

AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS.

By ELIZA M. SHEARMAN.

It was the twilight hour.
Behind the western hill the sun had sunk.
The evening sky glowed with crimson light.
The air was filled with fragrance and with sound;
High in the tops of shadowy vine-wreathed trees,
Grave, plaintive birds were uttering their
nocturnal songs.

To still the restless breeze,
A noisy little brook made pleasant
Music on the summer air.
And further on the sweet faint sound
Of Whippoorwill's soft and hoarse cry
Like some sweet chant of a spirit.

With the scent of musk and rose,
And from the beds of flowers the faint
White lilacs pointed their fragrant heads
Out on the air in incense sweet.
That brought to mind the old, old song,
Of the old sailor who loved Mary
Broke upon the Master's feet.

Upon his vine-wreathed porch
An old white-headed man lay dreaming.
Happy, happy dreams of days that are no more;
And listening to the quaint old golden shawls
With which his daughter ruled her child to rest.

"Aldie with me," she says;
"Fall asleep the evening;
The darkness is so sweet,
Lord, with me, Aldie."

And as he listens to the sounds that fill the
Summer night, his dreamy thoughts
Of his "little girl" come crowding thickly up;
And for awhile he seems a boy again.
With her, with her, with her.

He wades the rippling brook, and with a boyish
dash, he leaps the water.
The sunny hill of life, a neighborly child,
Companion of his sorrow and his joy,
Sweet, dainty child, whose baby life
Seemed early linked with his.

And when he loved with all a boy's devotion,
Long years have flown,
No longer boy and girl, but man and woman
grown.
They stand beside the brook, that murmurs
to him, in course, no stay for time nor man,
And tell the old, old story.

And promise to be true till life for them shall end
And then the old man thinks
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her father took Capt. De Lancy in charge.

The gypsy boy was severely hurt, and for nearly a week the doctor feared he might not recover. His father hung night and day over him, never ceasing for himself. At length the youth rallied, and recuperated with such rapidity that the gypsy chief said he could take him back to camp, and asked to see Lulu, who had been nursing in her devotion to the wounded boy. Finding that the gypsy would go, Lulu ordered the carriage to drive them to their camp, a kindness that was accepted.

"And, lady," said the chief, with deep feeling, my boy owes you his life, and the prayers of our people will ever be for your joy. I have money to pay, yet I will not insult a heart that was kind to me. You brought my boy to your own home, and have cared for him as though he were of your own kin, and not a poor, wandering gypsy."

"Now, lady, I beg you to remember, if ever the world should turn against you, that you have true friends in the camp of Capt. Carl, the gypsy."

Lulu offered her hand in farewell to both Capt. Carl, as his tribe called him, and the boy, and the dignified manner and striking appearance of the wandering chief could not but impress her.

The second day after the departure of the gypsies from Sanford Hill, as the old arch-angel's place was called, there was an arrival in the person of the governor engaged to "finish off" Lulu's education.

At the first glance at Viola Hale, Lulu did not like her; but in a few moments she was so charmed by her beauty and her manner, that she became almost fascinated by the beautiful governor, for she was strangely, weirdly beautiful, with great black eyes in which shined worlds of passion, ripe red lips, like milk and honey, without a blush, and hair that touched the flower white, and she was standing—hair blue black and with an inclination to curl.

Her complexion was dark, almost bronze in hue, but there was rich blood in the cheeks, and her form was the very perfection of grace and beauty.

Her age was hard to tell—at times she seemed like a girl, and then again she might not be far wrong if he said she was nearly 30.

From her entrance into the mansion she ruled, and yet no one seemed to know that she held the reins, but Col. Sanford soon became her slave. Lulu, who had been wholly under her influence, and no one seemed conscious that she made her power felt. She was an accomplished musician, and sang with a depth of feeling that would capture any listener.

When at length Capt. Fred De Lancy came again to Sanford Hill on a visit, and met Viola Hale he seemed to Lulu's surprise not to take a fancy to her.

"That woman has a history, Lulu," he said.

She is very beautiful, Fred, and accomplished, sweet-tempered, and—

"And what, Lulu?"

"And I do not like to have you find fault with my sweet governess."

"Then I will not," said Lulu, "but only she has a history, and the persistent man could not be changed in his opinion."

The next day Fred proposed a horse-back ride, and when the morning brought round Viola Hale appeared in a habit that set off her wondrous beauty strangely.

Refusing the offer of Fred to aid her, she laid her hand on the pommel and leaped lightly into the saddle from the ground.

"She's been in a circus, I'll wager," said Fred, in a low tone, as he lifted Lulu to her saddle, and he was more correct in this when he saw the perfect manner in which the governess managed the wild horse she rode.

Whether Viola Hale realized that the young Captain did not exactly like her, she never told, but she suddenly began to turn her battery of fascination upon him in a manner that threatened to change his mind regarding her. But fortunately his furlough was soon ended, and he departed for his home.

"There was a story of their existing between the two—young as was the maiden—their glances indicated, and the course of true love, in their case, seemed to be running smooth."

Presently there came upon a crowd of men in the roadway. A youth lay bound upon the ground, his face pale and bleeding, and about him bent a half dozen rude fellows, talking in angry tones.

"Carter, what means this disturbance?" asked the maiden, sternly, addressing one of the men.

The man touched his hat politely and replied coldly:

"It means, Miss Lulu, that we've caught a Tartar here, but we've got him tied fast now."

"What has been doing, Carter?"

"Well, you see, miss, I saw him coming out of the forest, with a crowd of your father along, no gunning, and I called to him to stop and he paid no attention to me, so I called the boys from the field and we gave chase and caught him, though he fought like a tiger."

"And have you dared attack a man in the public road, sir? My father shall hear of this at once," said Lulu Sanford, angrily.

"He's nothing but a gypsy, miss, from the camp over the hill yonder," said Carter, sullenly.

"He is a human being, and is doing no harm. Unbind him at once, sir!"

The young officer now sprang from his horse and quickly released the youth, who was secured with a rope, and said kindly, "Get up, my man, and return to your home."

The youth turned his dark eyes upon the speaker and said, faintly:

"I cannot, sir; I am badly hurt."

"Burly man, you, Carter!—a number of burly men to beat a poor boy as you have done! You shall suffer for this, all of you!" cried the maiden, indignantly; and, as the men hung their heads abashed, she continued:

"Raise him up, and bring him to my aid at once to the mansion, while I ride, and send Dr. Moore to see him. Tell Jane to put him in a comfortable room."

Anxious to redeem themselves in the eyes of their employer's daughter, the men raised the youth in their arms and bore him away, while Lulu Sanford and her escort, Capt. Fred De Lancy, galloped on after the physician.

An hour after the two rode up to the door of a very handsome mansion surrounded by ornamental grounds, flower gardens, and every indication that those who dwell there are possessed of wealth and refined taste.

At the door an elderly gentleman met them, who called out pleasantly:

"Well, Fred, I'm glad to see you, my boy. Richard told me you had arrived this morning."

"Yes, Colonel, I received sixty days' furlough and stopped to see you on my way home; and this afternoon Miss Lulu and myself came off for a ride," replied the young officer.

"And I am very glad we did, papa, for I found your overseer, Carter, and five of the hired men had beaten a boy severely just because he did not stop when commanded to do so."

"Yes, the doctor is now with the poor boy, and his father, too. I fear the youth is badly hurt, and Carter and the little fellow have my place at once, for his being a gypsy is no crime. But come into the house and get ready for dinner, for I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise for me, sir?" said Lulu.

"Yes, I have found a governess for you—one in every way competent to teach you in singing and instrumental music, as you desire, and who speaks several languages; she will be here in two weeks, and you can complete your education under her."

"I am so glad—I was afraid I would have to go to boarding-school. And Lulu ascended to her own room, while

"The death-charm" and Lulu raised it in her fingers—it was given to me by my governess a month ago.

Lady, I would know that gold hair with its single red eye among a million. It is the death-charm!

"The death-charm! What can you mean?"

"Lulu, let me see it, please."

Impressed by his manner, Lulu unfastened the clasp and handed it to him. For a moment he gazed intently upon it, and then, to the surprise of the maiden, touched a spring, the existence of which she knew not of, and it flew open like a book.

"I knew I was not mistaken—it is the death-charm. See here, lady; do you see these little marks that look like engraving? Well, they are holes through the gold back, as you see when I hold it up to the light. There, you see this sponge within this wire case? This is saturated in deadly poison—poison that you inhale day by day, until you gradually die, and none know the cause of your death. Lady, the one who gave you this wished to murder you."

As white as snow, and trembling with excitement, Lulu cried:

"No, no, no! It was given me by my dear governess, Viola Hale."

"Viola Hale! The first name is here; she must be the one who is your foe, lady. Is the woman you speak of in this house?"

As the gypsy spoke the governess glided into the room, and as her eyes fell upon the tall form near Lulu, she stopped, turned livid, and with a cry upon her lips she ran away from the room.

"Oh, sir, call the servants, for she has fainted," cried Lulu, in alarm.

"Lady, let her lie there, while I tell you that she is not worthy of one kind thought. That woman is my wife!"

"Yes, lady, she is, like myself, a gypsy, and at 14 years of age became my wife and Queen of the band; but the day after the birth of our boy, whose life you have saved, she ran away from me to go with an Italian Prince, and when she had squandered his money she left him, too, to attach herself to a Spaniard, a sorcerer, and the man who made this death-charm I hold in my hand. She killed him with his own poisons, and came back to me, professing repentance. Alas! it was from a desire to get her boy; as I still doubted her, she spoke to me this very morning, and told me that she would bring back my love for her."

"Accidentally I found a paper one day that told me the secret of the death-charm, and I accused her of her treachery, and so great was my assumed grief that I did not make known her intent to kill me to my band."

"The following day she disappeared and carried the child with her. Since then I have never known what became of her; but, thank Heaven, I came here to-day!"

In horror Lulu had listened to the story, and then she felt all true, for it came to her now like a flash of light, and she remembered the old nurse had said the governess wanted to marry Fred De Lancy herself; then how she had insisted that for love of her the death-charm should be worn, and how she had said that she had put it on her health had begun to fail.

"Oh, how could she be so wicked?" cried Lulu.

"It is her nature, lady. Ah! she is recovering consciousness," and the gypsy chief stepped toward the prostrate woman, and, in his own language, spoke to her sternly.

His nerve quivering, and his black eyes looking wild with terror, the woman arose and stood before her master thoroughly conquered.

"Lady, farewell. Please send this woman to the authorities to be tried as a traitor, for she has betrayed her trust, and she has put it on her health had begun to fail."

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THE UTE INDIAN WAR.

A Circumstantial Account of the Engagement in which Maj. Thurnburgh Fell, and of the Subsequent Siege and Relief of Capt. Payne's Command—Heroic Bravery on Both Sides.

The command of Capt. Payne, which was carried by the hostile Ute Indians on Milk river, Col., on the 29th of September, and held by nearly a week, during which the Ute Indians were subjected to an almost incessant rain of bullets, was finally relieved on the 5th of October, by the arrival of Gen. Merrill's command. The account of the battle in which Maj. Thurnburgh fell, and the subsequent days' siege, forms one of the most exciting chapters in the annals of Indian warfare, and, although rather lengthy for our limited space, we give it entire. The narrative begins with the date, "Battle-field, Milk River, Oct. 5, p. m.," and proceeds:

The Indians still sound us, and pour in an effective fire from a commanding bluff, at a distance of 500 or 600 yards, having a cross-fire upon our position, which position was chosen hastily on the first day of the fight. All our horses and all but twelve mules have been killed, and the Indians have now, with our wagons, but to no purpose.

Capt. Dodge and Lieut. Hughes, with Company B, Ninth Colorado cavalry, came to our rescue yesterday morning at daylight, after a forced march of nearly 20 miles from Bennett's river, where they had been for several days, and it was ascertained that they were coming. A full fire of shot and shell was opened upon the Indians, and as well as possible, taking to the fortifications quickly, they were driven back to the river.

As the gypsies spoke the governess glided into the room, and as her eyes fell upon the tall form near Lulu, she stopped, turned livid, and with a cry upon her lips she ran away from the room.

"Oh, sir, call the servants, for she has fainted," cried Lulu, in alarm.

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