

ASK ME NOT.

Ask me not why I should love thee;
Love the breeze that breathes the flower...

INEZ.

In one of the ancient Moorish towers near Soria stood a young girl, gazing forth at the landscape spread out as a picture before her.

As she stood gazing with enraptured eyes upon the enchanting scene, her soul completely subdued by the murmuring of the crystal fountain upon the marble paved courtyard.

"I regret, cousin, that I am obliged to break the charm which seems to hold you, but within a short time the chapel of the Temple Knights will ring to prayer, and then the spirits of the departed will ring their bell in their chapel upon the mountain."

"No, my cousin, you are as yet ignorant of what takes place in this country, as it is not yet a year since you arrived from foreign lands."

The girl gave a last, lingering look on the landscape and, with a deep sigh, slowly turned away.

"You have lost it, and where?" asked Bernino, springing up with hope and fear blended in his countenance.

"I do not know—perhaps upon the Spirits' mountain," he muttered, paling and sinking back in his chair.

"You know, for you have certainly heard it innumerable times, that I am called the king of hunters. As I have not had the opportunity, like my ancestors, of earning an imperishable name upon the battlefield I have turned my attention toward the hunt."

next day the snow exhibits the foot-prints of the skeletons fleshless feet. Therefore it is called the Spirits' mountain and it being All Saint's day I wish to leave them in full possession of their hunting grounds."

At the conclusion of the tale, after passing the mountain and crossing a bridge spanning a struggling stream, they neared a gloomy and somber chapel.

There were two persons who did not participate in the general conversation. These were Inez Comiers, who was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and Bernino, who was watching the reflection of the light in her beautiful dark eyes.

"My beautiful cousin," he suddenly exclaimed, breaking the long silence, "we will soon part, perhaps forever. I know that those lonely districts with their rough, warlike habits, and their simple, old customs, do not please you."

"Perhaps you miss the gay life you have heretofore led," the young man hastened to add.

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As the young man spoke a smile hovered upon Inez's lips, and when he had finished she remarked in a careless tone:

"What foolishness to go to the mountain for such an insignificant thing such a dark night—the ghost's night, and the road infested by wolves."

The bitter sarcasm did not escape Bernino, and, passing his hand swiftly over his forehead, as if he would drive away the fear which reigned in his brain, but not in his heart, he sprang up and said in a steady voice, turning toward the young girl, who was bending over the fire:

"Farewell, Inez, farewell till we meet again."

"Bernino! Bernino!" she cried, and turned quickly, but when she wished, or feigned that she wished to detain him, the young man had disappeared.

Meanwhile the others continued their ghost stories, the wind howled without, while the city church bells rang in the distance.

One, two, three hours had passed; midnight had arrived, and Inez returned to her boudoir; Bernino did not return—he had not come, although he might have been back in less than an hour.

"He must surely have been too cowardly to go!" cried the girl, as, closing the book she had in vain endeavored to read, she went to her couch.

After turning out the lamp and drawing the heavy curtains she fell in a slumber—a light, uneasy slumber. The clock struck 12 in the tower.

Inez heard in her sleep the slow monotonous deep strokes and half opened her eyes. She thought she heard, and together with them, her name uttered, but distant, very distant, and by an anxious, stifled voice.

"It was but the wind," she thought, and with her hand pressed upon her heart she endeavored to calm herself.

She thought she saw shapeless figures move in all directions, but when she fixed her attention upon one point—nothing—deep, impenetrable silence.

Trembling, Inez put her head out of the curtain and listened an instant—she thought she heard a thousand different sounds. She passed her hand over her forehead and listened again—nothing, deep silence.

The wind howled upon the balcony, the water in the distant fountain fell, and fell with the same monotonous sound; the bark of the dogs was brought to her ears by every blast, and the city's church bells far and near rang, with their deep sound, for the souls of the departed.

This passed an hour, two, the night, a century, for this night seemed to Inez an eternity. At last day broke, and Inez, calming her fears dared to open her eyes as the sunbeams entered the room.

"He knew what he was about." It was raining. She asked for an evening paper. He drew his coat sleeve across his face and said:

"Clean one or dirty one? Why a clean one, of course." "All right. You see, some folks don't care, and a kid can't keep papers clean when it sozzles all day, an' he can't sell dirty ones as quick as clean ones, so I jes' asked."

Another newsboy standing near said: "Hi! kids, did yer hear de style Blokey is slingin'?"

"Hold on dere! Don't you go to gettin' fresh! I knows what I'm about." She went on and mused over the fact that even dirty-faced and ragged and self-brought-up newsboys seemed to pick up a sense of honor and know intuitively the principles that make a success of business.

The "angry tree," a woody plant, which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high, and was formerly supposed to exist only in Nevada, has recently been found both in Eastern California and in Arizona.

IN A GREAT COUNTRY.

Stories of Fertility Which Seem to Be Almost Incredible.

But I have heard as big stories as Uncle Simon's tater story right here at home, writes Bill Arp in the Home and Farm. It was in the judge's room one night when we were all talking about what a great country was Gilmer for apples and Irish potatoes and cabbages.

Judge Underwood cleared his throat and said: "And, general, don't you remember that lane—Frazier's lane, on Laughing Gal creek—where there is an apple tree in every fence corner on both sides of the lane clear up to the top of the hill, and the limbs of the trees have got tangled up together in a solid mass and you can't see the sun above you as you drive along?"

"Oh yes," said the general. "I remember it perfectly." "And one fall when you and Trippe and Christian and Shackelford and Hanks and Hackett and John Word and Hooper and every so many of us struck that land there were twelve buggies all in a row going to court."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said the general, but he was weakening a little. "And old man Frazier told me," said the judge, "that one year ago he turned the cider into vats in his little tanyard and made very fine leather. Cider makes very fine tannin, you know, general. My father wore a pair of calfskin shoes for seven years that were tanned with cider, and you could turn them wrong side out as easy as India rubber."

The judge had out-Heroded Herod and a general hilarity succeeded his last effort. Baron Munchausen and the "Arabian Nights" had a wonderful influence over the grand old gentlemen of the older time. They were fine story tellers, and could make them up right along.

He had folded the paper carefully and he took the pennies with 'Thank yer, ma'am."

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Weldless steel chains have been experimented with in England. The chains are cut from a blank after the same general methods employed in cutting out a chain from a single piece of wood.

"How is it that you manage to move this big circus so easily and quickly?" asked a stranger of Tody Hamilton, of Barnum's show in Brooklyn.

"Well, you see, said the irrepressible Tody, "all the elephants have trunks, the kangaroos have pouches, and the bears have grips."—New York Journal.

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