Bring ye boughs of spicy pine,
Wreathe the ivy clinging vine,
Spruce and hemlock to the sense
Like the Mast'r's frankincense,
Bring ye in the holly green,
With the berri's scarlet sheen
Laurel fit for hero's brow,
Frankincense bring kitchen now;
All that winter lends of th spare
In our joyous feast may share,
Bough and berry, leaf and vine
We will offer at His shrine
Who for us in time of old
Left His throne's magnificence,—
Left His kingdom, left His crown,
And, all glorious, Lowly came down,
Here all the world to be
Cradled in humility.

—Abbie F. Judd.

COMING BACK TO ATONE;

OR

New Year at Big Stag Valley.

New year had come to Big Stag Valley. It had come with days of crisp cold not uncommon in the winters of these Southern mountains. The roads were coated with snow and ice and hard for miles and miles for oxen to travel. The trails that led abruptly over the mountain declivities were impassible, save for the accustomed feet of the hardiest mountaineers. Joel Cheyne, the missionary preacher—Brother Cheyne, they called him in the valleys—found difficulty in urging his raw-boned, underfed horse over the stony slopes and through the rocky beds of the ravines.

But there was dancing at the Widow Davis', and the young men and maidens could not be expected to mind such material impediments as the weather threw in their path. They had come from ten miles and more, flocking from all sides to the settlement. As for Jinny, she had come from the further valleys, driving her ox cart twenty miles over the frozen roads. It was not only that Jinny wished to participate in the "dancin' at Widow Davis'," where she felt, with some pardonable vanity, that she was reasonably sure of being the prettiest girl and the one most in demand by partners. But she had not been to Big Stag Valley since she was small enough to pass under her father's outstretched arm. That worthy had been a person of some enterprise for these regions. He had moved to a spot somewhere more thickly populated, leaving the old log cabin where Jinny first had played in childish games with Cyrilly, whose father, in turn had owned the cabin hard by on the other side of the creek. He was dead now, as was many's own father. But where Jinny had been left prosperous, with a minute frame house, having a coat of paint on the outside and with a mule and a pair of oxen and a cornfield or two—only the old grandmother to provide for, Cyrilly's father had sunk in bad ways before his death and sold a patch of land, and departed at last, leaving Cyrilly with hard work to live. But—here Jinny drew up her small mouth, with its flaxen plaits—there were worse things than barely having enough some days to bake "pone." And to Cyrilly, truly the worst of these things had come.

THE FIRST PERSON WHOM SHE SAW WAS BROTHER CHEYNE.

Passing slowly by the closed door of the cabin near the icebound creek, he turned her face away from the direction of her childish playmate and friend, just as any one of her fur and velvet clad sisters would have done on the sight of an erring fellow-mortal. The door was closed. As was but natural, thought Jinny. For when every one from all the country round was hastening to the Widow Davis', Cyrilly, not being bidden, must abide her countenance.

The sun had come out from the clouds when Jinny's ox-cart reached the heart of the settlement and the first person whom she saw was Brother Cheyne, just dismounted from his gagre horse. Jinny blushed and bowed. The preacher was a young man. One who stood tall in his stockings and whose blow could be as fatal as one from a blacksmith's iron arm. He had a strong, irregular face in which the good and the evil that swayed mankind held combat, had one eyes to read the lines that character draws on mouth and cheek and brow.

But Jinny's eyes were not attuned to such readings. She only knew that Brother Cheyne had fallen in the habit of stopping more and more frequently at the small frame house in the farther valley and talking to her in desultory undertones, while the old grandmother leaned over her corncob pipe and Jinny, being young and well-favored, besides being able to bring the husband whom she might choose some "stuff" not to be disdained, it was but in the course of things that she should have come to regard these visits in a certain but wholly pastoral and other-worldly light. The more that she was quite conscious that if there were any husband she would be at all liable to lose it would be one of a physiognomy wonderfully like that of young Brother Cheyne.

"You'uns hev come to the dancin'," said Jinny, springing from the seat of the ox-cart with a coquettish effect of not seeing the preacher's outstretched hand. A knot of young men in store clothes for the occasion stood about the steps of the school house a few feet away closely regarding the girl, who was fresh and blooming, as though she had not been jolting over the country since long before the rising of the late Winter sun. Jinny was conscious of these stares and enjoyed in her harmlessly sophisticated soul the footing of quasi-familiarity upon which these young men might perceive that she stood with the preacher. She rather accentuated the appearance of ease, indeed, nothing of this effect might be

Brother Cheyne's face was set less strange and new to her to-day, as she looked more closely at him. Her coquettishness dropped from her and she tossed her head and bit her lip.

"I 'lowed it war no hurt tu ask a of a bitter di[illegible] she could not have form[illegible] simple heart Jinny hurri[illegible] door of the Widow [illegible] widow's son Dick loung[illegible] He had been witness of the[illegible] his own hopes, long set on Jinny and for some reason always frustrated, caused him to say.

"I 'low ez the preacher hed no cause ter look at ye that-a-way, Jinny, same ez if ye wuz doin' somwot sinful, an we 'uns all, too, a-dancin' in this yere house. Ef he cayn't abide it, it wer better fur him ter go farther on an' not stand thar so solemn like."

But Jinny only answered tartly:

"An' ef I wuz you, Dick Davis, I wouldn't say nuthin about them ez hed more book larnin' an' every other kind uv larnin' than what you 'uns and we 'uns hev."

Meantime the man thus loyally being defended had tied and fed his horse, and now slowly passed down between the dozen clustering houses of the settlement toward the mill and the creek. The mill was now idle. The creek's frosty crust was locked between its boulders and its overhanging clusters of evergreen laurel and knotted roots and trunks of pine. The waning afternoon was crystal still. Beyond the creek a small log cabin showed beyond a bare clump of oaks.

Brother Cheyne walked with steady step never pausing. Two years it was since he had last been to Big Stag Valley. Two years since he had crossed the threshold of that cabin. The powers of darkness had been battling in his erring soul all these two years. He who had preached the Word and exhorted men and women and children to follow it, he had been the greatest sinner of all. He had been driven out into the mountains to wrestle with himself in prayer night after night, but the demon in him would not be conquered; the timidity of hypocrisy, the worldly fear of the man wishing to stand before the handful of rough, honest creatures who constituted society for him, unblemished, with proudly lifted head, kept him from the path of righteous retribution, of lowly, abased, repentent confession. He had sought to stifle the glamor of the inner vices by going hither and yon, by lingering at the house of Jinny, by caressing the thought that, had things been different, here was a young girl who might have loved him honestly and with whom he could have lived in peace and plenty all his days. And, under such thoughts, the moral fibre in him had been more and more relaxed and he had grown, though outwardly unchanged, an ever inferior man.

BROTHER CHEYNE WALKED WITH STEADY STEP.

But the powers of good had prevailed at last. He had come to Big Stag Valley this year when the people from all the country round, to whom he had for six years now been unintermittently preaching, would be assembled at the house of the Widow Davis, the richest woman in the settlement, because they had so prevailed. And when he had caught Jinny's innocently provocative glances just now and read for the first time their full meaning, he had realized how great in this direction also had been his fault since he had by an unloving and unlawful dalliance permitted false hopes to arise in this young girl's heart.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner," murmured the passions of the man at length subdued. He raised his deep eyes, around whose orbits were the signs of a moral struggle, such as few issue victors from, paused at the door of the cabin from which Jinny had turned away her eyes an hour before. Within a few hickory sticks flamed on the brick hearth. There was but one wooden chair in the cabin, and this was drawn close to the hearth. A young woman, with eyes great and brown and soft as a doe's, sat on the chair, her long, slender hands clasped about her knees. At one side of the cabin a small square unglazed aperture admitted such light to the interior as might struggle in when the door was closed. Beyond this window the precipitious mountain side closed in the horizon. The evergreen rhododendron bushes clung to its flank. The dark pine stood sharply in relief against patches of snow. At the foot of the mountain the creek's tortuous course lay stagnant and silent. The pink lights that come with the winter sunsets of the mountains mingled with the blue shadows cast by the hollows where the snow lay.

Every now and then Cyrilly lifted the brown eyes that were like those of a doe that dies of some mortal hurt, and looked out at the still, cold picture framed by the little square window of the cabin.

Down by the frozen creek, where the wild azaleas bloomed in yellow and white and purple glory with the days of June, was a tiny grave.

At the door there was a step, and a hand was on the latch.

Joel Cheyne came in, and cowering closed the door behind him. For an instant their averted eyes met, and Cyrilly's clasped hands closed convulsively.

"Cyrilly, I have come back—to atone—as much as possible."

* * * *

The dancing was at its height. The fiddlers, on the raised platform constructed from several agglomerated wooden tables were warming to their work. The room was crowded, and Widow Davis kept Rick busy bringing in more chairs and benches from the neighboring school-house.

Rick, good, loutish youth, with a not unhandsome visage of his own and a pair of stalwart mountaineer's shoulders, would have far liefer kept at Jinny's side when the latter was not dancing, which, to be sure, was only for a short interval at a time. But Jinny was "powerful square to-night" was the honest Rick's thought. Her pretty face wore an absent look and the dancing appeared to inspire her with but a moderate pleasure. She had seemed "pert enough" when she first rode up that afternoon, but the life had gone out of her eyes. To him, Rick, she was in turn short and indifferent, and if he couldn't please her, said the young man to himself, with a not wholly ungrounded consciousness of eligibility, who could? He wore store-clothes on Sundays and holidays; he rarely touched corn-whisky, and he was the only child of his mother, who, as has been said, was the richest woman in the settlement.

"Look-a-here, Jinny," he began, but [illegible] middle of his [illegible] stepped, had abruptly stopped playing with bow suspended in the act. The other musicians had paused likewise.

Rick, who was tall, pushed forward to look over the heads of the men blocking the door. The first thing he saw were the powerful shoulders of Brother Joel Cheyne.

"MY FRIENDS, I AM HERE TO DO RESTITUTION."

And now the blockade at the door was dissolving mechanically, each man moving back as the preacher came forward, and the cause of the aghast visages was no longer a mystery, for with white face Cyrilly followed, held firmly by the hand of Joel Cheyne.

There was a death-like silence in the room.

"My friends," said the deep voice of Brother Cheyne—it had a curiously resonant sound as if some chord had ceased to vibrate in it—"my friends, I am here to do restitution, so far as may lie in my power. You see before you a man who, while he exhorted you to lives of virtue, was concealing from the world his own mortal sin. Too long this woman has been shunned of all, alone in her shame. Let the one, hitherto unknown, who should have shared the condemnation, bow his neck to it now in the utmost."

Still no one spoke. Each and every guest of the Widow Davis might have been turned to stone.

"I shall go from among you. My ministry may have done you more harm than good. I have been a miserable sinner and a miserable coward. Before God, before the week is over this woman shall be my wife. But I see you now, perhaps, for the last time. No further words I could say to you would be of avail. To all I only say, God Almighty who pardons all those who truly repent be with you through the coming year and all the years that follow."

He turned, and still leading Cyrilly by the hand, passed out under the frosty stars, to a new life, to a life of still harder labor, of daily expiation, by good works and the chastening of the heart, of the committed sin.

At the Widow Davis' dancing had not been resumed. The business of the night could not be continued. What had occurred was too unheard of, too unprecedented. The old people wondered if they were dreaming. The young people were white and subdued.

To Jinny the greatest change had come. She had trembled at first, but now she had grown very quiet. She saw Rick Davis at her elbow, and her eyes no longer turned impatiently away from his as they had done a while before.

"S'rilly an' you was good friends long ago, Jinny," ventured Rick, who was a kind hearted fellow, and who wished to say something commiserating.

"Yes, we'uns was," assented Jinny, softly. Her pretty eyes were moist. A higher power had touched her; her unconscious soul vibrated to some mysterious, unformulated perceptions of the great moral world beyond and about her narrow, little, hitherto contentedly selfish life.

"Yes. We'uns was."

Some note of softness new to her voice fell on Rick's ear, and his heart beat tumultuously.

"Jinny," he said, his voice thick with that pounding that appeared to leap up into his throat, "the new year is a powerful good time fur people ez likes each other to think about marryin'."

Not knowing what he was about he had put out his hand.

And Jinny—all her graces gone, and still very white and gentle and subdued—answered:

"Yes, Rick."

What To Do With the Hands.

"My dear fellow," said a society woman of great candor to an awkward, timid young Harvard graduate whom she was to present, "you have any amount of talent, you have position, you have money, but you will never be at your ease, never show at your best, until you know what to do with your hands and feet. You must lose them, forget them, be unconscious of them."

This is easier said than done; and yet it is possible by the persistent use of a few simple exercises which bring relaxation and freedom from stiffness, and others which encourage flexibility and strength of muscle. Cultivate the habit of letting the arms fall and place themselves as they will when standing or sitting without occupation. Learn to swing them, one at a time, back and forth, like a pendulum hanging from the shoulder, the elbow-joint straight and easy, but not taut. Lift the length of the arm as a weight from the shoulder very quietly and slowly as high as it will go, and bring it down in the same manner. The muscles across the back are wakened to a wonderful degree. Try this movement singly, and again with both arms, fifty or a hundred times a day. With the arms hanging at full length, elevate the shoulders slowly, and turn them in a rotary motion toward the back.

A daily practice of such simple movements calls one's attention to the varied actions and use of joint and muscle; the idea of using the arm from the shoulder is understood, and the habit of bringing different sets of muscles into play in alternation and succession becomes second nature. This is the numbering of one's forces, and training them to do each its own part. It is a kind of personal massage, the virtue of which lies in the minute search for weakness, flabbiness, and lack of development in the smallest muscle, and the daily gentle manipulation which strengthens it by action. No woman wants that close-knit sinew and knotty, woody fibre that many men seek to obtain from athletics. It is entirely opposed to the offices of life to which nature calls her; she does want firmness with flexibility, staying power, and endurance.—*Emma Moffett Tyng, in Harper's Bazar.*

Artesian wells have developed such an abundant supply of water in the desert of Sahara that French engineers are confident of being able to extend their railroad to a distance of a week's journey from Algeria right through the desert.

The merry, merry bells rang out upon the frosty morn,
They chimed the song that angels sung when Christ the Lord was born;
"O peace on earth, good will to men," the chorus rolled and died
In far reverberations on this blessed Christmastide.

O! bring the holly branches and the boughs of mistletoe
And twine them both together here within the fire-light glow,
Forgetting all of bitterness, of rankling and pride,
Let each be reconciled to each this gladsome Christmastide.

Let all the sweet old songs be sung, the dear old stories told,
The dross of Life all overlaid with what is life's pure gold,
Let pain and disappointment be but chastenings sanctified,
And heart shall answer unto heart this joyous Christmastide.

Long, long our silvern-throated bells shall echo out their chime,
Far-reaching waves of promise unto every race and clime,
And year shall follow after year until the One who died
On Calvary, shall come to claim his own at Christmastide.

—Mary Clark Huntington.

A PRAIRIE CHRISTMAS STORY.

In a log cabin on Thompson Creek, in Central Kansas, lived a widow named Campbell and her only son Grant.

Mrs. Campbell, her husband, two boys—Grant and Sherman—and daughter Katy, aged fourteen, just at the close of the Civil War had moved from Connecticut and, like thousands of others, taken up a Government claim of one hundred and sixty acres in the "New West."

The Indians had not yet been placed on "Reservations," and they were surly, defiant and murderous, because of this intrusion by the whites into the country they claimed as their own. For three or four years they made raids on the sparsely-settled region, butchering and carrying into captivity hundreds of inoffensive "homesteaders."

Only a few months after the Campbells had arrived, built their rude but comfortable cabin, and begun to feel happy in their new and strange surroundings, the Cheyennes made a raid through the State; but, fortunately, the Campbells received news of their coming in time to reach Fort Ellsworth, thus escaping the fury and vengeance of the Indians.

When the Indians were driven back the Campbells returned, and remained in a sort of fancied security on their farm all that winter, adding little by little to their comforts through hard work and economy until the next fall, when Mr. Campbell and the boys had harvested their small crops. One beautiful September morning the father had gone into the meadow of wild-grass with a couple of neighbors to stack the hay cured the day before; Sherman had left home early for the village, twelve miles away, to make some purchases for the family, while Grant, who was only twelve years old, remained at home to cut wood and help his mother.

Just before noon, Grant having been sent to the field for potatoes, Katy mounted her little bay pony "Barty" with her father's dinner, and started for the meadow, two miles away. The meadow was about three hundred yards wide, flanked on both sides by a heavy growth of timber.

Katy was an expert and dashing young horsewoman. Her pony possessed a wonderful amount of endurance. He was one of that small species bred in Texas on the Rio Grande, famous for their hardy nature and ability to make long, wearisome journeys on prairie-grass alone.

When the happy girl reached the meadow she saw, at its upper end, her father on a stack, and the two neighbors pitching the freshly-made hay up to him. She rode up, and had gotten within a couple of hundred yards of where they were, when, to her horror, she saw her father fall head first from the stack, and the neighbor nearest to him also tumble to the ground. At the same instant the report of two rifles rang out.

Before she could utter a single cry, ten Indians rushed out of their ambush, all but two mounted. Regaining her dazed senses, but dumb with fear, she turned Barty's head, and fairly flew down the level "bottom" towards her home. She had not been quick enough, however, and in a few moments found herself surrounded by the painted fiends.

KATY MOUNTED HER PONY.

Pale with terror, she was led to the hay-stack, where she was compelled to witness one of the red devils wrench off the reeking scalp of her poor dead father and that of the other victim of the brutal murder. How the second neighbor escaped from the meadow the unfortunate child could never tell, her own mental suffering was so awful. To add to her misery, she saw the two Indians who were at first on foot go into the timber and presently emerge mounted, one of them riding the very horse on which her brother Sherman had started for the village that morning!

After a short pow-wow, the savages rode off south, forcing the terrified girl to accompany them. And there we will leave her for the present, inviting the reader to return with us to the cabin and learn how things were there.

Night came on, but, of course, neither Katy, Sherman or Mr. Campbell arrived.

Early the next morning, after Mrs. Campbell and Grant had passed the long, weary hours in horrible mental torture, the neighbor who had somehow mysteriously escaped murder in the hay-field came to tell her the dreadful fate of her husband, son and daughter, which he broke to her as gently as his rough, honest nature permitted.

The next day there was a sad burial [illegible] which time fort[illegible] [illegible]ings. Grant, the dutiful son [illegible] he was, suddenly became a man, [illegible] were, so faithfully and earnestly did he do the duty the care of the farm demanded, and cater to the every want of his widowed mother.

The afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December came, three months and a half since the dreadful tragedy that had made the once happy home desolate; and Mrs. Campbell was deploring the fact that she had no turkey for the morrow's Christmas dinner.

Grant wished he could gratify her, but he had no turkey and no gun. Just before sundown, as was his wont, he mounted his horse and went out after the cows. As he was riding slowly along, his animal stumbled into an abandoned coyote hole, throwing him headlong—but without hurting him—into the tall "blue-stem" with which the prairie was covered. Strange as it may appear, he fell right on top of an immense wild turkey hiding in the grass; his hands instinctively clutched it when he tumbled, to save himself. With great presence of mind and delight, he clung to it, rose, drew his jack-knife, cut off its head and tied it behind his saddle, mounted, hurried after the cows, brought them home, shut them in the corral, and then rushed into the house to his mother and showed her his prize.

The sun had not fairly risen next morning before mother and son were both up. Grant picked the turkey, and Mrs. Campbell cooked it.

By noon everything was ready, and just as Mrs. Campbell was going to place the turkey on the table, old Cyrus, the dog, who was lying in the shade of one of the big trees, suddenly set up a most terrible barking, which, of course, caused both Grant and his mother to go to the door, as Cyrus never made any fuss unless some one was coming.

Imagine their surprise to see coming up the trail through the woods a miserably thin-looking horse, on which sat a young woman, hatless, barefooted, her dress a mass of rags.

Mrs. Campbell stood with dish-cloth in hand, watching the strange apparition as it slowly approached, wondering who it could be, while Grant was equally puzzled. Presently, as the visitor drew nearer, she cried out:

"Mother, oh, mother, don't you know me?"

At the sound of her child's voice—which a mother never forgets—Mrs. Campbell dropped her dish-cloth, fainted away, and would have fallen

"MOTHER, OH, MOTHER, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

upon the ground if Grant had not caught her in his arms.

Katy jumped from her horse and rushed to the assistance of her mother, who soon recovered from her shock, and then there was a scene of unspeakable joy.

They went into the house, while poor "Barty" was led to his old, familiar quarters, and they all sat down to a dinner that was truly a feast of joy and of thanksgiving, for one of the lost was found.

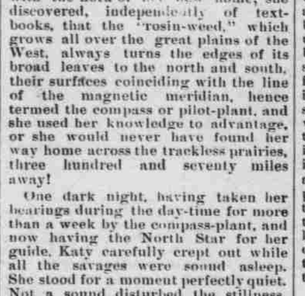
During the happy meal Katy told the story of her escape from the savages.

Immediately after her capture she was hurried south as rapidly as the horse could go for five days and nights, until she arrived at the Cheyenne camp on the Washita, beyond the Canadian River. Here, to her surprise, she was treated kindly, and placed in charge of some old squaws, but nearly frightened to death, because she expected some horrible fate. But she was safe, for the Indians anticipated a large sum from the Government for her surrender unharmed.

She was watched very closely for weeks, until she appeared to become resigned to her position. Then they relaxed their vigilance somewhat, and that was what the sensible girl was waiting for, as she had determined to attempt an escape, feigning contentment, though her mental torture was almost unbearable.

Katy had been an excellent scholar in the public schools at her old home in the East, and, when she arrived in Kansas, became an earnest student of Nature. She knew something of astronomy, and was perfectly familiar with the flora of her new home; she discovered, independently of text-books, that the "rosin-weed," which grows all over the great plains of the West, always turns the edges of its broad leaves to the north and south, their surfaces coinciding with the line of the magnetic meridian, hence termed the compass or pilot-plant, and she used her knowledge to advantage, or she would never have found her way home across the trackless prairies, three hundred and seventy miles away!

One dark night, having taken her bearings during the day-time for more than a week by the compass-plant, and now having the North Star for her guide, Katy carefully crept out while all the savages were sound asleep. She stood for a moment perfectly quiet. Not a sound disturbed the stillness. The dogs never uttered a growl; she had taken particular pains to cultivate their friendship, and they merely gath-



TYING BARTY'S LARIAT TO A ROCK.

ered around her in little groups, wagged their tails and then retired to their holes.

She carefully picked up her saddle and bridle and walked cautiously towards the herd of ponies picketed beyond the creek.

[illegible] side-[illegible] buffalo and [illegible] she had hidden [illegible] time for this jour-[illegible]

She then called "Barty" in a low voice. He came trotting up to her, so perfect was his affection for her, and was just about saluting her with a welcoming neigh, when she dexterously caught him by the nostrils, and, pressing them tightly, suppressed it. It would have raised the whole camp!

Quickly putting on the saddle and bridle and tying the "budget" behind, she wound the picket rope around his neck, and mounted, turning his head to the north. In a few moments Barty struck a narrow trail leading in that direction, and commenced his easy lope.

Katy could hear her own heart beat, so terrible was her excitement as she rode on in the awful solitude, every few moments looking behind to see if she was pursued. But on and on she went, not a sound breaking the silence except the hoofs of her faithful pony striking the hard trail.

Daylight had not yet come when she reached the Canadian, thirty miles from the camp on the Washita, where she watered Barty, bathed her feverish head, and swallowed a few mouthfuls herself.

By the time the sun was up she had made fifteen more miles, and had entered the broken country beyond the Canadian; here she knew that her pony must rest and graze. She turned off the trail into a small canon where there was plenty of grass, and where luckily she discovered a spring.

Tying Barty's lariat to a good-sized rock, she sat down on the grass near the spring, ate some of her meat and drank some of the water; then, tired nature asserting itself, the excited and worn-out child fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun had set, the sky was overcast, and Barty was standing over her. The bewildered girl gazed around her wildly for a moment before she could realize her situation, and then, looking at the heavens, saw, to her great sorrow, that she could not proceed, as her guiding-star was not visible.

At last, about daylight, she saw on the hillside several coyotes skulking along, and, not familiar with the cowardly brutes, their presence greatly alarmed her. So she hurriedly ate a few mouthfuls, saddled her pony and rode back to the "divide" she had left the day before. When she reached the trail she examined one of the "compass-plants" growing there, and found, to her delight, that the trail, which broadened out at that point, ran in the direction she wanted to go, and she loped out on it at a five-miles-an-hour gait.

Nothing disturbed the monotony of her journey but her own fears, until, just about dark, she arrived at the Beaver or North Fork of the Canadian, eighty miles from where she had started. Here she rested until midnight.

After a good rest and sound sleep she started on her lonely way again. Her dress now began to tear in ribbons, she had worn it so long, and she lost her hat before morning, not daring to stop to look for it.

Two more days of travel brought her to the Arkansas. By that time she presented a sorry picture, and the faithful Barty, too, commenced to show the effects of his hard work. She met on the "Old Santa Fe Trail," which ran close to the river here, a "caravan" going to Mexico, who kindly fed her and showed her the way to Thompson Creek, only thirty-five miles away, where she arrived the next noon, in time to eat her share of the Christmas turkey, having made her terrible journey in five days!—*Henry Inman.*

WHY THE YOUNG MAN SMILED.

Also Why the Young Woman and Her Escort Left the Train.

A gentleman riding on an elevated train in company with a handsome and fashionable young lady became much annoyed at the persistently offensive manner with which an ornamental young man opposite stared at his companion. The fellow fixed her with his eyes and his face was an expression of vulgar enjoyment which amounted almost to grinning amusement. In vain did the gentleman scowl across the car at the insulting person. The latter did not notice the former's rage, having no interest in any one but the girl. Finally matters were brought to a crisis by the young man, who, when the young woman chanced to turn her gaze in his direction, smiled deliberately at her and made a sign to her. This was too much for the gentleman to bear, so he rose in his wrath, and, making one step across the car, leaned over and muttered into the young man's ear:

"If you don't stop I will throw you from the train at the next station."

The young man looked back into the infuriated eyes of the gentleman with the most astounding placidity, and remarked quietly:

"Suppose you ask the young lady to look out for her laundry."

The gentleman turned and looked at the girl. On her lap was a bundle, the paper of which had burst. Down at her feet reposed a crumpled stocking and from the orifice caused by the broken paper projected the edge of an unmistakable garment. Greatly taken back, the gentleman returned to his seat and deftly picked the stocking from the floor, at the same time grasping the bundle on the girl's lap, presumably with the intention of hiding with as little awkwardness as possible the telltale garment that was obtruding itself. He would better have left it alone, however, for as he clutched at the paper it burst entirely, and a pretty girl's laundry was outspread to the view of a car full of amused spectators. The gentleman, now thoroughly uncomfortable, hastily jammed the clothing under his overcoat and made the girl leave the train with him at the next station.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Bold Project.

The bold project of a ship railway to connect the waters of Lake Huron with those of Lake Ontario is now being agitated, in lieu of the long proposed ship canal. The distance between these two great lakes is only sixty-seven miles by the proposed route from Georgian bay to the mouth of the Humber river, west of Toronto, and it has been figured that a railway, with three tracks of the standard gauge, but with rails weighing from 100 to 110 pounds per yard could be built for $12,000,000, or about half the cost of a ship canal of the same capacity. The land along the route reaches a height of 664 feet above Lake Huron, so that there would be some very heavy grades or else some tremendously expensive work necessary.

The proposed route, it is said, would save 428 miles of lake navigation and twenty-eight miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal and would enable a propeller to reach Montreal from Quebec in less time than it can reach Buffalo. The expected saving of three days in the time between Chicago and the seaboard is certainly a consideration which would warrant a large expenditure if the project is feasible from an engineering standpoint.—*Railway Age.*

A mulatto girl has charge of the Nashua, N. H., telegraph office.

Fighting With the Riata—Some Remarkable Deadly Encounters.

The riata duel is not a new thing on the Mexican frontier. Indeed, there is hardly a big cattle range anywhere that has not its stories of hard fights with the lasso. Such duels are bound to be fierce. But so skillful and quick do these rope throwers become that such a duel not infrequently lasts for hours. Probably the best remembered fight of this sort was that between a Texan known as Kid Long and a little Mexican who was only spoken of as "Gabilan" (hawk) on the great Lievre range. They circled around each other, dodging the rapid throws, from 10 in the morning until after sunset. When the horses had almost given out the Texan threw at his adversary, who threw back so that his noose passed over the other man's lasso and hand and caught him fair around the neck and under the armpit. In almost no time the Kid was out of the saddle and being dragged over the ground at a rate that knocked the life out of him before he had gone a hundred yards.

The West, during its wild and woolly days, and the Mexican frontier have had many remarkable duels. That between "Farmer" Peel and a soldier, near one of the forts in Utah, is among the classics of the field of honor—or what has answered for that in the cow towns and mining camp. The weapons were rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives. The principals were placed on opposite sides of a hillock, around which ran a road, and started to meet. The curve of the hill prevented their seeing one another until they were within a hundred yards. As soon as they saw one another they both fired. Though part of the rim of Peel's hat was cut off and the soldier's sleeve was pierced, neither was hurt. Then they pulled their pistols and advanced firing. Both dropped badly wounded when less than twenty yards separated them. They lay there squirming and shooting until both had emptied their weapons. Peel was desperately hurt, and his adversary had one ball through the stomach and several others distributed all over his anatomy. When they could shoot no more they lay for a short time swearing. Then Peel, who was so badly hurt that he could not advance even on his hands and knees, began to wriggle toward the fallen soldier. He pulled himself along with his elbows, and with his one uninjured hand finished the soldier with his bowie-knife. Farmer Peel already had the biggest private graveyard of any man in the vicinity. This encounter spread his fame all over the coast, and when he went over to Nevada he received everywhere the homage of lesser lights.

They have lots of deadly encounters up there on the Comstock. There was one a number of years ago fought over a half mile under ground. According to the evidence given at the inquest by the survivor, the two miners were working alone in a drift. They were rivals for the affection of a woman, and in a quarrel one made a drive at the other with his candlestick. A miner's candlestick consists of a metal socket attached to a sharp steel spike, so that it can be stuck in the face of the drift anywhere. The second miner defended himself with his candlestick, and there, thousands of feet under the ground, they wrestled and stabbed until one's life was gone. As they did not come up when they should have gone off shift others went down in search of them. They found one dead and the other unconscious from loss of blood. The jury, of course, had to take the survivor's story of the affair and he was acquitted.

A little blind canon in the Sierra Madre used to furnish the Apaches with the means of formally settling their disputes. This gulch is fairly alive with rattlesnakes. When two bucks had a quarrel that they did not wish to settle off hand they repaired to this gully, and while the remainder of the tribe stood around and watched from the hills on either side, the combatants went together to where the serpents were the thickest. There, stark naked and weaponless, they would wrestle. This would wake up every rattler in the glen. The aim of each was to force the other on to the angry snakes. It was not unusual for both to be bitten while they struggled and rolled among the rocks. Each was bound to remain and wrestle as long as his adversary had life or strength enough to struggle with him.

A most remarkable duel was fought at Las Carnitas, N. M., many years ago. An undersized stranger came to the town and picked a quarrel with "Handsome Harry," a gambler renowned as a dead shot. They got out into the road and both fell mortally wounded. It was discovered that the stranger was a woman, and though she never spoke after she fell the story became known that she was a sister of a girl whom "Handsome Harry" had wronged years before.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Great Black Cockatoo.

In the islands of the Malay Archipelago is found the great black cockatoo, whose special food is the kernel of the kanari nut, and the shell of which is said to be harder than that of any other nut, and to protect a kernel of most delicate flavor. The kanari tree grows to a great height and bears a fleshy fruit which incloses an extremely hard shell of glass-like smoothness of surface. Within this shell are from one to three kernels covered with a thin skin; when this is removed the nut falls into a number of irregular flakes of snowy whiteness and delicious taste.

The fleshy part of the kanari fruit is eaten by many birds, particularly by the large wood-pigeons, but only the black cockatoo is able to get at the nut, which it does by the great strength of its immense, sharply pointed and hooked beak. Taking a nut end-wise in its bill and keeping it firm by a pressure of the horny end of its tongue, the cockatoo cuts a notch across the shell by a sawing motion of the sharp edge of the lower part of the beak. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with one foot while biting off a piece of a thick leaf. This it wraps around the nut to prevent the glassy shell from slipping, while it uses the upper part of its beak to hold the nut and the under part to insert in the notch already made and wrench off a piece of the shell by a powerful nip. Again taking the nut in its claw the bird inserts the very long and sharp point of its bill into the hole just made and picks out the kernel, which is seized flake by flake by the horny end of the long and flexible tongue. More time is required to tell about this nut cracking than the bird takes to perform the operation, for the cockatoo is a very rapid feeder and will consume a great many nuts in an hour.

A Forest Giant.

Among a boom of logs at Leamy & Kyle's mill, at False Creek, Vancouver, is a tree cut into four 24-foot logs taken from one tree, which is one of the largest specimens of the Douglas fir that has ever been cut in this province, whose record for giants of the forest is world-wide. These four logs were respectively 84 inches, 76 inches, 70 inches and 60 inches, and in none of them was there a knot or other defect. The total number of feet of lumber that can be cut out of this tree is 28,614.

[illegible] cently [illegible] was sunk [illegible] tain J. V. Lord [illegible] San Francisco were [illegible]

Four Sacramento [illegible] killed eight deer near [illegible] compelled by a snow [illegible] in December to leave [illegible] guns and blankets to make [illegible]

J. S. Rose, a railroad fireman [illegible] off his engine near Elmore, [illegible] supposing it was on the ground [illegible] on a trestle sixty feet high [illegible] fatally injured in his fall.

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