

Environment.

A lily pure and pale,
Beside a purling stream
Within a sunlit vale
'Midst myri'd flowerets' gleam.

A spray of golden rod
Upon a wind-swept wold,
O'er glinting dewless sod—
Lone, shifting sheen of gold.

These sent with ardent care
From truant heart dejected—
The lily decks love's flowing hair
The hill-flower lie neglected.

J. F. B.

A Letter From Walking Wolf.

WALKING WOLF, ARIZONA, Feb. 20, '96.

DEAR TED:—

You ask why I didn't send that story. Well, I had one written which I intended to send; but since I wrote it, I've had such an extraordinary experience that what I called a story of adventure before, now seems as a simple narrative—a child's nursery story, as it were.

I'll try to tell you about it, but for the first time, I am unable to express satisfactorily what I have clearly in mind. I hardly know how to begin.

This will be told by degrees, but if I can just get started, I know you will be interested. And Ted, at the conclusion, don't think hard of me or judge me hastily—for the sake of the old days when you and I yelled together at the old Uni. People differ, and I did as well as I could—according to my light.

It is best I should explain a little. You know, here in this land of mountains and cow-punchers and cattle, nearly everyone rides horseback. The range bronchos are vicious and hard to ride; but a young fellow is not considered much of a rider unless he breaks three or four of these little horse-devils each winter. The boys are very skilful with the lasso. They think nothing of roping any one out of a bunch of twenty

horses running close together, and often, the girls of a family are as skilful as the boys.

As you already know, I have been attending singing school at the little school house up the gulch. Among the others who were attending was a young lady by the name of Prideaux, Winnie Prideaux. She is a girl of medium size, with black hair, and has a very determined cast of countenance. She is considered pretty by the boys around here, and I'll confess she is fairly good looking; and she has such a resolute way about her that she is interesting to a stranger. She has the reputation of being exclusive in her society; and the boys are somewhat afraid of her. She used to go to school in Denver.

I had heard all about her before I saw her and my curiosity was aroused, so when I met her at singing school one evening, I was as agreeable as possible—being determined to get acquainted with this western beauty.

Well, I succeeded. After chatting with her a bit before singing school for several evenings and seeing that she was not averse to my company, I mustered up courage enough to beg the privilege of accompanying her home after class. She seemed rather pleased and consented.

Well, this same thing happened several times in the next few weeks; and I thought we were getting to be famous friends. She was the more free and easy than any other girl friend I have ever known; and yet she possessed a quiet dignity and good sense that could not fail to win honest respect from an honest man. There was no display of affection on my part—I would not have dored—nor did she show any marked preference for me. 'Tis true, she went with none of the other boys after I rode home with her that first night; but, as for that, she went with none of them before I met her. All our conduct towards each other was as rigidly correct as if we had never known anything except that taught in an encyclopedia of etiquette.

At the end of the term, the singing school