AN ARROW HEAD.

I found it in a field this evening,
Between the furrows of the corn—
The sole of a moccasin beneath it,
The foot of their child not laughing morn.

And over again I turned it over,
From tender green of spring, unto
That early fall, of which it told me,
As on the field, it lay in view.

Were tired or battle stained their blood,
Or was the moccasin worn
Upon the hunt, or dance, or war path,
Or perhaps upon some little fire.

And children were in this that was found,
Because it is, some fathers eye
Discovered, looking up to a cloud,
A wave, or wave of destiny.

Yet may we know through the air
The sound of fife and drum,
Which reached its ears—and there
Stood with his arrow bent at aim.

Are children dead and where they dwelt
Are trees deserted and silent—
Perhaps was another—I know it well,
By the moccasin left in a field.

—Alma D. Stevens in Youth's Companion.

SNIDER.

Snider was a bashful sort of boy and young, whose home was on the very bank of the Mississippi—so near to the water that when his active imagination or conscience would not let him sleep he had been known to get out of bed in the dead watches of the night and plunge in to it as a diversion and a solace. He had the mighty river as a playmate and almost worshiped it, without being aware that he did so; for the Mississippi is wonderful thing both by night and by day to those who achieve familiarity with it, and Snider was a nature worshiper within reasonable limits—the limits of a savage or a boy of twelve.

Snider's playmates were boys and girls of two races, the red and the white, and he expressed a silent preference for the white on week days and the red on the Sabbath, for, being a bashful boy, he played all day Sunday, and it is hard to get along harmoniously all day with the little white boys who are permitted to play on that day. The red people, great and small, basked on Snider as a sort of phenomenon, and everybody knows it is very soothing to the nerves of all ages and sexes to be treated deferentially. To have harmed a hair of Snider's head would, in the opinion of the band of Chippewas, where he passed current, have been the worst kind of "bad medicine."

Snider's sire held the orthodox Western view that "Injuns is pizon," and did not approve his son's familiarity with the aborigines, but this did not seriously interfere with the boy's plans, for it was not regarded as strictly necessary that he should vouch his parents as to his goings in and comings out of the woods.

Snider and his Indian playmates had in their intercourse constructed a "bond" of English and Algonquin that was unintelligible to other morbids than themselves, and frequently they used it to express sentiments regarding their progenitors that would have made things pretty stormy for them had their elders, into whose teeth they hurled it, known what was said.

Snider's best friend and "steady company" was an Indian noddles of ten, whose name in English would be freely translated Red Leaf, but which in her native tongue could be spelled only by a combination of letters that would look very discouraging to civilized people. Red Leaf's mother had no warrior she could call her own, and this detracted from her popularity with the tribe, for its male members were expected to divide the produce of the chase with her, and gratitude was not her strongest characteristic. Her husband's scalp was blowing about like a dry rag in some Sioux warrior's tepee, he having been killed in battle seven or eight years before Snider formed the acquaintance of his daughter. The lady's name might have been rendered Alfadi in English, although it is quite likely she had adopted or been given this bitter title at a later date than her marriage.

Alfadi always greeted with a friendly "How how" the coming of Snider, for his pockets usually contained something edible from his home larder, and she a tribe of tobacco from his father's board. It is not impossible that Snider was in a measure responsible for the annual and protracted visit of this particular band of Indians to the neighborhood, for in addition to adding a trifle to the comforts of the company he had, on occasion, been ordered into securing whisky for them, though at the earnest solicitation of Red Leaf he had many times declined this sinful act of accommodation.

"It is not good to live," she said, "when the warriors have taken the devil's water."

But Snider had other sources of amusement than the company so easy of the Indian maiden. One of these was the casting of stones at wayfarers from ambush. It chanced one day that he cast a stone into a passing immigrant's covered wagon and struck a babe on the head, making a cruel wound, and a chance for the child's father succeeded in dragging Snider from his concealment in the high grass and dragging him to the wagon, first to show the villainy he had done and next to avenge him soundly. But when Snider had seen the wound he was so abject, so remorseful, so anxious to be within his sire's reach and make a terrible example of that the immigrant and his wife, and the baby to boot, forgave him with all their hearts.

Others had seen his evil deed, and the news of it went speedily to his father, so that Snider was a bruised and battered little imp when his father sent him supperless to bed that night. He resented his punishment with bitterness of spirit, reasoning that, having made peace with the immigrants, outside parties had no right to disturb the state quo.

His father's punishment made it hard for Snider to sleep, and, being a spoon, rather less little fellow, he lay upon his pillow and the sight of the cool waters of the river and the sturdy tepees where the Indians were asleep, and how they, at least, always received him gladly. Then he rose up and stole out of the house, after filling his pockets with tobacco lest he was going to be an Indian.

The cows did not bark at Snider as he approached, but ruffled his pacets and wagged their absurd and damaged tails. Luckily for Snider Alfadi was asleep and her daughter awake.

It would be pleasant to describe Red Leaf as Pocahontas Minnehaha, Winona and other Indian maidens have been described by literary people who have employed term cotta or brown sienna, but Red Leaf, alas! was a genuine Indian girl, with all the mental and physical characteristics of her race. As she emerged from her mother's tepee, on observing the face of Snider peering in, would be a good opportunity to describe her as any likely to be attained. Her hair was long, black and coarse, and at the part was a streak of yellow ocher.

This hair hung down over her swarthy and not always clean cheeks in such a way as to make her face—least a tolerably correct simile. Her eyes were almond shaped and wonderfully dark and deep, with a trace of natural tenderness about them that made a stranger look a second time before he was confronted with a shudder that they were made to look upon the natures that the animal heart beneath might devour. Her mouth was large, but the healthsome white teeth within made it a rather pleasant feature. Like all growing children, her shoulders, arms and legs were angular and bony. Her raiment, seldom parted with by night or by day until it fell from her person piecemeal, consisted of a single cotton garment, "tagged" together as only squaws know how to do dressmaking, torn and mended in many places, torn and torn-off in many others. Shoes she had none; leggings she would have despised.

The personal beauty of Snider was not of a character to arouse jealousy or comment in a mixed collection of white people, though it was conceded by the admirers of the red that if Remised it would invade as far beneath. A magnificent supply of particularly brilliant freckles, beginning in the neighborhood of his ears and becoming by far too numerous to mention as they approached his nose. The Indian children observed with curious admiration that where as they could apply yellow and blue pigments to their faces and thus be handsome as a summer dawn until dirt or accident obliterated the work of art, here was a favored mortal who wore his coloring matter under the skin and could even wash without injury to his looks.

The nose of Snider, where the freckles did most congregate, is worthy of extended notice. It was of an irregular type, a sort of compound commingled fracture of all the different styles of nose worn by the Arrow nose both before and since their earliest migration. His mouth was a pair of jaws trimmed with one "gallus," and a hickory shirt, surrounded with a hat such as only a reckless and sunny disposition could enable any one to wear. His temperament was sunny or warline, as occasion demanded, as is apt to be the case with a child thrown largely upon his resources for diversion. Her nature had been cruel in giving him a tender heart and a sensitive soul, both of which defects he was studious to conceal as an ancient knight would have covered up a weak spot in his armor.

Removing a little coal from the smoldering fire Red Leaf carried it a short distance from her mother's vicinity and soon had a little council fire for herself and Snider established. As part of the arrangement Snider threw from his pocket a biscuit and it was eagerly seized by the girl, who was in the normal Indian condition of ravenous hunger.

After a reasonable period of silence Snider remarked, "I've come to be an Indian, Red Leaf, and live with you always."

"You can't," was the instantaneous answer, delivered without sign of interest one way or another. Poor Snider! Here was his second sentence—here the faithful wound of his friend. "Am I so bad the Injuns won't have me?" he almost sobbed.

"The hairy man would find you and take you back to his lodge." Snider's sire had a Dreibdingsgian beard, and the redo called him the hairy man.

"But I wouldn't go," replied Snider valiantly.

"Then he would cut a stick and make you cry." Red Leaf said this with concentrated contempt. She had seen Snider disciplined.

The intending Indian arose to go. He had been worse wounded than by all his father's punishment, and at the moment Red Leaf seemed to be also thus. She admired him and was a woman in embryo.

"But you are not a coward—white people are different," Snider resumed his seat.

"Would Alfadi like me for a son?" he said, after a period of silence.

"Alfadi does not even love squaws dog." Poor Red Leaf! She had good cause to eat when there is little to be had and to gather sticks for the fire. Her heart is very bad," said the naiad daughter, with much frankness.

"I shall never return to the lodge of my father," said Snider, emphatically. "I can live in the woods alone. Kawa Nosko (sort Mamma." This last expression is supposed to mean, in the language of the aborigines, "God curse for the poor Indian."

A great change came over the face of Red Leaf at this manly declaration of independence. Red Leaf will go with her friend," she declared. "The woods are good to live in."

Without further remark they arose from the council fire and went toward the river. Without being sighted by either it was the girl of both, being the greatest national object with which they had acquaintance, and both being utterly without other than natural religious sentiment.

The moon came out and lit the mighty stream with a wizard and uncertain light. The spring freshet had not wholly subsided, and the water was covered with "weeds and crap and floating." It flashed its facets and whirled away into the darkness like a startled snake. They bessed and said nothing for a long time, and then Red Leaf began hastily to divest herself of her clothing.

"There are canoes on the island," she explained. The island was half a mile distant, and a strong current rolled between the two children and the planned point.

They would not so have exposed it, but they were about to practically inter-question the god Dagon whether he "heareth the young ravens when they cry," as the god of the Christians is said to do.

"It is awful cold," whispered Snider as his teeth chattered. Each felt the idea occurring at the same time.

"Not so bad when the hairy man and Alfadi," responded Red Leaf as the wadded her clothing into a bundle and tied it to the top of her head by the sleeves of her dress.

Thick darkness was broad about them, save for the moon, for the moon had in hint a cloud. The river gurgled at their feet and almost tingled aloud. The trees on the island were a dark patch on the border of the horizon. Red Leaf plunged into the water and after a moment of hesitation Snider was following the war at her side, with a chill at his very heart.

* * * * *

There was much scrambling and emerging water when the children were missed, as may easily be supposed; white eyes and red eyes mixed their contents and exchanged in the search. The leaves in the forest were almost turned over by one party or the other in the hunt close after clews, and it was more than a nine days wonder where they could have gone. But Dagon knew and grinded unintelligibly. The fish god doesn't tell all his secrets to Nineteenth century folk.

About three weeks later, when the great river had shrunk within its banks, two swollen and disfigured little corpses were found stranded on a bar, somewhat knawed by dogs—but unquestionably all that was mortal of Snider and Red Leaf.

And Alfadi and the hairy man, each remembering their last words to their offspring, were remorseful after their kind. In the hairy man's opinion one grave should suffice for the battered little bodies, and it was so.

"Injuns may be pizon," he remarked, "but this little girl must 'a been very fond of rag baby to try swimmin the river with him in high water. If there's any resurrection for one of them, there is for the other, and I think maybe they'd like to rise together on that day." As he ceased speaking the first clod of the hard, iron-clay fell on the box in the sour earth that had been set aside for a graveyard. And few waited to see the little mound rounded up at the top. They had other things to do.—Seneca E. Wheedell in Buffalo News.

The Glass Snake.

The so called glass snake does not break to pieces at the slight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or predacious animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy, and thus gives the lizard time to escape. The glass snake adopts the same trick, and then frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so loosely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of a stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity. The broken joints do not reunite, though a new tail will grow out in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Easy Musical Experiment.

The following beautiful experiment, described by Professor Tyndall, shows how sound may be transmitted by a stretched vibrating cord. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a piano, upon which an organ was playing, but the audience could not hear a note of it. A cord was then placed upon the roof of the hall, which was thence led into the room by the sounding board of the piano, through several thicknesses of felt and wadding, and then passed before the lecture table. But still not a sound was heard. A cello was then placed upon the roof of the hall, which was thence led into the room by the sounding board, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room.

A violin and harp were substituted for the cello, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board, they traversed the cord and were reproduced by the violin, harp, and cello, and finally entered into waves and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.—New York Tribune.

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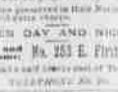

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