

### Stealing Dimples.

I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks.  
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs or speaks:  
She said I shouldn't do it, but I held her fast and tight,  
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.  
And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out.  
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doleful pout.  
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,  
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.  
I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;  
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile,  
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face.  
And every dimple I have stolen was back again in place.

### HER DISCRETION

At last, after an enormous expenditure of time, trouble, taste and money, after weeks of wearying research amongst all the known and unknown haunts of old oak and Chippendale, china, glass and bric-a-brac generally, Mr. Collington's comfortable house on Havestock Hill was completely furnished, and ready for the reception of his bride.

His bride, like his furniture and decorations, had been chosen on the purest principles of taste. She was young; she was innocent; she was quite as well educated as she had occasion to be. She was discretion itself as regarded her manner of deporting herself.

Her husband, rightly enough, esteemed himself the more highly since he had made the discovery that she esteemed him highly enough to come to him for better or worse. Hitherto his best affection had been given to the antique; now a youthful modern held his whole heart in the hollow of her pretty little hand. Of yore, when the former Mrs. Collington—the wife of his youth—had approached his cabinets full of fragile Venetian glass and priceless Sevres, he had with difficulty refrained from the utterance of a snarling caution to her hot to shake these treasures into bits with her heavy tread. Now he pictured with pleasure the delicate hands of his young wife wandering at their own sweet will about the exquisite pieces of crystal and porcelain that seemed specially made to be handled by them.

The new Mrs. Collington was a highly-bred girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was entitled to the prefix of "Honorable" to his name. Her uncle—her father's only brother—was a viscount, with vast estates. But her father was poorer than her uncle's chief cook, and the little money he had he spent on the being he loved best in the world—himself, namely—leaving his wife and children to struggle on as best they could on the crumbs that fell from the rich brother's table.

Many outsiders took it for granted that these crumbs must fall very naturally and continually in the direction of the Hon. James Fellowes' family for they were quartered in a small house in the midst of wildly lovely and luxuriant gardens, not a hundred yards from the entrance gates of one of Lord Holdare's oldest and grandest family mansions. But Lord Holdare knew better than anyone else that while the Hon. James knew that anyone else would maintain his wife and daughters, he would make no effort to do so himself. Accordingly he kept a tight hand upon the crumbs and dealt them out sparingly.

Thus it had been that the present Mrs. Collington's had been a life of sharp and humiliating contrasts. Ragged carpets and rough fare at home, and every luxury to which her birth entitled her to when at her uncle's; accustomed to spend many a fair June morning out in the burning sun picking peas and strawberries to send to market, and now and again sitting down to dinner at her uncle's table with dukes and duchesses, and the crest of her race on gold plate around her in every direction.

It has been said that she was quite as well educated as she had occasion to be. She had never been conscious of any deficiency either while picking peas or dining with duchesses. She could talk very well about flowers and horses and dogs. She was unsurpassed in her district at lawn-tennis. She knew that china and silver that had been in a noble family for many generations was very valuable—"on account of the noble family," she supposed. Beyond these things she knew little, but she always looked beautiful and aristocratic, talked well, and was expected by her noble relatives to make a great match.

If the Holdares had been unblest with four daughters of their own, they would have given their young niece the chance of a season or two in town. As it was, when they should all be fairly settled, Lord and Lady Holdare determined "to give James' girl a chance."

But in the meantime, James' girl grew tired of picking the flowers and fruit and vegetables which her father cultivated for sale. So chancing to meet Mr. Collington, who was out for his autumn holiday, and finding from the friend at whose house she met him that he was rich and a married man, she

brought her life of alternate bitterness and brilliancy to a termination by agreeing to marry him.

Mr. Collington was a gentleman, and the Fellowes' family felt themselves bound to be perfectly satisfied with the match that would release their eldest daughter from the bondage of the mixture of proud position and penury in which she had stifiingly existed hitherto. At the same time, though he, his family, and manners were unexceptionable, the Honorable James felt that they would have liked it better if his money had been made by means of something more interesting than food for cattle. They were none of them scientific, and so the subject of the ingredients that went to make up the composition known as "Collington's Fattening Food" held no charm for them. However, the man who made it being worth his weight in gold, they swallowed the fattening food, and gave him their daughter.

He had said nothing to her previous to their marriage relative to the artistic decorations and furniture of his house. Sordid as her home surroundings were, muddled, shabby, and ugly as was the appearance of all the rooms, they appeared to his delicacy not to enlarge on the widely different ones which were awaiting her in her married home. He felt sure that she would appreciate it all, for he had that reliance on his own taste which only a well-cultured taste can give. And his wife, with her refined beauty, and the traditions of her old race about her, would, he knew, regard Gibbons' rich carving with reverence, and find, as he did, that old Venetian wine-glasses turned the wine that was poured into them into nectar.

Before their honeymoon was over Mr. Collington discovered that his wife, light-hearted and happy as she appeared to be, was very reticent of giving her opinion—the fact being that she was oppressed into silence by the discovery of her husband's wide and deep knowledge of all branches of art. She would stand dumb before a bronze, or a statue, or picture, leading him to suppose that she was rapt in an ecstasy of admiration and appreciation too deep for words, while in reality she was only silent because she was dubious as to what it would be well for her to say.

"She looks at all things beautiful with the eye of an artist, and her feelings are too deep for words," he told himself, and hugged the secret of the beautiful home he had prepared for her closer than ever to his heart, till the moment should arrive when he should display it before her eyes.

"Yes, undoubtedly she was very reticent of her opinion, but an extract from a letter she wrote to her mother during the honeymoon will show that there was method in her reticence:

"Mr. Collington is quite as kind and nice as we thought he would be, and I should be very happy if he didn't always look as if he expected me to say something definite about things we're looking at, and I have nothing definite to say. He hasn't much taste, prefers old rubbish to pretty new things! But that's from habit, I believe, for he has shown me a likeness of his first wife, and she was a very dowdy-looking person, just the kind of person who would prefer a hard-backed oak settee to a comfortably padded chair. But Mr. Collington is very liberal, and I know I shall be allowed to furnish the house as I please."

Poor, unconscious Mr. Collington! All the time he was picturing to himself the expression of delighted surprise which would flit over her face when he introduced her to the artistically sombre splendor of the home he had prepared for her she was educating herself for the task of furnishing by studying suits in gold and gorgeousness in the shop-windows of Paris.

Unfortunately it fell out that, on the eve of their departure from Paris for home, a telegram reached Mr. Collington from his London Manager, entreating him, Mr. Collington in the vital interests of the firm, to proceed, without delay, to Russia, where the Government were almost ready to give the "Collington Company" the contract for supplying their fattening food to the horses of the imperial army. It was a golden opportunity that even the rich Mr. Collington could not venture to throw away.

He made up his mind promptly to go at once to St. Petersburg, but he shrunk from the thought of the hasty, long journey for his young wife. It was impossible to take her with him. It was equally impossible to leave her in Paris. He had but one alternative. She must go home alone, and he must resign himself to missing the sight of her pretty pleasure and refined delight at sight of the harmonious combinations of antique form and color which he had arranged for her.

He took a tender leave of her feeling no qualms on her account, for he had full reliance on the probity and discretion of the mature maid he had engaged to attend upon her. At parting he said quite cheerfully:

"I should liked to have been with you to show you the old shop on your first introduction to it, but I've no doubt you'll find everything tolerably comfortable. Nothing magnificent, you know—no crimson velvet and ormolu, and acres of gilt frame, but exquisite lakes of looking-glass, and com-

fortable and quiet; just what I think you'll like—eh?"

She smiled an amiable assent. "Yes, yes," he went on, highly delighted with his own little joke of under-rating his artistic furniture, and misleading her about it; "yes, yes. If it's not to your taste," he chuckled at the exquisite humor of this idea, "get rid of what you don't like, and supply the vacuum."

"How very good you are!" she said, smiling sweetly, but unemotionally; and then they said, and he thought no more of the matter.

Six weeks had passed. Mr. Collington's negotiations with the Russian Government, after detaining him far longer than he liked, ended in nothing more remunerative than a compliment from the Government agent on the quality of the food.

He bore the disappointment manfully, and even cheerfully, and turned joyful eyes into the almost immediate future which should see him united to his beautiful wife, re-established in his more beautiful home.

While he was thus blithesomely steaming toward her, Mrs. Collington was even more blithesomely preparing for his return. At last—so she resolved—he should have a home furnished in a manner befitting his worthy merits and wealth. It almost seemed to her that Providence must have specially informed the Russian Government that Mr. Collington's house needed reorganizing, and that she, the proper person to reorganize it, could do it better in his absence.

There was still a good deal of daylight in the sky when he drew up at the high, massive iron gates which gave admission into the grounds. He stared, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. The somber iron gates were picked out in blue and gold, and in their horrible unfamiliarity they seemed to tell him that all within them was as altered as themselves.

The first glimpse into the hall made him distrust his identity or sanity. The grand old carved chairs or buffets, the shields and goblets, in search of which he had scoured Milan; the old mirrors, with their roughly-wrought, richly-lined glass frames, had one and all given place to pale, modern oak, conventional "hall furniture" of the most ordinary type. Plate-glass brightly reflected Mrs. Collington's sunshades and garden hats, as these articles hung on the umbrella stand, and a red Bohemian glass bowl, that had "Brummagem" visibly stamped on it to the educated eye, replaced the bronze salver in high relief, as a receptacle.

He did not say "Alas!" or "Woe is me!" nor did he denounce the taste as "accursed" which had so demoralized his home. "She was young and very, very fair," he reminded himself, and he "could speedily withdraw" his antique treasures from the spare rooms to which she had doubtless relegated them. But, in the meantime, it was hard to witness the transformation or deformation of the rooms he had "treated" as an artist does his pictures.

Presently she came in from her drive, and greeted him with such affectionate effusion that he almost forgot the furniture. What a happy fellow he felt himself, to be sure! His young wife sparkled into brighter beauty as she bounded forward to welcome him. No cloud could ever come between them, and how lovely she would look amidst the old furniture, when he had restored it to its proper places, and had done away with every vestige of the ebonised and ormolu abominations which were now giving him blows in the eye at every turn!

After a minute or two, which she spent in rapturously recording what she had been doing in his absence, she taxed his truthfulness and tact severely.

"Are you not glad to see all these lovely things in place of the dingy old rubbish I found when I came home?" she asked, with a pretty air of deprecating too much praise from him for all the trouble she had obviously taken.

"They are very rare and beautiful," he replied, hesitatingly. "We must gradually reintroduce them into their proper places in these rooms, and the beautiful interiors will grow into fresh beauty under your graceful hands and artistic supervision."

"What do you mean?" she asked, throwing eyes of beaming astonishment full upon his fast-falling visage.

"I mean you will—we will—soon have my priceless treasures, which you have secreted in some 'upper chambers' in a freak, back in their proper places, my love," he answered, nervously.

A ghastly suspicion was creeping slowly but surely into his mind. He crushed it for a moment.

In that moment she came to the conclusion that mistakes had been made on both sides. He had, evidently, misguidedly supposed that she would be contented with the furniture that had been good enough for his first wife, while she had labored under the erroneous idea that so fatuous an old foggy would feel obliged to her for renovating and redecorating the dominion over which he had requested her to reign.

"Your rooms full of rubbish are beyond your recall, Mr. Collington. I advertised a houseful of old fashioned furniture for sale, and dealers came in

from every direction. They gave me next to nothing for it, naturally, but I was glad to let it go, I don't know where, for any price."

"Gone—irretrievably gone?" "Yes," she said rather haughtily, feeling that her efforts were not meeting with half the recognition they deserved.

"And with them my ambition of being noted for the finest collection of antique artistic furniture in the north of London?" he muttered, making a mighty effort to bear the blow with fortitude.

But Mrs. Collington failed to perceive the effort, and resented the want of appreciation which marked his manner of receiving the tidings of the changes she had so successfully carried out during his absence. Consequently she retired to her own room in dudgeon, and made a point of not speaking to her husband when social exigencies rendered it imperative that she should emerge from it.

Her relations say that the impending legal separation between them is entirely due to the fattening food—that loathsome source of his wealth, which had obliged him to leave his wife so soon after the wedding.

### On Top of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Safford just returned from Colorado met with some interesting experience on the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Safford arrived at Mineral Point, Colorado, about August 1, and came away about October 20. Mineral Point is 11,500 feet above tide-water, and is surrounded by mountains. It is above the timber line, though there are mountains around it, the tops of which are covered with perpetual snow. It is six miles from Uray, and 14 miles from a railroad station. Uray is near the foot of the mountain, and in going that six miles, the difference in the altitude is 5,000 feet. Mineral Point is snowed in from the latter part of October until the next August. The snow is so deep on the roadway or trail, between Mineral Point and places at the foot of the mountain during that time, that the only mode of traveling is with snow shoes. The horses are all taken down the mountain in October, because it is impossible to transport sufficient forage to keep them during the winter. Mr. Safford tried a pair of snow shoes himself, and though he had a great many tumbles, he got so he could shuffle them along, though not by any means in a skilful manner. These snow shoes are 12 feet in length, and very wide. Those who travel with them, simply slide them over the loose snow, and they always take the loose snow in preference to the crust, because they can guide themselves so much better. They use a long pole to steer and regulate their speed. In going down the mountains they put the pole between their legs, and by dragging the end check the speed when they wish, and at the same time use it as a rudder to steer the craft. Mr. Safford says they run down the mountains like lightning, and steer clear of the boulders and trees with surprising expertness. In the winter time, or, rather, during the months before mentioned, the mail is all carried by couriers on snow shoes, and they also act as messengers, though it is not an easy way to carry supplies. A sufficient quantity of food is laid in before the snow storms block the travel to last through the nine months. Mr. Safford said that in traveling along a steep cliff he looked down into a deep gulf 1,500 feet in depth. It was at a place called "Going over the Range," on Engineer Mountain. In this gulf the snow never melts. Four cattle fell over the slide several years ago, and they lie there still, frozen stiff. The persons who remain during the winter at Mineral Point are only a few miners. All of the others go to the foot of the mountain, where there is no more civilization. Mr. Safford says during August and September there is a great deal of traveling on horseback. The horseback riders wear high boots or leggings, similar to those Dr. VanSlyke wears when he takes an airing on his big sorrel. Mr. Safford says the air is very light on the top of this mountain, so that using any extra exertion is very tiresome. That a person can walk on the level ground readily, but to go up the least incline takes the wind out of one. The air is not heavy enough to sustain a person. Some days the mountain is wrapped in clouds, then it is cold and damp, disagreeable and very hard to get one's breath. When the weather is clear, however, it is perfection. The sun shines brightly, and not a cloud can be seen, and the moonlight nights are wondrously beautiful. It was about two-thirds of the time fine weather while he was there. The air is so clear that distances are very deceptive. Mr. Safford, for instance, saw a point he thought was half a mile away, and a short walk, and was quite surprised when he found it was seven miles distant. On the mountain is a lake with two outlets. From one end of the lake the water goes rushing down the westerly side of the mountain and finally empties into the Pacific Ocean. From the other end it pours down the easterly side, whirling onward to the Gulf of Mexico. When Mr. Safford came away, October 20, the thermometer was one degree above zero, and there was 10 inches of snow on the level.

### THE DARK CONTINENT.

#### A Man's Wanderings for Two Years Among Fierce Tribes.

Mr. Kerr, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, went to South Africa nearly two years ago for his health. He is an Englishman less than thirty years of age, became a member of the Stock Exchange in 1882, is a lover of hunting, and expected to find great sport in the game regions of South Africa. His achievements, however, have been rather those of an explorer than of a sportsman. He has made an extensive trip northward to Central Africa, during which he journeyed among tribes notorious for their power and fierceness, who have seldom been visited by white men. He employed a lot of blacks as porters and attendants, and first made his way north to Matabeleland, which is inhabited by Zulus, who left their country in a body many years ago, drove the inhabitants out of Matabeleland, and have since been the terror of the surrounding tribes. Within the past three years a few Roman Catholic missionaries have been permitted by Lobengula, their powerful chief, to settle in the country, and they are the only white men there.

Mr. Kerr found Lobengula to be intellectually far above his people, who hold him in great awe. Last summer, after Mr. Kerr left Matabeleland, Lobengula took his 6,000 warriors on the warpath again. Their fear of this savage chief was one of the reasons that induced the chiefs of Bechuanaland, further west, a few months ago to accept the proffered British protection.

Mr. Kerr went on toward the Zambesi, traveling far east of the route usually followed by white travelers. He found a great deal of game and had much sport, though he was among tribes who were little acquainted with white men, and it was uncertain from day to day how the next tribe would receive him. One night he learned from a woman that on the following night his entire party was to be killed. He struck camp and made a forced march for forty miles. Two or three times his porters deserted him, and he had to obtain a new supply from friendly tribes. He crossed the Zambesi and pushed north through a country that had not previously been visited by a white man. At last he came to the territory of the famous Mangones, on the great plateau west of Lake Nyassa.

This tribe whom Livingstone and several other explorers described, have desolated a large part of East Africa. They, like the Matabeles, are emigrants from Zululand. They travel several hundreds of miles on slave raids and cattle stealing expeditions. Many mountains east of Nyassa are dotted with the huts of natives, who have left the valleys to escape the Mangone raids. Mr. Kerr confirms what the Sun has reported about the revival of the slave trade on the east coast. He says it was no uncommon sight to see in the Mangone villages slave gangs sitting in yokes ready for the completion of the caravan with which they were to proceed to the coast. They had been bought by Arab dealers from the Mangones.

Mr. Kerr then went east to the foot of Lake Nyassa, where he saw the ruins of Livingstone's, the pretty mission town, which was so unhealthy that it was deserted two years ago by the missionaries, who are now prospering at Bandawa, a salubrious place one hundred miles north. Here Mr. Kerr's last lot of porters deserted him, and left him with little food and no means of getting assistance. He was reduced to great straits when, sixteen days after he reached the lake, the little missionary steamboat that plies on Lake Nyassa arrived with M. Girard, the French explorer, who was homeward bound. Mr. Kerr joined the young ensign. They had splendid sport floating down the Shire river to the sea, such big game as elephants, buffalo, hippopotami, and many kinds of antelope falling to their rifles.

From Quillimane Mr. Kerr returned to Cape Town. In all his wanderings, lasting over a year, he did not have a touch of fever until he reached Quillimane, one of the most unhealthy spots on the East Coast.

Mr. Kerr brought with him gold dust and gold-bearing quartz from the region south of the Zambesi, where the Portuguese mined extensively two centuries ago. He also found coal of good quality north of the Zambesi. He will soon publish a report and map of his travels.

### Finland Dwellings.

Houses in Finland are built by first raising a substantial foundation of stone several feet above the ground. Upon this beams are piled one above the other, dovetailed at the corners, and packed with moss and other good non-conducting material, and firmly fastened to each other by wooden pegs so as to make up the walls. Deals are laid on the outside of these walls, and they are carved, painted and otherwise adorned, according to the wealth and fancy of the owner. Houses thus constructed are very warm. The Czar and Czarina slept in one of them on their recent visit to Finland.

### SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOYS.

#### A Howling Savage Who Puts the Texas Bull-Whacker to Shame.

The gaucho (pronounced gou-cho) is the cowboy of Argentine and Uruguay, a reckless dare-devil, regardless alike of God and man, peaceable when sober, but a howling savage when drunk. As brave as a lion, as active as a panther, with endurance equal to any test, faithful to his friends, but as implacable as fate to his enemies, living the year round with no roof but the azure sky, no bed but the ground, no pillow but the saddle, and no shelter but the poncho. He loves nothing but his horse, and the word fear is not in his vocabulary. His speech is a mixture of Spanish and the Gaurain, or native Indian dialect; his costume is a poncho, a pair of buckskin breeches, high boots and silver spurs that weigh a pound or two each. His saddle, his bridle and his breeches are loaded with silver, representing the accumulated earnings of his life, and when he wants to buy a horse or a sombrero he pulls off a button or two, for among the race silver ornaments are legal tender. Half-savage, half-courier, he is as polite as he is cruel, and will make a bow like a dancing-master or kill a fellow-being with as little conscience as he would kill a wolf. He recognizes no code but the unwritten code of the cattle range, and all violations are punishable by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and as the statute of limitation is not recognized by him he kills on sight enemies he has not seen for a quarter of a century. He never shoots or strikes with his fist, but uses a lasso at long range and a wicked knife that is always in his belt or his hand. A fight between gauchos always means murder, and it is the duty of him who is victorious to see that his victim is decently buried and the widow and orphans cared for. The widow, if she pleases him, becomes his wife or his mistress, and the children grow up to be gauchos under his tutelage. He is as superstitious as a Hindoo, and when he is not asleep or in the saddle he is gambling, having quaint games of chance that are known to no other race in the world.

The cowboys of the United States or the herders of Mexico would grow green with envy at the horsemanship of the gaucho and his skill with the lasso. A child among them is put in the saddle as soon as civilized boys are put in pants and when he is ten or twelve years old he will ride a tornado. A gaucho who is thrown from horseback is as much disgraced as if he had stolen a sheep, and nothing he can do will restore his standing in society. The animals they ride are splendid native horses, larger than the native Arab or the bronco of the United States, and equally fleet and tough. Fifty or sixty miles a day is considered an easy ride, and an ordinary pampa horse will make it as easy as an American horse will make ten. During the recent raid on the Patagonian Indians a gaucho courier is said to have made six hundred miles in forty-eight hours, with nine relays of horses, including stops for food, and rides of three or four hundred miles are of common occurrence. A gaucho thinks no more of such a gallop as this than an ordinary traveler does of a trip from New York to Boston.

The skill with which the gaucho uses the lasso passes credulity. At full gallop he can throw a noose of rawhide with as great accuracy as an expert rifleman will crack a glass ball. He will catch a sheep or a hog or a horse by the legs as easily as a steer by the horns. Fights with lasses are of frequent occurrence. The duelist standing or horseback, within range, firing slip nooses at each other's heads, sparing and dodging like pugilists until one or the other is dragged out of the saddle. It is a sure enough duel; the man who is caught is often dragged with a noose around his neck behind a galloping horse until life is choked and pounded out of his body. Travellers on the pampas in the olden times were frequently treated to scenes of this sort, with gauchos standing by to see fair play; but of late the gauchos are becoming more civilized. Emigrants are crowding out upon the pampas and are leaving the lump. The word gaucho is becoming a word of reproach and, except upon the frontier, is now applied only to worthless characters, who live by stealing cattle, and corresponds to the genus "rustler" of Texas and the Western Territories of the United States.

On the frontier, however, the gaucho is still seen in his pristine glory, moving further and further out upon the pampas, trying to escape from the restraints of civilization, and resenting the inroads upon his ancient domain. Few of them acquire land, but keep their cattle upon Government territory, looking with contempt upon ranchmen who build houses to live in and introduce foreign breeds of stock. His domain is growing smaller annually, and a few years hence he must become domesticated or disappear. Civilization seems to sap his vitality and quench the fire of his life. A domesticated gaucho is as forlorn as an imprisoned eagle. He loses his sense of honor with his energy, and becomes a drunkard, a gambler and a thief.

Though deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep.