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OUR COUNTRY.

One country—beautiful as one
From sea to mountain closes,
The southland daisies seek the sun
That rims New England's roses.
The same undazzled lights of God
Shine on us from the skylands,
And color every breathing clod
From lowland vales to highlands.

One country! and her flag unfurled
On heights of high endeavor
Is like a garland round a world
Where Freedom lives forever.
Hail to that country! Strong she stands
For loyal hearts that love her,
With Freedom's falchion in her hands
And Freedom's flag above her.

— F. L. S., in Boston Press Club Souvenir.

Saved From Death by Chilkat Maiden.

ARTHUR JORDAN, hunter, trapper, miner and Klondike guide, has played the role of John Smith, while Pocahontas was impersonated by Annota, a beautiful maiden of the tribe of Chilkat Indians, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Like John Smith, Mr. Jordan is an Englishman. While on a hunting expedition in British Columbia just ten years ago he was captured by the Chilkat Indians on Skeena River, on the old Telegraph trail to the Yukon gold regions. He was subjected to many cruel tortures, but an Indian maiden who fell in love with him planned his escape, and to her skill and strategy he owes his life. Not only did she save his life, but she saved a buckskin bag of gold dust worth $6000.

In truth, John Smith's experience with Chief Powhatan in Old Virginia is not "in it" when Arthur Jordan's tale of love and adventure with the Chilkat Indians in the frozen north is told. So let the bold hunter tell his own story in his own way.

"Twenty years ago I was a lad of sixteen summers, living with my father, who is proprietor of the Jordan iron works, in Bristol, England, and I ray away from home and came to America," began Mr. Jordan, as he sat in a quiet corner of the corridor of the Laclede Hotel, and narrated his experiences to a Globe-Democrat man. Jordan was attired in a common black suit of clothes, with black slouch hat, but wore high-topped boots of yellow tanned leather that laced up to the knees. They are the boots worn by all the miners of the west. Mr. Jordan is of medium height, and of strong build, and his ruddy cheeks are bronzed by years of exposure.

"I have spent fifteen years in hunting and trapping, and occasionally mining, in the Northwest territory," continued Mr. Jordan. "In the spring of 1885 I was at the head of Stewart river, 250 miles east of the spot where Dawson City now stands. My sole companion was a Chilkat Indian of the name of Seeta. We had a cayuse apiece to ride, and we slept in a tepee made of caribou skins. At the head of the Stewart river are three small lakes locked in the mountains, and as we saw some color on the surface there we pitched our tepee and made some washings for gold. We had only one gold pan, but with the additional use of a frying pan the Indian and I washed out $6000 worth of gold dust. We remained in that region until 1888, and had fine sport in bear hunting. When we left we crossed the sources of the Pelly and Liard rivers, and pushed on to Lake Telsa, 150 miles northeast of Dyea.

"By the summer of 1888 we had come as far south as the Skeena river. The Chilkat Indians at the time were in an uprising against the white hunters, but I knew nothing about it. One fine afternoon Seeta and I rode into a beautiful valley that lay between two tall mountain peaks. I was admiring the scenery, as nature was there displayed in all her rugged and primitive beauty. Suddenly Seeta, whose Indian mind was keen and alert, called my attention to the fact that we were nearing a Chilkat Indian village. I was congratulating myself on this fact, as I was glad to reach even an Indian village after three years spent with only one Indian companion in the mountains and plains to the north. I was contemplating a friendly greeting at the village as an Indian dog barked savagely at my coming. Suddenly a half dozen stalwart Indian bucks darted from the brush at either side of the trail and covered Seeta and me with their muskets. Of course, discretion told me to make no resistance. It was only a moment until the bucks had disarmed Seeta and me, and had taken our ponies. Then, as they led us into the Indian village, we fully realized that the episode meant our capture.

"There were about 300 Chilkat braves and squaws in the village. They were in their war paint, and had been giving war dances. As Seeta could speak the Chilkat language, and as I could understand some of it, I learned for the first time that the tribe were in fighting humor because the palefaces had poached on their hunting grounds. The Indians treated Seeta and me with great courtesy and good will for one week, although they kept us under guard constantly. Then our tortures began. They tied our hands and feet with thongs of buckskin and pegged us to the ground, flat on our backs. The thongs were drawn so tightly around my wrists and ankles that they sank into the flesh and interfered with the circulation of the blood, and I suffered the most excruciating agony. Every night Seeta and I were tied down in this manner, and a strong guard kept over us by two or three young bucks. While I was lying thus flat on my back, and unable to move, the Indians threw mud in my face and walked over me.

"After I had been tied down every night for six weeks, then I was doomed to a new form of torture. One morning after I had been unpegged from the ground the Indians held a war dance around me. Then they tied a buckskin lariat around one of my ankles and fastened a soft caribou robe over the back of my head and shoulders. A big buck mounted a pony, with the lariat in his hands, and started over the rough ground at a lively gallop, and I was dragged behind as if I was a captured fox used in making a trail for a pack of young hounds. The Indians had tied the caribou robe on my head to prevent my skull from being fractured and my brains from being knocked out. Oh, I tell you, those Chilkats are devils!

"Of course, I had not been dragged over the ground but a short distance until I was knocked insensible. When I regained consciousness it was late at night. I was flat on my back, pegged down, and I was weak and faint. A beautiful young Chilkat girl, not over seventeen years old, was crouching near me. She whispered in broken English, and informed me that she would try to arrange a plan for Seeta and me to escape. She said that the Indians had considered me almost dead, and for that reason only one buck had been detailed to guard me that night, and he had crawled into the brush to sleep. She told me to 'play sick,' so that the vigilance of the night guard would be relaxed. She said that she had bitterly denounced me in camp in order to ward off any suspicion that she might aid me. In her simple way she expressed great love for me, and said she wanted me to escape, and that when the Indians quit the war-path and peace was restored I could return and marry her. Of course, under the circumstances I could not protest against even an Indian maiden popping the question to me, and I made a marriage engagement then and there in a hasty acquiescence to her proposition. By this time my head was aching, from the bruises, and the fever was making me suffer from thirst. I asked the Indian girl for a drink of water. She crawled away quietly on her hands and knees in the dark, for discovery would have meant death. In due time she returned in the same way and brought me a leather pouch full of water. She had carried the pouch by a string around her neck. Before she left for the night she kissed me, and said that her name was 'Annota.' How appropriate! The name means 'laughing rill.'

"The next day I was very sore from my bruises, and I did not have to do much acting to 'play sick.' But when the Indians unpegged me from the ground I pretended to be too weak to walk but a short distance. I was pegged to the ground again for ten nights in succession, and so was Seeta alongside of me. I played sick. Every night Annota came on her hands and knees and brought extra food to me when the guard had walked to some other part of the village. She told me she was a niece of the Chilkat chief.

"One night she informed me that I was to be killed one week from that day, but that the braves in their council had not decided by what form of torture they would kill me. Then Annota informed me that, if possible, she would have two of the fleetest ponies in the camp saddled and bridled and tied in a secret place in the brush the next night, and that Seeta and I must try and make our escape. I told her that on the day I was captured, and while being led into the village I had thrown a buckskin bagful of gold dust into the thick brush at a certain place beside the trail and that I had not been detected in doing so. I told Annota that if she could find this bag of gold she could keep it for the assistance she had given me.

"At 10 o'clock the next night Annota, true to her word, crawled quietly to me on her hands and knees and thrust my revolver, my penknife, and, to my surprise, the little bag of gold dust into my pockets. She hastily informed me that two saddled and bridled ponies were in waiting. She cut the thongs that bound me, and then cut the thongs that bound Seeta. The night was inky black and deathly still. The village was asleep and the silence was only broken now and then by the howling of a woods wolf that was lurking in the timber. Annota said she did not know exactly where the Indian guard was, but that he was in the brush near by, and that we would have to proceed very quietly. She led the way, crawling on her hands and knees, and Seeta and I followed in the same way across the green sward, and we did not rise to our feet until we reached the brush. Then Annota led us quickly to the ponies. Just as I was throwing my right leg over the saddle of my pony I heard the click of a musket, for the sound was a familiar one to me. The Chilkat Indian always aims to shoot a man in the stomach. They have old-fashioned muskets that fire but once, and they load them with buckshot. I threw myself on the other side of the pony just in time to catch three buckshot in my right thigh when the Indian guard fired. I rushed toward him and fired three shots from my revolver, and he fell dead.

"Now came the flight, and I shall never forget it. Annota astride the pony and I behind her, and she led the way along a secret trail. Seeta followed on his pony. The sound of the revolver and musket shots aroused the whole village, and the Indian dogs were howling, and there was great commotion. Annota had prepared for the flight by quietly stampeding all the ponies of the village earlier in the night so that they would run to a pasture some distance away. By this trick the Indians could not get their ponies immediately, and we had a good start. Annota led the way along a trail straight up a sloping mountain 2000 feet high, until we stopped on a level plateau on the backbone of the ridge. The regular Indian trail was around the bottom of the bluff, and by going up the side of the mountain to the top we eluded our pursuers. Once on top of the mountain Annota kissed me good-bye, and said I must come back and find her again. She said she would have to work her way back to the camp again quickly, before her absence was discovered.

"Seeta and I rode along the top of the mountain all night. At daybreak we looked down and saw the Indians following the other trail in the valley below. They followed us for three days, and then we saw them return in disgust. The buckshot made my leg swell and the pain and fever was severe. The second night I picked out the shot with my penknife Annota had fortunately given me, and I washed my wounds in snow water, and then made a poultice of wild balsam bark and tied it around my leg with a part of my shirt. The balsam reduced the fever and swelling. I couldn't bear any weight on the lame leg. I traveled for one week and went down into the valley on the other side of the mountain, 125 miles from where I was captured, and there Seeta and I found a lodge of friendly Chilecolin Indians and an old clutchman (squaw) nursed me a short time. Seeta left me here. I finally rode my pony to Fraser river, and was nursed by a French trader at Lillooet, a small mining town, and then I rode to Lytton, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, and took a train for Vancouver, B. C., where I first found a doctor, one month after I had been shot. I then went to San Francisco and spent the winter there, and spent the $6000 of gold dust that Annota had saved for me in seeing the 'elephant.' I never saw or heard of Annota from the night she kissed me good-bye on that mountain top.

"I went back to the Pelly river country in 1890, and brought out $15,000 in gold dust and $300 worth of furs and buckskin. I sold them in Vancouver. While there I met by chance Miss Clara Collins, whom I had known back in old England when she was a little girl. She was living in Vancouver with her parents. To make a long story short, Miss Collins became my wife, and she is to-day visiting her parents, who are now living in Springfield, Mass."

Dogs in War.

A singular phase of rivalry between the armies of Germany and France is impending. The extending use of cycles in military maneuvers has induced the German military authorities to put themselves in a position to defeat the onslaught of attacking cycle corps in the time of war. To this end they are training dogs to distinguish between German, Austrian and Italian uniforms from those of French and Russian soldiers, and when their education in this respect is sufficiently advanced they are taught to throw themselves on the cyclists who wear the uniform of the supposed enemy. Wheelmen clad in various uniforms and so guarded by pads that they are protected against bites ride past or among the dogs, which instantly rush at men costumed as French or Russians, and throw them over. If a dog should make a mistake and attack a representative of the triple alliance he is severely whipped, while a reward is given him for assailing the man who personates an enemy. The dogs selected are great Danes, which, from their weight and strength, are specially fitted for the service. But the German officers, while actively pushing the drilling of this novel corps, are understood to dread the employment by the enemy of dogs in a similar capacity, fearing that in this case the animals may fight among themselves, and, losing their sense of distinction between friends and foes, be as dangerous to the one as to the other. The French military authorities have become alive to the importance of such an issue, and are urging the training of dogs on their own account, as the readiest way of circumventing the intentions of their neighbors on the other side of the Rhine.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great and Growing Industry.

The south is having a revival of the cotton industry that is almost unparalleled. In 1890 the capital employed in operating the manufacturing plants in the southern states was $61,100,000, and to-day it is estimated at $125,000,000. The number of cotton mills in operation in 1890 was 254 and in 1898 it is 490. The number of looms employed in weaving cotton goods in the south was 14,000 in 1890, and is 39,000 in 1898; the number of spindles was 113,000 in 1890, and is 667,000 in 1898. Necessarily, with this enormous increase in its manufacture, the cotton growth has greatly expanded. The crop in 1896-97 amounted to 8,532,705 commercial bales. The value of the upland crops, at an average of 6.65 cents per pound, was $285,810,696, while the sea island crop sold for $6,000,958. The total value of the cotton produced during the last year was therefore $291,811,564, an amount which is quadrupled by the process of manufacture.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Lincoln's Gift to a Fire Brigade.

"The fire hose company of Springfield was very proud of its well equipped fire apparatus, and desiring to procure some extra supplies, subscription papers were sent around. The small boys, myself among the number, were given a share in the work. I went to some dusty rooms over the grocery and entered the law office of Lincoln. He asked me numberless questions and I had to tell him all I knew of this fire brigade and its members. Then he said: 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home to supper—Mrs. Lincoln is generally good natured after supper—and then I'll tell her I've been thinking of giving $50 to the brigade, and she'll say: 'Abe, will you never have any sense? Twenty dollars is quite enough.' So to-morrow, my boy, you come around and get your $20.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Ancient Ballot.

One of the ballots for Themistocles has just been found by German excavators in the Areopagus, going back to a date earlier than 470 B. C., as that was the year in which that celebrated worker of the Athenian primaries was banished. It is an inscribed potsherd bearing his name, and, with proper care, is good for another 2500 years. There are only three such souvenirs of the old Greek elections in existence and only this one bears the name of Themistocles.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Dynamite was not invented till 1849.

Chinese streets are supposed to be the narrowest in the world, some of them being only eight feet wide.

Acetylene lighting in railroad cars and public streets has now been successfully introduced in Germany.

Tourmalines are found in Siberia, in Ceylon and in Brazil, but none to compare with the American crystals.

In China the detection of false coins is a skilled profession known as "shroffing," and is taught in special schools.

It is said to be a curious circumstance that some of the most important inventions have been made by lunatics.

The foot of the reindeer is most peculiar in construction, being cloven through the middle, and each half curving upward in front.

Out of thirty-four storms which reached the French shores in 1896, all but three were foretold by the central meteorological office.

Well-preserved flowers discovered at Dahsourh, in Egypt, in tombs of the times of the Pharaohs, have just been placed in the Cairo Museum.

Probably the largest nugget of silver ever mined was a piece weighing 1840 pounds, which was taken from the Smuggler Mine at Aspen, Col., in 1894.

The length of the coast line of the United States, according to the coast survey, is 5715 miles, embracing 2349 miles on the Atlantic Ocean, 1556 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 1810 on the Pacific Ocean.

It is a remarkable fact that of over one hundred finds of iron meteorites only nine have been seen to fall, while of over four hundred finds of stony meteorites more than one-half have been seen to fall.

The Austrian Government has enlarged the boundaries of Vienna to such an extent that the metropolitan area is now half as large as London, twice as large as Paris and three times larger than Berlin.

Scot is the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon word "scean," meaning taxation; therefore, "scot free" originally meant "free from the payment of taxes," and now it has become a general expression for freedom from anything.

The citizens of Berlin have a summary method of stopping the dangerous practice of carrying sticks and umbrellas horizontally. As soon as a man tucks his umbrella under his arm he will promptly feel a quick blow on it from behind. There is no use in his getting angry with the person who strikes the blow, because public opinion sanctions his conduct.

Japanese Indoor Games.

The indoor sports and amusements for evenings at home are mainly card-games and story-telling. The father tells his sons the tales of the mighty heroes of the past ages, relates Japanese history, and teaches reverence and obedience to the Mikado, the "heaven-appointed ruler;" or the grandmother gathering the little ones in a circle around the brazier filled with hot coals, tells them the wonderful fox-stories, the stories of demons and gnomes, and the clever fables about animals.

Their game of goman is like our checkers, but it requires three hundred and sixty pieces, instead of twenty-four. It is played on a raised stand. In the game of chess they have forty pieces. There are several ways of playing backgammon, and it is very popular. Private theatricals are a very common form of amusement among both boys and girls, and, like most of their sports, are frequently shared by their elders. As the children are often taken to the theatre, they readily imitate what they have seen there.—St. Nicholas.

They Ask Such Questions.

They do ask such queer questions of the newspapers over the telephone.

The city editor sat at his desk one Sunday noon, when the bell rang and the man at the other end asked:

"Say, how long is the shower going to last?"

The nonplused editor looked out of the window at the falling drops and at the ominous clouds.

"Well, my dear sir, I'm not a weather prophet. I'm only the city editor, and I have trouble enough of my own without taking up the work of the Weather Bureau."

"Oh, I see. Why, I thought you had someone that attended to that sort of thing."

"Well, I'm sorry we haven't."

"You don't know, then, when it will stop raining?"

"No. Suppose you call up 56."

"Fifty-six?"

"Yes, 56."

"What does 56 know about it?"

"Fifty-six is the Weather Bureau."

"Weather Bureau? Oh, shucks!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sentimental Surnames of Famous Rulers

History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to emperors and kings whom it chronicles. For instance, Charles VIII., of France, had the alias appellation of "the affable;" Philippe I., of France, that of "the amorous;" Alponse XI., of Leon and Castile, "the avenger;" Victor Emmanuel, "re galantuomo," etc., etc. Many potentates are ranked by history under the same alias. Eight are "good," forty-one are "great," seven are "conquerors," two "cruel," two "fair" and four "fat." But none is surnamed "the happy."

Significance of Jars in China.

A stranger, on walking through the streets of China, for the first time, is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of the houses. A jar placed with its bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street. When the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether."—New York Telegram.

To Tunnel Gibraltar Strait.

A well-known engineer has laid before the governments of Spain and Morocco a project for the construction of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar.

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