

**ASHES.**

"Tell me, Age, life's greatest joy,"  
Cried an eager, rosy boy.  
"Is it Childhood's want of care,  
Boyhood's dreams and visions rare,  
Youth's first sip of passion's wine,  
Manhood's stay at wisdom's shrine,  
Or the calm at set of sun  
When the heart repeats "Well done?"  
"Ah," Age answered, "not in these  
Life its sweetest pleasure sees.  
But in memories of woe  
That the heart no more can know."  
—George Horton.

**TAGGART'S LITTLE WOMAN.**

She stood in the doorway of our cabin looking in upon as rough a set of miners as ever bunked in one lot, and we all stopped eating and held our forks in the air to stare at her.

She was the palest and prettiest thing our eyes had seen in six months, and she stood there barefoot and unsharred, with a tangle of gold hair hanging over her shoulders and a color in her little face that shamed the wild roses.

"Please hev ye anything to eat ye could lend us?" Pap 'lowed he'd like to borry some bread an' tea an' he'd come here to sleep s' he wouldn't trubble ye to move the things an' pap 'lowed ef ye didn't wanter spare 'em we could sleep in the haystack and drink water from the spring."

She said it all in a breathless way like a lesson she had learned, and stood shamefacedly on one little foot waitin fur an answer.

"Cum in—fetch yer dad—of course ye're as welcome as roses in Janivry. But fust like—what's yer name, little lady? What might we call yer?"

"Pap calls me Taggart's little woman."

We had heard of Taggart, but not of his child. So he was her father, the onerious, laziest loafer in the county, not vicious, but of no earthly account to himself nor anybody else.

An' now we were to have him saddled on the run and we set out two extra tin plates kept for company and two shinin' new mugs and dished up some more of the squirrel stew and the last of the baked potatoes for our visitors.

They came in together, hand in hand, and we gave Taggart as cordial a welcome as we could, 'count of his child. For we were glad, every man of us, to install Taggart's little woman at our cabin table, and to endure her father for her sake.

An' we never repented of it either. Why, that little mite, bless her, was like a letter from home every day in the year. She was the light of our eyes afore she had been with us a month, and we could her good for nuthin' dad jest 'cause he was her dad, and she loved him with all the power of her little heart. We all 'lowed that she was too good for him, but when we come to sift the evidence we found that he had cared for her ever since her mother died in a prairie schooner and she were a mite of a baby.

Now you wouldn't believe that any man would be so shiftless, but it air a fact. He had been seven years tryin' to earn enough money to take that young un back East to her grandmother. And here he was without a cent to his name. Liquor? No. He drank with the rest of us, but not more than the law allowed and the climate warranted.

He was just that unlucky that he could not seem to make a day's wages and live on them like anybody else. We hired him to wash our findings, and he lost the dust and saved the refuse, and then he stared, stupid like, when we talked to him, and acted queer.

One or twice he went to Miners' Town, and come home in that same way. There was two Chinamen come along one day, and we run them off lively, an' when we did Taggart he lit out without a word in the way they had gone as if he were crazy.

Then Green, one of our men, said in a low voice:  
"I reckon I've got it!"  
"Is it typhoid?" asked another of the gang.

"No," says Green; "it's opium."  
"That's why he don't work."  
"An' the reason he can't go East."  
"Air ye talkin' about my pappy?"

It was the child's little voice at our elbows, and we all jumped like we'd been caught stealin'. So Green told her the story of the "Three Bears" and the "Cat That was a Princess," and when Taggart came shuffling in, with his hang dog look, she was laughin', and havin' the best kind o' time. But soon she saw him she was anxious and worried, but he just ran his hand over her hair, and says he:

"How would Taggart's little woman like to go East and live in a fine house and hev lots of money and good clothes and education?"

"Fust rate, pap," says the little woman, "and all them could come along," motionin' to us.

Bless her little heart! She was gettin' as fond of us as we was of her.

"I wonder if Taggart's little woman could make a rabbit pie," says Green one mornin'.

"Jest you try me," came quick as a flash. "Stop some rabbits fur me an' see me cook 'em in pork an' seasonin'."

"There's a old gun in that loft that's got fine bird shot in it," said Green. "Ye kin hev that, Taggart, to hunt with. Ef ye air no better at shootin' rabbits than ye air at pannin' gold dust them rabbits will live to be Methusalums."

I was tied to my chair with a lame foot, so I watched the little woman gittin' the dough ready for the rabbit pie. She was a picture, with her bright eyes and pretty ways, and she had fixed her up with some things we bought at Miners' Town specially for her. As I looked at her I thought what a difference her being there made. I couldn't remember when any of us had used a swear word.

"Little woman, can yer read?" I asked.

"No, mister; but pappy can," was the answer. "An' I'm goin' ter learn how soon's ever I go East ter my gramaw."

"But's you want yer to stay here?"

"Then I'll stay, if pap says so, 'cause I like you uns real well."

"May be we'll all go, little woman.

It's time yer pap were here now with them rabbits."

"I'm goin' out to s'prise him," said the child, wipin' the flour from her hands and snatchin' her sunbonnet from its nail.

I heard a shot after that, but strange to say, neither Taggart nor little woman showed up.

When the boys came in the pork was fryin' for the rabbit pie, and the crust were baked an' in the dish, but that were all.

"What were the shot I heard?" asked Jim Menden, an Ohio boy, who was one of us.

"That were Taggart out in the bush after rabbits."

"What gun did ye give him—mine?"

"Yes; Green give it to him 'cause it were loaded with bird shot."

"It weren't. It had a bullet for antelope."

"Then that was the shot we heard," said Green. "I hope he ain't shot his own foolish head off."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before every man—himself among them—had left the cabin on the run. I cursed the lameness that kept me from going.

I warn't surprised when I heard them coming back, after such a long time, with slow and measured steps, carryin' some burden 'atween them. I knew it must be Taggart had hurt himself.

They came to the cabin door, and every man had his hat off, an' what they carried was small.

"Little woman!" I cried out the word.

"Where's Taggart's little woman?"

Some one turned the coat from the sweet face and I saw her just as her father spoke up, with more dignity than I ever saw him hev before.

"There air Lynch law for murderers," he said, with his head droopin', "an' there air plenty here to see it done. Gentlemen, I don't keer to wait. I'm a murderer in deed but not in intent. Oh, my little woman! Her pap as wouldn't have harmed a ha'r o' her head—he did the deed, an' he will die for it like a man."

But Taggart's dying would not have brought her back. We went to Miners' Town and hed the authorities come out to investigate it, an' we give little woman such a funeral as a princess might envy, for we dug her grave with our own hands and blubbered over it.

But that was a lonely home coming when we left her for the last time out in the hills, and went back into the cabin where she had shed such light, an' saw her father sittin' there, bowed with his own trouble, which, after all, couldn't have been much worse than ourn. Only it was his stupid bungling that had killed her, when she went creeping along on her hands and knees in the brush to 'sprise him, and he had mistaken her for a rabbit.

We couldn't like the man before this, an' now it was hard not to hate him but for one fact—he was her father, the "pappy" that Taggart's little woman had loved. So we did our best for him, but it wasn't fur long. One day we missed him, and looked for him at our general roundup—little woman's grave. Yes, he was there, but stretched out, cold and still, an' whether he died of a broken heart or an overdose of his drug we never knowed. There we buried him.

Green himself carved these words on the board at the head:

TAGGART'S LITTLE WOMAN  
AND HER PAPPY.  
—(New York Recorder.)

**Pet Lions.**

An amusing sketch of two lion whelps which were adopted as pets during the writer's residence in South Africa, is given by a contributor to *Forest and Stream*. The lionsess appeared to amuse herself by playing pranks on human strangers of her own sex, lying in ambush for them under the dining table.

Fearing that something serious might occur if I allowed my pets their liberty any longer, I had a large cage constructed, and for the first week or two was obliged to spend much time in it with them. The lionsess fretted a great deal, and the only way I had of quieting her was to go in and lie down, using the lion as a pillow, while she stretched herself beside me with her head on my chest.

One day the sheriff informed me that he had a summons in his office for me to serve as a jurymen. I begged off, but he was inexorable. A few days afterward he rode up to my gate, and I called my servant to open it for him while I hurried to the lion's cage.

Presently I heard him calling me, and on my answering he gradually found his way to the den, in which I was seated on the lion's recumbent body, while the lionsess sat behind me with her chin resting on my shoulder. As soon as he saw me he sprang back, and cried:

"Come out of there!"

"Hand that summons in here, and I will do so."

"Do you want my arm torn off?"

"No, but I want you to make a legal service of that paper by handing it to me."

"I shall not take any such risk, but I will tear up the paper if you will only come out and save me from seeing you torn into pieces."

"All right, do so, and I will try to get out alive."

The paper was torn up, and I stepped out of the cage, much to my friend's relief. A short time after I met the judge in the street, who wished to know if my mode of dodging jury duty was the one commonly practiced in my own country.

**Thoroughly Refined.**  
Mrs. Fangle—How do you like your new maid, Mrs. Jingle?  
Mrs. Jingle—Oh, she'd be all right if she were not so over refined.  
Mrs. Fangle—In what way?  
Mrs. Jingle—She never breaks anything but the most costly Dresden china.  
—(St. Joseph News.)

More vessels enter and clear at the port of Chicago than at any other in this country, but New York is ahead in tonnage.

**THOUSANDS OF TOMBS.**

**PREHISTORIC DEPOSITS DISCOVERED BY A NEW HAVEN SCIENTIST.**

The Private Archaeological Collection Belonging to a New Haven Gentleman—Now in Course of Arrangement in Central Park Museum, New York.

Mr. James Terry, of New Haven, Conn., has been for many years one of the most indefatigable collectors of archaeological specimens. Beyond a doubt he has traveled more miles on this continent than any other living man. By all methods of conveyance and on foot this enthusiastic searcher after archeological objects has traversed almost every State and Territory in the Union. He has followed every river of consequence in the United States from its source to its mouth, and the soil of every State bears evidence of his spade and trowel. More than 16 years ago he traversed the Pacific coast from southern California to Oregon, making wonderful discoveries. He has wandered over Alaska repeatedly, and some of his rarest specimens were obtained from that land. Mrs. Terry has accompanied her husband on many of his expeditions. She was the first lady tourist to visit Alaska.

Mr. Terry has made careful researches in the famous Columbia Valley, and has spent weeks in gaining the good will and confidence of and interviewing the Indians of the Yakima, Warm Spring, and Nez Percés regarding the origin of many archaic specimens and sculptured pieces found in the region, his object being to connect the tribes with the sculptures. He became convinced from these inquiries that the specimens should be dissociated from any relation with historic tribes. Many are the theories regarding the early civilizations in this country, and their connections with the first inhabitants or the later Indians.

This important and mooted subject early attracted the attention of Mr. Terry, and along the Columbia River he found evidence of the former existence of inhabitants much superior to the native Indians, and of which no tradition remains. Stone carvings were there found in abundance. In 1882 in the Columbia Valley Mr. Terry found a specimen that is the finest of its kind yet discovered, the only other specimens that resemble it being one owned by Professor O. C. Marsh and one owned by Thomas Condon, of Oregon. Mr. Terry found his specimen near the bank of the John Day River, a tributary of the Columbia. The carvings in question are in dark, pumiceous, basaltic rock, an abundance of which is found in the valley, and each strongly resembles the face of an ape. As was before stated, Mr. Terry's specimen is the finest yet discovered. The broad, flat nose, with supporting cheeks, and the contractions or corrugations of the forehead, characteristics of the ape family, and the peculiar mouth and chin are all cleverly reproduced in the sculpture.

One of the great questions which Mr. Terry and other scientists are trying to decide is—Whence came these sculptures, and by whom were they made? Mr. Terry is positive that it can not be shown that the Indians have any knowledge of these sculptures. When Mr. Condon discovered his specimen he advanced the theory that it was a copy of some figure-head of a derelict Malay proa, but Mr. Terry upsets that idea by pointing out the fact that three of these sculptures are known to exist, each with a distinctive characteristic, and all of them found east of the Cascade Mountains, a distance of 200 miles from the coast, and with several intervening tribes who failed to preserve any features of a proa or junk figure among their carvings.

Mr. Terry is clearly of opinion that the aborigines came from Central America. On the Pacific coast there have been opened under Mr. Terry's direction and supervision upward of 7,000 tombs, and he has in his collection the largest amount of material known pertaining to the coast races between the Gulf of California and Puget Sound. A large proportion of the specimens were found in mounds and graves, associated with articles of stone and pottery in such juxtaposition as to leave no doubt of their belonging to and being made by the same people that fashioned the implements of stone and vessels of clay. Mr. Terry found the influence of Polynesian life, with its customs and usages, exemplified by a similarity of stone implements, which reflects much more than a mere incident in the daily life of a semi-barbarous race. The mere stone weapon of the famous Maorie chiefs of New Zealand, made of the beautiful nephrite, represents an emblem of rank of the most eminent degree, and is the most highly valued of their possessions. Examples of this implement made of green serpentine were found by Mr. Terry in the Columbia, Willamette, Rogue, and Klamath river valleys. In reaching a conclusion in regard to the origin of numerous stone heads he has discovered, Mr. Terry believes that the monkeys which the carvings represent once existed in the Columbia Valley, or that, in the remote past, a migration of natives from some region containing these monkeys reached this valley and left one of the vivid impressions of their former surroundings in these imperishable sculptures.

Mr. Terry has at the museum building, Central Park, New York, collections which cost over \$60,000 to secure and transport, not including traveling expenses. In his researches he often employed a number of men to assist in making excavations. He visits New York daily, and devotes his entire time to arranging his specimens and studying them. In the course of a few months he will make another journey to the Pacific coast, after which he hopes to give to the world some of the most astounding of the results of his investigations.

Sir Provo Wallis, English admiral, has just completed the 100th year of his age and his 87th in the British naval service. Americans feel a special interest in him because in 1813 he was a second lieutenant on board the frigate Shannon, which captured the Chesapeake off Boston Harbor, and his two superior officers having been killed in that action, it devolved on Wallis to take his prize to Halifax.

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