Agnes, the Indian Girl.

"An Indian girl !" said Helen Dick son, with a little scream. "Dear me this, even in the Far West."

It was a spacious, roomy kitchen, furnished with an odd intermingling of lux-ury, privation and make-shift. At one end a large fire of walnut and pine logs roared up the great cavernous chimney; at the other, twoor three girls sat around a table, working worsteds by the light dian interpreter, listened with his ear of a solar lamp, while Ralph Davenant, against the stalwart chest of the fallen find an opening, but none was to be the farmer, lay fast asleep on the chintzcushioned lounge, lulled by the continu-

a tall, splendidly moulded young Apollo and Guy Davenant lay like a dead man at the two cubs, which were about the size of full grown rat dogs. hair curling in black, silky rings all over Dickson spoke.

"In the outer kitchen? Why don't the his way back again to life. women tell her to come in?" "Guy?" reproved his sister. "An In-

dian interpreter's daughter !" "Helen., ought to see her," urged Guy, "She's as beautiful as a statue.

"But she is old Oscawanda's daughter. and she lives down by the falls."

her shoulders, and a silk scarf was twisted about her hair. She hung her head with evident embarrassment at

Helena Dickson's bold stare. she said, in a low voice.

"But sit down and rest a few min- needs." and " said Giv. "You have walked a long distance."

Agnes Oscawa'nda hesitated, Had little. But Julia and Clara sewed on, without looking up, and Helena's super-cilious glance called the red blood to her dark cheek.

"No," she said quietly, "I must go." "Then I will walk a part of the way with you," said Guy, jumping up for his

"I don't think Agnes has accustomed herself to an escort through these bring him to the mark." woods," said Julia, rudely.

terpreter's daughter. "Afraid! It isn't a question of fear,"

said Guy. "It's a lovely starlight night, and I would like the walk."

her companion. "Very polite to rush off and leave

"the first night of her visit here." "Oh I don't care," said Helena, gig- cawanda."

gling. "A mere matter of taste I am

nes Oscawanda is well enough, I dare to be at my side now." say, but she is only an Indian girl, and it is foolish to get her into the notion of Julia, scarcely understanding what sigexpecting the same attentions that we nificance his words were intended to

receive."

she is pretty enough to turn any man's to your new home."

have it." And so, although Miss Dickson had been invited to make a visit to the Weststruck up—or, perhaps, "ignited" would sions in southeastern Africa. Some-be the proper term—between her and time ago Mr. Impey wrote to the Mistheir brother Guy, the young gentleman sion Secretaries in London expressing persisted in treating her with nothing his inability any longer to enforce on more than regulation civility.

"It's too mean," said Clara, pouting. property of her own, too," added Julia. standards, which require it to be taught And Helena, herself, who was getting that "hell is a dark and bottomless pit, into the sere and yellow leaf of maiden-full of fire and brimstone, in which the hood, curled her hair and anointed her wicked will be punished for ever and cheeks with "Rose-bloom" more vigor ever, by having their bodies tormented ously than ever, for Guy Davenant was by the fire and their souls by a sense of a husband well worth angling for.

"But you'll ask Agnes Oscawanda to your picnic party, girls!"
"Indeed we shall not!" Julia Davenantanswered, with a toss of her haughty leyan Ministry has thus ceased after head. "An Indian girl!" What would serving as a Missionary for 40 years.

people say!"
"Then I shan't come to it!" said Guy,

independently.

Julia burst into tears.

"Guy, you are too hateful for any-

"Do you expect us to receive her on And she was too sleepy to dispute with an equality with ourselves?"

"I do not know why you should not,"

"I believe Agnes Oscawanda has bewitched you with some of her father's outlandish Indian charms," flashed out "Perhaps she has," said Guy, laugh-

"Guy, it is no jesting matter."
"Did I say it was, Miss Spitfire! Do leave me in peace a little while now." "But Helena wants you to go with her and gather flowers and autumn

ing; "her father's or her own."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Guy; and he adhered resolutely to his

The day of the much-anticipated picnic came; but Guy, instead of escorting Miss Dickson down to the slope of velvet grass, shaded by superb forest trees, which had been selected as the site of I never expected to see anything like the merry-making, took his gun and started off into the woods.

> "I won't be deafened by the cackle of these girls," quoth he to himself.

"Dead! Oh, father, father, he is not

Old Oscawanda, the swart-browed In-

They carried him to the little cabin his head. He looked up quickly as Miss beside the rushing Falls of the Matar-"Agnes Oscawanda?' he exclaimed the old Indian, and then he struggled on me for fight. But they were small

glanced downward at bandages and wrap- they could not scratch. miraculously escaped.

evident lack of courtesy, and Agnes Os- the accident that had happened to her climb up inside of hollow trees. cawanda entered, moving with the slow, brother. "Of course Agnes and her villowly grace of a bending reed. brother. "Of course Agnes and her scheming old father expect to make a There were no sticks inside to help me

Her dress was of some dark worsted my life, and I shall never cease to be

the baskets he ordered of my father." meaning, I dare say, cannot understand most.

"Your kindness is quite unnecessary," and attention here."

triumph when he spoke." long her visit into the Winter months. "Perhaps Guy will go home with me, yelling like a whole tribe of Indians.

when he recovers sufficiently," she For Helena had unbounded confidence

"Indeed I am not afraid," said the in- in her own charms and powers of per-It was a bright, frosty afternoon in at the top of the stump like a bullet out late November when Guy Davenant of a gun. A hair's breadth to a minute.

walked up to the door of the farmhouse, I held on till we struck the ground The three girls eyed each other as the leaning on the Indian girl's arm. Julia some thirty feet from the stump. Then door closed behind the Indian girl and rose to welcome him home.

"I will help him into the house now," she said, coldly staring the beautiful Helena in that sort of way," said Clara, young girl in the face. "You need not fall, but that was all. I took the two trouble yourself any further, Agnes Os- cubs to Uniontown next day, and on ac-

would have motioned his supporter good as \$50 now. "It's just like Guy," said Julia. "Ag- away. "She has the best and only right

"Guy! what do you mean?" gasped

Meanwhile Mr. Guy was walking "I married her this evening," he said, and neglected, and would have been along the dreary forest paths with the with quiet, exulting pride. "As my very unhappy, deprived of the kindness dan I'se got hit now. I'se feer'd he's ob beautiful young daughter of the Indian wife, she is your equal—in all else in- and care so necessary to a child, if it dese crosses from der indypendent outen

head," thought the willful young man, but I'll teach those girls to treat her a Dickson saw Agnes Oscawanda, the In-

HELL FIRE.-The Manchester Exern wildernesses, specially to carry out aminer says that the Rev. William Ima darling design of Julia and Clara pey has resigned his office as General Davenant, that a "match" should be Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mishis brethren, or on the Kaffir converts of the Mission, the "plain grammatical "When Helena has such a nice little sense" of the words in the Methodist the wrath of God." At the request of the secretaries he came to London and conferred with them, and the result has been that he was compelled to resign his position. His connection with the Wes-

> If you do not want to be robbed of your good name, do not have at printed

on your umbrella. you are too hateful for anyAnd Helena thinks so much of called out the young husband and father; scene; then such another ear as she has thing! And Heiena thinks so much of the picnic."

"Not enough, it seems, to treat a harmless, pretty girl with ordinary decency," said Guy, angrily. "She passed Agnes, yesterday, in the road without even speaking to her."

"It's getting too heavy." "Pshaw Edward," replied a muffled voice from the other end of the room, "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and baby is but a feather, compared to what I was." "I was a fool," said he.

And she was too sleepy to dispute with local and rather; scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world." The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for eleves at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombasine was procured for her.

And she was too sleepy to dispute with

A Hunter's Yarn.

One day, a long time ago, about the time when Jackson ran for President the first time, perhaps, I was one day hunting upon the ridge between Meadow Run and Cucumber Run, which tumbles off the rocks just across there.

I had known for some time by the signs that there was a nest of cub bears omewhere in the neighborhood, so on that day I concluded to put in my time finding them, as a party up in Union-town wanted a pair to send over to Baltimore, to a friend who was fond of

You see it was along about the 1st of September, and pretty warm at that, and after walking up and down the ravines I began to get pretty tired. I was not so heavy then as I am now, and did not weigh more than a couple of hundred pounds. As I said, I was a little tired, and so on the top of the ridge I sat down by the side of a smooth chestnut stump about twelve or fourteen feet high. I hadn't sat there more than a minute until I heard something inside the stump, and soon made out that it was a couple of cub bears playing with six weeks.

one another. I looked on all sides of the stump to hunter, who lay among the yellow au- seen. Then I happened to notice the tumn leaves, where Agnes had found marks of claws up the side of the stump, ous rushing sound of the great western him, bathed in his own blood. There and I understood it. The hole went in river that bounded one extremity of his had been some imperfection in the lock at the top. I set my gun against a bush, of the new rifle-what or where no one up-ended the branch of a tree, and was Guy Davenant sat near the girls—a ever knew, but it was blown in pieces, soon at the top of the stump, looking in size of full grown rat dogs.

I was so excited that I jumped down into the stump and grabbed the cubs casca, and laid him on the rude couch of They at first began to squeal then turned enough to handle, and in a minute or so "Who bound up these wounds?" he asked with a slight shudder, as he not bite, and their feet fastened so that

pings, and began to comprehend the full I knew the old bear would be along extent of the peril from which he had so pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest, so I slung the "I did." Agnes Oscawanda answered. voungsters into my buckskin belt pre-

"You!" His eyes rested admiringly on her calm, beautiful face. "There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have had such pluck as that. I should like to have Helena Dickson see blood without fainting away, and as for Clara and Julia—pooh!"

"Come in, Agnes," cheerfully called out Gay as if to atone for his sister's evident lack of courtesy, and Agnes Os-

stuff, with a scarlet shawl folded across grateful to them for what they have a minute, at the outside, climbing up the who said that if he did not divide he should "But," lisped Helena, "mayn't we least. At last she reached the top, but it seemed like a month at least. At last she reached the top, but wound is probably fatal. come down and nurse you, dear Mr. she didn't seem to suspect my presence Guy? I am sure it would be a pleasure, at all, as she deliberately turned round "I only came to bring Mr. Davenant and these good people, although well and began slowly descending, tail fore

the refinements an invalid so much I felt as though my last hour had come, and began seriously to think about lying down and let the bear kill me, so said Guy, coldly. "I have every care as to get out of my misery as quick as possible. Suddenly an idea struck me. Guy Davenant's sisters confirmed the request, she would gladly have rested a biting her lip as the three girls walked out my hunting knife and stood on tiphomeward again. "I saw her eves flash toe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow I Helena Dickson, however, resolved fastened on her tail with my left hand not to give up the battle at this early with a vice-like grip, and with my right stage of affairs. She determined to prointo her haunch, and at the same time

"What did she do?" chorused the thought; and in that case I can easily whole crowd, who had been holding their

What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance; She didn't brush, and was out of sight in half a second. I was a little bruised by the count of the adventure I got \$5 a piece "Stop!" said Guy, sternly, as his sister for them, and in those times \$5 was as

Jeuny Lind's Childhood.

There was once a poor plain little girl, dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capitol of Sweden. She was a poor little girl, indeed, then; she was lonely "Not that I care for Agnes, though of the forest, welcome a thousand times little girl had a fine voice, and in her "Yas, but he's wid us now, sho'." loneliness, in trouble or sorrow, she conand used to lock in the little girl, who onto dese summer lizzerds-day's green had nothing to enliven her solitude but on der grass, but when yer runs dem the company of a cat. The little girl onto er rale day's ez gray es Confederat She hears the voice, and looked and saw on hit de bigger it swells." several questions, went away, and came ambled away. back several days later, followed by an old music master whose name was Cre-lius. He tried the little girl's musical do with that thing? She will never be doesn't lie in the direction of journalism. presentable. No-we cannot take her. Away with her!" The music master A man was sitting for his photograph. insisted almost indignantly, "Well," The operator said: "Now, sir, look kind exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her smiled and then the operator exclaimed:

See Hansen's tree and seed card.

PACIFIC CHAST.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 2.—The convention this afternoon, after long discussion, referred the matter of phonographic report to a special committee of five. Three ballots for sergeant-at-arms were taken without choice, Workingmen voting in a body for their man and others scattering.

News Letter's notice of the Mechanic's Fair, speaks well for the Noble Whisky, for which W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., of Portland, are agents:

This celebrated brand of whisky occupies a prominent portion of the stand of Mesers. Tooley & Co., the well known grocers, whose location in the Fair is di-

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 4.—The convention this afternoon proceeded to fill the vacancies occasioned by the death of Haight and Hardwick and the resignation of Morris. The Workingmen placed Judge Sharpstein in nomination. R. H. Lloyd was nominated by Barnes, J. C. Burch by Hager and Smith B. Thompson by Harvey. Six ballots were taken, Sharpstein running 54 to 58, Lloyd 43 to 49, Thompson 16 to 22, and Burch 12 to 1g. Adjourned.

Patal Family Quarrel. LAKEPORT, Oct. 3.—A man named Gentry went last evening to the house Mr. Bashaw, his father-in-law, and shot through the window at his wife who had separated from him and left her for dead. He then went to Jas. Tennison's and told Mrs. Tennison he had killed his wife and was going to kill himself. Shortly afterward, hearing a shot, some neighbors on search found Gentry dead. His neck was almost cut off by a charge of shot. The woman was also shot in the neck with bird shot, but is not thought to be dangerously wounded. The parties had been married about six weeks.

California Good Templars. VALLEJO, Oct. 3 .- In the Grand Lodge to-Vallejo, Oct. 3.—In the Grand Lodge today the morning hour was spent in the election of officers. G. W. C. T., Wild Gould,
of Los Angeles, re-elected; G. W. C. T., Rob.
Thompson, San Francisco; G. W. V. T., Tate
S. Hart, Visalia; G. W. S., Geo. D. Katzenstern, Sacramento, re-elected; G. W. T., G. S.
Halsey, Vallejo, re-elected; Superintendent
Juvenile Templars, Emma Pitt Stevens, San
Francisco, re-elected; Grand Lodge Trustees,
A. K. Stevens, J. T. Parkham, W. W. Larkins; Orphans' Home Trustees, T. J. Halsey,
A. G. Clark, Sam. Kittos. The next session
will be neld at Stockton.

A Squatter War. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 5.-More trouble reported on the El Sobrante rancho, arising from conflicts between squatters and land holders. Last Saturday Mr. McLean and two sons had a difficulty on his land with a squat-ter named Flynn, in which the latter was badly beaten with the stock of a gun. It is reported that Flynn had died from his injuries. A woman who was the companion of Flynn was also badly beaten and is said to be in a precarious condition. The squatters are erpresented to have established themselves on the ranch of Victor Castro, four miles up San

Fatal Shooting at Sacramento. the accident that had happened to her cawanda entered, moving with the slow, willowly grace of a bending reed.

There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heavy braids at the back of her head, and a delicate, oval face, with features straight and pure as the outlines of a Greek model.

Fatal shooting at Sacramente.

In no way could I get up a foot.

There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing occurred last evening at about 7:30 in the dintricular shooting at Sacramente.

There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing occurred last evening at about 7:30 in the distance of the starts we mean what we mean the certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the corner of Second and Kateral The old bear was not more than half minute, at the outside, climbing up the from the threatening manner of the other

Indian War. President Diaz has organized a campaign against the Rio Grande Indians. It is believed that Diaz will remove the Indians to DOWNER'S, 150° Fire Test.

A Woman in the Case. San Francisco, Oct. 7.—Some of the missing funds due the city from the late Alex.

Austin, have been traced to the possession of Austin, have been traced to the possession of Ellie Wilton, an actress, now in England. Since Austin's death, a letter has been received here from her which will throw light on the question of what became of a great portion of the estate yet unaccounted for. Miss Wilton has telegraphed to have the letters destroyed. Jennings S. Cox, partner of the late Austin in the brokerage business, has been cited to appear before the probate court to-morrow and divulge the contents of the letters or surrender them to the public administrator.

No Faith in the Greenbackers.

"Dere ain't no use bodderin' wid me, said Si to Amos; "I smell wood 'round in dis naborhood an' I'se gwine ter feed my saw on hit 'fore sundown."

"But, anser de queschin," urged Amos. "Well, Amos, look heab, boy, I'se bin outen town an' ain't bin readin' de labils on de pollytishuns lately. Fron'erstan's yet you is one ob dese greenbackers?" "Dat's de kind ob frackshunable kur-

"Ant ez I furder on'erstans, dey is proposin' ter run 'ginst de reg'ler dimmycratic nomynee ?" "Dat's de trale he's on."

"An' he's tryin' ter suppress on de 'publicans de needcessity ob waltzin' up to de poles an' 'sportin' ob him fer ter beat de dimmocrats?" "Ennything ter beat dem."

"Well, now, 'fore I'd go inter dat 'rangement I'd like ter hab de peddygree ob dat greenbacker er leetle mo' sartain

"Wid yer now? But whar are he little more civilly. What right have they to bully and insult her? I won't the position she had so vainly tried to always sang. The woman who had her yer tree 'im at? Now, lemme tell yer in care went out to work during the day, dese new brandid greenbackers is like played with her cat and sang. Once jeans. An' dey's got no chance ginst she sat by the open window and stroked de dimmocrat party. Yer heah me! her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. Hit's like ba'r meat-de mo' yer chaws

the little singer. She asked the child | And the old man felt of his saw and MEANS WELL -A young theological student sends us an item of news which ear and voice and was astonished. He is something of a novelty in the way of took her to the manager of the Royal composition: He writes: "A young Opera at Stockhelm, then a Count Pehu, man, named C-topher G-dfrey, rewhose truly generous and kind heart siding at H—lertown, jumped off a train, was concealed by a rough speech and a rushed into a restaurant, and called for morbid temper. Crelius introduced his a dish of d-led crabs. After ap little pupil to the Count, and asked him peasing his hunger, he attempted to to engage her as eleve for the opera. "You ask a foolish thing,," said the Count gruffly, looking disdainfully down had his head badly d—maged." Our on the poor little girl. "What shall we correspondent means well, but his forte

liver and kidneys. Removing all scrofula and impurities from the blood. Buy it, try it,

Cyrus Nobie Whisky. The following from the San Francisco News Letter's notice of the Mechanic's

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