FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether, piped they:
"We but obey
One that calleth us, far away,
He calleth and calleth, year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear."
He calleth me who calleth thee;
Would that I might as trusting be.

UTE BILL'S "PARTNER."

Half way up the mountain which overshadows Cheyenne canyon is a rude log cabin of only two rooms.

Many years ago, when reports of the finding of gold drew men from every state in the Union, there appeared in this grand but desolate canyon a man by the name of Rivers—Stanley Rivers, he said—who at once proceeded to erect a cabin for himself. This completed, he kept well within its walls when not actually engaged in prospecting. He located his claim and went about it as readily as an old miner.

The little town of Colorado Springs, four miles distant, was often visited by the miners when they had accumulated a little dust, but Rivers had never accompanied them on these occasional sprees, although they had often urged him to do so.

A man in a mining camp who does not drink is considered, as a general thing, beneath the notice of the average miner, but it was not so in this case. Here he had the confidence and respect of the rough men gathered around him, and by his gentle ways, boyish face and pleading blue eyes had won every man over to his side.

They no longer urged him to go with them; they went, and respected him. There was not a man in all the camps around who would not have taken the part of the "tenderfoot," as they jocularly called him. And not only that, he knew it.

His past was a blank, and he mildly resented all efforts to reveal it. On one occasion Ute Bill had pressed him too closely on the subject, and he reproved him by saying:

"Bill, I think you are a friend of mine, but I would rather have you throw me down that shaft of yours than ask me to tell you my past life. It is too painful."

If the boys could have seen Bill then; if they could have looked upon him as he stood abashed before this slender, pale looking young man; he, who had killed his man, this "Indian chewer," who had come out ahead in a hand to hand fight with a bear; this same Ute Bill, who figured as a desperado in the country round for 100 miles, they would have wondered if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

But they were alone, and in an humble voice he said:

"Beg yer pardon, Mister Rivers, I didn't mean to hurt yer feelin's. I hev kinder taken a liken to ye, a sort of fatherly interest, and if ye say ther word, we'll be pards."

The word was said, and great was the surprise in camp when the new partnership was announced the next day. What had come over Bill? was he going to reform? It was a seven days' wonder, but gradually died away until it was no longer an attraction to see Bill's six feet of muscle and brawn towering head and shoulders above his delicate looking "pard" as they prospected the country round.

One day in their wanderings they found they had nearly reached the summit of the grand old peak at whose base flowed the waters of the San Juan creek, when Bill suddenly uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Look here, pard, we've struck it this time; chunks of it!"

Rivers, who had been patiently clipping specimens off the ledges which jutted out here and there, hastened to his side and looked. Bill had a piece of dark looking rock in his hand, and was turning it excitedly over and over, his eyes glowing like stars in his intense excitement.

The news spread like wildfire through the camp. All the miners were half crazy over the find, and deserted their old claims to search for new ones. There was no doubt of the vast wealth that lay in the mine which Bill and Rivers had opened. It was a settled fact that the men had more money than they could ever realize beaming down on them as the mining ore should be turned out.

As the two men were lying on their rough beds in the little cottage they talked of the future and its grand prospects. Bill was full of enthusiasm, and pictured in glowing terms his highest ambitions, to be realized when he should count his thousands.

He would be a congressman. What thrilling speeches he would make. He would have every word of them printed in the newspapers. He would own a fast horse, and the "boys" should have all the drinks they wanted; they should none go dry while he was on top of sod. And he stopped suddenly and looked at his companion.

"What's yer lead, ole pard? Will yer hang onto yer dust or spend it like yer got it?"

For a moment Rivers was silent.

"I dare not think what disposition I shall make of it. I will probably go back east. My plans are not definitely settled," he finally answered. So the subject was dropped.

Bill knew the quiet, retiring man at his side well enough to know all inquiries to be fruitless. So he turned over, and, after a few more words about the work of the morrow, he fell asleep.

When the morning dawned Bill was up and stirring. Rivers slept late, and at last Bill thought he had better awaken him. As he shook him in his rough way he noticed the bright spots on Rivers' cheeks and his short, irregular breathing.

"It's all right now, Lillian," murmured the sick man, tossing uneasily; "it's all right now. I've got the money to keep you where you should be." So tenderly, pathetically came the words that the rough miner brushed away the tears as he listened to the hidden story of his "pard's" past life. He told it all in his delirium, and seemed to live the long years over; how he had loved this delicate girl, reared in luxury and ease, and when he lost the fortune he had so slowly accumulated he dared not tell her of his love. He would not ask her to share his poverty and hardships. He had come away and staked his life and love in the search for gold, and found it. Yes, now he could clasp her slender hand in his and give her all the riches he possessed in return. Over and over again he called her name.

Bill softly stroked the brown hair from his forehead, and as he did so Rivers said: "It is so soft—her little hand—it rests me to feel it on my head." And he lapsed again into a restless sleep.

"Durn thet big paw!" said Bill, looking at his rough, brawny hand and then at the white forehead on the pillow. "And ther ain't a woman's hand in the camp to fix things easy for him. I'd give the hull bizness if he was only out of this muss."

But before two hours had elapsed there was a doctor from Colorado Springs bending over the sick man, and by the bedside sat a pale, slender girl, watching with intense interest every motion and word of the patient, and soothing him with her little hands holding his. She came with the doctor. Bill stood inside the door and looked like a bashful school boy in the presence of this stranger, who seemed to be taking his place and caring for Rivers when he ought to be doing so. But he asked no questions, and waited for the doctor's answer.

"Just keep the camp quiet, Bill, and Miss Lancaster will give the medicine and see to the rest. He is worn out with excitement, and a little quiet, with good nursing, will make things right. If the fever is no better in six hours let me know." And that was all the explanation Bill got from the doctor.

Was she a professional nurse? Bill guessed so. And he thought how nice it would be if he could be sick when Rivers got well.

The camp was still—Bill had ordered it so—and every man asked gravely how the "tenderfoot" was, and about the "gal."

"Dunno," was all the answer they got to the latter question, and Bill had told all he knew when he said that.

Rivers was in a serious condition, and before the six hours were up a horseman dashed out of camp and after a doctor. It was Ute Bill. He could not stand by and hear Rivers moan and see him toss back and forth in bed. It was too much. He wasn't used to it. The doctor had to make another trip—Bill said Rivers was worse.

When the doctor had made an examination of his patient he declared the worst was passed, and left Rivers sleeping quietly under a gentle narcotic.

All this time the girl had not released her watch by the bedside, and she seemed to be soothing away the delirium of the fever in gently passing her hands over the sick man's temples. Her eyes never left off their watch of every movement of the "tenderfoot's" face, and Bill stood by wonderingly, casting a furtive glance at the delicately featured face bending over his pard's pillow, and trying to solve the problem in his mind.

Hours passed, and finally, with a long sigh, Rivers opened his eyes and looked at Bill leaning over the foot of the bed. Then his wandering attention was fixed on the anxious face by his side. There was no glad cry of recognition—it was a mutual understanding. All the warmth of his great love was expressed in the gently whispered name "Lillian," as he drew her face to his. Resting her head on his shoulders she told him of the long years of waiting for tidings from him and the hasty letter from Omaha, which she had only received a few days before. She had left home, friends, everything and gone to seek him in the wild west, she knew not where, but she had found him—— And Bill had disappeared.

A few days afterward one of the "pards" gave up his claim to the little cabin, and the minister said the ceremony which linked two lives into a world of their own.

Many and hearty were the rough congratulations. That evening the miners gathered at the little home to say a word of welcome to the beautiful young bride. Even if it were spoken by a big, rowdy miner like Bill, there was a genuine ring of manliness about it, and made her feel quite at home in the wild, picturesque spot so far from every sign of civilization. As the men filed out slowly Rivers conducted his girl wife to the porch of the rude cabin, and, standing close by his side, she sang one verse of "Home, Sweet Home." The tender, sympathetic voice fell on the still night air with a wonderful sweetness, and awakened many old memories in the hearts of the rough, coarse miners gathered there.

Heads were uncovered, and there were tears wiped hastily away as Bill led them to the saloon. Was there rough talking and coarse jests now? No. As each man raised his glass a solemn hush fell upon the group, broken at last by Ute Bill's voice. It was choked and unnatural.

"Boys," he said, "I never had but one pard; but I give him up to the best pard a man ever got. And I'll never hev another till I get one like his."

Bill set his glass down and walked away abruptly. It was not long until the saloon was deserted and the camp hushed in the repose of night.

After that Bill did not seem like his old self. He was quiet and solemn. He knew what was the matter, but did not care to let the boys know where the sunshine had fallen on his rough heart and then so suddenly been swept away.

The next spring came and the doctor made another trip to the little cabin. When Ute Bill went up the next day Rivers led him into the dainty bedroom and gave him a peep at the tiny baby girl that had come that night. The big rough hand closed tightly over the one of a more delicate mold that was laid in his, and the two men understood each other. There were tears in Bill's eyes and an ache in his heart which no one but Rivers should ever know as he turned silently away.

The miners gathered again in the saloon to drink to the health of mother and child, and hear Bill, now glowing with animation, tell about the baby and its queer ways, until they all wanted to see the youngster. A vote was taken, and the camp was to be christened after the baby, and Bill had forgotten to ask her name. Away he went, and soon returned. He looked sheepish, and finally came forward and said:

"Boys, yer got me this time. They've called her 'Utella!' as near my name as they could get, and it's my layout. What'll ye hev?"

The glasses clinked merrily, and Mr. Bill beamed with happiness.

Not a day passed that Bill did not visit the cottage, and as the wee babe grew to a toddling, lisping girl, Bill was her chief sympathizer, and the boys in camp at last called him "Uncle Bill."

"There's no harm in me lovin' her," he said one day, as he stroked the curly brown head nestled against his breast; "the other wasn't for me." And Rivers glanced up quickly at Bill, and then to his wife, who was sitting by the doorway with her dainty fingers busy in mending a little frock.

"It was before I knew"—and Bill swallowed the big lump rising in his throat, and tried to go on, but his voice broke and he trembled in the vain effort to suppress his emotion. Rising suddenly he left the cabin.

That was years ago. The mining camp has disappeared and only the lonely cottage marks the spot where it once stood. Stanley Rivers lives with his wife and dark eyed girl in an eastern city and enjoys the wealth he made in the picturesque spot which now bears the name of Cheyenne canyon. Bill never married; he loved the beautiful girl who sat by the bedside of his sick "pard;" he loved the tiny babe who played upon his knees and laid her soft cheek against his own. And when he died they found a little faded shoe which contained a slip of paper. It only said: "Give all my dust to my pard's baby." And Ute Bill, the roughest miner in the camp, was buried near the little cottage in Cheyenne canyon.—New York Star.

A Very Weak Streak.

I met a fine looking Englishman the other day. His stalwart form, his elegant carriage and handsome face attracted me at once. He was a type of robust manhood, full of strength and health, and he wore a golden bangle on his left wrist. The favorable impression of his general appearance was at once destroyed. Here was a person who needed no extraneous aid to lend him distinction in a crowd, yet he descended to the womanly weakness of a useless and, in man, incongruous gewgaw. There must be a very weak streak in a man to render him capable of this, and weak men are as repugnant to healthy minds as masculine women.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

THE NEW BABY.

What strange little man can this be,
So weird and so wizened and wise?
What mystical things has he seen
With those wide open wondering eyes?

What treasures untold, from what lands,
Do his soft baby fingers enfold?
What word does he bring from afar,
This stranger so young, yet so old?

Does he bring us some message from spheres
Unheard of, from worlds we know not—
Starry countries we dwell in, mayhap,
As babies, and now have forgot?

Who can tell what he knows, what he thinks?
He says not a word, but he looks,
In a minute, more wisdom, I'll swear,
Than is shut in the biggest of books.

—New York World.

HUNTING IN AUGUST.

The clerk had just finished reading in a nasal voice the charge made against him, when, on an order from the judge, the accused, a fat little man, wearing spectacles, arose from his seat.

To the usual questions as to his name, surname, age and occupation he replied with a steady voice:

"Desire-Prosper Fondodu, 56 years old, capitalist, residing at Levallois-Perret, formerly an ironmonger in Paris, Rue du Faubourg-Poissoniere."

"You are known for a person of previous good character; still that can in no manner lessen the gravity of your double offense."

"But I am innocent, judge, innocent as a lamb."

In saying this Mr. Fondodu placed his left hand over his heart and raised his right, as if willing to confirm under oath what he had said.

"You had better confess your guilt," continued the judge. "Come, now, will you acknowledge that, on the 29th of August, you were out hunting without a permit?"

"Not at all, judge; I had taken out a permit; here it is, and you may see for yourself that it is dated Aug. 26. Consequently I was violating no law."

"Then why did you refuse to show it?"

"I did not refuse."

"Why did you insult the gendarme who asked to see it?"

"I did not insult him."

"What! you deny the fact? Crier, call the first witness."

Corp. Briscard, a great, big fellow, with curly mustaches, was called to the stand. After giving his name and surname, and stating his occupation, he testified as follows:

"At the time I was making a little round in the fields, when I heard the report of a gun coming from the edge of the Fechut woods. I started to go in that direction, when all at once I saw a man in shirtsleeves come out of the copse and run away. It was the accused, who undoubtedly saw me and tried to flee. I hastened after him, but this only made him run the faster. Oh! even if his legs are short I assure you he knows how to use them. I increased my speed and caught up with him at last. I ordered him to stop and show me his permit. Oh, yes! stop indeed! He just kept on working his legs for all they were worth. 'My permit? here it is! here it is!' replied he without turning; at the same time, with all due respect to your honor I say it, he made an insulting gesture and uttered that forcible expression which Cambronne introduced into French history."

"You have heard the deposition of the witness, Fondodu. Do you still deny having made the gesture and uttered the expression?"

"I deny neither; but they were not intended for the witness; it was to those confounded"——

"Come, sir, have a care; one can easily see that you are addicted to the use of low expressions. Now, what have you to say in your own behalf?"

"I shall speak nothing but the truth, your honor; the truth, plain and unvarnished. The whole trouble was brought on by the heat."

And, without heeding the oft reiterated injunction from the judge to cut it short, the accused, with diffuse expressions and endless details, gave the following account of the affair:

Having made a fortune, he had retired to the outskirts of the city, where he resided in a cottage, which had, among its other advantages, a wee bit of a garden. With no other occupation than the care of his tulips, geraniums and rose bushes, the former ironmonger began to grow stouter, much to the annoyance of Mme. Fondodu. To overcome this tendency to obesity, the worthy man had become a sportsman. Three times a week, from the beginning of September to the end of November, he trudged about the fields of Asnieres and Nanterre, shooting sparrows and larks. He was always on hand on the opening day. This is why, followed by a lad bearing his game bag, he was, on the 29th day of August, in the wide plains of A——, mixed up with a large number of Parisians, unskillful Nimrods, whose continual popping filled the air with an infernal noise that frightened the game without doing it the least harm. Active and sprightly, Fondodu moved about quite rapidly for a fat little man, adding not a little to the warlike concert. It must be said that his gun made more noise than it did execution. At the start he had been lucky enough to kill a brace of partridges, but since that ever to be remembered double feat he had wasted sixteen cartridges without seeing even so much as a feather drop. Many persons would have been ashamed of such a record. Not so with Fondodu, who was not a slave to the weakness of vanity. He was not even discouraged; the only thing that bothered him was that he felt very warm. The overheated stubble scorched his limbs, and the sun, darting down rays as hot as molten lead, made his brain seem as if it was in a state of ebullition. His head felt heavy, while a humming noise sounded in his ears. He dreaded apoplexy, that terror of adipose people. Stopping short, he swallowed a mouthful of rum, took a clean handkerchief from his game bag, fixed it under his hat so as to shield the back of his head and neck. Then, taking off his hunting jacket and vest, he handed them to the little attendant, saying:

"Run back to the inn, which is only about fifteen minutes' walk from here. Go to my room and get me a flannel vest and a dry shirt. Then tell the innkeeper to give you a meat pie, half of a chicken, two bottles of good wine, bread and coffee. Come back and meet me at the edge of that clump of trees which you see yonder. Ah! by the by, ask him if he has a camp stool. If he has bring it along, too."

After giving these orders, while the boy was on his way to the village, Fondodu rested a while, mopped his face, fanned himself, and then started off very leisurely toward the little coppice which he had selected as a resting place. During the day he had noticed that when he flushed a covey of partridges they invariably flew in that direction. His project was to post himself there, to wait for them and shoot as they passed. This he thought he might do, not only without fatiguing himself, but even while enjoying a certain degree of comfort.

When the boy returned, bringing back all that had been ordered, the camp stool included, Fondodu went into a thicket and changed his linen; after which, feeling much refreshed and a little rested, he calmly sat down to take his breakfast. The hour was

"I have a keen relish for your hectic amusement—it intoxicates; it resuscitates me. Should I ever take up my abode in this clime, Plaza de Toros will be the bait. There was one detraction—one feature I must condemn: Fragosa! I cannot conceive how a woman can put her life on a level with that of a beast—there should be a law prohibiting it. I would rather see a woman at the helm of a guillotine sending souls to eternity, for then it would be human versus human, but this! my soul recoils in horror! I hardly feel that this coarse, brutal creature deserves the name of woman!"

"Why witness what you do not approve?" says a clear voice, and Fragosa, they perceive, stands near enough to have heard all. "Milord does not understand. I am honest. My soul is as white as the fine mlady beside him. Not love of sport, but bread for my afflicted parents, brought me here. There are many people and little work in Madrid."

"Curse the plebeian for her impudence! I hope she will end her life some day in her beloved arena! Take this gold to heal your wounded pride!"

"I will not take your gold, but you have poured the first hatred into my heart that it has ever held. You have given the first insult that has ever been offered me. Were it in my power to save your life; were it left me to snatch you from the most awful death, I would not do it. I would laugh to see you tortured into eternity."

The horses dashed away, leaving a girl's angry countenance—a foreboding farewell. Roswell's thoughts were skillfully steered to the charms of Dona Inez, who proposed a visit to the royal picture gallery to feast on Velasquez and Tinoretto, and the disagreeable moments were forgotten.

The arena again; dazzling preparations today, for royalty will illuminate the pory empyrean. The usual clamor, flourish of trumpets, blasting music, mingled with enthusiasm, is re-echoed. The Royal guards enter, an imposing escort, and the cry "Los Reyes" passing from mouth to mouth as the subjects rise simultaneously, proclaims the crowned head to be with them. The duchessa, Englishman and Dona Inez, accompanied by a brilliant party, occupy their box. The latter has a wager in rein—a wager prefaced by a boast of her conquest of the Englishman. She has averred that in a perilous moment she will induce him to go into the arena.

"My lord," she murmurs, softly, "they tell me that you committed daring deeds in England; your reputation for bravery preceded you here. I believe you to be a resurrected knight of the Round Table, for only weak men exist these days—a race of exhausted courage—whose deeds only disgrace the fair records their ancestors bequeathed them."

"I have never eclipsed my contemporaries. Good or bad acts always grow during a journey."

"I will test you now and see if rumor be true. I prize this fan; will you restore it to its owner?" As she speaks she drops it lightly into the inclosure below.

"My gallantry has never been doubted, Dona Inez, but to jump into the arena when the bull is about to be freed would be an act of madness. The days of chivalry—days of wild deeds for trivial motives—is over. Make a reasonable petition, I will grant it. Ask me to risk my life, but in so doing permit me to reap a higher reward than a fan."

"It is immaterial; I merely wished to see if your laurels were merited. I see they are not."

"If it pleases you, Dona Inez, it is with pleasure I recover your treasure."

With this a long leap takes him into the ring below. There is a wild shout from the spectators; a tardy warning from the alguazils who have just cleared the list; a cry of help from the women; an endeavor on the part of the man to assist a fellow being, for at this moment the gates are opened and the bull rushes madly about, sniffing the air, pawing the ground and rushing toward the one person in his power. There is no escape—the walls are too high to scale; time too limited, for the attack is already made, and Roswell is unarmed. The din is deafening, the confusion depriving people of self possession. Every one is helpless, for it is hazardous to venture to his aid. But Fragosa has not battled with these animals in vain, and a sense of duty prompts her to try and save the martyr. She has been victorious all the time—why not once more, and another torera is not near, and no one else could strike the fatal blow. It is all done in a minute—the woman, then the sword, then Roswell appearing from time to time behind the huge animal. Then the latter falls, there is a mass of blood, the girl reels and is prostrate also. Roswell is wounded, but not disabled; Fragosa! the surgeon says she cannot live, and she is moved into an inner room, out of sight of the struggle.

"I want to see the Englishman," she says faintly. "I cannot live and I wish to tell him something."

"Here I am," answers Roswell; "make any request you wish and I swear to spend my life in fulfilling it. Can"——

"Let me speak—my moments are short. I want to tell you that I did not know I was saving your life. I would have let you die had I known. I have not only saved your life, my lord, but your soul, for that is black and you were not ready to hand it to your God for inspection. I have a charge to leave you—my child—will you take her? She is fatherless. My afflicted parents and my child depended upon me for sustenance—will you provide for them?"

"Yes, yes, they will be cared for. I will make your parents independent; will take your child to my English home, educate her, raise her as I would my own. The reparation I owe you will be paid her; the debt will be canceled, and when I render my final account before the high tribunal I will not fear to face you."

"My mind is steeped in peace for the first time; my life has been hard, but death has no terror, for I expected it daily in this deadly work. Do not forget your charge."

And "in the gleaming" of that day Lord Roswell took charge of his new inheritance a changed man—changed for the better by two women—one, a pure pearl in rugged clay! the other, a fair flower with a deadly aspen hidden in its petals; but the poison flung at him by one was picked up by the other, who lost her life by the act.—Virginia Jerome in Philadelphia Times.

Nationality of European Monarchs.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, pur sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is king of Hungary. The king of the Belgians is a Saxe-Coburg; the king of Denmark a Holsteiner; the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon; the king of Italy a Savoyard; the king of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the king of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner. Even in our own royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and therefore partly Bavarian and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.—St. James' Gazette.

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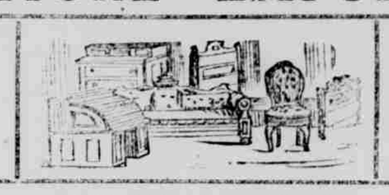

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