

JOSEPHINE.

Written at Carroll, Montana, August 22d, by the Secretary of War, W. W. Belknap, while waiting for the Bismarck and Carroll packet, Josephine.

My eyes are longing for the sight Of one I ne'er have seen; I watch for her by day, by night, Beloved Josephine.

They say her form is wonderful fair— Her movements full of grace— Her charms are so beyond compare, I long to see her face.

She walks the water like a bird, Flying through woodlands green, Oh, where is he who has not heard Of my own Josephine.

Thousands of miles I've traveled o'er, Full of every duty, And longing each day, more and more, To gaze upon her beauty.

Oh! for a sight of the sweet charms Of her, my chosen Queen, To rest content within the arms Of darling Josephine.

Missouri's waters slowly fall, Faster my tears arise As from the hills I look with all The strength of tearful eyes.

And watch for her for whom I wait With anguish sharp and keen, Which only time can e'er abate, And lovely Josephine.

Oh, dearest, soon you'll surely come, Then banish, weary hours, On her loved form she'll bear me home, And joy will then be ours.

But if she false and faithless prove I'll drink the gay beverage, And down forever all my love For faithless Josephine.

THE HANGMAN'S TREE.

In Dry Gulch, just outside of Helena, Montana, stood, until a few days ago, a big pine tree with great, sprangling branches, on which, in the early days of that Territory, no less than sixteen malefactors dangled, at various times, in expiation of their crimes. But last week it fell before the woodman's ax, and was converted into ashes as its last friendly service to mankind. The act of cutting it down by the owner of the land on which it stood was denounced as a piece of vandalism, and considerable indignation was manifested by the old timers. The tree has been dead for some time, and would ere long have naturally bowed before some strong headed tempest; but if we could have had our way it should never have fallen by human hands. It was an historic landmark. Many of our citizens still remember the day and circumstances when Johnny Keene there paid the penalty for the first murder committed in Helena. Many more remember the last occasion, when the two wretches who robbed and thought they had murdered and killed the poor Dutchman in the valley, a little way from town, were conveyed to the same tree to settle the sentence that had been pronounced by the Grand Jury of our citizens, with only one dissenting one. A few, perhaps, may be able to remember every one of the many other executions that have occurred on the same tree. Perhaps the tree had become an unwelcome object to those who lived so near as to be compelled to look upon it daily. Perhaps there were some who could not overcome a superstitious dread of its appearance, and fancied they heard the wailing and shrieks of the doomed victims when the wild winds mourned through its gnarled and withered branches. But to most of our people it stood as a symbol of swift vengeance, to warn those on the paths of crime that law's delays and technicalities could not save a murderer from the doom that his crimes demanded. Poor Daniels, with an executive pardon in his pocket, found how weak a defense it was to shield him from the righteous wrath of an outraged people. The old pine stood as a silent witness to a power higher than all constituted authorities—back of the forms and ceremonies of courts and juries—of a power not even conscious to itself of its existence—a power born of an emergency, when a whole people become awake in an instant to the presence of a common enemy, and the instinct of self-protection and preservation forgets, out the road and dispatches it as a venomous thing.

There is something singular in the coincidence that this hangman's tree should stand until after the courts of law have erected a gallows and at least one victim had suffered thereon. The dawn of the new era had done away with the necessity of preserving the emblems of an earlier and ruder administration of justice. Should like need for its use return it will not be hard to supply its place. So, peace to its ashes.—Helena (Mont.) Herald.

ANOTHER LUNCH FIEND

His Strange Adventures and What Became of Him. He had eaten nothing for fifty-six hours. He was so empty that when he yawned the surrounding atmosphere for forty feet rushed down his throat with the roar of a cyclone, frightening into convulsion the seven small boys who had been following and hooting at him the entire morning. His trousers were pulled up so tight that they compelled him to adopt the style of pedestrianism known as the Spanish. The off foot shone resplendent in a patent leather gaiter, and the toe of his right foot peeped from one corner of a gigantic Hessian boot. The remainder of his wardrobe had evidently been purchased when the amount of material in the country was limited and Dame Fashion was a prattling babe. His ambrosial locks were surrounded by a rimless straw hat, through the open top of which the November blast howled and whistled. He was the personification of the spectre famine, out upon a bender. He glided softly into a street saloon, and while he vainly tried to fascinate the stern bar-tender with the magnetism of his glance, he pleasantly asked: "Have you any Carte D'Or champagne?" "We have no such brand," sternly replied the man behind the counter. "Indeed!" he muttered in a surprised tone, as he sidled towards the lunch counter. "You should obtain some at once," and then he filled his pockets with crackers and pickles and cheese and like delicacies. "Good-day, sir. No, thanks, I can find the door myself," he pleasantly though hurriedly remarked as the bartender moved rapidly towards him. Then he plunged into the crowd, and faced again the wintry blast. "One fish-ball and a plate of ice cream," he smilingly remarked a few moments later across the counter of a fashionable Eighth street restaurant. In 57 seconds all that was left of these was the empty plates and a look of glory in his mild blue eyes. "Charge it to charity," he tearfully explained, as he slid from off the stool. That restaurant man was a long-armed man. He reached across the counter, and Jonas Patton was his prey. A few moments afterwards he might have been seen standing in the Central dock, complacently picking his teeth with a shoe-string. "Search his pockets," thundered the court. The Sergeant sprang to obey. A worn-out tooth brush and a bottle of pomatum was the result. "Ye gods," exclaimed the court, and then it wept. The treasures are mine. They were stolen from my domicile last night. Then the Squire deposited them in his pocket, blew his nose and winked. Jonas, hie thee to a dungeon dark and dreary. Justice commands. Repent for thy sins. Then to the Sergeant—Away with him! Soup included? asked Jonas anxiously. Ah! I always liked soup, and he wept happy tears as he hastened prisonward.—Exchange.

PLAYING WITH SPIRITS.

The Ward will case, at Detroit, brings to light a great number of incidents to illustrate the danger of dabbling in ghost-ology. Mr. Ward was one of the ablest and shrewdest financiers of Michigan. He accumulated an immense fortune by sagacious operations, acute knowledge of men, and a remarkably practical grasp of af-

fairs. His energy and enterprise and clear-headedness were proverbial, and his hand was felt in politics as well as finance. But in an evil hour he was beguiled into "dealing with the dead" through mediums, and they proved too much for him. The "invisibles" fascinated his fancy, and pictured his judgment, and twisted his life away. They broke up his home, upset his relations with life-long friends, filled his brain with delusions, directed his domestic and business operations, dictated a will which his family naturally contests. The trial reveals a series of transactions and a complication of lowness bordering on criminality which can hardly be believed. It is not strange that the city mourns and good people hang down their heads and blush with shame at the developments of the trial. It shows the folly of playing with mysteries which may make a plaything of whoever begins to toy with them. This world is pretty large and has ample scope for the powers of its present occupants, and on the whole it is far safer and cleaner and more profitable to make the most of this world and its inhabitants while in it than indulge in a curiosity respecting another which may end in a craze.—Exchange.

ON POTATOES, PERHAPS.

A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon keeper. The note becoming due, he took it to the man and presented it for payment. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted, and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave when the German said, "Shoost wait von leedle whites, unt I gifts you ein glass got peers." "No, I thank you, I don't drink beer," was the reply. "Vell, den, I gifts you veeskees thot is potter as so mooch." "No thank you, I don't drink whisky." "Shoo! den I know, how I fix you, I haf goot vines."—jerking down a bottle with a flourish. Again the quiet "No, thank you, I don't drink wine." "Vot! you don't trinks noddings; vell, I gifts you ein good shegar." Once more, "No, I thank you, I don't smoke." "How strange!" exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands; "no peers, no veeskies, no vines, no dobacco, no noddings—vot you live on, anyways—botatoes, eh?"

He Didn't Stop His Paper.

An indignant farmer recently entered the office of the Elizabeth News and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed from the editor in his views regarding the advantage of subsiding fence rails. The editor of course conceded the man's right to stop his paper, but he remarked coolly, looking over his list; "Do you know Jim Sowderi, down at Hardscable?" "Very well," said the man. "Well, he stopped his paper last week, because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in four hours." "Lord, is that so?" said the astonished Granger. "Yes; and do you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle creek?" "Well, I've heard of him." "Well," said the editor, gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said that he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There are lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong; and there's a bad color on your nose." "See here, Mr. Editor," said the subscriber, looking somewhat al-

armed, "I believe I'll just keep on another year, 'cause I always did like your paper; and come to think about it you are a young man, and some allowance ought to be made, and he departed, satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

GREENLAND DOGS.

Two of these dogs can drag as much as one man. Nothing can be more exhilarating than dog-sledding, in the Arctic regions on a fine day. The rattling pace of the dogs; their intelligence in choosing the road through the broken ice; the strict obedience paid by the team to one powerful dog whom they elect as leader; the arbitrary exercise; the constant use of the whip, and the running conversation kept up by the driver with the different dogs, who well know their names, afford constant enjoyment. However useful they may be, the Arctic dogs, seem to be deficient in that affectionate disposition which endears their species so much to man. A traveler once said that he believed the Esquimaux dogs to be the most ungrateful creatures in creation. He had traveled for several hundred miles by sledge; and for six weeks it was his duty regularly to feed the dogs; but after only a few weeks' absence, on the conclusion of the journey, they would not recognize him in the slightest degree. It is impossible to domesticate these creatures, as under tender treatment they sick-

TEXAS COURTSHIP.

He sat on one side of room in a big white oak rocking chair. She on the other side in a little white oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer horn, snapping at flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by her's. Both rocked incessantly, that is, the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily and looks out of the window at a crape-myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks: "This is mighty good weather to pick cotton." "Is that, if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues. "What's your dog's name?" "Coony." Another sigh-broken stillness. "What is he good for?" "What is who good for?" said he abstractedly. "Your dog, Coony?" "Fur ketchin' possums." Silence of half an hour. "He looks like a deer dog." "Who looks like a deer dog?" "Coony." "He is—but he's kinder bellowsed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no count on a cold trail." In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real party name." "Your ma raisin any chickens?" "Forty odd." Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while the big-rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side. "How many has your ma got?" "How many what?" "Chickens." "Nigh on to a hundred." By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible. "The minks has eat all ours." Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes: "Makin quilts?" "Yes," she replies, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel, a 'Sitting Sun,' and a 'Nasion's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary'?" "No."

More silence; then he says: "Do you love cabbage?" "I do that." Presently his hand is placed accidentally on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says: "I see a great a-mind to bite you." "What you great a-mind to bite me fur?" "Kase you won't have me." "Kase you ain't axed me." "Well, now, I ax you." "Then, now, I has you." Then Coony dreams he hears a und of kissing. The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week. No cards.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued From Page 3)

Mrs. Betsey now appeared on the staircase in an equal state of dishabille: "Oh, dear, Mrs. Hender-on, we are so abocked!" "Dear me, never speak of it. I think it was a cunning trick of Jack. He knew you were gone to bed, and saw I was up and so got me to ring his door-bell for him. I don't doubt he rode up town in the omnibus. Well, good-night!" And Eva closed the door and flew back to her own little nest just in time to let in Harry. The first few moments after they were fairly by the fireside were devoted to a recital of the adventure, with dramatic representations of Jack and his mistresses. "It's a capital move on Jack's part. It got me into the very interior of the fortress. Only think of seeing them in their night-caps! That is carrying all the outworks of ceremony at a move." "To say nothing of their eternal gratitude," said Harry. "Oh, that of course. They were ready to weep on my neck with joy the moment I had brought the dear little plague back to them, and I don't doubt, are rejoicing over him at this moment. But, oh, Harry, you must hear the girls' Paris letters." "Are they very long?" said Harry. "Fie, now, Harry; you ought to be interested in the girls." "Why, of course I am," said Harry, pulling out his watch; "only—what time is it?" "Only half-past ten—not a bit late," said Eva. As she began to read Ida's letter, Harry settled back in the embrace of a luxurious chair, with his feet stretched out towards the fire, and gradually the details of Paris life mingled pleasantly with a dream—a fact of which Eva was made aware as she asked him suddenly what he thought of Ida's views on a certain point. "Now, Harry—you haven't been asleep?" "Just a moment. The very least in the world," said Harry, looking anxiously alert and sitting up very straight. Then Eva read Caroline's letter. "Now, isn't it too bad?" she said, with eagerness, as she finished. "Yes, it is," said Harry, very gravely. "But, Eva dear, it's one of those things you and I can do nothing to help." "But I want to bring those two together." "Be careful how you try, darling. Who knows what the results may be? It's a subject Bolton never speaks of, where he has his own purposes and conclusions; and it's the best thing for Caroline to be where she has as many allurements and distractions as she has in Paris, and such a wise, calm, strong friend as your sister." "And now, dear, mayn't I go to bed?" he added, with pathos. "You've no idea, dear, how sleepy I am." "Oh, certainly, you poor boy," said Eva, bustling about and putting up the chairs and books preparatory to leaving the parlor. "You see," she said, going up stairs, "he was so imperious that I really had to go with him." "He! Who?" "Why, Jack, to be sure, he did all but speak," said Eva, brush in hand, and letting down her curls before the glass. "You see I was in a reverie over those letters when the barking roused me—I don't think you ever heard such a barking; and when I got him in, he wouldn't be contented—kept insisting on my going over with him—wasn't it strange?" Harry, by this time composed for the night and half asleep, said it was. In a few moments he was aroused by Eva's saying suddenly: "Harry, I really think I ought to bring them together. Now, couldn't I do something?" "With Jack?" said Harry, drowsily. "Jack? Oh, you sleepy-head! Well, never mind. Good-night!" (Continued next week.)