

ON THE HEIGHTS.
Ay, on the heights at last, so far (so cold)
From warmth and love and all that
makes life sweet,
With love's bright river flowing at my
feet,
So far away 'tis but a thread of gold!

Before I reached the heights, heights that
were heaven,
Crows have come heart-whole and
reared here,
I passed such torturing ways, where far
or near
I could not see, so low the clouds had
driven.

—Nelly
Hart Woodworth, in Boston Journal.

An Odd Courtship.

By Helena Dixon.

EBENEZER STICKNEY and Polly Wiggins were both native residents of Port Ryer, a small hill-surrounded village on the northern shore of Lake Erie. Ebenezer was forty-five, a bachelor from choice. Polly was a maiden of thirty-seven—everybody declared that was her age, though all had seen and read these words traced by Polly's own fingers in the sand of the beach, times without number. "Polly Wiggins, aged twenty-three."

One afternoon, when the sun was creeping down over the hills, Polly threw aside the shirt she was making for Ebenezer Stickney, and, taking her sister's children, went down on the beach for a walk. Half an hour afterward Ebenezer was walking in the same direction. He had been kept away from the mill all day by a fever, which neither hot lye nor lemon, nor a half-dozen different poultices could drive from his thumb.

He walked along over the shingly beach, holding the afflicted thumb tenderly in his palm. At length, through an opening in a cluster of elders, he discovered Polly Wiggins. It was a raw day in early spring, but for all that Polly's hat was off and she was bowing and gesticulating and apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

"Polly is either going crazy or else she's trying to perform like them theatre folks we saw when we took that excursion to Buffalo." So saying, Ebenezer crept cautiously up to the intervening bushes. He parted the bushes carefully and peered through, chuckling to himself with delight while the pain in his thumb was entirely forgotten as he watched Polly go through one of her surprising bows. But the broad smile disappeared from the listener's face, leaving a look of blank astonishment as he heard Polly say:

"Yes, Ebenezer Stickney, I consent to marry you on four conditions."

He saw her glance timidly, not at the whiskered face among the bushes, but at the stump; then, as if she had been asked what those conditions were, she went on:

"You must quit wearing that snuff-colored, pigeon-tailed coat that your grandfather was married in. You must smoke cigars. If you can't live without smoking, instead of always having that old, black pipe in your mouth. Then you must shave off those old-fashioned, grizzly-gray whiskers, and raise a mustache, and quit riding that dingy-white, bottle-bald, mean-looking, rack-bones of a horse every where you go, and with your coat calls hanging down to cover his ribs, too. That old pigeon-tailed coat! It looks bad enough any time, but ten times worse when you're a horse-back."

And, oh, the brambles e'er I reached the
My arms were torn, my feet are bleed-
ing still,
My heart was pierced with cruel thorns
And
The drops of blood lay on the meadow
grass.

My soul is white, but see the crimson stain
Still coming from my heart; the pain is
near,
And all the sweetness—put me back once
more,
And let me feel the old, old pain again!

—Nelly
Hart Woodworth, in Boston Journal.

"Your uncle is coming to what I have left." The little girl received the seeds and bounded away, saying: "The beds are all ready, and I'm to show Uncle Eben how to sow them." Then back she came again: "I forgot I was to ask you which are the morning glory seeds. He says you told him they must be put near the window."

"I never told him any such thing; but there, there's 'em." "Don't be in a hurry, Katy," said Mrs. Carver, persuasively. "So your Uncle Eben is going to get married is he?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Who is he going to marry? Now, now, there's a good girl." "Don't know, but I guess mother does. She told him she wouldn't make the carpets unless he told her. But she won't tell, though I've coaxed her ever so much. How funny it was to see Uncle Eben married!"

"There's your mother coming now, with her bonnet to be trimmed, and she don't leave this house till she tells," said Mrs. Carver. "Just as though you didn't know already," said Katy. "In answer to the all-important question, 'Hasn't the bride-elect told you?' "Of course not, or I shouldn't have to ask you."

"Oh, well, then, I mustn't tell; but I will say, Polly," and Mrs. Rice spoke mischievously, "you're very excited. Plenty of girls would jump at the chance to marry Eben, and leave the fixing up till afterward." "What do you mean? Oh, how I am insulted!" And Polly drew herself up proudly and angrily.

"Why didn't you agree to have him if he'd fix up smart enough to suit you?" "No, I never did. I never told him so, and he knows it, and what's more, I wouldn't marry Ebenezer Stickney if he was the last man on earth, and you may tell him so," and Polly went up to her own little room to cry away her vexation and grief.

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"Polly, come here, quick," said Mrs. Carver, one bright morning as she sat sewing in the window. Ebenezer is coming down the road as fine as a fiddle in his new buggy, dressed in a brand-new suit, too. Well, there's he's coming here, after his new shirts, like-ly."

INDIAN GIRLS OF BEAUTY

THE BELLES OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY HEIRESSSES ALSO.

There exists a class of marriages of White Men and Indian Women—Restrictions Put by the Five Tribes to Discourage White Fortune Hunters.

From the intermingling of the white and the red blood in the Indian Territory there has grown up a race notable for its beauty and grace of form. The girls of the Indian Territory are no more the wild untamable dusky beauties of early Indian fiction than they are the wretched creatures found among some of the tribes today. They are to all intents and purposes on the same plane with white women of education and refinement. The fact, at least in an all but indefinable fascination and grace, the heritage of a forest people.

Among them one may find perfect blondes, with the Indian strain still evident and palpitant. And although they have succumbed to the curse of civilization, in almost all cases they have their less transmuted ancestress's perfect features. And out of other women's best gifts they possess clear and low voices, with not a trace of the guttural intonation which is common to original Indian tongues. Raised and scenes of the bloodless conquest of their race by the whites, they look without concern upon the destruction of tribal customs and the dimming and dying out of the old blood. To this last they even contribute, for so seldom does one of them marry an Indian that such an event is commented upon in the Territory as remarkable.

Before the middle of the last century a Cherokee woman of day met a hunter in the forest. She was bright-eyed and white-skinned and, thinking him an evil spirit, fled, thinking she was pursued. But he was fascinated by her beauty and pursued her into camp, where he learned that she was the daughter of a fairly rich chief. The hunter laid siege to the heart of the dusky belle and finally gained her consent to marry him across the river and across the mountains.

The uniformity in the style of toes has done a good deal to reconcile the manufacturer to the close margins on which he is doing business. "For instance, when there has been such a radical change of toe comes up, such as changed to the Piccadilly toe, the Cohn to the Lane, and subsequently to the Razor and Needle toe, it compelled manufacturers to equip their factories with entirely new lasts and at an expense not infrequently of \$2000 or thereabouts a man object to."

When that ugly abandonment was discarded, and we trust for all time all manufacturers were compelled to change their entire system, and new lasts that we did not work over one season were put under our boilers for fuel. The uniformity of the prevailing style of toe is not only in itself a radical change, or yours, because it appeals to the good sense of wearers and is in perfect style."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Mr. Evans's humor was illustrated eloquently at the famous Beecher trial, on one occasion Colonel Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., was on the witness stand. One of the questions put to him by the examining lawyer was: "How long have you lived in Norwich?" "Eighty-three years," was the reply. "Colonel Perkins," said the lawyer, "where has the rest of your life been mostly spent?" Colonel Perkins justified the joke, as he was president of a railroad after he had attained a hundred years, and was able to catch three flights of stairs, and make a public address afterward.

A fox terrier equine, a fox terrier who rides horseback has come to be a familiar figure to the residents in the neighborhood of West Forty-seventh street. Every day he may be seen impudently perched upon the back of an intelligent old horse, who draws a delivery wagon. The dog balances himself, lifting first one foot and then the other, with all the dexterity of a circus rider. A perfect understanding seems to exist between the horse and the dog. The former seemingly makes every effort to assist the little dog to maintain his somewhat precarious position.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

His Self-Taught—An Indication of Culture—A Treasure—Why She Discarded Him—A Dilemma Reminded—The Family Man—How He Might Succeed—Jimmy Took the Palm—Hard Lines—Proof by Word of Mouth—Doesn't Count For Much.

Five years ago the world was partly remedied by the action of the tribal councils in disfranchising all squaw men who thereafter married into the tribes. This checked the influx of money seekers for a time, and then it became as bad as ever. Early this year the Chickasaws raised the marriage license to \$1000 each. They now expect only true love marriages to occur.

The average Indian girl of today possesses an excellent education. All the shrewdness of the Indian, combined with the thirst for knowledge belonging to the whites, has filled these girls with a desire to advance. The Federal Government spends nearly \$400,000 annually in educating the youth of the five tribes. The Cherokees and Creeks have the best schools, while the Chickasaws spend the most money with least results.

It is difficult at this time to make a correct estimate of the wealth of these girls, but the opinion of Government officials on the subject is that \$5000 is an underestimate for the tribal girls alone, while many of the girls have property besides. The Indian girl has generally selected her vocation before she is twenty. She marries early and settles down easily in the duties of domestic life. Or if she is going on the stage, and many of them do, she has completed arrangements for it while still in her teens. Others enter special fields where they believe that their talent will win them fame. All are ambitious. None are sluggish.

The wedding of an Indian girl is the crowning glory of her life. She makes much of it, and her friends for hundreds of miles around are certain to attend. The ceremony is made as striking as possible. The Indian maiden who has the reputation of being the belle of the Territory is Miss Tansie Turner, whose Indian name is Pretty White Water. She has not only beauty, but also considerable talents. In another sense she is the greatest catch in the Indian matrimonial market, for she will please in for a large slice of the fortune of her father, W. C. Turner, of Muskogee, a millionaire cattle man. Miss Turner is a Cherokee.

The Indian girl of this type when she is victim of the East, where every one is of the opinion that there are no Indians, but those who wear blankets and live in tepees, is sensitive about her blood. A member of the Cherokee tribe not long ago expressed herself thus: "I am not ashamed of my blood, but when I am surrounded by those who do not understand that I am an Indian, I never disclose my race. It only leads to pity, and half of the people I meet would not believe that I was an Indian if I were to tell them so."

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