

The Straight and Narrow.
Lady, with your soup bowl hat,
Near-Directoire gown and make-up,
With your curves all to the flat,
Quite in line with fashion's shake
With your long plumes all a-wave
When you gallop trip the pave
As on toward the shops you like it,
Do you like it?

When reform has done its work—
E'en though hubby much has scolded—

And with many a strain and jerk
You into new shape are moulded,
Do you wholly feel at ease
In your efforts thus to please?
Smiles that match your costume
rakish—
Are they rakish?

And when you have closed your tour
Of the down-town streets for shopping,

And you're home again, are your
Inclinations to be stopping
Long before you want to take
'Em all off for comfort's sake,
And put on, though not so dapper,
Just a wrapper?

—W. L. W. Brooklyn Life.

ed certain that they had found the Trail of the Good. They rode all day over a trail which in their eyes, at least, was marvelously straight, and their hearts beat high with hope that at the end of this road they should find themselves in possession of all those things which white people enjoy.

They had been told that the Most Mysterious God of these people, and of all the world, would provide for their needs. They camped that night upon a stream, where they killed several sage-grouse and caught some foxes, doubled on their tracks.

It was a cunning manoeuvre, cunningly executed, and what with those Gros Ventres on the heels of the Crows, ought certainly to have succeeded. But the foremost Crow, knowing the lay of the ravines, had divined what they would do. Three of these had turned off the road, climbing swiftly to the crest of a ridge, and now came plowing down upon them recklessly in a tempest of dust and loose stones.

Too late the brothers saw these foes coming down the steeps. They could only rein in their ponies to avoid collision. The foremost Crow was almost upon them when his pony stumbled, and its mad rider was flung nearly to the bottom of the gulch, where his lifeless body lodged against the trunk of a small pine.

The brothers had but one gun between them, Iron Arm's carbine, which they carried for the killing of small game. Iron Arm aimed at the second rider's horse and fired. The pony turned a somersault, landing its rider among some rocks, and the Crow was so badly hurt that, in attempting to rise, he pitched forward helplessly upon his face.

For many minutes, sitting their horses in indecision, the Sioux watched the two small bands of Indians fighting. The brothers knew the strange warriors for Indians because of their spotted ponies and their manner of riding and fighting. Presently they saw a rider on the opposite side of the stream pitch off his horse and lie still upon the ground.

After this they heard shrill yells of triumph from the band nearest them. The shouts of these Indians determined their tribal identity. The brothers knew them for Gros Ventres, friends and old allies of the Oglalas. "How!" said Yellow Horse, looking with deep inquiry into his brother's eyes. "I think that we ought to inform these people that they should quit fighting and killing."

"No harm can come to us if we keep to the Trail of the Good," answered Iron Arm. "So said the White-One-Talking."

Although they were young men, the younger not yet twenty years old, both had taken part in the wars of their tribe, and were proud of the fearlessness of Oglala soldiers. They rode down a steep ravine and out upon the flat land, sitting very stiff, and with a solemn dignity which was certainly in marked contrast to the eight or ten yelling Gros Ventres, who were skurrying to and fro across their trail, hanging to their horses in all sorts of positions.

They looked at each other, awe and wonder in their faces. "Hau! hau!" they said. "It is the doing of the Most Mysterious of all—the white man's God!"

Their enemies lying dead or helpless, themselves unscathed, all this comported with what the missionary had said of those who truly seek the Trail of the Good.

They now went to the relief of the injured rider, whose back was hurt so that he could not stand. They made him understand that they were his friends, not his enemies; that they no longer wished to fight with any one.

Then in their rude way they banded the man's body, stiffening his injured spine, got him up on his horse, and set out for home. They dared not leave the Crow, for they were now certain that the Gros Ventres would be able to chase his followers out of the country, if they did not kill him.

So, slowly, caring for the injured man, they made their way to the home reservation. When their story was told to the missionary, he talked to them long and earnestly, giving them instruction direct and personal; and at last they understood that, in refusing to fight their enemies, in nursing and caring for a once bitter foe, they had indeed set their feet firmly upon the Trail of the Good.

"How! how! how!" they assented, when the truth had dawned upon them, and their eyes shone with a new light.

Yellow Horse is now an ordained preacher to his people, and Iron Arm is an earnest and effective teacher in a government school.—Youth's Companion.

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The third rider attempted to turn his horse up the gulch, and so escape, but fatally attended the Crows. This animal also lost its footing, and the rider, losing his weapon from his grasp, was rolled to the bottom of the gulch.

The brothers dismounted and sprang upon him. The Crow made a fierce struggle, but the wiry young Sioux got him down and tied him fast.

They rose, panting, to look and listen for further enemies. But they saw no one, and heard only the whoops of the exultant Gros Ventres, chasing the Crows upon the prairie above.

When these sounds fell away, they turned their attention to their captive, only to find that the man had suffered a hemorrhage at the mouth, and had died at their feet. In his terrific struggle with them he had burst a blood-vessel.

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WALKERS OF THE PAST.

Some Long-Distance Performances of the Late '70's.

The twenty-four hours' walking match at the stadium takes the memory back to the late '70s, when similar long-distance competitions flourished amazingly under the aegis of Sir John Astley and when E. P. Weston, Vaughan, and Hibberd were the heroes of the hour.

Though Weston, the pioneer, accomplished some fine performances, they were soon eclipsed by our own walkers, whose feats created a great sensation at the time. One of the best of them all was Billy Howes, a little one-eyed athlete, who walked 100 miles in the truly marvelous time of 18 hours 8 minutes 15 seconds, a record which still remains unapproached. Hibberd covered fifty miles in 7 hours 54 minutes 16 seconds, and without stopping lowered all existing records up to seventy miles, for which distance his time was 11 hours 38 minutes 35 seconds.

Even more wonderful was the performance of George Littlewood, who, at Sheffield, tramped 531 miles in 138 hours 48 minutes 30 seconds, an average of not much less than four miles an hour, night and day, between Sunday and Saturday.

It was quickly evident to the brothers that the enemy had better mount than themselves, and that they must fight or dodge. And somehow the trail they were riding upon seemed suddenly to have become very crooked. It made several sharp turns among the river bluffs,

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