

taking the knapsack on her back, and the young man by the hand, both set out again with light steps to finish their day's journey.

"Oh, John dear," said Trien, "I don't know how it is, but I could dance and leap with joy; now, I could walk twenty hours longer without feeling tired."

"It is the same with me," replied the soldier; "I feel as if I could fly. Oh, dearest Trien, if my left eye were to grow quite well again, what happiness! what joy! My heart feels oppressed when I think of it."

"Grow quite well! to be sure it will. Our dear Lady will take care of that. Do you not see that it is the hand of God? My dream last night."

"Trien dear, Trien dear," he cried, while he tremblingly pressed her hand; "ah, if it were to turn out so, how beautiful should our life on earth then be! We should then marry, as you have so kindly promised, and I should work like a slave — but, oh, with what life and happiness! — while you, my dearest wife, should have nothing to do but take care of yourself and —"

"Not so, John," she interrupted, smiling; "do you imagine I could live in idleness? I would show you other things, I can tell you."

"It is all the same," he said; "you should do only what you chose to do, and nothing more. And our parents, Trien, how happy should we make their last days by our care and love! I would tear down the partition between the two huts and make one house of them, that all might live together. It would be quite a heaven of love and joy."

"Oh, how beautiful!" sighed Trien with emotion; "the partition must be taken down at once; and then grandfather, and our mothers, and Pawken, and you and I, and our cow too, shall be always together. What a life! Oh, what a life!"

Trien clapped her hands with joy, like a child.

"And then," continued John, "we farm too little land just now to give us enough to do, and enable us to make progress. I shall drive a trade with fir-cones, besides, and gradually add wood and bundles of twigs. Then we must look a little to the future; if?"

He said no more, for the maiden had covered her face with her hands, and he heard her sobbing. "Why do my words trouble you so?" he asked.

"For heaven's sake, speak no more of all these beautiful things. I feel as if my heart would break with joy at the thought of it all. John, I am so happy, that I shall go out of my senses if you go on talking about the paradise that awaits us on earth."

And I too, Trien. But I cannot be silent for all that; my heart overflows. Let me go on, and do you speak also; and so we shall be at Moll without knowing it, so light and easy will the way appear; and there we are to rest, you know."

The soldier began anew to unfold his fine plans, and enchanted the maiden with his pictures of a blessed future in which both lived their whole life through by anticipation, and enjoyed pleasures in prospect.

At last, they reached their resting place. Trien gave John the knapsack, and both entered the village hand in hand.

To be continued.

—Let every Catholic make it a matter of conscience to write a letter of protest to each and every paper or magazine responsible for attacks upon the Holy Father. Tell them this is Canada, not France or Italy, and that an attack on the Vicar of Christ is an attack on you. Let's clear out this brood of vipers.

### True Tales of Pioneer Days in Kansas

BY 'MAYFLOWER'

Years ago, when the state of Kansas was first being settled, there lived with her pioneer parents, three brothers and six sisters, a little black-eyed maiden, with abundance of auburn ringlets and cheeks like two rosy apples. She came to Kansas in a moving wagon and, for a while, lived in a tent. One night it stormed and rained so hard, her mother had to float her and some of the other children on an improvised raft to keep them out of the water.

Auburn Curis like all the other little pioneer children had no real dollies to play with like we have today. They only had rag dollies but yet were very happy. Sometimes they would play hide and seek in the tall blue grass which grew taller than their little heads. They would never go far from their homes to play as the Indians were very thick in Kansas then and would steal them. The pioneer mothers were never out of fear for their children. The Indians loved to get hold of a little "pale-face" as they called them. If he were a boy, they would make him a chief when he grew up and, if it were a girl, she later became the bride of an Indian chief. Indians in those days would often come upon a person unaware and would holler: "Woo!", which would make a cold chill run down your spine. They generally asked for what they wanted and, if they didn't get it, they would take it anyway.

One day an Indian chief asked Auburn Curis' mother if he could have a pretty white banty chicken that was out in her yard. She told him that she did not wish to part with it, but he only patted his chest and said: "Heap, purty bird," and took it.

If you would do the Indians a wrong they would never forget you, neither would they forget you if you did them a good deed.

Later in Auburn Curis' life when the Indians traveled from one town to another, an Indian chief came to her father's house for breakfast. He commanded the other Indians to stay outside while he came in to eat, and eat he did as they had never seen human eat before. After breakfast he stood up, rubbed his stomach and said: "Heap good, heap three days." Later, when her father had moved miles away from his old home, the old chief, whose name was Whitewater, learned his whereabouts and came to see him.

Another incident from real life is that of little Auburn Curis' brother-in-law. He was only fourteen years old when he thought he was being mistreated by his brothers at home and, to hide from them; he ran away to live with the Indians. The Indians were very glad to get him, they marked him and burned his face with powder. He tried three times to escape, but they guarded him very closely and it was three years before he finally escaped as they were travelling through a little village.

One time when he tried to escape, he got only a short distance from the tribes when an Indian boy on a pony overtook him. No doubt then, you will wonder what was done to him, as Indians never punish by whipping. They believe in strict obedience, but punish by stretching the limbs, by starving, or similar chastisement. The punishment, in this case, was by having a rope thrown around his waist and being forced to keep pace with the pony. At times when he could not keep up, he was dragged along on the ground, given time only once in a while to get up, get a fresh breath and go on again until he reached the tribe. He told Auburn Curis' folks many ways of the Indians. He said little Indian

boys, about five years old, were taught how to shoot by giving them a bow and arrow and not giving them a bite to eat except the game they brought home. He said sometimes they would throw raw pieces of meat to their children and they would catch it and eat it. He said he could not eat that way and learned to dig the pioneer's potatoes and roast them in hot ashes. He learned to cook his feathered game from the pioneers, by rolling the game in soft mud and ashes and placing them over a fire to roast. He asserted that way of cooking meat was very sweet. He also ate many wild berries, but thought often he would starve to death.

Indians ate any kind of meat, except that of dogs. The Indians never buried their dead, except the chief, he said. They were very sincere in their way of putting away the dead. Instead of thinking their souls were in peace in Heaven, they sent them to a happy hunting ground. This was done by having a fixed place some distance back in the forest from their wigwags. It was made of various skins of animals stretched on high poles. They placed their dead on this and danced around for three days without eating a mouthful of food. After the three days were up, the Indians' wives, the squaws, prepared a feast. Meanwhile, the old men of different tribes gathered around a large pipe, each one taking his turn smoking it and blowing the smoke into one straight cloud towards Heaven. This they called the "peace pipe". After the feast they all left for their wigwags, leaving the body for the birds to devour and think its spirit away at peace. This way of putting away the dead, it is said, is one reason why so many human bones were found around here by the early settlers.

I have been told there are two Indian chiefs' graves about three miles from here. One day, when Auburn Curis was coming home from school with her brothers and sisters, they met some Indians on the war path, the red men paint up in red and very bright colors and wear bright colored feathers on their heads and trailing down their backs. They march in single file and if anything, either man or beast, deliberately comes in their path, they would take its life. The children knew enough to give them the path, but little Auburn Curis was the smallest and she was so frightened that, as she walked along by the side of her older sister, she pinched her limb until it was black and blue.

The pioneers of those days were very kind, cordial and happy, trusting much in Divine Providence. They seldom let a Sunday pass without asking the neighbors home with them for dinner after church and they always found a kindly welcome, even if their meal sometimes only consisted of mush and milk. Sometimes whole families would be content on an ear of parched corn for supper until their father came home from the mill some distance away. The trip generally took several days, as they drove there with oxen teams. Little Auburn Curis heard her father tell many Civil war stories, as stories were their chief pastime around the blazing fireside in the long winter evenings. He said, that if a man in Civil war days got up a regiment of three hundred men, he was appointed commander of that regiment. Her father gathered his three hundred together, but, being unable to pass the examination on account of being thrown from a horse and having three ribs broken when a boy, he was caused to give up his men to another commander. His grief was so intense over this that he was sick for three days.

Auburn Curis' home and pleaded for a place to hide. Without a second thought, her mother gathered some old rags that were in a barrel in the shed. He crawled into the barrel and she had no more than placed them over him again and turned around, when in rushed several men hot on his track. They were given permission to search the house, but not finding him, they finally left. Her mother then uncovered him and with a "God bless you mother, you have saved my life," he left the house in haste.

Auburn Curis was not yet very old when Sunny Kansas was visited with grasshoppers. Grasshoppers seemed to rain down from the heavens for nearly an hour. One could only see the sun by looking through a smoked glass. This as you have probably heard before, was a new trial for the early Kansas settlers, as the "hoppers" ate up all the crops and even dug the potatoes out of the ground. They were so large that Auburn Curis and her brothers and sisters drove them in their play for horses. Auburn Curis' sister, who was a mute, as the result of a fever contracted when a little child, was attending a deaf and dumb school at Olathe, Kansas, at the time, tells of having made grasshopper soup at the school. This was done by taking the two largest legs of the grasshoppers. By this you can imagine their size and the patience of our dear, early settlers.

Food and clothing was donated and sent to some of the pioneer settlers by the people of the Eastern States in which act of charity Auburn Curis' future companion helped. To look out now over the waving wheat fields, which were once wild rolling prairie lands and which, in all possibility, will soon be covered with oil derricks certainly offers a fertile subject for reminiscence. It is, indeed, sweeter for me to look back into the past and think of little Auburn Curis riding on her pony over the wild prairies, over the hills and down through the cool green valleys. But those days are passed now and I am happy to tell you that little Auburn Curis can thank her Heavenly Father just as humbly for her benefits of today as she could years ago for her portion of parched grains of corn for her supper. And I know this is true for dear little Auburn Curis is no other than the mother of "Mayflower."

### Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 22 of St. Peters Bote

Rostern reports that a very large number of German-Russians arrived for the Colony. Among them Mr. Klaasen to whom a little boy was born on the ship and who was baptized here in the Catholic church.

A certain Mr. John living in Wyoming informs the C. S. S. that he intends to come up by team and expects to arrive in about six weeks.

Mr. Lange, the hard working President of the C. S. S., returned last Friday from an inspection trip of three weeks through the eastern part of the Colony.

Lucas Raufmeyer writes from Vossen P. O. on July 8th that the people are busy with the mower. — Jos. Hufnagel has opened a General store where the settlers can obtain all the necessities of life.

J. A. Vossen is at work on the new railroad. — Jacob Spring and F. J. Vossen Sr. were on the sick list for a few days. — W. J. Hobelberg is breaking with a 20 in. plow.

### SEASONED TROOPS

"Are they seasoned troops?" "They ought to be. They were first mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy."

### ALL IN THE CEMETERY.

Landlord — Have you any children?

Prospective Tenant — Yes, six, all in the cemetery.

Landlord — Better there than here! And he proceeded to execute the desired lease.

In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent for a walk.

### BLUNDERS IN NEWSPAPERS

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I offer you my services."

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