She who is mine, whose soul is all my own As mine is hers, long loved and early

With what warm hands, with what a loving face.

She gives me welcome to this quiet place. This cottage hearth, where we two dwel

We have the poor for neighbors; we are one, Content with simple duties simply done; And she, at least, of no ambitious race, She who is mine.

Ab, yes; Life's van results have come and gone;

And the dry heart, like a cold kernel stone

Within its withered pulp and shrunken Might well have lost such fulness and such

As once it had, but for this love, full grown

And resolute and pure, that she bath shown, She who is mine. -[The Academy.

POPPIE'S DILEMMA.

in triumph the few brown leaves that know-perhaps he was right-I have beech opposite to the library window; it what to say to him, after all. There, me? moans dismally in chimneys, whistles now-I have told you the whole story, shrilly through loose fitting window Susan, and I want you to help me.' frames, and, in short, makes itself as weather, congratulate myself that I have What kind of a man is he?" the afternoon free to enjoy myself in and need not go outside.

opened behind me and a voice say inquiringly;-

It is Poppie, and I know she will want quickly.
to talk. I bend lower down over the fire, Poppie with my elbows on my knees, and pretend not to hear; perhaps she will go door and comes toward me.

out turning or raising my eyes. "I want to talk to you," says Poppie, that I could do very well."

"Susan!" she says again.

coaxingly. "I knew you did," is my inward re- though," I murmur half to myself. mark. "Well," I repeat aloud, "what is is it about?" And still I keep my eyes everything?" says Poppie. fixed on the page, devoutly praying that Poppie will repent of disturbing me when to love him," I begin hesitatingly. she sees how engrossed I am, and will leave me in peace. But she does no such thing; on the contrary she kneels down nowadays; and you don't-" I pause for an indescribable something in his very

her two hands upon my book. "Don't read, Susan," she says, in her suppose, Poppie?" etty imperative way? "I really have "I suppose not." she returns. pretty imperative way? "I really have something to say to you."

With a faint sigh I lay down the book ing as to the result of my boldness. "Beand turn to my sister. I do not know cause"why or how it is, but I always find my. self obeying Poppie with most exemplary | sharply. meekness.

"Oh, I'm sure you must have told me everything about that visit!" I interrupt impatiently. Did I ever say anything of a Mr.

Harris?" "No, I think not-I don't remember,"

I reply doubtfully. Well, then, you must know he was

floor beside me, her hands clasped round | chair. her knees and her face turned towards the fire. "He is a youngish-oldish man have liked Jack for my brother in-law, lots?" Jack quietly suggests. -you know what I mean-no particular | and "-He has a lovely place somewhere in the gether and turns away, lake country and a splendid house in Park lane; and Mrs. Nugent told us he as usual. Susan," she says coldly. must have at least twenty thousand a were discussing Mr. Harris, not Jack poker, begins most unnecessarily to st.r ting any nearer to a decision."

"Suppose you write a letter and see "Well, is that all?" I ask after a short what it looks like!" I suggest.

"Not quite all." replies Poppie calmly, with her back still toward me and emphasizing her words with little taps of pen into the ink. the poker upon a spattering, fizzing log. "He aske! me to marry him."

that for a moment I do not believe her. 'You are joking." I cry wrathfully, taking up my "yellow back" again; "and I call it a very poor joke indeed, if you care for my opinion on the subject."

"It is not a joke, Susan; really and truly it is not!" declares Poppie, dropping the poker with a clatter into the regret that I must adhere to my former "Very fender and turning round to me, "I am decision." quite in earnest, I assure you!"

'Well," I ejaculated, "I must confess much easier it would be! I am surprised; I have not quite taken it in yet. But why did you not tell me of it before?" I add reproachfully. "You She takes a fresh sheet of paper. came home on Monday last, and this is 'I suppose it must be 'My Dear' this Thursday-I call it a shame!"

ful piece of news I ever heard!" I an- it?" swered excitedly. "To think that you

I-I did not accept him.' 'Didn't accept him?" I echo blankly. "My poor susan," says Poppie, laughing again as she puts her soft little hand ting up. upon mine, "are you terribly disap-

"I am," I replied solemnly and mourn-fully—"dreadfully disappointed! It "How nice of him to come over

him," and I end with a regretful sigh.

Poppie gets up from the floor and, to the door and is in the act of turning this most unexpected turn of affairs, drawing a chair close to mine, sits down. the handle. "Poppie," I cry, flying "why, how can you be such a baby? Of

I do my best to suppress my astonishment at this remark, for never before was my sister Poppie known to seek adviceat any rate, of me-and respond inquiringly-"Yes, dear?"

"I did not exactly refuse Mr. Harriswait a moment until I have done, please!"-as I prepare to give vent to a volley of delighted exclamations-"I said 'No' over and ever again when he asked me; but-I don't know why it was-he would not take 'No' for an answer-perhaps"-smiling a little-"he was too conceited-at any rate he could not bring himself to believe that I really meant to decline the honor he wished to confer snys. upon me. He declared that a woman's 'No' always meant 'Yes,' and he bothered out looking at him. me so that for the sake of peace I agreed to take a week to think over the matter, and at the end of that time to write and give him my final answer. The week will be up to-morrow, so I must come to a A biting wind has everything its own any difference, that my reply must nervously: way out of doors to-day. It whirls away always be the same; but now-I don't

"It is hard for me to advise you. Popdisagreeable as possible. But I, sitting pie," I say slowly, after we have sat for in my favorite chair in the snug library, some time in silence. "You see, I have exclaims, laughing. "What does it and with a new and exciting "yellow- never seen this Mr. Harris, and never mean? You might have if-what?" back" in my hand, bid defiance to the even heard of him until this afternoon.

"I don't think he is anything out of pie. the common, one way or the other," my I have reckoned without my host, how- sister answers reflectively. "He is goodever, for before I have read more than natured and generous after a fashion; he glances at her too. two chapters of my book, I hear a door has an exalted opinion of his own merits and his money; and-yes, decidedly there is a touch of vulgarity about him!" "But he is fond of you?" I asked

Poppie smiles slightly.
"Well, yes, I think so," she replies; at any rate, he no doubt considers that I away again. Vain hope! She closes the should suit his purpose very well. He wants some one to wear his diamonds for him, drive in his carriages and fill his "Well?" I reply unwillingly and with-at turning or raising my eyes. great houses with smart people—in fact, oh, everything she could possibly want; to help to show off his wealth; and all and, if that would not satisfy her and

"It would be very nice to be rich. "Yes, I know that; but is money

"Of course not. What an idea!" "But so many people marry for money vously-"you don't love any one else, I

"Are you sure?" I ask. inwardly quak-

Because I once fancied- I may have "What have you to say?" I asked resignedly.

"It is about something that happened while I was at the Nugents," begins Pop
been wrong, and you must not be vexed with me if I was—but I did fancy there was something between you and Jack Neville," I blurted out desperately.

"Well, then, I wish you would help me to decide for Poppie. Of course I only want to do what will be for her happiness"— Poppie flushes scarlet and frowns:

then she asks quietly :-"What made you think so?" "Oh, I don't know-lots of things!" I reply. "You have been a great deal and, coming over to the tea table, puts

suppose I was wrong; there was noth-Nothing whatever-you are quite

that I was." says Poppie, sitting on the my glance and moves restlessly in her a matter of absolute indifference to me."

age-very tall and big, with a large I come to a sudden stop, for Poppie round face, like a red moon more than has risen quickly from her seat and rising quickly and running over to the anything else. He is a retired merchant stands before me with angry eyes and or manufacturer, and has heaps of flushed cheeks. The next minute, how-

"You have wandered from the point She pauses, and, taking up the Neville, and we do not seem to be get-

> She walks over to the little writing affair, table by the window and, sitting down 'Now, then, Poppie, will you draw?' before it, opens the blotter and dips a I say briskly. "I myself do not really table by the window and, sitting down "Which ought I to put, Susan, 'Dear

Mr. Harris, or 'My Dear Mr. Harris?" She speaks with such utter unconcern she asks, doubtfully. "That will depend, I think, on what you are going to say," I reply. "Try

'Dear' first. "What comes next, supposing this to

"It sounds just like a Polite Letter eagerly.

For a few seconds I stare at her in silent amazement. Then she begins to laugh.

Writer, objects Poppie; but I suppose I must put something like that; and she writes it down. It looks perfectly hor-"Is it then so surprising?" she asks. putting her levely face close to mine and "Oh, why did I ever say that I would glancing saucily up at me. "Susan, do, write? I had no idea it would be so diffor pity sake, shut your eyes and ficult. If one could put just plain 'Yes' mouth! You look so utterly absurd!" or 'No,' and sign one's name to it, how

time," she says, sighing. Well, Susan, "But, now that I have told you, what I've committed myself so far; but it seems more hopelessly hard than the re-

While I rack my brains for a suitable will have twenty thousand a year and a house in Park lane and—"

"Stop, stop!" cries Poppie. "You falls from her fingers and she pushes are running on much too fast, Susan, for back her chair with a suppressed extension of the clamation as some one on a brown cob rides swiftly past the window.

"Who was it?" I asked eagerly, get-"It was Jack," replies Poppie slowly. She has risen to her feet and stands with

"How nice of him to come over and

course, there is no use in my saying upon the fire in anticipation of our across, and then, throwing away the anything now, since you have refused visitor. But when I turned again toward pieces, bursts into tears. my sister I perceive that she has hurried "Susan," she says, "I want to ask across the room to her side, "where are course you needn't"you going?"

"Thave a headache—I— Oh, Susan, and, coming close up to my sobbing sister me go! You can tell Jack I was ter, calmly takes one of her hands in his "I have a headache-I- Oh, Susan, sorry not to see him-anything you like; own. but-" She pulls her arm from my deis already standing on the mat outside.

"How are you?" I say cheerfully, as I hold out a welcoming hand to him. "I have not seen you for so long that I had olmost forgotten what you were like!" He laughs a little as he shakes hands know?"

with me, and then turns quickly to Poppie, who is standing silently beside me her hand; he puts his arm around her with her eyes fixed on the carpet. "So you have come back at last!" he his shoulder.

'It appears so," she returns, still with-

Before you went away we quarrelled, enemies?

Slowly Poppie looks up from the floor speedy decision. I told him at the time to his face; then she colors a little as that thinking it over would not make she puts her hand into his and answers

"Let us be friends." "Well, Susan," says Jack a little later. have clung obstinately until now to the thought and rethought until I am half as he stands with his back to the fire sipshivering branches of the big copper distracted, and I don't know in the least ping hot tea, "have you any news to tell

> "No," I reply, shaking my head as I shut the lid of the teapot with a bang; but I might have if-"What an enigmatical remark!" "I am not sure if I may tell you." answer, custing a doubtful look at Pop-

"Oh, then it concerns Poppie, does it, this mysterious piece of news?" and he

"May I tell?" I ask persuasively. "Certainly, if you wish to do so," returns my sister. "Well, then, Jack, Poppie has had a proposal from a very rich man, and she

can't make up her mind whether to accept him or not. Isn't it odd?" "Isn't what odd?" "That she is not able to decide what to say to him. Of course it would not be a love match; but then she would have-

make her happy forever after, as the story book says, what would?"
"What, indeed!" says Jack slowly and thoughtfully. "As you say, Susan, it is

"Of course you could not be expected I have known Jack Neville from my childhood; still I do not quite understand him. He has an uncomfortable way of seeming to agree with one, yet there is upon the hearth rug beside me and lays a few seconds, and then continue ner- quietness of face and manner which arouses a suspicion that he is laughing at one all the time, "Jack, I am really in earnest," I say, a little reproachfully. He turns to me quickly.

"So am I. Susan." "Because what?" she says a little not detect the faintest glimmer of a laugh on his grave handsome face or in his steady eyes.

"but what way do Poppie's own inclinations lie? At this Poppie rises from her chair

together all your lives, and - But I down her empty cup and turns to Jack. "I assure you I have no inclination one way or the other, she says hurriedly, with a faint, nervous little laugh; staying there, too, nearly all the time wrong!" she answers, but she avoids stand on perfectly neutral ground; it is

"That being the case, would it not be "I amsorry," I say stupidly, "I should the fairest and simplest way to draw "Of course it would! How stupid not to have thought of that before," I cry.

writing table. "I will just write 'Yes' on one piece of paper and 'No' on anmoney, which he has made in business. ever, she presses her quivering lips to- other, and then fold them in exactly the When I return with the neatly folded

slips of paper in my hand I notice with some surprise that my sister is flushed and that her eyes gleam excitedly, which seems strange in a person who hardly five minutes ago declared herself perfectly indifferent as to the upshot of the

know which is which.

Quickly drawing back her dark head. Poppie steps forward. Jack is standing at a little distance behind her, intently watching as she stretches out her hand toward the paper that is to decide her fate. She hesitates for a moment, touching the slips irresolutely, then her fingers close firmly upon one.

"I will take this," she says, a little ex-"Very Well. Now be quick and open it for I do not know which it is!" I cry

As she stands before me without moving all the pretty color fades out of her

"I am afraid to look," she says, in a tone that is only a little louder than a in it, and this hole gives him the to Jack. "Will you read it for me?" she York World. says, putting the paper hurriedly into

his hand and drawing a deep breath.

Slowly—oh, so slowly!—Jack unfolds the little slip and reads the one word written on it. Poppie is trembling all over, and her eyes are fixed on his face, which wears a curious expression, such as I never saw there before.

ones and he laughs a little. kind for once, at any rate." he says.

must congratulate you, Poppie."
"You mean—what?" she says, and "You have drawn 'Yes,' " says Jack,

most extraordinary way, while his face

"Poppie, Poppie," I cry, dismayed at

But here Jack gently puts me aside

"Poppie," he says kindly, "do not distaining grasp and opens the door for tress yourself, do not cry so. Did you flight; but she is too late-Jack Neville | think for a moment that I would let you marry that man? And you actually dared to say it was a matter of indifference to you when you knew that I loved you, and when I knew-- Oh, Poppie, my darling, did you think I did not

> He is not satisfied now with holding and draws her pretty head down upon

At this juncture it dawns upon me that my presence is most unnecessary, so I steal away softly, leaving them alone. And I am very certain that poor Poppie, didn't we?" he goes on hastily. Mr. Harris will have to look out for an-"Are we friends again now, or are we other sutiable person to wear his diamonds now.

IN MORTAL COMBAT.

A Hunter Witnesses a Battle Between Two Big Grizzlies.

Professor Dyche, of the Kansas State University, is a great hunter and spends his summers among the wilds of the Northwest getting specimens for the museum of the institution. During there trips he gets acquainted with all the guides and hunters of the region in which he is hunting, and the result-is that when any of these men get to civilization they endeavor to call at the uni-

versity to see Dyche and his museum. Oue of these men is now in Lawrence on such a visit and tells a story of an adventure which he had in the mountains of Washington which borders on the marvellous, but which he is willing to vouch for, and in addition he has such evidence that his story is incontrovertible. The gentleman is George Ayres and his occupation is hunter and guide. He lives in a country where the grizzly bear grows to an enormous size, and while he has never been successful as a hunter of the animals he has killed two

or three. The story he tells is of a combat between two enormous grizzlies, which he witnessed from the safe retreat of a tall tree, where he had fled from the approach of one of the brutes. Ayers tells the story most graphically and says it lasted long enough for him to get over his scare and pay close attention to what was going on. He had been out hunting, having started at daylight, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon he was suprised by meeting a large grizzly right in his

He did not have time to do anything but climb a tree, an I the old brute immediately laid siege to him and attempted to reach up at him. While this was going on Avers heard a noise up the trail and there saw another bear coining down toward his tree. He thought he was in for a night of it, as the two would keep him there until he was starved or some one came to his assistance. He was mistaken, however, for the two bears were evidently not friendly, and one of them undoubtedly thought that the other was peaching on his preserves, for the Before they wed he used to rave "Of course," he interposes gravely; they roared and rushed at each other, animals no sooner saw each other than

bent on fight. Then ensued one of the wildest scenes witnessed in the mountains-a battle between the kings of the forest. The animals fought with a skill that showed them both to be the victor of many a previous conflict. They skirmished for position and boxed with the dexterity of

trained pugilists. Suddenly one made a savage rush at the other and they were locked in an embrace that was terrific. They roared and howled and bit and clawed each other in a most horrible manner. The whole place was torn up, small trees being uprooted in the struggles of the enraged brutes.

By an awful effort one tore away from the other, and then they began their sparring tactics again, but it was evident that the first bear had got much the worst of the tackle. Round and round they went again until a second rush was made. and then there came the most fearful death struggle. It was evident that one or the other would be left on the field dead before either would give up the

They fought savagely, biting and gouging until one of the brutes fell and the other got a grip on his throat, which soon ended the fight and the fallen bear's life. After biting and clawing the fallen enemy until there was no possibility of there being any life left, the victor set to work to eat his fallen foe and tore a great hole in his ham and ateaway a great portion of the flesh. He then retired up the mountain, leaving Avers alone.

Ayers got down and skinned the dead grizzly, and now has the hide with the great hole in the hip to show that his story was true. The skin measures eight and a half feet in length and is seven feet across its broadest place. Ayers says it weighed not less than 2,000 pounds and was as large as the largest bull he ever saw. He has had

How to Eat an Egg.

Let the lover of a good egg-the one who can eat eggs every morning all the year round, and who rejoices in the real egg flavor-stand the beloved article on end in a small egg-glass and then, ever seems more hopelessly hard than the refusal. How in the world am I to word looks up, his eyes meet Poppie's eager a hole is made. Let him, still proceedit?" ing cautiously, take off the broken shell "The Fates have proved themselves until there is a bare white surface exposed about the size of a five-cent piece. Now, with an egg spoon or an after-dinner coffee spoon, puncture the surface of the egg, and, after dropping in a piece of butter about as large as a white beau, lowly.
"Oh, how," I begin ecscatically, but rests in its shell, all cut up and ready to got no further. What on earth has hap- be eaten. It is still deliciously hot, and pened to Poppie and Jack? She has has parted with none of its pristine love-started forward with a sudden cry, and liness. Just as soon as well prepared it they are now staring at each other in the should be eaten, before it has had time to would be, oh, so nice if you were married to such a delightfully rich man as this Mr. Harris seems to be! But, of I say delightfully, as I throw mother log out to her, tears it furiously across and give them a trial.—[St. Louis Republic.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Man of the World-A Futile Experiment-Not the Office He Herald. Wanted-Had Seen Better Days-Often Longed For, Etc., Etc.

A MAN OF THE WORLD. -Beggar-Please, sir, will ye lend me a dime ter git somethin' ter eat.'

Gentleman-You've got a quarter in your hand now. What's that for? Beggar-That's ter tip th' waiter. New York Weekly.

A FUTILE EXPERIMENT.

When I proposed to her I thought I would have the last word, and this is how I didn't get it:

After describing my condition and prospects I said: "Will you have me?"

"Yes," she said. "Thank you," said I. "You're welcome," said she.

"You are very kind to say so," I said. "Not at all," she answered. "I am very grateful," I added.

"Don't mention it," she said. I let it go at that. I saw it was no use. - [New York Press.

NOT THE OFFICE HE WANTED. "What's the matter with Glumm these days that he looks so sour?"

"Things have gone wrong with him lately. He has been trying to get up a benefit club for some time and it was organized the other night, and they made him president."

"Well, wasn't that what he wanted?" "No, he wanted to be treasurer."-New York Press.

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS. Mr. Sellit-Well, Uncle Eph, how are are gettin' along these days?' Uncle Eph-Oh, I'm gettin' along fine. It's a mighty poor day I don't make my

two or three dollars. Mr. Sellit-You must be gettin' rich. Spose you pay me that little bill you

Uncle Eph-Well, you'll have to excuse me to-day Mr. Sellit. You see, I've been havin' a lot of mighty poor days lately .- [Harper's Bazar.

OFTEN LONGED FOR.

Little Boy (pointing to window of rubber store)-What's them? Mamma-Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get don't know. Perhaps that new nurse is

Little Boy-I wisht I had one. Mamma-Why, what for, my dear? Little Boy-To wear when you wash

MR. MEEK'S COUNTENANCE.

Little Terror-Mamma, Mr. Meek's in leap year, on the 29th of February. skin is as smooth as papa's. No marks on it at all.

Mamma-Just hear the child. Mr. Meeks. Of course there are no marks on Little Terror-But you said the hens

Weekly. WHEN SHE FOUND OUT.

About her voice of bird-like pitch. Twas soft and mellow then, you know, For she still fancied he was rich: But when she knew the truth of it.

That they must eat both soup and bone. She changed the pitch, and now she talks

In rich and heavy dark brown tone. - New York Herald.

A BEASTLY LOW PLACE. Chappie (after receiving the bill of fare from the waiter-Let us get out of

Chollie--What faw? Chappie-This is a beastly low place. Chollie-How do you know? Chappie-The bill of fa-ah is in Eng-

lish, dontcherknow,

SAME OLD WAY. strike you out West this time. Fatter? Mr. Fatter-Same old way-with eggs.

Fretty Cousin-Your friend Dr. Lan-

even a bow. He-Oh, well, you know he's awfully absent minded. He's so completely devoted to his surgical practice. Pretty Cousin-But that's no reason

A MISAPPREHENSION.

Herald.

bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give ment to me all the pin money I wanted." "Yes," said Edwin, gloomily; "I know I did; but I didn't suppose you meant diamond pins."—[Somerville Journal.

FRAGRANT FLOWERS. Florist-Here take this cart-load of flowers to the Highstyle Opera House.' New Man-"Yessir, What shall I

"Unload 'en at the front entrance, and third act." "Yessir."

"Then reload 'em at the stage door EASY.

"What is the sweetest thing in all the world?"

tender sigh And stole a glance at me that plainly "I'll be offended if it is not I."

A HANDY TOOL. Mrs. Blinks-Where in the world is

like, mum? "It's about so long, with a crook at one

end, and it's bright like silver."
"I don't know, mum, unless it's that

HE CAN'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD. "Honor thy father and thy mother." is a commandment which sounds like hollow mockery to the boy who for no reasm except "discipline." is sent down to the cellar to chop wood just as the parade is passing the house .- New York

MISS KATE'S LITTLE JOKE. "They tell me you are a happy

"Yes." "Are you setting up the eigars?"

father.

"No. I'm sitting up nights."

A NEEDED EFFORT. Charles-I'm trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead. Clara-Well, goodness knows, Charles, you need one badly enough.

CAUSE FOR LAUGHTER.

Jessie-What are you laughing about. Bessie-Before Chappie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of

HUMAN NATURE CROPS OUT.

"Those two dogs across the street look as if they were spoiling for a fight. Who owns them?"

The"mongrel cur with the vicious look belongs to a neighbor of mine. The handsome, intelligent looking animal belongs to me."- [New York Press.

WEAVING A CHAIN. Rosalie-How is your new beau?

Grace-Oh, he promises well. Rosalie (warningly-Get him to write, my dear, get him to write. THE MOON WAS WANING. At different times Willie had been told of the man in the moon, and that the moon is a green cheese. Putting the two

statements together, he exclaimed one evening: "The man in the moon must be very hungry these nights." "Why, dear?"

"He has eaten almost all the cheese." THAT MATTER SETTLED.

He called me the belle of the party," said she, "When escorting me home yesternight.'

'He did," said the other; "well, now I can see Why they claim that his mind isn't right.

TIME TO REBEL. Young Father-What on earth is the baby yelling so about now? Young Mother (wearily)-Dear me. I

singing "Comrades" to him .- Good News. CRUEL. "I've seen very few birthdays yet,"

"Ah," said he, "I understand. Born

The Tomb of Paul and Virginia.

she laughed, airily.

Many who have read that sweet and simple love story, "Paul and Virginia," had been pecking him .- [New York do not believe that it is really founded on facts. Yet such is said to be the case. Thomas Wilkinson, an Englishman, who has resided in the Island of Madagascar for thirty years, says Paul aud Virginia were characters of flesh and blood, and not mere creatures of the novelists imagination. However, it is not denied that the facts in history were embellished artistically by the author of the story. About 500 miles east of Madagascar is situated a small island, thirty miles square, known as Mauritius. When it was first found by white men there were no traces of former possession of any people. The Dutch first settled the island, and it became a productive spot in raising sugar. Then the French took possession of it and finally the English obtained control. Now Mauritius is inhabited by the Dutch, the French. the English and a horde of Chinese laborers and black slaves of the sugar plantations. On this island is seen to-day the tomb of the unfortunate lovers. Paul and Virginia. It is a well authenticated piece of history on the island that these Mr. Hamm-How did the audiences two lovers belonged to two well-to-do French families there. Virginia, who was beautiful, and young, and artless, was sent to France to be educated. While there her hand was sought by a wealthy and titled Frenchman, but she cet passed me down town to-day without refused his offer and remained true to the simple swain, Paul, of Mauritius. She started home on the ship St. Jehan, but the vessel was wreeked in a harricane when in sight of Mauritius, and her lifeless body was washed ashore. Among why he should cut me .- [New York the relies of this event there are kept several pieces of the broken timbers of St. Jehan on the island, and the marble tomb of Paul and Virginia is held in high "Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful reverence by the inhabitants as a monument to their enduring love .- [Chicago

Built a Town in a Day.

"There's nothing like it-when people go wild over a mining discovery," said F. C. Brampton, of Salt Lake, Utah, at the Tremont House. "One day last August a town literally sprung up in one day at a place forty or fifty miles "Unload 'e'n at the front entrance, and from Ogden, where prospectors dis-give 'em to the ushers to present to the covered a rich vein of silver. A sheepprima donna after the curtain falls on the herder picked up a nugget of silver one day and prospectors took the cue and soon struck a rich find. The excitement spread and one morning when the sun and bring 'em back again."-[Good rose on the mining camp only one small cabin was seen, but when the sun set that day two or three hundred people had rushed in with tents and carpenters were putting up shanties and frame houses and stores. The town was called La My sweetheart asked, then heaved a Plata. The place is alive with prospectors yet, and the town is likely to have a boom. The day I left Salt Lake a strike at La Plata was reported that assays thirty ounces silver and two and one-half ounces gold. The camp is a prospective second Leadville. Mills will soon be in operation. Claimants are Mr. Blinks' revolver? I forgot to take it working every day and some ore is being from under his pillow this morning. made ready for shipment. The stage New Girl (a recent arrival)—What's it lines to Ogden are crowded with passen-ke, mum? supplies to the stores that have been started. Talk about starting towns! No boomers can beat the record of La thing little Tommy is hammerin' tacks | Plata-literally built in one day."wid."-[Good News.