Busies Character Sketch

By Philip Verrill Michels

CHAPTER IL -- (Continued.) The sim went down the daylight maned. Exhaustion told the man below to cease and go to his cabin. Havfag loaded the bucket he labored slowby up the vertical climb on the ladder.

The Indian glided nearer to the edge. He could hear every step on the rungs of the ladder, could ever detect the sound of the roughened hands grasping the wood. Leaning far over, he the coroner. www the candle, fastened on the miner's hat. Nearer, nearer it slowly came. Mickering, throwing goblin shadows against the somber walls, contending faintly against the encompassing gloom.

The shaft was now alive with hollow schoes of the labors of the man. On came the light. It was 10 feet awayat was five feet-two. I'he head and the light emerged above the yawning ebasm.

With a movement swift, strong, snake-like, Mingo thrust out his powerful hand. It came across the miner's eyes and nose; then the head was wrenched quickly, violently backward. The hands, surprised, tried to cling, but failed. They loosened, waved wildly, elutched at the air, and then, with the body and head, were overtoppled. Meadlong, twisting, turning, the man was hurled to the swallowing abyas. The light on the hat gave forth the sound of a flame in the wind and was plucked off by the rushing dark mens! A shrick issued forth from the mouth of the tomb.

"Susie! little Susie!" was the cry. Sounds of a striking-a bounding back and forth, dully, against the fagred sides—a crash at the bottom -and silence deeper than stiliness en-

The door swung open and Mingo, the Washoe, glided forth and away in the twilight, into the sage brush; and a rabbit would have made a greater rustle.

The stillness of midnight, a seeming attribute of masses of shadows that crouched from the waning moon, behind the rocks, the brush and every salient thing, was timidly broken. The creak in the hinges of the mine cabin door sounded weirdly clear a wall, an omen, thought the Indian girl. An awesome darkness filled the silent shed, Susie, on her knees, went creeping, feeling with her hands for the edge of the shaft. There she clutched the windless post, and leaned her breast against it.

"Frank," she coosd, in a low, sweet tone that wavered with the effort made to keep it cheerful, "Frank, my sunshine-Frank."

No sound save that a place of rock. somewhere down along the pickscarred walls of the shaft, loosened and fell, down and down, striking the sides with diminishing sounds, till a abostly scho announced its bottom rest. Then deeper silence.

"Dear one, are you there?" she called again; but the sound of her voice, rebounding on herself, made her frightswed and awed

Pressing her heart against the post again, to still its audible thumping, she est a moment in dread. Suddenly; then, strengthened by the thought that he might be there, wounded, perhaps, and needing her sadly, down in the gloom of the yawning mine, she groped her way to the ladder. Moaning of instinct, there in the darkness, she slowly descended, down and down in the mocking, echoing tomb.

" In the utter blackness her hands discovered his face, and she cried aloud, till the shaft was full of anguinh.

A boneless mass, inert and fitted to the targed surface of the loaded bucket of ore, into which he had fallen, she found. His head hung limply athwart the bucket's edge; the eyes, which her fingers sought, were closed.

Beside him, kneeling, she sank, to view. moan and croon, combing the dark, corling hair with her fingers, kissing the face and seeing nothing. fancied that a best, slight and feeble, lived in his breast. Calling his name, he conxed and wooed, and then, demairing stood up and prayed for

"God, if the Indians, too, have souls," she said, "give my aching soul to him -let him live! Give me something, Great Eternal Spirit-something of

With an esoteric summoning of marvelous strength, she lifted the drooping form; the arms and head fell Hatlesnly across her shoulders. Then to the ladder! And with all the powor of arms and limbs, thewed by desperation against the glant task, she started toiling up and up, like one who shoulders up a crushing weight, to main the air and freedom. Her palms were burning, her knees shook and trembled, her breath came in gasping max clutches painful to bear; the arkness swam thickly about she was ffling, smothered, congested with

food, get she forced her way aloft. Across the floor of the cabin at last he fell with the burden. The limpish rms went dangling at random about or meek in a ghastly embrace that arilled her keenly with joy. Exhaust- They shine again in the little river; to rob him back to life, he chill of long-dead clay was Lie in my heart as the pebbles lie in and the face seemed carved in

the night, bending above Shine in my heart as the camp-fires ed out a fountain of her

ing still the smile on the dead man's lips, striving, yearning to warm the cold, white features.

The small, broad miner, passing the cabin when noon was high, delayed for a second. "Letter for Henley," stolidly announced; but tossing it in, beheld the girl, beheld the miner, and fled the hill to spread the news of the sight he had seen, and to fetch away

CHAPTER III.

In the sage brush wigwam the summer waned to autumn with dreary stillness. Grey already, the stretch of brush, relieved alone by the willow fringe of the wandering creek, was cheerless, dreary and oppressive to the girl. She sat alone, while the chilling wind was wantonly ripping the leaves from the branches, her head drooped low in hopeless despair.

A shadow, thrown by the setting sun, betrayed a presence. Dumnly she raised her eyes to look.

"Ugh," said a tall, grunting Washne

She turned away her head again. "Mahala, do you wait for Mingo?" said the man. "Johnny Shag is bigger chief. Mingo shall never come. She looked in silence on the ashes of the wood burned the day before.

"Mahala," he added, "one, two moons Jonny Shag come to take you the trail to my wigwam. Why not any talk? Too long, you sabbee? Mahala waits for Mingo. Better look out Mahaia; Jonny Shag is warrior. To-day you better talk."

"One moon, let me think," she wearily answered. "Let me wait one moon."

"One moon, yet. Jonny Shag will wait. Many things come before the moon again." He glided away, and again her head sank wearily down.

Mingo, the Washoe, stealthily returning to Chloride hill, kept cautious ears and eyes awide, to learn the result of the murder at the mine. Susie, he rightly conjectured, would have guessed the truth. He avoided the wikiup, but remained in the town. Patience with many an Indian is a virtue.

On a crisp, cool day, while Mingo talked with a group of bucks on a corner, Shag, on a pony and armed with a rifle, rode up behind. Raising his gun, he deliberately shot Mingo through the body, and escaped to the hills.

The thoroughly astounded camp officials promptly gave pursuit, but all in vain. Friends and relations of the dead man assisting, the country was scoured, skillfully, cunningly. Canyons, valleys, the shoulders of the mountains, were traversed and searched, but nothing availed. Shag enjoyed evcry advantage.

Three Indian trailers, mounted, came at length to where the fugitive was lying in ambush. One of these escaped with his life and rode like a demon to tell of the two, lying grisly and stark, struck in the back by the bullets of Shag, their faces now twisted in the aun.

A stooping, stricken Washoe, the old Red Wolf, whose boys they were that had died in the sand, departed in silence, alone, on the path of war. The fued was his. In the night he found the man he sought, found him asleep left him asleep—his knife standing of our own right here in Buffalo? The firm, erect, buried to the hilt in the breast of Shag the warrior.

The year grew old; its days, like the hours of waking of an old and passing man, were dim and short, its nights long sleeps, that made it none the stronger.

And yet there came a day that was like an echo of what had been before the year began to age. Susie, wan but wistful of face, went from the hopeless wigwam and hurried away up the moaning creek. She went to a copse of alder trees, entered and was lost to

An hour later she slowly emerged and in her arms she carried a child, a little boy with fairest hair and the bluest of eyes. She seated herself in the sunlight and shivered as she nestled the infant and cooed it softly with Indian words. She was faint and weary, but strangely happy. Her baby resembled its father, young as it was, Her heart went leaping to it-embraced it-owned it! Her pain, her suffer-

ing, everything was forgotten, All the afternoon she sat by the stream nursing her baby, cudling it closely, warming it ever in her throbbing breast. As the twilight approached, the air was the balm of the Indian

rustling grass; deftly she bent the subtle willows down-masses of willow -and throwing the grass, leaves and twigs over all, made a roof to catch the frost. Into this with her child she

crept, nestling it gently as before. Night came down. Quite late the babe awoke and feebly cried. smothered it and sang, in her sadsweet voice, a lullaby:

grasses: Many camp-fires of the braves shine

I hear the crickets sing in the long

in the skyplays in your hair.

the little river; As the crickets lie in the long grasses;

shine in the sky; alternately with all the Sleep, little Fawn, till the sun comes

over the mountain. The little Fawn slept, but never to the United States has exceeded that of wake till a greater sun should top the France.

Singing and cooling, Suste weaved is the darkness unconscious of the filsh -with the birds, toward the summer -of the new little soul. At midnight bending forward to kiss the downy cheek, she was startled at its coldness. Hurriedly feeling the wee soft hands. the pulseless feet, the tiny body, ahe sounded the utmost depths of agony.

She rushed from the shelter, the cold little body in her arms. By the light of the stars, the "fires of the braves," she saw the touch of the grim visitor. Then on the air of night arose a painsong out of a heart rudely broken. She sank unconscious to the earth. Away off hillward a gaunt coyote howled an answer back, dismal, long, forlorn.

The sun gilded the path to the heavens, and rose in purple mists of majesty; the beam-fingers played in the night-dark hair of the mother, and touched with gold the hair of the child.

Dreaming the present far out of vision, dreaming the past into present again, the wan mother smiled and nodded in her sleep. Awakening, she shivered; a sigh that had rested was also aroused. Yet peace and patience were come in her heart.

Kneeling, she yearningly extended her hands to the shimmering sun. "O God, O Great Eternal Spirit," she said, "they told me of the Christ who died -who died for sins-for souls in trouble! But oh, my God, He never knew of Indian souls-and so, Great Spirit, let Susie die for all the sins-the love -the happiness!"

Still with her look to the mighty sun, still with a murmur of passionate appeal on her quivering lips, she took pass the period of mourning in a seup her baby, pressed it in eagerness close to her bosom, and glided ahead, to a pool of the stream, sobbing and sobbing, and was curtained from sight of the crystal waters.

When the body of the slender young Indian woman, clinging to a fair-haired baby, was found, a few wives and mothers said it was "pitiful," and other persons said she was "only an Injun."

(The End.)

Two Kinds of Independence.

We have all met the girl with the independent air, who is apt to show a rebellious spirit when things do not go her own way. Not infrequently she is well educated and comes from a refined home, says a writer in the Weekly Bouquet. But this fact does not make her manner the less offensive. It is a good thing to have self confidence and courage for these qualities are essential to success. But independence in a trait that is contrary to agreeableness and robs its possessor of that sweet amiability which is born from the virtue, obedience. Every law of God, and every law of nature, is dependent on another law for support. The girl who thinks she can get along without cultivating the graces of gentleness, courtesy and kindness to others, is making a sad mistake, and will be anything but a success. Who knows how to obey well will rule equally well, Whether in the business or social world, the girl, or woman who influences things for the best is the one whose bright disposition deems independence out of place where progress is desired.

Home-Made Gondotlers. How many citizens of Buffalo who have watched the imported gondollers on the exposition canals realize that we have developed a race of gondollers dirty old skiffs down in the harbor are not so pleasing to the eye as the smart Venetian gondolas at the fair. The grimy ferry boys who propel them don't look so foreign or so picturesque as their fellow-craftsmen from abroad. But when it comes to skill in handling a boat with a single stern oar, dodging around between steamers and tuga, through narrow passages and over the swe!ls made by the big ships, the Buffalo boys have no need to fear comparison.

It would be an interesting and popular exhibition if the Pan-American authorities some day would take three or four of the best of the ferry boys from Buffalo harbor up to the exposition grounds, put them on the canals in their old skiffs and match them in a contest of speed and skill against the imported gondollers. I'd het my money on the Buffalo boys.—Buffalo Express.

Study of the Moon.

It has been observed that on account of the absence of an atmoshere on the moon, and the consequent lack of gradation in shadows, the eye of the observer is seriously misled in judging the actual relief of objects forming the lunar landscapes. Prof. Prinz of Brussels has recently developed a meth-Rising, she placed her baby in the od of avoiding this difficulty, and seeing the craters and other details on the moon in their natural proportions. Taking advantage of the fact that as the moon travels around the earth the eccentricity of its orbit produces the effect of a slow libration. or balancing to and fro, which causes its face to be inclined now a little one way and now a little the other way. Prof. Prinz makes two photographs of the lunar object to be studied, at opposite points in the libration, and then combines them in a stereoscope, whereupon the object stands forth in full relief. This principle has hitherto d she lay, fondling the hands and The wind is small and gentle when it been applied only to photographs of the moon as a whole and not to particular craters or regions.

> silk in the United States. The United States seem disposed to take the lead among the silk producers of the world. During the last three years the consumption of raw silk in

The Scourge of Damascus

Congrighted this by Echart Bonner's Sons.

INTEODUCTION.

Horam, King of Damascus, then at the glory as the south city of the east, bemoaned the coming of old age without prospective heir to the throne. In his younger days he had loved Melen, his queen, but fearing that she was disloyal to him had her cast into the black, swift flowing Phorper. At the time the story opens Ulin, the caughter of Aboul Cassem, the king's prime minister, three times dreams that she has become the wife of the king and that a son being born to them is heir to the throne. Cassem tells the story to the king. The latter having long admired the many charms of Ulin, seeks an interview with her and on the sixth day following they are to be married. He thereupon abolishes his harem. Within the week Albia, the pretty slave maid-in-waiting to Ulin, tells the story of the tragic fate of Helen. The story makes a deep impression and preys upon the mind of the bride-to-be. But her father urges her on and she now deems it a sacred duty to become the queen. On the morning set for the wedding Ulin's mother dies. According to the laws of Damascus she must go into mourning retirement for thirty days. Horam agrees with her father that she shall cluded palace in the beautiful Valley of geance. He has a large body of bold Lycanius. This valley is the sole pos- men under him, and twice has he met session of the king and can only be and overcome the forces which the reached by one passage through a king had sent out to capture him. He mighty mountain, capable of admitting | does not rob as common robbers do. princes of Damascus he causes to suf-

but one person at a time. Thither Ulin goes with Albia, where they are placed under the protection of the attendants by the king and Ulin's for." father. Six days after their entering Horam returns unexpectedly. Ulin acting on the suggestion of Albia, treats him kindly.

> CHAPTER I. Julian the Scouge.

She asked if her father had come "No, my sweet lady," returned Ho-

ram. "He was busy. It may appear unseemly for me to come hither alone: but my great love and my deep solicitude for your welfare, must be my exsuse. I hope you have found it pleasant here."

The maiden said she could not have asked for a more pleasant place of

The king was charmed by her smiling speech so different from what she had ever before given him-and he fondly believed that she was delighted with his presence.

Ulin, fearing that the least sign coldness or reserve might excite the jealousy of the grey-headed-monarch. and bring down upon her some terrible evil, exerted all her powers of pleasantness, and wore the smile upon her face while a pang was in her bosom.

But Horam's visit was destined to be cut short. While he was, for the sixth time making excuses for his visit the door of the apartment was unceremoniously opened and a black entered-not one of those who had been on guard in the valley but stranger to Ulin, covered with sweat and dust, as though he had been riding hard and fast.

"Ha!" cried the king, starting to his feet. "How now, Sadak? What is the meaning of this?"

"Pardon, sire. I knew not that you were thus engaged. They only told me that you were here and I stopped to inquire no further."

"Not that-not that Sadak. have you come from Damascus in such "I came to inform you sire that Ju

Han the Scourge of Damascus in an proaching our city!" "Death and devastation!" cried Horam starting back with alarm. "How

know you this?" "We heard from him by way of merchant who was in a caravan that

he had robbed." "What caravan?" "The caravan from Tadmoor, with

he riches which were on their way from Bassora."

"Those riches were mine," said Ho

"Are, sire; and Julian took themtook all that belonged to you, but spared the poorer merchants. that is not the worst. He sends word that he will lay Damascus in ashes

Aboul Cassem bade me hasten hither and give you warning." The king was fairly beside himsel with fear and rage. The name of Ju-Han was a terror to him, and at the sound thereof he trembled exceedingly. And he seemed to fear more than the mere physical prowess of the Scourge. There was a mystic quality in his fear

-a nameless dread of the avenger. "Where is the demon now?" he saked, after he had gazed awhile in mience upon the messenger.

"He is not far from the city, sire, Somewhere to the eastward, we think, Your journey back, if you make haste, will be safe."

"I will return," cried the monarch emiting his fists together: "and I will bring out an army and sweep this terrible Scourge from off the face of the

He bade Sadak go and make ready for the start, and then he turned to

"You will be safe here, sweet one; and it will not be long before our happinese shall be complete."

His words of parting were few, for he was much excited, and his votce trembled as he spoke. He turned back once after he had reached the door, se though he would say something. but finally went away without giving the intended speech. From a window

A Story of the East... SYLVÄNUS COBB. JR.

Ulin watched the royal cavalcade until it had disappeared within the narrow pass, and when the last man had gone from her sight she turned to her com-

"Albia, what is it about this terrible robber—this Scourge of Damascus? have heard something about him. heard my father once speak of him; but my little knowledge of the world did not lead me to be inquisitive. Do you know anything about him?"

"I have heard a great deal of him, my lady. He has been a terror to Damascus for a great many years.

"How many years, Albia? I thinking that my father said he had not been long known in this section."

"I may be mistaken," said Albia, trying to recollect herself. "I know that he is a terribis Scourge, and that men fear him; but I do not know how many years he has been so. It may not be so many as I thought."

"But who is he? Where did he come

"Ah, there is a mystery, my dear mistress. Nobody knows where he came from; but it is said that he is one whose family has suffered some great calamity at the hands of Horam. He is alone in the world, so far as relatives are concerned, and Horam hath done it; and so he comes to seek ven-

He never troubles the poor, or those of the middle class; but the rulers and

"Did you ever see him, Albia?" "Mercy! no. I would not see him for the world. He must be terrible to look upon. I have heard one of your father's officers say that he could strike a blow with his flat to fell an ox. and that before the lightning of his eye brave men shrank in terror. O.

I should be afraid to see him." "It seems to me that I should like to see such a man," said Ulin, in musing tone. "I have never seen such men. The man whose arm can strike down an ox, and whose eye flashes forth such power, could not harm a helpless maiden."

"Upon my life, you have a curious taste," Albia returned.

"Because," added Ulin, with a smile, "I never had my taste cultivated. Still, in all seriousness, it does seem to me that I should love to lean upon a strong, bold man. If I were to love a man with my whole heart, I should like him to be so strong and so powerful and so brave, that his very presence would be protection to me. Is that very strange?"

"It is so strange," replied the slave, significantly, "that I fancy the king would feel new cause for jealousy if he should hear you say so."

"When I am the king's wife I shall be true to him, and I shall honor and respect him. I will love him if I can. But, Albia, there is no need of saying more. We will have our dinner, and then we will walk out into the den."

Suddenly a messenger appears asking for assistance from the guard. With 50 stalwart guards he hurries toward the gates.

"What can it be?" cried the princess, in alarm.

But Albia could not imagine. She could only beg of her mistress to take courage, and hope for no evil,

Ere long, however, another messenger came to the palace, who made his way to the room where the princess was sitting. He trembled with ax-

citement. "How now, Aswad?" demanded Ulin. "What is the meaning of all this disturbance?"

"Alas, my lady, an enemy is at our gates. The terrible Scourge of Damascus demands entrance into the valley." "What does he seek?"

"I dare not tell you?" "What seeks he?" cried the princess. authoritatively. "If there is danger,

I would know what it is." "There may not be danger for you. lady. We may beat the robber off. We will do so if we can."

"But the king told me that a handful of determined men could hold that pass against a thousand." "But these are not ordinary men.

This Julian is a very demon, and I verily believe that he bath more than human power. Still we will do the best that we can," "You have not told me what he

seeks. Answer me that question-an-

swer it without further hesitation."

"He seeks the maiden whom the king is to take for a wife." "Seeks me?" uttered the princess.

with a start. "Yes, my lady. Such is his avowal," "In mercy's name, good Aswad, protect me. Let not that dreadful robber

gain access to the valley." "Hurry, hurry!" cried Albia, "Away to your companions, and bid them strain every nerve. If they suffer the Scourge of Damascus to gain passage hither they know what the wrath of the king must be."

"Powers of heaven!" cried Ulin with "the demon must not find us."

"You are not so anxious to see him as you were" remarked Albia. thought your whim was a strange

"Speak not of that" said Ulin quickly and severely. "I meant not that I would have him come to seek me. O

Albia, what can he want?" "Indeed, my mistress, I dare

think. But let us look to another direction. If he does not find up, we care not why he comes. Hal Beel Here comes Aswad again. He looks fright-

emed." Aswad entered the chamber with trembling step and seemed afraid to speak; but the demand of the princess

opened his lips. "Lady, I fear that the robber will prevail against us. He is accompanied by fierce, furious men, who fight like lions, and his own sword is irresistible His body is covered with scales of finest steel and the blows of our man fall barmless upon him."

"But the dreadful man has not yet." broken through?" said Ulin eagerly. "No, lady. Our brave men fight as well as they can."

"Has the robber entered the page?" "Not far."

"Then you may hold him at bay yet. O. Aswad, if you would be blessed forevermore let not the Scourge gain the valley!"

"We will do our best, lady; but you must be prepared for the worst. If we are finally overcome you must hide yourself."

"Where? Where can we hide?"asked Albia.

"In the palace or somewhere in the

gardens; or upon the mountains." "There is no hiding place which a keen eye would not detect. I have looked in every direction. So, Aswad, save us by your stout arms."

"I fear the demons will prevail." said Ulin, in a tone of breathless sus-

"I dare not hope otherwise," returned Albia. "If they do come, we must find

some place in which to hide." "Alas, my dear mistress, there is no such place. If we go up among the rocks, we not only run the risk of being easily found, but we run the greater risk of starving."

"I would rather starve than fall into. the dread Julian's hands," said Ulin. "It would be a terrible death to starve upon those bleak rocks!" returned Albia, with a shudder. "But I will share your fate, my mistress, let it be what it may."

"And would not death by starvation be preferable to the fate which must meet us if that monster captures us? O, Albia, I cannot think of it!"

Before the slave could reply they saw Aswad again coming toward them; but he did not enter the palace. He struck off into a path that led to the westward, and fled with all his might. Directly afterwards a score of the guards came rushing from the pass, and when they had gained the open space, they threw down their swords

and sank upon their knees. "What means that?" cried Ulin.

"Are they killed?"

"No," answered Albia. "They are overcome, and have surrendered. See! there come the victora!" "Let us flee!" exclaimed the prin-

cess, starting to her feet. "O, we must find some place of refuge!" Albia was more thoughtful. She

saw very plainly that flight would be "My dear mistress," she said, taking Ulin's band. "We must hope for the best. If we leave the palace, we shall be overtaken at once; for the way to the mountains lies only through the park of fountains. If we fice to the garden in the rear, we shall be surely found, and it may be worse for us in the end. If this dreadful Julian has the least spark of humanity in his bosom, he will respect you more in your own chamber than he would if he

found you hiding in the garden." "Spirits of mercy defend us!" ejaculated the princess, clasping her hands upon her bosom, and sinking back in her seat. "O, Albia, Albia, the presence of the king would now be a bles-

The faithful slave crept close to her mistress, and tried to speak words of comfort; but her own fears were too deep and intense to permit comforting power to her words. She could not be calm in view of the coming of that dreadful man, at the sound of whose name even the monarchs trem-

(To be continued.)

Dress in the Senate.

It is not always safe to judge a man by his clothes, but dress goes a long way in certain localities. If any one doubts our democracy let him spend a day in the gallery of the United States Senate, the least dignified "Upper House" of legislation in the world. "Befo' de wah" all members were clean shaven, were black frocks and high stocks, beavers, peg-top trousers, and a solemn air of public importance privately expressed. They believed in their hearts that they were statesmen, and the world acknowledged them as such. Dignity was their chief quality. pride their most cherished possession. The old-timers, like Morgan, Teller, Cockrell, Berry, Proctor and Daniel, still wear their before-the-war clothes dignity and pride, but the post-bellum regiment of politicians is uniformed in the sack suit or the cutaway.-New York Press.

The West Point of Mexico.

In Mexico experience has conclusively shown that officers and even soldiers cannot be improvised, and the very first care of General Dias has been to establish a good school for instructing scientific officers. The military school of Chapultepee in its actual condition is the fruit of his efforts Many foreign officers of different saclasped bands and quivering frame tionalities have visited that establishment and believe that it ranks among the first in the comprehensiveness and perfection of military instruction there imparted and in the severe but just discipline to which the cadets are subjected.-National Geographic Maga-

Not all are asleep who have their