

## BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Mourn not the goods that fall not to your share;  
Each longed for blessing to your prayer denied  
Does but give place to gift more rich and rare,  
Impossible had you not thus been tried.

Grieve not when efforts fail, as fail they will;  
Each purpose thwarted, is but leading you  
To fields of striving, nobler, loftier still,  
Which earlier success had hid from view.

To win the heights where peace and joy abide,  
Our bleeding feet try many a path in vain;  
But every crooked way and treacherous guide  
We find, at last, has helped those heights to gain.

—Ferry F. Bicknell, in Christian Register.

## A FRONTIER HERO.

JOHN SANFORD was only about 14 years of age when he did the brave deed that saved a hundred lives in all probability. He was the son of a farmer who had settled on a frontier farm in Minnesota.

For some time before the opening of this story, it had been reported among the settlers of the frontier towns and neighborhoods that there was serious danger of an outbreak among the Indians. Several of the tribes had reservations in that part of the State. But because the intercourse between the white and red men had heretofore been mostly of a friendly, peaceable character, not many believed the reports and rumors of impending trouble. To be well founded, therefore nothing was done to protect the settlers in case of an outbreak. Every home was practically defenseless.

One day Mr. Sanford yoked up his oxen and loaded his wife and all the children, except John and Hugh, his 12-year old brother, into the lumber wagon, and drove off across the prairie to visit a relative who had lately settled in the State. The road they had to go over was a rough one, and as they had about thirty miles to make each way, they expected to be gone at least four or five days.

On the afternoon of the day of the family's departure the boys were surprised by a visit from Jim Crow, an Indian who had been a frequent visitor of the family from the time of its settlement there. He had given his name as Red Crow, originally, but John had rechristened him Jim Crow, and he had accepted the new name as if it were a mark of distinction, and seemed quite proud of it.

"You haven't been here for quite a long time," said John. "Where have you been all summer?"

"Long ways off," answered Jim Crow, pointing to the west. "Come back las' week. Found out something. Come to tell fodder. Where is fodder?" looking about the place in search of Mr. Sanford, whom he had always called "fodder" from hearing the children call him "father."

"Gone visiting," answered John. "Won't be back for three or four days."

"Which way go?" asked Jim Crow. "That way," answered John, pointing to the east. "Gone to see a man who lives as much as thirty miles from here."

"Good," grunted Jim Crow. "Hope he stay. You go, too. Go soon's you can."

"Why?" asked John, in surprise. Jim Crow explained to the two boys why he had come to see Mr. Sanford. The Indians were ready to break out at any time. Already they had killed several settlers on the extreme frontier limits, and burned their homes. Several tribes were expected to unite in a general uprising against the whites. Some of these had not yet agreed upon the terms of warfare proposed by the leaders of the revolt, but in all probability they would do so very soon, and as soon as a general understanding was arrived at between the tribes, the murderous work they plotted would begin in earnest.

"Mebbe to-night, mebbe next week," said Jim Crow. He had come to warn Mr. Sanford of the danger ahead, and advise him to get away from the place at once. If they were to remain, they would certainly be massacred.

"Fodder gone—you go, too," said the Indian. "No tujun that way—all this," pointing to the west, signifying that they would have no difficulty in making their escape.

In the course of the conversation John found out something that startled him quite as much as the realization of the danger at home. As soon as the tribes got together, they would endeavor to surprise St. Mary's, which was the name of a town about twenty miles down the river. It had, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants, two-thirds of them women and children. Among them was John's grandparents, and with them Alice, his oldest sister.

"Have you any idea when they will attack the place?" asked John of Jim Crow.

The Indian could not tell when the

raid would be made, because he did not know when the expected tribes would arrive, but he was certain that it would take place very soon—any day, in fact.

"Hugh, I'll tell you what we'll do," John said to his brother. "You take old Doll and follow father up. You'll be pretty sure to overtake him somewhere on the road. I'll go down the river to St. Mary's and let the folks there know what to look out for."

"Can't do it," said Jim Crow. "Injun both sides river, all along road, clear down to big bend."

The "big bend" was about ten miles away, half way of the distance, by river, to St. Mary's. Once beyond that, according to Jim Crow's knowledge of the situation, there would be no danger likely to befall the traveler, but the question was, how to get beyond it. It seemed that the Indians had camps on both sides of the river between Mr. Sanford's place and the "big bend," where the roads ran over which settlers from above would be likely to go if they became frightened and sought safety in flight.

Jim Crow was evidently in a rather nervous condition of mind, for he was anxious to be gone. He had risked a great deal in doing what he had to warn of the danger ahead the white family who had befriended him, and he did not care to arouse the suspicion of his red brothers. Therefore he made his visit a brief one, and disappeared in the forest.

"I can't bear to think of letting the Indians kill off everybody at St. Mary's without trying to do something to warn them of their danger," said John. "If I could only get beyond the big bend!"

Just then a tree-top came floating down the river, close to the shore where they were standing. Many of its branches were above the water, and so thick were they that one could not see through them.

A plan flashed through the boy's brain. Why could he not conceal himself among the branches of the tree-top and drift down the river in it? The Indians along the shores would not be likely to suspect that it gave shelter to anyone. They probably were not suspicious, or on the lookout as yet, believing, as no doubt they did, that the whites had no anticipation of trouble ahead.

"I'll do it," he decided, and he jumped into a boat and rowed out into the river after the tree-top, which he succeeded in pushing up against the bank, where it anchored itself among the bushes, temporarily.

He explained his plan to Hugh. "You'll have no trouble in getting away without any help from me," he said. "It's all clear in that direction, if what Jim Crow said is so. So I shan't worry any about you, and you needn't worry any about yourself."

They saddled old Doll, and John saw his brother ride away, wondering if fate would ever bring them together again. Then he climbed out upon the tree-top, and let himself down among its branches, with the lower part of his body in the water, which was warm, and not at all unpleasant to come in contact with. He found that he could very easily support himself by throwing his arms over the branches of the tree-top in such a manner that nothing but his head would be out of water. He pushed the novel craft away from shore and presently it caught the current and swung out into the stream.

As nearly as he could calculate the stream had a current of about a mile an hour. It was now past sundown, and dusk was setting in. There would be about eight hours of comparative darkness in his favor, and allowing his calculations of the movement of the current to be correct, they would take him well along toward the "big bend."

It must have been nearly midnight before he came upon any indication of the enemy. Then he saw the flicker of camp fires here and there along the shores. By and by they were left behind, but presently he came upon others. These he passed safely, and as the first red gleams of dawn began to show in the east he felt quite sure

that he had got out of the enemy's country.

But in this he was mistaken, as he soon found out. As the tree-top swung around a little curve in the stream he saw quite a little village of wigwams ahead, on the side of a hill sloping down to the river. A careful scrutiny of the camp convinced him that it belonged to one of the non-resident tribes, and he concluded that it was well his trip had not been put off until morning, provided it proved to be a successful one, of course—for if this were another tribe, the union Jim Crow had spoken of would no doubt be made at once, and the war on the whites be immediately begun.

He was so intently engaged in watching the camp as he drifted past it, that he did not notice the approach of a canoe containing two Indians until it brushed the branches of the tree-top, as it passed by. He would not have known, then, what jarred his craft, had not one of the Indians said something, as he put out his paddle and gave the tree-top a push. The sound of the voice made his heart beat hard and fast, but he held his breath and did not dare to move as much as a finger for a long time after that. When he ventured to look around the camp was out of sight.

That was the last he saw of any Indians. But he did not dare to leave the tree-top yet awhile, for, from all he knew to the contrary, there might be others ahead.

About noon he came in sight of the first farm. Here was the place for his work of warning to begin. He managed to paddle his craft near shore, and pretty soon he stood on land again.

He lost no time in telling the settler his story. An hour later the man and his family, with John as passenger, drove toward St. Mary's. They warned all the settlers along the road, and the frightened men lost no time in seeking for safer quarters.

St. Mary's was reached about 4 o'clock. In a short time active preparations were going forward for the protection of the town. The women and children were put in the places of greatest safety, and men were detailed to watch for the enemy's approach from all quarters.

The Indians did not attack the place that night. But on the following night they came, expecting, no doubt, to find it an easy prey to their murderous methods of warfare. But in this way they were mistaken. The citizens of the little town opened fire upon them so briskly that they were taken by surprise, and they made a rapid retreat, leaving several of their number behind them, dead and wounded.

John found himself a hero; but he bore his honors modestly, as the real hero always does. "I only did what anyone else would have done in my place," he said.

The day after the attack of the Indians, Mr. Sanford and his family and other settlers arrived. Hugh had overtaken his father when near the end of the thirty miles' journey. Mrs. Sanford was so frightened at the thought of the danger John had braved, that she would not listen to the proposal of her husband that she should stay with her friends and let him go to St. Mary's to find out whether the boy had succeeded in his daring undertaking, so they all came together, and the family reunion was complete.

I presume the world has never heard of this frontier hero of mine before. But I am glad to tell his story, and to assure you that in telling it, I have not been obliged to draw on imagination. John Sanford still lives on the old farm in Minnesota, and there I met him last summer, and found out all about his boyhood bravery. But I found it out from others—not from him.—Montreal Family Herald.

### Tender and True.

Squire Benson was often consulted in cases of family difficulty resulting from the storm and stress of time or temper, and he derived a good deal of amusement from the tales told in his little office.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squire asked a little wry Irishwoman who appeared sobbing at his door one day half an hour after her husband had departed.

"Yis, I did," said the little woman, catching her breath, "but I niver wint to hurt him, and he knows it well. We'd just come home from the cousin's wedding, an' I was feeling kind of soft to Mike, and I axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married! and—and he was so slow answering me that I up wid the mop an' flung it at him, Squire Benson; for if we poor women don't have love our hearts just breaks inside of us!"

### Eminently Qualified.

"I was rather surprised to hear that he had bought an automobile."

"Why?"

"Why, he's a great walker, you know, and he's very fond of that sort of exercise."

"Of course, so, you see, he won't mind it."—Philadelphia Press.

It isn't the shortcomings of a young man that the girl's father objects to; it's his long stayings.

## BANDITS GET AWAY.

Montana Train Robbers Get Big Results.

Butte, Mont.—It is conceded by officers that the four bandits who held up and robbed the North Coast limited on the Northern Pacific at Bearmouth, Mont., Thursday night have succeeded in eluding pursuit of the posse, and Saturday night the chase was called off.

Despite the denials of railway officials that a large sum was not secured by the bandits, it is almost certain that the plunder of the robbers can be figured in thousands. According to stories of passengers, the two bandits were seen to stuff two medium sized saddlebags with bunches of greenbacks, gold and silver coins, leaving only enough space in the bags to afford a grasp. The robbers also were seen to cram a few handful of bills into their pockets.

To back up his story one of the passengers displayed over \$50 worth of gold coins which he had picked up about the safe after the robbers had taken their departure. When it was known that the bandits had left there was a wild scramble on the part of trainmen and passengers to the safe and many coins overlooked by the robbers were secured. The coins exhibited are twisted and dented. Several small diamonds were also found. One man said he secured a package of several thousand dollars' worth of cancelled bank notes being returned to the treasury. This was returned to Superintendent Palmer.

### Cache of Deadly Dynamite.

Last night a cache of 186 sticks of dynamite was discovered within four feet of where the wrecked safe lay. Had the massive steel hulk been blown a few feet farther the results would have been awful to contemplate, it being believed the whole train, with its passengers, would have been blown into eternity. Six bundles of dynamite were also found scattered about the track.

Sheriff Thompson and his men have returned from the wilds of the Rock creek country, completely exhausted from the strenuous men hunt. The character of the Rock creek region is such, Sheriff Thompson says, that it could not be effectively searched by an army of men, so rugged are the mountains in the vicinity. The railway officials are firm in their belief that the daring robbery was committed by robbers living in the vicinity of Bearmouth, so completely has all trace of the bandits been lost.

The holdup of the North Coast limited at Bearmouth two years ago and the one Thursday night are almost identical in character. Only one bandit was seen in the first robbery, and though every avenue was carefully watched he disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

To strengthen the suspicions of the officers Engineer Wade was addressed by name by the robbers. Secret service men are arriving at Bearmouth and they will be scattered throughout the Bearmouth region. According to

## Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

the officers, several members of a gang having a bad reputation in the Rock creek section are under surveillance and arrests may be expected at any time.

Kansas City, Mo., June 21.—A four story brick building at Third and Delaware streets, occupied by the Black Syrup & Refining company, partially collapsed, the result of an explosion of ammonia on the third floor. Fifty girls on the upper stories and several men and boys were thrown into a panic. Six persons who were burned were buried in the debris. The others escaped down an alley fire escape.

Spokane, Wash., June 21.—Twenty-five burglaries, holdups and attempted robberies is the record of this city the past 24 hours.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Any man who has to get up and get his own breakfast while his wife lies in bed is likely to feel like turning the "God Bless Our Home" motto toward the wall.—Chicago News.

Oregon Blood Purifier is rightly named, because it purifies the blood and tones up the body.

Immense quantities of sand equal to that imported from Turkey especially for glass making, have, according to the Westminster Gazette, been discovered not far from London.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fear of nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 941 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There isn't enough history in the world to supply the demand of would-be authors of historical novels.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents. at druggists.

A bull fight was once given in Madrid for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

## SLEEPING VOLCANOES

A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater, may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano; but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger, and though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security; when the giant awakes with deafening roars, and they are lost beneath a downpour of heated rock and scalding ashes. Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living upon a sleeping volcano, and are taking desperate chances, for under the mercury and potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victim is happy in the belief of a complete cure; but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these minerals are left off will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, a red rash appears on the body, and these warning symptoms, if not heeded, are soon followed by fearful eruptions, sores, copper-colored splotches, swollen glands, loss of hair and other sickening symptoms. Mercury and potash not only fail to cure blood poison, but cause mercurial Rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any such bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system. We offer \$1,000 for proof that it contains a mineral of any description. S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison, it destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health.

Bowling Green, Ky., Mar. 24, 1902. Gentlemen: For over four years I suffered greatly from a severe case of contagious blood poison. I went to Hot Springs, staying there four months at a big expense. I then consulted physicians, who prescribed Mercury. Nothing did me any good; in fact, the treatment proved more harmful than beneficial. I mentioned my case to a friend, who told me that S. S. S. had certainly cured him. I at once commenced its use, and after continuing it for sometime could find no trace of the disease whatever. This was about two years ago. I can truthfully say I am entirely well. D. M. SANDERS.

We will mail free our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, with full directions for home treatment. Medical advice is furnished by our physicians without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.