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OLD TIME FAVORITES

TWILIGHT.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows loud and free,
And like the wings of the seabirds
Flash the whitecaps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean
And the night wind wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

The Exploit of MARTIN BLUESCHIELD.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

ONE evening I stepped into Alex Kelley's store, which was also the agency post-office, to await the slow coming of the mail, and found that the proprietor had gone out to supper and left the door unlocked. He had no clerk, and inside were a number of "blanket Indians" seated upon boxes and barrels, very much at home. I knew that Government employes at all the Sioux agencies were notoriously negligent in the matter of locks and keys, yet I was surprised at Kelley's supreme confidence in these Indians.

When we were alone that evening I spoke to him about the matter.

"Oh," he replied, in his easy way, "if there are Indians in the store when I'm ready for meals, I don't send them out. Show a Sioux that you have perfect confidence in him, and you can trust him with anything you've got. The best clerk I had, in the days when my trade needed help, was an Indian—Martin Blueshield. Martin saved me from loss by thievery several times; the thieves were whites.

"I'll tell you of Martin's fracas with 'Big' Kosky. Kosky had a timber claim over here on Laroot Creek. He was some kind of a foreigner and had worked in the pineries; he was the biggest and the meanest man that ever came into these parts. He was a tremendous fellow in size, with a neck and chest like a bull's, and he had a black beard as coarse as straw, that stood straight out like a hog's bristles.

"At that time the Indians here, who have always been peaceable, were feeling very timid. It was the year after the Custer fight, and the people of the settlements hereabouts were not well disposed toward the Indians.

"I don't know how it is," said Kelley, reflectively, "but most white people don't seem to know the difference between a good Indian and a bad one. Fully nine-tenths of the Sioux have never taken part in any hostile move against our people. Yet this nine-tenths have been made to suffer greater privations than the fellows who did the fighting.

"Well, Big Kosky and some others took advantage of the situation here, and robbed the Indians whenever they had half a chance. Kosky, at Laroot Creek, was close to the reservation line, and he had a keen eye for stray ponies. I suppose he stole and sold a dozen or fifteen of them in a year. After every loss the Indians would herd their ponies closer for a time; then they'd get a little careless and more stock would disappear. It did not the slightest good to complain; both I and the missionary here went to the sheriffs in the adjoining counties, and tried to get them to put a stop to the robbery.

"The Indians soon came to fear Big Kosky much as some people fear evil spirits. They thought he had a wakan"—big medicine or spirit—"which protected him. They said he could look right through a person and see what was behind him. He usually carried a two-bitted ax with a long handle, which the Indians looked upon as his war-weapon; and they supposed he could throw this through a man at a very long distance.

"He used to come to my store now and then to trade, and the Indians always kept away from him, for he hated them and would glare at them like a mad beast. But my clerk, who had been educated in white schools, had lost his fear of wakan men, and it was amusing to me to watch the play between them.

"'Good day, Mr. Kosky!' Martin would say, very politely. 'Will you have some rope to-day, or will you have one of these fine knives?' and he would hold up a butcher-knife or a coil of rope for inspection.

"Big Kosky's eyes would blaze, and then he'd mutter something in his own language and turn to me for what he wanted. Probably, though, there would have been no fracas between Martin and Kosky if I hadn't been called to Fort Berthold on business. Kosky came over the next day with a cart and yoke of oxen after some flour. When he entered the store he glared at Martin as usual, and finding I was to be gone for a week or two, he turned on his heel and walked out.

"A little while afterward an Indian came in and told Martin that the big medicine wasechun"—white man—"had taken one of my ponies, which was picketed in a ravine beside the road. The old scamp supposed it was an Indian's pony.

"Martin said nothing, but locked the store, saddled his pony, and went after Big Kosky. About two miles from the store he overtook the fellow, with my horse tied behind his cart. Then there was a lively time. Kosky got off his cart with his axe and charged Martin, yelling like a wild man. The boy dodged on his spry pony and watched for an opening.

"He circled swiftly around the cart and oxen until Big Kosky was pretty well blown trying to get at him. Then, when Kosky was at the opposite side of the cart, Martin made a sudden dash at the oxen and belabored them with a stockwhip. It needed only a cut or two to set them off at a jump, and Kosky, puffed and tired, was left to shout after the runaways.

"Martin ran the oxen to a safe distance, then cut the led pony's rope, and drove the animal homeward, with Big Kosky shouting after him all kinds of threats.

"The old rascal didn't make vain threats, either. Two days later he came on the reservation with a couple of cowboys who hadn't any too good reputations, and drove off a bunch of fifty odd ponies which an Indian boy was herding on Short Pine Creek.

"They wouldn't have dared attempt so bold a theft if either I or the missionary, Mr. Williams, had been on the reservation. But as it was, they only had to drive these ponies to the nearest railroad town and sell them at $10 or $15 each, and the complaints of the Indians would avail nothing. Such robberies of the Sioux were frequent in those days, and kept even the friendliest of them in a state of hostile feeling.

"I don't suppose that Martin even would have dared to follow the rascals if they hadn't run off four of my ponies in the bunch they stampeded. But I had left him in charge of my property, and when a runner came in with news of the loss he again locked the store, and leaving some Indians on guard, mounted his pony and followed the rustlers. He was careful, after striking their trail, not to come in sight of them until after dark.

"About two hours after sunset he came up with them in the coulee of Chapeau Creek. They had just made camp, having run the stock more than forty miles over an unsettled district. Martin saw them without being seen. He picketed his pony beyond ear-shot and then crept close to their camp, hiding in some bushes where he could keep an eye on every movement.

"The three men were sitting about a small fire, eating their supper. Their ponies were picketed close by, and their guns, two Winchesters belonging to the cow-men and an old shotgun which Kosky carried, lay against their saddles within their reach.

"The moon was shining brightly into the coulee, and just below the rustlers Martin saw the pony herd in a close bunch, most of them lying at rest.

"The Indian settled himself to wait, and presently Big Kosky got up, saddled his horse, took his gun and went to look after the herd, while the others unrolled their blankets, laid their Winchesters beside them, and stretched themselves at their fire.

"They had been talking together and laughing, and were evidently pretty well contented with their catch; they seemed to feel pretty sure about getting off with the herd. Martin watched the fellows like a lynx, and when they were sound asleep and Kosky was out of sight looking after the herd, he crawled into their camp and got both their guns. Then he crawled away again.

"The guns he carried up the creek and strapped to his pony's saddle. Then he came back just as slyly to look after Big Kosky and the ponies. So far everything had gone to his liking, and now to get rid of that rascally herder.

"Kosky kept the horses in a close bunch, riding about them with his gun across his saddle, and Martin's prospect for running off any of them looked pretty poor. Whatever he did must be done before the fellows in camp were awakened, for the discovery of the loss of their guns would alarm them at once.

"The ponies, however, themselves settled Martin's plan of action. They'd been watered at Lame Man's Creek, some miles back, and toward midnight they began to want drink, and to drop into the bed of the Chapeau to look for it. The creek was dry, with only a pool here and there in dips of the channel; and Kosky, to quiet their uneasiness, worked the bunch along up to one of the sunken ponds some two hundred yards above his rustlers' camp.

"Martin followed closely, keeping out of sight in the dry channel. Very soon he heard the ponies slipping down a steep bank into the pond; and peering out of the cover of tall grass, he saw Kosky ride his own horse down to drink. Martin could just see the horse's rump as the animal stood, half on end, and the man's head and shoulders, as he sat braced in his saddle.

"There was the boy's opportunity, and he took it as quick as lightning. He crawled slyly out of the grass and got directly behind the rustler. Then, using the stock of his carbine as a battering-ram, he made a running jump, striking the man squarely between the shoulders.

"Kosky was hurled as if kicked by a mule. He struck the water with a splash and sank like a sack of sand. Martin landed behind his saddle, and the rustler's horse slid into the water, where he floundered over his breathless master.

"The ponies were startled into snorting a little, but they were too thirsty to run, and Martin kept his seat and rode out upon the bank. He tied his captured horse to some willows, and then waded in and dragged Kosky out into the dry bed of the creek. There he turned the man upon his face and slapped his back until he began to show signs of life; then he tied him, hands and feet, and left him there to come to and reflect upon the uncertainties of rustling.

"The ponies were now grazing quietly, and Martin moved them up-stream to where his horse was tied, and then drove them rapidly home.

"That experience settled the accounts of Big Kosky in these parts. I reckon the whole business was rather mysterious to him. He never came on the reservation again, to our knowledge, and soon after abandoned his claim. Martin's handling of him gave the Indians here some heart to protect their property, and there was less stealing of their stock. They gave Martin a long name—they called him Strikes-the-Big-Medicine-White-Man." — Youth's Companion.

Together with the tools that were stored inside it, an entire house has been stolen, brick by brick, near Cassel, Germany.

PORTRAIT PILLOWS.

A New Method of Applying Color to Velvet is Exhibited.

Here is something new in pillows—portrait pillows, they are called. The face of a noted poet or statesman looks up at one from a background of one of his own quotations. We may see Whittier and Burns, Kipling and Goethe in this array of good folk who are willing to lend themselves to our ease and enjoyment. One is bound to be soothed in resting upon this happy thought of Stevenson's:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

An excellent portrait of Stevenson is framed in this quotation, and in the four corners are clusters of the red "Mulberry berries," as they are called, of Samoa. On the Roosevelt pillow is the rugged countenance of the President with his words:

"The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything."

Then there is the toast pillow, a comfortable adjunct to the bachelor's den. Round and smiling, happy Pickwickian gentlemen are brewing steaming punches or offering one of these merry toasts:

"A long life and a happy one,
A true wife and a pretty one,
Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies! and lies!! and lies!!!"

These pillows are artistically gotten up in velours and leather. Those in velours, however, seem better suited to the use for which they are intended. The design is wrought in a combination of coloring and pyrographic work. This "fire painting," as it is called, upon velvet is a work somewhat new.

Hand painting upon velvet has never been satisfactory. The paint in time cracks and loses its color, and the whole effect is inartistic. A new method of applying color to velvet has been most happy in its results. By a chemical process the dye is removed from the velvet in the required designs, then the foreign colors are applied.

"Fire painting" may be done in elaborate ornamentations on portieres and heavy draperies in velours. A popular design is a large Japanese lily, which, with the graceful twistings of its long stems, forms a beautiful border for such heavy hangings. When this is wrought in dull greens on a rich red velvet the effect is charming. Another style of decoration in this line is an applique of leather upon velvet. This is used for smaller table covers, mats and even for sofa cushions.—Exchange.

The New White Africa.

The annual report of the British South Africa Company shows that things are still running in Rhodesia, notwithstanding the loss of Cecil Rhodes.

Native laborers on the farms in Matabeleland earn from $2.50 to $5 a month.

There has been some trouble from locusts in Southern Rhodesia, but they seem to have the tramp disposition, and succumb to treatment with soap and water.

A new hut tax has been imposed, and natives scramble for the privilege of paying it. Boys under eighteen grumble when their money is handed back to them and they are told that they are too young to pay.

There are 281 telephone subscribers in Southern Rhodesia, two public libraries and two public parks and gardens.

There is a flourishing Rhodesia Scientific Association, with headquarters and a museum at Buluwayo.

Progress has been made in exploring the famous ruins of Zimbalwe, the seat of King Solomon's mines, and some gold ornaments of ancient workmanship have been found. — New York World.

Afflictions of Animals.

"Nine-tenths of all the animals in captivity have heart disease," said a Zoo keeper. "Why it is I don't know, but on the hearts of all except the wolves cage life has a very injurious effect. Wolves and all the canines suffer least from captivity. Often, indeed, they don't appear to suffer at all. They eat well, keep fat, raise large families and live to a tremendous age.

"Each sort of animal, when caged, is afflicted with one particular kind of disease. Thus, elephants always, or nearly always, have rheumatism. Monkeys have bronchitis or tuberculosis. The felines—the tigers and lions and so forth—suffer most from dysentery. The deer family also suffers from dysentery as well as from heart disease. Snakes' main trouble is cold." — Philadelphia Record.

MORRIS MAGUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

O hark to the story of Morris Maguire,
Who fed upon bacon in front of a fire.
Who sat in the kitchen on purpose to be
Prepared on the spot for his dinner and tea.
He slept in the parlor, so people declare,
To save him the trouble of climbing the stair.
He sat on the softest of cushions, it's said,
With one for each elbow and one for his head,
And where is the creature, I beg to inquire,
So fond of his comfort as Morris Maguire?

CHAPTER II.

But sorrow will come from a habit like that,
And Morris grew stout—I may even say fat.
Each night he grew broader, each morning more round,
Till truly his figure was one to astound.
And what was his horror to find as he grew,
The doors were too narrow to let him go through.
And so, like a captive, he sat in his room,
Too fat to get out. What a terrible doom!
And did he escape? Well, I never quite knew.
But what a sad story—supposing it's true!
—New York Herald.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"The idea of his accusing me of making a lie out of the whole cloth!" "Ridiculous! You're too economical for that."—Washington Star.

"I am told that her fiance is wealthy—quite one of the 'landed gentry,' in fact." "Yes. It was her mother who 'landed' him."—Brooklyn Life.

The cynic hates the world, and so
Declares with all his vim.
He really could not hate it, though,
As much as it hates him.
—Philadelphia Press.

Claude—"Miss Thirtyodd seems to hold her age well." Maude—"Hold her age! Why, she hasn't let go of a single year since she's been twenty-five!" —Baltimore Herald.

A chap who'd lived just as he should,
Was running one day through a wood,
When his head struck a tree,
He fell dead as could be —
How nice that he'd always been gould!
—Baltimore American.

Mr. Byrnne Coyne—"Ah, sweetest one, may I be your captain and guide your bark down the sea of life?" Mrs. Berrymore (a widow)—"No; but you can be my second mate."—Detroit Free Press.

Pedro—"What think you of the proposed law?" Miguel—"What is it?" Pedro—"It is to the effect that after a man has taken part in ten insurrections he shall be exempt from further military service."—Puck.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Yes, the whole earth was flooded, and even the bushes and trees were under a great sheet of water. What is it, Johnny?" Johnny—"Please, ma'am, where did the kids put their clothes when they went in swimmin'?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Margaret—"No, you cannot stay, love. Your mother says it is absolutely necessary for you to come home." Elizabeth—"Oh, dear! I sometimes think that mother is the inventor of necessity, instead of necessity being the mother of invention."—Kansas City Journal.

Proprietor—"Yes, we could find a place for your friend, if he is all right. What do you know about him?" Friend of Applicant—"He has served three terms in the Common Council and two in the Legislature." Proprietor—"I mean what do you know about him to his credit."—Boston Transcript.

Lawyer—"It was I who drew up your late husband's will, and in it he particularly requested that you should not marry again, but I——" Widow—"Oh, dear Mr. Saunders, your kind offer has quite overcome me, but wouldn't it be more seemly to wait until the period of mourning has expired before we announce the engagement?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Queer British Place Names.

There are some places with curious names in the United Kingdom, as will be seen on reference to the Postoffice Guide. The following places with names significant to our readers will be found in the issue for this year: Hospital, Orphan Homes, Hydropathic, The Ward, Bath, Nursling, The Chart, Great Chart, Cotton, Sheet, Wool, Screen, Shelf, Pill, Hass, Swallow, Lansing, Sound, Salt, Steel, Rum, Burn, Gravel, Stones, Scales, Mumps, Knocks, Great Snoring, Healing, Back, Hand, Ham, Leggs, Eye, Tongue and Coldbackie Tongue—which last sounds like complicated symptoms in Pidgin English.—The Lancet.