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The Path Through the Corn.

Warm and bright in the summer air,
Like a pleasant sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath had scarcely gurled
The green highway to a distant world,—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
As from hearts content yet desiring more—
Who feels all forlorn,
Wandering thus down the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Mouldering under the hedgerow gray,
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird,
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow;
Till, one blest morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Hardly believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow
Where it was born
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn, the corn, the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn;
First scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then just in reach of a child's wee hand;
Then growing, growing tall, brave and strong,
With the voice of new harvests in its song;
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the whispering corn.

A strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when and wherefore we cannot say,
No more than of our life-paths we know,
Whither they lead us; why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear or the fruit on the tree!
Yet, who's forlorn?
He who watered the furrows can ripen the corn.

The Romance of a Studio.

In the every-day working world there are hot sunshine and rattle of carriages, the ceaseless tread of restless feet and the confused Babel of a thousand different sounds. But in the very throng of it one can turn into a long high hall, climb a wide dim stairway, and enter a totally different place and atmosphere; that is Don Lepel's studio.

Four easels are in the room, on each an unfinished picture, and the whole air of the place is that of still, thoughtful, purposeful work. Lepel is a painter of the modern school—industrious and thoroughly respectable, with a fashionable visiting list, and a good credit in the Second National Bank.

I am sorry to admit that he is not handsome. People expect beauty of artists; but Lepel is short and rather stout, and has other deficiencies not worth particular mention. Still, as he stands before his easel with his palette on his thumb, calling up on his canvas a face of exquisite beauty, there is a sense of power about this ordinary man which almost ennobles him.

He has been working this warm June day since early morning, and he is satisfied with himself. "I will go to the Park now," he says, approvingly; "I shall enjoy a stroll, and perhaps I may take a pull up the lake."

That was Lepel's very sensible idea of recreation; and he had quite tired himself with the first part of his programme when he came to a little rustic seat under some pines near the upper boathouse. There was a girl sitting reading at one end of the bench, but she was very young and very shabby, and he did not in the least fear that she would consider him an intrusion.

At first he watched the boats, but gradually his companion attracted him. Her form was faultless, and he found himself dressing and posing it in all the characters which just then occupied his pencil. Of her face he could see nothing at all, for there was a little brown sun-shade between them. This was so far favorable that it allowed him to make a thumb-nail sketch of her attitude, which was extremely natural and graceful; and he had scarcely done it when fortune played him a pleasant trick; the girl, in attempting to tear open a leaf, let her sun-shade slip; it fell to the ground, and Lepel stooped and lifted it for her.

The next moment they stood face to face, and Lepel exclaimed, in tones which were a strange mixture of pleasure and annoyance, "Why, Bee! Is it possible!"

Bee shrugged her shoulders and said, petulantly, she supposed it was.

"And I have been sitting beside you twenty minutes, and did not know you."

"I knew you."

"Why did you not speak?"

"My dress was so shabby—and my shoes, I suppose you have grown rich."

"Do you suppose I have grown a snob also, Bee? Sit down; I want to talk to you."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Where is your father now?"

"He died last summer."

"Poor child! What have you been doing since?"

"I can find nothing to do. During the opera season I sang in the chorus, and I made my money last as long as possible. But I am very poor; you can see that."

"Bee, I owed your father some money for copying—"

"No, you did not, Mr. Lepel. You cannot offer me charity on that plea. But if you know any way to get me work, that would be a great kindness; if not, I must live as the birds do, from crumb to crumb, till winter comes."

"Suppose you let me board you with Signor Z—. He would prepare you for a better engagement, and you could pay me from your first receipts—for your father's sake, Bee?"

"Why should you do this for father's sake? You were not friends; you had not been to see us for four years. I heard that you had rich patrons and had grown proud."

"Well, Bee, I will make you another offer. I want a model, say, from two to four hours a day. You will have to stand in very fatiguing postures, and I shall perhaps get cross and unreasonable, and forget you are Beatrice Erling; but I will give you the highest terms, and pay you every day as you earn the money."

"What will you give me?"

"Fifty cents an hour."

"That will do. When shall I come?"

"To-morrow at ten o'clock."

The conversation had fallen into a purely business tone, and after these arrangements, Lepel handed her his card, and said a rather cool "good-evening." For now that the thing was done, he was uncertain as to its wisdom. In the first place, he had offered Bee unusually high terms; and in the second, he had voluntarily connected himself again with a class of artists for whom he had neither respect nor sympathy. He knew that he had been influenced by Bee's beauty, and that if she had been ugly or ill formed, his remembrance of her would not have led him to any such active sympathy.

"It is a bad plan," said the young man to himself, "to analyze one's good deeds. I have not a bit of self-complaisance in what I have done for Tom Erling's daughter to-night, and I suppose now she will be a great nuisance to me."

This rencontre compelled him, even against his inclination, to recall the gay, clever, idle fellow whom he had so long forgotten. "What an infinite genius that man had!" he muttered; "there was nothing he could not turn his pencil to; and as for music, it was his native tongue."

But, for all that, Tom Erling had been a failure and a broken promise. He worked irregularly, he never kept his word, he fell into debt, borrowed money, and by continual petty impositions sinned away his most faithful friends. And yet the man had some excuses; for he had been set to fight a battle for which nature had provided him with no weapons. Time! money! obligations! Tom knew the value of none of these things. He ought to have lived in some sunny Italian city, and been cared for as the ravens are.

Lepel had at first been charmed with his easy good-humor, his song and wit, and free-handed generosity. But men can't afford to pay success and fame for these pleasant things, and he had found himself compelled to drop an acquaintanceship which brought him nothing but unreasonable claims and annoyances.

Beatrice had then been a shipshod, ill-cared-for girl of twelve years old, perfectly familiar with all her father's shiftless, dishonorable ways of raising money. Scrambling breakfasts, disorderly dinners, alternate fasting and feasting, was the girl's domestic story. She had picked up a knowledge of reading and writing, and New York had done the rest for her. In some marvellous way she had acquired lady-like and rather reserved manners, and the knowledge of how to make the most of the little clothing she was able to procure.

But even among her father's associates she had no friends. These genial good fellows had nothing to spare for themselves. They all spoke pityingly of "poor little Bee," but not one of them would have denied himself a cigar for her sake. When her father could no longer protect her, she had even got to fear him, and to feel their notice of her, in some way or another, an insult.

But Don Lepel's offer was a different thing. She thought it over after he had left her, recalled his looks and tones, and felt satisfied. "You are a lucky little bench," she said, smiling, and touching almost superstitiously the rough wood, "and I feel as if good fortune had been making me a call."

The next evening he was rather more cool, and had made her fully earn her fifty cents an hour. However, as the weeks passed away, things grew pleasanter. Bee had plenty of tact, and had been in an excellent school for developing it. She saw at once that Lepel did not trust her, and that she would have to win his confidence. Indeed, Lepel was constantly expecting to find her the daughter of her father. He feared that she would break her word, forget her appointments, or ask for money in advance. As her reserve passed away, and she became witty and merry, or indulged herself in snatches of song or a new step in a dance, he expected these moral aberrations more and more.

But they did not come. Bee grew rosy-cheeked and light-hearted, began to dress with much taste, managed her small funds with discretion, and said, gratefully, "she began to see the good of living." In fact, before the winter was over she had got, through Lepel's influence, a comfortable little business as "model," and was making with her six hours' hard strain three dollars a day.

The June sunlight in which we first saw Lepel's studio is now January sunlight. Somehow the room has a bright look; perhaps it is the basket of flowers on the table, or perhaps it might be such a trifle as a cunning pair of bronze slippers trimmed with yellow chenille roses that are standing on the hearth-rug. Don Lepel has just put them there. It is a very, very cold morning; of course that accounts for the action. He stands looking at them with a dreamy look in his eyes, very unusual to those keen gray orbs, until he hears a clear quick footstep come pit-patting along the hall. Then he resumes his preoccupied air and his palette and pencil.

The door opens, and in comes Bee. Her face is like a rose, her eyes like stars; her dark blue suit has bits of snow all over it, and so has her trim little hat and feathers. She nods to Lepel, shakes herself jauntily, and then taking off her hat, fans it gently before the fire to recurl the feathers.

"Better put on your slippers, Bee. I can't have you take cold now, with these three pictures on hand."

"Which do I sit for this morning?"

"Ophelia. I have been painting the face from mademoiselle's photo; you will dress and pose for the character."

"I don't feel like the love-lorn damsel this morning. Bah! The idea of any woman dying for love, and the snow, and the sunshine, and the joys of music, and reading, and eating, and walking to live for! I suppose she was insane—of course she was."

She was unbuttoning her boots during this tirade, and when she had slipped her feet into the bronze slippers and waltzed twice round the room, dodging Apollo and Hercules very cleverly, she announced herself ready to begin. In a few minutes the secret of her high spirits was evident. Lepel read to her a few lines, and her face and hair and figure instantly translated them; the very droop of her arms was a revelation of physical sympathy.

Two or three times while occupied with minor details he let her rest, and she trailed the long robes of the Danish maiden up and down the room, chatting all the time in the merriest every-day manner. "Had Lepel heard that Clifford's picture was sold? Did he know that Harry Martin and Palozzi had quarrelled? Was he going to the Lotos, and if so, would he tell her how Miss K—'s dress was trimmed?" Then she told him of a new song she was learning, and obligingly hummed over part of the melody. And so back again to the heroine of a thousand years ago.

At last Lepel says, "That will do to-day, Bee. Will you go and have an oyster *pate* with me, or is Clifford waiting for you?"

"I don't like oyster *pates*. If you give me a quail I will go."

"Very well, Miss Extravagance, you have done admirably to-day, and you shall have a quail. Then are you going to Clifford's?"

"Why do you tease me about Clifford's? I am not going to Clifford's any more."

"But why not?"

"A woman's reason—because I am not."

The next morning, Lepel met her very stiffly. "Before you robe, Bee, I want to speak to you. Sit down and warm your feet."

She put the pretty slippered feet on the fender, and looked curiously up at him. "Well?"

"Clifford was here last night, and I know why you would not go there yesterday. Think again, Bee. You might do much worse. I have tried to be your friend, and I must say this much."

"Oh, You advise me to marry Clifford." For a moment her face was ablaze with scorn, but the next her eyes sought Lepel's—just for a moment; he hesitated, and the chance was forever lost to him. Nothing could be more cold and sarcastic than her next attitude.

"Clifford has genius, Bee, and industry; he is struggling bravely for a position."

"I hate poor struggling men. I saw plenty of them in my childhood. Success is the one thing forever good. The successful man is the handsomest man and the wise man; he alone is worthy of a woman's love."

She spoke extravagantly, as was her habit under excitement, but Lepel was annoyed at it.

"I do not like your advice," she continued, angrily. "You favored Montana because he could cultivate my voice, and I might thus have a career with him; and now you advise that I become wife to the poor struggling Clifford, in order to save him the expense of a model, I suppose."

"Don't be unjust, Bee. I only wished to see you cared for."

"Thank you; but I have my own ideas as to what being cared for means."

"Pray do you mind enlightening me?"

"Not at all. It means a luxurious home, servants and carriages, foreign travel, home entertainments, and a husband whose greatest joy is to gratify my wishes."

Lepel hardly knew whether she was in jest or earnest, for she stood up to make her explanation, and ended it with a pirouette that brought her suddenly face to face with a gentleman whose amused expression showed that he had been a listener to her avowed matrimonial position.

Then Lepel turned with a bow to his visitor, and Bee vanished behind an old oaken screen—a convenient place for an observation, and Bee was not above peeping at the intruder. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a fine presence, and that indefinable auric atmosphere around him which envelops the confidently rich man. Bee liked his appearance, and was rather pleased to observe that he glanced around the room before leaving it; she was sure that he was looking for her.

There was no more to be said about Clifford's hopes, and no more advice to be given to Bee; Lepel forgot everything in his gratification at Mr. Belmar's visit and the orders he had given him. These orders really required some supervision, but hardly as much as that gentleman gave them. In a few weeks he was a very regular visitor at Lepel's studio. He said he enjoyed these visits, and it is probable he did. Bee's costumes and characters, her sunny good temper, her queer criticisms on players, politicians, artists, and the world in general, made it a constantly changing entertainment.

If Bee suspected that she had interested Mr. Belmar—which it is likely she discovered at once—Lepel certainly never did. He considered his patron as a genuine lover of art, and a peculiar admirer of his own peculiar style and coloring. That he should admire Bee's kitten-like movements, and applaud all her clever, keen little epigrams, was natural enough; he did that himself, and everybody else did it.

Thus the winter passed pleasantly and profitably away. Bee had saved a little money, and was taking singing lessons. "If she was to have a career," she said, spitefully, to Lepel, "it should not be with any Montana." So now in her intervals of rest she sang scales and astonishing exercises; she said the lofty rooms suited her, and they objected to her practice in her boarding-house. Lepel had no objections to her rich musical intervals; besides, it gave him occasionally the pleasure of saying, "That is a false note, Bee."

It was again June, and Lepel had put the finishing touches to Mr. Belmar's last picture. He met that gentleman one warm afternoon in Union Square, and told him so. Then they turned toward the studio, and went up to look at it. It was an Italian scene, and Bee, dressed as a Tuscan peasant with a basket of grapes on her left shoulder, was the only figure.

"She is a beautiful girl," said Mr. Belmar, thoughtfully, "Either as Princess Bee or Peasant Bee she is perfect. By-the-bye, what is her name?"

"Her name," said Lepel, coldly, "is Beatrice Erling."

"Erling? Erling? Not Tom Erling's daughter?"

"Tom Erling's daughter. Did you know Tom?"

"We were brought up in the same Conneticut village, and went to the same district school. Tom beat me in all the classes, and I whipped him out of them. Then he fell in love with my sister—in short, there was a quarrel, and Tom came to New York. He must be poor, to let his daughter—"

"He is dead. His wife was an Italian singer who died soon after Bee's birth. The poor child has no relatives."

"I will tell my sister about her. She is an invalid now, with very few pleasures or interests. I am sure she will be glad to befriend Tom Erling's daughter."

In this way it came to pass that Bee was soon constantly visiting at Miss Belmar's pretty cottage on the Hudson, and that whenever she was there, Miss Belmar's brother also found it convenient to come out with a few new books or some early fruit. Indeed, the maiden lady, almost confined to her house, had given her heart very readily to this bright, pretty child of the only man she had ever loved. She could befriend Bee, and do something for her; and this in itself was a great pleasure to the poor invalid, so long the recipient and not the giver of kindness.

So when in early July Lepel shut his studio and went away for four months, Bee's small personal effects were removed to Miss Belmar's, and she spent the summer there. And it was amusing to see what easily detected little plots and plans this lady laid in order to bring about a marriage that had been already determined upon.

Bee had never been so happy in all her life; the sweetness and coolness and repose, the tender love and ceaseless attentions, the riding and boating and moonlight strolls, made the time pass like an enchanted dream. Mr. Belmar watched her constantly, but found nothing in which it was necessary to direct or advise her, for with that wonderful adaptive tact inherent in American women she caught not only the habit but the tone of the circumstances surrounding her, and made them a part of herself.

Early in November she went one morning into the city and climbed again the familiar stairway leading to Lepel's studio. He had resumed work, and met her with a petulant complaint: "Where on earth have you been, Bee? I have written three times for you."

She did not answer immediately; but sitting down before the fire, and putting her feet on the fender in her old way, she turned her head and looked rather sadly down the long room. "Lepel, what charm is there is this life, I wonder? Who that has lived in Bohemia ever left it without a sigh?"

"You don't mean to say that you are leaving it?"

"Yes, I came to say 'farewell.' I shall never make money or make merry in this dear old room again. I am going to be married."

"To Clifford?"

"What an idea! No, Sir, to Mr. Belmar. I shall order pictures of you now, Lepel, and patronize you dreadfully."

"Don't pull my prices down, Bee. That is all I ask."

"But that is exactly what I shall do. Mr. Belmar will have a great many expenses with me. I shall not let him buy any more pictures."

She spoke in her old saucy way, balancing her muff first on one hand and then on the other; but in spite of her jesting way, Lepel saw she was in earnest about her marriage. He said a few words of congratulation, and went busily on with his work. Bee felt instantly sobered. Was he angry with her? Was he jealous of her good fortune, or selfishly sorry to lose so good a model? If Bee had believed it any of these things, her tongue would have avenged her, but some look on the grave, sorrowful face made her remember the moment when she had seen Love's confession trembling on his lips. She rose quietly, said a few words of gratitude and farewell, and before Lepel could answer them, was gone.

Then Lepel, taking from a shelf a pair of small bronze slippers, locked them carefully away, and with them locked away the one love of his life. He worked harder than usual, worked till the room was cold and dark, then throwing down his pencil, he made his only complaint on the subject: "I don't blame her; she never knew; I hardly knew myself. Well, well, life is full of 'might have beens.'"

Again the January snow is in the brisk cold air, and Lepel's cheery studio has its old look of earnest labor. He is before his easel, but he is not working with his usual serious attention. The reason lies on the table beside him in the shape of a note of invitation to dinner at Mr. Belmar's. A year has passed since he saw Bee, and he is not at all in love now, but still she possesses a greater interest for him than any other women. He wonders how she will look, and what she will say, and whether he himself ought not to buy a new evening suit for the occasion. Also there is dimly present a pleasant expectation of orders, for Lepel is never oblivious to such profitable contingencies.

Still, if he had one selfish thought, he forgot it in nobler feelings when he saw Bee again that night. Standing in his quiet recess, he watched the beautiful woman, serene in temper, elegant in manners, and exquisitely clothed, guide the whole entertainment charmingly to its end. Her husband—still her lover—trusted absolutely in her, and his sister watched her with a pride that was almost motherly; it was evident she was to be a woman of great domestic and social influence.

Lepel sat long that night over his studio fire thinking about her. "How often I have scolded her in this very room! how often she has said 'Thank you' for a two-dollar bill right here on this hearth-rug! and yet how cleverly she made me feel, without a shade of pride or unkindness, that she was now Mrs. Belmar! Belmar has got a model wife." And Lepel smiled grimly at the only pun he had ever made. "Now no man could slip into a position like that, and fit it so exquisitely; but women puzzle me more and more every year—especially American women."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Coney Island.

Coney Island comes in for a good share of notice in the New York *Tribune*, being given some five columns of description and illustrated by several maps. It is an extraordinary story of the sudden growth and development of a popular resort out of a barren sandy shore. Within less than ten years, four miles of the beach—a sandy tract on Long Island at the entrance to New York harbor—was a desolate waste, which nobody claimed and nobody visited. There were a few bath houses, and a small hotel where an invalid could half-live, half-starve. A single steamboat did service as a tug-boat, lighter and passenger boat. One railroad ran down near the center of the island, but there was neither hotel nor depot at its end. Within four years, and mostly within the past two, seven railways have been constructed; in place of one dilapidated there are three elegant steamers, and four more excursion steamers ply as regularly as ferries, the single hotel with its five shabby rooms has been succeeded by at least twenty, three of which are as good as those at any seaside resort Claimants are plenty for land which a few years ago nobody would own, and leases that then went begging at seventy-five dollars each are now held at $30,000 for the two years yet to lapse. Where $100,000 was not in 1874 invested in hotels, railways, steamboats and pavilions, now fully $5,000,000 is employed, and where fifty persons found occupation three months in the year, now 2,500 find constant employment. It is remarkable that a place so convenient to New York and so well adapted for giving the hot and weary people of the city fresh air and water, should be so long given up to "clammers" and "crabbers," or to picnic parties of such a character that respectable people were obliged to keep away or submit to insult and possibly worse. Its rapid growth is equally remarkable, and its advantages and capacity for entertaining the constantly increasing patronage is being developed more and more each year.

"Spitting Spite."

No blows are struck in the East. A quarrel in Bulgaria is accompanied by a series of highly exasperated expectorations, reminding the observer of a nocturnal feline combat. One of the combatants spits upon the pavement, in what he conceives to be an intensely malignant and daring manner; his antagonist immediately follows suit, and spits upon his side of the street in what he imagines to be a more desperate and blood-curdling style, and, if the controversy is a very deadly one, the participants keep up the bombardment of the unfortunate sidewalk until their lips are so dry that they rattle in a vain attempt to expend more ammunition. When this point is reached, the disputants generally walk off in different directions, turning back every two minutes for the first two miles to shake their fists in the direction they suppose their antagonists to have taken.

Items of Interest.

Americans eat twice as much salt as the English.

The grasshoppers have appeared in Central America.

A fast young man: The one who sat down on a pot of glue.

The first piano in the United States was made at Philadelphia in 1775.

All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

Women love flowers and birds. They are, however, not so partial to swallows as the men are.

A quidnunk iz an individual who goes about stealing other folk's time, and phooling away his own.—*Josh Billings.*

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another who had taken the best apple in the dish; "I was going to take that."

The people who never make enny mistakes nor blunders have all the necessarys ov life, but miss the luxurys.—*Josh Billings.*

There was a time in this country when the man who was sunstruck would strike back, but Americans are loosing their taste for war.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The small boy looks with longing eyes,
Upon the apple green;
He will not touch them if he's wise.
Lurking in the core there lies
Colic and cramp unseen.

"Will, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed coquette to her favorite beau. "Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these two years," was the suggestive reply.

Shakespeare makes use of the words "And thereby hangs a tale" in four of his plays—"Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "As You Like it."

The inhabitants of Madagascar are dying to get hold of an American ship captain who sold them 10,000 quart cans of tomatoes as a new kind of gunpowder. Their old blunderbusses wouldn't go off.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

"Buzzing little busybody,
Happy little hay-field rover.
Don't you feel your own importance,
Bustling through these wilds of clover?

"Don't your little wings grow weary
Of this never-ceasing labor?
When the butterfly swings near you,
Envy you your idle neighbor?

"Stay a moment! Stay and tell me.
Won't my gossip make you tarry?
Hurry home, then, honey-laden,
Fast as busy wings can carry.

"Fare-the-well, my tiny toiler,
Noisy little mid-air steamer;
Thou hast taught a wholesome lesson
To an idle daylight dreamer.

A Novel Position of Danger.

There are probably many persons living in the shadow of Jennings' Knob, in Wilson county, Tenn., who are unacquainted with the origin of the name. The story, as told by Captain Jennings himself, for whom the Knob was named, is as follows:

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe creek, in Summer county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs. It was a habit of the settlers to keep out men all the time, who went in succession the entire circuit of the settlement, in order to give timely warning of any hostile approach.

As the party referred to were preparing to camp late one winter afternoon, Captain Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the noise of his feet on the cracking ice; but after following the game for several miles, he at last killed a very large bull at the top of a high knob. Fearing that the meat would be injured if left until next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he had finished his task night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On awaking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard during the night, and now resisted all his efforts to escape. Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help, and strained and kicked with all his great strength at his rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He exected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way.

The captain, in relating the circumstance to Captain Rogers years after, says that he gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away and his companions failed to come to his rescue; he supposed that they had become alarmed at his absence and had left the vicinity with the idea that he was dead, and that it was unsafe to search for his body. Truly it was a trying situation which his great strength and will had failed to overcome. To a man who had escaped Indian bullets and had swam icy rivers like a beaver, such a death was mortifying in the extreme; but such was the prospect he had to face alone and unaided by human power in the depths of the wilderness. We will let him relate the issue in his own words, in answer to a question as to how he finally escaped: "Wall, the sun come out in the afternoon, and this [illegible] ened the hide on top so I could git one arm out, and when I got one arm [illegible] I worked like pizen until I got my [illegible] through."