

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth Were there no little people in it : The song of life would lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, no buds to grow, And make the admiring heart surrender, No little hands on breast and brow, To keep the thrilling love-cords tender.

No habe within our arms to leap, No little feet toward alumber tending ; No little knee in prayer to bend, Our lips the sweet words lending.

The sterner sculs would get more stern, Unfeeling natures more inhuman, And man in stoic coldness turn. And woman would be less than woman.

For in the clime toward which we reach, Through Time's mysterious, dim unfol The little one's with cherub smile Are still our Father's face beholding.

Lafe's song, indeed, would lose its charm Were there no babies to begin it ; A doleful place this world would be Were there no little people in it.

CAIN

There was blood on the hand, not visible to the eye; to the sight it was only a brown hand, tanned to the sun, rather delicate for the hand by a miner; yet there was blood upon it. The soul could see it, even if the eye could

There was blood, too, on the brow. True, the light of the sun revealed it not. Only the smooth forehead, with high temples, and a full swell to the brain; rather scholarly; rather intelligent than otherwise; rather an unusual face in its refinement for a rough mining life; yet, there was a broad stain of blood upon it a horrid, crimson stain. No water could wash it away. True, the skin was fair come of days upon the desert, and a. faint line where the hat pressed; yet, with the vision of some subtle inner sense, one saw the hideous smear of blood there; saw it in the despect days sense, one saw the hideous smear or blood there ; saw it in the deepest darkness of the black midnight.

I first met him at Camp Date Creek, Arizona, where I was awaiting orders to proceed to my own post. Rather a pleasant face, only reserved and still. I sat and talked awhile with him, pleased and did not molest him. The third day to find one who was intelligent, and who could converse well.

The hot sun of the June morning was pouring its heat down upon me as I sat, mtil I thought I must seek the shade of the tent. Then, I felt it come over me (once before I felt it when I sat by a man them from harming him. no was afterward hanged for murder); felt it-not a chill, not a shiver; my hands were warm and my pulse full and strong ; no, not a chill, certainly not a chill, but a cold, wordless horror.

One stands near a precipice. He is in no bodily peril ; yet a terror creeps and creeps, from the heart, along the branch-ing course of blood-vessels, out to the shade of a wagon, sleeping. I stood and tips of the starting hair. He is in no bodily peril; why does he stand ap-palled, and this terror come upon him-among old nu this bodily horror? Because the physi-Through every nerve it crics : Flee ! flee ! Tarry not! Death haunteth the brink ! Flee ! lest madness seize thee, lest the ish delusion. abyss charm thee, and thou cast thyself

the black veins, filled almost to bursting. I could not move. I still sat in the The livid face turned to meet the skies; the slim, sun-burned hands slow-

ly lifted to the heavens-lifted as the hands of one chained who sees the hang-ing mountains falling upon him. A look of horor came and settled down upon his brow. It was not fear; the look was too hopeless for fear. It was not despair; the look was too still, too quiet for despair. It was horror-cold, wordless, stony horror. The damned looked so, who lie in the deepest depths of hell, and know, as no mortal can know, that awful word eternity. They, in their torment, groaning, helpless,

look so. He was going on from the camp in company with a small party of travelers, who were about to start by the old miliwho were about to start by the old min-tary road, which passes by way of Wick-enberg, across the mouth of the Rio Salade, where it joins the Gila, below Maricopa Wells. He had by accident met them, and had arranged to travel with them. I noticed, however, when the particular the solid part monitor them. with them. I holiced, however, when the party left he did not go with them, but remained in camp. I did not ask him why, but, in some surprise, I spoke to a member of the party whom I met by myself. He seemed at a loss to reply; but looking around uneasily, he finally, with some hesitation, said that he did not like to travel with that man. They would not take the but there may some could not tell why, but there was some-thing about him that threw a dread upon them, which they could not shake off, So they had told him they preferred to travel alone. He did not look surprised,

but simply bowed his head, as though he had expected it. There was a look in the eyes as of one who felt himself in the grasp of fate against which he could not even struggle-a look of abject, hopeless submis

I thought of the voice of the sick man reading, "A fugitive and a vagabond reading, "A fugitive and, shalt thou be in the earth !"

The party left without him. He went the next day alone. The third day two other men went on the same road. A the last parties, murdered by the Apaches. His body they did not find. Many months afterward, when the hos-tile Indians had gone upon a reservation, one of them told of a war party waylaying

they killed two more men. When asked why they had spared the man who had

passed their ambush, traveling alone, he said he did not know ; only something, some strange feeling they could not un-derstand, had held them back, and kept Had the Lord set a mark upon him

"Lest any finding him should kill him?" I met him again, a year later, at Camp Bowie, Apache Pass, where I was then stationed. I was asked to go and see a sick man down upon the flat below the

When I was a child I used to hear,

among old nursery tales, one that a mur-derer always afterward alept with his eyes partly open. Children will hear and relate such odd fancies. As I grew older, of course, I knew better, and this shared the fate of my many other child-ish delusion. I stood and watched him as he slept. Strange! I shivered; it was foolish, but among old nursery tales, one that a mur-derer always afterward slept with his cal being shrinks from the contiguity of this yawning possibility of destruction. Through and relate such odd fancies. As I grew

Is the soul-horror that seizes one, when in the presence of great crime, like this, only in a most subtle sense ? Is it that the souls shrinks, starts back, shouts hat the souls shrinks, starts back, shouts Strange ! I shivered; it was foolish, but out with a dull, glazed, stony stare. Do the dead stare so in their graves ? Foolish ! I know it is foolish. I have seen sick people in the hospitals sleep with the eyes only partly closed—people who were near death. I know it is foolish; yet it was strange how those full eye-balls glared into the day with that dead, stony stare.

It is as though nature had gathered

all of the curses-heat, thirst, alkali, barrenness, death-all in one mass of hatred, and hurled it, a terrible anathema of eternal desolation, upon the earth. She has made it a Golgotha—a place of skulls. After giving to the other lands her blessings, the waving of green trees, the cooling flash of water, soft breezes, gentle sunshine, she comes here—like a madman, when the fit is on him, going away by himself to foam at the mouth, to rage, to gnash his teeth—she comes here with fire, with tempest, with the

dread simoon, and lashes the elements into fury. She hurls the blazing heat like a fire-bolt, licks up the last trace of moisture with a tongue of flame, sears the greaning mountains with burning winds, rides upon the relentless sand-storm—ruin bestriding red-mouthed devastation for a charger.

Or, it is as though God had repented Him of his anger, when he said, "Cursed be the earth for thy sake!"—as though He repented Him, and withheld His curse; and yet, that His word might not be broken, gathered up the bitterness of distilled it, concentrated it, the curse, grasped the very essence of it in His hand, and, raising it aloft, hurled it— one awful bolt of consuming wrath— downward, and it hit the northwestern

my office-a roving, good-natured fellow, with a strong appreciation of the advantages of money, but a chronic dislike to its acquisition by hard labor. The re-sult had been a life frittered away in wild goose chases after sunken treasures, lost mines, and other attractive, yet sad-

ly delusive, dreams of suddenly acquired wealth. This time he was just back, with his partner, from a search along the borders of Death Valley for the famous "Gun-sight lode." The story of the mine is briefly thus: Two of the survivors of the emigrant party which was lost in Death Valley in 1849, scaling the mountain to escape, found, by their report, a silver mine of surpassing richness. One of the men, as the story goes, picked out a piece of the virgin metal, and hammered it into a sight for his gun, to replace one which he had lost. I believe both men ditd without

having had the courage to go back, through the scene of their terrible suffering, in search of the spot. However this may be, the mine was lost. It is known all over the border to-day, as "Gun-sight lode." At various times

parties have searched for it, but always ansuccessfully. "We did not find the mine," said my

"We did not ind the mine, said my friend; "but one day, when toiling through the said in the edge of the valley, we came upon the dried, skinny remains of a man, perished evidently all alone. A note book, partly written, was caught under the body in such a manner that it had not been blown away. The writing seemed to refer in places to a

writing seemed to refer, in places, to a mine-possibly the Gun-sight lode; but

region, and are going to try our luck in Colorado, it will be of no use to us." hangs just above the mountain crest in the east—no longer angry, no longer red The man left the book with me. It is a small, leather-bound memorandum book, with tuck, such as one carries in a breast pocket; much dried by the in a breast pocket, much dried by the sun, and the writing (written with a pencil) often entirely effaced. The following is all that I have been able to decipher. I give it without any attempt to connect the narrative, or to fill the breaks. Indeed the writer to fill the breaks. Indeed, the writer seems to have observed little regularity in his record, if record it can be called: I saw him once again. I was settled in Los Angeles. I sat one evening in "Blood on my hand! A blurr of crimwhen, where, how? I know not. It ght have been on the high seas, in the y alums, in the lone bosom of the des known of no eye save the unsleepert, known of no eye save the unsleep-ing eye of God; but the brand of Cain was there. My voice was not changed; I did not move; no shrinking away; and he had not looked up. Yet he knew that the chill had come to me; he knew that my eyes that moment were opened; he knew, knew to the deepest depth of his "What is it? I am bewildered. Why im I flying as one who seeks the ends of am I flying as one who seeks the ends of the earth? Yesterday the earth had no palsied. ahrinking sonl, that I saw the crimson, the blood. Then the eyes—the carefully-veiled eyes, lifted to mine—only an instant lifted—with a horror, a hunted despair, like the look of the damned. The first horror for me. The sun was not veiled in blood. The winds were only winds-<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> horror. I never saw him again.

Walled by the mountains, doomed with a brazen sky, League after league the never ending sand Spreade like the ocean to the lifting eye. An agea, weary, long forgotten land— As curved in wrath, and smit with God's fierce hand. No cooling mist quenches the endless thirst That rules supreme the boundless stretches grand; Over its broad - xpane no storm clouds burst With hurling feet. 1' as land accursed. the eyes might betray me. I thought I was safe. I sat and talked. Then, all at once, I knew that the horror had come upon him, and that he saw. He said nothing ; he moved not. Yet I knew that the brand was laid bare to his eyes. Some power I could not resist compelled Some power I could not resist compelled me to look up-to meet his gaze. I read in his eyes the horror.

"The brand of Cain! The brand of Cain! Oh, God! it is upon me! For days and days I have wandered in the mountains, thirsting, hungering, trem-bling at the stir of a leaf. Yet death comes not to me. The wild beasts avoid me. The savages pass me by, and harm me not. I suffer, faint-but do not die. "A hope has come to me wandering here alone. Strange word !--hope ? A hope born of despair. I will go back. I cannot flee from the burning eye of God. It searches me out in the mountains. It lares upon me in the lonely desert. It consumes me. I will no longer flee. I will go back-back where I know the whil go back—back where I know the still face is awaiting me. I will kneel by it; kneef, and lift my hands to heaven and pray—pray. Pray him, my murder-ed friend, to forgive me; pray God to

look on and pity me ! "Is there hope of pardon? Oh, it seems to me, even now, that this brand upon my forehead grows dimmer. It eems to me, even now, that the bles thought comes like a cooling hand to my fevered brow. Fail not, O, my wearied feet, until I reach the side of that still face; and then I will kneel and pray; until pardon comes to me; pardon-or

downward, and it hit the northwestern corner of San Bernardino county. Men call the spot where it struck, "Death call the spot where it struck, "Death in the book for several pages. I resume at the point where it again becomes portion which I cannot decipher, I should judge, from the length of time necessary to travel from the region where the last seems to have been written to the spot indicated in the next portion, must have covered a period of several weeks. The record goes on, but very brokenly:

"The end of my wandering draws near, I am alone in the desert. In the distance I see the hill, so curiously align with the two high hills beyond, behind which I know the still face is waiting for me. I come. O, my murdered friend, pity me! I come. The hot sun pours down upon me.

have no water. My tongue is black and bleeding; yet I feel no thirst. My brain is on fire. Yet, one thought only pos-sesses me—there is the place—there, before me. Many weary miles yet, but there I will pray. My head swims. I

can-not-see. "Where am I? Ah ! now I recollect. I was walking in the day. It is night now. 1 must have fainted. I am lying in the desert. The still moon looks down upon me. A strange calm has come over a fancy name for being always at our me. The night wind does not howl at duty, and so sure to be ready when the

me now-it only kisses my face. Its kiss is peace. In the east the flush of the coming dawn reddens the mountain tops-not like red blood, but softly bright, like the glory about the brow of the pitying Christ. I am strangely calm. Ah! now I know—I am dying—dying. O God, let me thank thee at least for death.

"Strange! I no longer feel the brand upon my brow. Is it gone? Has the

the east—no longer angry, no longer red like blood. The warm rays touch my brow gently as a mother's kiss. I am or your nose ?" dying. With my last strength I write this, only this more, for a hope of pardon-only a hope. O God-1-thank-Thee !"-Overland Monthly.



when in the presence of great crime, like this, only in a most subtle sense ? Is it that the souls shrinks, starts back, shouts to itself an alarm lest madness seize upon it, too, and tempt it to the soul-death that it feels beside it i I know

not; I only ask. I sat in the hot sun, and the chill horror crept and crept over me. Then my eyes were clear; then I saw the crimson stain on the brow-the bloodsmear ; saw it, though the hat-rim was pulled down, covering all, even to the eyes, that were cast downward and never lifted to meet mine.

When, where, how? I know not. It city alums, in the lone bosom of the des knew, knew to the deepest depth of his shrinking soul, that I saw the crimson,

alayer so looked when the burning eye

The State of Trade.

It is two years and four months since the collapse of 1872 precipitated its gathered effects on the country, and there has been no marked progress made in revival from those effects yet. The event was called a panic, and it was be-lieved by many that the country would recover its old position as soon as the pang had passed away; that credit would be restored; that a new confi-dence would be diffused through the

would enter anew on that career of prosperity which had been marked by dividends of 10, 15 and 30 per cent. on not demon voices. Oh ! now I recollect. God pity me ! Pity ? I forgot; He can only curse me. Annihilate me. O God ! Blot me from the universe ! That would

