

PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Our Heroes.

BY PERCIE GARY.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight,
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honour to him if he conquers!
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily,
The world knows nothing about,
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
More of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're
tempted,
To do what you know to be right,
Stand firm by the colours of manhood
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

PUSSY'S BIG PLAYMATE.

The superintendent of the Central Park Menagerie, at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat, Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house, in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time, and tried to coax the cat out; but it would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and, when the rhinoceros was asleep, the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros-bird keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at his ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."—Alliance.

HIDE ME FROM PAPA.

"Please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me."

The speaker of the above touching words was a little girl just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, "Now, Mary, kiss us goodbye; it is too cold to take you any further." The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said in her baby words: "O Lenny, please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me!"

O darling, precious Mary, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up! How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much fear!

As I rode homeward the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh, that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands raised in entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion! Surely, the heart of the most hardened whiskey-dealer would have been reached, and his slumbering conscience would have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits. Oh, think of it, barkeeper and whiskey-sellers of every grade!—think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet from the use of this curse of our land, had become so cruel and unfeeling as to inspire abject fear in his only child.

May all who read these lines and have encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last day many women and children shall say to them: "To you we owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives, our blood be upon your skirts."—Richmond Advocate.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY LUCIE D. PHILLIPS.

Many years ago, I was stationed at a post near the encampment of Sioux Indians, and you can well believe I was prepared for any sort of adventure. My cabin was built against the side of a mountain peak, now gorgeous with autumn's rich colouring, and in front a wild ravine broke its way over torrents, rocks, and fallen timbers. But for the smoke wreaths in the west I might have

face and voice. I grew lonely and restless almost beyond endurance.

"I'll climb the Horseshoe spur, and have a look with my glass," I said. "Perhaps I may see my men approaching."

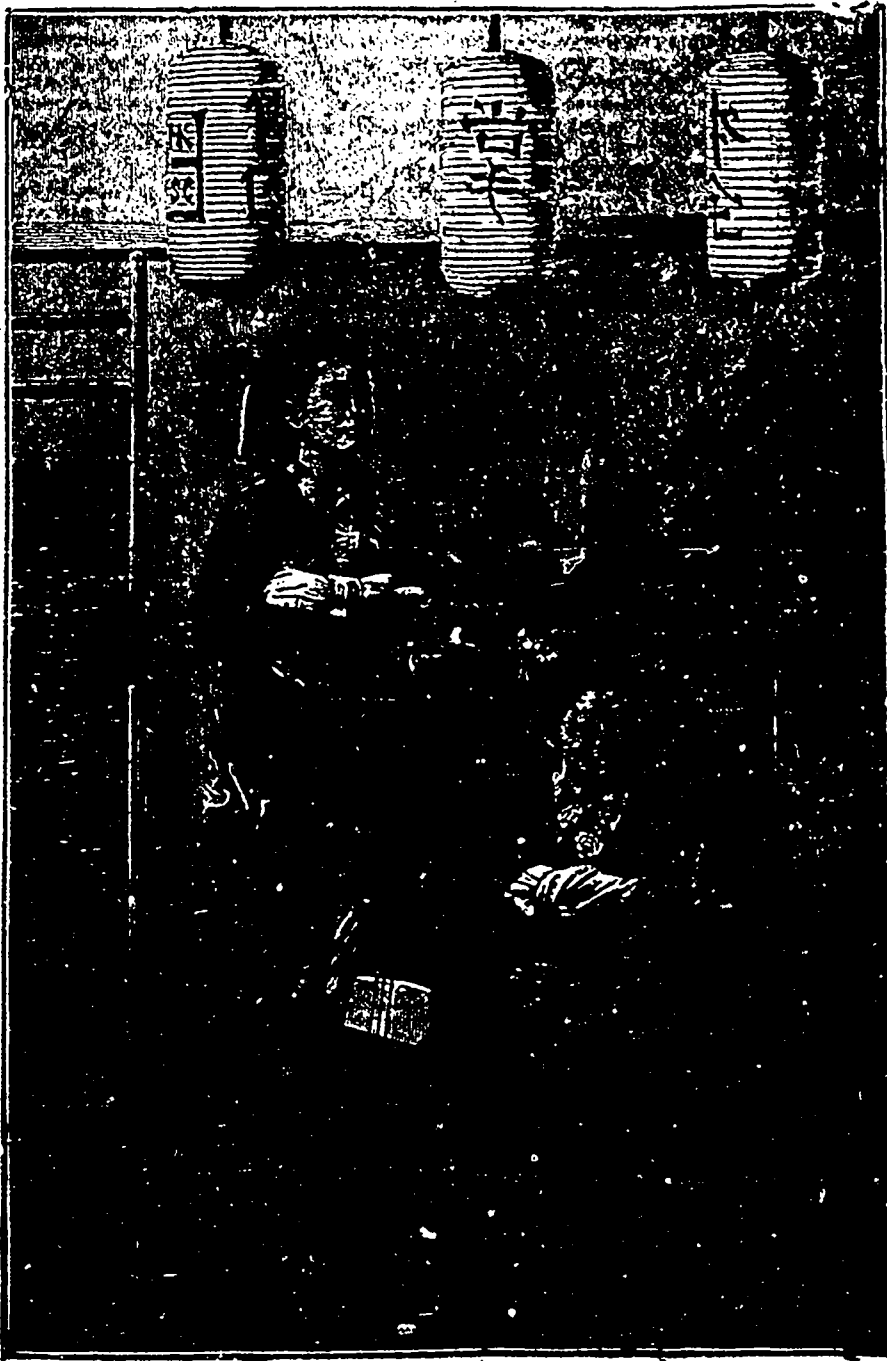
But I saw something very different. From my lofty perch I could look down into the very heart of the ravine, and with my glass beheld the Sioux chiefs in terrible conflict. "Spotted Tail," decorated with feathers and war paint, his mantle edged with the scalps of "pale faces" he had taken in countless battles, was about to plunge his knife into the heart of "Crazy Horse." Both showed in their eyes the hatred and revenge of their murderous passions.

But while I held my breath for the fatal stab, a shrill, wild shriek made the warriors turn to listen. It was only Annie, the captain's young daughter; but in that deep gorge, with her white dress and white face, she seemed a ghastly apparition. The Indian is nothing if not superstitious. They thought her a ghost, a warning sent by the Great Spirit, and fled in opposite directions.

"How strange that you should have been in the ravine just at that moment, Annie!" said I. "You always come to my cabin by the trail."

"That is true; but I wanted a wreath of scarlet berries, and the ones in the ravine are the finest. I was dreadfully frightened. I thought they would kill me too."

This incident shows how small a thing may affect the destinies of nations. The two chiefs lived, became friends, and the feud was buried. After this, "Spotted Tail" was the victor of many battles. "Crazy Horse" was prominent in the Custer massacre, and in war conquered the troops again and again.



JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

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Here are two Japanese lady musicians, who play on these strange looking instruments. They sit on the floor to play, just like a tailor would sit at his work. And what lovely dresses they have on! They are made of figured silk, which is thin and gauzy, and is worked all over with beautiful flowers. And what funny things they have on their heads! but they wear these all the time, in the house as well as out of it.

A certain benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behaviour. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints, I will disinherit her." There were no more complaints.

thought myself lord of the wide and lovely domain about me. I knew all about the dusky warriors, and had every reason to dislike them as neighbours. They had not only made frequent inroads on my supplies of coffee and sugar, helping themselves without stint or leave; but I had been told that the renowned "Spotted Tail," and "Crazy Horse," chiefs of the Sioux bands, were expected daily to settle a deadly feud with war to the teeth and bloodshed. I wished to be as far away as possible when this interesting event took place.

My position was extremely perilous. My men were off on a bear hunt. The recruits I had asked for had not arrived. I was alone amid the unbroken desolation of the mountain and wilderness.

Not far away to the east was a mining camp, and to my cabin sometimes came the captain's daughter with my letters, or to borrow some rations when their own ran low. But I had not seen her for days. I actually pined for a human

GOING ROUND A CURVE.

That instructive view of lives totally different from ours, which widens the sympathies and makes the heart more tender, is given us in "The General Manager's Story," by Herbert Hamblen. Here is a fine description of a brakeman's initiation into the delights (?) of riding on a locomotive.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows, and when we were a little late and had a passing point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes gold' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the centre, and gradually work his throttle wide open.

How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there!

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign, his head and half his body are out of the window, and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch, where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab.

Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset, I am nearly flung out of the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler, and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain.

All this time the engineer hasn't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel.

How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.