

FALL, SNOW.
Fall, snow, and cease not. Flake by flake
The decent windings sheet compass.
They task is just and pious. Make
An end of blasphemies and woes.

Fall, snow, in stillness fall, like dew
On church roof and cedar's fan,
And chide thyself on pine and yew
And on the awful face of man.

On quaking moor and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring at the sky,
And arms extended like a cross,
The long expectant sufferer lies.

Send o'er them, white-robed angels,
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,
And minister the last sad rite,
Where altar there is none nor priest.
—Aurever de Vere in "Recollections of Aubrey
de Vere."

TO THE RESCUE.

On the morning of July 3, 1873, I was sitting in the shade of our adobe ranch building on the bank of the South Platte, when I noticed a man staggering along the dusty trail to the north of the horse corral.

"Some drunken pilgrim from Julesburg," I thought, for although Julesburg was nearly 100 miles distant I knew that more than one tramp had there bought enough "tanglefoot" to keep him drunk until he either reached Denver or lost his scalp on the way.

I regarded the man lazily until he came so near that his head and features began to take definite shape. Then I saw with alarm that his hatless head was literally the color of blood and that his shirt front was marked with dark streaks. I got up and hurried to meet him. To my horror, upon a near approach I discovered that he had not only been wounded in the head, but had been actually scalped.

I will not attempt to describe his frightful condition. Yet he had full control of his faculties and began rapidly telling his sad story as I put my arm about him to steady his walk.

He had been traveling toward Denver from the east, driving a light wagon which contained only himself, his wife and a few household articles and provisions. They had camped on the river about two miles below our ranch the night before. About daylight, just as they were getting breakfast, they had been pounced upon by a party of mounted Indians, who rode out from the mouth of a gulch close at hand and opened fire upon them.

"I was firing a pan of bacon," said the man—his name was William Rosamond—"when suddenly I heard them yelling. I looked up and just got a glimpse of them—a dozen or 15, I should say—when they began firing, and I felt what might have been a stroke on my head, and no more. When I woke up, I was the way you see me. The wreck of my wagon was there, but my wife and horse were gone. And so I staggered away, and here I am, and whether I ought to thank God I didn't see my wife lying there dead is more than I know. I suppose they've carried her away a prisoner."

At the sight of the poor man there was in me a fury of desire to punish the fiends who had so mutilated him, and when he begged me to go at once to the nearest post for help to rescue his wife I said: "There's no need. As there were only 12 or 15 we'll try it ourselves."

"Horse, horse!" I shouted to my men in the hut. Fortunately there were in it five of them asleep.

They roused instantly and were as surprised, horrified and fierce as myself at the dreadful sight of Rosamond. While I sat about washing and dressing his wounded head they bolted some food and coffee, saddled horses and declared they would follow the Indians anywhere, if only their trail could be struck and kept.

The bullet, I found, had struck Rosamond on the temple near the left eye and had not penetrated the skull, but had passed around under the skin and come out behind the ear. The scalping knife had bared the skull on top in a circle about four inches in diameter. I soon had the wounds dressed and bandaged; then, at his urgent request, we left the man to care for himself.

With a two days' ration in our saddlebags and an extra pony for each of us we galloped away in pursuit of the Indians, and soon found the wreck of the wagon beside the trail some two miles from the ranch.

After a thorough search for some distance on every side, we became satisfied that Mrs. Rosamond had been taken captive. Then we took the trail of the ponies of the Indians and of the two shod horses they had captured.

As this trail led us across the sandy valley to the north we judged the party to be Cheyennes or Sioux, for Arapahoes or Comanches would most likely have taken the opposite direction.

Bow Legs, our expert tracker, formerly a "pony express" rider, rode in advance at a jog trot over hard ground and at a gallop across the frequent sand tracts, all the time leaning forward, with his face beside his pony's neck and his eyes following the prints of the shoes of the shod horses. And so about noon he led us up to the high land which formed the divide between the Platte and Crow creeks. The day was clear, hot and fortunately devoid of that haze or mirage which so often prevails in that region.

"Now, boys," said Bow Legs, "get your eyes and take a squint down across 'bout 15 or 20 miles ahead. The Indians have only been riding at a jog, and they ought to be in sight."

As I was unperceptive of a large round up, I always carried in my saddle a signal service glass of first rate quality. Now, after a moment's scrutiny, my binocular happened to catch the savages just as they were going over a ridge. I had time to count 16 horsemen and a number of led animals which they disappeared.

"Only 16 of 'em!" said Bow Legs. "Good enough! We'll make things warm for them."

He had, in fact, "stood off" 13 alone on one occasion. On another he had whipped nine Utes single handed and had chased the four survivors several miles, so much did his new breechloader overmatch their bows and arrows and inferior guns.

As our Indians were going north we were confident they would camp on Crow creek, and we jogged easily after them. They evidently had no fear of pursuit, as they were traveling in a squad and going leisurely. In fact, each isolated outrager as the one they had just committed usually went unharmed in those days, and they probably thought their crime would not soon be discovered, as they had scalped the Rosamonds on an old trail that was lit-

PITY, THE REVEALER.

I waited long for love. My spirit drooped
Beneath the withering darts of men's dispar-
As faints the unshaded flower on sun parched
Nestle tropic rays.

I waited long for faith. My doubting soul
Was like a homeless bark upon tempestuous sea,
And stars are hid, and only breakers foam
Reveals the shore.

I waited long for peace. My troubled heart
Was like a fort besieged yet faction torn.
Each passion promised safety, but betrayed
To keen self scorn.

Then pity came with gaze of liquid light,
And cleared my eyes from twilight of others' pain.
Nestle burdens great my burdens groaned,
Their brows
Dropped blood like rain.

I snatched perforce the weakest struggle's load
(His grateful smile made light its seeming
weight).
I sang the others' songs. They stepped in time,
Ere, ere, elate.

And as we marched, my petty, long nursed
grief
Was made as by a magic spell to cease.
For love divine shone through their eyes, and
Love
Brought faith and peace.

—Good Words.

HOW MIKE GOT EVEN.

It was a beautiful morning. Not a cloud in the June sky, not a leaf stirring on the old cottonwood tree by the spring. The cattle, after a restless night, were lying in close order and lazily chewing the cud or stretched out broadside on the thick green carpet.

On the edge of the bunch a few calves were frisking about with tails up, and one impatient youngster was butting against his drowsing mother with a vigorous suggestion that it was time to rise and furnish forth the morning meal.

On an adjacent hill the horse wrangler, still draped to the heels in the yellow slicker he had donned in the thunder shower of the night, sat idly in the saddle with a hand on his horse's hips, looking away over the pea green range of early summer to where the mountain tops glowed in the rising sun.

The cook's fire of damp wood, kindled directly under the tent, sent up a thick smoke which spread throughout the branches, but collected above them, ex- tending the straight, slender, lofty column into the blue. Some blackbirds were scolding about being smoked out of their leafy home, and on every side resounded the mellow notes of the meadow lark.

It was a beautiful morning, but no one in camp was happy, for every man's clothes were wet, and Mike Tussler had the toothache. Now, it is well known that when the big back tooth of a big buck Irishman takes a notion to ache it is a wholly different proposition from an ordinary case of mal de dents.

"You don't know anything about it," Mike declared. "This isn't just toothache. It aches all over. Did you ever see one of them fiery comets with a long, forked tail on to a bright head? Well, this pain is just like that. My tooth's the red-hot head of the thing, and the tails are going all through me."

Mike lay down on his back, and the cook looked in his mouth.

"Did you ever see a chestnut or acorn with a wormhole in it? That's the way with your tooth. Just a little bit of a hole right into it. It's a terrible small hole to worry about."

"Nothing small about the feel of it," said Tussler, and he asked for a day off to go and get it "runked."

He could not be spared that day, but the next morning went away to the nearest town. It was always a day's ride, and as is the reverse way of aching teeth, his began to feel much better when he came in sight of the village. He felt so much relieved by the time he had ridden down the one street, with his square front, one story wooden buildings, that when he was finally seated in the dentist's chair he didn't want to have the tooth pulled.

"I was just coming along the street," he said to the dentist, "and I saw your brand on the door. So I come in to ask you to look in my mouth and tell me how old I be."

"Old enough to take better care of your teeth," he announced, after looking them over.

"Have I got to have the lasso on that back one?" asked Tussler.

"You have got to have it filled at once."

"What'll it cost?" asked the cautious Irishman.

"Three dollars," said the dentist. "I use only the best materials and have but one price."

"Well," said Mike, "it don't hurt any now. I guess I won't let the job today."

"That's robbery," he asserted himself, as he went away to copper the ace for five and lose it. "The cook said it was an awful small hole."

The next morning, however, his tooth having meanwhile resumed business, he was waiting at the door when the dentist came down.

"You don't get up so early as you do on the range by about four hours," said he. "I been standing here all night. I want me tooth filled fall."

So Mike had the work done and paid 40 cents extra for capping the nerve.

"And the whole thing didn't take him an hour," he reported when he returned to camp. "I've been robbed."

Mike clings to an opinion with proper tenacity and the conviction that the dentist had "beat him out of good \$28," said a debt and a duty upon him which he had no idea of shirking.

"What you going to do about it?" the boys asked.

"Wait," says Mike.

The hard routine work of the spring round up went on for some weeks. Again the boys asked, "What are you going to do about your dentist?"

"Wait," says Mike again.

When there is work to be done, a cow amp is stirring at daylight. Getting out in the gray dawn one morning, it was seen that a regular tenderfoot outfit with tents had come in during the night and pitched their camp near the cowboys.

Mike strolled over and poked his head into several covered wagons, bringing back the report that no one was awake.

"What are they loaded with?" was asked.

"Fertilizer," said Mike.

"Come off," they all cried; "not in those dirty wagons!"

"Give you my word," insisted Tussler; "not a thing in 'em but old bones."

About this time Mike became very solicitous for the safety of his bed roll.

"Handle it like eyes," he told the dri-

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They came along to the number of eight, and he taking them at the Cayuse saloon Mike went over and had an interview with the dentist.

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The dentist remembered very well. "Isn't it all right?"

"Sure," said he, "and I got a friend who likes it so well that he wants me to let the job of fixing one for him."

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"How did you make the big hole in it?" asked one.

"The blacksmith did it," replied Tussler.

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Should these lines meet the professor's eyes, he is advised to seek his property in a dentist's window in a certain small town on the overland railway.—G. E. Durham in Argonaut.

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NOTICE OF SALE.

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Dated this 11th day of March, 1898.

WILLIAM ROBERTS, Mortgagee.

By his Attorneys, DAVIS & RIDGLEY.

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Who made Home Stated Entry No. 16194, for the ne 1/4 sec. 20, tp 14 n., r. 23 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Schutt, Lincoln county, Nebraska, George W. Long, and Richard Pittman all of North Platte, Nebraska.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Schutt, Lincoln county, Nebraska, George W. Long, and Richard Pittman all of North Platte, Nebraska.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 21st, 1898.

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