With droop'd lids Come downy owlets forth-Katydids, The cricket and the moth Dream-gods bless

Thee, dreams of beauty bring, Nod-land's guest To nod-land hurrying. Trails her lamp

The glow-worm through the dark; That frail tramp The firefly, flaunts her spark-Everywhere Wee heads to hearts are pressed

MASQUERADING.

wedding ring.

occasion to do.

securing.

coolly, right in her tace.

tions both far and near,

just done.

steanly decided.

fitty thousand.'

scarlet as a girl's.

ble, pardonable pride.

eyes as she turned away.

splendidly he has behaved to me."

And something like the diamonds in

sweetness.

He dropped her instantly.

"Oh! is that the case? Well-"

side.

"How can I, Cleve, when I am

mamma-that is, if she will have me.

prettier when you smile and blush,

little mother. Tell me to propose to

bring her here for the maternal bless

wiped the tears from her lashes.
"I am afraid I appear very childish, Wing takes care, Rest, weary wee one, rest. Mr. Symington-but when I think-

other five minutes.

when it is all gone-Her exquisite lips quivered again, but she checked the rebellious tears

fresher, fairer, and so pitiful, and Cleve's

arms fairly ached to take her to his

heart and kiss her tears away. And he

Mrs. Symes Symington was engaged "I am as poor as a church-mousein smoothing down the nap of her jetty velvet polonaise with her pretty, white, that is all. A letter from my guardian says everything was invested in a minplump hand, on the fore finger of

which sparkeled a cluster diamond ring. ing company, and the shares are not worth the paper they were printed on." on the third finger clung a plain, heavy Cleve fairly worshiped her then, as She was a plump, rosy little lady, not as tall by a head as the handsome she honestly explained her position, with the quiet, lady-like way so natural

young fellow who called her "mother," to her. "It is a missfortune, I admit; and yet and in whom her whole heart's affectious were centred, and to whom she Birdie, there will inevitably come ome good of it-you will learn who are was at this present administering as

severe a reproof as she ever had found your real friends. Somehow he sail it so earnestly that Birdie glanced curiously at him, then Naughty, headstrong Cleve listened very respectfully, as he leaned his head drooped her eyes under the blue-veined on his hand and his elbow on the long lashed-lids. mantel-piece, with an air that demon-

Cleve was close by her side the next strated the perfect uselessness of the instant, with ner hands imprisoned in arguments his lady mother advanced, in his, and his impassioned eyes fairly Then when she paused in triumphant scorching her face.

"You surely understand me, darling? breathlessnes-breathless because of her long sentences, and triumphant be-cause she certainly accepted Cleve's my love, my adoration? Little girl, say you will be my own, Tell me you silence as the consent she aspired to ove me, and promise me the great After this Cleve smiled-so sweetly, privilage of caring for you forever, my little wife," "But I shall marry little Birdie Lorne,

It was so sweet, this manly, honest, eager avowal, and coming, as it did, on the very heels of her misfortune, and Now, don't frown so, you look so much from the lips of the only lover she ever had prayed to hear the words from. my pretty little sunny-haired girl and And yet-oh, woman's foolish pride!

-all her perverse little heart rose in rebellion at accepting everything and giving nothing, It never should be said of Birdie He leaned his handsome head toward Mrs. Symington and looked at her in

Lorne that she took the first offer she such a proudly coaxing way that in her received after her misfortune simply fond heart she wondered how any woman could resist him. Then she because there was money in it. shook her head until the diamonds in So-while Cleve warted, smiling ner ears sent their brilliant corusca-

patiently at her bowed head, never doubling that his whole earthly happiness was just at hand, dreaming such sure Miss Lorne wants your mony only? rapid, blissful dreams of the future. A hundred thousand isn't to be secured | Birdie deliberately made up her stubevery day; and to marry for money is born will, through horrid pangs of pain. too perfectly miserable. I married for Then she lifted her head in a quick monoy, Cleve, and you know the life I haughty way that it had often delightled until your father died. You are my | ed in before,

only cemfort. Don't pain me by bring- "You are so kind, Mr. Symington, ing home a wife who will only endure and I appreciate every word you say, us for the sake of what we can give and will remember you gratefully to Evidently she had forgotten her man to whom I would have to feel under mental decision that no girl with a such obligations as I would feel to

human heart could resist her boy's hand- you." some face. Certainly it was very unlike the proud, self-assured Mrs. Symes ring to her voice. Cleve reeled unders Symington to underrate her own imthe sharp, sudden blow. He clinched portance so tremendously, as she had her hands so tightly that her rings cut in the tender flesh, but she only com-But then even the richest, proudest pressed her lips and made no sign of

and haughtiest people have their other how he hurt her. "But, Birdie,"-and there was such side that only a few friends know; and agony in his voice that her own heart cry.

agony in his voice that her own heart cry.

"You're not angry, dear? I didn't this was Mrs. Symington's other of obligations to a man who loves as 1 She watched Cleve's face anxiously, of obligations to a man who loves as 1 but there was no sign of change of do; speak as if you knew you would grace a queen's throne, as you would. views in the gay, deboniar face, with

Birdie, Birdie, don't be so cruel to so happy.' the contradicting eyes so grave and Her lips quivered, and her eyes sud-"You mistake Birdie altogether, denly overflowed, mother dear. How can it be possible she wants me for my money when lots

"You mean what you say, my dear of other fellows are after hers? She is friend, I know. Or, rather, you think an heiress in her own right-forty or you mean it, which is the same to me, since I cannot accept it. But you are only pitiful, kind, and sympathetic, Her altered tone, her hesitating words and the sight of my tears and grief has touched your great heart, That is so delightfully emphasized were enough for Cleve. He caught her up in his

She drew her hands away from his. arms, regardless of her elegant toilet, and kissed her until her face was as soft y.

"It is not all, I love you-" Then something in her imperious face made him suddenly desist, and by the way she looked and acted Cleve "Clevel are you not ashamed of yourself? Put me down this minute, or—or—or—you shant marry Bird—." Symington knew she was desperately in earnest, she would not marry him be-cause she was so proud. And he went "You're down, mother; and in just one hour prepare to see my little dari-ing-all blushes, dimples, smiles and sadly away, feeling numb and stupefied as he walked home in a strange, dazed way that his fond mother saw from her He went out hurriedly, caught up his hat from the rack and hailed a passpeeping place between the curtains; and her own face lost all its matronly ing cab that would speed him on his bloom as Cleve cam in, whiter than death itself, and threw himself on the Mrs. Symington watched him besofa. Then, when he had told her, be-tween spasms of pain that forced him tween the plumb-colored damask curtains, her eyes kindling with pleasurato lie speechless, the rosy flush crept 'The dear boy! he wants me to think I settled the matter he arranged long softly back and into the eyes fairly radiated a happy, hopeful light.

"Try to bear it, my dear boy," she said gently. "You have proved what a noble woman she is, if nothing more." ago. Of course he would have married her, anyway, but just to think how Then she went out, smiling to herher ears glittered in her fond mother

A plain, large room, on the second A delightful little octagonal room, hung with the exact shade of dainty story that bore evidences of very recent furnishing in the new, cheap carpet on pink silk that was most becoming to the floor, in the homely chairs and table. Before the small, mahogany-Birdie Lorne's fair complexion. A pink carpet that covered the floor in an un- framed looking-class that hung between broken expanse of yelvet. Chairs, ottomans and cushions upholstered in pink and ebony. With little lace tidies, and snowy, zephyr mats scattered gracefully around; with elegantly-designed and executed affghans on the ottomans and dull plaid shawl. She smiled the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying is limestone with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying in limestone with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying in the made a yield acres at an expensation with the windows Mrs. Symington was tying in the windows Mrs. Symin

ing-room by one door and into the Lorne is the woman I take her to be beautiful conservatory by another. A she will prove it before an hour passes place where tears and trouble ought over our heads. Since her descent never to have come, and the sight of into povery—genteel, lady like poverty both of which uncaney visitants—made —I learn she passes this house every both of which uncaney visitants made Cleve Symington pause a second on the day at twelve c'clock, and takes her

that shook the little white-robed figure her pocket, and went down the stairs no connection between true religion crouching in a heap beside a low hassock. He only hesitated a second, then into the street-exactly in time, for a and a cold church proposed to buy a with a look of tenderest love, pity, and slight, graceful figure, clad in gray sympathy crossed the room to her side. twill, passed quietly by and into the Immediately the parish was divided restaurant. Sae knew it was Birdie "Birdie, not crying so piteously. Can I sympathize, or do I intrude?" Lorne as well as Cleve would have known it although she had never seen She sprang up in a sweet. shy surher before. She walked camly into the prise, her face all tear-flushed, her eyes as bright as dewdrops. She was one of restaurant and took a seat at the same table with the pretty, high-bred girl.
The place was nearly full, and Mrs. those Heaven-favored mortals that weeping beautifies. She only looked

Symington was glad it was. All at once as if suddenly impresed with the idea, Mrs. Symingson looked curiously at Birdie's face.

would, he vowed rapturously, in an-"I beg pardon, but are you not Miss Lorne? I am quite sure you must be She took her handkerchief from her pocket—a little lace affair, white and the young lady my son speaks about so fragrant, and essayed to smile as she often.

There was something so kindly genial in the air that Birdie did not resent it. Lorne; but you certainly have the advantage of me."

"I am Cleve Symington's mother, dear. There, forgive me, but you see I know all adout it. I am thankful to have met you quite providentially." Birdie blushed now-as much in surprise as anything else; and involuntarially she glanced at the plain, unfashion-

able atire. "You understand? We have been as unfortunate as yourself, Miss Lorne. Everything is gone and Cleve goes out actually goes out every day. "Poor fellow. Is-is he well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well, and as brave as a lion; only—forgive me, dear -only hopelessly cast down, on your account. I am his mother, and to you, the only girl he ever loved, I say he loves you with an affection that will never abate."

"And I love him, dear Mrs. Symington-I did then, only somehow I could not say so.

And Birdie poured out her whole heart, completely conquered, and wrote a letter to Cleve Symington. Then she kissed the mother. "I am so thankful we met strangely,

and I am glad you live in this poor, plate little place-I love you better for it, I know. And when my bills are all paid for the music I teach at the end of a quarter, why-why if Cleve will want me so soon, we'll get pleasanter rooms and we'll be so happy.'

"My darling you don't regret marryicg a poor man, and having to live in a suite of rooms? Look up, Birdie, and tell me, little wife."

She looked merrily up into his eyes, the wife of six hours, as the two sat in the sunny little room after they had been married, and where Birdie had lived since the shares failed her.

"Sorry? Oh, Cleve, when I think how thankful I am, and how nobly you them are a sort of a cross between a When the waiter was delivering himself have endured your sudden loss of fortune, and how happy we will be-why, where has mother gone?" Cleve laughed as he drew her head

to his shoulder and smoothed her hair. "I am inclined to be jealous of mother, who I think has gone to thegone back home, to prepare a homely litle dinner for us,'

"Let us go now, dear. Don't scold because I ordered a carriage, will you? Mrs. Estler paid me in full this morn-

Cleve bit his lip to hide a laugh, then gravely escorted his bride down to the | capital of the territory that Ole Bull single-horsed vehicle in waiting. The proposed to govern, and near which his man knew his route and dashed off residence, known as the castle, was rapidly, only stopping when he reached built. The village was placed on a the kerb in front of a large house. Cleve leoked at Birdie in astonishment, | built, and even the thrifty little village She laughed nervously, then began to

know until a month ago that it was all one after another until now there is right. I only lost a thousand after all, little left except three or four houses. Cleve, for your sake, and mother's I am the hotel and one store. The hotel is

sat in the little carriage, "My own true, unselfish little darl-

They entered, found a delicious little dinner in readiness, and no one to mar has been torn down for firewood, and the sweetness of the surrise.

o'clock, Birdie rung for her wraps. "Mother will be waiting for us. Come, Cieve, let's go after her and bring her here, her home,"

So they drove off through so many streets that Birdie wondered where in the world they were going to.
"Darling;" Cleve said, abruptly,
shall I confess? Shall I tell you I

have a surprise for you equal to your own? Look out!" She looked out, as the carriage stopped at the Symington mansion. An awning was stretched from the door to the carriage mount, and a velvet carpet was spred tor her feet. The joyous music of the band the fitting of ped at the Symington mansion. An awning was stretched from the door to was spred tor her feet, The joyous music of the band, the flitting of elegantly dressed ladies past the windows-it rushed over her like a flood.

love of her. "You forgive me?"
He looked at her with his splendid eyes all alight, "Oh, Cleve, how could I help it?

Cleve had been masquerading for very

How you must have loved me!" He escorted her in prondly; and Mrs. Symington in velvet and diamonds met them at the entrance,

"Birdie-daughterl" And all went merry as a marriage

Mr., Jonathan Beard, in a paper read before the Indiana Horticultural Society, says the best soil for strawberries is limestone with a red clay subsoil. He made a yield of 2336 gallons on two

sofas. Lace curtains and pink satin drapery, with the white walls hung with small, rare paintings, with statu-

The Sinful Sunday Stove.

The old Dutch church at Kinderhook, N. Y., where Martain Van Buren attended services when a boy, was once a scene of a firce conflict. The walls, golden head buried in two tiny fair below; so if I intend to meet her I had hands and heard the unmistakable sobs better be going."

She leak of the retaurant several doors below; and floor of the edifice were bare. Foot-stoves kept the congregation in winter from freezing, but not She locked the door, put the key in from shivering. At last those who saw a stove and warm the meeting-house. party and the anti-stove party. A writer tells the result:

The ladies, vain of the foot-stoves, or warming-pans, which their negro servants were accustomed to carry into their pews every Sunday morning, raised their voices with the anti-stove cabal,

But the stove partly carried the day, and the stove was purchased, borne triumphantly to the church by the victorious burgiers, and set up on a platform in the centre of the aisle,

In the midst of the service on the following Sunday morning a great commotion was caused by the fainting of "Your son? I certainly am Miss two spinsters, overcome by the heat corner but you certainly have the ad. and closeness of the air. The ladies were at once carried out, lying very limp in the arms of two deacons, and smelling salts were applied.

"Shut of the heat or we'll faint," said a timid voice. 'Oh, dear, I'm suffocating!" echoed

Lucy Holland. "Oh, oh, we'll roast!" sighed Sam-

antha Pest. A gallant young beau sprany up with firm step on the platform, and screening his face from the heat with his hand, made a movement to close the draught. But was it a mistake or a horrid joke?

There was no fire in the stove!

Ole Bulls Castle.

High up among the hemlock-co ered mountains of the most desolate part of Pennsylvanta, far from civilization, are the rnins of three small villages. Thirty years ago these were thriving settlements, founded and governed by the famous violinist, Ole Buil. When Ole Buil conceived the idea of starting a Norwegian colony in these mountain fastnesses he purchased a tract of land fort miles square and brou ht over 500 or 600 of his countrymen to make a settlement in this wild region which is not unlike Norway, with its rocky steeps, fertile valleys and evergreen foliage. The houses built by the settlers have many of them tumbled down, the farms have become overgrown with scrub oaks and bushes, and the inhabitants have sought homes elsewhere, many of them returning to

the most unexpected places. Many of day. Fat and tender." Swiss chalet and an Indian bungalow, and a visitor can easily make himself believe he is anywhere except in America. The steep roofs and narrow, high porches are like those of the colonists left behind in Norway, and would look stranger still were there his feet and reached for his hat. any dwellings of the American style of architecture with which to compare them. Leaving Coundersport in an old-fashioned buckboard wagon, New Bergen is the first settlement reached.

A short distance from New Bergen is small plateau. But the tewn was never could not hold its own after its founder and patron neglected it. Gradually it was deserted, the tenants moving away kept by a pleasant, intelligent and He kissed her almost solemnly as they | thrifty-looking Norwegian, who says it was built by Ole Bull, who at one time had a music hall attached to it, where he treated the settlers to such music as he never gave elsewhere. The hall he sweetness of the surrise.

Late in the evening, towards ten b'clock, Birdie rung for her wraps.

the admirers of the great musician, whose strains of melody seem to have been wasted in a spot like this, can only see the foundations and wish it had been spared as a relic. The hotel is a rambling, two-story frame building with

small rooms, Two miles below Oleona we reach New Norway, the last of the three settlements. From here Ole Bull's castle can be seen on an eminence mtdway between New Norway and Oleona, From his castle windows the mild ruler of this little relm could see his men at grown plain, one can imagine that it must have been a prerty place, with green lawns and fine yards, for the ground is rich and moist, bearing luxu-riant grass even in the dryest weather. A crooked road leading to the ruins of the castle leaves the main highway near New Norway, and runs by an easy grade a to the sumit of the mountain. From it here the view is grand, and it is no wonder that Ole Bull was fond of this retreat. The castle was a peculiarly shaped bouse, with squar towers at the corners. It was built of stene and logs and was elegantly fitted up. His at the board, favorite room, where he used to sit for "Yes! You in this part of Pennsylvania.

friends say that the bitterest disappoint-ment of his life was the awakening with small, rare paintings, with statuettes on pedestals in every available niche. A charming, girlshly-ordered not any degree, and if Miss room, that opened from the back draw-

search for them, and when months of patient toil failed to realize their hopes, and a dispute about the title of the land arose, they all were ready to leave. When Ole Buil lett his castle on the Norjenskjold mouutain, as the hill was would never again have set foot upon the stage. Men who live at New Norway tell strange stories about the grert he was perplexed or in trouble he would into two hostile factions-the stove weired music that would sometimes favorite violin.

Snake-Milk and Gravy.

A cow-boy, fresh from his herd, went into a Cheyenne chop house recently. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from his throat he looked disdainfully around.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the castor and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away!" he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnakes on toast!" "Rattlesnakes on toast!" yelled the

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" responded the There was a slight flutter among the

guests at the strange order and the cowby was scanned by many curious eyes. He looked a little disconcerted at having als order so promptly taken and glanced turtively toward the front of the house He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a nonchalant air and picked his teeth with his fork. A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and, cutting a strip the proper

shape, placed it on a spider.

The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaneer of the pampas.

"Will you have your snake well done or rare?" "Rere, with oodles of milk and gravy

"Gimme that scake rare-milk gravy on the side," was hallooed to the cook. The lariat wrestler began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He fid-

geted in his chair and seemed to be nerv-

ing himself for an ordeal. "Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganymede, placing a dish in which was something nicely colled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. the fatherland, which they had left only Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a to find cruel disappointment and very fine flavor. Some folks like mushblighted hopes in the new world, of rooms with their snakes. Others prefer which they had heard and read so much. | Chili colorow. A little salad dressing The houses were built in an old foreign | don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive sort of style, with windows and porches oil in the castor. Will you have tea or of the most unaccountable shapes in coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yester-

> of this eulogy on the meal, the steerpuncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out and he became pale around the

"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said as he rose unsteadily to "Maybe you'd prefer br'lled moccasin, insmuatingly suggested the waiter.

"No," he replied, as the ashen pallor deepened on his face. "I am't a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered and made a break for Oleona, which was to have been the the door. He "forgot to pay at the counter."

Checkers and Pomology.

Piece after piece of his fell to the quiet skill of his opponent, and Rev. Mr. McGruder began to grow mad.

"Bah!" he said to his wife, "that's baby play. You snap up the pieces before I get a chance to think. Cowardly, too! You ought, if you had any chivalry, to point out my danger, but you must plump your measly checkers right down and grab mine off the board like a school girl!"

"Perhaps checkers is like religion," said his wife, meditatively. "You accept its mysteries as a little child." "Hush, my dear, that is absolutely profane, I wouldn't lose my temper

even if the game was going against "Don't get excited, dear." "Excited! It's enough to make a wooden rocking horse excited to see the

to think "I don't wish to hurry you. There, take that move back. Don't you see I shall capture both your kings? "I do wish you would mind your own business, madam!" remarked Mr. Mo-Gruder, spitefully. "I am perfectly

competent to take care of my own play. Nevertheless the indignant gentleman did take his wife's advice and move out of danger. For five minutes they played in si-

Then Mr. McGruder, having triumphantly penned his wife's men in a corner, leaned back in his chair with a satisfied "Tuere, I think that settles

But the lady made a flank movement which swept two of his kings off the board and left his solitary checker at the mercy of her next advance. The minister glowered for a moment

"Yes! You've won! And a good hours, commanding a view unsurpassed whelesome one it is. Cheated me out It was in this room that the great musician spent a whole year, and his friends say that the bitterest disappoint-

"I'm sure, my dear, I-" ment of his life was the awakening from the dream of a great colony in this favored spot. He had hoped to found a large, prosperous and reputable settlement, and had been told that the should be done at once. If you are not able to do anything else put straw or set corn fodder around the hive to that he had told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn strain of the protection of the bees through the winter not able to do anything else put straw or set corn fodder around the hive to that he had told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the hive to the head told them of this El Dorado of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a corn fodder around the hive to the hive to the found the sate of the protection of the protection of the protection of the sate of the protection of the sate of the sa Juan, the Boy Cuptive.

With Mr. Allen, who recently returned from Mexico to Denver, Colorado, was a youth of 18 years named Juan. "Juan," said Mr. Alden, who has a large ranch at Alma, 'is a real live character of an catled, he again went on the stage, but Indian romance. Six years ago the Apahad his project been successful Ole Bull ches raided my herds and carried a great number off into the mountains. many others had suffered I easily gathered a troop of horse and followed the musician's habits. It is said that when trail along the Gils. One evening, several days after we had crossed the porder. take his violin and extemporise wild, our scouts rode back and notified us that we were almost upon the enemy, so promake his listeners shiver. There is ceeding more cautiously we kept on stealanother story that before he left the ing our way through the dense chappa-castle he buried in the neighborhood a ral, when we suddenly came upon a scene calculated to freeze the very blood in our veins.

"There in an open space was a small Mexican settlement, consisting of one large square building of adobe with one large door or gate opening outward, but devoid of any other mode of egress or of obtaining light. The four sides of this structure faced a large court yard on the inside, into which opened the doors and windows of perhaps a score of separate dwellings forming a part of the whole edifice. The roof was of thatch, and when we came into full view this was burning. We charged and killed many of the devils, but others escaped. Dividing our party into two sections, one of whom staid back for a half hour or so to extinguish the fire and make an examination, the rest pushed on after the fugitives. Several skirmishes were had and the indians were driven hard, but the fragment of them eventually escaped into the mountain fastnesses, where it was impossible to pursue them farther.

"I was leading the advance party, and, having a good horse, was some distance ahead of my men when I came upon one of the Apaches, who was urging his pony to his utmost speed. In front of him, held with a strong grasp, was a boy of perhaps 12 years of age, whose terror was made greater by the tactics of the wily Apache, who held him up as a shield to protect him from the shots of my Winchester. My horse, however, carried me to his side, when'l seized the bridle of his pony with one hand; I dealt him a blow with the butt of my rifle, felling him to the ground. The Mexican boy also fell with him, but I picked him up and found that he was uninjured, but terribly frightened. Tha: boy was Juan, who, after recovering his senses and realizing that he had been saved from a terrible death, evinced his gratitude by every means in his power, clasping my knees and calling me in Mexican his 'preserver' and 'savior.' Finding that the Indians had escaped us, we retraced our course to the ruins of the village, where we rejoined our comrades and camped for the night, a few of the Mexicans who had run away at the first attack returning to their-devastated home.

"Every member of Juan's family had fallen a victim to the ferocity of the Apaches, and the next morning when we started on our homeward course he manitested such a strong desire to go with me that I yielded, and he accompanied me The Indians we had captured we turned over to the Mexican authorities. Juan, now like a son to me, has since been a member of my household. One of the principal objects of my visit is to place m in a good school, as I intend to edu cate him as a gentleman.

Condemned Nickels.

An acrimonious appearing woman, with more nose than chin, and less chin than mouth, supported herself by a handstrap in an overcrowded Madison street. Chicago, car yesterday, while she passed a new nickel to the conductor and scowled at a watery-eyed little man with red Dundreary whiskers who had just dropped into the last available seat.

The conductor held the new nickel within an inch of his right eye, closed his left orb and scanned the coin as a microscopist might have done examining the fibres of the tiniest plant.
"Did you think the money was spuri-

ous?" said the Daily News reporter, questioning the conductor when he had returned to the rear platform. "No: I was lookin' to see whether it

contained the word 'cents.' I am on the watch for all them nickels that the government condemned because they didn't contain the word cents. They are gettin' very scarce, and they'll soon be worth a good price. I sold four for 50 cents the other day to a young feller who wanted 'em to make bangles or some such trinket for his girl. I have twenty-hve or thirty of 'em left on hand yet. Yes, all the conductors is on the watch for 'em. We heard they was sellin' for \$1 apiece in New York, and you bet we ain't a-goin' to get left."

The reporter visited a well-known dealer in old and rare coins on Randolph street. "I am buying the condemned nickels of 1883," he said, "at 51 and selling them at wooden rocking horse with your con-way you skip along with your con-founded pieces. You don't give me time 7 cents each. I paid 5½ for the last lot."

"Is there much demand for these nickels?"

"Yes, there is a steady demand, chiefly from the country. I have lately been shipping a good many to Fort Smith, Ar-kansas. Commercial travelers come to me and buy them in small lots and take them out on their trips to sell to acquaintances and customers for whatever prices they can get, I have a lot held in reserve in the banks. When this issue of nickels was condemned a year ago, there was a great run on them for a time. I then sold as high as \$20 worth a day at the rate of two for 25 cents."

"Are many offered for sale by the car conductors? "Yes, they come in with small collections every day, but I never buy them in less than \$25 lots."

"Have you much demand for other particular and rare coms?"

"There is a steady demand for all the American issues by numismatics who want to complete a series. In fact, there's hardly an American series any collector can't complete if only he has money enough to pay the prices. The series of the big red copper cent runs from 1793 to 1857, omitting the year 1815, when the mint was burned and no issue was made, and there are many complete collections. The old half-cent has almost entirely dis-

appeared. SAUCE FOR THE PUDDING .- One cup butter, one cup brown sugar, one wine-glassful wine, the yolk of an egg; beat the butter and sugar to a cream; then beat the egg very light and stir it with the butter and sugar; put it in the fire to simmer, but not to boil; when done pour in the wine and serve hot.