

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep moon shone and the
Wreathed street and square, mountain and moor.
The day was his creed?
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silent in his fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering leaves the leaves: a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping and dead,
"What was his creed?"
The poor man knew.

He had great faith in leaves of bread
For hungry people young and old.
And hoped inspired, kind words he said
To those who shuddered from the cold;
"For we are bread,"
As well as yeast,
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust:
His faith in words he never wavered.
To love to share his place for food and
With all mankind who needed it.
"A friend was he,
"What was his creed?"
He would not say.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity,
Sweeter his heart was fed.
Let us take heed,
For we are bread,
"What was his creed?"
"What his belief?"

THE LONE CABIN.

I had ridden hard and fast, and was
astonished to find myself coming into a
straggling settlement, the course
which I should have taken there was
nothing of the sort. Somewhere I had
crossed the right trail and taken the
wrong one. Almost any traveler in the
border sections would have been glad to
thus stumble upon a place for food and
refreshment. Not so with myself. In
the breast pocket of my coat I carried
five thousand four hundred and ninety
odd dollars, United States money. I
had received this amount from Maj.-Gen.
T. M. Lacey, and was on my way
through to Fort L., and placed in the
hands of Col. Ass. F. Southard, to defray
necessary army expenses.

"Get through with your best gait,
Carney," said the major, "the money
is long since overdue and Southard's
rather irascible temper must have been
tried to the utmost. You know how the
soldiers get to growling if uncle is at all
delinquent in paying up. Bide in a
careless indifference, and you will think
that any one dreams of the arrival of
this money—save, of course, the mail
agent and the clerk who delivered me the
packages."

"I was directed over an unfamiliar
section, hence my losing the trail. I
considered it my safest plan, so long as
I had blundered upon the verge of the
settlement, to boldly enter and rest as an
ordinary traveler would do. Should I
spare hurriedly on, I might, by that very
act, excite suspicion."

"There were only two men in the bar-
room when I entered; the landlord and
the hostler. Under his familiar cor-
dially the landlord furtively eyed me in
a manner that made me wish with
meat and potatoes, but I had
done with my job, but I
with the thought that it was the
conscience of the responsibility reposing
upon me that caused his glances to dis-
turb me. Before I had finished my sup-
per two more travelers rose up, called
out for the hostler, ordered drinks,
or rather one of them came in with the
orders, and the other threw himself down
on a bench outside and began loading a
huge pipe. Strolling carelessly about
the room, I scanned the faces of the
border ruffians. There was a large
red mustache, the thick, hairy
and the shoulders hunched up around
his head, suggesting the shape of a
mammoth clam—and the voice with a
deep down intonation like the pop,
plap, plopp of the paddles of the
jug. If the description of the notorious
renegade is inelegant, it has the merit
of truthfulness, and must, therefore, be
excused.

A shrinking, pale, and cowering woman opened it.

"What is it?" was her first question,
noticing my breathless haste.
No, no; there is no place, she
gasped, her quick eyes catching the
sound of the coming horsemen. "This
is all the room there is—and there is
neither cellar nor attic."

"But this!" I exclaimed, rushing for
a dark object in the corner.
"It's a coffin," was her quick response;
"but there's no other chance—they are
turning up to the door—get in."

"Here you, Dick,"
The woman threw her apron over her
head and opened the door.
"Where's Dick?"
"Oh, he ain't—Jen, hev yer hurd a
horse go by to-night?"
"Yes, only a little while ago—a small
man?"
"Yes—driving like the devil."

"Yes—driving like the devil,"
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But Bill Wolf must have been of a sus-
picious nature. I heard him leap from
his horse and strike with a jarring plank
upon a scolding fire was
burning on the stone hearth. I could
imagine Bill's attitude—had a hand
on each door-casing, his brutal head was
thrust inside the room; and he was peering
about the apartment.
"What in heaven's name is that?" he
questioned; and my heart stood still, for
I knew he spoke of my retreat.

"It's Stauffer's coffin," Dick is a going
to carry it over to-night."
"Stuffer" ejaculated the desperado, "as
he made his bed, so let him lay—buz-
zards are the sextons for the likes of
him."
The woman sort a groaned, and then I
heard Wolf go up and joggle the rain
barrel at the corner of the cabin, and
finally go away with a rattling noise.
"Hain't far off, he couldn't stick to
that blind critter when he began ter
hurry."
"What shall I do, what shall I do?"
gasped the woman; "they will be back
in twenty minutes, for he knows your
horse is in sight, not more than
three-quarters of a mile off, and my hus-
band is liable to come at any moment."
"But with him inside the house we
might—"

"With him!" she emphasized it in
despairing tones, "he's Bill Wolf's
brother."
I was out of the coffin in a trice then,
you may well believe.
"What for, for you any way," she
muttered, "for to hear the rattle of Dick's
axles already."
"Stay, there's the rain barrel," said
I, in desperation, "they've tripped that
one, they may not again."
And before you would be able to
speak a word, the water was dashed
out of the cask and steaming down into
the arid soil, and I was in the barrel,
and the woman dropping a tub half
filled with water in at the top as a cover.
The man had barely time to enter the
house, and the door was slammed shut,
when a rattling vehicle drew up at the
door, and I heard a hoarse voice raving
and swearing at the woman for some-
thing or other, and then the heavy
knock-hole, the plug having been
dislodged in the upsetting of the cask,
I saw the furious return of the three
renegades.

There was a good deal of loud talking,
and explanations, and oaths, and stir-
ring up of hot noses, and high words,
about the cistern in the corner, but both
Dick and the woman seemed sore about
that matter, and the man peremptorily
refused to join the hunt because of the
coffin.
"Well, you're going our way a piece,"
said Wolf, "likely enough you'll have
the fun of seeing us wing the turkey."
The conversation was distressingly
personal, made acutely so by Dick ask-
ing:
"Is there water enough out there,
Jen, to drink my horse?"
"I'll see," she returned, moving slow-
ly over the door-sill, and then leaning
to the cask, she lifted out the tub, and
tipped my prison over her head, so that I
could spring out. I was behind the
cask when Dick came to the door and
chirruped his beast up to the tub to
drink.
"I'll go with you as far as the forks,"
he said, as two of them came out with the
coffin and slid it into the body of the
wagon. They then stepped back, prob-
ably to call the others.
"At that moment a wild and desperate
plan entered my brain, but feeling for
my knife, I found that it was missing,
and with a brief time to which I was
led. In the sudden panic which the
falling stool had given me, the girde
had been snapped and lost without my
knowledge. The horses of the three
renegades were in the yard, and I was
relying on the hostler of the inn, among
them—were hitched on the farther side
of the door, where the moonlight, striking
by the end of the cabin, rested fully
upon them. It was suicide to attempt
seizing one of them; but as the woman,
with some purpose in her mind, sang out
to the men to come back and get the last
dipper-ful of liquor which she had
mixed, I seized the only alternative. I
sprang lightly into the wagon, lifted the
coffin and again crawled into the
long, narrow prison.

There was no choice. The flood of
moonlight had swept so far toward my
hiding place that only a part of my body
was concealed by the barrel, and I knew
that discovery was inevitable, for the
hostler was standing in the position that
he was in order to recover the reins he must
have trodden upon me, and there was no
earthly thing, as far as the eye could
reach over the plain, behind which a
man could hide. Ah, but what if he
should see me in the night? Can you
think how my heart pumped away at the
thought? You wonder what my plan
could be? I had none, other than the
hope of having only one man to deal
with, if he were on his way as he calcu-
lated. The three ruffians were mounted,
and all were about to start, when the
woman ran out with some sort of a blan-
ket, and muttered something about cov-
ering the coffin. The man yelled out to
her to mind her own business, and let the
thing alone.
She retreated with the cloth, but she
had accomplished her purpose. In its
fold she had concealed a bowie knife;
under its cover she had raised the lid and
dropped the weapon inside, risking her
life as she did so, as fell upon me; but in

THE MOMENTARY NOISE AND CONFUSION I HAD GOT THE WEAPON IN MY HAND, AND WITH HIS POINT RAISED THE HEAVY LID OF THE ROUGH BOX THE FRACTION OF AN INCH, SO THAT BREATHING WAS EASY IF MY POSITION WAS CRAMPED.

The three horsemen spread out, re-
marking to each other: "Beat up the
game now speedily before, by any mir-
acle, he gets into the wooded belt by
Dunford's Springs." "I'll be bound,"
they continued to halloo at each other
for some time; their liberal potations
surmounting their discretion.
"Dick," they called back as they were
driving off, "a cool twelve hundred
spice; throw out your old shell and join
the hunt."

The driver mumbled something, but
the whiskey had thickened his speech so
that it was unintelligible to me.
If he did attempt to move the coffin, I
was lost.
They kept within hailing distance for
the length of some three or four miles,
Dick smashing the heavy wagon along at
a stumping gait; and I expected every
moment that my shell would be jostled
out.

By and by, there was a shout off to
the right of a "tally ho" as if the hun-
men had sighted the quarry. Nothing
but an unwarrantable amount of liquor
could have influenced them to conduct
themselves as they did, for so soon as
they had called out from the right, then
Dick came to a sudden halt, leaped from
the seat, and ran off toward those who
were hallooing.

For one instant my heart stopped
beating, as the thought of the hazard
which I was about to incur flashed
momentarily through my mind. A few lightning-like strokes,
and I had severed the traces and the hold-
backs of the harness.
The whole scene is vividly pictured in
my mind. The moon-lighted prairie, the
little rattle toward which the renegades
were dashing, the wagon standing in the
trail—the rattling of the falling
things reached the ears of the party, and
with a wild yell they turned toward me.
I was on the horse's back, but boldly de-
fined by the moonlight. There was the
sharp report of two rifles. I felt a sting
in my foot, another in my shoulder, but
the horse was unharmed and the race for
life began.

There was a disheartening disadvan-
tage for me, for I had no saddle, but I
was riding for my life, and I held my
steed between my knees, and took the
broad trail with the fury of a tornado.
But the issue would rest mainly with
the horse. I knew nothing of the one
which I rode; I knew nothing of those
that were pursuing me, excepting my
own white-faced mare. She could run
like an antelope and out-wind a hurri-
cane.
On and on my steed, desperately
spurred with the point of my knife,
bore ahead, actually causing me to gasp
for breath; and not two hundred yards
in the rear rode my would-be murderers.

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"It was that unguarded boast," said
Mr. Bowen, "which the outraged wife
let out to punish her husband, which
led to his ruin. He had no other fault
but his jealousy and suspicion against
Beecher."
From that time on Theodore Tilton
had but one idea—a hatred of Beecher—
a jealousy, insane and morbid, which de-
voured him night and day.

Beecher's Dread of Beach.
Beecher, as is now admitted, should
have spoken to his wife. All who know
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which thrilled the audience like a
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gests the terrors that are in store. Beach
and Beecher are much alike in character,
and are almost equal in age, in stature,
in mind, and in the quality of his
preacher he would have rivaled the orator
of Plymouth church in mercurial wit,
brilliance of thought, and originality of
expression. On the other hand, if Beecher
had been as least as good as a common
lawyer in America against me than
Beach. During six weeks Beach has
seen this antagonist, like a huge ana-
conda, calmly waiting the proper
moment to crush and swallow him. For
this reason, and the fact that he is a
blunder in the case was the omission
of the part of the defense to retain the
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The Self-Abnegating Love of Tilton.
(Chicago Tribune Report.)
Question by Fullerton.—In answer to
a question put by Mr. Everts with re-
gard to your wife, you answered: "I
think my wife loves everything good and
noble, and the gallant soldier who has
day she is a good woman." Now, I want
to ask you the foundation for that belief,
in view of this charge that had been
preferred against your wife. In other
words, how you reconciled that state-
ment with the fact that she is charged
with adultery?
Answer (hesitatingly).—Well, sir, that
is a sad question. I can answer only for
my own judgment of her behavior—
not for other people's opinions. You
must remember that I saw Elizabeth
both when I was 10 years old; that I be-
came her confessed lover at 16; that I
was married to her at 20, and that, for
fifteen years of our married life, I held
her in the highest reverence, and at the
point of making her an idol of my
worship; and when she came to her
downfall it was the necessity of my own
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Other people might blame, but I must
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I thought she sinners like one blind-
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bidding if, like the heathen priest in
Hindoo, he had made her throw her child
in the sea, or cast herself under the
wheels of a cart. That was my excuse for
Elizabeth.

As he spoke thus sorrowfully of the
weak woman who had tangled her own
infidelity in the net of her ruin, his
voice faltered, and he began to tremble.
There was a great silence in the room,
so that the rustle of a woman's dress was
heard clearly by every one. All eyes
fastened upon Elizabeth Tilton, whose
cheeks were crimson, and who shrunk
from the glare of curiosity like a wound-
ed animal. Beecher's own gaze was
fixed upon the gas-jets in the ceiling.

THE BROOKLYN BATTLE.

The Alleged Creed of Mrs. Tilton.
(Tilton's Evidence.)
She said she was not judged by me
nor her mother, that she loved God and
did not believe in God would have per-
mitted her to enter into those relations if
they had been sinful, and she said par-
ticularly that neither her mother nor I
had made it the business of our lives to
understand what she did, or wrote an
article in which Beecher was a clergyman,
a great and holy man, and that he
had repeatedly assured her that their
relationship was not sinful, and she did
not see how it could be sinful. He had
told her that love justified all; and she
rested on Beecher's own words, and
expression was a shake of the hand, an-
other was a kiss on the lips, another was
sexual intercourse—that it made little
difference what the expression was, if
the love was right; its rightfulness just-
ified all the various expressions of it, and
that she believed, before God, that her
love for Beecher was right, and his for
her was right, and, therefore, she did
not see how any of the various ex-
pressions of it could be sinful; that she
rested on Beecher for that, since he had
told her so over and over again.

Ell Perkins Speaks.
Ell Perkins writes as follows to the
Chicago Journal:
Theodore Tilton looked upon himself
as a gentleman, and his wife as a pigmy.
He never consulted her about literary mat-
ters, told her frankly that he was ashamed
of her, and that he was married to a per-
son beneath him in intellect. Mr.
Beecher, on the contrary, regarded Mrs. Tilton
as a woman of great talent and great
abilities. When I asked him to explain in
what way Mrs. Tilton was remarkable,
Mr. Beecher replied:
"Why, sometimes she has good
judgment, and she asks the right
questions. She is a Judge on a moment, and
the next moment a giggling girl. She once
wrote an opinion on a grave question—the
Byron disclosure—which so enlisted
my attention that I went to a good many
friends, and finally I sent it to sister
Harrie: I have read literary passages
for her many a time, in which she sug-
gested the wisest and most subtle
changes."

But, to go on with the story. Mr.
Bowen, of Brooklyn, told me that once,
after Tilton had returned from a lecture
tour, he was berating his wife, saying
she was a mediocre woman and not a fit
companion of a man of his intellectual
level. She was then surrounded and
comforted by her friends, who
praised her for her intelligence and
abilities.

"You may not think me worthy of
your love, Theodore, but I know a bet-
ter man than you, grander and more dis-
tinguished, and I would rather be his
wife than yours." "It was that unguarded
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vic. Goes for Theodore Again.
Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull publishes
the following in her paper, Wood-
hull & Claflin's Weekly—respecting the
Tilton-Beecher case:
"In reply to the many who are some-
what acquainted with the basis of the
charges regarding the relations that existed
between Mr. Tilton and myself, and who
are insisting that I shall not rest another
moment under the imitations cast upon
me by him in his evidence of Tuesday
last week, I ask them to be patient. I
am the one more deeply interested than
anybody else, and if I can afford to wait
for my justification, others can surely
afford to do so with me. I am aware
how indignant many of my friends feel
on a count of the slurs cast upon me,
but through me upon the cause of social
reform, by Mr. Tilton. But I have
learned that the laws of immutable jus-
tice always eventually bring the truth
and the right uppermost; and I can bet-
ter afford to let them run their course
than to possibly abort their purposes by
attempting to interfere to forestall their
judgment."
"I decided before the trial began to
not interfere in any manner with its pro-
gress. If Mr. Tilton thinks that, with
the rendering of the verdict, this case
is finally closed, he will learn his error
possibly too late. The verdict of the
jury is inviting upon his head. The infi-
nitely greater and more important part
of this case will be undecided when this
trial shall have closed. It is in the ver-
dict that shall follow the one which the
court will render that I am chiefly inter-
ested. The mere present is nothing
when compared with the infinite future.
He may struggle now to make the shadow
he has cast upon my name and fame
disappear, but when he stands before the
bar, as he now pretends to for what has
passed.

After this trial is closed, I shall have
a plain, simple statement of facts to
make, in which there is set forth the
truth in detail about all that has occurred
since the 22d day of May, 1861, in which
any of the parties to this scandal were
involved. That statement will be all
that is required to confirm the truth of
the facts of Mrs. Tilton's testi-
mony regarding her relationship with
me. Wait patiently for it, as I shall
wait to give it."
"VICTORIA C. WOODHULL."

Frozen to Death in the Water.
The Nashville Banner gives the fol-
lowing particulars of the terrible death
of two men:
"About dark last evening, while two
men, whose names we were unable to
ascertain, were seated in a canoe, engaged
in catching the driftwood floating down
the Comberland, not far above the wa-
ter-courses and close to the shore, the
canoe was thrown down into the
depths of the river. The river was
not very deep at the point where the ac-
cident occurred, but as they were un-
able to swim, their condition was certain-
ly a very critical one. Their canoe
was a simple wooden one, and they were
not prepared for the cold water.
They raised their voices to the highest
pitch, and cried lustily for help,
but the rescue, though longed for, did not
arrive until the men had been some time
under water.
Their cries were at last heard by a
gentleman riding near the bank of the
river, and, answering his inquiries, they
saw the light of a boat, and were saved
at last. The man who rescued them
was a sportsman, and was engaged in
a party of shooting. He saw the canoe
at a distance, and, seeing that the men
were in danger, he immediately started
his horse, and rode down to the spot
where the canoe was. He saw that the
men were in a very bad state, and he
immediately took them out of the
canoe, and placed them on the bank.
The men were then taken to a hospital,
but they died before they could be
relieved. The cause of the accident
was as follows: The men were engaged
in catching driftwood, and they were
using a net to catch it. The net was
tied to the canoe, and when the canoe
was thrown down, the net was also
thrown down. The men were unable to
swim, and they were drowned. The
cause of the accident was the care-
lessness of the men in not securing the
net properly. They were engaged in a
party of shooting, and they were not
prepared for the possibility of an ac-
cident. They were careless, and they
were punished for their carelessness.

Reasoning Power of Animals.
Rev. J. G. Wood has lately published
a work entitled, "Man and Beast Here
and Hereafter," in which he has ad-
vanced the theory that, by reason of their
intelligence and sagacity, the lower
animals will share with man the
inheritance of immortality. The hypothesis
is sustained by a multitude of curious
facts concerning the habits of animals,
which tend to show that many dumb
creatures are capable of carrying on a
process of thought, and possess an ab-
solute power of reasoning. In treating of
the ability of insects to hold counsel and
communicate ideas with each other, Mr.
Wood adduces the following interesting
fact: "A bee, when a small insect, is en-
dowed with thinking principles."
A good example was witnessed by me
last summer. At breakfast-time, some
pieces of the white of an egg were left
on a plate. A wasp came in at the win-
dow, and after gazing about for a few
moments, alighted on the plate, went to the
piece of egg, and tried to carry it off. Wishing
to see what the insect would do, I
would not allow it to be disturbed. Af-
ter several unavailing attempts to lift
the piece of egg, the wasp laid it down
and flew out of the window. Presently
two wasps came in, flew direct to the
plate, picked up the piece of egg, and,
in some way or other, contrived to
carry it out of the window. These two
wasps evidently the first wasp, and a com-
panion whom it had fetched to help it.
I had a kind of suspicion that, when
the wasps reached their home, they
would tell their companions of their
success, and so I put some more
egg on the plate and waited. In a very
short time wasp after wasp came in,
went to the plate without hesitation,
and carried off a piece of egg.
The stream of wasps was so regular that I
was able to trace them to their nests,
which was in a lane about half a mile
from my house.
The insect had evidently reasoned
with itself, that although the piece of
egg was too heavy for one, it would
be carried by two; so it went off to
find a companion, told it the state of
things, and induced it to help it in
carrying off the coveted morsel. Then the
two had evidently told the other inhabi-
tants of the nest that there was a supply
of new and dainty food within reach,
and had acted as guides to the locality.
Here is positive proof that these insects
possess a very definite language of their
own, and it is impossible that human
beings could have acted in a more rati-
onal manner.

CAPT. JACK'S BAND.

How the Modocs Are Flourishing Nowadays.
The nearly-forgotten Modocos are
brought to mind again by the following
article from the San Francisco Bulletin
of Jan. 30:
"B. Meacham, Chairman of the
Modoco Peace Commission, has finished
the manuscript of his book entitled 'The
Wigwam and the Warpath,' and proposes
to publish the work within a few months.
He does not confine himself to the
relations between the Modocos and neighboring
tribes during the last few years, but
gives the impressions received while
dealing with the red man and his affairs
for a period of thirty years. The preface
to the volume was written by William
Phillips. Mr. Meacham will anticipate
the publication of his book by a lectur-
ing tour through the United States with
a delegation of noble red men and women
who have gained distinction of one sort
or another, within the last decade. Dur-
ing his recent visit to Oregon the lecturer
ing the services of O. C. Applegate,
of Yainor reservation; Frank Riddle,
and Riddle's Modoco wife—'Toky'—the
woman who was messenger between
Capt. Jack and the Commissioner, and
who was the latter of the treaty, and
who resulted in the death of Gen.
Canby and Dr. Thomas; David Hill, a
Klamath chief; Teumseh, a medicine
man; George Hardey, a Rogue River,
and his wife, 'Maggie,' and these people
are now at Sacramento, where they
will be announced to lecture on
Monday evening. Early next week he
will start for the East, halting on the
way to gather a few more Indians. Mr.
Meacham has received permission from
the government to make up the Modoco
Indians by selecting such per-
sons as he desires from any of the reser-
vations, a privilege which others have
vainly sought. The government authori-
ties at Washington have gone out of their
course to assist Mr. Meacham, and the
fact that he was trained by the de-
partment of the Modocos being paramount."

The ex-Commissioner relates that he
visited the exiled Modocos on the 20th
of November and had an excellent oppor-
tunity to inquire into their situation. The
Indians have been allotted several thou-
sand acres of land in the northeast cor-
ner of Indian Territory, on the Quapaw
reservation, and are under the charge of
an Indian agent. When Mr. Meacham
arrived at the agency, the railroad station,
the attention was directed to a party of
Indians engaged in playing the peaceful,
and effeminate game of croquet. He
was particularly interested by the stylish
appearance of the tallest and clearest
of the players, a fellow who entered into
the spirit of the game with remarkable
earnestness and was completely absorbed
in the manipulation of the ball. The In-
dian was attired in points of a fashionable
cut, including a high-crowned hat, a
hat of the pattern peculiar to the
Quakers (tall and brown and broad-
rimmed), a paper collar and red neck-
tie, and high-heeled boots with tassels.
Around his waist was a long sash of red
silk, and he wore a pair of white
trousers, which he had secured at the
agency. He was a man of the most
refined and polished appearance. The
Indian under discussion looked up, saw the
visitors, and dropping his mallet, rushed
to the stage to take the agent's stage.
He took the infant in his arms, he
caught sight of Mr. Meacham, and his
face was overspread with a look of wild
delight, and for a moment it was evident
that he felt himself in a quandary. This
was Bogus Charley, an Indian more con-
sidered the treasurer than the agent of
Meacham. Bogus Charley had sup-
planted Scarface as chief of the tribe, the
agent not knowing the antecedents of the
man, and deeming the former an Indian
of superior intelligence and a more
reliable ally. Bogus Charley, who was a
wealthy man, had a fine farm, and
was a member of the local church.

One of the strange and most horrible
of sensational incidents took place
the other day at Pateaux. A party of
children who were playing in the environs
discovered floating in the air and partly
entangled amid the branches
a white parcel, upborne by means
of some twenty or thirty little red toy
balloons, which were attached to it. The
attention of the police being called to
the singular object, it was brought down
and the package opened, which proved
to contain the corpse of a new-born in-
fant. Investigation into the matter
brought to light the following facts:
The child was that of a poor toy-maker
who was employed in the manufacture
of the latter the husband had died sud-
denly, and all the household goods and
chattels had been seized for rent. The
unhappy woman was driven mad by this
accumulation of misfortunes; she killed
her infant, and then went out and threw
herself into the river, leaving behind her
a written paper, in which she declared
her intention of committing suicide, and
said that she "had gotten her baby all
ready to go up to heaven." A sad tale
with a stranger termination. It would
be hard to find. The toy balloons evi-
dently had formed a part of the dead
husband's stock in trade.—Paris letter.

Caught in His Own Trap.
Prof. Bradford and a male associate,
permeating showmen, appeared in An-
tioch this week, with flaming posters,
announcing a mysterious "box trick," the
wonder of the nineteenth century. The
Professor exhibited a wooden
box, the lid was closed, and a candle
locked, when in a few seconds he re-
appeared in the room, freed from his tem-
porary imprisonment. No one attended
the humbug, and consequently the im-
postor found themselves wanting in
coincidence with the Professor, and
leave for San Francisco. The philo-
sophic Professor was in distress, and re-
sorted to his profession to secure passage
on the boat. He entered his box, which
was placed on board the boat as freight,
thinking to come on deck after the col-
lection of tickets. In the meantime some
wicked youth informed Capt. Stowel of
the ruse, who, seeing the box, asserted
that it had a suspicious lock, and ordered
his men to throw it over board, or split
it open with an ax forwirth. As the deck
hands were about to cast it into the sea
the professor saved for mercy, and was
classified to fresh air. The fare was
paid.—Antioch (Cal.) Ledger.

KISSING THE CHILDREN.

Kisses in the morning
Make the day seem bright,
Filling every corner
With a pleasant light;
And what happiness is theirs,
When the pillow they are pressing,
Departs, and gives no kisses
To the children in the morning!

Many think it folly
Many say it's idle;
Many much depending
On whose lips you kiss;
But the truth is this I find,
And I'd have you all take warning,
If you cover one's face
Kiss the children in the morning!

Kisses in the evening
When the lights are low,
With affection's glow
And the angel swarms in numbers
Round the pillow they are pressing,
Who are woe to peaceful slumbers?
To dear one's fond caressing.

Kisses in the morning
Have a special grace;
Kisses in the evening
And it seems to me that this
For indulgence lawful reason;
Sweetest halcyon hours
Are never out of season!

Wit and Humor.
A Pacific fee-male—Irwin.<