

### TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trips lightly over trouble,  
Trips lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why sigh we've had so lightly?  
Why sigh over blondest dead?  
Why cling to forms unlight?  
Why not seek joy instead?

Trips lightly over sorrow,  
Though all the days be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow  
And gaily sing the lark,  
Fair life, o' has not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Then never look down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

Trips lightly over sadness,  
Stand not to rail at doom;  
We've passed to strain and sadness  
On this side of the tomb.  
Whist stars are nightly shining,  
And heaven is overhead,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

### Starbird's Feet on Skates.

At the time of our trouble with the Uaupapas, six years ago, Company G of the Upper Missouri at Fort Galpin, which was in command of the fort.

I speak of it as "Company" G, though in point of fact we could not then muster more than twenty men, and were altogether in a sorry plight—away up there in the midst of two or three hundred Sioux warriors, every one of whom had better arms than the government furnished us.

Trouble had been brewing for four or five months. It is hard to say just what the cause was. In fact, the Uaupapas had been "good" Indians about as long as they wanted to be, and were perhaps spoiling for a little war.

The first hostile act was to capture a soldier who had received his discharge and was on his way east with a party of teamsters. He was waylaid while antelope was shooting at a distance, his pants and taken (still wearing his uniform) to one of their villages, was tortured and killed after their most approved fashion. Such at least was the report.

Three or four weeks later the Indians attacked a party of teamsters about fifteen miles from this same village. Every man was killed and the wagons were robbed. Next day the savages came on, and had the audacity to show us the coats they had taken from the poor men, some of them stained with blood.

Of course we were indignant and eager to retaliate, but what could we do? We were so few that we did not dare to stir outside the stockade, and we lived in hourly expectation of an attack which we had little chance of being able to resist. For the Uaupapas were a very different set of numbers of the worst characters from other neighboring tribes of Sioux, who, like hungry wolves, were drawn to the place where there was a prospect of bloodshed.

Monday the savages came on, and the river froze. There was not much snow, but just a thin layer of it over the hard frozen ground and ice. For more than a month no couriers from below had come to us, nor had I dared to send out messengers. But at length it became necessary, in view of the threatening hostility of the Indians, to communicate with Fort Union, and at all hazards, we started.

On the morning of the nineteenth of November, the men were called together, and after telling them of my dislike to detail one of them for such a service, I inquired whether either of them would volunteer to take a dispatch to Fort Union—a distance of nearly or quite one hundred miles.

There was hesitation, as I had expected. No one responded for some minutes. I pressed a private named Freeman A. Starbird stepped from the line and said he would try it, if he could be furnished with a good pair of skates.

Starbird was a young man of about twenty-three, from some of the Eastern States, New Hampshire, I think. His name was Freeman Amariah Starbird. I remember the middle name distinctly, because the boys used to call him "Am." "Am," from the similarity of the sounds.

He was a long-legged, rather tall youngster, with a clear, brown complexion, black eyes and black hair—a good soldier, who took what came and never grumbled.

"Can you skate, Starbird?" I asked.

"Oh, I used to skate a little," said he.

"I rather guess I can get down to Fort Union by night, if I don't come to too many open sledges,"

"And the redskins don't shoot you from the bank," some one in the line added, very audibly.

"You will hardly reach Fort Union in one day," I said. But I was only too glad to accept the offer of his services.

Mr. W—, the Indian agent and trader at the post, hid his stock some skates. From these Starbird selected a pair, and meantime I wrote a dispatch to Major F— at Fort Union, informing him of the peril we were in.

Within twenty minutes Starbird was buckling on his skates at the river bank. An ordinary knapsack, stuffed with bread and meat, and a revolver and knife in his belt, completed his equipments. Jumping to his feet, he circled out upon the river, then coming round, he dashed past us, with a smart military salute, and skinned away down the broad stream, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The sun had risen bright in the gauzy, like winter haze. Every bush sparkled with frosty pendants. There was just a dust of dry snow on the smooth ice, not enough to impede skates. A way went our man round a high bluff, at a bend, half a mile below.

We hoped, and rather thought, that he might not fall in with any of the Indians; and no very great uneasiness was felt for him. Had we known, however, what perils he was passing through that morning, our hearts would have little doubt been torn.

For the first twenty or twenty-five miles below the fort, the river is very crooked, flowing in a zigzag line, first to the north, then to the south.

Rough bends Starbird glided at a racing pace, for he was fresh and the morning was bracing. He had gone seven or eight miles, when, as he was doubling a point covered with high cotton-wood and straggling firs, he suddenly saw the smoke of a camp fire.

It was just round the point, to the left side below. He was within two or three

hundred yards of it, the tree-tops having prevented his seeing it before. A party of Uaupapas, as was subsequently learned from the Indians themselves, was camping there for the purpose of cutting off scouts from below or above.

Starbird might have turned back, and probably would, if he had foreseen what was to follow. But on the spur of the moment he determined to give them the "go by." Striking off toward the further bank, he shot toward the river like an antelope.

At this point the Missouri is from three to four hundred yards in width. Starbird had veered off so as to put rather more than half the width of the channel between himself and the right shore. Before he had got down fairly opposite the smoke a loud whoop, followed by a chorus of Sioux yeaves, led him to see seen.

Seven or eight redskins dashed out of the bushes, down the bank, with their guns, and crack came shots upon the air, and bullets skipped past Starbird's legs, and screamed about the ice.

Every Indian shot at him one after the other; but he was lunging ahead so swiftly it is not great wonder they failed to hit him. And not a little started with his feet, he turned his face and twinkled his fingers at them in a lively fashion.

A prolonged whooping answered this signal of defiance. There was a long, straight stretch ahead, down which Starbird flew at full speed, thinking himself safe from that party at least.

But the redskins knew the ground as well as the redskins, he saw that four or five of them had crossed the ice and were lunging toward the bluffs of the other bank. Yet he did not, at once mistrust what they intended—which was to cut him off at the next "how."

For some three or four miles below, the river struck again, sweeping round in a majestic bend. It was old, deserted, and not much more than two miles, the Indians would reach the river, whereas Starbird had to skate more than seven miles to reach the same point.

Not knowing this, and seeing that the savages were not in pursuit on the ice, Starbird went on for a couple of miles, and took breath for ten or fifteen minutes, and took to his heels.

To his surprise, just as he was starting out from the bank to go on, he saw two Indians coming after him on skates, a mile back up the river.

He watched their skating a moment or two, and concluding from their movements that he could keep out of their way, he struck off again at an ordinary speed. They did not gain on him. On the contrary, he saw that he was leaving them.

Four or five miles were soon gone over, when, to his consternation, he saw three Indians run out on the ice from a thicket, not a hundred rods ahead of him, and in the situation at once. He had been

He had been

For one instant he was on the point of cutting his skate straps and taking to the bank. But knowing the redskins would have the advantage of him there, he resolved to remain on the ice, and bore down toward them.

But not a word he said, and the wretched wretches, to him, and those returning his compliment—twinkled their fingers at him with a whoop of derisive laughter.

But Starbird had no thoughts of holding up. As he drew nearer the savages presented their guns; but he dashed toward them, till he was within two hundred yards, when gliding round he darted back up the river.

Thinking he now meant to try his chances with the two Indians on skates, all three fired their guns at him, as he dashed away, and again the ice screamed with the sound of bullets.

Two of the savages who stood together dashed their guns and ran to meet him; then, catching sight of his revolver, they turned and fled to the bushes, and began loading in haste. But the other, who was further out on the ice, dropped on his knee and took aim.

Starbird then saw that this one had a double-barrelled gun, with a reserve charge in it. Tacking from him on the instant, he darted off toward the further bank to get past him at that side.

The savage jumped up and ran to head him, but he was too ready to shoot. Starbird was not within a hundred feet of him, and feeling he should certainly be winged if he tried to skate past, he dashed directly at the Indian, and at the same time firing his pistol.

Either the shot upset the redskin or he slipped. Down he went on the ice, and bang went his gun. Starbird cocked and fired another shot at him, as he flew past, and was off before the other two Indians could finish loading their rifles.

But he had not gone far when he felt the strap of his right skate give way, and on stopping to tighten it, found that it was worn nearly off from the wood. It hung only by a shred. For a moment he was appalled, then thinking of his belt, he hastily pulled it off, and with his knife, on the ice, cut a strap from it.

But though the redskins, as before, they occupied several minutes; and before he could shift the buckle, the sharp cut of skate-iron came to his ears; and with a throb of iron he saw one of the Indians glide round a point scarcely a quarter of a mile behind.

He had slipped the holes for the buckle-strap to cut in the new strap, with the point of his knife. Knowing that his life depended on his skates, he worked away at the strap, the Indian coming nearer every second. It called for all his coolness.

He cut the holes, thrust in the strap, and buckling it tightly, started to his feet. As he rose up he heard the Indian's gun snap not twenty yards behind him. But the ice missed fire.

With a yell the redskin glided toward him, his gun uplifted to strike. But Starbird got his foot hold, and shot off to one side. The two then encircled round each other, the savage trying to get in a blow with his gun-butt, and Starbird doing his best to get him out of the way. It was an immense fiasco, and kept charging straight at Starbird, who played round him pistol in hand.

Two shots that he fired missed the redskin. A moment after mistaking a faint on the Indian's part, Starbird lunged to avoid him, and the two came in such forcible collision that both were sprawling on the ice eight or ten yards apart. Both

scrambled to their knees. The savage swung his gun for a blow, when, with better aim, Starbird so injured the Indian's eye that it was useless, for he could not move it.

Meantime the other Indian on skates, who had stopped with the other three, half or three-fourths of a mile above, was lunging, with them, not twenty rods away. Starbird had barely time to leap to his feet and dash away—with bullets skipping round him again.

He was not again waylaid, however, and reached Fort Union early the next afternoon. Two days later, we had the satisfaction of seeing three companies of the—th cavalry ride up to the stockade.

**Suicide by Animals.**

A cause of suicide in the dog is given by Morris, as illustrative of man's pitilessness toward his animal dependents. The poor animal was old, lame, paralyzed, useless, an outcast, and was being put to his suicide by drowning. It was characterized by sadness of look. It obviously pondered its course of action, exhibited for a time hesitancy, and at last came to a decision, and acted upon it with promptness and resolution. It preferred death to its experience of life, and refused to allow itself to be saved. In another instance, cited by the same author, the dog was old, diseased, distracted with pain. It, too, drowned itself with the utmost deliberation, first casting a last piteous, "lingering" look at its master, who had suspected it of being affected by, and probably had discarded it for, the suspected rabies. An old collie (shepherd's dog) in Calhoun, troubled with infirmities of age, including deafness and the loss of teeth, in 1874, committed suicide—here again by drowning. "Evidently age was a burden to him. The day before the last scene in the drama was enacted he was observed to take a general survey of the locality he was about to quit forever—in a very shaky way. He then wended his way over ground familiar to him in his hunting days of the seashore—a distance of about two miles and without faking a longing, lingering look behind, he plunged into the sea and expired. The act was witnessed by a number of persons on the shore.

A Newfoundland dog "of great age" had his feelings wounded by being scolded, beaten in pretense only by means of a stick, and then, after having a door shut in his face when about to leave a room with his usual companions, a nurse and her group of children. Soon after he was found alive; but with his head altogether or partly submerged in a ditch. He was dragged out. But now he refused to eat or drink, and before long he was found in the same position in the same ditch, but this time dead. He had succeeded in this second determined attempt at drowning, but failed in securing his purpose by setting a rapidity and directness by starvation.

A redskin prior to unaccountable accidents to become morose; it refused all companionship, bit viciously, and had a marked vagueness—as if contemplative—of gaze.

An American canvas back duck used its bill to keep itself submerged till it was drowned, seizing water weeds attached to or growing from the bottom of a pond or lake. "Certain fowls were determined upon suicide, and many jumped deliberately overboard" on the African lake Albert Nyanza. Captive birds sometimes poison themselves, apparently preferring death to confinement. The American sang or deer commits suicide sometimes when seized or attacked by the glutinous precipitating itself against trees. Dr. Bidle has put upon record a very decided case of suicide in the common black scorpion of Southern India, as it occurs for instance, in Madras. One was placed experimentally in a glazed entomological case and exposed to the sun's rays.

The light and heat seemed to irritate his very pitch. Taking a common botanical glass, I focused the rays of the sun on its back. The moment this was done it began to run hurriedly about the case, hissing and spitting in a very fierce way. "This experiment was repeated some four or five times with like results. But, on trying it once again, the scorpion turned up its tail and plunged the sting into its own back. In less than half a minute life was quite extinct." A writer than officer confesses that he has observed a scorpion frequently by asserting "that scorpions do commit suicide is a well known fact. They turn back their tails and sting themselves to death." For instance: "When surrounded by a circle of glowing embers, from which presumably they infer escape to be impossible and death by the torture of burning imminent. Palsey's experiments on scorpions also led to their death by suicide. A certain trap-door spider of New Zealand combines murder of its young with voluntary sacrifice of its own life. "It is perfectly clear to me," says a most intelligent observer and describer of its habits, Robert Gillies, C. Esq., President of the Otago Institute, "that the spider deliberately sealed its nest and starved it and its young to death. It evidently could not bear to leave its home, for it could have done so easily any time with its young. The manner of its stinging of its young seemed to have so disheartened it that it sealed itself up its own ruined house—a broken hearted architect and builder."

**Quizz and Billy.**

In New York city there lives a red-faced little milkman named Joseph Quigg. Mr. Quigg is in the employ of a milk company and goes over a certain route every morning, serving milk to many customers on the streets of the city. He has a horse, "Billy," who has been on the route for three years, and not only knows every customer, but the days upon which to stop, for some of the customers do not buy milk every day. One Tuesday not long ago, Mr. Quigg, who was several yards behind, saw that Billy did not intend to stop at a certain house on Macdonough street and running back, scolded Billy quite hard. But Mr. Quigg found that Billy was right for the man of the house reminded Mr. Quigg that the lady who lived at that house had just died, and that she had not intended to stop at a certain house on Macdonough street and running back, scolded Billy quite hard. 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