

TRIOLETS.

Such joy it was with love to walk—
The month it was the month of May—
When we with love began to talk—
Such joy it was with love to walk—

THE PIONEER'S STORY.

The old pioneer did not belong to the city. He was born and raised in the interior of the state, among the trees and the meadows, where the contrast with city ways was both beautiful and inspiring.

"Don't believe I know any stories, Polly," though he looked wonderfully like he did. "Tell us something 'bout when you was a boy, grandpa," said she.

"You haven't told us a thing about how Sim Peters was dressed."

"Sim Peters! Oh, yes; forgot nigh all about him. Well, along 'tards th' last, he seemed 't think he wouldn't hev no sort o' luck courtin' 'nless he got spruced up; goods th' very best—real fash'nable, you know. Them days backwoodsmen like us wuz fixed up 't th' nines 'I we had a buckskin suit. Sim he got a real nice buckskin suit made, 'th fringes along th' seams o' th' pants, 'n on th' front 'n on th' bottom o' th' coat—hunt-in shirt, they called it. Looked nice, I tell ye, 'n Sim was prouder 'n a peacock in it. He'd wore it once or twice afore Sunday got along, 'n when that day came he put it on agin, 'n could hardly show it off afore his sweetheart. He lived 'bout two miles 'n a half from our house, but you could save 'bout half a mile in winter time when th' swamp wuz frozen over by walkin' straight across on th' ice, 'n Sim didn't miss th' chance to economize time that night. Th' dogs didn't know him at first 'n wuzn't goin' to let him in, till father went out 'n set him down afore th' fire. Sim wuz always bashful, 'n he wuz worse 'n ever that night, 'cause Dick wuz there, 'n seemed on mighty good terms 'th sister Jane. Besides, he med 'tith an accident. Comin' cross th' ice in th' swamp, he'd broke through 'n got wet above th' knees, 'n his fine, new suit didn't show to good advantage, 'n he felt mean, tho' he wuz so much in love 't he wuz all wet father jest made him set right down near th' fire 'n dry himself. Purty soon he seemed to get more comfortable, 'n kep' his eyes on Jane like he wuz afraid she'd get away 'f he didn't watch her. She kep' on laughin' 'n talkin', first 'th him 'n then 'th Dick, havin' a real nice time, like a girl always hev when she hez two fellers to play off agin one another. All to once I saw her kinder stop 'n seem puzzled when she said something to him, but it wuz all right in a minute; but it wuzn't five minutes afore she looked puzzled 'n ever. After that she seemed to try to avoid lookin' at Sim, 'n jest kep' up 'n everlastin' chatter 'th Dick 'n seemed mighty tickled 'bout th' little thing 'at, ud never make her smile afore. She got redder 'n a piney, partly 'cause she wanted to laugh 'n didn't dare to, I thought, 'n I got wonderfully interested in what wuz th' matter 'th her. At last she jest snickered right out, 'n Dick he broke out 'n a horse laugh 'n he looked toward Sim. 'I'd bin so trusted in watchin' Jane's pranks 't I hadn't watched Sim a mite, 'n I looked at him jest 's father took his pipe out o' his

mouth 'n seed, sorter dry like: 'Sim, ye need galluses on both ends o' them breeches, don't ye?' 'N sure's ye live the bottom o' them pants, which hung aroun' Sim's ankles when he came in, wuz more 'n half way to his knees, 'n a reachin' fer 'em steady, a gittin' nearer 'n nearer every minute, 'n showin' off his shins 'n calves to mighty good advantage, I tell ye. Sim he jest tuk one look down to'ards th' floor, 'n seemed to lose all sense to onct. He jest riz up, 'n two steps tuk him to th' door, 'n that's th' last we saw uv him till after th' weddin'."

"Gan'pa?" "Well, Polly?" "Is duckskin Injun rubber?" "Buckskin, child, buckskin. No, 'tain't Injun rubber."

"Then why'd it draw up-so in Sim's clothes?" "Oh, why, ye see, buckskin 's deer-hide, tanned, 'bout like th' shammy skin yer mother hez to rub th' winders with. When it gets wet it stretches like a sinners conscience, but it'll go back about like it wuz afore when it gits dry. Sim didn't know th' Comin' cross th' swamp he'd fell in 'n got wet, 'n presently th' buckskin in his breeches stretched out over his heels, 'n he jest out 'th his knife 'an cut it off. Purty soon it lengthened out some more, 'n he whacked it off agin, so by th' time he got 't our house he'd chopped off right smart, 'n when he set down 'fore th' fire 'n got dried out, 'n th' buckskin 'gun to go back where it b'longed, it natchurly left a long bare spot of skin. 'N that wuz what wuz th' matter 'th Jane when she saw th' pranks his breeches wuz aplayin' him, 'n him not knowin' it. But 't didn't make much difference to her, fer she married Dick next quart'ly meetin' day, 'n they went to housekeepin' 's I told ye. Didn't take long to build a house, then, neither. All th' neighbors to help'd run up a cabin 'n two days. Didn't have many tools, neither; jest axes, a saw 'n auger, 'n a froe. The houses wuzn't purty 't look at, but mighty comf't'ble, 'n a heap sight better 'n 'n Injun wigwam."

"Dick 'n Jane lived near us much's four or five years, 'n then Dick thought things wuz a gittin' too crowded like, 'n he ups and moves off to Indiana. Mother wuz awful sorry to see Jane go so far away, 'n tried to scare Dick out by telling about th' Injuns not much further West 'n they wuz going; but 'twasn't a mite o' use; they went. They did see Injuns, too, but never got killed. Fact is, th' Injuns got scared most to death right in Dick's cabin one night, 'n from all what I could hear it had a right smart heap o' influence on the keepin' o' peace 'n one time. Dick he'd managed 't git out from th' rest uv th' settlement; he'd gone to 'n a little furdur west, 's I s'pose cause he wuz so fond o' huntin', 'n thought ez the game wuz bein' drove west, he wanted 't git next to it. He built him a cabin like all th' rest o' th' folks in them days. It had punchoon floors 'n a 'shake' roof—that means made out o' clapboards 'n put on th' rafters, 'n then poles put 'cross 't weight 'em down. Well, first fall they moved out there they wuz some talk o' Injun troubles, 'n finally 'bout a dozen o' th' best hunters they got 'tether 'n thought they'd scout 'round toward th' Injun towns north o' them 'n see 'f they'd find any Injun sign. They wuz gone 'bout a week, 'n got back 's fur 's Dick's house one evenin', when it began rainin'—jest drizzly like. It wuz less ten miles to th' settlement 'n the boys uz all tired, 'n they thought it ud be best to stop till mornin' at Dick's house. When th' troubles began he'd moved all his family back to th' settlement, 'n kep' 'em there fer fear o' trouble. But he'd left some things about the house, 'n when the scouts struck it they thought they'd hev a nice time; all the more so because they hadn't seen no Injuns nor no signs uv enny. All but one—Joe Spraker, a big fat Dutchman, who wuz th' best woodsman 'n Injun fighter 'n th' whole lot, 'n liked a pipe better 'n he did a bible. Jake had seen signs o' Injuns in th' woods that afternoon, 'n then he'd had a dream o' seeing his wife, 'n that he said wuz a sure sign he'd see Injuns first. So he told the boys 't wouldn't do to build a fire in th' cabin, 's they meant to, 'n cook some bacon they'd found upstairs, 'cause th' Injuns 'd be sure to see th' light 'n smell th' bacon, 'n then th' boys'd git into a sight o' trouble. Th' boys didn't like to give up a warm supper, but Jake jest made 'em do it, 'n they et supper o' dried venison 'n parched corn, which wuz all they'd took along to live on. Then he made 'em go to bed in th' loft, 'n he wuz th' last man to climb up th' ladder 'n wuz mighty careful 't wipe out enny sign 't might been made in th' cabin down stairs. They wuz a lot o' corn piled up in th' loft to dry, jest pulled off in th' husks 'n scattered over th' floor. Jake made th' boys all lay down 'n a row under th' eaves over the door, 'n he laid down last. Th' boys wuz tired, 'n purty soon all wuz asleep, all but Jake. He didn't like th' looks o' things much, 'n he laid awake steddin' 'em over. After awhile he heard a hoot owl 'way off. Purty soon another owl answered it. Next time it wuz a wolf, 'n a second wolf howled back. Jake thought it kinder funny, 'n he listened. 'Fore long th' howls 'n th' woves got close together, 'n finally they seemed to meet 'n th' clearin', front o' th' house. Then Jake knewed it wuz Injuns, 'n nudged th' man next to him, 'n 'twasn't more 'n a minute 'fore every man wuz wide awake 'n listenin' 'th both ears. They wuz shut up in there 'n a lot o' Injuns outside, no tellin' how many, but all uv 'em ready to shoot. They wuz in a trap 'n no seein' a way out 'em it, only go way to stay quiet 'n let th' Injuns go away. Th' Injuns didn't seem a bit afraid 'n ennybody hein' about, 'n acted jest 's if they knewed they wuzn't. They all come in 'n filed their guns up 'n one corner, 'n their tomahawks 'n blankets, too. Then they built a fire 'n th' fireplace 'n began to cook some fresh venison they'd brought in 'th 'em. The smell o' that fresh meat went up stairs in a way awful tantalizing to men who hadn't had any for a week, but that didn't do 'em a bit o' good. They jest had to lay still 'n never say a word. Th' Injuns got to laughin' 'n talkin' 'n havin' a high old time there all to themselves, as they s'posed, while the meat wuz a cookin'. Joe Spraker he kep' up a sight o' thinkin' to plan some way to get out o' there 'thout leavin' his scalp. There wuz a crack 'n th' floor o' th' loft—'t wuz made o' clapboards jest laid from one pole to another 'n not nailed down 't all—'n he thought he'd get a look down below 'n

count the redskins 'n mebbe he'd hit on some plan to get their scalps 'fore mornin'. So he kep' edgin' along on his face to'ards the crack, 'n every time th' Injuns'd laugh or make a noise he'd hist over a few inches, 'n then when they'd get quiet he'd lay still. Now, when Dick built th' cabin one pole cut fer th' loft wuzn't jest straight, hed a bow in it like, 'n he wuz in a hurry 'n didn't stop to get another, but jest put it in, bowin' side up, 'n cut a notch in th' logs fer it to lay in 'n stuck a wedge in by th' side to keep it firm. It hed shrunk ez it got seasoned, o' course, 'n got loose. Directly th' Injuns set up a big laugh at some joke, Joe giv' a big hunch fer ard on his face, struck th' bowin' part o' this pole, and that turned quicker 'n a flash 'n opened a big hole in the loft floor 'n let Joe Spraker down through, head first, eyes a poppin' out o' his head at th' idea o' plumpin' down 'mong a lot o' Injuns, he didn't know how many, his great big fat body 'n short legs 'n arms all stretched out, fer all th' world like a big bluff, 'n yellin' out, "Oh, Lord! here I come!" to th' top o' his bass voice. Th' Injuns didn't hev time fer more 'n a glimpse o' him, landin' right in th' midst uv 'em 'thout havin' said a word about it, 'th a whole lot o' clapboards a rattlin' down on 'em 'n three or four tushels o' that corn a pourin' on top o' th' whole caboodle so quick they didn't know what it all wuz. They jest got up, then Injuns did, 'n made a break fer more air 'n more room, 'n didn't stop fer compliments nor nothin', but give one snort 'n jumped fer dear life. Just then th' men up stairs all jumped up, fer, they thought, o' course, there'd be a mighty interestin' state o' things 'n 'bout jest no time at all, 'n jumped up so quick 'n their heads all bumped 'ginst th' clapboard roof 't th' same time. They jest knocked off th' whole side o' th' roof on th' front o' th' house, 'n 'bout a thousand o' them boards came a-rattlin' down 'mong Injuns jest 's th' god side th' door. That wuz worse 'n more uv it, 'n them redskins jest went a callyhootin' fer tall timber, a yellin' like all possessed, 'n got clean out o' sight 'n 'bout no time. Then Joe Spraker got up on his feet 'n looked out o' doors 'n seen no Injuns, 'n all their blankets 'n guns 'n tomahawks piled up there, 'n felt in his pocket, 'n got out his pipe, lit it, 'n said: 'Py shiminy, poys, I told you we see Injuns!' 'n set down afore the fire 'n begun to finish cookin' th' venison, jest as cool 's if he'd begun the job himself. He told th' boys they needn't be a mite afraid o' the Injuns comin' back, 'n sure they didn't. They wuz eighteen guns 'n powder horns 'n tomahawks in th' corner, so they'd been that many Injuns there 'fore Joe Spraker scared 'em off droppin' down atop uv 'em. The boys eat a hearty supper off that venison 'n got home 'n a good time next mornin', 'n never seen no more Injuns that season. They often told th' story themselves, but they never heard anything about the Injun side uv it, fer twenty years or more, when one day one uv 'em told about it in a store near the Injun country. There wuz 'n old redskin there 'n he heard it 'th great int'rest, 'n then said he wuz one o' them same chaps; said they'd gone to'ards the settlements 't see 'f they could get a few scalps. They'd been at th' cabin that afternoon, a scoutin' round, 'n agreed to meet there 'n stay all night. So when they met there they didn't see nothing strange, 'n supposed they wuz all alone, 'n when Joe Spraker come tumblin' down so sudden 'n th' clapboards 'n come a plin' atop they wuz so scared they thought it wuz th' old boy himself, 'n didn't stop runnin' for an hour. Then they found they'd left all their guns 'n powder, but they dashed go back fer 'em, 'n they like 't starrved afore they got in th' Injun country 'n got something to eat. He wuz awful relieved to know 't he hadn't run away from th' devil that night."

"Grandpa?" "Well, Polly."

"I think it was real mean to scare away those poor, hungry Indians before they got one bite of supper!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Living in Persia. The Europeans who live in the country do not often travel off the beaten track. Among the hospitable body of telegraph clerks, to which every traveler in the country owes so much, are men of great intelligence, but the nature of their duty confines them to the village in which their testing station is situated. One of these officers asking me what I did for food when climbing post without a servant. I told him dates or cucumbers with maust (sour milk) was my standby. "Ah!" said he, "that is all very well for a traveler like you, but if I was to eat maust and dates my servants would whisper it in the bazar, it would get about among the Persians and my prestige would suffer, the prestige of the department would be lowered and the prestige of the English in the east affected." Maust and dates form the staple food of the peasantry in Arabia and parts of Persia; it is a cooling, nourishing and pleasant compound.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Yankee Walk. As I was strolling by the Gordon monument one morning I passed a group of three ladies, and heard one of them say: "I can always tell a Yankee by her walk. I suppose this peculiarity of gait comes from walking so much on snow."

Naturally I became very conscious of my movements, and wondered if I had the manner of one who momentarily expects the feet to slip up into the air. There was a certain commiseration of tone in the remark I had overheard, as of pity for people who must, perforce, spend the greater part of their lives either wallowing in snow or trying to keep their equilibrium on top of snow. But, in fact, I believe we must own that the true southern woman, she who has never been north, and never put her foot on snow, has a way of carrying herself that is far pleasanter to look upon than the movements of an energetic Yankee.—Savannah Cor. New York Post.

The Glamour of Fascination. The proposition to substitute electricity for the rope in cases of capital punishment elicits from The London Lancet the observation: "It is most desirable to avoid casting a glamour of fascination about the death penalty. Is there not a peril of doing this in the impulse to be humane?"—Chicago Times.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Or DULUTH

Idaho, Washington Territory, And all Points in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana,

OREGON, British Columbia, Puget Sound and

ALASKA. NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN SAINT PAUL and PORTLAND.

On Any Class of Tickets. EMIGRANT SLEEPERS FREE

The Only All Rail Line to the YELLOWSTONE PARK

Express Trains Daily, to which are attached PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS AND ELEGANT DINING CARS.

For full information as to Time, Rates, Etc., Address, CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.



"The Burlington"

THE PRINCIPAL LINE BETWEEN THE NORTHWEST AND ALL POINTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

CONNECTIONS MADE IN UNION DEPOTS AT ALL BUSINESS CENTERS

PEERLESS DINING CARS AND PULLMAN'S SLEEPERS ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

\* THE ONLY LINE \* RUNNING DINING CARS BETWEEN THE TWIN CITIES AND ST. LOUIS

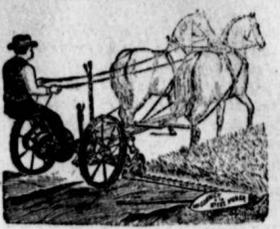
FOR TICKETS, RATES, GENERAL INFORMATION, ETC., CALL ON ANY TICKET AGENT IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA OR ADDRESS GEO. B. HARRIS, W. J. C. KENTON, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Chicago, Burlington & Northern R. R. TIME TABLES.

Table with columns for Stations, Lv. (Leave), and Ar. (Arrive) times for various routes.

\* Peerless Dining Cars and Pullman Sleepers on all Trains. No Change of Cars to Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis. For Tickets, Sleeping Car Accommodation, Local Time Tables and other information apply to W. J. C. KENTON, Agent.

Or address W. J. C. KENTON, G. F. A. C. B. & N. R. R., ST. PAUL, MINN.



MOWERS: CHAMPION, DEERING and McCORMICK. HAY RAKES: TIGER and BRADLEY.

Miles, Strevell & Ulmer. ESTABLISHED 1877. JAS. McMILLAN & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE Minneapolis Sheepskin Tannery, AND DEALERS IN HIDES, SHEEP FELTS, FURS, WOOL, TALLOW

Advertisement for S.S.S. (Swiss Skin Soap) for treating eczema. Includes text: 'TRADE MARK. ECZEMA ERADICATED. Gentlemen—It is due you to say that I think I am entirely well of eczema after having taken Swift's Specific.'

TO STOCK MEN PUBLISH YOUR BRANDS

IN THE WEEKLY YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL AND LIVE STOCK REPORTER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT MILES CITY, M.T. The Price for Brands is Only \$5.00 Per Year.

Advertisement for Edison Incandescent Electric Light. Includes text: 'EDISON Incandescent Electric LIGHT For Central Station, Isolated and Municipal Lighting. FRED. D. CHAMBERLIN, Agent for Dakota, Montana and Idaho. Resident address: Spokane Falls, Wash. Ter.'

Advertisement for Wisconsin Central Line. Includes text: 'THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE The Palace Sleeping Parlor Car Route'

Advertisement for Chicago, Burlington & Northern R.R. Time Tables.

Advertisement for Railroad Favorite watches. Includes text: 'THE RAILROAD FAVORITE LOOK THE BEST WATCH EVER SOLD PERFECT TIME SETTING' and an illustration of a pocket watch.

TICKET OFFICES: CHICAGO—205 Clark St. Depot, Cor. Polk St. & 5th Ave. Palmer House. Grand Pacific Hotel. Milwaukee—305 Broadway. New Passenger Station. ST. PAUL—172 East Third Street. Union Depot. MINNEAPOLIS—19 Nicollet House Block. Union Depot.

MOWERS: CHAMPION, DEERING and McCORMICK. HAY RAKES: TIGER and BRADLEY.

Miles, Strevell & Ulmer. ESTABLISHED 1877. JAS. McMILLAN & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE Minneapolis Sheepskin Tannery, AND DEALERS IN HIDES, SHEEP FELTS, FURS, WOOL, TALLOW

SHEEP FELTS & FURS A SPECIALTY. 101, 103 & 105 Second St. North. Shipments Solicited. Write for Circulars.

Advertisement for S.S.S. (Swiss Skin Soap) for treating eczema. Includes text: 'TRADE MARK. ECZEMA ERADICATED. Gentlemen—It is due you to say that I think I am entirely well of eczema after having taken Swift's Specific.'

TO STOCK MEN PUBLISH YOUR BRANDS

IN THE WEEKLY YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL AND LIVE STOCK REPORTER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT MILES CITY, M.T. The Price for Brands is Only \$5.00 Per Year.

Advertisement for Miles City & Spearfish Stage Line. Includes text: 'Miles City & Spearfish Stage Line, Connecting at Spearfish with Rodgers' Daily Stage for DEADWOOD The stage leaves Miles City Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 8 o'clock. For passage or any information apply to stage office at J. Maxwell's.'

Advertisement for Wisconsin Central Line. Includes text: 'THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE The Palace Sleeping Parlor Car Route'

Advertisement for Chicago, Burlington & Northern R.R. Time Tables.

Advertisement for Railroad Favorite watches. Includes text: 'THE RAILROAD FAVORITE LOOK THE BEST WATCH EVER SOLD PERFECT TIME SETTING' and an illustration of a pocket watch.

TICKET OFFICES: CHICAGO—205 Clark St. Depot, Cor. Polk St. & 5th Ave. Palmer House. Grand Pacific Hotel. Milwaukee—305 Broadway. New Passenger Station. ST. PAUL—172 East Third Street. Union Depot. MINNEAPOLIS—19 Nicollet House Block. Union Depot.