A MOUNTAIN LESSON.

We had written our names on the mountain-top,
When we saw, to our great surprise,
Our little Marian standing alone,
With a happy look in her eyes.

"Don't you wish your name written, dear?"
Asked her papa, with a smile.
"I'll carve it there on that highest rock—
It will take but a little while."

"I've tried to leave a tiny mark,"
Said Marian, wise and slow;
"I've planted a mountain cranberry vine,
And God will help it to grow.

"And when the folk from the cities far
Here on the mountain stand,
I hope they'll see how He keeps wee things
In the hollow of His hand.

"I forget His loving care sometimes—
With others it may be so;
And the vine will help them to see God's hand.
I am sure He will make it grow."

Dear, trusting girl, we shall not forget
The lesson that to us came—
How she cared so little about herself,
If men but read God's name.
—Charles N. Sinnett, in S. S. Times.

AN INDIAN THIEF.

He Succeeded in Stealing the Fastest Horse on the Plains.

THAT honesty which we know to be the best policy and which makes us loathe a thief is one of the marks of our civilization and intelligence. Rude, uncivilized people do not love honesty as we do. Almost all such people have some tradition or story of very skilful thieving. The best-known story of the kind is among the fairy tales written and collected by the brothers Grimm. It is a tale of how a horse was stolen while a man was on its back, and how the rider was left in the saddle hanging in the air while the horse was led away. Our North American Indians have many such tales, and some of them are almost as wonderful as this one in the Grimm collection.

Our Indians have no such proverb as: "It is a sin to steal a pin." If they had they would add a line to it, and make it read like this:

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
But it matters naught if you don't get caught."

Their whole philosophy with regard to stealing is summed up in the idea that men may not steal from their own people, but that there is no harm in stealing from strangers or enemies provided you are not caught at it. Among the fierce fighting and hunting red men of the plains, which I know most about, the men in one camp or village did not steal from one another, but they did steal from everybody else whenever the got the chance. They gloried in stampeding and running off with the horses of the other camps and tribes, and in plundering white men who were fewer in number than themselves. Cunning and courage were required in successful stealing, and cunning and courage are as much admired by the Indians as ever they were by the Spartans of old.

An interpreter among the Canadian Blackfeet Indians who are of the same tribe as our Blackfeet—told me a story of how that tribe lost the most wonderful race horse that it ever owned. The plains Indians are very fond of horses, and being addicted to gambling and betting they have always raced their best horses against one another in order to have an exciting excuse for betting.

Not very many years ago, in the lifetime of Three Bulls, the present chief of the tribe, the Blackfeet owned a wonderfully fast horse. He was as black as a rainy night, as glossy as a wild duck, as fiery as an angry chief, and so fleet-footed that it seemed as if no horse could beat him in a race. No other horse the Blackfeet owned could keep anywhere near him, and when the Crows, and Bloods and Sarcis, and Stonies and Gros Ventres tried to beat him with their best horses, this wonderful Blackfoot race horse shot by the others as if it was no trouble at all to do so.

The Blackfeet were wonderfully proud of this noble horse. He brought them honor, and, better yet, he brought them riches, because they used to wager all that they had that he would win every race and of course they won

HE DISCOVERED THE SECRET.

horses, and blankets, and guns, and skins, and everything that the other Indians put up against this astonishing horse. The neighboring tribes envied the Blackfeet this splendid horse, and more than one attempt to steal him was made by bold Indians of the other tribes before the Blackfeet took alarm and resolved to guard him to the very best of their ability. In order to do this they built an extra large tepee of buffalo hide in which to shut the valuable animal up at night. And every night two or three young braves of the warrior band slept in the tepee on either side of the race horse, which was tethered to one of the stout side poles of the great tent. When these watchful, light-sleeping braves took the horse in the tent and secured him there, they laced up the slitlike door of the tepee tight and fast. It would have taken several minutes to undo this fastening from the outside.

When this plan was hit upon and carried out, the Blackfeet not only breathed easier, but they laughed to themselves. "If anybody wants to steal our black beauty," they thought, "we would like to see him try it." They fancied some dog of a Gros Ventre or coward of a Stony crawling in the grass among the common horses of the tribe, and expecting to find the champion of the plains among the lot. "Let the thieves come," they thought. "They will never dream that the great racer is kept like a warrior, in a tent the size of a chief's tepee, guarded by young men, armed and brave as lions."

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and as the old adage puts it no one is in such danger as he who thinks himself secure. While the Blackfeet were flattering themselves that no one could rob them of their priceless horse, a young Crow Indian was planning to cover himself with savage glory by stealing the animal. He had, at the risk of his life, crawled close to the Blackfoot camp on more than one night to watch what was done with the wonderful beast. Flat on the ground among the tufts of bunch-grass he had wriggled nearer and nearer to the outer circle of tents, only to stop when it seemed to him that the light of some camp-fire must shine on his face if he crawled further. On one night he watched from one side of the Blackfoot village; on another he came at the village from another side. At last he discovered the secret. He saw the famous horse led in or out of the tepee.

That was glory half won for this archthief of the Crows. Now that he knew where the horse was, all that he had to do was to steal him. He was all courage and cunning, and he wanted all the other Crows to know it. They would know it, and they would honor him if he succeeded in his dangerous experiment. On the next night this thief (I wish I had asked for his name) rode boldly across the plains in the very dead of the night until he was close to the Blackfoot camp. Then he dropped off his horse and wriggled like a snake over the grass and into the enemy's village. He crawled past the outer tepees, and past the next inner circle of tepees, and past the next circle. My! but that was dangerous work to be at. Dogs are as plentiful in an Indian village as branches in an orchard, and if one dog saw or heard or smelled the young Crow thief it would have been lucky if he got away alive.

He came to the stable-tepee—the great tent where the beautiful horse was tied and guarded. By means of a travois, a sort of frame that Indians drag loads upon in place of wagons, he

THE FEAT WAS DONE.

climbed noiselessly up the side of the tepee. Such caution and such stealthiness as he must have used to climb up the side of a rickety tent of skins and poles can better be imagined than described. His nerves and his muscles were of steel, and he managed to accomplish this task. Reaching the top of the tepee, where all the poles branch out in a circle, like the sides of a willow basket, he steadied himself and peered down into the tent. He could not see the sleeping braves, each with a gun at hand and knife in belt, but he could faintly distinguish the bulky outline of the swift horse that he was after. Lifting his body over the opening that serves as a chimney for a tepee, and steadying himself and measuring the distance, he let himself fall. He landed a-straddle on the horse's back.

All the rest that he did was like lightning. With his skinning-knife bare in his hand he swept the blade past the horse's nose till he felt the halter and severed it. Then he urged the animal forward, and with a mighty thrust and sweep he gashed an opening in the side of the tepee from top to bottom. Still prodding the racer with his heels he rode him through the opening and into the outer air. The feat was done. Indianlike he yelled the war-cry of the Crows, and thundered away from the Blackfeet village out on the plains faster than any other Indian between Mexico and Canada could ride. And as he rode he heard the pandemonium in the startled camp behind him. Then he laughed. He had proved himself the cleverest red thief on the plains.

Such a whooping and howling and hubbub, such a barking of dogs and screaming of squaws, such a yelling and firing of guns, and, in short, such a riot of noises as was aroused by the Crow thief's warhoop only those who have lived in an Indian camp can imagine. But all the noise was useless. From that minute the crows owned the fastest Indian horse on the plains, and the Blackfeet plotted revenge.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Young People.

The Most Appropriate Place.

A gentleman having noticed that his wife instead of wearing her wedding ring on her finger kept it concealed in her purse, took her to task about it. The lady replied:

"What would you have? That is its proper place. You didn't marry me, but my purse!"—Fliegende Blatter.

THE MILE IN VARIETY.

There Are Four Different Kinds in English-Speaking Countries Alone.

English-speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Romans had their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Cæsar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and one-half times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna post mile is 8,796 yards in length. So, here is a list of twelve different miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a millia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russiant verst is five-eighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a fesakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The league that is familiar to readers of French and Spanish books varies just as does the mile. In Brazil it is three and four-fifths miles long, in France it was three miles, in Spain it was two and two-thirds miles, and once on a time in England it was two and a half miles long.

CURFEW IN COREA.

Curious Social Customs in a Far Corner of the World.

"In Seoul the curfew rings at dusk and the gates of the city are locked. Then the men retire to their houses and the town is given over to the women, who must make their visits after nightfall," says Rev. H. G. Appenzeller in the San Francisco Chronicle. "This is the law and this is the theory, but it has fallen into innocuous desuetude in latter years. When I first went to Corea in 1885 the practice was quite rigidly observed, but the nation is becoming more enlightened and is slowly adopting American or European ideas and customs." Rev. H. G. Appenzeller has for the past eight years been a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church in the hermit kingdom. He has been on a visit to his old home in Pennsylvania and is now on his way back to Corea.

"I went to Corea in 1885," says Mr. Appenzeller, "and was one of the first missionaries of our church in that kingdom. Up to my departure last year I was the superintendent of the mission in Seoul.

"Coreans describe Americans as a 'first-class nation.' They believe in us and regard us as friends. Not from any individual preference; but simply because I am an American," says Mr. Appenzeller, "I received the kindest attentions from magistrates while traveling in Corea and was recognized by the king. Our college was given a standing in the kingdom, and the medical work of our missionaries was highly esteemed. Seoul is a walled town of about three hundred thousand people. The wall is sixteen miles around, forty-two feet high and twenty-five feet thick. It is faced with solid masonry. The native chronicles say that it was built in nine months."

WOMEN AS SHOEBLACKS.

They Are Numerous in France and Some Have Married Rich Customers.

A custom is rapidly gaining ground in France, and especially in Toulon and certain other towns, which, it may safely be prophesied, will not find much imitation in this country. This is the employment of women as street shoeblacks.

The French women shoeblacks are most coquettishly gotten up, and as to their caps and frills have somewhat the appearance of hospital nurses, and it is surprising that though their occupation is a tolerably dirty one they always seem clean and tidy; some of them are doing the polishing in gauntlet gloves.

In the towns in which they are employed they certainly are a success pecuniarily, especially where English and American visitors, who generally seem to treat the whole affair as a good joke, are numerous.

It is said that one reason for the occupation being a popular one among women of a certain grade in life is that many of the fair polishers have married opulent customers who have been impressed by their shining qualities.

BRUSH AND PALETTE.

THE honor of knighthood has been conferred on John Tenniel, the great Punch caricaturist.

AT a recent sale in London a portrait of Rembrandt, an etching by himself, brought ten thousand dollars.

THE great Russian sculptor, Antokolsky, has had to leave his native land as he has the misfortune to be classed with the Jews.

MRS. THOMAS NELSON PAGE has recently presented to the Chicago Institute the entire gallery of pictures collected by her former husband, the late Henry Field, of Chicago, estimated to be worth three hundred thousand dollars. The collection will be preserved intact.

AT THRASHING TIME.

EVOLUTION OF THE WORK OF SEPARATING GRAIN FROM HUSKS.

From the Flail and the Treadmill to the Modern Steam Thrashing Machine—Reminiscences of the Good Old Times—Advice to the Novice.

If you ever hire out to help a farmer at "thrashin time," you will do well to stipulate that you are not to be placed at the tail of the straw carrier, particularly if the farmer have barley in his barn or his stacks, because if you are a green hand and therefore fail to make that proviso you will surely be set at that part of the work, and if you are you'll wish you had never been born. If it happen that the straw is carried up into the mow (pronounce this word to

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT.

rhyme with cow) and not out upon a stack, you will probably either commit suicide or quit the job and let the straw take care of itself.

You will be choked with the dense black dust, which will likewise fill your eyes, and the short straw will cover you up if you stop long enough to clear your throat or vision. Your mother wouldn't know you half a minute after the machine has got fairly to running, for this same dust will speedily arrange itself in a dark layer on the surface of your face, and before half an hour has passed you will get a barley barb in your mouth, or perhaps in your hand, or some other portion of your anatomy. It will be then that you will stop work in despair, and if you are of an impetuous disposition you will be likely to make use of picturesquely arranged language when you explain to the boss that you have had enough. If you don't, he will.

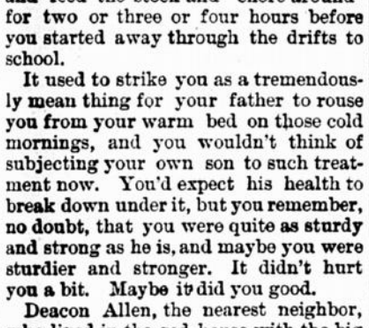
But "goin thrashin" has its compensations—in the minds of men who like that sort of thing. If it hadn't, they would not be likely to engage in the business.

Maybe you are not a greenhorn in the matter of "thrashin." Maybe you can remember, if you were born in the country and your first birthday was long enough ago, how your father and your grandfather used to get up long before daylight in the cold winter time, and after eating breakfast by candle light go out to the barn and pound the grain out all day with flails. You can also remember, probably, how you used to have to get up at the same early hour some days and feed the stock and "chore around" for two or three or four hours before you started away through the drifts to school.

It used to strike you as a tremendously mean thing for your father to rouse you from your warm bed on those cold mornings, and you wouldn't think of subjecting your own son to such treatment now. You'd expect his health to break down under it, but you remember, no doubt, that you were quite as sturdy and strong as he is, and maybe you were sturdier and stronger. It didn't hurt you a bit. Maybe it did you good.

Deacon Allen, the nearest neighbor, who lived in the red house with the big yellow barns at the foot of the valley, used to have his grain trod out by horses, and it was lots of fun to go down there and help Jim Allen drive the horses. Jim didn't like to do it, but with him it was work, and he had to keep at it all day, while with you it was play, and stolen at that. Jim lives at the foot of the valley now in the new white house he built after his father died. He is a prominent citizen in the valley, a member of the county board, and he owns a "separator" and a steam engine to run it, and he does the "thrashin" for all his neighbors every fall.

While you were yet a small boy the life of the flail and the treading out methods of thrashing came to an end, and their place was taken by wonderful machines, by the use of which in one day three or four men and a team of horses working in a treadmill could thrash out as many bushels of oats or wheat as your father and grandfather could thrash with flails in weeks of strenuous pounding. If it was fun to watch Jim Allen drive the



ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND.

horses when the grain was trodden out, it was joy unalloyed to see the new thrashing machine do its work. It possessed the element of mystery to your youthful eyes. A man stood on the floor at one end and poked the bundles of grain into the mouth of the contrivance, and at the other end came out the straw, while the grain ran in a little stream into a measure or a bag at the side. How it was done you couldn't understand, but you never got tired watching it, and you used to follow the machine to the neighboring farms—by permission if you could get it; without permission if you had to.

But the first small thrashing machines that were run by treadmill were as nothing by the side of the splendid great "separators" that took their places. It took more men to operate these machines, and the force was furnished by horses hitched in teams to the ends of the long sweeps of a "horsepower" that was set up outside the barn. When everything was ready, the driver used to get upon the platform in the middle of the power, and cracking his long whip start the horses on an interminable journey round and round and round in a small circle described by the ends of the revolving sweeps. You used to think that if when you were a man you could stand up on the platform of a horsepower and crack your whip and get $1.50 a day for doing it you would have not lived for naught.

There was another man who used to inspire you with admiration, and he was the feeder who stood on a platform and shoved the grain into the cylinder all day long. He was a man of nerve and skill, and he got bigger pay than any one else who went with the machine. His work was hardest, too, and it was possessed of an element of danger that made you shudder when you thought about it, for while he stood there mid noise and dust and turmoil imperturbable as a sphinx, he might at any moment, if he carelessly let his hand go too far toward the swiftly whirling wicked teeth of the cylinder, lose that hand or perhaps an entire arm.

You will not soon forget the horrible accident that happened to Sam Lawson, tall, straight and blue eyed—Jim Allen's older sister's "intended." He was "a master hand at feedin," but one day he turned to speak to the man at his right, who was "cuttin bands," and his left hand was drawn in. It was but a moment's lapse, but it cost Sam his hand and most of his arm, and it was thought for days and days that he would die from shock and loss of blood. Jim's sister jilted him, too, when he got well. She didn't think she could afford to marry a man with only one hand, and he went away, out of the life of the valley neighborhood.

"When the thrashers come" was always a great day on the valley farms. There were ten or a dozen of them all told. Three or four "went with the machine" from farm to farm. The rest were farmers and their hired men, who "changed works" and helped one another out. The women folks used to dread "thrashin time," for it meant hard work in the kitchen. A dozen tired, hungry men can eat a great many doughnuts and a power o' pies, to say nothing of the boiled potatoes and pork and bread. The men who went with the machine assumed a sort of professional superiority over the rest and were freely accorded the respect which they demanded. No one else was really a "thrasher," and no one else could tell quite such good stories in the evening or during the "noonin" after dinner. Besides, they were animated

IMPERTURBABLE MID DUST AND NOISE.

newspapers, carrying the gossip from farm to farm, and as such were highly regarded by all the women.

How you used to envy the "thrashers" because of their wide experience! Very likely you hired out to a man who ran a machine when you were a young man, and it is as likely as not that when all the romance of a "thrasher's" life disappeared you met your first disillusionment. It was not the last you were to encounter by any means.

Some years after you had seen the first horsepower and its circling horses you began to hear about portable "steam engines" that were to be used to furnish the power to run the separator. You had never thought of a steam engine as being on any of the valley farms. Steam engines belonged to the town, not the country, and were apt to burst, or the fire would cause a conflagration. Everybody protested, but some one bought one, and the entire valley turned out to see it work. It was so successful that horsepowers were relegated to a dead past with greater suddenness even than had been the flail, and in a couple of seasons every one was used to seeing the smoke and hearing the steady puff of the steam thrasher.

But it is only in civilized countries that the primitive methods of thrashing have been done away with. In Mexico they still tread out their grain, and so they do in India, and in this country the flail is yet used on buckwheat. Beans were generally trodden out until a few years ago, when a machine was invented that will thrash them as well as the big separators will wheat.

I. D. MARSHALL.

The Latest In Neckties.

Aluminium neckties are not exactly a craze, but they are made. They are frosted or ornamented, naturally are not heavy, and can be easily cleaned. The best use for aluminium in the clothing line is for helmets. The weight is so small compared with what it is intended to supersede that it is expected that a large demand will set in.

Our Common Father Was a Big Man.

The Hebrew Talmud says that when Adam was created he was a giant, his head reaching into the heavens and his countenance outshining the sun.