

FORT KEOGH AND THE REDSKINS.

Miles City and the Yellowstone Valley.

MILES CITY, Montana,
June 1st, 1891.

To the Editor of the Hamilton Times:

Sir,—Having spent about a month in the eastern portion of the Yellowstone River—a region that has until recently been only known to the outside world as the field of a protracted Indian warfare lasting from 1868 to 1879—I may attempt to give you some idea of the present state of affairs in the valley. Fort Keogh, the name of which has become familiar to eastern ears from the publication of occasional telegrams respecting the movements of Sitting Bull and his braves, lies about a mile and a half west of Tongue River, near its confluence with the Yellowstone. It was built by Gen. N. A. Miles in 1877, and is the most important post in the Northwest, being garrisoned with from ten to fourteen companies of cavalry and mounted infantry—the number varying with the demands of other posts on the frontier. It consists of a number of commodious barracks buildings, hospital, school, chapel and other buildings necessary for such a post, besides sixteen handsome Mansard-roofed cottage residences for the officers and their families. The fort is furnished with water works, drawing the supply from the Yellowstone River and feeding a pretty fountain in the square about which the residences are arranged. About two miles west of the fort is a camp of from 1,600 to 2,000 Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, prisoners of war, some of whom were captured, and the rest surrendered, last fall. The Sioux are in a large majority and are a portion of the identical crew that massacred Col. Custer and his command in 1876. The fort and the Indian camp are situated in a beautiful and fertile portion of the Yellowstone Valley, as smooth as a lawn and covered with a luxuriant growth of the famous Montana bunch grass, upon which the ravages of about 2,500 horses, ponies and cattle, belonging to the fort and the Indians, are hardly perceptible. About 400 of the Indians, in charge of one of the officers, have taken to agriculture and stock-raising and have a fine tract of land under cultivation, besides owning a large herd of fine-looking cattle. These Indians are self-sustaining and independent of Government rations, but the rest live on the Government and are a good-for-nothing lot of vagabonds as ever soiled a pretty landscape. The bucks are generally powerful-looking fellows, and have proved themselves to be formidable antagonists in battle. There are several powerful chiefs in the camp, among whom are Rain-in-the-Face and Spotted Eagle. The former claimed to have killed Gen. Custer with his own hands, but his statement is doubted by many. His name comes from a row of spots on his face, which look as if some drops of rain had fallen there and washed away some of the native copper. He is very lame from a bullet in his knee and uses a crutch when walking, but nearly always rides. He comes to town nearly every day, and is sometimes accompanied by one of his squaws, who holds the pony while her lord mounts or dismounts. Rain-in-the-Face is an ill-conditioned fellow, who has not yet learned to face adversity cheerfully, and seldom or never says "How?" to a white man.

Spotted Eagle is quite a jovial and social character, and has a rather fine countenance. He calls around to see us occasionally, and is always profuse in his greetings of "How could?" ("How are you, friend?") while his dusky countenance is illuminated with the broadest of smiles.

About sixty of the Cheyennes are Government scouts, under the direction of Johnny Boulter, a half-breed, who was at one time a desperate character. He killed a man at Standing Rock, Dakota, in 1876; left immediately for the good of his health, joined Sitting Bull and helped him to lay out his campaigns, and finally fell into the hands of General Miles in 1878. General Miles made a scout of him, and Johnny's subsequent behavior has been such as to gain him his present position. In 1879 he was arrested and tried for the Standing Rock murder, but was acquitted. He seems under 30, is said to be the son of a French officer, and his looks do not belie the stories that are told of him.

The Indians are allowed two ponies to each tepee, or lodge, but none except the Cheyenne scouts are allowed to carry rifles. They do not think it consistent with dignity to come to town without weapons, and most of the bucks carry either bows and arrows or war clubs, while both bucks and squaws carry knives. The regular war club is a smooth, oval stone with a groove around the middle by which it is fastened with a leather thong to a handle about two feet long. One fellow has a long iron bolt, with a nut on the end, and another has a baseball club; but Spotted Eagle carries the most murderous looking instrument of all. It is a nicely carved club, about 3½ feet long, with the blades of three large butcher knives sticking out at right angles about a foot from the far end.

We often drive through the camps, and have quite a number of acquaintances among the braves, who talk to us in signs and grunts, as but few of them can talk any English except a few interjections, but their signs are very expressive. The Sioux express great contempt for the Cheyennes, and the Cheyennes have no compliments to pay to the Sioux. Several of the bucks have shown me ugly wounds which they received in conflicts with the whites, or other tribes of Indians.

There are great numbers of children in the camp, most of whom are bright, intelligent looking fellows, while some are quite handsome. They yell "How?" at us, hang on the back of our waggon, go swimming and make mud pies like civilized children, and might turn out as well under the same influences. Their costume varies—while one is simply attired in a pair of brass ear-rings (Spotted Eagle and his two squaws have just come in to see if it is too late for lunch)—another is gorgeously gotten up in paint, feathers, and the usual dress of the higher classes. We often see a careful mother painting her family, from the little brown papoose up, and when fully togged out they look very much like young Japs. Some of the bucks have a dance nearly every day. Several of them pound a drum made of a buffalo hide stretched over a tub, while the rest perform

an uncouth sort of hop waltz. There are many "howling" swells among the bucks, and the amount of tin, brass and other kinds of ornaments they sport is amazing. Some of the squaws put on a good deal of style, but the older ones, except in a very few instances, are drudges. The bucks don't like to soil their fingers with work. A few days ago we noticed a good deal of commotion in the camp, a lot of teepees being pulled down, packed up, taken outside of the suburbs, and set up in a cluster by themselves. Brave Wolf, a Cheyenne scout, informed me, with a good deal of trouble, that there were "heap Sioux" and only about 200 Cheyennes. The Cheyennes were "heap good," and the Sioux a heap of something very bad. The Sioux had just ordered the Cheyennes to move out of the main camp, and they thought best to comply. Brave Wolf had six or eight dogs about his tepee, and when we were trying to talk a strange dog came along, but barely escaped being eaten by the others, and carried off his wounds toward the Sioux camp. Brave Wolf was delighted, and explained that the unfortunate was a Sioux dog. Brave Wolf seems to be a pretty good Indian. He helped his squaw to watch the papoose and put up the tepee, and seems to take charge of a very old squaw, whom he called "my mawmaw." His squaw is dressed with unusual splendor, and they seem to be a very respectable family. This morning, as we drove through the Sioux camp, we saw a regular pow-wow, all the chiefs being in council under an awning, and the pipes passing around. They gave us a chorus of "How?" as we passed. It would take a great deal of time and space to mention all that we see in our visits to the camp, and I would recommend those interested in the Indian question to read Col. Dodge's excellent work on "The Plains of the Great West." Suffice it to say that the Indians encamped here are the genuine article, with the same traditions, manners and customs that they had in past ages; and considering that they belong to two of the most notorious tribes (the Cheyennes for the atrocious cruelties they have practiced on white prisoners, and the Sioux for their recent exploits), a visit to such a large camp is worth a long journey, and the opportunity will soon be gone forever. In a short time 500 of the Sioux here will be shipped to Standing Rock or Fort Yates; 1,500 have been shipped from Fort Buford, and Sitting Bull's forces are now split up and scattered beyond the possibility of reorganization. Their power in the eastern Yellowstone region has passed away—the whites have taken possession of the land; there is an almost unbroken procession of immigrants pouring into Montana from the east, and before the snow falls the trains of the Northern Pacific Railway will carry thousands of health, wealth and pleasure seekers across the great prairies of Dakota, through the wonderful Bad Lands, and 150 miles up the Yellowstone Valley to the mouth of Rosebud Creek, through the valley of which even now elk, antelope, buffalo and other large game roam almost undisturbed.

MILES CITY

was founded just three years ago this month, and now contains a *bona fide* population of about 1,000 souls, with a large floating population besides. It lies on the east side of Tongue River, near the Yellowstone, about two miles from Fort Keogh, and is yet the only large settlement between Bismark, 300 miles to the east, and Bozeman, 330 miles west. It is the county seat of Custer County, which is 380 miles long, 137 miles wide, and contains 45,210 square miles, being more than one-third larger than the State of Pennsylvania, but is hardly out of proportion to the immense territory of Montana, which contains over 95,000,000 acres. Miles City is a genuine go-ahead frontier town, rapidly increasing in population, well provided with all kinds of business establishments, from a Chinese laundry to the large supply houses, doing a business that would astonish eastern country merchants. Large numbers of buildings are going up, and if there were more carpenters there would be more building, but even \$4.50 per day has not yet attracted a supply. The town is located on a railway section, and hitherto most of the town lots have been sold by parties who had no title, but the railway company have completed a survey, and as soon as their map is filed in the recorder's office the lots will sell like hot cakes. As soon as the survey was commenced applications for lots began to pour in, and are still coming, and as the principal supply point and cattle shipping station for eastern Montana, with its stock yards, railway shops, river navigation, and being the centre of an agricultural district of extraordinary fertility, Miles City will certainly be a large and prosperous place. The town is almost surrounded by groves of cottonwood, the trees having somewhat the appearance of the large elms of Ontario, and, notwithstanding the present crude appearance of many of the buildings, it is a very attractive place. Until the present the principal business has been the trade in buffalo and antelope hides. There were 150,000 buffaloes killed in the valley last fall and winter, but that industry is giving way to others.

THE VALLEY.

The geographical works of fifteen or twenty years ago had but little to say about this part of the world further than to mention the Yellowstone Valleys as "The garden spot of the world," and a region of "unequaled fertility." Such appellations may appear extravagant, but I am beginning to believe that they are not far astray after all. A party of us took a drive of forty miles on Saturday to a point near the confluence of Rosebud Creek and the Yellowstone. Our route lay along the south side of the Yellowstone, over a new trail, the regular stage road being on the north side. For most of the way the main valley lies north of the river, while the south side are "bottoms" from two to fifteen miles in length, divided by bluffs, which run into the water's edge. The first of these west of Miles City are Cheyenne Bluffs, from which there is a magnificent view. To the left can be seen an extensive bottom on the north side, sloping gradually back to the bluffs several miles away, with a grade of two to five feet in one hundred, covered with a thick mat of buffalo and bunch grass, which, except what is eaten by such herds of buffaloes and antelopes as occasionally graze there, goes to waste, or rather rots with the spring thaws, adding fresh fertility to the already

unsurpassed richness of the soil, and is then covered by a fresh growth. Directly under the bluffs is the Yellowstone, broken into several channels by beautiful wooded islands, and fringed along the banks by groves of cottonwood, varying in size from a slender twig to the patriarch of five feet in diameter. To the right is the Indian town, with its teepees bestowed in picturesque irregularity, and its curious jumble of bucks, squaws and papooses, ponies and dogs, lines hung with strips of buffalo meat, buffalo robes, medicine flags, and all the *et cetera* that characterize the home of the savages. Further to the right is Fort Keogh, with its neat collection of buildings, behind which are the woods that mark the course of Tongue River, and the peak of Tongue River Butte standing sentinel over all. About the plain are herds of horses, ponies and cattle, bull teams and other outfits creeping along the serpentine trail, soldiers at target practice, and Indians of all sexes and ages, riding, walking and straggling in all directions. In the pure, transparent atmosphere far distant objects can be discerned with the naked eye, and a good glass will discover details. It is a strange and interesting scene, and worthy of any and every expression of admiration we may choose to apply.

Passing over a series of bluffs and coulees we reached Van Blaiden's Bottom. If placed in the market with the same area of the finest land in appearance and quality that I have ever seen east of the Mississippi it ought to bring several times the price. Where the ground has not been broken it has been run over with a mower, and presents the appearance of a croquet lawn two miles in length, and where broken looks like a field of guano, and is growing a magnificent crop of corn, small grains and vegetables. The potato plants are over a foot in height. Along the front is the river, hidden in the cottonwoods, and behind it is a bench a mile wide, and I don't know how many miles long, covered with the nutritious buffalo grass waiting for the coming herds. This rises fifty feet to another bench, several times as wide and almost perfectly level, and still behind this is another bench of which we could not see the limits. The only occupants of these benches that we saw were some curlew, prairie chickens, antelope and a coyote, but in a few years they will produce the best grains and meats in the world. The bottoms and slopes were gorgeous with wild flowers. There are near the rivers thousands of acres of roses in bloom, and the plains and slopes are dotted with cactus blossoming in various shades of red and yellow, the yucca filamentosa, with its tall stalk of wavy blossoms, primroses, five o'clocks, Dakota bellies, sweetened sunflowers a foot high, dogtown flowers and an infinite variety with no name to my knowledge. We passed from plateau to bottom and bottom to plateau, constantly obtaining new views in the Yellowstone panorama, each one seeming to us more beautiful than the last. The country is said to improve as you go west, though it seems hardly possible—the body of timber increasing, and the noble river, and islands and lawns, forming a series of pictures that would fascinate the artist and the agriculturist alike. We camped in several of these valleys, and agreed among ourselves that if it was not impossible to feed on scenery we would scarcely care to leave. No person with an eye to either beauty or utility could gaze upon these scenes without coveting the material, and, incredible as it may seem, almost any one can possess them. Even our driver, who, as a buffalo hunter, has travelled all over the territory, and many times through these same valleys, could not repress his expressions of admiration. The climate, since my arrival in the valley, has been delightful, and, in fact, has been so since early in March. The air is pure and exhilarating, warm days and cool nights; temperature for the year averages 5° warmer than that of Hamilton. The atmosphere is dry, though there are numerous showers this month. No person gets sick—so the doctor mournfully remarks—and it is pleasant, comfortable and safe to sleep outside, with the necessary amount of wraps. I have not heard any one complain of a cold since I came here, though last winter was exceptionally severe.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

has experienced some changes since my last. Mr. Villard, of the Oregon Navigation Company, bought out President Billings Northern Pacific stock—\$8,000,000 worth, and will probably be elected President this month. The road is being pushed at a tremendous rate, the graders crowding the engineers and the tracklayers crowding the graders. The track is expected to reach Miles City next month, and great strides are being made on the western divisions. The Secretary of the Interior has decided in favor of the company having right of way through the Crow reservation, south of the Yellowstone, so the Musselshell survey has been dropped, much to my disappointment, but I hope to reach the National Park when the preliminary surveys are made there. The road now offers the A 1 trip for health, sport, pleasure and economy through the Dakota prairies and the wonderful Bad Lands up the Yellowstone Valley, from which can be reached the American Wonderland and National Park. Commend me to this trip above all others.

HOLY JIM

is one of our men, so called from his free use of Scripture. He is a crack hunter, and just returned from the buffalo range. This morning I asked him how he succeeded. He said: "I only got 48; would have got plenty only I was set afoot." "Set afoot? How?" "Oh, them Yanktonais stole my horses up at Steep Mountain, and I was three weeks coming home on a bull team." Afterwards we were talking of Indians when Jim put in: "I got a grudge agin them—Injins. If I meet one alone, with a pony, and he git the drop on him, you bet your life he's my meat. I want two to git even." As Jim is a sure shot, and a man of more deeds than words, he may do as he says—Yours truly, S. P. PANTON.

It is asserted that the tract of country, including the celebrated "Everglades," which the State of Florida is now going to drain, will be able to produce more sugar than the United States can consume.

CURED BY PRAYER.

Extraordinary Recovery of a Lady Under Strange Circumstances.

A despatch from Rochester, N. Y., says: Mrs. Elizabeth H. Harris is an elderly lady residing on South Washington street in this city. Sometime since she broke her leg by a fall, the bones being badly shattered. She would not permit her son to call a physician, but insisted that the Lord would cure the injury. She tells it thus: "If the Lord had told me right out in plain words that I was going to be healed, I couldn't have believed it any stronger. My son remonstrated, but I was so cool and determined that he finally went up to bed after placing me on the lounge. My prayers all that long night were rather utterances of my faith than supplications. But the healing process kept going on. All the pain of the bones knitting together during a six weeks' cure seemed concentrated into that one night. I believe that it was so, for it was only a natural process of healing greatly hastened. I got up and made an examination of my leg and foot. The bruises were swollen and blue, and the bad scars seemed worse than at night. Oh, how the wounds still pained me. Then I said to the Lord and to myself, 'This has got to be like Jacob's faith.' Like Jacob, I took hold and talked familiarly, and oh, so earnestly, with the Lord. I said, 'Thou knowest Oh Lord, that I have baking and churning to do, and a great deal of other work, before I can get ready for the train to go and see my mother. Bring me, I pray Thee, into Jacob's wrestling, so that I may have his blessing now!' Then almost immediately I felt something moving down through my sore and painful leg, taking the pain down with it. I followed this new feeling with my hand, and all the pain seemed finally to pass out at my toes. Then I fell back fainting and unconscious on my pillow, and was in a sound, sweet sleep in a second. I slept thus an hour, or until the sun had risen considerably in the horizon. When I awoke I examined my wound again. There was no blue spot, or bruise, or swelling, or pain; all had gone. I patted the healed member, to make sure that there was really no pain in it. Then I said, 'This question will be fully tested in my ability to walk.' I leaped upon the floor without pain and shouted and praised the Lord as I thought of that precious passage, 'Joy cometh in the morning.' My son came downstairs, saw my demonstrations of delight and laughed as he said, 'Oh, mother, the Lord has heard your prayers, hasn't He?' 'Yes, He has,' said I, and we both knelt right down and returned thanks to the Great Physician."

HORRORS OF OVERCROWDING.

Forty Persons Living in a Small Fever Den—A Wealthy Rag-Picker Existing in Squalor.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 10.—The Superintendent of Police has addressed the following to the Board of Health: "I desire to call the attention of the Board of Health to the premises 479 Alabama street. The house is occupied by twelve families of Poles, aggregating over forty persons. The place is very filthy and overcrowded, with a pool of stagnant water under the house breeding disease and death. Four deaths have already occurred there, and seven children are now sick. Every inch of the room is occupied; one family lives in the pantry." The house in question is a storey and a half frame, probably 16x30, and is only one instance of what is a common experience at the suburbs in East Buffalo, where there is a regular Polish settlement. J. Kraub, a rag-picker, living in the Cohen block on Seneca street, was ousted on complaint of the landlord. The room is about 10 feet square and 6 feet high. Rags to the depth of two feet lay on the floor, and on the ceiling were strings like network, in which rags had been hung to dry. About two bushels of bread in small pieces were found in bags, and a bushel of cigar stubs was also found. Kraub took out two large salt bags of gold to the amount of \$4,000. The constable was obliged to break in the door, and the stench was terrible.

KIDNAPPING GIRLS.

The Diabolical Traffic Unearthed in England.

A cablegram from London says the action of the Government relative to the decoying of English girls for infamous purposes by foreign agents has not been taken too soon. Several mysterious disappearances of young girls have been reported here lately, and there are grave reasons for fearing that they have been trapped and conveyed out of the country. One of the latest cases of missing girls is that of Mary Seward, aged 14, who lived with her parents at Westham, and the publicity given to it has elicited information showing that for years past there has been in London a systematic attempt at kidnapping young girls in that district. It has become absolutely dangerous for girls of 12 years old and upwards to be out on the streets alone, as they are accosted or run after by strange men or women who always seem to have plenty of money, and have expressed their willingness "to pay a good price" to anyone who will assist them to get girls. These circumstances are vouched for by men working at the Victoria docks, and the only wonder is that they have not before now combined to punish the "foreign gipsy-looking people" who are intent upon despoiling their homes, Mary Seward has been missing several weeks, and although no direct clue has been found as to the whereabouts of the girl, it is thought the information obtained by the police may yet lead to the solution of the mystery.

Dr. W. S. Playfair, writing to the *British Medical Journal*, says: "I should like to direct the attention of practitioners to the artificial human milk now prepared by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, at a cost little over that of the best nursery milk. This valuable method of treating cows' milk was first brought under my notice some years ago by Dr. Frankland, the eminent chemist, who devised it for one of his own children, who was ill, and I have since used it in my practice. Its composition is absolutely identical with that of human milk, and under its use the risks and disadvantages of the bottle-feeding of infants are reduced to a minimum."

James Trevie died at Montreal on Wednesday at the advanced age of 100 years and two months.

TEA-TABLE GOSSIP.

—Days are now fifteen hours and a quarter long.

—A light blue satin is trimmed with water lilies and tulle.

—"This hard to part from those we love"—and sometimes it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.

—She was blooming as she stood at the altar, and the man who was soon to be her husband was a ninny-looking fellow.

"Well," said one of her old beaux, "she takes the cake."

—A Paris tradesman says that crinolettes for a tall lady should have four or five deep flounces of stiff crinoline muslin, and that for a short lady two are sufficient. English ladies do not welcome the crinoline as French ladies do.

—The Bey of Tunis has appointed the person who for many years has been his buffoon as President of the municipality and Administrator of religious corporations. O, wise Bey! Lucky Buffoon!

—"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and the little ones below?"

"Same reason, sah, dat makes the front of your house marble and de back gate chieffy siop-bar'l, sah."

—Elder sister: "Well, dear, did you have a pleasant time at the theatre to-night?"

Younger ditto: "Oh, it was just lovely! I cried all the time." Elder sister: "Did you! Oh, how I wish I'd been there!"

—Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream. Mix them together and place them in a room on a plate where flies are troublesome and they will very soon disappear.

—A second Grand Camp of the Knights of Maccabees of the World has been organized for the State of Michigan, with A. R. Avery, of Port Huron, as Grand Commander. Pretty soon every other village will have a Grand, Great or Supreme Camp of this Order.

—The cigarette vice—"Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a fleecy cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."

—What Canadian boats really require is a new kind of life preserver—something that doesn't nearly drown you and which you do not have to hold up at great pains while you swim ashore. There is no sense in a boat company requiring you to save all the life preservers at the risk of your life.

"RUSTIC FAME" IN THE BUFFALO "NEWS."
What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
The chair and edit some poor weekly paper;
Then comes a draft from some big paper-mill,
And all one's profits vanish off like vapor.

—A despatch from Milwaukee says the Humane Society of that city on Wednesday night stopped the performance of Forepaugh's circus on the ground that Mme. Zulu's slack wire act, in which she carries a child in her arm, was cruelty to children.

—A clergyman in a lecture on "How to Get Married," said: "Every man wants a wife and every woman wants a husband." But the great difficulty is that the woman the man wants won't have him and the man the woman wants wants some other woman.

—When a hen sits on an empty china egg, you call it blind instinct. What do you call it when a girl sets her affections on an empty-headed noodle?—*Boston Transcript*. We call it very remarkable out this way. In Boston it is common—Boston Common.

—On Her Majesty's birthday the Crathie Choir attended at Balmoral Castle in the evening and sang the following selection of music: "Hail to the Chief," "Wha's at the Window?" "Begone, Dull Care," "Charlie is My Darling," "My Nannie's Awa'," "All Among the Barley," "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," "Let the Hills Resound with Song," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Robin Adair," "God Save the Queen."

AFTER THE RAIN.

Beneath rich canopies of fragrant bloom
I stood enchanted in the grove's cool greenness,
Where golden sunbeams lance the leafy gloom
From heaven's smiling dome of blue serenity,
Thus softly bound by pleasure's slither chain
I hear the warbling birds, the brook's low laughter.

Oh! what is sweeter than a summer rain?
Ah! nothing but the first sweet hour after.

—The world is just now full of all kinds of condensed medicine foods—things which are said to contain two or three leaves of bread in a teaspoonful of mild liquid, or a couple of quarts of corn-beef hash in a half-ounce, or a whole setting of fresh eggs in a dose, or a menu in a half-dozen drops. Some of the people who are so sick that they can take only two grains of Desiccated Delayer of Death or a Dakota Wheat Crop in Ten Drops, will, in fifteen minutes, feel that they have had too much breakfast and will take a small rye granary with biters in it at the nearest drinking gymnasium.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—SOLILOQUY.

"Who knows but what a pair of lovely eyes
Will greet me here as I saunter near,
And, laughing, with a glad surprise,
In write me, with sweet accents dear,
To swing—to swing in joyous cadence
Upon that gate which hangs so taut—
The hinges oiled and moonbeam's radiance
Inspire my love with happy thought?"
Thus mused Adolph. A sharp voice grated:
"You git from here—turn right about!
Sich goings on is pretty, ain't it?"
"Twas ma who spoke—Adolph lit out.

—"Well, my little man, what can we do for you?" said we as a young freckle-faced urchin stepped up to the deck with his hat in his hand. "Is this where you put things in the paper?" inquired he, shyly. "Sometimes we put things in the paper here. What news have you got?" "We fellers licked the Daisycutters 27 to 14 this morning." "What is the name of your club?" "We're the Ninepounders, we are. Will you put it in, mister? and say that we played again ten men, mister; the umpire was awful rank, and if we fellers ketches him he won't see his way home for five days." How very much like other folks boys are, we thought.

The existing cedars of Lebanon are only 600 years old. The cypress trees at Montezuma, Mexico, according to a French botanist, are 6,000 years old, and consequently he makes them out coeval with the creation of the world.