IN CLOVER.

Let me lie down in the clover,
Where the daisies scatter snow,
And the yellow bees fly over
As my fancies come and go.

Dwellers in a royal palace
Have not softer couch than mine;
And lo! here's a lily chalice,
Brimming with the morning's wine.

Yonder brook sings low and softly,
But I cannot catch its words,
As they blend in silvery music
With the notes of breeze and birds.

In this sweet, still summer weather
It is easy to forget
That our life has toil or trouble;
Has a cloud, a jar or fret.

Why should we try to remember?
It is well to dream and rest,
And forget that we grow weary,
Though our dreams are dreams at best.

Happy he who puts away
Thoughts of daily life and strife,
Who is deaf to din and discord
Jarring through the chords of life.

Let me lie thus in the clover,
As a child on mother's breast,
And, awhile the hours fly over,
Dream sweet dreams of peace and rest.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

"It's those worn out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr, in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. "The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long, and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up.

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother, never fear," said Janie, brightly. "Don't fret. You'll see that things will come out right."

"But the shingles must be fixed right away," said Mrs. Barr.

"They shall be fixed, mother," said Janie.

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow.

"I will!" said Janie.

"That's all nonsense," groaned Mrs. Barr.

But Janie had never been more seriously in earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon.

Col. Addison, from the Valley hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lepell, the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her to the sea beach.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly to herself.

But Mrs. Lepell came back before she had got twenty-five yards away from the house.

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident."

"Yes," said Janie, "but there won't be any accident.

Mrs. Lepell laughed, and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

"Who are you?" said Janie, briskly. "What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work, you had better go on to the new buildings, about a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there."

The lad mumbled out something, whether thanks or otherwise Janie could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on her hat and bolting the front door, ran across the back meadow to Jack Parson's carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood path.

"I want a few shingles," said she, "and a pound of shingle nails."

"What for?" said Ralph.

"No matter," calmly retorted Janie.

She nodded good-by, and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms.

Ralph looked admiringly after her.

"She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr!" said he. "If ever I'm able to support a wife, that will be the one I'd choose."

Light as a thistledown, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pocket.

"Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," she said, as, with a hammer added to her stock in trade, she ascended to the garret and climbed the odd little ladder that led up through the rusty trap door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rain and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the board gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof, and the hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping rows of new, fragrant wood. The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails was like music in her ears. Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked for her charity. "And no one but a woman in the house."

"Sure of that?" said a deeper voice.

"Yes, plum sure," was the answer. "And I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up."

"Come in, then," said the other one, "and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staple this side of Denver."

Janie had listened in breathless horror. In an instant, as it were, she comprehended the full danger that menaced Mrs. Lepell's treasured gems—the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and helpless!

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to re-enter the house by the same way in which she had left it she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered.

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thought yet careered through her brain she sprang down the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days.

It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye, but Janie alighted like a cat in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached the lower bough, and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpenter shop.

"Janie, what is it?"

Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her path.

"I was drinking at the ice cold spring," he said, "when I heard your footsteps. "What is it?"

She told him the trouble as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come," she cried. "O do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

"That will bring my workman," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon among ourselves for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Robins will watch the front and I'll go and throttle the fellows."

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken red handed; the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping, and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"O, Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't," said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said, "She would see." And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarders were alike amazed when they returned home.

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars," said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings," hysterically cried Mrs. Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And—I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, don't you?"—True Flag.

Stonewall Jackson.

"I am just in from Lexington, where I have been attending the annual commencement of the Virginia Military institute." The speaker was Governor Fitzhugh Lee. "Yes, 'Stonewall' Jackson was once a professor at the institute, and the latter is still redolent of his eccentricities. I knew him well, and he was the last man you would have picked out of a crowd of military men, not knowing who he was, as possessing wonderful energy, endurance and executive ability. It was only in the heat of action that these characteristics flamed out. At other times he was dull, uncommunicative and apathetic. In the parlance of the day he was a 'crank' in many things, but a terribly earnest one. When a professor at the institute he was the butt of the students' jokes. Yes, he was religious. He was known in the army as the 'Blue Light Elder.' Gen. J. R. Jones was his classmate at West Point and was noted for his profanity. One day, in the battle of Chancellorsville, some mules attached to our ammunition wagon got 'stalled' and finally got balky under the lash. Jackson was looking on when Jones rode up. The latter took in the situation at a glance.

"'See here, Jackson,' he shouted, 'let me cuss 'em.' Jackson smiled, but demurred by shaking his head. While Lee's army was crossing the Potomac into Maryland some of the mule teams refused to leave the water. Col. Harmon, Jackson's quartermaster, rode into the water and poured volley after volley of curses and lashes on the mules, and got them to moving again. Jackson sat on his old sorrel taking it all in. Harmon, on perceiving him, quickly rode up with the apology:

"'I beg your pardon, general, but cusses and blows are the only language that a mule understands.'"—Washington Letter.

One of Henry Ward Beecher's Pranks.

When Mr. Beecher was a student in Amherst college he was given to pranks, as most collegiates are. Once his tutor, who was over six feet tall and solemn in appearance, came to his room to expostulate with him for what he considered the boy's frivolous ways. Mr. Beecher was expecting the visit and had put into the wood closet all the chairs except one, which had been sawed off at the joint and stood about a foot from the ground; then he crawled through the hole in the student's table and, seated meekly among his books, awaited the visit. Finally, a grave rap was heard and a solemn face appeared way up in the air.

Mr. Beecher rose and made as if he would show him to a seat.

"Don't move for the world," said the professor; "I only called to have a little conversation with you."

"Certainly," said Mr. Beecher, "pray sit down," at the same time indicating the only chair.

The tutor looked at the low seat with some uncertainty and then commenced the process of sitting down. He went down, down, but not striking anything solid he straightened himself up again.

"Let me get you another chair," said Mr. Beecher.

"No," said the tutor; "I like a low seat," and with this the tall man doubled himself like a jackknife and was soon seen with his grave face between his knees like a grasshopper drawn up for a spring. When the eyes of the student and those of the solemn tutor met all gravity gave way in consequence of the extreme ludicrousness of the scene, and both joined in a hearty laugh.—Brooklyn Union.

Haymaking in Finland.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Finns. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to the lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frosts and snow, when it could easily be carried off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop, so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches exposed to a free circulation of air than the rich herbage which had lain long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their own crops might be dried.

This experiment was attended with such success that the plan has been widely imitated and bids fair entirely to supplant the old fashioned methods. After the mowing is done a number of poles about ten feet in length and provided with long transverse pegs are set up at intervals and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, while the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.—Mark Lane Express.

A Competent Witness.

Bessie—Do you know Harry?

Jennie—Yes. He's a very nice young man. I was in love with him for three months.—Epoch.

SWEETHEART DAISY.

The sunset all its golden rays
Athwart the skies of amber threw,
When down among the woodland ways
My bright haired Daisy came in view.
(Soft distings of a dainty shoe
Had pointed me the path she chose,
And why I followed up the clew
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

We met—she turned an almost gaze
To where, far off, a heron flew;
For spoke she till, with trembling phrase,
Her hand into my own I drew.
Then, Sweetheart Daisy rosier grew
Than her small namesakes when they close,
And why she flushed so fair a hue
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.)

What time the trailing garden sprays
Were heavy with the summer dew;
When quenched was the geranium blaze,
And dimmed the gay lobelia blue—
Daisy and I came pushing through
The long loose hedge of briar rose,
And why we were so glad, we two,
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

ENVOI.

Prince Love, all potent sovereign, who
The fate of lovers dost dispose,
Why this old world for me is new
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.
—Francis Wynne in Longman's Magazine.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follows that, counts just the same.
I've alms noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

SINNED, BUT FAITHFUL.

When the rush for the Kansas farming lands was at its height, and eastern farmers, tired of the red soil at home, were selling out at a sacrifice in order to join the pilgrimage to a land rumored to be literally flowing with milk and honey—where broad and productive acres could be had for the asking—Andrew Wright, an honest, practical young Granger who had spent all his life in the Mohawk valley, was taken with the western fever. He was not wealthy in the goods of the world, but he had a wife and 2-year-old boy that helped to more than make up for the lack of financial resources.

By shrewd bargaining he found after he had sold everything he owned that he had enough crisp bank bills in his hands to go to the west and make a start on the new place. His objective point was Kansas, but when almost there he was induced by a land agent to go over into Nebraska and take a quarter section within three miles of that muddy and erratic stream dignified by the name of Platte river.

Once settled, and with a three room sod house built on his claim, he started in to work with a will, and at the expiration of two years he found himself well on the road to the complete ownership of as fine a farm west of the red Missouri as "lay outdoors."

His one great trouble was the scarcity of farm hands in the busy season; so it was not at all surprising when one day a tramp who applied for work was taken in as almost one of the family and looked upon as a veritable godsend by the overworked young emigrant.

"Tony" Williams, as the newcomer called himself, was a hard looking, uncouth sort of individual, who worked with a will during the day and at night romped with little 4-year-old Joey until the lad used to watch for his coming, and find the most pleasant hour out of the twenty-four when Tony was with him.

It was rather a queer sort of friendship, but it lasted all through the winter, and until one spring night, when the old restless spirit came back upon him and the farm hand packed up his little bundle and quietly stole away in the darkness.

A year spent in the mining districts did not increase "Tony's" financial condition nor his appearance, either, for that matter, but it found the young farmer just so much nearer to the complete ownership of his quarter section, and at the expiration of that time the tramp turned his face to the rising sun, and by dint of sundry "lifts" and stolen rides on freight trains, found himself one fitful night treading the land he had plowed some months before. It hardly seemed like the same place to him, for instead of the sod house there stood a one story frame building, and less than a hundred yards away was a big roomy barn.

"I'll jest crawl into ther barn," soliloquized Tony, "so's not to wake ther folks. I wonder how the little chap is and if he will be glad to see me. They're pretty white sort of people, and I guess I'll stick by 'em this time and take ther old man's advice an' make a man outer myself."

Thus satisfying his conscience at having run away, he crept into the barn, and half burying himself in a pile of straw which had been left near the open door, was soon asleep.

It was hours later when a lurid red glow, which lighted up the sky and heated the air for miles around, caused Tony to shift uneasily on his rough but comfortable bed and to finally open his eyes and an instant later jump to his feet with a bound.

The prairie was on fire!

Away off, on what seemed like the lower edge of the horizon, was a sheet of flame which had formed itself into a barrier through which none might pass and live. Forked tongues of fire, leaping from the mass, licked at the air as if to find more food for their greedy appetite. The tall, dry grass swayed and shivered as if each particular stalk was endowed with life and was making an effort to escape a certain fate.

As the tramp looked, particles of burned herbage floating down the wind fell about him and he heard distinctly the crackling of the consuming element as it ate its way through the matted growth.

The grandeur of the sight stupefied him, and he was lost in contemplation of the awful spectacle. The uneasy lowing of the cattle, and the fretful whinnying of the horses aroused in him a sense of the danger, and he instinctively turned and looked towards the house.

There was no sign of life.

It was time for action now, and he had already lost many valuable minutes. He ran to the house and beat with both hands on the door.

"Mr. Wright, the prairie's on fire—the prairie's on fire!"

There was no answer. Time was precious now, and when Tony saw a spade standing up against the side of the house it seemed to him like a providence, and he took advantage of it. The door went in with a crash and as he jumped through the opening he met Wright coming out of the bed room.

The room was brilliantly lighted by the reflection, but not a word of recognition was spoken.

"Get the horses," said Wright, in a low tone, and when the tramp went through the door Wright turned back to the room.

"Our only hope is the river," he said to his wife, who with a white, drawn face, was hurriedly dressing Joey, but her poor, trembling, nervous fingers made little headway with the task.

When Tony came with the two horses, Wright and his wife took one while the tramp held Joey in place on the other. There were three miles to ride to the river and safety, and all but the boy looked with anxious eyes at the line of thundering flame, while the farmer sighed as he thought of the destruction that fringe of ragged fire would do his place.

But there was no time for sentiment, so away they started, leaving all but hope behind. For two miles the horses kept almost side by side, and then it began to look as if the race was not going to be an easy one for the heavy, well fed animals. Steadily the fire had gained until now, as they were almost in sight of the river, a sweep of the wind seemed to hurl the flames at them and their throats became so parched they could hardly breathe. Tony's horse, bearing the lighter burden, sped ahead, but the struggles of the other animal were becoming so labored that he slacked. Wright beat with his fists at the tired beast, who, faithful enough under his double burden, tried hard to respond by an increase of speed, but it was no use, for with the effort he went down on his knees, throwing the two heavily to the ground

As the woman shrieked in her downward flight the tramp heard, and turning in his uncertain seat he looked in time to see two motionless forms, the struggling horse, and then, like a thing of life bending to grasp its prey, the wave of death swept over them.

Everything seemed a blur to the tramp after that, for when he opened his eyes an hour later he was lying on the opposite side of the creek, with Joey near by, watching with wondering eyes the glare of the embers on the blackened waste. He remembered nothing but the going down to death of the farmer and his wife, and realized the fact that he had a new burden to bear in the care of the orphan boy.

When strength came back to him he picked Joey up in his arms with a feeling of tenderness he had never known before and made for the ranch of the nearest neighbor, some miles away, where he told the story and found willing hands to help in the sad ceremony of consigning the charred remains to a decent grave.

As for himself, Tony was for going over into the Colorado diggings, leaving the boy with the new friends, but Joey refused to be separated from his protector, so with a little purse donated by the big hearted farmer and with a resolve to devote himself to his charge, the tramp took the orphan up into the mines and prospected with the hundreds of others for nature's wealth.

The erection of a new cabin announced the fact that he had come to stay, and during the months which followed the boy grew strong and hearty under his foster father's care and became the life of the camp. As a miner, poor, inexperienced Tony was an indifferent success, although he managed to keep a sack of flour and a rasher of bacon in the provision box, and occasionally made a barter with a wandering Jew for little delicacies for Joey.

But even this poor luck was not destined to last, and when one night the boy cried because he was hungry, and the tramp knew there was nothing in the little place to eat, he became desperate and walked out in the cool night air of the mountains to think what was to be done.

There had been days in his life when he had little respect for the eighth commandment, and it was very natural then, at this critical period, that his uneducated mind should urge him to take from others to supply himself and the boy. He tried to reason that it was right enough under the circumstances, but his logic was not powerful enough, and he put an end to the whole matter by saying to himself as a sort of mental apology:

"Ef it wasn't for Joey it 'ud be diff'rent, but he's got to be looked after somehow."

After that the provision box in Tony's cabin was always full to overflowing, and the tramp grew so extravagant as to send to a far away city for a new suit for the boy, who, delighted at the new prosperity, was happier than ever and forgot entirely the pangs of hunger which had racked his little frame. One morning, however, the boy, who was well on to 6 years old, woke and found himself alone. He lay a long while waiting for Tony and then dressed himself and went out.

It was but natural when he saw a crowd around the Red Light saloon that he should make for that point, and he did, calling all the while with his shrill little voice for "Uncle Tony."

One of the men picked the boy up and carried him back to the cabin, while the rest were gathered about the prostrate figure of a man which lay partly propped up by a folded blanket in front of the saloon. The man on the ground was saying in a weak, thin voice:

"I allus tried to do ther squar thing, pards, although I hev made some slips in my life. I don't mind going hungry myself, for that's nothing new, but I couldn't see the kid want, and I had to do somethin'."

After a brief pause he continued, although in a fainter voice:

"I don't blame Jim for pullin' on me, cus I admit I was in his place to do him, but he done me. I know I'm going fast now, but, pards, look after ther kid. He aint got nobody now, and I done ther best I"——

The rest was indistinct, and when the convulsive twitch which had stopped the sentence ended, Tony was dead.

He had been as faithful to his trust as he knew how, but his life had been the price of his sin.

It was a long time before Joey became reconciled to have any one else take Tony's place, but the griefs of childhood are not lasting, and it was not until later years that the boy fully realized the sadness of his early life.—Fred A. Wilson in The Graphic.

Jack Dempsey Quieted Him.

In a crowded car on Geary street a rather undersized man trod on a big man's toe. He immediately apologized, but the big man would accept no excuse and grumbled and growled, and, as the smaller man made no attempt to resent it, he gradually roused himself to a furious heat.

"Who are you, sirrah?" he demanded, shaking his fist in the other man's face; "'who the devil are you that goes around stamping your big feet on every one within reach? Who are you"——

"My name is Jack Dempsey," quietly answered the other, looking up.

The big man's jaw fairly dropped and he hastily left the car, mumbling apologetically. The small man was not the noted fighter, but he scared the bully just as much as if he was.—San Francisco Examiner.

To Stop Gum Chewing in School.

Mix a little soap with the gum and require the pupils to chew all together for a little while. Give fair warning; then treat every offender alike. Probably one dose will break it up in school, if the pupils are assured that you are in earnest and will give them soap every time they forget and slip the horrid stuff in their mouths. I have tried this with primary pupils. I cannot speak of its value with older pupils, large enough to resist authority. That depends upon the teacher's discipline.—Cor. American Teacher.

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And moons will fade, noons pale and shadows darken—
While and eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of those love crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
O, God! O, God! have pity on that one.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CAPT. DUCK.

Capt. Duck was a Modoc Indian, with the shortest possible legs. His legs were so short that when he walked he waddled along like a very fat duck. And that is why he was called Capt. Duck at the stage station, which was at the foot of the great white mountain in the heart of the Modoc country, Mount Shasta. Some said his legs had been shot off in a battle. And then some said his legs had been eaten off by a bear. But I do not very well see how that could be, for his feet were there, all right. And very big feet they were, too; wide and big and flat like ducks' feet. So I think he must have been born that way.

Poor Capt. Duck could not hunt very well, or go on the war path with the other Indians, and so he came to the stage station to hire out with the few rough men who kept the old log fort and took care of the stage horses there.

These men did not like the old Indian, but as they were a lazy set, they were glad to have him at the fort to rub down and water the stage horses when the sun was hot or there was frost in the air. But they made all sorts of sport of the poor Indian. And, indeed, they laughed at him so much, and made so much fun of his short legs and big feet, that he often wished he was dead. For he was very sad and sensitive.

One day, Big Dan the stage driver left at the station a little boy whose father and mother had died; for the boy had no money to pay fare further. The rough, lazy men there put him to work with the Indian, and they named him "Limber Tim," because he was so slim and limber. And then they did not know his name. But I suppose that would have made no difference, anyway; for, in the mountains of California, they name folks just what they please. And if a boy looks as if his name ought to be "Limber Tim" or "Timber Slim," or anything of that sort, why that must be his name and he can't help it.

The little orphan boy was sent out every day with the short legged Indian, up on the side of the mountain, to herd the stage horses and keep guard over them. He had a belt, and a pistol in it, and a bowie knife in it; and also a gun to carry on his shoulder.

Pretty soon he came to like this very much and began to grow like a weed and get fat. He and the Indian were the best friends in the world. But the men of the station, somehow, were harder and harsher than ever.

But Capt. Duck and the boy did not mind it so very much now, for each had a friend—a friend in the other.

They would buckle on their pistols as soon as it was daylight and they had had a little breakfast of crackers and broiled bear meat or venison, and, each mounting a horse and driving the others, they would go up on the mountain side and there, by a little grove of thick wood, they would stop and let them graze all day. Sometimes Limber Tim would go to sleep on a warm, flat rock, while he was supposed to stand guard and look away to the right and to the left for Indians on the war path. But Capt. Duck would never betray him.

Every time that Big Dan, the stage driver, came by he would make all sorts of fun of Capt. Duck, as he hobbled about and hitched up the four stage horses, while the driver sat high up in the box and snapped his long whip.

The Indian did not like Big Dan, and Big Dan did not like the Indian. Dan said the Indian was a spy, and told the men at the stage station that some night Capt. Duck would set fire to the place and run away by the light of the blaze.

One hot day, as he sat on the box with the four lines in his hand ready to start off at a gallop down the great mountain, he told the Indian, with an oath, to "waddle on on his duck legs" and get him a drink.

The Indian did not move. Then Dan struck him with his whip. The men standing around roared with laughter. Still the sad faced cripple did not move. Then Dan struck him another cut across the face.

The Indian's brow grew dark and terrible, but he did not stir. Some one else brought the drink, and then, the driver snapping his whip, the stage dashed away down the mountain and left the Indian standing there, with the boy tenderly wiping his friend's bleeding face and speaking kind and pitiful words to him. The two friends went up on the mountain side by the little pine grove, and watched the horses as before, and the Indian never spoke at all of what had happened.

A month or two went by and everybody forgot about the trouble between Big Dan and the sad faced savage. Everybody, did I say?

One day the stage came thundering in with Big Dan, the driver, leaning forward helpless on the box. There had been a shot fired from the thick wood back upon the mountain side. The man was dying, and the four reins were slipping through his helpless hands.

Who could have fired that shot? When the stage driver was dead and buried some of the men took Limber Tim aside and asked him whether he had been all the time with Capt. Duck the day the shot was fired.

"All the time, every minute, every second," answered the lad, earnestly. For he had no suspicion at all that Capt. Duck had shot the stage driver. Indeed, the boy believed what he said, and would have maintained it at any hazard. He forgot that he had fallen asleep on the warm flat rock that cool autumn day.

The next summer signal fires were seen one night on the mountain tops. The men at the stage station hastened to fasten the old log fort. For this, they knew, meant war. The Modocs were on the war path.

The men made their guns ready and gave Limber Tim an extra pistol to put in his belt, so that he might fight with all his might and help save their lives. But when they came to look for Capt. Duck next morning he was gone. He had joined the Indians.

Then the men at the stage station were very much afraid, for they had been very cruel, not only to the cripple, but to all the Indians, and they knew that if they fell into their enemies' hands they had no right to expect any mercy at all.

The next night the Indians set the woods on fire, and all the land was dark with smoke. The great pine trees were falling across the road, and no soldiers nor anybody could come to help the men shut up in the little log fort, and surrounded by the blazing forests.

The men looked one another in the face as the air grew dark and dense from the smoke, and shook their heads sadly—for they believed their time to die had come.

About 10 o'clock one morning the Indians appeared behind the stables and began to fire on the fort. They took the horses out, mounted them and then set fire to the stables.

And now there was little hope, for the flames would spread to the fort, and then all must perish. The smoke was so dark and thick that the men were almost choked. They could not see to shoot the Indians, for it was like night.

"What can we do?" cried the men shut up in the fort, and hiding their eyes from the smoke. "The Indians will not come near enough for us to see them and fight. If we go out to find them we shall be shot down from behind the rocks and trees, and not one of us will live to tell the tale."

"Let me go out!" said little Limber Tim. "If I can find Capt. Duck, I will save you all."

They hurried the boy through the great wooden gate of the fort, as he tied a white towel on a ramrod and held it high over his head in the thick smoke. Then the men bolted the great gate and left the brave little fellow to do his best with his white flag.

By and by the boy with the white flag on the ramrod came pounding at the gate, and the men gathered around wild and eager as they opened it.

"What luck? What hope?"

"Well, if you will all leave your guns and go out one at a time down the stage road and never come back here any more, you can go."

"Never come back here any more?" cried one man as he jumped toward the gate; "catch me comin' back here any more, if I ever get out of this!" and he leaped out through that gate like a newly sheared sheep leaping over the bars.

Then another followed and another, all feeling very much ashamed of the way they had treated the boy. But somehow they did not have the manhood to hold up their heads and say so.

When the men had gone, glad to go and never thinking of looking back or ever returning to the Modoc country, Capt. Duck came hobbling in. The Indians helped Tim to put out the fire and then went away, taking all the stage horses and guns and blankets with them. So, when the soldiers came, three days after, they found only these two in charge of the fort—little Limber Tim and Capt. Duck.

The government left some soldiers there after that, and Limber Tim was made station master by the stage company!

He was the youngest station master, I suppose, that ever was on the border.

When I passed by there, last year, on a visit to my parents in Oregon, I saw him once more. But he is a man now. He has long hair, a small black mustache, and wears two pistols in his belt; for the frontier ways prevail in that country still.

As for poor Capt. Duck, he is shorter in the legs than ever, I think. His face is deeply wrinkled now, and his long black hair has turned as white as are the shining snows of mighty Mount Shasta when seen against the cold, blue sky above. He never speaks to any one. But he loves Limber Tim with all his heart, and never is long away from his side nor out of his sight if he can help it.

Capt. Duck was sitting in the chimney corner by the great log fire, smoking his pipe, when I saw him last. He was looking straight into the fire—thinking, thinking. And what was he thinking about? Maybe he was thinking about the dead stage driver who had struck him with a whip. It may be so. It may be so.—Joaquin Miller in St. Nicholas.

No Reference to Him.

"Now," said the passenger sitting with his feet on the other seat, "this Bible of yours says the very hairs of your head are numbered. Do you mean to tell me that some divine or angelic being actually went to the trouble to count the hairs of my head?"

"Of course not," replied the parson who was not such a meek man as he looked to be; "the text doesn't mention bristles, even by inference."

And shortly afterward the parson, who had been riding on the wood box, got a seat, but the religious discussion was dropped.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

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