# The Columbian.

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# The Columbian.

J. E. ELWELL, J. E. SITTENSENDER, } Proprietors.

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## SELECT STORY.

### AN ALPINE BRIDE.

Christina Schmidt was married to Hans Jeni when she was only eighteen.

They were both natives of the village of Sargans, a name some English travellers may remember noticing on the line from Coire to Zurich, though it is very unlikely that they ever spent a longer time there than the two minutes that the train waits at the station, for there is nothing to tempt them to do so. It is a commonplace Swiss village, in a valley only fertile enough to support about half of its population, and obliging the rest to travel to the cities or to emigrate to other lands.

Christina's father was one of the richest and most important men in the place. He lived next door to the inn, in a good-sized, imposing-looking white house, part of the ground floor of which he used as a bake-house—for he was himself the baker—and the other part of it as the shop to sell his bread in. Before she married, Christina had tried for a little while to manage the shop; but she did not like having to stay in it all day long, just in case any one should want to be served; and as she was an only and a motherless girl, and her father had indulged her all her life, he soon engaged a middle aged woman for the business of the shop, and allowed Christina liberty to do as she pleased. She generally spent part of her mornings in the bake-house, not where the big ovens were and it was hot and her father too busy putting in the loaves to notice her, but in a cool out-house, where her father mixed the dough and left it to rise. She liked to watch him handle it so cleverly, and she generally pursuaded him, when all the black bread for the village was done, to make her a few delicious white rolls such as she had tasted once at a hotel in Zurich. She knew exactly when the said white rolls would be baked; and, after working in the house and getting the dinner ready (which being a true Swiss maiden, was a pleasure to her), she would trot down again to the bake-house just when her father was taking them out of the oven, and would sit on the steps of the front door and eat them. For Christina was rather proud of showing how she was spoilt and petted in having white rolls made on purpose for her.

Her lover, Hans Jeni, many and many a time came to her as she sat there, and, accepting one of her proffered rolls, leant against a door-post and looked down at her, enjoying his view of her small round figure and sweet, innocent young face. She was a brown-eyed, brown skinned girl, with masses of soft hair of a golden brown shade, growing artistically round her low forehead. She might have passed unnoticed in a crowd, because she was small and unpretending; but she was undoubtedly the belle of Sargans; and perhaps many a larger place has not boasted such a popular one, because Christina "was kind as she was fair."

Her fortunate lover, Hans Jeni, was twelve years her senior, and had known and loved her ever since she was a little girl toddling at her father's side. He was an orphan, brought up by his grandmother to follow his uncle's calling; that is in the winter time he lived at Sargans and carved wood, but the summer months he spent in the high Engandine valley as guide, coming down from thence in the autum with a pocket full of money and a splendid stock of health and spirits. He had spent his first summer in the mountains when he was fifteen, going up with his uncle, Peter Jeni, who was a well-known Engadine guide, and with him doing some of the easier accents, carrying knapsacks and provisions to the foot of the mountains and learning the first principles of glacier climbing. His uncle was well pleased with him, and told him that his head was as steady as a rock, that he had unlimited nerve, pluck and energy, and that there was in him the making of a first-rate guide. When Hans heard that he made up his mind that he would not waste his capabilities. By the time he was five and twenty he had been up every peak in the Engadine, and most of those in the Tyrol, and by the time he was thirty Peter Jeni would probably point out to strangers his nephew and pupil as the best guide in the east of Switzerland, and such he probably was. He was a splendidly made man, tall and strong, with regular features, keen gray eyes, and a fair skin sunburnt; and Christina answered her own question with an emphatic negative, when she asked herself if there was a better sight in the world than Hans presented as he started for the mountains the year before they married, in his suit of strong gray homespun, his knapsack made of chamois skin on his back, the rope coiled round and hung over his left shoulder, his ice-ax in his hand.

If Christina's father could have chosen he would have preferred that his daughter should not marry a man who from his calling must necessarily be much away from her, for he knew the tender clinging love which he would bestow upon her husband, and dreaded for her the pain of separation; but then he dreaded any and all pain for her, and since she loved Jeni, and he was a good fellow and loved her, too, it would obviously distress her less to part with him sometimes than to be separated from him always.

And so all the Sargans was en fete for Christina's wedding. It was on the 1st of July, her eighteenth birthday; Jeni had put off going to the mountains that year until later than usual, that he might take his bride with him for a holiday—a honeymoon. The villagers in after years used to tell, with tears in their eyes, how that wedding was the prettiest sight they had ever seen: the handsome young couple coming out of the church hand in hand, and Christina's father, with his iron-gray hair and stern though kindly face, walking so proudly with Jeni's grandmother behind them. Christina was quite a mountain bride, for at Han's special request she wore in her hair a wreath of soft "Edelweiss," which he had gathered for her with considerable trouble—the first blossoms, as he believed, of the season.

The evening after their wedding, the the young couple went by train to Coire, the terminus of the railway in that direction, and the next day a very long drive in the diligence brought them to Jeni's usual headquarters, the village of St. Moritz, in the Engadine valley. Jeni had been very extravagant, and had taken the banquet of the dilligence; he had always walked up, other years, but Christina was not accustomed to being obliged to walk to reach a given point, and now he had married a wife he must take care that all things were made pleasant and easy for her. Now, although she was a Swiss girl, Christina had never seen any really fine snow mountains until the lumbering diligence, with its five strong horses reached the top of the Julier Pass, and began to drop down the other side into the Engadine valley—then they burst upon her in their matchless indescribable grandeur, their dazzling sheets of whiteness standing out against the clear, cloudless evening sky, while the rosy tint of the strange, beautiful "Alpenglühn" shone upon some peaks of the mighty Bernina chain, and turned the whole scene into a fairyland. Hans looked at it with pride as well as pleasure, for he felt somehow as if the mountains belonged to him, and although he well knew their power to destroy, their avalanches, their treacherous crevasses, their changing slopes, he was proud of a knowledge within himself, which made him able to defy their dangers, and, by mounting to their highest summits, claim them as his own possession.

Christina clasped her husband's hand. "I had not imagined they would be so grand," she said; "but I shall not like to know that you are on them, Hans; they do not look made to be climbed!"

"Wait till you have tried one yourself, my girl. I mean to make a mountaineer of you before the summer is over."

And to a certain extent Jeni succeeded. Christina was not naturally either very brave or very strong, but the fact of living at St. Moritz, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, in the pure, bracing air only to be found at such a height, gave her, for the time being at least, fresh energy and power, and climbing with Han's help was, after all, a very easy matter. He made her begin so slowly, he arranged so cleverly that she should not at any time walk in the heat of the day, he gave her his arm and supported her when they came to any place, which, to her inexperienced eyes looked dangerous or difficult, and, of course, he did not take her anywhere which was in reality either the one or the other.

As a rule he was employed as guide every other day; sometimes, during August, he went out every day; but if the excursions were long ones he did not care for this, and if they were short and easy he generally sent some younger and less able man than himself. He only once left Christina for more than twenty-four hours, which was when he was away in the Tyrol with an Englishman called Stanley for nearly a week; but then he had been guide to for three years running, and the two had become firm friends, as well as willing companions. Stanley came to see Christina when they returned from their expedition, and charmed, although he confused her, by his warm praise of her husband.

"He is one of the best fellows I ever met," he said, "and I hope you may have a long and happy life together, for you deserve it."

Stanley was a bachelor of keen susceptibilities, and a very strong impression was made upon him by the young Swiss girl and her stalwart guide husband.

That first happy summer came too soon to an end; all the visitors had left the high valley by the middle of September, and a heavy snowstorm happening to fall then, Hans and Christina were obliged to cross the Julier Pass on their way home in a sleigh.

The next year Christina was not able to go to the mountains with her husband. She sighed and lamented a little, as was natural, but looking forward to the future was brave and good about it, and after her little boy was born, early in August, Hans came home just for a week to see her. She was staying at her father's house; but although Hans knew she was well taken care of and cherished, he found it harder than he had expected to leave her again, and her young baby; she looked so fragile and ill, and cried so bitterly when he said good-bye to her.

"I could let you go quite easily, my darling," she said, "if it were only to the towns and the valleys, but it is on those dreadful mountains that I cannot bear to think of you."

"And yet you know how really and truly safe I am upon them; I understand them too thoroughly to be careless; I can not come to any harm."

"Heaven grant that you may not, but I do not see the impossibility."

"You must try and not think about me the next few weeks, little woman," he said encouragingly; and by next year, if you are still frightened, I will find some work to do at Zurich or Coire. But I must go back again to St. Moritz now to earn some money to pay for all that this little fellow costs us," looking at his baby, "and you must get quite well and strong, and then you will not feel inclined to fret about me."

So he bent over her tenderly and kissed her, and looking at her for a moment with infinite love, he left her. He spent a most successful month at St. Moritz, working every day, and earning more than he had ever done before, but as his wife wrote to him anxiously and was, besides, according to her father's account, anything but strong or well, he decided not to stay away from her after the 5th of September.

On the afternoon of the 4th, as he was in his room arranging matters for an early start home the next morning, there was a knock at the door and Stanley came in. The two men, who had not seen each other since the year before, met with pleasure on both sides, and Stanley, accepting the chair Jeni offered him, sat down for a long chat on mountaineer matters. He had only just come over from England, where business had kept him later than usual, and was eager to know the condition of the snow and how many high expeditions it would be safe to undertake so late in the year.

"Then at present you may do anything you like," was Jeni's favorable answer.

"Then I'll engage you for as long as this fine weather lasts, and we will see if we cannot manage something altogether astonishing."

"O, no, sir! not this year. I am sorry to say, for I am going home again to-morrow morning."

Perhaps Jeni was almost as disappointed at having to say this as Stanley was to hear it; for notwithstanding his love for his wife and child, Jeni was, as he always had been, a keen mountaineer; and the prospect of a week or two's work with such a good walker and climber as Stanley, and such a pleasant companion, too; was very attractive to him. From Stanley there followed a long protestation. He did not care for the Engadine; he did not care for his holiday; and in fact, he might as well go straight back to England, he said, since Jeni would not change his mind and consent to stay.

"And, indeed, I would give the whole thing up," he concluded, "if it wasn't for another fellow who is out with me, and with whom I have promised to make at least one or two ascents. Look here, Jeni, put off leaving just for a day, and take us up the Piz Bernina, and I won't plague you to do anything else, but will be eternally grateful to you."

"Up the Bernina! You never would be as foolish as to start with that for a first ascent!"

"I should not choose to, but I am determined to go up this year, and so is my friend Langley. He has got into training already in the Tyrol, and I—well, I'm never so much out of it, you know."

Jeni looked at the wiry, muscular figure of the speaker, and believed him.

"Come, now, you wont refuse me this," Stanley persuaded. "I'm ready to start to night; and, instead of your reaching your wife to morrow evening, why, it will only be the evening after; for I suppose you will go down in the dilligence now you are a married man. You'll do this to oblige an old friend, I am sure."

"Yes, I will do it, if you think that everything can be got ready and another guide found; for if your friend is going we must have a second guide; and then," he added saddenly, how about your friend? Is he safe? I do not like going up the Bernina with an untried man."

"You may trust me that he is all right. I am no fool to risk your life and mine with a fellow who does not know what he is about. Langley is a member of the Alpine Club, and has this summer been up the Ortler Spitz and Monte Cristallo."

"I trust to you Mr. Stanley."

And they fell to arranging details of the expedition. The Piz Bernina is the highest mountain in the district, but by no means the most difficult to ascend, and Jeni, who had once been up it in mid winter, taking twenty-seven hours without any rest over the expedition, thought lightly of it; now that all conditions were favorable. After some discussion he decided to leave the preparations to Stanley, who thoroughly understood such matters, as he was anxious to keep a promise he had made long ago, and visit that after noon a cousin of his wife's in the neighborhood. Stanley suggested as a second guide a man called Hardt, whom Langley had brought with him from the Tyrol, and to this Jeni consented.

"I sent on my ropes to Coire yesterday," Jeni said. "Will you see that Hardt brings sufficient and strong?" Stanley promised to do this, and everything else, and Jeni having arranged to call for him at one a. m., the two men separated.

Jeni was vexed with himself, now the whole thing was settled, for he disliked having to telegraph to his wife, and he disliked, too, having, for the first time in his life, entrusted the preparations to some one else; however, there was no help for it now. He went to the telegraph office and sent off the following telegram: "Sorry, but can not come till the 6:20 p. m. train on the 6th." And then he dutifully started to see Christina's cousin, because he knew his little wife would be sadly vexed if he failed to do so. He did not get back before 8:30 p. m., when he threw himself on his bed, and, with his useful but acquired faculty of going to sleep and of waking at any given time, he slept until midnight.

The two gentlemen and the guides met punctually at the rendezvous; it was too dark, in spite of the lanterns they carried, for Jeni to examine the faces of Langley and Hardt, but he saw that both were young and heavy, powerful-looking men. He asked Hardt if he had everything that was necessary.

"Yes, everything."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then let us be off."

And in the silence which characterizes men at the beginning of any long undertaking, they started, skirting the small dark Lake of St. Moritz and through the pine woods toward the Bernina. When daylight broke they were climbing slowly up its snowy slopes; Jeni was the only one of the party who knew the mountain, but he had not been up that year, and he found the snow, after the long hot summer they had had, unusually soft, and consequently tiring; they could not make as rapid progress as usual. Jeni broke a long silence by announcing a fact that was by no means encouraging.

"This will be the longest ascent of the Bernina I have ever made."

"What, twenty seven hours?"

"Except that one, of course, which was folly!"

They were toiling over a long snow-slope without much incline, and Jeni seemed impatient and more and more out of temper than Stanley had ever seen him.

"I'm afraid, after all, you are abusing me for having kept you from your home to-day," Stanley said.

"I am thinking that I did wrong, and naturally I am not pleased with myself."

"At least you are giving Langley and me a great pleasure."

"This slope is interminable," Jeni exclaimed shortly afterward; let us turn sharp to the right, it must be shorter."

The four men were roped together, Jeni leading; they followed him over a ledge of rock, on to another steeper snow slope; Jeni did not usually cross it, but the mountain had changed a little that year, and he deemed it advisable to do so.

As far as Stanley could tell—and he had reason enough to remember afterward every detail—they were all attending to the business in hand. The rope was not too slack, there was nothing careless in the gait, and indeed there could not have been, when Jeni took one of his long, striding steps, and the snow beneath him gave way—suddenly—he did not sink in it as they had been doing all along, he dropped right down till only his head was visible.

"For Heaven's sake stand firm," gasped Stanley, and the three strong men planted themselves in the snow, and pulled with all their might on to the rope. Surely they would be able to hold us Jeni? Ay, so they would; but, as he moved and tried to raise himself, the rope gave a sharp snap and broke in two, just between Stanley and Jeni, and with a ringing cry of despair the guide fell down into the unmeasured depths of the crevasse below.

Details of the next few hours and of the return of the remaining three to St. Moritz need not be given. It was altogether impossible to recover Jeni's body, and in his icy grave they left him. Maybe, if the poor fellow could have chosen his own resting place it would have been somewhere among those mountains he loved but too well. It is also unnecessary to enter at length into the painful question as to who was to blame for the accident; primarily, perhaps, Jeni himself, for a guide should trust to no one the supervision of aything so important as the ropes, and certainly in this case the rope was a worn one, which Jeni, if he had seen, would never have thought of using; then Stanley was more or less to blame, because he promised Jeni he would see to everything, and instead of doing so he left the arrangements to Hardt; and finally, of course, Hardt was bitterly to blame for taking an unsound rope. He had but a feeble excuse to make for himself, i. e., that he had no better one, and did not like to put off the whole expedition because the rope might be a trifle rotten.

Stanley was almost indifferent as to the cause, he was so entirely taken up with its effect, for he felt altogether frantic at the thought, which never left him, of pretty Christina and her awful sorrow. At first he intended to travel down without pause to Sargans, and break her the news himself; then it seemed to him that she would bear to hear it from her own father, and to him he telegraphed the facts. Schmidt was a brave man, with strong feelings, which he held under all circumstances in perfect control; and perhaps he thought his little daughter more like himself than she was, in her present weakness. Possibly things might have been different if he, realizing her feebleness, had prepared her for the bad news, before telling it to her in its utter hopelessness; but he treated her as he would have preferred being treated himself. With the telegram in his hand he went into her room where she sat by her baby's cot, and said to her:

"Christina, your husband is killed!"

And he put the telegram into her lap. She looked scared for an instant, and then she said, with a sweet pretty smile playing round her mouth:

"O, no he isn't; he is coming home to me to-night."

"But, my child, he was killed yesterday on the Piz Bernina!"

She turned terribly white, and that hopeless monosyllable, "Dead," escaped from between her closed lips, while, snatching up the telegram, she read and re-read its contents and understood its cruel meaning only too clearly for her reason to bear the shock it received. Gradually a change most cruel to watch came over her agonized face. Again it was lighted by a smile—but a senseless, feelingless meaningless smile—and she said gayly:

"He is coming by the 6:20 train. We must go down and meet him, father."

"Good Heavens! was she mad?"

Ay, mad she was, although her father could not believe anything so horrible until the doctor fetched from Zurich, in his certainty of the fact, asked what asylum Schmidt proposed sending her to; then he said fiercely that he would look after his own daughter himself. And he did so, with the tenderness which belongs only to a strong man, as long as the poor girl needed it.

Far more pitiful than any heart broken woman was she in her senseless expectancy, which gave way after a day or two to dull despair. But she continued to insist that Hans was coming by the 6:20 train; and after a while, not content with meeting that one, she spent nearly the whole of her time just outside the station, where she could see the trains come in and watch who got out of them. When Stanley arrived one evening, in pouring rain, she was standing there bareheaded (for she excitedly refused any interference,) her long golden-brown hair streaming over her shoulders on to her dripping, clinging black gown. She tried to dart toward the train as it drew up, but her father, gently but firmly putting his arms around her, kept her near him; she struggled violently for a moment, and then remained passive. Everybody in the train was watching and pitying her, and, it may be; wondering concerning her sad story. When she caught sight of Stanley she fled to some steps which led to the basement of a neighboring house, and crouched down on them, began twisting up her hair in desperate haste.

"This is Hans' friend," she said, "who will tell me why he does not come; but Hans would like me to be very tidy and neat to meet the gentleman."

And then, with the impetuosity of madness, she rushed up to Stanley, and falling on her knees on the wet ground, at his feet, she begged and implored him to send her husband back to her.

The last time Stanley had seen Christina she was standing by Jeni's side, holding his hand and looking proudly and fondly into his face, her own lightened by happy realities and happy hopes; and now, with her wild eyes, her white face, her awful, terrified, senseless expression, she was pleading for the treasure which could never, never be given her in this world. Stanley left her, half maddened himself by the sight.

But, mercifully, Death soon claimed her for his own; and we may trust that the husband and wife are together again now, in that dim shadowland beyond the grave, of which, while we know so little, we can hope so much.
—*London Household Words.*

### Cooking a Girl.

THE HORRIBLE FEAST PREPARED BY A NEW ZEALAND CHIEFTAIN.

[*From the Popular Science Monthly.*]

Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent and but little known account of the Maoris vety early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief whom he afterwards discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls in pieces like a bit of blotting-paper it well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant-looking girl of sixteen, and one that he used frequently to see about the pah. To quote his own words:

"While listening to this frightful detail we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi (the chief who had killed the girl) and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting feast was cooking. Not a native was now near it, a hot steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass, and the same dog that we had seen take the head of the girl now crept beneath the bushes and sneaked toward the village; to add to the gloomliness of the whole a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing in this melancholy place; it was a lowering, gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes as it swept round the hill on which we were seemed in unison with our feelings."

Earle goes on to relate how he and three other compatriots whom he summoned from the beach for the purpose, with the Englishman's usual impertinent interference and intolerance of customs differing from his own, determined to frustrate Atoi's intention. They together visited the hill where the flesh was cooking, and, destroying the oven, buried the remains in the earth. They found the heart put on one side for the special delectation of their constant friend and companion, Atoi. Earle was afterwards good humoredly told by the chief that their interference had been of no avail, as they had found the grave where the flesh had been buried and opened it soon after he and his friends had left, and finished cooking it and eat it all.

### Given Up for Dead.

A MAN WHO WAS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE TELLING HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Last week there transpired at the Centre township ore banks, near Newport, Pa., a most remarkable event, which is closely allied to the supernatural.

On Monday morning John Wisholm, the father of one of the numerous families of Swedes living in the neighborhood of the ore mines, was taken suddenly ill and before a physician could be summoned was apparently dead. The form of the deceased was cold and rigid, the lower jaw fallen and the ashy pallor of death on the face. With the demonstrativeness of their nation the family gave loud expression to their grief. The eldest son in particular was more demonstrative and inconsolable than any of the others. He called on his father with heartrending lamentations to come back and with difficulty was prevented from prostrating himself upon the corpse.

Hoping to comfort the grief-stricken family by spiritual consolation the resident clergyman remained with them until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time, when the minister was about to leave, the son, who seemed to take the death so much to heart, was seized with another paroxysm of grief more violent than any preceding it. He threw himself on the body of his father, embraced him and piteously implored him to speak once more and not to leave him without a recognition. As if the agonized voice had penetrated the silence of the other world the lips of the dead man moved, the eyes opened with a sad, reproachful look on the weeping son and in the well-known voice came distinctly these words: "Oh, why did you call me back?"

As soon as the awe-stricken group could regain their composure after the appalling sense they immediately administered restoratives to the patient, when the minister left him, very weak but still alive. On the following day re related to the minister his experience to the time when he was apparently called to life. He said he first felt a sinking sensation, knew everything that transpired in the room, but could not speak; then all was a blank. His next recollection was of being in a dense darkness, through which he was led by two invisible forms, moving as if floating—nothing above or below. At last it appeared to grow lighter and growing brighter every moment he finally observed two shining, beautiful forms on either side of him. He experienced a feeling of perfect peace and well-being and heard the most soothing and delightful music. The feeling of rest and freedom from pain seemed to be disturbed by a voice in pain calling him. He felt a thrill of regret, then all became black and opening his eyes he found his son and family crying and calling on him to come back.

Mr. Wisholm lived until next morning and then died, as his family sincerely believe, a second time. Whether the man was in a syncope, from which the lamentations of his family aroused him, none can answer. One thing, however, is certain—that for the space of nearly twenty-four hours, so far as the observations of the doctor, the minister and the family were concerned and so far as outward indications are a guide, the man was dead.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

### The Mackey Romance.

THE POOR NEVADA WIDOW, WHOSE DAUGHTER HAS JUST WEDDED THE PRINCE COLONNA.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist*, in a recent issue says: Some twenty odd years ago there dwelt in California a family of three persons, father, mother and daughter. The latter was a mere child. All were young. The father was a physician. His habits became so dissipated that the poor wife, despairing of his reformation, and also of the possibility of independent action on her own part to secure support for herself and child, proposed a separation. The man agreed to it; but he was not put out like Rip Van Winkle. He was assured that while he lived she would never cease to help him, and that when he mended his ways their old relations should be restored. He departed to cure himself, if possible, and become worthy of the woman who, sorely beset, undertook the maintenance of the family. Encouraged by his wife's prayers, letters and heroic conduct, the doctor redeemed himself. At least he thought so, and his poor wife was more than willing to believe it. He returned to her home and heart, warmly welcomed back to both. Unluckily, he had either miscalculated his will power, or the demon of indulgence was simply asleep, and by no means dead within him. He went back to his cups, and very soon the skeleton finger of poverty was laid upon his domestic affairs. The devoted wife, unwilling to undertake an experimental separation, and unable to remain where she was, determined to try what change of scene would do for this miserable man, who naturally kind, talented and wholesome, seemed to be insanely abandoned to the devil of strong drink. Just at this crisis rumors had reached California of the Comstock lode discovery, and thither many of the mining population drifted. Across the Sierras to Virginia City this little and most wretched family journeyed.

The doctor pulled himself together for a while and did some business, but his health was gone and very soon he died. Widow and orphans were left in the very depths of poverty. The generous hearted miners had clubbed together to bury the doctor. They made up a purse for the mother and child from time to time, and thus saved both from utter deprivation of food, shelter and raiment. There was at that time superintendent of one of the mines a sturdy young Irishman, who, from the lowest rounds of the ladder, had begun to push his way to fortune. He was not more than moderately well off, and little dreamed of the Monte Cristo casket in store for him. He used to carry the weekly or monthly stipend to the widow, and his visits to her became more and more frequent. At last he married her, and her days of fear on the score of poverty were over. She possessed a well-to-do-husband, who was the master of his possessions and certain to make his way in the world. But in the days of distress the unhappy woman had resorted to the morphine habit, and could not, of her own effort, release herself from it. A young physician at Virginia City, who had recently graduated in France, informed her that if she would visit Paris and put herself implicitly under the care of his old master there, her cure could be guaranteed. While the husband remained to uncover, with the present junior senator from Nevada, the richest silver deposit the world has ever known, the wife crossed the seas and submitted to a rigorous medical treatment. It was successful after many months of endurance. Meanwhile the famous California and Consolidated Virginia mines were penetrated by the husband, and the world-ren