

LOVE IS MASTER.

I walt the whiteness of my soul Across the skies to thee, And pray that heaven's sweet control May keep thy love for me.

A COWBOY COACHMAN.

Mr. Valoppel, the president of the Celestial Insurance Company, sat in his handsomely furnished office on Broadway.

The office boy opened a door, and a young man in rough garb was ushered into the august presence.

Ten hours later the suit was completed, and at the end of fourteen more hours the young man, wearing the showy clothes, sat on the coachman's box of a fine equipage that stood before a brown stone front on Fifth avenue.

There are winter mornings so cold that persons in the open air bend their forms and contract their size, and there are other mornings when the air, keen but not cutting, arouses all of the activity of vigorous human beings.

Mr. Buckskin, why do you not overcome your horrid Western garb, and walk like city people? The coachman of a family like ours should have a cultivated walk.

When Spring arrived, Miss Valoppel expressed a desire to ride on horseback, and having learned that Buckskin had been a cowboy and was a fine rider, she preferred to take lessons of him rather than from an instructor of the academy at Central Park.

As she approached the carriage where the obsequious footman stood ready to aid her, the heart of the new coachman beat rapidly; for, strange as it may seem, there is often an unaccountable fascination in that which we cannot wholly approve or like.

But there came a disagreeable change. Count Poccopecuol of Italy arrived in New York, and received a warm welcome from Mr. Valoppel, who believed that he could now obtain the long desired titled son-in-law.

Can it be that the coachman asked these questions? Yes; for even a common coachman can indulge in romantic speculations.

The footman directed the coachman to drive to the Grand Central Depot. The carriage was an open one, and on the way the driver ventured to look behind him twice in a quick and cautious manner.

Finally, blushing deeply, she said with timidity: "Mr. Buckskin, I believe you are a true friend of mine, and I wish to consult you with regard to an important matter."

"Miss Valoppel, I am at your service. My life is at your service, if necessary," was the reply, in tones of deep earnestness.

"I have promised father," she said. "that I will marry Count Poccopecuol; but I fear he is not a good man and that I have made a mistake."

Joe Buckskin, as may be inferred from his name, was a son of the plains. The greater part of his life had been spent on a ranch in Texas, and he was familiar with the duties of a cowboy.

During the month that Miss Valoppel was absent from home, Buckskin became proficient in his new duties, and learned much concerning the topography of the city.

Buckskin eagerly awaited the return of the daughter of the household, and speculated much as to whether she would ever take any notice of him.

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Her companion felt a thrill of anguish, but he manfully recovered himself.

"You have made a mistake. He is a scoundrel, and I can prove it."

Miss Valoppel was not offended. "What shall I do?" she cried.

that of Romeo when he gazed at Juliet in the window.

Women admire downright boldness tempered with the deepest respect. The haughty Miss Valoppel bowed her head toward her conqueror and received an exquisite kiss.

The next moment she exclaimed: "What have I done! How can I marry a coachman! Father will never forgive me!"

But Buckskin quickly told her something which restored her courage, and caused her cheeks to glow with happiness.

They returned to Miss Valoppel's stately home, and entered it hand in hand.

In the parlor they encountered Mr. Valoppel and Count Poccopecuol. They glared at the couple.

"What do you mean by entering this parlor on the arm of that coachman?" shouted the aristocratic father in tones of thunder.

"It means that your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"It shall not be. She shall not marry an ignorant coachman."

"I am not an ignorant coachman. I am the son of a gentleman who owns thousands of cattle in Texas, and whose wealth surpasses even yours."

Mr. Valoppel was at first bewildered by what he had heard; but recovering himself, he cried: "You impudent scoundrel! I do not believe a word you have said."

"He has told the truth, as I can prove to your full satisfaction," said a calm voice.

Mr. Dunstan, a member of a well-known Wall street firm, whom Buckskin had summoned by telephone before Miss Valoppel and he entered the mansion, had come into the room unperceived by the late parent; and it was he who had spoken.

Mr. Dunstan's firm had written the letter of recommendation that had enabled Buckskin to become Mr. Valoppel's coachman.

"As for this man," said Mr. Dunstan, pointing to the Italian, "I can produce the proof that he is a consummate villain. He has been seeking to marry your daughter, although he has a wife living in Italy."

Count Poccopecuol turned deadly pale and hastily made his exit from the house.

A month later Miss Valoppel and Edward Livingstone, alias Joe Buckskin, were married and went to the elder Livingstone's ranch in Texas to spend their honeymoon.

A novel sentence has been pronounced by a justice at Huntington, in this state. A wife had kissed "another man;" her husband had chastised her with corporal punishment, and Justice Kelly, supplying the third act in a drama unhappily played with too much frequency in all our courts, gave a verdict "that the wife retire to her usual place of abode, and lock the doors so that no strangers can be admitted for a period of six days; that the husband, for the same length of time board with his next-door neighbor and sleep in the barn, and that each party pay half the costs and stand committed until the sentence is complied with."

Of the efficacy of such an original judgment there cannot be much doubt, although a question might be raised on the constitutional ground of its being cruel and unusual punishment—at least for the next-door neighbor. The usual punishment for wife-beating, however, is so clearly inadequate that, in the absence of a whipping-post, the result of the new departure in dealing with this despicable crime deserves careful watching.—Philadelphia Record.

The news item of the future will read something like the following: "As Farmer Smith was delivering a bale of hay at the treasury building, and while waiting to have the government stamp affixed, his horses took fright at the limited express on the Washington and San Francisco Airship Line. They dashed down the avenue, and turning the corner at the up-town station of the Washington & Chicago Pneumatic Tube Rapid Transit Company, brought up with a dull thud against the celluloid window of the Potomac Artificial Egg Company. In the crush and general confusion Farmer Smith's head and two of his limbs were severed from his body, but he was promptly removed to the Edison Hospital, and after the electrical boue-welding operation was performed he was able to drive home and keep his appointment with the man who holds the mortgage on his farm."—Washington Post.

An Arabian proverb says: "He who knows not, and knows not he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows he knows not, is simple; teach him. He who knows, and knows not he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows, he knows, is wise; follow him."

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A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

A JOURNEY IN THE ANDES TO ANCIENT CUZCO.

Cuzco is the Ancient Capital of the Incas, and the Trip Thither is Surrounded With much Interest—Wild Cattle.

It would be a pity for the sojourner in this part of Peru to miss seeing Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, writes Fannie B. Ward, in a letter from Ariquepa to the Philadelphia Record. There are no hotels along the route, and one must depend upon private hospitality, which is freely accorded to those who bring letters of recommendation.

The first day is by far the hardest of the entire trip, as much because one is not yet used to it as because the road is incomparably worse; and at all hazards one must reach Aguas Calientes before night-fall.

To the right of a lofty, snow-capped mountain one follows for some miles and finally fords a small water-course, which seems to rise in one of the hot springs so numerous in that locality, and which Peruvians regard as the mother spring of the great Amazonas river system.

The little stream which here takes the name of the near-by mountain is known as the Chalca further on, and afterward as the Urubamba. Many miles farther northward, having gained much strength and volume, it joins the Rio Tambo, and their united waters form the famous Ucageli, the largest of Peru's tributaries to the Amazons.

The second night out one is booked to sleep at the village of Licuani, a ride of only eighteen miles, through charming scenery. There is a possible drawback, however, in the Licuani river, which must be forded several times, and is likely to be rather high.

There is a road on the left of it, but travelers are warned to take to the water instead, for there are vast swamps on that side, with quicksands treacherous enough to engulf an army; and, besides, one must pass through the unfenced hacienda of Antaeuca, which is celebrated far and wide for its wild cattle. Nobody goes over that dangerous road if he can avoid it, there being no place of refuge should he be attacked by the torros.

Fancy a party of United States tourists, including two women, riding peacefully along on mule-back, when a herd of wild bulls come charging full tilt upon them, and not a wall or tree or bush to hide behind.

In the vicinity of the hot springs there are acres of plump mushrooms, and no passer-by whose palate has been properly educated will fail to secure a supply for his evening meal, whether he takes it at the tambo, or at the hospitable home of Don Pablo Mejias.

The third night one sleeps at "Tinta," a hacienda owned by an educated Italian, Senor Don Francisco Masciotta, who is sure to give the pilgrim a kindly welcome. The road thither lies through an ancient Indian village called Raceca, built within the crater of an extinct volcano. Among other curiosities, it contains a remarkable wall, which is said to be the remains of a palace built by an Indian prince, eldest son of Tupac Yupangli, who revolted against paternal rule and here maintained his independence. Near it is one of the many small round towers so frequently found in this part of Peru, which are believed to have been astronomical observatories wherein the Incas determined the meridian passage of the sun.

On the fourth day one may take a leisurely jaunt of only fifteen miles to Chocacupe, where he will be made to feel quite at home by Colonel Martin Aluarez, who is a regular king in his little world—a large landed proprietor, a member of congress and a wealthy wool merchant. We went out of the way a few miles to view the little lake called Ureos, famous in Peruvian tradition for being the burial place of that great gold chain of the Inca Huascar. We read that the celebrated chain was long enough to encircle the grand Plaza Mayor of Cuzco, and that every link in it was as heavy as a strong man could carry—all of pure gold.

Of course the story is nonsense; nevertheless we spurred our beasts to the perilous brink and faithfully tried to believe that we saw gold shining through the dark waters. No sooner hiding place for the heavy treasure could be found, because the lake has a bottom of unfathomable ooze, which speedily swallows anything thrown into it, and affords no footing for divers.

Twelve miles beyond is Zuere hacienda, where the traveler is advised to stop over night. This very fine estate, a mile or two from the village of Oropesa, belongs to the Garmendia family, and includes a cloth manufactory. Only twelve miles beyond Oropesa is Cuzco, in the midst of a tropical valley. After leaving the highlands the weather grows warm and warmer; parrots and monkeys, palms and fig trees are seen; and one sultry afternoon (midwinter at home) we came centering into the stony streets of the old, old city that had seen several centuries before the United States was born.

Poor Tib. Pippoo Tib is to be a social lion in London next season. Poor old white-headed Tib! By the time you have been to a couple of lawn fetes and receptions you will yearn for the jungle and starvation without tantalization.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

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