

THE WINDS AT PLAY.

These many days the winds have been at play,
And they have swept the sky
Clear of all clouds that barred their boisterous way
And marred their revelry!
With wild delight they yell as on they sweep
Across the trembling deep.
They lash the sleeping ocean into foam,
They strip the tossing trees,
They rudely drive belated wanderers home,
They tear across the leas.
No rest for them—from dawn to evensong
Their mirth is loud and long!

In ruined woods high carnival they hold;
The dry leaves pirouette.
A giddy whirl of scarlet and of gold!
Whist down the rivulet,
Full to the brim, the russet spoils and red
Are to the ocean sped.
The golden elms to one another bend,
The revels wax apace,
The forest seems to dance from end to end,
The beeches interlace!
And for the orchestra to this mad crowd
The winds are piping loud.
—F. B. Doveton, in Westminster Gazette.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

MY friend, Carl Von Eps, was, in his younger days, a rider for the pony express. He rode between Big Springs and O'Fallon's stations on the Patte River. It was dangerous ground, the common hunting-ground of the Sioux, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Arapahoes, and several other hostile tribes.

One afternoon in the late fall his trail was obliterated by the tramping and the dust of north-moving herds of bison. He passed several hunting parties of Indians in the distance, but they were not strong enough or were too busy with their hunting, to attack, and Carl escaped the usual perilous chase to be expected whenever Indians were encountered.

The messenger was making his way by his sense of direction through fogging dust clouds, when his pony shied at a limp and battered Indian, attempting to get to his feet in front of it. This wounded hunter was a young Sioux, with a broken shoulder and other injuries got in a mishap of the chase.

For a moment the express rider hesitated. His duty to the company and the knowledge that the injured man's tribesmen would, sooner or later, return to look for him, were balanced against the possibility of his death or further injury under the hoofs of the tramping herds.

But seeing that the wounded hunter could not rise to his feet, Carl's decision was quickly made, and the deadly enemy was picked up and given—much to his astonishment, doubtless—a seat behind the messenger's saddle.

Carl was but a few minutes behind his scheduled time at O'Fallon's, where the Indian was grumblingly taken in and fed and cared for until he recovered. Little was learned from the taciturn Sioux except that his Dakota name was, translated, Bear Bonnet.

Some months later, long after the hunter had returned to his people, Carl was swinging forward toward O'Fallon's when an Indian rider appeared, coming out of a bluff coulee to meet him on the pony trail.

The messenger eyed the Indian's advance with suspicion, and hitched a pistol holster forward. Then as the red man drew near, with a sign of friendliness, Carl recognized Bear Bonnet.

"How-how?" shouted the messenger, motioning the Sioux to wheel and ride alongside. But Bear Bonnet halted and waved his arms up and down with an emphatic motion, signifying, in the sign language, "Halt there! Trouble ahead!"

The messenger drew rein, and there passed a rapid colloquy, mostly in the sign manual, between the riders. Carl learned that his situation was one of extreme peril. Bands of Sioux coming on to cross the river, were stretched out for a mile or two parallel with his trail, and some of them were just beyond the river bluffs. Already he was half-surrounded upon his left, and the river, full in the spring flood, was roaring upon his right.

Bear Bonnet urged him to turn at once to the river, not to attempt crossing, but to sink saddle and blankets, and then go into hiding upon one of the willow-fringed islands not far from shore.

The Indian said he would swim the messenger's pony across the river himself, and would return the animal to its owner when the danger had passed.

"Heap Ogalallas," said Bear Bonnet. "Come so—come so—come so! Ho, colo, git!"

Carl, scanning the bluffs, now noted a faint veil of dust above the high lands in front. His danger was imminent, but his duty to his company and to the mail service was above the consideration of personal safety. He must, as heretofore, "ride it out" at all hazards.

The young messenger felt grateful to the Sioux for having ridden ahead of his fellows to warn him of danger. But to Bear Bonnet's urgent counsel he shook his head in smiling negative, and slipping to the ground, tightened his saddle cinches. The Indian followed suit. Then, to Carl's surprise, the Sioux, mounted upon a swift pony,

rode at his side and between himself and the bluffs.

Soon there were other Sioux to engage Carl's attention. The swarm coming toward the river were Ogalallas, fierce fighters, and the most implacable hostiles. The messenger rode swiftly, but at first held his horse in careful reserve, noting with shrewd eyes, as he scanned the bluffs, the approach of trailing dust clouds. In the speed, cleverness and endurance of his trained racer lay all his hope to reach O'Fallon's with the mail bags.

Some minutes before the first big party of Sioux rode into the valley the express rider saw that he had the race of his life before him. Presently, as dust overhung the near bluffs in front of him, he let his pony go at top speed. Yet he was hardly abreast of the swarm of wild riders when the bluff coulees emptied in long, ant-like files upon the river-flats.

The Indians seemed not to notice him at first; they must have thought that two of their own riders were scurrying along before them. Carl now noted that Bear Bonnet was no longer riding with him neck to neck. The Sioux had dropped a hundred yards or so to the rear.

The messenger gave his pony an approving snip upon its neck. If Bear Bonnet's buckskin, with the legs of a coyote, couldn't keep the pace, he thought, his own more heavily weighted animal must be superior to the Indian stock.

He made the most of the precious moment when the Ogalallas seemed to be considering his identity. Then the Indians recognized him as a white rider, probably fleeing from the courageous Dakota in the rear, and with tremendous enthusiasm—judging from the noise they made—launched their ponies in pursuit.

The washout canons of Pony Creek were six miles away. He knew the intricate windings of those canon-cuts, and if he could reach them far enough in advance, there was some chance to dodge his pursuers there. He leaned well forward, and his "Spanish ticklers" sought his pony's flanks.

The response was running which resembled the skimming rush of a frightened antelope. Across two miles of space, in that clear atmosphere, he heard the whoops of the Sioux. A procession of sage-bushes flitted by as if blown by the wind. Presently the flying rider looked behind to see what had become of Bear Bonnet. With some surprise he noted that his first and casual judgment of the Indian's clean-limbed buckskin had been after all correct. Bear Bonnet was not losing ground, but to what end was the Indian thus giving chase?

Apparently the young Sioux had thought it necessary, for his own safety, perhaps, to change his tactics, to seem to be taking a very earnest part in the chase. The express rider could easily perceive that it might become necessary for Bear Bonnet to show a hostile hand in downright earnest. Very well, let him take care of himself, if need be, but not come too near! Carl took a revolver from his holster and twirled the cylinder to see that its six percussion-caps were in their places.

In the meantime the string of low lying riders was stretched for half a mile on the messenger's left. There were more than a hundred in pursuit, according to the messenger's judgment, and a large squad of the foremost were certainly riding ponies as fleet as his own.

Ahead of him, three miles away, the bluffs met the river; a mile beyond their rise lay the washouts of Pony Creek; and still a mile and a half beyond the creek his trail descended to the stage station in the valley of the Platte.

Carl's pony had already made a sharp gallop of six miles when the Sioux had appeared; and the animal was, moreover, weighted with mail bags and a heavier saddle than the Indians used. Despite this handicap, the messenger swept across the flat valley to the foot of the abridging bluffs, keeping nearly even pace with the Sioux.

But their lines were surely converging upon his trail, and a score of their swiftest riders were now scurrying up the hill slope but a quarter-mile or so

upon his left. If it were not for the fact that the pony express trail bore to the right, at the level of the high lands, Carl would now have turned to the river for the slender chance of escape by swimming across.

His horse had made a splendid run, but was plainly giving out. Carl cast a backward glance. Bear Bonnet was within fifty paces, and was easily holding the pace. The messenger's only hope now was that he might reach the Pony Creek canons in time to gain a cover from which he might stand off the Indians until help should possibly arrive—a hope slender enough at best.

At the level of the bluff the foremost Sioux were swiftly bearing in upon his trail. Under his legs Carl could feel the sharp heaving of his pony's flanks. The animal was steaming wet, and panting like a wolf run to earth. Carl only wondered that the gallant bay had not dropped in that terrible straining up the bluff.

Again the express rider looked behind him. Bear Bonnet was now in close chase, not more than thirty paces away. Even as Carl looked, the young Sioux unstrung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string. Wonderingly, the messenger swung the muzzle of his pistol to rear. But his quick eyes noted the arrow of his pursuer; it passed to his right at so wide an angle that he gave an involuntary hoot of derision. The Indians upon his left noted the shot, and yelled encouragement to their fellow.

Again, as Carl was about to fire upon him, Bear Bonnet let fly an arrow, and it passed, like the former, far upon the messenger's right. Instantly the flying horseman divined that those bow shafts were launched with no hostile purpose. Bear Bonnet wanted him to turn to the right—to ride to the mouth of Pony Creek!

There, the express rider knew, were an old buffalo ford and a trail which came in at the mouth of the main canon, and so passed by easy stages along the river bluff toward the stage station. The route was at least as near as the pony trail, but the ditch-like canon was so steep that its descent would test the courage of any rider less than reckless.

Little difference need the danger make to him at that moment! He turned his flagging horse toward the mouth of Pony Creek. And now he leaned forward and spurred the animal to a last desperate burst of speed, a final heroic effort to gain, fighting cover.

The crowd of Sioux, now fast gaining upon his exhausted mount, yelled their triumph, which shrilled upon his ears and set all his nerves a-tingle. Would they follow him over the precipitous earth-banks of the canon? Ardent he hoped so. At least some of their necks might be broken as well as his own.

He now lay flat upon his pony's back and neck, and the trained animal understanding the necessity, strained every muscle in a last rare spurt of running. Carl did not again look behind until his reeling beast was hurled headlong into the vast ditch of Pony Creek.

Bruised and dizzy, the fallen rider picked himself up, to see his gallant pony lying, heels up and stone dead, in the bottom of a dry run. The mail bags had been torn from their saddle fastenings and lay at the edge of the ditch.

In the same instant he saw Bear Bonnet's buckskin, with doubled haunches plow like a hurled projectile down the nearest slope; saw, with his brain in a whirling maze, the young Sioux leap from his saddle, thrust a lead rope at him, and then swung his loosened mail-bags upon the steaming pony's back. At touch of the mail-sacks, Carl recovered presence of mind, remembering suddenly his peril and the necessity for action. In an incredibly brief space of time he was mounted and off again.

As he fled down the canon, the express rider looked back to see Bear Bonnet break his bow and fling himself face downward upon the bank of a ditch, where he lay as if stunned by a fall from his horse. Cunning and loyal young Sioux—he had paid a debt of gratitude at a fearful risk to himself!

The messenger's new mount jumped ditches and washout holes in perilous and quick succession. And now a series of astonished screeches broke out above the head and to the rear, and the bullets and arrows of his pursuers knocked up spurts of dust upon the embankments as he flitted by them. Nor did the Ogalallas fall in daring. They thundered over the steep and into the canon in a yelling rout.

But in a twinkling Carl had dodged behind a projecting spur and turned his scudding mount upon the old buffalo trail. With each touch of the spur the express rider felt a growing confidence, and in a minute or two of running he knew that he had under him a pony as fresh and swift as that of any wild rider in the chase.

In point of fact, the Indians did not chase him much beyond the mouth of Pony Creek. In five minutes or less after leaving the canon—and much ahead of his scheduled minute—he drew rein at O'Fallon's.

When the story was told to the boss

of the station and his men, they said that something handsome should be done to reward that "Sam Patch of a Sioux." They held his pony at the station, hoping that Bear Bonnet would himself come for it, if his tribesmen did not kill him. Then as the buckskin disappeared from the company's herd one night and no others were taken, they knew that the brave young Sioux was alive, but would not come to claim a reward.—Youth's Companion.

DEATH OF A ROYAL ANT.

Fourteen Years She Was Cared For by Sir John Lubbock.

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished naturalist, succeeded in preserving two ant queens of Formica Fusca to a great age, one of these having reached the vast antiquity of over fourteen years. Her longevity was due to the careful protection extended by Sir John and his attendants; for it is true of emmet herds, as well as domestic animals, that they thrive under human protection. As I greeted Sir John one morning, in response to an invitation to breakfast with him and some of his friends, I inquired at once about the health of his ancient queen, writes Dr. H. C. McCook.

"Alas! doctor," he replied, "I have sad news. My old queen is dead."

"Dead?" I exclaimed; "that is sad news, indeed. When did she die?"

"Only last night," was the response, "and I have not yet told even my wife about it, for I dare say she will feel as badly over the loss as I do."

Perhaps this may seem trivial to the ordinary lay mind; but to Sir John and to the writer it was a matter of some moment, for it ended one of the most interesting experiments as to the prolonged life of invertebrate creatures that the world has ever known.

"May I see the queen?" I asked.

"Yes; she is just here in the adjoining room."

Turning aside from the waiting company of eminent persons who were to sit with us at breakfast, we went to see the dead queen. She was in one of the chambers or open spaces excavated by the workers within one of the artificial formicaries which Sir John had provided. She lay on her back, with her six legs turned upward, and bent in the rigor of death. A crowd of workers surrounded her. Some were licking her, as though in loving care of her toilet. One would nip an antenna, another a leg, and thus by various solicitations they sought to arouse her. It was curious, and touching as well, to watch their methods of expressing their manifest emotion.

"They have not yet accepted the fact," said Sir John, "that their queen is really dead. Indeed, I doubt if they are fully persuaded thereof. They have been surrounding her, and trying to get some response from her ever since she died." And thus it was still when we left the royal death room.—New York Independent.

The King of Italy and the Peasant.

Here is a little story about the young King of Italy which is being printed in the Italian papers, and which is worth reproducing. The King was staying in the country at his palace in Raccorrigi. He is little known to the people there for in his walks about the neighborhood he always strives to preserve his incognito. Hence comes some curious adventures. Once while out tramping, he got very thirsty, and seeing a woman milking a cow in a field near by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this," said the woman, "but if you'll mind the cow I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the King minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked her where all the farm-hands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away now to try to see the King," answered the woman.

"And why do you not go? Don't you want to see the King?"

"Someone must stay and look after things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "You see the King without running away from your work."

"You're joking," exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the King put a gold coin into her hand she fell on her knees, while he continued his walk, laughing over the incident.—Woman's Home Companion.

Elected Man Who Called Them Liars.

When John Stewart Mill ran for Parliament in Westminster he was asked at one of the meetings, chiefly composed of the working classes, whether he had ever published the opinion that the working classes of England, though they differed from those of other countries in being ashamed of lying, were general liars. He answered without hesitation that he had, whereupon there was vehement applause. The first workingman who spoke after Mr. Mill's admission said amid cheers that the working classes wanted friends, not flatterers. Mill won his election.—Goldwin Smith, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Snap Snobs.
A severe thunderstorm did considerable damage in Berlin.
Love matches don't all set the world on fire.
The installation of Nicholas Murray Butler as president of Columbia University, April 21, will be attended by President Roosevelt.

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.



MORE COTTON
to the acre at less cost, means more money.
More Potash
in the Cotton fertilizer improves the soil; increases yield—larger profits. Send for our book (free) explaining how to get these results.
GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

CAPUDINE Cures
Headache,
LAGRIPPE, COLDS, ETC.
Does Not Affect the Heart.
Sold by Druggists, 15 and 25c bottles.

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

FLORODORA
3 for 10c
CIGARS

"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as tags from "STAR," "DRUMMOND" NATURAL LEAF, "GOOD LUCK," "OLD PEACH & HONEY," "RAZOR" and "E. RICE GREENVILLE" Tobacco.