

**POMONA.**

I am the ancient Apple Queen,  
As once I was so am I now,  
Forever more a hope unseen,  
Betwixt the blossom and the bough.

Ah, where's the river's hidden gold?  
And where the windy grave of Troy?  
Yet come I as I came of old,  
From out the heart of Summer's joy.

—William Morris.

**THE BOY BRAVES.**

"Why," said Uncle Jack, chewing the last bit of his toothpick into a wad of fibres, preparatory to shooting it into the fire.

This was always the signal to the boys that he was ready to begin to shoot buffaloes and Indians. Uncle Jack was a grizzled veteran officer of the regular army, and had seen much hard fighting on the frontier.

"Why, yes," said he, "I do know something about what Indians are good for as fighters, and for downright human courage, without any of the meaking, strike-you-in-the-back work in it, I think the Cheyennes stand ahead of them all."

"But what Cheyennes? Where did it happen?" clamored the boys, who knew well enough that there was some special instance back of the general statement of Cheyenne bravery.

"How did you little rascals know what I was thinking of?" he growled. "Well, in 1878 my command was stationed at the Wild Rose agency. Things had been moving smoothly for a long time, but the Indians were getting fat and saucy on government rations, and that state of things couldn't last. Every brave had a good breech loader and a pony or more. Even the boys—wiry, saucy little rats—had their own guns and ponies, and the way they did run was a caution.

"There were two little chaps in particular who used to loaf around the post who had the most impudent black eyes and the most stoical faces when they thought you were watching them. They were handsome little rascals, if they were dirty and lazy, and often they used to run races across the parade ground to amuse the officers for a stake of army cartridges. They were the most fearless, nimble little monkeys!

"Half the time you couldn't tell which part was horse or which part was rider. The way they stuck to these little ponies in every position imaginable, now on this side and now on that! They were along the neck, under the belly, heads almost dragging the ground! They dropped their hats and picked them up again at a breakneck gallop. They fired their rifles with one hand until it made you think of Fourth of July in Bangor. They were sons of Lone Wing, a chief.

"I got to watching for the little lumps to come and show off their tricks, and missed them when they didn't put in an appearance; for a fellow becomes so lonely out there that he hankers after any kind of face he's used to, even if it is a dirty red face.

"You know I haven't much use for a live Indian. Somehow, living out on the frontier, one picks up a prejudice against them. Many of the young Indians who hang about the agencies doing nothing but come thieves and vagabonds, but I couldn't help admiring these two boys.

"They stood by one another like Damon and Pythias. One day some of the men coaxed one of them into the barracks and got him stumped drunk. That's an example of the way Indians are sometimes 'improved' at the agencies.

"Well, the other boy wouldn't budge an inch away until he took his comrade with him. He hung around him until after dark, and then managed to creep in while the men were at mess, and actually lugged the sleeping fellow out, whistled up the ponies, loaded him on like a log of wood, strapped him on with a lariat and galloped off.

"They had the blood of the old sachems in them, and I do believe would have died for each other. I got to like them as much as I possibly could like an Indian, and that would be about as hard for me as to like a rattlesnake.

"Maybe you have heard that the government is not the best provider in the world, and the Indian department is a great deal more uncertain than the paymaster or commissary of the army. Well, one time the beef cattle were stampeded and run off by rascally Sioux, and the other rations were about a month behind time and things got to looking pretty blue over at the agency.

"We let them have all the army goods we could spare, and Agent Pierson sent his scouts here and there to pick up what beef they could lawfully, but before they could get a supply the redskins began to grow lean.

"Some of the squaws and papposes that staggered over to the agency would hardly have made a shadow, and it is no wonder that petty deceptions were committed.

"First the agent's poultry went. Then some one got into the storehouse and carried off a lot of eastern canned goods the agent had for his own table. He declared that he would make the guilty one smart if he found him. That night, to cap the climax, a floor board was loosened from underneath and a piece of meat the cook had ready for breakfast was taken from the agent's kitchen.

"The guard saw the thieves and fired on them, and by the flash of his gun recognized them as Panther Tail and Four Toes, the two Indian boys. I forgot to tell you about their names. Panther Tail was the 'totem' or manitou name of the older boy, and the younger one was called Four Toes by the whites because in some boyish adventure he had lost the little toe from his right foot.

"When the guard came to make an examination there was the four toed track of one of the barefooted thieves. Afterward we heard that the boy's mother was sick from fasting.

"The agent gave prompt orders to have the offenders brought in for punishment, but the Indian police came back with the word that they were not to be found in the tepee of Lone Wing. The whole village was sullen over not setting rations, and not only refused to

give information, but threatened vengeance if the boys were arrested.

"It was time to show a bold front. There were enough hungry warriors waiting for rations to destroy us all if they should go on the warpath, and every one was armed.

"Agent Pierson saw trouble ahead. He mustered all the force of Indian police and scouts he had, and called for a detail of cavalry from the post. I was ordered to take my company, and the entire force, numbering 100, was put under my command subject to the agent's orders.

"When we rode into the village there was not a soul in sight. We made first for Lone Wing's tepee. The old chief stalked to the entrance when the agent's messenger spoke to him. He said that his people were still friendly, but refused to tell where the boys were.

"Then we will search every tepee," said the agent.

"I saw from the chief's looks and the frowns on the glowering faces showing now in the doors of the adjacent tepees that there would be trouble if we tried to do that. Finally the chief said if we would give him an hour he would tell where the boys were. I advised the agent to accept this. They cannot get away from their half starved ponies in an hour," I said, so it was decided to wait.

"When we went back Lone Wing was ready to receive us.

"Where are the young thieves?" demanded the agent.

"The Great Father drives his children from their hunting grounds to starve them, and then calls them thieves for not being willing to die like rabbits. The young braves are not here. The white chiefs will find them in the hills waiting for them."

"They have left the reservation!" exclaimed the agent, his blood hot. "Put spurs, captain, and overtake them! Better send some of the trailers ahead to find which way they have sneaked off."

"I had a pretty good idea where we would find the boys, and I said, 'I don't think trailers will be needed in this case. They are not far off.'

"Why," said he, "where do you think they have gone?"

"I pointed toward the hills where two faint specks showed, and handed him my glass. He looked, and put spurs to his horse.

"No need to hurry," I said; "they are not running away."

"And I was right. When we got near enough to make them out clearly, there stood the two little fellows in warpaint and feathers, their ponies by their sides and their rifles in their hands.

"What do the rascals mean?" said the agent.

"But I understood it well enough. Their Indian blood wouldn't let them suffer imprisonment or possibly a whipping, and rather than thus be degraded in their own eyes and those of the warriors of their tribe, they had resolved to court a warrior's death alone, outside the reservation, and thus shield the rest of the tribe from sharing in the punishment.

"When we were within 300 yards of them they mounted their ponies and brandished their rifles, and I could hear their shrill, boyish voices in defiant tones shouting the war whoop of their tribe. Before any of us could get our breath they leaped to their ponies' backs and charged down toward us at a furious gallop.

"I think it was a moment or two before any of us took in the audacity of the thing—two Indian boys charging right into the ranks of 100 armed whites—but when they got within rifle range they opened our eyes by lying flat on their ponies and shooting straight at us.

"Give the young imps a volley, captain!" excitedly directed the agent.

"I hated to do it, but there they came, riding us down and shouting like all possessed. 'Aim high; fire!' I commanded the men, for I couldn't bear to slaughter the brave little chiefs. On they rode, unhurt of course, right into our teeth!

"Open ranks!"

"They shot like wildfire through us and were out of reach before we could halt and re-form.

"I supposed all we would have to do now would be to chase the little rascals back into the camp and deliver them over as prisoners of war. But bless my stars if they didn't wheel as soon as they could, bringing their ponies to a dead stop, and with another whoop of defiance came charging back up the hill at us.

"It was the most desperate exhibition of courage I had ever witnessed in a human being, red or white—a cool and grim determination to keep up the fight until they died fighting.

"Pop! One of our horses was hit.

"Pop! A cavalry man dropped his Winchester, hit in the arm. I dared not spare them longer.

"Fire!"

"The smoke of our second volley cleared away to show us two prostrate forms and a pony kicking its last on the earth. I shut my eyes. I did not want to see what I knew I must see.

"Leave them to the coyotes!" growled the agent. "No, drag their bodies back to the old wolf's den. I'll teach them a lesson!"

"Not by my command, Mr. Agent," I said. "I never faced any braver enemies. They shall be buried with the honors of war."

"Oh, I'm so glad you were in command, Uncle Jack," little Ted cried, his lips quivering with sympathy. "Where did you bury them then, Uncle Jack? Not where the wolves could?"

"Bless your life, youngster, I didn't bury them at all. The agent and his Indian police had come back by the time the sergeant with his squad got the graves dug, and when they went to pick them up from beside their dead ponies I'll be court-martialed if they didn't find two of the most lively corpses that ever lay beyond possum. The men had fired low."

"Before long they disappeared from that agency. Their education had not been of the sort to make them peaceable and industrious. Very likely they have been fighting Uncle Sam since. But I couldn't hurt a hair of them."—J. F. Cowan in Youth's Companion.

**A Most Unhappy Woman.**

"Mary Queen of Scots was a most unhappy woman, wasn't she?" inquired a thin man of a friend on a Woodward avenue car the other day.

"Indeed she was," replied the other earnestly.

"Queen Elizabeth was also a wretched creature, wasn't she?"

"Very wretched, I should say, if history is to be believed."

"Then there was Catharine"—

"What are you driving at, anyway?" broke in the man who was being regaled with the names of the unhappy women of history.

"I was just about to remark," continued the thin man, "that the name of the unhappy woman in this world does not appear in history. Now I've got a sister-in-law named Martha Tabbs, and just at present she is the most wretched woman on the face of the earth."

"What's the matter with her—chills?"

"No."

"Lumbago?" broke in the other.

"No; but you see last week her husband bought her a twenty dollar bonnet."

"And I suppose the twenty dollar bonnet made her more unhappy than Mary Queen of Scots was when she discovered that her neighbor had one that cost thirty dollars."

"That was not it at all. She was as happy as a bobolink in a June meadow until she tripped and fell going up the front steps and fractured her skull. She is now lying in bed, unable to wear the hat, and by the time she can wear it will probably be out of fashion. I tell you it is sad to watch her looking tearfully at that bonnet, which she has had adjusted to a bedpost. Talk about the unhappy women of history! Why, she is more unhappy than any ten of them put together."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Polite Girl's Quandary.**

The old saying, "It pays to be polite," has been illustrated again in the Tacoma postoffice in favor of Miss Margaret J. Reese, the stamp clerk, a pretty young woman of twenty-one. L. O. Landers, a grizzled, crabbed, one legged old fellow, has a fine farm on Vashon island, near Tacoma. Although he lives the life of a hermit, it is believed that he is rich, for the Vashon fruit lands are among the most productive in the state, and his farm has been under cultivation for a number of years. He visits the Tacoma office every week or two, and he always asks Miss Reese to get his mail, for she went to considerable trouble in looking up a letter for him once, and he thinks no one else in the office is to be trusted.

Some months ago, after she had handed him his mail, he laid \$200 in gold on her counter, saying, "That's for you." Before the astonished girl had comprehended the act he was gone. She was so indignant that she wept, and when Landers returned she gave back the money, telling him she supposed he had forgotten it. He was much hurt, but later he left at a local jewelry shop an order for a diamond necklace and earrings for her, and in explanation he said to the shopkeeper that she was the only person who had ever spoken a kind word to him.

The jewelry was refused also by Miss Reese, but Landers was not to be thwarted in his desire to make her understand his gratitude, for a day or two ago he stumped into the postoffice and, thrusting a paper into her hand, remarked that it was something she could not return. Miss Reese, on opening the document, found that it was a deed for five acres of land, which she has been told, is worth \$600 an acre. She is at present in a quandary as to what course she shall pursue.—Tacoma Letter.

**Storing the Piano for the Summer.**

In connection with the subject of leaving household goods for the summer, the advisability of storing the piano during the summer months may well be considered. One of the features of the largest storage building in this city is a piano room, where the cost for storing a piano averages but a small sum a month. If the instrument is really a good one it cannot be too carefully kept. Fully 90 per cent. of the pianos kept in this climate, it has been estimated, become cracked in their sounding boards after the first year of use. These cracks are caused either by incompetent tuners or by the improper temperature to which they are subjected.

The soundboard is the very life of the piano, and the greatest care should be used to see that it is not injured. Considering the heat of a city summer, and the fact that an average temperature of 80 degs. will serve to ruin a good piano in a short space of time, it would be well for many housekeepers to consider whether the piano cannot better be stored in a well kept piano room rather than left at home during the summer months.—Boston Advertiser.

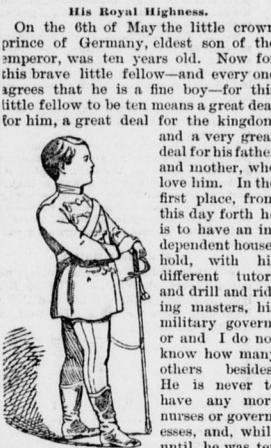
**Women in Examinations.**

The last report of the civil service commission presents interesting data for the contemplation of the pessimists and conservatives regarding woman's status in the industrial world. In the examinations for copyist work half the men failed, and five out of every six women passed. For clerks in the classified departmental service every third man failed. In the higher technical departments women scored another triumph in the proportion that passed. Of the 3,475 men that were examined 1,959 passed. Among 1,776 women candidates 1,417 stood the test, and the women did twice as well as the men. However, in the matter of appointments the balance of favor was of course with the men.

**A New Saddle.**

A new variety of woman's saddle has made its appearance in England. The pommels are much wider than those of old. Much greater pressure is given to the thigh, and a surer and easier seat is said to result from it. Many women in the habit of following the hounds have testified to the advantage of the change. The saddle weighs no more than one of the old style.

**FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.**



THE PRINCE.

His Royal Highness.

On the 6th of May the little crown prince of Germany, eldest son of the emperor, was ten years old. Now for this brave little fellow—and every one agrees that he is a fine boy—for this little fellow to be ten means a great deal for him, a great deal for the kingdom and a very great deal for his father and mother, who love him. In the first place, from this day forth he is to have an independent household, with his different tutors and drill and riding masters, his military governor and I do not know how many others besides. He is never to have any more nurses or governesses, and, while until he was ten no one was permitted ever to address him as his royal highness, now everybody is supposed to give him his title.

But best and most delightful of all, especially to him who loves soldiers as dearly as any small boy among us, he was on his birthday formally presented by his father to the First regiment of guards as their Crown Prince. I know how his little heart must have thumped, and I am sure before he left the palace his mother, the empress, must have looked at him with pride as he turned about and walked up and down before her with his brand new shining uniform and sword.

No one in the kingdom and no little Indian out on our plains rides better than this fearless little prince. And what do you suppose I read about him too? That he loves to collect postage stamps just as much as any of you.—New York World.

**A Dainty Little Buttercup.**

A dainty and fascinating little creature monopolized much of the attention of the occupants of the reviewing stand near the Worth monument on Decoration Day. It was a human buttercup—a little girl not more than five years old attired from top to toe in the golden hues of the buttercup. Her little frock of silken texture glistened in the sunlight like a real dew laden buttercup. Her tiny shoes were golden in color, and on the sprite's curly head was a jaunty little hat of yellow covered all over with buttercups. A sweet and roguish face peeped from beneath the hat, and the restless activity and continuous prattle of the child gave some of the occupants of the stand more pleasure than did the procession.—New York Times.

**An Eloquent Girl Preacher.**

Fannie Edwards, the little girl preacher who, by creating such an excitement at Gosport, and who is but fourteen years of age, has been preaching for the past four years. Her home is at Louisville. She claims to have received her knowledge of the Bible by close study and prayer, and is conceded to surpass many divines of mature years. While she is a Methodist, her father and mother belong to the Baptist denomination. She enjoys a romp with the children during her leisure hours, but is a power in the pulpit, and the church cannot accommodate the crowd.—Indianapolis News.

**Ned and Billy.**

We had a pet lamb named Billy, who had the range of our lawns. He would leave the most delicious clover to get the soft hand of Ned on his head. They would walk off together, talking as if they understood each other thoroughly. At any rate Billy resented the least meddling with Ned, but would lay his head on the boy's knees, and look up into his face with a world of affection. I have seen them stretched on the grass together, with Ned's head on his friend's woolly sides.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Peanut Party.**

For a rainy day a peanut party is quickly made, and is great sport. The invitations may be folded small and put in a large peanut shell. Each guest is provided with a bag, which may be quickly made by the girls with tarlatan, and worsted or silk drawstrings. The peanuts are hidden everywhere through the rooms, and a simple prize is given to the boy or girl finding the most, with some grotesque one each to the pair finding the fewest.—Mrs. P. H. Welch in Brooklyn Standard Union.

**Shopping with Dolly.**

The air was warm and the clouds were few. The birds were chirping and hooting. And everything was pretty and new. When Dolly and I went shopping. Our money bag was yellow and sweet. With its dandelion dollars. So we hurried away to Garden street To look for some cuffs and collars.

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