POETRY.

THE LONG REPOSE.

nan by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London : eighbor, accept our parting song;

(The following hymn was translated from the Ger

The road is short, the rest is long; The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence There is no house of perman On bread of mirth and bread of tears

The pilgrim fed these checkered years Now, landlord world, shut to the door, Thy guest 1s gone for verme

Gone to a realm of sweet repose, His comrades bless him as he goes; Of toil and moil the day was full, A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring, softly ring, And in the blessed Subbath bring, Which from this weary work-day tryst, Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ

And open wide, thou Gate of Peace, And let this other journey cease; Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbors For slumbers won by life-long labors.

Beneath these sods, how close ye lie! But many a mansion in you sky, Even now, beneath the supphire throne. Is his prepared through God's dear Son.

"I quickly come," that Saviour cries; Yea, quickly come, this churchyard sighs Come, Jesus, come, we wait for Thee Thine now and ever let us be,

THE STORY-TELLER.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMP-SON'S BAR.

It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork has overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The few boulders that had marked the summer ford at Simpson's Crossing were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The up stage was stopped at Granger's; the last mail had been abandoned in the tules, the rider swimming for his life, "An area," remarked the Sierra Avalanche with pensive local pride, "as large as the State of Massa-

chusetts is now under water."

Nor was the weather any better in the foothills. The mud lay deep on the mountsin road; wagons that neither physical force nor moral objurgation guld move from the evil ways into which they had fallen, incumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard swearing. And farther on, cut off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar on the eve of Christmas day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capitals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, a few lights gleamed through the mist from the windows of cabins on either side of the highway now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds. Happily most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unneces-Indeed, most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar; high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whiskey had taken the zest fro most illegitimate recreation. Even Mr. Hamlin was fain to leave the Bar with fifty dollars in his pocket—the only amount actually realized of the large sums won by him in the successful exereise of his arduous profession. "Ef I was asked," he remarked somewhat later -"ef I was asked to pint out a purty little village where a retired sport as didn't care for money could exercise hisself frequent and lively, I'd say Simpson's Bar; but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions, it don't pay." As Mr. Hamlin's family consisted mainly of female adults, this remark is quoted rather to show the breadth of his humor than the exact extent of his responsibilities.

Howbeit, the unconscious objects of this satire sat that evening in the listless apathy begotten of idleness and lack of excitement. Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door, did not arouse them. Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head, but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who en-

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar as "The Old Man." A man of perhaps fifty years; grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. A face full of ready, but not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade hilarious companions, and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and three binnels are the tunnel, and barred him up, likely." "Got him down, and sittin on him." "Prob'ly bilin suthin to heave on us; clear the door, boys!" For just then the latch clicked the down. man jocularly, and threw himself into

a vacant chair.
" Jest heard the best thing out, boys! Ye know Smiley, over yar-Jim Smiley -funniest man in the Bar? Well, Jim was jest telling the richest yarn

about-"Smiley's a --- fool," interrupted a gloomy voice.

"A particular — skunk," added another in sepulchral accents.

A silence followed these positive statements. The Old Man glanced quickly around the group. Then his face slow-ly changed. "That's so," he said reflectively, after a pause, "certingly a sort of a skunk and suthin of a fool. In course." He was silent for a moment as in painful contemplation of the unsavoriness and folly of the unpopular "Dismal weather, ain't it ?" he added, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. "Mighty rough papers on the boys, and no show for money this season. And to-morrow's Christmas."

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgrest was not plain. Johnny to the ground with a smothered out was very distinct. Johnny's voice, hold her in down hill! We'll be at the

few moments unconsciously adoptedyes, Christmas, and to-night's Christin like you know—that may be ye'd all on the table. "Thar's whiskey and like to come over to my house to-night crackers and red herons and choese." and have a sort of tear round. But I He took a bite of the latter on his way

of his companions.
"Well, I don't know," responded Tom
Flynn, with some cheerfulness, "P'r'aps

we may. But how about your wife, Old
Man? What does she say to it?"

The Old Man hesitated. His conjugal
experience had not been a happy one,
He ha and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar. His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had suffered keeply and secretly from the jealous suspicions of her hus-band, until one day he invited the whole Bar to his house to expose her infidelity. On arriving, the party found the shy, petite creature quietly engaged in her household duties, and retired abashed and discomfitted. But thesensitive woman did not easily recover from the shock of this extraordinary outrage. It was with difficulty she regained her equanimity sufficiently to release her over from the closet in which he was concealed and escape with him. She left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband. The Old Man's preent wife had been his cook. She was large, loyal and aggressive.

Before he could reply, Joe Dimmick suggested with great directness that it was the "Old Man's house," and that, invoking the Divine Power, if the case were his own, he would invite who he pleased, even if in so doing he imperiled his substion. The Powers of Eyil he his salvation. The Powers of Evil, he further remarked, should contend against him vainly. All this delivered with a they is. A gang o' lazy drunken loafers, erseness and vigor lost in this necessary translation.

courageous example to sustain him in as lays round the Bar.

bluff heavin' rocks at Chinamen. Didn't seem to take much interest in it. Thar was a gang of 'em by yar yesterdaydrowned out up the river—and I kinder thought o' Johnny, and how he'd miss em! May be now, we'd be in the way of he wus sick?"

The father, evidently touched not only by this pathetic picture of Johnny's deprivation, but by the considerate deliof the speaker, hastened to assure him that Johnny was better, and that a "little fun might "liven him up." Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, "I'm ready. Lead the way, Old Man, here goes "-himself led the way with a leap, a characteristic e passed through the outer room he aught up a blazing brand from the hearth. The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and bowing each other, and before the asonished proprietor of Thompson's groery was aware of the intention of his ruests, the room was deserted. The night was pitchy dark. In the

first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o'-the-wisps inlicated their whereabouts. Their way led up the Pine Tree Canon, at the head of which a broad, low bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side. It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked. Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear.

"P'r'aps ye'd better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see thet things is all right," said the Old Man with an indifference he was far from feeling. The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs among them. Then the men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other. "Reckon she's caved in his head the first lick !" "Decoyed him inter the tunnel, and barred in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy looked up at theirs-a face that might have been pretty and even refined, but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders, and had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen, from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents. "Let me be," he added, querulously to Dick Bullen who had caught him up, blanket and all, and wate me an was affecting to toss him into the fire, Why, dad?" "let go o' me you d-d old fool, d'ye

"Yes," continued the Old Man in the laugh, while the men, entering quietly, lugularious tone he had within the last ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room. Joanny then gravemas Eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought—that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin like you know—that may be ye'd all
on the table. "Thar's whiskey and ike to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you wouldn't? Don't feel like it, may be?" he added with anxious sympathy, peering into the faces of his companions.

"Well, I don't know," responded Tom to the faces of his companions.

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"Well, I don't know," responded Tom to the fa very dirty hand. "And terbacker.
Than's dried appils too on the shelf, but
I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'.
Than," he concluded, "now wade in, and
don't be afourd. I don't mind the old She don't b'long to me.

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed. He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded. "Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick. "Yes, I are," responded Johnny, de-

eidedly. "Why, wot's up, old fellow ?"

"I'm siek." "How sick?"

"I've got a fevier. And chilblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bed-clothes..." and

There was an embarrassing silence.

and that ar Dick Bullen the ornarest of all. Didn't hev no more sabe than to "In course. Certainly. That's it," said the Old Man with a sympathetic frown. "That's no trouble about that. It's my own house, built every stick on it myself. Don't you be afeared o' her, boys. She may cut up a little rough—ez wimmin do—but she'll come round." Secretly the Old Man trusted to the example of the company altation of liquor and the power of a Thet's wot you must 'spect o' such trash

such an emergency.

As yet, Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, had not spoken. He now took his pipe from his lips.

"Old Man, how's that yer Johnny get-tin' on? Seems to me he didn't look so that yet had been been didn't look so of expressing her contemptuous indignation. peart the last time I seed him on the tion, I cannot say, but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence.
A moment later and the Old Man reappeared, haply unconscious of the cause of the late hilarious outburst, and smiled

blandly.
"The old woman thought she'd jest run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call," he explained, with a jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party, and their natural audacity returned with their host. I do not purpose to record the convivialities of that evening. The inquisitive reader howl, and darted out into the night. As | will accept the statement that the conversation was characterized by the same intellectual exaltation, the same cautions reverence, the same fastidious delicacy, the same rhetorical precision, and the same logical and coherent discourse somewhat later in the evening, which distinguish similar gatherings of the masculine sex in more civilized localities and under more favorable auspices. No glasses were broken in the ibsence of any; no liquor was uselessly spilt on floor or table in the scarcity of that article.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. "Hush," said trip hither and yon." "I reckon," re-Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It turned Dick, shortly. "Whar's the was the querulous voice of Johnny from mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin' her was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet: "O dad."

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently hereappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down in. his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, I reckon that's enough; he don't need spell, and I'll be back;" and vanished in he closet with an old flannel shirt and was distinctly audible:

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but its most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad." A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny:

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?" "Yes, sonny."
"To-morrer's Chrismiss—ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now ? "Better. Rub a little furder down.

about?" "O, it's a day."
This exhaustive definition was apparinterval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrismiss, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbly night afore Chrismiss and gives things to chillern-boys like Put's 'em in their butes! what she tried to play on me. Easy

In the great quiet that seemed to have hear?"

fallen upon the house the sigh of the
Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered near pines and the drip of leaves withless you're hard pushed for time! Don't

you take on now, fur I'm gittin' all Go!' right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar ?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins in a lean buck-

after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of

money, &c., &c.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't.
And whether you strike it or I win it, t's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'o's about Chrismiss-ain't it? Why do they call it Chrismiss? Perhaps from some instinctive de-ference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heerd o' him before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket, and grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himelf to rest.

For some moments the Old Man wait. ed patiently. Then the unwonted still-ness of the house excited his ouriosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his dis-engaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was lark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.
"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat insteadily toward him. "Whar's the boys?" said the Old

"Gone up the canon on a little passar They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are your starin' at, Old Man," he added with forced laugh; "do you think I'm lrunk ?

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He oitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttened up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "good night" to his host, and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it; it was small, weak and emaciated. But perhaps because it was small, weak and emaciated, he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenseless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him-asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. you ready?" said Staples. "Ready,' said Dick; "what's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it;—it's nigh on fifty miles, the round at the crossin'." "Let minit longer," said Dick. "Let 'em hold on a

He turned and re-entered the house softly. By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open. He stepped toward it on tiptoe and looked The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes. Be side him, on a narrow wooden bedstead You hold on all o' you for a lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration. the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue itated, and glanced over his shoulder itated, and glanced over his shoulder into the deserted room. Everything was quiet. With a sudden resolution he parted his huge mustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy. But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chim-ney, rekindling the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two or them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which, as Dick came nearer, took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

Wot's Chrismiss, anyway? What's it all It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched ently satisfactory, for there was a silent spine hidden by the stiff machillas of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous color, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready ! "

There was a leap, a scrambling strug-gle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to—
thet's a mile from the place. She jest
made that up, didn't she, jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar—
gle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd,
a circle of flying hoofs, two springless
leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play
and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back on-

too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mula!

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone. O Muse, the ride of Richard

Sing, O Muse, of chivalrous Bullen! men! the sacred quest, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and grewsome perils of the Flower of Simpson's Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this bucking brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him,

in prose, afoot!

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practiced all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his sent before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentations objurgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran Nor need I state the time made away. n the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick. she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acuired carried her beyond the point of balking, and holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the swiftly-flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading and swimming, and

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the su-perior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new freshly-painted meeting-house at the crossing of the country road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly springing grasses flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell un-pleasantly, once or twice she coughed lightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto hoss"—an event sufficiently table for remark. At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flag-staff and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his riata, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttle-ville, and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttle ville is not strictly a part of this record Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into un pleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the barkeeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outery roused the roprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs and the interview was invariably con cluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small water-proof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty-Beauty opu-lent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she reapted the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all Alpineclimbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street

were lost in the distance. The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adscent landmarks were distinct, but it grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.
Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound

that would have unseated a less-practiced rider. Hanging to her reins was a figure that had leaped from the back, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," com-manded this second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared. for export, which will realize "Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know State several millions of dollars.

you, you d-d thief. Let me pass or-" He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, threw the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head. and charged her deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and high-wayman rolled over in the road, and the

next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped

helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But

a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now

Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a oaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he hadeswam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river be-

tween him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east swam before his eyes. He shut them to re-cover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite the figures of the sleeping father and son, rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout, dashed into the yellow water. A cry, rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amid uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

> The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dropping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No,-but Dick ?-" "Dry up, you old fool! whisky quick?" The Old Man flew and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't." The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it quick!" He did so with trembling fingers. It ontained only a few toys-cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of em was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water; and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel

spot. "It don't look like much, that's fact," said Dick ruefully ... "But it's lady appeared at an evening party at the best we could do ... Take 'em Old Rock Island, Ill., with her dress flounced Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man"—The old man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh—"tell him

Sandy Claus has come." And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies .- Bret Harte, in the Atlantic Monthly.

The Jelly Fish. So large a portion of its bulk consists

of water that one of no less than thirtyand out into the lonelier plain, where four pounds weight, being left to dry in presently the lights, the black line of the sun for some days, was found to the sun for some days, was found houses, the spires and the flag-staff sank have lost 99 per cent. of its original into the earth behind him again and weight. Writing of the not very attractive appearance of these huge jelly fish, Agassiz observes that "to form an idea of his true appearance, one must acent landmarks were distinct, but it meet him as he swims along at midday, vas half-past four before Dick reached rather lazily withal, his huge semi-transthe meeting-house and the crossing of parent disk, with its fiexible lobed mar-the country road. To avoid the rising gin, glittering in the sun, and his tentacles floating to a distance of many yards behind him. Encountering one of these huge jelly fishes, when out in a rowing boat, we attempted to make a rough measurement of his dimensions upon the spot. He was lying quietly the surface, and did not seem in the least disturbed by the proceeding, but allowed the oar, eight feet in length, to be laid across the disk, which proved to be seven feet in diameter. Backing the boat slowly along the line of the tentacles, which were floating at their utmost extension behind him, we measured these in the same manner, and found them to be rather more than fourteen times the length of the oar, thus covering a space of some hundred and twelve This huge mass is produced by a hydroid mearuring not more than half an inch in length when full grown.

> The last year's pecan crop in Texas is estimated over one million of bushels

Facts and Figures.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

Alabama has six cotton factories, which work up 20,000 bales of cotton an-

A little boy in Quincy, Ill., drank a bottleful of ear-ache medicine, and died

in 30 minutes.

"Assaults with intent to become insane" is the way they put it now in an-nouncing deadly attacks.

A Laporte county (Ind.) horse has learned how to operate a pump. He is the property of a milk-vender.

An undertaker's office in Indianapolis recently bore this cheering inscription on the front door: "Gone for a dead

A tree which was cut down last week in Kansas contained two bushels of bees and three hundred pounds of beautiful transparent honey.

The Danbury News says: "A Danbury German is named Wachschleighen-shamel. How would you like to stand on a back stoop, with the thermometer 11 degrees below zero, and call that in to breakfast?"

After the performance of marriage of Mr. C. W. White and Miss M. Jennie Brush, at Austin, Texas, the Rev. Mr. Kegan extended to the bride her father's blessing, and presented her from him with a check for \$10,000.

An man in Robertson county, Texas has forty-one living children. Sixteen of them served in the same company in a Confederate regiment during the war. He is now living with his eighth wife, and is sixty-five years old.

The girls in the State Iowa Agricultural College not only know more about farming than the male students, but have become proficients in making beds and dusting, under the superintendence of a matron and general housekeeper.

The latest plan for increasing Yale's endowment is proposed by a correspon-dent of the College Courant. He suggests that on graduation each member of the class shall get his life insured for \$1,000, the amount to be paid to the college on his decease. While a rather affected young lady was

onfiding to her admirer how ethereal er appetite was, and the rensitive delicateness of her organization, the too matter-of-fact help bawled out, "Say! will ye have yer biled pork and beans now or wait till yer feller's gone?" The feller" has been gone ever since. A young lady in Mississippi, who had

ust graduated, came home and hired a few colored people, and undertook the experiment of woman farming. The esults at the end of the year were: Eight banks of potatoes, 600 bushels of corn, and \$969 in cash from the sale of cotton, after all expenses were paid. There is much talk just now among the stock raisers of the West about

domesticating the bison or American buffalo. It is claimed that by taking charge of their training and diet, at ar early age, they can be made to do all kinds of work for which oxen are used, would have sworn, but his strength was and to afford excellent meat for the market. A very careful bridegroom in Cleve-

land kept the wedding ring in his mouth during the first part of the ceremony, so that he could find it when the right time arrived. He mumbled the responses all right till the minister winked at him as a hint to produce the ring, when in his nervousness he swallowed ft, and was stood on his head by three groomsmen to facilitate its recovery. At a late masquerade ball at Cedar

Rapids, Iowa, one young lady's dress was composed entirely of newspapers, the Daily Observer being the journal thus honored and adorned. Another young with copies of the Argus newspaper, her waist being spanned with the title head of that journal.

Wapello County, Iowa, held a grand circular and preheralded wolf hunt on January 26. After a due amount of bush beating, a man was driven out from a cabin, and said that his father knew a man who said he saw a wolf out there once—but it was in a menageric. The "hunt" disbanded, as the participators thought further investigation and pursuit would be unnecessary.

Among other incidents of the temperance reformation now unusually active in various parts of the country, we hear that in Cambridge, Mass., the printers employed by one of the largest bookmanufacturing establishments in that city, have formed a temperance society among themselves, and it is intimated that those employed in other establishments will follow this good example. There isn't a kinder-hearted, more be-nevolent, more intelligent, and more industrious class of mechanics in the country than that which journeymen priners constitute; nor is there any which has found a bitterer foe to permanent prosperity in strong drink. To this we most cheerfully add our firm belief that no men, when once they get started in the right direction, can do better service or more of it in the battle for total abstinence.

The overthrow of Japan's feudal nobility has been accomplished without serious disturbance. Most of the Daimios are now living quietly in private dwellings, having been notified that their former extensive habitations are required for the business purposes of the Government. A few of the deposed nobles still linger on distant estates, but the Government expects to have them all in the capital by the first of March. A conflict is expected between the Mikado's troops and the populace at Takamata, where the vassals rose up en masse to oppose the departure of their mediat-ized lord. The gold mines of Sado have been seized by 2,000 desperate insurgents. The people of Yeddo manifest the strongest confidence in the Government. The sovereign has thrown off the mask of secresy, and may be seen riding about the streets. The wearing of swords, though for export, which will realize to that not formally prohibited, is now discoun-