Children's Page.

TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid;
For people whisper, with lip a-curl,
As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!"
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.
Let me tell you the secret without delay
Of growing beautiful day by day.
'Tis a secret old as the world is old,
But worth in itself a mine of gold;
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,
For inward sweetness is outward grace.

There is the secret, simple and true;
Now prove what its wisdom can do for you.
Fill up your heart with though's most sweet
Bidding all others at once retreat;
And these sweet thoughts will grow like seeds,
And bloom into beautiful words and deeds.
And soon, very soon, they will leave their trace
Of lovliness on your ugly face;
The lines will be softer on cheek and brow,
Bright smiles will shine where tears are now,
Your eyes will sparkle, and some best power
Will make you lovlier every hour.

Just try it, my dear; begin to-day
To do kind things in the kindest way—
To kindly think and to kindly speak,
To be sweet tempered,, gentle and meek—
Then never again shall you need be afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid.
Opinions will change, with a pleasant whirl,
And all will think; "What a charming girl!"

OLGA'S DREAM.

Towards the close of a dull November day, Olga climbed into the arm-chair before the blazing fire. Marie was busy with a great pile of clothes to mend. The cat was curled up on a rug and refused to play with her spool and string. Papa would not be home till tea time; so she cuddled up in a heap on the soft cushions, watching the canary hopping about in his cage. As she gazed dreamily at the bird it vanished and she found herself in a large garden. Flowers grew on every side, their perfume filled the air.

A little brook made tinkling music as it flowed over shining pebbles. But what attracted her special attention were birds of every variety which flew about the trees and bushes. Tiny humming birds, gaudy parrots, sober-looking crows, and noisy sparrows were there with many others.

As Olga gazed about in a bewildered way, a blackbird, followed by three fledglings, that were just learning to fly, came towards her, and much to her surprise, the mother-bird said in a fine chirpy voice, "I suppose you wonder where all these birds came from, why they are here. *This is the bird's paradise.*

These you see were hunted down; killed for their beautiful feathers. Here we live our innocent happy lives, where the cruelty of man cannot reach us.

Here no one covets the glossy plumage with which our Father has clothed us. "Let me tell you how I came here. It is a sad tale, but alas quite common. "One bright sunshiny day in early spring, I was on the edge of my nest, in the branches of a lofty tree.

Our little ones were very hungry, and my mate had gone to find some dinner for them. Just as he came flying towards us, carrying a big worm in his mouth, I heard a loud bang, and he dropped to the ground. As I stood trembling with fear, another followed, and suddenly I felt so sharp a pain in my side, that I loosened my hold and fell at the feet of a man who had a bag full of birds and bloody wings slung over one shoulder. He picked me up roughly in his strong cruel hands, and tore first one wing and then the other from my body. Flinging me aside, he then did the same to my mate, who fortunately was dead, threw them into his bag and went away. Bleeding and in terrible pain, I lay on the hard ground, listening to the heartrending cries of my children, who were too young to fly, and must slowly die of starvation.

As twilight came on I grew very weak, and felt that the end was near. One bright star shown above the treetop, and as I looked at it with eyes which were fast growing dim in death, a ray of light shot down between the branches, and there clad in dazzling white, stood a beautiful angel. Tenderly she lifted me into the folds of her robe. At the touch of her gentle hands all pain passed away, and I fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke, I found myself in this lovely garden, my mate and little ones by my side."

Olga smiled through the tears which had gathered in her eyes before this pitiful story came to an end, as she wiped them, she heard some one say; "What is my darling dreaming about?" and opening her eyes she was surprised to find herself in the chair, the fire burning brightly, and puss dozing at her feet.

Perched upon her papa's knee she was soon eagerly relating her dream, and finished with, "O papa! how glad I am it was only a dream."

He listened with a grave face, and then told his little daughter that *five millions of song-birds were killed in one year to gratify woman's vanity.*

Olga listened with horror as he went on to say that the hunters start out when the nests are full of young. '*What beauty is there,' he said, 'in a hat on which is a murdered bird, its sweet happy song forever hushed, its innocent life cruelly cut off. Surely on the hands whose money buys these there rests a stain of blood perhaps as dark as that on the hands which shot them down.*"

He paused, and deep in her childish heart Olga made a solemn vow which has never been broken.

No murdered bird, with staring glassy eyes adorns her hat, a silent witness to the cruelty or thoughtlessness of the wearer.

In the endless variety of laces and trimmings, she finds enough to gratify all her innocent love of the beautiful without encouraging the sacrifice of harmless lives. Abridged from *Our Dumb Animals.*

NOTE: Geo. T. Angell says this story should be read in all our public and private schools. ED.

290 + 299

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST KICKING-BIRD,

"Kicking-Bird and Thomisy are filling the Agent's ears with lies about all Kiowa chiefs," reported Running-Wolf coming into camp from the Agent's house, where he had been secretly listening to a friendly conversation, between Kicking-Bird and the Agent, in his private office. "They tell him all Kiowa chiefs and war-chiefs have taken the pipe with the Comanches and are ready to join them on an expedition into Texas.

The camp was suddenly thrown into a wild state of confusion. When the chiefs came together Kicking-Bird was not there. Woman's-Heart and a young brave accompanied Running Wolf to The Agent's, where sure enough, they found Kicking Bird, Thomisy and the Agent in his private office engaged in a friendly conversation. "Ugh! you big chief! sit here alone, tell Agent lies about your people! You big chief! ar'ent you? you found out at last! Quick you go camp, warriors throw you away be chief no more:" stormed Woman's-Heart entering the office where they were sitting, and was off before there was time to realize what was meant.

Woman's-Heart was one of the two chiefs mentioned at the conclusion of last chapter as having taken the pipe with the Comanches. The other—Lone-Wolf—had taken the pipe secretly, and being in mourning refused to come in person to the Agency, but had sent a request for permission to go into Mexico to bury his son, who had recently been killed, while on a raid somewhere in south-west. Not obtaining this as desired he had gone off the Reservation without it. Woman's-Heart was left to carry out a scheme to bring Kicking-Bird into disrepute with the tribe, and get him deposed. If successful in this, Lone-Wolf, would be entitled to the headship of the tribe, they could swing it into line with the Comanches, thereby securing the alliance of the Arapahoes and Apaches, and thus array all the south-western tribes against the Government.

Where Lone-Wolf went is not known, but as he brought back some cavalry horses captured near Ft. Worth in Texas it is presumable he went there.

The whole night in camp was spent in vehement denunciations against Kicking-Bird, giving him no opportunity to speak in his own defense. The warriors and war-chiefs were made to believe the reports and declared against him. A few of the civil chiefs proposed to go to the Agent's office the next morning and hear from the Agent himself what had been told him before proceeding further. To this most reasonable proposition all agreed.

The stormy visit of Woman's-Heart so refreshed the Agent's memory that he could easily recall the whole conversation. The next day the Kiowas came to the office to have the matter investigated, but were yet to much excited to enter into a cool and calm examination of the case.

The warriors brought their arms into the office, placed them in position for instant use, should anything develop, in the course of the investigation which they might deem a sufficient cause for resorting to them. After all were seated around the room, Kicking-Bird, accompanied by his brother and a single chief entered, and looking around the room, so as to take in the situation, coolly seated themselves near the center. They also placed their weapons in the same convenient position for instant use. After a few minutes of medicine making, he asked the Agent to inform the chiefs and warriors, all he had said to him, the evening before. "Keep nothing back; tell them all I said to you."

Though the Indians could get nothing from the Agent upon which to base any accusation against Kicking-Bird, the fact was fully admitted that he was in the constant practice of having a private interview with the Agent whenever he came to the Agency. The Agent endeavored to allay suspicion by saying he was always glad to have any of his Indian friends come in, and have a friendly social talk with him before returning to camp; but he did not allow anything that might be said to him in that manner to influence his action, or make it a subject of report to Washington. While he regarded Kicking-Bird as a "big chief" who had done more for his people than any other, yet he considered Big Bow's speech—made in council, and which all heard—to be the voice of the tribe; and had embodied it in his report to Washington; while Kicking-Bird's talk—though equally good, being a private talk, not made in council—he did not report.

Kicking-Bird, not comprehending the distinction the Agent made between a public speech made in the presence of the chiefs and sentiments expressed in private, thought the Agent had rejected him and taken Big-Bow into his favor. Notwithstanding the statement of the Agent was a direct contadiction to that made in camp yet the admistion that Kicking-Bird was in the practice of having frequent private interviews with the Agent, rather increased than allayed the excitement, and the council closed with a strong prejudice against Kicking-Bird.

Thomisy expressed a regret that Kicking-Bird had gone away without his having an opportunity of speaking to him, the Agent suggested his riding to the trading post, and overtaking him there. This he did—engaged an interpreter, and had an opportunity with him in a private apartment.

It was then found that Kicking-Bird thought himself rejected by the Agent as well as by his own people, and was feeling very badly. Addressing the interpreter Thomisy said, "Tell Kicking-Bird I have not come to make a long talk to him; but as I have understood that his people have thrown him away, since he and I are brothers, and walk in the same road, they could not throw him away without throwing me away with him. I have lived with him and his people a long time, and have