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BOW THE BABY GROWS

goody sees the baby grow, Baby dear with laughing eyes, The came to our house a year ago, Loking ever so wrinkled and wise; Betweey day of the happy year Be has taken upon him some beauty ne and as for growing, why this is clear, Be's never had anything else to do.

Grandma says, "When he's asleep, Then it is that the baby grows, One to the crib we often creep To watch, but we don't think grandma

knows.

Kerer a fringe of the golden hair
Clastering soft around his brow
Leighens the least when we are there,
And yet it is growing—the wonder, how

peacher talks of chemical things Which into a serret of life combine, ad mother, listening, softly sings, \*0 God, be good to this boy of minel Asi in the summy summer days from the winter evenings cold Be seaves the notes of her joyous praise While closely about him her fond arms

Soboly sees the haby grow, But over his rosy little face The pretitest rippies of laughter flow, The dancing dimples merrily chase, The dancing immplement of walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong,
The Boding tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

Nobody can explain it at all, But one thing to our thought is clear; God, who sees if a sparrow fall, Sent our beautiful baby here, And mother cares for him day and night— The easy enough when she loves him so and God, whenever she puts out the ligh er she puts out the light, Just looks in and makes him grow.

## HIS REART'S DESIRE.

On a sultry evening in April, some six or eight men were grouped round the doorway of the Lynnford Arms. They had stopped to chat with the landlord, who was seated beneath the portice, with a tankard of good homebrewel ale on a little table by his side, The men were talking in excited tones, and conflicting opinions were expressed upon a subject which seemed to be of all-absorbing interest. "Far be it from me to suspect or ac-

case a fellow creature of crime," said Mr. Bassett, "but if it was not Mr. Parkhurst that murdered Mr. Greene, all I can say is, "Who was ity"; The speaker, having thus delivered himself, surveyed the group with an air d complacent satisfaction, as who

friends, if you can!" His observation met with respectful sience. Mr. Bassett was a farmer and landed proprietor of good repute and substantial fortune, and had been for an air did he possess of prophecy and wisdom-so entirely did the views be expressed on any and all subjects ap-

pear to be based on the strictest impar-tally and justice.

Other theories were advanced, and the conversation went on in animated scents until at length the host of the Lyanford Arms, who had hitherto been a silent listener, slowly took his pipe from his mouth, and, laving it down on the table, brought his fist down beside

"No," said be firmly; "my friends, Mr. Parkhurst never murdered that man. He is locked up for a crime that

be never committed. I don't believe my jury would entertain the idea of his The speech of the worthy host was Exewise acceived with deference. Being a man of few words, anything that be said was naturally invested with con-

siderable importance, and the above remark was uttered with an air of conviction which could not fail to impress Soon the argument rested between the host and Mr. Bassett, the other men being well content to hear them

discuss every incident which could posably have any bearing upon the sub-

"Appearances are against him, friend Harding," rejoined Mr. Bassett, addressing himself to the landlord, "This Mr. Greene came down here to see Mr. Parkhurst on business. When it was completed he started to take the night express to return to London, and Mr. Parkhurst offered to walk with him to the station. They left the 'Beeches' together, while Miss Mildred stood on the pazza and watched them until the bes of theavenue hid them from sight. She was surprised to see her father rewater of thurty minutes, as every one knows it takes a full bour to walk from the 'Beeches' to the railway station and back again. The next day, before sunthe the old gentleman is found murtered in the very lane where Mr. Parkbust says he parted from him, Mr. freene having insisted upon his returning to his daughter when he had seen him thus far on his way. Now, I ask be presounced 'not guilty' with such | previous evening had been sultry and facts as these staring him in the face?" "Well, well," replied Mr. Harding, impocent heart!"

ig to fetch the things for the Dorcas Society, and there was Miss Mildred and a winter, scared take proceedings at the great front doors, as respective functions.

The room was crowded to its utmer to the room was crowded to the room was crowded to the room was crowded hough she was praying for the u to size or word."

"Poor, winsome lass!" assented the tadly host, "it is nearly five weeks to the bar. the her father was arrested and locked o, and they say she has scarcely closed ereyes or tasted a mouthful of food rote that day to this."

The speaker gave a sigh, in sympathy the picture of human sorrow that had just been contemplating, and as about to raise his tankard to his he, when, happening to look up, he bg, pushed back his chair to make way for a gentleman who had been standing by a moment unperceived, leaning Winst one of the columns of the portito who now advanced to enter the

The other men, glancing up, raised their hats and stepped respectfully

"Pray den't disturb yourselves, my sod friends," said the newcomer, redraing their salutation with a stately urteous gesture as he passed by

He passed, however, on the threshold of the little hostelry, and turned to the shadod, who had followed him.

"Miss Mildred, my lord, is the only

"You seem to regard her very kindly?" "She is only sixteen years old, my lord, and there's not a man in this little torney rouses him at length from his town of Lynnferd but would have been reverie. glad to give up half his wealth if he could have saved the poor child this trouble. She is as pretty as an angel, and as good as she is pretty. They say she is the living image of her dead

features of the listener; his eyes grew the case which is being argued before dim with a momentary tenderness, as though some bygone dream of joy had returned unbidden to claim a passing thought.

He made no reply, save to thank Mr. Harding for the information, and wishing him good night, proceeded to his chamber, attended by his servant, who and been standing motionless at the foot

The personage whom we have just introduced was none other than Lord Barrowes, who had come, while on his circuit, to hold court at Lynnford. The

of that day, His lordship was a man of distinguished bearing and imposing presence. that the prisoner and his companion framework, affable, high principled, he was universally admired.

In person Lord Barrowes was decidedly handsome. About forty-five years of age, his appearance would have led and passions of youth, or those which are to be seen at a much later period, and his manner, which was conspicuously that of "the old school," contributed to this impression. In addition to this, his hair and moustache were iron gray, and on his face were deep lines produced by profound study and medi-

But we must turn to contemplate a fairer picture. While the kindly sentiments of the townsmen were leading them to deplore the sorrow which had fallen upon Mildred Parkhurst, that young lady was seated in a low chair on the rose-embowered piazza of the "Beeches, "

The tears rolled down her pale cheeks thoul! say, "Gainsay that logic, my as she thought of the morrow. The pleading voice beside her was powerless given to the jury.

to charm away her grief or to assuage The judge paused longer than was his it even for a moment.

many years exceedingly popular in the failed to smile upon. The only son of hile town of Lynnford, whither he had a wealthy banker, young, handsome, came nearly every week to sell or pur- with unclouded prospects, he might, chase cattle. By the simple townsfolk without vanity, have ventured to hope the was regarded almost as an oracle, that his wooling might be successful.

traved no emotion save the fears for her father, which almost consumed her eart. His ardent words brought no night to the shock that recembled the

"Oh Lional hugh!" she murmared my friend, Come, with dear Lady Ashton and Gracie, to uphold me in the ordeal through which I must pass to-morrow. I never had a brother; let me find

With a stifled sigh, he took her little hands in his own, and pressing his lips upon them, promised to obey her in all things, and to always deserve her

friendship, Respect for her distress held him mute, even if he would have urged his suit, but something in her manner forbade him to hope,
"Dear Mildred," said Grace Ashton,

as she hastened up the steps and reached her friend's side, "do not fret. When I left you, a few moments since, I strolled down as far as the gate. While I stood there, Mr. Bassett came by and stopped to speak to me. He says that Lord Barrowes arrived this afternoon and put up at the Lynnford Arms. All the n are charmed with his kindly, sympathetic manner, and are convinced that a gentleman so conscientious and influential will never see the innocent condemned. You must be hopeful, Milly; I am sure no harm will come to your father. Who knows? Perhaps at this hour to-morrow we may all be rejoicing

Her sheerful words were not without effect, and, somewhat reassured, Mildred talked more calmly of the subject which was uppermost in their minds. Finally, as the night wore on and the clock in the church tower rang out the hour of ten, Lionel rose and took his de-Mildred in the moonlit garden, where the tall trees were casting fantastic slundows on the silvery paths and the

air was heavy with the scent of honevsnekles and roses, The 8th of April, which was the day set apart for the trial of Mr. Parkhurst, mm thus far on his way. Now, I ask rose clear and bright. A gentle breeze for, how can Mr. Parkhurst expect to relieved the atmosphere, that on the

oppressive. Before nine o'clock the little square to-morrow will show whether he is in front of the courthouse was well-fillfully or not. It has been a terrible ed with those whom both curiosity and blow to the poor young lady, bless her kindly interest had drawn thither, to "Teg," interposed another. "My wife all those who could claim the right to a went to the Beeches' yesterday morn- place within the hall of justice did not fail to avail themselves of the prvilege.

Precisely at ten o'clock the judge saking up and down the hall, and took his seat upon the bench, the varidaged hands and a white, scared face proceeded to the performance of their

then and let in some reassuring mes- limits, and amid the dead silence which had suddenly fallen upon the whispering multitude, the prisoner was called

Several cases were set down for the same day, but precedence was given on the calendar to that of Benjamim Hibbert Parkhurst, whom the Coroner's jury had found guilty of murder in the

first degree. The man who appeared in answer to the summons looked strangely out of place in the felon's dock. The stately lastly replaced it on the table, and ris- form and noble countenance seemed better fitted to grace the foremost ranks of chivalry and honor.

So thought Edward, Lord Barrowes, of some papers on his desk, to look upon

But the latter was apparently indifferent to every object save one. His eyes had sought and quickly found the being who was all the world to him, and while his gaze rested upon her with tenderness unspeakable, the Judge foilowed its direction.

His regard encounters a pale, beauti ful face, which he sees only in profile who had followed him.

tremble? Whence arises this strange But finally, he had recourse to begine, my dear sir, but I have a lemotion that obscures his vision and ging; then it must have been that, What is it that causes him to start and

whose name I heard mentioned among to his cheek, the radiance of love, the witchery of passion cast their golden beams across the silence of years, and, child of Mr. Parkhurst, the gentleman hearing aside the mask of indifference, who is accused of murdering Mr. belie the staid expression that his featares have worn. He continues to gaze, unheeding, upon the girlish form, his agitation becoming perceptible to all, when the voice of the Prosecuting At-

Recalling the onerous duties of his position, Lord Barrowes recovers his composure. More from the force of habit than by any successful effort of his own, his attention is slowly withdrawn from the spiritual loveliness of A gleam of interest flashed across the Mildred Parkhurst and centered upon him.

After briefly stating the events that had led to the arrest and indictmet of the prisoner at the bar and setting forth the facts which clearly pointed to him as the author of the crime, the learned counsel called his witnesses. They consisted of two villagers, who testified to having met Mr. Parkhurst walking in the direction of the rallway station, with the late Mr. Greene, at a quarter past nine on the night of the murder, and Mr. Parkhurst's man servant, who trial for murder was set down for the 8th the Beeches together at nine o'clock on the evening in question and that at half-past nine his master had returned alone. The villagers further remarked might have been quarrelling; the wit-

nesses could not say. The defense was brilliant and forcione to deem him not less than fifty, so of the day had been retained in behalf ble. One of the most eminent lawyers of Mr. Parkhurst, and his eloquence found its way to the hearts of the hearers and established in the mindt of many the firm conviction of his client's

At length the counsel for the prosecution rose to make his final remarks. Having shown, with considerable elab-oration, that Mr. Greene must have met his death at the hands of Mr. Parkhurst, he asserted, in conclusion, that the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to hang the prisoner.

A shudder ran through the slender form-a childish face grew deathly With a kind, motherly touch, Lady Ashton took the little hand within her own. Otherwise, all was still. It now remained for the case to be

wont, as though loth to perform the task And yet Lionel Ashton was a man that was to him an almost daily occur-whom but few maidens would have rence. But it could not be avoided, and with the violet eyes of Mildred Parkhurst fixed upon his features, Lord Barrowes commenced, in impressive tones, to instruct those from whose lips for her father, who has not expected to supply all the beef necessary. At would proceed the verdict which would that she would feel sufficiently recoverthe end of two years there are in the tones, to instruct those from whose lips

"If," continued his lordship, "upon carefully weighing the evidence, you find established the elements necessary ustitute willfut murder, then it w devolve upon the court to impose the What you ask is impossible. In this other hand, after due consideration, hour of sorrow let me feel that you are such elements appear to you to be absent, then you will render a verdict of not guilty." Here the voice of the speaker grew solemn, and the specta-tors could see that he was passionately in earnest. "But," he added, "I charge you to pause and consider the gravity of the decision which rests with you to pronounce. The life of a fellow creature-nay, even more than that-hangs upon your words. Better were it, thousand fold, that the dead should remain forever unavenged than that, through the erring perception of human wisdom, the innocent should be con-

demned." As he concluded the counsel exchanged glances of amazement. Never had they heard the celebrated Justice display such undisguised partiality, and their wonder was great.

But his words had been prompted by feelings that they dreamed not of-feelings that swayed his will and rose above his sense of duty.

Once more Lord Barrowes let his eyes wander to the fair face which was again turned away from him. Whence came this vision of former days? Had his early love returned-the Mildred whom in bygone days he had worshiped and lost? It was the same exquisite form; the features were the same in their delicate beauty; only lovelier, younger than before. He had adored her; but the priceless jewel of her love had been given to another.

Memories of those golden days flocked parture, leaving his sister seated with around him, and the moments flew by unheeded. The silence was becoming painful and oppressive, and when the instant arrived which was fraught with such terrible significance, it brought the feeling of relief that always seems preferable to suspense.

The jury, having been absent some twenty minutes, filled slowly into the

The prisoner who throughout the proceedings has maintained a calm and digniged mien, now looks at his daughter as though seeking to impart to her some of his own dauntless courage.

But she is unconscious of his gaze. await the events of the occasion, while The room seems to swim before her eyes, a tumult like that of a surging sea resounds in her ears; faintly, as though borne from o'er the distance, she hears the voice of the judge putting the dread question to the forem sapping every now and then with our officers of the court having already as the latter opens his lips to reply, she is dimly aware of some confusion near the door of the courtroom.

Two men entered hastily, accompan ied by a police officer; there is a brief whispered colloquy, and then the clerk of the court advances toward the bench, holding in his hand a black leather pocketbook.

All who are present bend forward to look; they hold their breath to listen. The excitement is intense. The proceedings are suspended at the most critical point, while the interruption is explained as follows:

The previous day, at sunrise, some laborers going to their work, had discovered in a field, on the outskirts of the town, the lifeless body of a man. With all possible haste they informed

the police. Inquiry was instituted as he raised his head from the perusal throughout the neighboring towns and villages, and it was promptly ascertained that a tramp answering the description of the deceased had been seen from time to time during the past six weeks roaming about in the vicinity of first one village and then another.

He was a suspicious looking character, and many persons had refused to give him shelter. In some places, however, he was seen to have money in his possession when he paid for food and

exposure and want.

The body was identified, and upon examination, heart disease was pronounced the immediate cause of death, At the command of Lord Burrowes. the articles found upon the person of the deceased vagabond were produced.

They consisted of the pocket already were discovered a number of cards and documents which were quickly recog-In one corner of the latter was embroidered the monogram H.

In due form the case was dismissed. The man who had been unjustly suspected and wrongly accused stepped down from his incongruous position, while the occupants of the courtroom pressed round him en masse, shaking his hands and offering their congratulations. Foremost among them was Mr. Bassett, striving to atone for the sus picions he had entertained by his outspoken and sincere regard.

of what was passing; one voice which was silent amid all rejoicings. Mildred lay insensible in Lady Ashton's arms.

Beneath the roof of the Beeches glad and thankful hearts are beating. Upon the termination of the proceedings in court, Lord Barrowes accepted the cordial invitation of Mr. Parkhurst, and consented to transfer his belongings from the Lynnwood Arms to more comfortable quarters within the elegant stow on me a dearer one to-day." and hospitable mansion, having allowed himself to be persuaded to prolong his visit from another 24 hours.

Mildred's swoon was not of long duration, but wearied with excitement and anxiety she retired to her room immedupon reaching home. It is nine o'clock, and the impromptu

dinner-party is over. Several of the neighbors, among whom of course are the Ashtons, have been invited to meet Lord Barrowes on this happy occasion. The gentlemen having joined the ladies in the drawing room, the sound of rippling laughter and the murmur of pleasant conversation are once more echoing through the spacious apartment and being wafted out upon the fragrance of the summer night. The distinguished guest and host are

not only of recent events, but of days long past, when, becoming aware of sudden silence, followed by a suppressed marmur of astonishment, they look up. is Mildred. But how changed since the restored the reses to her cheeks. Her eyes are radiant with gladness, her lips are parted with a sweet, shy smile.

She had planned this little surprise Clothed in an evening dress of soft clinging white cashmere, with pearls wound round her fair neck and allow and white carnations in her hair and

on her breast, she passes by her guests, acknowledging their presence simple courtesy, and goes straight to trades. Congress, at the last session, Lord Barrowes. Placing both her little hands in his she glances up into his face with humid

"Oh," she asks softly, "how can I ever thank you?" He gazes fondly on the lovely upturned features, as he answers, "What have I done, my dear child,

o merit such kind words?" 'You have saved my father," "But have you not heard? Did they

"Yes Lady Ashton told me all that happened," she interrupts, "but Lionel ascertained what the verdict would have been, and our deepest gratitude will always be due to you, my lord. Ap-pearances were against my dear father says the children should not be reand your noble words influenced every me in his favor."

The little hands are still clasped in his. He looks at her in speechless admiration. Her voice touches a cord that has for years been silent. Moved by an irresistible impulse, he bends

"Mildred," he says, in tones tremb ling with emotion, "your father tells me that your mother's portrait hangs in his study; he has given me permission to see it. Will you be my guide?" Wondering, vaguely agitated by his manner, she assents, and laying her hand lightly on his arm, leads him

from the room.

His heart is beating almost to suffocation. Upon this moment he has stakthat he's precipitate, rash; but he will

As they pass down the long corridor, she glances up at him with sweet shy glance. She does not speak, however; not for worlds would she intrude upon his silence, her youthful imagination has surrounded him with a halo of nonance and ardor of her nature are for extension and space in the towns, merged into the tender reverence with which she regards him. Entering the I have seen parlors where the mirrors study, they stand before the portrait of and sofas could be counted by the doz-

Lord Barrowes silently gazes upon it, and the girl beside him feels his arm tremble.

both her hands in his, as before.
"Mildred," he says, in a low, impassioned tone, "hear me. I loved your nother as few women are ever loved. She did not return my affection, but no other being has effaced her memory from my heart. When I saw your face the buried love rose again-the intervening years were forgotten. My youth returned; with its hopes and aspirations the sweetness of an unconquerable idolatry resumed its scarce-interrupted sway, and my earthly path was again

illuminated with the radiance that is but a foretaste of heaven." The slendor form before him is quivering like the aspen. He draws her agitated face to his own.

"My darling," he continued, "it is early, I know to tell you this, but I love I hold you enshrined to my heart as no other woman has ever been save one. Mildred; for her dear sake my life has been desolate. Oh, tell me, child, will you consent to fill that vacant place? Will you be my own-my

wife? tears as she glances up at him in mute surprise.

love that I offer you is not the growth of a day, Mildred. It was implanted in my heart soon after my boyhood. and though never warmed by the raysand strengthened with the passing

fancy for knowing who this Mildred is, oppresses his breath? The color mounts homeless and starving, he had died from years. Will you trust yourself to it

There is a moments besitation-a moment in which Lord Barrowes expe riences all the agony of suspense, and then the sweet eyes, that had drooped beneath his ardent gaze, look up, slowly timidly, into his own.

Reading in their depths a passionate mentioned, and a silk handkerchief unspoken yearning, she thinks of his stained with blood. In the former onely life--of the privileges offered to her, a simple girl, of restoring happiness and sunshine to that noble, loyal heart nized as the property of the lata Mr. and with a sudden thrill of joy she gently lays her hand on his breast. "Oh, yes," she whispers tenderly, "if

I can take my mother's place, my I will be to you all that she might have -had she loved you.' "May Heaven bless you, my precious one-my darling!" he murmurs, as he showers rapturous kisses on her white

brow, her eyes, her lips. A few moments later Mr. Parkhurst comes in, to remind Mildred that her presence is required by her guests. Seeing the fair head of his daughter reposing contentedly upon the breast of the There was only one who knew naught great and learned Judge, he pauses in

But Lord Barrowes holds out his hand, which meets Mr. Parkhurst's in a cordial grasp. "After all, my friend," he declares, looking down on the lovely, blushing

face, while the intensity of his happiness trembles on his lips, "heaven's gifts are pretty equally divided. Years ago," pointing to the portrait, "fate and you robbed me of one Mildred, only to be-

## How they Teach Indians.

Access to the original report of Superintendent John H. Oberly on the Iudian Industrial School at Chilaco, Iudian Territory, discovers the existe of a much worse state of affairs than the synopsis prepared by the Indian De-partment for reference indicated. Superintendent Oberly says the male pupils are rendering much assistance in farming and gardening, but they are not being instructed in the pursuits of farming. They are being taught mechanical operations. At table the children serve themselves with eager fingers to the bad food within their reach. Superintendent who preceded Dr. Minstanding near an open window, talking thorn, the present Superintendent, the affairs of the school fell into confusion, until its very existence was threatened Dr. Minthorn has brought about a degree of order. He has increased the Advancing gracefully towards them membership and made many improvements, but there is yet much room for morning! A few hours' repose have reform. The industrial school lacks nearly everything that an industrial ought to have. In 1883 a herd of 425 cattle was purchased and delivered to the school. This was intended posure and disease are rapidly diminshing that number. There is not on the edicol Lind any where a shop in which a pupil can learn a trade, although it was the intention of the projectors of this school to teach the appropriated \$2,000 -for this purpose, and Superintendent Oberly suggests the erection of a barn in order to supply partly the need mentioned. Better flour and an occasional change from beef are recommended. In regard to the flour used, Superintendent Oberly says it is moldy and sour, and unfit for food for buman beings. At the best not enough good food is furnished to the Indian children. They are allowed no butter, although there are fifty or sixty milch They are allowed no chieggs, aithough thousands of fowls could be kept without expense. They have no angar and no dainties. With good bread they might endure all the other quired to pray "Give us this day our while they are thus fed. sily bread, The civilization of the Indian cannot, he thinks, be accomplished while then

My village chief was silent and shook his head doubtfurly. The fact was, the nearest village was ten miles away. The man was satisfied with himself and family, satisfied with his live-stock and his crops, and satisfied with his taxes, and over-population was apparently the only thing which he and his peers conceived needed to be set aright. point we should remember that not nearly all the land is yet taken up, and ed the one hope of happiness that life that many of the farms are large as, can never hold for him. He knows and sometimes larger than, the most extensive German manors. Even a spoiled American farmer would be satof these extensive estates stands the spacious log house, surrounded with barns and sheds, which, possibly, are not large enough. Hardly anything is large enough for the Siberian. I have bility and heroism; all the latent ro- made personal confirmation of this greed where it is often carried to excess; thus Mildred's mother, where it gleams fair en. In bright contrast with the stereo-and bright amid the dark plush hangtyped complaints of the farmers con-cerning the too thick population is the fact that they are all proud of having a The farmer loves his land, his cattle, his summer and fall, but he loves above everything a large judice against strangers, he lives in the perfect conviction that the country needs men, and he governs his conduct accordingly. In every other country in the world there are foundling hospitals: in Russia they are numerous, but in Siberra there are none. If a mother is not able to take care of her child she will offer it to the nearest farmer, and he will be glad to have such an increase in his family as if it were a fine colt fealed to

"E Pluribus Unum."

It is a somewhat curious fact that the words "E. Pluribus Unum," which have appeared on different United States coins, and on the Standard silver dollar, were never authorized to be so placed by law. They were first used on coins in 1786. There was no United States Mint then, but there was a private one at Newburg, and the mottoe of the United States was first placed on a copper coin struck at that mint, A ery few collections have specimens of this coin. They are very valuable. In 1787, a goldsmith named Brasher coined gold piece, and the mottoe, placed in this form, "Unum E Pluribus," was stamped upon it. The coin is worth to be in existence. In 1787 the mottoe of the sun, it grew none the less surely also appeared on various copper coins of

Late in the winter of '80 Jeff and I were members of a raiding party that penetrated the fastness of the mountains of Death, in search of a family of cow and horse thieves named Taylor, writes Philaderphia correspondent, The scattered remnants of Chief Victorio's band were lurking about that section of country then, awaiting an opportunity to cross the Death plain to a more secure hiding place in the Sierra Dia- Then starting suddenly, he lifted his bolo. And we were continually finding fresh signs as we slowly trailed the cow thieves to the mountain camp. One hers in the unknown, morning we entered a little canon, through which ran a stream of water. About midway down the canon, on the bank of the run, the scout in advance made a horrible discovery, and we rode quickly to his side. The three Taylor The speed that can be obtained by the oys whom we were in search of, and a use of the side stroke is wonderful. It Mexican vaquero had been ambushed is used by all professionals and many and killed by the Indians, and their amateurs in races of short and middle stiffened bodies, bloody and scalpless, distances, although the old breast stroke lay across the trail. They had been is still relied on in long journeys befled during the previous night, and cause of it being less tiresome. It is a the coyotes had not yet scente! them strange fact that fondness for the water

We hastily dug a shallow grave with ances has descended from father to son our hunting knives on the bank of the for generations, and in no case is this of the canon.

fire, a brush corral and a heavy wagon, credit. The Joneses and E. T. and W. Several head of ponies and cows were Biew are also record performers. grazing in the canon, and the sergeant corral, cried:

Keep out'n hit." We all turned at sound of the voice, and the queerest little girl, in a dress of maginable.

walking toward the sergeant. "Hit's Johnson, who swam and floated for mine. I tell ve. "And who might you be?" asked the Black Pool, England baths, ergeant, smiling and dropping the tent

answer, and she tossed her head saucily. 'And who are the boys?''

all know 'em well enuff, an' I know partake of light refreshments, and at are lost every year from the you; you'r rangers, an' if you think the Oxford Music hall is Loudon, in u'll git the boys, yer left. They're 1881, she remained admerged for 2 tyonder in the mountings, an' they'll minutes and 51 seconds. Wonderful out youder in the mountings, an' they'll We crowded about the little maiden and one of the boys, in as tender and

shed many tears, but a great lump that "I knowed they'd git lade out some pursuit. Men always have and probday," she said, shaking her head mourn- ably always will excel as natators, and

"but hit's better that a way than to be drapped by you'ns." She peered into the face of every man, and finally, stepping to the side of mented hero W bb often caused won reckless Jeff, laid her brown hand in der, and yet he was not so successful as

go with you." We took per back to camp, and on a pretty tough lot, and when one man, and said. "Ye musn't cuss, 'Tain't perlite for keeping affoat sixty hours without

when ladies is about, an' hit's wicked, having touched anything by which rest

When we made camp that night and prayed. I noticed that several of around the circle and lifted up her dimfrail body. The entire company held a best, There are few of the contempo consultation over the matter the night raries of those two great swimmers wh brown waif as "the child of Company nswer in her quaint fashion.

purpose, she nodded her head and made "I like ye boys, an' hit's a go!"
The best tent was fitted up for her especial use, and if a man had gone to placed in jeopardy. She exerted a wonderful influence over these rough men, and there was not one in the company who would not have laid down his life for her. Reckless Jeff in particular was her devoted slave, and "The Broncho" strong arms listening to the stories that fell from his lips, occasionally comment-ing in her old-fashioned way. Never was princess draped out more gorgeously with ribbons and fine dresses than Broncho Bertie. Once when she was sick a man killed his horse riding for the post surgeon, and the men tip-toed their way about camp lest "The Broncho's should be disturbed. Mad Milton taught her to read and spell, and the Captain bought her the gentlest pony that could be had for money. One day-no member of Company E

will ever forget it-Reckless Jeff and Mad Milton went to the post and came back to camp under the influence of liguor. We had just finished a shooting natch when they rode in, and both men

laughed at our markmanship. 'See here, boys," cried Jeff, pulling out his six-shooter, "I'll show you what shooting is. Broncho!"

The little maiden stepped forward, and whispering something in her ear, leff handed her an ordinary bottle cork. She ran to a tree about twenty paces distant and facing us, set the cork on top of her curly head and folded her slowly raised it. "Don't Jeff!" we cried in chorus, for he lurched unsteadily.

volver, his finger pressed the trigger, and as the report rang out, Broncho

All their arms and their ponies and an ability to accomplish great natahad been carried away by their murder- torial feats is hereditary. In some families the championship at various dist-

Bertie threw up both her hands and

for a moment regarding the loved form

Remarkable Swimming.

In relation to the sige stroke now

"My God!" he cried, and ran toward

staggered toward him.

smiled faintly and gasped:

buried them side by side. more noticeable than in that of the Then contiuing on we crossed the next Beckwith family. Father and sons, divide and reached their camp in a ca- mothers and daughte s, have performed non similar to the one we had just left. great feats of speed and endurance, and The Indians had taken a nearly oppo- to-day Willie Beckwith and his sister site direction, climbing the other wall | Agnes are considered second to none in the world. The Finny family, too, or next, followed by Illunois, third. The camp of the outlaws was a rude as they might be punningly termed, the affair consisting of a small tent, a camp | Finny tribe, have best records to their

Of the lady swimmers, however, Miss commanding our party ordered several Agnes Beckwith is the most remarkaof the boys to round up the stock while ble. Many will remember her great he dismounted and inspected the camp. swim from Sandy Hook to Rockaway Just as he was about to lift the fly of inlet in a heavy sea about two year the tent a shrill treble voice, which ago, and on which occasion she swam came from the direction of the brush sixteen miles in 4 hours 59 minutes 10 seconds. Her long swim of 100 hours "Say, thar, mister man, thet's my in the Westminster aquarium in 1880 was also a remarkable feat. When but 14 years old, or in 1875 Miss Beckwith accomplished the unprecedented feat faded calico, bareheaded and barefoot-ed, crept from under the corral gate the Thames river in 1 hour and 9 minand walked toward us. She was not utes, and a year later she swam twenty above seven years of age and she had miles in 6 hours and 25 minutes. On the shrewdest face and brightest eyes of the most remarkable swimming feat on record, however, was also accom-"Keep out'n that tent," she repeated, plished by a female natator, Miss Ed. thirty-one consecutive hours in the women have also distinguished themselves in the water. Miss Theresa 'I'm Broncho Bertie," was the quick Johnson, Miss Laura Saigeman, and skull is no longer in the grave. Miss Emily Parker have all got through "Leastways, thet's what the boys call the water for given distances in faster time than any other females. "Lurline," the water queen, was wont to

as that appears, it is nothing when graves. compared to the feat of Peter Johnson, who, on April 6 1883, remained under simple words as he could command, to'd | water in a tank at the Royal Music hall her of her bereavement. She didn't in London for 4 minutes and 2 seconds. When it is of course desirable that a rose in her throat was swallo ved with woman know how to sustain herself difficulty and her shrill voice softened in the water, yet it seems that as a and trembled when she spoke.

record performances by males are far superior to those by the gentler sex. The great performances by the la a prize winner as Willie Beckwith or "I like yer looks," she said, "an' I'll J. Finnes. Indeed, they generally proved superior to the rash athlete who found his death in the whirlmools of the road she taught as several lessons of Niagara. But Webb was a remarkthat set the men to thinking We were able swimmer. While others proved speedier for short distances, he was unfor some triffing cause, began to curse, approachable at long distances. His records for swimming seventy-four hours with only four minutes' rest and

could be obtained are still the best. Among short-distance swimmers the Broncho Bertie ate her supper in silence, names of Harry Gurr and Harry Moore and when one of the boys spread some will always remain first. They were blankets and told her it was to be her really the modifiers of the English sidebed for the night she thanked him grave- stroke and more than twenty years ly, and folding her hands knelt down ago startled the aquatic world by their speed. At that time the facilities for the eyes of the boys were moist when timing races were not so good as of reshe finished, and, when she walked cent years, and records are now on the books which Moore and Gurr could pled mouth to each bearded face to be beat with little trouble. Gurr's record kissed, she received a succession of convulsive hugs that must have bruised her 10 minutes and 29 seconds is still the we reached our permanent camp, and it now trouble themselves with matters was formally decided to adopt the aquatic, and the only two in this counwaif as "the child of Company When Bertie was informed of our Donaldson, the celebrated swimmer action by a committee delegated for the and athlete, and Ed. Plummer. The former is still in the ring, and daily disports himself in the waves at Fort Hamilton, and enjoys himself while he instructs others in the useful art.

Plunging and smimming under water the post and not brought back a present for "Broncho" his life would have been that are not cultivated to any great correctly. extent here. The best recorded plunge was by J. Strickland, at Melbourne Australia, in March, 1880, when that athlete dived from a stand five feet above the water's surface with sufficient force to traverse seventy-three was always in his company. She loved feet and one inch before he appeared on him, and would sit for hours in his top of the water. The nearest approach to that performance was by Horace Davenport, England's ex ameteur champion, who plunged seventy feet and seven inches. At swimming under water J. Finny holds the record. At Black Pool, England, in 1882, Finny swam 1134 yards before appearing above In this country the records of profes

sional swimmers are generally more "fishy" than the swimmers. Those ly published the bans of his own marmade by the amateurs, however, have riage in a Dorsetshire, Eng., Church, generally been made under proper auspices. At only four distances have by. records been made in this country that show greater speed than that of English swimmers. In those cases the greater stretch, and then remains awake for a speed is only apparent, as very strong like period. She is now eighty years As an instance, the mile records may be cited. Here Charles F. Senk has swam a mile in 12 minutes 424 seconds with a strong tide. With only a moderate tide in his favor, R. P. Magee, of Baltimore, swam on the Harlem river one mile in 25 minutes 414 seconds, while in England in still water J. J. Collier, a prominent professional, took 28 minutes 193 seconds to swim one mile. In swimming, however as in every other branch of sport. Americans are coming to the front, and the prospects are that within a few years Two of the men started to prevent amateurs and professionals the rash act, but they were too late. Jeff's eye ran along the barrel of his rehold the best records

Tan cyclone is the biggest wind in-strument heard of as yet.

NEWS IN BRIEF

-There are thirteen "Londons" in The blood was streaming from her the United States.

head and she was reeling blindly, but -The ratiroads of Pennsylvania em when he caught her in his arms she ploy 70,000 men. -Detroit has adopted standard time

"You didn't-mean to-Jeff-good" -Her curly head dropped and she was and wooden street signs. -Drunken women in London and dead. He laid the body down and stood

nore frequent than men. -A slight fall of snow occurred in Hartford, Conn., recently.

still smoking six-shooter to his temple, -Sitting Bull fears that some of Cusbulled the trigger and his soul joined ter's friends will assassinate him. -General Moltke's health is so bad that an early demise is anticipated -Nearly 14,000 police officers now

protect London including sergeauts. -Forty million pairs of rubber boots are made in this country annually -Troy, New York, is talking about

investing \$25,000 in a crematorium. -Squaws do the grain-threshing for farmers to Owens River Valley, Nev. -The London Times, according to a urrent item, is valued at \$25,000,000. -According to tradition, famines occur in Japan every forty or fifty years.

vators within her limits and no distille Bismarck has lost 1 000 people and

-Minneapolis has thirteen grain ele-

as 150 houses vacant as a result of the business depression -New York is the wealth est State in the Union; Pennsylvania comes

-The Abyssinian alphabet consists of 208 characters, each of which is written distinctly and separately. -A New Haven woman managed to get drowned in two feet of water the other day.

-Dakota with its population of 415,-000 has gained 207 per cent, in the five years since 1880. -The first railway in India dates from 1853, and there are now 15,000

-There are still public lands open to settlement in nineteen States and eight Territories. -Muskegon, Mich., reports the case

completed miles of road.

of a child being stung to death by a seventeen-year locust. -A bill in the Georgia Legislature proposes a tax of \$100 for every base ball game played in the State. -Paper is taking the place of wood

in the manufacture of lead pencils. Gas pipes are also made of paper. -The coffin-plate of Hogarth was stolen years ago, and it is believed his

-The Chicago authorities are determined to stop the Salvation Army pertormances in the streets of that city. "My buddys. Jim, Bill and Dan. Ye remain under water long enough to -Two tons of gold, worth \$1,400,000 tear of commerce and personal use.

-A sexton in Plymouth, Mass, lately -Lady Burdette-Coutts owns the

smallest pony in the world. He is 5 years old and 13 inches high. -There are now only eight lots of land in the burned district of Boston that remain to be built upon.

-It is remarked that the average number of persons composing a family in the United States is decreasing. -A Georgia man has a ben twenty years old caring for a large brood of lit

-The United States Navy has 1,119 officers and 39 ships, or nearly 30 officers to each ship. -Jay Gould is said to be determined o have the fastest yacht in the world if

tle chickens of her own hatching.

it takes a million. -Robert Toombs is the richest restdent in Wilkes county, Ga., his estate being assessed at \$250,000. -A Georgian claims to have perfec-

ted a contrivance for running street cars by a quicksilver motor. -A boy at Grass Valley, Cal., while digging a hote, struck a valuable quartz ledge the other day.

-The duration of vitality in seeds depends very much on the manner in which they are kept. -German geologists estumate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid

sait a thousand years hence. -In 1802 Daniel Webster was a schoolmaster in Fryebury, Me, and was paid a salary of \$350 a year, -A distillery has lately been put to

peration at Charlestown, South Caro-

ina, for manufacturing oil from pin-

-Wheat is Western lows will average only ten bushels to the acre, and is the poorest in quality raised for many -The Chinese in New York have

published an almanac. It looks like a fire-cracker label, and is as large as a -"Pickpocket" is the only English word adopted into the French language

-A third set of teeth is reported recently to have been cut by a ninety-sixyear-old colored resident of Polk coun-

ty, Georgia.

-The agricultural depression in Engand has most seriously decreased cierieal incomes and Glebe lands have de preciated from 25 to 50 per cent. -A Piute Indian living near Winne nucca, Nev., is reported to have killed

seventy deer single-handed on a hunting trip into the mountains recently. -The great Eastern is the champion coal consumer in the world. She burned 2,877 tons of coal during a ten days' run from Liverpool to New York. -A vicar, aged 80 years, who recent-

-A lady in Logan county, Ky. sleeps two or three days and nights at a

-One family in Bartow, Ga., numbers 30 persons-mother and father the latter 52 years old, and 28 children. In all there were 39 children, but 11 have

-A lump of ruby and silver, so big that a man would strain the muscles of his back in lifting it, was dug from a mine near Austin, Nev., recently, and it has been presented as a curiosity to the Nevada State University at Reno.

-A New York sporting man says that nineteen out of every twenty horse races, ball games, prize fights and walking matches are "fixed" twenty-four hours in advance, and that such a thing as honesty in sports can no longer be