

account of snow and cold, but with morning came the onward march. In a very short time we reached the place where the savages had encamped the night before; the fires were yet burning brightly. Now all was excitement, and we pushed on with renewed vigor. Suddenly the Indians and cattle were discovered about a mile ahead. They were hurrying forward with all possible speed. They were making for some valley land a mile away, where they probably expected to find a safe retreat and fine pasturage. The chase now became very hot. The Indians followed the animals at even greater speed, but we gained rapidly. Soon we were near enough to charge, and as we rushed forward the Redskins abandoned the cattle and their horses and shot down over the bluff into the canyon below. We opened a hot fire upon them, and downed several before they scattered and hid. One of our men was slightly wounded by an arrow from a wounded Indian's bow, the savage having hidden himself in some undergrowth and been routed out by the soldiers. Quick as thought two bullets

PIERCED HIS BODY, and he rolled over.

The cattle were now driven into the valley, and we went into camp on the second bottom land, near the west branch of the river. After nightfall the Indians gathered on the opposite side of the river, and commenced to pester us with their bullets, which sang all around us, but no one was hit, and we returned their fire with such good effect that in a short time we were left in peace. The next day a scout was made for the Indians in the direction that most of the Redskins had gone the day before, but it resulted in nothing; so we started back to Camp Lyon, taking two days for the return trip, and leaving the cattle at the ranch where they belonged.

During the Spring most of the Oregon troops were mustered out of the service and their places supplied by Regulars from New York, who knew little about Indian fighting. Up to the time that I left the camp for my Kansas home, which was in June, there were other raids, pursuits, and skirmishes with the savages, but a recital of them would perhaps only weary the reader. A few words, however, in regard to our scout, Charley C—, and I am done.

Sometime in the Fall he was down at the mouth of Cow Creek, not far from Dr. Ince's ranch, hunting for evidence of thieving Indians, who were supposed to have a hiding place in the lava beds. He was on his way back to camp by way of the Chico road, when he espied some Redskins lurking in a small thicket near the road. They had not seen him, so he left his horse behind the hill, and walked, presently two covered wagons came in sight up the Chico road. Just as they drew near, one stepped an Indian and leveled his gun at the old man who was driving the first team. In an instant more the old fellow would have been killed, but our scout was too quick. He let drive at that Indian and sent him instant to the happy hunting grounds. Then with his 16-shooter and his revolver he sent such a volley of lead into the chaparral across the road that the other five Redskins "lit out" without so much as saying good-by.

AN AFFECTING SCENE followed. The emigrants rushed forward to thank and embrace their rescuer, and lo and behold, these people were the ones from whom Charley C— had parted years before. Sarah was with them, and she had loved him faithfully ever since he had disappeared. Well, the upshot of the meeting was great happiness for everybody, for the old man removed his objections and Charley got his girl.

It transpired that the rebels in Missouri had made it so hot for old man S— that he could not stay there. They burned his house and his barns, and ordered him to leave the country. He went.

The winter had found him and his dependent family with some relatives on Boise River, in California, but in the Spring he had set out for new lands over the Chico road, and had not met any trouble until that from which Charley C— had so opportunely rescued him.

Under the scout's advice, the old man settled with his son-in-law in Ruby City, and for all the winter knows they are living there yet. Charley C— sometime before this had discovered what turned out to be a valuable quartz claim, and he soon left the Government service to attend to its development. When last heard from he was yet following with uncertain steps the bewitching phantom of wealth.

(The End.)

A Thankless Sinner.

(Boston Journal.)

A Journal reader was looking over an old newspaper the other day, when he found the following incident, which he thought would bear reviewing:

"It was in an English hospital. The Chaplain was making his morning rounds when he met a porter."

"Robinson this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the porter.

"Dear!"

AFTER DAILY DAYS

MARY A. SAWYER.

It was one of those damp, drowsy nights, which are often experienced in New York in the early Spring, and the windows of a house in one of the fashionable residential streets sent forth a faint yellow light through the still, murky air. A long line of carriages stood in waiting, and from time to time the opening door threw still wider streams of light into the darkness, as slowly the guests departed from one of the season's closing festivities.

Standing by the open door of a smart brougham was a young man in his evening dress. He was talking earnestly to someone within.

"Then you think he will come soon?" he asked.

"I am expecting a letter every day," replied Alice Vandegrit. He may be detained by this talk of war. Papa feels very despondent. He thinks there is now very little prospect of peace."

"Heaven forbid war!" said the young man. "I can share your father's anxiety. War means—"

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account led her to direct her attentions to the young governess. She felt irresistibly attracted toward her, even though she daily became more and more aware of the strong dislike the girl held for her. She perceived that when it came to the point of the day, she caught a glance which confirmed her in her belief that so strong an aversion must have other foundation than that of relations between the employer and the employe. She was, however, it is her proud Southern spirit, she decided, with a pitying tenderness. "Poor child! it is hard indeed to feel the yoke of dependence," she thought.

It was a Monday, Alice was called away suddenly one day, and going into the school-room she took leave of her niece. Then, obeying a sudden impulse, she turned to Marian and said to her, "I will be back in a holiday, Miss Winter, the housekeeper can take charge of Dora for a few days."

Marian lifted her eyes suddenly, and Alice perceived that she had started, for a moment, by her exclamation. She spoke, after a moment, "No," she said, coldly, "I desire no holiday, thank you."

Then, after giving a few more directions, she left the house. She returned somewhat unexpectedly the next morning. It was a gray day, and Dora, who had been waiting for her, was sitting on the stairs, waiting in vain for her to appear. She looked around the room quickly. "Edward may have changed it," she thought. It was not in the room, however, that she found the girl, but in the kitchen, where she was sitting at the table, looking at a letter.

Later in the day she questioned both the maid and the housekeeper. Kitty protested that she merely dusted and straightened it, from time to time, but from whom he had expected to hear nothing in his roving life, and he returned at once to New York.

Alice sighed as she recalled his remorse and distress when he had returned to New York, and her own reluctance to leave New York and make her home in Boston; but she felt that she had great reason for thanksgiving, since she had a home to go to, and a father, who, in the devotion of a child, rich, and the vast opportunities which ample wealth affords for helpful charity.

And yet, as she sat by the fire, she answered her vague thoughts by a whispered confession: "I love him now! even though I know him to be dead. I am listening for his voice, listening as in the old, old days for his footsteps, for his coming down the street, for his patting her hand and touching the chain which encircled her neck. "It is there," she said, "his ring! Ah, it was that ring, it was his dear prayer-book, which sustained my courage all those dreary years."

Her brother's entrance roused her from the old dreams of love and happiness which her retrospect of the past invited. She colored under his affectionate scrutiny, and hastily took up a fan. "The fire is hot," she said, with a slight, constrained laugh, "yet it holds a fascination for me I can seldom resist at this hour."

It holds a fascination for everyone, I think," he replied, taking a seat beside her. "One does not need to analyze it to feel it."

"No," thoughtfully, since his voice had a note of sadness she was quick to detect. "I am thinking of my young wife, she knew. She hastened to change the subject to one which would arouse his keen interest and attention. "I have a letter from your father," she said, "it hurts me to think that I must be disappointed."

"You had ever a tender heart for the unfortunate, I remember. But do you know your late, at last, found one with the necessary qualifications?"

"I was greatly pleased with one young girl, I felt drawn toward her almost at once. She was wholly different from the others."

"Very young, though?"

"Rather too young. Not more than 18 or 19, I judge. Still, as Dora is so easily guided, perhaps her youth is not a disadvantage."

"No, to a child of 10, a governess of 18 seems as old as one of more mature years."

"Then you think I may venture to engage her?"

"If her manners and appearance please you, most certainly I will try her. If she proves incompetent, she must go. She has references, I suppose?"

"Yes, oh, yes. Very excellent ones."

"Then I should consider the matter settled. You have already had far more than I meant you to have."

Following this advice, therefore, Alice engaged the young girl the next day, and the following Monday she began her task.

Alice met her in the reception room, and with a vivid remembrance of her own dreary feelings upon entering a new situation, greeted her with a warm and friendly cordiality. To her surprise Marian Winter responded with a scarcely civil courtesy.

"She is a very poor girl," thought Alice. "Poor and shy. I must spare no effort to make her happy with us."

She made little progress, however, during the weeks that followed. In consequence of her resolve to make the young girl's life brighter, she spent much time in the school-room, but here she made no advance in obtaining a clearer insight into Marian's nature, and received no response to the friendship she so generously proffered.

She confessed to her brother, at last, her discouragement. "She will not, she simply will not like me," she said, "and I can think of nothing more to do or say. She is so proud! She will not even accept a concert ticket from me! Yet, she is so kind, and she is so good, and she is so fond of music. She must see that I wish to be good. Why is it that she dislikes me?"

"Oh, young girls are full of whims," her brother answered, carelessly. "She can have no reason. I should give myself no further concern about her. Let her go her own way."

Advice of this nature, Alice knew to be sensible, yet some impulse for which she could not

account led her to direct her attentions to the young governess. She felt irresistibly attracted toward her, even though she daily became more and more aware of the strong dislike the girl held for her. She perceived that when it came to the point of the day, she caught a glance which confirmed her in her belief that so strong an aversion must have other foundation than that of relations between the employer and the employe. She was, however, it is her proud Southern spirit, she decided, with a pitying tenderness. "Poor child! it is hard indeed to feel the yoke of dependence," she thought.

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"THE BETTER HALF"

The erstwhile scorn and amazement expressed when dress was spoken of as "frocks" or "gowns" has somewhat subsided of late, as these quaint expressions are more frequently used. They are, perhaps, more correct than the common term, "Dress," besides its special meaning, has the wider, necessary significance—the entire apparel. "Gown" may sometimes mean a loose robe, and "frock," one buttoned down the back, but neither of these meanings interferes with their other definition—the ordinary overgarment worn by women. But this is an old question, revived because it has been suggested that "gowneries" is a better title than "dress-making establishments," or the "dress-makers."

Suits of white duck will be very "swell" for wear this Summer. They are made with a plain, rather full, gored skirt, and a little Eton jacket with immense leg-mutton sleeves. With them are worn blouses of faintly wash-silk.

Frances Willard is ill, and will be unable to take her part in the World's Fair Congress as was planned. It is a pity, for she has made a wonderful study of her special work—temperance—and is familiar with all the details of the practical work. Besides this, she is a most convincing proof of the fallacy of the masculine argument that for a woman to be an advocate of woman's rights is necessarily for her to become unattractive and unwomanly. Miss Willard has a rare womanly charm pervading her intelligence and energy.

German mothers must expect a great deal from their daughters if the following account can be considered as expressing the general sentiment. It was written by a German matron and published in a publication for housewives. The duties of a 17-year-old girl are thus laid down: At 7 a. m. she is roused, and by 7:30 she must be ready for breakfast. Her get-up is to go to school. After breakfast, until 10 o'clock, she does housework, making her own bed and putting in order the entire house; cleaning and dusting wherever it is necessary. Three days in the week she spends the hours between 10 and 12 at the dressmaker's, learning to make her clothes. The other three days she practices on the piano and studies English during these hours. Twice a week she has her music lesson from 12 until 1. At 1:30, the mid-day meal being over, she helps in the work of clearing up and putting away the food. Then she is allowed to have fun—reading or playing dominoes with her father—until 2:30. For an hour and a half, until 4 o'clock, she is expected to sew; then the family have a light luncheon which they call "coffee." Perhaps after this she goes out with the family for a little walk, being home again at 6 in order to do what her father requires of her. He gives her some subject—literary, geographical or historical—and she writes down all she knows about it without consulting any reference books. This is done in time to help prepare the 7 o'clock supper; that meal finished, she sews or embroiders or crochets during the long evening, while the members of the family take turns in reading aloud some book. At 9 promptly the young lady is sent to bed, and her day is completed. This schedule seems to allow no time for accidental needs that may arise, nor for individual tastes, and there hardly seems time even to get from one duty to the other. How long this discipline is kept up, or whether it is lightened when there are two daughters of nearly the same age, is not stated by this energetic mother. The account is interesting to compare with the duties of a 17-year-old daughter here.

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