STORY OF CHINESE KU YUM

And How She Longed for a Little Sister.

Mongolian Children Much the Same as Those of More Favored Caucasian Race.

Ku Yum lived her little life in a large room in the top story of a San Francisco Chinatown tenement. It was quite a pleasant place, with bamboo panels hanging on the walls and a gay matting on the floor—airy and sunshiny, too, with a breeze from the bay wandering through the windows, which opened onto a balcony bright with flowering plants and bowls of Chinese lilies.

Ku Yum was scarcely as high as the railing around the balcony, and passers in the street below who might happen to glance up could easily discern her small black head through the rails. It was nearly always there, for Ku Yum liked well to watch the life in the street. Besides, Ku Yum was on the lookout for a little sister. There was nothing in this world that Ku Yum wanted so much as a little sister.

Ku Yum had two small brothers to play with and an old nurse to look after her. She had an elder brother, too, but he lived down stairs with her father and the men who worked in her father's cigar factory. He was 12 years old and went to the Chinese government school, so that Ku Yum had almost as much respect for him as she had for her parent.

One day Ku Yum said to her nurse, "I wish I had a little sister."

And her nurse replied: "You have better than a little sister. You have brothers."

"But I more badly want what is like myself than what is better," persisted Ku Yum.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Her father had taken her brothers to a hill where they could fly their kites, and Ku Yum was alone with her nurse. The old woman was stitching rows of imitation pearls upon a bright colored velvet band that was to adorn Ku Yum's head during the first days of the coming New Year. The little girl sat on a stool learning how to embroider.

"Tell me a story, Woo Ma," she pleaded.

And Woo Ma, the nurse, told her a story of one who had attained to great honors because when a lad of 9 he had cheerfully cut a piece of flesh out of his arm to please his mother, who had expressed a wish to see blood flow.

Ku Yum did not like that story and insisted that a mistake had been made in the telling and that it could not have been the boy's mother that had allowed him to cut his flesh—that it must have been his nurse.

"Oh," exclaimed the old woman, "what a tongue the child has. Listen, then, and I will tell you what you will like to hear," and she began:

"Every year when the almond tree bursts into bloom the Queen of Mercy, seated on a lily throne, wraps a spirit sword in a cloth of violets and gives it to a dove that flies with it into the heavens"—

"But how can a little bird carry anything so heavy as a sword?" asked Ku Yum, examining a weapon made of Chinese cash strung together which hung over a couch in a corner of the room, a charm to ward away evil spirits.

"I said that it was a spirit sword," replied the nurse rather crossly. She did not like to be interrupted.

Some one knocked at the door. It was the tailor's wife from across the street. Her baby boy, who the day before had "completed the moon," which means attained to the age of one month, had, according to established Chinese custom, been shaved then for the first time. The result was a violent cold, and the mother was anxious that Woo Ma, who was skilled in nursing sick children, should accompany her back to the house. So away went Woo Ma, leaving Ku Yum alone.

Now there were dreams in Ku Yum's eyes and longings in her heart, and five minutes after the departure of Woo Ma saw the little girl slipping quietly down the tenement's steep stairs. Upon reaching the street she looked around wonderingly and perceiving a child of about her own age greeted her. But the child frowned and flung out her arm as if to strike, and Ku Yum walked on, saying to herself, "That is not my little sister."

Two little girls carrying a basket between them smiled at her as they passed. Ku Yum smiled back, but did not speak, for she thought, "They are two, and my sister will be one."

She cast wistful glances into the doorways of houses where children were playing, but nobody in particular seemed to wish for her company. Indeed, some girls mocked at her, and one boy pulled the silk cord out of her braid.

Wandering on, she finally found herself outside the precincts of Chinatown. She had never been so far away from home without Woo Ma, but she was not afraid, and the shop windows were wonderful. She had paused to admire some colored glass balls in a showcase, when she felt a timid touch on her shoulder and saw a little American girl standing beside her. Could a little American girl be her sister? She stretched out her hand and touched the child's face lovingly, and the tiny white maiden moved closer and kissed Ku Yum on the cheek.

"I have been looking for you," began Ku Yum, and then a woman rushed up and dragged the little American girl away.

Ku Yum felt discouraged. It was getting dark, and she lost her way. Passersby stared curiously at her. Some paused as if to speak, but seeing that it was a little Chinese girl who could not understand them proceeded on their way.

Suddenly Ku Yum felt something sharp strike her cheek. It was a pebble. Ku Yum bounded from her corner like a little kitten, and the boy who had thrown the pebble, joined by others of his kind, pursued. The appearance of a policeman, however, put a stop to the chase, and while the officer was shaking his baton at the boys Ku Yum ran pantingly up a hill and sank down exhausted outside a fenced garden, where she lay sobbing and shivering in the cold and dark. It was hard indeed to find a little sister.

Half an hour later a gentleman stumbled over a little head outside his garden gate.

"Hello," he exclaimed when the light of a match revealed Ku Yum, "it's a tiny Chinese girl!" Whereupon Ku Yum, who had been sleeping just as soundly as though she were at home, rubbed her eyes, opened them and began to cry.

"Have I hurt you, midget?" asked the gentleman in Chinese. He had lived in China for a number of years.

Ku Yum shook her head, but continued crying, and the gentleman took her by the hand and led her into the house.

"Why, Edward, who is this?" asked a lady, coming forward to meet them.

"That is for you to find out, my dear," replied the gentleman.

Then the lady, who could also speak Ku Yum's language, drew the little girl to her side and gave her a hot cup of cocoa. And Ku Yum ceased crying and answered the kind questions that were put to her, telling also of her big longing for a little sister.

Tears filled the lady's eyes. "Poor little human," said she. "She has begun to seek a sister soul." And she took Ku Yum in her arms and comforted and petted her as Ku Yum had not been comforted and petted since her mother died two years before.

The next morning the lady took Ku Yum home. The little girl was very quiet while her father talked with her new friend, but when Woo Ma appeared she ran to the old woman's side and pointing to the lady, cried jubilantly, "Behold my little sister!"—Chicago Evening Post.

Pearls.

A Philadelphia dealer in jewels says pearls are in good health this summer. "Pearls are particularly liable to disease," he said. "Commercially, the health of a pearl refers to its luster, and when it becomes dull you may know that it is sick. Salt water is the only tonic that is known to be efficacious in such cases, and after being immersed in brine for several days the gems will be found to be restored to their usual health. The summer months are usually hard on pearls, but this year, for some reason, there is very little illness among them."

A Photographic Checking Clock.

An apparatus that has at least the merit of novelty is on exhibition in London. It is designed as a checking clock to record the arrival of employees at their places of work. The novelty consists in a sensitized photographic ribbon attached to clockwork. Each employee, as he or she arrives, presses the button of the machine, and immediately his or her photograph, together with a photograph of the clock, showing the moment of arrival, is impressed on the movable ribbon. It is said that the photographs can be made at the rate of 40 a minute.

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Gregory & Co. will sell at Bartlett Bros.' building, which has been especially engaged, on Third avenue, at 2 p. m. Monday, May 6th, 1901, of high-class modern household furniture comprising:

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BEAUTIFUL INDIAN LEGEND

Of How a Young Chief Cursed a Town

Which Was First Capital of State of Illinois—A Wierd Love Story of Long Ago.

Since the waters of the Mississippi river washed away the last vestige of Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois, an old legend that contained the prophesy of the total destruction of the once flourishing little city has been recalled. Kaskaskia was situated on a peninsula at the junction of the Kaskaskia and the Misisippi rivers, and in 1882 the Mississippi river cut its way through the peninsula, leaving the remnant of the town on an island. The water continued to wash away the rich alluvial deposits on which Kaskaskia was built until, late in 1900, the last foot of the land where the town once stood disappeared. This singular ending of Kaskaskia's once splendid ambitions has recalled to the superstitious the story that the town was cursed in the eighteenth century by an Indian who had been wronged by one of the leading citizens.

Jean Benard came to this country from France in 1698, bringing with him his wife and his 10-year-old daughter Marie. The family settled in Kaskaskia, where Benard established a merchandising business. The Frenchman soon became one of the most prosperous and most influential men of the town. Marie, his daughter, grew to be a beautiful woman, much courted by the most eligible young men of the new country. She was in no hurry to accept any of them, and her fame as a belle spread from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico.

A young chief of the Kaskaskia tribe of Indians, having become converted to Christianity after several years of study under the tutelage of the Jesuits, built himself a house in Kaskaskia and was taken into partnership in one of the trading houses there. He was prosperous, handsome and well educated and was soon received into the homes of the white settlers. One night at a ball he happened to meet Marie Benard.

The girl was at once fascinated by the tall, fine looking Indian, who fell in love with her at first sight and made no secret of his admiration. But Benard pere soon noticed the attachment and forbade his daughter from communicating with the young Indian. To make sure that there would be no more meetings Benard used his influence to prevent the chief from attending any of the social entertainments given in Kaskaskia.

But loves always finds a way, and the young couple managed to see each other despite all the precautions of the girl's father. But Benard became aware of these meetings and again took means to prevent them. He was a man of wealth and influence, and he had the Indian forced out of his partnership in the trading company.

The Indian left Kaskaskia. For almost a year nothing was heard of him, and Benard thought that his daughter had forgotten her lover, for she appeared gay and careless, and she accepted with apparent pleasure the attentions of a young Frenchman. One night when a large ball at Kaskaskia was at its height Marie Benard disappeared.

Those who searched for Marie discovered that the young chief of the Kaskaskians had been seen that evening in the town, and the conclusion was at once reached that the girl had eloped with him. Benard at once organized a party to go in pursuit of the fugitives. As there was a heavy snow on the ground, their trail was easily discovered and followed. The Indian and Marie had crept away afoot, and as their pursuers were supplied with fast horses the young lovers were captured after a day's chase about 40 miles from Kaskaskia. Their destination had been the French settlement at St. Louis, where the Indian had provided a home for his wife.

The Indian surrendered without resistance, and the posse started on the journey back to Kaskaskia, taking the two captives. Most of the men who composed Benard's party wanted to kill the Indian instantly, but Benard would not allow it, for he said that they should leave him to deal with his daughter's lover.

When the party reached Kaskaskia, the girl was placed in the convent there. Then Benard took the Indian to the bank of the Mississippi and, binding him tightly to a log, turned him adrift in the river. As the helpless Indian floated away to his death he raised his eyes to heaven and cursed Benard, who, he declared, would die a violent death. The Indian's last words were a prophesy that within 200 years the water which were then bearing him away would sweep from the earth every vestige of the town, so that only the name would be left.

The unhappy girl died in the convent. Benard was killed in 1712 in a duel. The last trace of Kaskaskia has been obliterated, and the superstitious declare that the Indian's curse has had something to do with the passing of the once flourishing town. On dark and stormy nights the ghost of the Indian is said to appear. The specter, with strong arms bound and face upturned, floats slowly by on the river where the stream sweeps by the site of the vanished city in which Marie Benard once lived and in which she died mourning the red man that she loved.—Ex.

LILIES.

Lilies, white lilies, ye calm my soul,
For the waters are wild and the billows roll,
And love and trust have drifted away
Like the distant sail on the breast of the bay.
In a moment more 'twill have drifted from sight
And be hidden away in the waste of night!

And then ye came with your pure, sweet gaze,
With your dainty, winsome, loving ways,
And crept like a dear dream into my heart.
I could not bear to send thee apart;
For the fragrance that floats on your balmy breath
To me whispers "peace," though the world calls it death.

—Rose Van B. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

SOWN BY GUNPOWDER.

A Curious Way of Covering a Rocky Crag With Plant Life.

In the grounds of the Duke of Athol and near Blair castle, England, stands a high, rocky crag named Craigiebarns. It looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous acclivities, and no other way was thought of to get seed sown.

One day Alexander Nasmyth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the duke's grounds. The crag was pointed out to him, and he was told of the desire of the duke regarding it. After some thought he conceived how it could be accomplished. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannon. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the cannon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants all sown by gunpowder were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

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COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

This Man Knew a Steamboat When He Saw One.

The agent of one of the ocean steamship lines, says the Chicago Tribune, told the following story of a St. Louis man who got into New York the day after the maiden arrival of a great liner:

After gazing at the vessel from the pier the St. Louisan said to the man at the gangplank:

"Purty good sized steamboat."

"She's a liner, ocean liner," was the lofty reply.

"She's purty high up, ain't she?"

"Ocean liners have to be. But when she is under way she doesn't look so high."

"Her chimneys ain't very high, though."

"You mean her funnels. No; they never make them high for liners."

"Hinges on 'em?"

"Never heard of hinges on a funnel."

"How does she get under the bridge?"

"What bridge?"

"Why, any bridge. Steamboats out our way have hinges on their chimneys, and when they come to the bridges over the river they lower the chimneys, and she scoots under like she was greased."

The man at the gangplank observed the St. Louis man with lofty indifference.

"She ain't got any wheelhouses on her sides nor none at her stern," remarked the St. Louis man after he had made further inspection.

"Liners have propellers," said the man at the gangplank, and his nose turned up visibly.

"Well, I'll bet she can't run. It takes two wheels and a bow like an arrowhead and a scant hold to give a steamboat speed, sonny, and don't you forget it. If this steamboat was to get into the Mississippi, she'd go hard aground first clip."

"I have told you this is not a steamboat."

"Shucks! You can't gimme that. I saw a picter of her in one of our newspapers before I left home, and the printin under it said 'steamboat.' Do you think a St. Louis editor don't know a steamboat when he sees one? You're not on to your job yet."

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