

WINNING A WIFE.

JEFF DAVIS' TRUE LOVE STORY.

Uncle George Green's Story of the Way the Young Lieutenant Won His Bride.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] Did I know Jeff Davis? Well I should always think of him then. He was a dashing young officer, as I knew him, inclined to be overbearing in his ways, never deigning to look at those he thought beneath him in social position or rank. He was a gallant lover, and it was no wonder that the beautiful daughter of Col. Taylor fell in love with him here. She was a romantic young creature, as I remember, and was the one bright and refining influence thrown around the rough camp life. O, yes, she worshipped young Davis. But her father, grim old warrior that he was, could not tolerate Jeff Davis, and when he saw that his daughter was continually unhappy unless in the company of the young officer, he determined on separating them, and accordingly sent his daughter from Fort Crawford, Wis., where he was stationed, to a convent in Baton Rouge. His dislike of Davis grew into a positive hatred, and much unpleasantness was the result.

"In a few days after the departure of the daughter, Davis presented him with a document which required his signature. It was an order from Gen. Wayne granting a furlough to Davis. The wary old Col. saw through the ruse in a moment, and he at first refused to sign the order, but could not well persist in this insubordination or he would be guilty of contempt. The order had come from his superior officer, and he must sign it, and with a black scowl on his face, he affixed his signature to the official document. Jeff was now free for thirty days, and he lost no time in hastening to Baton Rouge to join his sweetheart. Col. Taylor was a man of great determination, as he afterward showed in the Mexican war and in the Presidential chair. He dispatched his swiftest messengers to bring his daughter home by a circuitous route and thus thwart the young officer who was hurrying to meet her. The girl was brought back to the parental roof, and after spending the greater part of his furlough in St. Louis, Davis returned to Fort Crawford. Old Captain Taylor could fight the Indians, and would rather have met a whole tribe than contend with the domestic troubles that now assailed him. He had built a log house just on side the stockade, and here his fair daughter strained her beautiful eyes as she watched the surface of the river for the coming of her lover. After the return of Davis to Fort Crawford the coldness which hitherto existed between himself and Col. Taylor grew more frigid. The young woman pined away in the seclusion of the log hut, and the young officer bided his time when he might take his intended from her father's roof stealthily, and in the night. The father knew the character of the man he had to deal with, and watched his daughter closely. Now, it has been disputed that Jeff Davis took his young woman from her father's house in the night, but I am ready to tell what I know and stand by it.

THE COMING CAT.

Pussy to Take Her Rightful Place by a Fashionable Freak.

Fashion has long been favorable to dogs. Cats are now coming forward, some charming belles at Luchon thought this season of using the Pyrenean cat—which is a pretty creature, and not so wild as it looks—as a surmount, jeune homme. The notion sprang up in this way: A beauty down there was given, in one of her excursions, a lovely cat. But, as her arms were laden with mountain flowers, how carry it? A peasant suggested cutting a hole at one of the ends of a hand-basket for needle-work, just large enough for the cat's neck to be held in without strangulation when the lid was fastened on. As the basket was padded and lined with satin, and bedizened with fringe and ribbons, pussy did not object to being a prisoner therein, and to being placed on the lady's bustle as a pack. There was no other means of carrying the feline unless there. So the basket was fitted up with a string to tie on to the waste, and so borne into Luchon. The arrangement was daring, original and piquant. It found imitators, and in a few days there were not Pyrenean cats enough for the ladies' bustles. Fashion even dared to invade the sanctuary at Lourdes with a mountain tom or tabby on the dorsal hump.

A fashion prophet tells me that next winter the back part of the muff will contain a pouch in which a cat is to lie. A contrivance of this sort was hit upon by Mlle. Schneider for her black-and-tan terrier, which regarded the inside of the muff as a prison and wanted to look about when keeping the hands of the mistress warm. The Duchesse de Bauffremont then took up the arrangement and used it for about as many puppies as she could fit into the pouch. Princess Isabella de Beauvais Cronau resorted to a maternal kitten, and her muff had the pocket in front. Her muff had the pocket in front and a parcel of puppy heads of various breeds peeped from out the opening at the top.

The cat is not a pet for the Alle des Acacias, because it won't suffer itself to be led and would not in a crowd follow its mistress or answer to her call. Although fond of luxury and matching with refinements of the most elegant bonheur, there is no more independent creature in existence. It won't suffer itself to be treated with rough familiarity, to be muzzled or constrained in any way. Though it enjoys being rubbed gently with the grain of its fur, it does not think itself honored by the attention of any human being. It is a carpet animal and fond of silken cloth, when not pursuing mice and such small game, or engaged in house-top adventures. Indeed the cat is most in its place in soft and beautiful surroundings, and revels in plush upholstery— which, by the bye, is going out. One does not tremble if it walks on a table laden with precious knick-knacks. It steps so gingerly, and is so much the master of its movements, that china, you may be sure, will never fall where the domesticated feline passes. Whatever possesses servants to say "the cat did it," when they themselves break glass and delf, I can't make out.

"I had waited some time when I heard footsteps, and turning, I saw Jeff Davis and Col. Taylor's daughter hurrying toward me. Not a word was spoken as he lifted her tenderly to a seat in the canoe, and I followed taking up my paddle. We went down the slough to where it joined the river. The young woman began to cry softly as she swept into the stream, and Jeff drew her head over on his shoulder as he spoke to her in a soothing voice. Across the river we drifted, and the sound of my paddle could not be heard a furlough away. Not a loud word was spoken in that silent voyage, and I was at a loss to understand the whole affair. We kept on across the river, and after a few moments I glanced around to see how my passengers were getting along. The girl had ceased her crying, and by the way she rested her head on the bosom of the young Lieutenant I somehow became convinced that she was not altogether unhappy. We landed on the opposite shore below the island, and I waited with some interest to see what would happen next. Presently I saw three men emerge from the thick under-bush some distance from the river bank, and Jeff Davis put some

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

'And so Miss Dorinda Beam is dead and buried?'

'Yes, an' ham't left no will—that's the worst of it.' Mrs. Grimes stopped churning to listen to the news brought by Neighbor Hoekins. 'You don't say!' 'It's so,' declared Neighbor Hoekins, emphatically. 'Benly Bittersweet won't get nothing after all, then,' observed Mrs. Grimes, lifting the churn-lid to see if the butter was coming. 'Not a stirrer. An' her allus brought up to think she'd git it all.' 'Tis too bad. I reckon Peter Fogz an' his woman'll come in fur the property, then?' 'Course they will, bein' they're the highest of kin. All the kin-folks she had, I reckon, fur her an' Benly wasn't no ways related.'

'I shouldn't think Miss Dorinda'd sleep quiet in her grave, with them Fogz a-handling her things. She hated 'em like pizen while she was a-livin',' remarked Mrs. Grimes. 'She hadn't o't to put off makin' her will, then. But that's allus the way—folks keep a-puttin' off an' a-puttin' off, a-thinkin' they're goin' to live forever, an' then all at once they're gone 'fore they know it. An' then it's too late, Miss Dorinda died awful sudden, they say—appexly or the like. I dunno what Buley is a-goin' to do, I'm sure.'

And indeed poor Beulah herself scarcely knew what she was going to do. 'Everything here will be yours, Beulah, when I'm dead and gone,' Miss Dorinda had often declared. 'That miserly Peter Fogz an' his stingy wife won't get a stick nor a stone of what belongs to me! I kin tell him, if he is my nephew.'

And now Miss Dorinda was dead and gone, sure enough, and now Peter Fogz and his 'stingy wife' were the heirs at law. The place had been thoroughly searched for a will, but none could be found, and lawyer Green, who attended to all Miss Dorinda's affairs declared that he had not been called upon to make any will; and so poor Beulah was left penniless and alone in the great world.

One year ago Beulah was the promised wife of Richard Barrymore, a stalwart young farmer, who lived with his mother in the old homestead, with its green orchard trees, its meadows of sweet grass, and its waving fields of wheat and corn.

But Beulah was young and giddy, and when the new physician, Dr. Clarence Virden, began to pay love-like attentions to her, Richard grew jealous, a quarrel ensued, and a broken engagement was the upshot of the matter.

Since that time Dr. Virden had continued his attentions, until Miss Dorinda's death occurred, and Beulah's unfortunate position was made public. Then his visits suddenly ceased, and he found it convenient to 'pass by on the other side.'

A week later Mr. Fogz and wife came to take possession. He was a hard-featured, miserly man, and she a sharp-nosed, avaricious woman.

'The ole woman had a heap o' plunder,' remarked Peter, as he went lumbering through the parlors with his heavy cowhide boots. 'That piecanner will be here long, though, nor them picters on the wall!' he declared, eyeing the articles named with a calculating gaze. 'I reckon they'll fetch a right smart sum o' money at the auction-rooms, an' I'll cart 'em off an' sell 'em.'

JUST THEN THE SOUND OF WAGON-WHEELS WAS HEARD IN THE LANE.

'What on airn is that that Richard's got in the wagon?' asked Mrs. Barrymore, coming out on the porch just as the wagon came into view. 'Kin you make out what 'tis, Beuly? Your eyes are better 'n mine air.'

Beulah shaded her eyes with her hands and looked again. 'It—it looks like a big box,' she said, doubtfully. 'And so it was a big box, with a piano inside of it. There was another box, also, filled with pictures, and a trunk. Richard drove up to the door. 'I've bought you a present, Beulah! he cried gaily. 'The piano an' pictures I'll put in the parlor, and this trunk I'll just carry up to your room.'

And calling Sim, the hired man, they carried it up at once. Beulah could only look her thanks, and then ran upstairs to hide her tears. Half an hour later she came dancing down stairs, laughing and crying together.

'Oh, Dick! Oh, Aunt Laura!' she cried, hysterically. 'There was a will after all; and here it is! It was in the bosom of Miss Dorinda's dress, between the lining and the outside. I thought I would hang up the clothes, to air them, after being shut up in the trunk, and just happened to feel this in the bosom of her silk dress. It was one she had not worn for a good while.'

It proved to be a genuine will, made three years ago, in St. Louis, where Beulah and Miss Dorinda had spent a few weeks one summer. This accounts for Lawyer Green having no knowledge of it.

Beulah was soon reinstated in her old home, and Peter Fogz and his wife, after refunding the money paid for the piano and other articles, went back to their farm, greatly chagrined at the unexpected turn of affairs.

'I wish the pesky trunk had of burnt 'fore ever we went an' sold it,' grumbled Peter. In which unavailing wish Mrs. Peter coincided with him.

Among the visitors who soon flocked in to congratulate Beulah on her good fortune, was Doctor Clarence Virden; but much to his discomfiture he was informed that 'Miss Bittersweet was engaged.'

And so she was, in more senses than one. For when the first October frosts had crimsoned the trailing ivy-leaves and turned the sumac and sassafras-leaves to scarlet and gold, Beulah Bittersweet was transformed into Mrs. Richard Barrymore.—Helen Whitney Clark.

THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES!

It is the title of an unusually handsome steel-engraving (size 21 by 27 inches) issued by Peterson's Magazine, as a premium for getting up clubs for 1888. It represents two sisters carrying a wreath of immortelles and other flowers to the cemetery, to be placed on mother's grave. The faces are very sweet, and the whole picture is well executed, and one that will appeal to every mother's heart. When framed, it will make an elegant ornament for any parlor. Another of the premiums is "Choice Gems," a fine collection of admirable steel-engravings, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges. Another is a copy of the magazine for one year.

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