

## BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,  
Nor is it yet all showers,  
But storms and calms alternate,  
As thorns among the flowers,  
And while we seek the roses,  
The thorns full oft we scan,  
Still let us, though they wound us,  
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses  
As well as joys to share,  
And griefs and disappointments  
Which you and I must bear.  
Yet, if misfortune's lava  
Entombs hope's dearest plan,  
Let us, with what is left us,  
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment  
Is made of little things,  
And oft' the broadest rivers  
Are formed from smallest springs.  
By treasuring up small waters,  
The rivers reach their spans;  
So we increase our pleasures,  
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts  
Through which our hearts must go.  
But there are green oases  
Where pleasant palm trees grow.  
And if we may not follow  
The paths our hearts would plan,  
Let us make all around us  
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with  
Ambition, to its goal,  
Still let us answer "Present,"  
When duty calls the roll!  
And what'er our appointment,  
Be nothing less than man,  
And cheerful in submission,  
Be happy as we can.

## WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little  
bonnet,  
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of  
lace upon it;  
And that the other maidens of the little town  
might know it,  
She thought she'd go to meeting the next  
Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger  
than a dime,  
The getting of it settled, proved to be a work  
of time;  
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had  
stopped their ringing,  
And when she came to meeting, sure enough,  
the folk were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited  
at the door;  
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and  
smoothed them down before.  
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir  
above her head—  
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were  
the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very,  
very cross,  
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her  
little head a toss;  
For she thought the very hymn they sang  
was all about her bonnet,  
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the  
bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the ser-  
mon or the prayer,  
But pattered down the silent street and hur-  
ried up the stair,  
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a  
band-box on it,  
Had hidden safely from critic's eye, her fool-  
ish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each  
of you will find,  
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your  
mind;  
And that little head that's filled with silly  
little airs,  
Will never get a blessing from sermon or  
from prayers.

## The Muckletonian Club.

Among the welcome visitors at THE NEWS office yesterday were eighteen Kentucky democrats. These gentlemen compose the Muckletonian rifle club of Winchester, Kentucky, and are visiting Colorado for pleasure. They have just returned from Middle park, and will leave on to-morrow's Kansas Pacific train for home. They are all friends and most of them school mates of the writer, and their presence reminds him of the academy on the hill, where the Yankee school-teacher reigned and ruled with the apple tree sprout. Their names are as follows: J. J. Enburk, T. F. Phillips, R. J. Snyder, J. D. Gay, B. P. Goff, Lee Hathaway, J. L. Wheeler, Rodney Haggard, J. S. Winn, D. A. Gay, G. L. Snyder, M. G. Taylor, Al Sympton, Dr. James Sympton, Grant Jackson and R. N. Winn.

## The Indian Outbreak.

News from the seat of the Indian troubles in Middle park, received yesterday, does not appear to be very favorable to a cessation of hostilities. The only official who is taking any active part in ferreting out the trouble is Sheriff Cobb, whose departure for the park was duly recorded in THE NEWS some days ago. Yesterday morning the following telegram was received from him at the executive department:

GEORGETOWN, September 4.—Governor John L. Routt: Arrived here yesterday at 7 o'clock p. m. All quiet. At 12 o'clock was called up by a man who arrived from seventeen miles below here and said that Indians had just killed an old man by the name of Elliott, on the Blue. I at once sent ten men down there to scour the country and report as soon as possible. No one has yet returned. I will await their arrival. D. J. Cook.

In the absence of Governor Routt and Secretary Clark, the state officers in the city seem content to leave the matter in the hands of Sheriff Cook.

Last night's mail brought a letter to THE NEWS, in which the writer says that "families are leaving Middle park, and many settlers, apprehending serious trouble from the Ute Indians, are preparing to go. It is thought that the disorderly band that has just retired to the White River agency will return with reinforcements, to avenge the death of their comrade who was shot in the late difficulty. Most of the whites condemn this shooting as unnecessary. This is from a gentleman who has just returned from the park.

## Following the Indian Trail.

Last evening's mail brought a letter to Deputy Sheriff William Smith from Sheriff D. J. Cook, who is now in Middle park, on the trail of the roving band of savages, who have been committing such depredations about Hot Sulphur Springs for some days past. The letter was dated September 5, and was written from Hot Sulphur Springs previous to the departure of a scouting party on the trail of the Indians. The letter stated that the settlers in the park were unusually indignant, and had determined to follow the savages back to their reservation and catch up with them before they reached there if possible. Sheriff Cook headed the party together with Captain McCloskey, of Georgetown, and William N. Byers, the founder of THE NEWS. The scouting party numbered thirty men in all—the best that could be gathered about the springs. The letter gave the particulars of Elliott's death, and stated that the Indians had shot a score of times without effect on a herder they met on Elliott's place. Elliott was shot three times by a band of ten Indians, headed by Washington, Piah and Chevenaugh. The party is the same that visited this city some weeks ago. Elliott was buried on Friday, his funeral being attended by all the settlers in the vicinity. Sheriff Cook expects to reach home in about ten days.

THUS talks an old farmer about his boys: From sixteen to twenty they knew more than I did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty, they will acknowledge that the old man does know something.

## What Temperance Did for Them.

(If Mrs. Tippler were only given the chance she might have a story like the following to tell within a year. Will her John give her a chance?)

My story, marm? well, really now, I have not much to say; But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day, No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread, And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed, Now just peep in the larder, marm, there's sugar, flour and tea— And that's what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer, But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, is strong and well, an' kind as man can be— And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low, As if he didn't care to meet the folks he used to know, But now he looks them in the face and steps off bold and free, And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through the street, With scanty clothing on their backs and nothing on their feet. But now they've shoes and stockings and warm garments, as you see, And that is what the Temperance cause has done for them and me.

The children were afraid of him; his coming stopped their play, But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away, The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climb's his knee, And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

Al! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain, The children have their father back, and I my John again. I pray excuse my weeping, marm,—they're tears of joy, to see How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look, and say: "Oh Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night before I sleep, thank God on bended knee, For what the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me. —Boston Temperance Album.

## It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow,  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the pay  
And clear the way,  
The better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride  
And squander pride in show;  
For friends thus won, are sure to run  
In times of want or woe,  
The noblest worth  
Of all the earth  
Are gems of heart and brain,  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to wreck the health  
In drudging after gain,  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
An humble lot,  
A cozy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For stations high  
That wealth will buy  
Not oft contentment brings.