

and given the promised yell. Almost on the instant he hears the whiz of a bullet and the crack of Mary's rifle. The ball grazes a tree behind which the Indian has suddenly skulked, really dodging a shot truly aimed. Then, with a cry of baffled rage, he springs into the forest and is seen no more.

When Stephen left his brother's side, he felt that he was put upon his mettle as never in his life before. He had recovered his "second wind," the swiftest of the Indians had gone the other way, and he had great hope that he could win the race. He *must* win, for if John should fail, who but himself could warn the people of the fort. Left alone, he suddenly became cool, calculating, and self-reliant. Before him was a bit of thicket. He turned suddenly behind this, as though seeking to hide along a ravine which bore away to the right, and as quickly again resumed his course. The Indians were deceived, and turned, as they supposed, to cut him off, and by this he gained considerably. Then, in plain sight, he took a curved path, knowing that across the shorter way were many trailing vines and low shrubs. In these the foremost savage became entangled, and lost his position in the race. And now the lad had only to make a supreme effort, the clearing was in sight; he heard his brother's voice, and the report of his sister's rifle. All was well, and he would have gone unscathed, but in leaping the fence he tripped and fell headlong. As he rose and started forward, the foremost Indian threw a tomahawk, the blade of which cut his shoulder, while the handle struck his head, stunning him, and he fell again.

The savage, eager to secure a scalp and recover his weapon, sprang over the fence, unaware of the risk he was taking, for by this time John had given the point of his brother's approach, and the brave mother was on the watch. The Indian's feet had but touched the open ground when she drew a bead upon him, and as he paused to draw his scalping-knife the rifle sent its messenger to his breast. He fell at Stephen's feet, mortally wounded, and died in a few moments.

The mother began reloading her piece. "We may need another bullet," she said, as she rammed one "home." "Help the boy in, and I'll keep an eye on the woods."

But no other foe appeared, and Stephen, whose wounds though bleeding and painful were not dangerous, soon was resting on a couch before the fire.

Notwithstanding the excitement he had passed through, he immediately fell asleep from utter exhaustion. When at sunset he awoke and saw his mother by his side he placed a hand in hers, and there was a world of love and admiration in his eyes.

In the meantime the sound of guns had brought the men quickly to the fort. John, whose blood was hot, wished to organize a party at once and pursue the Indians, but the older and more prudent objected. The mother said, "No, that is just what they will expect you to do. They will lead you a long and useless chase, or else they will wait for you in ambush. We have no lives to spare, and nothing to avenge. We're Christians and not savages, and we've every reason tonight to be thankful we're alive. I want you to bury the one I shot to save my boy, his scalp on his head and his weapons with him. Bury him in a corner of the clearing and put up a bit of slab to mark the spot."

Some frowned at this, but it was done as she had said.

Before long the story of this burial in some way reached the savages, and was told in many wigwags.

Years afterward an aged squaw came to the fort and asked in broken English to be shown the Indian's grave, and when she saw it she bowed herself thereon and wept.—*Garrett Newkirk, in Harper's Round Table.*

### THE GIRL WHO PLAYS.

Once upon a time, there was a girl who had had exactly one thousand dollars spent on her music lessons and her piano together, and all she could play, without her notes, was one polka. So one night, when there was company present, her father gravely said to her: "Katherine, we should enjoy some music; won't you play your thousand-dollar polka?"

Now, this story is a true one, if it does begin with "once upon a time," and I doubt not that there are many, many stories just like it, of girls who have had music lessons month after month and year after year, and yet, when asked to play, have only a lame excuse, or some music so poor that no excuse would be better. Now, for the benefit of these girls, let me offer a few suggestions.

If you have not the desire, or the perseverance, after once taking up music, to become really good performers, then be content to become a medium performer, but also an accommodating and ever-ready one, and, consequently, a very agreeable and much-sought-after one. Have not you heard it said of girls who play, "Oh, she doesn't play so very well, but she is always ready with something, and what she does know, she knows without her notes." And haven't you heard girls asked to play in the evening when away from home and heard them answer: "I really don't know a thing to play by heart."

Now, just choose yourself which you would rather be, the one who gets up cheerfully and plays some simple little thing, perhaps, or the one who plays much more difficult music, but hasn't it at her fingers' ends? The moral of this, it seems to me, is to select a few bright, sparkling little compositions—marches and waltzes always take well, or some familiar opera, with variations—sit down and learn them thoroughly. Practise them until they can be dashed off without thinking, then when you go out or when you have company to entertain, you will find you have made a much better investment than in some difficult piece that is not learned "by heart." No matter how simple the pieces you select, if they are played without notes and learned perfectly, you will soon be able to throw more dash into them than into something you are not quite so sure of.

The same with vocal music. If you know the words and accompaniment perfectly to some simple ballad or popular song, and are able to go to the piano and sing without hesitation, it frequently takes better than a more elaborate song where you have to be accompanied and have the words before you. Of course, these suggestions are not intended for real musicians, those who spend four or five hours a day at the piano, or whose voice is thoroughly trained, but for those girls who desire to make friends and be attractive, both at home and abroad, and who are sensible enough to know that nothing is more valuable to them in attaining this end than music.

A house where there is a piano always open, and some one always ready to play or sing, is invariably more attractive than one where such is not the case, and when it requires no very great knowledge or skill, only a little industry, any girl who reads this will, I am sure, do all she can to put something into her fingers' ends besides a "thousand-dollar polka."—*L. T. D. in the Housekeeper.*

## Our Young Folks.

### FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,  
When father was home and helped us play!

We made a ship and hoisted sail,  
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London town  
When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,  
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,  
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,  
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she'd be policeman now,  
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how.

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar;  
Till we chased him out of the nursery door!

And then he turned to a pony gay,  
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, hickity ho,  
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,  
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he  
Which was Charlie and which was me.

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix,  
You'd think three people had turned to six.

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door—  
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,  
And told us a story to break up the riot.

—*The Standard.*

### A NEW SOCIETY.

Violet Kerr was excited about something; that was clear. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were very bright.

"Girls! girls!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could recover her breath after her hurry to overtake the group who were walking along a pleasant street. "What do you think I heard Miss Baker say just now?"

"We can't think at all, 'cause we don't know, of course. Tell us," chimed two or three voices.

"Well, you know I ran back for my book, and when I got it, I started out the front way. Miss Baker and Mr. Clarke were talking in the hall, and I heard Miss Baker say, 'I'm just discouraged. I wonder if some one else could do any better with my class?' And I wouldn't go past them for anything, so I came back as softly as I could and ran out the other way; and, girls, whatever should we do if Miss Baker wouldn't teach us any more?" Violet's blue eyes opened wide as she asked the question.

"I don't know what she's discouraged about," said May Grant, the youngest scholar.

"Well, I know," said Violet; "it's the way we've been behaving lately. I just feel ashamed of myself."

"It's too bad," said Grace Bell. "We haven't learned our Golden Texts, nor studied our lessons, nor any thing."

"It would be dreadful if Miss Baker gave us up," said Susie Gray. "She's the best teacher we ever had. I don't know why we've been cutting up so in the class and not minding her. It's mean as can be, I think."

"I wonder if it would encourage her if we'd all begin right off to be good?" said little May.

"Of course it would!" exclaimed Grace, who was the eldest; "and, O, girls! I've thought of something. Let's be a society to help Miss Baker and encourage her. We won't need any officers, nor any thing like that. We'll only promise to help Miss Baker, every one of us. How'll we do it?"

"We'll be in time, for one thing. We've been lazy lately," said one.

"We must study our lessons," said another.

"And get new scholars if we can."

"Jennie Green and Maud Harper were absent to-day. We must tell them, so that they will help, too."

This wonderful list of things to do to help Miss Baker showed plainly enough that the girls knew very well what was needed.

Did they wait till next Sunday to begin? O, no, indeed! That very day they looked over the lesson for the next Sunday. That was a good beginning.

Then they told Jennie and Maud of the new society, and reminded each other through the week of their promise. They might have called their new circle the Teacher's Aid Society, but they did not think of it. They did not name themselves at all. They simply did what they banded together to do, and it was much better to do this without a fine name, than to have a fine name and do nothing.

You should have seen Miss Baker's face the next Sunday, after the well-learned lesson had been recited by the well-behaved class. It was plain to be seen that she was "encouraged," as May had said. She did not refer to their previous carelessness and inattention, but she said, in the gladdest tone, "Girls, you have helped me much to-day. I have enjoyed every minute of the hour."

But after school little May did the most encouraging thing of all.

"Thank you, Miss Baker, for the nice lesson to-day," she whispered; "I liked it ever so much, and I mean to try to remember it."

Miss Baker kissed May lovingly.

"It is so good to have you tell me this, if you think it," she said.—*Morning Star.*

A well-known artist who lives uptown tells the following story of a dog and a cat who are members of his household. The two grew up together and have always been the greatest of chums. A short time ago the cat presented the family with a number of kittens, and the dog evinced the liveliest interest in the new arrivals. Several days ago, after the manner peculiar to cats, the mother took it into her head to move her family. One by one she tenderly carried the kittens to their new home, the dog trotting by her side, his eyes wide open with wonder. Finally the last kitten was reached. Mrs. Pussy took it in her mouth and was about to start off with it when Mr. Dog was suddenly seized with the idea that he was lacking in gallantry. Carefully noting the manner in which the cat carried her offspring, he seized the mother by the back of the neck in the same manner, and the strange-looking trio made the trip to the new quarters in safety.

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of setting apart at least one tenth of all the money which came into their hands and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they invented the expression, "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.