ACCEPTED.

How many years it's lain away, Unknown, unread, unseen, The little song I sent one day To that great magazine!

For I was very young, indeed, With hopes of rosy tint-I thought I e'en might live to see My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray, And life is fleeting fast, The longed-for-after long delay-"Accepted" comes at last. And in the joy it brings to me There lurks a mournful doubt If I shall ever live to see

That little song "come out." For magazines are fresh and strong, They grow not old and grav: And though it's true that "Art is Long," 'Tis not so long as they.

But we-we fade! With bitter pain I learn that well-worn truth. Alas! I shall not live to gain The che ished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song By others read or sung; I teel I can not live so long-I am no longer young! -The Century Magazine.

PAUL PERKINS PASSES.

But there was one within sight and hearing of these rare intellectual pleasures who was very miserable. The parted draperies at the windows revealed to him the guests of General Standish at the very height of their symposiac, the General himself at last the acknowledged symposiarch, but this view seemed only to increase the melancholy of this unknown onlooker. He turned and paced gloomily, meditatively under the great elms, on the awn of General Standish's residence n Leverby-by-the-Sea. Once in a while he glanced at the open window, hoping to catch one glimpse of her he yearned to see, whose voice he now and then heard with pangs of passion. At length a fair weman came to the porch and seemed to be about to venture out, and Paul Perkins rashly stepped forward, as quickly to draw back again into the shadows. For he had seen one with classic brow and breavy gold bowed spectacles step beside the young woman, and he heard the philosopher say:

"Be prudent, lady; the dew is falling, if you speak in this night damp let your lung air vibrate the local shords in your larynx gently, that inflammation set not in.'

"Dew!" she said gently. "Surely there is no dew, professor. That is but the license of poetry. It is the exhalation of vegetation to which you refer. How beautifully the moon functionates to-night! Leave me, professor, for awhite. I would meditate."

The scholar did as he was bid, returning to his fellows. Then suddensteps, out upon the greensward, her face strangely passionate in view of the recent calmness of it. She clenched her hands as though in agony.

Young Perkins saw her; heard her agitated breathing, and, unable longer to restrain himself, he came from his concealment.

"Minerva," he moaned.

ne neard nim. Snegave one quick no one, with impassioned manner she seized the young man's hand and fiercely dragged him to a place of concealment. Then she wildly turned upon him, and he saw her beauty, that it was marvelously enhanced.

"Paul," she said, "I'm flabbergasted. Go back not on mc. "No, how is it said? Don't you go back on

He gasped. "Drop that," she said, fiercely. "Oh, there must be reaction, or-or I'll fly-fly-off the handle. Stand there, Paul Perkins, and let me talk slang to you until I bring Minerva Standish back to earth again.'

And she did. When the reaction came she said to the wild-eyed young man: "If you ever talk anything more to me but downright Yankee dialect I'll let you slide off-away-no, I'll let you slide; that's it. Ch, how much good that does me! Now, that pop's won and is at last crowned one of them, let me be a frisky girl again; and you, you up brace-no, brace up, for my sake, Paul."

The young man became himself. In place of melancholy there was almost frenzy of joy.

"You make me pleased, Min. You're worth my life, but hang me if I could have kept up this cultured-mugwump rocket another month. It would have killed me. But the old gent will sour on me worse than ever, now he's high-cock-alorum among 'em, after trying so hard, ever since Blaine was nominated. I swear, Min, I've tried the culture and mugwump dodge on him for all I know. but it wouldn't wash."

"That's it, Paul. Talk to me some more like that. It does me good." "But, Min, how am I going to fetch the old man round? I've played my last card."

"No, you haven't. I'm just Boston girl enough to tell you how you can work a noise-no, racket-ah! I like that-that'll fetch him. First make him break all up-no; what is that term, Paul?"

"Break him all up, you mean." "Yes; splendid. Break him all up by joining the-the-oh, the Prohibition party. Tell him that's the evolu-

tion of mugwumpism. That'll make him swearing mad, and when he swears you can handle him. He hasn't sworn since he's laid on this-no, been on this lay; that's it. Then tell him he's got to be a consistent mugwump, and as you are an applicant for the office of son-in-law, make him examine you, give you a certificate, and send you to me. That's the wav the commission does, and I'm the appointing power in this business, commish or no commish. Then for taffy, just praise his horseback riding. Tell him there isn't a mugwump in Boston that has a better mount than he. Now, if I'm worth having I'm worth bamboozling pop out of his nonsense to

"But, Min, I can't praise his mount. Everybody laughs at it. It's like-"

"A pair of andirons describing a circle. Yes, I know; but that kind of taff always washes pop-no, that taff will wash with him. There's the professor looking for me. So long." And, resuming her intellectual cast, she returned to the parlor.

The next evening, dressed for the first time in six months in the most precise garb of fashion, Paul Perkins called on General Standish.

"I'm here on business, old man, and don't you forget it," said Paul Perkins in most elegant though peremptory manner.

General Standish looked inquiringly upon him. "Have you been dining with the St. Tobolphians?" he asked.

"No. But I want to say you've worked your little racket for a year and have at last won. You're in the cult, and are a boss mugwump. I worked my racket and it's no go, so I'm going to try another. I'm a prohibitionist, gone to join Faxon, and I'll get an interview in the Advertiser, telling how your mugwump business drove me into it, and how you are getting ready to take the mugs into that party yourself if you don't give me a fair show."

"Perkins, you've been dallying with the wine glass.'

"Not a bit of it. I'm myself again." "Then, -it, get out of my house!" "That's right. I knew old Adam was in you. You've been playing the cult, for all you are worth and have won. You can afford, between us, to let up a little. Now, examine me or I'll expose you. I'll give the whole racket away. By the shades of Eaton himself, if you don't examine me for the office of son-in-law I'll expose all your mugwump pretensions and give the whole snap away."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud, Mr. Perkins.

"Now, General," said the young man, more gently, "I want to say one ly the fair woman rushed down the thing. Yesterday I was seized with a fierce determination to win Minerva. Why? Well, I saw you out riding on Hannibai-fine horse-what grace, Like the trees that waved by the what dignity, what command -and I door, and the lilacs that blossomed said to myself, What philosopher can every year by the old gate, they had ride like that? The daughter of such to me always been so. able to say when any one sees you glance at the window that she might riding by: 'Doesn't that man ride know if any one saw her, and, seeing superbly? He's my wife's father.' That's the reason. Now I want to be examined."

General Standish smiled a knowing

smile. "What are you worth?"

"Five thousand a year." "A very satisfactory answer. Are you going to be a Prohibitionist?" "Not if I get the office. If I get the

office I'm after I'll be mugwump enough to let parties go to the devil. "Very satisfactory. What is the aim of the higher culture?"

"To put on lugs." "What necessity is there for the ex-

stence of the independents?" "Nothing succeeds like humbug." "Does my daughter love you?"

"That's for her to say." Here Gen. Standish took up his pen and wrote. Then he read what he had written, as follows: "I certify that Paul Perkins, having been exam-,

appointment to the appointing powyoung man, he added: "Here, take it, sir. You'll make a go of it; if you don't she will for you. She has served me well. Here, let me send for a bottle, that I may drink your health. You've done me good. I

frauds by the ears. But, Paul, don't give me away. Be circumspect." A half-hour later Paul, with gladsome face, gave the certificate to the

"I'll put you on probation for six inithful to her husband. fair Minerva. months, Paul," she said, sweetly .-

New York Sun. The Difference.

"What becomes of men who deceive their fellow men?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class.

"They lose the confidence of good people," was the prompt answer. "Very well, indeed. Now what be-

comes of women who do the game thing?" The question stumped the class for a

minute and then a little girl piped out: "They usually catches the man for a husband." - Omaha Herald. My mother was nowhere to be seen,

MRS, BROWN.

PUCK.

She is pretty as a fairy,
And her voice is soft and low,
And her chatter, light and airy,
Like a babbling stream doth flow. As she walks the long verandas Of our watering-place hotel, All the rustic Jane Amandas
Wish that they could be so swell, Wish that they could be so swell,
And her presence is so sunny,
As she flits about the place,
You'd suppose the bees for honey
Would go hunting on her face.
And you'd think, if she'd invite you
Just to call on her in town.
How immensely 'twould delight you—
That's

Mrs. Brown

Mrs. Brown. As your eyes in admiration
Trace her flitting here and there,
You are lost in admiration
Not unmingled with despair
O'er the happiness unbounded
That the lucky Brown has got, And you wish the chap confounded When you think what you have not Oh, she's very, very pretty— Yet, my friend, there's not a case Of scandal, gossip witty
Or the like, around the place,
Not a case of wicked chatter,
When you come to sift it down,
But you'll find that she's the matter-

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

Mrs. Brown.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait-painter who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before kad my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action or my little heart throbbed and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of my own home-what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment.

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little the great world afar off. Upon our parlor walls from my earlirst remem-I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvas, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames.

wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like form! How entirely unlike every person that I had ever seen or known would be this portrait painter.

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain, the hero was nothinggiantlike in the lithe, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish lace, shaded by soft masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, quite and mischier. His months is a manufacture of names, had nothing wonderful of striking by characterize it. He which to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace, he sought to win my knowledge of his art overpowered me. into my baby brain that I must not ined for the office of son-in-law, has like him, although the while, in spite been marked 100 in all departments. of myself, a preference for his opinions. He is, therefore, recommended for ways and looks, grew up strong with in me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, Then, giving this certificate to the but when we were alone I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, "now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the may want you by and by to help me atture he should call me Mrs. Haynes -little Mrs. Haynes-and should be very angry if everybody in the house set the whole lot of mugs and other did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and prop-

"Would I agree to this?" he asked. I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been wisting about my fingers, to meet my mother's eyefixed laughingly upon my lace. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine that crept nearly to the

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do or her to toss her head and throw his rifts carelessly by. All women wore lowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?' I glanced about the room again.

he wanted me to. "And would I consent to be called

little Mrs. Haynes?" "Yes, I would consent." "Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor should I ever look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?

"Oh, yes, that suited me! I like that!" .
"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to jet folks know that

some one owned me." "No, I didn't want a ring!" "Tut, tut, tut! That would never

do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing would I wear the ring?" 'No. I didn't like rings.'

"Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?" "No-I wouldn't like a ring at any

rate." During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he

strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring as he termed it. I was inexoraparture, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, and prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have

At last he went away from us. shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull, and cheerless it seemed to How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was no every-day grief that bore down on my young heart, no

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good-by!" My voice trembled and fund of knowledge! What an object fluttered upon the word. In my short life they were the hardest I had found

to speak. During the next two years no lady love could have been more faithful to her absent knight than I was to Frank Havnes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my school-mates I had no childish love, no juvenstory-books, or listened to my father lies to wait upon me to sleigh-rides as he talked of kings and courtiers in and parties that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come alone I would remain at home, whatever might be the inbrance had hung portraits of my ducements offered to tempt me from grandfathers and grandmothers, but my unswerving course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes

I was bent upon remaining. But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion a terrible rumor reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young and beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precocious hopes and plans, though for a long while I bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And-and-would he do this it he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some ore had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not made his appearance, scattering them belilve it, though the whole world mercilessly to the four winds. There stood up before me and testified to its stood up before me and testified to its

truth. As it to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced little mind to rights, the next coach sat Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement; he should have to put then I crept stealthily downstairs and a loaf of hot bread on my head stepped softly into the silent parlor, to keep me within bounds. childish favor I should have been had been engaged two years; I was 12 half across the room before I noticed quite at home had not the stunning years old, and a head taller than I was at 10. He was going to Europe It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept would I be when he returned? He did not dare to think. He believed I would be as tall as he by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of his

engagement.
"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls to-day, if my heart

should break for it, would you?" "No, I have none to spare." "Not one?" "Why?"

"Canse-"Cause what?" "Because she has heard strange re-ports of you, Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her

curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see.' "On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed, gayly, fixing his blue eyes upon my "And I trow I'm in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady."

I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. I'll never sit there

again, never!"
"My dear little Phebe!" There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear, blue eyes, as he uttered these words, followed by a

and so I said that I would wear it, if | rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.
"My dear little Phebe! May God

bless you!" I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet and conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plaingold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down-stairs! There is a gentleman in

the parlor who wishes to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams which I had been weaving all the long, golden July, afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon ble. A ring I would not wear. Not the carpet, with its leaves rumpled even when he made ready for his deared, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with a needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which as yet boasted but two stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little 6-year-old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?" "Don't know; it's somebody. Moth-

er says come down."
"Who can it be! An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bore down on my young childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Havnes.

Was to notice him very parameter as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick, springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and in the sum of the seemed something strangely familiar in them. gularly dear to me trembled upon my

lips—"Frank Haynes!"

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of 12 summers whom he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No. I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would he think? Would he care? Would he still remember tenderly the little Mrs.

Haynes of five years ago? Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror, which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large, gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned offered for him to show his superior away with a sigh, and glanced down to knowledge in presence of his own peoa superb horseman must be the most noble, splendid girl in Boston. I will win her. I want her, but I want to be able to say when any one sees you able to say when any one sees you worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down-stairs.' "I have a terrible headache. Charlie.

Please tell mother so," and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle. "Dear. dear! if they would but forget I murmured to myself, as the

hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away and I heard the sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the halffootsteps died away in the distance, where so lately he had been. I was that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he him to explain to the Comanche the had bestowed upon me five years be-

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to

see you." My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and releasing my hand he said, with a curl of his finely cut lips: Your pardon, Miss Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had grown to take a man thirty days to ride it upon

be such a fine lady! I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him But there was no pleasantry attempted on his part, and had for breakfast, His friend at New when my mother entered the room a few moments after and referred, laughingly to our engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreable one to

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, repeat what I had said to the Comand day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given recalled my unlucky was the fact, and that I had seen it, would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my

wretchedness. All the time that I could spend in now, captain; maybe so you lie."

my chamber without being absolutely rude was passed there till my strange unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our

"You appear so strange, Phebe," said my mother one morning. really do not know how to understand I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?'

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection, I cannot help it, Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe! My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it. "He does hate me, mother! hates me

"Your pardon, little Phebe-Miss Lester-but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—" He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from

"I am not cold, haughty, and proud," I said, excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well-

"What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.
"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, loved you—till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As

well as this, Phebe?" I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked was too busy with my dreams to that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes. "My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with

That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn, and at the supper-table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

Skeptical About the Telegraph.

A Government surveyor engaged in exploring some portions of the public domain had for his guide an Indian named Black Beaver. Beaver had visited St. Louis and the small towns on the Missouri frontier, and he prided himself no less upon his acquantance with the customs of the whites than upon his knowledge of the country then being traversed. He never seemed more happy than when an opportunity was my hand. Upon the third finger of the ple. The following, from the journal

ouacked at the same fire with Beaver. On visiting them one evening, I found them engaged in a very earnest, and apparently not very amiable, conversation. On inquiring the cause of this, Beaver answered .-

"I've been telling this Comanche what I seen 'mong the white folks." "Well, Beaver, what did you tell

"I tell him 'bout the steamboats, and the railroads, and the heap o' houses I seen in St. Louis. "Well, what does he think of that?"

"He says I'ze heap fool." "What else did you tell him about?" "I tell him the world is round, but he keep all 'e time say, 'Hush, you closed shutters, but clasped my hands fool! Do you s'pose I'ze child? tightly over my eyes till the sound of Havon't I got eyes? Can't I see the prairie? You call him round? He say, too, 'Maybe so I tell you somethink you do not know before. One time my grandfather he make long journey that way (pointing to the west). When he get on big mountain, he seen heap water on t'other side, just as flat he can be, and he seen the sun go straight down on t'other side.' I then tell him all these rivers he seen,

> Maybe so he not believe me? I told Beaver it certainly looked: very much like that. I then asked magnetic telegraph. He looked at me earnestly, and said,-

all 'e time the water he run; s'posethe

world flat, the water he stand still.

"What you call that magnetic telegraph?" I said, "You have heard of New York and New Orleans?'

"Oh yes," he replied. "Very well; we have a wire connecting these two cities, which are about a thousand miles apart, and it would a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times he inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer comes back-ham and eggs. Tell him

that. Beaver.' His countenance assumed a most comical expression, but he made no remark until I again requested him to

"Injun not very smart; sometimes he's big fool, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him maybe half a mile. You say 'Merican man he talk thousand miles. I spect you try to fool me