

OREGON SUE: A LEGEND OF '53.

- "Well, stranger, here you are ag'in;
Now take a smile with me;
Jest kind of light, an' hude all night,
For board an' bed is free—
Not countin' a yarn you'd like ter l'arn—
Come in! What shall it be?"
- "The same? Now that is soshil like,
So here's a-lookin' ter you;
An' here's ter the wife—what! dern my life
If I ain't heard you'd two!
Well, here's may you find a lass ter your mind,
A lovin' one, an' a true.
- "Jest set down while I stir the fire
An' tumble the nag some hay,
For you an' the brute is in cahoot
A-honorin' me this day;
So freeze ter a seat an' toast your feet—
I won't be gone ter stay."
- "The yarn? Well, back in 'fifty-three
The wimmen was raly few;
So Flowery Pete got frightful sweet
On a Injin gal he knew;
An' I seldom see two folks agree
Like lum an' Oregon Sue.
- "So the Judge an' me, accordin' to,
Without a blot or flaw,
Drawed up a writ a-statin' it
That Pete could take the squaw;
An' the boys all signed, for ter make it bind,
Providin' it come ter law.
- "An' arter the service Pete an' Sue
Remained thar, side by side,
For well they knew the entire crew
Was waitin' ter kiss the bride;
An' when it was done, an' Pete took one,
She fell on his neck an' cried.
- "It wasn't the thing, perhaps, ter do,
But the boys agreed with me,
That she went ter rest on her pardner's breast,
The sweetest that ever we see—
A-lookin', we said, like a russet red,
A-twinin' around a tree.
- "An', strange as it sounds, the last man thar
Was actin' the plainest lie,
Ter make it appear it wasn't a tear
A-therin' in his eye;
But the Judge an' me could certingly see
Thar wasn't a dern one dry.
- "An' thinkin' the gal was lonesome like,
With nothin' but men in sight,
We struggled away with nothin' ter say,
An' dodged about in the night;
An' my partin' view was Oregon Sue
A-huggin' him close an' tight.
- "Well, in them days the Injin tribes
Was buckin' in ways severe;
An' signal lights shone out o' nights
On the mountings, fur and near;
But Flowery's bride bein' on our side,
We didn't have much ter fear.
- "One night she seen the sudden flash
Of a green, onusle star,
An' she said it meant that the tribes was bent
On liftin' the miners' ha'r—
An' you may believe, which I won't deceive,
They come—an' they found us thar."
- "We left Miss Bob an' Oregon Sue
With a guard drawed out ter stay,
Then inter the shade that the mountings made
We silently stole away,
As willin'—as glad—ter light by night
As ever we was by day.
- "But Sue got out and dodged the guard,
An' never lost sight of Pete;
An' the boys all say she blazed away
In a style it was hard ter beat;
An' Pete was as proud as a tizzy crowd
A-packin' her down the street.
- "The signal-fires still blazed around,
But theimps was monstrous shy,
For well they knew that Oregon Sue
Could sleep with an open eye;
An' venturin' out was gitten about
The same thing as ter die.
- "On Christmas eve 'twas snowin' fast,
In flakes so wide across,
That Flowery Pete a-crossin' the street
Come dern nigh gitten lost;
But we warmed him up with a soshil cup,
An' laughed at the fallin' frost.
- "An' airly Christmas day, when we
Was pilotin' Pete ter bed,
Thar wasn't a stick nor stone nor brick
Ter kiver his curly head;
An' under the snow, by a broken bow,
The pride of his life lay dead.
- "We planted her under an old oak tree,
A-keepin' the fact in mind,
That lettin' the bark be ever so dark,
A white heart hides behind;
An' Oregon Sue had a soul as true
As the fairest of womankind."

GEORGE K. CAMP.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A BABY'S JOURNAL.

CHARLEY is a lold boy; nurse says he is a naughty boy. He says that birds, and monkeys, and dogs, and all animals, in fact, talk to and understand those of their own species. Wouldn't, then, a bird understand a monkey, or a duck a dog? If not, it is a pity, for we might just as well have been made to talk the same language. Were it so I should not be alone when I am left with the lion, and the donkey, and all the animals of Noah's ark, with which I must play, or chew my fists. Do all these little things have the same difficulty in learning their language that I have in learning mine? And do their mammas talk differently to them from their nurses or their papas? Charley says, too: "There is no doubt that language owes its origin to imitation and modification, aided by signs and gestures, of various animal sounds, the voices of other animals, and man's own instinctive ones." I do not know whether Charley is right, but if he is it seems that some time or other we babies, birdies, doggies, piggies, monkeys must have spoken nearly the same language. If nurses have changed all this by their manner of talking, and that accounts for the fact that we now do not understand each other, it would have been better, as I always feel, that we had never had any nurses; for then I would know what doggie means when he bow-wows, what ducky means when he quack-quacks. I try to talk to these things often, but kitten and doggie are the only ones that talk back to me. I hope we shall learn much from each other. When kitten scratches me she makes a motion which I suppose is intended to convey to me the idea that she is not happy. I suppose that unhappiness gives pain, so her giving me pain must be her way of letting me know that she is in pain, and I am sorry for her, although often I cry for myself. Mamma don't scratch me when she is unhappy, but she cries, which I suppose is her way of letting me know that she is in pain; but there is so much difference between the scratch of kitten and the tears of my mother that it perplexes me, as usual, in understanding. Sounds seem to be another way of conveying thought, so I often wonder what my nurse is thinking when she makes so much noise while asleep. Her voice is not pleasant at any rate, and I learn nothing from it; so I pull her nose and stick my fingers into her mouth until she wakes.

To-day I saw papa sticking knife and fork into a chicken, and the chicken never moved. So I took a fork near me and stuck it into kitten, lying on my lap; the naughty kitten sprang on the table and upset the gravy dish over the cloth. Everybody jumped; some caught the kitten, some the dish, some wiped the cloth. I never saw so much excitement! I never created so much excitement as that kitten did. Now, if they had fixed that kitten on a chair as they fixed me she never would have jumped on the table. Everything was taken away from me then, so I played with a button on my bib; the button came off, and I, trying to find out how it tasted, swallowed it. From that moment everybody left the table in a great hurry. Mamma took me up, turned me on her knees, face downward, stuck a finger in my throat until I thought I should choke to death. After she had half-killed me she began to cry, and screamed, "Send for the doctor!" Everybody looked at me, as if they expected me to do something; but I was so scared that I couldn't do anything. Then the doctor came, and he laughed, and everybody laughed, and, as I couldn't laugh, I cried. My mother asked ever so many questions of the doctor, but he only shook his head and smiled, saying it would be all right in the morning. I never heard any more about it, so I suppose it was all right in the morning.