- day the house that we know d roted to get to a si

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

and was love made for if it be not the same such loy and through to ment, through glory and shame? such hos, I sak not if guilt's in thy heart, and know that I love these whatever thou art

When the morning oun creeps over the barren hills of Southwestern Missight its rays kiss one of the most late and one of the wildest reas of the United States-wild in te genera: make-up and appearance ed in the character and habits of people. To the careful newspaper der who is familiar with the events of the day as they are chronisled by the press, the mere mention of the Ozark mountains suggests stories of crimes and desperadoes-of seconshining, and horsestealing. fords, murders, and lynchings. The murky waters of the Missouri divide the State into two territorially equal but wholly dissimilar sections, the northern being fertile, well populated and civili ed, while the southern, and parti ularly the southwestern, is hilly, unproductive and sparsely settled and has not yet emerged from that state of semi-civilization peculiar to our southern mountain dis-

The entire southwestern section is included in the region known as the Ovarks. These are not a range of undulating mountains, with broad and beautiful vallers, but rather groups of knobs and peaks that rise here. there, and everywhere from almost level ground to heights ranging from 500 to 1,000 feet, crowned by rounded summits, the approach to which is by genute slopes on three sides, while the fourth s de is generally a perpendicuclif cliff-an abrupt precipice of sandstone There are forests of valsable cedars, oaks, and pines, while within the bosom of the hills often He rich treasures of onyx and other minerals

The mountaineers are the same simple, illiterate children of nature that are found in the mountains of the Carolinans, Kentucky, and Ten-They eke out an existence mainly by sheep grazing, by tilling the soil wherever it will yield a crop of tubacco or some article of food and and children alike. The awkward, unga mly young men and boys prefer buoting or s thing on a fen e rail or a tree stump relating stories of adventure and discussing the proper man ner of tying a noise for a lynching bee to following some manly parsuit of lator and spending their spare time in gaining an education and studying politics - ne of their chief characteristics is an inordinate love of tobacco, inherited equally from their paternal and maternal ancestors, for the woman of the Ozarks who does not "chaw" is the excention.

Among the stalwart, muscular, raw-boned and lazy young men of Johnsville, one of the mountain towns of Jasper County, was Jim Renson. Jim came no nearer to being handsome and was not an lota more ambitious than the boys whose comrade he had been since childhood. but he possessed one advantage. He had a fair education. Jim's father was above the average mounta neer in intelligence. Providence had given him a mind which reasoned that education would bring a new and better life into the mountains, and, though himself unable to get a schooling, he had resolved when Jim was a mere child that his boy should be educate .. accordingly Jim, who was naturally bright; had been sent away to school at Carthage, had gained a fair knowledge of books and, incidentally, had become acquainted with the wicked ways of the civilized world. When he went back to the mountains be had learned other things than hose taught by the professor of mathnatice and grammar, and the spirit of deviltry innate with an Ozark boy was stronger than ever within him.

Jim naturally became the leader ag the young men of the neighorbood on account of what he had entipathy for learning, but besuse he could tell the best stories, cause he could drink the most soopshine whisky and, above all. bese he could suggest the widest ad most outrageous pranks and had purage enough to lead the way in the expetration of them.

all that region there was no r flower than winsome Madge Madge was not a product of tains, as her features plainly sed. She was not a queen of with the form of a Venus and of a Helen, but she was Twelve years before she had take the mountains with her

his wife in the East by death, nearly all his fort ne by business reverse and his friends when his money failed be was about to seek a new home and another fortune. On the journey westward he had learned that there was a chance for profitable instopped off to investigate. Late one summer afternoon he had called at the cable of Jim Benson's father and had been taken in for a few days' stay. The next morning while walking alone in an unfrequented part of the mountains, as he entered a deep ravine the report of a rife rang out and Wilson fell over-dead. A moonshiner had m staken him for a revenue spy, and that always means death in the Ozarks He was buried with due respect and solemn mourning, while the child gazed with tearfilled, wondering eyes upon the scene and pleaded with them not to take her papa away. Letters upon his person gave addresses of Phila jelphia parties and they were written to, but no response came, so one of the mountaineers acopted the little giri. Madge

Government detectives investigated the murder, but were unable to I cate the man who did the shooting. Government detectives are always sharp and clever-in their own eyes. If these fellows had been as sharp as they pretented, they might have learned that the murdererwho was not a murderer at heart, but who under a mistaken impression had done what every illicit distilier believes to be his duty to himself and his fellow-mountaineerswas none other than the kindhearted old follow who had adopted the girl.

Madge grew up pretty and as wild the country. She was not a typimountain girl-she was too bright by far and retained too much of the East-but her adventures were more daring than those of her comnantons Human nature is much the same in the mountains and in the cities. What could be more natural than that the prettiest and the wildest girl in Jasper County's back woods should become the sweetheart of educated and reckless Jim Benson? But Jim's heart was that of the man of the world, while Madge's was true as steel, full of a woman's trust and love. Madge at 18 looked upon Jim at 21 as her ideal.

One morning a mountaineer in Jim's town awoke to find that two of his best horses had been stolen. You may kill a man in the southwest and under most circumstances, they regard it as a maniy act. You take part in a lynching bee and they think that your courage amounts to a virtue. But steal a horse andwell, you are a most detestable criminal, fit for any punishment. When the mountaineer found his two horses missing it didn't take him long to create a sensation in Johnsonville. An investigation followed and it looked as if Jim Benson would have to take a great tumble in public esteem. Jim had not been home since the morning previous. Officers were soon searching for him.

But Jim and the horses were not all that had gone that night. Madge Wilson was missing. However, she by illi it distilling of walsky. As a had been in town the night before, rale they are indepent-men, women, while Benson had not been seen since morning, so, the mountaineers reasoned, they did not go together. But where was she? It was a three days mystery.

Three days later Jim was arrested near St Louis and lodged in the Carthage jail. At the same time Madge Wilson appeared before the District Court in session at Carthage and declared that she was guilty of horse stealing. The Judge eyed her from nead to foot. Her dress was that of the mountains, but her language and her face were not.

"Giri, you are mad!" said the Judge. controlling as well as possible the emotion he felt "You steal a horse" The idea is absurd. But where and when do you say it o curredo"

Three days ago, sir," coolly plied Madge, "two ho ses were stolen at Johnsonville, this county. Today Jim Penson was arrested for the crime. He is not guilty, though circumstances point to him. I can prove where he was that night 1 stole the horses"

His gold-rimmed glasses almost fell from the Judge's nose as he threw up his head at this story. When he recovered from the shock, the police authorities were summoned and a consultation held. Under the circumstances they could do nothing but lock the girl up. Benson was summoned before the court on the harge of horse-stealing. He denied the charge and told a plausible story of his doings since leaving Johsonville so mysteriously. He was returned to fall.

There was some earne t talk in the mountain town when t e story became known. Madge Wilson stolen the horses, eh? was worse than they had expected of her, even if she had been wild. But Madge had always been full of surprises and had done most unaccountaole things; wh not stead horses? Besides, Jim Benson told a nice story about how he had been called out of Johnsonville by a business venture which he had rec ntly entered into and gave a good account of himself.
And if Madge d du't steal the horses.

why did she say that she did? When the case was again called in court Benson was discharged. The authorities didn't believe the girl's ence against Jim, while she pleaded guilty. Judges are kind and sympa-thetic as a rule, but the law is inexorable and so the girl was sentenced to two years in the dtate penitentiary at Jefferson City. The pretty crea-

and expressed pity for the girls depravity as the walked one of the

Jim Benson was there among the spectators but his head hung low. He knew who the real criminal was he knew what a sacrifice was being made, but the man who stole the mountaineer's horses in the darkness of night was a coward. Three month's later when officers accidentally discovered the true story and be was called upon to take Madge's place in the penit utiary, he learned to realize that the girl who would give up the free air of the Ozarks for a stuffy, narrow cell in a prison, who would sacrifice not only her treedom but her reputation for love, worthy though it were, deserved the honor and the affection of a nobler beart that Jim Benson's - Utica

JOE PULVER'S CAT

Mr. Palver Thought of Having a Mit of Quiet Fun with Puer

Joseph Pulver is a farmer who lives in Walcott, Wayne County, N. Y., says the Buffalo Express. He owns a farm and a cat. The farm is fertile and productive, and so is the cat, for that matter, but that is another story. Anyway, the cat has a vio ient antipathy for dogs. It will not let one get near enough to it to:be friendly, and generally runs away after enlarging its tail and glaring greenly at the canine visitor for a

On Tuesday Pulver went out to the barn. He saw the cat asleep in a barrel. In the course of half an hour or so he thought out a loke. The loke was on the cat Pulver got down on his hands and knees, tipped the barrel over and snarled and barked liked a dog. He had antici-pated much tun for himself in watching the cat scoot for cover. At the risk of getting shead of the story, it may be stated that it was the cat that had the fun

When the barrel went over the cat came out on the floor. It brought with it the inflated tail and the emerald eyes. Pulver was all ready to laugh. He didn't do it, though. He was otherwise engaged Instead of Jim's horse as critically as Jim had running, the cat, by some strange and unprecedente mental process, decided to fight. Undoubtedly, it thought that Pulver was the strang est-looking dog he had ever seen, but that cut no particular figure. It salled in and for the next five minutes Pulver was busier than he ever was before in his life. Those who know say the fight was a beauty. After the combatants had gone from one end of the barn to the other Mrs. Pulver and the young Pulvers, to the number of three, arrived on the scene. They succeeded in separating the cat and the man, and then the oldest boy was sent for a doctor. The professional man says Mr. Pulver will be out in time to pick his apples. The cat had no medi al attendance, but is doing as well as could be ex-

There is a moral here, but out of respect for the cat it will not be

Criticism.

Heware of the habit of petty critifortable and a laughing sto k. Such was the lamentable case of Cyrus Smal.

His time was largely spent in dis covering the faults and shortcomings of things animate and inanimate, while Mrs. Small, as it seemed, was equally vigilant in attempting to bring forward something of which she could say, "There! you can't pick any flaws in that"

Once she thought this happiness would be hers. A certain man in the town inherited large wealth under peculiar circumstances It was his under the law, but while the court awarded it to him he stool up and said that, in view of all the facts in the case, he believed that the property belonged by right to another heir. His a tion was generally looked upon as a noble one. Mrs. Small was loud in her expres-

sions of praise. "Yes, I know," said her husband: "twas a line thing. Few men would have done it: and that's why he felt so awkward to stand up there and say what he did He showed that he felt embarrassed by the way

he stood Cyrus Small! I should hope you wouldn't find fault with his attitude ribs when he was doing such a grand thing

h, no, I have no wish to criticise." said Cyrus; "but if I had been on the platform, facing all those people, I should have tried to toe out a little more."

Convenient Fishing.

Yellowstone lak an expert angler can ca ch trout and boil it without taking the fish of the hok. Wild as the stat ment seems, it is absolutely correct, and I have done it myself more than once. There are in the lake several small basins containing boiling springs, although the water in the lake itself is almost icy cold. Trout abound in every part of the lake, and a man can, by standing on the ro ky ledge around one of the hot springs, catch a trout with a line an i transfer the dsh, book in mouth, to the hot springs behind him it will die in few seconds and be fi well boiled in half an hour. number of anglers who have actually caught an i boiled ash in this miraculous manner may not be very large, but there are at least 100 reliable citizens with whom I sm acquainted who are prepared to make affidavit that they have done so.

THEY TRADED HURSES.

Jim McCue and a stranger traded middle horses at San Rafael. Cal., the other day, and, according to the evi-dence of reputable witnesses, the bargain was consummated in this WAY

'Hish, stranger?" "Hiah " responded the stranger. dismounting.

"Likely looking horse you got there ' They an't raised no better

'Swap anything I got but the old woman. Jim commenced examining the horse critically. After he had walked around the animal he gave the stranger a chance to lie a little by

inquiring:
"How old is he?"

"Lookin' for a trade?"

"Five year old." Jim grabbed the horse by the nose and pried his jaws apart with his

thum by "His teeth tell me he is 6," said

Jim decisively. "Well, he's a January colt." "He's a mite thin. An't hidebound is he?" And Jim prodded the ho se in the ribs with his thumbs "No. I have been chasin' stock on him for two months and stakin' him out on grass."

"Must ha' been ruenin' h m pretty hard, judgin' from the windgails on He's got a ringbone comin', him. too," remarked Jim, as he rubbed the animal's pastern. "Is that a splint on his off foreleg?"

"No, that's a rope burn." "Is that sweeney or a collar burn?" and Jim examined the horse's shoulder critically.
"Just scratched from runnin'

through the brush." "Must a been jumpin' him considerable. He s showing a little curb. Hello, he's stifled or badly sprained. "No. sir: he's as sound as a dollar."

"Good stock horse?" "You can turn him on a sheepskin. What kind of a plug is that you've get?" And the stranger examined scrutinized his, and found all the defects and diseases that a veterinarian ever heard of.

"Well, how'll you swap?" inquired Jim. The stranger dropped a fresh chew of fine-cut in his jaw and Jim got out his lackknife and went to work on a shingle. Both sat down on a dry goods box.

"I'll take boot," said the stranger, as he killed a fly at three yards with a stream of tobacco juice. "You won't take it from me,"

said Jim, as he cut a long shaving from the shingle. 'Gimme \$20 to boot and we'll trade." "Twenty dollars ought to buy that

pinto plug of yourn, but gimme \$15 to book and the horse is yours." The stranger arowned a whole bunch of flies that had congregated

on an apple core and Jim shed three

shavings in succession. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll spilt the difference. You gimme \$2.50 to boot and take the filly." "Never gave boot in my life and

cism. If it takes possess on of you it will nake you d sagreeable, uncom-Jim was vetting in his fine work

and cut fine shavings to correspond. "Gimme \$5 and we swap." marked the stranger after a long

"No, I'll be demmed if I do. What's cattl worth up your way?" Jim had evidently abandoned all ide of a t ade.

"Fou 'n a half on foot for steers. Say I'll trade you even up Jim shut one eye and cut a long shaving, examined the horse again,

and dashed his band in front of each of the horse's eyes to be sure that he wasn't blind. "Is he well broke to the saddle?"

"Never bucked a lick in his life. How's yourn?" "Gent e as a kitten."

"I'll go you if you'll treat."

'No, I'll shake you for the drinks." "It's a go," decided the stranger. throwing his fine cut against the side of the box. They shifted sadgles, took their drink, and each we t around blowing about how he had awindled the other.

That night the horse backed Jim off on the way home, and the pinto filly kicked in three of the stranger's

TWENTY BRAVE WOMEN.

They Tend Lights That Warn Mariners of Danger.

An official list of women who are light-house keepers, which the Government has furnished the New York Marine Journal, shows that there are twenty of them in all. Some of the light-houses which they take care .of are at Robin's Reef, New York harbor: Stony Point, on the Hudson River: Elk Neck, Md ; Biloxi, Miss.; Port Pontchartrain, New Orleans, Pass Mancha, Pontchartoula, La ; Harbor Springs, Mich.; Po.nt Pinos, Cal., apd Santa Cruz, Cal. The most famou, of all these stordy women is Ida Wilson nee Lewis, who is charge of the light-house at Lime Rock, Newport R. I., but Ida Lewis is not the only heroine of the lighthouse service. as the following report an inspector shows: "At midnight vesterday, August 21, 1888, while blowing a gale from the southwest in Charleston harbor, with a heavy sea a lost containing three men and a boy was swamped some distance from the wharf at Castle Pickney. The boy, being a good swimmer, struck out for the beach sanwhile one of the men clung to

all were crying loudly for heip. Mrs. Mary Whiteley, the sister-in-law of the keeper. J. W. Whiteley, and Maud King, aged 12, the granddaughter of Henry Brown, the master of the light-house tender Wisteria, having seen the accident, lowered the boat belonging to the station, and, at the imminent risk of their lives, proceeded to render them assistance. When they succeeded in reaching them the men were so over one that they were unable to help themselves, but after great exertion, attended by no little danger, this young woman and roung girl, unaided, got them safely ashore." It is from the households of such men as Whiteley that the wemen who hold positions as keepers are drawn. On this head the Marine Journal says: "Every widow and orphan daughter of the mariner who has the proper qualifications should be provided for in such positions in all light-houses where the work does not require the services of men.

Why They Struck.

It has been customary for many people to consider the Southern laborer as slow, lazy and shiftless, yet a writer in the Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could ensurprised by the vigor with which fighting he kept guard over them, work is performed.

Work has become an instinct: the eating, sleeping, working and, after pay-day, a carousal or absolute idle-

A curious story of a strike is told at one of the mills. The hours of

A Northern foreman of philanthropic principles took chat, of a certain mill, and sorrowed w n his heart for the poor fellows warring out their lives with the cant-book and saw. So be decreed that from 7 o'clock to the morning to 6 in the afternoon

should constitute the labor of a day. There was a murmur in the camp, and in two days there was a general strike. Called upon for reasons, the spokesman stated the case of the

"We all ins' doan like dis vargwine ter wuk at sepen o'clock What's de use ob sittin' aroon' fer two hours in the mawnin' 'fo' gwine to work? We jus' ain' gwine to stan' it, dat's

So the strike was declared off by the superintendent agreeing to allow all hands to go to work at dawn and

keep at it as long as they could see. Primitive People.

The man weary of railroads, the tele, hone, electric lights, and all the noisy and dazzling conveniences of modern progress may find an absolute change and all the seclusion he longs for in the heart of the Ozarks, which lie on each side of the Arkansas-Missouri border In this region, settled sixty years ago, some of the pioneers still survive, surrounded by children and grandchildren who know scarcely more of the world than they them ple living in Marion county, Ark. habitants have ambitions beyond a window ess log cabin, a patch of corn and tobacco, and a shotgun. They care nothing, as a class, what the world is doing outside of these hills. The howl of a coon dog away back in the timber is about the only thing that will arouse their enthusiasm. The distance from Yellville, the county town of Marion to the nearest railroad station, White Plains, Mo, is seventy-five miles, and the only means of travel is a lumbering stage coach. Yellville is named after one of the earliest Governors of the State, and the town is the oldest in Northern Arkansas. Many of the houses are built of logs, unpainted, and with immense preplaces and chimneys. The Ozarks have a notoriety for lawlessness, which a visitor says is undeserved, its people being scrupulously honest, home-loving, and religious to the point of fanati "Bad men" have always existed in this primitive reg on, but they are the ex eption, not the rule. -New York Evening Post.

He Was Smart Enough. "I witnessed a very interesting in

cident when I was in Washington a couple of yea s ago " said Francis T. Gray of St. Louis, "and I have frequently laughed over the lesson it taught. I was strolling out one of the broad avenues in the residence part of the town-Connecticut, I think it was-well, a couple of Chinamen, attired in roles and satin of the most go geous description, ame pushing along at the caracteristic galt of their race. The superior appearance of the celestials did not apear to affe t a number of small boys who were lottering on a corner, for there was an immedia e chorus of Chloaman eat rats' as the men approached. The Chinamen took no notice of the juveniles, who followed in their rear, continuing their shouting. Furthur up the st eet a youth was stan ling on the sidewalk, and as the Chinamen passed him he, evidently inspired by the boys, asked tnem what shirts were being washed at. He apparently thought the Chinamen did .'t know a word of English. You can imagine his discom then when oue of them fiture turned to him with an expression of the deepest commiseration on his face and remarked in excellent United States:

"You seem to be a very at e-look ing fellow. What makes you such

A MAN known to be a tool excite more pity than anger.

SAVED AND MARRIED HER.

Foung American's Rossatte Experie

A very romantic wedding was solemutzed at Bluetielde, in Nicarazus. Tue-day, Aug. 28, in which a L Louis boy, widely known in the best circles of the town, Louis D. Peugnet of 4245 Lindell boulevard. was united to a young lady whose life and whose sister's life he had galantly protected during the worst imes in the recent revolution in Nicaragua, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat Mr. Peugnet went to Bluefelds

some t me previous to the uprising and was engaged in business for St. Louis houses throughout the isthmus. When the trouble came on and the rioters seized the town young Peugnet and several other Americans armed them elves to protect the appalling perils en Le ayo, who commanded the Nicaraguan troops, had left his wife and her sister in the village, not anticipating any emeute, and it was these hapless women who fell to young Peugnet's charge. He got them safely into a stone house, with a large, well guarded cellar, on ter one of the mills or pass a day in one of the side streets, and there dur-the pine-timber woods without being ing the whole of the sack and the gun in hand, permitting no one to enter the premises but known friends, laborer knows but four conditions- and frequently having to face desperate, drunken rioters, who were searching for Mma Lecayo everywhere.

When order was restored and it was safe for the ladies to reappear labor are long-from dawn to twi- Mr. Peugnet evidently found that the light. In the winter the hours are close association of three days with fewer, but in summer the saws a e the pretty young donna had sealed buzzing and the whole community his fate, and he proposed and was acalive and at work before the sun has cepted upon the raising of the state of siege. There were paternal and maternal consents and blessings to be secured both in Nicaragua and Missouri, but the gallantry of Peugnet's defense of the ladies in the one place and his father's pr de in the young man's pluck and endurance in the other made all this mere formula. The wedding was fixed for Aug. 28, and the Bluefields mail, which is now due, will doubtless announce the mar-

riage. The new Mrs. Peugnet comes of one of the oldest and wealthlest Central American families. She is an he ress, and is connected in that carefully guarded line of the 'wente fine" with most of the Span sh-Ametican aristocracy between the City of Mexico and Bogota She was ed .cated at New York, at Paris, and at Madrid, and, besides the usual accomplishments which young ladies of her station have, she is a finished linguist and a highly trained musi-

cian. Louis D. Peugnet bears a name equally well known in St. I outs and New York. His great-grandfather was an of cer in the Imperial guard of Napoleon, and fought under the Emperor up to the crash at Waterto . Being thoroughly trusted by the Bonaparte family, it was he who arranged all the details of the es ape of Joseph, the ex-king of Spain. In company with Joseph Bonaparte who was, of course, traveling incognito, selves did when they first swung the he made his way to Canada, and ax in the virgin forests. Scores of thence into New York, where, near past the age of 21, have never looked quaint old house which was intended upon a train of cars. Few of the in- to be the refuge of the Emperor himself, if he could be rescued from St. Heiena. It was a large mansion with sixty rooms, with an odd observatory on the top that wave it among the sallors on the St. Lawrence the name of the "Cup and Saucer" house. Napoleon, of course, never escaped, and the house was the home of two generations or the Peugnet family-it was built about 181 . It was burned to the ground a few years ago, shortly before the death of Mr. Peugnet's uncie. In the family there are retained many priceless mement's and documents of the Bonaparte (amily in America, and the Napoleonic ult, so called, is still strong upon every member.

America's Dead Sea.

Medical lake, so-called on account of the remedial virtues of its waters, situated on the Great Columbian plateau, in Southern Washington, at an altitude of 2,300 feet above the level of the Pacific, is the Deau ea of America. It is about a mile long and from a half to three fourths of a mile in width, and with a maximum depth of about slaty feet.

The composition of the w ters of this Alpine lake is almost identical with that of the Dead Sea of Talestine, and, like the Oriental counterpart, no plant has yet been found growing in or near its edge . It is all but devoid of animal life, a species of large "boat-bug." a queer little terra in, and the famous "walking fish" being its only inhabitante. This walking fish is an odcity really deserving of a special "note." It is from eight to nine inches long and has a flony membrane on ell sides of its body, even around both the upper and lower surfaces of the tall. It is provided with four legs, those before having four toes, the hinder five -St. Louis Lepublic

Monte Cristo's Villa.

Monte (risto's villa, once the restdence of the elder Dumas, has again passed into the hands of a new owner. says a correspondent. It stands on a slight acclivity above the road at 1 ors Mariey, near St. Germain, and is well shaded by the summer heats by trees. Dumas built it with money accruing to him as author's rights from the sale of the famous novel which has Edmond Dantes as hero. The new owner only gave \$30,000 for the property. The lowness of the price is attrioutable to the fact that summering in the rural outskirts of Paris is out of fashion, most people now pre-ferring the seasies, the springs, the Tyrol; Switzesland and the Pyreness to places mearer home.