

A CUP OF COLD WATER

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

PART I.

IT was on a drowsy afternoon, a long time ago, that little Dorothy Mayfield sat in the door of her home, playing with her doll.

Beyond the child through the open door could be seen the mother at her spinning wheel, humming a hymn that was as soothing as a lullaby.

"I must have a drink," suddenly said the little one, as if the sensation of thirst had just made itself manifest. "Now Dorothy, you will have to stay right here till I come back! I won't be gone long, and you must be real good."

With this she set her doll on the step, with her back against the jamb, in order that she might maintain a gentle position during her own absence, and away the young mistress ran down the winding path to the spring, only a few rods off at the rear of the house.

Dorothy ran every step of the way, because she couldn't help it, and pausing in front of the crystalline spring of icy coldness, she took a brown gourd from its resting place on a projecting ledge of stone, and, stooping down, dipped it into the water. Then she held it to her lips, while its dripping moisture moistened the corners of her mouth and the tip of her nose.

Two or three swallows were sufficient, and, with a sigh of enjoyment, she laid down the vessel and was about to whirl round and dash back to the house, when she was abruptly checked by the appearance of an Indian warrior, who came from among the undergrowth, walking as silently as a shadow.

He was of medium height, rather good looking for one of his race, his long black hair hanging loosely about his shoulders, while two or three grandly stained eagle feathers projected from the crown. His countenance was not disfigured by the hideous paint which his people use when they go upon the warpath. He wore the simple hunting shirt, leggings and beaded moccasins common among the New England Indians two centuries ago. The buck-tooth handle of a knife thrust into his girdle at the waist showed and he grasped the barrel of a long old-fashioned matchlock rifle, whose stock rested on the ground at his feet.

"What do you want?" fearlessly asked Dorothy Mayfield, after the blue eyes had looked for a moment straight into the black orbs of the redskin.

"Drink water," replied the Indian in fairly good English.

Once more, stretching up the gourd, the girl dipped it into the spring and held the dripping vessel toward her dusky guest. The immobile face never changed as he reached out the free hand, took the gourd and held it to his lips.

That he was thirsty was quickly shown, for he steadily drank, gradually raising the vessel and throwing his head back, while the astonished Dorothy watched the "Adam's apple" in his throat as it bobbed up and down, until not a teaspoonful of water was left in the gourd.

"Oh, my," she exclaimed. "I guess you haven't had a drink since you were a little boy; you don't want any more, do you?"

"No," replied the Indian, with a shake of his head as he returned the gourd, sat down on the ground and drew the back of his hand across his moist lips.

"Dear me! Haven't you got any hambokehelli?" asked the little one, turning up her nose in disgust. The Indian was somewhat mystified over the name of the article, but all became clear when the little miss wrenched out a piece of spiciness from the pocket of her dress, and, peeling forward, carefully wiped away the moisture that remained. Then she noticed several beads of perspiration on the Indian's forehead—for the day was sultry—and he had travelled far—and she soothingly removed them.

"There," she remarked, stretching a step and viewing her work with satisfaction, "now you look like somebody."

It is not often that a member of the Indian race inherits the emotion of thirst; but as this one looked at the little miss and understood her words, his mouth moved until his even white teeth shone between coppery lips.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Dorothy—that's the name of my doll, too."

"Live deer!" continued the warrior, pointing a finger toward the log dwelling, which showed among the leafy limbs of the trees.

"Of course I do. Where do you live?"

He turned and round, as he sat on the ground, and pointed behind him.

"Off dere, good way. Little girl can't walk."

"Yes, I can. If I wanted to, but I don't want to. Have you got any little girl like me?"

Again the dark face was lit by a smile and the head nodded without speaking.

"Won't you bring her to see me some time?"

"Mebbe," was the non-committal reply.

"You mustn't forget it. I'll look for her every day and will feel bad if you don't bring her to see me."

"What fader's name?" asked the Indian, who had hardly removed his piercing eyes from the face of the chattering miss.

"Why, his name is my father. How simple you are!"

There was a glow of real mirth in the countenance of the red man at this scornful reply of the little girl, and in a voice of wondering gentleness he added:

"He fader have oder name."

"Oh, why didn't you say what you meant? He is Mr. Mayfield. Do you know him?"

A silent shake of the head was the response.

"Sometimes Indians come to our house. If they are hungry we give them something to eat. Are you hungry? 'Cause if you are it will soon be

having explained that he intended to throw her across.

"One, two, three, and there you go."

As he uttered the last exclamation, she left his grasp, and, describing a short parabola, landed lightly upon her feet, on the further bank, and, under the impulse of her own momentum, ran several paces before she could check herself.

"There!" called the pleased parent. "That is better than trying to jump and falling into the stream."

"But I shouldn't have fallen into the stream."

Jacob Mayfield heard a slight rustling behind him, and, turning his head, was confronted by five Indians, one of whom, stooping as silently as a shadow, had caught up the white man's gun from where it lay.

The mother uttered a cry, but it was because of the terrifying sight on the further shore. An Indian warrior stepped from behind a tree, only a few feet away, and approached the child, whose back being turned, suspected nothing of her peril, while held speechless by what she saw just across the brook.

At the moment when the parent was unarmed, the half-dozen warriors made him and his family prisoners.

Since all the Indians were armed and in war paint, Mayfield and his wife did not believe their lives would be spared for more than a few minutes. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when one of them by gestures indicated that the couple were to leap to the other side and join their child. Since she, too, was in great peril, the curious command was obeyed on the instant. The wife easily leaped across, and was followed by her husband, the former being quick to take the trembling hand of Dorothy.

The warriors talked for a few minutes in their native tongue, while Mayfield anxiously scanned each face in turn, in the hope of recognizing an acquaintance to whom he could appeal, but unfortunately, Dorothy did not catch what he said. She repeated her queries, but the red man, for some reason that cannot be conjectured, did not look around again, nor speak. He struck up the long, silent stride and quickly disappeared among the trees.

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PART II.

One soft September afternoon in 1875 Hugh Lardner, a lusty young man, carrying a flintlock and powder horn, came to the home of Jacob Mayfield with alarming news.

"It will not do for you to remain another hour," were his words to the pale-faced husband and wife. "King Philip and his warriors are near you, and no one is safe."

"Whether shall we go?"

"To Deerfield. Captain Moseley is to be left there with a small force, while the rest are busy in the harvest field. The village is only a few miles off, and if you make the most of your time and are very careful you can reach it in safety. Will you do it?"

"Yes, with heaven's help. I am greatly thankful to you, Hugh, for your kindness."

"It is but a neighborly act. I must hasten."

Time was precious, and, bidding the husband and wife goodby, the young man hurried out of the house, and breaking into a loping trot, headed toward the camp of the brave pioneers who had met with no trouble in securing shelter.

Jacob Mayfield was too wise to disregard the warning of Hugh Lardner. Without encumbering themselves with anything in the nature of baggage, the father stepped out of the house, followed by his wife, holding the hand of Dorothy, who was now two years older than when she had given a drink of water two years before.

Without hesitation, therefore, he announced that no member of this little family should be harmed. Not only that, but in face of the fact that he was urgently needed elsewhere by his warriors, he accompanied Dorothy and her parents through the forest until they came in sight of the little village of Deerfield, when, knowing that all danger was at an end, he bade them goodby and hurried off.—Cassell's *Literary Folks*.

HOME POLITENESS.

Our Habit of Forgetting the Rights of Those Nearest Us.

It is a singular thing that we should find it so easy to hurt the people we love best.

The people who live in the house with us, those for whom we would actually do most if it came right down to deeds, are the ones with whom we take the least care to be courteous and kind.

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And little Dorothy waited and watched for the coming of her dusky visitor leading his child by the hand, but he never came.

"Perhaps Estelle carried her dignity to extremes, but in the germ of it she was right. She only demanded the common politeness her elder sister would have shown to a stranger.

It is strange indeed that we find it so little worth while to be particular with our own. In reality we should be more so, for the more strongly people are bound together by affection and the more closely they come in contact in daily life the more strain there would have shown to a stranger.

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