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Written for the Courier. Praise Ye The Lord.

Praise ye the Lord of love From whom all blessings flow; Praise ye him in heaven above, Praise ye him in earth below. Praise him ye that are terrestrial While here on earth you stay; Praise him ye things celestial Up in heaven far away. Praise him ye angels of God, Each one of Adam's race, Strive to enter heaven's portals And praise him to his face. Praise him ye winds of heaven, Whom ever your billows roll; Praise him ye winds that lispeth To blow from pole to pole. Praise him ye mighty moontains Far towering to the sky; Praise him ye gentle fountains As you go murmuring by. Praise him ye throned benighted snow - So long as thou shalt shine, Praise the just and righteous one The true and living vine. Praise him thou benighted moon Fair ruler of the night; Praise the great Almighty one The author of your light. Praise him ye little stars That sparkle in the sky; Praise him ye mighty comets As you go sweeping by. Praise him ye gentle showers That fall from on above, Likewise ye pure snow-flakes Fit emblems of his love. Praise him ye hail and lightning As you journey on your path, For who can stand before you Fit emblems of his wrath. -T. Jackson on the 148 Psalm.

MY STORY.

It was in the fall of 18-- just after the Indians had broken out of their reservation under their noted leader, "Flying Arrow" I was standing on a little knoll overlooking the South Fork of the Missouri River. It was in late Autumn, the day had been one of those bright, Indian Summer days characteristic of the West. The sun was low in the western horizon, his tinted rays made the beautiful scene more beautiful. Yes, beautiful, but why is it I can't appreciate the beauties of nature, why is it my thoughts will go back to the past, and make my life gloomy and dismal, I thought I could forget the past out here in the wilds of the west, but it comes up before me like a horrible nightmare. I was awakened from my reverie by the shrill cry of the night-bird. The sun had ceased to shine on the Black Hills till the morrow. But little did I think what the morrow would bring forth. I turned to go home, if you will follow me there I can describe it better. I followed the river about a half a mile, and then turned to the left, where the banks rose up in high plateaus, overgrown with trees and shrubs. I followed a small foot path around a jutting point of land, and came to a fissure in the face of the cliff. When you first looked in, it was dark and forbidding, and as if safe retreat it was. I entered and followed the fissure about five yards, and came to a large, roomy cave. This cave I don't suppose any one in the world, even the Indians, knew of its existence, except myself. I came across it one day by chance, while on a hunting expedition. The mouth was almost entirely hidden by bushes and I always kept the mouth covered for fear of its being discovered by some one else. A more safe retreat from the Indians could not be found. The Indians were a murderous lot, they had been on the war path about two weeks, and had killed and taken prisoners a good many settlers with their families. The militia had been called out, and were hot after them. Having finished my supper, I was standing just outside of the cave, when I heard a slight noise to the left, and I fell back in the shadow of the rock and waited to see what it was. I had waited a few seconds, when I saw a painted head protruding around the rock, I grasped my rifle firmly and waited to see what the cry of the night-bird and the whip-poor-will, what a relief. It was "Turtle," my faithful friend and ally, an Indian comrade of mine, one of the most faithful friends I ever had. He was of the New Perch Nation, the Apaches had been at war with his nation and had killed all of his kindred, and he hated them worse than sin.

I gave some signal and he came from behind the rock toward me. A finer specimen of manhood you never saw. He was between six and seven feet tall, well proportioned, and his muscles were as strong as bands of iron, and he was as agile as a monkey. He came up to me and said: "White Brother, how long before you are ready to help Turtle? Turtle wants blood for blood. Flying Arrow has killed my children, he has left none but Turtle, and Turtle wants blood for blood. The red men are on the war path. They have stopped a wagon train and taken white squaws prisoners, I came fast to tell you." "What, said I, you say the red devils have stopped a wagon train and taken the women prisoners?" "All true, White brother." "Come then, said I, we must do something, they must be rescued. Where did you see them?" "Indians camped over there," pointing toward the mountains. "The men to be burned to-night Flying Arrow big, bad Ingonu." So we started toward the mountains on a quick walk, Turtle leading. We had gone about a mile and a half when suddenly Turtle stopped and said: "White brother, we must go slow. Indians much careful. Spike on lookout. Better wait till dark." There was a lot of truth in this, so we had to wait until it grew darker. We had sat there for about half an hour when Turtle started up and said: "Stay there." He went in the direction of the mountains on a run. I sat still for another half hour or more, and Turtle did not return and I grew uneasy and started in the direction he had taken. I had gone about a mile when I saw a light just ahead. I dropped down on my knees and crawled forward to see what it was. It was the Apaches' camp, and they were having a big time doing something, but I could not exactly see what it was, so I crawled on a little further to get a better view when suddenly a dark form rose up just in front of me and threw himself upon me with terrific force. I was taken completely by surprise, and before I could defend myself in the least, the Indian had struck me on the head with some heavy instrument and knocked me senseless. When I came to I was bound hand and foot, and two Indians as guards sitting near me. As soon as they saw that I had come to, one of them said: "White man come too; big lick, heap blood." I never said anything, and one of the Indians rose up and left us, moving toward the centre of the camp. He soon returned bringing some one with him, it proved to be Flying Arrow. He came up to where I lay and said: "White man, come." One of the Indians unbound my legs and made me rise and follow them, Flying Arrow going before. He was a fine looking Indian, with long, jet black hair, high cheek bones, he was fierce and cruel and was much dreaded by the whites, there was a long list of crimes laid at his door, and the government had offered a large reward for his capture, dead or alive. We stopped in front of one of the largest wigwams, and I looked around and what a sight met my gaze! There to two trees were bound two white men, with faggots heaped up around them ready to be ignited. They were both strangers to me, I was bound to the third tree, and then Flying Arrow turned to me and said: "White man you must die, you have driven us from one hunting ground to another, you have shot us down like dogs, and I am going to kill as many of you as I can, I have two more prisoners and they must die too. Four are dead, they died like warriors, they kill some of my braves, and their blood cry for revenge. I am going to let white squaws see you burn." He entered the wigwam and brought out three women, one of them was an old woman with gray hair, and the other was a young girl, and the other, My God! that face the face that had been my ruin; one of the fairest faces man ever looked upon, and I need to think it was the truest; I had said many a time that it was a pure soul that looked out of those eyes. But how I was mistaken, it was that woman that had ruined my life, and made an exile of me. How I had trusted her! How I had loved her! How I had been her humble slave, and she had cast me aside for a new face, broken my heart and sent away a man trying to forget his sorrow out here in the west. But why was she here a prisoner among these savages. Oh, I remember her saying that she had a brother somewhere out west, and no doubt she had been on her way to see him, and had been captured by Flying Arrow and his followers. She was standing not very far away but she did not recognize me, it was very dark and you could hardly recognize a familiar face. Reader, if you will let me I will go back and give you a sketch of the past, the part pertaining to the story, it will give you better connection. I met her first at the town of M-- and fell deeply in love with her. She was what I thought, the personification of purity and innocence. It was true I was nothing but a printer, and she was the daughter of wealthy parents, but I loved her all the same and I thought she loved me. We had been engaged about two months, when I was called away on business. When I returned in about a week, I met a young man on the street near the office, and he said some one (mentioning a name I did not understand) was flying around with Annie, I did not pay any attention to it and went down to the office, and the next afternoon as I was going through the garden, adjoining her house, I heard voices and stopped for I recognized Annie's voice, I looked around, and there on a rustic bench was Annie with some man who had his arm about her waist, and he was, as I thought, murmuring words of love to her, and I heard her say something about loving him. One look was enough for me, I turned and went back to the office and wrote her a note telling her I knew of her inconstancy, and that I would leave by the first train, and topped never to look upon her fair, joyous face again. I went from place to place and finally wound up in the Black Hills. I had been here for about two months when the events preceding occurred. Now I see that fair face once more, but under what different circumstances! She was here in the power of these Indians and I had no power to help her. Just at this moment I felt something pulling at my leg, I looked down and there in the long grass at my feet was Turtle, he had cut my leg loose. At this moment Flying Arrow commanded his warriors to carry the women back and prepare supper before burning the captives. That gave us some time to fix a way for us to get away and save the other five. Turtle whispered to me that he would cut the other men loose and we could make a rush for the women, secure them and run, and that he had the prisoners weapons with him. He gave me my rifle and knife and crept away to cut loose the other two men and give them in structure. The Indians all this time were busily engaged cooking supper and knowing we were securely bound, paid very little attention to us. Turtle came back and at a signal from him we ran to the wigwam that contained the ladies, securing them after knocking over the guard, we ran in the direction of my cave. The Indians were taken completely by surprise and were utterly dumfounded, we had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before they started in pursuit. We made good time, but they were gaining on us, but we had the good luck to reach the cave before they overtook us, and in there we were comparatively safe, for but one could enter at the time. I had a lot of ammunition and provision in there, and could stand a siege for a week. Three Indians had tried to enter, but we gave them a taste of our lead that made them more careful. Suddenly there was a rattle of musketry, and the yells of the savages told that the militia was taking a hand, and we were rescued. We came out just as old Sol was casting his first bright rays over the awakening world. What a change! Last night when we went down at

was calm and serene, and now it was a scene of carnage, dead and dying Indians lay all around, and the groans of the wounded were terrible to hear. Annie came out and as soon as she saw me she threw up her hands and fainted. When she recovered I was bending over her, as she raised her eyes to mine the first thing she said, was: "What made you leave me, Leonard?" I told her over again what I saw in the garden. Then she explained: "You remember the evening you saw me in the garden, I was with my brother, and he was telling him about you, and he was giving me his blessing, and you ran off before you saw me, how could I explain?" I caught her in my arms and showered kisses on that sweet mouth as near my own. My own true love, how could I have doubted you! She had received my note, and had found out that I was gone and she had decided to return with her brother to his home in the west. While they were on their way, they had been captured by Flying Arrow and his followers, and her brother killed. There is but little more to be told. After bidding our rescuers a farewell, and not forgetting our faithful Turtle who left us with tears in his eyes, to pursue the murderers of his kindred, we went back East and was soon married. And now, as I write these last few lines, Annie, my wife, twines her arms around my neck and says: "Have you finished, Leonard, finished the story of our lives, and how near we came being severed from each other forever?" Yes, I have finished, My Darling, and no shadow of the past shall blight our happiness. ANON.

A Long Look Ahead. They were sitting together in the warm parlor, saying little but thinking much. But lovers do not need to say much to be companionable. The little clock on the mantel for a considerable time had been the only speaker. Its tick, tick, tick, tick seemed to the youth to say, kiss her, kiss her. To the maiden it said leap year, leap year, leap year, and its reiteration of this phrase moved the maid to break the silence: "How funny some people are?" she said. "Funny?" "Yes, some people who are going to be married." "Oh!" "Yes; some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a rail road train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal mine." "Yes, I have noticed it." "What is their object, I wonder? Marriage, of course." "But I mean their object in getting married out of the usual way." "Well, I tell you what I think. They get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grand children they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, "your mother and me, children, were married in a coal mine," or, "your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon." "I'll bet that's just the reason, said the maiden. "Of course it is the reason." "There was a pause. Then the maiden with a glowing cheek said: "I've been thinking, John." "Yes?" he said, interrogatively. "I've been thinking how funny it would be - (a pause and a deeper blush.) "Well, Bella, you've been thinking what?" "I've been thinking how funny it would be if -" "Yes." "If when the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say: "Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year and we were married a few weeks after." "John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding dress." - Boston Courier.

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