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The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneers.

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CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

In February 1875 orders came from the Interior Department at Washington to change the agency from Mission creek to Stillwater. Agent Clapp put men right to work and by the first of April the buildings at the new Crow Headquarters were far enough advanced to move into.

At pearly the same time Horace Countryman, who had kept a trading post for the Indians opposite the Mission creek agency, went down the river and built him a large log house, just above and on the opposite side of the river from the mouth of Stillwater, and stocking it with goods had quite a trade with the Indians and trappers.

Soon after Countryman had started in Hugh Hoppy, who had been running a hotel and saloon at Benson's Landing, sent a party of men down to Stillwater to build him a house suitable for his business.

One day while putting up the logs for this building the boys were surprised by a queer visitor. He was a small wiry built man apparently about sixty years old. He had on a belt made of a piece of rope. His coat had been cut off at the waist and the belt was attached by loops to his jacket. Fastened to the belt was a toy pistol, that could by no possibility be induced to go off, a tin box containing flint, steel and tinder, and another that held a large quantity of string and several fish-hooks; hanging between the boxes, without scabbard, was a butcher knife that had seen long and hard service.

His rambling talk soon showed that he was a harmless wandering lunatic; when asked where he was going, his only answer was, to the end of the road.

In an account of his wanderings that he gave, it appeared that he had traveled through the country of the Apaches, Comanches and other tribes, who though hostiles, had not troubled him, but instead had been very kind, for a fool or a madman is held sacred and are allowed to have their own way by all of the western tribes.

He would not take matches, saying that the Indians always wanted and took them. He took a little flour, but said he probably should throw it away. His entire dependence for food, when away from the settlements, were his fish-hooks and lines, and snares for rabbits and prairie dogs, and he wanted nothing but a little salt to take with him.

Not wishing him to go any further in the Sioux country, the boys sent a man with him to the agency and asked them not to let him go on. He stayed there for a week and then disappeared.

About two months afterward, the Crows found the body of a white man near the mouth of Clarke's Fork, that had been shot through the head. Nothing had been taken from his person and the Crows recognised him as the crasy man.

The Indians by whom he was killed must have come upon him unexpectedly and shot him down before learning his character. This Indian, who could tell by the fantastic rig that the old man wore that he was a lunatic, must have fled in dismay, for many gifts must be made to the spirits and much howling done by himself and squaw, before this, the greatest sin, could be atoned for.

This old man, who, possessed by a restless spirit, had wandered without object or aim for so many years, had found rest. He had reached the end of the road.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGHT BETWEEN FIVE HUNDRED OGALALLA'S AND THREE TRAPPERS.

Among the trappers of the Yellowstone none were more noted for daring or skill than Hubble. He came to this section of the country in 1864, and his adventures alone would make a worthy volume. Six times did he have his horses taken or killed by the hostile Indians, and he has had more fights with them, than any man that ever was in the country. A worthy mate for him was Charley Cocke, and they were together for several years. These two and Woody, another old time trapper and prospector, had the most remarkable fight in the annals of American history. This story has never been published and is an almost incredible tale; yet the writer had it told to him by each one of the three, soon after its occurrence and their tales were corroborated by a war party of Crows who were at the place of battle four days afterward. The writer was at the same place a year after the fight and found testimony of its truth.

Beaver were getting quite scarce on the waters of the upper Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers and the three trappers spoken of, concluded to hunt for fresh streams and trapping new. So in the latter part of April, 1865, they, with eight horses and a good supply of traps, provisions and ammunition for their needle guns, went across Clarke's Fork and Pryor creek and around the point of Pryor mountain (the extreme northwestern peak of the Big Horn range) to Beavais creek, which empties into the Big Horn river about ten miles below the ruins of old Fort C. F. Smith. About ten miles down from the head of this creek our trappers found some beaver signs, and having concluded to set their trans for a day or two, went into camp. The spot they chose was a little opening near the creek, having on each side thick patches of choke cherry brush. Near the center of this open place were a few box elder trees; under these they unpacked and laid their things. Heavy brush lined the stream on either side for a mile down the creek. Above and commencing near the camp was an opening of nearly half a mile in length, then came brush again.

As soon as the packs were taken off, each went out to set his traps. Hubble went up the stream, Charley Cocke down, and Woody set his in the beaver families near by, both above and below.

Next morning the boys went afoot to their respective traps. Charley Cocke looked at his and killed his beaver as he went down and was in the act of skinning one, which he had taken from his lower trap, when, happening to look up he saw, at about 300 yards distance, a large party of mounted Indians coming up the creek bottom. They saw him at the same time and three or four of them shot at him. He fired in return and killed one of their horses; then went into the brush and worked his way to camp. He saw Indians several times while on his way, but preferred not to fight till the three were together.

About the time that Cocke reached camp (where he found Woody) heavy firing was heard up the creek that gradually came nearer and they knew that Hubble was fighting his way in.

Hubble had heard the firing at Cocke and had worked his way through the brush to the upper end of the open place in which he saw a large number of Indians. Running parallel with the creek and at 400 yards distance from it was a high ridge, the bottom being full of little coulies and hiding places, he concluded to take this ridge and try for camp. As he made the run across the bottom he was fired at by probably 200 warriors. The bullets cut the ground all around him and whistled close to his ears, but he was untouched. He gained the point of the ridge and having a good position, rested. Hubble had not fired a cartridge as yet, but now, as the Indians were getting too familiar and coming too near, he fired twice in quick succession, each shot taking effect; one killing a horse and the other breaking an Indian's arm. This showing of his skill as a marksman probably saved his life, for as he trotted down the ridge towards camp, the Sioux would ride up and fire at him. When they came too near, he would drop on one knee and raise his gun and they would scatter and retreat as fast as their horses could carry them. After he had done so a few times without shooting they must have thought that he was out of ammunition, for three made a charge and did not stop when he raised his gun. This time he fired and shot one through the breast and he fell off of his horse. The others turned and ran. He shot again and as the two went over the brow of the hill and out of sight, the one shot at was leaning forward and holding to the saddle with both hands. Hubble now resumed his trot and turning down a sharp ridge that led to the creek below the open place, reached camp in safety. After running the gauntlet of 500 rifles for twenty minutes.

It is easy to imagine the feeling with which Hubble was received by those in camp, for beside the pleasure of knowing of his safety, each added man was a host in the struggle which they knew had to come.

As soon as Woody had heard the firing he had rushed to camp. Three of the horses that were picketed near by he brought in and tied to trees; before he had time to get the others the Indians dashed in and captured them. Woody exchanged a few shots with them, but when Hubble came in sight, the Indians all paid their attentions to him, and Woody and Cocke piled up their saddles, blankets, provisions and everything in camp to protect them while fighting, and when Hubble came in they were as well fixed as possible.

The Indians ceased firing for a few moments to develop a plan of battle. Then they posted themselves in the hills on each side and poured into camp a hail of bullets, which for half an hour came so thick that the boys dare not raise their heads. The horses were riddled, the saddles were shot to pieces, and flour was scattered over the whole camp.

As abruptly as it began the firing ceased and the Sioux prepared to try a new plan. In the interval of quiet the beseeged drew into the barricade the body of the nearest horse.

Just after this was done, a party of about fifty Indians came charging in on horseback. They were received by such a lively and well directed fire, that they soon weakened and retreated, taking with them two of their comrades dead and leaving two dead horses on the field.

This charging party was hardly out of sight behind the brush on one side before another having about the same number came from the other. These met with the same reception and soon broke and ran, leaving one of their number fastened under a horse, that being hit had fallen and caught his rider, who lay at the mercy of the trappers and was killed.

After a short interval the enemy charged again a hundred strong; again they began to break and straggle as they came near; a few came on till quite close, but, when their leader fell, which he did when but about thirty feet away, all retreated and tried no more charges.

The firing from the hills and the charges made quite hot work for our trappers, but the worst was yet to come. For now the Indians left their horses and crawling into the brush, sent bullets into the camp from all directions and at close quarters. The boys fired slowly and always for blood, and all three being noted shots, they made most of their bullets tell. There was a point of brush that came close to the barricade on the side at which Cocke was stationed. An Indian came to its edge and Cocke and he shot at each other at the same moment. The Indian's bullet cut a hole through the hat of Cocke, whose ball pierced the warrior's heart. Cocke made a jump and taking hold of the dead man put his body in the breastworks. Soon afterward the Sioux, utterly disheartened left the brush and went to the hills, having to leave the bodies of three of their warriors, who were lying near the breastworks and covered by the rifles of its defenders.

The Sioux made no further attempts to fight. They built at dark, fires on the hills on each side of the creek. When it was fairly dark, the three trappers taking only their guns and belts full of cartridges, started for the Crow agency. When about two miles away they looked back and saw that the fires were expiring, and concluded from that the Indians were leaving also.

On the evening of the third day from this, while going up Rocky fork of Clarke's Fork, they ran into another party of about twenty Sioux. A few shots were exchanged, but the boys getting in the brush, the Indians drew off. At dark they resumed their tramp and arrived at the agency at about eleven the evening of the next day, having run into (presumably) the same war party about three miles from their destination.

They told their tale to Frost, the Crow agent and were not believed. At about three in the morning, the war party seen by them took fifty-two horses and mules from the agency corral. The agent now gave credence to the latter part of the story and was forced to believe the remainder, when about a week later a Crow party came in and told what they had seen, while on their way to Tongue river and as they were crossing the Little Horn they came upon the trail of about five hundred Ogalala warriors going up the country. Thinking that the object of such a large party must be to attack the agency, the Crows took their trail and followed it. When they came to the scene of the fight they found that the Sioux had turned back and had gone to their own country by another trail. The Crows saw the bodies of the three Sioux and the dead horses and the camp just as it was when left by the trappers and noticed also that one of the box elder trees, which was about eight inches in diameter, had fallen, being cut in two by bullets. They now took the back trail of the Ogalalas, which they followed to the crossing of the Big Horn, where they found ten dead bodies freshly placed in trees, and here as in every other camp that had been made by the Sioux after the fight, were many signs to indicate a large number of wounded.

Bravery and cowardice are but attributes given at birth, and no cultivation will give them or take away; so they should receive neither praise or blame; yet all admire the former in whatever form it may be shown. To be exposed to the fire of 500 savages for four hours; to face death and expect it every moment, and yet to be perfectly cool and contained requires a physical courage, which was shown no stronger at Thermopylar than here. The Spartans fought for wives, children and homes; these fought but for life.

To these and such as these all honor be given, for that they saved those at the Crow agency from a bloody fight and perhaps annihilation, who can doubt?

Perhaps too little credit has been given by those in the settlements, for the security they have enjoyed, to these rovers of the prairie, who always on the frontier gave notice of the coming of hostiles, and sometimes, as in this case, fought them off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BAD BOY.

From Peck's Sun.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store all broke up, the morning after the 4th of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of fire crackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of fire crackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now, you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon of the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up, now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty to sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him som time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have mauled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldiers' Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"O, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the saw dust off some bottles of peppersauce that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldier's Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off, her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a nigger chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the nigger chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of firecrackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of these mosquito bar, cheese cloth dresses, and it burned just like ink. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat tail and trowsers were a total loss. My, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that has fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home, and I took her home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school, and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are offul thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was bereaved of a coat tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was the resurrection, sure, and when I got over the fence, and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I set up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a nigger chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious 4th of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or re-tail my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel, and I will go out in the woods the way pa does, and come home with a black eye, got in a rational way."

"What, did your pa get a black eye, too? I hadn't heard about that." said the grocery man, giving the boy a handful of unbaked peanuts to draw him out. "Didn't get to fighting, did he?"

"No, pa don't fight. It is wrong, he says, to fight, unless you are sure you can whip the fellow, and pa always gets whipped, so he quit fighting. You see, one of the deacons in our church lives out on a farm, and all his folks were going away to spend the 4th, and he had to do all the chores, so he invited pa and ma to come out to the farm and have a nice quiet time, and they went. There is nothing pa likes better than to go out on a farm, and pretend he knows everything. When the farmer got pa and ma out there he set them to work, and ma shelled peas while pa went to dig potatoes for dinner. I think it was mean for the deacon to send pa out in the corn field to dig potatoes, and after he had dug up a whole row of corn without finding any potatoes, to set the dog on pa, and tree him in an apple tree near the bee hives, and then go and visit with ma and leave pa in the tree with the dog barking at him. Pa said he never knew how mean a deacon could be, until he had sat on a limb of that apple tree all the afternoon. About time to do chores the farmer came and found pa, and called the dog off, and pa came down, and then the farmer played the meanest trick of all. He said city people didn't know how to milk cows, and pa said he wished he had as many dollars as he know how to milk cows. He said his spechulty was milking kicking cows, and the farmer gave pa a tin pail and a milking stool, and let down the bars, and pointed out to pa the worst cow on the place. Pa knew his reputation was at stake, and he went up to the cow and punched it in the flank and said, 'hist, confound you.' Well, the cow wasn't a histing cow, but a histing bull, and pa knew it was a bull as quick as he see it put down its head and beller, and pa dropped the pail and stool and started for the bars, and the bull after pa. I don't think it was right in ma to bet two shillings with the farmer that pa would get to the bars before the bull did, though she won the bet. Pa said he knew it was a bull just as soon as the horns got tangled up in his coat tail, and when he struck on the other side of the bars, and his nose hit the ash barrel where they make lye and soap, pa said he saw more fireworks than we did at the Soldier's Home. Pa wouldn't celebrate any more, and he came home, after thanking the farmer for his courtesies, but he wants me to borrow a gun and go out hunting with him. We are going to shoot a bull and a dog, and some bees, may be we will shoot the farmer, if pa keeps on as mad as he is now. Well, we won't have another 4th of July for a year and may be by that time my girl's polonaise and hair will grow out, and that bull may become gentle, so pa can milk it. Ta-ta."

Bozeman takes the prize for a good-hearted man. He is so sensitive that he can't bear to see or hear his wife saw wood, and when she tackles the buck-saw in the cellar he puts on his hat and walks out of the house.

"MINNIE MYRTLE."

Joaquin Miller's Tribute to to his wife —A Romantic Courtship—Unhappy Wedded Life—Seperation—Reunion.

San Francisco Chronicle.

She seemed to see wreck and storm and separation for us on the arena of life long before it came, and even while we were newly married, very hopeful, young and strong and happy. And so, twenty years ago this spring, while we were living in the top of a house on Fulton Street, San Francisco, No. 421, with this singular and sad notion in her head she one evening half playfully said that, whatever came to us, if I died first she would write me well before the world and let none do my memory wrong. And she exacted the same promise of me. And from that, time, so far from forgetting the foolish covenant, she reminded me of it ever after. She reminded me of it in this city only a few days before her death, last May. In the fulfillment of this promise I now undertake this most delecate and most difficult task. For it is on my conscience that the occasion is opportune and that I cannot well conclude these sketches of my life in the Sierras in this journal, without trying, after a year's delay, to keep this covenant and solemn promise of twenty years ago. It was while I was riding Mossman & Miller's pony express from Walla Walla to Millersburg, in the mines of Idaho, in the summer of 1861, that I first was attracted by her writings in the newspapers. I wrote her and had replies. Then when I came down from the mountains and embarked in journalism she wrote to me and our letters grew ardent and full of affection. Then I mounted my horse and rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains, till I came to the sea, at Port Orford, then a flourishing mining town, and there first saw "Minnie Myrtle."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Tall, dark and striking in every respect this first Saxon woman I had ever addressed had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life, except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of hers, but I found her with her kind, good parents, sorrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. In her woody little world there by the sea she was literally worshiped by the rough miners and lumbermen and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead? Procuring a horse for her we set out at once to return to my post far away over the mountains. These mountains were then as now, and ever will be I reckon, crossed only by a dim, broken trail, with houses twenty and thirty miles apart for the few travelers.

The first day out we came upon a great band of elk. Toward evening I drew a revolver and with wild delight we dashed among the frightened beasts, and following them quite a distance, we lost our way. And so we had to spend our first night together, tired, hungry, thirsty, sitting under the pines on a hillside, holding on to our impatient horses. We reached my home all right, however, at length, after a week's ride, but only to find that my paper had been suppressed by the Government, and we resolved to seek our fortunes in San Francisco. But we found neither fortune nor friends in the great new city, and so returning to Oregon, I bought a band of cattle and we set out with our baby and a party of friends and relatives to reach the new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon. In fact, I had gone before to spy out the land. We fought the Indians and got some foothold and we selected this location for our future home.

A ROMANTIC RIDE.

And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon Sierras, driving the bellowing cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, down through the roaring canyons! It was wild, glorious, fresh full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had made a willow basket and swung it to her saddle horn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her, laughing, as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso, slashing after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the eastern side of the Sierras the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey, every day and night. And this woman was one of the truest souls that ever saw battle. I think she never, even in the hour of death, knew what fear was. She was not only a wonderful horse-woman, but very adroit in the use of arms. She was a much better shot, indeed, than myself. In our first little skirmish on this occasion I had taken position on a hill with a few men, while the cattle and pack animals were corraled by the others in a night in the foothills below to prevent a stampede. And thus intrenched, we waited the attack from the Indians, who held the farther point of the ridge on which I had stationed my men. Suddenly Minnie, baby in arms, stood at my side and began to calmly discuss the situation and to pass merry remarks about the queer noises the bullets made as they flattened on the rocks about us and glanced over our heads. I finally got her to go down, or, rather, promise to go down to camp for the better safety of the baby. But in a moment she was back. She had hidden the laughing little baby in the rocks, and now, gun in hand, kept at my side till the brush was over and the Indians beaten off.

A LEAF FROM HER JOURNAL.

Here is one leaf from her journal, or rather, I think, her recollections of the journey, which she left me along with her other papers when she died:

"One night of that journey I shall not soon forget. There had been some fighting ahead of us and we knew the foe was lurking in ambush. They made a kind of fort of the freight and while we lay down in the canyon, baby and I, away up on the high, sharp butte, Joaquin stood sentinel. And I say this to-night in his behalf and in his praise, that he did bravely and saved his loved ones from peril that night. That he stood on that dreary summit, a target for the foe and no one but me to take note of his valor—stood till the morning shone radiant, stood till the night was passed. There was no world looking on to praise his courage and echo it over the land; only the frozen stars in mystic groups far away, and the slender moon, like a sword drawn to hold him at bay.

Reaching the mines in safety, I, as detailed in a previous sketch, practiced law mined, fought Indians, and indeed was the busiest of men in trying all means to get on. I planted the first orchard in all that land, pushed ahead as hard as I could and tried to be punctual and steady and thoughtful. Yet I was still but a lad in years. I forgot to mention that I was meantime elected Judge of the county and had begun to write the "Songs of the Sierras." My life was a sober and severe one. For without learning, I was trying to administer the law; without knowing how to read or spell, I was trying to write a book. I was walking a new road of life now. All was strange. What availed my knowledge of woodcraft in the Courts of law? The mystery of making fire by the friction of two sticks of wood, the secret of finding water in the desert by the flight of a bird, the cunning of foretelling the force of the coming winter or the depth of the snow, all these and the like were of no good now,

UNCONGENIALITY.

If the shrewd and sharp lawyers who bullied and beat me had come into my elements I had beaten them. But I had chosen to enter theirs and must be equal to the undertaking. And so it was I worked and studied as never man worked and studied before. Often I never left my office till the gray dawn, after a day of toil and a night of study. My health gave way and I was indeed old and thoughtful. Well, all this, you can see, did not suit the merry-hearted and spoiled child of the mines at all. Then she was not so ambitious as I was; then she had not such a strange, wild life behind to haunt her. She became the spoiled child here that she had been at her father's and naturally grew impatient at my persistent toil and study. But she was good all the time; good and honest and true in all things and in all ways; understand that distinctly. And let me say here, once for all, that no man or woman can put a finger on any stain in this woman's whole record of life, so far as truth and purity go. But she was not happy here. Impatient of the dull monotony of the exhausted mining camp and longing for the sea and the old home that almost overhung the sounding waters, she took her two children and returned to her mother, while I sold the little home we had built and kept together, the new orchard and the lanes of roses we had planted together, and remained there in the camp, promising to follow her, yet full of ambition now to be elected to a place on the Supreme Bench of the State, and I remained and worked on to that end ceaselessly.

SUED FOR A DIVORCE.

She had been absent from me quite a year when the Convention was called and I went to Portland, seeking the nomination for the place I desired. But the poor, impatient lady, impulsive always and angry that I should have kept so long away, had forwarded papers from her home, hundreds of miles remote, to a lawyer here, praying for a divorce. This so put me to shame that I abandoned my plans and in a rage and disappointment formed a collusion with her lawyer to give her a pretense of that which she professed to desire. Yet I knew quite well that this was only a romantic and foolish freak that meant nothing. How often she has written me that she did this only in order to get me to come to her, and that she did not dream she could be divorced unless I came to her when the action was brought. Nor could she in fact. But a Court was in session, and her lawyer, who looked to me only for the fee, entered the case and in about the time it takes to write it the sham decree was announced to the world, while I was sailing away for other lands.

Of course the whole pitiful proceeding was as nothing; but her lawyer, now dead, got his fee from me, and never betrayed the treachery to her. And it was perhaps quite ten years before she by chance met some one who told her the truth. She had married, but at once left all and came to me here.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

I had not been greatly fortunate at best. A few thousand dollars I had thrown up as a wall between myself and work; but I had grown so impatient of this moderate position in life and I so wanted to get a great fortune and return to the West, that I deliberately staked all in Wall street, and of course lost all. I, beaten and discouraged and broken in health, had retreated to a garret and was then again preparing to use my pen, when one stormy night a strange woman crept up my stairs and told me in a wild whisper that my wife, "Minnie Myrtle," was in the city and must see me. And how helpless I was to help her or any one now. I had seen her form but once for nearly a dozen years. And such years!

Let me not recite any of the horrors they hold in this connection; and yet I heard from her all the time, and while she wrote against me and lectured about me and did all that made my life so miserable, she did not really mean my ruin; but thinking me strong and prosperous and happy, she exhausted her wit and sarcasm on me and laughed that she might not weep. But in time she drove me nearly mad and I left the country and proposed never to return. My publishers, Roberts Bros. of Boston, had sent her $50 a month as regularly as the months came all the time. She was receiving that sum, and perhaps as much more directly from myself, as I could spare it, all the time I was in Europe; and she received these sums for years after her marriage. But the poor, spoiled child of Port Orford never quite got over her childish love for wasteful follies and dress and show and travel, and so was forever pinched and in debt.

FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

And now, having hastily passed over all those terrible years, we come to the closing chapter of this singular life. I followed the good woman who came to me that stormy night in silence till we came at last to a little back room in the top of the house, with a bed in the center and a doubtful fire struggling in the grate. The good woman turned away and left us in the room together. The place was almost dark. She did not give me her hand, but stood before me with one hand holding on the bedpost, a long time silent.

"I have come to you at last," she said, after awhile.

"You have come to drive me from the country again."

"I have come to you to die!" she said. And as she turned so that the light was on her face I saw that it was so. And then we sat down and had a long talk. It was our last talk. I was not very kind. God knows I am sorrow now. She wanted most of all to see her little girl, whom I had taken from her and placed in the Convent school in Canada three years before, and it seemed to break her heart when I refused to send for her to come. By and by, however, when I promised her that she should surely see her before she died, she became reconciled. She talked with calm unconcern about her coming death, reminded me of my promise, and told me she had brought me all her papers; some that we had written together before I had learned to spell. There was a valor, a sweetness, too, and a dignity, a large charity in all she said and did now in the twilight of life that won all hearts to her entirely. My secrets she kept till the grave closed over her, and she never complained of anything or of any one, but was patient, resigned and perfectly fearless and tranquil to the end. But the end was not so near after all. When I went back to see her one day she had gone and had left no word where she could be found. Then I began to fear and doubt her promise; the winter wore away and April came. Then they came to tell me, from her, that she was dying and I must keep my promise. And so I arranged for her child to come, and I went every day to assure her that she was coming and to take her some flowers and whatever kind messages and encouragement I could.

RE-UNITED BY DEATH.

Wearily the days went by till away up in May, the month in which she was born. Then the child came and the good people, the gentle, loving people who kept with her and cared for and loved and pitied her in these last days, said it was like religion to see them together, and that the dying woman in her last days was very, very happy. And so Minnie Myrtle died last May here in New York. When I went up to look on her dead face, a strange fancy of hers—she had had set all about the foot of the bed, where she could see them, all the flowers I had sent her, the withered ones and all. There was quite half a trunk full of papers which she had brought and intrusted to me, some of them suggesting wonderful things, great thoughts and good and new; for much that she wrote—and maybe this is not just praise—was better than any writing of mine. But she lacked care and toil and sustained thought. I bought a little bit of ground in Evergreen Cemetery and there the hand that writes this laid the dear, tried lady to rest, forgiving and begging God to be forgiven.

Northern Pacific Changes.

Upon the completion of the Northern Pacific in September, several important changes are to be made in the operative department of that road. At present General Manager Haupt has charge of the eastern division only, but when the existing gap between Helena and Missoula has been constructed, he is to be given the management of the whole road from St. Paul to Portland. J. M. Buckley, located at New Tacoma, Washington, who at present has charge of the western division, is to continue as assistant general manager of that division, and J. T. O'Dell, superintendent of transportation, is to be made assistant general manager of the Eeastern division. As regards the superintendency of transportation, it is generally expected that that office will be abolished, or at least merged into some other department, probably that of the new assistant general manager. These changes are authentic, and have been announced by the officials of the road. In connection with them rumor has it that several other important changes are to be made, the most noted of which is in connection with the general passenger and ticket department. This office, it is said, will be divided, and G. K. Barnes, who is now both general ticket and general passenger agent, will be made general ticket agent, while a prominent eastern man is to be made general passenger agent. There is to be a general reconstruction of the department, and a special slate has been made, which will be made public when all arrangements have been perfected. By the change no heads will be cut off, but the offices and officers will be changed somewhat, and new titles giveh to some of them. In addition to those mentioned before it has become generally known that John Muir, now superintendent of traffic of the Western division of the Northern Pacific, and of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company, Oregon and California, and Pacific Coast Steamship company, is to be made superintendent of the whole line with A. L. Stokes in charge of the Western division, and J. M. Hannaford of the Eastern division, under his direct supervision. One or two other departments will, it is said, be also placed under his charge.

The Dude.

A is the actress
this dude so besets.
B is his billiards, bills, bouquets,
and bets. C is his
cheek, cigarette, cane
and collar. D is his drinks
on another man's dollar.
E is his eye-glass and
English airs. F is the
free lunch that he
never
spares.
G is the girl he en-
deavors to mash. H is hat
just as flat as his cash. I is his
igno- rance, always dis- played.
J is the jeweler on him arrayed.
K is his knowledge of folly
and sin. L is his legs that
are crooked and thin. M is
his mustache, nine hairs
to a side. N is his neck- tie, a
soil- ed shirt to hide. O's his
old mah, whom he will not indorse
P is his pocketbook, empty, of
course. Q is his quarrel
when he gets a kick.
R is the racket that makes
him so sick. S is his shoes
very sharp
at the toe. T
is his tailor,
who fills
him with
woe. U is
his uncle,
who pays
ante's bill.
V is his
vice that
makes him
look so ill.
W's his wash-
woman scold-
ing the best.
X is Xer- tion to keep
on his feet. Y is his pawns, for he's
tired out quite. Z is the Zigzag he walks when
he's tight.

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