A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

One evehing in June, in a large house in one of the fashionable streets of London, a big entertainment was going forward. It was a concert, and one of the most perfectly carried out in all its details that the London world had enjoyed that

The long, brightly-lighted and flowerdecked drawing-room ended in a cool and shadowy conservatory in which two women were sitting on a sofa, under the palms, streened from the view of the multitude. The liquid notes of a beautiful voice floated across to them from the music-room beyord-rose, fell, and died into silence.

'Ah!' said the younger of the two, with a deep breath of longing-a young girl with the bloom of youth on her flushed and rounded cheek, and the sparkle of enthusiasm in her bright eyes-'to sing like that! To give pleasure such as she has given me! To stir the emotions of one's fellows! That is lite!

The elder woman, whose delicate, sensitive face be rayed more of a yearning pain than pleasure as she sat listening, turned curiously to look in the face beside her. 'And you wish for 'lite' as you call it.

of that kind?' Wish?-that is a poor word to express what I feel. Even to know personally a few of the people in the world who have done something with their lives, people who write the books that move us! That would be best of all.

'I know some of them. In my wanderings to and fro I have come across more than one celebrity of the book world.'

'Have you?' said the girl, eagerly, 'do tell me about some of them. I have always wondered,' she went on, after a short pause, what the feelings of an authoress would be in the moment of triumph-when, after much struggling, the has attained her first success-has awakened to find herself tamous, in fact, such as the author of 'The Dark Sea,' " alluding to a book by an, as yet, unknown writer which had lately taken the world by storm.

'What they feel at the moment that fame comes to them,' echoed her companion with the worn face, dreamily.

A sudden light flashed into her eyes, and

she said: 'I can tell you if you like.'

. Oh. please do. How I envy you meet-

ing the interesting people that you do!' 'Y(s.' w: s the answer in a curiously constrained voice, "I am an enviable person, I suppose. I know the authoress you speak of particularly well, and will tell you how she attrined success, if you care to

The conservatory led into a square walled in garden deyond, and the doors dividing the one from the other were wide open to the warm June night. Outside sat two men, smoking and carrying on a desultory conversation. As the elder woman began to speak, one of them stopped short in the middle of a sentence and remained silent until her voice ceased also.

She is over thirty now,' she was saying, 'an age when success, if it comes and she is a lonely woman, makes her feel lonelier than it found her. Almost from a child she had it in her to write, and, long before she had conceived any definite idea of writing a book, she had made a babit of rutting down on scraps of paper, describing as well as she could anything which could make her feel-a beautiful view, a sunset, a child's face-any strong emotion she ex-

perienced. 'Alter some years of a more or less happy girlhood, she met a man, younger than yourself, who in his boyish, urgent fashion made love to her and-well, rone of that is to the point, or will interest you. Nothing came of it except-except it broke her heart. Her lips quivered, and the unshed tears brimmed her eyes. Someone wassinging in the room beyond, Douglar, Douglas, tender and true,"

that old song which has a power to reach our hearts always; and, set to Lady John Scott's exquisite music, 'does bring the tears unbidden to our eyes.'

She went on: 'Troubles followed thick and tast after this, and to cut the story short, she at last found herself in London, living on a pittance-her portion from the wreck of her father's fortune-and with her face set steadily towards making a name for herself in literature; uphill work as all know who have tried it. From the smart house, the many servants, the clothes, the enjoymen's of the life that had been hers, she passed by short transitions, after eating for a time the bitter bread of charity, to the one garret life that is the fate of so many breadwinners. She vas not thirty then, and the hopes of youth, and the longings of youth, were not quite dead within her; they still made themselves felt from time to time in spasmodic jerks and tremblings-on lovely spring days when she allowed herself a rest from her labors to stroll through the li'ac-scented paths of the Park, too exhausted from semi-starvation and over work to think very deeply of anything connected with the future that lay so dark in front of her. Rather she let her thoughts wander back into the past. -her steps straying over the burnt-up grass, to the glistening Serpentine beyond -to the long-ago evenings when she and her brother had so often dritted lazily down the river in the sunset glow.

'But she did not completely give up society in those days of dreary monotony, nor clothe herself in the hopeless eccentricities so much affected by all grades of artists and writers. . She did what she could to keep up her friends, often going without food to buy herself a decent pair of gloves. or a new hat.

'Do you really mean, ' interposed the girl with wide open eyes and lowered voice. that-that she was really hungry? In her sheltered life it seemed so strange and so monstrous a thing that another girl a lady like herself, should want actual food.

'Yes, '- and the woman's eves shone-' she used to live upon a shilling a day, and you don't know how difficult that is to a girl b:ought up as daintliy as you or I have been-till you have tried it! She the far room are sobbing through the could not eat what those in a lower class vibrating silence. The distant hum of would have fattened on-coarsely cooked, London echoes faintly as from a long way unappetizing food. Her one room was off. A dark shadow fills the open doorsmall, and dark-hot in summer, freezing | way. The woman starts, and a sudden in winter, when she sat in all the warm horror as of a deadly fear, dilates in her things she possessed, to save a fire, and gray eyes as they meet the sombre fire in wrote and mended. And most nights she | the man's. He comes quickly forward and felt very empty and hungry and solitary drops into a seat beside her. His comwhen she went to bed. '

'How terrible !' said the girl gently. But it was not like that all the year. and keeps silence. interested her and kept her life from stag- and leaves her pale.

nating. She had a certain charm of her own which men felt; and in her, as in every unconscious eavesdropping,' he begins other wou an that ever was born, the cravilightly, but with evident effort in the coning for sympathy and protection and the strained tones as he proceeds. 'You tell strength that the love of a man gives to a a story well, and I grew to interested that woman was strong in her-apart, it you I quite forgot that such an unpleasant word know what I mean, from the longing for. | might be applied to me, therefore, I came the particular love of any one individual. in to make myself known. Please go on. It was the natural instinct every woman | She was waiting-waiting, for what?' The feels to lean on someone stronger than her- fire in his eyes deepens, his voice has a self. All this she put aside, in the instances | ring of command, but the ghost of a smile where it might have developed itself into hovering over his firely-cut lips makes the into the thing she craved, until her purpose | dark face a very beautiful one.

should be accomplished. 'Once it went very hard with her and vow unto herself.

'He was a very different man from the other; he was tender, chivalrous, gentle wonderfully keen perceptions enabled him | that strange feeling. It has reached the to see further into her complex nature than | stage beyond the last scene. anyone had ever taken the trouble to see before. I know, because he has since told tuffering he read in it.'

'And she?' asked the girl quickly. The man who was listening so intently in the dark garden, where the few stars twinkled down through the whispering and turned his head towards the open door where the cool tinkle of the miniature fountain broke the waiting silence, and waited for the answer.

'I have said,' replied the woman, 'that she had a purpose, and wisely or toolishly. perhaps she berself did not know, would think of none of these things till her purpose was accomplished. All that was best within her rose up and responded yearningly to the unspoken feeling he had for her. But, long ago, she had gauged the depths of ar even more complicated character than her own, and in the midst of misery had seen, clear and certain, the one dominant fact that that which would have power to move him, and that alone, would be the accomplishment of scmething that reach.

'She was always conscious of a s'rong instinct which told her he and she would meet sgain-that in some way her book its ravs tell full on the tired face, almost would bring them together and also that haggard now in the pure and lovely new then, and not until ther, would the last day, as the man's senses were quick to scene of the play be played out, and who note, and yet-a great hunger grew in his knows,' she went on dreamily, 'what that strange eyes, a strong agony crept into his scene will be?

pause, that every time the looked in the another. She neither raised her voice nor glass and traced the new faint lines that altered its tone as she answered slowly: privation, cold, suffering and anxiety were drawing around her eyes and mouth, and mistakes which have gone too deep for is the only chance, and how small it is! saw still another gray bair added to the tears or-for restitution. Come," she number that already streaked the dark, that added suddenly to the girl at her she proceeded. 'She had not striven so story; but I can tell you the end before we hard and so long to give in for the first go in to the others if you like,' standing up

strong temptation that assailed her. long cold winter, when icol was scarce and reign again. 'The moment of that woman's fuel scarcer' (1'Good God!" murmured the man in the garden, under his breath, his deep-set eyes gleaming like stars above, under the broad band of his dark eyebrows) 'worked on at her book, which was her life, and was written, to use a true, it, perhaps, highflown metaphor, with her heart's blood. It had not been without a struggle | leaving the man alone, looking up at the that she had elected to make 'copy' of her | day which had dawned for him also. most sacred feelings, her bitterest agony; but she guessed rightly in her experience, that it is truth alone which makes the only real success in the literary world, though ephemeral shams may endure for a night.

With what a sinking of the heart she saw, time after time, the return of the 'rejected manuscripts,' of some of her small magazine ventures you may imagine when you reflect on the lonliness of her life at

acy of this truth which she had deemed so all-important a factor to success, for these small attempts were also written from her heart, things she had known and seen around her in the life she had done with and yet the editors would have none of them. 'Too fantastic,' 'unreal,' were some of the criticism testowed upon them by the kinder members of the brotherhood, those who had at least given them a reading.

'At last one wrote: 'There is much that is good in your articles and yet they are not altogether what will 'take,' I would advise you to try your hand at something that shall be simpler, less full of the workings of manifold and complex emotions in your characters, fuller of the common surtace -details of the ordinary story-teller.'

'The evening that she received this was thundery, and the heat of her small room intolerable. All through the long hot night she sat at her little table writing; her feet like stones; her head burning; and as the red sun stole up the summer sky the last word was written of the commonplace article that was to begin the work of her initiation into the world of print.'

'Ob, I am glad!' broke in the girl, 'I am glad she succeeded in the ent. But, tell me, what became of the man, the first man--did he marry ?'

'He married,' answered, the woman, in a toneless voice, and her eyes wandered into the dark of the garden. 'And did she ever see him again-has

she seen him since she became famous?' 'To the best of my knowledge she has never seen him since,' replied the woman

again mechanically. ·But to go back to our original startingpoint, what are her feelings after so much tronble and so much hard work, on becoming famous?

'It is not many days since she said she felt only a strange and indefinite sense of waiting-waiting-

The last long-drawn-out notes from under Wolff's wonderful magical fingers in panion saunters on into the drawing-room, and the girl looks from one to the other

Sometimes in the autumn she paid visits in | The slow flush that travels painfully the country, and there she met people who over the woman's worn, sweet face, fades

'I hope you will forgive an old friend's strained tones as he proceeds. 'You tell

Her eyes do not move from his, and the life of all her face is concentrated in them; she almost succumted to the temptation, he can see, as the hanging lantern above and can never be recalled. In one direc-

on her white cheeks. 'I said that it was some days ago that she felt like that. You must remember

'Yes? you interest me. What do you suppose would occur if, when they meet me so much about those days; he often again, she should learn that the wife he says that the first moment he locked in her | married almost in his boyhood, as you face he loved it for the tale of repressed | said, had left him soon afterwards for a better world, to mourn her loss in the pitiless light of a disillusion which the short experience of married life had furnished?' The girl, sitting there beside the two, apper ntly forgotten by both, noted the leaves of the hig lime, threw away his cigar | faint flicker of the heavy eyelids over the steady gray eyes, as the man's voice ceased

> another high-tide of emotion. 'She would pity the man, I believe,' Pity him-pity him-only?' In the low tones there lay a passion that seemed altogether superfluous to the quite tenor of the

conversation. 'Men make mistakes,' he went on. "Do you mean that the woman who could write The Dark Sea,' and feel all that she had written, would yet have nothing more than pity, after all those long years of her lonely faithfulness, to give the man who had caused her a'l that sorrow;' (she shivered; he had struk, with, maybe unconscious cleverness or intution, a sensitive chord in woman's nature, and one which seldom Alaskan waters and been written down in the world would applaud to the echo, and ceases to vitrate in every true woman's which, further, would place her beyond his heart) 'the man who knew that once he had made a great mistake.'

The stars were paling, the dawn was rushing g'oriously up the palpitating sky. dark face. Her hands lay still in her lap. 'Do you think,' she continued after a but the fingers were strained over one "There are, in heaven and in eath, "your beauty sleep as well Es with her face to the radiant dawn-her pa'e 'Atter this episode she went back to sad face in which, also, a rew day had London and her garret, and a l through the dawned, so that the old day could never triumph arrived-the moment for which she had starved, and striven early and late ; the moment that had eaten up her youth in its advent-it came in actual detail as she had always known it would, and, coming, tound her-desolate. Come; and they moved together into the lighted room,

REPUTATION.

'She almost persuaded herself of the tall- Paine's Celery Compound and Its Thousands of Advocates.

Go where you will over th Northr American continent, you will hea Paine's Celery Compound spoken of; and in every village, town and city you will find some, who, through the Compound s power, have found health and new life. Feople delight in telling to others what Paine's Celery Compound has done for hem. No wonder that there are tens of thousands of ardent and enthusiastic missionaries all over the co tinent speaking good words about Paine's Celery Compound to those who need a curing and a healing medicine. The friends who have spoken for and recommended Paine's Celery Compourd have done more to advance the reput .. tion of earth's best medicine than all the

newspaper articles ever published. The great majority of diseases that end in misery and death might be quickly and permanently cured if sick persons could only be induced to use Paine's Celery Compound.

The wonderful medicine has a noble record of cures-an array of (estimony that is truly magnificent and astonishing. The rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous, sleepless, weak, run down, and those tormented with blood diseases are soon made well and strong by Paine's C 'ery Compound. Even if your doctor bas doubts about you case, Paine's Celery Compound will surely and certainly give you the bloom of health and long years

Let your druggist or dealer know that cannot meet you case.

DOOM OF THE FUR SEAL. Pelagic Hunting the Agent of Exter

With the end of the close season for fur seals on July 31 began one of the last chapters in the etory of the seal now rapidily drawing to a close. Already reports from the Alaskan sealing fleet are coming in. each account adds its evidence to the support of the conviction which is fast becoming settled that the note of doom for the North American fur seal has been sounded for as such she viewed it, having vowed a their heads casts its dimly religious light tion only is there hope, and even that is so slender that but faint reliance can be placed upon it. That hope lies with Russia. The with women as towards something to be fame is short-lived, and all its stages cable brought from St. Peterburg the other shielded, protected, cared for, and his ephemeral. I believe she no longer has day the news that the young Czar's Government was considering proposals which were to be submitted to the United States and Great Britsin looking to the establishment of a joint set of regulations for the sealing industry, which will prohibit absolutely and forever all pelagic sealing.

In the adoption of such regulations lies the only solution of the problem of preventing the extermination of the fur seal. Because the proposal comes from Russia there is some foundation for hope that it -no heightened color came again to mark will be adopted, for Russia understands the question of seal protection. In the case of her own seals, Russia's method has always been an admirable success. It is as simple as it is effective. It consists of a general proclamation of "Hands off, 'addressed to whom it may concern. Behind that proclamation is the power of the Russian gunboats. Many a man has found out to his cost what it meant to encroach upon the Russian sealing grounds. Memories of Viadivostock are not easily downed. Many a smart schooner has disappeared from the lengthening list of "Lost at sea" only to have floated back after years of waiting the word of a schooner overhauled by gray-coated Russion and turned at sea, with her men sent away to servitude in a frowning Russian tortress.

If now Russia can compass the extension of her policy, medified so as to strip it of its harsh terrors so that the United States and Great Britain will adopt it, there is a chance that the doom of the fur seal will not be recorded for yet many years. That

monopoly, under the centrol of the Government, there was no real danger that the seals would be exterminated, but sooner or later pelagic sealing is bound to accomplish that result. The restriction of pelagic sealing by the regulations of the Paris tribunal, it was believed, would be of great benefit to the seals themselves and to the industry, but it has proved to be of no

The journey from the southern waters to the beaches of St. Paul and St. George begins in the spring. The bulls head the long possession, the bachelors trish along by themselves, and the cows, heavy with young, lumber along at the last. If a male seal lives to be six years old he is a bull, and the hunters let him alone. His hide is not worth the tax on it or the trouble of taking it. Then he sets up his harem and begins his career as the head of a family. Every bull has to fight his way to recognition as the possessor of a harem. Whenever a bachelor thinks he has attained such age and size and strength as entitle him to that dignity he leaves the other bachelors, which flock by themselves on a beach apart from the rest, and hauls out on the beach with the bulls. Then the trouble begins. He meets ail comers among the old bulls, and if he fights his way through to victory his position is thenceforward established, and the only fighting he will have to do thereafter is with the ambitious

bachelors in their turn. The bulls begin to haul out on their beaches early in the summer. By a curious process known only to themselves each bull selects his place of abode. How he marks it nobody knows, but when he has swum back to meet the advancing column and returns with his family he never makes a mistake in going straight to the spot he has chosen for the summer's home. When the rookeries are all occupied the casual observer will see only a great throng of seals, scattered about apparently without semblance of order. But any one experienced in the ways of seals will draw about each family a distinct line, beyond which no member of anyother family even trespasses. Very soon after the cows have hauled out the young are born. you must have "Paine's," as imitations As soon as the pups are born the

cows begin to forage. The bulls stay on the beach and protect the young. From the time that he hauls out with his harem the bull does not leave the beach until the southward march begins at the close of the summer. He does nothing toward feeding the young, and so it is that if a cow is killed by some pelagic sealer while she is hunting for food, the pup left behind on the beach starves to death, and the sealer has taken three lives for one sealskin. That is

the crime of pelagic sealing. The sealing monopoly killed only bachelor reals, and as long as that policy was pursued there was never any danger of extermination. The females were left to multiply and increase. But the pelagic sealers take principally females. Of the 40,000 seals killed last season 30,000 were males, and these with the unborn pups and the young on the beaches represented nearly 90,000 seals. It is natural that the pelagic sealer's catch should be made up largely of females, because they are the essiest to take.

In the northward march they swim slowy and are comparatively sluggiah in their movements. They sleep a great deal, and it is then, while they are lying at the surface. that the pelagic sealer kills them. After the young are born the mothers swim far out into the warm Japanese current in search of the food fishes to be found there. They go far beyond the sixty-mile zone in which sealing is probibited, and are slaughtered there by thousands. Outside of this protected zone, to the west, south, and southwest, there are three sealing belts, embracing a total area of about 22,500 miles, or nearly three times the area of the state of Massachusetts. It is within this area that the area that the seal killers cruise during the first months of the open season. When the seals haul off the beaches and begin the southward march, the schooners follow, using shotgun and spear, and picking up the sleeping seals from the surface of the water. Occasionally during the first months of the open season the scalers try a dash inside the sixty-mile zone, but the work of the revenue cutter fleet is pretty sharp, and away unscathed.

That this pelagic slaughter of female seals is the two-handed agent of extermination the reports now coming in from The exterminating slaughter of the seals | Unalaska demonstrate. The United States | notes upon all that they tell him. He can began with the adoption of the far-herald- revenue cutter Rush came into Unalaska speak eight Indian languages of the Old ceed in the task she had set herself?' There your chaperon will be waiting for you, and ed regulations of the Paris arbitration tri- from patrol duty in the Behring Sea on was a bitter ring in the woran's voice as I am sure you must be tired of my long bunal of 1893, recognizing and legalizing, Aug. 7. She reported that seventy schoonto a certain extent, pelagic sealing. As ers were lying outside the sixty-mile line, long as the seal industry was practically a from the Pribyloy Islands, picking up what seals they could catch as they foraged for food. Not a schooner had made a catch worth reporting. Two or three seals a day, where they used to be a hundred or more. was the average. The supply is gone, and as other seasons come on and it becomes more and more difficult to get seals and cept the Mayas, has ever had a written the catch becomes more and more uncertain, the sealing fleet will decrease in numbers correspondingly. It is a question ment of sounds. of but a few years, unless there is a change in the regulations which shall prohibit pelagic sealing, until the last seal shall have been shot and the last word in the dismal story shall have been told. With Russia lies the hope of better

things. The great silent Government of the White Czar, that reaches with its ramfications to the smallest detail of paternalism, has settled the question of the protection of the Russion seals, and there is no deviation from the policy. The seals that haul out on the Copper Island beaches are not disturbed in the open sea. The man who attempts it litterally risks his llfe. Old Alaskans knows the story well. They have seen sealing schooners put out from Sitka or from Juneau or Unalaska to fish in Russian waters that never came back. Sometimes after two or three or four years a man who sailed in one of them drifts back along the Alaskan coast. Invariably that man is through with Russian sealing. The stories such men tell are all alike. They begin with the sudden descent upon their vessel of a Russian gunboat There are never any prelimnaries. A solid shot heaved across the bows, or something squarely into the hull of the sealer, is the notification that the Czar's government does not mean to have any outside interference with its seals. Sometimes when the crew has been transferred to the gunboat the schooner is worked into Vladivostock. Sometimes, and this most frequently, she is set on fire where she was caught and burned, with everything on board her. Not a sign is left to tell the story of her disappearance. The men go into the great fortress at Vladivostock. Perhaps after two or three years, if the case has not been a particularly flagrant one, they get out, and after a while manage to work their way back to America. Usually they have had enough. They thank God that they are out a'ive, and there the matter stops. Sometimes they want to fight. They tell stories of awful hardship in the Russian fortress. They make affidavits and send long accounts of their suffering to the State Department at Washington. The newspapers take up the story and there is a brief but indignant roar about the cruelty of Russia. The State Department protests to St. Peters-

burg, and the wheels of diplomacy begin their grinding. But if St. Petersburg hears the roar it never echoes. Men come and men go. Czars are crowned and die, but the policy of the pear goes on unchanged.

It is the same thing with the English sealers. They tell their stories at London, and the British lion. far famed for his zealous watchfulness of the rights of British subjects, feebly roars about the outrage. If there is an answering growl from the Russian bear nobody hears it. Is it because when the bear growls he shows his teeth that nothing ever results from there protests? That seems to be the reason. The Governments at Washington and London know that it is the settled policy of Russia to protect her reals. Behind that determination is the whole power of the Russian empire. It is a small chip on a large man's shoulder. Nobody is anxious to knock it off. It Russian diplomacy shall now persuade England and the United States to join in this prohibition of pelagic sealing the solution of the problem of the tur seal is attained. But it it fails, the doom of the North American fur seal is written. The slaughter of temales in the open sea will go on for two or three years perhaps, and then Congress will pass a bill similar to the Dingley bill passed by the House of Representatives at the last tersion, there will be a great final round up on St. George and St. Paul, and after that there will be no more singing "on the beaches of Lukannon."

SPEECH OF THE SIX NATIONS.

To be Studied Further by a Philologist of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Philologist J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of American Ethnology will leave here in a few days for a novel expedition of study, to be made in the Grand River Reserve, seventy miles west of Buffalo, on the Canadian side. In this reserve are combined the odd tribes known as the Six Nations - the contederation of Indians composed of the Oneidas, Mohowks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras.

Mr. Hewitt, by applying a novel system, will make dictionaries and grammars of these Indian languages, and by aid of these data will make an interesting English translation of the Bible of the Six Nations, recording their strange pagan beliefs concerning the creation and early history of it is not probable that many poachers get | the world. Although more civilized than most Indians, those of the Six Nations have never before been studied ethnologically. Mr. Hewitt will 'live Indian' with the big chiefs, and will take elaborate World. He is preparing to carry with him a phonograph, which will preserve for him the words and sentences which he will study. He will ask the talkative Indians to speak very distinctly into this machine, and will afterward grind out each word slowly and carefully, noting each syllable, accent, and inflection. Reliable interprewill supply the literal translations to every centence. Since no American tribe, exlanguage, the philologist must rely entirely upon his ears for correct arrange-

> For recording each sound in its original tone of utterance he will use a special alphabet of forty-eight characters, tesides many additional signs for modified tones. For rapidity and accuracy of work he has made a typewriter which writes Indian as clearly as the ordinary typewriter writes English. In the places of the keys operating the English types, are arranged others operating the Indian sound letters. With this he will write interviews with Indians, which conversations when read will mean the same to his ears as the original words when spoken. Mr. Hewitt says that in certain lexical processes the languages of these people resemble provincial Latin in a general way.

When beginning with a strange language he will commence the preparation of the dictionary and grammar by inscribing as many simple sentences as possible, having each word repeated again and again. Lists of as many words as he can think of will be collected, with the English equivalents following. They will afterward be arranged alphabetically and printed. A Tuscar: o an dictionary which the philologist lately pre-pared contains about 13,000 words. The different cases ending and other modified torms for the grammars will be collected by requiring the person interviewed to use the same word in many different cases, moods tenses &c.

Of all the scattered Six Nations about 50 per cent are still pagans, who believe the ancient myths of their ancestors as devoutly as the most orthodox Christian believes the story of the Bible. The Bible of the Six Nations will combine the beliefs of all tribes. These creeds vitually correspond, the six tribes having descended from the same stock. From a previous visit among several of the tribes he brought back the pagan text of what may be called their Old Testament. This will be printed as the first part of their Bible. The New Testament will comprise the new pagan creed, an odd mixture of mythology and Christianity. The change in the creed was brought about early in this century by a Seneca boy, the nephew of Chief Handsome Lake. The youth was educated in Spain, and, returning to his uncle's wigwam for a brief vacation, proceeded to convert the old chief to the more creditable story of the Christian Bible. Before having made his points sufficiently clear the young man died. Handsome Lake made use of the smattering of Christianity which he had acquired and preached it among the people of the Six Nations. The result was an odd religion, taken bodily from the Christian New Testament and colored with the myths of the original pagan creed.—Washington Star.

Baby Nearly Died.

Sirs,—My baby was very bad with summer complaint and I thought he would die, until I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. With the first dose I noticed a change for the better, and now he is cured, and is fat and healthy. Mrs. A. NORMANDIN, London, Ont.

