

he yet could in widening the distance between himself and his pursuers. He would not go to the settlements, nor in the direction of the railroad, for he would probably be searched for at either point; but he would go straight ahead, as nearly as he could, until he reached a distance where danger was no longer imminent, and he would then turn in the direction of the railroad. And so, after traveling all night in pursuance of this plan, nearly dead from fatigue and thirst, his wound paining him excessively at every step, dawn at last found him fifteen miles from the scene of the evening's exploits. Just ahead of him a little way was a cattle ranch, and his heart could know no joy so great as this partial evidence of civilization gave him, as he dragged his weary limbs before the herder's shanty and begged for but a few hours' hospitality.

* * * * *

One morning, about a week later, his old neighbors in the Hoosier state were nearly startled out of their senses by seeing smoke curling out of the chimney of Jonathan's house, and at the apparition of Jonathan himself seated within his door with an arm bandaged its entire length. Some of the bolder ones

advanced, in a cautious manner, to assure their senses, and when they discovered that it was Jonathan in reality, their astonishment knew no bounds. Jonathan nearly talked himself to death that day explaining where he was and what he saw on his trip, but he made no allusion whatever to a certain widow or a claim that was not his own. His wound was simply accidental, the result of the careless handling of a revolver; and the west was all right in its place, but it did not suit him. He "reckoned" he had enough of rambling about, and he came back to stay. Any allusion to the great and prosperous west, its marvelous growth and astonishing public enterprise, to its fame and fortune in land or stock, would lay up Jonathan for a week and close his mouth as tight as an oyster. Suspicion gradually gained ground that Jonathan had not told the truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to his absence, and it was even hinted by some that he may have been engaged in some of the train robberies in Missouri; and it was not until several years afterward, when the whole truth gradually leaked out, that the community again took Jonathan to its bosom, so to speak, and forgave him his past transgressions.

DR. CHARLES H. MILLER.

DISTANT MUSIC

Distant music, distant music,
 Oh, how sweet each cadence falls!
 Bass and tenor, air and alto,
 Blending, blending, spirit calls.

Distant music, distant music,
 Oh, what recollections throng!
 Sacrifice and trust and beauty,
 Blending, blending in love's song.

Eyes once bright no longer sparkle,
 Merry lips are silent now,
 Cheeks that flushed no longer brighten,
 Broken, broken every vow.

Yet, in distant music's beauty,
 In the drip of autumn rain,
 In the winter evening's embers,
 Lurketh, lurketh olden pain.

Roses, roses, red as rubies,
 Lilies pale as snow I've seen;
 Lilies of the past were fairest,
 Fairer, fairer garden's queen.

Distant music, distant music,
 Sweet, yet sad, each cadence falls,
 And my heart must needs keep beating
 Answer, answer to love's calls.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.