

David Shaw, Hero.

BY JAN PECKHAM

THE saviour, and not the sayer, he is the braver man; so far my text—but the story! Thus, then, it runs:—

From Spokane Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour, in the early dawn. David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab, crimson by the smokestack the engines. Feed her well, Jim, he said, (Jim was his friend.) "Seattle sharp on time!"

So they sped; Dust from the wheels up-flying; smoke rolling out behind; the long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wain:— Shaw, with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead. How good he took, old Six-forty! How like a storm they sped!

Leavenworth—thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race. Now for the hills—keener lookout, or a letting down of the pace. Hardly a puff of steam less! David Shaw straightened back. Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

Ho!—look there! Down the mountain, right ahead of the train, Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain! What to do? Why, jump, Dave! Take the chance while you can. The train is doomed, save your own life! Think of the children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death? Graped the throttle—reverse it—shouted "Down brakes!" in a breath stood to his post without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed, Till the train stood still, with a snudder, and he—went down with the slide!

Saved?—yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave, the life under the sand, there. All that he had, he gave. Man to the last inch! Hero—holdest of heroes, yet! Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

ANNA MALANN.

BY ANNIE THOMBALL SLOSSON.

II.

"So whenever I got the chance I'd treat them that way, and try to make others do it. But I couldn't make much headway. I had two brothers and one sister, and they all followed pa and ma's lead, and didn't worry themselves about the 'flower beings,' as pa called them. Bime by pa died, and a spell afterwards ma went too. And we four children had the farm and stock and all to divide even. Well maybe 'twas foolish, but I'd been thinking and bothering my head so long about animals and the 'talking things' that was always being done to them, I couldn't get on about our track. I suppose I took after pa in being soft and nervous about such things, and seemed to me there wasn't a minute of the whole living day that there wasn't something cruel and unjust and dreadful done to poor helpless creatures even right around me. I couldn't stand it, any more. It was always I say, I was high about crabs, and I'd seem to hear such a noise of whips and whangs and ticks pounding and kicks sounding hollow against creatures' sides, and then a whining and moaning and whimpering and crying out of the beings folks call dumb, and my ears would all buzz all the blessed time. I couldn't stand it, any more. It was always a scolding and fussing, different from the rest of the family, and I made up my mind I'd got to have a finger in this pie. I talked to Mary, my sister, and to Elam and John, and tried to explain my views.

"I wanted—well, I don't believe I had any real settled plan laid out, and I don't wonder now they thought I'd gone clean out of my wits. But I tried to get them to let me try what I could do on the farm and in Danvers generally to make creatures more comfortable and get people not to put upon them so. But, my! they got dreadful worked up over it.

You see the Ellises all thought alike for a hundred years or more, and they thought there'd never been a humanitarian or a humanic or a humanic of any sort in the whole tribe. And now to see an Ellis, and a female one, too, set up for a striver up and over the world, a sort of a horse-doctor and dog missionary mixed up, why, they wouldn't have it. We had words, and, to make a long story short, we settled it this way. I was a sort of mean-spirited, easy-going, anything-for-peace woman myself, and so I just told them I'd give up every bit of my share of the old farm to them three for nothing, and go off somewhere to try my plan. And they agreed to that and let me go.

"Then I began to look about to find the right kind of place. I wanted to see if there was such a thing as bringing over a whole community to my way of thinking. If I could be the means of getting everybody in just one town or village to try treating animals as if they was folks, why—well, 'twas something to live for, anyway. I considered and considered, and finally the notion came to me. I must find a small enough place so I could work it all up before I died; the Ellises ain't a long-lived family, and I wanted dreadful had to see the whole thing done in my lifetime. 'Why,' I says to myself, 'it would be almost like a little millennium of my own.' Then I heard one day about William's store,

even appears to be a feeling among the babies themselves against pulling off their wings and squeezing them to hear them buzz, and little amusement is no that. They're terrible good children by nature, you see, and I'm afraid I'd have to move. Here am I no sawfly'n' field for real missionary work here."

Before this little autobiography was ended we were walking out among the "quarters," and I had made an object-lesson to illustrate Ann Ellis's mode of treating her friends.

Such odd friends they were, but I would not wish for truer, more loyal one. Dumb! Why, every soft wistful eye, each pricked up eilky ear, each tail that wagged or thumped the ground at the sound of her gentle foot fall, each pawing, eager hoof and quivering, dilated nostril, spoke clearly, sharply, out of love and trust and willingness to serve. Here in the little pasture lot grazed a blind horse there, a little away, an old and grizzled one, passing his last days—his happiest ones, poor fellow!—in peace and comfort. There were dogs, with bounding, splashing legs, dogs that were lying on the grass, or lying in a basket, box, or barrel. And there were real, active animals, dogs and cats, and others too. Some were waiting to be claimed by owners from whom they had strayed away. Others had been willfully deserted, and had no other home but this. There was lame hen hobbling about on its awkward wooden leg; there was

her, and she call her good dog, but she didn't seem to care. And then bime by it struck me she didn't understand; she was French, and 'gwah-gwah' was no more than foreign talk to her.

"Of course I had to do something about it or she'd die on my hands. I inquired about, and found there was a lady over in East 12th street, a French girl, named Marie, that knew some French—used to learn it to children fit the academy. So I went over there. 'Twas a real hot day in July, and there'd been quite a spell of dry weather, and 'twas terrible dusty. I'd been up all the night before with Chastity, the old white horse there, and she didn't feel very rugged that day, and I thought I'd never get there. But I found Miss Edwards, and she was real good, took quite an interest, and she learnt me to say 'good dog' in French—'bon-gwah,' you know. I practised it over and over, till I said it real good, and then I started home. Well, will you believe, time I got there there was a fine crowd of folks gathered, and I got it mixed up with the poor dog's Chinese name, Fan Suong, and for the life of me I couldn't say it right. So luck I had to go through that and learn it again. But my! I paid, for she was so pleased when I told her she was a 'bon-gwah,' just as her old-master there, and she didn't seem to care. And she'd admire to hear her native language."

You may be sure I tired my best Farlan French for the benefit of the home-sick foreigner, greatly to the delight of my good old friend. Noting how careful she was lest any word of ours should hurt the feelings of her, I asked her if she thought they understood what we said.

"Well, I didn't really know," she answered; "and so I go on the plan of acting as if they did. It don't do any harm, you see; and just supposing they do know our language, why, they'll be dreadful out on sometimes. So I act as I do with folks, and mind my words when they're around."

It was a good while before I became used to this peculiarity of the old woman, and I was puzzled and startled again and again by a wailing word, look, or gesture when about to speak freely of those about us. "That looks like a good hunting dog," I said one day, pointing out a fine Irish setter near by. A significant look from Ann, a fobbing look. "Ain't he a nice dog?" "Yes, Jack's a good dog," which words set the silky tail of golden brown waving like a banner—and then the old woman whispered in my ear: "He's gun-shy, poor fellow. He can't help it; it's born in him. He's tried and tried, but he says he can't stand it. Just the very sight of a gun or any loaded or un-loaded gun scares him to death. That's how I got him. Jim Merrill had him, and was bound to train that trick out of him. He beat him till he 'most killed him, but it only made him worse. And so I bought him."



JIMMY CONDEMNED.

and it appeared to me just what I wanted. Six families in all—that's what there was then—and not very big ones neither. I had a little money besides my share of the farm I'd given up—some left me by the bank and I was named after, so I'd got something to start with. And here I come, and here I be.

"It's a good many years now, for 'twas dreadful slow work. But it's done. Every single one of the Gore families—and, as I said before, there's nine now—has come over to my way of thinking, and yet I ain't reached the average limit of age yet. So I've got my little millennium, you see. But I must tell the whole truth and own up to one thing. I don't believe I've had much to do with it, after all. Come to think of it, I believe the Gore folks would have come to the same point if I hadn't been here at all. For I've never preached about it or scolded and fretted at them or anything. They must have had a looking that way themselves, and found it all out without my help. Sometimes I wish I'd a-taken a harder place, with crueler folks in it; there'd have been more credit in that. For I've had an easy, comfortable time of it, after all, doing for the dogs and horses and cats that was sick or hurt or old or lost or left out some way.

"You see, I like them, and so it's dreadful interesting. And I like showing them to folks, too, particular the boys and girls. And they'll spend hours at a time watching me take care of them and talk to them and treat them my way. But as for preaching at them about it, or to their fathers and mothers, I hadn't got time for it. But there ain't a man or woman or a boy or girl now in the Gore that would do a cruel thing to a horse or a dog or a cow or an ox or any four-footed thing; and what's more, they wouldn't stone a bird or break up a nest—and children do like that kind of thing, you know; and there

a blind canary in a rough home-made cage, singing his little heart out as he heard the voice of the one he had never seen, but loved.

It was as the landlord had said, "A dreadful animal" to hear Animal and him, but it was worse. There was to me something strangely pathetic, touching, in the way she spoke of and to these creatures. Certainly there was in her words or tones or looks—nothing that could hurt to these friends of hers that she thought them anything but "folks."

"Do you know how to talk French?" she asked suddenly one day. As I owned to some knowledge of the language, she said, "Oh, I'm real glad. You see, the children come over one day last month to tell me that the old mousher, as they called him round here—him that used to learn the young folks to dance over in Danvers—was dead, and he'd left a dog provided for. The town had buried the old man, and the poor little creature was crying herself to death over the grave. I went over with them, and we fetched her away, dreadful unwilling, but too weak from mourning and going without victuals and sleep to make much fuss. I've brought lots of sorrowing young things through their troubles, homesickness and loneliness and disappointment and grief, but I never had a worse case than this. 'Twas a poodle; Fan Suong the old man used to call her; some kind of Chinese, don't it, now? And she was the miserablest being! She wouldn't make friends, she was scary and terrible bashful, and she just about cried her eyes out, and that old master of hers—an outlander, and a taking, fretful little man—no more folks, but the best and dearest in the world to Fan Suong. I tried hard to help her, to make her feel at home, and show her there was something to live for still, but she didn't take any notice. I'd make a good deal of her, praise

which overwhelmed me, and I was so good of a pretty sharp one—from the good old philanthropist. Peering out at us from behind a shield was the oddest creature. It was intended, doubtless, for a cat, but was such a caricature of one. One ear stood sharply erect, the other lopped limply down; the eyes, because of an injury done to one of them, had a chronic squint; and there was a twist upward to each corner of the wide mouth that suggested the grin of the proverbial cat of Cheshire. It was irrepressible, and I laughed. Animal Ann clutched my arm.

"Stop laughing," she whispered, sharply; "or if you can't hold it in, go away."

I was sobered at once.

"Poor Johnny," said the old woman, after we had left the spot. "She's terrible homey, and she knows it, as well as we do. Nobody'll have her, she looks so bad. And the worst of it is she's just aching to be made much of and coddled. There's the loveliest heart in that poor outlandish-looking body. She's real touchy about her looks, particular her eyes; maybe you took notice there was a mite of a cast in them—and I do—all I can to make her forget about it."

(To be continued.)

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who referred to his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley; "because she cannot look through it. And that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."