

A Queer Patient.

A curious story illustrating the effect of alcoholic indulgence on the nerves and mind, was told by a physician who was one of the guests at the banquet given to Dr. Holmes in New York.

Dr. M., who is one of the most eminent specialists in nervous diseases in the country, lately made a yachting voyage to the Carolina coast. One afternoon, while anchored near shore, he saw a man, pacing to and fro, vehemently, signaling the yacht. He jumped into the boat and rowed ashore.

The man proved to be a gigantic young fellow, powerfully built, well-dressed, but bearing in his face marks of dissipation.

"They tell me," he said, "there's a doctor on the North board that yatcht that's death on nerves."

"I know a little about the nerves," said the doctor, modestly. "Do you wish to consult me?"

The young man changed color and showed uncontrollable agitation. "Yes, I do, doctor," he whispered. "I'm done for if you can't help me."

"Have you any mortal disease?" "No; I wish I had!"

"What is the matter with you then?" The young fellow made one or two futile efforts to speak, and at last, trembling with shame and humiliation, he gasped—

"I've lost my courage!" "Lost your courage? What an absurd fancy!"

"It's no fancy; it's the truth. It's been going for two years. Last week I had a difficulty with a gentleman, my name, who drew his pistol, said, 'I'm afraid—ARRAH!'"

The man's abject agony was so real that the doctor could not laugh.

"Have you consulted any one?" he asked. "Yes; I told old Mammy Peak. She's a negro, an old wise woman, said, 'I told her, I made her promise she'd keep it an' she prescribed for me. But it wasn't no good!' shaking his head despairingly.

"What did she prescribe?" "She told me to boil a snappin'-turtle an' eat 'em hot, with cayenne. I took three on 'em. But 'twasn't no good!"

The doctor meditated a moment. Then he said, "Will you let me see you from which you are to take a teaspoonful of the liquid in it every morning before breakfast. But alcoholic liquor in any shape will prevent its action. You must not touch whiskey, or even wine, for three months."

"Three months? Three months, did you say? But I'll do it; I'll do it, doctor! An if you can bring my courage back, I'll pray God to bless you every day of my life!"

It is needless to say that the bottle when sent contained only water, which the patient was not likely to recognize from the taste. When the yacht sailed, the doctor saw the pale, bloated face of his patient on the shore as he waved a hopeful good-bye. But whether he recovered his lost courage or not, he never knew.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

How the Dead Followed the King.

From the News and Queries.

In 1871 I was at Naples when an Italian corvette, the *Amirale Caracciolo*, was launched at Castellamare. The vessel was christened by the Countess Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the chief of the elder branch of the Caracciolo. I was staying at Naples as the guest of the young lady's father, and I heard from him a very remarkable story connected with the death of the very unfortunate officer in honor of whose memory the vessel was named. The circumstances which led to the execution of Prince Francesco Caracciolo in 1799 are well known. I shall merely state, therefore, that he was condemned by a court-martial composed of Sicilian officers to be hanged at the yard-arm of the flag-ship for bearing arms against his lawful sovereign. When the official communication of the finding and the sentence of the court was brought to the prince, he was explaining the names and use of the various parts of the rigging to a young Neapolitan nobleman who happened to be on board the ship. A glance at the letter was sufficient to show him its contents. He showed no sign of emotion, but requested the officer who brought him the dispatch to wait for a few minutes while he finished his explanations. This being done he retired to his cabin; and after a vain attempt to get the sentence changed to a more honorable manner of death, he resigned himself to his fate, which he met with great fortitude.

Some days after the event the king, who had been for an afternoon's cruise on a Sicilian ship of war outside the bay was returning to Naples in the evening. It was a moonlight night, and the sea was perfectly calm. There was, indeed, so little wind that it was difficult to steer the vessel. The king was sitting in the balcony of the stern cabin, watching the sea, when suddenly he became aware that something was following the ship. As the object came near it was easy to distinguish that it was the body of a man in the upright attitude, as if treading water; and very soon the king was able to recognize the features of Admiral Caracciolo. His eyes were open and seemed to be fixed on the king, and, except for its ghastly paleness, the face was unchanged. The explanation was simple. After being submerged for some days the body had become so buoyant that the weights attached to the feet were not sufficiently heavy to keep it under water; but they retained it in an upright position, and it was drawn along by the current created by the movement of the ship. It is easy to imagine the horror of Ferdinand at what he believed to be an apparition from another world. When at length it was explained to him what had happened he gave orders that a boat should be lowered and that the corpse should be brought on board and taken to Naples for Christian burial. But the superstitious Sicilians dared not obey the royal command, and the ship, drawing in its wake the upright body of the admiral, sailed slowly into the bay of Naples. Here a boat's crew was obtained from an English man-of-war, who took the admiral's body ashore, where it was deposited in his own palace, and at length received the last rites of the church.

A different version of the story is given in Southey's "Life of Nelson." I have here related the tradition account preserved in the family of the admiral exactly as it was told me by its chief.

A branch of the benevolent society the Catholic Knights of America has been organized at St. Paul in the office of William L. Kelly. The following officers were elected: President W. L. Kelly; Secretary, D. D. Harrington; Treasurer, F. L. Dawson; medical examiner, James C. Markoe.

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

It was a hot, weary morning at the far end of the London season. There were not very many carriages left in the park or on the streets; yet Zoe Conington, one of the greatest beauties in society, was driving down dusty Oxford street.

And she was crying, quietly, beneath the parasol which she held well over her eyes. Presently the carriage turned up one of the substantial side streets, and stopped in front of a very neat and prosperous-looking house.

The door was painted dark green, and on it was a brass plate, bearing this inscription: "Mr. Edgar's home for Trained Nurses." Mrs. Conington quickly left her carriage, rang the bell at the door, and was immediately admitted. She was shown into the "office," where she found Mr. Edgar and his Lady Superintendent, both apparently very busy at large writing-tables.

"I want a nurse, Mr. Edgar," said Zoe Conington, rather helplessly. She knew her eyes were red, and she did not like the feeling.

"Certainly," said Mr. Edgar; "what sort of case?"

"It is for my sister," said Zoe. "I really don't understand what's the matter. They say she has what you call anemia, and the doctor who attends her fears she will not live long. I believe he is an old fog, and does not understand the case."

"Then you want a nurse of experience?" said Mr. Edgar.

"Exactly," said Zoe eagerly; "and I should be so glad if I could have one that is ladylike as well—not a common hospital nurse. You see my sister is quite alone, without any lady friend; and I can't go to her because her husband doesn't like me."

"Nurse Harcourt," said Mr. Edgar to the Lady Superintendent, who nodded and rang a bell. "She is exactly what you want," he added, turning to Zoe. "She is an experienced and clever nurse, and she is a lady. We don't have many like her. She belongs to a good family. I feel sure you will like her. Come in, Miss Harcourt," as the nurse thus named entered.

"What is the case, sir?" said Nurse Harcourt.

"It is said to be anemia."

"I can undertake that, I think, sir."

"Of course you can," put in the Lady Superintendent.

Zoe had quickly taken in the girl's appearance. She was slender, active, with an intelligent and interesting face. Her features were not good, yet there was a charm of color about her. She had large and very dark eyes, and strong dark eyebrows; while her thick hair, cut quite short, was all bright with warm gold and red. This certainly was not Zoe's idea of a common hospital nurse.

"I don't know whether I ought to say so," said she to the nurse. "I don't think the doctor understands the case. Have you often nursed anemia?"

"Yes; in the hospital," said Nurse Harcourt; "and I have had cases since in which it was present. I don't think I should be easily deceived in it."

"Then, you must have my address," said Zoe; "and write or telegraph me direct, as you think fit. If there is any mistake being made in the treatment, I will send down a physician at once. Will you undertake that?"

"Yes," said Nurse Harcourt, with a quick bright smile; "I think I can undertake that. Shall I get ready, sir?"

"What station?" asked Mr. Edgar, armed with an "A, B, C," and a magnificent glass.

"Lostayvil," said Zoe, "somewhere near Penzance; a wretched little river fishing place. People ought not to go so far away from everybody. Is there any chance of her getting there to-night?"

"Lostayvil—oh, yes; she can get there at ten o'clock. The train starts in half an hour. She must have some sandwiches made up to take with her," he said to the Lady Superintendent, who rose and hurried away pen in hand to give orders.

Mrs. Conington drove to a telegraph office, and sent a "wire" to her brother-in-law: "From Zoe Conington, Hyde Park Gate, to Edward Merton, the Old Fall Lostayvil—Your account of Agatha has alarmed me exceedingly. I am sending her a nurse, as I think it may be a comfort. She will arrive at the Lostayvil station about ten o'clock. If you cannot send for her, she will find some conveyance."

Nurse Harcourt dressed all in her gray, and with a gray veil over her bright hair and clever face, caught the express, and took her seat without any fuss or excitement, although she had only half an hour to get ready and reach the station in. When she arrived at Lostayvil it was a clear, sweet night; the station seemed to stand alone on a fragrant and indistinct desert, with no sign of any houses near.

"Is there anything come to fetch me from the Old Hall?" asked she, in her clear, determined young voice.

"Nothing at all, Miss," said the solitary porter; and then, after a second pause, during which he shouldered her box, "so I suppose you'll go to the hotel."

"No, indeed," said Ada, who immediately suspected him of being in the pay of that same hotel. "I must go to the station to-night. I suppose I can get something to drive home."

"There's post-horses at the hotel," said the porter dubiously.

"Take me there, then," said Ada. It seemed to her that she walked about amid a half after him over a lonely road. At last they arrived at an inn entrance round which there were some signs of sleepy village life. A stern inter-robust with the dull landlord, Ada succeeded in getting him to have out a "po'shay" and two horses for her. A driver was extracted from the bar where he was drinking. He came out surly, and getting on the box after Ada and her luggage had been waiting some time in the "shay," began to whip the horses. This amusement he continued to indulge in until they arrived at the "Old Hall," taking the horses at a rapid gallop, up hill and down dale.

The Old Hall stood high, with a wide lawn about it, dotted by clumps of fine grass. On the way Ada was charmed by glimpses of the winding silver stream and the wooded hills about it. All was very lovely; yet something in the aspect of the Old Hall made her shiver as she approached it. It was very dark; only one window seemed dimly lit; the front door appeared to be hermetically sealed, and while she waited for an answer filled up the time by paying her surly driver the fabulous sum he demanded of her. At last the door moved; it opened slowly, and on the steps stood a tall man.

"Is he you the nurse?" "Yes," answered Ada.

"I didn't suppose you could get here to-night. Well, come in."

The coachman whipped up his horses in the familiar style and rattled away. A servant who looked like a groom came out and lifted Ada's box into the hall. A lamp stood on a table there, and by its light she saw that the door of a study or a house she was in. She was standing in a big, old-fashioned hall or house-place. Opposite her, his hands deeply buried in his pockets, stood the man who was evidently master.

"I told the maid to get a room ready for you," he said. "The man shall light you up there, and you can see my wife in the morning. Shall he bring you some supper?"

"If you please," said Ada. "First I'll take off my hat, and if you will allow me I'll go to my patient at once."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Merton; "you must sleep after a journey."

"But it is my duty to see her first, if you please," said Ada.

Ada followed the man-servant upstairs to a little bed room where he left her, saying he would bring her some supper. She washed her hands and combed out her hair. When he came back she said: "Shall I find Mr. Merton down stairs?"

"He is gone to his own room," said the groom; "and he says his mistress is asleep, and not to be disturbed."

"Which is her room?" asked Ada.

"I must know, because I have come down to nurse her."

"I'll show you the door," said the man. He led a little way along a corridor, and pointed up a short staircase. "The door on the left," he said, and immediately hurried off, carrying his light with him.

"This is a queer house," thought Ada. However, she found her way back to her own room by the glimmer of light from its doorway. Then, taking her candle, she went straight to the door of the room the man had shown her. She knocked gently; there was no answer. So she quietly turned the handle and looked in. A solitary candle lit a large room; she could but dimly perceive that on the bed lay a woman who, seeing her, started up as if in terror, and then fell desperately back again. Evidently this was the sick room. Ada shut the door, put down her candle, and approached the bed.

"Don't be frightened," she said; "I am a nurse your sister sent me down to take care of you."

"I thought you were a spirit," said Agatha Merton; "I have had strange visions to-day. Then she relaxed into a faint, and soon she was in a swoon. After awhile she awoke again. "I am dying," she said.

Ada went close to her and looked into her eyes. They were very strange. Suddenly the unhappy woman was seized with a violent sickness. Ada caught her up, and noticed some things which made her wonder. When her patient, weary and exhausted, lay back again on her pillow, she began to make a tour of the room. There were a great many bottles in different places. She took out all the corks and smelt at the contents. Suddenly, while thus engaged, she found a small bottle on a table, and met Agatha's eyes fixed upon her with a gaze of some extraordinary meaning or intelligence. It almost frightened even the brave Ada. She put down the bottle quickly and went to the bedside. But Agatha had closed her eyes, and was too weak to keep them open. Looking at her Nurse Harcourt realized how wonderfully beautiful she was, in spite of the deadly pallor which lay on her face. Suddenly the sickness came again; and then a violent spasm.

"This is a queer sort of anemia," said Ada to herself; and after a long look at her patient, began to smell her physic bottles. Just then she heard a faint sound at the door. Hastily approaching it and opening it she saw Mr. Merton disappearing through the opposite door.

"He wanted to watch me," she thought. "But can this mean?" She looked the door, and saw a man in a white coat, who she recognized as her brother-in-law. He had a bottle inside of a cupboard, nearly empty, the smell from which almost made her cry out. But she remembered her patient and refrained. She merely put the bottle in her pocket, and then, without counting any more, went back to watch poor Agatha. The color of her face grew steadily worse, and her weakness was rapidly increasing.

"What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed Nurse Harcourt at last "in this out-of-the-way place? I can't see her die before my eyes. If I could only get the doctor!"

She had spoken out loud, thinking Agatha quite unconscious. But she was not. She opened her eyes and appeared to express something by her earnest gaze. It seemed as if she understood Ada's words.

"It's the only thing to be done, I believe," said Ada to herself; "and I'll look out for her watch and key, and look at it—half-past three. Going to the window, she drew the curtain a little aside. There was a faint gray haze all over the world; but the light would be enough to find one's way by, and every moment brought the dawn nearer. "If I did but know the way," she thought. "If I must wake up some one and ask it."

Having made up her mind, she no longer hesitated. She took a final survey of her patient and then left the room. She locked the door on the outside, and took the key with her. Quickly entering her own room she caught up her gray cloak and traveling hat, and put them on as she went down stairs.

"If only I knew where the servants sleep!" she thought; "put 'em so afraid of rousing Mr. Merton. I'll wake up some cottage people."

With some considerable difficulty she opened the front door, and then drew it close behind her without absolutely shutting it. To her delight she found it would stay without moving; this would enable her to enter the house again quietly. As quickly as swift feet would carry her, she hurried out of the grounds. She saw no cottages; so she went on along with her hat, hoping to reach some habitation in time. To her delight she saw at last a hedge and ditcher trudging away to his work. She ran after him, and almost breathless with her quick movement and excitement, caught him by the arm while she asked him her question.

"Right on," he replied. "Right on till the cross roads, then to the right; not mor'n a mile."

Not more than a mile! Nurse Harcourt started off on her way gleefully. That soon would be accomplished, she thought. Had she but known how strange the Cornish mind of the subject of distances might have proved to be, she would have stayed to ask further information. But, instead, she hurried away, leaving the working man to stare after her in complete and bewildered amazement. The cross roads were reached before long, and then she turned to the right and hurried quickly along the lonely road.

At last Ada began to reflect that she must have walked a great deal more than a mile since her meeting with the hedge and ditcher. In fact she was beginning to feel a little puzzled and hopeless, for there was no sign of

houses. Still she hurried on, hoping to meet some one else who would direct her. Suddenly on her ear fell the sound of laughter—high, clear, hearty laughter; but nevertheless the sound encouraged her. It came again and again, and guided her steps out of the high road into a wonderfully quiet lane. The laughter still went on ahead, like a mocking spirit, as a will-o'-the-wisp. But suddenly Ada found herself close to a little cottage, every window of which was brilliantly illuminated from within.

The lower windows reached to the ground and stood open, exhibiting all the signs of a late revel. Empty decanters and bottles, innumerable glasses, some packed of cards on the floor—these things caught Ada's quick eye and made her wonder; while leaning on the gate of the cottage was an extremely handsome young man dressed in white flannels. He looked at Ada with the steady gaze of astonishment. He was immensely surprised at the sight of a young lady in gray, with an extremely charming face, taking a walk at four o'clock on a misty morning. Without a second's hesitation she approached him.

"You tell me where I can find the doctor's house?" she said, "a man I met told me to come this way."

Her earnest tone seemed to rouse him and make him understand that she was out on business.

"Dr. Frere is the nearest resident doctor," he said, "and he lives about six miles off, over there," pointing the way. Ada had come. "But if there is anything I can do, let me help you. I am a doctor."

"You?" said Ada, her gaze wandering from his sun-burned face, which had on the unmistakable up-all-night expression, to his white flannel-clad figure, and then to the cottage beyond, which looked as if it were glowing daylight, with a quantity of drying candles burning on the table.

"It's all right," he said, seeming to understand her perplexity. "I'm Alan Browne, of Wimpole-st. I'm down here for the boating, and I've been having a bachelor party. Didn't you hear that they're lighting as he went off just now? I had to get four of the others to take him away."

"I know your name," said Ada, earnestly. "Come with me. I am a nurse from Mr. Edgar's Home. I'm in charge of Mrs. Merton up at the Hall, and she's dying. If you don't come at once it may be too late."

"What's the matter with her?" said Dr. Browne. "I've got a pocket medicine case here; shall I bring it?"

Nurse Harcourt leaned on the gate and said something in a scarcely audible voice; then she took out the bottle from her pocket, and held it up for his inspection.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Come and save her," said Ada solemnly. Dr. Browne turned, hurried into the cottage, and in little more than a minute reappeared with a small case in his hand. Seeing him ready to follow her, Ada immediately started off as quickly as possible on her return to the little cottage, with all its windows open and its candles burning to show its disorder to any passer-by who might chance to wander that way.

"You are a very good walker," said Dr. Browne, when he had got up the hill.

"I believe I am," said Ada, and went quickly on without any further remark. These two, going swiftly through the pale, ghostlike morning mist, would have looked strange to any one who could have seen them. Both were very tired. Dr. Browne had got rather bored by his bachelor party, and had been too late for his taste; and then he had been somewhat startled by Ada and what she had said. Nurse Harcourt was white with excitement and fatigue, although she did not know it, nor know that she was weary. She was intent upon her patient, and had no time for anything but to what might have happened in her absence.

"You know," said Dr. Browne presently, "this thing can't be possible. She is a noted beauty; the men that stay in the house are bound to look at her. Who could do such a thing as this?"

"I can't say, sir," said Ada; "but I do not think I am mistaken."

Dr. Browne was so bewildered by the unwonted manner of her introduction to him that he forgot this vision of the morning was a nurse; but Ada remembered her patient, and addressed him with the manner she uses in sick rooms—quiet, but having in it an odd mixture of defiance and deference.

Very little more passed between them; they walked so quickly that it was not easy to talk. Dr. Browne covertly observed his companion very earnestly.

As they reached the gates of the Hall the stable clock struck five, and the gray mist was beginning to lift a little and glide away like the ghost of the dawn. It had been a strange walk, though neither thought of it at the time; but it had the effect of making them feel as if they had known each other for years. The house was in a walled garden, just as Ada had left it! She gently pushed open the front door and led the way into the dark interior. Up the dark staircase the two crept like thieves. The blinds were all closed, and only a glimmer of light came in through the chinks here and there. As the gray figure and the white figure came noiselessly up the staircase, suddenly something started from the door of Mrs. Merton's room, and with a horrible cry rushed across the landing. It was the cry of a most awful fear. It made Ada feel sick, and she longed to sit down on the stairs for her legs gave way beneath her. But she would not. She remembered her patient, and getting out the key of the room, opened the door and let Dr. Browne in; then she closed it behind them, and looked at Agatha Merton lay rigid, like a lovely statue on the bed. Her eyes were staring and fixed on her lips gave foam. Nurse Harcourt looked at her with a sinking heart—was it too late? But she quickly threw aside her cloak and prepared to wait upon Dr. Browne, who soon became absorbed in his task. He used strong measures and watched their effect with anxiety. Nurse Harcourt saw with a curious sort of satisfaction, that he was acting upon the same idea with regard to the case which she had offered him. He did not reject it as impossible now. For two hours this fixed attention continued, neither left the bedside.

At last Dr. Browne went to the window, and beckoned Ada to him.

"The servants will be up now," he said; "ask them to get you some coffee. You look perfectly worn out."

"I believe I am rather tired," she said; "but I was not?"

"Quite right," he said; "and you have saved her life by your pluck."

Thus comforted, Ada went away in search of the servants. On the landing outside the door she found the man servant whom she had seen the night before. He was standing still, with a face full of perplexity.

"Nurse," he said, "I believe master's

gone out of his mind. He has been queer for some time past, but not like this."

"What is it," asked Ada.

"He is sitting on his bed laughing; and every now and then he stops, and shrieks out suddenly that the house is full of gray and white ghosts. I don't like it—it's awful."

Then Ada remembered that cry of fear. "He must have seen me bring in Dr. Browne early this morning," she said; "he is in his boating flannels. Mrs. Merton was much worse in the night and I went for a doctor. Dr. Browne had better see your master."

The man looked a good deal bewildered, but recovered himself sufficiently to agree, and Dr. Browne heard his tale. While the servant was gone, he turned to Ada and began—

"You know the house better than I do—perhaps you can tell me—

"Better than you do?" exclaimed Ada; "not much. I only got here last night at eleven."

"Last night at eleven?" repeated Dr. Browne. "Why, what a night of adventure you have had! No wonder you look worn out. Well, can you tell me who to send to, because there is evidently something very wrong here?"

"Yes, I can tell you that," she answered. "I have the address of Mrs. Merton's sister, who sent me down, and to whom I was to telegraph if necessary."

"That's all right," said Dr. Browne; "have you ordered any breakfast?"

"Not yet," she answered.

"I will send the man to see that it is got ready for you, and brought to your room. Now go straight to bed."

"Thank you, sir," said Ada, "but how can I leave Mrs. Merton?"

"I am not going away just yet; you know I did not travel from town yesterday. I will have her attended to; and you shall be called in four hours."

"Thank you, sir," said Ada again; and went away down the now sunlit staircase, on which her room opened.

"Thank you, sir," repeated Dr. Browne to himself. "What an extraordinary little woman it is! By Jove, it has been a night of adventure."

Ada got into bed, drank some warm coffee, and then fell suddenly into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was the repose of complete weariness. Four hours later the maid knocked at her door. Ada started up broad awake in an instant, and as fresh as a daisy. In a very short time she was dressed and at the door of her patient's room. The maid was in charge; Dr. Browne had left her with instructions what to do, and Mrs. Merton seemed to be a little better. Agatha was lying on a map of pillows, looking very white, and wild and strange. But she was evidently in less suffering.

"My dear little nurse," she whispered when Ada bent over her. "I know you have saved my life. They will not tell me where my husband is, but you will. Is he married?"

"I don't know anything," said Ada. "I have been asleep all the time."

"He must be," she went on. I am sure he was not in his right mind or he would never have attempted what he did—you believe me, don't you? He loved me when he was himself; but sometimes he had awful fits of jealousy. When I thought before now he would try to kill me. It was in one of those fits that he brought me here; and it has been growing on him. When we were married I was thought a beauty; and he was always fancying I should get tired of him. Oh, nurse, I am sure he was not in his right mind. You will tell the doctor so, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, I will," said Ada; "and indeed I think so; I should have said so in any case. And the servants told me this morning that he was not in his right mind."

"Ah! then it will be all right," said Agatha, with a sigh of relief. "Ada understood them, and this beautiful woman still loved the husband who had attempted her life, and that her great dread was lest he should be held accountable for his attempted crime."

Late that night Zoe Conington arrived with her husband; they brought with them a "mental" attendant, who immediately took entire charge of Edward Merton. The dreadful thing which Ada had discovered and prevented was kept a secret among a few who knew of it.

Every day after Zoe arrived, Agatha insisted that her dear little nurse, as she always called her, should go out for a walk. The country around the hall was exceedingly beautiful; to wander about in it was the keenest pleasure possible to the country-born girl. Zoe did all she could to make her happy; but she found that nothing pleased her so much as the fresh air and the wild flowers. But Zoe one day carried a great piece of gossip to her sick sister's sick room.

"My dear," she said, "I know now why Nurse Ada is so fond of the field. Dr. Browne meets her. They will be telling us they are engaged soon!"

And so they did. One day they came together with a conscious look of guilt. Dr. Browne says that when he asked Ada a question, which girls reply to generally in either a sentimental or a scornful manner, Ada merely said: "Thank you, sir."

Chipeta's Address to the Utes.

Translated by Bill Nye.

People of my tribe! The sorrowing widow of the dead Ouray speaks to you. She comes to you, not as the squaw of the dead chieftain, to rouse you to war and victory, but to weep with you over the loss of her people and the greed of the pale-face.

The fair Colorado over whose rocky mountains we have roamed and hunted in the olden time, is now overrun by the silver-plated senator and the soft-eyed dude.

We are driven to a small corner of the earth to die, while the oppressor digs gopher holes in the green grass and sells them to the speculator of the great cities toward the rising sun.

Through the long, cold winter my people have passed in war and cold, while the conqueror of the peaceful Ute is wearing \$250 night-shirts and filled his pale skin with pie.

Chipeta now addresses you as the weeping squaw of a great man whose bones will one day nourish the cucumber vine. Ouray now sleeps beneath the brown grass of the canyon, where the soft spring winds may stir the dead leaves, and the young coyote may come and monkey over his grave.

Ouray was true. There was no funny business in his nature. He loved not the garb of the pale face. But won my heart while he wore a saddle-blanket and a look of woe.

Chipeta looks to the north and to the south, and all about her are the graves of her people. The refinement of the oppressor has come, with his divorce and schools and fish cocktails and bread and fall elections, and we linger here like a boil on the neck of a fat man.

Even while I talk to you the damp winds of April are sighing through my vertebrae, and I've got more pains in my back than a conservatory.

Weep with the widowed Chipeta. Bow your heads and howl, for our harps are hung on the willows and our wild goose is cooked.

Who will be left to mourn at Chipeta's grave? None but the stinking naposees of my people. We stand in the gray mist of fasting like dead burdocks in the field of the honest farmer, and the chilly winds of the departing winter make us hump and gather like a burnt boot.

All we can do is to wait. We are the red-skinned wailers from Wallowa. Colorado is no more the home of the Ute. It is the dwelling place of the honanza Senator, who doesn't know the difference between the plan of salvation and the previous question.

Chipeta can not vote. Chipeta can not pay taxes to a great nation, but you will be apt to hear her gentle voice, and her mellow racket will fill the air till her tongue is cold, and they tack the buffalo robe about her and plant her by the side of her dead chieftain, where the south wind and the sage hen are singing.

Prize Fighters' Hands.