

The New Northwest.

FRIDAY..... FEBRUARY 12, 1875.

THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS.

I dreamt that some old dream again last night. I told you of once, and now: The sun had risen, and looked upon the scene; And then his hand and looked upon the shore.

As if he never saw the world before.

What mystery, what's unseen could it be? It was October, with the heart of May. How come time within love's calendar? It was the morning of our wedding day.

I only know I heard you happy-sing, Within my mind pieces, my mind lost; Within my mind pieces, my mind lost; You sang and took the pen, and laughing, You said, "no more this morning! Come away!"

And I, who had been dreaming, Within my dream some trifling thing before, My pen and I were both too tired to stop, Drove hither—dropped all my work upon the floor.

—And let you lead me merrily to the door.

And out into a place I never saw,

Where little waves came shrilly up and caried Themselves about our feet; and far beyond the shore, the ocean, and the world, we went. "We go," you said, "alone into the world."

The fisherman, passing up and down, And this and that, and the like, replied by. And busy women nodded cheerfully; And one from off a little cottage came, With quiet voices, where the vines hung high.

And wished us joy, and "When you're tired," We said.

"I bid you welcome; come and rest with me." But she was busy like the rest, and left Us only out of our world to be alone and happy by the sea.

And there were cast upon the sea, And this and that, and the like, replied by. And the shapes of shadows that I never saw; And faintly for I felt a strange moon stand. Yet still we were, hand in clinging hand,

And talked, and talked, and talked, as if it were.

Burton had stayed on that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and he concluded that his enemy was a coward and left him in possession, or else meant to play him some treacherous trick on the prairie.

Burton had stayed on that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and he concluded that his enemy was a coward and left him in possession, or else meant to play him some treacherous trick on the prairie.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that impossible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it. Had he been less of a frontiersman he must have perished there, within a furrow of his own house. But in endeavoring to keep the direction of the path, he heard a smothered cry, and saw something rise up covered with snow, and then fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward.

It was a child.

He did not remember that there was such a thing among the settlers at Newton. But he did not mean to let it alone.

He must, without delay, get himself and child, too, to a place of safety, or both would be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child, putting its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek, murmured "papa!" And Burton held her closer and sought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty, at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then, when he got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped his aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," she said.

"Kitty, Kitty are you?"

"Your Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither take Kitty out or leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, staving off the cold with wood, and laughed at her drill by the fire, and fed her on biscuits, fried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day the storm had subsided. It was forty degrees cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins and with much difficulty reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only a frost bite on his nose by the way.

"That child," said the woman to whose house he had gone, "is Jones."

"I send 'em take her over the wagon day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity, then rolled her up again and started out, "traveling like mad," as the woman said, as she watched him.

When he reached Jones' he found him and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief and unable to move out of the house. Kitty had given up for buried under some snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in with his bundle of buffalo skins, they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it and let out Kitty, and said, "Here, Jones, is this your pet kitten?" Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better to do than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said, "Burton, ole fellow!" and then choked up, and sat down and cried helplessly.

And Burton said, "Jones, ole fellow, you may have that forty-acre patch. It comes to mighty nigh make me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."

"No! you shall take it yourself," said Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And Jones actually decided his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

This is why this part of Newton is called "Kitty's Fort."

MIXED SCHOOLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

The "mixed-school" question at New Orleans is seriously complicated by the fact that the city itself is "mixed" to the degree. Besides the blacks, there are the browns and yellows, the light browns and the light yellows, the lighter browns and the lighter yellows, a perfect series of shades. Imperceptibly at the last into the orthodox Caucasian white. Where to draw the line?

A New York Herald correspondent reports the wealthy mulattoes and octocons greatly excited. As property-holders they have naturally been predisposed to side with the anti-Kellogg party; as fathers they find the present effort to exclude their children from the schools an outrage compared with which excessive taxes and diminished incomes become very easy to bear.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's voice, had taken the little pet out with him.

Jones poor fellow, chopp'd away until that awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by snow and half frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing

left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make sure of having enough to keep Kitty and his wife from freezing in the coming awfulness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones fled home too soon.

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