YAKIMA WAR EXPERIENCES

MUSTERING TO FIGHT INDIANS IN THE FIFTIES.

Portland's Preparations to Aid in the Struggle, as Related by One Who Was Present.

Being employed near Portland in the Autumn of 1855, when the news came to Portland of the murder of Indian Agent Bolan, and, following it, of the defeat of Major Haller, I shared the excitement that the news created. A meeting was called of the people of Portland, and vicinity, for the purpose of adopting measures of safety. I attended, in company with Lemuel Hendrickson, a pioneer of 1852, who, at that time, owned Swan Island, a mile or so below Portland, and which he afterward sold to Bacon & Sherlock, of Portland. The meeting was held in a large frame building on the levee, corner of Front and Stark streets, owned then by Benjamin Stark, and it was numerously attended. One of the principal speakers was T. J. Dryer, the founder and then the editor of The Oregonian.

In his peroration, after telling of the reported killing of Bolan, and of Haller's defeat, Mr. Dryer exclaimed: "If this should be true! If this should be true! What should we do?"

Some of us spoke up: "We should organize a company and go to their relief."

Then he turned upon us and thundered out: "No; we should fortify Portland."

But, after thoroughly canvassing the matter, it was agreed not to fortify at that time; but that instead, a company should be raised and armed, to act as circumstances might require. A day or two later, the Governor's call for volunteers was received, and I went up to Portland, with others, and enlisted.

We held the meeting to organize the company in a long, low building, in the lower part of town, which belonged to Shubrick Norris. Mr. Norris joined the company, and was a candidate for captain, but we elected Alfred V. Wilson. Mr. Wilson had commanded a company in the Mexican War, and we thought he would understand the business better than a man that had had no military experience. Our choice proved to be very satisfactory; for, although Captain Wilson was over 50 years of age, at that time, he was able to stand about as much fatigue as most of the men. There was no better nor more brave or efficient officer in the command than he.

Other Officers.

Our choice for First Lieutenant was Benjamin M. Harding. He was an old plainsman, a whole-souled, genial sort of man—one to become, as he did before long, the favorite officer of the company with most of the men. Charles B. Pillow was chosen Second Lieutenant. He was a Portland jeweler, and, being a city man, he felt himself a little above the ordinary country bumpkin. But he made a good officer, with plenty of courage, when such a quality was necessary.

The choice for First Sergeant fell upon John L. Perkins. The writer was a candidate for this position, having had experience in several military organizations, and having been in the Indian war in California in 1851. But the idea seemed to prevail among the men that we should have tall men for officers, and I having stopped growing when about five inches short of the required stature, "Jack" Perkins was made Sergeant — and he made a good one, too.

For Second Sergeant, William S. Farrar was elected, but Governor Curry appointed him Adjutant of the regiment, and so we elected Plympton Kelly to fill his place—a fitting choice, for Kelly was one of the steady, moral members of the company and did much to restrain the evil tendencies of many of the men. He was assisted by Fourth Sergeant A. B. Roberts, who was a religious man. There was also Private James J. Deardoff, who helped Sergeants Kelly and Roberts to keep the company straight morally, not that we were very bad, but we were just like any ordinary lot of fellows, thrown together promiscuously.

The Third Sergeant was Samuel Grinstead, and the Corporals elected were: Shubrick Norris, first; Jesse T. Bowis, second; John Fell, third; and Franklin Story, fourth. Shubrick Norris was afterward appointed Commissary of the regiment, and I think Allen Brelsford was chosen to fill his place. Franklin Story was subsequently, if I am not mistaken, appointed to a position in one of the departments by Governor Curry, and a young man by the name of Ebnest, from Vancouver, succeeded him as Fourth Corporal.

Cross the River.

After our organization was completed, we were marched up to the ferry landing and crossed over the Willamette River, encamped on the flat near the river above the ferry, opposite the city. We were ferried over on a flatboat, propelled by men with oars, that being the only means of crossing the Willamette at the time; a year or so later a boat was put on which wa run by horsepower.

There were then no houses along the east side, from James Stephens' place some distance above the ferry down to the hill where a man by the name of Wheeler lived, with the exception of Mr. Frush's residence, at the ferry landing, and a log cabin, a little farther back, occupied by John Caruthers, who was then in litigation with Frush and Stephens, the owners of the ferry, over the possession of the land and ferry franchise.

About the time we were encamped there a decision of court had been rendered against Caruthers, and a writ of eviction issued. The Sheriff—I think it was J. H. McMillen—tried to execute the writ, but Caruthers was not at home. His wife was, however, and she met the Sheriff at the door with a double-barreled shotgun, and from behind a barricade of barrels and boxes defied him to attempt to enter the house. As the woman weighed about 250 pounds and the Sheriff hadn't lost any house, anyway, he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and left her alone in her glory. I never heard how the matter turned out.

While we were encamped across the river, we were presented, by the patriotic ladies of Portland, with a beautiful silk flag, about six feet long by three feet wide, and with a nice flagstaff. The Mayor, Mr. Failing, came over with the party to make the presentation, Editor Dryer, of The Oregonian, being of the number. The Mayor, in a short, graceful speech, presented the flag to the company, and our Captain replied, thanking the ladies for their gift. Many a time during the hard Winter in Walla Walla that followed, when sunk in despondency, ilty clothed and half starved, we looked up and saw that flag floating over us, we would take renewed hope, and resolve that we, the members of Company A, would see the war out to the end.

Mustered In.

About the third day, Governor Curry and his Adjutant came over and mustered us into the service of the state. The company was mustered in as Company A, and was the first company of the regiment. We were frequently drilled on the flat opposite the city, and crowds of people, especially young persons, would line the bank of the river to watch us. Our evolutions were, no doubt, more or less comical; at any rate, they were amusing to the children who saw us. Soon we were taken on board the steamboat Fashion to Vancouver, to be armed and equipped.

We arrived at Vancouver late in the afternoon, and camped on shore, near the boat landing, and after a late supper quite a number of us concluded to spread our beds on the decks of the steamboat, as the mosquitoes were troublesome on shore. Some spread their blankets on the lower deck and some on the upper deck. Late at night some of the boys who did not have very clear notions of military discipline, and who had been doing the town, came on to the boat, in a hilarious condition. One fellow imagined he was a preacher, and he would preach awhile and then he would pray.

There was a big fellow on the upper deck by the name of John Tole, and who had a tremendous, coarse voice. Just as soon as the preacher stopped preaching and went to praying, Tole would halloo, in a voice like a fog horn, "Amen!" which would so surprise the preacher that he would stop for a few minutes.

In a short time, he would recommence and go over his sermon, and when he got to praying, Tole would come in again with that fog horn "Amen!" The preacher would stop again and listen. He was too much befuddled by the Vancouver "bug-juice" he had imbibed to realize that there was any one on the upper deck, and, being a little superstitious, he did not know but that the "amens" he heard might be supernatural. That was what made it all so funny to the rest of us.

Got But Little Sleep.

We got little rest that night, but we fared better than our comrades on shore, for they had camped on a little flat by the side of a slough, and the mosquitoes very nearly ate them up. Some of their faces in the morning looked as if their possessors had the measles.

After a hurried breakfast, our steamboat was run on up the river to a point opposite the United States arsenal, which stood about 200 yards from the river. There being no wharf, the boat was laid off in deep water and planks were run ashore, by which the arms, etc., were to be taken aboard. Governor Curry had already made a requisition for them, so we had nothing to do but to go up to the arsenal and receive them from a Government Sergeant, and carry them on board. The guns were smooth-bore muskets, with bayonets and cartridge boxes. The latter were about six inches square by two inches thick, and held 50 cartridges. They were swung by a leather strap from the left shoulder to the right side, and were kept in place by a leather belt around the waist, to which was attached the cap box, on the left side, holding 50 caps.

When a soldier was ordered to load, he took the muzzle of his musket in his left hand, and with his right hand took a cartridge out of the box, bit off the twisted paper at the powder end, placed the cartridge, bitten end downward, in the muzzle of his musket, and then, with an iron ramrod, pushed the charge down. With his left hand he then took out a cap, and, laying the gun on his left arm, muzzle inclining down, he placed the cap on the nipple tube. Then, with his right hand, he grasped the gun above the lock; brought it up against his right side, with the butt on the ground, and was at "Order arms," ready to obey a command to fire or march, as needed.

I merely mention these things to show the young soldiers of today how much simpler, and how much less trouble, the present manual of arms is than it was in those days.

J. W. TATE.

THE OLD HUSBAND.

Slowly he totters down the path
To the trees where the lilacs bloom,
And he watches a grim procession
Through the evening twilight's gloom.

In one palsied hand, which trembles,
He holds a coffin rest,
The other, in vain endeavor,
Is clutching his aching breast.

Old and stooped and gray and feeble—
Nobody thinks of him,
For his mind is growing weaker
And his eyes are bleared and dim.

But the heart that loves grows richer
With age, like seasoned wine,
And still beats, fresh and loving,
'Neath the calloused feet of Time.

The crowd of friends departed
To escort the peaceful dead
To the triumphant final
Of the life which she had led.

* * * * * *

With a tender hand he places
Her coffin's last support
Against a tall white pillar
That guards the open court.

* * * * * *

With a sob for the past that's buried,
He turns to his wifeless door
And tenderly lifts from the pathway
The flowers that had fallen o'er.

He takes out a well-worn wallet
And, trembling, puts them there
By the side of his youth's fond memories,
With a lock of soft brown hair.

He scans the seat in the arbor,
Where they'd planned for future years,
Though he sees at best but dimly,
For his eyes are filled with tears.

With his poor old lips aquiver,
He patiently bows his head;
But there's no one there to comfort him,
For the wife of his youth is dead.

—Pearl Luckey.

Pendleton, Or., June 12, 1900.

Taking No Chances.

She—Do you believe a man can really love?

He—Of course. I know he can, because I—

She—Oh, Harold! And to think I never guessed it. Papa's office hours are from 9 to 4.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SUCCESS IN PORTRAITURE

EDGAR FELLOES' EXPERIENCES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Gives Valuable Tips to Amateurs in the Art Which He Has Done So Much to Improve.

"Oh, dear, no; not in the least," said Edgar Felloes, photographer, whose work has been attracting the attention of brother photographers throughout the country, when asked as to the secret of his success in portraiture. "I have no secrets concerning my work. You wish for an account of my hobby, and I must not be technical. Very well.

"You have heard the old saying, 'He lies like truth.' Now, had that man turned photographer, he would have been a great one. This, to my mind, is the very essence of successful photography. I will explain: Of course, every one knows that al photographic lenses will distort; it is by taking advantage of this fact that the features of sitters may be changed. If the operator thoroughly understands his work, these modifications are most valuable.

"Once there came to me a man with a fine head, but, alas! his nose was insignificant. This is how I dodged the difficulty. By posing the face squarely and dropping the chin a trifle, the camera was pushed as near to that little nose as I dared to get. The lense got in its work beautifully, and the nose was suitably enlarged; in fact, it was elevated from the position of a side issue to a prominent feature, as it should be, and as nature might have arranged it, had she not tired of her task. I got $100 for that picture, 'back East.' If I had remained, say 10 feet, further away from the point of that nose, I might not have made 'two-bits.' The little trick did not destroy the likeness, and I mention it now as an exemplification of the saying 'lying like truth.'

Cajoling Nature.

"Let me explain to you another method whereby nature may be cajoled. Suppose we call it equivocation. For example, the photographer has a visit from a youth with large and far-reaching ears; they stick out, with cruel persistency, from each side of his head. There are only two positions in which this subject may be handled—the profile and the three-quarter view. The full face? Oh, never; that would be wicked, for it invites those ears to flap at the world. Then there are other points to be attended to—the shortening of the upper or lower half of the ear; but this is betting into niceties, which would hardly interest the general reader.

"Retrousse noses? Ah, yes, that's another point I can say a word on. A retrousse nose gives, at times, a decidedly piquant expression to the face. Sometimes I take such people in profile, to make the most of it. With young ladies, a charming picture may be made this way. But—please write that but in capitals—if this retrousse nose is in partnership with a square-cut jaw, then, oh, my!

"The profile is difficult, if not out of the question, with subjects of this pattern; the three-quarter, or full face views are the best. I will show you how a retrousse nose may be changed with vaseline. No? Please don't laugh. I really mean it. This is how a three-quarter view may be handled:

"When the position is decided on and the lighting is right, with a smile and an 'excuse me,' you touch the offending hollow with the smallest flick of vaseline, at the same time pretending to brush away a straggling hair that is not there. The proposition is simply this: By making the indentations on the nose shine a trifle, it catches the light. The subject is quite unaware of the trick; in fact, it is absolutely necessary to keep your model in ignorance, or a feeling of discomfiture is sure to make itself manifest.

"Allow me to say a word about 'make-ups.' I am fully aware, from experience, that some ladies disapprove of it in any form. This is a pity. Its great merit lies in the fact that certain features can be neatly modified, or accentuated, and detection be rendered impossible in the finished picture. Here the advice of the photographer may be useful.

"Very thin lips are easily improved with color; run the color above them, if the upper lip is being changed, accentuating the dip in the center. The tint that is carried above the lip proper should be darker than the lip itself, the reason being that one is painting upon white skin, and a close match of color is necessary.

The Eyebrows.

"Then there are the eyebrows. Few would think of painting one eyebrow darker than the other, but that is a good wrinkle. The eyebrow on the light side of the face should be darker than that on the shaded side. Look over a batch of photographs, and see for yourself if you don't find half of the eyebrows faulty, on the light side; in nature they are about equal. Eyelashes, in certain positions of the head, can be apparently lengthened.

"Yes, it is unusual to make up to the extent I have outlined, but, what do you see as a result? And what an amount of retouching of negatives is avoided! People have grown used to this sort of thing, and do not notice, perhaps, how their portraits are worked all over, and often smoothed out till the sex only, of the person is apparent. The retoucher's modeling is a very poor exchange for what nature has done. I am decidedly in favor of make-up when necessary, and no retouching at all."

Edgar Felloes has for the past ten years been connected with the art department of The Oregonian. He is also a contributor to the Photographic Times, of New York, and will soon contribute to the Photo Era, of Boston. He was awarded a handsome silver medal by the Photographic Times for the best picture of Frederick Warde, the actor. His specialty is entirely along the line of portraiture.

As an evidence of the uncertainty of competing in exhibits, Mr. Felloes sent a collection to London, England, where he has previously won prizes, but received nothing therefrom. He took the same pictures and divided them, sending some to Boston and the remainder to New York. In New York he won first prize, and in Boston the first prize and the grand prize as well. The latter was a magnificent silver cup, valued at $100, awarded Mr. Felloes last Fall, by the Youth's Companion.

PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH.

SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION BY MR. EDGAR FELLOES.

DAWSON DAILY NEWS.

Creditable Newspaper Enterprise in the Yukon District.

The Dawson Daily News, of May 24, is an excellent evidence of newspaper enterprise in the Yukon country. It is a six-column quarto, and H. G. Steel, an American journalist, well-known in the Northwest, is editor. The paper comports with all the requirements in typographical appearance. Upon the first page, in colors, appears the Union Jack of old England. The advertising patronage is liberal, and the paper itself bears every evidence of the prosperity which it shows has befallen the Klondike.

The Dawson Daily News states that, in the Klondike and Indian River districts, 500 claims were operated during the Winter and Spring, giving employment to 5280 miners. Over 150,000,000 pans of pay gravel were produced, having an average value for all the creeks of a trifle over 10 cents to the pan, giving a grand aggregate production for the country of $18,553,270. From all statistical information obtainable, this is more than $3,000,000 above the production for last year, and is the greatest in the history of the Yukon.

Fistic bouts are in vogue and favor at Dawson, it would seem. A 10-round go between two local sports is reported. Of the one who was knocked out, the paper frankly says that he admitted that he was, in no sense, a match for the other fellow, "when the seconds were attempting to revive him, in order to send him into the ring again."

The loyal Britishers were celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday the day this copy of the News was printed. The paper is filled with valuable statistical information regarding winning properties, and would do credit to a community where the obstacles to newspaper publication are much less than in the frozen north.

Pleasure of a "Dry Smoke."

If you see a man with an unlighted cigar between his lips, it is not because he is looking for a light, but because he is indulging in the pleasure of a "dry smoke." How there can be any enjoyment in this to a smoker is not readily apparent, but the fact remains that there is much satisfaction in the habit, and, besides, there are no baneful effects.

For inveterate smokers the dry smoke is a good habit to cultivate. It enables many slaves of the weed to decrease the number of cigars actually smoked in a day without causing much inconvenience. Of course an inveterate smoker would find no pleasure in the habit at the start, but perseverance is necessary, and after a while he will enjoy his dry smoke almost as much as the real one. It is a good way to begin if you desire to stop smoking, advises the New York Herald. Try it and see.

Ancient Norway Churches.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic Winter because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

She—Do you judge people by the extent of their wardrobe?
He—Yes, except in matters of a bathing suit; then I reverse the method.

YE AMERICAN YOUNG MAN

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S EULOGY ON "YOUNG AMERICA."

Looks to the "Splendid Young Men" of Our Universities to Guard the Country's Future.

"I am going to write an article about the American young man," writes Gertrude Atherton, in a recent number of the New York Journal. "I am sick and tired," she continues, "of the American girl, and so, I should think, must everybody else be. Besides, my mind is in such a state of confusion about her that it is on the verge of aberration. I seem to see her gasping her last for life under a mountain of generalities and platitudes, horrified in her composite self and praying for a rest from silly pens that have nothing else to write about.

"Let the young man have his turn. He has been ignored in the most shameless manner, and he is a thousand times more interesting, for on him depend the next great chapter in the United States; among him are future Presidents, Senators, Cabinet Ministers, specialists, Generals, Admirals, Governors, college professors, colonial dictators, athletes, editors, millionaires, Ambassadors, architects, sculptors, Judges of the Supreme Court and husbands. Why has he been ignored all these years, while that National Bore, 'The American Girl,' has lived under the microscope? It certainly is time we turned him inside out and reduced him to a 'type.'

"When I was a little girl I had an idea that boys were a wretched lot. I was a tom-boy, and consequently came in for none of their gallantries—of which I did not suspect the existence—but I often wanted to fight them, and they usually jeered me for being a girl and not worth fighting. There was one youth whom my nurse dubbed 'Young America,' and for a good many years I judged my countrymen by him, and sought for ideals in story books. He was a puny-looking thing, but a great bully, and as he was too weak to win the respect of the bigger boys, I was his especial butt. He was a rich man's son and badly spoiled, and as his sister was my friend he used to come often to my house.

Soured Her Ideals.

"He annoyed me in every way that human ingenuity could devise, and I sincerely hope that he now has a wife who beats him. He soured all my ideals, and it was a long while before I realized that he was not the pattern upon which the brains and brawn of this country were fashioned. Doubtless there are many like him, and therefore he is worth mentioning; but he is not the type that has spread over the country today.

"It certainly is our great universities that are responsible for the magnificently set-up, spirited and clean-minded looking young men whom one meets at every turn, and who win sincere and spontaneous admiration abroad. I think my attention was first attracted to them in 1896, at the Henley regatta, when Yale made such a gallant effort and won the sympathy of sport-loving England in her defeat. Everybody was talking of these splendid young men, and the newspapers could not say enough in their praise. Several went so far as to say that if they would practice the English long stroke, and all the rest of it, there wasn't a crew in England that could hold its own against them.

"I was on an American houseboat, and was so excited when they pulled by that I couldn't open my mouth, although even the women were cheering. I met several of them afterward, and they looked so clean and fine and strong, and accepted their defeat so pleasantly and the attentions showered upon them so simply that I began to speculate at once about the future of the United States, and became a hopeless optimist.

"Since then I have met and talked with many of these young men, and the better I know them, the more I wonder where the 'corrupt politicians' come from. Not from this class, and as the latter is immense in its numbers, I wonder that the politicians exist at all. Certainly they will cease to be when these young men take hold, and there is not one of the latter, I would stake what I have learned of human nature, who could be corrupted or even tempted.

Not Dead Yet.

"Roosevelt's defection has been something of a staggerer, but I console myself with the reflection that Roosevelt is not dead yet, and he may be designing the overthrow of the political machine for all we know. Being a pioneer, he may have decided that Jesuitism—but let this unknown quantity prepare his own surprises.

"The type of which I am writing is not always clever, but he seldom is uninteresting, and although my natural predilection has always been and always will be for men of years and affairs, who have forgotten more than any woman ever can know, still I have often talked to the least brilliant of these young men for hours at a time with no sense of being bored. Their outlook on life is so uncomplex and healthy and natural. They are so sane and free from fads and full of an almost knightly devotion to their friends. They are so capable and equal to any fortune of war. How any body could have supposed they would not fight well passes my comprehension.

"I imagined thousands of them responding to the President's call as naturally as a farmer's boy answers the dinner horn. They are equally ready to flirt with a pretty girl or to talk for hours upon the hundred and one subjects that are making the history of their time, to sing rollicking college songs or work for months with no thought of play. They are so seldom silly or lacking in energy or unresourceful that the exception simply drops out of the type and doesn't count.

"Last Winter, at a Christmas party of which I was a member, there were two boys of 16 of whom I disdained to take notice at first, although one had a remarkably clever face and the other had downright beauty. But I was asked to show them some attention, and I did. I found that one had read and digested more solid books than many men of 30, wrote political articles for a first-rate newspaper, and, although modest, almost timid, entertained hopes of being a great man and a credit to the United States.

Lad of High Ideals.

"The other was not so ambitious or developed, but was full of natural intelligence, a fine, high way of looking at everything, without the least priggishness, a hard student, and as modest as the other. I should say that he might make anything of himself that he chose, and that he would choose to be first-rate in every respect. I became more optimistic than ever, and immediately took the political education of the second in hand. I saw in both future Senators after my own heart.

"To look briefly at another phase: One of the phenomena of the United States during these last few years of the 19th century is the vast number of important positions filled by young men. They are distinguishing themselves in every walk of life, in positions which a generation ago were filled by men twice their age. What the number of failures comes to I have no means of knowing, but the number of successes is enormous. In the high pressure atmosphere of this country maturity comes very quickly, but the astonishing thing is that the maturity should be so complete.

"This is avowedly a eulogy on 'Young America,' nevertheless it is all true. And it seems to me that it is time to white it."

"FRICCASEED NIGHTMARE."

Some Sensible Remarks Concerning Gorging With Food.

"God has given us a capacity to enjoy food," said Rev. Dr. Pierson, in a recent address in Boston, "that is not the principal object in eating. One goes to a dinner, and after eating all that he really desires and more than is beneficial, thinks he will add a little of the compounds they call dessert—the invention of the devil—and becomes uncomfortable and wretched. Most of the desserts we have might be called 'fricasseed nightmare' or 'escalloped indigestion.' Eating becomes idolatry, if it becomes unfitting for higher service. It is a crime to gorge and be uncomfortable, or to induce a headache.

"I once attended a dinner at the invitation of a parishoner and was asked to accompany a lady to the table. I did not need to eat, but I offered to help her to whatever she desired, and she asked for chicken salad, remarking, 'It always gives me a wretched headache, but I am going to have some,' and I replied, 'Then you may help yourself, for I will not.'"

Good Feature.

Miss Gush—Do you like classical music, Mr. Sourdropp?

Mr. Sourdropp—Yes.

Miss Gush—Oh, I am so glad. Do you not find it great inspiration, sublime thought, and true beauty?

Mr. Sourdropp—Not exactly. I like it because no blithering idiot can beat time to it with his foot.—Baltimore American.

MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS, EX-SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

"SHORTY'S" IRON NERVE

PURE GRIT SAVES NEVADA HORSE-THIEF FROM NOOSE.

Rouses Admiration of His Judges and Induces Them to Take the Rope From His Neck.

"A man's nerve is a good thing to have with him," said a mining expert who has been all over the West for the last 30 years, "especially when he is in my business. When I was a youngster back in the East I always avoided fighting with other boys simply because I didn't like to fight, and they used to lick me on all occasions, not so much because I could not fight as because I would not. When I came West, though, as a man, and got into the atmosphere of scraps, I found that if a man didn't have his nerve with him he never would amount to anything, so I braced up and found I could hold my own about as well as the average, though I kept out of trouble as far as I could.

"The nerviest chap I ever saw was a horsethief in Nevada. It was 25 years ago at Pioche, Nev., which is off the map now, I guess, and the town was all torn up over the loss of horses by the depredations of thieves. Finally Mike Corey, a well-known Piochan, lost a fine bay mare, and Mike thought enough of her to take active measures to get her back if possible, and punish the thieves. He sent word out to all the camps and settlements, and in the course of several days he heard of the mare at Desert Spring, about 75 miles away. A man had bought her over there from a party he did not know.

Round-Up.

"Mike made all the inquiries he could, and at last we had a 'round-up'—that is, we put guards over the town and called on all the inhabitants for miles around to come in and be identified. Four hundred and fifty men reported, and all were duly accounted for but three. These three could not satisfactorily explain themselves, and they were locked up till we could have the Desert Spring man pass on them. He came, and at once said that they were the crowd who brought the mare to Desert Spring. That was all the testimony we wanted, and, after a trial by a picked-up jury, the three horse-thieves were condemned to be hanged that same afternoon down at Big Tree, four miles from town.

"A procession was formed, with the three prisoners in a wagon having a high seat for convenience at the hanging, and we moved off toward the scene of action in good order. Arriving there, one man was seated in the wagon and driven under the limb of the tree, with the rope dangling down from it, and when he was properly adjusted for the application of the rope, our leader took a blank book out of his pocket and addressed the prisoner.

"'What's your name?' says he. 'I don't mean the name you go by out here, but your real name; the one they know you by at home?'

"The prisoner gave his name as requested, and it was not the same by which he was known in the West.

Guarantee of Good Faith.

"'Now your address,' continued the leader, after writing down the name, 'so we can notify your folks that you are dead. Of course, we won't say that we hung you for horse-stealing, but will call it accidental, or something like that, so they will not feel so bad over your loss. Anything else you want to say or word you want to send will be put down in this book and your last wishes will be attended to as far as possible. Now what have you got to say?'

"The man begged and pleaded to be let go, making all sorts of promises, the leader in the meantime writing down all the facts he wanted for his final report.

"'Drive on,' he said briefly to the man at the lines, and the horsethief was swung from the wagon seat, and held up by the rope around his neck.

"Then the wagon was driven around and the second man was put in, and when he was under the limb and the rope fixed, the leader took out his book and pencil and asked him the usual questions, winding up with, 'Now what have you got to say?'

"He told such a pitiful story of wife and children and temptation and bad company that the crowd began to weaken. The leader closed his notebook with a snap. 'Drive on,' he commanded, and the next instant the prisoner was swinging, and the wagon moved around for its third and last load.

"Shorty's" Turn.

"This chap was an ugly, little sawed-off cuss, with a face like iron, and he had watched the entire proceedings without turning a hair. He stepped to his place and took his seat like a soldier facing a fort, although his arms and legs were tied, and he could not move with much grace. The leader, as well as the rest of us, was more or less moved with admiration for his nerve, and when the old man took out his notebook and pencil he was quite pleasant in his manner.

"'Well, Shorty,' he said, addressing him familiarly, 'what have you got to say?'

"'Drive on,' said the prisoner as calmly as if he had charge of the funeral, and the effect was so startling that the whole crowd broke into applause and asked for a stay of proceedings. It was a case of good, hard nerve winning against big odds, and the prisoner was told he might have a chance for his life. He didn't break down, then, either, but said he would do nothing nor say nothing until we had released him from the ropes around his arms and legs, and we soon had him loose. Then he told us that if we would let him have any old plug of a horse and 10 hours' start he wouldn't ask any odds of anybody.

"He got the horse and he got the start, and he got out of the country quick, and we never heard of him again, but I have always thought we let the worst one of the gang get away, simply because we had such a high regard for nerve."—New York Sun.

Man's View of Woman.

Man's view of woman (God's unanswered question)
Depends upon his mood and his digestion.

Has he been loved too little or too much
He draws her picture with no flattering touch.

Has he dined well and smoked his favorite brand?
Ah! then he is her servant to command

And she an angel straight from Paradise.
Tomorrow? Lo! she wears a devil's guise.

Because today he oversmoked or drank,
Dear sirs, you have your varying selves to thank.

Not us to laud or curse for what we seem.
Methinks your praise and blame are both extreme.

Woman is not a demon, or a saint—
Divine she is, but with a mortal taint.

A creature formed by Nature to be human
And mate with man, and, therefore, made—a woman.

Unlike enough that he may seek for her,
And like enough to sometimes weekly err.

So human that she puts his heart on fire,
And so divine she bids his soul aspire.

His puzzle—punishment—and recompense,
With senses, sensibilities and sense,

(She set God wondering at His own great skill)—
She sees man as he is—he sees her as he will.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Journal.