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**ABBIE ABILENA'S VICTORY.**

I was sitting in my study, gazing out upon the rocks. And the thoughts of days departed with things present of did mix. When a man stood beside me, spoke in silver, dulcet tones:  
 "I am Abbie Abilena, daughter of Sir Jonas Jones; Many months I have been loving William Watson Watkins Ware, With his pale, sun-flower complexion and his meteoric hair! Oft and oft he came to see me when labour was in blow; Came with happy, smiling features, o'er the crystal winter snow; Talked he of the pigs and cattle, though he kept not one small swine, Talked, while I was feeling surely, he would say 'Wilt thou be mine?' But away into his dwelling, with unspoken love, he went. With his forehead sweat embaded and his eyes on flagstones bent.  
 "So," spoke Abbie Abilena, "yesterday, when down he came, I went to him very quickly, softly breathed his entire name, Clasped his right hand closely, closely as he pressed in haste forthwith, in the meekest, fondest accents: 'Be thy husband? Yith—O yith' And to-morrow we shall marry. Preacher, I do wed us in the stately mansion of William W. Ware!"  
 Cloudy was the bridal evening, yet like noon time shone the hall When young Abbie Abilena ready was, erect and tall; Proudly up she stood before me, bashful William at her side; Like a rose beside a snow-drift, or a colt to flag-staff tied.  
 "Wilt thou take this man for husband, Abbie Abilena Jones?"  
 "Yea," she answered, very sweetly, in her silver, dulcet tones.  
 "Wilt thou take Miss Abilena thy dear wife to be?"  
 "Yith!" he whispered, blushing brightly, "yith—and yith—and yith—and yith!"  
 Bride and husband I pronounced them, twain no more, but ever one, United like the milk and sugar in a doughnut or a bun. As she kissed him on that evening, she would kiss him evermore, Bid him go and bring the water, pick the beans, or shut the door, For, as she had deftly won him, his own will must be amylth; As she ordered, he must answer, in his meekest manner: "Yith!"  
 Hear me, O ye young men bashful, hear me tell, in solemn tones, Tale of Abbie Abilena, daughter of Sir Jonas Jones!  
 Ere the bells of morrow's mid-day peal upon the frosty air, Be thy locks as black as coal dust, or as red as his of Ware, Go and tell thy love with courage, or beware! Beware—take care!  
 —Samuel C. Howard, in Yankee Blade.

**AN INDIAN'S WRATH.**

It Almost Results in the Death of Mother and Babe.

Several years ago my husband built and conducted a hotel for the accommodation of the miners and teamsters at the terminal point of one of our California railroads. Like many other small towns in the northern portion of the State, it boasted of an Indian rancherie, or settlement, within its environments, the half civilized inhabitants of which played a more or less important part in its local history. With few exceptions they were a moderately peaceful, industrious community—the men spending their time in bunting and furs, and the women doing the drudgery, such as procuring fuel for their fires, the laundry work of their white neighbors, etc. Every now and then, however, the wild nature of the red man, either through the medium of fire-water or intense passion, would become aroused, and at such times crimes of varying degrees of enormity were almost certain to be the result.  
 We had one child, a bright little fellow about two years old, who, by reason of his cute, babyish antics, had become a great favorite with the patrons of the hotel; and they, as a token of their affection, presented him on his second birthday with a diminutive iron bank, in which each of the miners and teamsters had dropped a silver dollar. As day after day came and went, dollar after dollar found its way into the little treasure-box, till it became so heavy that baby could no longer lift it, and I placed it for safe keeping upon a bracket in my dressing-room.  
 One evening, after old Julia, the Indian woman who did our laundry once a week, had performed her usual hard day's washing, it occurred to me that I had done a very careless thing in permitting her to go into my room for the soiled clothes, and, knowing the propensity of her race to steal, I at once proceeded to ascertain whether anything was missing. Baby's bank was gone! Old Julia had stolen it.  
 It was too late to do any thing that day, but early the next morning we had their hut searched, with the result that fragments of the broken bank were found, but no money. They were bountifully supplied with provisions, however; an inquiry at one of the stores elicited the fact that a large bill of goods such as we had found had been purchased there the evening before by old Julia and her spouse. The woman was accordingly arrested, and, after being convicted, was sent to the county jail in the adjoining town for a term of three months.  
 Many predicted that this would not be the end of the affair, as the woman's husband was a dangerous character, and might seek to avenge his wife's imprisonment; but neither my husband nor myself shared their fears, and the matter was forgotten, after a day or two.  
 One day, about a fortnight after Julia's conviction, I was assisting the dining-room girls to prepare the table for luncheon, when suddenly the sound of a low, guttural, threatening voice at the window drew my attention. Looking up, startled and frightened, I beheld a savage, hideous-looking Indian glaring in at me. It was Indian Jack, old Julia's husband.  
 Seeing my frightened look, he advanced still closer, put his swarthy face in at the open window, and, shaking his fist at me, grunted out: "You no give me back my Julia, me kill you pretty soon!"  
 I had him driven off at once, and as I watched him slowly making his way back to the rancherie on the river bank half a mile to the rear of our house, and saw his threatening, angry gestures, I confess I was badly frightened. This feeling soon wore off, however, and as my husband was inclined to think it no more than a game of bluff, his visit was quite forgotten by the time luncheon was over.

That afternoon the table-girls went out in the woods for ferns; the cook also was out, and as my husband was seldom about the house except at meals, I was for the time being alone. To while away the time I picked up a paper, and was just becoming interested in some article, when I was startled by a loud, frightened scream from my little boy, who was playing in the back yard. Springing up I ran to the window, just in time to see Indian Jack snatch up my child in his arms, and hasten away in the chaparral. A terrible, frightful thought instantly flashed through my mind. He was going to avenge the incarceration of his wife by taking the life of my poor, innocent boy!

There was no help at hand; if he was saved, I alone must save him, and with a desperate hope spurring me on, I bounded out of the door in frantic, determined pursuit.

Believing his movements had been unobserved, the Indian had not made as hurried flight as he might have done, and before half the distance to the rancherie had been traveled, I was close behind him.

"Bring back my boy!" cried I, in frantic tones. "Kill me, if you will, but spare my child!"  
 An angry grunt was his only reply upon finding me in pursuit, and, placing his hand over the baby's mouth to still his piteous cries, he quickened his pace so as to keep out of my way.

Still I ran on, begging in sobbing tones for my child, but, if it had any effect at all upon the fiendish brute, it was to encourage him in his horrid purpose, for now and then he would pause, look back with an exultant, devilish expression upon his hideous face and then swagger off again with a low, gloating chuckle that pierced my heart like a dagger.

In this manner the race was kept up until his hut was reached, when he bounded inside, closed the door with a bang and then locked it. In vain I pounded upon the door, begged, wept and pleaded; the brute was as immovable as a rock, and I could hear my poor baby pleading in plaintive, wailing accents for "mamma, mamma, mamma!"  
 The sound of my lamentations attracted the attention of a score of half-naked, sleepy-looking Indians, who rushed pell-mell from their cabins to learn the cause of the unusual commotion, and to them I renewed my pleading. "No sabe!" was all I could get out of them, and I returned to the door again, knowing that Jack could at least understand me.

He gave me no answer, however, contenting himself with holding an animated confab in his own dialect with his comrades on the outside. What they were talking about, of course, I could not tell, but I was not to be kept long in ignorance; for I was suddenly seized, dragged to an adjoining hut and rudely thrust inside. With the sound of the key turning in the lock as I was made a prisoner and the feeble wall of my child ringing in my ears, I fainted—the intensity of my mental anguish was more than I could endure.

How long I lay thus I do not know, but when I awoke to consciousness all was silent. I listened, but I could not hear my child's plaintive cry in the adjoining hut. A horrible thought flashed into my mind: Had the dem on Jack killed him?

My distracted mind had not yet found the answer when the sound of my door being unlocked was heard, and the next moment Jack entered my presence, locking the door after him! I rushed toward him and frantically grasped his arm. "My boy! Where is he? What have you done with him?"

The Indian shook me rudely away. "Ugh!" grunted he. "Boy no good! Too much yah! yah! all time. D— boy!" I would not be thus put off, and still assailed him with my entreaties. He endured it with stolid indifference for several moments, and then, as if prompted by an uncontrollable impulse, took one hasty stride toward me and rudely clutched my arm. "You tell jail man let my Julia come back!" demanded he, savagely.

I told him I would do all I could, but that it was now beyond my power to effect her release.

The answer seemed to goad him on to greater fury; his grip tightened upon my arm; his dark eyes emitted a fiendish, wicked glitter, and, drawing from his belt a keen-edged dirk, he leaned over me and hissed: "You lie, and Jack kill you!"

I saw the gleaming blade ascend and hang trembling above me, and then, with a loud, despairing shriek, I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes I found my husband bending over me and a group of familiar faces all around me, whom I at once recognized as the regular patrons of the hotel.

The flight of Indian Jack and my frantic pursuit had been observed by some men working in a slaughter-house near the rancherie, and, learning some thing was wrong, they had notified my husband, who, with several miners, had rushed to my relief. My baby-boy was found fast asleep in Jack's cabin, which accounted for my not hearing him when I recovered from my swoon some time before.

As for Jack, after being mauled to the heart's content of the indignant miners, he was given notice to leave the community at once, which he did, making a bee line for the foothills lying beneath Mount Shasta.

The noble-hearted miners and teamsters, not satisfied with ridding the neighborhood of Indian Jack, donated a larger and stronger bank to my boy, and showed no relaxation in their generosity until it was even heavier than the one old Julia stole.

As for myself—well, I am no longer a resident of that part of the State, and though I were to live a thousand years I should never forget the horrors of that eventful day, or how nearly I became the victim of an Indian's wrath.—Mrs. A. S. Burroughs, in Overland Monthly.

**AN ARTIST'S TRIALS.**

The Reason of His Failure to Satisfy a Wealthy Country Customer.

"Speaking of cranks," said a portrait painter to a New York Sun reporter, "the artist, I believe, is the recipient of the attentions of more of the species than any other profession. Not very long ago a man wrote me from a country town, enclosing a photograph and asking that a painting be made from it. He volunteered the pleasant news that he had recently become engaged to the handsomest girl in the district, and that the girl wanted his picture. There wasn't any thing slow about him, so he determined to have a portrait painted for her. He requested me to make the mustache longer than in the photograph, and the cheeks just a trifle fuller.  
 "It was a cash order and I filled it with care. I flattered myself that while I made the changes requested, I had faithfully re-

tained the expression of the photograph. Nevertheless, the painting did not suit. The man sent me back the photograph, and asked me to try to do it over. He explained that his 'girl didn't like it.' He offered no other hint of why the painting did not suit. I was conscious that I had made an excellent likeness; but, nevertheless, bent on giving satisfaction, I made another copy with great care. I was confident that this would suit the most fastidious taste. But it appeared not. Along came another letter accompanied by the photograph, asking me to try it over. The letter said: 'My girl don't like it.'

"I was vexed. I wrote that the copy was as perfect as brush and paint could make it, that I didn't care to paint except from the original any way, and that I could not afford to make three paintings for the price of one, and didn't propose to do it. I got a prompt reply. My country client wrote that he was rich and bound to please his girl. He said to paint another at the same price and send it along. He enclosed money and I laid myself out on that portrait. I was getting tired of the face. Soon after I sent that on I got a fourth letter with the same request. It didn't suit his girl. She said it didn't look like him, and he was bound to get a picture for her that looked like him if he had to mortgage his farm.

"I was enraged. I wrote him to come down and see me. Two days afterward a countryman came into the office and asked for me. When I introduced myself he began to smile in the most ridiculous manner.

"And who are you?" I asked, wondering what new kind of a crank I had struck.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"Not from Adam," said I.

"Why I'm Ezekiah Brown, whose picture you've been a paintin'."

"You, Mr. Brown?" I exclaimed, "why you don't look at all like your photograph."  
 "My photograph!" said he, "why that wasn't my photograph. That was my brother's. But then ma says we both look 'actly like. 'cept that my moustache is longer and my cheeks fuller. I never had no photograph made, so I sent you his'n an' told you how to fix it. But say, now I'm down here, you might as well paint one off o' me, and see if for once you can paint one to suit the little gal!"  
 "I painted it, and have never heard from him or his girl since. In stupidity the fellow was once exalted by the countryman who once sent me a photograph of the front of his house, and wanted it painted into a fine picture. He casually added that there was an elegant verandah round at the back of the house that you couldn't see in the photograph. He wanted the copy made so you could see that verandah."

**CANINE FRIENDSHIP:**

How a Large Collie Hastened to the Rescue of a Small Terrier.

The following story of friendship between two dogs may, I think, interest some of your readers, writes a correspondent of the London Spectator. Some time ago I used to stay with a friend in Wiltshire, whose park is separated from the house by a lake which is about one hundred and fifty yards broad at the narrowest part. Being extremely fond of animals, I soon became intimate with two delightful dogs belonging to my hostess, a large collie called Jasper, and a rough skye terrier, Sandie. The pair were devoted friends, if possible always went out together, and, sad to relate, even poached together. One afternoon I called them as usual, to go for a walk, and making my way to the lake, I determined to row across and wander about in the deer park. Without thinking of my two companions I got into the boat and pushed off. Jasper at once jumped into the water and gayly followed the boat; half-way across he and I were both startled by despairing howls, and stopping to look back, we saw poor little Sandie running up and down the bank and bitterly bewailing the cruelty of his two so-called friends in leaving him behind.

Hardening my heart I sat still in silence and simply watched. Jasper was clearly distressed; he swam round the boat and looking up into my face said unmistakably with his wise, brown eyes: "Why don't you go to the rescue?" Seeing, however, that I showed no signs of intelligence, he made up his mind to settle the difficulty himself, so turned and swam back to forlorn little Sandie; there was a moment's pause, I suppose for explanation, and then, to my surprise and amusement, Jasper stood still, half out and half in the water, and Sandie scrambled on to his back, his front paws resting on Jasper's neck, who swam across the lake and landed him safely in the deer park. I need not describe the evident pride of the one, or the gratitude of the other.

**DOG EATING DOG.**

The Remarkable Self-Possession of a Chicago Newspaper Man.

A married woman attended a party at the home of a friend where they kept one of those roguish little pets, a pug dog. She related to a Chicago Mail man the following story, in which a young man who is connected with a morning paper in Chicago and the pug dog were mixed up, and said she did not know which one the joke was on, and would leave it to me. The young man was detained at the office until it was too late to go to his home for dinner and get to the house where he was invited in season. He therefore stopped into a convenient restaurant and bought some Frankfort sausages, which he crammed into the tail pockets of his Prince Albert coat, intending to eat them on the way. No sooner had he left the restaurant than he met a gentleman who was on his way to the same party and accompanied him. This, of course, gave him no opportunity to eat his lunch, and he went to the house with the sausages in his pocket. There he was doomed to more disappointment, for the pug dog, in a wonderfully short time, caught the scent and followed him about whenever he moved, sniffing at his coat tails and giving an occasional bark. This attracted more or less attention. Presently the young man, who, by the way, is musical, was asked to perform on the piano. He declined, knowing of the danger he would be subjected to, but without avail. When he sat on the pianostool he could not do otherwise than let his coat-tails hang down behind. While he played the dog got in his work, and soon had the sausages strung out on the floor and was chewing vigorously at them. Amid a roar of laughter the newspaper chap played on coolly, and even repeated a part of the piece until the noise had somewhat subsided. Then he arose, turned around, looked calmly at the dog gnawing at and swallowing the sausages, and said: "My friends, this is a case of dog eat dog."

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 D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.  
 Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., [July 6th, 1889.