

Goin' fur the Cows.

The western skies were all aglow
With clouds o' red an' gray;
The crickets in the grassy fields
Were chirpin' merrily.
When up the lane an' o'er the hill
I saw a maiden roam,
Who went her way at close o' day
To call the cattle home.
Co-boss—co-boss!
Co-boss—co-boss!
Come home—come home!

The echo o' her charmin' voice
Resounded thro' the vale;
It lingered on the evening air,
It floated on the gale;
'Twas borne along the mountain side,
It drifted through the glen;
It died away among the hills,
Far from the haunts of men.
Co-boss—co-boss!
Co-boss—co-boss!
Come home—come home.

Her face was flushed with hues o' health,
Her arms an' feet were bare;
She had a little an' active form,
A wealth o' raven hair.
Beyond the hill she passed from sight,
As sinks a fallin' star,
Until her voice was faintly heard
Still callin' from afar:
Co-boss—co-boss!
Co-boss—co-boss!
Come home—come home!

Soon o'er the distant knoll appeared
The cattle, red an' brown.
An' from the pasture to the lane
Came gayly trottin' down.
With sparklin' eyes an' cheeks aglow
Returned the maiden gay,
Who waved her arms, an' shouted low:
Whay-boss—whay-boss—O whay!
Whay-boss—whay-boss!
Whay-boss—whay-boss!
O whay—O whay!

—Eugene J. Hall.

A TWIST OF ROSES.

"You are really in earnest, Miss Barbara?" said Hugh Greator, with marked surprise in his tone.

"I am."

Never answer prompt, more decided; notwithstanding, Hugh Greator stared above his papers with an incredulous, bewildered air.

"I am to understand, then, that you disdain young Bonfield's offer; that you will not avail yourself of any part of your rightful property; that you sacrifice all—"

A flash of her black eyes, an impatient foot-tap, interrupted him.

"All!" she said.

But the brisk little lawyer was not to be thus foiled.

"My dear Miss Barbara," he continued, suavely, "this is a delicate matter; very delicate matter indeed, but I beg you to reflect; if not on this proper offer, at least upon the—primary condition of the will. You understand your grandfather, of course, he presumed you would not find this hard, and as far as Hubert—"

The black eyes flashed more vividly; again the crisp voice spoke:

"Mr. Greator, spare your pains; I will not marry Hubert Bonfield; I will not take from him these estates. For both, this is my last will and testament, so please let the subject drop."

She finished with her hand on the door-knob, and swept from the apartment down the hall and into the charming little boudoir which, until this evening, had seemed to her a paradise; into which, heretofore, she had brought scarce a disturbing thought. Her face softened, a burst of tears would have been the speedy sequel to her indignation, but for an object that met her eyes.

A fair object to look upon; a twist of twin roses, gracing the bracket whither, a few hours since, they had been tenderly carried; where this same Barbara had bent over them with blushing countenance, and touched them with her lips. Poor flowers! now beholding them, her brows bent; pitilessly she seized them, and flung them far out on the lawn. This action was a relief; with it resentment temporarily faded, and she seemed lost in self amaze.

"Who would have believed I would do that this morning!" she murmured. "But truly since morning life has changed. Then I was near to loving Hubert Bonfield; now I think I am as near hating him as ever I'd like to be. And he—"

She did not finish; she stood staring wistfully down the roadway, as if seeking the sequel there—down where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revenged agents, though Barbara dreamed it not.

It was a surprising denouement, that which had occurred this day. Old Colonel Holden had been three months dead; the search for his will, vain, though vigilant, was about being abandoned and an administrator appointed, when, accidentally, the hunted document came to light. And a startling document it proved, conferring the colonel's rich estates, untrammelled, upon his granddaughter, on condition that she married Mr. Hubert Bonfield; which, failing to do, the same were to pass untrammelled into the said Bonfield's possession. Either of which conditions, Hugh Greator, executor, was charged to see speedily fulfilled.

On the face, a most arbitrary will; but to those acquainted with Colonel Holden the matter was very plain. He had been through life an inveterate jester; his humor must needs tinge his will. Noting with a favorable eye young Bonfield's attentions to Barbara—as yet in their first bud—and priding himself on his sagacity, he had in a fit of jollity revoked all former testaments and indited this; chuckling to think that, should he die ere things were settled, how delightfully, under these arbitrary conditions, he had arranged for his "dear young folks." And he had died, suddenly, leaving this surprise.

Barbara understood it; unfortunately Hugh Bonfield demurred. His delicacy was to be his first stumbling-block. There was no joy in his countenance when he heard the startling news; he appeared to fathom but one point.

"It seems very ridiculous, Mr. Greator," he said, "that I should offer to forego all claim to Miss Barbara Holden's estates, but this is, in my view, the proper course. Please manage it as informally as possible, else we may make a matter of importance out of a farce."

Hugh Greator was not surprised. "A fine young fellow, Mr. Hubert Bonfield," he mused, privately; "but Holden did not know him as well as I. The case stands thus: He can have pretty Miss Barbara to-morrow for the asking; but ask her he never will, without some advance on her part—something to satisfy his nice soul. Undoubtedly she will miscomprehend him; and so the chances are that we shall see a genuine love-match nipped in the bud. But perhaps after settlement, in time—stranger things have chanced."

And Hugh Greator bustled off to Barbara with the news.

Not an over-pleasant mission for the little lawyer, who knew this case so well. For, as Hubert Bonfield had ignored the will's first condition, he must necessarily do the same; he must smother suggestions, at least till the open point was ruled. But he was ill prepared for the decision which was to rule this out.

To Barbara, under the most delicate statings, Hubert Bonfield's action would have caused offense; in its bare, legal representation, it grew a mighty thing. Believing that he loved her, she had anticipated but one course; all the day she had been awaiting him, wondering that he did not come.

From her lighter nature the delicacy of his motives was hid; bewildered, indignant, beset by varied emotions she took refuge in the defiance which so amazed Hugh Greator, and which culminated as we have seen.

But, as we have seen, resentment faded; wistfully down the roadway Barbara stood gazing, where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revenged agents, though she dreaded it not.

Little thought Barbara that her hand would find his; that her eyes would meet his; that her feeling be. Through the night, she sat waiting; away at last, but with the murmur:

"He will surely come to-morrow, surely as to-morrow comes."

To-morrow, but not Hubert Bonfield; a week of to-morrows, and still he did not come. A week; and then on the passenger list of a European steamer she read his name.

It had been all a mistake; he had never loved her, he was only too glad to yield up the estates, that he might be freed from her. So reasoned Barbara, as she read. Not strange, perhaps, since she lacked the hint that Hugh Greator should have given her; ignored her hasty words; suspected not the flowers that lay in wait that night.

Amid her pain the realization of her late caprice flashed upon her. Odd that it should be a comfort; but so it proved to Barbara, and she clung to it persistently; over and over she repeated:

"I will never have the estates! Hubert Bonfield shall take them, or the will will be forever void."

In vain Hugh Greator pleaded; Barbara was firm. The homestead was vacated, and with an old, faithful servant, she went to reside a few miles from thence.

A year passed, and still the late comfortable homestead stood empty and ghostlike, and so did its broad lands. Barbara persistent; Hugh Bonfield as one dead. Till one evening Hugh Greator appeared in her cottage, with a letter in his hand.

"Read!" he said, excitedly, pointing to its concluding clause.

She read as follows:

"I expect soon to be in W—with my wife. And, in conclusion, if Miss Barbara has not then assumed her inheritance, if she still declines it, surely I may not be censured if I lay claim to it myself."

A moment's silence, then she handed the letter to him.

"I understand, Mr. Greator," she said, quietly. "Surely he should not be blamed."

"My dear Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you will not pursue this whim? You will not reject your inheritance, now that the crisis has come?"

In vain. Life had gone hard with Barbara; she had but recently recovered from an illness nearly fatal in effect. But the old will was active. Determinedly she replied:

"My decision remains unaltered. I decline the estates."

Surely he should not be blamed. And yet there was something in that final sentence worse than the belief that he did not love her, than the fact that he was forever lost to her. Better that love lack than one's ideal fallen so low.

So mused Barbara, sitting, a few evenings later, in her little parlor—mused so absorbedly that she heard not her servant's announcement, realized naught till, turning, she saw Hubert Bonfield at her side.

Surprise, the charm of the old presence, despite her efforts, did their work. Barbara knew that her heart was bare.

"I have been very ill," she stammered, confusedly, "and my nerves are still weak."

He did not spare her; he gazed steadily down into her telltale face. She would have withdrawn the hand she had extended, but he clasped it tightly, as if he would never let it go.

"Barbara," he said, "will you forgive me when I say that I rejoice that you have been very ill? For I do rejoice; otherwise I might have remained forever ignorant of what makes my joy to-night—of this, that I was not mistaken when I thought you loved me; that when you discarded my poor flowers it was not as I bitterly fancied, but because you mistook my motive, and were offended at my course. I acted on my first impulse, Barbara. It seemed to me indelicate to act otherwise, and I hoped that you would understand. But you did not; you indignantly declared that you would not marry me. Still I was incredulous, and was hastening to you, determined to read your heart, when suddenly I found my flowers. I heard some children telling their story; my pride was now touched unto belief, and—you know the rest, Barbara—I was foolish and went away."

He had spoken tenderly, with a wealth of quiet love; but his next words were passionate, spoken with his face bent close to hers:

"Barbara, darling, fate has been very kind. You were delicious and revealed all; all was heard by that faithful servant, whose letter has brought me home. Will you deny it, Barbara? Will you deny that you love me still?"

She could not answer. His kisses sealed her lips. But though so sudden, so barely comprehended, these seemed no greater happiness on earth than hers, till there came a remembrance, and she exclaimed:

"Your letter to Mr. Greator—your wife, Hubert? I do not understand."

"I have no wife yet, Barbara," he replied; "but she will be with me in a few days."

He later told her that he had been on a sleeper.

"You often have trouble with sleeping passengers?" asked a reporter of a sleeping-car conductor.

"Don't I?" repeated the conductor, with fervor. "Oh, no! never, by any means! Why, there's one man, a drummer for a Chicago house, who crosses with me regularly every week, who'd drive a deaf corpse crazy. He's a little bit of a man, and don't weigh much more than a hundred, but he can snore for twenty. He lays himself out, and falls asleep the minute he gets the covers over him. Then the fun begins. I've known him to have the whole car awake and yelling for me and the porter, and he snoring away as calm and peaceful as a baby. The last trip he made we had a minister with us, a big, jolly gentleman, who had the berth next to him. He snored for half an hour at a stretch, and the poor preacher couldn't get a wink of sleep. But he didn't say anything till the others had given up yelling in despair. Then the drummer rolled over on his side, and, giving a kind of choking snort, like a man having his throat cut, he stopped snoring. For about half a second there was dead silence in the car. Then we heard the minister say:

"Thank God! The scoundrel's dead!"

"Women are as bad for snoring as men, and much worse tempered with one another about it. We carried a theatrical company a month ago. Actors and actresses don't often take sleepers. They have a knack of making themselves comfortable in a common seat. But this party had been traveling all the day before and acting till midnight, and was tired out. Well, they turned in, and pretty soon an old maid, who had the corner berth, began to raise Cain about one of them snoring. She woke the whole party up, and I never heard such a chorus in my born days. First one began to pretend to snore, and then another and another took it up. For a whole hour they kept at it, and only stopped when they hadn't strength enough left to go on. You can believe the old maid didn't have any remarks on snoring to make after that serenade."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Strange Romance of the West.

On the 29th of September, 1865, James Baxter left Stone county, Mich., with his wife, intending to emigrate to Louisiana. Some place along the border, says the *Frees Press*, he fell in with a man who gave him his name as Isaac Young, and who obtained permission to join the Baxters, as he claimed to be traveling in the same direction they were going. Young was about thirty, very plausible, and quickly ingratiated himself in the good graces of Baxter and his wife. He confided to his companions everything regarding his financial resources and future plans, and Baxter, in return, made a similar revelation. Among other things he informed the young man that he had sold his farm for \$2,000, and that he carried the money, in \$20 gold pieces, in a belt strapped around his waist. Some time after this the emigrants camped one night at a point between Dyke's Mill, La., and Magnolia, Ark. The spot selected for a camp was at the head of a lonely glen, which was shaded on either side by tall pines, and thickly carpeted with luxuriant grass. A spring of clear, cold water gushed from a ledge of rocks half-way down the glen, and a number of pine logs furnished ample material for fuel. When a simple repast was prepared and eaten, Baxter lit his pipe and saying he would return soon strolled down the glen. Young and Mrs. Baxter remained seated by the blazing fire talking about the incidents of the day's travel. An hour passed. Baxter did not return. His wife grew uneasy, and Young, to quiet her fears, as he expressed it, started down the glen, saying he would bring him back. The woman waited impatiently. One, two, three hours went by, yet neither appeared. Mrs. Baxter was now thoroughly frightened. She called loudly for her husband, but received no response. Only the echo of her own voice came back to her, borne on the night wind, which swept down the valley and through the tops of the swaying trees. She ventured down the glen, trembling, calling, listening; but she neither heard nor saw anything.

Both her husband and his companion had disappeared as completely as if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed them up. Almost distracted, she returned to the camp, where she paced to and fro until morning came; then, mounting one of the horses, she hastened to the nearest house, and soon had a body of men scouring the country in search of the missing men. The search was continued nearly a week without finding so much as a trace of either Young or Baxter, when it was abandoned. The men engaged in it told Mrs. Baxter bluntly that the affair was preconcerted between the two men, and that her husband had heartlessly deserted her. The wife so strangely bereft would not accept this theory. She insisted that her husband had been murdered by Isaac Young, and that time would show that she was not mistaken.

Acting on this supposition she returned to her former home, and gathering all her available means, instituted a thorough search. She advertised, employed detectives, scattered handbills with accurate descriptions of her husband and Young; but all to no purpose. Nothing came of it, and the affair seemed a mystery which no human skill could unravel. Years went by, and still she remained in her mountain home, hoping and praying for tidings of her missing husband—or even a clew that would point to his fate. The suspense in all these years had been trying. Since that memorable night she had become an old woman. By the sale of nearly all the effects which remained to her after her husband's disappearance, she had been enabled to buy a little cabin and a few acres of ground and have enough money remaining to keep her, with close economy, from actual want. And alone in that little hut she waited for tidings of the man to whom she had linked her fate.

A short time ago startling news reached that solitary woman in her mountain retreat. It came in the shape of a letter written only last June and dated at Melbourne, Australia. The writer said that he had that day assisted to bury a man of the name of Saunders; but whose papers, which the writer had been charged to examine, showed he was Isaac Young, an American, and who confessed to a horrible crime. Then followed a detailed account of the night in the glen sixteen years ago. It seems Young had made up his mind to rob and murder Baxter from the time he learned that Baxter had \$2,000. He followed him quietly down the glen, stole upon him unawares and struck him a blow with a stick of wood which killed him instantly. To secure the money and bury the body under some loose earth and stone was the work of a very few moments, and before Mrs. Baxter had started down the glen Young was miles away. He hastened to New Orleans, took passage to Australia, changed his name, and speculated with his ill-gotten gains. He prospered amazingly, and, unlike the traditional murderer, died unde-

tected and wealthy. He directed that Mrs. Baxter be found, if living, and paid \$2,000 with interest from the date of the murder; and he begged her to forgive him. That was all which the letter contained. But subsequent investigation proved it to be true. Baxter's bones were found at the foot of the glen and decently buried, and the Australian party turned out to be Isaac Young, the murderer. Mrs. Baxter declined the money with indignation, but she may yet conclude to take it. The story is as strange as it is true.

Curious Time-Keepers.

An American traveler once saw a rare Japanese time-keeper, which has been described in an old record. This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees, and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade admirably imitated in crystal. From this point, a thread-like stream glided along, encircling in its windings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly-creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting by its wing, proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased, a mouse sprang from a grotto near by, and running over the hill, hastily disappeared.

In the South Kensington museum, at London, is a small watch about one hundred years old, representing an apple, the golden case ornamented with grains of pearl. Another old Nuremberg watch has the form of an acorn, and is provided with a dainty pistol, which perhaps served as an alarm.

In London is an eagle-shaped watch, within which, when the body of the bird is opened, a richly ornamented face is seen. They are sometimes found in the form of ducks and skulls.

The bishop of Ely had a watch in the head of his cane, and a prince of Saxony had one in his riding-saddle.

A watch made for Catherine I., of Russia, is a repeater and a musical watch. Within is the holy sepulchre and the Roman guard. By touching a spring the stones move away from the door, the guard kneels down, angels appear, and the holy women step into the tomb and sing the Easter song that is heard in the Russian churches.

King George III., of England, had a watch not larger than a five-cent piece, which had 120 different parts, the whole not weighing quite as much as a ten-cent piece.

Clocks and watches must usually be wound up every day, though some clocks will run eight days without winding, and a few even longer than that. But there was a century clock at the great Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia. The man who made it says it will run one hundred years without winding, though it is hard to believe this.

There was another curious kind of a clock at the Centennial. It was fixed in a carriage, and tells just how many times the wheel turns round on a journey, and how many miles have been traveled, and how long the carriage has been in making the trip.

The Discovery of Silk and Satin.

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has been allotted in the garden of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree and to the keeping of silk worms. Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabric. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II., of France, word, at the wedding of his sister, the first pair of silk hose ever made.

The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. The discovery of this particular brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mat, a silk weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them to his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations succeeded in giving satin to the world.

A New Mother Shipton.

When lawyers fail to take a foe,
And juries never disagree;
When politicians are content,
And landlords don't collect their rent;
When parties smash all the machines,
And Boston folks give up their beans;
When naughty children all die young,
And girls are born without a tongue;
When ladies don't take time to hop,
And office-holders never stop;
When preachers eat their sermons short,
And all folks to the church resort;
When back subscribers all have paid,
And editors have fortunes made;
Such happenings will sure portend,
This world must soon come to an end.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A professional beauty, though two words, is really only one silly belle.

"Closed in consequence of a debt in the family," is an excellent epitaph for a busted firm.

A young lady with a big volume of household recipes is anxious to know the ingredients for making a sacrifice.

Learning is well enough; but it hardly pays to give a five thousand dollar education to a five-dollar boy.

When the schoolmaster threatened to tan Johnny, theurchin reminded him that "a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

A landlady was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "Why not make one end vegetables?"

The young woman who used to sing so divinely, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove," is satisfied with a chicken leg now. She is married.

The most thorough hypocrite in existence is the young man who can successfully assume to love the younger brother of his sweetheart.

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men wishing to avoid a breach of promise suit to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.

There is joy in the heart of the man who carries an umbrella every day in the year, waiting a favorable opportunity to pity the rest of the uncovered world.

Young husbands very seldom allude to their first baby as a "birdie." That may do for the mother during counting time, but who ever heard of a squalling birdie?

If you want to know just how you stand in the community ask your worst enemy and your best friend, and then strike a fair average. Most people make the mistake of asking only their best friends and taking that as the fair average.

A health journal says that "an attack of hiccoughs may be stopped by holding the head under water." It doesn't say how long the head should be held under water, but we should think about two hours would be plenty long enough to stop the worst case of hiccough ever invented.

A spread-eagle orator, at a political meeting the other night, said "if he had the wings of a bird he would fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, and carry the glad tidings of victory which he was so sure of." A naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had fled a mile."

"I've been to see Mrs. Tittletattle," says Mrs. Telltale, "and the way she ran on about you was perfectly scandalous." "So she's been talking about me, has she?" asked Mrs. Brown, quietly. "Yes, indeed she has," replied Mrs. Telltale, with emphasis. "What a nice time you two must have had," said Mrs. Brown, with a sweet smile.

Everybody remembers the famous Irish echo which, when the guide called out, "How do ye do?" answered, "Party well, I thank you." But this is quite outdone by an echo in the Pyrenees. "Observe," says the guide, "how the sound is repeated from rock to rock and from crag to crag, and especially how beyond the frontier the echo has a perfectly distinguishable Spanish accent."

"It may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip were his last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and prairies, perhaps the river of death itself. Can I do anything more than I have done to make you cherish my memory, and keep your love for me unchanged?" "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, choking down the sobs, "buy me a box of tortoise-shell hairpins before you start."

The Brahmin.

The Brahmin, says Dr. Scudder, has intellectually no superior. No man can mingle much with them and not have his wits sharpened. They are the learned men of the country. The Sanscrit, "queen of languages," is their native tongue, and its vast literature has been their grand field of mental training. The Brahmin is almost white, wonderfully neat, begins every day in the water-tank, eats no animal food, believing that if he does he shall pass through as many transmigrations after death as there are hairs on the animal of which he eats. Physically these people are of splendid form, majestic heads, and carry themselves grandly.