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Love and Leather.

"I wish I was a cobbler, sweet,
To make your pa a shoe."
Why so?" she asked. "Because," he sighed
"Oh, then I may kiss you."

"You may make his shoe? Why pa wears
boots."
She thought she had him there.
"I mean his boots," he blushed, "for then
We two would make a pair."

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "that will be nice,
We'll both be cobblers deft;
I'll get the right boot done and see
How you, young man, get left."

But pa, who chanced to hear, came in
And gave the youth a pair
Of boots—to start the boy, he said,
In business elsewhere.

Among the Mowers.

Where ripening wheat and clover meet,
And shadows stretch of forest bowers,
What time cool breezes kiss the feet
Of laughing lassies thither drawn—
Their fresh cheeks rosy as the dawn—
The mowers' dewy tracks appear;
Their whetstones' cheery click I hear,
And seek them in these morning hours.

New life seems stirring in the veins
That bared arms show—all move in line;
With pride the master holds the reins
O'er drappled grays, whose swath afar
Rolls on as with triumphal car,
Adown the smooth, rich intervale!
From bush and shrub the sparrows call;
The smallest pools like silver shine.

Grand are the lessons taught a-field,
Where healthful toil hard hands employs!
The ear and blade such largess yield,
Upspringing through the night and day,
We wonder—but 'tis God's own way,
Praised by the children of the sun
From tree-tops in each orison,
When nature's breast is filled with joy!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

MARION'S ROMANCE.

The beauty of Marion Marlborough had a certain stately guise to it, despite her youth, that made her seem like a young queen, while its chief charm was her complete unconsciousness of it. That she had a lover in almost every youth who was brought within her sphere was a matter of course, but that she should fail to be attracted by any one of them herself was perhaps slightly a matter of wonder. Her mother, indeed, thought it very much so, and often allowed Marion the benefit of her opinion, and of her opinion in especial concerning a girl who had it in her power to be of immense benefit to her family, and resolutely ignored the possibility.

"When Amelia Tanhurst was married," Mrs. Marlborough would continue, "there were few poorer than the Tanhursts were; and look at them now! Her marriage put all the sisters into a society where they also married rich, instead of having to earn their own living or starve, and both of her brothers are in first-class business, and on the way to millionairedom."

"I suppose all this means, mamma, that if Mr. Adriance Desmond should throw me his handkerchief, you want me to be as eager and alert as the rest of—"

"I want you simply not to take it for granted that he is a wretch of the blackest dye, but to treat him with civility, and let him take his chances."

"Very well, mamma, I will treat him with civility. I hope I treat every one o."

"You are fearfully toploftical to some of them, Marion," said her second sister, Charlotte.

"Well, I hate them all. I hate men who are looking you over, and taking their fancy to a handsome cheek or a rich color—"

"There, there, there, Marion! People will think you a shrew instead of a beauty. And as for Adriance Desmond, he is a charming fellow, for I know him of old; and when he brings his yacht here next week, you may be as ready to own it as anybody. I'm sure if you, or Charlotte, or Emily, or Anne, should marry any one half so agreeable—"

"Which means," whispered Marion to Charlotte, with sparkling eyes and color, "any one with half so much money."

"—would marry any one half so agreeable, it would be a godsend for your family."

And all the rest of the week Mrs. Marlborough was cutting and fitting, and getting her "goods ready for sale," as Marion indignantly called it. For the Marlboroughs had just enough income to get along with narrowly, and some of the gauds and glories of the wealth to which she had once been accustomed the mother longed that her children should have, if she might not have them herself; and she made a good deal of moan to herself that her choice child, Marion, the beauty of the whole Marlborough race, should be such a rebel in the matter, and aunts and cousins and intimates one and all agreed with her.

It was, however, the only thing where Marion was rebellious. Anybody sweeter, gentler, more helpful, than she, it would not be easy to find. Her laugh, her voice, her step, were music; she was a sunbeam wherever she went; her little world felt it would be a desert if Marion were taken from it, and yet felt that the queen must have her kingdom, let what would happen—in other words, must marry, and marry well. And of course they had all been interested when they heard that the Desmonds—Adam and his half brother Adriance—were to bring the steam yacht round to Parvisport, and spend part of a season on the water there; for Adam himself was a capital fellow, and would make almost any girl a good husband, although the vast wealth belonged to Adriance, who had inherited it from his mother, and they were both a sort of cousins by marriage. There had always been more or less correspondence in the family, and they really knew each other, although owing to the long European residence of the Desmonds they had never met. The brothers had seen Marion's picture, at any rate, and she had been set up in a shrine, as it were, by one of them at least.

The last raveling of the dressmaking had just been gathered from the carpet, when Aunt Anne saw the yacht at anchor directly beneath the windows, with her flags flying, and a boat putting off to shore. You may be sure she had her hosts marshaled before the new-comers could mount among them; and if Marion, in her half-indignant sense of the barter and sale that Mrs. Marlborough and her Aunt Anne were making, was the last to present herself, it only made the effect more vivid when she did. The other girls had been like a garden of flowers, but here was the rose herself. Such damask on the velvet cheek, such velvet in the blackness of the eyes, such blackness in the shadows of the hair whose ripples took the sunshine on their crest, such sunshine in the smile that did not come at once! "Helen of Troy," thought Mr. Adriance Desmond—"Helen of Troy could not hold a candle to her."

But for her part, she did not look at either of the Desmonds—at least not consciously at Mr. Adriance. What prejudice she could possibly command in their favor she felt for the younger and poorer brother, cut off by a whim of fate from the good luck of the other; and she was glad when she found herself, after the whirl and hurry of preparation that followed the invitation, pacing the deck by the fair fellow's side, while she used some strong language in her thought concerning the dark, stern master of the yacht, standing surrounded by a servile throng. And then she laughed at her strong language, and looked her companion over, and decided that his erect shape, his noble air, his bonny face, with its laughing blue eyes, its Greek contours, its frame of yellow curls, were all a combination far superior to his brother's looks; and so, she had no doubt, were his mind, his heart, and his whole nature; and the rebel in her rose again, and with the thought of how angry mamma and Aunt Anne would be, she turned a trifle more toward her companion, and leaned a trifle more heavily on his arm as she walked.

Take it altogether that was a delicious day, Marion thought, as she and her companion, who had scarcely left her side, climbed the bank together at nightfall, a great star looking at them out of the dull red gates of sunset; a novel and delightful experience, and her guardians letting her alone all the time, and never once reminding her that it was her duty to make a circumspect marriage and provide for the family. "It seems as if I had known you for years," said Mr. Desmond, as they parted. And so it seemed to Marion. But when she went into the lighted room, and felt her mother's approving and patronizing hand on her shoulder, and saw Charlotte and Emily smiling rosily, it occurred to Marion that there was mischief afloat. "You are a good girl," said her mother. "You could hardly have done anything to have pleased me more."

To have pleased her more! Marion was at once aware what that meant. Why couldn't they have left her to enjoy this innocent little friendship without poisoning it by such thoughts? It was apparently a part of the maternal programme to be pleased with the name of either of the Desmonds on her bill of sale. She would have nothing more to do with any of the name.

Easier said than done. Every time she tried to drive the thought of her day's companion away, every time some charming sentence that he had uttered, some daring bit of originality, some fresh, sweet, wholesome thing, some graceful deed that he had done, would recur, and would set her to thinking of him more than before; and the moment that she closed her eyes she could see that bonny bright face of his as if it had been painted on her eyelids.

It had been arranged that the Desmonds and their friends, who lived on the yacht, should come ashore for the Marlboroughs, and for those they had pleased to add to their number, and put out at once for sea, returning when they pleased, by noon or night, having ample accommodations and ample chaperons. Madge, then, of the wrath of the household when, coming down in full yachting array, Marion was found in a morning print, not going out, but curled up in a corner of the sofa, with a novel and a toothache.

"A toothache indeed!" cried her mother; "you with a mouth full of pearls! without an unsound tooth in your head!"

"I didn't say I had a toothache," said Marion. "Aunt Anne said so, and of course I shouldn't contradict her. All that I said was that I was not going out in Mr. Adriance Desmond's yacht, toothache or no toothache."

Mamma Marlborough opened her mouth, but just then caught sight of something in the window, and paused with it still open, and then, suddenly closing it with a snap, she shouldered her parasol, reviewed her little army, and marched them from the room.

Twenty minutes later, as Marion saw the sails of the yacht go soaring round the point, a face appeared through the vines, and a gay voice crying, "May I come in?" was followed by its owner, and the object that Mrs. Marlborough had caught sight of in the window made its entrance there, and was advancing toward her with outstretched hands and a radiant smile. "It was so unfortunate to be left behind!" he said. "And now to find, when I thought I had lost you for the day, that here you are! I may stay, may I not! You need not tell me you are tired, I will let you rest—that you have a book to read, for I will read it for you, and I have a nicer one besides—nor that you are not going to have any dinner, for there is nothing so delectable as bread and milk, and I saw plenty of that on the dairy shelves as I came by. So you see it is all settled, and you can't forbid me."

"If it is all settled, it would be of no use to forbid you," said Marion. "But indeed it would not do. Mamma and my aunt would—"

"Think the world was upside down? Well, let us startle them with a glimpse of Chinese Tartary. And besides, why should they ever know anything about it? What is that book you are reading? Dryasdust? Here is the new book of poems—music run mad, but sweetness enough in them to make a sweet day sweeter. Will you hear?" And his hat was on the floor, and he sat on a cushion at her feet, and melody and beauty filled the morning with his book and his voice. Then by-and-bye she went to the other room, and opened the piano, and sang to him song after song of music more melodious yet; and at noon old Margaret—who had had her hurried private word from Mrs. Marlborough when sailing out, parasol on shoulder—bade them to the little dinner where she had done her best, and over which they lingered long. And after dinner there was strolling in the garden, and then more singing, and talking all the time thrown in—such talking on his part as Marion had never heard before, such on hers as made him wonder why he had not thought all women as sweet and fresh and innocent as this; and at length a supper of the delectable bread and milk on the piazza in the sunset, and the day winding up with a ramble out to the cliff's edge to watch for the yacht, which did not come, although the dew and the evening breeze did. And he folded the little wrap around her in the dark, and longed all at once to fold his arms there too, and felt as if he had committed a profanity in the longing. But they staid there, leaning on the old stone wall, side by side, almost cheek by cheek; and just before midnight the yacht came sliding softly and silently along, every one on deck too tired for singing or laughing. "Now you must go," she said. "If Aunt Anne—"

"Found me here? What a bugbear you make of the dear old lady! She would give me a welcome. However, I obey. Do you remember I said last night that I seemed to have known you for years? If I had, I should not perhaps have seen so much of you as in this whole long happy day all to ourselves. Has it been a happy day to you? Do you know, I have half the mind to say, now I have known you, not for years, but from the eternities. I can't seem to remember the time when I did not know you. Till to-morrow, then." And he was gone, and she had crossed the field, and ran into the house, and torn off her lendings in a hurry, and was lying on her pillow, with all her bright tresses streaming over it, when the rays of Mrs. Marlborough's kerosene gilded them.

Mrs. Marlborough was thoroughly fatigued, and when that was the case the conscientious chroniceler would have to state that she was thoroughly cross as well; but to Marion's surprise she was beaming as placidly and brightly as her lamp. It was not the face that Marion had expected to see.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who, after all, and meaning no disrespect to mothers in general, was not the woman of most discretion in the world, "so fate got the better of you, and you had Mr. Desmond to yourself for the day. Or did you arrange it all beforehand, child? You needn't think we are displeased with you"

A diastrous speech for her purposes. Profane hands laid on the holy of holies injured it past valuing for Marion. If she had been made by the happy day to reverse and forget her resolutions of the night before, this remark lit them up like a torch in the darkness, and she determined, in dead earnest this time, that if she could not go away and visit her Aunt Emily, she would at any rate have no more to say to either of the Desmonds.

But, as she might have known, she found on the next morning that she would no more be allowed to go to her Aunt Emily's than to the moon, and that it would be nearly as difficult to pursue her other intention, as the whole yachting party was to spend the day with her mother, and one must be civil in one's own home.

"Two days together!" said her yesterday's friend, approaching her gayly as the party landed, with his hands full of water-lilies.

"I am afraid you will find it such a bore," she said, and took his water-lilies as a matter of course, and moved off to speak to Mr. Crayshaw, and left Mr. Desmond inquiring if this were the gracious creature of yesterday, or a twin sister of different temper. A little piqued, he thought he should like to discover. But it was in vain; scrupulously civil, she was distant and cool as the white and rosy top of Mount Blanc. "You are a person of surprises," said he, when he at last had her where she could neither go forward nor retreat, by his side at the dinner-table. "Yesterday we were the old friends of years; to-day I should think I had never met you till the night before last."

"Well—and did you?" she said, quietly.

"Have I offended you?" he asked, bending forward and looking at her so that her own eyes fell.

"Why should you imagine such a thing? Have I been rude to you?"

"By heaven! I wish you had. Then you would be sorry for it. Anything would be better than such indifference."

If she colored and paled in swift succession she fervently hoped that no one else saw it; but she knew that her companion did; and she turned to the deaf Mr. Craddock on her other hand, and devoted herself to him with a charitable assiduity of which Mrs. Marlborough never conjectured when she placed the personages at her table. "I never dreamed of an ideal of caprices," murmured Mr. Desmond, as he held open the door for her to pass through; and then he thought he saw a sudden tear spring to the lovely eye, and reproached himself for a brute, and strode after her to tell her so; but she was not to be found, and he was not certain, after all.

But here they were only in the beginning. The Desmonds and their gay yachting companions were to be about Parvisport the whole month, and in one way or another she would be obliged to meet them daily, for her family were determined to make the most of the festive season, and so the path she had chosen to walk was thorny. There seemed, then, to be but one method of putting a stop to the whole business of barter and sale which her mother and Aunt Anne were carrying on, and that was to seek the most ineligible member of the party, and conduct such a flirtation with him as would make her elders wish they had never been born. And this idea the wicked beauty straightway carried into action. It never occurred to her that Mr. Crayshaw might take the affair seriously, and so complicate matters; she rode, read, walked and talked with Mr. Crayshaw, and wondered what her sister Emily ever saw in so frightfully dull a man, when one day Emily carried him off in triumph before her face.

Meanwhile the young gentleman who, as Marion half acknowledged to herself, if his name had not been Desmond and his brother had not been a millionaire, might have been found delightful, watched her proceedings at first with pain, and then with anger, and finally with amusement. It did not take him long to find out that, however deeply Marion was engaged with Crayshaw, she yet knew every movement of his own; and that when she sat with her down-dropped eyes and folded hands while Mr. Crayshaw read to her from his learned book, it was not Mr. Crayshaw's voice to which she listened, but his own, in its gay badinage or eloquent outburst. Mr. Desmond began to see what it all meant, with that instinctive wisdom of lovers; and on the day when Crayshaw ignominiously left her for Emily, he took advantage of the situation, and replaced him before Marion could help herself.

It was on the occasion of a dance on the yacht, and no more charming scene could have been painted than was made by the masts and cordage, the colored lanterns stringing every rope and spar, the flowers, the music, the glancing shapes, the swelling sails and the open seas, the starlight, and the vast outer night, all lending the time the sensation of a delightful dream, till now, when they had come to cast anchor among some weird black rocks where fishermen had kindled a fire, making fantastic images of themselves in the red light against the dark and oozy background, as they prepared some witches' broth of a chowder, after securing to the upper shore the great cable that helped to hold the yacht broadside on.

"This is the end of the third week since we have been here," said Mr. Desmond, as he took his seat, "and the sweet girl who was so kind to me on the first and second day of my stay has never yet come back."

But to this she made no reply. She could not get away as he sat, but she could be silent.

"Really," he went on, "you remind me of some fairy story. Has any one turned you to marble? You seem to be flesh and blood to Crayshaw, but when I approach and ask for bread you give me a stone. Will you not tell me the reason?"

Suddenly it seemed to her impossible to endure any longer. "The reason?" she cried. "Yes, I will tell you, if that will end it. The reason is because your name is Desmond."

"No," said he, gravely, "that will not end it. Is not Desmond a good name? Why does that debar me from your favor?"

"Because," she cried again, in desperation—"because I am not for sale."

He stood up before her then and laughed.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "How do you know that I want to buy you?"

A hot surge swept over her.

"They are trying to sell me, all the same," she replied, swiftly.

"In the slave markets of Stamboul?"

"Of Parvisport. And if your wealthy brother could not be secured as purchaser, why you, as next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—"

"Well, this is fine. And you will not be made goods and chattels. Tell me, now," he said, "if I were not my wealthy brother's brother, next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—if I were just a poor student like Crayshaw—would it have made any difference for me with you?"

"What is the use of talking of impossibilities?" she said, and rose to walk away. But he walked beside her; she could not escape; and she paused and leaned far over the taffrail to draw a full breath, burning up as she was with anger and shame.

"Come down here," cried Emily and Mr. Crayshaw.

"Come down," cried Mr. Craddock.

And she saw a group of the yacht's company, who had gone down on the other side of the yacht unnoticed, and were moving over the rocks among the fishermen. She did not consider that they were lifting their arms in play, trusting in her common sense to attempt nothing so perilous. But, supposing that the others had done the same thing—or, in fact, in her excitement, supposing nothing, but seeing a means of escape—she mounted the rail and gave a spring, just as a big receding wave lifted the yacht and swung the stern off shore, and Marion hung one moment in mid-air, and in the next the black water had closed above her, and Mr. Desmond had sprung after her.

He was immensely strong, and he knew there was no real danger; he would have done the same if there had been. He had clasped her as she rose, and was holding her on one arm easily, his other arm twisted about the great cable that hung loosely now and again between the yacht and the shore. "Come," he said; and between her late fright and the roaring of the waters in her ears, his voice sounded to her like the voice of the archangel at the last day—"come; you will answer me, or we will both go down in these black waters. If you care nothing for me, Marion, I had rather go down than not. And as for saving you to be the wife of some other man—"

Perhaps it was surprise that thrilled him as much as passion then, there in the heaving water of the dark shadow of the ship, as he bent his head over the face upon his breast, to feel two warm and tender lips that met his own, and answered them. "By heaven!" he shouted. "Be quick with that boat there! This way!" and in five seconds she was in the boat, Desmond swimming along beside her with one hand on the edge, and then she was handed drippingly on board; and he followed her, and strode away to his quarters, while Aunt Anne and a howling chorus took Marion in charge, and tucked her warmly away for an hour, and then brought her a dry bathing suit and a big boat cloak, and allowed her to come on deck.

Desmond was already waiting there, and he took her in hand, and led her exultingly away. "I suppose you will demand a marriage ceremony," he whispered, in provoking glee. "But, for my part, that kiss, with death gaping for us in the black water, was—"

"Hush! hush!" murmured Marion.

"Indeed not. Why should I? You have had your day—I am going to have mine. I haven't thought best to lose any time in fixing an uncertain element; and everybody on board knows that you and I are engaged to be married, and that the wedding day is set for the last of August."

"How can you triumph over me so?"

"Because I am victorious, and I fought a hard fight; because I loved you the first time you parted your lips; because you are my own, my darling."

What a night it was again! They sat there alone in the shadow, trembling in each others arms, sailing along the coast and up the river, the sweet, warm wind blowing in their faces, the great sails swelling out above them. What a night with stars, with violet heavens, with fragrance of salt sea and flowery shore, and with the future throbbing with all its unknown happiness!

"Oh, Marion!" said her mother, as they stepped ashore. "To think that after all my anxiety it was going on just as I—" And she became so hysterical that Marion paused to look at her, a new light breaking in on her mind just then, as Aunt Anne landed and joined the group, saying to Mr. Desmond:

"Now I can call you by your name, I suppose. I saw that the girl thought you were your brother all the while—"

"Do you mean," said Marion, "that—"

"We mean that I am Adriance Desmond, at your service, and not his brother at all," said her lover, still holding her fast, as if afraid she might break away.

"And there is to be no love in a cottage and life on a crust, no idyls of poverty turning into tragedies, but you are going to be the rich Mrs. Desmond in spite of yourself," whispered Emily.

"I don't know about that," laughed Marion in reply. "Is there anything binding in a promise made under duress?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Thief Disguised as a Noble Lady.

A recent letter from Vienna says: A noble lady from Holland landed here last week with a secretary, a maid, and a colored footman, the little set putting up at the White Horse hotel, in Leopoldstadt. The countess, in taking the best suite of apartments, intimated to the hotelier that she expected both her father-in-law and her sister-in-law, who was to be married shortly to an Austrian noble of the best blood, and that the wedding banquet would take place in the hotel. She hired a handsome carriage and drove out every day with her footman on the box by the side of the coachman. During her drives she stopped at many shops, ordered samples and patterns to be sent to her hotel, and at the same time made purchases of silks, laces, fine trousseau linen for the bride, etc., never disbursing a single kreuzer, for the colored footman so thoroughly represented wealth and inspired confidence that shopkeepers were only too glad to send to the noble dame's hotel double the stuffs she ordered. The countess also called on several jewelers, one of whom had just received a handsome garniture in brilliants, which at once took her fancy, being valued at the lowest at 50,000 florins, and the father-in-law being expected on the following day the jeweler was requested to bring the set to the hotel at a given hour. This was done, and when the diamond merchant came he was requested to be seated, and the countess took the little case into the next room, where father-in-law was dressing, she said. After waiting a quarter of an hour, Mr. Jeweler knocked at the door and got no answer; tried the door and found it locked. A noise in the passage attracts his attention. A rush, and he is in the portier's loge, where he finds the countess disguised in man's clothes and guarded by a policeman. Providence had warned that portier, and he had stopped the countess in good time as she was gliding past in her disguise. He saved the Vienna tradespeople from the loss of many thousands, and placed a set of dangerous thieves under the lock of justice. The tradespeople are very grateful, and the portier has received their thanks with many bows and salams. The jeweler, I believe, offered him a shilling, but he declined to take it.

THE TELEGRAPH AND INDIANS.

What the Red Men Think of the "Talking Wire."

"The telegraph line to the Pacific coast must be kept up at any cost." Such was the imperative order of General Pat Conner, the noted California Indian fighter, to the veteran patrol upon the old California trail on the North Platte during the last year of the civil war. Men were scarce and the Indians were more numerous than ever before. Conner was organizing the largest military expedition ever sent into hostile Indian country. He had determined to open a road from Fort Laramie through the Big Horn, Tongue river and upper Yellowstone country to Bannock and the Montana mining regions, and to obtain a force large enough to insure success nearly every military fort or stockade on the telegraph line was depleted of fighting men. It was the summer of 1865, and times were very exciting in the East. Telegrams were eagerly sought for in California, but the difficulty in keeping open an uninterrupted electric line through 500 miles of hostile Indian country was only realized by the brave but scattered military patrol engaged in that duty. Wherever the redskins crossed the line they tore down the wire, burned down poles, and in many instances carried away the wire, and after coiling it up would throw it into the nearest creek or river. The 300 miles of line between Fort Laramie and South Pass were intrusted to the care of thirty young men of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry, under command of the late Edward Creighton, of Omaha, then superintendent of the Overland telegraph line. It was to him and his small band of cavalrymen that General Conner issued the above terse and emphatic order on their departure on their perilous three months' trip. The small number of Creighton's patrol rendered an open campaign against the Indian marauders impossible. All repairs to the line were done in the night, and all breaks in the wire were made in the day time. The mode of destruction was as follows: A party of young Cheyennes or Sioux would gallop up to the telegraph line and throw a riata or rope over the wire, and then start off on full gallop, tearing down the wire, which was usually coiled up and carried away to be concealed. The mischievous redskins would then deploy up and down the line, each buck squatting himself down at the base of a telegraph pole, where he kindled a fire of sage brush or greasewood, and after lighting his pipe would sit and wait patiently until the tall pole burned through and fell. The labor of cutting down or digging up the poles was too much for the lazy savages; and, as time was no object to them, they waited until the poles fell. The military patrol, safe within its impregnable corral of wagons loaded with telegraph poles, could see the work of destruction going on up and down the line, but dared not move out of camp until night concealed their movements.

The Sioux and Cheyennes have always been very superstitious about the "talking wire," as they call it, and for several years after the Indian war broke out refrained from meddling with the overland line. In order to impress the minds of these wild beings with the mysterious power of the telegraph, a great council was called at Scott's Bluffs, where the line was first built. Two of the great chiefs were stationed at posts in the open plain, between the Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, and each sent messages through telegraph operators, which were promptly delivered. Then the chiefs mounted their fastest horses and galloped to meet each other, and asked what the message was or the words he had spoken to the wire. The result astounded them. They could not explain it, nor has it ever been understood by them, and to this day a telegraph operator or man engaged in the repair or management of the "talking wire" is regarded as a "medicine man" and a person to be let alone. It was to this superstition that Creighton's thirty men owed their lives and exemption from attack.

With the approach of night the telegraph destroyers usually disappeared, and the repairers would start forth upon their thrilling and exciting trips. The horses' hoofs were muffled with blanket pads to prevent noise. No saddles were used, so as to render the horses lighter in case of retreat or pursuit by the Indians. The instructions were, in case of interruption by the Indians, to scatter into the brush and each man to silently escape as best he could to the camp. One party would dig holes and insert the burned telegraph pole, after driving in a large nail upon which to hang the wire. The hammers used were thickly padded so as to muffle the sound of the knocking. No talking was allowed, and only whispering when unavoidable. Creighton's work was usually the most dangerous. His task was to unreel a thin, thread-like wire covered with green silk, and stretch it from one end of the break to the other, suspending the frail wire upon the top of sage brush or weeds. By this slight, delicate wire the people of California and Nevada sometimes received a whole day's news. But woe to the wire if jack-rabbits were thick, or a bear or stray pony crossed it, as they often did. The frail thread would break, and California got no more news for that night or day.

Sometimes the Indians camped on the line. In that event Superintendent Creighton would start out alone in the darkness, make a circuit of the Indian camp, reach the line beyond the break and attach his pocket instrument and commence to talk to Omaha or San Francisco, send messages to operators on the line, and then return to camp in time to escape capture. The Indians never move about at night; hence there was little danger of meeting them in the darkness. When moving from place to place the ten wagons loaded with long telegraph poles proceeded in two lines, the men in the center. When the Indians appeared a corral was formed instantly, stock in the center and men at the breastworks formed by the telegraph poles. But while this little patrol was pursuing its daring and solitary work, lively times were being enacted not far away from them; and many brave men were dying by bullet, arrow, tomahawk and Indian torture.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Highest Lake.

The lake that has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green lake, in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,341 feet. The water of Green lake is as clear as crystal, and large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly visible at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of dazzling whiteness, as though cut in marble. Salmon and trout swim among them. In places the lake is 200 feet deep.

A good wether profit—Fifty dollars on a sheep trade.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

John Skae was arrested in San Francisco, drunk, the other night, and has gone to jail because he couldn't pay the $5 fine imposed by the court for the offense. In 1876 he could have sold his mining stocks for $10,000,000 but refused, and they slid out from under him so completely that $5 is beyond his call.

The total amount of United States registered bonds is $1,173,000,000. All are held in the United States except $27,894,000. $644,990,000, about half, are in the hands of seventy-three thousand corporations and individuals, not including national banks or foreign holders. Two-thirds, about $400,000,000, are held in amounts of over $50,000. Seven millions are held in sums of less than five hundred dollars.

A London paper says that "the queen has no wish to have her name associated with whisky. An enterprising American whisky manufacturer, it appears, recently sent the queen 'A beautiful barrel of the best distilled waters of Kentucky,' which he called Victoria whisky. He hoped thus to obtain an advertisement out of her majesty, but the queen showed her good sense by simply declining to receive it."

It isn't best to bring in a verdict until all the evidence is in. Deacon Gray, of Palmerston, Wis., detected one of his clerks in dishonesty. The young man was not prosecuted, and after a week of seclusion in his own room was allowed to depart from the town. In a prayer-meeting at the deacon's church he was warmly praised by the pastor for his supposed forbearance toward the sinner. This brought him to his feet with a confession that he deserved no credit. The fact was that he had whipped the clerk unmercifully, hurting him so severely that he had spent the week of retirement abed.

Complaints are made in England that dynamite can be purchased without difficulty in any part of the kingdom, and this with unfortunate results. Grenades of dynamite are employed to kill trout, and hardly a month is said to pass without reports of poachers using the explosive as a means of catching fish. It has been used also as a means of taking one's own life. A case reported from Yorkshire is of a drunken well-digger, who put an end to his days by exploding a cartridge in his mouth. His tongue, teeth and maxillary bones were blown to pieces, although his cheeks and lips, for some odd cause, suffered no harm at all.

During the month of July there were 102 railroad accidents, of which forty-one were in the nature of collisions, fifty-six of derailment, two of boiler explosions, two of broken connecting-rods and one was due to a broken wheel. Of the collisions twenty-three were from the rear, seventeen from in front and one from the side. The derailments were due to a variety of causes. Three were from broken rails, three from broken wheels, three from broken axles, two from broken trestles, two from broken bridges, one from spreading rails, three from accidental obstruction, eight from cattle on the track, four from washouts, one from land-slide, two from misplaced switches, and one each from runaway, flying switch, malicious obstruction, rail purposely removed, and sub-switch purposely misplaced, while nineteen are unaccounted for. Of the collisions, as far as explained, eight came about by trains breaking in two, four by mistakes or neglect to obey orders, three by misplaced switches and one by fog. The record for the year shows that the greatest number of accidents occurred in January and the smallest in April. The average of deaths by accident was 1 1-4 daily.

A Baby Mermaid.

James Garrison, Jr., of Camden, N. J., was fishing off Brigantine beach in company with a yachting party, and caught a fish that answers to the description of a mermaid. He gives this account of the capture:

I changed the bait and threw the line in another direction. Pretty soon I felt a strong jerk, and I thought I had a good-sized fish. I pulled in the line rapidly, thinking I had on a flounder, but you could have floored me with a feather when I hauled that thing on deck. The captain yelled out, "Shiver my topgallants, Garrison, but you've caught a mermaid." I sat down and looked at the thing flopping around, and almost expected it to walk up and speak to me. I took the hook out of its mouth and put it in a pail of water, but it lived only two hours. Why, I felt as though I were killing a human being when I pulled the barb out of its flesh. It looked so much like a dying child, that the captain, who is a trifle superstitious, wanted to talk to it, and felt so sorry that he almost blubbered like a girl. I brought it up to Camden, intending to preserve it in alcohol, but Brooker wanted it, and I guess he'll preserve it.

The Philadelphia *Times* describes the fish:

The object in question, described by many as a mermaid from its resemblance to the human family, hung by a string on the wall, and was being inspected by a crowd of the curious. It was about two and a half feet in length, and so many points of resemblance to a new-born child did it have that many persons manifested little reluctance in pronouncing it a genuine baby mermaid. Its body, with the exception of the feet and tail and the location of the arms, was in appearance the same as that of a child and might be described as a revised version of a skinned monkey. The head ran to a peak at the top and was set on a short neck and well defined shoulders. The eyes were sunken and were covered in lieu of eyelids with gristly scales. The nose was quite prominent and ended in the mouth, the lips of which were of a hard, grisly flesh, and fringed with eight teeth on the inside—four upper and four lower. The tongue bore an almost perfect resemblance to the human tongue, and back of it could be seen two small tonsils. The breast and abdomen were remarkably similar to those of man, the ribs being well formed, but about forty in number. The arms extended to the hips and terminated in five fingers, with claw-like nails, the joints being at the point of connection with the body. The legs were long, terminating in fins, and bore resemblance to those of a baby. At the end of the backbone a well-defined tail, five inches in length, protruded, ending vertically in two small fins. Strange to say there was not the sign of a scale, a soft, fleshy skin covering the entire body, which was destitute of hair. The weight of the creature was about six pounds.

Dr. O. B. Gross, of Camden, says that the animal is the young male of the sharp-nosed ray. The species, he declares, is very common on these coasts, though the young are rarely seen. The pectoral fins, which are large and fleshy, are tied on the back in such a peculiar way as to give color to the mermaid legend.

SUNDAY READING.

The Pathos of Life.

The pathos of life lies but little below the surface; the loving heart feels it all.

While I was in college I was impressed very deeply by an incident illustrating the pathos of these facts, which need only to be known to be felt. I had observed a large Newfoundland dog about the dormitories for nearly a week. One cloudy afternoon an old man came wearily into the yard and inquired for the dog. The wild ones saw a chance for a little diversion and so the dog was allowed to look benignly down from the attic windows upon his master. The old man trudged up the long flights of steps, but when he reached the room he saw the dog playing leap-frog with the boys on the campus. Again he patiently descended and the chase was kept up until the old man saw it was of no use. It afforded great sport for the thoughtless, but there were some among the scores looking on whose hearts and tongues protested.

"Boys," said the old man, "this looks like sport to you, but if you only understood the circumstances you'd feel more like crying than laughing. My wife and I had a little granddaughter a week ago, but we haven't now. She died last Saturday. This dog was a great favorite with her. He stayed in her room all through her sickness, and she would stroke him with great tenderness when she was almost too feeble to raise her hand. While she was dying she said: 'Grandma, you'll keep Rover to remember me by, won't you, grandma? Be good to Rover and we'll all meet in heaven;' and now grandma is very lonesome without her little girl, and she wants the dog. He ran away as soon as the little girl died, and I have been searching for him ever since. Please, boys, let me take him home, for we have nobody to care for but the dog." His voice choked while tears started in many eyes. Quickly the dog was given up; a hat was passed and substantial tokens of the boys' repentance were presented the old man, and while he trudged away, followed closely by his dog, the sun broke through the clouds, for it was about to set, and flung a flood of golden rays upon the college campus and its buildings, lighted up the old man's face as he made an adieu, and seemed to be the benediction of heaven upon the scene. I never shall forget it.—*Rev. G. L. White.*

Religious News and Notes.

The Rev. Dr. Diedrich Willers, pastor of the German Reformed church in Barrytown, N. Y., has just resigned after an acceptable service of sixty years.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church, South, has now 830 auxiliaries, with 21,338 members, and rejoices in a treasury balance of $98,785.

There are nine hundred white Baptist churches in Mississippi with 56,000 members. Of these churches only ten have preaching every Sunday; and of these only six are self-sustaining.

A four weeks' series of revival meetings in the Cumberland Presbyterian church at La Plata, Missouri, recently closed with ninety conversions and eighty-five others making profession of religion.

Hon. H. R. Revels, the first colored United States Senator, has declined to serve another year as president of Alcorn university (Methodist), as he intends to give himself wholly to the ministry, and has become a presiding elder.

In a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* some interesting figures based on the census returns are given in regard to the religious beliefs of the Irish people. There are in Ireland 3,951,885 Catholics. 635,670 members of the Protestant Church of Ireland, 485,503 Presbyterians and 47,659 Methodists. The Baptists, Quakers and members of other denominations number 37,315. The decrease in the ten years in the number of Catholics and Protestants was about the same—4.8 per cent. The decrease in the number of Presbyterians was 2.4 per cent., while the Methodists have increased 6.7 per cent., 4,228 members having been added to the church.

Fish that Fly.

An old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea. There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear. Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses, toad-fishes and sea-cows. One very lovely fish is the angel-fish. But the most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wings.

This fish is shaped and colored something like a mackerel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white. When it flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to the top of another. The flying squirrel can fly, in this way, from a high point up on a tree to one lower down. They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm. In the morning the sailor may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night and flown toward them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow. After this they grow more numerous, and you will see them in the daytime.

They will fly out of the water in front of the ship in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun. They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings or fins they then can fly farther on. They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very fierce and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out. They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip nets and fry them.

The Work of the Heart.

An English writer says: We may form some conception of the enormous energy of the human heart when we reflect that a good climber can ascend only 9,000 feet in nine hours, that is, of course, continuously for any length of time, while the work done by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight (ten ounces) 13,860 feet high. And we may put this even more strikingly by pointing out the most powerful engine ever made by man, the "Bavaria" locomotive of the Vienna and Trieste railway, can only raise itself through 2,700 feet in an hour; that is, its energy is less than one-fifth of that of the human heart. Of course the actual amount of work done by both engine and climber is much greater than that done by the heart; but relative to weight the energy of the heart far exceeds that of the other two.

Nantucket Stories.

About the year 1818, the "Essex," Pollard, master, was cruising for whales in the equatorial regions of the Pacific ocean west of South America. One day the vessel encountered one or two whales, or a whale with her young one. A large animal staved in two of the boats. The other boats, a distance off, saw the men struggling in the water. Captain Pollard sailed his vessel to rescue them. The whale retreated to the distance of half a mile and then came with great velocity for the vessel, striking her amidships with his head and starting a leak instantly. The infuriated animal, acting evidently with "malice aforethought," retreated twice and repeated the blows. The third time it crushed in the whole side of the