



Lovers' Department Edited by Frances M. Burnett

Before the buds awaken, Or pluck the blossoms blow, While yet the snows are new, Have gently in the snow, Love journey forth to start To seek the happy shrine...

On the Old Spanish Trail.

On my first trip across the Great Plains, en route to California, in 1850, we were at two different points on the journey, joined for a few days by the famous Kit Carson...



"I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF," LAUGHINGLY REPLIED MOULTON.

Life—a man rather under the medium size, low-spoken, and of gentle, unobtrusive manner, showing ordinarily no outward sign of that indomitable energy and daring courage which had caused him to be respected and feared by the Red men of the Western wilds.



"SENT A BULLET THROUGH THE MISCREANT'S BRAIN."

eter, and before he reached it plant every one of his rifle balls in its trunk. Such a man, aside from the prestige of his name, was a little army in himself, and we were extremely glad of his company...

nameless region, we were quite out of fresh meat, and this indication of coming plenty was a welcome sight. Moulton, an ardent sportsman, was riding his own horse, an extremely valuable animal, and now, without consulting any one, he started off in pursuit of the elk...

"Two hours more passed away without bringing a sign of the young hunter, though a cloudless sky and half moon might have enabled even one so inexperienced as he to find his way back to the trail from so short a distance. We were now in a state of serious alarm, but, very strangely, no one appeared so much distressed as did Gerald Woodville.

"I hardly know what to think of it," replied Carson. "The young man had either become lost, or he had been killed. I am anxious to know," "Do you suppose that Jack has lost himself?" We glanced significantly at each other, for this was the first time we had ever seen Moulton since he had left us.

"That man shall be myself then," said the warm-hearted Virginian. "I'd risk my life a hundred times over to save Jack from such a fate. He's a first-rate fellow, and I begin to think that I've been in the wrong in all my petty quarrels."

"Why," said the veteran, "one time, down in Arizona, I knew Kit, entirely alone, with two men, and he was more than 300 miles. He came up to me just as they were making camp at sundown, shot down three of them before they saw him, charged upon the rest while yelling to his pursuers to come on, and escaped scot free with a white woman prisoner, whom, in their fright at the mere sight of Kit, they had not stopped to kill. This is a well-known fact, and it occurred when Carson was out last winter."

had been given barely enough to keep him from fainting by the way. In less than half an hour after leaving the main trail, our two adventurous comrades came upon the spot where the elk had fallen, when, by signs utterly undistinguishable from those which he had read the whole story, declaring much to Gerald's comfort, that Moulton had been carried off unharmed. Then, leading the way with unflinching certainty through the tortuous defiles, I knew over stretches of bare rock, on the latter of which his companion could not see the faintest mark, he soon came to the spot where the man had spent the previous night. "All's well so far," he said, after carefully inspecting the place. "The red devils are keeping their prisoner alive and unhurt, so as to have more sport at his final torture, a sight they'll never see, I think."

On and on, but now, of necessity, slowly, rode the two white men, Carson's untiring sagacity never riding over the oftentimes invisible trail as easily as might another a public highway. Obviously the savages were traveling in carelessness, for twice, a mile or two apart, the trail was cut, and each time a button, which, though his hands were tied, Moulton had somehow managed to pluck from his garments and keep hidden, was found in the trail.

"Sharp fellow, that," approvingly observed Kit. "He expects to be looked after, and has been clever enough to let the knives that were on the right track. Such a man's worth twice that of the ordinary soldier." Feeling confident of overtaking the marauders before night, Carson became exceedingly circumspect toward evening, neither did he permit himself to ride over a ridge without first dismounting and taking a careful survey of what lay beyond.

"It is not as if they were to strike a single blow at our attack. If they did so it would be to bury a tomahawk in the prisoner's breast, and the pursuers would not let their horses come a distance from the trail and conceal them in a bush-grown cove, lest the Indians, while retreating, might gather them up and use them as a means by which we usually address John Moulton.

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the slope came our three friends, safe and sound. Carson, who could mimic anything from the squeak of a mouse to the harsh cry of a mountain lion, had taken this playful method of testing our alertness. As the trio drew nearer, we could see, in the broadening of the trail, that Moulton and Gerald Woodville rode shoulder to shoulder, and that more than once the hand of one sought that of the other in a fond caress; whereas we rushed from cover, and, firing a feu de joie, broke into a storm of such wild cheering as might have made any stray "welkin" lying around loose fairly ring again.

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ward. The torchbearers led the way to the left foreleg of the wooden horse. When Sparkle Spry and I climbed up a spiral stair, the King of the Clinkers following after. Sparkle Spry climbed up by means of a step-ladder that the carpenter had used. When he crawled through the window in the side of the wooden horse, he saw that a great transformation had taken place, and the sight of it almost took his breath away.

"A furnace with a small bakeoven had been placed there a few weeks ago, and was fitted up, and there was also a supply of flour, coal and wood. The fire from the furnace ran in the inside of the horse's ears, leading a vent for the smoke at the back. On all sides were to be seen the tools and furniture of a bakery, and there were places where the little men might stow themselves away when they were not working. On all sides were to be seen the tools and furniture of a bakery, and there were places where the little men might stow themselves away when they were not working.

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report to the king," he said. "But I hardly know what to say about this affair. You wouldn't call this a battle, would you?" "No," replied Sparkle Spry. "It was no sign of a battle where I went along."

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WASHINGTON'S OBEDIENCE

How the American Army Lost a Fine Example of Obedience. One winter evening in the year of our Lord 1865, at my grandfather's house on the Muskingum river, the major told this story.

"It happened this way," he began. "I was sent by Washington on a foraging expedition. It was before the battle at Yorktown. The major's eagle eye scanned the face of his attentive listeners. Every one of the company had been officers in General Washington's army. Together they had fought in every battle from Brunker Hill to the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I can see them now—strong of feature, brave of bearing, their snow white coats falling on velvet collars, white leggings at their wrists, knee breeches and buff breeches, and the quaint buckle shoes of colonial times."

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LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT. By Joel Chandler Harris. (Copyright, 1894, by Joel Chandler Harris.) XII.—THE TERRIBLE HORSE. When Tickle-My-Toes had told about how pleased the baker and his wife were with Sparkle Spry, he paused and looked at Chickamaw Cray-Crow, as if he expected that she would beckon him away. But, could not that she hear?

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Sparkle Spry, who had no great relief for war if it was as hard as he had heard it was. "Oh, a good many miles," replied the King of the Clinkers, and we are not getting on at all. There's not enough mutton soup on the knee hinges to suit me."

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ported by eight bearings, resting upon milled granite bases, and extending up from the foundations to a height of three and a half stories. The decorations on the staircase are very elaborate. On the central ledge on the north side, for example, there is a head of Columbus, carved in relief, with the three caravels under him in the first voyage to America. The western ledge is decorated with the Viking ship, while on the east ledge is a modern steamship, both of these being in bas-relief. The sculptured work is cut upon a plain surface surrounded by rich foliage. The rails, the steps, the ledges upon which the balustrades rest, and in short, almost every exposed surface is also richly and tastefully decorated.

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