

THE POOR-RICH MAN.

I know a man somewhere—
Not far away,
Perhaps your neighbor there
Next door to-day—
Who claims a heaping share of earth-
ly treasure,
Of yellow gold and fertile land,
And willing, cringing slaves at hand
And all things ready at command
To tribute to his every human pleas-
ure,
And overflow desire's most lavish
measure.

And yet I know a beggar, mean and
poor,
Who sits contented in his hovel door,
And though he owns no land or gold
His wealth is yet unbounded and un-
told,
He claims the love of one wee ragged
child,
Who calls him father—this love pure,
undefiled,
The rich man in his station high
With all his hoarded wealth can nev-
er buy.

PRIDE OF THE GULCH.

BY MAJOR A. ROCHEFORT.

Red Quartz Gulch had been a min-
ing camp; this the most superficial ob-
server could see at a glance, for the
little river was filled with the debris
from the flanking hills that had been
cut and scarred in the search for gold
till at a little distance the red seams
looked like unhealed wounds, that
never would cease bleeding.

In the upper part of the valley,
where were still to be seen the dilapi-
dated log cabins where the miners
had lived, and the wrecks of sluices
and cradles, where more fortunes had
been wasted than made.

But though Red Quartz Gulch did
not pay as a gold field, many of the
miners saw that the fertile bottom
below the diggings held inexhaustible
wealth, and that they could make by
the plow what they had failed to do
with the pick; so a score of ranches
were established to raise food for the
great army of gold hunters back in
the hills.

As soon as farms were taken up and
a store and postoffice established, the
settlers began to see that they must
have officers of the law, though what
the law was there were very few in
Red Quartz Gulch that could say.
There was a general impression that
a man should enjoy the products of his
own labor; that killing, except in
self-defense, was a crime; and that
horse and cattle stealing was an of-
fense that combined every other wicked-
ness, and as such should be punish-
ed by immediate death.

The people being agreed on this, it
struck them that the next proper
thing to do was to elect a sheriff, who
should represent in himself the judi-
cial and executive arms of the law.

The election took place in the long-
boxed bar at the end of the store; and
as Nelson Thorne had no opposition,
he was declared the choice of Red
Quartz Gulch by acclamation. Nelson
Thorne was a man of fifty-five; tall,
grizzled and ravened, and, in addi-
tion to being the richest man in the
settlement, was one of the two heads
of families in the Gulch, and as such
commanded a degree of respect that
would not have been given to a single
man.

"I don't know much about the duties
of this office, friends, which I'm
thankful for your 'lectin' me; but I
ain't too old to farm. I'm in favor of
law and order; more partic'lar when
there's horse thieves round, as we all
know there is, not far from Red
Quartz Gulch. All I have to say is,
that if my own son was botched tak-
in' a horse that didn't belong to him,
I'd go in for hangin' him as quick as
if he was a Digger Injun or a greas-
er."

This was Nelson Thorne's speech of
acceptance, and though it could not
gratifyingly be called thrilling nor elo-
quent, it suited the audience, which
is more than can be said of more am-
bitious speeches, and was received
with an applause that showed the
rough fellows were sure they had for
once put the right man in the right
place.

Nelson Thorne spoke figuratively
when he said that he would hang his
own son if caught stealing horses. He
had no son; his only child was a
daughter, and though not the only girl
in the settlement, she was so much
the prettiest and most intelligent that
she was known far and wide among
the red-shirted miners as "The Pride
of Red Quartz Gulch."

Nellie Thorne was a gipsy-like
beauty, tall, willowy, light of step and
bright of eye, and with a healthy glow
on her dark cheeks that made them
semi-transparent. She had other
claims to admiration besides beauty;
she could read and write, and had a
fondness for books not peculiar to the
citizens of Red Quartz Gulch.

No doubt it was this fondness for
reading, with her constant yearning
for a higher and nobler life than that
in which she found herself, that first
attracted her to Louis Blanchard.

It certainly was not Louis Blanch-
ard's wealth or success in that rough
country that interested Nellie. Though
a well-built, good looking young fel-
low, he seemed out of his element at
Red Quartz Gulch; he had failed ig-
nominiouly as a miner, and his ven-
ture as a farmer threatened to meet
with no better success.

It was Nelson Thorne's opinion that
"a little larnin' was a necessity." At
the same time he labored under the
impression that the tendency of a

great deal of learning was to drive
men crazy and make them "stargaz-
ers."

Louis Blanchard was liked in the
settlement, but the shrewdest ac-
knowledged, as they could not under-
stand him, that there was something
very mysterious about him. He de-
lighted in "readin' of the rocks, an' a-
huntin' of flowers an' yarbs, and call-
in' of 'em names," they said, and a
man who did this could not be alto-
gether right; but in what direction he
was wrong, nobody ventured to sug-
gest.

Nellie Thorne knew him. To her he
had been the key to a new life, and
she looked up to him as a superior be-
ing, whom it would be almost a sacrile-
ge to love; yet love him she did, and
in her candid way she did not attempt
to hide the fact from her parents or
neighbors.

There can be no doubt Louis Blanch-
ard would have left Red Quartz Gulch
long before it aspired to the dignity of
a sheriff, had it not been for Nellie
Thorne; and now that he felt sure of
her love, the whole aspect of the
country changed, and it seemed to him
the most beautiful place in the world.

One night, as he was returning to
his cabin up the valley, from a visit to
Sheriff Thorne's, his attention was at-
tracted by groans coming from the
hill. Louis hastened at once in the di-
rection of the sound, and found a man
lying on the ground, with a horse,
from which he had evidently fallen,
standing near. Louis soon saw the
man was wounded and speechless. Un-
der the circumstances he did not hesi-
tate as to what he should do, but
lifting the man on the horse, he con-
veyed him to his own cabin and laid
him on his own bed. His next thought
was to get a doctor, and as the only
one in that region was at Smith's
Mills, eight miles away, Louis deter-
mined to go for him, after making the
wounded and unconscious stranger as
comfortable as possible.

Mounting the man's horse, Louis let
the animal take the bit and dash away
in the direction of Smith's Mills.

It had been raining very heavily,
and though there was now moonlight,
the stream was so swollen at the us-
ual ford that he saw it would be down-
right madness to venture across.

Not discouraged, he turned and
made for a crossing about a mile low-
er down, where the stream was
wider.

He had ridden about one-half the
distance, when he became suddenly
aware of the presence of other riders,
and that they were advancing from all
points directly towards him.

"Surrender! surrender!" shouted a
dozen men, raising their rifles.

Louis checked his horse, and as he
did so he realized for the first time
that there was a rifle strapped to the
saddle.

Believing he was being attacked by
outlaws, and stubbornly deciding not
to yield, he unfastened the rifle, de-
termined to charge through.

Before he could put his design into
execution, one of the men, from be-
hind, knocked him off the horse, and
for the time being he ceased to have
any interest in the wounded man, his
assailant, or anything else.

When he came back to conscious-
ness, daylight was breaking; and by
the dim light he saw, first, that he
was in the bar of the Red Quartz
Gulch Exchange, and, second, that two
bearded, rough looking men were
standing guard over him.

He asked for an explanation; but
they turned away, one of them re-
marking:

"You'll git all the explanation you
want when Sheriff Thorne holds his
court."

The morning came; but, in the
meantime, Louis Blanchard, from the
corner where he sat, bound hand and
foot, learned that, on the previous
night, a horse and saddle had been
stolen from the stable of Tom Billings
—a man, by the way, who had long
been a suitor for Nellie Thorne's hand
—and that this horse was found in the
possession of Louis Blanchard, while
attempting to get out of the coun-
try.

All this, Louis heard in a confused
way, that seemed to him like a trou-
bled dream; but the positive reality
of the situation was soon made evi-
dent.

Sheriff Thorne came in with a trou-
bled face, but did not speak to the
prisoner, and everybody in Red Quartz
Gulch came and treated him in the
same way—that is, everybody but
Nellie Thorne. She came, and to hear
his story was to believe it.

A jury was obtained with little
trouble and less formality, and the
trial began in the same realistic way.

Tom Billings stated that, about ele-
ven o'clock the night before, he heard
somebody at his stable, and hastened
out in time to see a man galloping off
on his horse. He fired, but the man
rode off, heading straight for Louis
Blanchard's house. He then got some
of his neighbors together and started
in pursuit. They saw the horseman
leave Blanchard's house and followed
him. They captured him and the man
on the horse was the prisoner at the
bar. Evidence could not have been
more direct or circumstantial.

Louis Blanchard made his state-
ment, and when he had concluded,
Sheriff Thorne dispatched two men
to see if any evidence could be found
to corroborate the prisoner.

They returned in half an hour, say-
ing they found the house empty, and
not a sign of a man's being wounded,
either there or where Louis claimed
to have found the horse.

That was all. There was only one
thing more to do, and much as
Blanchard had been respected, every-
body looked to the judicial sheriff to
do his duty. Mr. Thorne was a man
of nerve, true to his word and equal
to the occasion.

One hour afterward, Louis Blanch-
ard was on his knees, under a tree,
his hands were tied behind his back,
the horse he was charged with having
stolen was near, and all knew that
when he had finished his silent prayer
he would be placed on the horse, and
the animal would gallop off, leaving
him in mid-air.

He rose, and saying he was ready,
looked round, that Nellie Thorne
might be the last object his eyes rest-
ed on. She was not there, and another
pang was added to death.

Two men stepped forward to lift him
on the horse, but they were stopped
by a woman's cry, and the beating of
hoofs up the valley. Soon after, Nel-
lie Thorne galloped in, and on the
horse she led was the body of a
noted horse thief—dead!

"Louis Blanchard was right! Would
you be murderers?" she cried.

The men released Blanchard, and
Nellie told how, impelled by her faith
in the prisoner's statement, she start-
ed on the search; and, pointing to Tom
Billings, she said:

"You pretended to search, and you
did. You saw this body not five yards
from the house, and kicked it with
your foot and left it. You are worse
than the dead horse thief—you are a
heart murderer!"

This seemed to be the opinion of
everybody there, except Billings.

Of course Louis Blanchard was
freed, at which there was great rejoic-
ing, and soon after Tom Billings
left for other parts.

Since that day justice and law have
taken up their abode in the prosperous
valley of Red Quartz Gulch; and old
Sheriff Thorne often tells, as he
amuses his grandchildren, how he
once sentenced their father to death.—
Saturday Night.

QUEER LEGAL PROCEDURE.

How a Shrewd Lawyer Got the Right of Way
in Court.

Time is money, and to no one is the
truth of this better known than to
some lawyers whose faces are seldom
seen in any court below the supreme.
An instance occurred in the Municipal
Court in Buffalo, N. Y., recently which
created amusement.

Judge Bragunlein was hearing an ac-
tion brought to recover a debt of \$8,
both parties to the case being Poles.
The court room was crowded with
witnesses, and his Honor had settled
down for a long and hard-fought bat-
tle between the two attorneys.

The first witness had been called
when Lawyer Locke entered the court
room. He looked over the assembled
crowd, bowed to the Judge, and then,
depositing his hat on one of the small
tables within the rail, prepared to wait
for the end of the case.

An hour passed and still the prose-
cution kept calling witnesses and piling
up testimony. Mr. Locke had for
some time been fidgeting in his chair,
and finally, when it seemed as though
the entire day would be occupied in
the hearing, he walked over to the at-
torney for the plaintiff and touched
him on the shoulder.

"What is the amount involved in
this case for which your client is
suing?"

"Eight dollars, Mr. Locke," was the
reply.

"And the court costs?"

"About four more."

"Will you take \$12," and consent to
a discontinuance of the case?" asked
Mr. Locke. "I have an important case
of my own and my time is too valu-
able to waste it here."

"My client will consent to a discon-
tinuance on payment of \$12," said the
attorney.

Mr. Locke drew a chair up to the
table, took his check book from his
pocket, made out a check for \$12 and
handed it over. The case was at
once discontinued and Mr. Locke had
the right of way.

He had only two or three witnesses;
there was no defence, and in a half
hour he was on his way back to his
office.

A Bad Break.

"Well, they all break," said the
bride of a few weeks, "and I don't
know what you are going to do about
it?"

"But why don't you get a better
brand?" said the young husband, not
any too sweetly. "It seems strange,
Marian, that every time I sit down to
read the lamp chimney breaks into a
thousand pieces!"

Next night he came home with a
small package under his arm.

"Marian," said he with a tone of
superiority, "I have bought a chimney
that will last."

"How much did you pay for it,
dear?"

"Fifteen cents. I don't want any
more of your five-cent things in the
house. You see you women haven't
a right understanding of the word
economy. You think just because
you get things cheap that you are sav-
ing money—whereas—" and he con-
tinued the effusion all the time he was
putting the chimney in place.

"There!" said he, turning up the
light. "There is a chimney—confound
it!—I wish all the glass blow-
ers and grocers in seven counties were
tied up and hung over a clothes line
to fight it out. You can bet I'd be
there to coach the scrap!"—Detroit
Free Press.

Caught by Glimmer.

A bank in New York city has largely
increased its business, particularly
among fashionable women, by issuing
to its depositors gilded check books
with monograms thereon. The bank
checks are printed in gold from ex-
quisitely engraved plates.

The fifteen colonies under French
rule have a population of 51,615,427.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEM-
INE TOPICS.

A Progressive Woman in India—Woman
Stirs Up British Architects—She Deals in
Real Estate—Etc., Etc.

A PROGRESSIVE WOMAN IN IN-
DIA.

It was proposed in one of the lead-
ing Indian papers a short time since
that a woman should be placed on the
governor general's council in the per-
son of Mrs. Solomen Sassoon. Mrs.
Sassoon is managing partner of a well
known Jewish firm, with headquarters
in Bombay, and is president of vari-
ous companies of which the firm holds
controlling interests. She takes the
chair at the board meetings, and in
every respect fills the position of her
late husband, who trained her in com-
mercial life. She has made a special
effort to draw together the women of
different communities in Bombay.

WOMAN STIRS UP BRITISH
ARCHITECTS.

A woman architect has been ad-
mitted an associate of the Royal In-
stitute of British Architects, and is un-
derstood to be the first woman mem-
ber of that institution. In order to be-
come an associate of the institute
stringent examinations have to be
passed. Miss Ethel Mary Charles,
the lady who is now a fully qualified
architect, passed as a probationer in
1893, her students' examination in
1895, and this year passed the final
examination, which lasts five days,
and requires the student to design a
building of an important public char-
acter, to show a complete knowledge
of style, construction, planning, founda-
tions, the manipulation of all kinds
of building materials, specifications,
estimates, etc., and proficiency in one
ancient and one modern language. The
architects have already dubbed the
new associate Charles the First.

SHE DEALS IN REAL ESTATE.

The only society woman in Chicago
who ever thought of real estate as a
money-making means is Mrs. Emma
W. Case.

She is a woman who has always
been prominent in Chicago since her
girlhood, counting many friends, and
she started in her business career
many years ago. Her first venture
was through friends who wished to
sublet their furnished house and who
asked her to manage it for them.
This, Mrs. Case did with such quick
success that other like demands were
made upon her, and soon she had
propositions to dispose of vacant lots
which were inclined seemingly to re-
main forever on their would-be seller's
hands. So quickly did Mrs. Case
transfer property and find both buy-
ers and sellers in her wide circle of
acquaintances that she soon found
that, like the historic snowball, what
she had started so simply had grown
into a big business.

For a number of years she has had
an attractive and artistic little office
in Dearborn street, where she adjusts
all business that pertains to the buy-
ing, selling, improving and transfer-
ring of property. This profession nec-
essitates not only knowledge of fun-
damental business principles, but
sometimes of the law, of human na-
ture, and of speculation.—Chicago
Times-Herald.

SOME CURIOUS COSMETICS.

Even in the unhappy ages when peo-
ple knew nothing of the bath and its
rejuvenating properties, noted beauties
found out the secret of preserving
their loveliness by abtutory aids. Is-
abeau of Bavaria heard that chick-
weed was good for the skin, and had
enormous decoctions brewed from it,
in which she bathed daily. Diana of
Politers was another cleanly coquette,
and plunged into a tub of rain water
every morning.

The eighteenth-century beauties like-
wise believed in bathing, but they put
all sorts of odd infusions into the
water to improve the skin, such as
the bouillon in which the veal had been
boiled, water distilled from the honey
extracted from roses, a preparation of
almonds, melon juice, the milky juices
of green barley, linseed distilled with
Mexican balsam, dissolved by the yolk
of an egg. These remarkable decoctions
were freely used by the ladies at
the courts of Louis before the revolu-
tion.

Queen Marie Antoinette made liberal
use of the bath, putting into the water
wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjory and
a little sea salt.

Marie Czertwytynska, the Russian
beauty who exercised so great an in-
fluence over the Czar Alexander I.,
used to bathe in Malaga wine.

The Marchal Davoust, Princess
Eckmuhl, was at 85 renowned for her
queenly carriage, superb eyes and
beautiful color, her skin being so white
as to rival the snow of her abundant
locks. She had never used anything
but pure water on her face, and she
always kept to a very simple diet, even
when her table was loaded with good
cheer for her guests.

She remained equally attractive to
her last hour, although in her youth
she had been one of the prettiest wo-
men of her time. Her daughter, Mme.
de Bloqueville, lived to be just such
another white-haired beauty, and was
noted in her old age for dressing with
consummate taste and elegance.—Chi-
cago Record.

BROCADE EVENING GOWNS.

It has been stated two or three times
that brocades are not to be fashion-
able this season, but so many beauti-
ful designs are shown in them that
they have been made up in some of

the most stunning gowns of the winter.
They come in all different colors—
that is, the light shade of the colors.
There are some exquisite pearl grays,
yellows, blues, pinks, and cream
whites that are very effective. They
are all made with the long train—
many of them with the court train—
that opens in front to show a petti-
coat of lace or of satin embroidered in
pearls or spangles, and trimmed at
the side with jabots of lace, and some-
times of fur. The waists are all cut
very low, quite off the shoulders, and
have bands across the shoulders, and
short tight-fitting elbow sleeves finish-
ed with deep lace ruffles. Some of the
waists have no sleeves at all, except
a band over the shoulders, and a sec-
ond band across the upper part of the
arm. These bands are trimmed with
spangles, and sometimes with real
jewels.

A smart gown of brocade is of cream
white, also opening over a front petti-
coat of lace. Down the sides of the
train is an embroidery of pearls and
rhinestones, and on the lace petticoat
are sewed pearls and rhinestones, so
that the effect is of a jewelled under-
skirt. The waist is trimmed with a
bertha across the front that is cut into
points, and these points are wired to
keep in place. On the back of the
waist there is no trimming at all, but
there is an embroidery to match the
skirt put directly on the satin. The
effect of the perfectly straight back
is not always becoming, but is very
smart. The waist is cut with the
sharp bias side-pieces that were fash-
ionable three or four years ago, and
that always give length to the figure.

A black brocade evening gown is
made with pointed circular sounce
headed with an embroidery of jet di-
rectly on the satin. The waist, low cut,
is a mass of jet, and is finished
around the shoulders in three points,
the points wired so that they lie flat
against the neck. Below this the jet
is embroidered on the satin, forming a
deep point, and below the point hangs
a jet fringe. The sleeves are made
of straps of jet and a jet fringe. At
the left shoulder is a bunch of pink
roses, and below this bunch is a spray
of these roses tied into pink ribbon.
This goes across the bust and around
at the back, and then hangs down on
the skirt.—Harper's Bazar.

UNCONSCIOUS CRITICS.

There is no better critic of woman's
dress than a man who gives his mind
to the subject. A dozen or more con-
siderations warp and bias one woman's
opinion of another's costume, but a
man judges broadly. It is the general
effect upon which he decides, and he
flies off at no such tangents as com-
plexion, or an irregular style of coif-
ure, or the age of the subject, in ar-
riving at his decision on feminine at-
tire. But then men do not always
make the dress of the opposite sex a
careful study, and to one man who
can differentiate between passemen-
terie and galloon, or scientifically ex-
plain how one bodice differs from an-
other in glory, there are hundreds who
could not tell a last year's gown from
one three years out of date, or a toque
from a bonnet. And, as a rule, it is
just these individuals whose opinions
are the strongest and criticisms most
frequent on the habiliments of their
womankind. A man of this stamp
will remorselessly denounce his wife's
costume as a "rag," or tell his sister
he wishes she would not go out in that
"drabby thing." He will grumble that
his wife looks "all to pieces"—a favor-
ite form of masculine criticism—and
damp her spirits by telling her that
her very latest gown does not "look
right somehow," yet by no manner of
means can he describe what is amiss
or what he does not like about it. The
man who will say definitely "that
gown fits badly," "that color is unbecom-
ing to you," "those gloves are ill-
cut," may occasionally bore his fam-
ily with his fussiness, but his opinion
nevertheless carries weight.

It is against the critics who grumble
they know not why, that women rebel.
And they are certainly the most diffi-
cult to please. They will come home
and describe such a one looking "aw-
fully well in some green arrange-
ment" which on their womankind mak-
ing acquaintance with it, proves to be
a muddy blue in a cheap material while
a gown that has cost infinite pains to
turn out and is thoroughly fresh as to
design and material, these extraordi-
nary people unhesitatingly denounce
as hideous. Yet even this type of
critic is not altogether invaluable. He
is always outspoken, and he never has
to be consulted, since being avowedly
without knowledge on the subject of
woman's dress, but only one of those
provoking people who regard it as
sufficient that they "know what they
like and what they don't like," he can
not be expected to offer any advice
whatever until he sees the effect pro-
duced.—Ladies' Pictorial.

FASHION NOTES.

Vells are worn loose at the lower
edge instead of being gathered bag
fashion under the chin as formerly.

The newest skirt binding has a bor-
der in brush style, with an edge to face
down on the lining of velveteen.

A fur hat with white lace draped
around the edge and a mass of white
tulle bows and ends at one side is a
bit of typical headgear.

A belt can be artistically worn only
when there is some real or suggested
fullness in the garment beneath to
hold in place.

The fur toques which are so popular
this season have the rims and sides
solid with fur, the soft crown in many
showing so little that it is hardly
noticeable.

The decoration on dress collars con-
tinues, but it is kept well to the back
and the "overhang" of lace or what
not is very slight. Many new dress

collars run up in two slender wired
points at the back.

The fashionable color among the
new cloth gowns is brown, with mauve
silk lining and a touch of mauve velvet
with gold and cream lace in the trim-
ming.

Little collars of fur are made sailor
shape, round, and are fastened in
front with velvet tied in a sailor knot;
chinchilla fur, with blue velvet makes
a pretty combination.

The pretty little Dresden pattern
flowered silks, pretty little designs in
stripes and delicate colors such as
were worn thirty or more years, or
even longer, ago, are extremely
pretty and dainty.

Gold bracelets are in big round
bands, as large as the jade bracelet,
set, at regular intervals, with big
knobs formed of jade, amethysts or
effective semi-precious stones. They
are stylish.

Instead of tucks down the chiffon
bosom or vest run stripes of very nar-
row dark fur, and the effect will be
rich, charming and unique. Wherever
a bit of fur can be tucked into any-
thing of tulle, chiffon or net this year
it is stylish.

ANIMALS' QUEER APPETITES.

Strange Things Taken from the Stomachs of
London Pets.

The novel operation of removing
over six inches of hatpin from the
neck of a kitten "is not altogether
without precedent.

A London Daily Mail representative,
in the course of some brief interviews
with several leading veterinary sur-
geons, heard of many strange acci-
dents that befall domestic pets, and
of how science has on many occasions
given painless and complete relief.

Kittens and puppies, and cats and
dogs, it was stated, are frequent suf-
ferers from a lack of discrimination
in swallowing things never intended
for consumption. Hatpins, meat skew-
ers, knitting needles, and ordinary
needles and pins are among the arti-
cles they have been known to swal-
low. Only recently a tiny fox terrier
was submitted for professional exami-
nation on what was supposed to be
an abscess in the side. The surgeon,
however, decided that a foreign body
was present, and nothing could, of
course, be done without the merciful
aid of chloroform, for it is both inter-
esting and gratifying to know that
even the least painful of operations is
never attempted until the animal to
be operated on is placed temporarily
beyond the reach of pain. The results
of this operation disclosed the pres-
ence of a wooden meat skewer in the
terrier's stomach, with the point pro-
jecting between its ribs. The obsta-
cle was successfully removed, and to-
day the tiny pet is as frisky as ever
it was.