

sailor band was playing soft music; the waves beat time against the sides of the ship; and the fish darting up out of the water seemed as though they wished to be witnesses of this glorious scene. The murmuring of the peaceful waves, the song of the sweet breezes, mingled with the soft rolling thunder in the north-east, and the strains of music all combined to ravish the ear, even as the sunset delighted the eye.

In sinking below the horizon the sun had left his foot-prints of blue, fringed with gold. In a short time they blended into one and made a path of the deepest red; then gradually died away, leaving nothing but the moon above to cast its pale light down upon us.

The ship began going faster and faster until behind was nothing but a singing mass of white foam. The moon had gone behind a cloud and we sailed out into darkness.

FOR A COWBOY'S SCALP.

W.

One evening last summer, when a crowd of us pleasure seeking people were gathered together on the front porch of a hotel in Colorado, we began to talk about Indians, and the adventures that had happened in that part of the country.

An old man in our group, who had heretofore taken no interest in our discussion, spoke up and said, "Come to talk about Indians, I can tell you a little adventure I had with