

feel encouraged to see how willingly he took, hold, while she was there to watch.

If Joe did not like to work, there was one thing he dearly loved—a "chore", which is often disliked by white children, and one which was more fashionable formerly than it is at present. He would sit for hours in the house of the neighbors and rock or otherwise amuse the baby. It was a pity that Aunt Fanny was a childless woman, for if she had been a mother it would have consoled her much to witness the intense devotion of Joe toward the tiny, helpless bits of humanity which crow and gurgle and rule the house.

How he loved to watch the little, restless motions and to see the swift smile which always greeted his approach at any shrine held sacred to baby.

His tongue was an Indian one, and it allowed him few words and small desire to express the deep thoughts which tossed, and boiled, and billowed and played away down, ocean deep, in his nature, too far down for even a bubble of emotion to appear upon the surface.

His whole time would gladly have been passed at the crib of some baby, if he had been allowed to so spend it. Next to babies came the feathered songsters of the air. What glorious fun to climb some high cottonwood tree, and there sit and wait with Indian quiet until the birds knew him, and passed him by as if he were a limb of the tree. I think he must have had some definite understanding with these tiny creatures, for his voice was so nearly like their own when he chose to repeat their soft woodland calls, that even, the sharpest human ear could not tell which was boy and which was bird.

Away up in some cottonwood tree he would sit for hours, calling sometimes in soft, sweet chirps, and anon sitting perfectly still and listening to the noisy twitter, twitter of the many birds congregated about him.

Poor little Joe! With the winter came snow, and away flew the birds to warmer climes; out from sight hid the daisies and bluebells. And, worst of all, the hacking cough with which he was troubled moved Aunt Fanny to refuse him the privilege of going out of doors, even to split kindling wood. No, indeed. She actually brought the small chunks within the warm kitchen, and, true to her Yankee instincts, insisted upon his chopping them, although she went to far more trouble to clean up the mess than if she had done the work in the shed.

Aunt Fanny was nothing if she was not industrious, and in spite of nature, in spite of birth, she was determined to do her best by Indian Joe to make him grow into a useful, industrious man. It would not be her fault if he was a disgrace to her bringing up, for she toiled far more to teach him good habits than she would have done in doing twice the amount of work herself.

Joe chopped wood, and made liters all about the floor, and moped between whiles, dawdling at the window, with his big black eyes fastened on the winter scene without. Away up on the mountains, that is where, in his childish, wordless imagination, he had planted a high city out of the reach of cold and frost and snow, and there grew flowers, and there sang birds, and there romped babies!

One cold, cold day, very near the

Christmas tide, Aunt Fanny carried him from the bed, where he had laid most of the time of late, and taking him to the window, she told him to watch and soon he would see Uncle Derric coming home through the sunshine and the snow. That was delight, and it was a grievous disappointment to Joe that a heavy fit of coughing shook him just as the huge shoulders of his beloved master and friend pushed through the small gate and he lost the look in the kindly keen eyes through the mist of tears in his own eyes that followed his long coughing spell.

When he recovered from the spasm, it was to find himself in the arms of his kind protector, and he dropped off to sleep soon after quite content with life and his portion of it. A week after, it was the short, brief dawn of Christmas Day itself, Joe lay in his own little trundle bed, his eyes burning bright with the fever of death within, and his breath short with the swiftly oncoming struggle.

Near him sat Aunt Fannie, her eyes running over with sorrowful tears, and her big cotton handkerchief all soaked and doubled up in wreckless disregard of neatness and cleanliness, a sure sign that Aunt Fanny was too absorbed with emotion to remember her own tidy nature.

At the head of the bed knelt Uncle Derric, his big hands softening and smoothing his straight lusterless hair of his beloved orphan Lamanite. He was talking in a low tone of voice to the child, trying in his blunt and yet tender way to prepare the little one for the eternity about to open upon his vision. He had explained to the boy the Christmas day, and why it was so celebrated. To the dying ears he was also relating much of the history of his own Lamanite forefathers who had peopled this continent. Joe heard him tell all his story with the quiet patience of his race, never offering one word of interruption, as another child might do, but accepting each word as if it fell from the be-oved lips as the law and Gospel to him.

"Uncle," said the weak voice, after the man had ceased his talk for some minutes. "I want to ask you. Is there any wicked Indians there in that Heaven you have been telling me about?"

Oh, how thankfully the big man gave the strong assurance of freedom in Heaven from all kinds of oppression and woe.

"Is there any flowers up there?" went on the dying voice, in scarcely audible tones.

"Yes, Joe, lots of flowers."

"Is there any birds there?"

"Yes, Joe, plenty of pretty birds there?"

One more question was framed by the stiffening lips.

"Is there any babies there?"

"Yes, Joe, there's babies there, beautiful little babies," fairly sobbed the strong man, as he answered the eager questioning eyes and lips.

With one satisfied sigh of perfect resignation to the fate upon him, Joe folded his thin arms across his panting chest, and whispered softly:

"Then I am ready to go."

And up in Heaven there was borne as a Christmas gift the soul of Indian Joe.

Glasgow, Dec. 27.—By the derailment of a train near Hamilton today nine persons were seriously injured.

## SMOKING.

On the subject of the use of tobacco H. H. McDonald, of San Francisco, publishes the following in interesting leaflets:

Smoking, chewing and snuffing are the chief ways of using tobacco, but smoking is the most prevalent mode, and by far the most hurtful of all.

Tobacco smoke sends its poison into the lungs through the breath, and poisons the blood of the smoker. It is like breathing poisoned air, and the system feels it immediately.

Smoking tobacco weakens the nervous powers, favors a dreamy and imbecile state of mind, sinking its victim into a state of maudlin inactivity and self-enjoyment of his vice.

The smoke cannot escape the poison of tobacco; it gets into his blood and affects every organ and fibre of his frame.

In consequence, excessive smoking, long persisted in, is injurious in the highest degree, and the pernicious practice, if begun early in life, is enough to sap the strength of mind and body.

A simple proof of the poisonous properties of tobacco smoke is that if frogs or birds are confined in it, they will die from its effects in a short time. Reliable physicians assert that young infants have been killed in the same manner by ignorant parents.

Burning tobacco does not destroy its poison; instead, it helps bring them out and distribute them where they will do the most harm.

Tobacco smoke is composed chiefly of nicotine, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide and ammonia gases, and carbon or soot.

Nicotine is a powerful poison. Carbonic acid tends to produce drowsiness and headache. Carbonic oxide causes a tremulous movement of the muscles, also of the heart. Ammonia excites the salivary glands and makes the mouth, throat and tongue hot and dry.

Nicotine lowers the circulation, quickens the breathing, weakens the heart and muscles and is exhausting to the vital forces. It would kill boys and men when they first begin to smoke, except that it acts as an emetic and the stomach becomes inured to it.

The effects of tobacco are similar to those of opium; both soothe the nervous system at first, but render it more feeble and irritable in time, and requiring the temporary quiet of the cigar or pipe. It therefore helps deaden the smoker's feelings, and he goes on injuring his health until he is beyond hope of recovery.

Tobacco does not affect every one in precisely the same way, as it acts most strongly on the weakest organs of the body. One victim may become blind or nearly so, another deaf, a third have tumors or cancer, a fourth have heart disease, and a fifth may suddenly become helpless or die of paralysis.

The whole nervous system gets out of order, sleep is broken, the will power and the memory lost or weakened, resulting in softening of the brain or insanity.

Dr. James C. Jackson, who had treated many thousands of cases of tobacco poisoning, says there is no habit of the American people so destructive to their physical vigor and their moral character as the use of tobacco.