

HOPE.

Ab, me! what battles I have fought!
I would I knew the rune that lays
The swarming shades of weary days,
That take the lonely house of thought!
A restless rabble unsubdued;
A wild and haggard multitude;
Distorted shapes that spring from tears,
And torments born of wedded fears.

Sometimes amid the changing rout,
A rainbowed figure glides about,
And from her brightness, like the day,
The whimpering shadows slink away.

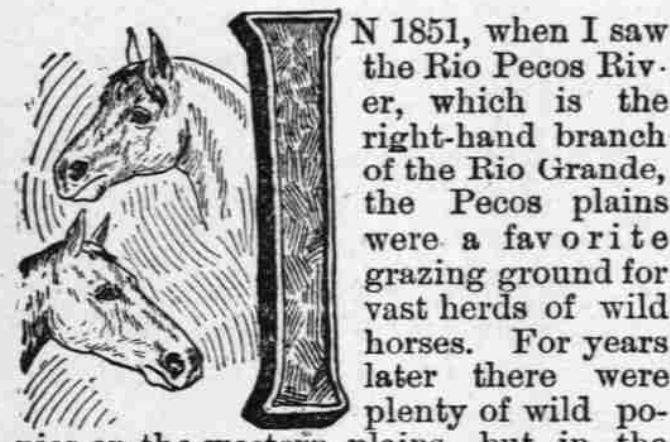
I know that lyre of seven strings,
The seven colors of her wings;
The seven blossoms of her crown—
There violets twine for amethyst;
Small lilies white as silkweed down,
Those myrtle sprays her locks have kissed,
And pansies that are beryl-blue,
And varied roses rich of hue,
With iridescent dewy eyes
Of buds that bloom in Paradise.

Come often, thou eternal child!
Now string thy lyre and sing to me.
Thy voice ecstatic, fresh and wild,
Enthralls each dark-browed fantasy.

Beyond the walls she bids me peer
To see a future dim and dear;
Sweet faces shining through the mist
Like children waiting to be kissed,
A lovely land that knows not pain,
Atlantis land beyond life's main,
Where we who love may love again;
Ah, me! is this beyond the plan
Of God's beneficence to man?

DANSKE DANDRIEGE.

A DUEL BETWEEN HORSES.



IN 1851, when I saw the Rio Pecos River, which is the right-hand branch of the Rio Grande, the Pecos plains were a favorite grazing ground for vast herds of wild horses. For years later there were plenty of wild ponies on the western plains, but in the days of which I write there were herds of good, big horses, some of them standing seventeen hands high and weighing 1,300 or 1,400 pounds. I went into New Mexico with a Government surveying party, which was of semi-military character. A survey of that portion of the Rio Pecos lying in New Mexico was to be made, and there was to be a military post located between Pope's Wells and the Benita River. The country between was a plain 100 miles long by 200 broad, with many small streams and rich feeding spots. The herds of horses had been seldom disturbed by white hunters, and whenever the Indians wanted a supply they selected the ponies in preference, believing that they were the soonest broken and would stand the hardest riding.

We were well into the plains before we saw any horses, and the first herd we saw came very near bringing about a calamity. We were encamped in a bend of the Pecos, and the surveyors and guards had just come in for dinner. There was a truce between the whites and the Indians of that date, but our party was a strong one, and the surveyors never went out without protection. A truce meant that the redskins would not kill if the other party was the stronger. We had two ambulances, three or four wagons, and from seventy to eighty horses. These last were staked out on the rich feeding ground. With no more warning than that we felt a trembling of the earth and heard a great clatter, a drove of wild horses numbering at least five hundred came charging around a heavily wooded point directly at our camp. The stream in front of our camp was about two feet deep and ran over a bed of gravel, and the horses were probably in the habit of coming here to drink. The herd was led by a sorrel stallion of magnificent look and limb, and was going at such a pace that the leaders were among our animals before a man of us moved. Nothing will rattle a domestic horse like the near presence of his wild brother. A stampede of buffaloes simply terrifies him, and in his terror he will act like a fool. The wild horse excites and makes him forget for the moment that he is man's slave, and he will do his very best to throw off the yoke of servitude and join the herd. It was well we were all together. Every man rushed for the horses, yelling and shouting to drive the intruders away, but when they went two of our mules and a horse went with them. The horse was a five-year-old stallion, worth at least \$500, and his flight created instant dismay in the camp. The mules would not be allowed to "chum" with the herd anyhow, and could be picked up after they had tried their legs a little, but the horse might never be seen again. A score of us mounted in hot haste and set off to recapture him. The herd had gone due west, in which direction a rise of ground hid them after a short run. As we reached this rise every man of us checked his horse. Below us was an almost circular valley about half a mile across, and in this valley the herd had come to a halt. It seemed that the presence of our horse had aroused the ire of the sorrel leader of the herd, and that the question of championship had come up to be settled at once. The two stallions were between us and the herd, and were already skirmishing. Every one of the horses had his head toward the pair, and was an interested spectator. At any other time our presence would have put them to flight, but under the circumstances they gave us no attention.

Now occurred a combat like the like of which few men have ever witnessed. The horses were pretty evenly matched for size. Our champion had an advan-

tage in being shod, but to offset this the sorrel was quicker. Their movements showed the broad disparity between wild and domestic life. Our horse was agile and smart, as the terms go, but the sorrel had the suppleness of a panther. As boxers feint for an opening, so these horses skirmished for an advantage. They approached until their noses almost met, and then reared up with shrill neighs, struck at each other, and came down to wheel and kick. The iron shoes of our horse hit nothing but air, but we heard the double thud of the sorrel's hind feet as he sent them home. They ran off to wheel and come together again and re-



peat the same tactics, and again our horse got the worst of it. He was a headstrong, high strung beast, and his temper was now up. When he wheeled the third time he came back with a rush, screaming out in his anger. The sorrel turned end for end like a flash to use his heels, but our champion dodged the kicks and seized him by the shoulder with his teeth. There was a terrific struggle before the hold was broken, and then they backed into each other, and kicked with all fury for a few seconds. Every hoof hit something solid, but the iron shoes of our horse scored a point in his favor. When they separated we could see that the sorrel had been badly used, especially about the legs.

When the horses wheeled for the third time both were bent on mischief. As they came together they reared up like dogs and struck at each other, and for five minutes they were scarcely off their hind feet. Some hard blows were exchanged, and our horse had the best of the round. Indeed, when the sorrel wheeled and ran away he had his head down and he seemed to acknowledge defeat. He ran off about twenty rods before wheeling, and as he stood for a moment I looked at him through a field glass which one of the men handed me. His ears lay flat, his eyes looked bloodshot, and there was bloody foam on his lips. He had been severely handled, but was by no means defeated. Indeed, he had run away for the moment to adopt new tactics. When he moved up again he was the picture of ferocity. He came at full speed, reared, and struck right and left, and the second blow knocked our horse flat on the ground. It was a knock-out blow. The victor stood over him for a moment, watching for a movement, but as none was made he joined the herd, and all went off at a gallop. It was five minutes before our horse staggered to his feet, and he wanted no more fighting. He had three bad bites on the shoulders, and his legs were skinned in a dozen places, and it was a week before he got his spirit back.

Two or three times during the next ten days I saw lone wild horses, and one of the old hunters with us was asked for an explanation. He said they were "rogues"—stallions which had been driven from the herd in disgrace—and that they were always considered ugly and dangerous. He had known of their attacking a single horseman, but the presence of a large party like ours would of course frighten them off. Two days after this explanation we were strung out for three miles along the river, on the march and survey. Something was lost by an officer, and one of the troopers was sent back to recover it. Ten minutes later the article supposed to be lost was found in one of the ambulances, and I was sent back to notify the trooper. He had galloped back to camp, a distance of two miles, and was searching around on foot when I arrived in sight. I was about to fire a shot to attract his attention, when from the cottonwood grove beyond the camp a horse came charging out. He was a "rogue," and bent on mischief. The soldier's horse was grazing, and the soldier had his eyes on the ground, and I was so astonished by the sudden charge of the rogue that I made no move to stop him or to warn the trooper. Indeed, a warning could have hardly reached him in time. His back was to the approaching horse, and the rogue seized him in his teeth by a hold between the shoulders and dragged him twenty rods before flinging him to one side. Then he started for the cavalry horse, which stood with head up facing him, and I got out my revolver and spurred forward.

I was yet a quarter of a mile away when the rogue reached his second victim. He ran at full speed, with his ears back and lips parted to show his teeth, and the sight was too much for the domestic animal. He was on the point of turning to fly when the other collided with him. It was as if a locomotive had struck him. He went down in a heap and rolled over and over four or five times before he brought up, while the rogue took a half circle to bear down upon the trooper again. The man was on his feet and limping off; but he would have been a goner had I been further away. I rode across the rogue's path and opened fire on him, and after shaking his head in an ugly way he galloped into the grove and disappeared.

The trooper's horse did not seem to have suffered any by the shock, but soon after noon lay down and died. The man was actually crying when I rode up to him, although he had taken a hand in several Indian fights and was reputed a brave fellow. The danger had come upon him so suddenly as to overcome his nerves. The horse's teeth had not broken the skin through his thick clothing, and he did not have a bruise to show, but such was the sudden shock that he was on the sick list for two weeks.

We were within two days ride on the Bonita, and had been in camp two or three days, when one of the hunters rode in just before dark with some game and announced that a herd of at least 1,500 wild horses were grazing about three miles to the east of us. This was on the opposite side of the Pecos, which just here spread out over a rocky ledge, and was 200 feet wide and about a foot deep. Below our camp was an old grove with many dead trees in it. It was there we got our wood. In all other directions the ground was open. We had about twelve tents in camp, aside from the wagons and ambulances. The best feeding ground was on the west of the camp, and all the animals were staked out there. Outside of the bunch of animals was a guard of two soldiers, and two more were between the animals and the wagons. There was no danger apprehended from the Indians, and the guard was set to keep prowling wolves out of camp and to assist any horse which might get tangled in his lariats. It had been a hot day, with "thunder heads" showing in the sky, but when the sun went down the sky was perfectly clear and all signs pointed to a quiet night.

It was just midnight when the sharpest flash of lightning I ever saw, followed by such a crash of thunder as made the earth groan, tumbled every sleeper in camp out of his blankets. I say the sharpest flash I ever saw, for I was awake in time to see most of it. It was so fierce that it seemed to burn our eyelids. I was hardly on my feet before there came another flash, followed by another roar. I knew it was going to rain great guns, and I jumped into trousers and boots, and grabbed up the rest of my clothes and made for a wagon only a few feet away. The two wagons were close to each other, but the forward ends pulled away from each other so that the vehicles formed a V. While the space between the off hind wheel of one and the high hind wheel of the other was not over a foot, the space between the tongues was six or eight feet. The sky was black as I rushed out of the tent, and all the camp fires had burned low. I flung my clothes into one of the wagons, and then hurried back and got my weapons and some other articles, and during this time the heavens seemed aflame and the earth fairly rocked.

Men were shouting, horses neighing, and the din was awful, but as I reached the wagon the second time there came a sound to drown all others. It was a steady roar like the rush of great waves, and it grew louder all the time. I could not understand it for two or three minutes. The noise came from the west, and I stood upon the wagon so that I could overlook the tents. A flash of lightning was followed by a moment of pitch darkness, and then came a long, tremulous flash, lasting three or four seconds. By its light I caught sight of the herd of wild horses bearing down upon us in a mad mob, and just as the lightning ceased they entered the stream.

The splash of the waters had the sound of breakers, and though I shouted a warning at the top of my voice no one could have heard me twenty feet away. Next moment that terror-stricken herd was in camp, while the clouds opened the rain came down in torrents. I scrambled back into the wagon, and what I saw during the next ten minutes can never be forgotten. The frightened horses leaped over the tents, or ran against them, fell over guy ropes, bumped against the wagons, and made clean leaps over the ambulances, and all the time each one kept up a wild neighing. I heard our own animals plunging and rearing and neighing, but knew that we were helpless to prevent a stampede.

As the first of the herd got through our camp to the wagons, two of them entered the V-shaped space and others kept them crowded in there. The lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring again, and the poor beasts were appalled at the situation. There were four or five lassoes and a dozen spare lariats in my wagon, and when I saw that the entrapped horses were making no move to get out I picked up a noosed rope, lifted the side cover of the wagon,



and had the noose over the head of one in three seconds. The one behind him tried to turn when I sought to noose him, but hit his heels against something and twisted back toward me until my hand touched his nose as I slipped the noose over. Then I made the other ends fast, got out the lassoes, and, standing on the front of the wagon, I noosed three horses inside of five minutes. It was no trick at all, for they were pressed

right up to the wagon by the weight of those behind, and the awful war of the elements tamed them.

The herd was ten minutes working through the camp, and as they cleared it they took away every horse and mule that we had. Every tent was prostrated, much of our provisions and ammunition destroyed, and one ambulance smashed to pieces. One man was killed and three were injured by the rush of horses. As an offset a waggoner had lassoed two, I had five, and two more had hobbled themselves with tent ropes. In the course of a day we got all our animals back but one old mule, and managed to repair damages. Our captives were the finest wild horses ever seen on the plains. My lot included three stallions, and I sold one of them right there with the noose around his neck for \$200. The others I kept until our return to Texas, taming them a little every day, and then got \$1,000 for the four. The span of stallions went to St. Louis after a bit, and one of them proved himself the fastest trotter of that decade.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Send a Man on a Mission.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

When the meeting had been called to order Brother Gardner requested Whalebone Howker to come forward to the desk, and when he had him there he continued:

"Brudder Howker, I ar' gwine to send you to Toronto on a mission consarnin' de welfar' of dis club. Bero' you go I want to speak a few furdur words to you."

"Yes, sah."

"In gwine among strangers doan' be so dignified dat people will emagine you own half of Detroit, an' yit on de odder hand doan' be so free an' easy dat anyone will dare poke you in the ribs. Seek fur de happy medium."

"Doan' be too fond of talk. De less you say de mo' you will be credited wid knowin'."

"Many a man has broken his leg on de sidewalk becase he was ashamed to take a safe path in de middle of de road."

"Treat ebery man like a gentleman. De cost is a mere trifle, an' tickles deir vanity."

"Keep cl'ar of argyment. If a stranger wants to bet on his game turn from him in silent contempt. If de kayrs run off de track trus' in de Lawd."

"Be keeful of yer manners at table. Our likin' fur a man kin be killed as dead as a dooh-nail by de way he eats."

"De use of cuss-words ar' to be deplored. A man wid a clean mouf will be respected, eben among rascals. If you fall ober a wheel-barrer or saw your neck on a clothes line, devote five minits to expressin' your feelins. Den stop short off."

"Doan' be ashamed to carry yer money in yer shoe. Many a member of Congress has come to grief by prancin' around wid his wallet in his pocket."

"If you meet a man who says he doan' believe in de fucher state doan' waste yer breaaf to argify de matter. He may be a pussion whom de Lawd created widout a soul, just as an experiment."

Lee Gong at the Bar.

Lee Gong is an illiterate Chinese, but he heartily upholds the traditions of his race. He was before Judge Hornblower yesterday, charged with carrying a concealed weapon.

"What's your plea, Gong?" asked the clerk.

"Me got five dolls, no mole," answered the Mongol, at the same time holding out the money.

"No, no, John, this isn't a five dollar court; proceed with the case," said the Court.

An officer took the stand and said that he suspected the Chinese had a weapon in his possession, and he went to take it away from him, but the man ran away. The officer followed and arrested him, but found nothing on him. He afterwards found the weapon among the blankets on Gong's bed.

At this point Lee Gong became somewhat excited, advanced to the bench, and held up his hands and cried: "No guilty; me no sauvee."

"What! You plead not guilty after offering me \$5? This is disgraceful, sir. You had better take care and not fool me," said the Judge very sternly.

"The pistol was not found concealed on his person, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "and if he pleads not guilty we have nothing else to do but let him go and lose the \$5."

This was what was ultimately done, the door was opened and Lee Gong departed with just a faint smile on his placid countenance.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Cow.

"Does your cow cringe and curl," asks the New England Farmer, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" Well, not much she doesn't! She isn't that kind of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that will raise a blister on an oak knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air, stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground, and then feels around with the other for the milk-pail, milk-stool, milk maid; finds them; fires them up somewhere into the blue empyrean, and remarking "Ha, ha!" amid the shouting jumps over a six-rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pike and a pumping station.—Burdette.

In order to cure whooping cough in Warwickshire village, Eng., they cut a piece of hair from the nape of the child's neck, chop it very fine, and spread it on a piece of bread and give it to a dog.

CATCHING A PIG.

Valuable Points From One Who Has Performed the Feat.

[From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal.]

There are many things in this world that look comparatively easy, but which a trial demonstrates calls forth a most serious efforts. We have always labored under the impression that a five-pound pig could be grabbed by the hind leg and carried off with comparative ease by a man of ordinary size. This crude idea, however, has loosened its grip on us during the last few days. Last Thursday we ambled up to a place like a member of the Manhattan Club getting on deck for a strike, and reached for his hind leg. Just then he had to take a step we had not expected him to make, and the leg was not there any more. Several more reaches were made, but they all fell short, and what was the most surprising part of it, the pig, which was so absorbed in its rooting that he never looked up, always happened to move just at the right time to be missed. While regarding it as a coincidence (for the animal did not even know we were there, we stole up so quietly,) it was one of those amazing coincidences that is not easy to account for. If we were writing a treatise on coincidence we should give this a prominent place. Presently we got the animal in a corner and, in order to be sure, fell down on it bodily. Again one of those infernal chance movements took place. The pig took two steps to gather a potato, and we fell flat on the place where the pig had been. Then he looked round for the first time, and, perceiving us lying there, granted his astonishment and trotted away.

He was so astonished at seeing a man lying there on his stomach, spitting gravel out of his mouth, that he went off and stuck his head in a barrel to give his brain a rest. Then we slid up quietly and by a finely calculated cryptogram movement snatched him by the hind leg. This was probably what caused the barrel to rise up suddenly and hit us on the nose. The wrestling match seemed to begin at this point. First we got a collar-and-elbow hold on the barrel and stood it on its head. Then the pig got a grapevine lock and threw us over the barrel. Then we got a Cornish grip on the animal and threw him, and were in turn downed by the barrel. Then we got a half Nelson, Graeco-Roman lock on the pig's neck, but it got out with a half turn and somersault and grabbed us by the seat of the trousers. Claim of foul disallowed by female referee on the front steps, on the grounds that the pig's tail had also been grabbed in the turn. Then the pig, with a new style of wrestling, heretofore unknown to us, turned us a somersault. If a pig blindfolded by a barrel could play this sort of games, it occurred to us that there was no telling what he might not do with his head loose. This idea, and the feeling that he might put his head out of the barrel, or the barrel-head out, or get us out of our head, had a most demoralizing effect. Suddenly, by a coup de main act, we stood the barrel on end, with the pig's hindquarters in the air, and thought that we had the match won; but the animal wiggled down in the barrel, and as we lowered it on its side to prevent his weight annoying him any further he made an extraordinary movement. He smashed out the barrel-head, and, as we had him by the leg, dragged us after him into the barrel. When we let go, to prevent the nails in the barrel from tearing our new clothes, we found ourselves in the barrel and the pig in a field about half a mile from the house. A woman who had been sitting on the steps to act as a referee, gave the match to the pig.

A Few Statistics.

A recent speaker says that the negroes in this country have multiplied eight times in a century. As they have 7,000,000 now, in 1980 they will amount to 192,000,000. If they maintain the same relative increase they will, whites in 10 years by birth and immigration have increased 30 per cent. At this rate there will be 800,000,000 whites and over 200,000,000 negroes—in all one billion in the United States in 1988. Who believes either of these statements? By that method one can prove that the Methodist Episcopal Church will soon have more communicants than the world will contain people. Last year it gained 5 per cent. net. This rate will double its membership every fourteen years. Hence it 1902 it will have 4,000,000; in 1916, 8,000,000; in 1930, 16,000,000; in 1934, 32,000,000; in 1938, 64,000,000; in 1972, 128,000,000, and so, doubling every 14 years, in the year 2084, less than 200 years from the present date, there will be 32,768,000,000 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States alone. Toil on, then, brethren. Do not let the fact that, according to the figures of the speaker quoted above, there will be only 6,400,000,000 negroes and 12,800,000,000 whites—in all 19,600,000,000—of people in the United States at that time disturb you. Who cares for a little deficit of 3,168,000,000? Great is statistics. Of course every denomination is deluding itself. They think that they are increasing, but as we are going to include the whole population, and several thousand millions more, they must cease to exist! The only trouble is that if some of them continue to grow as at present, the multiplication table will wipe us out in the same way.—Christian Advocate.

Cornelius (forgetting himself)—You will be a sister to me! A \$10 sleigh ride this afternoon, a box at the opera to-night, supper at Delmonico's, and a cab home! A sister to me? Great Scott! what kind of a fool human being do you take a brother to be!