

HOW MIS-MIS WAS SAVED.

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Several years ago, in one of the Indian tribes in the far North-West of America, the buffaloes, that have now entirely disappeared, kept so far away that the Indian hunters found a great deal of difficulty in killing sufficient numbers of them to keep the people supplied with food.

In those days they did not cultivate the land, and so had no grain or vegetables.

Instead of being extra industrious and endeavoring to kill other kinds of game to take the place of the buffalo, the disheartened, wicked men of the tribe, resolved to get rid of some of the old people, who had outlived their ability to hunt or fish as well as in their more youthful days.

This cruel custom of putting to death the aged and feeble existed among many of the tribes until a very recent date.

One old man especially was singled out in this tribe, to which we have referred, to be killed and sent to the happy hunting-grounds immediately on the return of a large hunting party, if they should be unsuccessful in a great hunting excursion on which they were about starting.

In some way or other, Mis-mis, for that was his name, and it is the Indian for grandfather, got hold of this information and was not at all pleased with the news of what was in store for him.

Had he not been for years the mighty hunter and brave warrior? Had he not been able to shoot the arrow clean through the body of the buffalo, and had not, in years past, the war-whoop rung out from him as, ever in the fore-front of the battle, he pushed on with the bravest of the brave? And now for him to be basely strangled with a rope or lasso! The thought was humiliating. Why had he not died in battle long ago rather than come to this? So, instead of sitting down in sullen indifference and stoically awaiting his fate, he determined that, as he was to die, he would die in a manner worthy of his record as a brave warrior and a great hunter. He resolved that he must die in mortal combat with some enemy of a hostile tribe, or in battle with some savage beast.

While brooding over this resolve and wondering how he could best carry it out (while the able-bodied hunters were all away), the opportunity one day suddenly presented itself.

Back of the village in which he lived were some large, deep ravines, in which great quantities of sweet berries grow on tall bushes. The Indians call these berries Sas-ke-too-me-nah-nah-Menisuk. They are like our bilberries. The bears are as fond of them as are the Indians.

One day, as Mis-mis sat gloomily in his tent, a party of boys came rushing in with the news that while they were out in one of the ravines, picking berries, they saw not far away a very large grizzly bear. Mis-mis sprang up with joy. Here was his opportunity. He would die fighting that great bear. So, divesting himself of all his clothes but a pair of leather pants, which were scant and torn, and taking his tomahawk, he sallied out to the conflict. He stuck in his hair as many eagle feathers as he had slain enemies in battle, and as he marched forth he began to sing his death-song.

Of course, he expected nothing but death from this monster, as the killing of a full-grown grizzly by a hunter is ever considered a feat equal to that of slaying a warrior of another tribe in a hand-to-hand conflict.

He had not far to go ere he caught signs of the enormous brute that had been quietly feasting on the berries. Every species of bears seems fond of berries. On the rivers of the far North I have watched the black bears, through a telescope, eating with great relish the wild berries which grow there.

As Mis-mis hurried on, still singing his death-song, the grizzly, amazed at his audacity and enraged at being interrupted in his feast, at once came to meet him. Black bears are generally timid and run away when thus disturbed, but not so the grizzlies.

When within striking distance, the Indian, who, as a brave hunter, had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, raised his sharp tomahawk and aimed a terrible blow at the bear, that had quickly risen up on his haunches.

Bears are, perhaps, the most skilful boxers in the world, and this enormous old fellow was no exception. He easily parried the blow aimed at his head by Mis-mis, and did it so effectually that he knocked the glittering tomahawk out of his hand with such force that it went flying through the air and landed on the prairie-grass, yards away.

Poor old Mis-mis was in a sad plight now. There he stood before the grizzly, without a weapon and nearly naked. But he had come out to die, and while sorry that he had not been able to at least draw blood, or wound the enemy that was to kill him, he stood his ground bravely, and waited to receive the terrible stroke of the paw that would fairly tear him to pieces.

Grizzly bears do not hug or squeeze their victim to death, like some other kinds of bears do. Their method, when they get close to their foe or prey, is to strike out with their fore-paw as they rise upon their hind legs. Their horn-claws are often larger than a man's finger, and they can easily strike down a horse or a buffalo.

Fancy, if you can, the old Indian's amazement, when the terrible paw that was to

capture. He explained that this old fellow had broken off all his claws by turning over heavy rocks and stones looking for slugs and worms, on which the grizzlies feed, and of which they are very fond.

The boys entered eagerly into the sport, for were they not the sons of warriors and hunters, and were they not longing for the time when they would be able to emulate the deeds of the bravest of their tribe?

What an Indian boy loves most of all is his bow and arrows. Next to these is his lasso. This is made of strong, green hide, and is fixed with a running noose or slip-knot at one end. The other end the lad ties to his belt, or holds in his hand.

They become very skilful in throwing the open noose over the heads of dogs and their colts and horses, and even buffaloes.

Mis-mis got about a dozen of the biggest boys to accompany him with their lassos, and as quietly as possible they surrounded the bear. Almost before he knew where he was, the lassos began to fall over his head and tightened on his neck. He plunged this way and that way, but all in vain. The boys held him tight, and as he had lost most of his teeth in addition to

and the people became Christians. And now the old and feeble are all kindly cared for, and there will never be a return to those days when it was such a risky thing to get old and feeble.

A WATCH'S WONDERS.

THE MECHANISM OF THE MOST COMMON ARTICLE OF ATTIRE.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little wonder wheel as it flies to an fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9/16 inches long and 1-100 inch wide and 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in a spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1,20,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight of pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny workers let us make a few comparisons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

MOTHER'S RULES.

A place for each thing,
And each thing in its place;
You can go in the dark
And each article trace.

Whatever is worth doing
Is worth doing well;
Take time for your working,
Your work will excel.

Be quiet and steady,
Haste only makes waste;
Steps hurriedly taken
Must needs be retraced.

A bad habit cured
Is a good one begun;
The beginning make right,
And your work is half done.

What you should do to-day
You must never postpone;
Delay steals your moments
And makes you a drone.

Never say, 'I cannot,'
But 'I'll try, try again'—
Let this be at all times
Your cheerful refrain.

Be content with your lot,
Be bright as the sun;
Be kind and be true—
All wickedness shun.

Love God and your neighbor,
The Golden Rule keep;
Walk daily with Jesus,
And in His love sleep.



THERE HE STOOD BEFORE THE GRIZZLY, WITHOUT A WEAPON.

fairly tear him open, came down across his naked chest, and did not even scratch or injure him. The claws were all gone, and the blow he had received was as though he had been struck with a great ball of fur. He quickly put himself in a boxing attitude and struck back, and then the bear hit him again, but it did him no serious harm. And so they had quite a battle. Fists against an old bear's paws robbed of their claws!

Soon another thought came into old Mis-mis's head, and it was this: 'I will capture this big bear, and thus show the hunters that I am worth something yet.' So he jumped back, and ran as fast as he could from the bear to the village. The bear did not follow far, but returned to the berries.

The old man told the boys to get their lassos ready, and to come with him. He, with an Indian's quick insight, told them that here was an old bear that they could

his claws, he could not cut off the tough leather lassos.

He growled and struggled, but all in vain. Old grandfather and the boys had him captured. After a good deal of trouble and excitement, they got him to the Indian village. They drove down some strong stakes on different sides of him, and tied him so securely to them that he could not possibly get away.

Great was the excitement of the men when they returned from their hunting expedition. Here was a feat never equaled in the history of their tribe. A live grizzly captured and tethered with lassos in the camp!

A great council was called. Mis-mis was voted to be, as he had ever been, a brave man. Mis-mis was not to die. The threat to kill him was removed. As long as there was food in the camp he was to have his share.

Soon after this the missionary arrived,