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### Home.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

So 't is a happy faculty
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside.
Where brothers, sons and husband tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

## UP ROARING FORK.

The sun's rays filtered through the dense foliage of the trees on the banks of Roaring Fork, where that boisterous stream flowed noisily over rocks in its wild haste to unite with the waters of the Red river. The meagre beams of sunlight fell gently upon the disheveled dark locks of a young girl. She was seated on the moss-covered, gnarled roots of a large tree. Her slender, dark hands held a fishing-pole steady, while her large, velvetry dark eyes were fastened intently upon the cork that bobbed up and down on the surface of the stream, in obedience to the wind that played gently over the Roaring Fork.

Three beautiful speckled fish of good size, now and then made a slight undulation of the water at her feet, in the vain effort to free themselves from the forked stick on which she had secured them.

The girl could not have been more than sixteen. She was plump in figure, with good features, and a pair of soulful dark eyes, that had a world of sadness in their depths. She was dressed in a faded gown of some coarse blue material, which had been made without regard to any particular style, past or present, and fitted her form poorly, coming only to her bare brown ankles. Altogether, she was a wild, dark little creature, that looked not unlike a natural part of that picturesque sylvan scene round about the Roaring Fork, and might have been taken for a larger sister to the beautiful wild flowers that bloomed in such prodigality on its banks.

A footstep fell on the hearing of the girl. She turned her head in the direction from whence the sound came. A man was coming towards her. The girl recognized him at once and a deep frown broke the calm of her countenance.

The man that approached her was a handsome, devil-may-care sort of fellow, thirty-five years of age or thereabouts, tall and graceful in manners, with golden hair and whiskers, and restless, penetrating eyes of gray. A somewhat cruel, sardonic expression constantly hovered around his small mouth, and, just now, as he stopped above her on the bank, it seemed to expand and render his handsome face more repellent to the girl, whose dark eyes strove to read his thoughts.

For several moments he occupied a graceful attitude on the bank overlooking the girl's retreat without speaking. Neither did she utter a word, nor give any sign that he was near her, other than to fix her wondrous eyes upon him in distrust and repulsion.

At length the fellow broke into a laugh, not pleasant by any means, and he said: "You don't like me, Wild Bird of the Roaring Fork, do you?"

"You don't reckon I hev any call ter like ye, do ye, Bert Coles?" she retorted, her eyes blazing.

"Well, really, now, that is a somewhat embarrassing question," he replied, mockingly. "I suppose that missionary fool you started to school to had taught you it is a Christian duty to love everybody?"

"That don't mean fur us ter love ther ugly dogs an' hoss stealin', an' whisky smugglin'," answered the girl, speaking slowly. The man bit his lips to suppress the anger her implied charges called up, while big tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she remembered the kind missionary to whom she had been sent to shool two years ago, but from which she had been recalled to the deathbed of her mother. She had never returned to school, deeming it her duty to stay with her lonely father, in his little cabin far up the wild Roaring Fork.

Bert Coles evidently deemed it wisest to change the subject, for he said:

"Well, Lenita, I can tell you one thing worth heeding. You won't catch a single fish as long as the wind bobs your cork that way, if you sit there till your raven tresses turn white as those blossoms over yonder," and he laughed again.

"You don't know nothin' erbout it, Bert Coles," she returned. "I've ketched three already, an' another's been nibblin'; but your talk's sorter scart him, I guess."

"Which, I suppose, is a mild hint that I should either 'button my lip' or decamp instantly; eh, Lenita?" he asked, leaning coolly back against a large pecan tree that spread its green branches over the girl, and sent darkling shadows out over the water before her.

"The trees is better company fur me 'an some folks is," replied the girl, with a flash in her eyes.

"Thank you," he returned, and his laugh rang out more pleasantly as he removed his broad-brimmed hat and gracefully ran one shapely white hand through his golden curls. "Your frankness is quite refreshing, Lenita. Had I heard more frankness and less flattery from your sex years ago, I might not now be what I am, an outlaw from justice, hiding here in the Indian Territory," and the man rested his head against the palm of his hand, while his thoughts were of his past, its lost opportunities, its course of reckless dissipation.

Lenita remained silent. Her eyes wandered across the Roaring Fork to the opposite bank, where the alder's snowy, flaky blossoms nodded to and fro in the warm south wind, and a red bird whisked among the branches. The girl possessed little learning, but she was of a thoughtful turn of mind. As she looked at the wild flowers, so white, emblems of purity, and the red bird so industrious, the secret of content and happiness, Lenita wondered why man, endowed by our Father above with so great intelligence, so rarely possessed the simple purity of the alder blooms, and attained to the happiness of the bird.

A heavy sigh from the man recalled her. She had almost forgotten that she was not alone.

"Where is your father to-day, Lenita?" he asked, after several moments of silence.

"He was at the cabin when I come away," answered the girl, fixing her dark eyes full upon him. "But I want ter tell ye, Bert Coles, I don't want you-uns ter git my pap inter no more devilment. You know well nuff what I mean. If you-uns will do what's 'gin the law, ye hev no bus'ness ter git other ter help yer in yer evil doin's. Pap 'ud do right well an' stick ter his religion if it wasn't fur you-uns. But he's that easy to gin in ter some body else's mind, that when you-uns comes eround our cabin with yer smooth tongue, he allus gin's in." Lenita had risen to her feet and stood with flushed face and flashing eyes confronting the handsome outlaw, who only smiled in his habitual fashion as she went on speaking. When she had finished he made her a courtesy, and, putting his hat on his head, he said:

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Lenita, for the oration just delivered, and although I should like to hear more, I am pressed for time and must leave you. However, I will think over what you demand, but not to-day," and he hurried off in the direction of the cabin, up the creek.

For a short time Lenita remained standing where Bert Coles had left her. After a while, she pulled out the fishing line, and removing the half devoured bait, she wrapped the line round the long cane stalk which served as fishing pole. As she was thus engaged, the sound of a pony's hoofs striking the rocky path caught her ear. A moment later, a fleet-footed pony came into view on the opposite side of the Roaring Fork. The girl's dusky cheeks turned crimson as she recognized both pony and rider. The rider greeted the girl, and then he drew rein by the stream's side and allowed his pony to drink of the cool, limpid water. He was a young man of twenty-one or two, perhaps, and sat on his pony like a prince. The dark eyes, straight black hair and small jetty mustache that lent considerable beauty to his dusky face, all bespoke the Indian blood in his veins. He was dressed after the manner of the best educated and most civilized of the citizens of the Indian Territory, and not in the half fantastic style of costume supported by a certain class there. The belt, bristling with weapons, which encircled his waist, was not the insignia of border ruffianism, as is so often the case with young fellows so equipped. Scott Redleaf, as the young Chickasaw was called, was deputy sheriff in the district including the Roaring Fork region, where Lenita and her father lived in their isolated cabin.

Lenita knew Scott Redleaf well, and she had loved him for his manliness ever since the day, several months ago, when he had protected her from the insults of a debased character and drunken brute. Scott Redleaf, too, had been strangely drawn towards the lonely, unlearned girl in whose veins flowed some of the blood of his own nation, and he was very happy to have met her this morning.

After crossing the creek the young man sprang lightly from the saddle, and leaving the pony to feed on the grass that grew along the woodland path, he approached Lenita and told her his business there, in that part of the Roaring Fork.

Some ponies belonging to a ranchman in Texas had been run over the Red river into the Chickasaw Nation, and were believed to be concealed somewhere on the Roaring Fork. He told her that Bert Coles was the leader in the matter, and it was generally believed that her father was implicated and suspected of screening the chief of the outlaws and his gang.

"For your sake, Lenita, I am willing to let your father off on his promise to encourage such law-breaking no more," Scott Redleaf said, "but Bert Coles and his followers must suffer what penalties the law has in store for such criminals as he."

He did not ask Lenita if she knew anything about the matter or could tell him of the whereabouts of the outlaw Coles. He had merely sought her out to warn her to put her father on his guard against the posse of men now scouring the country along the Roaring Fork to find the headquarters of the outlaws in hiding somewhere among its bold bluffs and deep gullies.

Bidding the girl good day, Scott Redleaf vaulted into his saddle and rode off towards the north, taking the opposite bank from the one on which the lone cabin of Joe Frenchy was situated.

Lenita gazed after the young fellow until the trees hid horse and rider from view. Then, fishing-rod in one hand and fish in the other, she walked up the noisy stream to her cabin home, a dark, uninviting abode amid a thicket of wild plum and trailing vines.

Joe Frenchy was leaning against his cabin, pipe in mouth, and hands thrust lazily into the pockets of his coarse jeans pants. He was a man of forty, tall and somewhat given to the bony order of humanity. His face, however, was bloated looking, revealing to an observer one who imbibed spirits or "bitters" to a considerable extent. His beard was scant and black. His hair and eyes, as well as his principal features, proved his Indian blood at once. Above his head, on the rude logs of the cabin, the skins of several wild animals were tacked to cure in the meagre rays of sunshine that penetrated to that tree-environed habitation. At his feet slept two lank, lean hounds that pricked their ears up as Lenita materialized down the path.

The stolid, bloated face of Joe Frenchy redeemed itself as his child came into sight. A moment before it had seemed nothing on earth had power to change the dull expression of his countenance. Now the lusterless eyes grew bright, and his whole face seemed to glow with different life. The power of love is beyond human estimation.

Joe Frenchy's acquaintances were wont to say that if it was not for the love he bore his motherless child, he would have gone to the dogs long ago. As it was, he had nearly done so anyway, despite the great affection he had for Lenita. Yet, that love was able to reclaim him to occasional reforms. He would break off from his evil associates and declare that he would never touch another drop of whisky again, and for a little time he would be truly happy in adhering to his resolves. But the tempters would come, Bert Coles and others, who understood just how to strike the weak cords of his nature, and, yielding to persuasion, he would do again the very things he had promised never to do more.

As Lenita put her fish aside, she asked:

"Was Bert Coles ter see you'uns, pap?"

"Yes, he war hyar," replied Frenchy, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the worm-eaten door. Entering the cabin, he laid his pipe up on a projection of a log over the fire-place. Then, putting on his coat, he prepared to go out again.

"Whar ye goin', pap?" asked Lenita, stopping in her arrangement of the rude, home-made furniture of the cabin.

"Just up the creek a ways, not fur," he replied, trying to evade her penetrating eyes, which sought his own so searchingly.

"Pap, yer needn't try ter fool me; you-uns air goin' among the hills up Roarin' Fork, tu holp Bert Coles run off them stold ponies he's tryin' to keep hid," and the girl looked dauntlessly into her father's face.

"Waal, what ef I air?" demanded Frenchy sullenly.

"O pap!" she cried, throwing her plump, brown arms round his neck, "Yer musn't go; please don't. The woods along Roarin' Fork air full of men tryin' ter fin' Bert Coles an' his gang. Scott Redleaf tole me so. He's a holpin' ter fin' him; he's dep'ty, ye know. He says you-uns air 'spected o' holpin' the hoss thieves, some, but if you keep away from them he'll let yer off fur my sakes. So, stay ter home, pap," she pleaded.

"I done gin my word ter Bert to show him the gully whar Barney's gang usen ter run thar 'still'ky, up thar, 'fore they got scart out by the off'cers; an' I 'low I'll do it. Thar, thar! Don't cry, Lenita. I'll promise yer never ter holp Bert again. But I mus' this time, shuah. Fur ef I don't he'll burn me out or do somethin' wuss."

"W'y, pap, ef that's all yer feard of, don't go," said the girl through her tears. "I'd druther be burnt out an' hev ter live in a holler tree like a 'possum, 'an ter holp do what's gin the law an' ain't right 'tall."

"But Bert's goin' ter gin me a heap o' money fur showin' him the gully up the creek this time, and if you-uns air a good girl, I'll spend it most all on gittin' yer new fixin's, ribbons an' sich," he said trying to pacify her.

"I don't need 'em, pap. All I want is fur you-uns ter do right."

"We kin live like fine folks, Bert says, if I'll holp him. Why, Lenita, you-uns kin put on more style an' any gal along the Roarin' Fork, when I git that money," he said, trying to tear himself away from her clinging arms. But Lenita would not let him go.

"No, pap, you shan't go. Ye got ter stay ter home," she said, locking her arms more tightly round his neck.

Had it not been for the liquor Bert Coles had given him to drink in their interview, Joe Frenchy might have yielded to his child's entreaties. But, warmed by the fluid poison he had imbibed, her opposition roused a demon, and in freeing himself from her clasp, he flung her aside with too violent force, and she fell to the floor, a cry of pain escaping her as her head struck the rough boards. Frenchy did not look once upon his daughter to note the result of the fall; but he rushed out of the cabin and took the little flower-starred path up Roaring Fork.

For a long time Lenita lay moaning on the floor, holding her hand to a slight wound on the side of her head. When she felt able, she sat up and looked around her. She had been partially unconscious before, but now she remembered everything, and a look of mental anguish settled upon her face. She tried to get up, but she was so dizzy she sat down again. When she felt somewhat recovered, she spoke aloud:

"I've a big notion ter leave him, a strikin' me down this a-way. But I done gin mother my word ter stick ter pap through thick an' thin, an' I reckon I'd be doin' ill ter up an' leave him alone by hisself. It'd hurt mother power-like, in her angel home so fur frum the Roarin' Fork, ter see me go away from pap, jest 'cause he struck me down."

Then she managed, with the aid of a bench, to get upon her feet. She staggered to the door, where she got a pan of water. After bathing her head in the cool liquid she felt much better, and seated herself on the threshold of the cabin, where the balmy south air played softly over her face, like the touch of a loving friend.

"Poor pap!" she said, as big tears filled her eyes. "He'd been drinkin' some o' Bert Coles smuggled whisky, or he'd never pushed me frum him so cruel like. He never treated me that way before; but he'll feel sorry fur it when he comes back ter hisself. Poor pap!" and the girl wept as she thought of the probable fate of her father.

The day wore away. The sun went down, leaving the bluffs tinged with a wondrous halo of amber and purple. Lenita had nearly looked her eyes out, and yet Joe French did not come. Had anything befallen him? Her mind pictured a hundred awful fates for him. Yet she waited in great mental torture, by the doorway, her dark eyes gazing far away into the gathering darkness, hoping to catch a glimpse of his figure coming home. Far into the night she watched and waited thus.

It must have been near midnight. Lenita was at her post. Suddenly Joe Frenchy appeared in view down the path. The rising moon partially lit up the woodland, and Lenita could see that he staggered as he approached the cabin, slowly and laboriously.

In a moment, she was by his side, assisting him to gain the house.

"O, pap, yer shot!" she cried, as her strong young arms supported him across the threshold and to a rude couch in one corner of the cabin.

He sank upon the couch with a groan. Lenita stood over him with clasped hands.

"O, pap, air ye bad hurt?" she asked.

"Don't be scart, Lenita; but I reckon I'm purty well used up," he answered.

"How did it happen, pap?"

"It was up in the gully. We'd just got the ponies run in when the cussed off'cers foun' us. It was sich a s'prise ter the hull of us-uns that we couldn't do nuthin' but break an' run. Bert an' me broke fur the woods. He got off without any shot in him, but I got two loads in me," and he groaned heavily.

"O, pap! O, pap!" was all that the weeping girl could utter.

"Don't take on, Lenita. It's all my own blamed meanness. I wouldn't mind yer warnin', but throwed ye like an ole b'ar frum me ter the floor, an' went ter my fate. I only meant ter go this onct more, an' then break off. But I went onct too often. The Lowd never meant fur me tu prosper on money got from Bert for holpin' him ter hide the ponies up the gully, an' he let the off'cers fin' us out; an' now I'm shot, an' the Lowd only knows what'll become of you, my girl," said Joe Frenchy, putting his big hand on the girl's bowed head.

"Never mind me, pap; but let me do something fur you-uns, ter stop yer pain an' sich," and the girl, brushing aside her tears, strove to make the suffering man rest easily.

Scarcely had she finished bathing his feverish brow, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard before the cabin door and the coarse voices of rough men broke simultaneously upon Lenita's hearing. Leaving her father's side, the brave girl stepped to the door just as a burly fellow with a Winchester in his hand came before it. A half-dozen other rough looking men, all belonging to the Indian police, stood close behind him.

"That's Frenchy's gal," said one of the men.

"Air you-uns Joe Frenchy's darter?" asked the leader, halting before the girl.

"Yes sir, I air," replied Lenita, placing herself in the door.

"Is yer daddy here?"

"He air."

"Tell him ter come out an' s'render ter onct," ordered the leader.

"O, sir! he kain't," cried the girl.

"Kain't, eh? I'll jest persuade him with this insterment, then," and he raised the revolver threateningly.

"Please, don't," she cried, never flinching, however, as the rough officer thrust the Winchester almost against her cheek.

"Then stand 'side, gal, an' let me tote him out."

"He's trying ter act ther 'possum, Hi," spoke one of the men.

"No, he's not!" put in Lenita. He's shot; yer gang shot him twice, an' he's lyin' on the bed now, not able ter stand on his feet. O, men!" she appealed to them, "if you-uns hev hearts, please don't sturb now. He's sufferin' so!"

"She's tryin' ter stan' you-uns off, while her dad crawls out at a winder an' 'scapes!" yelled a rough in the rear.

"That's a fact!" yelled another. "The gal's in with Bert Cole's gang, too, depen' on't. 'Rest her as a 'complice!"

"Yes, 'rest the gal, too. Go ahead, Hi!" came from another in the background.

"It's jes' givin' her dad a chance ter 'scape," put in another.

Through it all Lenita stood, calm and brave, within the narrow door, debarring those rough men from entering the cabin.

"Stan' back, gal," roughly spoke the leader, "or I will 'rest yer, too, fur henderin' the law on Roarin' Fork." And he was in the act of laying rough hands upon the girl, when a manly form leaped from his horse's back and rushed between them.

"Any man who lays a hand on that girl, does it at his peril," and the voice of Scott Redleaf rang out on the night air, like a trumpet blast. Every man instinctively fell back as he recognized their superior officer.

"The girl is perfectly innocent; knows nothing of the Cole's gang, if her father does." Then he turned to Lenita, who was softly weeping by his side, and told her to have no fears, that he would protect her with his life if need be. When she was sufficiently calm, she told him that her father was seriously wounded and begged him to do something to relieve him. After Scott had examined Frenchy's wounds, he went to the door with a sad face and said: "Men, you are not needed here. Frenchy is dying. He has received two very bad wounds. Go back where the boys are and help guard the prisoners till I come."

The men rode quietly off up the creek. Scott turned to the bed where Joe Frenchy was breathing his last, his head resting in Lenita's lap. She had been talking to her father, as his last hour drew near, and had controlled herself to listen to his last words, which were:

"Lenita, you've been a good gal. God forgive me fur never makin' you-uns happier, an' fur givin' you that mean push."

And as the dawn crept mellowly into the dingy little cabin, Joe Frenchy's spirit winged its flight. It was Scott Redleaf's kind hands that led the sorrowing girl away, and prepared the body for its long resting place on the banks of the Roaring Fork, where its waters forever murmur boisterously on over mossy stones and jagged rocks.

Bert Coles' gang was effectually broken up. Bert was finally captured, but he escaped, and report says he has become a law abiding citizen in a remote part of Texas.

Lenita was kindly cared for. She was placed in a good mission school, where she is obtaining a useful education. Scott Redleaf is patiently waiting for her to become his wife.

### Was He Killed By Neglect.

A gentleman whose business calls him to New York two or three times a week gives a graphic description of a race between two railroad trains and its result: "I was coming home from New York the other day by the Pennsylvania road," said he, "and as our train passed the repair shops this side of Jersey City and dashed out over the meadows we found ourselves neck and neck with a Morris and Essex train running at full speed. The two roads, you know, run side by side along there for two or three miles, and there is a race nearly every day. I knew there was one on then, and I rather enjoyed the prospect. The Morris and Essex engine was working like mad; the spokes in its driving wheels were flashed into one, and steam and little jets of water flew from its cylinders as the piston rod plunged in and out. It crept steadily ahead for a minute, but our engine soon settled down to its work; the track flew faster and faster behind us, and our cars quivered with the splendid effort we were making. Every man of us grew reckless with the excitement of the race of sixty miles an hour, and not one of us, perhaps, thought of what the consequences might be.

"Gradually our train forged ahead, and as I took up my paper again I saw a neatly dressed man, carrying a bundle tied up in a red handkerchief, walking on the track in front of the Morris and Essex train. Before I had time to think of his peril a shrill whistle was blown by the engine, which was even then upon him, and he was thrown twenty feet away, dead. As we passed the other engine I had noticed its fireman standing with folded arms, facing and looking at us. It was a part of his duty to look out ahead, and if he had not been too much absorbed in the race the man might not have been killed. I know from my own feelings while it lasted that a man can't give his attention to anything else during such a race."

### READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

#### The Strange and Eventful Career of a German Divinity Student.

Henry Hoffmeyer, a trusted private watchman in the employ of the Marshal Field, was asked whether he had seen a brother watchman on duty at any time within two weeks. Hoffmeyer said that he had not. Soon after midnight George Hiller, the watchman guilty of neglect, struck Hoffmeyer with a loaded cane, felling him to the ground. When Hiller was arraigned for the assaul, Hoffmeyer's counsel said: "My client is no coward, and he would have *defended himself* with his revolver but for one thing."

"What was that?" asked the magistrate.

"Next week," said the lawyer, "Mr. Hoffmeyer will be ordained a priest of the Catholic church, and had he shot his assailant his chance would have been gone."

This statement led to believe that the witness had a history, but no such thrilling narrative as was afterwards learned was anticipated.

Hoffmeyer's life had been one full of events connected with some of the most tragic occurrences in modern European history. Having graduated from the university of Gottingen in Hanover, Germany, he went to Hamburg and studied seven years for the priesthood. In 1870, when 23 years old, he was taken from his studies by order of Bismarck, and for eighteen years his sole ambition has been to return to his calling as a priest. In those eighteen years he has passed through experiences that would fill several large volumes, if written. The same mandate that took him from his studies in the Jesuit college, forced him to enlist in the German army, then engaged in the Franco-Prussian war. The young men preparing for the priesthood were so well drilled that they were valuable as soldiers, and the laws of the country made it possible to take them at any time before they were ordained. A month after he had enlisted Hoffmeyer fought in the battle of Gravelotte under Capt. Von Steubens. After the battle Hoffmeyer was promoted from the ranks to second-lieutenant. His education fitted him to command. At Sedan he was severely wounded. He had fallen in range of a gattling gun. One bullet carried a portion of his skull away, one pierced his side and one shattered the bone of his left thigh. For four days he lay on the battle field with 20,000 wounded men. When Lieut. Hoffmeyer was picked up and taken to the hospital his life was despaired of, but he recovered, though his injured lung prevented him from ever doing active service again.

When Paris surrendered Hoffmeyer was detailed by Gen. Von Moltke. During the riots of the commune he mounted his horse but was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs and never was well afterward until a few years ago. He requested a furlough and was sent to a fort near Amsterdam. Here he had a three days leave of absence, and, in company with six others, deserted and fled to Ireland. In 1877 Bismarck issued an order for all deserters to return or they would be brought back by force. The lieutenant did not wait, but sailed for America. Hoffmeyer has been struggling to become a priest, but as he had no papers from the German university his efforts were in vain. The story of how he secured those newspapers is interesting.

In 1881 he was employed at the stock yards when a carriage, driving by, halted, and a voice called him. He went up, and to his surprise recognized his old commander, Capt. Von Steubens. The officer, in company with his six brothers, was visiting here. The captain said he would do all in his power for the lieutenant, but Hoffmeyer mistrusted him and took out naturalization papers. When that was done he wrote his uncle in Germany and a formal demand was made for his credentials. Being an American citizen his demands was acceded to, and at last the papers arrived. That was the day he received the injury on the head. He will now receive his ordination and return at once to the home of his childhood to visit his parents, who are still living.

### Much Too Honest.

"Look here, Mister! Did you drop this here five dollar piece?"

The party addressed turned around and looked at the bootblack, as the latter held out a shiner in his hand.

"Why, good gracious! lemme see—why, yes; you're a fine lad, you are; there—here's a couple dollars for you. That's right, my boy; be honest—it pays!"

So saying, the delighted San Josean slipped the piece in his pocket and walked off.

"And you hadn't lost the money at all?" inquired a companion of the fortunate possessor of the $5, as the two comfortably rested their elbows on the Auzerals bar and proceeded to hide the respective ends of their noses in a couple of glasses.

"Of course not! But you see I gave the kid $2, which was certainly fair. And I'm just $3 ahead," exclaimed the individual, as he tossed the 5 on the counter and called for change.

The bar-tender picked up the coin, gave it a careless glance and quietly pushed it back.

"Bogus!" he said.

For the next minute it was so quiet you could hear the beer foam.

"And this is the highly moral city of San Jose!" bitterly exclaimed the duped man as he passed out into the cold and cheerless street. "To think that the very bootblacks are dishonest!"

But his feelings were too deep for utterance.

### The Power of Imagination.

The power of imagination is supposed to be stronger in women than in men; but this was not shown in a recent hospital experiment. Dr. Durand, wishing to test the practical effect of mind diseases, gave 100 patients a dose of sweetened water. Fifteen minutes after, entering apparently in great excitement, he announced that he had by mistake given a powerful emetic, and preparations must be made accordingly. Eighty of the 100 patients became thoroughly ill and exhibited the usual result of an emetic; twenty were unaffected. The curious part of it is that, with very few exceptions, the eighty "emeticized" subjects were men, while the strong minded few, who were not to be caught with chaff, were women.

—Colors are extensively used in the decoration of black toilets.

### At the Eleventh Hour; or, A Woman's Honor.

Inez Cambell married Gale Munroe in a fit of pique, because she had quarrelled with the man whom she loved better than life. King Burdo had been her ideal since childhood, but they had spoken bitter words to each other one night and parted. In a month from that time she was married, while the man she had really loved journeyed to a foreign land to find some Lethe for memory.

They had met at a ball one night and there the mistake that had separated them was explained. Gale Munroe saw tears on his wife's cheek as he helped her into the carriage, and whether he suspected anything or not, Mrs. Munroe went to no more festivities.

One night King Burdo stole into the husband's grounds to bid his lost love a farewell forever. He saw her in the distance coming through the trees to meet him.

Her dress was white, but whiter her beautiful face as she advanced with languid step through the sunset.

The old love, augmented by pity, rushed over him like a wave. He forgot that she was another's—that by her own act they were parted forever.

With a low cry of pain he started forward flung himself on his knees at her feet.

"Inez, Inez, my love, you are dying!" he burst out, as she, with a start and an inarticulate cry, put out both hands and clung to his. "You have suffered since I saw you last; you are like death."

She looked down at him with eyes of worldless misery, but misery that had chilled her life.

"I am going mad, I think," she said slowly; and she drew her hands from his and put one to her bosom, one to her brow. "Another month of this life I am leading, and either heart or brain will give way. Why have you come here? You cannot aid me. Today he struck me; I am used to curses, but not yet to blows. Look!"

She pushed up her loose sleeve and showed him a long dark bruise on her arm from elbow to shoulder.

His head fell forward, his teeth set hard. This was the woman he loved—who, but for a foolish quarrel, would have been his wife.

In the flush of the sunset, in the sweetness of the dying day, he struggled with temptation, but only for a moment.

Lifting his face, which was colorless as her own, and raising to his feet, he bent toward her.

"Inez, you were pledged to me; you love me still; I have never ceased to love you. When I came here it was to bid you farewell, but I cannot go alone. You must go with me."

She was frightened at the thought of such a thing, but aftdr an hour's pleading she had consented to go!

The next evening a carriage containing King Burdo and Gale Munroe's wife was speeding on towards the station, ten miles away. They had not gone very far when one of the springs of the carriage gave out, and they were compelled to stop at the village smithy to have it fixed. Inez sat down on the porch of a little cottage to wait while the work was being accomplished. From where she sat she could look into the main room of the little house, where a sweet domestic scene met her view.

The woman was no longer young, but she had a sweet, motherly face. In her arms she held a child, while two little white-robed figures lisped out their evening prayers at her knee.

"Lead us not into temptation," came the words, and Inez, thinking of her guilty life, sobbed and covered her face. At that moment King laid his hand on her arm.

"Come," he said. "We are still in time."

She stood up white as death, but no longer weak and tempted.

"Yes, there is time. You shall take me, not to the train, but back home. If you care at all for me you will not say a word, but take me back—back home."

He knew it would be useless to say anything, and he drove back silently to the home she would have left forever, where they parted.

In pity for her pain God struck off her fetters, for when the morning came Gail Munroe was found dead in his bed. Inez is now the wife of the man she loved, but she never looks back on that ride without a shudder.

### The Eskimo's House of Snow.

At night time, when the lamp goes out and the temperature goes down, all these water soaked snow blocks and banking of snow become converted into ice or a sort of frozen snow ice, like that which one sees on the sidewalks after a cold, freezing night that follows a thawing day. This alternate freezing and thawing soon converts the top part into this translucent material, and, as a result, the igloo becomes uncomfortably chilly at night, the ice being a good conductor of the cold, while the snow is not. The energetic Eskimo does not reside long in the same igloo—not over a month or six weeks—unless he is where he can "bank" his building so deep that the snow cannot be converted into ice clear through its depth. One of the few comforts of Arctic winter travel is that the voyager has nearly always a new warm snow house in which to sleep. Whenever a traveling party reaches a camping point where there are several old, unoccupied igloos, they never think of using them, but build others instead, if only for a single night.

### Nearest to the Pole.

The point farthest north reached by any exploring party is 260 miles from the north pole. Beyond this are ice gorges insurmountable, amid frost so severe that no human ingenuity has yet constructed any appliance to withstand its cold. It blisters the skin like extreme heat. The greatest progress ever made across this dissolate wilderness was at the rate of six miles a day, the explorers often resting as many days as they had journeyed miles in a single day.

—White and gold is a favorite combination for tea-jackets and tea-gowns.

—Pretty demi-trained toilets for young ladies are of white wool braided with silver.

—Venetian-green and terra cotta are combined in some of the newest tailor gowns.

### Evan's Sweetheart; or, How She Loved Him.

It seemed an odd answer for a golden-haired child to give when we asked her name.

"I am Evan Routh's sweetheart."

She was only the child of his early love, and he was so fond of her that she had received that nickname.

Oddly enough we found ourselves in Llylworth fifteen years from that time, and we asked if Evan were married.

"Married! Dear! Ma'am, he'll never be married. He loved once, he'll never again."

"And Winie? Is she still as pretty? Is she married?"

"Pretty! She's just beautiful, ma'am! Her mother was nothing to her; for she is so good and sweet and true. Married! Oh, no; she's had lovers enough for any girl to pick from, but she refuses them all."

That evening, however, a sudden and fearful tempest broke over Llylworth. No one could sleep. Those who were in bed got up again and dressed.

Mark and I went down to the shore, for the sea was a sight to behold.

Among the crowd I saw Evan Routh, and Winie leaning on his arm, while he protected her from the fierce wind. Bronzed, weather-beaten and handsome, he looked certainly more like her father. They didn't look like lovers.

Suddenly, through the gloom and under driving wrack, there appeared an object which made every woman utter a cry and every man sharply draw his breath. It was a ship—a doomed ship—being driven on the rocks.

Soon she showed signals of distress, seeking help from the shore.

One man alone answered the appeal—Evan Routh.

Striding forward, facing round to the others, he cried:

"Lads, who's ready of you to go with me to try to save yonder ship? Think, mates, there may be women and children on board!"

There was silence.

"What!" he cried, "is there not a man among you? Am I to go by myself?"

"No; not if I can be of any use."

I uttered a cry, for the speaker was Mark.

"Thank you, sir," replied Evan Routh. "You've got the courage, but not the skill. You're not used to the sea, so would be in the way. But you've shamed these fellows into pluck."

Three or four had stepped forward, and soon they began to run the boat down.

The ship had been hurled upon the reefs with an awful crash. There was a momentary mountain of foam. When it cleared away the ship had gone—not a vestige remained in view.

What of the boat?

We looked back to the spot where it had been.

It was not there!

We waited for it to start up from the dark trough of some billow.

It never came!

"She's gone!" ejaculated the crowd.

I looked toward Winie; her stony face was still turned to the sea, but she had dropped on her knees.

The men were down at the marge, with ropes ready to rush in and try to save any of the unfortunate men who might be washed up alive.

The women ran to and fro screaming, crying, beating their hands in pitying despair.

Winie remained still kneeling, motionless.

Another and another were rescued. Then farther down the beach some fishers drew out one and uttered no cry.

Mark could not stay me; I felt excited, mad! I hastened to the spot. Oh, Heaven! there he lay—handsome, calm, as in sleep—the man who had so bravely risked his life for others—Evan Routh—dead!

The men in their hearts' deep sympathy could utter no sound. But somehow the truth was divined, and others formed a ring around.

Abruptly there was a movement, a whisper:

"Keep the poor lass back."

Keep her back? Would it have been possible?

Winie had guessed who lay there. Her hair loose, and tossed by the wind; her head uncovered; her features stony, but now rigid with grief, an agony that could utter no sound! she broke her way through, and looked upon the body.

One low, appalling cry, piercing every heart, broke from her lips. She sank on her knees, then dropped over the dead fisher, her face on his wet breast, her arms about him tight—tight.

Then—silence.

Was she weeping? Was her sorrow too deep for tears? Had she found temporary relief from misery in unconsciousness?

A space we waited. Then a woman stepping to her, stooping, gently raised her, saying:

"Come, dear lass! take comfort. The Lord's will be done! If man ever went to glory he has, for he died trying to save others."

The girl made no resistance, uttered no word. Her arms hung limp, her head fell back on the woman's shoulder.

The woman uttered a cry of terror.

"Heaven be merciful to us!" she exclaimed; "the lass is dead!"

It was true.

Winie's heart, full of a pure and holy love, had broken for the man whom her mother had cruelly jilted.

### How Alligators Eat.

It is a southern writer who compares an alligators throat to an animated sewer. Everything, says this correspondent, which lodges in the open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a beetle crawls in it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will alight on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The jaw falls; the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The United States mint in Philadelphia was completed in 1829.

—A new French gun throws a projectile having a shell of German silver.

—One person is drowned for every 329 killed on land, according to statistics.

—Tennyson receives an income of from $20,000 to $25,000 a year from the sale of his books.

—The manufacture of tinware in this country was commenced in Berlin, Conn., in 1770.

—In 1730 a line of stages was established between New York and Philadelphia, to make bi-monthly trips.

—There is a mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyoming, which has been burning for thirty years.

—The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except j.

—In Mexico it is the custom to address ladies by their given names, even when they are almost strangers. Neglect to comply with this custom will give offence to many women.

—It has been calculated according to Professor Proctor, that a man of 70 has consumed twenty wagon loads, or eighty tons, of food, solid and liquid.

—An elephant has been sent by Lord Dufferin to the Shah of Persia as a gift. It is a very fine one, gorgeously caparisoned and attended by thirty Hindoos.

—A patchwork quilt made by children in the United States, and an Indian shawl, the gift of Queen Victoria, were buried with Jenny Lind at her request.

—"Carolus Duran, Cabanel, and Bonnat," says the London *World*, "among them have painted almost every living American who is worth more than $5,000,000.

—Des Moines, Iowa, has been stirred up over an attempt at grave robbery in a cemetery on the suburbs of that city. The ghouls were medical students and narrowly escaped lynching.

—The Arabs exhaust their greens, and blues, and purples, and reds, and black upon the walls and ceilings and make their apartments perfect kaleidoscopes of colors, and with beautiful results withal.

—There is a Shakespeare Hotel in Stratford-upon-Avon, and instead of numbers the names of plays are upon the room doors. "Take the gentleman's luggage up to Romeo and Juliet" is a common order.

—The common thistle, which now covers large areas in southern Chili, is said to have been introduced there by an Englishman, who imported a bushel of seed and sowed it under the delusion that the plant would prove valuable for fodder.

—The orange tree and the lemon are both descended from the citron. The history of the orange tree is said to date back to the crusades, the returning pilgrims carrying it into Europe 700 or 800 years ago.

—There is a bookkeeper in a New York wire factory who has merely to glance at broadsides of figures, row after row, filling a whole sheet of legal cap, and declares the result instantly. He doesn't know how he does it, nor does anybody else.

—It is curious to note that according to Thomas Wilworthy's "Guide to the English Tongue," which was accepted as a standard in pronunciation by polite English society of a century ago, the vowel sounds in file are foil, bile and boil were pronounced alike, as also were those in tour and tower, are and air, dew and do.

—Between December 11, 1808, and Nov. 11, 1809, 1,152 persons were confined in the New York Debtor's prison. None of the debts exceeded $25. The debtors principally received sustenance from the Humane Society.

—Many persons use the phrase "in a trice," who have no conception of its meaning. A trice is the sixtieth part of a second of time. The hour is divided into sixty minutes, the minute into sixty seconds, and the second into sixty trices or thirds.

—One of the smallest manuscripts in the world to be sold.—For sale, a grain of rice with the whole first chapter of the Koran written on it; given to an English officer in 1