

The Family Circle

BEWARE OF 'BY AND BY'

If you have work to do,
Do it now.

To-day the skies are clear and blue;
To-morrow clouds may come in view;
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.

Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of birds in spring;
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.

To-morrow may not come your way;
Do a kindness while you may;
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

AN INDIAN HERO

In the days when the Omahas ruled all Eastern Nebraska, and fought the Sioux twelve months in the year, the great chief, Big Elk, lay in his lodge on the banks of the Missouri sick unto death.

For many 'suns' had the great man been troubled with a sickness which the Indians were not able to overcome. The medicine men of the tribe had used all their efforts; had worked all their charms; had called on 'Pe-a-zhe-Wakan,' the Bad Spirit, and upon 'Wakan,' the Great Mystery. The chief did not improve. Even the chief's own private 'medicine,' or charm, was unavailing, and he grew worse. The entire tribe was in gloom.

Then one day, from the south, a trapper came in his boat, and stopped to exchange bright-colored calicoes, mirrors, guns, and beads with the Omahas for their skins of the otter, the beaver, and the buffalo.

The Indians refused to trade. Their chief was dying—was on the verge of the 'Shadow Land'—and they could not trade.

The white man asked to see Big Elk, and he saw that the great red man was indeed dying. Nothing could now be done for him.

'But,' said the white trapper, 'there is a white man down the Big River, three sleeps distant. He has a white powder which would have cured Big Elk. But it is too late now. No horse could get back quick enough. Big Elk must die.'

Badger, a young Indian, who was standing near when the trapper told of the white powder which would have saved Big Elk, beckoned the trapper to come outside the lodge, and asked him for the white man's 'sign' for the white powder.

The trapper wrote the single word 'Quinine' on a paper and handed it to the young red man.

Five minutes afterward Badger, armed with his precious piece of paper, four pairs of moccasins, a small quantity of dried buffalo meat, and five bright silver dollars—all the cash the tribe possessed—shot out from the south end of the Indian village and headed toward the white settlement, one hundred miles away, at Bellevue, Nebraska, several miles below where Omaha now stands.

The sun was just setting in a red blaze on the western prairie when Badger started on the run which made his name more famous in his tribe than that of any warrior of his time.

Some time during the middle of the next forenoon, probably fifteen hours after Badger left Big Elk's lodge, old Peter Sarpy was standing in his log trading post at Bellevue when a young Indian ran into the room, handed him a paper on which 'Quinine' was scrawled, laid five silver dollars down and in the Indian language asked him to 'hurry.'

The medicine was quickly wrapped up, and the Indian, in his own tongue, which Sarpy knew well, asked how it was to be taken, and was told to place it in warm water and make the sick man drink it.

Badger, for it was the Omaha Indian who had made the one-hundred-mile trip on foot in fifteen hours, then sat down, ate a little jerked buffalo meat, threw away his old moccasins, which were entirely worn out, put on a new pair, rested for a single hour and started on the return to the Omahas' village, carrying with him the white powder which was to save the life of Big Elk.

It was nearly noon when Badger left Bellevue. He was stiff and tired from his long run of the night before. He wanted to stop and rest, but did not dare to do so, for fear of going to sleep. The sun was hot and there was no path across the prairie. Last night he had travelled by the stars; to-day he was guided by the sun. There were rivers to swim and quicksands to be avoided.

Just after the sun rose next morning Badger staggered up to Big Elk's lodge on the Missouri. He had made the return trip in about eighteen hours, and had travelled the entire two hundred miles in thirty-four hours, including the time spent at Bellevue.

But Big Elk died an hour before Badger brought the 'white medicine.'

That was more than fifty years ago, and to-day when the remnants of the Omaha tribe are gathered around a dance 'lodge,' and Indians tell of the great deeds of Big Elk, the greatest warrior the tribe ever knew, almost in the same breath another Indian will rise and tell the story of Badger, and the fast run he made in his effort to save the life of his chief.

BE NOT TOO FORWARD

When you go into society think as little of yourselves as possible, and talk as little of yourselves. If a man can sing or play on any musical instrument or recite, and he is asked to do any of these things, let him not refuse. Young women sometimes say no in society when they mean yes; but young men are not justified in practising such an affectation. It is not good taste to show that one is anxious to sing or to play or to recite. If you are invited out, do not begin at once by talking about elocution, until somebody is forced to ask you to recite; and do not hum snatches of songs until there is no escape for your friends from the painful duty of asking you to sing. The restless efforts of some amateurs to get a hearing in society always brings to mind a certain theatrical episode. There was a young actress who thought she could sing, and consequently she introduced a vocal solo whenever she could. She was cast for the principal part in a melodrama full of tragic situations. The manager congratulated himself that here, at least, there was no chance for the tuneful young lady to try her scales. But he was mistaken. The great scene was on. A flash of lightning illumined the stage. The actress was holding a pathetic conversation with her mother as the thunder rolled. The mother suddenly fell with a shriek, struck dead. And then the devoted daughter said, 'Aha, mee mother is dead! Alas, I will now sing the song she loved so much in life!' And the young lady walked to the footlights and warbled 'Comrades.'

ADVICE TO BACHELORS

The following description of the perfect wife is from a book by the late Max O'Rell:—

'Marry a woman,' he writes, 'smaller than yourself. Do not marry a woman whose laugh is forced and does not spring from the heart, but marry a woman who enjoys a joke and looks at the bright side of everything.'

'Marry a girl who is a bit of a philosopher. If you take a girl to the theatre, and on hearing there are no seats in the stalls or circle, she gaily exclaims: "Never mind, let us go into the gallery," marry her. It will be easy to live happily with a girl willing to sit even on the back benches with her husband.'

'Do not marry a woman who has the fast ways of what is called "smart society." If you go to pay a visit and must wait half an hour while she finishes her toilet, do not marry her. But if she comes to you immediately, her hair put up in a hurry, but neatly and simply dressed, she is a girl of common sense. Marry her, especially if she is not too prolix in her excuses for appearing negligee.'

'Marry a girl who cares a lot for her father, who won't let him go out without seeing that his clothes are immaculate, who, when at length satisfied with papa's appearance, kisses him before he goes off—that girl will make a model wife.'

IT WAS A SCOTCH ECHO

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow, which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was 'Hail, smiling morn,' and Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.