#### Just Enough.

The man who hopes for little In this great world of strife Will find success awaiting Ere the culminate of life; From out their legions bright Will falter by the wayside drear, With havens just in sight.

The child that learns to babble Close at the mother's knee May have the germ, ambition, In babe's expectancy; To-morrow, when the sun of life Has settled o'er the land, A sod of green may cover o'er The chill and nervous hand.

It's much that makes the little. Or little makes the much, Depending all entirely Upon the might of touch-Upon the touch of greed or trust. Oh Hopel why will you die When first the beacon flashes o'er The firmanent of sky?

Oh heart of great endeavor! You'll never learn the worth That's germed within the human breast As smiles and tears in birth, As sinites and trars in orter, Why will you never count the cost Of jewels tar away, And never stop to gather up The pearls which round you lay?

# ALL FOR A TRIFLE.

The twilight was settling down in misty grayness over the hilltops and trees, the bir is twittered a sleepy goodnight and retired to rest, and the stars began to peep out one by one, as Paul Everson and May Brooks walked slowly along the dusty highway together. They had grown up together from early childhood, and it had been a favorite scheme of their elders to unite the famities and property through these young people.

Like wise old generals, though, as they were, not a whisper of this was breathed to the young people, the plot-ters knowing full well that with the natural depravity of the human race, they would no sooner learn what was expected of them than they would do all in their power to thwart the arrangement. So they had been permitted to have their own way, the result being that six months before my story opens, Paul had one evening slipped a heavy ring on May's finger, and leading her to their parents, had asked a blessing on the union.

It was given with a heartiness that surprised and delighted the young couple, who had supposed their relatives to be deaf and blind to all that was transpiring. Then had followed delightful days, now and then shadowed by small clouds of jealousy, which melted away again in the sunshine of true love.

Paul was unreasonably jealous. Why was May always so gracious to the spare the time for sentiment or vain re-other fellows? Had not she won him? grets. The busy world comes in be-What did she need of others, especially that Tom Elton?

They were cousins, he knew, but that was no reason why they should be on such affectionate terms. Walking, boating, driving, when he wanted May to himself; even corresponding when Tom was called away for a day or so. He did not like it, but he did not ven-

stairs to her own room, when her mother called her from the veranda. "May, is that you? Please bathe my

head, dear; it aches dreadfully." So poor May was obliged to sit down until she seemed as if she could go quite Paul. wild.

Oh, the torture of those first few days, with everybody asking questions as to the why and wherefore of the quarrel! Aunt Elton was the most troublesome of all. She was a tall, stout woman about fifty-five years of age, and possessed of a very sharp tongue. "What is this I hear?" she said,

walking into the parlor the next evening, tossing her shawl in one chair, her gloves in another, and untying her bonnet strings, infallible signs of a wordy once." battle. "Paul Eversen has jilted you, And You may be thankful you are rid of scious now, but never talked much; them. He would not quarrel with you, only lay all day long with her face just as he is going away, if he loved you. | turned toward the door as if expecting Mark my words, he will bring home a some one, I wouldn't cry away all my wife.

beauty for him!" Mrs. Elton glanced contemptuously

May would hear no more. "Aunt Harriet, I wou'd thank you to let my affairs alone. You are always breathing was very faint. Her eyes interfering," she said, chokingly, and fled from the room.

"Such a temper!" remarked Aunt Harriet, severely. "Lucy I wonder at the cordial between the pale lips. you allowing such behavior to pass unrebuked."

"You tried her too far, Harriet. Remember how nervous she is," said gen- has been since they parted! She will be

tle Mrs. Brooks, mildly. "Oh, what did I say? sobbed May, as she locked herself into her room and her face in her hands and cried bitterly. laid her throbbing head on the pillows. "I am always impertinent to Aunt Harriet, and it grieves mamma. But she is so disagreeable, and is constantly meddling. I hate meddlers!"

talked; and May, being a woman, was shivered and closed the window. forced to stay quietly at home in the forced to stay quietly at home in the very midst of the gossip, and entertain curious guests, conscious of their close scrutiny, to see if "she took it much to scrutiny to he how hard it was! Where-Some one entered and stole softly up as Paul was far from all annoying questions, so busily engaged with his troublesome estate as to have scarcely a on her hand. Paul was kneeling beside thought beside.

Memories of May would float through his mind occasionally, but would soon ly into hers, vanish in the press of bussness. He had May smile not torgotten. He felt the separation as bitterly as May; but a man cannot

A year passed. Paul was still in Paris, A long trial, involving the estate, was stretching its weary way through the courts. Until that was ended he must stay. Another year rolled by, and Tom was

married to a favorite friend of May's, sweet Nellie Wingate. May was their had been detained in New York until He did not like it, but he did not ven-ture to tell May of his disapproval. She bridesmaid, with a face as white as the November. Then he had gone South dress she wore. She was fragile as a on business for a friend, and on his refress she wore. was fragile as a

ously ill. The best doctors were summoned, and Tom and Nellie watched over her faithfully without a thought of self. Day after day she lay in a heavy

stupor, unconscious of the loving care and listen to her mother's praises of Paul and regrets for his necessary trip, change came, and she talked wildly of "O Panl, Paul!" she moaned. "Come

to me!"

This was her constant cry, with frequent allusions to Tom, which her watchers could not understand. "She means Paul Everson," whis-

pered Nellie. Find him, Tom, if he is anywhere on the face of the earth. She will die unless she sees him. Her heart is breaking and I never knew it. I thought she had ceased to care for him.

Search everywhere for him. Begin at And Tom did search. He employed has he? No more than I expected. He detectives, addressed letters to his lawis too proud and aristocratic to marry yer, advertised in Paris, London and in this little place. He will bring a New York papers, walked up and down noble, titled wife home with him. Oh. the streets in hope of a chance meeting, I tell you those Everson's are proud! in short, he did all he could; but no Dreadfully high-tempered folks too. A Paul appeared. The Time passed. May nice life you would lead with them! was gradually failing. She was con-

Nellie sat alone with May, one night. Tom was closeted with a detective in another room. They thought they had at May's pale face and red eyelide. But | a clue at last; the man employed spoke with confidence for the first time.

In the sick room all was still. May's

were closed; there was a deeper pallor on her cheek. Nellie cried softly as she gently forced

"She cannot live through the night," she said sadly. "Oh, why does not Paul

come? Poor May! What a sad life hers at rest soon, but oh, how I shall miss her! Oh, May, May!" And Nellie buried Out on the street the noise of every day life sounded loud and clear, It was June new. The streets were crowded with people. A merry young voice gay-ly whistled "La Filte du Regiment" as But her aunt talked and the gossips, it passed under the window. Nellie

A faint rap on the door, Nellie did

to the bed. May's were closed, but she opened them as she felt a slight touch her, his arms were about her, his cheek was against hers, his eyes gazing loving-

May smiled faintly, and closed her eyes again with a sigh of satisfaction. Nellie slipped out without a word.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "Paul has come, and May will live, I know she will! You should have seen her face. It shone like an angel's!" and regardless of the detective, Nellie laid her head on Tom's shoulder and sobbed. Late in the night while May was sleeping, Paul went into the parlor and

explained his delay in coming.

## A GOOD STORY.

A Woman's Fight With the Apaches.

There will never be any other feeling but that of murder in the heart of a Chiricahua Apache. He hates every other Indian of the West, and is ready to make war upon him. No white man has ever fallen into his clutches and escaped the torture. Ordinary tortures are tame to the Apache. He invents new ones. On his own agency, and in time of profound peace, the Apache is a devil lying in wait for white victims.

Two weeks before it was known that Geronimo had left the San Carlos Reservation a settler on the Upper Gila named Bellair, whose former home was in Wisconsin, sat smoking his pipe after din-ner. On his knee he had his daughter, a child five years old, and the wife was busy clearing the table. Five Indians suddenly entered the house by the back door. Red men had often visited the cabin and been hospitably entertained, but the moment the five stepped in Bellair realized that they were bent on mischief. As he started to his feet an Indian sprang forward and struck at him with a rifle. The blow fell upon the child's head and crushed it like paper.

Bellair seized the gun, wrested it away, and set upon the five to drive them out. Two of them had seized the wife and were trying to pull her out doors. The husband laid about him with such desperation that the Indians were the other four ran about eighty rods to cover. It was plain enough that it was

a raiding party from the reservation after scalps and plunder. About fifteen rods from the house, on

the opposite side from which the Indians had taken cover, the ranchman had constructed an out-door cellar. This had been accomplished by digging into a front with a double row of planks. There was a stout door, and two or three places had been left for ventilation. Bellair instantly decided to occupy the cellar and make the best defense possible. While the wife was collecting a few articles, he carried the dead body of his child to the place. Returning, he got his rifle, revolver and ammunition, and she took a jug of water and all the rea-

dy-cooked food in the house. Thus far the Indians could have had no suspicions that the house was being deserted, but as Bellair made another trip to secure a sum of money he had in the house, he was seen and fired upon. He ran about half the distance to the cellar, and then received a bullet in the heart and fell dead The four Indians dashed forward to scalp him, but the wife stood in the doorway and wounded one of them with a shot from the revolver, and the gang sought cover. Had the husband lying there before her eyes exhibited the faintest sign of life the wife would have chanced all to bring him in, but as she fully realized that he was dead she withdrew to the cellar to await the next movement of the Indians. Fortunately for her the door swung in-

second shot inflicted a wound from which the warrior died two weeks later. The three could face her no longer. With yells of dismay they rushed away to the thicket where their ponies were concealed, and no time was lost in leaving

the neighbordood. At sunrise next morning as ranchmen passed that way, they found the bodies of the dead side by side on the grass. Seated beside them clasping their dead hands, was a stony faced woman, whose eyes looked into the far away, and whose son had gone forever.

### A SALT MINE IN LOUISIANA.

# A Saline Revelation on Petit Anse Isl-and---Purity, 99.47 Per Cent.

Arrived at new Iberia the engine was detatched, and a local salt mine locomotive backed the special nine miles up a heavy grade to the salt mine on Petit Anse island. If salt may be called a mineral, this is a mineral disovery of little less importance than the bonanza silver mines of Nevada. Few people realize that at this isolated point in the Union is a mine of salt superior in purity, richness and extent to anything yet found in the earth's crust. None of the party was prepared for such a saline revelation. The mine, which is but partially explored, is situated on the highest ground of all the region round. Though Petit Anse is called an island, it is hard to reseized with a momentary panic, and re- member the water boundary on one side treated. He turned the gun and shot at least. A little bayou about as big as one of them dead at the door, and the an irregular ditch in California is the geographical surrounding. The salt delleved to cover 145 acres. Long ante-Scottish descent, but Americans of at Island has about 3,000 acres, and up to the time of the war was a vast sugar hill for several feet and inclosing the plantation. In 1862 a man digging a and as Gen. Forrest said about war, a cattle well on the estate near the suminto a solid rock of salt. It was explored in a limited way, and as it was benefit of the Confederate armies, Far-Federal operations in the country between the mine and Confederate strong-holds rendered the mine useless, and it remained in abeyance for ten years or more

About ten years ago the deposit attracted the attention of capitalists, and a company was formed in New York and Galveston to work it. A contract was made with the Avery Family by which the latter was to receive a royalty. Machinery was put in, a shaft sunk, and for the past few years the yield has been enormous. Fully one-half of the salt production of the United States comes from this remarkable deposit. The mine is worked like an anthracite coal mine. The present working shaft is down ninety -seven feet. On this level huge chambers have been excavated, with pillars ward. The cellar had not been put to left standing to support the roof. The use yet, and she had plenty of room to rock salt is blown out of the drifts and Allen advanced rapidly, exclaiming with nove about. One of the planks left in- chambers with dynamite, loaded into side furnished a prop for the door, and cars, lifted to the surface, run into rock crushers and hence into grinding mills, where it is ground to all degrees of fineness from the needs of a pork packery to them temporarily the redskins turned the finest of table salt. The natural product is pure crystalized saline, carrying 99.47 per cent of salt. The product is put into barrels and shipped all which they coveted was carried out, and they then took axes and demolished every article of furniture and chopped up ently, that the railroad company has built a road nine miles to the mine, and no less than twenty freight cars were being loaded on the day of our visit. The whole party visited the mine, being lowered by the cage-load to the working level. It was a beautiful sight, this overcome by her emotions. They at- crystal cavern. Car after car came out tempted to approach her under cover of loaded with the pure, white substance, delightful with Paul to talk to her, a flag of truce, but a shot proved that and the blasts that were shot off in the various chambers for the entertainment of the visitors reverberated and shook the earth. From the working level a winze has been sunk yet another ninety-five feet, its face still in pure salt, showing that the deposit is practically inexhaustible. It is a mine of wealth, not only to those who own it, but to the company that works it. For several of four feet of earth above her at the years the Averys have received a roy-weakest point, and they were entirely alty of \$5,000 a month, and on the first of this month, was increased on a new contract to \$7,000 a month.

### OLD-TIME SOUTHERN DUELS.

# Few Newly Dressed-up Facts About the Noted Duclist, Colonel McClang of Mississippi.

On one occasion McClung had an alercation with a young attorney who anticipating the result, passed a flagrant insult on him. This forced McClung to send the challenge, a step that he was always anxious should be taken by the other party. His caution was justified in this case, for his antagonist accepted lips none could unseal. She had better been dead with them. The light of rea-in which the duel was to be fought. in which the duel was to be fought. The terms were these. Both were to stand on opposite sides of a narrow table, take deliberate aim, and at a concerted signal, fire This was certain death to both, and the young lawyer had vowed that, since Mr. McClung was going to kill him, he was determined to carry McClung along with him. Me-Clung declined the terms. The duel was never fought, and McClung consented cheerfully to a reconciliation, McClung was a native of Virginia, having been born in Fauquier county, whence his parents moved to Kentucky during his boyhood. His mother was a sister to John Marshall, chief justice of the United States. He was originally intended for the navy, and served several years on board. His first duel was fought with a brother midshipman or the coast of Southern America. His second was with an own cousin, named I believe, John Marshall. After leav-ing the navy McClung went to Mississippi, where his reputation as a duelist preceded him His first entrance on the stage of honor in that state was as second to Foote in his second duel with posit is the cone of the hill, and it is be- Prentiss. Things prospered. Not only was Foote shot down, but McClung be rior to the war Petit Anse was the prop-erty of the Averys. They are people of a Mr. or Gen. Allen, with whom he subsequently "had a meeting." least two centuries of ancestry. The many interesting preliminaries McClung got to the point of calling Allen a dcoward. This, of course, meant a duel, duel meant fight and fight meant to kill. mit of the topographical cone struck McClung was living at Jackson at the time of the trouble. His d- coward epithet was borne to Allen, who decided then something like a dollar a pound to go to Jackson and kill the author, in the Confederacy the discovery caused On his way to Jackson Allen passed quite an excitement. The government seized the deposit and worked it for the told Foote of his mission. As soon as he was out of sight Foote mounted a ragut's capture of New Orleans and the horse, and pushing across the country, arrived in time to put McClung on his guard. The two enemies met, thoroughly armed; for some reason, how. ever, they failed to commence firing, but separated. A duel was preferred to a street fight. They met on the banks of Pearl river at sunset that evening, both armed with six pistols, one chamber

each. An immense throng of people were present to see the sport. The principals were placed sixty yards apart. AI the word they were to advance and fire at will. Allen was excited, and his anger had complete control of him. Mc-Clung on the contrary, was cool and ap-parently tranquil. He wore a half-puzzled expression on his face, as if he were trying to solve a vexed question. He was, in reality, debating at what distance his ball could kill Allen. He had no fears of missing him. At the word much passion, "Now we shall see whe is the d-coward." McClung, who had taken a few steps, upon seeing his antagonist advance so rapidly, halted, took deliberate aim, replying to Allen's re-mark as he did so: "Yes, we shall see." As the words left his mouth he fired. His ball struck Allen, who was thirty paces distant in the mouth. Allen died in a few hours. McClung manifested every sign of satisfaction over the result. When he shot Menifee, a brother of the noted congressman, he peered through the smoke (the duel had been fought with rifles), and when he saw Menifer on the ground, McClung seized his rifle hugged it to his breast, patted it and called it his darling. Neither Jackson nor Burr betrayed any regrets over the man each had killed. In his old age Jackson showed a friend the pistol he had used. "This is the pistol with which I shot Mr. Dickinson," he said. Burr ofter spoke of "my friend, Mr. Hamilton, whom I shot." But Mr. McClung frequently showed a brutal satisfaction in recalling the fatal termination to the duels in which he had been engaged, As a lawyer he was never successful. His taste turned in the direction of polite literature, and he is said to have been an exceedingly polished writer. He established a newspaper at Jackson which attracted attention, and from which, if tradition can be trusted, Prentiss culled some of his best ideas and most beautiful thoughts. It is even: said that McClung took Prentiss to task for using his writings without giving him credit, and that Prentiss made and artful and insinuating defense that captured McClung's fancy and friendship. Tradition sometimes tells egregious lies.

would only laugh and call him jealous. while he was not jealous, only grieved at her lack of affection for him.

So he bore it by himself, never explaining the coldness he could not always hide as he thought of Tom. And May wondered and questioned, endured and loved.

The wedding was to have taken place at Christmas, a year from the betrothal, but in June an uncle of Pauls' died in Paris and bequeathed him his fortunewould be a great help to these moderately circumstanced lovers. There was some difficulty in settling the affairs of the estate, which made it necessary for Paul to go there and remain until all was arranged.

This was his last evening at home. He did not know when he should re- entirely alone, with just enough money turn. He could not under a year, at to support her. She lived quietly at the least, perhaps not for two. He urged old home, her first appearance in society May to hasten her arrangements and after the death of her father being at accompany him, but this she refused to Tom's wedding. She had laid aside her do. She could not get ready in so short a time, and mamma seemed so feeble in white without ornaments. Her dark a time, and mamma seemed so leeve after her fever. On the whole she brown hair, colled low on her neck, waved loosely over the forehead; the thought it best to pospone their wed-ding until his return. Paul pleaded then scolded, and finally submitted with a very ill grace indeed.

"May dear," he said, as they slowly walked together under the large maple trees, "dear one, you will write often, will you not?"

"Yes, every day. Oh, dear; I wish your uncle had willed his fortune to some one else! It takes you far away from me, and then people are so silly, you know; they may say that I-mar-""Who is silly now?" laughed Paul,

drawing her closer to him and imprinting a kiss on the rosy lips so temptingly upraised, "As if he cared for people! Beside my fortune is too small to be very enticing. But I wish this legacy was drowned in the depths of the Dead Sea. I cannot bear to leave you. Come with me, May. It is not too late, even now. Oh, come, please come," he urged fondly.

"I cannot, Paul. My duty lies here at home with mamma,"

"And Tom. I comprehend at last."

"Mean!" retorted Paul, wrathfully. "Don't you drive with him, row with him, write to him, have him hanging about you half the time, all the while you are engaged to me? Do you suppose I like that? Now you refuse to go where you think you cannot see him," he said, his temper fairly running away with

May turned very white. She slowly drew off her ring, and as he finished speaking she said quietly,— "If that is your opinion of me, it is as well that we part," and she handed him the ring. "Very well," said he. "You are

free. Marry Tom if you will." He walked rapidly away without a

glance behind him. May slowly walked home, her one

wish to be entirely alone somewhere with her grief, away from all prying eyes. She entered the side gate intend-ing to sterl unnoticed up the kutches

lily now. The old bloom was gone. In turn found May was traveling in Eqits place was a new sweetness, rays of God's sunlight illumining her face as only those are illumined who win the crown of light through suffering.

And May had borne much sorrow Her mother had faded almost imperceptibly, until the Death Angel bore her away. She had smiled a loving goodnight upon them at bedtime one evennot a large one, by any means-but it ing, and sent them from her as usual, and the next morning they found her

> Before May fully realized her loss her father was stricken with a low fever, and he too passed away. May was left large blue eyes were dark with excitement, and now and then a smile lighted up the grave face with marvellous beau-

Tom and Nellie were going to Eu-rope on their wedding trip, and urged May to accompany them in the hope of restoring some of her lost brightness, May at last consented, a wild hope of seeing Paul urging her to it. She had heard nothing from him since their parting two years and a half ago. Not a word of sympathy or condolence with her great sorrow, and the silence hurt

her cruelly. The first few weeks of their foreign tour were spent in London. The time passed slowly to May. She cared nothing for the sight-seeing, for their new English friends, or for anything in Great Britain. Her thoughts were in Paris. To the lovers the days flew by on swiftest wings. There is really "nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. Sometimes it proves to be a nightmare, however. May felt as if her love-dream had had a very bitter Paul's jealousy had found a voice. "What do you mean?" demanded May, drawing away from him, and gaz-ing at him in astonishment and dis-pleasure. shield her. Should she see Paul, and how would he look? What would he have to say? Did he love her still? Over and over she asked these ques-

Would Tom and Nellie never be ready for Paris? It seemed not. From London to Glasgow, thence to Elin-burgh and Melrose Abbey, then through Ireland, they went, spending a week in each place. They visited the homes of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, ex-plored the Tower of London and West-

plored the Tower of London and West-minster Abbey, and even attended the Queen's drawing-room through the in-fluence of a Lady Somebody. At last, when they had been away from home for three months, Tom an-nounced that they would next "do" Paris. May was in a fever of excitement during the packing np, though she appeared very cool. The channel was rough that day, and before they reached their destination May was seri-

rope. He knew Tom was married but supposed it was to May instead of Nelfrom half the band. lie, and that they were on their wedding

tour. He had not learned of his mistake until he read Tom's advertisment since the happy days of Paul's love. in an old New York Tribune. He had started at once for Paris, traveling night and day.

"Thank God you were in time!" said Tom fervently. Paul watched untiringly at May's

edside, paying no attention to their entreaties that he should rest while they watched.

"May is mine now. I shall care for her," he always answered.

Slowly the shattered system recovered strength. The long convalescence was read, follow every whim of hers. In July they left the hot sultry city and went to the mountains of Switzerland, and revelled in the pure fresh air; and there in September, in a quaint little Swiss church, they were married one morning, with the warm sun shining on their heads in benediction.

Aunt Elton's prophecy proved true. Paul brought his wife from Europe.

They Found the Will.

In the year 1803 there died at Bath. England, a lady who had amassed considerable money. On the inside of her pillow slip was pinned a note which ran thus-I have made a will; if you would be rich find it. There was something charming in this idea. The old lady must have been of a humorous turn of mind. No doubt she often pictured to herself her young and aged relations, male and female alike, in pursuit of this phantom fortune. Carpets would be ripped up, the contents of cushions and beds scattered about the floor, the wall paper torn down, the garden dug up, and, in fact, every thing turned topsyturvy. The story goes that the search went on night and day for a week, each party being anxious, naturally enough, to find the will, when just as the search was about to be given up in disgust the document was found tightly sewn inside the skin of the lady's wig. Then the family gathered together to hear it read. It consisted of one clause, and that was to the effect "that the finder of this will, in consideration of his labor and good luck in finding it, shall have the sum of one penny a day for his natural life, the rest of my property to go to charities named below." Here the story ends. Nothing is said about the feelings of the will-seekers, which is disuppointing, for there is as grand a scope here for the pen of the novelist as there is for the brush of the painter.

### Large Animals.

The largest animals are being rapidly exterminated in Algeria, and the lion of the desert is fast becoming a myth. During the eleven years from 1873 to 1884 bounty was paid on 202 lions; 1214 panthers; 1882 hyenas and 27,000 jackals.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again.

she was in a situation to stand a siege

As soon as the woman had escaped their attention to the house. They did not dare set it on fire, for fear the smoke might bring help, but every article which they coveted was carried out, and the floor. This work occupied them for about an hour, after which they turned their attention to the woman. A dead child in the darkness with her, a dead

husband in the sunlight under her eyes, the savages reasoned that she must be she saw through their villainous design. There were only three to take an active part, and she had no fear that they could force an entrance by the front.

The Apaches were silent for a time, taking good care not to expose themselves to her fire. After a quarter of an hour she heard them digging in the earth above her head. There was a depth sheltered while they worked. They dug for awhile and then abandoned the attempt, having, as was afterward ascer-

tained broken the spade and encountered many rocks.

The next move was one which promised to prove fatal to the brave woman. The straw from the beds was brought and set fire to. The planks were still any drying out. While the straw made

cast their shadows on the grond, and

It appeared that the Indians were and buried it, and the wounded man had long ago set off for the reservation.

### Freaks of Jurors.

There are some queer phases of trial by jury. In Ohio some years ago a wa-gon was stolen. Three men were seen riding in it on the night it was taken. and flung down in front of the cellar The three men were indicted. All conceded the wagon had been stolen, even green and the wet earth had prevented the prisoners indicted. The three men demanded separate trials and to differa great blaze and the flames roared and ent juries. One after the other was accrackled as if eating every thing before quited. In another and more recent them, the planks refused to burn and case a servant girl left the family in she saw them from the loop holes, and knew the stratagem they were resorting not be held on that indictment. The stolen goods and acquitted because she anxious to get away before night, but did not know they were stolen. A lover were doubly anxious to dispatch the wo-man so that nobody would be left to identify them. All violent measures innocent soul! She thought that an having failed, they now began to coax impecuatious lover came honestly by silk and promise. She was a much brave dresses, a gold watch studded with diawoman. She had whipped them in a fair fight. They wanted to shake hands with her before going away. They had carried the body of the dead warrior off and buried it, and the wounded man her mistress wearing. And the man whom she says stole them and gave them whom she says stole them and gave them to her was not indicted. Nobody was

had long ago set off for the reservation. The three warriors, having given up all hope of getting at the woman, had star-ted for the spot where their plunder was piled, then the cellar door opened and a demon leaped forth. She had a heavy win-chester in her grasp. The crack of the ri-fle was the first intimation the warriors had that she was out. The shot broke an arm for one of them. The others wheeled and opened fire; but she advan-ced steadily, firing as fast as she could throw out the empty shalls and a

### Tillable Lakes.

Prof. Schwable has drawn the attention of the Berlin Physical Society to the fire soon died out. During the next half hour every thing was so quiet that the woman began to believe the Apaches had made off. It girl was found by a constable at a hotel girl was found by a constable at a hotel panied by loud nproar, and the occurbelieve the Apaches had made off. It was just what they had planned for her to believe. The trio stood on top of the cellar, hoping she would open the door. As the sun got further to the west it cast their shadows on the instance of streaming the goods and acquitted on the ground that she did not steal them, but villages prove, sometimes a lake serving one village for fishing purposes, and sometimes dry land, which was then next term she was tried for receiving tilled by the other village. Several channels at the bottom of the lake lead to the interior of the gypsum rock, yet the water, when it gathered here, stood for several years at the depth of thirty to fifty feet, when it suddenly disappeared again. In the years 1876, 1877 and 1878, this lake was filled with water, and since the last date has been dry land.

## Bright Stars.

Four bright stars now form a starry. curve or arc that may be easily traced late in the evening. The four stars are Regulus, Mars, Jupiter and Spica, in the order mentioned. Regulus may be known as the bright star in the handle of the sickle, and the other three are readily recognized.

FOR SEASONING MUTTON BROTH OF mutton hash, remember that mutt does not bear as much salt as beef or