a healthy old age. The belief is certainly borne out by the fact that four of the gentlemen seated at the council table of the London Iron and Steel Institute recently were over eighty. Sir Llewellyn Bell is in his eighty-seventh year, and still carries his extraordinary experience of British iron and coal as lightly as other men carry the gardenia in their buttonhole. Sir Bernard Samuelson is eighty-two. Time has left deeper marks on his figure and visage, it is true, but he is still hale and hearty. Sir John Alleyne stands as square and sturdy today as he did when at the head of the great Midland iron foundries, which rolled the girders for all our earlier iron-clads and ocean liners, and cast the huge iron skeleton of St. Pancras Railway station.

Sir John believes mightily not only in head work, but in hand work, and follows the same daily routine of manual an' mental labor as he did a score of years ago. He himself says that he is getting old and stiff, but it would cut him keenly if anybody else were to assert the fact. The fourth octogenarian is an American, Mr. John Fritz of Bethlehem, United States. He openly preaches the doctrine that applied science gives men healthy activity of brain, and supplies that salt and savor of life which we all need to render our life worth the living.—Modern Society.

New Way to Cook Asparagus.

One of those globe trotters who is fond of good living has just returned and is bubbling over with culinary secrets discovered in many lands. For one thing, she has a new way of cooking asparagus, which she says is delicious, and which at any rate is a change from the method now in vogue in the average household, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. This she picked up in Poland. The Poles, she says, boil the stalks as we do, but when placed on the plate ready to be served crumbs of toast that have been soaked in butter are sprinkled over the green ends of the vegetables. Over this the melted butter is poured. The toast crumbs are an appetizing variety to the dish.

3	5h	2s	2h	*Ah
4	6d	*Kd	8d	9d
5	5d	6d	10d	*4c
6	Jh	*5c	8h	7h
7	3s	As	5s	*As
8	Qs	*7c	Qh	9h
9	7d	10s	*Ks	4s
10	Qc	*Kc	2c	3c
11	4c	*Ac	2c	3c
12	Jd	9s	*6c	Js
13	*10c	7s	9c	10h