



McLlie's * Lovers.

WHEN James Redfield, of Chicago, was appointed Indian Agent he moved to Nebraska, taking with him his wife, a baby girl and a young Irish maid of the name of Mollie. Mr. Redfield enjoyed frontier life, it being an agreeable change from office work. But Mrs. Redfield did not like living in a log house at a small trading post on the prairie. She declared that she would have died of homesickness if the blithe, light-hearted Mollie had not always been cheering her with:

"Ah, but this is a fine country, Miss Redfield. Jist look at the big ocean of land a-stretchin' to the end of the world."

"But it looks so lonesome, Mollie, to see neither hills nor trees," Mrs. Redfield would reply.

"Tis the better without them, I'm thinkin'; they'd be for obstructin' our foinse view," said the Irish girl.

"And both day and night it is so still," Mrs. Redfield said, sighing.

"Do ye say it's still? Whin every night of our loffe we hear buffaloes a-bellowin' an' wolves a-howlin' an' wild injins a-hootin' widin' gunshot of our door. Sorra! an' ain't that noise enough for any livin' soul?" declared Mollie O'Flynn.

One Sunday morning in early spring Mrs. Redfield stood at the open door, looking out across the prairie. The skulls and whitening bones of slain buffaloes glittered in the sunlight. Crows, ravens and turkey-buzzards soared lazily between the blue sky and the brown prairie. Mollie, seeing her mistress' woe, began singing, "Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen." But Mrs. Redfield did not heed the Irish girl's song. Then Mollie suddenly recollected that it was Sunday, so she said: "An' tis myself that knows that ye're listenin' fer, Miss Redfield; it's thim church bells in Chicago. They was always remindin' me of me duty, but away out here I can't help myself, and so the bells do not trouble me at all, and they've left me moind almost since I've seen the grand loffe on the prairie," Mollie confessed.

The secret of the matter was that Mollie had three admirers: a mountain trapper, a cowboy and an Indian. At sunset of that same day the mountain trapper, on horseback, drew rein at the Indian Agent's quarters. Mollie was in the log stable, milking the cow. She heard her lover call, "Whon!" but she did not come out to greet him for fully ten minutes, then she walked leisurely across the yard, balancing a milk-pail on her head and humming an Irish melody, seemingly unaware of her admirer's presence.

"Good-evening, Mollie," said the trapper, walking toward her, leading his horse by the bridle.

"Evenin', Jim," Mollie returned, with a flourish of her free arm.

"Let me carry the pail," he said.

"Go 'way wid ye. I'm no weaklin'," the girl answered.

Mollie went into the house. Jim Parker waited patiently outside until she returned, then he seated himself by the side of her on the doorstep and said:

"I'm hearin' you have another beau, a cowboy, Charlie Rankin by name."

"It's many a beau I have; the prairie is full of thim—"

"Nonsense, Mollie; be honest. Do you think more of Charlie than you do of me?" Jim asked.

"I'm fond of thim all. 'Tis hard choosin'." Mollie answered.

"But I'm the one you like best, eh, Mollie?" Jim queried, nudging her with his elbow.

"Go 'long wid ye. Don't be so familiar," Mollie quickly said, moving away from her wooer.

"But, say, Mollie, who air the fellers what comes courtin' you?" Jim wanted to know.

"It's not fair to be tellin' on thim. But there's one I'm havin' nowadays I don't be loikin'; he creeps around like a snake in the grass; an' 'tis never wunst I can get a good sight of him; Oh! there he is now, a-peekin' from behind the hen-coop."

"It's an Indian," said Jim, jumping up.

"Sure as faith it's one of thim hathen crathurs," Mollie said.

"I'll shoot him down," declared Jim Parker, running toward the hen-coop.

Mollie sat quietly on the doorstep. Jim came back in three minutes. "An' did ye kill him?" Mollie asked.

"Nah, he wasn't thar," Jim answered.

"He's a sly fox. I can niver ketch sight of him," Mollie said.

In a few minutes Jim said good-night to Mollie, mounted his horse and rode away. The Irish girl watched the trapper gallop eastward, saying aloud: "Tis strange, but the feller what's the furthest away I'm fer loikin' the best."

As Mollie turned to go into the house a shadow fell across the doorstep. "Ow—ow! ye injin, git away wid ye!" she screamed, hurrying in and banging the door behind her.

The next morning when Mollie was hanging out the family wash Charlie Rankin rode by. Mollie saw him, but she was too busy to take time to notice the cowboy. He rode by again; still

Mollie did not look at him. The third time he came in sight Mollie nodded her head. This gave the cowboy courage to speak.

"Fine mornin', Miss O'Flynn," he said, raising his broad-brimmed hat.

"I s'pose it is; but I'm too busy to be heedin' the weather," Mollie replied.

"I thought I'd call in the mornin', seein' a mountain trapper takes your time every evenin'," the cowboy said, swinging himself off his mustang.

"Hey, thar! don't be lettin' that crazy beast of yours bedabble me clean clothes," the Irish girl called out.

The cowboy led his mustang away from the clothesline, and tied it to a corner of the cow stable; then he asked: "How many lovers have you, Miss Mollie O'Flynn?"

"I don't be botherin' countin' thim," Mollie answered.

"Ain't you ever goin' ter choose a husband? Women are scarce in these parts. Won't you be my wife?" Charlie Rankin boldly said to her.

"Don't be a-botherin' me on a Monday mornin' wid such nonsense. Have ye no better work to do thn to be ridin' yer wild horse around the country a-sakin' every girl ye see to be yer wife?"

"Hold on, Mollie O'Flynn! I don't ask every girl to be my wife," the cowboy said indignantly.

"Sorra, I've no toime to be botherin' wid ye now, so be off, I say," Mollie said, waving her bare arms around her head.

The cowboy jumped on his mustang and sped over the prairie.

Mollie, with her arms akimbo, laughed a good, hearty Irish laugh. "He'll be back afore many days, or me name ain't Mollie O'Flynn," she said aloud. Then she went into the house.

Mr. Redfield's office was a lean-to on one side of the log house. One afternoon he was busy at work in there when Mollie came rushing in, saying: "I'll not be standin' it no longer. That sneakin' injin follows me loike me



THE INDIAN POINTED AT THE TROPHIES, THEN AT MOLLIE, SAYING, "SQUAW."

shadow. I see his hathinsh eyes a-peekin' at me round the cow stable when I'm milkin'; he's lurkin' 'bout the hen-coop when I'm huntin' eggs; an' when I'm washin' dishes he comes an' looks in the window right in front of me face."

"Do you think he's an Indian?" Mr. Redfield calmly inquired.

"Yes; an Indian wid a buckskin shirt on, an' fadders in his snaky hair," Mollie exclaimed.

"Oh, Neshoba; he's a good, peaceable fellow; you needn't fear him; he'll do you no harm."

"Thin why do he be a-followin' me?" the girl asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, but I'll find out," Mr. Redfield said, taking his hat to go out of doors.

Mollie waited in the office. In ten minutes Mr. Redfield returned. "Mollie," he said, smiling, "Neshoba wants you to be his squaw."

"Squaw!" Mollie screamed.

"That's what he told me," Mr. Redfield answered.

"The black hathen! Sorra! what does he take me fer?" the Irish girl wanted to know.

"He's waiting outside for an answer, Mollie," Mr. Redfield said.

"Tell him to skeddle. I'll have nothing to do wid the loikes of him," Mollie scornfully replied.

Mr. Redfield went out to talk again with the Indian boy. When he returned he said: "Neshoba insists on having you for his squaw. He offers me two horses and a cow, if I'll give you to him—"

"Am I a slave?" the Irish girl said in a fury.

"No, no, Mollie; you're a free woman. You must decide the question. I'll call him in."

Neshoba came and stood at the threshold of the door.

"Do ye think I'd marry ye?" Mollie asked him.

"Three horses, two cows," the Indian meekly said, with downcast eyes.

"Ye're a pretty man for a husband!" Mollie screamed.

"Four horses, three cows, five buffalo skins, two white wolf skins," the Indian offered.

"Away wid ye!" Mollie exclaimed, stamping her foot, violently.

"Four horses, three cows, five buffalo skins, two white wolf skins, four caribou skins," the Indian bid for his bride.

Mollie's quick Irish wit came to her assistance. "I'll tell ye what I'll do," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "I'll be yer squaw if ye'll bring me fifty gray squirrel skins, a dozen mink skins, a half a dozen white wolf hides, an' the hides of two leopards, an' the hides an' antlers of four reindeer; an' ye might bring me the wings of a white heron an' the breast of two grebe." Then Mollie added, laughing, "bring me a couple of the right-hand wings of the wild turkey to brush me harth when I'm a-keepin' me own house."

The Indian boy ejaculated: "Ugh! Ugh!"

Mr. Redfield said: "Neshoba promises to get all you ask for."

"All right, thin be about it, ye wild injin," Mollie said, shooting Neshoba with her gingham apron.

Neshoba raised his eyes and said to Mr. Redfield: "Before snow fallin'." Then he turned quickly and walked away.

"Neshoba promises to return before winter," Mr. Redfield explained to Mollie.

"It will take him all his loffe to git all thim hides," Mollie said, laughing.

"You've asked a good deal of the poor Indian, I think," said Mr. Redfield.

"Sure, I did. I want to keep him busy a-shootin' wild beasts the rest of his loffe, so he'll not be botherin' me all the toime," said Mollie.

The winsome Irish girl stood at the door to watch her lover depart. The Indian mounted his shaggy pony and galloped westward. Mollie gazed steadfastly after him until the horse and rider were a mere speck on the horizon. Then she gave a sigh of relief and went to work with a merry heart.

All summer Mollie played the coquette with the mountain trapper, the cowboy and another admirer, a Mexican ranchman, who had traveled many a mile on hearing of the Irish girl's charms. But she baffled them all.

"Away wid ye! Yer blarney I'll not listen to," she would say. At another time she would encourage them, saying: "Arrah, some day I'll choose me husband." So the three lovers waited patiently, each thinking that he was the favored one.

One evening in early autumn Mollie was busy at work in the kitchen. She heard footsteps in the yard, so she flung open the door, exclaiming: "An' who comes a-courtin' me to-night?"

There stood Neshoba. Mollie could scarcely see him because of the pelts and feathers that hung from his body.

"Ow—ow! Begone, ye wild injin!" the girl screamed.

Neshoba stepped across the threshold and threw down at the feet of Mollie fifty squirrel skins, a dozen mink skins, half a dozen white wolf hides, two leopard pelts, the hides and antlers of four reindeer, the wings of a white heron, the breasts of two grebe and two wild turkey wings. The Indian pointed at the trophies, then at Mollie, saying: "Squaw."

Mollie ran to the farthest corner of the room and climbed upon a rough beam and there she cinged upon her perch like a terrified bird, while the Indian fixed his hawk-like glance upon her.

Mr. Redfield heard the commotion and hastened to the kitchen. When he saw Neshoba he said: "Oh, Mollie, we've played a serious joke on the poor Indian. What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him to be dacent an' go away loike a gintleman. I'll give him money fer all his hides," said Mollie.

The Indian understood Mollie's proposal. He said, persistently: "Squaw, squaw."

"Sind him off, Mr. Redfield; sind him off!" Mollie said.

Mr. Redfield argued with Neshoba, but the Indian stood resolute, saying: "Squaw promise."

Mr. Redfield offered him money, but the Indian would not take it. Mollie kept crying out: "Sind him away or I'll die!" At last Neshoba gathered up his pelts and walked slowly out of the door. Mollie descended from the beam and fell all in a heap at Mr. Redfield's feet, crying: "Be me soul, I've sinned!"

From that moment all the blitheness died out of the Irish girl's life. A great cloud overshadowed her gay spirit. Her merry heart seemed to turn to a lump of lead; she could neither laugh nor sing. Her three lovers called daily. Mollie told them: "Me heart is broke fer the poor injin. I'll marry no man," Mrs. Redfield tried to comfort the girl, but Mollie answered: "I hate the big prairie; it reminds me of Neshoba. I hate this wild, hathenish loffe. Oh, poor Neshoba! I've killed the honest injin's soul. I must go away to a convent to find comfort."

So Mollie went back East and entered an order of the Sisters of Mercy, where she spent the rest of her life doing deeds of kindness to atone for her sins. Every night she prayed at her window, which faced westward, for the soul of her Indian lover.

Mr. Redfield never saw Neshoba again. It was reported that he rushed unarmed into one of the Indian battles and was killed.—New York Ledger.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

GRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Soldiers Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke tells two stories that are illustrative of what is sometimes called the "chivalrous sentiment" of the Southern people.

"When I was a child," said he, "my father took me with him on a trip to Charleston, S. C. It happened to be a period of intense excitement—early in 1861. The State authorities had recently passed the ordinance of secession, the citizens of Charleston were wrought up to a high pitch, and Major Anderson had been shut up in Fort Sumter. I remember my experiences at that time as vividly as if I had passed through them yesterday. One of them was in connection with the historic incident of Major Anderson's defense of the fort against the Southern guns.

"The Federal troops were almost destitute of provisions, and it was a question as to how long they could hold out. It was well understood in Charleston that any attempt on the part of the United States to repossess the garrison would be resisted by force. There stood Anderson with his handful of men, under the stars and stripes, facing starvation or surrender—possibly annihilation. Around the old brick fort, rising sheer from the bosom of the sea, were ranged the batteries that were ready at a signal to give the coup de grace. Matters were in this critical juncture when I had the privilege of witnessing a marvelous act of chivalry and tender sentiment.

"I observed one day that a number of small boats were putting off from the docks and making for Fort Sumter, where lay the beleaguered Federal troops. My astonishment was redoubled when I learned that the women of Charleston had laden these boats with provisions of all sorts and luxuries, and were actually sending them to the soldiers whom their brothers and fathers were trying to subdue by starvation or by shot and shell. I afterward learned that Maj. Anderson was very much liked by the women, and, indeed, by all the people of Charleston; but it struck me as quite remarkable that even the near approach of war and the necessity felt by all, of the capture of Fort Sumter from the Federals, were not sufficient to suppress the chivalry and hospitality of these people.

"As the boats were pulling out I looked into them to see what kind of food the ladies were sending to their enemy. There was every delicacy that could be found in the market, and I can remember now how nice I thought the dainties looked, how I should have liked to taste some of them, and how I wondered what an impression such circumstances would make upon Maj. Anderson and his men.

"Shortly after the sending of these provisions to the beleaguered fort by the women of Charleston the men of Morris Island, fired upon the Star of the West, which was engaged upon a similar mission. Charleston would not have allowed the Federal Major and his garrison to starve, but it was equally determined not to permit the United States Government to provision the fort. The distinction was clear enough, and the presence of war itself could not hold in abeyance the obligations of hospitality.

"I remember just as vividly another experience in the South. Shortly after the war I was in Virginia with my father, and he took me to see Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was then at Washington and Lee University. I don't think that I have ever seen a man whose great personality impressed me so. Gen. Lee was one of the few men I have seen whose unmistakably stamp of greatness. He was exceedingly courteous and kind. It occurred to him at once that I, who was a boy at the time, might enjoy a ride on his war steed. So Traveler was brought out and the General placed me in the saddle; and for a few moments I sat upon the horse that his companionship in march and in battle had made famous."—New York Times.

How Grant Managed Them.

When Captain Grant, formerly of the regular army, was appointed colonel of an Illinois Regiment, in place of Colonel Goode, John A. Logan, while escorting him to the camp, said: "Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage the boys?"

"I think I can," replied Grant.

Logan and McClernand, two Congressmen, made patriotic speeches, and Logan, after a two hours' oration, led forward a quiet man, in plain citizen's clothes, saying:

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Col. U. S. Grant."

"Most of the soldiers observed him for the first time," writes Hamlin Garland, from whose "Life of Grant" we have quoted. "They were astonished and disappointed." Grant looked like a grave country doctor. But he showed that he could manage the "unruly boys." There were loud calls: "Grant, Grant!" A speech? Their late colonel used to "orate" before them. The new colonel stepped two paces toward them, and said in a clear, calm voice: "Men, go to your quarters."

If an eight-inch shell had exploded in their ranks, the "boys" would not have been more surprised; but they went to their quarters. There was that in the new colonel's voice which expressed command. The tone was not loud, but it was given with a clear-cut infection which showed him a master of men.

That evening at dress parade, as he stepped to the center of the regiment, wearing no uniform save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seams, and an old sword, the men jested in low voices about their new commander.

Colonel Goode, the late colonel not infrequently used the daily parade as an occasion to make a speech, and the men expected one from Grant. The line-officers advanced, and the adjutant saluted.

"A soldier's first duty is to learn to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and as instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

That was all he said. As the men marched back to quarters, a private remarked: "What do they mean by sending down a little man like him to command this regiment? He can't pound dry sand in a straight hole."

"He can't make a speech! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?"

"Boys," retorted a sergeant, "I'll tell you who he is. He's the colonel of this regiment, as you'll find, and don't you forget it!"

The sergeant was a prophet. The regiment had obtained all the liquor it wished for. Grant stopped that. A man resisted arrest.

"What's the matter?" asked Grant of the officer of the day.

"The man persists in bringing liquor into camp and refuses to give it up."

"Put him into the guard-house."

"He refuses to go."

Grant stepped up to him, seized him by the collar, and jerked him outside of the camp gate. "Get out of my regiment," he said. "You are not worth disciplining. If you come back I'll have you shot!"

A big, dangerous man, named "Mexico," was tied up, with a score of others, for leaving camp without permission. "For every minute I stand here I'll have an ounce of your blood," said he to the colonel.

"Gag him!" replied Grant.

One by one, as the hours passed, the other offenders were released by the officers of the guard. Grant released "Mexico" himself. The bully saw that his colonel was his master, and the regiment began to find out that it had a colonel.

His False Teeth.

They Nearly Suffocated Him, but the Doctor Got Them.

The fact that the throats of the inauguration under great excitement often produce a corresponding physical result was illustrated recently in the case of a man who had gone to sleep with his artificial teeth in his mouth. Waking suddenly with a choking sensation, he found his teeth had disappeared.

He looked in the glass of water where they were usually deposited, did not see them there, and realized that they must be far down his throat. Choking and struggling he hammered on the door of a friend sleeping in the house, who, seeing his critical condition, vainly endeavored to draw the teeth out of the sufferer's throat.

He could feel the teeth, but had not the strength to extricate them. He ran for a blacksmith, who lived a few doors away, but the blacksmith's hand was too big to put into the man's mouth.

A doctor had been sent for, but he was so long in coming that the victim of the accident seemed likely to die of suffocation before the physician arrived.

A little girl of 10 years was brought under the impression that her small hand might reach the obstacle and withdraw it, but she got frightened and began to cry. The sufferer became black in the face, his throat swelled out and his friends expected every moment to be his last, when finally the doctor arrived.

He heard the history of the case, saw that the teeth were not in the man's jaw nor in their nightly receptacle, felt the throat and chest of the sufferer, and cast his eyes seriously upon the floor. There he saw the whole set of teeth. He adjusted them in the jaws of the patient, told him to breathe freely, and every symptom of suffocation disappeared.

New Handshake.

Introduced in Washington by Assistant Secretary Melkjohn.

Representative Amos J. Cummings was one of a party of twelve who attended a dinner given by a public official a few evenings since. He knew all the diners save one, a Western politician, who was a friend of the host. The host introduced his Congressional friends to his guest from the West. Mr. Cummings was the first to be introduced. The Westerner, wearing an evening suit, patent leather shoes, etc., advanced, holding his right hand on a level with his forehead. Mr. Cummings approached to within a few feet of the extended hand and halted. He looked the Westerner squarely in the eye, glanced hastily at the outstretched arm, and as he grasped it said smilingly:

"Ugh! You shake hands like Melkjohn."

At this everybody laughed. Mr. Melkjohn, who helps Mr. Alger manage the War Department, is noted for his handshake, and his friends have a little quiet fun with him because of his affected manners. It may be remarked in passing that the Westerner is an intimate friend of the Assistant Secretary and has acquired the top-lofty handshake from association with him. —Washington special New York World.

Recent Trade with Spain.

Oregon children naturally keep track of commercial and international affairs, for their State has an extensive seaboard and intimate relations with the wheat markets of the world.

A class in geography was reciting in one of the rooms of the Central school-house yesterday when the matter of interchange of commerce and natural products came up for discussion and review. After referring to other countries and explaining what kind of articles were shipped to Germany, France, and England, the teacher put to the class this question:

"What do we send to Spain?"

A blunder of little hands went up all over the room, indicating a readiness and desire to answer and the teacher told a bright-looking little girl at the further end of the room that she might tell, and she said:

"We send soldiers to Spain."

"Yes, that is true," said the teacher; "but can you tell what we receive in return?"

"We get islands," came the answer, promptly, from the same little girl.—Portland Oregonian.

A Fashion Album.

After years of patient attention a Boston woman has acquired a scrap book of fashions that is truly unique and amusing. In the early days of the civil war she began clipping plates and fashion paragraphs from mode journals until her proposed volume has now formed several. It is wonderfully odd to review the fads and fancies that flashed like so many meteors through the skies of the past thirty-five or forty years. There are the Grecian belt, the chignon, the waterfall, the pullback, the crinoline, the tiny bonnets and the pokes, the large bustles, hoops and the large sleeves. Only extremes of style and oddities are used, or the collection would swell beyond all proportion. As it is, it is the source of much mirth whenever she brings it out as a "company trap."

Mexican Funerals.

The Mexicans have a queer way of burying the dead. The corpse is tightly wrapped in century plant matting, and placed in a coffin hired for about a shilling. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go to a trot to the grave, where the body is interred, and the coffin is then returned.

When a man gets rich, the neighbor women peer back into the history of his married life until they find that his wife once kept a cow. This explains everything.

Glue from Seaweed.

A fresh use for seaweed is claimed to have been discovered by a Norwegian engineer, who exhibited an invention at the Stockholm exhibition for producing paper glue, dressing gum and soap for seaweed. The first establishment for this branch of manufacture is to be erected in the district of Stavanger.

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay and finally said to one of the children: "I am going away directly, Stanley; and I want you to go part of the way with me." "Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Stanley.

"Look, who was a large outdoor us-