SHE KISSED ME AT THE GATE.

The moon was hid behind the hill—
All nature seemed at rest—
The birds within their nests were still,
When up the street we pressed.

Our steps were fast, but very light,
For we were out quite late;
But oh! the rapturous joy that night!
She kissed me at the gate.

The stars peeped downward from above,
When in my joy I pressed
My dearest Annie to my heart,
That throbbed so in my breast.

What swelling joy was mine that night
Heaven's smile on me did wait,
For then, with angels looking on—
She kissed me at the gate.

And now our love is growing strong,
Repeating o'er and o'er,
The scenes that angels saw that night,
And many times before.

We're loving still, we're loving on—
Our love has grown so great,
She'll kiss me when I ask her now,
Though 'tis not at the gate.

AN ADVENTURE IN DAKOTAH.

In the autumn of 1871, an expedition was organized to explore the almost unknown region of the Yellowstone Valley, and report upon the possibility of locating proposed crossings over the Missouri. The party consisted of Gen. R—— and a staff of about twelve engineers, with teamsters, cooks, etc., and an escort under the command of Gen. W——, of several companies of U. S. infantry, some Gatlin guns, and a company of Indian scouts (Dacotahs or Sioux). The country to be traversed was unknown, and full of Sioux Indians, professedly hostile to the proposed railroad, and determined to oppose it, on the valid ground, that the hunting, their sole means of sustenance would be evidently spoiled.

Owing to a peculiar circumstance, though only having been a very short time in the United States, I had the offer of an appointment on Gen. R.'s engineer corps; and as such an opportunity of seeing the country rarely presented itself, I gladly availed myself of it. It was hardly my first experience of travel—as I had already visited many parts, including Australasia; but this was a new experience, and having in youth, like most English boys, had an intense desire, inculcated and fostered by the marvelous books of Cooper, Mayne Reid and others, to see the noble savage in his own domain, I was delighted with the opportunity.

Three guides who professed to know the country were engaged; but they were of little use; indeed, as Gen. R. observed, if we had secured the services of one or two more, we should have been hopelessly lost; as it was, their peculiar avocation seemed to be to mislead us, and malign each other, and it was found that by putting two under arrest, and then ignoring the other, we facilitated our movements siderably.

We rendezvoused at Ft. Rice on the Missouri—as the troops were drafted in companies from the different frontier forts and marched there, or came up or down the river, as the case might be, and left September 8, 1871. The great object was to prevent surprise, as with our forces, unless the Indians were able to concentrate their bands, we were tolerably safe from open assault; so on the line of march we had skirmishers constantly thrown out, and beyond them, riding up every eminence, a cordon of scouts to give notice of the slightest Indian signs. For several days we saw none, but knowing the facility with which the redskins hide, and the secrecy of their movements, we never could be secured there were none about.

Many of the officers, and particulary Gen. W., had been selected on account of their having seen service on the frontier, and being acquainted with Indian wiles and stratagems; and after the day's march was over, sitting in the mess tent after a meal of antelope steaks, that would have produced dyspepsia or diesolution in many, and over the inevitable and invaluable pipe, many a story was told of Indian warfare, and cruelties of the late Minnesota massacre; till, notwithstanding the triple line of sentries and outposts (necessary indeed, but not always effectual to prevent surprise), the first impulse of any one, if by any chance he did wake up in the night, was to carefully feel his head, and ascertain the safety of his scalp.

Once or twice Indian signs were plainer and fresher than usual; the prints of a horse's hoof, denoting that one of their scouts had been around, or, in one or two cases, the ashes of a smouldering fire, showd how closely we had come to a small party, but still no living redskin had been seen by any one. Game was plentiful; and any quantity of antelope, black and white tailed deer and elk, were killed by the skirmishers and mounted scouts; but no one seemed much inclined to stray far from the main body, know the tendency of the enemy to pick off stragglers.

One day Gen. R., with the engineer corps and one company of infantry as escort, was engaged taking levels and observations along the dry bed of a river, on each side of which rose a hilly country, with boulders of granite sprinkled at intervals (relics of the ice period), looking as if some giants had been pelting each other with rocks; and a few scattered shrubs at long distances from each other.—Fringing the river was a very thin belt of light cottonwood, and undergrowth of bulberry bushes covered with clusters of bright red and currant-like fruit.

From the high-water mark, plainly visible by the washed-up debris of beaver-cut logs, etc., the river had, after the spring rains, been one of considerable depth and swiftness; but now dried by the summer sun, little was left but a few pools at intervals, and a spongy bottom, of the nature of quicksand, not at all calculated to facilitate the crossing of the heavy train of artillery that constituted our main body. This of course necessitated a *detour* for them, and a comparatively easier march across the plateau of prairie country beyond the hills, which was taken, both parties agreeing to meet at a little eminence, visible some miles off, and there pitch the camp.—Naturally, in following the course of the river, our way was very devious, while the train made as straight a course as possible. After an hour or two, I stopped for a time behind the rest to take the topography of one of the hills, and by the time I had finished, saw they were too far off to follow, and accordingly started off across the wide country, with a view of making a course to the probable locality where the camp would be pitched.

I went along quietly, not being at all anxious to arrive before the tents were up, the "correll" of wagons made, and the eight or nine hundred mules, which constituted our draught-power, safely inclosed, picking up at intervals on my way pieces of petrified wood, moss agates, or some of the small pieces of granite of countless variety of shade and color, which characterize that section of country, till I found myself on the top of a higher point of hill than any of the surrounding ones.

Having in my course described the chord of the arc represented by the direction of the movements of the train, I imagned myself to have nearly reached the proposed camping-ground, and after lighting my pipe, sat down and looked around.

The sky was intensely blue, not a cloud to be seen; all around the country rose and fell in fantastic shapes; far in the distance rose a cloud of smoke-like dust, marking the progress of the train, and the dark line of cottonwood trees, dwindling off to a mere thread in the distance, showed the course of the river. The chirp of the cicada, and humming of various insects, seemed the only signs of life; unless the lazy waving of the prairie grass could be so called, and I felt very much alone. The sun was hot, and feeling tired I laid myself down behind a large boulder, some four feet high and rather overarching, and fell asleep. After, I suppose, an hour's rest, I awoke, and getting up looked around to ascertain the position of the train, and see if they were making preparations to camp.

The sun was lower, and the column of dust nearer than when I looked before, but they were evidently on the move still; the rifles of the advance guard glistened at intervals, and in the rear the commissariat beeves, guarded by the commissariat "bull punchers," dragged their weary lengths along. Still looking round I saw three or four black objects on a nearer hillside, and after a hasty reconnoitre discovered them at once, from their appearance and manner of riding, that they were mounted men and Indians.

A "good" or friendly Indian is very seldom met with on the prairs, and none would be likely to feel well disposed towards one of a party who had an avowed intention of crossing their hunting grounds; so I immediately made a dive, flattened on the ground, and crawled under cover of a rock, from which I cautiously looked, hoping they had not seen me, and trusting to their going another way on the approach of the train. The reader may imagine my feelings when I saw them ride straight towards the bluff I occupied. I am not covetous, but certainly never wished for the sole possession of any piece of land more than I did for that hill; still, I never thought they would ascend to the top; but merely felt they were too near to be pleasant.

From behind the stone I looked, exposing as little of myself as possible, when, to my intense horror, after a short conversation at the bottom, they began to ascend. Carefully dragging myself along, so as to make as little trail as possible, I wedged myself under the rock, beneath which I had been sleeping a few minutes ago, hoping against hope that the near approach of the troops would prevent them making a long stay, and trying to imagine that they would not discover me.

What would I not have given at the time for my well-beloved and trusty Winchester repeating rifle; but, alas! it was then, I knew, carefully placed in a baggage-wagon; my only weapon was a French Lefauchaux revolver — of the pepper-box species, not reliable; and rendered less so, by some horribly bad German pin-cartridges I had purchased in St. Paul, Minn., for it; not to be depended on for a moment, in short, when accurate shooting was indispensable. However, I at once took out all the cartridges, reloaded the weapon very carefully, and cocking it, quietly lay there, shadowed and sheltered by the rock, and awaited the result.

Thoughts of all the cruelties I knew were practiced by the Sioux on their captives, and the impossibility of making anything like a fair and even fight of it—as they all had rifles or carbines, ran through my mind; and even then, amid all the horror of the situation I could hardly repress a smile at the thought of the painful disappointment the reds would feel in endeavoring to "lift" my hair, as, in accordance with a habit contracted in the East Indies, it was little over three-quarters of an inch long, certainly not long enough to afford sufficient hold for them to take my scalp.

I cannot say how long I remained in this position; perhaps, a few minutes, but it seemed hours. Thoughts of home, and places I should never see again, flashed through my mind; and the idea of dying in that way seemed all the more dreadful, as I thought of the proximity of the troops, and how little they were aware of my fate. Vague ideas as to whether my body would ever be found, floated through my mind, amid a general piling up of mental agony. I could hear the footsteeps nearer and nearer, and the guttural grunts of the riders were more distinctly audible as they approached the top, and in a few more seconds, I was aware by the sound they had reached the summit, and had, as I judged, dismounted.

Can a much more unpleasant situation be supposed? Within a few feet of my savage enemies, who would certainly pay no attention to the etiquette of civilized warfare, whose language was unintelligible to me, and mine to them, and the certainty of being discovered by their keen eyes the moment they looked around the surrounding country. I must certainly confess to a very bad scare. All sorts of wild schemes revolved thro' my brain; rushing down the hill in a desperate effort to escape and reach the train presented itself, and was dismissed as vain and futile.

Then the calmness of desperation seemed to come, and with a vague, dreamy feeling of pitying myself as one in a bad way, I lay revolver in hand, meditating whether it would not be better to reserve the last bullet for myself, so as not to fall into the hands of the savages.

At last the climax came. An exclamation from one showed an object of interest, and I could hear them cluster together, and talk rapidly.—From the inflection of their voices I knew they had discovered something What could it be? In a moment I remembered; in my haste I had left a small metal match box (an old traveling companion) where I had lit my pipe, and it had been discovered. Then, footsteps were heard all round, and close to my hiding place; so drawing a long breath, I jumped up with my pistol presented, and confronted—an Indian certainly, and a Sioux, too—but, to my intense relief, I recognized the peculiar features of Tartanka Morza, or Iron Buffalo, one of the scouts attached to the expedition.

Our mutual surprise was great. I never felt so lovingly disposed to an Indian in my life. He himself could not tell what to make of the apparition of a white man suddenly springing from behind a rock, with such a decidedly hostile appearance; and we stood looking at each other, till with the intuitive perception of an Indian, the whole thing seemed to burst on his mind, and we both exploaded into a roar of laughter (it is a mistake to say redskins don't laugh), in which the rest joined.

Sitting down, we discussed the affair by pantomime over a pipe, and then seeing below the white tents rapidly rising, and dotting the neighboring hillside, while the bugles made themselves heard sounding halt as each company came up, denoting the stoppage for the night, I strolled leisurely down the hill to rejoin my friends, and having got over my fright, amused them that night with the story of it.

A SMUGGLER'S NARRATIVE.

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eyes steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced from her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, sir," stammered she.

I bowed and looked considerably more so to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret, that is too much for me to keep myself, oh! would you keep it inviolable."

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smiling, "it is lace, is it not?"

"She uttered a little shriek, and—yes, she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

"Oh, sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds worth; please to forgive me and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly, but kindly, "here is the pier and the officer has his eye upon us, I must do my duty."

I rushed up the ladder like a lamplighter; I pointed out the woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she had lost, paid her fine and explained:

"You, madame, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, madam? If you still feel aggrieved by me in any way, pray take some more lace; here is lots of it."

When I finished my explanation, the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with my little stroke of diplomacy, though she would have doubtless preferred a little less prominent a part in it.

Not a dozen democrats have been killed in the south since war; but hundreds and thousands of republicans, both black and white, have fallen victims to the "war of races," now progressing in that section.—Strange, isn't it, that the casualty list is so one sided?

"Patrick," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well, I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for I am going afther the balance to-night."

A Mississippi pilot saw the comet, the other night, and immediately cried "I've got 'em; snakes I've had before, but the stars have got tails on 'em; I'm a dead man."

"Take a wing?" gushed a pompous upstart, extending his bent arm to a sensible young lady, at the close of an evening meeting. "Not of a gander," she quietly replied, and walked home with her mother.

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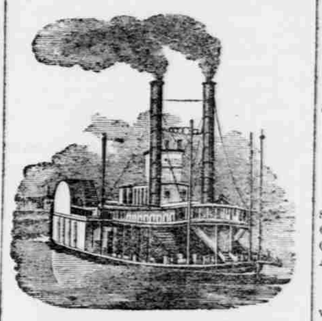

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FASTEST BORING AUGER IN THE WORLD

PLAYS UP AND DOWN ON A SHAFT, MAKING A WELL WITHOUT LIFTING THE SHAFTING UNTIL ALL IS COMPLETE.

THE AUGER

PATENTED FEBRUARY 24th, 1874.

COUNTY OR STATE RIGHTS FOR SALE.

The above cut shows the Auger raising its load of earth. As will be seen, the Auger may be drawn up to Pulley E, which gives room to run a truck under the Auger to secure its load; and by turning Crank F the Turning Rod is removed from Drum A. Then by turning Crank G the Turning Rod and Lever is moved forward, and the rod inserted in the Boring Shaft C, and is ready for filling the Auger, which is let down by means of hand brake; and as the Auger works loosely on the shaft, the air has free circulation to the bottom of the well, thus preventing suction or atmospheric pressure.

ONE MAN AND ONE HORSE

CAN WORK THE AUGER SUCCESSFULLY

TWENTY FEET AN HOUR

Address ALF. W. MORGAN,

Post Office Box 12, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.