It is to hear the robin thrill At morning, or the whippoorwill At dusk, when stars are blossoming-To hear her sing-to hear her sing!

To hear her sing—it is to hear The laugh of childhood ringing clear In woody path or grassy lane Our feet may never fare again

Faint, far away as memory dwells, It is to hear the village bells At twilight, as the truant hears Them, hastening home, with smiles and

Such joy it is to hear her sing, We fall in love with everything The simple things of every day Grow lovelier than words can say

The idle brooks that purl across The gleaming pebbles and the moss, We love no less than classic streams-The Rhines and Arnos of our dreams.

To hear her sing-with folded eyes, It is beneath Venetian skies, To hear the gondoliers' refrain; Or troubadors of sunny Spain.

To hear the bulbul's voice that shook. The throat that trilled for Lalla Rook. What wonder we in homage bring Our hearts to her-to hear her sing.

#### HER BROTHER.

"Newell, do you know that spiendid womas?' enthusiastically exclaimed a distingue-looking young man who shone as one of the chief "hons" at Mrs. De

Milo Newell looked about him with an indolent glance and replied: "Well, as the room is full of splendid

women whom I have the honor-'You know which one I mean,' impatiently interrupted the first speaker. The queen of them all, of course; that glorious creature in the mauve crepe, with the yellow lilies in her hair.'

'Of course, I know whom you mean, laughed Newell. 'They are alwgas smitten when they see her. I was myself. Yes, that's Miss Burkhardt?' 'Miss Bu Lardt?'

'Yes: General Burkhardt's daughter. He was killed in the Mexican war, you know. Left all his wealth to his wife, and she died and left it to her daughter -about eight years ago, Miss Burkhardt is the richest boiress in the State. Don't see why she hasn't married. She is twenty-three, and has had offers enough.'

'Will you present me to her?' 'Of course; you've got to go through body does; it is the regular thing. And the sooner you have it over the better. She won't have you.'

'Why?' told me that she never would marry. Wouldn't tell me why. I proposed to her, said Milo cooly. 'Men do, as a general thing. But they all get the

same answer. She never will marry.' laughed his companion.

said Newell, philosophically. "If there | visits. as any hope I'd have persevered; but Neither was she in her society mood, it would be useless. I'd advise you though Otto had never seen her look to avoid her, if it would do you any good; but you would go on just the

He lowered his voice at last, for they were approaching the large group, of her usually haughty face, which made whom Miss Burkhardt was the center of attraction. She was standing with and soothe away whatever sorrow or her hand resting on the back of a sofa, care had brought it there. Truly she was a splendid woman. A very queen she looked surrounded by her subjects. Her features were not standing before her with both her beautiful in the least, but her fsrm was regal in its stately grace. Her heavy, black hair was magnificent, and her great, dusky eyes, glowing with a sort of repressed light, like smoldering fire, possessed a strange, weird attraction, a species of magnetism, altogether undefinable, but irresistibly fasci-

Yet the unbounded admiration which she excited wherever she went could hardly be owing solely to her wonderful eyes. There was some curious, indefinite attraction about her-this duskyhaired, queenly woman. Among the many men who had laid their hearts at Dianora Burkhardt's feet, very few could have told what it was in her that so enslaved them.

Miss Burkhardt, will you allow me to introduce a friend to you? asked Newell, after making his bow. 'What friend?' asked Miss Burkhardt,

carelessly. 'Otto Delavan, the artist, who has just returned from Italy,' was Newell's answer.

Miss Burkhardt grew deathly pale, and grasped the sofa, as if to steady

herself. What is the matter? Are you ill, Mias Burkhardt? cried Milo, agtonished

at her sirange emotion. 'Yes; a sudden indisposition,' faltered she. 'I will go out in the air a moment, and when I return I shall be pleased to receive your friend. Will you give me your arm, Mr. Brown? to a middle

aged bachelor brother of Mrs. De Gray. Mr. Brown was, of course, 'delighted, and Miss Burkhardt walked away with a step sufficiently firm and stately for

an 'udisposed woman.' Presently she returned, looking her usual calm self, and, with a bow and word of thanks to her companion. turned to Milo Newell, saying quetly:
Now, Mr. Newell, I shall be happy
to know your friend, and the introduc-

tory ceremony was performed.
Otto Delavan was profoundly deferential; Miss Burkhardt, quietly court-ous. She was used to being introduced to distinguish men, and it was not to be expected that she would be as much impressed as some young ladies by the popular young artist, whose growing fame had long preceded him to his native land, from which, for five years, he had been absent. A great favorite was Otto Delavan. He was about twenty-eight or nine years old, and very handsome, in the fair, saffron style. More than one young girl among that gay crowd would have given a fortune

de to be some him him has been to the first

Delayan,' said Miss Burkhardt, by way of conversation. 'I arrived two days ago,' he an-

swered 'Have you been long away? 'Five years,' said Otto. 'It is good

to be back in my own country again. 'Yes,' said Miss Burkhardt, absently, 'and it is four years since-She stopped abruptly and began, with fingers that trembled, to adjust the flowers in her bouquet.

'Since when?' he questioned. 'Since I was in Italy,' Dianora said, in a hasty way, and changed the sub-

Otto stayed beside her through the evening, escorted her to the music room, attended her to her carriage, and went home to his bachelor lodgings as hopelessly in love as it is possible for a passionate, enthusiastic nature such as his, to be. Milo Newell's caution was not forgotten, but unheeded.

'I will marry that woman within a year or die!' he said, deliberately, after a half hour's reflection; and in the inmost depths of his soul he felt the meaning of the words.

Two weeks passed. People began to remark—some lightly, some bitterly—that Otto Delavan was Miss Burkhardt's last conquest. Little cared Otto. He thought of nobody, of nothing, except Dianora Burkhardt. She was the one woman in the world to him, He believed she loved him. But would she evening, he suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming:

'I will wait no longer. This suspense is worse than despair! I will know my fate this very night-this very hour!' And this impulsive young man at once prepared to go and propose to Dianora Burkhardt

As he laid his hand upon the door there came a rap from the outside. A letter. He just glanced at it; a dainty white envelope, a pretty, gracefully written address and European postmark. He tossed it carelessly on the table, saying, as he went out:

'From Delia, It must wait till I return. I cannot stop now to read one of her long, gossipping missives.' Truly, Mr. Otto Delavan, you could hardly be called a very devoted

brother! Miss Burkhardt was 'at home' to him, as she would not have been to everybody that evening. She was rather retired in her habits, did not go much into society and saw but little

company. Once or twice a year she threw open her doors to her 'dear five hundred with a grand passion for her. Every- friends,' and then her house was crowded with a more brilliant assemblage than eyer filled the rooms of gayer and more fashionable mansions. For Miss Burkhardt knew all the 'Don't know; but she won't. She celebrities; many a distinguished character was proud of her acquaintance, She was all the more courted for her self-seclusion.

She received Mr. Delavan in a pretty, cozy little parlor, which, with its Upon my word, you do not seem to hangings of pale buff and dark green, take your disappointment very hard!' and its light, graceful furniture, made one feel twice as much at ease as in the 'Oh! I recovered long ago. It's no grand drawing room and reception use pining over what one can't help, parlor, where she received more formal

lovelier.

She did not often look beautiful; but that evening she was more than that. Yet there was a sad, weary look upon her lover long to fold her in his arms

She rose to greet him as he entered, but he quietly reseated her, and then, hands clasped in his, he told her at once, and without preparation, all his love and his aspirations.

She sat silent, with drooped head and down-cast eyes, and heard his story through. She did not withdraw her hands from his hold; and he felt them tremble, as he finished with a passionate appeal for love, and an earnest request that she would be his wife.

Then she spoke-quietly, firmly, but with an undertone of pain in her steady

'I expected this, Mr. Delavan, but I am sorry that you have said it; I am sorry, for I cannot marry you, and it is very hard to give you pain, Otto,' She spoke his name at the last, with

almost a wail, it was so full of grief and sorrow; and she drew her hands away from him, and covered her face with them, leaning her head against the table beside her.

He had stood looking at her in almost angry despair; but when she uttered his name in that sorrowful tone he caught his breath with a sharp gasp, and, leaning over her, be said: 'Dianora, I know you love me.'

She made no answer, only a slight Tell me, do you not?' he urged. 'Yes!' she answered almost sharply.

'Then why will you not become my wife? Tell me, Dianora; I have a right 'Because I am determined that I will

never marry-I must not. My duty forbids it,' she answered, firmly. 'But why?' cried Otto.
'I will not tell you! The knowledge would do you no good,' she replied.

'Go home and forget me if you cannay, I know it is hard to forget. Heaven help us all who would but can not. 'Don't,' she interrupted; 'why will you torture me when I have told you it

is "seless? I tell you I shall never marry. Now, will you go?'
Without another word he went. For hours he walked the streets, go

ng home at length, calm with the very bitterness of his despair. The first thing that met his eyes was his sister's letter.

He did not read it then. He could Not until late in the following day did he open it; and then after the first

half-dozen lines he read; By the way, Otto, they write me that you are paying attentions to Miss Burk-hardt. You had best not fail in love with her, for she will not marry you for Miss Burkhardt's power, that she might bring him to her feet.

'You are just from Italy, I hear, Mr.

I knew her in Italy. It was in Florence, while you were in Rome.

'She was there with her brother;

perhaps you do not know she has one. She keeps his existence to herself, I believe, and very properly. You see he is insane! He was—well, the truth is, he fell in love with me! He was a splendid young fellow, handsome as a picture, but only a boy, not more than 18, and of course, I could not think of marrying him. But I'm afraid I did flirt a little with him; I meant no harm of course, and Florence was so dull at that time. I know you will be terr-bly shocked, and really I've had some twinges of conscience myself. But I don't think I was responsible for-well, his insanity; indeed, I do not. He was inclined that way, the physicians said,

all her fortune to Dianora. 'But she just idolized her brother, and when he went raving mad she chose to blame me; frightened me half out of my senses. And that brings me to the reason why I tell you this. I want to warn you against setting your

and that was the reason his mother left

affections on Dianora Burkhardt. 'You see she had two or three offers after that before they left Italy. She refused them all, and said she should never marry. And one of her loversa fierce young Italian he was-determined to know the reason, and he gave her no peace till she told him about her brother, and that she considered it her duty to devote her life to him, and for his sake she meant to remain single. Well, of course he did not persist marry him? He felt that for him life after that, I never heard of anything had no other hope. Thinking thus one so foolishly romantic. She might send him to an asylum and make a good match, instead of keeping him with her, and refusing so many splendid

> Otto read no further. With blazing eyes and lips curling with contempt he tore the letter into fragments, and then east them into the fire that burned in the grate, exclaiming in tones of in-

tense indignation: 'I knew that Delia was as shallow and heartless as she is beautiful, but I did not think her capable of such utter heartlessness as this.'

That evening he again went to Dia-nora and told her of his sister's lette: assured her that her brother's misforher his wife, and entreated her to recall her refusal.

'But my brother?' she said. Foor Walter; no. Otto, I do love you; but I cannot desert him, even for you.'

You need not desert him, dear love, said Otto tenderly. I could not be so base as to ask it. If you will become my wife, I will aid you to cherish and care for him. I will love him as a brother, and do for him all that you

And Dianora, though at first she hesitated, finally allowed herself to be persuaded.

### Spearing sword-Fish.

The fish are always harpooned from the end of the bowsprit of a sailingvessel. All vessels regularly engaged in this fishery are supplied with an apparatus for the support of the harpooner, which consists of a wooden platform about two feet square, upon which the harpooner stands, and an upright bar of iron three feet high, rising lent features, and winning expression. m the tip of the bowsprit just in front of this platform. At the top of this bar is a bow of iron in a nearly circular form, to surround the waist of the | She lives in Georgetown very near the harpooner. This structure is called the "rest" or the "pulpit," A man is always stationed at the mast-head, whence, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can easily descry the tellthree miles. When a fish has been sighted, the watch "sing, out," and the vessel is steered directly towards it. war. The interior is simply furnished, The skipper takes his place in the pulhands by the upper end, and directing the man at the wheel by voice and gesture how to steer. When the fish is pooner punches the dart into the back board the smack, or attched to a keg or Phelps formerly presided. some other form of buoy and thrown overboard. After the flish has exhaust- scendants, but his wife, who lived here ed himself by dragging the buoy through the water, it is picked up, the fish is hauled alongside, and killed with a lance. In the meantimes, several other fish may have been struck and living here most of the time since. One left to tire themselves out in the same of these, Col. Richard Cutts, who held

# The Stock Exchange.

A New York speculator came home recently, where he had a new wife, just from a country town, waiting to receive him. He had been caught that day, and was not happy.
"Oh! my love!" she wailed, "what

has gone wrong with you?"
"Everything," he ans he answered de

jectedly. "No, not everything, darling, for am still true and loving. "Yes. you are all right, but it's that

infernal Stock exchange. "The Stock exchange?" "Yes." "What is the Stock exchange, love?" "It's a place, dear, where any blamed fool can exchange his stock of cash for some other man's stock of experience, without being able to use the exper-

"Why, dear, have you met a fool to "Oh, no, love; the other man met the fool—but let's talk of something else;

DR. HINCHCLIFFE, who died Bishop of Peterborough, had much ready wit. He was asked one day what was to be understood by the expression, "He clothed himself with curses as with a garment." "The clearest thing in the world," replied the doctor; "the man

had a habit of awearing." A LITTLE boy who had been used to clothes, recently asked:
"Ma, shail I have to marry his wid-

Descendan s of the Presidents Living.

In connection with the coming of new president to Washington who will be our 22d chief magistrate, it is of interest to note how many of his predecessors are represented in the national capital by their descendants or near relatives. It is astonishing to find how many there are, and in what changed circumstances several of them appear as compared with the life of a president and his family while he is in office. Gen. Washington, as all know, had

no direct descendants, and those of his name who are related to him, are descended from his brothers and sister. The members of the Custis family who are descendants of Washington's wife by her first husband are generally ranked in the same category, he having (as he said in his will) always intended to consider the grandchildren of his wife in the same light as his own relations, and having adopted two of them as his own. The only two of these now living in Washington are Mrs. Kennon, who resides at Tuder place, a very old homestead in West Washington (formerly called Georgteown), and her niece, the wife of Admiral Carter. Mrs. Kennon's husband was Commodore Kennon, who was one of those killed in February, 1844, by the explosion of the as Miss Harriet Lane, was the lady of gun on the Princeton, when President the executive mansion during the term Tyler and his cabinet and others were of her uncle, President Buchanan, lives on an excursion on the Potomac. Mrs. Kennon clearly remembers and gives an animated account of a ball given at Tudor place by her mother (the Martha Parke Peter mentioned in Gen. Washington's will) to Gen. Lafayette in 1824, when Mrs. Kennon was very young. Her mother was a sister of George Washington Parke Custis. The Ladies' Mt. Vernon association, to which latter the old home of our first president belongs, is Mrs, Washington, who is descended colaterally from both Gen. and Mrs. Washington.

The two presidents, father and son, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, have a direct descendant, Henry Adams, who for several years has passed his winters with his wife in Washington. They have lived in the house tune would not affect his desire to make adjoining that of W. W. Corcoran, and will remain there until the handsome new one they are building next it is completed. Both houses face Lafayette square and the president's grounds beyond. The Adams family are believed to have almost continuously owned realestate in Washington since John Quincy Adams was secretary of state in Monroes administration, if not longer. Most of that time some representative of the family has lived in the national capital.

Mrs. Meikleham and her sons and daughters, direct descendants of Thomas Jefferson — Mrs. Meikleham being his granddaughter, formerly Septimia Randolph-have for several years lived in Washington or Georgetown. One of the daughters has been a clerk in the interior department for four or five years. As is well known, the family have been in straitend circumstances for some time. Learning of their need, General Grant, while president, at once had Miss Meikleham appointed to the clerkship. Mrs. Meikleham is a handsome woman, with a finely proportioned, erect figure, excel-Though 70 years of age, he is quite thick and of a natural brown color, shows no sign of turning gray. suburbs, in a frame house, with a porch in front, like an old-fashioned country residence in Virginia. It stands very high above the street, in grounds which were once terraced, but are now much tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or out of repair. There is a pump and a woodshed in the front yard, placed there, as the house was, long before the but has among its treasures many heirpit, holding the harpoon with both looms of the family in the way of china. brie-a-brac and books. Another lineal descendant of Thomas Jefferson lives not far from here, at Ellicott City. from six to ten feet in front of the This is the daughter of Thomas Jeffervessel it is struck. The harpoon is not son Randolph, a lady of much talent, thrown; the strong arm of the har- who collected the private papers of her grandfather in a volume entitled "The of the fish beside the dorsal fin, and Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," the pole is withdrawn. The line is from Miss Randolph now has charge of a fifty to one hundred and fifty fathoms flourishing school for young ladies at ong, and the end is either made fast on Ellicott City, over which Mrs. Lincoln

President Madison had no direct deuntil near her death, and received marked attention from residents of the city as well as the officials up to her last moments, has had nephews and nieces an important position in the United States coast and geodetic survey, died last year, just after his return from attending (as a delegate to represent the United States coast survey) at the geodetic congress held in Rome in the early autumn of 1883, as a consequence of the action of which congress, that which met in Washington in October of last year to determine upon a common prime meridian for all nations was definitely decided upon. Cel. Cutts' widow and daughter still live in Wash-

President Monroe has two greatgrand-daughters, the Misses Gouverneur, who with their mother have lived over ten years in Washington. One of them was at one time a clerk in the interior department, and another succeeded her in that place, and held it until she was married, two years ago. Mrs. Gouverneur and her unmarried daughters live in a very modest little house in the northern part of the city. papers which once belonged to Preidilent Monroe and his wife. Mrs. Gouverneur has lately had framed an exquifool—but let's talk of something else; site miniature of Mr. Monroe, painted you'll have to wait until spring for your by Duplessis in Paris while Mr. Monroe was minister there. The latter was then under 40 years of age, and the portrait which is very beautiful, looks even younger. They also have a clock, made for Mr. Monroe by Lepine a celebrated maker of watches, who made his one clock, which he presented to Mr. Monroe while American minister

President Jackson's adopted son was Andrew Jackson Donelson, and a daughter, grandson and granddaughter coive his elder brother's old toys and othes, recently asked:

"Ma, shall I have to marry his widw, when he dies?"

A more glorious victory cannot be gained than this, that when the injury daughter of Mr. Donelson, is a clerk in the treasury department, and her

daughter gives music lessons. Mrs. Wilcox was highly educated in Berlin while her father was minister to Prussia. She is an accomplished linguist, During the sessions of congress Senator Harrison of Indiana, the grandson of President Harrison, lives in Washington. Mrs. Semple, the daughter of Presi dent Tyler, who after her mother's death presided for her father in the White House until his second marriage, which occurred only eight menths before the expiration of his term, has long been an inmate of the Louis home, the institution founded by W. W. Corcoran for the benefit of "gentlewomen" who, having first been thrown upon their own resources when no longer young enough to support themselves, need a home. A son of President Tyler also lives in Washington, and his widow and

youngest daughter often visit that city. The latter was married in Richmond, Va., the 13th of this month, President Tyler's daughter, formerly Mrs. Bliss, now Mrs. Dandridge, who presided at the White House for her father when he was President, her mother being physically unable to mingle in society much, was in Washington last spring visiting old friends on her way to Europe, where she has two married daughters, Mrs. Johnson, who, in Baltimore, but occasionally comes to visit her old friend, Mrs Hornsby, the da ghter of the late ex-attorney-General Jeremiah Black, in Washington. Though possessed of ample means, Mrs. Johnson's situation is perhaps the saddest contrast to her former life of that of any of those related to our presidents. Within two years she has lost two provice-regent for West Virginia of the missing sons and a devoted husband, and is thus childless as well as a widow.

#### mmer Friends in Arkansas.

Several weeks ago, while Judge Gaplin was out on a fishing excursion, he took shelter during a rain-storm, in the house of old Andy Spillers. The old man aware of his guest's high position, made extra efforts to entertain him, and, after the storm had subsided, accompanied him to the creek and caught a string of fish for him. The jurist expressed in warm terms his gratitude. and upon taking his departure said:

"My dear sir, I should be pleased to receive a visit from you in the city, and let me say that should you come thither, I shall deem it a pleasure to entertain

"But you are such a high man in town, Judge?" "Nonsense my dear I am only a man, and I beseech you, have no hesitancy in approaching

"Oh, I ain't afeerd, Judge. I don't hang back for nobody." "You are right," exclaimed the Judge." "Good-"You are bye, and don't forget to call upon me," The other day old Spillers came to town, and hearing that the Judge was holding court, he said to his companion: "Come, on, an' less see him. I ain't no summer coon, let me tell you, an' I'll show what a 'portant man I am. Oh, you stick to me an' you'll find yourself all right among these town folks."

When they entered the court-room the Judge was engaged in delivering an important ruling. "In the case of Hamilton vs. Chadson," said he, "the court, and, I think, with much wisdom, held-

"Hello, Judge," exclaimed old Spillers, Everybody looked around, and the jurist, shocked almost from the woolsack-or, more properly speaking considering the influences which brought him to Arkansaw, the carpet pag-lowered his spectacles and gazed the direction whence came the voice. "Hello Jedge," repeated Spillers,

pressing forward. 'Mr. Sheriff, arrest that man!' "What, you don't know me, I reckon." Dun forgot old Andy Spillers? Don't you recolleck o' how we had to drive the cob stopper inside the jug afore we could get at the licker? Don't you know how I cotch the fish for you?" These expressions fell like burning coals on the Judge. He was a candi-

date for re-election on the Prohibition icket, and had, upon returning from the country, boasted of his skill as a "Where is the sheriff?" demanded

the Judge. "Gone out," some one replied. "Please call him." "Jedge, you can't put up no sich a joke on me. Come on,

Ben, and less lift him from behind his "Leave the room" roared the judge. "What!" said old Spillere, stopping and gazing in surprise at the judge. "Ef I hadn'ter thought that my company was welcome I wouldn'ter come. Reckin you've forgot how you soaked my licker. Fine man, come out in the country an' git on a hurrah an' beg a feller to come to see you, an' when he

seized the old fellow. "Don't put him in jail, Mr. Sheriff, remaining away until the convening of but see that he goes home." "That's the Distrect Court, when he returned all right, Jedge. Reckin you'll come out thar when you wanter git on another rip-snorter. Good-bye, old turncoat. Ketch you out my way, an' I'll mop up the face of the yearth with

### Antiquity of Trade Marks.

A foreign contemporary has discovered that trade marks are nearly as old as the industry of the human race. Ancient Babylon had property symbols They have most of the heirlooms and and the Chinese claim to have had trade marks 1,000 years before Christ. Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, had a lawsuit about a trade mark, and won it. As early as 1300 the English parliament authorized trade marks, and the laws of America have also protected them. Extraordinary means have been required at all times to guard against the fraudulent use of marks of manufacturers. If we have no means of identifying the trade mark, the best goods at once lose their value. was early discovered, and probably the successors of Tubal Cain were the first

#### Bargaining for Bloods

In 1882 a man named Jackson, was engaged in freighting to the Uncompangre and White River agencies, hauling governmet freight and supplies. In his employ as a driver was his nephew, a young man, also named Jackson. One day, after having delivered a load of freight at the agency, on their return the Jacksons went into camp for the night, after having travelled some miles. No sooner had they stopped than an Indian rode up and demanded supper. Young Jackson said: "Supper is not ready; as soon as we get it you can have

The Indian became very abusive, and with some rough epithets said : 'Me want it now." Jackson repated his former statement that it was not ready and he would have to wait. This seemed to enrage the redskin, who at once pulled his gun on the young man to enforce his demands. Jackson then ran around the wagon, got his rifle and fired at, but did not hit, the Indian, who galloped off at full speed to the agency, where he reported the matter in his own way. The agent immediately returned with him and a party of Indians, and demanded from Jackson the surrender of the young man. Fearing for his safety the old man refused at first, but the agent gave his word that he should not be injured, that he would merely be taken to the post for a hearing to satisfy the Indians. Upon this assurance the young man was given up, but notwithstanding the pledge of the agent they had not proceeded far on their return to the agency when the agent yielded to the demands of the Utes, and surrendered the prisoner to them. They at once took him to the timber, tied him to a trees and amid the most disgusting orgies tortured him to death in a most horrible manner. His uncle, upon ascertaining his fate, made the best of his way back, and upon arriving at Del Norte detailed the particulars of the tragedy to a large and excited crowd. Among those present was a young man named Lowe, who, upon hearing the story, said: "The agent should be killed." "I will give you a horse and \$500 if you will do it, said Jackson

Lowe accepted the proposition, and the next day, well mounted and armed, and with a liberal advance of the sum agreed upon, started out on his mission of blood. As the feeling of having money in his pocket was a novel one, upon arriving at Saguache he proceeded to get drunk, Having spent all his money, there was nothing left for him but to get sober, and proceed on his journey to the agency, Upon arriving there he was met by the agent who perhaps mistrusting him, proceeded to ply him with liquor, and, while under its effects, Lowe canfided to him the object of his mission. The agent, naturally feeling that his position was a critical one, and feeling no compunctions for the fate of the younger Jackson, to which he had so largely contributed, then made a proposition to Lowe fully as extraordinary as the one made by Jackson, which was that he would pay \$1,000 for the murder of the freighter. This being a better offer, Lowe at once accepted it, and started on his return to carry out the terms of the contract, Arriving at Del Norte, he at once sought out Jackson, who asked if he had killed the agent. "No," said Lowe, "I found him to be a very good sort of a fellow, and, besides, he made a better

offer than yours.' "What was it?" asked Jackson. 'He raised you and offered, me \$1,000 to kill you, and I want to know what you are going to do abuot it.

"I don't understand you," said the amazed freighter. "I mean just what I say; he has raised you \$500, and I want to know if you in-

tend to raise him." "Why, no of course not," said Jackson, "and if I don't what do you intend to do?"

"Well, I think that unless you made better offer I would have to accept

"You do, do you?" said Jackson. "Yes," said Lowe; "what else can I

Jackson then walked off and left him and got a double-barrelled shotgun from his house. He then went to Ewing's hardware store, obtained some buckshot cartridges, with which he loaded the gun, and returned to the blacksmith shop here the conversation took place.

Lowe in the meantime went off, got shaved and then got on his horse and started down the street, Winchester in hand. Jackson, who was standing in the door of the blacksmith shop, saw him coming, and feeling sure that Lowe would carry out his cold-blooded in-tention, raised his gun as Lowe passed him and put a heavy charge of buckshot into him, killing him instantly. Lowe's lifeless body fell from the horse comes fling up yer head an' snort like a into the street. Jackson, as soon as he five-year-old." The sheriff arrived and saw the the result of his short immed upon his horse and fled the country, and surrendered himself for trial, which took place at the same term of court. Knowing that his own course in the premises was not free from blame, he having been the first to offer a price for his enemy's life, he made the peculiar defence that Lowe had slandered his wife, also that he had killed him in self-defence. The result, however, was that he was acquitted.

## His Last Words,

"Good-by, my darling, good by."
"Good-by, my beloved husband." "My will is in my private safe,"

"You remember where the key is, don't you?"

"And don't .orget that my life insurance policy is in the hands of the Goodenough Trust Conpany."

"I won't, love." "And now one last embrace and then He was going for a two-days journey on a United States man-of-war.

THE man who accepted the note of another, payable one week after he should again enter business, was somewhat tired when he discovered that the the signer of the note was a camp