

GLEANERS OF FAME.

Hearken not, friend, for the resounding din
 That did the Poet's verses once acclaim :
 We are but gleaners in the field of fame,
 Whence the main harvest has been gathered in,
 The sheaves of glory you are fain to win,
 Long since were stored round many a household name,
 The reapers of the Past, who timely came,
 And brought to end what few can now begin.
 Yet, in the stubbles of renown, 'tis right
 To stoop and gather the remaining ears,
 And carry homeward in the waning light
 What hath been left us by our happier peers ;
 So that, befall what may, we be not quite
 Famished of honour in the far-off years.

 LAST OF THE ILLINI.

A BIT OF INDIAN HISTORY RECALLED BY A VISIT TO
 OTTAWA, ILL.



DURING a recent trip to Ottawa, Ill., I visited the famous "Starved Rock" situated about ten miles from that city, said Mr. A. W. Hatch. "It is a beautiful place, and has a most romantic historical story connected with it. 'Starved Rock' is a huge pile of sandstone rising perpendicularly at the water's edge to a height of 200 feet above the Illinois river. Its crest can only be reached by a natural stairway on the southwest side. Its top is about half an acre in size, and thickly covered with tall pines and cedars, making a superb picnic site that is used considerably during the summer. From this elevation a magnificent view is obtainable up and down the Illinois valley, where nature has painted scenery more beautiful than any ever pictured on canvas.

The story of 'Starved Rock' is a thrilling and true one. Long, long years ago, as the story-writers would say, a tribe of Indians called Illini held domain from the Wabash to the Mississippi river, and north from the mouth of the Ohio river to Lake Superior. In 1756 the Iroquois Indians began a war with them, and for years this war continued until at last the once powerful tribe of the Illini was almost exterminated,