

# A NEZ PERCE LOCHINVAR

How an Unwilling Bride Was  
Doubly Won.

BY BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

The Yakimas, the Nez Percés and the Umatillas were holding a midsummer love feast. The sportively inclined braves of the three tribes—and what Indian is not sportive?—had come to the meet, bringing ponies and blankets, their fine baskets, their trinkets and pelf and incidentally their squaws and puposes.

And now, after three days of play, the loot was stacked up in heaps on the Nez Perce side. The Umatillas and the Yakimas had not a pony, a blanket, a valuable of any kind, left them, scarcely a battered tin to boil water in. The fun was over. There was nothing left to do but to break up the convale and return whence they came. But among the Yakimas was one young man, Konewock by name, who was not as good a loser as the others. When he looked over at his two fleet ponies, with headstalls and bridle reins of braided horsehair, his finely woven baskets, worth much money in the markets of the curio hunters, his thick blankets, his beaded belts and moccasins, his trusty knife, his heart rebelled within him. He strode up to Blue Heron, the Nez Perce who had been his principal opponent, and said to him: "One game between us two only. I will stake my squaw against all you have won from me."

Blue Heron laughed. He was a tall, straight limbed devil, with clear eyes, and a half an hour later the two might have been observed, if every one had not been too busy with his own affairs to give them any further thought, plotting together under the high banks of the coulee. As a matter of fact, Blue Heron was not so indifferent to the girl's rejection as it had pleased him to appear. He rather piqued himself upon his personal appearance and was not wont to sue in vain. He considered that he had fairly won the young squaw and let himself readily to Konewock's suggestions, with the result that when Teentat's family, already several miles on their homeward trail, camped for the night, two horsemen hobbled their ponies behind a hillock not far away. The first time Looesa ventured abroad among the uncertain shadows searching for fagots to feed the dying fire two pairs of smoky arms seized and gagged her and bore her away without a sound of struggle or cry to alarm her relatives, and five minutes later a little Indian pony was making record time, despite its double load, in the direction of the Blue mountains, amid whose recesses Blue Heron intended to lose himself until the pursuit was given over, for he did not doubt that the young men of the Yakimas would make Teentat's cause their own.

When Blue Heron considered that it was safe so to do, he removed the gag from between Looesa's teeth and set her down on the ground beside his pony's head. He still retained his hold of the riata with which his captive's wrists were bound and thus forced her to walk beside him until his winded steed had recovered itself, when he lifted her in front of him and again loped away at full speed, the unshod hoofs of his pony beating softly on the sandy plain. It was Blue Heron's intention to reach the Walla Walla, ford it by break of day and, following it up into the foothills, cross over the divide at his leisure and come down into the canyon of the Grande Ronde. This he could descend to its junction with the Snake and thence get him home to Fort Lapwai with his prize without much danger of interruption.

For a week the days had been like the opaline chamber of a hollow shell, the nights like a crystal goblet inlaid with gems, saturating the earth with balm from its inverted bowl. But this night was black and breathless. The moon, in its third quarter, was not yet risen, and, though the sky seemed cloudless, few stars were visible. The heat which rose from the desert, instead of losing itself as usual among wide, cool spaces of fluent air, settled back on the earth, as if shut in by a great lid. Not even a cricket chirped. The deathlike, brooding silence was pregnant with menace. The fleeing trio—horse and woman and man—were oppressed for breath and damp with sweat as they hurried forward through the night, pausing now and again for a moment's respite and anon racing through the blackness, invisible to pursuit had there been any.

Suddenly in the northeast a great sheet of lightning blazed up to the zenith and for half the round of the

crowd, which broke up into little knots, with much noisy jest and babbling. Old Teentat strode through the dissolving groups without answering any of the would be witticisms flung at him.

Blue Heron linked his arm through that of Konewock and said: "Come on. Let us get the woman. I want to be off."

They found her standing by her father's wickiup. Her mother, sitting on the ground before a smoldering fire of sagebrush, appeared to be absorbed in watching the contents of a tin can which was simmering on the coals. Teentat was occupied in unching up a blind old pack horse and paid no attention to the young men.

"Looesa, this is Blue Heron," said Konewock, at once sulky and shamefaced. "You belong to him now."

The girl regarded them with blazing eyes. "I belong neither to you nor to him," she said, with concentrated fury in her tones. "I will stay here."

"You will not!" asserted Konewock, taking hold of her nose too gently.

The girl screamed, and old Teentat turned, but did not stir from his place. He was a man of substance and character, much respected among his people, the Yakimas. "Let be!" he said briefly. "My daughter is not a slave, to be gambled for over a blanket. She goes with me."

Konewock dropped the girl's arm and turned to Blue Heron questioning. The latter only laughed, as usual, observing (freely translated into English vernacular): "Well, it seems you can't deliver the goods! I'm not looking for a fight. I am satisfied with the plunder I have. I only accepted the wager to please you. Ta ta!" Turning lightly on his heel, he went away.

Konewock shortly followed, sulky and sore, and half an hour later the two might have been observed, if every one had not been too busy with his own affairs to give them any further thought, plotting together under the high banks of the coulee. As a matter of fact, Blue Heron was not so indifferent to the girl's rejection as it had pleased him to appear. He rather piqued himself upon his personal appearance and was not wont to sue in vain. He considered that he had fairly won the young squaw and let himself readily to Konewock's suggestions, with the result that when Teentat's family, already several miles on their homeward trail, camped for the night, two horsemen hobbled their ponies behind a hillock not far away. The first time Looesa ventured abroad among the uncertain shadows searching for fagots to feed the dying fire two pairs of smoky arms seized and gagged her and bore her away without a sound of struggle or cry to alarm her relatives, and five minutes later a little Indian pony was making record time, despite its double load, in the direction of the Blue mountains, amid whose recesses Blue Heron intended to lose himself until the pursuit was given over, for he did not doubt that the young men of the Yakimas would make Teentat's cause their own.

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horizon showed them the summits of the Blue mountains sharply defined against its glare. Almost simultaneously an awful peal of thunder seemed to shatter the vault of heaven and send it rattling down in fragments upon the appalled earth. The pony stopped short and trembled. Neither man nor beast in these longitudes is accustomed to such display of elemental forces. Such a storm as they were about to witness is rare indeed on the western slope of the continent. But after the shock of surprise occasioned by the first onslaught had passed Blue Heron pressed on steadily toward it. Immediately around them the black stillness continued, but before them the ebony curtain of the night was broidered with zigzag traceries of burni-hod steel, and ever and anon the serrated mountain ridge leaped out in every detail against a blue white background of sheeted flame, while, with scarce an intermission, the thunder bird flapped its wings with terrible reverberations that almost stunned the fugitives.

They proceeded thus for more than half an hour before they met the advancing storm. Without other warning than the fresh smell of wet earth and a sudden sound in their ears of rushing waters they entered the deluge and were drenched to the skin in a moment, but kept doggedly on their course until, with the first flush of dawn, they stood upon the bank of the Walla Walla. The storm had now passed entirely, but the little river that Blue Heron had expected to ford was running bankful, a yellow flood, bearing driftwood on its bosom.

Blue Heron set his pony and his captive at liberty and walked to and fro to straighten his legs while he considered. A fire and breakfast seemed equally desirable, but it was more desirable still to be on the other side of that stream, where the trail lay which he wished to follow. There had evidently been a cloudburst in the mountains, and it would be many hours before the water would run past. But once on the other side he feared he would be safe from pursuit for some time, and it would be a strange thing indeed if he, Blue Heron, with a little leisure for proper courtship, could not conquer the humors of ever so coy a maiden or madam. Though, sooth to say, this one had shown no symptoms of docility as yet. Blue Heron was quite aware that there was something beyond mere risk in attempting to cross the flood, but that was rather an incentive than otherwise.

He decided to chance the issue; so, after giving his pony a half hour to rest and refresh itself, he cinched it up again, and, removing the clothing from his fine, glistening body, he bound it on Looesa's shoulders. The latter, understanding now what it was he contemplated, protested vigorously. At length her dignity succumbed entirely, and she begged with tears. But Blue Heron was laughingly inexorable. He forced her to mount the pony and, bidding her hold on well, drove the unwilling animal into the water. Grasping the pony's mane, he swam beside it on the lower side and kept its head against the current as much as possible. The pony struggled for its life, and Blue Heron swam like the athlete he was.

All was going well, when suddenly, around a bend above them, a cottonwood tree came down on the flood, held upright in the water by the weight of the earth clinging to its roots, its branches swaying menacingly as it swept along. Looesa uttered a cry of despair, and Blue Heron, raising himself out of the water enough to look over the pony's neck, saw what was coming upon them and, with a shout to the animal, sank back and put forth all his reserve strength.

It was now verily a race with death. Where the swimmer gained a foot against the current the tree gained yards with it. Looesa busied herself in an endeavor to unfasten the pack from her shoulders, while her eyes remained fixed in horror on the approaching doom. The pony, urged by her frantic shouts, labored until his sides seemed ready to burst. Blue Heron's eyes were starting from his head with his exertions, and his breath came in painful gasps. The space narrowed swiftly. It was not a question of moments, but of seconds. Nearer, nearer, swept the tree; its branches towered above them.

"Quick!" shrieked Looesa in the voice of the lost. "It is here!"

One last, supreme effort, and the mass of foliage swept past the pony's flanks, just grazing them. Saved by a hand's breadth! But where was Looesa? Had she not escaped? As if with deliberate malice the tree had courted to the flood and, bringing down a branch that the instant before was high above her head, had swept her from the pony's back.

Looesa was a good swimmer; but, half stunned and weighed down with the pack from which she had not

succeeded in releasing herself, she was unable to do more than keep her head above the water. It took an instant for Blue Heron to realize what had happened, another (as it would you or me) for him to rise to the level of the hero. Then he let go of his pony and safety and gave himself to the flood. He reached Looesa just as she was giving her self up to her fate and seized her long, floating hair.

It was far down the stream where they landed, and at the last it was the woman who dragged the young Nez Perce out upon the sand, where he lay prone and maked, panting his soul out in sheer exhaustion.

Then it was that the girl he had gambled for would Blue Heron back to life by her ministrations, for the brave shall ever win the fair, and sly little Cupid looks just as winning warming himself by a fire of sagebrush in the early chill of a midsummer morn in the desert, when all the earth is rosy with the level rays of the newly risen sun, as peeping forth from the honeysuckle of Amarylhis' bower in an older and paler land.—Argonaut.

## HIS OWN QUOTATION.

### Dramatic Scene in the Church of a "Popular Preacher."

The Rev. Dr. B. was what is commonly termed "a popular preacher," not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines who had gone before him to his own use and by a skilful spinning and dovetailing of passages so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a wonder of erudition.

It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit and listened with protruded attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock."

The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further when his grave auditor broke out with "That's Tillotson." The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of "That's Blair" the doctor lost all patience, and, leaning over the side of the pulpit, he cried, "Sir, if you don't hold your tongue you shall be turped out."

Without altering a muscle the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, "That's his own."—London Tit-Bits.

Old English Tavern Customs.

The custom of naming different rooms is familiar to all who have read our Elizabethan writers. Who does not at once recall those immortal scenes at the Bear's Head in which that magnificent old scoundrel Jack Falstaff played so prominent a part—how the madcap prince and companion Poinso sadly perplexed the unfortunate Francis with his everlasting "Anon, anon, sir," and his interjected orders to "look down into the Pomegranate"? It was customary, it seems, to have small windows or loopholes between the various apartments, for what reason it was perhaps hard to say unless to facilitate that interchange of compliments customary between parties who were using different chambers in the same tavern.

These courtesies usually took the form of the present of a piece of sugar wrapped up in white paper, which the waiters kept ready at hand. Our forefathers were fond of correcting the acidity of their wine by this addition, and it was quite the correct thing to send by the drawer one of these packets to the neighboring apartments if any friends or acquaintances were there.—Chambers' Journal.

Meaning of "Pin Money."

"Pin money" now means the allowance of money for a woman's own personal expenditure, but originally meant literally the actual sum spent on pins.

It is almost impossible to think of any stage in the history of woman-kind when the pin was not one of the mainstays of her existence, but until about the end of the seventeenth century an article more resembling a wooden skewer than anything else was all that could be obtained.

After that time the modern pin was invented, but the maker was allowed to sell pins openly only on Jan. 1 and 2, so that court ladies and fashionable dames alike were obliged to buy a large store on those days. So extremely important was this yearly purchase that apparently a special sum of money was obtained from all indulgent husbands for it, and at a later time, when the pins became cheap and common, woman-kind gradually came to spend their allowance on other vanities, but the old name, "pin money," remained in use.

## A COSTLY DINNER.

### He Paid Because the Old Man Would Not Listen to Reason.

"I never sit down to a good dinner," said the old magician, with a reminiscent smile. "But I think of the expensive meal that I once indulged in while out west. It was during the political excitement of 1896.

"I was making a tour of the west, and one day while traveling I was obliged to stop at a farm and ask the old man who owned it if he would be kind enough to let me have something to eat, as it would be several hours before I could reach a hotel.

"Come right in," he said genially. "We ain't got much, but I guess we can cook ye up a snack."

"The political excitement was running high at that time, and I soon found that the old man was a staunch defender of the silver faith, and he talked of nothing else while I was eating. Thinking to have a little fun with him, I pretended to find a five dollar gold piece in the bacon, which I put in my mouth and went through the motion of swallowing.

"Much to my surprise, the finding of the gold did not excite the old man a bit, so I picked out another gold piece and put that in my mouth. I took seven five dollar gold pieces out of the bacon one after another, and he never so much as lifted an eyelid, and I gave up trying to amuse myself at his expense.

"How much do I owe you?" I asked when I was through.

"Thirty-five dollars an twenty-five cents," he answered calmly.

"What?" I shouted in amazement.

"That's what," he grimly replied as he fingered his gun—"bacon, 25 cents; seven gold bugs at \$5 a bug, \$35. That's a condition, not a theory, that confronts ye!"

"I paid it, for the old man would not let me reason or the explanation that I offered, and he had a way of handling his gun that positively made me nervous."—Detroit Free Press.

## An Eskimo Breakfast.

No matter how early you may awaken in the morning, you will always find the Eskimo mistress of the house already up, and as soon as she observes that you are really awake she hands you a small piece of meat to steady your nerves until breakfast time.

Then she goes into the next apartment, which is merely an inclosure for keeping the dogs away from the stores, and after 15 minutes of pounding and chopping returns with the breakfast.

A large, flat wooden tray is placed on the floor, and the landlady takes her position at one end in the attitude elegantly described as squatting. The family and their guests gather round the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs, with their heads toward the breakfast and their feet out.

The next course is walrus meat. This is also cut up by the presiding lady and is served with no unstinting hand. After this joint has been thoroughly discussed there comes a large piece of walrus hide, which has a small portion of blubber attached and the hair still on the outside. It is about an inch thick and very tough, so that it is impossible to affect it by chewing. It is therefore cut into very small pieces by the hostess and finishes the meal. Really it is the most palatable dish of all.

## A Pleasant Shaver.

A man who has been on a lecture tour through a certain state tells this story on himself: He was late in arriving in one of the cities in which he was booked and had but half an hour to reach the hall where he was to give his entertainment. He needed a shave almost as much as he did his dinner, but he decided to cut out the latter. The former he was obliged to have. Going to his room, he rang for a barber. A bright looking boy came in and announced that he was the barber. The lecturer sat down on a chair and told him to go ahead.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind lying down on the couch?"

"Why?" asked the astonished lecturer.

"Well, sir, you see, I am generally sent to shave the corpses, and I can shave a man better when he is lying down."

## Matrimonial Misunderstandings.

I have known a fond couple to quarrel in the very honeymoon about cutting up a tart—nay, I could name two who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted over boiling a leg of mutton. It may seem strange to those who are not married when I tell you how the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week, but if you ever enter into this state you will find that the gentle sex as often expresses anger by an obstinate silence as by an ungovernable clamor.—Lady Bedford in Success...

## THE LIVING SEA.

### How like the city is unto the sea!

The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats  
In restless surges through the city streets,  
Swayed by the master tide of energy

How many derelicts, long morn to morn,  
Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave—  
The festoon and the remnant of the galleon—  
Deserted, rudderless and tempest torn!

Here move great argosies with gold and bales,  
Steamer ships that dare the cunning currents' might,  
And through their long procession dart the light,  
Swift pleasure craft with gaily emblazoned sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing:  
How much—how much these smiling waters  
Drawn  
Dear God, what wrecks this very day went  
Down!  
Unhailed, unsung and unmingled?  
—Theodosia Garrison in *Armistice's Magazine*.

## HOW EVERETT SPOKE.

### Beautiful Development of the Orator's Thought and Method.

Edward Everett's stories were inexhaustible. If any speaker has to get ready in a hurry for a great occasion, let him look through the index of the four volumes of Everett's speeches, and he will find matter enough not only to stimulate his own thought ~~and~~ set his currents running, but to illustrate and adorn what he will say.

But pretty soon the orator rises into a higher plane. Some lofty sentiment, some stirring incident, some patriotic emotion, some play of fancy or wit, comes from the brain or heart of the speaker. The audience is hushed to silence. Perhaps a little mist begins to gather in their eyes. There is now an accent of emotion in the voice, though still soft and gentle. The Greek statue begins to move. There is life in the limbs. There has been a lamp kindled somewhere behind the clear and transparent blue eyes. The flexible muscles of the face have come to life now. Still there is no jar or disorder. The touch upon the nerves of the audience is like that of a gentle nurse. The atmosphere is that of a May morning. There is no perfume, but that of roses and lilies. But still, gentle at first, the warmer feelings are kindled in the hearts of the speaker and hearers. The frame of the speaker is transfigured. The trembling hands are lifted high in air. The rich, sweet voice fills the vast audience chamber with its resonant tones. At last the bugle, the trumpet, the imperial clarion, rings out full and clear, and the vast audience is transported as to another world—I had almost said to a seventh heaven. Read of the welcome to Lafayette or the close of the matchless eulogy on that illustrious object of the people's love. Read the close of the oration on Washington. Read the contrast of Washington and Marlborough.—Scribner's.

Woodpecker Versus Sparrows.

The English sparrow has a mortal enemy in the common redheaded woodpecker, who, though no giant among birds, is as big as half a dozen English sparrows and not afraid of half a hundred. The woodpecker's beak is so hard and his head and neck are so powerful that in a single peck he can kill a sparrow, and the English birds have become aware of his powers and are very much afraid of him. The appearance of a red-headed woodpecker will set a whole lot of sparrows to flight, and the only time they will face him is when he makes an onset on their nests.

The eggs of the sparrows are not larger than peas and their young about the size of a grubworm, and a nestful of young sparrows is a dainty picnic for a woodpecker which he is careful not to overlook. The sparrows will fight, but they cannot drive him away.—Exchange.

## Bonaparte's Unpaid Bill.

Shortly previous to the French revolution, when the name of Napoleon Bonaparte had not yet acquired fame and when poverty stared him in the face, his friends were few. He was forsaken but for one, Mme. Sans Gene, his laundress, who, though knowing that in his lowly circumstances Bonaparte could never pay her bill, stood by him. When the great Napoleon became emperor, that bill was handed in for collection, but he failed to recollect having incurred any such debt, and when an old yellow parchment bearing his name as captain of the Royal guards was handed him he said, "Well do I recognize that bill, for through a mistake it was written on the back of my muster roll."

Simple Cure For Ringworms.

For the removal of ringworms there is a remedy that is infallible. It is the milk from the stem of a fresh fig. The milk of lettuce stalk is also said to be good for roughness and discolorations of the skin. The simplest old fashioned remedies are very often the best for a variety of toilet purposes and, though not invariably infallible by any means, should always be tried at least by a prudent woman before having recourse to patented remedies of various sorts, which may be very injurious.