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THE CHURCH OF THE WORLD.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church-door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one outstepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,
Above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ballroom,
Her footsteps seemed to glide;
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray,
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array!
God's house holds no poor sinners
She sighed, and walked away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples
Held men of every state;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of St. Sophia
Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In Tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of law.

Yet, there too, each cathedral
Contrasts its ample room;
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom;
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

—Harper's Magazine.

ALIF-LAILA; AN EASTERN STORY.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The monthly magazine, as known to our Western civilization, dates, of course, from a period this side of the reinvention of printing in Europe—or of what Bishop Whately wisely calls the introduction of paper in the West. Our sets of monthlies, bi-monthlies and semi-monthlies only run back a hundred or two years, therefore—to the joy of librarians, to whom, be it confessed, they bring misery untold.

But in the East, where printing has existed so long that the memory of man goes not to the contrary, it is almost impossible to say how far back was the introduction of the monthly literary magazine. This publication was accompanied with certain advantages and certain disadvantages, which sprang from the peculiarities of the Eastern calendar. The Eastern month being lunar, the magazine, if accuracy were consulted, had to be issued once in twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. On the other hand the people of the East are less exacting or precise than we are in their estimates of time, and in the long run, if they had thirteen monthlies in one year and twelve in each of the next two years, it generally proved that subscribers were satisfied.

There is a story of two of these early magazines—universally known through the East, where, indeed, it is told in many exaggerated and impossible forms—which is worth repeating for Western readers not yet familiar with it; for it gives both instruction and warning in an age in which every boy in college and every girl in a "female seminary" regards magazine-writing as the chief end of man and of woman—an age in which editors are feeling round, somewhat blindly, to know what their rights may be, or whether in fact, they have any rights, which is doubtful. The story simply told, without any of the absurd adornments which are put upon it in the East, teaches all men how some of the most difficult editorial questions were decided there, and what are the delicate relations between contributors and the public.

Far back in the period of mythical history in the East two brothers, men of spirit, tact, shrewdness and literary culture, conducted at the same time two monthly magazines. The offices of publication were so far from each other, and the "constituencies" were so different, that the two journals did not in the least interfere with each other. Those were in the happy days when there were no mails, and each magazine had its own staff and its own contributors, the one set skilled in the language and literature of Tartary, and the other in those of India. Though the two brothers loved each other, they seldom exchanged letters, and the chosen contributors of one journal never sent articles to the other.

One of these magazines, called *The Friend of the City*, in their queer Eastern way, was published at Delhi. The other, called *The King of the Age*, was published at Samarcand. Each of them achieved great popularity, and, by virtue of its popularity, great power. At Delhi, in particular, the editor became the real controlling power in the city, and in what we call the kingdom. Not but what there was some kind of sachem or mikado, who in after-ages would have been called a sultan or an emperor, who did not edit the magazine, but was kept for or by his sins in a certain prison, which he called a palace, which stood where Shah Jehan long after built his magnificent abode. But this poor dog of a mikado had nothing to do with the government. He had to put his seal to a good many documents, and he had to settle a horrible mess of quarrels among his servants and harem people every day, and sometimes he had the bore of turning out in the hot sun, with umbrellas and elephants and bands of music, and so on, to receive some foreign embassy. This he called reigning, and a very stupid life it was, and very hard work did it bring upon him. But all the fun of command, all the real disposition of the forces of Delhi and that country, and all the comfort of life which comes from success, and the "joy of eventful living," these came, not to this poor shah, mogul, sultan, emperor, or sachem, or whatever you choose to call him, but to the editor of *The Friend of the City*. He drove his span of horses when he chose, he sent the army where he chose, and he dictated the terms of the treaties with the foreign powers. All this he did because he had a large subscription list and he edited well.

With similar success, though with some difference in form, his younger brother edited *The King of the Age* at distant Samarcand. Now you ought to know, dear reader, what I am sorry to say you do not know, that Samarcand is far, far away from Delhi. It is more than 1000 miles, were a carrier dove flying to his love in Delhi from his cage in Samarcand, and when you come to tedious traveling by camels and horses and asses—why, there are rivers and mountains between, and the ways, such as they are, turn hither and thither, so that the journey is 2000 miles or more. All the same, the editor of *The Friend of the City* dearly loved his brother who edited *The King of the Age*, and after they had been parted twenty years he felt so strong a desire to see this brother that he directed his chief assistant editor to repair to him at Samarcand and to bring him.

Having taken the advice of this sub-editor, who was a more practical person than he was, he gave orders to prepare handsome presents, such as horses adorned with costly jewels, and mamelukes and beautiful virgins, and the most expensive stuffs of India. He then wrote a letter to his brother, in which he told him how eager he was to see him, and having sealed it and given it to the sub-editor, together with the presents, he bade him strain his nerves and tuck up his skirts and go and return as quickly as possible. The sub-editor answered, "I hear and I obey." He packed his baggage and made ready his provisions in three days, and on the fourth day he departed and went toward the wastes and the mountains. He traveled night and day. The different news agents in the provinces where he stopped came forth to meet him with costly presents and gifts of gold and silver, and orders for back numbers and bound volumes, and each news agent accompanied the sub-editor one day's journey. Thus he continued until he reached the city of Samarcand, when he sent forward a messenger to the editor of *The King of the Age* to inform him of his approach. The messenger entered the city, inquired the way to the office, and introducing himself to the editor, kissed the ground before him, and acquainted him with the approach of his brother's sub-editor. On this the editor ordered all his staff, with the proof readers and publishers, to go forth a day's journey to meet him, and they did so. And when they met him, they welcomed him and walked by his stirrups till they returned into the city. The messenger from Delhi then delivered his chief's letter. The Samarcand editor took it, read it, and understood its contents. "But," said he to the messenger, "I will not go until I have entertained thee three days." He therefore lodged him at a palace befitting his rank, accommodated all his suit in tents, and appointed all things requisite in food and drink, and for three days they feasted. His New Year's number was just printed, and having got that off his hands, on the fourth day he equipped himself for the journey, and collected presents suitable to his brother's dignity.

Having completed these preparations, he left the charge of the magazine with his chief of staff, and set out for his visit to his brother. As is the custom in the East, the caravan encamped a mile from the city, to make sure that nothing was forgotten. It occurred to the Samarcand brother, after his evening meal, that it would be well to take him an early copy of the New Year's number in advance to his brother, as they were not yet delivered to the trade. He mounted his horse, therefore, and rode back to the city, and to save himself from going to the office, he stopped near the gates, at the house of one of his chief contributors—a young lady of great promise, whose reputation had been manufactured, indeed, by *The King of the Age*—to ask her for the "early copy" which had been sent to her because she had some verses in it.

What did he see when he entered the house but that this false woman was giving a sealed letter to a negro slave. He seized it, he tore it open, and found that it was a copy of verses which she had written and addressed to *The Fountain of Light*, which was the rival magazine in Samarcand. On beholding this, the world became black before his eyes. He said to himself, "If this happens when I have not departed from the city, what will not this vile woman do while I am sojourning with my brother?" He then drew his cimeter and cut off her head as she fell at his feet for pardon. He took from her table the early copy of *The King of the Age*, gave orders for departure and journeyed to the city of Delhi.

As they approached Delhi, *The Friend of the City*, or rather the editor of that journal, came out to meet them, and welcomed his brother with the utmost delight. He then ordered that the city should be decorated for the occasion. But the mind of his brother was distracted by reflections upon the conduct of his favorite contributor. Excessive grief took possession of him, and his countenance became sallow and his frame emaciated. His brother observed these symptoms of a mind ill at ease, and asked him the cause. "Oh, my brother!" he replied, "I have an inward wound;" but he explained not to him the cause. His host then proposed a great press excursion on the Jumna, which he hoped might cheer his brother's mind. But after all the preparations had been made he was destined to suffer disappointment, his brother being so ill that the party proceeded without him.

After they had gone the poor sufferer from Samarcand sat in his beautiful apartment in his brother's palace, and to divert his mind looked out into the garden. Scarcely was the excursion party gone when a gay, laughing party of young men and women came into the garden, whom he recognized at once as being the contributors to his brother's magazine, all of whom had been introduced to him at a collation the day before. He was interested to see their proceedings. They entertained themselves in the garden, and the favorite contributor of all, a lady celebrated through India for her short stories, sat down by a fountain, clapped her hands and cried, "Masoud! Masoud!" Now Masoud was the editor of *The Pearl of Wit*, which was an upstart magazine, the hated rival of *The Friend of the City*. In a moment he came in, led by two mamelukes, who made prostrations before him; and he bowed to the chief contributor, and sat at her feet. Then she drew from her pocket a little roll of vellum, and read to him and to all the others a short story of only 6000 words. And all the contributors applauded, some from sympathy and to conceal their jealousy. But Masoud applauded most of all and took the roll and hung around her neck a necklace of diamonds. Then all the other contributors read articles in turn; and Masoud took an article from each, and to each he gave either a purse of gold, or a bracelet, or a diamond, according to the reputation before the public of each contributor. Now all these reputations had been made by the advertising clerk of *The Friend of the City*.

When, therefore, the Samarcand editor saw from his window these shameless proceedings, his heart warmed gladly within him. "By Allah!" he exclaimed, "my affliction is lighter than this affliction!" His grief was soothed, and he no longer abstained from food and drink.

And so it fell out that when, after five days, his brother returned from the excursion, he was delighted to find that his brother guest was cheerful and well. His face had recovered its color, and he ate with appetite. "Oh, my brother!" he cried, "how is this change? Acquaint me with thy condition." Then his brother took him on one side, away from the staff, from the mamelukes and the publishers, and told him all. The Delhi editor could not believe the tale. But the next day he made as if he would go on an excursion with the board of trade; and no sooner had the party left the city than he returned to his palace in disguise, and then, looking from the window as his brother had done, he saw a like sight; the contributors were all reading their articles, and selling them to Masoud and other editors of rival magazines.

As soon as the editor saw this he wrote a note to the chief contributor, and asked her to call at the office the next day. So soon as she entered he charged her with her guilt, and before the miserable creature could reply he drew his cimetar and cut off her head. He then sent shorter notes to the lesser contributors, and as each one entered the office he explained briefly that he knew all and, with his own hand, beheaded him. He then ordered the porters and janitors to throw the heads and bodies into the Jumna, and with his brother's assistance he called in a new circle of new contributors and made up the next number of *The Friend of the City* from their poems and articles. The director of advertisements and press criticisms manufactured reputations for them all, and the number was pronounced the most brilliant number of *The Friend of the City* which had ever been published.

Then the editor sent advance copies to each of these contributors, and asked them to call at the office the next morning. As each one called, the editor drew his cimeter and cut off the contributor's head. He then called the porters and janitors and bade them throw the carcasses and heads into the Jumna, and proceeded to make up the next number. And thus he did for three years.

As the third year passed, however, the assistant editors began to observe that there was a certain difficulty in collecting poems and articles. Nay, it was even whispered that in the publication office they feared that the magazine was losing popularity. The rumors from the publication office were not often permitted to exhale in the editorial rooms. But still there was a suspicion that from the homes of the authors who had been cut short so summarily there was going out a sort of public opinion unfavorable to the renewal of subscriptions. As for authors, for some time they presented themselves freely. Each poet and each story writer was quite sure that her communication was so much better than anything which had ever been written before that they all moved up to the fatal edge of publication with serenity, each quite sure that for herself the rule would be reversed, and each quite sure that the others deserved decapitation. But, as has been said, after three years the steady supply of articles was a little checked, perhaps because a rumor was put in circulation by the conductors of *The Pearl of Wit* that *The Friend of the City* was crazy, and could not if he would and would not if he could, tell a bad article from a good one.

All these rumors and contingencies made the position of the sub-editor very uncomfortable as the third year drew to a close. He had to make up each number all the same, and he had to direct the chief of the advertisements how to make the reputations of the authors. But really the authors were so short-lived now that the reputations were scarcely worth the making.

Of this remarkable man the name unfortunately is lost. But happily for literature and for posterity he had two remarkable daughters, of whom the eldest has won an extraordinary reputation in the East, where she stands, indeed, at the very head of literature. At the period with which this history deals she was young and beautiful. She had a courage above her sex, remarkable penetration and genius unbounded. She had read everything, and her memory was so wonderful that of all she had read she forgot nothing. She had studied history, philosophy, medicine and the arts, and her verses were acknowledged to be better than those of the most distinguished poets of her time. As has been said her beauty was ravishing, and her amiability and her virtue rivaled her wit, her memory, her prudence, her accomplishments and her personal loveliness.

One day, when the sub-editor had white paper before him, wondering how he should make up the "schedule" for his next number, this lovely girl came to him and said, "Papa, grant me a boon;" and she kissed him.

And he said, "A thousand, my darling."

"Though they should cost you the half of your kingdom, papa?"

"Though they should cost me the whole, my darling," said the fond father, rashly.

The girl clapped her hands and cried, "Victory! victory! Papa, I want to write the first article for the next number of *The Friend of the City*."

Oh, how agonized was her poor father! How he begged her to release him from his fatal promise; but in vain. The girl was determined. She had her father's word, and she would not let him go.

"Dear child," he said, "have you lost your senses? You know that the chief cuts off the head of each contributor as soon as she has received the advance copy of the magazine. Do you really ask me to offer you the knife."

"Yes, papa," said the brave girl; "I know all the danger that I run, and it does not deter me. If I die, my death will be glorious. If I live, I save my country."

And at last the wretched father, driven to a partial consent by his daughter's firmness went to the editor-in-chief with the schedule of the number for his approval, and showed to him that the first article on the fatal list, namely, "The Traveling Merchant," was "by Scheherezade." The editor knew the name full well, and he knew that the author was the sub-editor's daughter.

"Dog," said he, "Do you suppose that because I am fond of you and use you, I shall spare your cursed house more than any other in Delhi?"

The poor sub-editor, all in tears, said he had no such hope.

"Be not deceived," said the editor. "When you bring to me your daughter Scheherezade's article, you take her life with your own hands."

"Sir," said the sub-editor, "I hear and obey. My heart will break, but I shall obey you. Nature will murmur, but I know my place, and you will see that the proofs are well read, and that my hands do not flinch."

The editor accepted his promise, and bade him bring the article when he pleased.

Quite in time for the first or illustrated form, the sub-editor brought in the article, with a series of spirited illustrations drawn on the block by Dinarzade, the spirited sister of the virgin martyr Scheherezade. This celebrated article has never been fully printed in Western journals till now, although it has attained great celebrity all over the world, and has often been printed in abridged forms. The following is a more complete and correct version of it than we have found elsewhere:

THE TRAVELING MERCHANT.

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant, wonderfully successful in his dealings, who had great store of goods of all sorts, of money, also, and of women, children, and all sorts of slaves, as well as of houses, warehouses and lands. And he had this wealth not only at home, but in all the countries of the world. He had to make journeys sometimes, so that he might see his factors and correspondents face to face. And once, when he was obliged to go and collect some money, he took his scrip or travel-bag, and packed in it some biscuit and some dates of Mecca for provisions for the journey, because he would have, in some places, to pass over deserts. And so he mounted his horse and set out upon his journey. God gave him good success in his traveling. He came prosperously to the place he sought, he finished his business prosperously, and prosperously he set out upon his return.

After he had traveled three days toward home, the fourth day was very hot. And the merchant was so much distressed by the heat that he turned aside into a garden by the wayside to rest himself under the shade of some trees he saw there. He made his resting place under the shade of a large nut tree, he fastened his horse so that he could not run, and then opening his scrip, he took out one or two biscuits and a few dates to make a meal. He ate the biscuits and the dates, and threw the date stones right and left upon the ground. Then, having satisfied himself with his frugal repast, he stood up and washed himself, and then knelt down and said his prayers.

He had not finished his prayers, but was still upon his knees, when he saw before him an immense genie, so large that while his feet were on the ground, his head was in the clouds, and so old that he was white with age. He had in his hand a long drawn sword, and before the merchant could move, the genie cried out to him.

"Stand up, that I may kill you with this sword, as you have killed my son!"

When the merchant heard these words of horror he was terrified by them as much as he had been at the sight of the monster; but in the midst of his terror he stammered out, "Oh, my lord, what is my crime? why do you kill me?"

Then the genie replied again, "I will kill you as you have killed my son."

Then the merchant said, "Who has killed your son?"

And the genie answered, "You."

"Oh, my lord," said the poor merchant, "I never saw your son, and I do not know who he is."

But the genie said, "You have killed him."

Then the merchant said, "My lord, by the living Allah, I have not killed him. How and when and where did I kill him?"

The genie answered him, "Did you not lie down when you came into the garden? Did you not take dates out of your travel bag, did you not eat the dates, and did you not throw the stones about, some on the left side and some on the right?"

"It is true, my lord," said the merchant; "I did as you say."

"Very well," said the genie, "and so you killed my son; for my son was passing by just then, and as you threw the date stones, one of them struck him and killed him. Does not the law say, 'Whoso killeth another shall be killed in turn?'"

"Verily, this is the law," said the merchant; "but indeed, indeed, my lord, I did not kill your son; or, if I killed him, I called upon Allah to witness, without whom is no might and no wisdom, that I did it unwittingly. Forgive me, my lord, oh, forgive me if I have done this thing."

"No," said the genie; "surely you must die."

So saying he seized the merchant and threw him upon the ground. Then he lifted his great sword into the air again and held it ready to strike. The poor merchant thought of his home and family, of his wives and his little ones. He thought he had not a moment more to live, and he shed such floods of tears that his clothes were wet with the moisture. He cried again: "There is no power nor might but the infinite Allah alone," and then he repeated the following verses:

"Time knows two days:
Of one the face is bright and clear;
Of one the face is dark and drear.

"Life has two sides:
One is as warm and glad as light;
One is as cold and black as night.

"Time fooled with me:
His flattering fingers soothed with magic spell,
Just when his lying kiss was luring me to hell.

"Who sneers at me!
Are not the trees that feel the tempest's blow
The stately trees of pride that highest grow!

"Come sail with me:
See floating corpses on the topmost waves;
The precious pearls are hid in secret caves.

"See the eclipse!
A thousand stars unquenched forever blaze;
But sun and moon must hide their brighter rays.

"I looked for fruit:
On the branches green and fresh no fruit I found;
I plucked the fruit from branches sere and browned.

"Night smiled on me!
Because I saw the diamonds in the sky!
Poor fool, I had forgot that death was nigh."

When the merchant had finished these verses, and had wept to his heart's content, the genie, who had waited through it all, said, "It is enough, now I must kill you."

"What!" said the merchant, "will nothing change you?"

"Nothing," said the genie. "You must die."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

These last words were emblazoned in a beautiful scroll of Dinarzede's most perfect designing.

The editor of *The Friend of the City* was not accustomed himself to read manuscripts, proofs or revises, unless the articles of the sub-editor and contributors in plate proof. When the plate proofs of this number were brought to him he began at once on the story of the merchant. He read it with unaffected, not to say unwonted, interest. When he turned the last page he said to himself, "How ever will she wind it up in so few lines?" And when he came to the masterpiece of Scheherezade's success and of Dinarzade's art he laid down the sheets with a mingled feeling not easily described. His cruelty was foiled. But of that he thought little. His curiosity was piqued. A jaded editor of twenty-three years' experience was curious for a denouement. But of this he thought little. For not one moment did he think of taking the author's blood. He saw too clearly the future of the magazine. In short, every other emotion sank within him before the profound awe which overwhelmed his being. The editor looked down the ages. He saw that his magazine might last for ever. For in that series of plate proofs the serial was born.

From that moment the position of the lovely Scheherezade and her accomplished sister Dinarzade on that magazine was secure. The single serial ran twenty-seven years, through 1001 numbers, and was known through the east as "Alif-Laila." Long before it ended other serials had been begun, and no citizen of Delhi or the neighborhood ever subscribed for *The Friend of the City* but he continued his subscription generation after generation.

The tales of Scheherezade have been collected, as is well known, in endless editions, and translated in all languages. The languages of the East are so little understood that the names of the magazines have in time been transferred to the two editors. *The Friend of the City* in Arabic is Shahriar, and that name in varied spelling is generally given to the editor of that print. His brother, by a similar oversight, is usually called Shahzeban, which word means *The King of the Age*.

But these names are forgotten, as they should be. The name which is remembered is that of the lovely and virtuous Scheherezade, the savior of her country, who, to her other titles to the gratitude of men, adds this, that she invented the serial.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

MY ANGEL CHILD.

Into my life came gently down
A beautiful angel without her crown—
And I knew her not, for she wore no crown—
But I dreamed that she was an earth-born thing,
Nor heeded the sound of her angel wing,
Though she spoke in the tones that the angels sing.
And my heart was replete
With a surfeit sweet,
Of her dark blue eyes and her golden hair,
Of her smile so pure and her face so fair,
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

Into my life she brought a light
That flooded my path with a glory bright—
With a light that was more than an earthly light—
And she lingered awhile in the chambers deep
Of my heart, where fondest memories sleep,
That awaken only to make me weep,
With a sorrowing meet
For her life so fleet.
For her dark blue eyes and her golden hair,
For her smile so pure and her face so fair,
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

She lingered so long I thought her a part
Of the sorrowing thing I call my heart—
With all of her beauty a part of my heart—
But a wave of sorrow has over me rolled,
And the knell of my hopes has sadly tolled,
She has flown to her home in the heavenly fold.
Oh! to sorrow is meet
For a life so fleet.
For her dark blue eyes and her golden hair
For her smile so pure and her face so fair,
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

RED INDIANA.

The Story of the Navajos and the Dancing God.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

I have often observed that the educated European or American commonly believe that men of the lower races, such as red Indians, Gypsies, or Chinese, think and feel like himself, and have the same perceptions and moral nature, or rather that they are simply what he would be were he as ignorant as they. This radical error continually manifests itself in literature and art. It was shown not long ago at an exhibition in London, in three large, very well executed pictures representing Gypsy life, in which there was not a single real Gypsy face. The complexions of the figures were certainly dark, and their eyes and hair black, but the indefinable and peculiar expression of the Romany, which never becomes apparent until after much familiarity with the people, was utterly wanting. It may be that they were all portraits of real gypsies—perhaps good ones—but the artist had missed that which Moreland never missed in Christians, Gypsies, or cattle—I mean the reality. I know of nothing so rare as a poem or novel in which the low castes of other races are anything but mere lay figures, and in this respect some of the greatest writers are the greatest sinners. It is possible that by the time the last brown or red man disappears, some poet may penetrate the secret of his mind. I am less apprehensive as regards the Chinese. From present appearances it would seem as if the opportunities of studying him will not immediately disappear.

I hope, however, to be able to set forth one minor peculiarity in the religious nature of the red Indian which has so far escaped comment, in a story which is perfectly true, and for which I am indebted to one of the most distinguished Indian-fighting Generals in the United States. The characteristic to which I refer is that when a wonder, a miracle or any great or striking event, deed or association is connected with anything or anybody, subsequent knowledge of the method or device by which it was effected does not destroy in an Indian the sense of dignity or holiness it first inspired. If an English child were to be taken in by the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the explanation of "how it was done" would go far to make him discredit the whole array of modern "wonder works." But a red Indian's first instinctive idea would be that no man could ever have found out such a clever trick unless the Manitou or Great Spirit had put it into his head; he would be more awed than ever, and the latter end of that man would be worse than the first.

Some years before the great war of the emancipation the United States and General Sharpeye, who was in command of the Southwest, found themselves very nearly involved in a war with the Navajos or Knife Indians, and the difficulty promised to become as extensive as to time as expensive in money. Out of Turkey and China, the most unmitigated scoundrels on the face of the earth are those wretches who fatten at Washington or through their agents everywhere on Indian wars, treaties and the contracts resulting from them. And as American history indicates that to defraud Winnebago warriors and white soldiers does not prevent an unprincipled adventurer from attaining high political position, but rather advances him, the calling of Indian agent is accordingly sought for by enterprising men, whose grand totem is the Golden Eagle. This tribe, who had by cheating the Navajos driven them to revolt, were new rejoicing at the prospect of several hundreds of thousands of dollars being laid out on a war, to which there would be no contingent margin of several millions as their own peculiar profit.

General Sharpeye, as a patriotic American and a sensible gentleman, could, however, see no advantage either to his country or to himself in such a war, and resolutely set his face against it. He detested the entire race of Indian agents, and that so bitterly that it was reported he had been heard, in a confidential grand talk with Roaring Storm and Big Hell Cat, to intimate that if they would in future confine the custom of burning prisoners at the stake to the gentlemen commissioned by Uncle Sam to conduct the annual payments, he for his part would be only too glad to make a favorable return to the Great Father at Washington as to their general good conduct and morality.

The war had begun, and now went on in a weary, dreary way, as such struggles always do at first in a frontier country where there are a few troops in a fort, and outside a numerous savage skirmishing enemy which always fights in detail. One day a ranch would be burned, on another a corral of horses cleared out, and on the third a soldier or two be caught up and swept away as in a whirlwind to hideous torture and death. Yet, through it all, the stout hearted, honorable, brave little General did his best to put the war down and prevent his men from increasing its extent. He was annoyed by a commission which, in league with the Indian ring, wanted a war, and he bowed them out politely. It was intimated to him in many ways that he "might make a soft thing of it," which is Anglo-American for feathering his nest, and he replied that he preferred to sleep hard with a good conscience. He was attacked in Congress as a traitor beyond parallel, and "the gentleman from Pennsylvania" informed his awe-struck colleagues that this reprobate onion peeling, which called itself a General, equaled Barabbas, Judas, and all the other asses of antiquity in stupid villainy, and surpassed Caractacus, Bacchus, Germanicus, Britannicus, and all the other celebrated cusses, in pure cussedness. This speech went into all the newspapers—of which the General received 300 marked copies by one mail. But he did not falter in his duty, and he found the journals extremely useful to paper the walls and ceiling of his rooms. When two or three rattlesnakes got into the sides and roof, and he could hear them crawling about, he congratulated himself that they couldn't get through the paper—"that speech would be sure to poison them."

One day a scouting party caught a young Navajo brave. He had given them a splendid chase and fought well, and the band, when they brought them in, were loud in their praise of his pluck. "He is a game bird—you bet," said the corporal. The General looked at his prize, and at a glance perceived two things—firstly, that the young red man was one of the wildest description, who had in all probability never had any intercourse with white men; and, secondly, that he was firmly impressed with the idea that he would shortly be tied to the stake and roasted, or otherwise be happily dispatched to those hunting grounds, two outlines of which are dimly perceptible in the rosy gleams and purple shadows of the land of light which appear above the sinking sun.

But the brave was disappointed, and his debut as the singer of his own death-song was unavoidably postponed, for the General simply ordered him to be confined, and treated with the utmost kindness. The execution of this sentence was confided to Lieutenant Brown, a gentleman remarkably well qualified in many respects to wind his way into the Indian heart. The corporal said of his superior officer, that what Lieutenant Brown didn't know about an Injun wasn't worth knowing, while, as for General Sharpeye, if there was anything he didn't know, he could always remember it in two seconds. On this occasion, as the captive was conveyed to the bull-pen or guardroom, the corporal was heard to remark gently: "Go in, Lemons; go in! When the General is one-half of a pair of squeezers, and Lieutenant Brown the other, fruit like you ain't got no chance." Whence it resulted that the prisoner from that hour was known in the fort, not by his own poetical name of Dancing Owl, but by the more civilized sobriquet of "Lemons."

When the lieutenant, on the next day, visited the prisoner, he observed that the Indian had not tasted the food which had been given to him. The belief in a death by torture had passed away, and resolved itself partly into the opinion that he was to be poisoned, and partly into a grim determination to starve himself to death. The officer, with a ready intuition, seized on the whole state of the case. Should he taste the food himself? He might, it is true, convince the Indian it was wholesome; but this would also shame him, and render him more morose. In an instant the lieutenant determined what to do. Among other accomplishments, he was an admirable proficient in legerdemain, now known in performing circles by its more ancient Indian title of "hankey-pankey." There were few tricks with which he was not familiar, and long practice had given him a dexterity at "palming" such as few amateurs attain. How to do it was at once clear to him, and he disappeared from the prison, to which, however, he returned in an hour's time, and, sitting down, addressed the unfortunate Lemons:

"My brother does nor eat," he remarked, not in good Navajo, but in the dialect of a neighboring race, which he spoke with tolerable ease.

There was no answer beyond a defiant "hu'gh," which sounded like an abridgement of the projected death song. As this was what the visitor expected, it did not disconcert him. Drawing from his pocket a small scarlet bag he remarked:

"Such food as that is not fit for a great brave like my brother. He shall eat, as I eat, that which comes from the Great Spirit."

Saying this he beat the bag several times, to indicate that it was perfectly empty, and holding it out inquired:

"Does the Dancing Owl believe that there is nothing in it?"

The Dancing Owl fixed upon the bag so long and penetrating a stare that it amounted to a reverie. Finally, and with the air of a man who was playing a desperate game of life, he assented to the fact that the bag was empty.

"Then let my brother behold. One—two—three!"

To the amazement of the Indian there rolled from the bag one, two and three eggs. He did not manifest any astonishment; it was the absence of any such manifestation which indicated to the experienced lieutenant the sensation which he had caused. He replaced the eggs in the bag and gave it to Dancing Owl. But when the latter looked for them they were gone.

"Never mind, I will find them," cried the lieutenant cheerily. "The Great Spirit will not leave his children hungry. Ha! here they are!"

And to the undisguised amazement of the savage, he now took the eggs in succession from his own nose.

With great solemnity, he next brought from the bag an antelope steak, nicely cooked, a *pone* of Indian corn bread, and a handful of *grijoles*.

"My brother is a great medicine man," finally exclaimed the vanquished savage; "but," he added simply, "I, too, have seen the medicine man of our tribe bring buffalo meat out of the ground, and pull a jack-rabbit out or his own back."

"The devil you have," thought Lieutenant Brown, though he said nothing. He did not know that in the Chippeway legends Manobozho is said by prayer and penance to have evolved raccoons for food out of himself. But he did know that he had gained his point, and when he began, as it were, inadvertently to nibble at a pone, the Indian attacked his supper with incredible appetite. He ate up the meat; he finished the bread and beans, and when all was gone remarked incidentally that it was the first food he had tasted in four days, with the exception of a leathern strap and a horned frog.

Next to whisky, there is nothing that an Indian loves like sugar. And when the lieutenant had produced from his magic bag a handful of this ravishing delicacy, the Dancing Owl was thoroughly melted. Seeing him in this mood, the lieutenant brought out a thimble and diminutive bells, with which he exhibited a holy miracle, taught especially by the Great Spirit to only a few of the elect, and in which the balls disappeared unexpectedly, being conveyed away by invisible spirits. The next performances, also represented as being of a strictly sacred character, were executed by means of a purse, into which two half-dollars were dropped, but which proved empty when opened, and, finally, a grand religious display of three-card monte, in which the lieutenant was a first-class proficient.

The effect of all these ceremonies upon the Indian was evidently remarkable, and he again expressed with solemn sincerity his belief that the lieutenant was a very great medicine man. He somewhat puzzled his entertainer by indicating that he had seen through one or two of his tricks, and yet manifesting as much awe as ever at the power which enabled him to master them. It came out in time that Lemons himself had once been in training for a medicine man; but this, far from diminishing his respect for the art of prestidigitation, had associated it in his mind with all that was sacred and venerable, so that slipping in an extra one appeared to have on him all the effect of a prayer, while the patent safe game, by which so many unwary rustics have been relieved of their spare change, moved him as others are moved by a thrilling sermon. The lieutenant, observing this religious tendency in the captive, and wishing to give Lemons a high opinion of white men's powers, assured him that all he could do was as nothing compared to the feats of which General Sharpeye was capable, and that the latter was so great a medicine man as to really deal with gods and spirits, of which he had not less than two dozen of all sizes and powers at his absolute command.

When the General learned that he had been represented as a grand sorcerer, he laughed; and then, quick as a steel trap, after the customary pause of two seconds, in which he was wont to see his way through any emergency, laughed again, and remarked:

"All right. Bring out your Indian. Tell him that to-morrow I will show him a god—a live one—first class."

The associations of jugglery with religion had suddenly suggested to the General a very neat little ocular delusion. In unpacking a trunk that morning, he had found that he had by accident brought from the East a toy which should have remained in the hands of his children. This was a large French dancing marionette, a fantoccini-puppet, such as is made to extend its spiral wire neck till it resembles a giraffe, to lengthen its limbs, roll its eyes, and imitate the most extravagant feats of acrobats and contortionists. This was declared on due inspection to be just the thing to pass for a god, according to the Navajo theology, and with a few touches of Indian ink and gold powder, Lieutenant Brown succeeded in imparting to its countenance an indescribably unearthly and dreadful expression. "It would pass," said the lieutenant, as he viewed his work with complacency, "for a boss nightmare."

When all was ready, the Indian was escorted with great ceremony into a darkened room, which was gradually illuminated by several cups of burning whisky and salt, casting a strange and spectral light. He was seated in a chair, before him was a little theatre. Slowly and softly strange music began to sound—it was a concertina skillfully played on by one of the officers behind a curtain—and while Lemons was wrapt in the new sensations thus excited, the curtain rose, and the Dancing God appeared. The instant in began to leap the General observed on the face of the Indian a most peculiar though instantaneous expression. He was wont to say in after years that the whole story of the war turned upon that glance. Quick and shrewd in reading the Indian countenance, he felt that he had unwittingly touched upon some extraordinary mystery. It was not a look of mere amazement, it was rather that of awe at recognition of some deep secret already known to the beholder.

And it was indeed a strange secret which had been touched on in the captive's memory. For by a most wonderful coincidence it chanced that there was current among the Navajos a legend that they could never be conquered until there should come against them an enemy bringing the Dancing God. This, it would appear, for the story was never clearly explained, was regarded by the Indians as their own guardian spirit of safety, which had, at some remote time, been taken away from them by a more powerful medicine than theirs, and which, could it only be recovered, would prove a perfect Palladium.

The Indian watched with intense care every movement of the puppet. But the feats which would have caused roars of laughter among civilized children only filled this child of the war-chase and death-fire with unutterable awe. He was evidently taking notes with great care. After the performance was at an end, it was judged advisable to present him with a good horse, wrap him in a superb blanket, load him with gifts, and expose him on the prairie, with the solemn assurance that if any of his tribe should ever be caught about the fort they might all confidently expect to be served in the same way.

The first act of Dancing Owl on arriving home was to convene a grand council, at which he faithfully narrated all that he had seen at the fort. It might be supposed that after all he had suffered in anticipation, and after all he had witnessed, the returned captive would have been cordially welcome. Such was not the reception accorded him. It was, on the contrary, intensely hostile, and the majority of those present at once clamored for his execution. For it was shrewdly conjectured by all the chiefs that the whole story of the Dancing God was a mere fable, fabricated to meet the prophecy, and that Dancing Owl had been bribed to tell it to his people. The proofs of this were evident in the horse, the blanket, and many other gifts he received. "For," as one old chief explained at great length, "why should the long knives give him all these riches, if not for some service? Why had they not at once roasted him? And if more proof were needed, was it not to be found in the incredible lies which the returned captive had told as to pens and cups, cards and eggs, none of which were worthy an instant's notice." In short, everything was looking well nigh as black as possible for Dancing Owl, when the tide was suddenly turned by his old preceptor, the head medicine-man, who, being by far the shrewdest man in the nation, not only divined that the Owl had spoken truth, but that the discovery of the fact would redound greatly to his own sagacity. He alone did not disbelieve in the tricks, having a very respectable private repertory of the same sort, while the account of the Dancing God had filled him with intense professional admiration. He therefore suggested that before killing the Dancing Owl, it would be just as well for the tribe to satisfy themselves personally, through a deputation, whether the Dancing God really existed. If they could get a sight of it, the captive should be of course set free, and, if not, there would be plenty of time in which to execute him after their return. He concluded by offering his own services as a leader of the proposed delegation.

The justice as well as wisdom of this proposition was assented to almost unanimously, and General Sharpeye, two days after, was delighted to hear that the chiefs of the Navajos requested an interview with him. It was accorded, and he was a little surprised, when it approached, at its magnitude, its solemnity, and the extraordinary pains which had evidently been taken to render it as imposing as possible. When the grand talk was held, it came out, after much preliminary poetry, that the object of the deputation was not to solicit peace, but a sight of the Dancing God.

"*That's* it—is it?" said the General to Lieutenant Brown. "I knew it, the instant I saw the fellow's eyes snap. I tell you, lieutenant, there's a deep mystery here, and we must work the oracle with care. Tell 'em to wait three days for an answer—and don't forget to treat them well. Give them all they can eat, and show them some tricks."

By the third day the Navajo elders were convinced that Lieutenant Brown was a great medicine, and no one was more fervent in his praise than the great medicine man himself. Between those artists the subtle Freemasonry of the craft soon established itself, and as neither betrayed the other, the deputation were soon reduced by the two to an unparalleled state of blind credulity and amazement. But when it came to the rope tricks, the being shot at, the cutting off of one's own head, the Sphinx, and a first class magic lantern, nothing could describe the impressions produced. At the end of the third day the deputation was informed that Dancing God had been spoken to, but that his face was dark, and they must wait ten days more before he