

## Acy's Little 'Un.

In 1872, when Wallace, Kansas, was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway, it had about a hundred inhabitants, and the usual two story frame hotel a few feet from the station. The Smoky Hill River was then, as now, about three miles from the town, and Fort Wallace was two miles distant.

At that time the fort was a two company post, garrisoned by between one and two hundred soldiers, all told. The buildings were arranged compactly, the only ones to be feared being Indians, and there were water tanks that were always kept filled, lest in time of trouble the Sioux might come down and cut off the water supply from the river.

The scenery in this portion of Kansas can be pictured pretty accurately by a straight line drawn across a sheet of black paper, with the labels 'sky' and 'land' above and below it. There was a tree, appropriately named Lone Tree, four miles from Wallace, and visible for many miles in every direction. It was a beacon, a guide, a harbinger of hope to every citizen and to every traveler. It told the points of the compass by day as the North Star does at night. Lonely and desolate, it stood on the wide prairie, a friend to all and beloved by all. After a fashion, with never an answering rustle from any kindred cottonwood.

In view of these natural advantages,—or the lack of them,—the social life of Wallace was limited. The ladies of the garrison exchanged patterns and recipes, and the officers amused themselves as best they could, and hoped and prayed for marching orders that did not come.

What was euphemistically called 'The Skunkhill Club' included all the officers from the fort and all the leading citizens. While it does not sound promising, it was a real boon, for its meetings, which were held monthly, were the sole 'function' of the town. On that occasion the man who could not show the pelt of at least one of these chicken thieves paid for an oyster supper for the remainder. The oyster, the little carved, cove oyster, was, in those dark and mythical ages, the greatest delicacy known to the Western palate.

Among the Nimrods of this club was a quiet, middle aged man named Wheeler. Probably his first name had originally been Asa, but it had long since degenerated into 'Acy.' He had served as a government scout, and it was generally held that what he did not know about horses, 'critters' and Indians was not worth knowing.

Acy seldom spoke of any of his experiences, and was altogether uncommunicative, except when he was with two or three of the garrison children, who seemed to have found their way to his heart through his pony's stomach. The pony was a very pretty bay mustang, with black points and an insatiable appetite for sugar. She had rejoiced in the name of Be- until the major's small daughter had re-christened her 'Sweetheart,' and prevailed on Acy to accept the change.

Sweetheart knew more than most men, so Acy said, and he once cared to contradict him. She could trail him like a dog, she could find her way in the darkest night she never stumbled into prairie dog holes, and she could scent an Indian five miles away. Acy had probably never read the Arab's address to 'My beautiful! my beautiful!' but when an Easterner offered to buy the little mare, he said, curtly, 'Stranger, a man don't sell his bull family,' and walked away, his arm over her neck.

Acy was foreman of the Allen Clark stock ranch, fifteen miles from Wallace on Rose Creek, and as foreman it was his business to conduct the round ups. The Ogallalas and Sioux were threatening an outbreak, and it was important to get the cattle branded. Otherwise they might be stampeded, and many yearlings would go to swell the ranks of other herds. Together with eight cowboys and four wagons, covered and containing the supplies for several weeks, Acy set forth on the round-up. Nothing occurred for the first week. They were forty miles from the fort, and had heard no more about the alleged Indian troubles.

One afternoon, as Acy rode slowly along one of the boys came in for instructions, and as he jogged beside the bay pony, he observed her quick, irritable motions. 'Your beast is powerful fractious, Acy,' he said, as she stopped and snorted uneasily, her soft, velvet muzzle twitching as if she sensed danger.

Acy nodded, and turning in his saddle, looked searchingly over the bare, brown plain. There was absolutely nothing in sight except a few cattle, his own men and miles of sage brush, buffalo grass and sand.

'I reckon she's got nerves,' continued the cowboy. 'All women has 'em. Nothing the matter with her—just plain nerves.' Acy got down and unsaddled. There wasn't the smallest crease in the blanket. Not a strand in the double rope cinches had been twisted.

'I don't know,' he said, 'but if there aint Indians within ten miles, it's the first time she ever fooled me.' The pony nuzzled up against him shivering a little, and he combed out her forelock with his brown hand. 'Sho, now, little 'un,' he said, kindly, 'can't ye tell me about it?' 'It's nothing but nerves,' repeated the cowboy, harshly. 'All female critters are alike.'

'You may know a heap about women-folks,' answered Acy, dryly, 'but that's no sign you know horses; and even if you did, it's no sign you'd know the little 'un. She aint a common plug; she's folks, and when she acts that way, it means Indians. Tell the boys to come in and look sharp about 'em.'

When Acy used that tone there was no more to be said. The puncher rode away. The sun was sinking slowly in the west

when the men came in and unsaddled. They straggled the four wagons in a hollow square, and put the saddle-horses in the corral thus formed. As they did so, Sweetheart, who was standing a few feet from the camp-fire where the cook had supper almost ready, lifted her head and gave a neigh so strange and prolonged that they all started and looked at her. She was trembling and staring out into the dusk with terrified eyes.

'Nerves!' said the puncher who had already delivered his opinion. 'Had 'em all day.'

'Dry up!' said another of the men, politely. 'That's not the kind of nerves you can buy at Madigan's saloon. Hi! Look at that, will you?'

He pointed toward an arroyo that lay between them and the hills. They could see but indistinctly, but even in that uncertain light, men used to the warfare of the West where any stranger might be a foe, and the red man was always an object of suspicion, could make no mistake. White horse-thieves did not wear testaments.

'I knew it,' said Acy, stroking the mare's neck. 'She never gives me a false alarm. Now there's no telling what they will do first, but it's easy guessing what they allow to do last.' He made a quick circular motion about his head. 'Drive all the horses you can in between the wagons; there's eight of you, two to a side, to keep watch. Take turns till you get your supper. They won't do anything till after dark, likely, and there's no telling when we'll eat again.'

The men followed instructions, making as complete a barricade as possible. They worked silently, remembering that two weeks before a party like their own had been left on the plains, stark and cold, not fifty miles from the fort.

As the stars came out and the new moon lent her feeble light, they saw they were completely surrounded. The circle closed the Indians began slowly riding round and round their prisoners, their purpose being, with the smallest peril to themselves, to prevent escape. As they drew closer, chanting their weird and hideous war-song a volley from the little fortress sent them again out of rifle-shot, and Acy called a council of war.

'No use, boys,' he said. 'There's a hundred of them if there's one, and there may be more coming up. The fort has got to be reached.'

The men assented silently. Any of them would have been willing to go, although the chance of getting through the line of Sioux was small; and once past it, without a horse, flight would be so slow as to be almost useless.

'I reckon time's the essence of this contract,' said a puncher. 'But you can't make time without a horse, and you can't get a horse past them Indians. Unless that mare of yours can fly.'

Acy rubbed her forehead gently. 'She's no flyer,' he said, 'but she can trail, which is more like it. This is my plan. I'm going to strike out for the fort. I'll have to crawl past the line of Indians. I reckon it will take all of two hours, and that will make it close to one o'clock. By half past twelve you set the mare loose on my trail. Don't have bridle or saddle on her, but let tie a broken rope round her neck and just tie a. If she gets come up with, they'll think she's broke loose. If she gets past safe, she'll find me, and I'll get help to you by noon to-morrow. You must try and hold out till then.'

'The little 'un's all right,' said the puncher who had doubted her nerves. 'I'll see that her halter's broke artistic, and I'll reckon the Lord that taught her to smell Indians will get her by 'em.'

It did not sound irreverent as he said it, and it was his nearest approach to prayer in many years. The muttered 'You bet!' of the other cowboys stood for a fervent amen.

'Hold the fort, boys!' Acy said, as he wriggled out of sight in the sage-brush. 'Hold the fort!'

The little bay pony winced softly. At half past twelve o'clock she started after Acy. With her soft black muzzle close to the ground, she cautiously picked her way down the slight decline. The Indians were perceptibly closer, and the eight men who watched her from the camp felt a sickening fear at their hearts. But two or three braves gave chase. When a mustang with only a broken rope about her neck was hardly worth while. The Sioux expected to have saddles and bridles and ponies to spare when they should have disposed of the men who were waiting for them in the shadow of the covered wagons.

Acy was past the line of Indians, and the night was growing darker. Sweetheart followed his trail uncertainly, he could barely see her a quarter of a mile away. The wind blew fitfully. Now he could hear the wild cries of the Indians, now they were swept the other way. The mare paused, and Acy, watching her breathlessly made up his mind quickly. As a gust of wind blew toward her he called her name in a high, clear note. She jumped; then with her nose close to the ground, started toward him. In a few moments she broke into a run and was upon him almost before he could get out of her way and cry, 'Whoa!' In an instant he was on her back and they were flying away over the plain toward the fort.

At three o'clock it was so dark they had to stop and pick their way carefully, for prairie dog towns were numerous. Acy walked beside her, saving her strength for the final run. At four o'clock the darkness was changing to gray, and finding himself close to the river, Acy slaked his own thirst and let the pony drink also. It seemed as if she realized the run before her, and only washed down the dust in her throat; then gathering up her sturdy, black legs, she swung into the tireless pace of the born single footer.

The sun was rising when Acy saw the tree, the Lone Tree that told him that, never swerving in the darkness of the night, she had gone toward the fort, straight as an arrow flies.

It was barely nine o'clock when she stopped before the house occupied by the officer in command of the house occupied by the officer in command of the post, and Acy almost fell off and up the steps. Forty miles without bridle or saddle is tiresome riding.

There was a drill going on in a rather desultory fashion on the parade ground, but this was a real case of carry arms, and in less than a quarter of an hour the soldiers were hurrying away down the river to the relief of the beleaguered cowboys.

'Don't thank me,' said the major, curtly, when most of the Indians were dispersed, and a few brought back as hostages to insure good behavior. 'Don't thank me. Thank Acy's mare. If you care to sell her, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, Acy,' which was an enormous sum for a pony; but Acy only shook his head. Just then Sweetheart 'nickered' gently, as she took another lump of sugar from the major's daughter.

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JAPANESE TOPS.

Curious Devices That Amuse the Mikado's Subjects.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, in his 'Japan,' devotes some interesting paragraphs to top spinning, which the Japanese carry to a point of great perfection. The tops are of delightful variety, both in size and construction. The largest, or father of all the tops, is more than a foot in diameter, and proportionately heavy.

Some are solid; others contain a flock of little ones which fly out, when the top is lifted, and spin away by themselves. Others pull into a spiral or ladder of successive tops. One draws up into a lantern and spins cheerily in that form.

The methods of spinning are almost beyond description. Even a very large top is sometimes thrown as the Australian casts the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight toward the head of the spectator, it returns to the thrower and is caught on his palm. When it arrives thus, the performer takes it by the spindle, apparently sets it, sets it down, and it recommences.

Turn it upside down, and it proceeds just as merrily on its iron-spiked head. The spinners balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat, on the edge of a fan, the sharpest Japanese sword, along a thin cord; and after some moments of unconcerned spinning there, it is tossed on the table, with apparent carelessness, when it goes on working, unexhausted and inexhaustible.

One of the most delicate performances consists in spinning a top in the left hand, up the left arm, round the edge of the lobe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand.

Another is to toss it spinning into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve, whence it runs down into the hand.

A third is to fling it up and catch it on the bowl of a pipe, pass it behind the back to the front, and there catch it again.

A large, heavy top is sometimes set in motion by rolling the peg in the bite of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung ten or twenty feet in air and caught with the same cord, spinning always. This can be done ten times in succession.

But the grandest display consists in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, and then recalling it again.

Webster's Unlucky Drive.

One of Daniel Webster's favorite stories of his early life had to do with a journey from Salisbury, his home, to Lebanon, N. H. He went with a neighbor in an old-fashioned, square-boxed pung-eigh, which contained several barrels of cider, to be sold by the owner at Lebanon. It was a cold, frosty morning, and the start was made before sunrise. Daniel wore a new suit of clothes and mittens, spun, woven, dyed and made by his mother's hands.

In the course of the morning they reached a stream where the bridge had been carried away by a recent flood, and was lodged just below the road. It was evident that the stream must be crossed by fording. The neighbor, with a look at Daniel, said:

'You've got tight boots on; suppose you take the reins and drive.'

Daniel did as he was bid, while his companion jumped out to walk across the broken bridge.

'I drove down cautiously,' said Mr. Webster, 'expecting a safe passage, when suddenly the pung sank, and I found myself up to the armpit in the icy water. The horse plunged forward and reached the opposite bank, and almost as quick as I am telling it my clothes became a solid cake of ice.'

'There was no house near, and I was in danger of freezing to death soon unless I was relieved. I jumped out of the sleigh and told the man to drive as fast as he could. I took hold of the back of the pung and away we went. I often came near falling, but managed to hold on, and so by the rapid motion kept my blood in circulation till we reached a house.'

'I went in and asked the lady of the house if she would let me dry my clothes. She put me into a room where there was a

bed and hung my clothes by the fire. It was then apparent that the contents of my mother's dye pot were on my body as well as on my clothes.'

A Bargain.

'I've got a dollar of 1827 I'd like to dispose of. What's it worth?'

Numismatist—'Nothing.'

Nowitt—'That so? I thought there was a premium on it.'

Numismatist—'Na. There are lots of them in circulation. However, seeing it is you, I'll give you fifty cents for it.'

Nowitt—'All right; I'll take it.'

Where One is Needed.

'But,' said the Chinese statesman, 'the foreign governments have taken the ground that the Boxer movement is inspired solely by our government.'

'Humph! Well,' replied a government official, 'in that case we will be demonstrating to the world that our government still has something of a sphere of influence in China.'

## BORN.

Windsor, July 13, to the wife of W. Smith, a son. Freeport, June 15, to the wife of A. Young, a son. Truro, July 16, to the wife of W. Williams, a son. Halifax, July 23, to the wife of E. Sullivan, a son. Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of D. Tremaine, a son.

Freeport, June 8, to the wife of John Stanton, a son. Dublin Shore, July 6, to the wife of James Cxner, a son.

Westville, July 3, to the wife of Wm. Maxwell, a son. Halifax, July 21, to the wife of Wm. Gerrard, a son.

Yarmouth, June 10, to the wife of Abner Forbes, a son. Mosherville, July 15, to the wife of Capt. Mosher, a son.

Freeport, June 16, to the wife of Geo. Farnsworth, a son. Graywood, July 5, to the wife of Samuel Harnish, a daughter.

Graywood, July 6, to the wife of Thomas Dunn, a daughter. Freeport, June 10, to the wife of Edgar Ring, a daughter.

Freeport, June 19, to the wife of Lyman Haines, a daughter. Freeport, June 15, to the wife of Wm. Bates, a daughter.

Windsor, July 11, to the wife of James Coade, a daughter. Windsor, July 12, to the wife of John Graham, a daughter.

Sydney River, July 20, to the wife of H. Bertram, a daughter. Falmouth, July 11, to the wife of H. Houghton, a daughter.

Corea, June 10, to the wife of Rev. W. Foote, a daughter. Yarmouth, July 4, to the wife of Arthur Higgins, a daughter.

Yarmouth, July 15, to the wife of R. Perry, a daughter. Barrington, July 3, to the wife of Henry Watson, a daughter.

Colchester, July 16, to the wife of B. Stevens, a daughter. Yarmouth, July 8, to the wife of Alfred Guest, a daughter.

Kingsville, July 16, to the wife of Bonz us Jasper, a son. Cambridge, Mass., July 18, to the wife of H. Durand, a son.

Wentworth, July 16, to the wife of James Fletcher, a daughter. Amherst, Mass., July 13, to the wife of Wm. Richard, a daughter.

Passadena, Cal. July 11, to the wife of Wm. Crowley, a daughter. Conquerall Bank, July 10, to the wife of Albert Rains, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 4, by Rev. W. Long, W. Laskey to Annie Murphy.

Alberton, July 4, by Rev. H. Grats' Chas. Cannon, to Adelle Hamill.

Charlottetown, July 11, Alexander Brown to Miss Beatrice Lester.

Falmouth, July 3, by Rev. S. Spidell, Pierson Shaw to May Sangster.

Sydney, July 3, by Rev. C. Huestis, John Newell to Miss W. Snow.

Sussex, July 14, by Rev. W. Camp, John Mercer to Della Mullen.

Dartmouth, N. S., by Rev. T. Stewart, Mary Tapper to Harry Sierlow.

St. Croix, July 7, by Rev. M. Henry, Alex. Dunbar to Ida Connors.

Moncton, July 11, by Rev. E. Hooper, Edward Chandler to Julia Sayre.

Black River, July 11, by Rev. J. Robertson, to Christina MacDonald.

Truro, July 19, by Rev. Jas. Falconer, Frank Corbett to Eliza Creechman.

Midville, July 7, by Rev. W. Weaver, Joseph Snyder to Lillian Baines.

Riversdale, July 5, by Rev. J. Stewart, John Waterman to Lena Hebb.

North River, July 11, by Rev. A. F. Brown, Robert Glas to Katie MacDonald.

Halifax, July 14, by Rev. G. Glendenning, Wm. Graves to Isabelle Smith.

Hop River, July 9, by Rev. Jas. MacDonald, Peter Hughes to Susan Murphy.

Yarmouth, July 13, by Rev. W. Weston, Zilpha Sweeney to Arthur Britain.

Montague, June 23, by Rev. W. Spencer, John S. Buchanan to Mary Macleod.

Long River, July 11, by Rev. W. A. Thomson, Samuel Dunn to Edith Marie.

Charlottetown, July 12, by Rev. D. Macleod, Dr. S. H. Macleod to Clara Cuddy.

Fort La Tour, July 7, by Rev. Jno. Phalen, Norman Madden to Sarah McGray.

Stellarton, June 30, by Rev. Edwin Burgess, Andrew Purvis to Jennie Stanton.

Southeast, North Co., July 2, by Rev. J. Murray, David Match to Eliza Matchett.

Southeast, North Co., July 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Wm. Russell to Mary Matchett.

Springfield, July 11, by Rev. M. Campbell, Daniel MacDonald to Isabel Macintosh.

Clementsport, July 18, by Rev. J. Eaton, James Wright to Mrs. Lizzie Anderson.

Lockport, June 23, by Rev. D. McKinnon, Bradford Ringer to Geretha Townsend.

Northeast, North Co., July 11, by Rev. J. Murray, Jas. Matchett to Maggie Dunnott.

Rosidale, Mass., June 27, by Rev. J. Vorhees, Jos. U. Quibart to Margaret McLeod.

Great Village, July 19, by Rev. O. Chipman, Matthew Staples to Hattie Chisholm.

Annapolis, N. S., July 22, by Rev. J. Douglas, Walter Amberton to May Hardwick.

Plymouth, Mass., June 29, by Rev. E. Clark, Clarence Robbins to Miss Emma Simpson.

Intervale, Guyabour, July 17, by Rev. M. Thompson, Augustine Fargill to Mary Sullivan.

Providence, R. I., June 6, by Revs. Fenton and Benson, Henry Brehaut, to Jessie Denoon.

Southeast, North Co., July 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Gregory Darnett to Henrietta Blackmore.

## DIED.

Albany, July 6, Robert Sobey. Burlington, July 7, Lena Card 31.

Albany, July 9, Mrs. Richard 70. Halifax, July 19, Patrick Furlong 65.

Halifax, July 20, Matthew Sullivan. Halifax, July 19, Israel S. Sanford 65.

At sea, July 17, Douglas Campbell 49. Pictou, July 17, Hugh D. Chambers 81.

Canton, Mass., July 1, James Quinn 47. Westport, July 15, Wm. M. Denton 71.

Elmsdale, July 8, William Haywood 61. Tabusintac, June 22, John Johnstone 71.

Moncton, July 17, William W. Wilbur 39. Lunenburg July 9, James H. Messer 63.

Baldwin's Road, July 2, Daniel Mulligan 62. Grand River, July 1, John A. MacLellan 88.

Port La Tour, July 6, Mrs. Rebecca Fleming. Charlottetown, July 11, Andrew Cadmore 43.

Central Chebogue, July 7, Louise Robinson 14. East Bridgewater, July 10, Caroline Veinot 80.

Halifax, June 26, Capt. James R. Chamberlain 58. Rhode Island, June 25, Maggie, wife of William Smith 45.

Newport, July 16, Mary A., widow of the late Geo. McKay 98.

Kamrore River, July 5, Isabella B., wife of John R. Moore 82.

Church Point, July 17, Mary M., wife of John R. Davidson 60.

Falmouth, July 15, Harriet, widow of the late Constant Church.

Somerville, Mass., July 3, May S. wife of Charles W. Edridge 35.

Three Fathom Harbor, July 13, Clarence A., son of George E. Graham 3.

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