

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.—The Otoo Indians having procured some kegs of whiskey, resolved to have a grand carousal, and, aware of the fury to which their passions would be stimulated by intoxication, removed all weapons beyond their reach. When the whiskey began to work, a fearful brawl commenced, and in the frenzy of strife the brother bit off a part of the chieftain's nose. The Iotan was sobered in a moment, he paused, looking intently in the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building, and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life; "to-night," said he, "I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises you are safe, if not you die." He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose, but sleep brought no mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should. His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful and kept out of the way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day when he was seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it.

and gazed earnestly around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His care-worn face, and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsatiated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking place and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness, and without flinching. "Ha, ha! brother," cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, "I have followed you long in vain—now I have you—you must die." The other made no reply, but, throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart.

TRUTH.—No trait of character is more lovely in young men than a strict adherence to truth. If at all times and on all occasions, they speak with reference to their accountability to God, they are sure of gaining the attention and the esteem of their companions. They will always be believed. But when a person is careless how he speaks, and thinks it but of little consequence what construction is put upon his words, he is in a condition as unenviable as that of the wretched pagan. And he will become so habituated to the practice of uttering falsehoods, that he will not be believed even when he does speak the truth.

Name not Danger, Love to Me.

Name not danger, love, to me,
One who loves renown,
There's more peril in love's smile
Than in danger's frown;
Danger we may meet and die,
But the flash of Beauty's eye
Kings cannot resist nor fly,
No, not for their crown.

Danger best becomes the knight;
'Tis what soldiers prize:
For it is the surest plight
For love in woman's eyes.
Welcome, danger, then to me,
So it makes me dear to thee:
Who would not in peril be
For lovely woman's sighs?