

ODDS AND ENDS.

A VOYAGE AT DUSK.

From England to England the way is not long. And the weather we find to be a jolly one. And the thrice of our passage goes ringing away. To stores that we find in the morning. A moment we linger and drift with the tide. They out of our little harbor we glide. Our cargo is snug and our sailors are here. We are ready for our journey, my dear. From England to England the way is not far. And our vessel we point to a safe or a star. And we whirling along to a haven that lies In the magical light of my little one's eyes. For our sails are unfurled, and the breezes are fair.

And the name of our ship is the Rocky Chair. For the billows it rides, and its rhythmic swing. From an answering tilt to the song that we sing.

From England to England the way is not cold. For my shelter and warmth is in the arms that I fold.

And the weary one finds on the welcoming breast. A harbor of peace and a haven of rest.

From England to England the journey is past. And the Rocky vessel is anchored at last. And the song that we murmur grows fainter and dies.

On the pillows of down where my little one lies. —Albert R. Palmer to Youth's Companion.

WAKALONA.

The old engineer and I had dragged our chairs round to the south side of the hospital and were enjoying as well as the weak and wounded could be expected to enjoy the mountain air and the morning. June was in the mountains, but the snow was still heavy on the high peaks. The yellow river, still freighted with floating mesh lo, splashed by on its way to Pueblo and the terrace cañons. The little gray, glad-faced surgeon came along presently and told Frank that he might go home on Saturday, and that made the old engineer, usually a little mite cranky and irritable, as happy as a boy about to be loosed from school.

"Say, Frank," I began, "have you ever known an Indian girl who could by any stretch of imagination be considered handsome?"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, placing his well-worn top of the railing and frowning in the force of habit. "We were at North Platte at the time, that being the end of the track, and I really knew a Pawnee maiden who was really good to look upon. I never knew her name. We called her Walk Alone at first, because she seemed never to mix up with the other squaws, but when Slide McAlaster, the head brakeman on the construction train, began to make love to her he named her Wakalona, which he thought a more fitting title, inasmuch as she had already been called by Colonel Cody the Princess of the Platte.

"Wakalona's father, Red Fox, was one of the bravest of the Pawnee scouts and his daughter was naturally something of a belle among her people. She was tall, tawny, graceful, willowy and wild. It was a long time before Slide, big, blond and handsome as he was, could gain the confidence of the stately princess. It was months before she would allow him to walk with her, and even then the feathered head of a jealous buck could always be seen peeping from the high grass and keeping constant watch over the girl.

"Wakalona, like the other women, worked in the fields when there were any fields to be worked and at other times made herself useful about her father's tent. Her mother was dead. She was the only child her father had, and he was very proud of her. In a battle between the Sioux and the Pawnee, near Ogallala, the Sioux had captured Wakalona, and her father and Buffalo Bill had rescued her almost miraculously from four of their foemen, three of whom they had slain. After that the Sioux had marked Red Fox and his daughter as their own, and many lives had been set to snuffing them.

"At North Platte Red Fox had planted a little field of corn, and it was here, when the sun was low, that Slide used to woo the dark-eyed Princess of the Platte. I used to watch her working in the field, and when we whistled she would always pause in her labors and look up to make sure that it was the whistle of No. 49, although she never looked up for the whistle of any other engine. I think, as she began to lose her heart to McAlaster, that she came to know the sound even of the bell and the rattle of the spring hangers on the old work engine. Jim was McAlaster's real name. We called him Jim, because he could never get a brake if he used both hands without twisting it up so tight that the wheels would slide, so marvelously strong were his long, sinewy arms. When we were coming into the Platte on a summer evening, Slide used to jump off the engine, where he always rode, open the switch, close it behind the caboose and then stroll over into the little corral where Wakalona worked.

"Now, she always knew he was coming, but, like her white sisters, she liked to play that she didn't, and I when he would steal up behind her and catch her in his arms (if no one was looking) she would start and shudder as naturally as a country schoolma'am.

"We went in the ditch one day, Slide had his ankle sprained and was obliged to ride in that evening in the caboose. I whistled as usual for the station, and in the twilight saw the Indian girl still working in the field and waiting for the sweet surprise for which she had learned to wait. As we pulled in over the switches I glanced out into the field again, feeling sorry for Slide and for his sweetest as well, but now she was nowhere to be seen. When we had made the big brakeman comfortable in the hospital tent, he signalled me ahead, and when I bent over him he pulled me down and whispered 'Wakalona,' and I knew what he meant. I found her father and told him that the brakeman had been hurt and asked him to allow his daughter to see the sufferer in the engineer's tent. Red Fox was much surprised. We had been an hour late coming in that evening. It was now dark, and Wakalona had not been seen by any

of her people since the setting of the sun. I told the warrior that I had seen her working in the field and was wearing the station, and how, when I looked again a moment later, she was gone.

"With a start the brave chieftain threw up his hands, and then, controlling himself with a great effort, he signed to me and I followed him out into the field. The Indian put his face close to the ground, and when he straightened up he looked all about him and said, 'Sioux.' I brought a white light from the locomotive, and by the light of it the wily Indian made out that two of the hated tribe had slipped up behind the helpless girl, and seized her and carried her away. Presently he brought a blade of corn to me, and upon it there was a tiny drop of blood, and yet he insisted that his daughter had not been killed. Later he assured me that she had not been carried, but had walked away, taking a different direction from that taken by the Sioux. Now I saw it all. She had heard our whistle, and while she waited for her lover the pantherlike Sioux had stolen upon her.

"What mental anguish must have had, had told her in his own way a story his mother had told to him many a time—the story of the Christ. 'Think of a big, awkward clown like me,' said Slide, 'trying to unravel the mysteries of the future—trying to convert this white-skinned woman who, without knowing it, has been the means of making me a better man.'

"I've noticed all along, though, that love of a good woman always makes a man gentler, braver and better.

"When Red Fox had explained to me that Wakalona had not been killed, but had wandered away, I urged him to call the events and search the plans for her, but he shook his head. 'It is true that my child has not been killed,' he said sadly, 'but she is dead. It is true that she still walks the earth, but she is dead to me and to all her people,' and the great brave bowed his head in silent sorrow.

"Then I remembered having heard that an Indian who had lost his scalp was looked upon as one demented or dead, and I knew then what had happened to the Princess Wakalona.

"My best bet to break the news to poor McAlaster was a question over which I pondered on my way back to the camp. He was strong and sensible. He had seen many a comrade pulled out of a wreck mangled almost beyond recognition. He had been in more than one Indian fight, but he had never lain helpless upon a stretcher and listened to a tale such as I might tell. And while I framed a story of how Wakalona had gone that very day to visit a neighboring camp the poor princess wandered over the prairie. All night she walked the trackless wilds, and when the stars paled she lay down upon the damp earth to sleep. She knew that she was expected to die, that she ought to die, but she shunned death, not from any dread of it, but for the love of life.

"No doubt she fully intended to die, but she would put the thought of it by for a little longer and dream of the pale faced brave. Ah, he might love her still; who could tell, for the white people were so strange. She slept and doubtless dreamed of the little field, of her father, of the twilight time and of the sweet surprise of her lover's arms about her, and then she started up suddenly, putting her hand to her head, and the recollection of her misfortune made her heart sad, and soon she slept again.

"When she awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. She was hungry and thirsty. The blood had dried, and now she went down to the river to drink and bathe her fevered face. Then she sat by the river for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not.

"She knew that she was counted among the dead by her people, and if she returned to them she would be drowned in this river when the sun should set. Late in the afternoon she came to a little station where there was a lone operator and a water tank. The station agent gave her food and offered her shelter, but she shook her head and asked him where the river lay. The spectacle of a woman wandering about half crazed, half starved and alone was a sad one, and the operator, feeling his own utter loneliness, tried to persuade her to stay. Pointing to the west, she began to chant:

"When the great red sun is half in the sky
And half in the earth, the dead must die.
And thus she bared her bowed head, and he saw the little round spot where the skin had been off away and understood. This revelation, however, caused the agent to re-usable Lis (sic), to save the hapless maiden from herself.

"After much coaxing he succeeded in getting her into his little room in the rear of the telegraph office, where she soon fell asleep. The sun went down and still she slept, and he knew she was safe, at least for another day. The darkness deepened on the desert, the evening wore away, the operator got 'Good night' from the dispatcher at Omaha and fell asleep in his chair. Presently he was awakened by a sound, as of a door closing softly. He stole into the little back room only to learn that his guest had gone. He stepped outside and listened, but save for the doleful cry of a lone wolf the night was voiceless, and he returned to his narrow room.

"Next day, when the sun was falling away in the west, the operator, sitting as his little table, noticed a shadow in the door and looking up beheld the sad face of the Indian maiden gaunter and scarier than before. Again he gave her

food, and from his medicine chest, which in those days was furnished to all agents and conductors by the company, he brought medicated bandages and ointment which he put upon her wounded head. After that she continued to come to him every day to accept meager meal and at night to steal away and sleep upon the prairie with one of the stars above her. At the end of fortnight she was almost well again. Now the woman that was in her native caused her to long for some one to whom she might tell her story, in which she might confide, and she told it, as well as she could, to the agent. He helped her to arrange her hair so as to hide the hateful scar at the top of her head, and persuaded her to return to her people. 'If the white man loved you, he will love you all the more now and will save you from your people,' they try to molest you, 'was the agent's encouraging advice, and she determined to return.

"Slide McAlaster's severely sprained ankle had become strong, and he was a work again. The name of Wakalona was never mentioned by the Indians, for to them she was dead. It was never mentioned by the whites when it could be avoided, for no one cared to tell the awful story to the brakeman, and so he lived from day to day, expecting her to come home. His was the only cheerful face in the camp during those two weeks. He was happy in the morning, hoping that the day would bring her back, and happy again at night, for there was one day less of waiting for her return. And she did come back. One night when the rain was pouring down she opened the door of her father's tent, and he was there to welcome her.

"The old scout was pacing his tent, for he had not ceased to grieve for his daughter, but now that she had returned to him, as one from the grave, her coming served only to augment his misery. At sight of her he had taken a step or two toward the tent door, and then, pausing to look upon her for the last time, his face grew grave as he pointed a long arm down the darkness. In a hoarse voice he uttered those ominous words, 'The shadows lie upon the shore to the river be gone.' With a despairing look the princess turned back into the rain, and he saw now a new danger confronted her. The guards had seen her at the tent door, by the dim light of a grease lamp, and now they seized and bound her. Her father had led to her the one chance of flight; the guards had shown less pity, and while she sat, bound and guarded, in a dimly lighted tent, her lover slept and dreamed of her coming, not 100 yards away. The day dawned grudgingly, the darkness seemed reluctant to leave the earth, the sun remained behind the dark clouds, from which the rain continued to fall in torrents. At noon the rain ceased, the sun came out, meadow larks caroled free in the blue above, and the hapless Wakalona lay fettered in a rain soaked tent. The story of her capture was kept a profound secret, for the Indians knew that the United States army officers would interfere if they learned that the princess was to be put to death. In the darkness of their ignorance they believed that they were doing her duty.

"On account of the rain we had not gone out that day, but late in the afternoon an order came from the dispatcher for us to run light to Omaha to bring out a train of steel. As we pulled out over the switches I noticed a great crowd of Pawnees down by the river near the railroad bridge. As we approached we could see that they were waving their hands and putting up weird signals. Now, as the engine, still creeping along, working the water out of her cylinders, neared the bridge, McAlaster suddenly cried, 'Wakalona!' and leaped from the engine. I stopped the engine, and looking over, saw Wakalona seated in a canoe, with her head bowed down almost to her knees. A stalwart Pawnee sat in one end of the canoe, holding a single oar, while another Indian, equally well proportioned, sat near the girl, whose feet were fettered and whose hands were bound behind her back. Now the whole band began to chant:

"The shadows lie upon the shore,
The dead shall walk the earth no more.
The sun set like a great, red wheel
That had sunk hub deep in the sand,
And when half the rim was below and half above
The earth the second stanza of the death chant arose from the river as the boat was pushed into the stream:

"When the great red sun is half in the sky
And half in the earth, the dead must die.
"Now for the first time Wakalona lifted her eyes, and the beheld her lover leaping from the canoe. A few strokes brought him within arms of the little boat, and he dashed aboard. The Indian at the oar stood up and faced him. The big brakeman, using his long right arm, caught the Pawnee under the ear, and over he went. Reaching down, he lifted the other Indian bodily, turned him half overboard, and all his might drove him into the sand at the bottom of the river.

"While the boat was being pushed toward the bridge, McAlaster cut the cord that bound the woman, raised the oar and made the land just below the engine. Lifting the girl in his arms, he ran up the derrick, placed her in the caboose, and we were off. As we reached the east end of the bridge I looked back and saw the faded land swarming in from the west, but even as they ran the sun went down, the death hour had passed and they turned back to their tents." —G. W. Warren in New York Sun.

GRANT AS A FATHER.

Nellie Grant Satterley says of President Grant: "My father was one of those men who impress their children with a thorough appreciation of their sterling worth. To me my father is not the soldier. He seems to the minds of so many, nor is it as the president of the United States that I think of him. He is and ever will be in my memory only my dear father."

DETECTED THE REPEATERS.

Innocent Fishhooks Which Caused Wholesale Arrest of Voters.

During the reconstruction times in Alabama, just after the late civil war, all of the state and county offices were administered by the Republicans. This was from 1866 to 1874, when the Democrats again secured control of the government and have held it ever since.

The election of George S. Houston, a Democrat, as governor in 1874 was one of the hottest ever held in the state, and many were the tricks practiced on both sides in that election. Possibly the most novel was a device put into operation at Mobile. Repeaters were common in those days, and this device was used by the Democrats to catch the negroes, who had learned the repeating trick. All of the negroes voted the Republican ticket then.

On the election day mentioned the polling places were opened, and the voting commenced. The Democratic election officers at the boxes had secured a stock of small fishhooks with which to carry out their new plan. Whenever a negro voted, an officer stuck a hook in the voter's vest front, where it could be plainly seen. After having exercised his constitutional right of voting, "Cuffy" proceeded to another polling place and sought to vote a second time. He was thereupon arrested and put in jail upon a charge of fraud. The scheme worked like a charm. By noon 176 negroes had been arrested and jailed. The whole sale arrests so frightened the negroes who had not voted that they refrained from going to the polls that day, and the Democrats won the election. —Chicago Times-Herald.

THE WHIPPING POST IN BOSTON.

Allice Morse Earle, in an article on "Punishments of Bygone Days," found in the Chapbook, after giving John Taylor the Water Post's rhymed description of corporal punishment in London, explains how rapidly flogging came into use in Boston.

The whipping post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held Nov. 30, 1690, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread, another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pilot." Then we read of John Pease that for "stryking his mother and deryding her he shall be whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians—all were punished by whipping. Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping post. In 1648, Roger South, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped. Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophecy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unwomanly carriage.

WELL NAMED.

The schoolboy was endeavoring to make one or two things clear to his father.

"You see," he said, "it's just this way: Every time Willie Jones gets into a fight he gets licked, but the goes around selling every one that he licked the other fellow, and so he gets the reputation of being a pretty good fighter."

The old gentleman nodded to show that he understood.

"And that's why we call him General Weyler," added the boy. —Chicago Post.

MOOD EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Hawkins (in the library)—Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! Am I awake, or is this merely a dream? Mrs. Hawkins—Goodness, Jeremiah! What has happened? Mr. Hawkins—Here's a magazine that hasn't got an article about Grant, Lincoln or Napoleon! —Cleveland Leader.

HE FEARS.

He was watching his neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance.

"Are you afraid the lad will fall?" was asked him.

"No," he replied. "I'm afraid he won't." —Tit-Bits.

RELATIVES.

"By the way," said the shoe clerk boarder, "Congressman Money?"

"I wonder if he is any relation of John Doe?" interrupted the cheerful diet. —Indianapolis Journal.

IT IS BELIEVED BY SOME NATURALISTS THAT...

It is believed by some naturalists that the like best establish sentinels at the rear of the nest to prevent the entrance of intruders.

Blood Poisoned.

FEARFUL RESULT OF IMPROPERLY TREATING AN ABSCESS.

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Painfully Afflicted from a Complication of Diseases—Her Remarkable Fortitude.

From the Chiefess, Pueblo, Col.

The hurry and bustle of the household is extremely wearing upon the delicate organism of womanhood. Her intense earnestness in whatever she undertakes, tends her constantly to go beyond her strength.

Read the story of a Colorado woman as told to our reporter eight years ago.

"My husband died, and I was left with three children to care for and educate. About two years ago I was very sick with blood poisoning caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment. The disease for a time settled in my throat, causing me intense agony. Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. For four months and a half I was a prisoner in my room, most of the time confined to my bed. My hands were swollen so that I could not feed myself, and the swelling in my feet and ankles would have made walking impossible if I had been strong enough.

"One day, after considerable treatment, my physician brought me a box of pills.

"You need a tonic," he said, "and something that will set at once, and this is the best medicine I know of for that purpose."

"Pills," I exclaimed in surprise as he opened the box and showed me the little pink globes. "These are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"Yes," he replied, "but you need not be alarmed, these are not physics, and my word for it, they'll do you good."

"Before I had been taking them a week I noticed a great improvement in my condition. Soon my rheumatism was gone, I grew stronger each day and now am in the best of health.

"Since my rheumatism was gone, I grew stronger each day and now am in the best of health.

"The lady is Mrs. L. E. Browning, of 1155 East 5th St., Pueblo, Colorado.

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DEAF AND DUMB.

What It Means to Be Cut Off From Speech and Hearing.

To be deaf is to be unable to hear, and to be dumb is to be unable to talk. The lack of hearing is remedied by teaching the child to use his eyes and understand either signs or the motions of the lips, and the lack of speech is remedied by teaching the child to use his vocal organs or his hands to make others understand, and, behold, the task is accomplished, and he is "just like other folks!" Not one thought is given to language, to the wonderful medium of exchange by means of which the business of life is carried on, that is supposed to come by nature, or instinct, or miracle, but never by teaching.

A cultured lady, a literary woman, said to me once, after seeing some deaf children and hearing them go through certain vocal exercises which included every elementary sound in the English language: "Now, if these children can make all these sounds correctly, why don't they go right on and talk? What hinders them?" She was a bright woman, and when a very short explanation had been given her the reason flashed upon her, and she said: "Why, what a fool I am! I see! They've got something to say, and the mechanical ability to say it, but no language to say it in." And in that one sentence she expressed the reason for being of all the institutions and schools for the deaf in the country.

"No language to say it in," that expresses the condition of a deaf child's mind before he is taught very well, but perhaps "and no language to think it in" should be added. Let the reader try for himself and see how much consecutive thought he can accomplish without words, and if with his mind trained by years of intelligent thinking he can do little until the words come, let him imagine, if he can, the state of a mind cut off from language. —Mabel E. Adams in Popular Science Monthly.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

This monthly magazine is one of the very best printed in this country, and is sold to all subscribers at rates within the ability of all to pay. It is finely illustrated and presents the names of famous authors as contributors. The West and the Cosmopolitan are sold at reduced rates at this office.

THE ARENA

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena. Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

LOOK OVER THIS GROUP.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION.

George Washington, when surveying for Lord Fairfax, is said to have carved his name on a rock of the natural bridge of Virginia, where many people profess to be able to see it.

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