

he would not have precipitated it. If men of fertile resource, like Cronje or Joubert, had controlled state affairs, instead of Kruger, Transvaal affairs would not be in the desperate state they are now. These generals have let the English take the initiative and then have fallen upon them. Kruger was convinced, like many another fanatic, that the Lord was on his side and against everyone opposed to him. He thought he could not make a mistake. He decided upon the war and announced his decision to his council, who acquiesced in his conclusion without discussion. The fortunes which he and his sons have gathered by exactly the same processes which Croker and his sons have employed in New York, will forever exclude him from the directory of patriots. He may intend to return the money of the republic to the Transvaal, but the ragged, hunted soldiers need money now, when, in their great extremity, their president has deserted them.

Apathy.

Voters are apathetic in regard to politics because they are busy with their own affairs. It was not so in '96. The merchant was then without customers. No money was changing hands. He was neither buying goods nor selling them. The plasterers, brick-layers, stone-masons used their hands for jesticulating and occasionally for punching other opponents on the street corner. In politics, in 1896, there was no apathy. There was nothing else to discuss, and the campaign that opened with the speech on the crown of thorns and the brow of labor was continued from July to November with mouth and fist, with torchlight processions and brass bands. This year the plasterer's hands are rapidly filling the space between bricks and stones with plaster, the carpenter's hands grip a saw, and the chips of stone are falling so fast around the stone-mason that the walking delegate and the orator can not get near enough to him to hold a decent argument. Prosperous times do not make the most satisfactory background for a political campaign, but their logic and comfort must inevitably attract votes to the administration.



Mrs. Sarah S. Decker of Denver, who will attend the State Federation meeting and address the delegates Thursday evening on "Club Revolution."

Willis—Did Henpeck die a natural death?

Wallace—Yes, his wife outlived him, if that's what you mean.

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THE SHEEP HERDER.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]
For *The Courier*.

It was the night of the Fourth. We came out of the stifling dance hall into the cool starlit night. Something assured us that we were come into silence and peace, though our ears, in their inmost chambers, yet vibrated with the rhythmic tread of the dancers and the throb of the violin.

The high black shadows against the steel blue sky, were the pine-robed mountains; and the strip of silver, the waters of the Big Horn, drawn down from all the Wind River slopes. Only the handful of houses, flung down on the face of the desert, was new. A year ago, the river, the bare sands, the coyotes, all as it had been for years untold. Today, a town and a celebration with none of the distinctive features lacking. Except indeed the fire works, and those only because McIntyre's drink went to his head instead of to his legs, as it should, and in consequence the freight was upset into the Nowood.

Well, the feet of the dancers in the low ceiled, stuffy, unpiastered room, had come far to do honor to the day and to Burton. For after all, it was Burton's celebration and the trouble and the glory of it rested upon him. He had spoken who ruled from the Metetsie to Sweetwater, not by might nor by power but by reason of his great heart and open hand, and the people came. It was the first meeting together of the people of a new county at the new county seat. Burton walking ahead of us down the narrow footway was carrying his sleeping child. I came next and as I stepped off the narrow foot-bridge across the gulch, a man rose out of the earth beside me. At any rate, he was not, and suddenly was. He walked beside me.

"Was it much of a disappointment?" he inquired.

"I don't know you," I said.

"It doesn't matter, I know you. There was no disappointment that the man didn't walk the rope across the river?"

"Of course not! Everybody was glad he didn't. Mr. Burton said it was a most fool-hardy thing to attempt."

"Fool-hardy?"

"Yes. The river is very wide here. And the current is so swift. A dozen men came to see Mr. Burton about it. These men are afraid of the river."

He waved his hands. "Afraid!" he cried.

"Afraid with a fear born of much knowledge, I think. It is a treacherous stream."

"Maybe it's just as well," he said. "I was anxious to try it. But the current is swift, as you say, and by moonlight it is fearful. And I've been rather dizzy for a week now."

"You! Are you the man?"

He laughed and fluttered his hands. His hands were peculiarly restless. There was a full moon. His eyes gleamed and his hair was black and long. He was thin. He looked like a scare crow, with his loose garments and fluttering hands.

"I learned it on the mountains," he exclaimed.

"On the mountains?"

He nodded and fluttered.

"Sheep herding," he remarked.

"Did you ever see a big flock?" he asked abruptly.

I was conscious of a great nausea and loathing, as I remembered the immense sheep flocks I saw in Wyoming where we drove through a few acres of the creatures one day.

"They are so dirty and stupid," I persisted, "and that interminable soft ba-a-a-a never ceases for an instant. When one sheep leaves off another begins. I thought I should go crazy be-

fore we got away from the blating creatures."

"Crazy," he repeated softly.

"And the lambs! Did you ever see such ugly things? Toppling about on their long shaky legs. I expected momentarily that those ridiculous legs would snap under them. I was taught in the First Reader grade that lambs were white and woolly and dear with pink ribbons around their necks. But these things! Ugh!"

"Ugh!" he said with exaggeration and flutters.

"You're among 'em," he went on; "all day, and you watch their dirty backs among the brush, and listen to the tenkle, tenkle and the ba-a, ba-a. You watch 'em eat, eat, eat, and there's nothin' else to do. And the months drag on, and there's nobody to speak to, and nobody to speak to you. And you sit there alone and watch the wool grow. And at first you like it well enough. But after awhile the Things come."

"The things?"

"Yes! I've seen 'em and I've heard 'em and I've talked with 'em."

"Did you know," he said in a low tone, looking about him with a rapid, circling glance, "that they's Things in the mountains that nobody knows any thing about except the sheep-herders. But they all see 'em! I've asked 'em and them that's been at the business a few years, have always seen 'em."

"Yes. But where does the rope walk come in?" I asked.

"You see," he explained, "the Things is horrible! Horrible to hear and horrible to look at. So to keep from seein' 'em or hearin' 'em, I used to practice doin' difficult things. I learned to rope-walk that way. When I'd see 'em comin' I'd run down the hill and wave my arms. They would go back as far as the timber, then and watch me from there. Then I'd walk the rope, and walk the rope, until they went away. After I got so I could do it without payin' much attention, I'd see 'em again. So then I tried somethin' else. Two years ago I learned to read. Sheep shearin' time an old shepherd learned me. I've got along first rate since then. The Things don't bother as much as they used to. I've read through two fift' readers and went through Roys Third Part. And last winter I studied a grammar. Mebbe you could explain the use of the infinitive! Could you?"

I tried. When I had finished his only comment was:

"Dye have to be examined in geograpy for Third Grade Cert'ficate?"

"I am afraid so," I admitted. "And some other things, too."

He sighed. "If I can just get studied up," he said, "so I c'n get a Third Grade, I'm goin' to teach school and give up sheep tendin'. I'm sick of it! It ain't pleasant work. And yet it ain't the work, and it ain't the sheep, though Lord knows, I do hate 'em. It's the Things!"

Burton opened the door.

"Coming in now?" he queried suavely over his shoulder.

"Nonsense," Burton said to his wife. "I tell you she wasn't in any danger. The fellow's harmless as a kitten. It's just another sheep herder gone daft. Too much high altitude, too much solitude, and book on the brain. Did he ask you to explain the use of the infinitive? That seems to be worryin' him."

"I must go out again. I'm mighty sorry too. But this has been a glorious day for the Basin and I must see that it ends all right. Yes, it's a glorious day for any country when the people in it find out they are 'a' people. Now do be reasonable! You know I've got to go. McGrath'll get drunk sure, soon as the dance is over, if I ain't there to round 'im up and run 'im in. I guess

I'll bring 'im up and let 'im sleep in my office. And I'll have to look after that poor crazy fool. He's a stranger in these parts and can't get the hang of the infinitive.

A MEMORY.

Betwixt the blown sands
and the flowing sea
We stood at night fall.

In the hollow west
The ultimate torch of day
flared for a space,
Sank and expired.

A wind whined round the dunes
And ragged shreds of vapor,
salt and chill,

Went by us in the flaw.
We had no tear
To shed, no word to say.

Our stricken heads
We bowed together,
and her streaming hair
Swept o'er her cheek.

Swiftly the gray night fell,
And like a huge hand
blotted sea and shore.

I heard her garments rustle
in the gloom:

A moment on my breast
she laid her brow,
Then turned, and from
the darkness where she fled
A sob came down the gust.

'Twas ages since,
Eut memory still broods
on that black hour.

—James B. Kenyon, in
October New Lippincott.

LADY CURZON.

Of her Friendship for Mrs. Grover
Cleveland.

It has been said of Mary Leiter, now Lady Curzon, that she was not true to early friendships. "The law of nature is alteration forevermore," and every mind that expands must outgrow the objects that satisfied it at one period of its existence unless they are capable in a degree of keeping pace with its progress. As a matter of fact, while there was a graciousness in her manner towards all with whom she came in contact, she formed but few close friendships, the natural reserve of her temperament rendering it impossible for her to respond easily to those intimacies which enter into the lives of so many girls.

During the second administration of President Cleveland there existed between his young wife and Miss Leiter a degree of friendship that was as flattering to one as it was to the other, for the Cleverlands enjoyed the reputation of choosing their friends for their personal charm.

During both of his terms of office Mr. Cleveland had a home in the suburbs of Washington, where he and his family passed much time between seasons, and where they frequently entertained the friends whom they admitted more or less to their intimacy. There, during the spring of the year in which she was married, Miss Leiter passed every Sunday prior to the event.

Virginia Tatnall Peacock, in
October New Lippincott.

"I have just read a thrilling tale of rescuing a child in the Klondike from death by freezing."

"That is certainly a strange way of rescuing it."

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