

SWINGING TO DREAMLAND.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland
There, sweet, in slumber go.
My song will blend in seen and
With songs the angels know.
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollow holden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.
Go swinging, away, swinging,
High up among the stars,
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep till dawn the bars,
Although thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt in my arm holden
Wake bright and laughing soon.
—William S. Lord.

WHITE MAN'S WINGS.

Laban Whitaker was a boy of nearly 12 when his father, Deacon Whitaker, moved up from Salem to the banks of the Merrimac at what is now Concord, N. H. The new country was fertile, and on a broad plain in a bend of the great river a prosperous little hamlet was growing.

The home of the Whitakers was one of the 12 garrison houses of Penacook. During colonial times houses in a new settlement were built so as to be easily defended in case of an attack from savages. Strong walls of hewn timber, carried up as high as the roofs, were erected around each house, and at the corners were sentry boxes where some one of the family watched when an Indian raid was apprehended. Sometimes a number of dwellings were enclosed in such a fortification.

Laban was the youngest of a family of nine. One of his elder brothers was grown up and married, but the young couple made their home with his father. In so large a household it usually devolves on one of the younger members to do the chores. This part of the labor fell generally upon Laban.

But he was a stout, sturdy boy, quite willing to perform the duties that fell to him. These were to go to the mill whenever the family supply of "rye and Indian" was exhausted, to cut and carry in the firewood, and in summer time to weed the garden and to herd the cows.

There were no fenced inclosures for pasturage purposes in early Penacook. The cows of the settlers ran at large in the woods and meadows, and the boys took turns in guarding them through the day and driving them up at night. As two boys watched at a time, and as there were about a dozen lads in the settlement, it consequently became Laban's turn once a week to be out with the cows.

It was not hard work, and when it was not stormy weather Laban rather liked it. The danger attending it was not sufficient to give certain zest to the employment, for it was in the time of the French and Indian war. Two or three years before this a band of Indians had lain in ambush in the forest and shot down seven of the settlers as they were passing from the town to a garrison a few miles distant. Since then, although other settlements had felt the scourge, Penacook had not been molested. Still the settlers were not unconscious of the danger that any day might sweep down upon them.

Sentries stood on guard day and night. Every pioneer carried his musket to his work in the fields, and on Sunday the congregation went armed to a man to the little log meeting house. Even the minister kept his firelock by his side in the pulpit as he read from the word of God. Such was life on the New England frontier 150 years ago.

One bright June day Laban and another boy named Ezra Kimball went out together to watch the cows. Both boys had their firelock muskets, and with them went Rover, a large brindled mastiff that belonged to the Kimball lad.

The cows had fed farther than was usual that day, and when the long afternoon drew to a close the boys were a mile from home. They had no thought of danger, however, as they drove their lowing charge through the bosky glades and along the forest paths toward the little settlement. The soft, balmy air was full of charm. The smoke rising from the chimneys of the cabins down in the valley, where the settlers' wives were cooking the late supper, gave a pleasant touch to the landscape.

A great lush had suddenly come over the forest. Not a bird's note was to be heard. The stillness, like that of a Sabbath, struck the boys' attention, and they looked at each other with a sudden fear blanching their tanned faces. Rover's sharp bark in front reassured them, however, and they hurried on through the glimmering twilight.

Before them was a little dell, through which a brook meandered with low, musical gurgles. Alders lined the valley, and the trunk of a fallen tree of huge dimensions lay beside the narrow path.

"Indians, Indians!" rose from the white lips of Ezra Kimball as he sprang backward. He had caught the glimpse of red legs behind the alder bushes.

Instantly a dozen savages rose up from their hiding place behind the fallen tree trunk and the copse of alders. Before Laban could spring out of the way or in any way shrink from the encounter he was seized.

A stalwart brave leaped after Ezra, who had taken to his heels through the brushwood. The pioneer boy heard his red foe just behind him. How should he escape his clutches? He had but a moment to think, but it was long enough to save him.

"He allowed himself to fall suddenly into an inert body across the wild wood path. It was done so quickly that the Indian could not turn or evade the stumbling block in his way. He pitched headlong over it and fell prostrate upon the earth. With a sharp, fierce yelp Rover rushed upon the fallen savage, throttling and tearing him in a terrible manner.

In the excitement Ezra sprang to his feet and dashed off.

"Run to the fort and arouse the settlers!" shouted Laban after him.

But Ezra did not need the incentive. A few shots were fired after him, but he escaped without a scratch to alarm the settlement.

Not so fortunate was Laban. He was led away through the wilderness. His captors traveled that night, never halting till they were miles from the little settlement on the Merrimac.

The band of warriors had been detached from a larger war party, and in the morning the two bands united, halted where two streams met and cooked a hasty breakfast. They then continued their march, arriving at the end of a week's time at an Indian village on the northern extremity of Lake Champlain.

There, after a time, the young captive was formally adopted into the Indian tribe, an old chief taking him into his own wigwam as a son.

Those were dark days for Laban Whitaker, but he manfully repressed his grief and appeared content. Little prospect was there of his ever being able to return to

his home. Many a time he awoke from his sleep with a shudder at the thought of the life before him. He resolved to seize the first opportunity to escape.

But, oh, the hopeless waiting! "Thought cunning by the crafty savages, he made the best of his situation. He went hunting and fishing with the Indian lads and rapidly became a favorite in the village. The red squaws plaited rich mats for his wigwam and made handsome leggings and moccasins for their young paleface brother.

The months sped by, summer and autumn passed, and the cold northern winter set in. One December day when the ground was frozen hard and the lake was one sheet of glittering ice a band of warriors returned from a foray they had made among the white settlements to the southward. There was great rejoicing in the village over the scalps and the plunder. It made the white boy's heart throb as he recognized among the spoil familiar articles of household use—shears, knives, a housewife and a pair of candlesticks such as he had often seen in his home at distant Penacook. But what gave him the greatest start was that he saw dangling from one huge redskin's belt a string of shining steel skates.

Evidently none of the Indians had ever seen any of these articles before. They crowded around the lucky warrior whose prize they were and examined them with the greatest curiosity. What were they? What was their use? The warrior could not tell.

"Does the young paleface know?" questioned the braves as they gathered about the young captive.

Laban touched the skates reverently and answered that he knew their use very well.

"Speak, my son!" cried the old chief who had adopted him. "Tell my nation what any of these pieces of smooth steel fastened together with straps of leather."

"They are wings with which to fly," said the boy, with a solemn air. "The Great Spirit has sent them as gifts to the red men."

The Indians shake their heads and look doubtfully at one another. They can hardly understand it. It is a wonderful thing.

"How can one fly with these things?" asked the old chief incredulously.

"Come with me to the lake, and I will show you my braves how to use the mysterious wings," returned the lad, with great interest, but he really cared to show. In his excitement he trembled. The hand in which he held the mysterious wings shook.

The idea was received favorably. The whole village rushed down to the shore where the lake lay stretching its gleaming length miles and miles away to the southward.

When the ice was reached, Laban fitted a pair of skates upon the feet of four of the young braves. The sharpest, strongest pair he bound upon his own feet. Then, seizing a musket from the hands of a warrior standing near, he bade the braves stand upon their feet and follow him.

They endeavored to do as he directed, but only stumbled over each other, making the greatest confusion possible. The crowd of warriors, women and children regarded the scene with amazement and concern. Scarcely able to control his countenance, Laban brandished the crestfallen braves for their carelessness.

"You did not do as I told you," he said. "Now, stand up and watch me, and you will see better how to do it."

He darted off, swift as a swallow, over the ice that had not a break or a cranny in it, now skating in a circle, now in a straight line, now retreating, now advancing, his motions watched with the greatest interest by the savages.

Alas! boats are treacherous—the lady lost her balance and fell into the water. Just then it was deep and somewhat dangerous. Miss Melon disappeared from view and came to the surface struggling and gasping.

Mr. Smith shouted for help, and out of the woods bounded something black, followed by a man with a gun.

"Fetch her, old fellow!" yelled the man, and the dog plunged into the water. His master only waited to fling off his coat and hat before he followed him.

Together they brought Miss Melon to the shore more dead than alive, and then the picnicers found the dripping trio—Miss Melon supported by Mr. Waddilove, the dog in ecstasies of pride at his own performance.

"What a fine dog that is," said Miss Melon.

"Pure Newfoundland," said Mr. Waddilove.

"For all the time we've been neighbors I've had such a false idea of you," said Miss Melon.

"And I haven't appreciated you," said Mr. Waddilove. "Ah, well—do better in future. Here we are."

BOTH LONELY.

When Mrs. Tallman issued invitations for her picnic, one fact troubled her. If there was one person whom Miss Kitty Melon disliked particularly, that person was Mr. William Waddilove.

In fact, there was only one thing she hated worse, and that was his dog.

On his side, Mr. Waddilove disliked his neighbors as heartily. If there was anything he hated, it was a piano, and from morning to night the partition wall shook with incessant practicing.

The two cottages commenced secret warfare. Miss Melon shrieked whenever she saw the dog—practiced at midnight because she knew Mr. Waddilove was always aroused by the dulcet strains and passed her neighbor with averted face.

Mr. Waddilove smoked when the wind set toward Miss Melon's garden; set his dog into convulsions of barking whenever the lady was seen with a book in the arbor and laughed audibly when he was contemptuously ignored in the lane outside of the garden.

No wonder Mrs. Tallman grew nervous as her picnic guests, among whom were to be the "two antipathies," began to assemble.

Foremost came Mr. Waddilove, with his dog and a gun.

"Might see something I'd like to hit you know," he said.

Mrs. Tallman smiled faintly.

"Only don't let it be one of my guests," she said.

Other guests arriving opportunely, however, the lady forgot her fears in hospitable welcomes, and soon all were assembled save Miss Melon.

At the last moment some one in white, with a round hat, and cherry ribbons, and a roll of music, appeared on the scene. It was Miss Melon.

Mr. Smith offered his arm, and the party set off—Mr. Waddilove in front, Miss Melon the very last of the procession, each unconscious of the other's presence.

The spot was reached—a nice damp hollow full of trees. Then, and not until then, Beppo discovered Miss Melon.

He made for the spot where she sat at once, and being an intelligent dog, who remembered lessons, began to bark in the most astounding manner, making short leaps and tumbles all the while.

"Oh! oh!" It's that Mr. Waddilove's brute. How did he come here? Oh, mercy there's the wretch himself. Call off your dog, sir.

"Never bites," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Weally," said Mr. Smith—"weally, I must protest. The lady is alarmed, sir."

"Beppo, old fellow," said Mr. Waddilove, "what you want there I don't know—lie down."

And Beppo did lie down, panting and whimpering to himself.

Miss Melon, following the example of the rest of the party, began to explore the beauties of the woods, leaning on Mr. Smith's arm.

"Oh, the river!" cried Miss Melon. "Do let us wander on its banks, Mr. Smith."

"Very much pleased to wander anywhere with you," said the gallant Smith, and soon they were upon the margin of the stream, where lay a boat.

"Oh, I must have a row!" cried Miss Melon.

Unaffected.

The pages of amusing literature are stocked with the sayings of honest and unaffected people. The following incidents have, moreover, the merit of being strictly true:

A lady who had studied an elementary treatise of astrology one day took it upon her to "cast the horoscope" of a boarding house acquaintance.

"Let me see," she began after taking down the day of the "subject's" birth, "you are in Aries. Aries is intellect. Why, well!" she suddenly exclaimed, looking up, as the full force of the definition struck her, "there must be some mistake. You can't be in Aries!"

Another innocently frank person was admiring the baby grandson of a famous man.

"Now," said she encouragingly to the parents of the child, "this boy will be a genius. It is perfectly safe to expect it, for you know genius always skips one generation."—Youth's Companion.

Sharpening Up.

Northerner—That hog must be bothered with fleas, from the way he scratches himself.

Southerner—Fleas nuthin! That's a razor-back hog, sah, and he's just stroppin' himself.—Life.

A Sensitive Point.

The Widow Grangely had an important case in court. She knew that if she should win her condition thereafter would be one of financial ease, and she had accordingly employed the most effective lawyer in the county. When the case came to trial, the shrewd lawyer saw that his road to success lay through the emotions of the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "look at this poor woman. Is she not enough to excite the pity of any beholder? Deceitful has not spared her, and age is fast spreading its blight upon her once fair face. She—"

"You stop right where you are!" exclaimed the widow. "I need the money that might come out of this case, but I'll be hanged if you shall stand up there and call me old."

The lawyer hastened to her side and said, "Why, madam, I must talk that way or lose the case."

"I don't care if you do have to talk that way, you sha'n't. I'd rather lose the whole thing than be called old. I am just as good looking as I ever was, and I want you to understand that fact. Deceitful, indeed! I'll bet I could gather you up and throw you over a rail fence right now. If you want to talk about the law there is in the case, go ahead, but if you call me old again we'll fight, that's all."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Suicidal Marriage.

He was engaged to the girl, but he would not carry out the contract, though he refused to give her up.

She had coaxed him at first to give up his foolish notion, but he wouldn't have it, and finally she kicked out of the traces.

"Why don't you stop fooling," she said, "and marry me?"

"My dear," he pleaded, "marriage in my case would be suicide."

"I mean that I am so poor I could not hire a cook."

"Well," she urged bravely, "what of that? I am strong and well and can do the cooking until you are rich enough to hire a cook."

"I know that, my dear love," he murmured, taking her face in his hands, "it is your cooking that I am afraid of." And young love's dream was split wide open.—Detroit Free Press.

An Explanatory Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be found in the Cross Kirk-yard, Shetland, on a handsome mausoleum.

FOYALD ROBINSON.
Born 1st January, 1785; died 4th June, 1848; aged sixty-three years. He was a peaceful and quiet man, and to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was very much lamented, which was caused by the stupidity of LAURENCE TULLOCH, of Clonsay, who sold him nitre instead of epsom salts, by which he was killed in the space of three hours after taking a dose of it.

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The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which increased almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and feel like another woman. Before I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband sought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking this remedy, and now I weigh 130 1/2 lbs. Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Ottoville, Pa., October 12, 1902.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles \$5, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

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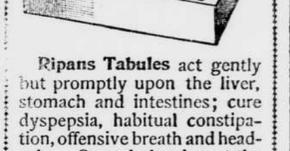
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