

Sunday Reading.

How Casey's Hair Turned White.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of a party of old-time New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casey's snow white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains, '83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after the affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit.

I had been in the hills, and was returning to Silver City through Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to the tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by someone prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or fifteen Indians. They all carried weapons and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move—I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was standing straight up.

I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray? No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd to day, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try and get away from them.

Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: 'Good day, Dan Casey!' How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he could read, as many of them can.

After he had gone I still sat there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and though my horse was sick, I beat all records to Silver City.

I have been up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamite caps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a year it was as white as it is now.

A Quartet of Young Heroines.

Four girls, each under sixteen years of age, who have received medals from the government for bravery in saving, or aiding in saving, human life, deserve something more than ordinary attention.

The first of these, according to St. Nicholas, is Edith Morgan, of Hamlin, Michigan, who endeavored with her father and brothers to row in a northerly gale and heavy sea to a vessel capsized three miles offshore. When the boat was forced back Edith aided in clearing the track through logs and driftwood for the surfboat, which meanwhile had been summoned, and also helped to launch the boat.

On a previous occasion she had stood in snow for six hours, helping the life-savers work the whip-line of the beach apparatus.

When Edith Clarke was nearly sixteen years old, and a pupil in a convent at Oakland, California, she plunged into Lake Chabot to rescue a companion who had disappeared in sixty feet of water. Edith seized the unconscious girl, and holding her head above water with one arm, paddled with the other and trod water until a boat came to her assistance.

Marie Parsons of Fire Place, Long Island, was only ten years of age when she saw a man and a child swept off a pleasure boat by the boom. Observing that the

child clung to the man so that he could make no headway, she sprang into a small boat and reached the spot just in time to save their lives.

When thirteen years old, Maud King saved three lives off Castle Pickney, the lighthouse depot in Charleson harbor.

In a furious squall, which added impetus to the gale, a yawl containing three men and a boy was capsized. The boy managed to swim to the shore, but two of the men succeeded in getting only as far as the piles of the wharf. There they hung, too exhausted to climb up, while the third man, unable to swim, clung to the yawl.

In spite of her mother's protests Maud prepared, unaided, to launch a small boat in the boisterous sea. But she was joined by her aunt, and together they rescued the imperiled men.

A Singer and His Story.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who bare-footed and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. 'Are you in Sunday school?' she asked. 'No! Aint got no clothes,' replied one. 'Would you come if you had clothes?' she asked.

'You bet!' was one boy's emphatic reply. 'What are your names?' she asked. 'Peter Bilhorn,' replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name 'Jesus' above it, and said, 'Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help.'

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded and little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels and the boards from lumber yard near by were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge and the last, he swept, and the roar of water was in his ears.

'In that moment,' he says, 'the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble came to me. I put my hands together and prayed.'

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplited hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he chanced to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

'I was ashamed to say that I was praying,' he says, 'and I asked, boastfully, 'Didn't you know I could swim?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did.'

The awaking of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sunday school grew with his growth. He became a Sunday school singer, studied music and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sunday school songs, and he is known as a gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life.

The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.

The Prayer Before Gettysburg.

Gen. Daniel Sickles tells a story illustrating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism.

After Sickles had been wounded at

Gettysburg he was removed to Washington and the President called on him at the hospital. When the general described the battle and the awful slaughter, 'Lincoln wept like a child.'

'While the two armies were converging,' said Lincoln, 'I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that if we were to win the battle He must do it, for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load lifted from my shoulders, and from that moment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall hear good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well.'

'The doctors do not say so.'

'I don't care, Sickles, you will get well,' persisted the President.

And that afternoon, General Sickles goes on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant, announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon followed.

According to St. Mark.

'I really think you are a little hard upon our namesake.' Mrs. McLane's tone was slightly aggrieved, and there was not as pleasant an expression as usual upon her comely face.

'I am sure I do not mean to be,' This voice was as quiet as the other had been perturbed. 'It seems to me had I praised her more, it would have been too much for even a mother to swallow.'

'Oh, I know you said she was well-grown and well-mannered and good-looking, far beyond what you had expected in two years, and yet underneath all there was a 'but' and that 'but' does away with all your commendation.'

'What keen ears you mothers have! I was hardly conscious of that 'but.'

'It was there all the same, in italics if not in capitals. Now do tell me what you meant.'

'My dear girl,' said Miss Egerton, 'remember I have only been at home a week, and after leaving Dorothy a child, I feel the necessity of renewing my acquaintance with a young woman of fifteen, who almost looks over my head.'

'But you are not answering my question, persisted Mrs. McLane. 'I hope you did not learn evasion in Germany.'

'I hope not, indeed,' and with a slightly quizzical smile, Miss Egerton bent lower over her embroidery.

'You think her disobedient?' Mrs. McLane walked to the window and laid one hand upon her sister's shoulder. Miss Egerton did not reply, but her own hand clasped her sister's.

'That is perhaps where my 'but' came in,' Miss Egerton said, slowly. 'She needs to learn obedience according to Saint Mark.'

'What do you mean? You are so mysterious!' 'I will explain the mystery to Dorothy some day.'

'She is quite as good in that respect as the rest of the girls,' Mrs. McLane had assumed the defensive.

'But when one loves a child as we do Dorothy, the quiet voice replied, 'we want her to be better than the rest of the girls.'

Down below in the street, a tall girl looked up from a group of her companions and waved a greeting to the two in the window. In a short time her swift step was heard on the stairs, and Dorothy came quickly into the room. Pretty Dorothy, with roses in her cheeks, brown eyes dancing with health and merriment, and sunny hair tossed this way and that by the boisterous wind! She gave each an impetuous, breathless hug, talking rapidly in spite of gasps.

'O Aunt Dolly, it is good to know you are here! I was thinking about it all day. And it eases my conscience, too, with a laugh. 'If I knew mother was alone I would not like to leave her, as I am going to now, and run off to spend the afternoon with Anna Clare.'

'Is not that rather a poor way to show your pleasure at my being here?'

'As if you two would miss me when you have those years to talk over and catch up with! So I'll say good by, and leave you to discuss German housekeeping.'

'But, Dorothy, do not forget your hour for music,' said her mother, a little anxiously. 'You should be at the piano now, and your father told you to prepare some manuscript for him.'

'So he did,' Dorothy answered, lightly 'and I will do it when I come home,' and away she went without giving her mother time for exprosalation.

'I am afraid her father will be seriously offended if Dorothy neglects this paper. The last time he came as near giving her a scolding as John ever can. She does the typewriting so accurately, she is the greatest service to him when she is prompt.'

Mrs. McLane gave a little sigh, and her sister felt tempted to echo it, but wisely

repressed the inclination, and gave herself once more to her embroidery.

The next afternoon, as Miss Egerton sat in the twilight by the open fire, the door opened, and Dorothy came bounding into the room with her usual impetuosity.

'Aunt Dolly,' she said, 'how nice to find you alone! Mamma has a flock of visitors down stairs, and I was afraid you would be helping to receive them.'

'I had a bit of a headache my dear, so your mother excused me to the visitors, and I have had my cup of tea up here in a very lazy fashion.'

'Oh,' disappointment in the long-drawn-out exclamation, 'then you ought to be quiet, and I am just aching to talk!'

Miss Egerton laughed.

'Sit down, dear; there is another low chair for you. I am quite ready to talk.'

'Are you sure, Aunt Dolly? I don't want to be selfish about it.'

'I am quite sure, so let me relieve you of that aching as soon as possible.'

'Aunt Dolly,' the girl commenced, impetuously, 'mother says you don't approve of me.'

'Did she put it exactly in that way?'

Well, perhaps, not. She told me a great many nice things you said about me, but—she said there was a 'but,' and I want to know what it stands for.'

'Have you not the least idea, Dorothy?'

The honest eyes met her aunt's squarely.

'Perhaps I have, deep down in my heart,' said Dorothy, slowly, with reddening cheeks.

'Well?'

'You think me procrastinating.'

Miss Egerton was silent.

'And sometimes disobedient?'

No answer.

'But, Aunt Dolly,' said the girl, pleadingly, 'I always mean to do as I am told, and I do, too, after a while.'

Miss Egerton smiled.

'Aunt Dolly, don't be dumb any longer. Mother says you want me to learn some sort of obedience. What sort do I need?'

'I said you should learn obedience according to Saint Mark.'

Dorothy stared. 'What do you mean? I don't remember that he was any more obedient than the others.'

'Suppose you light the lamp and get my Bible from the stand. There is half an hour still before dinner, and in that time I think I can make you understand what sort of obedience this is.'

When Dorothy returned to her place, Bible in hand, Miss Egerton said: 'Open to the first chapter of Mark and the eighteenth verse.'

'And straightway they forsook their nets,' Dorothy read, wonderingly.

'Now the second chapter and twelfth verse.'

'And immediately he arose.'

'The same word as straightway, Dorothy,' said her aunt. 'Now the fifth chapter and forty-second verse.'

'And straightway the damsel arose.'

'The sixth chapter and forty-fifth verse.'

'And straightway,' the girl began, 'Aunt Dolly, are there many more?'

'A great many more. But, my dear girl, are not these enough to help you understand what I mean by obedience according to Saint Mark?'

Dorothy was silent for some minutes, and her answer, when it came, was very gently spoken:

'Aunt Dolly, 'straightway' obedience. That was better than twenty scoldings. Think of my delayed obedience and all the trouble it causes! In two days I have worried father about his paper, and neglected mother's errands, and mailed your letter when I was ready, too late to reach your friend before she started for Europe. I wish I could be straightway obedient! but how am I to remember?'

For answer, Miss Egerton put into her hand a copy of the Gospel of Saint Mark. 'I would read it carefully, if I were you, and you must not be discouraged.'

The Parson as a Peacemaker.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg did not confine his good works to the composition of 'Spartacus' and the preparation of capital books for boys. He was foremost in practical benevolence, and never so happy as when helping out his neighbors. One Sunday morning, just before the sermon, he made this announcement:

'The widow Jones's grass is getting pretty long. I shall be there with my scythe, rake and pitchfork at four o'clock tomorrow morning, and I hope every male member of my congregation will be there too.'

In answer to this broad hint the widow Jones's field was well filled the next morning. Among the volunteers was a Captain Griggs, who stood six feet two in his stockings, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.

'Parson,' said he, look out for me. I'm goin' to cut your corners this morning.'

Mr. Kellogg was a small man, weighing barely one hundred and thirty pounds, but

he was an old hand with the scythe, and before long the captain lay under a tree, knocked out by his peacemaker. And the 'parson' used to tell the story with great glee, always concluding with:

'He didn't cut my corners that morning.'

IMPURE BREATH.

What Causes This Disagreeable Affliction—From Different Reasons.

The sources of impurities of the breath may be found in three regions, namely: the lungs, the stomach and the upper air-passages, including the mouth, the throat and the nose.

In the greatest number of cases impure breath is the result of conditions in the mouth, throat or nose, conditions which render possible a lodgment and growth of microscopic vegetable parasites. These parasites—the organism of which in many instances is so secure that the acts of chewing and swallowing do not materially disturb them—give rise, in the course of their growth and decay, to the unpleasant odors.

Prevention and remedy, therefore, depend upon the successful search for these vegetable parasites, and their removal from the harbors where they accumulate.

Decayed teeth offer ideal conditions for the growth of certain germs and fungi. At times no cavities occur, and yet an accumulation of fungoid material renders the breath offensive. In such cases brushing must be supplemented by the use of an antiseptic mouth wash.

Other states of the mouth and throat giving rise to odors, although less well known are nevertheless common. The depressions known as 'crypts,' commonly found in enlarged tonsils, furnish harbors for vegetable parasites. Large accumulations may here take place, partly of food, partly of fungoid growth, giving rise to perhaps no other symptom than unpleasant breath.

Deep accumulations of furring on the tongue give rise to similar unpleasant symptoms. An observer of his own tongue, judging by its appearance, might suppose his stomach to be in an alarming condition. Removal of the deep furring by gentle scraping and the use of antiseptic mouth washes usually prove entirely remedial. Doctor Holmes was accustomed to prescribe a little silver hoe for the purpose of removing this accumulation.

Certain disorders of the nose give rise to some of the most pervasive and unpleasant odors of the breath. Even these, however, are amenable to remedies, although the home use of antiseptic sprays and douches must sometimes be supplemented by treatment at the hands of a physician.

The conditions of the lungs and stomach giving rise to foulness of the breath likewise require more aid than can usually be given by home treatment, although these states are commonly to be prevented by the observance of hygienic rules.

Very rarely do cases of impure breath arise from causes so obscure as to be incapable of relief or improvement.

A Cruel Blow.

The crowd gathered at the corner of Sixteenth and Lawrence streets, watching a man who was working a phonograph for a living. He played 'On the Banks of the Wabash,' and in several other localities, and toyed with such masterpieces as 'When You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come Around,' 'Ah Don't Care if Yo' Nevah Comes Back,' etc., an infinitum, and then reached under his table for a box full of new records. He took them out, one after the other, and fitted them to the phonograph, and when a dozen more had been reeled off one of the bystanders remarked:

'That man's struck on himself. I don't see what he's got to be proud of.'

And the crowd said: 'P P P P P P'

'Why screamed the man, 'look at the airs he's putting on.'

Somebody started after a rope, but he escaped.—Denver Times.

Economic Value of Birds.

Artificial wool made from turf fibers is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, and so forth. Ten years has elapsed since the first attempts to make turf wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production of a soft fibrous material, which can be spun as readily as sheep's wool, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness, Nausea.

Maladies of this type yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and if you suffer periodically from these complaints, just keep Nerviline at hand. A few drops in sweetened water gives instant relief, and in the course of half an hour the cure is complete. A large 25c. bottle of Nerviline in the house will save doctor bills, and a vast amount of suffering every year.

Gruggs works as if he owned the whole blame town.

Yes. And he ain't even a police commissioner.