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Indian Round Up Horses.

Spokane, Wash. June 1.—Indians are rounding up their horses on the Spokane reservation, northwest of here preparatory to the coming of the white settlers, who were successful in Uncle Sam's lottery for homesteads, last August. Among the horses corralled during the last few days are many with several brands unknown on the reserve; also a lot of mavericks, which will be branded and taken by the redmen unless the owners appear before the close of the roundup and claim their stock. It is believed the animals strayed from pastures in Ferry, Stevens and adjoining counties on the border. The roundup is a month later than usual and the horses are not in the best of condition. However, the bidding by dealers from Spokane and other points is brisk and this competition will result in the Indians receiving good prices for their cayuses. Captain John McA. Webster, Indian agent on the reserve, says the Indians have plenty of money, \$850,000 being disbursed among them by the Indians' department during the last five days.

Find Angora Goats.

Spokane Wash. June 1.—Hunters returning to Spokane from the mountains at the head of Slate creek in the Coeur d'Alene mining district in northern Idaho, report encountering three flocks of Angora goats that have answered the call of the wild. The animals are wily and generally get away before the hunters can get guns to shoulders. The goats broke way from a land clearing camp several years ago, when there were 25 animals in the flock. They were used to clear the land and after they had cleared a large tract of land of underbrush and other debris the leader and others found a hole in the fence and escaped to the mountains. The flock split into groups of twos and threes one of which was captured some time ago. The others increased in numbers. They have been seen by prospectors on numerous occasions the last seven months.

PLANNED BY A WIDOW

By M. QUAD

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The widow Hunnewell had been a widow for four years, and she hadn't found much in life for her. She had had to split her own wood, build her own fires and milk her own cow. Every day she had missed Mr. Hunnewell, and when night came and the wind moaned and the rain fell and the shingles blew off the roof she wept and wished it were all over.

At length Professor Doty arrived in the village. Not only that, but he arrived next door. He was a professor of natural history in a college, and he came to the village for his vacation. He was a man of sixty, tall and reserved and dignified. He gave every one a feeling of awe. Mr. Hunnewell, on the contrary, had been short and fat and jolly, and people used to poke him in the ribs and joke with him. It was probably the contrast that caused

the widow to fall in love at first sight. She leaned over the fence and introduced herself, and he approached and talked to her. He had found a tree toad hidden in the bark of a locust tree, and he was glad to talk to some one about his find.

While the professor lectured the widow fell deeper in love and kept exclaiming: "Do tell!" and "Oh, my soul!" She was an interested listener. She said she'd give anything to learn all about toads and bugs and grasshoppers and clams, and the professor was a bit flattered. If the woman next door had been a nice, loving woman she would have invited the widow over to make further acquaintance, but she was a different person. She said that widows had too much rope as it was and that Mrs. Hunnewell was always out of tea and coffee when a neighbor wanted to borrow. And the professor wasn't to be caught sight of so often either.

However, when Providence gets its machinery once started there are generally results. One night when the wind didn't moan and the shingles didn't rattle, but when it was moonlight and calm instead, the widow was awakened from her sleep by a bad dream. She thought herself surrounded by potato bugs and fighting for her life. The dream made such an impression that she got out of bed and looked out of the window. There was the explanation before her eyes. The professor had climbed the fence and was in her yard and down on hands and knees in the grass. He had on so few clothes that it was easy to guess he had risen from his bed to look for crickets. Not a word did the widow say. She just got into bed and did some thinking. That thinking resulted in her sending for the village constable next day and saying to him:

"Mr. Richards, if a widow living all alone should have reason to believe that her house was about to be broken into, what should she do?"

"You mean if she saw a man dodging around in the yard?"

"Yes."

"Well, she might scream."

"Yes."

"Or she might throw something out of the window at him."

"Yes."

"Or she might take her life and her broomstick in hand and rush out and crack his skull."

"I see."

"But if I was that woman I'd borrow a shotgun, load it with salt and fire on him from a window."

"And what would the salt do?"

"Keep him in bed for about a week. If there is anybody spooking around your house o' nights I've got the gun and the salt, and you can protect yourself. The law will be on your side. Aim at his legs and let 'er go."

The widow took a couple of hours to think it over and then sent for the gun. She was taught how to fire it, and when the sun went down that evening she felt that events were going to happen before morning. What Professor Doty was looking for the night before was crickets. Their songs had floated into his open window at midnight and awoke him. He had climbed the fence into the next yard without a thought of trespass. He had got down on hands and knees and pawed around, but the crickets had evaded him. He would try again.

If there had been any bells in the town they would have been striking 11 o'clock when the waiting, watching widow heard some one softly drop from the fence, then come into sight crawling over the grass. She saw him grab with this hand and the other and heard him chuckle. Then she pointed the gun out of the window and shut her eyes and fired. There was a whoop and a yell, and she rattled downstairs to find the professor lying on the grass. He had been salted. Nevermore would he be fresh again. Nevermore would he want any salt on his potatoes.

Of course the plan was to rush him into the house, call a doctor and keep him around for a week as an invalid. There would be romance in the salt and gratitude for the soups prepared for him, and those things might lead on and on. They didn't, however. The professor cursed; he swore; he wriggled; he said that any woman who would shoot a barrel of salt into an innocent man ought to be hanged, and as he made his way to the fence he called back:

"And my wife is coming here in the morning to stay for two weeks. Woman, keep your old crickets and be hanged to 'em!"

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