

HELEN MANSFIELD'S FIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

The sun was slowly sinking in the western sky as Steenie Burton came out of his cabin and glanced down the gulch towards the mesa—an elevated table land. The hills on both sides were golden in the light, while here and there dark shadows between the high points of rock gave a curiously arabesque effect to the landscape.

"Now, I wonder," said Steenie reflectively, "whether the gal has reached home."

Steenie paused, glanced at his boots, and finding that he had, in a moment of abstraction, put on his spurs, resolved to saddle up and ride over to find out. It did not take many seconds before he was going slowly down the gulch on his mustang. Reaching the mesa, he struck to the south in a lope, and was soon lost to sight around the base of the hills.

Helen Mansfield stood at the door of her father's cabin, glancing uneasily northward. The day before she had come home, and that morning her father had started, with his wagon, to make a trip through the mining towns, leaving Helen and her little brother, Tom, who was ten years old, alone on the ranch. Helen's anxiety was two-fold. She had heard her father talking with some men who were prophesying an outbreak of the Huallapais, and she was wondering whether Steenie would come that day or not. The two had been engaged for some months, and one of the chief objects of her visit to Los Angeles when her father went to buy goods for his trade, had been to purchase the necessary things with which to set up house-keeping. She wanted to see Steenie on general principals, and she wanted to show him what she had bought. Of her two subjects of thought, I imagine that Steenie's coming occupied her the more, but as the evening shadows lengthened she gave up expecting a visit from him that day, and turning went into the house. Tom came in soon afterwards, and Helen closed up the heavy windows and doors, put the bars into place, and began to think it was time to go to bed.

About 8 o'clock she heard cautious footsteps outside. Going to the door and looking through one of the small holes cut through it, she saw, to her horror, an Indian standing about forty feet away. She was a border woman, born and raised on the outskirts of civilization, and she needed no man to tell her what the bright streaks of paint which stood out so plainly in the moonlight across the redskin's face meant.

Hastily calling Tom, she pointed the Indian out to him and told him to take down a rifle and watch the other side of the house. Then taking one of the long clouded barrels herself, she returned to her post and waited.

She did not have to wait long. A rap on the door and a summons to open, delivered in a mixture of broken English and Spanish, told her that the fight must be. Helen maintained a dead silence. Another rap, enforced by a strong kick, followed, and then she heard, with ears that were straining for the slightest sound, some quick, sharp orders given. A silence of a few minutes, and then Helen could see seven or eight Indians bringing up a heavy post to use as a battering-ram. Cautiously she put the muzzle of the rifle through the hole in the door, and waiting until she got four of the savages in line, fired. The fall of the three of them, and yells from the whole party, followed by a hasty dispersion, and a search for shelter, showed the effects of the shot. The Indians were genuinely surprised. They had supposed that the cabin was empty and that there was no danger in attempting to force it open.

In a moment after the shot there was not an Indian to be seen, but the flight of some score of arrows and the sound of three or four rifles, showed that they were still there. Helen knew that the cabin would stand all the firing at it that a far larger force could do, but she also knew that Indians have many ways of fighting and that she could scarcely hope to keep them off for any length of time. Instinctively, too, her thoughts turned to Steenie and mingled with the wish that she was there, was a fear that he would come and fall a victim to the redskins.

Tom had become wildly excited by the attack so gallantly repulsed by his sister. For years he had been wanting a chance to "fight Indians,"

and he felt it was a shame that they should attempt the side of the cabin on which Helen was, rather than that on which he was posted, for he knew that unlike himself, Helen did not in the least want to take part in the difficulty.

Tom watched through his peep-holes with all his eyes, and in a few minutes was rewarded by seeing a crouching form crawling towards the cabin. The boy leveled his weapon, but shook so with excitement that he could not aim. A whispered, "Steady, Tom," from his sister seemed to bring him to himself, and as he pulled the trigger the rifle was as firm as a rock. A copper-colored body that leaped into the air with a yell, showed that Tom's bullet had struck.

Then there was a long silence once more. In about ten minutes Helen saw an arrow, with some mesquit grass wrapped around it and set on fire, fly into the air and fall short of the cabin, where it burned fiercely. Another and another were shot, until one struck the mesquit thatch and went out. Before such a move as this Helen was powerless. She could not see the Indians who were shooting the arrows, and so could not fire at them. She knew that she had no means of putting the fire out if it once caught. Another and another arrow with its blazing band of grass, went flying through the air, and at last a triumphant yell from the Indians told the anxious girl that the roof was on fire at last.

Steenie Burton loped slowly along the trail towards the cabin where Helen lived, divided in his own mind whether his errand was of a foolish one. It was Tuesday, and Helen had said that Wednesday, the 16th, would be the earliest date at which she could return. Yet, with the wild idea that she might be there, Steenie had started for a ten-mile ride, with the prospect of ten more, if the cabin was empty.

The rapid change from daylight to dark had taken place, and Steenie was about a mile from the cabin, when he heard a rifle-shot. It banished any idea of a useless errand from his mind instantly. Riding cautiously within a quarter of a mile of the cabin, he dismounted, tied his horse, and scouted in the direction of the shots. Reaching a ledge about a hundred yards from the back of the house he saw the cabin with the roof on fire, and the Indians gathered outside of rifle shot, waiting for the flames to do their work. Steenie did not hesitate a moment. Climbing down a crevice in the ledge he ran quickly across the little space, being hidden from the savages by the walls. On his way, however, it was only Helen's quick eye that saved him from being shot, for Tom had leveled his rifle, and was just about to pull the trigger, when the girl struck the weapon and the bullet flew harmlessly over Steenie's head. To open the heavy wooden shutter and fairly drag Steenie into the house, was for the excited girl but a moment's work. When he was inside, she, for a second, lost her coolness, but Steenie's hasty kiss brought her to.

"Steenie, the roof's on fire," broke in Tom.

"I know it."

"Oh, Steenie, what must we do?" asked Helen.

"What's under the thatch?" said Steenie.

"Reed poles," answered Tom, promptly.

"We've got to get out of this, then. The reds is on this side, as I reckon. If we make a dash we'll get to the rocks afore they kin see us. Here, Tom, go and fire your rifle off on that side."

Tom did as he was bid, but the bullet fell short of the waiting group.

"Now, then, Helen, get me some slow match; an' Tom, you load up an' put your rifle out of that hole." So saying, Steenie hastily fixed two spare rifles in position, fashing them to a table which he dragged up to the side of the cabin on which the Indians were. Taking the slow match from Helen he wound it in succession around each rifle over the nipple, and then lighting the end, opened the window on the cliff side. "Tom, you go first. Run to the cliff and get in the crevice. Wait there for me." Putting the boy out he waited until he saw him reach the cliff and then getting out himself, ran across as rapidly as possible. He had scarcely reached the rocks when he saw Helen climbing out of the window and crossing the open space. While he was doing so the first of the rifles went off, only to bring a loud yell from the Indians,

who naturally supposed the inmates of the cabin were firing at them. By the greatest good luck the bullet struck one of the redskins, wounding him slightly, and the party at once moved back some twenty yards farther.

Steenie and his little party reached the cliff safely without being seen, and struck down the rock to where the horse had been left. Here Steenie put Helen and Tom on the animal, and taking hold of the saddle with one hand ran alongside as they made their way along the road. Just as they started they heard another rifle shot, and another yell from the Huallapais, showing that the stratagem to which Steenie had resorted was doing good work. Moving as rapidly as possible for about a mile, they met a band of men coming down with a train of wagons. Telling them the news, the wagons were parked at once, forming a very good shelter behind which to fight. Leaving Tom and Helen in charge of the men who remained with the wagon, Steenie joined a party of twelve and struck out for the burning cabin once more. He led the men to a place behind the Indians, from which they fired, killing seven and wounding one or two others. Then the white men dashed in, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, which resulted, before long, in a victory for the whites. Steenie received a slight wound in the shoulder from a flying knife, but was otherwise unhurt. That Indian raid ended within twenty-four hours after it began, for the signal victory over the thirty warriors who had inaugurated it discouraged the rest of the discontented redskins, and they stayed at home. Steenie and Helen were married within the week, and although another trip to Los Angeles had to be made before they could see their cabin nicely fitted up, they were none the less happy. The story of Helen's defense of the cabin became widely known, and as it is an example of what American women have done upon the border, it is worth the telling.—*Alfred Balch.*

DISCOMFORTS OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

When have we read anything sadder than Maggie Mitchell's story of what is an actress's life? She is what is called a successful actress, and thus she writes to *The North American Review*:

"It would be bold for me to pretend to decry the chances of success for the actress of the future. It is a lottery, this profession of ours, in which even the prizes are, after all, not very considerable. My own days, spent most of them far from my children and the comforts and delights of my home, are full of exhausting labor. Rehearsals and other business occupy me from early morning to the hour of performance, with brief intervals for rest and food and a little sleep. In the best hotels my time is so invaded that I can scarcely live comfortably, much less luxuriously. At the worst, existence becomes a torment and a burden. I am the eager, yet weary slave of my profession, and the best it can do for me—who am fortunate enough to be included among its successful members—is to barely palliate the suffering of a 40 weeks' exile from my own house and my family.

"For those of our calling who have to make this weary round year after year, with disappointed ambitions and defeated hopes as their inseparable company, I can feel from the bottom of my heart. Each season makes the life harder and drearier; each year robs it of one more prospect, one more chance, one more opportunity to try and catch the fleeting bubble in another field."

Read that, foolish girls who are hankering for the glare and excitement of life on the stage.

The Inalienable Rights of Man.

The Constitution provides that "new States may be admitted into the Union." The expression is unqualified. It implies State, that is to say, independent, civil existence anterior to the fact of admission. It implies the natural right of congregated human beings to constitute themselves a State, whenever so to do is in conformity with their interests or their inclinations. Furthermore, it implies concurrent consent by the State and the United States, the latter to admit, the former to be admitted. Whatever

may be the current dogmas touching the compact obligations of States in the Union, either the principles upon which the American Revolution was prosecuted are fallacies, or the natural rights of men cannot be justly diminished or impaired by any institution, covenant, or ordinance to which their own free consent has not been accorded.

The idea that a congregation of persons from the older States, and from other countries, who have purchased and settled upon a portion of the public domain, are therefore less capable to understand and manage their own civil interests and affairs than the people of the parts from which they emigrated, and need the supervision and direction of an exterior authority, is neither good law nor sound reason, but unwarranted assumption. The pretense, because the inhabitants of regions not included within the associated States purchased the lands they occupy of the Federal Government, that therefore their persons, their domesticities, their social customs and religious beliefs and practices are portions of the "territory or other property of the United States," which Congress under the Constitution, has "power to dispose of and make rules and regulations" concerning, adopted as it has been, as a rule of conduct by Congressional majorities and sanctioned by a solemn decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the land, is so destitute of either rational or institutional foundation as to reflect the reverse of credit upon those by whom it was invented and sustained.

There is nothing in the character of the people of the new communities, nor in their circumstances, to indicate that they are less competent to order their own affairs than the people of the older ones. The assumption that because they have recently changed their place of residence, or because they have settled upon lands purchased from the State, or because of anything else that can be imagined, they have surrendered or parted with, or by any means whatsoever been divested of, any of their natural rights or facilities, so as to merit or to require, or to be justly amenable to a regimen other than of their own construction, if it were not actual would be incredible.

Either the right of self-government—which implies freedom, at will, to establish, maintain, amend, and abolish municipal institutions, and to ordain and annul in respect to whatsoever is within the proper sphere of civil regulation—is inherent in mankind, or it is not. If it is, then every act of an exterior power, no matter upon what claim or pretense, whereby its exercise is in any manner directly or indirectly forestalled or suspended, is manifestly an act of despotism. If it is not, then the only definable human right is the right of the strongest. Between the two there is no middle term. Men are either citizens—parts of the fountain and source of power—or they are subjects; things over which power asserts an irresponsible dominion. The moment they pass from the condition of the one they fall into that of the other, and government is lawful or lawless according as it conserves or invades the liberties of those over whom its agency is extended. The right of civil government over the people of the Territories, if it exist should have been specified or pre-eded for in the Constitution.—*American Register.*

HEADS OF GREAT MEN

NOT THE LARGEST THAT CONTAIN THE BEST BRAINS.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads, but the theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agree with the general opinion and wishes to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and to a lesser degree in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the paintings of Carlyle's work, receded dreadfully. Other great men have had positively small

heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus, among many others, were mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir Thomas Browne and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon, is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.—*Journal of Science.*

Mohammedans in Indiana.

The Mohammedans in India comprise about one-fifth of the whole population, and have a full share of whatever revolution, capacity, or vivacity may pertain to the people at large. They certainly have religious convictions of the most definite character. They believe in God, in a future state, in a judgment for blessing or condemnation, in Mohammed as the Prophet of God, in the Koran as a divine revelation, in the Caliphs as the successors of the Prophet, and in many saints.

They believe, too, in the coming of an earthly Messiah in the person of the Imam Mehdi, who is to be the seventh and last of the Imams, six having appeared in historic times. The Imam Mehdi is to inaugurate an era when Islam now militant is to be finally triumphant, not only in India, but in other regions besides. This belief is an active principle, and allusion is made to it periodically whenever any trouble is in the air. It is bruited abroad explicitly on the average once, perhaps twice in every decade, and in a less explicit manner it is mentioned frequently. According to that religious conviction the Indian Mohammedans would be their own masters and would be lords of the land they live in.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Girls, Be Cautious.

Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the address of strangers. Recollect one good, steady farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, and a brainless though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, a mother's counsel and the society of brothers and sisters. These affections last, while that of such a man is lost at the wane of the honeymoon. Girls, beware! Take heed lest ye fall into the "snare of the fowler." Too many have been already taken from a kind father's home and a good mother's counsel, and made the victims of poverty and crime, brought to shame and disgrace, and then thrown upon their own resources, to spend their few remaining days in grief and sorrow, while the brainless skull is making its circuit around the world, bringing to its ignoble will all that may be allured by his deceitful snares, and many a fair one to the shame of his artful villainy.—*Ez.*

Revitalizing the blood is absolutely necessary for the cure of general debility, weakness, lassitude, etc. The best enricher of the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Do you feel weak and nervous? Would you like to be free from that spirit of restlessness and irritation? For quieting the nervous system, soothing and allaying all irritation, procuring refreshing sleep, and promoting digestion, nothing will prove more efficient than Emil Fresz's Hamburg Tea.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION: One chestnut colored FILLEY, two years old, four white feet, star in forehead, no brands visible. If the above animal is not claimed within 10 days it will be sold at auction at the estray pound in Cedar City at 10 o'clock a.m. on the 8th Feb.

RICHARD PALMER, District Poundkeeper, Cedar City, Iron Co., Jan. 30, 1899.