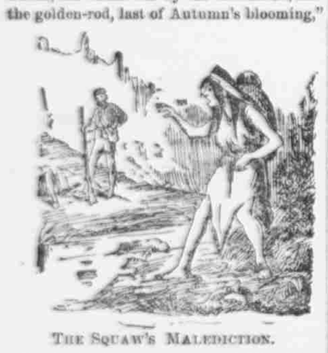
and these babbling rills, as they trickle over the smoothly-worn pebbles in their shallow beds, send up the rhythmic murmur of their sparkling water

IN SWEET CONCERT

with the ever-whispering pines! Entwining gnarled old cottonwoods, whose gigantic trunks have withstood the wintry blasts of centuries, fantastically interlinking the pinyon's evergreen mazes, clinging tenderly to the sprays of the mountain willow, or roughly adhering to the canyon walls themselves, the ampelopsis and the wild grape luxuriate in all the gracefulness of their persistent involvement.

From the velvety sod of gramma grass, which carpets the lovely little valley's slopes, sweetly-scented violets, blue and pink anemones, the creamy-petaled yucca, and a dozen varieties of many-colored cacti in the splendor of their consecutive unfolding, mirror the gorgeous tints of the peerless mid-continent sky!

When all of these, the floral proems of Spring and Summer, have ceased to garland the lawn-like intervales, "the aster in the woods, the sunflower by the brookside, and the golden-rod, last of Autumn's blooming,"



THE SQUAW'S MALEDICTION.

paint the landscape as in rugged New England; but the type of this flora is more beautiful in the mountains and their season greatly prolonged.

There, in an unfrequented fastness of the "eternal hills," surrounded by nature's gorgeous embodiment of her architecture, lived, solitary and secluded, more than a generation ago, Dick Curtis and Clariss, his young wife—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

It was years before a trans-continental railroad was believed to be a possibility, and all the commerce of the Great Plains was by that broad path through the Desert and over the blue hills guarding the portals of ultra-montane New Mexico, the old Santa Fe trail, now a mere memory.

DICK CURTIS WAS A KENTUCKIAN,

tall, brawny, broad shouldered and wiry, true physical characteristics of his immediate ancestors; for his parents had emigrated from Virginia at the period of the Great Exodus in 1780 into the region of Kan-tuck-kee, the Bloody Ground, so-called because of the sanguinary opposition of the aborigines to its invasion by the whites.

His father had been a leader of men in those perilous times of the Border, and was naturally an Indian fighter and hater of the race, as was his wife, who saw her husband butchered at the threshold of her cabin by the savages! So Dick's sympathy to the cussed breed, as he termed the Indians, had been imbibed at his mother's breast, and was the direct result of ante-natal influences, for he was not yet born at the time of the tragedy which precluded the possibility of his ever knowing his sire. His implacable detestation of the Indian, therefore, was part of his nature by the inexorable law of heredity; he did not try to eliminate it, nor would he have succeeded had he essayed to do so.

Clariss, Curtis's young wife, was one of those "sweet woodland beauties" who may occasionally be discovered in such barbarous regions as the Ozark Hills of Missouri, the pine-barrens of Arkansas, or the mountains of the Appalachian chain south of the Ohio.

She was ignorant, illiterate, and dialectic in expression of thought, it is true, the normal reflex of an uncultivated and provincial environment, but she was as a lily among weeds—pure as the breeze that songhed through the pines surrounding her childhood's home. She possessed a scrupulous conscientiousness and innocence superior to that

THE MOST CAREFUL CULTURE

can evolve, and was the very impersonation of grace—a veritable exponent of what capricious Nature permits sometimes in the incorporeal, as she does often in the corporeal world.

Dick first saw Clariss at her rude mountain hearthstone, in the Cumberland Range, which marks the eastern boundary of his native State, one night when a fearful storm had overtaken him near her father's cabin, and he was driven by its violence to seek its friendly shelter. He was at once dazed by her exceptional beauty and superbly proportioned figure as she handed him a gourdful of water she had just dipped from a spring near the door, as he was about to enter. Here was a type of beauty as foreign to that region, and to which he was accustomed, as is the graceful palm of the tropics.

His strangely magnificent physique, too, captivated the imaginative young girl immediately; for she, as is woman generally, was susceptible to those attractions of the opposite sex, strong arms, broad shoulders, and manly muscular symmetry, all of which Dick could claim in a remarkable degree. No wonder, then, that the sympathetic Clariss should admire that giant among a race of giants, as nearly all the men were in the region where she was reared.

Dick was a born hunter; he inherited his prowess in the chase from a remote ancestry; the line having come down to him without a single break through seven generations, the record of which, in rude, legendary form, was current in the neighborhood. His whole life from boyhood had been passed in the forests of the "bloody ground," and the most familiar bed to his stalwart form was the lichen-covered rocks of the mountain gorges, or pine-needles piled up under stately trees. In fact, until Clariss

"KIM 'CROSS HIS TRAIL,"

he almost lived in the woods, rarely coming to the "settlemint" except to barter for his pelts, then remaining only long enough to accomplish his errand. But game began to get "scarse" as immigration encroached upon the fertile valleys, and Dick talked seriously of "pullin' out" for some new place, "no matter whar, of thar war varmints a plenty." So, with indifferent luck for 18 months after he "fust set eyes on Clariss," he hunted the range near her home; but his wanderings, after that vision of beauty, were never so prolonged as previously. Once a week at least, oftener twice, and always on Sunday, "he war boun' ter fetch up at old Tom Pollock's," Clariss's father, where, in the rough but hearty manner of the simple mountaineer, he was warmly welcomed, and there was already a tacit understanding "he war ter marry the gyrl."

It was there one night, when a young attorney from a town in the valley on the Tennessee side of the divide, who had been on a fishing expedition in the range, was lost, separated from his companions, and, belated, compelled to seek shelter in Tom Pollock's humble cabin, that Dick Curtis first heard of such a region as the Rocky Mountains.

That was in October, 1848, after the ratification of the treaty which ceded New Mexico to the United States, and the supposed wonderful country we had just acquired was the principal topic of discussion wherever newspapers were read. The latter essential, however, precluded the possibility of the fact ever reaching the knowledge of the inmates of Tom Pollock's cabin through such a media, but the subject was introduced there by the lawyer that evening, in a conversation naturally provoked, when Dick complained in a mild way of the "scursity of game in them parts," in answer to a little chaffing about his coming home from the woods without having bagged anything, after having been gone three days!

"WHY DON'T YOU GO ACROSS THE PLAINS,"

and take up a "squatter's claim" in the Rocky Mountains—say New Mexico? There's plenty of game there; large game too—bears, wolves, deer, elk, and panthers; and no one to kill them except a few miserable Indians! suggested the attorney to Dick!

The latter, who was tilted back against the huge stone chimney, in a dilapidated rush-bottomed chair, pulling vigorously at an old corncob, half hidden in the dense cloud of smoke his big lungs had pumped out of the strong, home-grown weed, straightened up, and laying his pipe on the hearth, looked intently at his questioner, and drawlingly said:

"Waal, I'll be dad-burned! An' nothin' but pesky Injins ter kill 'em?"

The young man, noticing how his simple suggestion had affected the lethargic mountaineer, then continued to expatiate in a sort of desultory eloquence upon the advantage of such "a hunter's paradise," as he termed it, and painted a word-picture so realistic that the now, thoroughly aroused Dick, emerging from his shell of normal reticence, anxiously inquired in his peculiar intonation:

"Whar be them thar Rocky Mountings, Mister? Kin folkses git thar on beastis?"

Then waiting a moment to recover from surprise at his own volubility, he continued:

"I'll be dad-burned, Tom Pollock, ef thar ezn't whar I means ter go! Ther settlemints hyar ez a-gittin' too close; folkses ez a drivin' all ther varmints outen ther kintry; an' we-uns ez hain't no other lay-out fer ter liv, hez got ter git, I 'low, an' ther suddinter ther better fer sich. Kin yer tell we-uns, Mister,

HOW TER GIT YANDER?"

Waiting until Dick had subsided and was pulling at his cob again, an evidence that he had exhausted his discursive powers for the time being, the obliging attorney then gave him a long explanation, fully answering all his interrogatories, specific and inferred, which was listened to attentively and thoughtfully absorbed.

Soon after Dick had received the desired enlightenment all but he and Clariss retired, the lawyer on a pallet which had been improvised by Mrs. Pollock, principally out of bear-skins, behind some common, homespun drapery at one side, where also, in two other places, the same appliance divided the single room of the cabin into compartments approaching something of privacy at least.

Clariss then, who had been all the evening hidden in the shadow of one of the obscure corners quietly knitting, without taking any part in the conversation, but an earnest and interested listener, came and sat before the huge fireplace with Dick, as was her wont on the occasion of his visits when the old folks had gone to bed.

For some time Dick gazed meditatively into the glowing embers, the girl close to him; one hand clasped in his, and her great, lustrous blue eyes, full of perfect faith in the giant beside her, resting their penetrating look on his now thoughtful face. For more than a quarter of an hour they thus silently sat, he deeply absorbed in the air-castles his mind was constructing from the material infused by the attorney and in him.

Suddenly Dick turned toward Clariss, and taking her other diminutive hand in his immense paws, he drew her gently forward and said:

"Little gyrl, will yer go ter them thar Rocky Mountings 'long o' me, ef I'd wait tell Spring? Thr's no use ter talk 'bout ch'ice for me, now. I mus' git outen hyar 'fore long, and atwixt we-uns, that thar descriptin' o' his'n," pointing toward where the lawyer was snoring, "her tuk my idee ter nite; but seems likeez ef

I'D BE NO 'COUNT NOW, NOWHAR,

'thought yer wuz with me. I wants yer ter gin me yer foolin's on ther matter jes' ez yer b'l'eve yo'd orter, yet ef's tol'ble suddint ter ax yer, I 'low."

He stroked her golden curls as if she was some pet animal, and then held her at arm's length, watching her face as the light of the dying fire faintly illuminated it, while he eagerly waited for her answer.

"Ef yer 'low 'twas what yer'd oughter do, ter git outen hyar an' go yander, ter them thar Rocky Mountings, Dick, I'd go anywhar yer wuz called ter go, yer know. Ef yer went 'thought a-takin' me I'd be powerful onhappy, an' ez things ez atwixt we-uns, an' ther hull settlemint knows et, et war bes' yer tuk me 'long. No matter whar we-uns went, ef yer hev got ter git, ei can't be no wess nor hyar in these hyar mountings. Pap he 'lowed ter mam 'tother day ye'd be a-takin' on me off somewhar soon. He know'd yer war boun' ter lite out, he said, whar game war plenty. Mam she kind o' tuk on et fast, an' tole him she'd bin a-thinkin' an' a-porin' over that ever sence we-uns hed tuk ter one 'nother. I'd hate mos' powerful ter leave em, Dick, fer they hev sot a store by me, an' they's a-gittin' old, yer know; but ther Scripter say thet a womin kin leave her folkses an' cling ter her man. I mus' 'lo'er yer, Dick, an' they knows et. Yes, I'll go thar with yer ez soon ez Spring comes an' we-uns ez—jined, yer know."

Neither of these children of the mountains were ever demonstrative. They knew the fixity of their affection for each other, unexcitable as it may appear to those whose lives have been surrounded by a widely-different civilization. But they were just as happy in their love; ready to suffer, if need be, contented with its measure, for it was as pure as the crystal waters that flowed from the springs at the bases of their native hills, and as enduring as the rocks that formed them.

Dick and Clariss, after this mutual understanding of a subject which was to change the current of their existence, retired to their sleeping-places, he to dream of fearful struggles with impossible "varmints," and she of her promise that night to him.

II.

May, with its wealth of flowers and days resonant with the songs of birds, came to the beautiful region where Tom Pollock's rude cabin was the only deformity in the landscape. Many pitied little Clariss, when on a golden afternoon in the middle of that month she and Dick were "jined" by the "Circuit Rider" in the large room where on a memorable evening of the previous October she had pledged her young life to her hunter lover's keeping. The fair-haired girl had been the pet and pride of the "settlemint," and the neighbors flocked to the simple rustic wedding, mourned her leaving, and pitied her, because she seemed to be going to another world!

They had no more idea of the geography of the continent, outside of a few miles on both flanks of the range, than they had of

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

"Them thar' Rocky Mountings" might as well been part of the moon's topography, so distant were they in the minds of the ignorant residents on the border of Kentucky and Tennessee in those days, and they knew as much about a railroad as they did of the tariff.

"Ef she war fool 'nuff ter marry an' go way out thar' et war none o' their consarn; but they did think her folkses mus' be *destracted* ter gin ther *consent*! 'Course, she hed a right ter her ch'ce o' men; but they'd be dad-burned ef they'd go ter sech a heathinish place fer no man!"

With such and kindred opinions expressed about the marriage, though never uttered in her hearing, Clariss left the rude home of her childhood to "tuk her chances with Dick."

After a tedious and uneventful journey across the plains, the incidents of which do not properly belong to this story, they arrived at "them thar' Rocky Mountings" in August, early in the month, selected their home at the mouth of the great canyon, and built the rude cabin, already described, after many days of labor and severe trials of patience.

Dick, perfectly contented with his new home in the wilderness, hunted constantly in its immediate vicinity, for he loved his profession, and he did not have to walk whole days without success, as he had been obliged to back in Kentucky, to keep the larder supplied, and barter for the limited number of necessaries his vocation demanded. The foothills abounded in black-tail deer,

THE BEST VENISON IN THE WORLD,

silver-tip, cinnamon, and grizzly bear; otter, beaver, lynx, panther, and the "big horn"; while on the plains below vast herds of buffalo, elk, and antelope roamed almost as countless as the pine-needles in the forest on the mountain-sides. He was supremely happy with the companionship of his young wife and the congenial atmosphere of his surroundings; for it was a veritable hunter's paradise, as the attorney who had first suggested his coming there declared.

The Utes, the most powerful and numerous of all the mountain tribes, from the moment of Dick's and Clariss's advent into their domain, were exceedingly friendly; but it was due solely to the gentle methods of the warm-hearted, sympathetic girl in her treatment of the savages. They often camped in large numbers for weeks together on the creek-bottom, or in the heavy timber that fringed the stream near the cabin. On these occasions the squaws evinced a decided attachment to the Golden Fawn, as they called Clariss, who presided over the fortunes of the wooden lodge of the white hunter. They would frequently present her with a handsomely-beaded pair of moccasins, or a heavily-fringed and porcupined buckskin skirt, made out of the softest doe's hide, the work of their own deft fingers, while she in turn made them small gifts of coffee, sugar and flour as her limited stock of these difficult-to-obtain articles permitted, or initiated them into the mysteries of her kitchen. She was very happy, as yet, in her simple home. She made a study of the Indian character, soon familiarized herself with their spoken, and became an expert in the strange and fascinating sign-language, so perfect in its symbolization. Had she possessed the power of imparting her wonderful knowledge by correctly transcribing it, she could have presented a more definite and plausible argument in relation to the vexed Indian question than Congress has in all the years devoted to the subject.

Absolutely unused to the culture and refinement of our so-called higher civilization, but inheriting that love of solitude characteristic of the class from which she sprung,

HER UTTER ISOLATION

from "the maddening crowd" had no other effect than to intensely develope her natural love for the primitive in creation; so the magnificent scenery, the roar of the torrent, and the wilderness of floral beauty surrounding her home, wrought a condition of contentment it is impossible for the pampered children of luxury to understand.

So little of his time did it require to procure skins of the valuable fur-bearing animals in sufficient number to supply the necessaries for their primitive style of living, Dick found an abundance of leisure at his command; so every year, in accordance with Clariss's wise suggestion when they first took up their abode in the mountains, he cultivated a small garden-patch in the fertile creek-bottom, where he raised a variety of vegetables, that grew with an almost tropical luxuriance, so richly did the virgin soil respond to the demands made upon it! Late one Fall, November, 1853, as the legend hath it, when the harvest of the little garden had been gathered and stored by "caching" in a "dug-out" in the hillside back of the cabin, Dick, for the first time since his settlement there, began to develop a spirit of restlessness, which the keen eyes of his wife quickly discovering, disturbed her seriously. It first manifested itself in more prolonged absences from home; instead of

HUNTING AMONG THE HILLS

for only two or three hours at a time, he now remained away the whole day, and when he did return at night was always in a gloomy mood, and more reticent than ever.

He had now determined upon an extended trip into the region of the Sangre de Christo Pass and Spanish Peaks, far away to the north, which resolution he reluctantly disclosed to Clariss one evening a short time after he had made up his mind to go, as they sat before the fire discussing a very successful day's work, which had somehow raised his spirits; for he had killed in less than half a day four black-tail deer and two brown bears, besides finding that all his beaver traps had caught a victim.

Clariss, to whom Dick's slightest word was law, so deep was her affection and such her confidence in his wisdom, merely permitted one little sigh to escape as she learned of his proposed absence, the first since their marriage. She knew no fear; it was not any dread of being left alone, in the rigid acceptation of the term, that worried her. She had frequently passed whole weeks at her father's cabin in the Cumberland Range with no companion but her cat; it was Dick's presence that she required constantly, now that he belonged to her, or the sun would not shine so brightly and the flowers lose their sweetness. Of that terror which solitude brings to some natures Clariss was as ignorant as she was of the calculus.

"Waal," said she to Dick, after he had made her believe that it was necessary that he should go, and they were discussing the impending journey, "Waal, ef yer hez gotter go, ez long ez I hev got 'Tige 'an' 'Buck,' I shan't hev no call ter be afeard o' nothin'; them dorgs kin tuk car' o' me. Ther

INGINS WON'T BE A RAMPAGIN' 'ROUND,

an' thar haint nothin' but varmints else, which them thar dorgs kin manage."

"Them thar dorgs," to which Clariss referred so confidently, were two magnificent specimens of their species, great grizzled animals, half blood and half stag-hounds, with all the ferocity and endurance of both breeds combined. Either could vanquish a gray wolf in single combat, and together were a match for a mountain lion, as the American cougar is called in the West. Neither Buck nor Tige possessed much of that affection generally found in the domestic dog-family; that is to say, that they had no love for anyone, red, black or white, other than Dick and Clariss, so carefully had they been trained. At a word from either master or mistress, they would have torn a man to pieces, or attacked the most ferocious beast in the whole Range; they were equally obedient in the heat of their greatest rage, and would desist when ordered, though at the throat of a grizzly that was doing its best to disembowel them at the moment. They never intruded themselves at inopportune times. A stranger might have remained at the cabin for days without fear of attack, although his every movement would have been watched, unless he committed some overt act.

As stated, for some time Dick had been more than usually restless and surly, but never disrespectful to Clariss; and the strange mood manifested itself more positively whenever it happened that

THE FRIENDLY UTES

took up their camp in the timber, or on the grassy bottom near his cabin. Now he never went near them as he used to in days gone by, and if, on coming home after a hunt, he saw that Clariss was entertaining a party of her dusky friends (he could always tell by their ponies picketed around the door), he would invariably turn back, walk up the canyon where he could watch without being seen, and sitting on some bowlder would smoke his pipe vigorously, apparently deeply absorbed in his thoughts, often for hours, until the squaws had departed.

The subject of the Indian women's visits, although Clariss saw their presence had a visible effect on Dick's actions, was not broached by either in their short nightly conversations at the cheerful fire in their humble home; she was well aware of his inherent hatred of the race, but said nothing; while he felt that in her solitariness the companionship of her own sex, though they were of the accursed breed, was a comfort to her, and in his rough but strong love for her, he would not interrupt.

The cause of the change in Dick's conduct, which he very foolishly kept a profound secret from his confiding young wife, and which eventually overburdened him with sorrow, was this:

One morning, some weeks previous to his having told Clariss of his proposed extended hunting-trip north, while on a tour of inspection to his beaver and other traps scattered along the river for several miles, he had some

TROUBLE WITH AN INDIAN,

who had really, or Dick imagined it, been meddling with his skins, as some were missing, and without much altercation the hot-headed fellow killed him, not giving him the least chance for his life. Dick felt a momentary qualm of self-reproach immediately, for upon looking around after the consummation of the deed, he saw a few rods distant in the timber a squaw with a child strapped to her back, who had evidently witnessed the hellish act. She was half sitting, half reclining at the foot of a great pine, tearing her hair and chanting the death-song of her tribe. Dick now knew that he had killed her husband and the father of her innocent babe.

He at once thought of Clariss. What would his young wife, so kind-hearted and charitable to the oppressed race, say if she knew of this ruthless murder? The squaw, perhaps, was one of her chosen companions. For a few moments these thoughts chased each other through his brain; his anguish was terrible, and he wished he could recall his rash act. But his compunctions soon subsided, for upon looking again to where the woman was, he saw her standing, gazing intently at him and making some motions with her fingers which he did not understand. Then as she commenced to walk slowly away from him through the somber forest, vengeance unmistakably depicted in every line of her face, he felt all the inherent animosity of his nature come convulsively to his mind, and he "chuckled inwardly that he had put another of the dad-burned, no 'count cusses out'en his way."

THIS MURDERER IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE RANGE

did not, like Eugene Aram, make any attempt to conceal the object of his unwarranted vengeance; the "code of the Border" implied no such precaution among its rules; so the now hardened Dick left the bones of his victim to be picked by the gray wolves, those ghouls of the mountains, and to bleach in the wintry sun.

As soon as breakfast was disposed of one morning a few days after Dick had told Clariss he was going away, he gathered and assorted his accumulation of furs, packed them on three burros, and started on horseback over the trail for the old Mexican village of Ryado. He had always found a quick market there at the Agency store, and had never traded elsewhere since his settlement in the Territory; but he had not as yet visited the place in person, so loth had he been to leave Clariss even for one night. He had been in the habit of transacting all his business through the conductors of the Overland Coaches, who, for a small commission, received his skins at the station on Ute Creek, transported them to Ryado, sold them and brought back on the return trip such things as were needed and the balance in money. By this method of an agent Dick could go to the station and reach home again before night, a consideration that was lovingly appreciated by Clariss.

The trip to the village occupied four days of Dick's time, but to Clariss it seemed an age, for it was his first absence over night since they were married. He arrived home about sundown, his animals laden with an ample supply of flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, and other things necessary to Clariss's comfort, sufficient to last six or eight weeks, the proposed duration of his hunting expedition to the Spanish Peaks.

The morning after his return Dick again discussed the question with Clariss of his going away, and while he made his preparations comforted her as well as his rough nature permitted, for he was really grieved to leave her. After dinner was over he gave her some more minute directions what to do during his absence, and when everything was ready took an affectionate farewell, struck out for the well-worn trail through the canyon and along the brink of the mesa above it. He was mounted on his favorite American horse which he had brought from Kentucky, and named for his native State, driving before him two burros on whose backs were packed his simple camp equipage and provisions, while following were his two inseparable companions when hunting, two thoroughbred deerhounds, Bruce and Pout. Resting across the horn of his saddle, a silver-mounted affair, was an old-fashioned rifle, but as true as a problem in Euclid, an heir-loom through three generations, which, next to his young wife, he loved better than all his other possessions, for it had never yet played him false when he pulled the trigger!

Clariss, her soul filled with sorrow, sat on a projecting ledge of rock near the door of her cabin watching her husband as his horse struggled up the zig-zag trail marked the precipitous trail on the mountain's side; remained there until long after he had disappeared, and the shadows fell in the little valley and the mottled owls commenced their melancholy screech from the tops of the blasted pines. Then when night covered the canyon, and only the faintest tinge of purple marked the line of the serrated hill crests, she sadly entered her now desolate hut nearly heart broken.

(To be continued.)

The King of Rat-Catchers.

Adolph Isaacsen, who is acknowledged the king of rat-catchers in New York City, has been engaged in the business for 35 years, and keeps a little place on Fulton Street. His methods are very simple. He has a finely trained terrier, and he goes with her into a building at night very quietly, so as not to alarm the rats, and locates their homes. Steel traps are set at most of these holes, and as soon as a rat is caught he is quietly killed, and the trap set for another. He has a secret oil which he uses to anoint his shoes. This is very pungent, and is also used to oil the traps with. He says this is made by boiling 100 rats in a large kettle and skimming off the oil which rises to the top. By walking across the floor toward the traps rats can be made to go directly to them. Sometimes he stops up the holes. At one he stations the terrier and in the other puts a ferret. The moment the rats are aware of the ferret being in their hole, they make a dash to escape, and as they appear the terrier kills each one in a wink by biting each in the back of his neck. Everything has to be done silently, for if a rat is allowed to give one squeak of alarm the business is over for the night. Isaacsen has some marvellous tales to tell of his achievements in the line of his profession. At one time in a hotel in North Carolina, he and his assistants killed 1,500 rats in one night. They caught 200 to give an exhibition, and the whole number were killed by four terriers in five minutes.

The Way He Decided It.

[The Argonaut.]

Of the father of the present King of Bavaria, it is related that one day, when two of his Cabinet Ministers called upon him with the draft of a new law for which they required his approval and signature, they found him seated in his arm-chair with an open book on his knees. After reading the statute to His Majesty, the ministers stood for a long time silently waiting for an answer. At length, when their patience was nearly exhausted, the King suddenly closed his book with a bang, and exclaimed, with a look of unutterable triumph: "I have got him! I have got him!" He had caught and crushed a fly.

Pat's Attack of the Grip.

Pat had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of the grip. "Well, Pat," said a friend, meeting him on the street, "I hear you've been having a pretty hard time of it."

"Faith, an' I have," said Pat. "An' it's the right name they give to it, too, for when it once takes holt on a man it's no mind to let go. It took me thrua wakes to fale better after I was intoirely well."

Too Practical.

Teacher (placing an orange on each desk)—Now, children, I want you to write a composition, using Orange as the subject—John Smith (who had made good headway toward devouring his)—what do you mean by eating your subject?

John Smith—Well, the other day you said in order to write a good composition one must get perfectly familiar with the subject, and I always obey orders.

His Hat Doesn't Fit.

[Chicago Times.]

"Remember, James," said the sorrowing parent to the family scapegrace, "if you spend your money in drink you will never get ahead."

"But, father," responded the unrepentant prodigal, "I was out with the boys last night, and, geewhiz! but I've got a head to-day!"

Equals to Equals.

One day a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a cafe in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly another gentleman, dining at a neighboring table, rose and approached them, his mustache bristling with anger. "Sir," cried he, tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!" "Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary. "I have not that honor," was the reply; "but I am his Chief Aid-de-Camp." "Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary; "I will send you my head-clerk."

When the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen made their first visit to America, some years ago, they had an original experience with a folding-bed in a Chicago hotel. It was the first contrivance of the kind they had ever seen, and a servant explained its mysteries to the Countess. During the night, however, their bell in the office rang a long call for assistance, and a chambermaid, who was dispatched to the suite of rooms occupied by the lordly pair, found the noble Earl, clad in a hastily-donned dressing-gown, frantically endeavoring to extricate the fair Countess from the jaws of the bed, which had closed on her unexpectedly.

Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Traveling Salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

The Grand Old Dinner Our Mess Enjoyed.

BY CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

"I'LL have him for our Christmas dinner," said Jim, "if I die for it." And the jolliest member of our mess looked along his gun-barrel at a space between the ears of a white porker rooting in the field.

We were foragers from the main line of march—foragers not exactly authorized by military law, and stragglers strictly forbidden to straggle. For we were in the enemy's country and were actually surrounded by bushwhackers, and had daily brushes with detachments in front and rear of our columns. We had started on a weary march to join the other columns concentrating upon Murfreesboro. Baggage and provision trains and everything that could impede the rapid movement of the troops had been left behind. Salt pork, crackers, and coffee, and a limited supply of each was our daily diet.

Here it was Christmas time, and all the world up in our Northern homes would be around the conventional dinner table to-morrow. The boys talked of nothing else but Christmas days and family dinners and home as we marched along the hard stone pike, or else silently and moodily contrasted situations. But this element was small—the rule was cheerfulness.

Jim was one of my messmates. He was of Italian birth, had been a street-organ grinder in St. Louis, and was the Mark Tapley of our company. On an especially painful march, a cold wet night out, or when one day's rations had to cover half a week, Jim came out strong. He had been enlivening the weary hours by occasional snatches of song from his extensive repertory on this particular day, and when it was whispered along the ranks that we were to be given a rest on the morrow, Christmas day, Jim issued a formal invitation to our platoon to take Christmas dinner with him. There were a good many jokes cracked at our own expense, but when Jim seriously promised us genuine turkey and cranberry sauce for Christmas day we thought it the best joke of all. The boys played upon this theme, while Jim began to look serious.

"I must go to market," he finally whispered to me. Then he suddenly spoke to our Sergeant: "I've got a pebble in my shoe," and stepped out of the ranks. As he did so he pulled at my blanket, and I said I would help him. "All right, boys," said our Sergeant, "hurry up—you know the orders."

When I found what Jim was up to I followed him under protest. We sneaked along the fence as though overcome with the march until a favorable opportunity offered, when we slipped into the woods and struck out cautiously at right angles from the passing column. Our regiment was of the leading division that day and the Second Brigade; so we knew that our advance guard of cavalry flankers had just covered the ground to the right and left and we would thus be in less danger from stray Confederates than we would be from our own rear-guard. The latter meant severe punishment. But there was a whole corps behind and our own division stretched back for a mile or two.

When we had got far enough away from the column to avoid our own cavalry scouts we turned in the general direction of the march, sticking to cover of woods and fences and keeping a sharp eye out for Confederates and game. The first living thing was this razor-backed white hog in the middle of an open field.

Jim and I laid down flat in a fence corner and looked at it and gloated over it. The porker had a long tail curling over to the right in a jaunty way.

"It would be nice roasted in hot ashes," said Jim, moistening his lips from his canteen. But there was a log hut within fair gunshot of that hog, and the smoke coming from the rough wood-and-clay chimney indicated that it was occupied. There was a narrow country road skirting the other side of the field near the house, and that road might develop stray troopers—our own or the enemy's—equally disagreeable for me.

If we shot the hog we might not only not get him but bring down on us armed horsemen. If we got the animal we still had a long march ahead before camp, and it would be a wearisome job to carry much of him away. If we didn't take him we might not get another chance, for pretty soon or regular foragers would be sweeping the country. So we looked at his pigship and ruminated. Finally, Jim could stand it no longer, and declared he must have that pig or die for it. His bullet took fatal effect, and the razor-back keeled over without a squeal.

But we remained perfectly quiet to study the effect on that house and road. Not a soul appeared. "Keep your rifle on the house, old man," said Jim, who had reloaded his Springfield and drawn his knife. "I'm going after that four-legged turkey. If any demonstration is made blaze away, and follow, if necessary, with my gun."

"He leaped boldly over the fence, and ran for the kicking hog. In another minute he had cut the animal's throat and was dragging him toward our hiding place. Not another soul in sight.

"I'll investigate," said Jim. "Our cavalry probably scared 'em away." So he took his gun and followed the fence around to the road, leaving me to cover his flanking movement. He then ran rapidly down toward the house. I saw him try the door, listen and enter. He came out almost immediately and waved his hand and I joined him.

"They've bolted," cried Jim, "and here's our Christmas turkey, all cleaned and stuffed, and here's our cranberry sauce, and here's the whole layout, corn bread and syrup, and—quick! your blanket! Watch outside—I'll scoop this Christmas dinner—well, I should say. Talk about Providence! I wish it was cooked."

I heard him going on as I stood outside, gun in hand. In another minute he came out, swung the heavily-laden blanket across my back and started back across the fields.

"I must have some of that pig—we'll want some variety to-morrow," he explained, at my remonstrance.

Having secured as much fresh pork as we dared to additionally burden ourselves with, we returned by diagonal approaches to the column and came up with our regiment some four hours after it had gone into camp, and long after dark. There we learned that there had been some active skirmishing during the day, and that we had been given up as captured. Our Captain had been called to account by the Colonel, and it took our Christmas turkey to straighten things out at headquarters. But our mess had fresh pork and corn pone and jelly and other good things galore, while Jim sang us a rattling Italian wine song, and we bumped our blackened tin cups in the chorus.

That Christmas dinner was to us then one of the happiest hours on earth. Four days later Jim fell in line of battle at Murfreesboro, shot through the heart. Two others of the mess received wounds that closed their military service. The Christmas dinner mess never met again.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept. 9th, 1891.*

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now, in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

VANQUISHING VICKSBURG

(Continued from first page.

It was done. She was entirely destroyed before the deception was discovered.

But this splendid result was probably not greater in its effect than the manifest possibility of getting even transports past the blockade. Some might be lost, but that some would get through seemed probable.

AT LAST GRANT SPOKE TO PORTER,

in command of our naval forces, of his final and long-cherished purpose. Porter's co-operation was necessary and was cheerfully promised. He even volunteered to get the transports ready for the passage, an offer gladly accepted by Grant. Out of sight of the foe, on the east side of the river, above the city, and where the swampy country protected him largely from spies, Porter did his work. Bales of hay, for use by our forces below, and cotton bales were piled around the boilers and hid the boiler fires. Sacks of grain were added where possible, that they might benefit our troops, and thus, one after another, the three boats—the Silver Wave, the Henry Clay, and the Forest Queen—were made ready. A ripple of excitement reached us in camp about this time, the effort of someone from Vicksburg, evidently, to find out what was going on. We heard of the capture of a small boat in which, at the stern was afterwards found a diminutive white flag, playing the part of the flag of truce, if the occasion required, and our river guards took it and the men rowing it to Gen. Grant.

We only concluded that it was a trick, through which the enemy could with safety investigate our lines, and the boys were indignant enough. But Gen. Grant informed us that the boat carried no less a personage than Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under President Buchanan, and that though he did not believe in the good faith of this river party, he sent them back, after a pleasant half-hour's chat, to the city. They were no wiser than before, however. Yet it seems that they had in view the possibility of other blockade running, presumably by the naval fleet, for they had bonfires prepared on both shores, and houses also, that could be set in flames in a moment.

When the steamboats were all in readiness for the downward ride of danger there arose a trouble of another sort. Two of the crews refused to remain on the vessels. Two Captains were willing and one crew, that of the Forest Queen; but some other arrangement must be made for the other boats. I do not know that I blame the boatmen for their conduct. It was not in the line of their business to engage in such an undertaking.

THERE DID NOT SEEM MUCH DELAY,

however, for an appeal was made to the troops on shore for assistance. The word passed swiftly from camp to camp. It created an interest that resulted in prompt action. The men talked together; officers and men alike hurried up to volunteer. Men to command the boats, men to pilot them, to engineer, to serve anywhere as the crew, were found in abundance. When it was known that some would be wanted to go into the hold and there wait in the darkness to fill up any break in the hulls that might be made by the enemy's cannon, there were scores for that duty. The only regret the soldiers seemed to have in this was that they could not see the fight. More were on hand than 50 boats would need. The same was true when the next effort was made. Our volunteers could do anything, and were ready for any emergency. The night of the 16th of April was dark;

NO MOON GAVE TROUBLE BY ITS BRILLIANCY.

The transports were to be led, accompanied, followed by seven of Porter's ironclads—the Benton, flagship, in the van; Lafayette, Louisville, Mound City, Pittsburg, and Carondalet. The Tuscumbia brought up the rear.

There were a number of barges loaded with baggage, some belonging to my regiment; coal, and necessary forage for troops below, and which could be used, if they passed safely, for transporting troops, as the case might require. These were lashed to the boats, and some were cut loose on the way down and floated on alone.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Life in Turkey.

[Olive Harper, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.]

The Turkish women's garments are all of the most brilliant and showy pattern, and they wear trousers of gayly-flowered chintz which reach to their ankles, and are never of gauze, as some seem to believe. Above the trousers they wear a shalvar, or petticoat, made of four breadths of material not sewn together, and each a yard and a half to two yards long. In the street these are tucked up, but left to train in the house. Next comes a chemise of Erousa crepe with long sleeves and V-shaped neck. No corsets are worn. A jacket made of silk or velvet, and richly embroidered in gold thread, pearls, turquoise, and coral beads. This is very low in the neck, and buttons around the waist with three small buttons, leaving the entire bust exposed, with the exception of the doubtful protection of the transparent crep