

must otherwise die. A young girl answered him, and said they would like to. An old woman sprang on her and cut her throat with a dull knife, yelling meanwhile to the soldiers that "they would never surrender alive," and saying what she had done.

Many soldiers were being killed, and the fire from the pits grew weaker. The men were beside themselves with rage. "Charge!" rang through the now still air from some strong voice, and, with a volley, over the works poured the troops, with six-shooters going, and clubbed carbines. Yells, explosions, and amid a whirlwind of smoke the soldiers and Indians swayed about, now more slowly and quieter, until the smoke eddied away. Men stood still, peering about with wild open eyes through blackened faces. They

held desperately to their weapons. An old bunch of buckskin rags rose slowly and fired a carbine aimlessly. Twenty bullets rolled and tumbled it along the ground, and again the smoke drifted off the mount. This time the air grew clear. Buffalo-ropes lay all about, blood spotted everywhere. The dead bodies of thirty-two Cheyennes lay, writhed and twisted, on the packed snow, and among them many women and children, cut and furrowed with lead. In a corner was a pile of wounded squaws, half covered with dirt swept over them by the storm of bullets. One broken creature half raised herself from the bunch. A maddened trumpeter threw up his gun to shoot, but Sergeant Johnson leaped and kicked his gun out of his hands high into the air, saying, "This fight is over."

## THE HEROINE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HER raiment changes with the fleeting fashions  
Of years that pass, but she abides in sooth  
Unchanged, the star and shrine of human passions,  
Or wise and old, or sweet in flowerlike youth.

Naomi she, the veiled and bent with sorrows,  
Or clear-eyed Ruth, or Dido famed and fair,  
Helen the beautiful, of dim to-morrows,  
Or sad Elaine, slain by her love's despair.

She trails her soundless garments down the ages,  
A vision and a dream, or rustling steals  
Past trembling arras in those haunted pages  
Where man forever fights and woman kneels.

Our modern books and pictures often show her  
Serene and college-bred and trimly gowned,  
But able yet to make for all who know her  
This queer old world one vast enchanted ground.

To bind and loose, this still remains her mission,  
To loose and bind;—whatever be her name,  
Her date, from Homer down, or her condition,  
The heroine herself abides the same.

## THE INAUGURATION.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

WHEN the Vice-President of the United States is sworn into office he takes the oath in the same Senate-Chamber where later he is to preside over a limited, and in one sense a select body of men. But as the President of the United States presides over the entire nation, he takes his oath of office in the presence of as many of the American people as can see him, and he is not shut in by the close walls of a room, but stands in the open air, under the open sky, with the marble heights of the House of Representatives and of the Senate for his background, and with the great dome of the Capitol for his sounding-board.

The two ceremonies differ greatly. One suggests the director of a railroad addressing the stockholders at their annual meeting, while the other is as impressive in its simplicity as Moses talking to the chosen people from the mountain-side.

The Chamber of the Senate is a great oblong room, with a heavy gallery running back from an unbroken front to each of the four walls, and rising almost to the ceiling. There is a carpet on the floor, and rows of school-desks placed in curved lines, facing a platform and three short rows of chairs. The first row, where the official stenographers sit, is on the floor of the Senate-Chamber; the second, for the clerks, is raised above it; and higher still, behind the clerks, is the massive desk of the Vice-President, or the President of the Senate, as he is called when he presides over that body. Opposite to the desk of the Vice-President, and at each side of it, are wide entrances with swinging leather doors. The Chamber is lighted from above, and is decorated in quiet colors: there are several fine oil-paintings on the wall behind the President's desk, and a large American flag above his chair.

On the morning of the 4th of March last the galleries were massed with people, and the Senators, instead of sitting each at his own desk, crowded together to see the Vice-President inaugurated, while several hundreds of yellow chairs were squeezed in among the school-desks for the use of the members of the House. In front of the clerk's desk were two leather chairs, for the new President and the old

President, and the seats for the foreign ambassadors.

It had been an all-night session, and the Senators had remained in the Chamber until near sunrise, and looked rumpled and weary in consequence. Among them were several men whose term of office would expire when the clock over the door told mid-day; they had been six years or less in that room, and in three-quarters of an hour they would leave it perhaps for the last time. The men who had taken their seats from them, and who were to be sworn in by the new Vice-President, sat squeezed in beside them, looking conscious and uncomfortable, like new boys on their first day at school. Caricaturists and the artists of the daily papers had made the faces of many of them familiar, and while the people waited for the chief actors to appear, they pointed out the more conspicuous Senators to each other, looking down upon them with the same interest that visitors to the Zoo bestow on the bears.

In the front of the gallery reserved for the diplomatic corps sat the wife of the Chinese minister. She was the only bit of color in the room that was not American or imported from Paris. She was a little person in blue satin, with a great head-dress of red, and her face was painted like the face of a picture, according to the custom of her country. She looked down at the Senators in their funereal frock-coats, and at the bonnets of the American women near her, as though the moment held at least that much interest for her, and was prettily unconscious that she was the most interesting figure present.

Back of her, accompanied by her secretary, was the exiled Queen of Hawaii, a handsome dark-skinned negress, quietly but richly dressed, and carrying herself with great dignity. In front of her was a young English peer, a secretary of the British Embassy, who took photographs of the scene below him with a hand-camera, knowing perfectly well that had he been guilty of such a piece of impertinence in his own Lower House, he would have been taken out of the gallery by the collar and thrown into the lobby.

The expectant quiet of the hour was