

WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS ALWAYS COLD.

'What makes the dog's nose always cold?' I'll try to tell you, curls of gold, If you will good and quiet be, And come and stand by mamma's knee; Well, years and years and years ago— How many I don't really know— There came a rain on sea and shore; Its like was never seen before Or since. It fell unceasing down, Till all the world began to drown. But just before it gan to pour, An old, old man—his name was Noah— Built him an ark, that he might save His family from a watery grave; And in it also he designed To shelter two of every kind Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done, And heavy clouds obscured the sun, The Noah folks to it quickly ran, And then the animals began To gravely march along in pairs. The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears, The deer, the hippopotamuses, The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses, The camels, goats, cats and donkeys, The tall giraffes, beavers, monkeys, The rats, the big rhinoceroses, The dromedaries and the horses, The sheep, the mice, the kangaroos, Hyenas, elephants, koodoos, And hundreds more—'twould take all day, My dear, so many names to say— And at the very, very end Of the procession, by his friend And master, faithful dog, was seen, The living time he'd helping been To drive the crowd of creatures in; And now with loud, exultant bark, He gaily sprang aboard the Ark. Alas! so crowded was the space, He could not in it find a space; So, patiently he turned about, And stood half way in and half way out, And those extremely heavy showers Descended through nine hundred hours, And more, and darling, at their close, Most frozen was his honest nose; And never could it lose again The dampness of that dreadful rain; And that is what, my curls of gold, Made all the doggies' noses cold!

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THE UNKNOWN GAMBLER.

ERNEST CLIFFORD had been left heir to a neat little fortune, but not content with this sum, and being indisposed to labor, he commenced to tamper with the fickle goddess, Fortune. At first he ventured only a few dollars, but growing bolder, he at last stood on the very threshold of ruin. His friend, Charles Seymour—who had once played heavily, but having seen the error of his ways, had reformed—warned him in vain—begged, remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose. He would promise to desist, but the next night was sure to find him in the same place. The night before we introduced him he met with a heavy loss. He was not only fleeced of all the ready money he had, but under the influence of the maddening excitement, he pledged his watch, the last gift of his dying father—and lost. His antagonist was a person unknown in the saloon. He was a tall, dark looking man, with broad shoulders and long hair, which hung in dark masses over his neck. His features were nearly covered with a heavy beard, and he wore his hat in such a manner, that the upper portion of his face was entirely concealed. Ernest thought he had seen him before, but when or where, he could not tell. He had agreed to meet him again on the night our story opens, and was now on his way to the rendezvous. The large hall was brilliantly lighted by the many lamps that hung from the lofty arched ceiling, and on every side stood ornamental tables, around which many were playing, others stood looking on, watching the vicissitudes of fortune that were constantly taking place. "Do you play to-night?" asked a friend as Ernest entered the apartment. "Yes, is he here?" "He! Who?" "The one with whom I played last night!" "I think not—I have not seen him," was the reply. Ernest passed slowly on, looking into every face, but the face he was in search of was not there. An hour passed, and yet he came not. The hands of the large clock pointed to the hour of eight. "Strange he does not come," said Ernest to himself; "it is now eight o'clock, and he should have been here an hour ago." The young man began to think he would not come, but presently the door opened, and the form of the mysterious gambler entered. He smilingly approached the youth, who received him with a slight inclination of the head. "You are true to your appointment, Mr. Clifford," said the former. "Have you waited long?" "I have been here about an hour," was the reply. "I intended to have been here before," continued the gambler, quickly, "but owing to circumstances I could not. I was detained an hour, and it was impossible for me to leave." "O, never mind," said Ernest, "I have been deeply engaged in watching the changes of fortune, and the various natures and dispositions of the players." "Ah, yes! this is the place to read a man's character. He cannot conceal it. I have studied deeply into the mysteries of human nature, and could read to you the character of every person in this room." Ernest gazed into the face of the man before him, as if he would read his very soul; but there was something there he could not fathom. He felt an uneas-

ness in his presence he could not shake off. "Will you try your luck at the hazard table?" asked the latter. "Yes if you wish," was the reply, and the two were soon seated beside one of the exquisitely carved tables that ornamented the room. The game commenced in earnest, and the bets ran high. It seemed that Ernest's expectation was to be fulfilled, for he was unusually lucky. He won at nearly every game and his opponent's pile was growing lower every moment. "You are lucky to-night," said the latter, "you will retrieve your loss of last night." "I hope so," was the reply. Again the game commenced. Ernest played recklessly, and without regard to consequences, yet fortune smiled upon him. "Out again!" said his opponent, as he faked down the glittering pile; "I hardly need to play against you, for you seem fated to win." "Hours passed on, and yet no signs of weariness appeared on either of the combatants. Ernest has not only won his watch and the whole amount he had lost, but a very large sum besides. "Do you wish to play more?" asked the gambler at length; "you have won your watch, together with more than you lost last night." The young man gazed in the face of the speaker, and thought he detected signs of alarm on his countenance. He thought he saw in his hesitation the fear of losing his gold, and exultingly exclaimed: "If you fear to play longer, we will stop—if not we will proceed." "Go on," was the reply; "perhaps the luck will turn." The dark features of the gambler wore the same expression of cool, quiet indifference; yet a peculiar change came over his countenance as he spoke. There was a sly twinkle in his eye—a kind of half hidden smile that bode no good to his opponent. The bets were immense, and every person in the room gathered round to witness the result. For some time the tide of fortune seemed to favor neither; sometimes Ernest won—at others his antagonist. Soon, however, it began to turn in favor of the latter. The youth became more and more excited, while the gambler retained his composure, and a constant smile rested on his features. The clock struck the hour of midnight; and every dollar Ernest had brought to the saloon, together with his watch, was again in the hands of the unknown gambler. Yet he resolved to go still further, and to this end, drafts were drawn and set against the glittering pile of gold. With compressed lips, and heart as still as death, did Ernest Clifford watch the ending of the game that was to decide his fate. But the die was cast—it was too late to turn back, and he arose from the table—a beggar. For a moment he stood almost paralyzed. Then a sense of utter degradation rushed like a torrent upon his soul, and with his hand pressed upon his breast, to still the wild beating of his heart, he staggered from the hall. With tottering steps he took his course, he scarcely knew whether. Turning down a narrow street, he soon reached the water's edge. The moon shone brightly on the dancing waves. He gazed down upon them, and a wild thought entered his mind. "Wretch, wretch that I am! why should I live?" said he to himself. "I have lost fortune, friends, everything that can make life desirable; I cannot bear the disgrace, the scorn and jeers of an unfeeling world. 'Tis but a step from life to death—others have gone before me, and why should I not follow? Fool!" he exclaimed, as the magnitude of his guilt rushed on his mind. "To what a spirit am I reduced. Turn which way I may, the dark spirit of evil pursues me, and goads me on to commit a crime at which my soul revolts. Yet I must—I must!" With a firm step he approached the water. A strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was drawn forcibly back. He turned to see who was the intruder, and beheld before him the acknowledged gambler. "Rash man—what would you do?" said he, as he relinquished his hold. "I would die!" was the reply; "and why would you prevent it? You have robbed me of fortune and character, and—" "You would rob the world of a soul, and sink still deeper the blot upon your memory." "O God, to what am I brought!" exclaimed Ernest. "I am ruined—disgraced forever. The demon of evil pursues me wherever I go, and renders my very life a curse." "Ernest Clifford, reflect!" said the stranger, slowly and solemnly; "remember your life is not your own, and you have no right to destroy it. You have sinned deeply; but do not add to your crime the guilt of suicide—do not rush into the presence of your Maker with the stain of murder resting on your soul." "Reflect and be wise. Promise me that you will return to your home, and all will yet be well. You shall know more to-morrow. Will you promise?" Something in the appearance of the speaker struck the mind of the young man. The tone, manner and whole bearing were so familiar and kind, that he could not refuse. With a faltering voice he promised, and the gambler led him from the water. The door of Ernest's room was opened on the following morn, and a sealed note

handed to him. Trembling, he opened the letter and learned the startling fact that the unknown gambler, the mysterious stranger—was none other than Charles Seymour! He had saved him from ruin! The note dropped from Ernest's hands, and the tears started to his eyes. It is needless to say that he never again sought the gambling saloon. Profiting by the terrible lesson he had received, and with the original amount of his fortune again in his possession, he went into business, and in a few years became one of the richest and most respected men in the city. THE TWO LOVE LETTERS. "We don't take boarders," said Mrs. Farquhar, looking in an owlish fashion through her spectacle-glasses at Mr. Stuart Waller. "We've got plenty and to spare without the trouble of 'em. You will find the tavern three-quarters of a mile below. You must have come right past its door." "So I did," said Mr. Waller, who possessed the insinuating, semi-chivalric manner that made every lady whom he addressed feel herself, for the time being, the only feminine creature in the universe; "but no amount of money would hire me to make my home in a place like that. Here it is like a glimpse of Paradise," looking admirably around at the shady lawns, the clematis-bordered porch, and the rose hedges all sprinkled over with pink buds. "I'm sure, madam, you will reconsider your decision and take me in for a few days, and I will promise to be no more trouble about the house than a kitten." Mrs. Farquhar was but human, and the upshot of affairs was that Mr. Waller's trunk arrived the next day. "Oh, mother!" said Patty Farquhar, knitting her pretty black eyebrows, "why did you let him in; and we so peaceful and comfortable here?" "Child, why shouldn't I?" said the widow. "He's to pay ten dollars a week board, and I haven't any use for the little three-cornered room over the parlor." "I don't know, but it seems I feel exactly as Eve must have felt when she saw the serpent writhing his way into paradise." "Nonsense!" said Widow Farquhar, almost angrily. But Patty only laughed, and ran away under the shadow of pink buds, to meet Morris Newton, her affianced lover. "Little one," said Morris, imprisoning both her soft, white hands in his, "I've got bad news for you." "Bad news Morris?" "I've got to go to Colorado next week to see about those silver mines that one of my clients has an interest in." "Oh, dear!" cried Patty, pursing up her strawberry of a mouth. "I shall be gone six months." "Worse and worse," said Patty. "But if you say so, Patty," drawing her gently to his side, "we can be married first, and make a wedding trip of it." "The idea!" flashed back Patty, drawing herself out of his embrace; "and I without a dress made!" "We can buy all the dresses afterward." "That's all a man knows about it." "You are sure it's impossible?" with a disappointed air. "Yes, quite," answered the little brunette. "Then," said Mr. Newton, with a sigh, "you must be sure and write very often, and be getting your sol-de-rols ready to be married in, as soon as I come home." "Yes," said Patty, gravely, "that is more reasonable." And she went back into the house, utterly ignorant that, at the same time, Mr. Stuart Waller was laying a wager with a boon companion, at the Easterworth Arms, "that he would cut out that conceited lawyer in less than four weeks." Mr. Waller was piqued by Patty's cool indifference, and, unfortunately, his were the "idle hands" for which Satan is said to find plenty of mischief to do. "She's pretty, after a fashion," said he to himself; "and I mean to make her dead in love with me before I'm through." Mr. Waller was a man of the world. Patty Farquhar was as young in experience as in years. They were an ill-matched pair, and it was hardly three weeks before the tongue of gossip began to busy itself with the widow's dark-eyed daughter. Mrs. Farquhar came into Patty's room one morning, and found her crying as if her heart would break, and with an open letter on her lap. "Heart alive, child, what is the matter?" cried the old lady. "Nothing, Mother—nothing!" and Patty hurriedly wiped her eyes. "Only I've got a letter from Morris, and it makes me so glad and so sorry." "Folks didn't cry over love letters when I was a girl," said Mrs. Farquhar. But the letter was more to Patty than the old lady suspected. Every trusting word, every caressing adjective was an envenomed arrow in her heart. Patty knew that almost unconsciously she had been led into what seemed to her an innocent enough flirtation with Stuart Waller. She had walked with him in the twilight, and she had written two letters, when he was temporarily absent in New York—careless, girlish letters, which, although she had thought no harm at the time, she would now give worlds to recall. "I'll ask him to return them to me," said Patty to herself; "and then I'll turn over a new leaf. I'll go to Aunt Prudence's while he remains here, and begin my wedding clothes in good earnest." But when Patty Farquhar proffered

her innocent request, Mr. Stuart laughed in her face. "My dear Patty," said he "do you take me for a fool?" "My name is Miss Farquhar," said the girl, with flashing eyes. "Excuse me; but when you say Dear Stuart—" "I never said such a thing!" interrupted Patty, with burning cheeks and eyes all aflame. "In the letters!" "I said 'Dear Mr. Waller,'" panted Patty. "Excuse me once more, your memory plays you false." "Will you return me the letters!" "Miss Farquhar," with a low bow, "they are a great deal too precious to me. You refuse?" "I never refuse anything to a lady; but—" Patty did not stay to hear the conclusion, but flashed out into the afternoon sunshine, with a huge lump in her throat, and a curious sensation as if all her blood were turned to fire. "What a fool I have been!" she thought, pacing up and down the tiny graveled walk like a chained pantheress, and biting her scarlet lip. "Oh, what an idiotic, unreasonable fool! And what will become of me if ever Morris Newton sees these silly crawls? But, surely, surely," with a troubled effort of the memory, "in the wildest moment of my infatuation, I never addressed him as 'Dear Stuart.' Be that as it may, however, I must, and will get those letters back." Fired with this determination, Patty Farquhar resolved herself at once into a private detective, searching Mr. Waller's room, and even got a false key to his trunks and went through their contents, but all in vain. And she had the sorry satisfaction of perceiving, by Mr. Waller's amused and patronizing air, that he knew all about it. "I'll have them yet," said Patty. Miss Farquhar was standing with clasped hands before the wide-opened door of the old-fashioned oven, built by the side of the kitchen chimney, and extending a sort of hump-backed excrescence out into the lilac bushes of the back garden, when Mr. Waller came in, one afternoon, with a string of speckled trout depending from his finger. "La Penserosa!" said he, lightly, "Pardon me, Patty, but why are you so grave?" She looked up suddenly at him. "My thimble," said she, "it has rolled down into the oven—my little gold thimble." "And can't you reach it?" "It is impossible." "Nothing is impossible where a lady's behest spurs me on!" said Mr. Waller, gallantly. "Stand aside one second, Penserosa." And he sprang valiantly into the yawning depth of the old brick oven. It was decidedly warm, for the fires had just been taken out; it was decidedly dark, but no sooner had he entered than Patty, a brilliant inspiration lighting her heart and face alike, swung the massive iron door to, and fastened it with the sturdy bolt. "Hello!" shouted Mr. Waller, "what are you doing there, Patty?" "I'm shutting the oven door," breathlessly responded Patty. "But I can't find your thimble in this Egyptian darkness." "I don't want my thimble." "Patty—Miss Farquhar—what do you mean?" "I mean to have those letters back," answered Patty. "Do you want to roast me alive in this black hole of Calcutta of a place?" gasped Mr. Waller. "I don't think I care much whether you roast or not," answered Patty, deliberately. "I shall shout for help." "Shout away," said Patty, with a laugh. "Dorcas is hanging out clothes by the river, and mother has gone to the village. Do shout." "Patty!" imploringly. No reply. "Miss Farquhar!" more imploringly still. "Well?" "Am I to be a prisoner here for life?" "Until you give me those letters." "I can't," groaned Waller. "I haven't got them with me." "But you can tell me where they are I suppose?" rejoined Patty. The oven was dark and hot—a sensation akin to suffocation stole over Stuart Waller. "Let me out," said he, grinding his teeth, "and I'll give 'em to you." "That won't do," retorted Miss Patty. "I must have them before you come out, or not at all." "Impossible." "Nothing is impossible," mimicked maliciously Patty, "where a lady's behest spurs one on." Mr. Waller uttered an ejaculation which was certainly not a prayer. "I can't stand this boiling hole," shouted he. "In the little summer-house under the loose boards of the table, Quick, or I shall be stifled to death." And Patty flew off as if her tiny feet were garnished with wings. In the little summer-house, under the loose board of the table, lay the two letters, as Mr. Waller had said, wrapped in oiled silk and tied with a yellow ribbon. Catching then up, she tore them hurriedly open. "I knew it wasn't 'Dear Stuart,'" she exclaimed, mockingly; and then, tearing them into a shower of infinitesimal pieces, and flung them to the summer wind. Half a minute later, Mr. Waller, cramp-

led as to linen, frowy as to hair, and streaming with perspiration, crept out of his sultry cell. Patty courted low to greet his egress. "Walk out," said she, "coward and liar." Mr. Waller made no reply. What could he have said? He left the Farquhar cottage that evening. He said he had received a telegram. Perhaps he had; but Patty had doubt about that matter. At all events he did not appear, and Patty Farquhar breathed free again. Morris Newton came back in October. Patty married him. But she never told any one, not even her husband, of the episode of the old brick oven and the two love letters. She had had her lesson, and she had profited by it she told herself; let all else sink into oblivion. Facts about the Black Hills. Deadwood is a heterogeneous mass of hastily erected buildings, log and frame—the former predominating—thrown to a narrow gulch, through whose crooked length flows Whitebear creek with its 2,000 inches of turbid, murky liquid, the channel being of gravelly clay. The Cheyenne stage road strikes the head of Whitehead creek about fifteen miles from Deadwood, and follows the stream down to the city, entering what has been known as South Deadwood, or Sherman street. At present the south side is looming up, owing to the establishment of the post-office on that side, and the consequent attraction of business thereto, so that real estate speculators are reaping a rich harvest. The town is alive with carpenters, yet the people complain that it is impossible to get anything done. Carpenters are paid from six to eight dollars per day and are cursed by their employers day and night—not openly of course, but in secret as it were. Two and a half miles above Deadwood on Deadwood creek, is located Garville, a young and flourishing town, which was permanently prosperous, owing to the fact that the largest and richest quartz deposits yet found in the Hills, are on the adjacent hills, surrounding the town like a crescent. There are several stamp mills in constant operation day and night crushing the quartz, and there more are in course of erection. There on exhibition in one of the banks is Deadwood a lump of retort gold weighing over 127 ounces, from the Father Smet mine in Gayville, valued at \$2,400, which was the result of an ordinary day's stamping. Men are working in the gulch from the head of Deadwood and Whitebear creeks, to the far foothills—hundreds of them—and the very fact that they "keep up their lick" on many claims, night and day, is sufficient evidence that pay dirt is found. Another very convincing evidence is the fact that the banking houses doing business here, exchange from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in gold per day, while the arrastras and stamp mills are sending out from \$20,000 to \$50,000 per week in beautiful bullion bars and buttons. Then, too, there is vast amount of "trade dust" in circulation. "Dust is the currency of the country, and the man who buys a thousand dollars worth of supplies, as well as a man who orders a two bit 'bull-dog cocktail,' pulls out his buckskin bag of gold and settles therefor with all manner of imaginable. The new boys by the ways of the streets at eventide, carry the pocket gold scale, and nine-tenths of their customers drop a few grains on the scale, scarcely looking at the weight as they snatch the paper and eagerly peruse the latest news. There are present two papers published in Deadwood—the Black Hills Daily Times and the Pioneer, a weekly. In addition to the amount mentioned above, there is a constant stream of gold going out by the different routes. They have made a "genteel sufficiency." They are going home to enjoy it. They carry out from one to twenty-five thousand dollars a piece, and some of them carry more. We shall never know how their fortune has been to these men. They back to happy homes, erect fine residences, buy large farms and head-quarters in business enterprises, and Black Hills knows them no more. Their neighbors see them return, observe their prosperity, take it for granted that the gold in the mines of the West, and a few questions, while the lucky ones knowing the great uncertainties of life in the mines, tell far more of the culties, dangers and privations of the journey than of the richness of the diggings. A young man who mistook a bottle of varnish for a bottle of hair oil, concluded that dancing was a frivolous amusement and kept away from a masquerade ball. But when inquisitive friends asked why he staid away, he told an unvarnished tale. Taffee is a Nebraska postmaster. Our childhood days "Taffee was a Whomar, Taffee was a thief." He seems to have reformed—in a measure, that is to say. "Grandma, why don't you keep a vant any longer?" "Well, you see, child, I am getting old now, and you take care of one as I used to, you know." One of our Wall Street friends was to know the difference between the rate of gold and the nitrate of silver.