INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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VINITA, - - - INDIAN TERRITORY

"THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE."

"Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you."

[Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully earsplitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

It's noon when "Thirty-five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash o' light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Toe-te-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Mahlon's drivin' her to-day
An' he's calin' her sweethearts far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin', she knows it's Bill.
"Toodle! Toodle! Toodle! Tu!"

Six-five a. m. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' emotion to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Lets a Lou Woodbury, down by the falls;
Hammer, hammer, always the same,
She hears her lover collin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ie!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-one"
(Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
John Davis sends into your dreams;

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
Loud as a throat of brass can bawl—
"Je-ro-ooo-sha! Je-ho-ov!"

But at one-fifty one, old "Sixty-four"—
Boston Express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An' away on the furthermost edge of the town,
Sweet Sue Winthrop, eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-oo-oo, Su-u-u-ue!"

An' long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometimes—I don't know
when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a bronze could fall or fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty-seven" go streakin' west;
It's local, from Hartford, same old tune
New—s for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her an at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-u! Lu-oo-oo!"

Bell goes on all day an' all night,
Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle valve, to the girls they know.
An' the sinners the name of their sweethearts tell
With the Bell! Bell! Bell of the swaying bell.

B. J. Burdette, in Life.

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visiting at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'."

"Children's party," repeated, probably, with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement—"will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I had secured for the first dance, and who was talking to Tom Byrne when I first saw her. Presently Mrs. Edwards, who was a kind soul, introduced me to a young lady in blue, who was standing alone, and we began to dance. I don't remember her name, if I ever knew it, but she was very good-natured and light on her feet, and I was not the awkward creature I had feared to be, but was able to keep time to the music and not tread on my partner's toes, and was quite proud of the fact when it was all over.

I danced with several other girls, and then I found my black-eyed beauty and secured a dance with her, and we had just begun it when I heard a faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightened kisses, before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint, merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure you are bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment), and, at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then, I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society, and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven I found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which, with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

II.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out.

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"What is it?" I replied, with a half nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he exclaimed; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world?"

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist?"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes" he went on; "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added, consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to comprehend, but was content to listen while they talked, Wednesday morning, and I was ready to do the same. Thursday I had recovered my usual condition, and was able to talk a little myself. Friday I was in a condition to talk a great deal myself, and on Saturday I was ready to do anything, even to the climbing of a mountain, which we had all been talking of for days, and which was to be the last grand event of our sojourn together. Tom was to go with us as far as Lucerne, and then we two were to part company, he going on his way, and I returning to my home across the ocean.

Friday morning we had parted with Tom, who was to meet us at the village of Lucerne late in the evening, and we had spent the afternoon in a long ramble among the mountains, returning to our little home in the village just at dusk. We had agreed that we should be very late to dinner, and we were in no haste to dress for it, but we had scarcely entered our little parlor when a boy came with a note from Tom, saying that he had met with a friend who was going to Lucerne the next morning, and had promised to spend the Sunday with him, and he should be there when we came down to breakfast in the morning.

We had a merry dinner that evening, and afterward we sat by the open window and talked over our plans for the morrow, and I had never seen Mabel so charming as she was that evening. Her conversation was full of a quiet humor that was very delightful, and I was quite sorry when she rose and said that we must be up early in the morning and she must go to her room and rest from the fatigues of the day. She had given me her hand at parting, and I had held it for a moment in my own, and had felt the softened light in her eyes as she looked at me in the dusk, and had felt my heart beat faster than it had done all the day before, and had felt that I should be a coward no longer, but should tell her how I loved her in the morning.

I was late in my own room that night, but I was up early enough to see the sun rise from the mountain opposite our window, and I was impatient for the breakfast hour to come, that I might see Mabel and tell her what I had to tell. I felt that I could do it much more easily than I had talked with her the day before, for I was sure she had given me some encouragement in her softened manner, and I was in a state of such exalted happiness that I was sure she must share it when I had told her how I had come by it.

We had breakfasted and were sitting in the little parlor when a boy came with a note for me. The postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. Janies Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on to my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then I heard the