

BILL AN' ME.

Yisterday I took a jerny ter the scenes I uster know,
 An' frum where I follered fortune nigh on forty years ago,
 Jest ter see if time hed changed 'em in its pass-in' on ther way,
 Ez et changed me an' my fortune every year an' every day.
 Near ther skule house on the common whar I learned to read an' write
 I see'd er feller standin' like things wuzent goin' right,
 An' ez I kem up closter he turned an' I c'd see 'Twas my dear ol' chum an' playmate—no one else 'cept Bill Magee.

"Bill," I sez, "don't yer know me?" An' he stud an' shuk his hed,
 "No," He finily answered, an' thet was all he sed.
 Fer a long, long time he c'dn't seem ter get me figgered out,
 Then it kem all of a suddint, an' he started 'ith a shout!
 "Be yer that ol' companin thet I uster know? An' say!
 Did yer ever go to skule right here? An' air yer Bob McKay?"
 I admitted then thet I waz Bob, his pard of 'fifty-three,
 An' fer a minit I gazed et Bill, an' Bill gazed back et me.

Then we gobbled up each other in er long an' strong embrace,
 An' ther tears they kem a streamin' from my eyes an' down my face
 Till I c'dn't see ther landscape that I uster know so well,
 When I felt ol' Bill's emoshun az his bosom'd heave an' swell.
 We stud an' kep' a blubberin' like a kuple ov ol' maids,
 While they tear drops on ther grass shone like dimunds on their blades,
 An' when we'd done a blubberin' we set beneath ther tree
 Thet years ago when we wuz kids hed sheltered Bill an' me.

Strange ther tales we both imparted ez we set there on ther ground;
 We resited all ther happenin's in ther lan' fer miles eround.
 Bill'd tell me ov hiz trables an' ov corse I tol' him mine,
 An' then we both agreed 'twas best we'd struck this life's decline.
 Thar was beauty in ther landscape thet nature'd painted bright,
 An' ther balmy breeze ov summer seemed ter harmonize jist right.
 Fer a good long time we set there till it seemed thet I c'd see
 Agen ther things thet happened ter my ol' chum Bill an' me.

We went eround ther village fer ter see ther sights ov old.
 But I c'dn't find ther places until arter I wuz told;
 Laws! ther things in that ol' village wuz changed in every way,
 An' wuz altogether diffrunt from ther things there in my day.
 Still ther visit sorter filled 'ith er thrill ov pure delight,
 An' ther picture kums and lingers kind o' pleasantly ternight.
 It will live until ther Reaper comes an' sets this old soul free,
 An' in ther bright hearafter thet's laid up fer Bill an' me. —L. A. EWING.
 Columbus, Neb.

INDIAN TERRITORY COURT BUSINESS.

The business transacted by the United States courts for the Northern district of the Indian Territory is the largest in the United States, and more convicts are sent to prison from this district than from any other two federal courts in

the United States, the two judges, Hon. William M. Springer and Hon. John R. Thomas, holding court almost all the time. The district has but one marshal, Hon. Leo H. Bennett, and one United States attorney, Hon. P. L. Soper. It costs about \$500,000 a year to maintain these courts, sessions of which are held at Miami, Vinita, Tahlequah, Wagoner, and Muscogee. During the year 1898 the number of prisoners handled at the Muscogee jail was 1,101.—Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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