

Happiness.

In the peace of June's sweet weather
Up the hill two lovers start,
And two pathways blend together
In this summer of the heart.
Larks are nesting in the clover,
Blackbirds chatter loud and long,
And a robin flying over
Tells love's secret in his song.

She is shy, and fitful blushes
Come and go upon her face,
Like a brood of startled thrushes
When we near their nesting-place.
Downcast are her eyes, and lower
Droop the fringes of each lid,
When he bends his head to show her
Where the sparrow's nest is hid.

Where the noisy brooklet tinkles
Down the rocks, they stop to see
How the yellow sunshine crinkles
All the ripples goldenly.
"Whooping! whooping!" sings the water,
As it laughs and leads away,
And again his eyes have caught her
Blushing like a rose in May.

Then a silence comes about them
For a time, until it seems
Earth has gone its way without them,
Leaving them in land of dreams—
Happy land, where lovers linger,
Where they find their dreams come true,
And love points with rosy finger
From the old world to the new.

A Fortunate Casualty.

A sweet voice comes lilted down the stairs, light footsteps trip along the hall to the sitting-room door, which opens, while a face with mischievous eyes, with floating curls falling all about it in a lustrous shower, looks in, to start back in amazement at the sight of her mother in tears, and her sister doing her best to soothe her—her own face not wearing its usual calm expression.

All the sparkle dies out of the pretty face as Pussy enters and goes to her mother's side.

"What is it, mother dear? Has anything happened?"

But the old lady sobs on, and it is Sarah who answers, holding a letter to Pussy to read.

"It is this that is the matter. Mr. Elbermarle, through his agent, tells us that we must pay up the full amount of the mortgage within two weeks or leave the house."

Pussy's eyes dilate; she knows the slenderness of the home exchequer, and that to pay such a large sum upon such a short notice will be an utter impossibility.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do? How cruel of that rich Mr. Elbermarle; to turn us out of house and home when he is rolling in wealth!"

Sarah turns her eyes tenderly yet anxiously upon the pretty, indignant face; she evidently has something to say which does not come easily.

"You are the one who can prevent such a disaster, Pussy," she says at length. "One word from you and our feeble mother will not have to leave the home she loves so well."

"I can help it—how?"

Sarah evades the upturned, questioning eyes.

"Mr. Law was here this morning, Pussy, and—he wants to marry you." The last words came in a great hurry, as though the speaker were glad to have them over and done with.

With a gesture of dismay Pussy shakes her long ringlets about her face and sinks down in a little heap upon the floor.

"That old man wants me to marry him, and I am only seventeen! Oh, Sarah, could you honestly harbor such an idea for a moment?" a world of reproach is in the young voice.

Sarah's hand falls gently on the bowed head.

"I know it is dreadful to even think of. But, Pussy, what other way is there? Think of mother—of her feebleness, which has always kept me tied to her side, preventing my even thinking of obtaining any employment. If we have to leave the old home it will surely be her death. Look at her now."

Pussy glances up. The invalid's face is covered with both her hands, while through the thin fingers the bitter tears are stealing.

"Pussy, come here." She rises and goes to her mother's side.

"My pet, do not heed what your sister says. She means it for the best, but she has thought only for me. Surely you do not think your mother would purchase comfort at the expense of her child's happiness?"

All at once Pussy's resolve is taken, though she says nothing then to her mother, only presses a silent kiss on her dear gray head.

Compunctious tears spring to Sarah's eyes as she stoops and kisses the innocent young face, and watches as, outwardly light-hearted and cheery, Pussy starts out upon her long wintry walk.

Her brave words and manner have not deceived her sister. "I ought to be ashamed to think of allowing her to sacrifice her young life," she thinks, as she turns back; "but it is for the dear mother's sake, and what other way is there?"

Pussy walks on, a pretty picture in her dark suit with its scarlet pipings, and the lovely face whose brilliance no heart trouble can quite quench.

It is very cold; overhead the sky is gray, and the wind skurries the clouds along at a rapid rate, and plays many a prank with Pussy's hair, now blowing it forward into the rosy face, and now backward into disheveled, curling, bronze-brown masses.

A steep incline is before her, and it is one long dazzle of ice.

"Oh, dear," thinks Pussy, "I shall certainly fall."

The thought has scarcely passed through her mind when, with an exclamation of dismay, her feet slip from beneath her, and down she goes.

Some one sees and hastens to her assistance; but masculine boots cannot always tread dangerous spots in safety any more than the tiniest of feminine feet, such as Pussy's—and there is exclamation number two, as, with a declaration that, her would-be deliverer sits down by Pussy's side.

It is a frank and very handsome face which meets hers, as his dark eyes look into her blue ones with an irresistible, mirthful laugh. In a moment the gentleman is on his feet and Pussy, with his help, soon stands beside him.

"I hope you are not hurt," the young man says, as he lifts his hat, his voice grave, though his eyes still brim over with fun.

"Not at all," Pussy answers; "but I am on my way to the village, and I am afraid if I go on I shall fall again. I think I will turn back."

"I am going to the village myself, and if you will allow me, will accompany you as far as you go."

"Oh, thank you," Pussy says, "I shall not be at all afraid of slipping coming back, as it will be up hill."

And so they walk off together, and before long, with the bonhomie of youth, they are chatting together as though they had known each other weeks instead of moments. They part at the postoffice, which likewise is the repository of all the needs of life, such as sugar, teas, needles and pins, and such like commodities.

"I am ever so much obliged to you," Pussy says, earnestly, raising her soft, innocent eyes to the handsome face of her escort.

"Thanks are needless," he says, politely. "I am only glad that you were not hurt by your fall."

A little mischievous light flashes into Pussy's eyes, and she replies, demurely: "All the same, I do thank you, and I am equally glad that you escaped any serious injury from your fall," emphasizing the "your" very palpably.

As the door closes upon the girl's slight figure a faint smile curves the gentleman's mouth.

"What a little darling! I am not by any means sure that I have escaped a serious injury after all," he thinks to himself.

"See here, Gray," he says aloud to a gentleman who is just passing, "I have a question to ask you. You have lived around here long enough to know something of the people. Can you tell me who the young lady is you saw me with just now?"

"Of course I can, though I am not acquainted. Why she's the daughter of—"

Turning, the two gentlemen move on, while the crisp wind carries away what they are saying. A couple of hours later sees Pussy home once more. No one is in the sitting-room, and as she runs up the stairs she sees that the parlor door is open and hears voices.

Pussy's face blanches and then flushes again.

"I am sure it is Mr. Law," she thinks, turning to flee, but she is not quick enough, her light steps have been heard; and at Sarah's call, the girl goes with a fierce, resentful feeling as of some hapless animal caught in a trap, to face, as she thinks, the detested suitor she has determined to accept for the sake of her mother—to prevent her being turned in her old age from her home.

But when she is once within the room, Pussy pauses in amazement, for there, seated on the sofa, in easy conversation with her mother, she sees the gentleman who had so kindly come to her assistance a few hours before.

"Pussy, this is Mr. Elbermarle," Sarah says, "and he has been so very kind as to offer to let us keep the home-stand at a very low rent. Please, sister, join with me in telling him what a load he has lifted from our minds."

The gentleman rises, and as Pussy lays her dimpled hand on his, he says: "How cruel you must have deemed me, Miss Goldwaite. I must confess it—though it is to my shame—I leave

my business affairs much too entirely in my lawyer's (Mr. Gray's) hands. He acted quite on his own responsibility in this matter. I have learned a lesson; henceforth I will be my own agent. Can you forgive me for causing you all so much distress?"

There is a thrill of earnestness in his tones more than the occasion seems to require, and something within Pussy's breast responds to it, though unconsciously. Otherwise, why does her lovely face color so charmingly?

Mr. Elbermarle leaves the occupants of the Goldwaite home with far brighter hearts than he found them.

And when, a day later, Mr. Law—the rich old man who has coveted his neighbor's lamb—comes for his answer, he goes away with more of ruefulness than his demeanor usually possesses.

Three months of education does not make a scholar; nor yet would the same number of months of toil for the "root of all evil" bring the desired wealth; but three months of love-making can be made to count for a good deal, and so finds Roger Elbermarle.

The winter is over and spring is here; the month when the birds choose their mates and build their tiny homes, and men's minds turn instinctively to thoughts of love; and one afternoon, just as the sun is setting behind great cloudy bars of crimson and purple, Roger draws up in his phaeton before the little gate of the Goldwaite's cottage.

"I will take the best of care of her," he says to Sarah, as he lifts Pussy's slight figure into the carriage and jumps lightly in beside her. Sarah's face softens as she looks after them.

"The darling! it's easy to see what is coming. Oh, how could I ever have thought to let her sacrifice herself—and yet, when it was for mother! Well, she deserves everything of the best."

The two young people drive along with but few words for a little while, drinking in the beauty of the scene about them; the low-lying valleys are bathed in a golden haze; the "green things growing" have already begun to clothe the roadside with verdure, and over all the sky throws its gorgeous mantle. In a short time the sun will have set, the twilight fallen, and all will be quiet and gray; but just now the earth seems like a new and glorified sphere.

Suddenly Roger turns and looks into his companion's sweet face.

"Do you remember this spot?" he asks.

A smile chases away the gravity which Pussy's face has worn for the past few moments.

"Yes," she replies, "it is the scene of our casualty."

"That fortunate casualty! I see you do not mean me to forget that I lost my equilibrium as well as you. But, Pussy, pardon me, I always call you so in my thoughts, you are only right in saying 'our,' for my heart received an injury that day from which it has not yet recovered, and never will unless you say one little word to what I am going to ask you. Pussy, sweetest Pussy, I love you—can I hope that you care for me in return?"

Pussy's face is turned away, but the small hand he has daintily taken possession of trembles visibly.

"Pussy, answer me—will you be my little wife?"

That Pussy says "yes" may be inferred, for one month later she stands a blushing, beautiful bride by her husband's side in the little parlor of the homestead, which, the paper Roger presses into his mother-in-law's hand later in the day, states is henceforth hers and her heirs, forever.

It is not often that such a thing can be affirmed, but for once a casualty can unmistakably be called fortunate.

Two Noblemen.

Among the passengers of the steamer Scythia, on which I returned from Europe, was an English earl, a quiet gentleman, in no way remarkable or interesting, who comes to our country almost yearly to hunt in the West. The obsequious homage of the captain and officers of the ship in the presence of the little great man, and the painful, cringing deference of the stewards were almost as disgusting as was the ineffable silliness of one or two American women, who became oblivious of the common rules of good breeding in their raptures over the presence of a live earl. There was another gentleman among the passengers, a nobleman in the highest sense, but unutilized, and of the people—Samuel Morley, a member of parliament, a grand man, a philanthropist finding his happiness in work for the race. His charities are unbounded, his contributions to the temperance work of England alone amounting in some years to \$25,000. But while officers and stewards gave to him, as to all passengers, the most courteous attention, there was in their manner an utter lack of the fawning and self-effacement so conspicuous in their behavior toward the earl. One was an hereditary nobleman by birth—the other, every inch a nobleman, without a title—and this made the difference.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

AN INDIAN AGENCY.

A Lazy Indian Chief—Novel Mode of Burtal—Indian Policemen.

Captain Boyton and a New York Herald correspondent, who started on a voyage down the Missouri, the former in his rubber suit and the latter in a canoe, arrived at Fort Bennett in an exhausted condition. Boyton was conveyed to the house of Major Love, the Indian agent, in an army ambulance, after having paddled incessantly for twenty-eight hours.

After breakfast the next day, says the correspondent, we made a trip through the agency buildings and learned something about the Indian question. There are over two thousand Indians connected with the Cheyenne agency. The principal chief is Little-no-Heart, and among the other chiefs are Rattling Rib, White Swan, The Charger and Four Bears. These men are peaceably disposed and belong to tribes who farm and raise stock on the reservation. But a few days ago, through some loose management, 120 of Sitting Bull's warriors were permitted to leave the camp of the hostiles at Standing Rock and enter the Cheyenne agency. They were headed by two of the hostile chiefs—Spotted Eagle and Two Eagles. The agent says that up to the time of their arrival he felt great confidence in the Indians in his charge; but at present he feels rather uneasy. When the steamer Sherman, containing Sitting Bull and his followers, passed Fort Bennett the Cheyenne agency Indians assembled on the banks and the most violent demonstrations of grief occurred. Major Love is apprehensive that Sitting Bull's influence may be extended throughout the Cheyenne agency through the medium of the influence of the newly-arrived hostiles.

One of the most unique exhibitions of audacity on the part of the "noble red man" that I have yet witnessed occurred in the agency office. It is a good illustration of the manner in which the impudent humors of the Indians are pampered by the very officials whose duty it is to impress the savage with a proper appreciation of his status in the body politic. While we were holding a conversation with Agent Love Two Eagles, a lazy-looking chief, who evidently needed a bath, lounged into the room and took a chair near to the fire, where he sat comfortably warming his feet. A meanly-cad "back" handed his pipe to the chief but was unable to furnish a light, whereupon Two Eagles turned in the coolest possible manner and motioned the agent to get him some matches. While Major Love waited upon him the chief lolled back in the chair with an injured air and secured because the matches came too slowly to suit him.

"If I had my way," said Captain Boyton indignantly, "I would take that fellow by the ear and turn him out to work for his living. This lolling of men who spend one part of their time in murdering whites and the other part in drawing rations from the government ought to stop, and the sooner the better. These savages are not half so valuable to the community as the negroes, and yet they are waited upon like princes."

Accompanied by the agent in the afternoon we drove out of the fort about two miles to a tree in which a number of Indians, according to the custom of their tribe, had been buried. It was a well grown elm, which grew straight out of the ground to a height of five or six feet, at which point the trunk forked into a dozen gnarled and twisted branches, the peculiar black bark of these limbs giving them an unnatural look. Everywhere among the yellow leaves were perched heaps of decaying garments and bones. In some places storms had torn away the gaudy funeral paraphernalia and whole skeletons were exposed. All the implements which the dead are supposed to need in the happy hunting grounds were placed at the side of the corpse, and in one branch I saw a trunk which belonged to a skeleton just underneath it. So many Indians have been placed upon the branches of this ancient elm that it is said to have had a more vigorous growth than any tree in the neighborhood in consequence of the fertilization. The majority of the bodies deposited in the aerial cemetery are Reese Indians, but the Crow tribe laid three of their braves there, upon learning which Boyton irreverently remarked, "Three crows sat on a tree." Since the establishment of the agency the Sioux have not been permitted to keep up this disgusting practice.

Attached to the reservation is a large school for boys, which has an attendance of about fifty. The education of Indian urchins is attended with great difficulties, as the parents of the children are almost invariably opposed to having them learn how to speak English. Indeed, while the agent was explaining the school system two Indian policemen went by, carrying between them a refractory youth who ran away from school a few days ago and had to be returned by force. The Sioux stubbornly resist all attempts at denationalization or education. "Those who have been taught to speak English are

ashamed to do it," said the agent. "One of our boys can speak the language almost as fluently as my own son, and yet, when he wants anything he goes to the agency interpreter, just as the other Indians do. They are very apt pupils and can comprehend ideas with wonderful accuracy, but their prejudice against white people is so great and unconquerable that education would be thrown away did we not know that it is gradually raising the standard of Indian intelligence."

The Indian policemen employed at the agencies appear to be the most painstaking and loyal of the government's servants. I met them everywhere. On the banks of the river, looking out for clandestine whisky dealers; in the timber groves, guarding against marauding wood cutters, and among the tepees of their brethren, day and night; always vigilant and ready, with rifle in hand, to protect the interests of the government at the risk of their lives. I have only to hand a letter addressed to any person living at the fort to one of these moccasined employes, and without a moment's delay he will dart away with the swiftness of a deer and deliver the letter before he rests. When 250 Cheyennes broke away from their reservation a sergeant and five policemen were sent to bring them back. The fugitives were overtaken near the Powder river and ordered to return by the police. The head chief laughed at the command, and, pointing to over forty of his warriors, asked the sergeant what he could do against such a force. The latter repeated his order, and the chief said he would die before he would go back. Hardly had he spoken the words when the sergeant shot him dead. The promptness and bravery of the act awed the whole encampment, who were taken back to their reservation without further trouble. Major Love says that a dozen Indian policemen can do more real work than fifty white soldiers.

Bushels of Confederate Money.

A Griffin (Ga.) correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution writes as follows concerning Mr. J. W. Corbin, a citizen of Griffin: Some years ago he took a peculiar notion that Confederate money and bonds would some day be worth something; so he went to work and bought them up in large quantities, paying cash for a considerable amount and bartering meal from his mill for the balance. He gave a bushel of meal for a thousand dollars, and many a wagon-load of that food has been hauled away from his door. Many people, of course, regarded the notion as rather cranky, but to those Mr. Corbin gave no heed, going right along and buying every dollar he could rake and scrape. There is really no telling how much Confederate money he has. Those who know, or seem to know, say he has between seven and eight millions, beside several hundred thousand dollars in bonds. When asked at a bank how much his bonds were worth he replied: "Well, I have \$125,000 in one box, and that isn't all, by a lot." And so he has gone right on this way for years. He has had letters from all over the country, and he has bought the stuff right and left, from far and near. As already stated, no one knows just how far exactly his freak has extended, and he may have \$50,000,000 for all I know. Mr. Corbin is considerably stirred up by the recent demand in London, and seems satisfied he is on the right track to an immense fortune. He is not considered at all shabby in the upper story by his friends, though they cannot, of course, understand his strange fascination about Confederate money. He has always been considered a solid citizen, and is in good circumstances now, but will be the wealthiest man in the South, if his dream is ever realized.

Fish in a Block of Ice.

In Virginia City, Nev., recently was on exhibition a block of ice in which were frozen several trout. The ice was frozen by the company's ice machine on the divide. The trout were almost as plainly visible as though they had been suspended in the air. They were in natural attitudes, and appeared to have congealed without knowing that anything unusual was happening to them. As all their spots and colors were distinctly visible, and they stood immovable, with tails and fins expanded, they would have formed a splendid study for an artist. Indeed, we think that there is a hint that painters of such subjects should not neglect Bels were made that they would thaw out "alive and kicking," and the block of ice was accordingly placed in a tank and allowed to melt, but at last accounts the trout were lying on the bottom apparently quite dead. Artificial freezing was evidently too quick and sharp for them.

Too Late.

"Can you let me have some clabber?" asked a traveler at a farmhouse not far from Austin.

"You can't have any," replied the honest farmer; "I've just given it to the hogs. First come, first served, you see."—*Tex. Siftings.*

ODD ACCIDENTS.

At Pine Bluff, Ark., a sheriff's posse surrounded the residence of a desperate thief. He jumped from a window and ran for the woods. One pursuer outstripped his fellows, and the next fleetest mistook him for the thief and shot him.

At Kansas City, as a man was sitting on the balcony of his house, a steamboat ran into it and crushed him to death. (This was during the April floods.)

At Baltimore, a man who was being shaved heard a runaway, and, thinking it was his team, jumped up and had his nose nearly cut off.

At Canton, Ohio, James Little drank some cold beer which paralyzed his stomach and, forming carbonic acid gas, his whole system, causing nearly instantaneous death.

At Nanticoke, Pa., John Lafschnski broke a bottle of whisky in his pocket, saturating his clothes; when he subsequently lit a match they took fire, and he was fatally burned.

In Adair county, Mo., two young men agreed to be photographed with pistols drawn on each other. The artist, while arranging its position, discharged one of the pistols, shooting the opposite sitter through the lungs.

At Eastport, Me., a sailor wanting a drink of water and finding the cask pump frozen, poured hot water into it, and while attempting to suck a drink from it inhaled the steam and was scalded to death.

At Pittsburg, Pa., Mike Maroney entered a core oven in a foundry to warm himself, and another workman placed a core on the truck, ran it in, closed the door and roasted him alive.

At Rixford, Pa., Louis Garthwait lowered a forty-quart torpedo of nitroglycerine into a well, when the well made a sudden flow, struck the torpedo and blew him to pieces.

At Green Ridge, Pa., John Thompson and his brother tried to stop a dog-fight, and the latter threw a stone at the animals and, missing them, smashed his brother's skull.

At St. Louis, Thomas J. Wharton, Jr., took up a large oyster, said: "This is the kind of oyster Walter Brooks choked to death on," tried to swallow it, and was choked to death.

At Dovercourt, England, a boy named Boast swallowed the sting of a wasp while eating some preserves, and died while running to the doctor's.

At Neodesha, Minn., Albert Grant was playing with a Newfoundland dog and dragging it by the tail, when it jumped into the pond, pulling him in, and he was drowned.

Popular Songs.

"Shoo Fly," sung ten years ago from one end of the Union to the other, had a sale of 80,000 copies, and is now forgotten. It netted the fortunate publisher several thousand dollars. "Old Folks at Home" was written thirty years ago by Stephen C. Foster, who sold it to Christy, of minstrel fame, for \$5, and received a bonus of \$5 more for the privilege of having his (Christy's) name on the title page as author, and after the piece had made him rich he generously gave Foster \$50 more, which is all he ever received for the song. But it served to make the author famous, and to sell all his other songs; yet he died a poor man. For a while the piece waned in public favor until it was sung by Mlle. Nilsson at her concerts, when it took a new start, and at this present time it is one of the best selling songs in the market. The numerous transcriptions from its melody, by upward of twenty different composers, serve to keep it popular. It is really a worthy companion to "Sweet Home," and will probably be sung for a hundred years or more. During the war several songs published at the time find a remarkable success. "Weeping, Sad and Lonely," had a sale of upward of 300,000. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" (sung by the Hutchinson family), each had a very large sale and enriched the publishers, and in one or two cases the authors.

The Buddhist God of Wealth.

One of the commonest idols in Japan is that of Daikoku, the Buddhist god of wealth. "He is jolly and roguish-looking usually," says Miss Bird, in her recent work on Japan, "as indeed the god may be who leads all men and fools most. He is short and stout, wears a cap like the cap of liberty, is seated on rice-bags, holds a mallet in his right hand, and with the left grasps tightly a large sack which he carries over his shoulder. The moral taught by this figure has long since been forgotten. It teaches humility by its low stature. Its bag represents wealth, requiring to be firmly held when attained. The cap partly shades the eyes, to keep them bent down on the realities of life. The mallet represents manual labor, and the rice-bags the riches to be acquired by following the rules which raise the lowly. Traders, farmers, and all who have their living to make, propitiate Daikoku, and he is never without offerings and incense."