

acquired in his life among the Indians. He "cut the signs" of old Indian trails and felt the course to be in a certain direction—which was undoubtedly correct, but it took us over the highest points of the Mescal range. My shoes were beginning to give out, and the troop-boots of several soldiers threatened to disintegrate. One soldier, more ingenious than the rest, took out some horse-shoe nails and cleverly mended his boot-gear. At times we wound around great slopes where a loose stone or the giving way of bad ground would have precipitated horse and rider a thousand feet below. Only the courage of the horses brings one safely through. The mules suffered badly, and our weary horses punched very hard with their foreparts as they went down hill. We made the descent of the Mesals through a long cañon where the sun gets one in chancery, as it were. At last we reached the Gila, and nearly drowned a pack-mule and two troopers in a quicksand. We

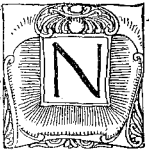
began to pass Indian huts, and saw them gathering wheat in the river bottoms, while they paused to gaze at us and doubtless wondered for what purpose the buffalo-soldiers were abroad in the land. The cantonment appeared, and I was duly gratified when we reached it. I hobbled up to the "Grand Hotel" of my host the captain, who laughed heartily at my floundering movements and observed my nose and cheeks, from which the sun had peeled the skin, with evident relish at the thought of how I had been used by his lieutenant. At his suggestion I was made an honorary member of the cavalry, and duly admonished "not to trifle again with the 10th Nubian Horse if I expected any mercy."

In due time the march continued without particular incident, and at last the scout "pulled in" to the home post, and I again sat in my easy-chair behind the lattice-work, firm in the conviction that soldiers, like other men, find more hard work than glory in their calling.

Frederic Remington.

A BORN INVENTOR.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.



NANKY GUNNER replaced her rapidly cooling iron before the coals in the great fireplace of her log cabin, took up a fresh one, spit upon its smooth surface, and, satisfied that the abrupt "teest" that saluted her ear indicated the right temperature, faced her visitor across the ironing-board.

"No, I don't reck'n as how it's posserbul thet airy another sech boy do live on the face of the yarth as our Bill. The parson says as how he es er borned inwenter,—whatever thet may be, w'ich mebbe you knows, I don't,—an' ter let 'im sperriment all he wants ter. Er man named Franklelin, he says, would n't er nev'r diskivered Ermeriky 'ceptin' thet he war er sperrimenter, an' ef Collumbus had n't er sperrimented, folks would n't er known to this day what chain lightnin' 's made outer. Let 'im sperriment, says he, an' let 'im sperriment, says I, an' sperriment he do."

"I 've hearn tell as how Bill 's powerful handy 'bout the house with tools," said Cis'ly Toomer. Dipping her althea mop in the tiny tin box of snuff and restoring it to her mouth, she returned the box to the pocket of her faded calico gown, that was



innocent of hoop, underskirt, or bustle, and drooped her shoulders forward comfortably as she lifted her yellow, pinched face. "Sim says as how he made er wooden leg fur Judge Loomus' mule w'at ther railroad runned over."

Nanky Gunner laughed until her three hundred pounds of avoirdupois quivered vigorously.

"Fact, Cis'ly. Judge war erbout ter kill ther critter w'en Bill walks up an' lif's his han', so. 'Ef God hed er wanted thet mule killed,' says he, 'he 'd er let ther train kill it dead.' With thet ther Judge he laughed. 'Mebbe yer kin mek 'im er wooden leg,' says 'e. 'I kin,' says Bill; an' right thar Judge 'lowed he might have ther critter an' welcome. Well, sho 'nough, Bill tended thet mule, an' while he war er-tendin' uv 'im he war all time inwentin' er leg; an' bimeby he got ther critter propped up an' ther thingermajig stopp'd on ter 'im. Well, I never seed sech er sight en all my born days. Ef 't had n' be'n fur sorryin' fur ther critter, I 'd er busted wide open. Ther invention had er rest fur thet critter's stump, an' er crutch thet caught it somers unner ther shoulder, an' ther strops run all over hit."

"Nanky Gunner, I mus' see thet mule 'fo' I git back ter Putaum—"

"Lor' bless ye, chile, hit 's done dead too long ter talk erbout." Nanky set her iron with a clang upon its ring and began to sprinkle another cotton shirt. "Ye see, Franklelin—thet 's w'at Bill called 'im—Franklelin war used ter wade ther crik down yonder ter ther parstyer; an' once ther crik riz powerful, an' Franklelin he tried ter swim across like he used ter 'fo' ther railroad runned over 'im, an' thet 's why he 's dead—'cause somehow he could n't work that ar peg leg edactly right, an' they do say as how 'e rolled over an' over, tell bimeby he war drowned an' lef' er-lyin' on 'is back 'ith nuthin' er-showin' but thet ar peg leg er-p'intin' up at ther sky. Our Bill war mighty sorryful, but 'e allus 'lowed ef 'e hed er shod thet wooden foot hit would er be'n diffunt."

One of those silences common to country conversations followed the description of poor Franklin's death, and then Nanky Gunner's thoughts rose to the surface.

"I would n't begin ter name ther things our Bill have invented. Ther yard an' house es mighty nigh full uv 'em. Some uv 'em won't work, ter be sho, but Bill allus knows w'at ails 'em, an' sets 'em by ter fix up w'en 'e gits time. He 's er-inwentin' er spring-bucket now thet 'll slide down hill an' fetch 'er full an' back ther same time—"

"Es 'e inwentin' hit right now?" Cis'ly Toomer's voice was lifted in an impressive whisper.

VOL. XXXVII.—121.

"Right now."

"Lor', how I 'u'd like ter see 'im er-doin' hit."

Nanky Gunner replaced her iron upon the hearth and waddled out from behind her board. She touched her guest upon the shoulder. "Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered, and motioned her to follow. They passed out across the doorless hall into the other room, the boards groaning under Nanky's tiptoe gait, until they reached the wall by the fireplace. There Nanky placed her eye to a crack and peeped through into a tiny shed-room adjoining, then made way for Mrs. Toomer. A barefooted boy sat on a rough workbench, his elbows on his knees, his cheeks in his hands. His face was freckled, his hair tousled, and his trousers, cotton shirt, and one knit suspender rather dilapidated. Before him was a framework of strings, with two little boxes to represent buckets. The framework extended from the workbench down to the far corner of the room. The boy seemed to be a carved statue, so still was he, and so fixed his gaze.

"Ef ye hed er so much as sneezed," said Nanky Gunner to her companion when they reëntered the first room, "hit 'u'd er be'n gone. Bill war onst on ther p'int uv inwentin' er thing ter tie on ther calf thet 'u'd keep 'im f'om suckin' whilst I war er-milkin' an' at ther same time keep ther flies off er ole Brindle too, w'en en warks Tom an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet disapp'inted he liked ter cried, but 'e tried ter patch up suthin' anyhow thet 'u'd work; but bless yo' soul, 'e tied hit on ther calf an' ther first hunch 'e made at ole Brindle ther thing tickled her en ther ribs an' she kicked me an' ther bucket erway yonder! Sech er terdo ye never did see. Him, not er-knowin' w'at en ther worl' war ailin' uv th' cow, 'u'd trot up ter suck, an' as soon as ther invention 'u'd tech 'er en ther ribs, she 'd carry on redickelus, er-runnin' an' jumpin' like ther hornets hed 'er. I like ter laugh myse'f ter death w'en I got my win' f'om th' lick she gin me."

"Es Tom er inwenter too?"

"Tom? Lor', no! Tom an' Bill es twins, but ye would n't know they war blood kin. Tom runs ter huntin' an' ther likes, but 'e 'lows Bill 's got more sense en er day than ther w'ole Hepzibah settlemunt got en er ye'r. Hyah comes Pa."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a barefooted man who, walking with the aid of a staff, slowly made his way into the room. He was old and feeble. His bent form was half clad in rough homespun, and he wore no coat. He paid no attention to either woman, but pulled a chair into the hallway and sat down to chew his quid of tobacco.

"Pa es sorter wand'r'in' en 'is min'," said Nanky, simply, "an' 'e can't hyah ther bes' en ther worl', nuther. Bill says es how some

these days he 's goin' ter inwent er thing thet er man kin hyah with ef 'e ain' even got er ye'r on 'is head." Nanky set her iron aside and walked to the window.

"Cis'ly Toomer," she said, "did ye ever en all yo' borned life hyah th' win' blow like thet?"

"Oncst," said her visitor, joining her and scanning the heavens anxiously; "an' I hope ter God I 'll never see sech another day. Hit war over en Putnum, time uv ther cycleone—" She stopped short. Beyond the little valley below them stretched a plain two miles wide, dotted here and there with negro cabins. After freedom the slaves, when permitted, rebuilt their cabins near the particular pieces of land they cultivated; and so it was with the great plantation before them. What broke Cis'ly Toomer's sentence was a fearful cloud that swept out of the woods in the distance and seemed to write upon the plain with its long flexible finger. As it passed along it gathered up trees, fences, cabins, cattle, and dust into one vast mass and strewed them over its track. A sudden darkness fell upon the two awe-stricken women—a darkness riven by incessant flashes of lightning that darted through the center of the storm from all quarters. There was no thunder, for the roar of the tempest, as it rolled, was like Niagara in its fall, drowning all other sounds. The wind about the cabin increased to a hurricane; but the cyclone had passed. When this fact became apparent, with blanched faces they made their way to the hall. Grasping his chair with both hands, his eyes riveted upon the ravished plain, his chin still trembling, sat the old man.

II.

AFTER some days Bill resumed work upon his spring-bucket idea. He finally succeeded in getting the model to work by putting a rock in the down bucket; but, for obvious reasons, this was not satisfactory. Then he planned a plank-way from the window forty yards down the hill to the spring, and a car on wheels. At this stage in the evolution of the idea he was interrupted by something new, which consigned the self-acting, labor-saving traveling-buckets to the companionship of his other unfinished contrivances. The cyclone had caused intense excitement. The destruction to life and property and the hair-breadth escapes were absorbing topics, and the reports of other cyclones, gathered from newspapers, were eagerly discussed and magnified. People began to think of cyclone retreats as refuges in stormy times. One day Tom offered to bet the seed cotton in his patch that Bill could fix up something that would puzzle any cyclone in the world; and

thus the train was fired in the brain of the family genius. Something was needed that could be reached quickly without exposure to the elements. In the recent storm a negro had taken refuge in a cellar; but the house had fallen in and taken fire, and the negro had lost his life. So the refuge must be apart from the house to insure complete safety. Thus Bill in the solitude of his workshop reasoned.

The rough plan of his water-railroad caught his eye, and an old dairy near the bottom of the hill flashed into his recollection. Then the true plan was perfected in his mind.

The Gunner dwelling was upon the site of one of the great ante-bellum homes that disappeared when Sherman marched through Georgia, and the spacious dairy dug out of the hillside and fronting upon the little ravine that ran down to the spring was a monument to the old family which had dwelt there. Bill's idea was a covered passage leading from a window down the hill and by a sharp curve into the dairy. Burning with the fever of the scheme, he communicated his plans to Tom and secured at once a powerful ally. The two boys picked cotton at forty cents per hundred for a neighboring planter and secured money enough to buy the necessary lumber, and Bill went to work upon the structure. The diameter of the shute was determined by measuring Nanky Gunner's chair-seat, and a week's hard work completed the structure. It was three feet wide and three high, inside measurement. The upper end rested in the window and the lower entered the old subterranean dairy, the rest of the opening there being closed with stout boards and dirt. For a long time Bill debated upon a traveling railway to run down the passage he had constructed, but the idea involved new difficulties, such as pulleys, wheels and ropes, and consequently a considerable outlay of money—something not obtainable, for the boys had bankrupted their resources in the purchasing of lumber. Besides, the fever of the idea was hot upon them. At this juncture Tom offered a suggestion. It was the nearest approach to an invention he had ever made.

"Bill," said he in his hearty way, "folks as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expected ter move erbout in style like they were er-gwine ter er quiltin'. All they wants ter do es ter git up an' git tell the things blows over. Now hit do seem ter me thet ther way ter fix thet ar thing es ter grease them bottom planks thar, an' w'en ther time comes ter be er-movin' jes git en an' scoot down ter ther bottom. Hit ain't gwine ter be much used, an' I reckon we kin stan' hit."

Bill surveyed him admiringly. "Tom," said he, "er inwenter hisse'f cain't beat ye on thet."

And so it was. One day when they had the premises clear they removed the top planks and greased the floorway to the bottom of the hill, until a squirrel would have found it difficult to navigate it. Then they restored the planks, and waited. But no cyclone came. Nanky Gunner surveyed the structure many a day curiously, but she asked no questions. To a neighbor she said once, "I can't say that I see edzactly as how ther thing es gwine ter work; but Bill es er inwenter an' he knows. He says thar ain't no use en gittin' skeered uv cycleones an' ther like." It is probably not true that the boys prayed for a storm, but every wind raised hopes in their bosoms, and not a cloud passed but brought suggestions.

"Bill," said Tom one night as they lay awake, "I reckon hit's all right, but 'pears ter me we hed n't oughter take no chances; we oughter know."

Bill was silent, trying to catch the line of Tom's thought. It was beneath the dignity of an inventor to ask suggestions.

Tom continued: "W'en we war over ter Macon las' ye'r 'ith ther cotton, ye ricolleck how they used ter ring ther bells an' turn out ther thing ter put out fires 'ith w'en ther warn't no fire ter put out? Er feller tole me they war er-practzin' ter know jes w'at ter do ef er sho 'nough fire war ter come erlong. Looks like we oughter practiz fer cycleones. Ye know Grandpa es contrairy, an' Ma es pow'ful hefty—" Bill was all excitement in an instant, and sitting up.

"Tom," said he, "let's try hit ter-night." But Tom's judgment was cooler.

"Hit won't do ter-night. Thar ain't no win', an' Ma 'u'd never let us practiz on 'er 'lessen she war pow'ful skeered. Wait tell er big win' comes."

Fortune favored the inventors. There came a week of heavy rain and finally one night a terrific wind.

III.

"Nankee-e-e-e, Nank Gunner-r-r!" The tones were feminine and rang out shrilly in the morning quiet.

Mistress Gunner came to the door of the shed-room, late the haunt of the born inventor. She had been washing clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up, exhibiting short, fat, red arms.

"Howdy, Cis'ly Toomer, howdy. 'Light," she answered back. Cis'ly Toomer guided her thin plow-horse under a tree and slid to the ground. The breeze was swaying some garments hanging on the clothes-line that she had to stoop to avoid as she approached. Nanky wiped her hand upon her apron and welcomed her.

"Come in, come in," she said. "Hearn ye war done gone back ter Putnum. Lemme wring

out these hyah shirts an' I'll be done." She resumed her position at the tub, and from time to time turned her head as the conversation went on. Cis'ly looked about her as she took her seat, and got out her snuff-cup and mop.

"La, Nanky, w'at ye done 'ith Bill's things?"

"Bill," said the woman at the tub, shaking her fat sides a little, "ain't er-inwentin' much these days."

"How come?"

"Well, Cis'ly Toomer, hit's er long story. Hit all come uv ther cycleone erwhile back an' Bill tryin' ter inwent suthin' ter beat hit."

"La sakes, an' would n't hit work?"

"Work?" Nanky Gunner rested her hands on her tub and looked around quickly. "I reckon ye never seen nuthin' work like hit. Hit mighty nigh worked me an' Pa ter death."

"Nanky, hush!"

"Fact. Hit's piled up thar behin' ther house now, but hit ain' nuthin' like hit war w'en hit war fixed up an' ready fur cycleones."

She described the invention as it had existed, and as she became conscious of the rapt attention of her visitor, she exerted her full powers.

"Now," she continued, "hain't nobody on yarth skeereder 'n me uv win'. One night atter hit hed be'n er-rainin' fur er week an' ther win' war blowin' pow'ful, I war settin' up an' Pa he war en bed er-tryin' ter git ter sleep, w'en I hearn er boomin' en ther a'r outside." She laughed at the recollection, and as she wrung the last drop of moisture from a shirt, faced her visitor. "Ever hyah one uv 'em thar injines w'at burn coal 'stidder wood—boom-m-m?" She imitated the sound as best she could. "Well, they done got ter runnin' 'em on ther railroad out thar back uv ther house, an' ther first one come erlong thet night an' ther boomin' started 'bout ther time hit got en ther big cut. I never war skeered as bad since ther Lor' made me. I run 'cross ther room an' jerked Pa up en bed. 'Git up, git up!' I hollered. Jes then Bill an' Tom come er-runnin' en too, yellin' out, 'Cycleone, cycleone!' loud as they could. I war mighty ready ter drop. 'Save Pa, save Pa!' I hollered. Pa he half knowed w'at war gwine on, an' he hollered, 'Help, help!' an' war gittin' out, w'en ther boys got 'im back uv 'is shoulders an' unner 'is legs an' run 'cross ther room an' shoved 'im foot foremost inter ther inwention. Pa he hollered, 'Heigh! ho! Nank! Tom!' an' war gone. I got thar jes en time ter see 'is white head go roun' ther ben', an' then I hearn er kerchunk an' Pa holler, 'Hoo-oo-oo-oo!'" Nanky threw the wet garment down in a chair and shook with laughter over the recollection. "I orter hed mo' sense; but la, w'en er woman git skeered bad she ain' got no sense 't all. Ther

injin then war right back uv ther house an' ev'ythin' war jes trimblin'. Bill he yelled out, 'Git en, Ma, git en; hit's er-comin'!' I did n't wait er minute, but clum up en er cher an' got en. Ther boys gimme er shove, an' down I went 'ith ther candle en my han' berhin' an' me flat er back. I reckon I mighty nigh fill ther w'ole invention, fur I war techin' ev'ywhar. Skeered? The cycleone war n't nuthin'. Time I got ter ther ben' I war full uv splinters, fur Pa lef some, an' w'en I slid roun' like er gourd over ther mill-dam an' hit en two foot uv water down thar, I war screamin' ter be hearn er mile. Tom an' Bill like ter not come, hit skeered them so, but ther injine war then er mighty nigh shakin' ther pans offen ther she'f, an' down they come too, kerchunk en ther water. Ye see, they hed stopped up ther ole dairy 'ith planks an' dirt tell it hel' water like er well, an' ther rain hed soaked down. Ther place war dark as pitch, an' w'at 'ith me er-screamin' an' Pa er-settin' over en ther corner hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' hit like ter skeered ther life outer Bill; an' erbout thet time it come ter 'im thet he had n' inwented no way ter git outer ther thing. I war screamin', 'Git me outen hyah, an' open ther do!' an', 'Oh, Lordy, my back!' till ther boy war mighty nigh crazy."

Cis'ly Toomer had been rolling around in her chair convulsed with laughter. "Nank, how en ther worl' did ye git out?" she gasped.

"Tom clum back up ther spout atter mighty

hard work an' took er ax an' busted ther dairy open. Me an' him pulled Pa out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We pick splinters outer hit tell broad day, an' all time 'im er-hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' Pa's back hed er heap er little white scars on hit, an' I reckolleck hearin' tell as how somebody caught 'im en er watermelon patch w'en he war er boy an' filled 'im full uv shot jes as he war crossin' ther fence. I reckon ther splinters sorter brought hit all back ter 'im. He's mighty wand'rin' en 'is min' now-adays." She took an armful of clothes and went out to the line, where she continued, elevating her voice: "Me an' Bill hed it out en ther shed-room thar, an' w'en I got done 'ith 'im I kicked all ther inventions ter pieces. 'No more inwentin' en this house,' says I; 'hit's as much as my life es wuth.' An' I put 'im ter work nex' day. See them two boys over yonner en the cotton by the p'int uv woods?" Cis'ly stood up and shaded her eyes in the direction indicated by Nanky's extended hand. "One uv them es ther 'borned inwenter'; and Nanky laughed lightly. "But hit ain' gwine ter do no good, not er bit. Hit's still er-workin' en 'im, an' Tom let out yestiddy thet Bill done inwented er thing thet 'll pick mo' cotton en er day than ten niggers. I reckon time ther cotton es all en I'll hev ter move them tubs out ther shed-room ergin. Boys got ter hev ther day, yer know, an' Bill es ther baby."

Harry Stillwell Edwards.



MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

ONE who had lately died stood at the gate
Of heaven and waited. A great thunder-cloud
Had followed him like a pursuing fate;
And now it crashed above him, and he bowed
His head as to his doom, and cried aloud,
"My sins, my sins! Alas, too late, too late!"

When lo! an angel form he saw appear,
Who took his hand and gently led him in,
And, looking up, the sky was calm and clear.
Without, the tempest raged with furious din;
But every thunder-peal was changed within
To music, as it reached his spirit ear.

Christopher P. Cranch.