RED CLOUD CHIEF

W. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

LONE HOLLOW;

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

Several days later.

Two forms stood in the shadow of some trees not many rods from the great house at Lone Hollow.

"It seems so strange that a cloud should have come between us, Austin," said Grace, as she leaned confidingly against his shoulder and glanced up into his brave, dark eyes.

"There is perfect trust now, darling," returned the young mechanic. "I was to blame entirely—"

She stopped his lips with a soft hand.

"Not a word like that, Austin. I know that I was hasty as well. Let it pass. I have other troubles now."

"Other troubles, dear?"

"About poor grandpa's will."

"But why should that trouble you, Grace? He left every thing to you, I understand."

"True, but—"

"Well?" as she hesitated and dropped her honest gaze from his face, "I am afraid he will is not genuine."

"Not genuine? What do you mean? I'm sure I've heard your grandfather say a score of times, if I have once, that you would have all his property when he was gone."

"I know, and I believe that such was his intention," said Grace, in an unsteady voice, "but—but he did not live to sign the will."

"Who tells you this?" demanded the young mechanic, hotly. "It is a scheme to deprive you of your rights, Grace, and you must not submit to it."

Why was he so earnest? Was it possible that a sordid motive influenced him after all? Grace permitted this thought to mar her happiness for a moment only, then she cast it from her as an unworthy reflection on the character of her noble lover.

"I have seen my grandfather's will, Austin, and I do not doubt but what it contains his true intentions," returned the girl, after a moment's reflection; "yet even if all is right, I could not live up to the conditions, I should prefer death sooner."

"What are the conditions?"

"That I become the wife of Clinton Starbright."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"Who showed this to you?"

"Lawyer Gripes read it, and I have no reason to dispute the contents of the document."

"Then the will is false, I would be willing to swear to that," declared the young man, indignantly. "This Starbright is at the bottom of a tremendous scheme. I can not believe that old Mr. Vandible could lend himself to such a wickedness if in his right mind."

"Great influence must have been brought to bear if he did agree to that," said Grace. "In any event I shall renounce the fortune."

"If the will holds good, who inherits, with your refusal to marry the Captain?"

"Mr. Starbright."

"I thought so. You may depend upon it that it is a put up job that must not be permitted to succeed. I do not believe Morgan Vandible ever signed such a paper as that knowingly."

"He did not, I am sure of that," asserted Grace.

"Then the document is a forgery."

"I fear so."

Grace then related the incidents of the night when her grandfather died, when she rushed into the room, thinking she heard him calling, only to find that he was dead, and the will, just drawn up for his signature, lay before his sightless eyes unsigned.

"Whatever had been the intention of grandfather he certainly did not live to place his signature to the will," concluded Grace, in a voice husky with the intensity of her emotions.

"It is a clear case of the basest rascality!" exclaimed Austin Wentword. "To me it seems evident that Captain Starbright and his lawyer have plotted to throw the million left by your grandfather into the hands of the former. No doubt Starbright would be willing for you to refuse to marry him, for then the vast fortune would fall entirely into his hands. It is a barefaced scheme that can be easily frustrated."

"It must be. Within two weeks the heirs will be summoned before the probate court to give reasons, if any exist, why this will be not admitted to probate as the honest instrument of Morgan Vandible's hand. At that time your testimony will be of the utmost importance."

"Yes," faintly.

"I believe your evidence alone will be sufficient to break the will, but we must have more to corroborate yours."

"How can you get more," queried Grace. "I was the only one present save the Captain and lawyer Gripes."

"Well, we must find more evidence," declared the young mechanic. "I will consult with our mutual friend, Louis Fingal. He is wise and keen; between us all I believe we shall be able to outwit Captain Starbright and his scoundrelly lawyer. Circumstantial evidence can be brought in. The forged signature, of course is not likely to be an exact counterpart of Mr. Vandible's chirography, and that will count for a good deal. We have two weeks in which to work, in which time much can be done."

"Yes," agreed Grace, with a sigh. "I wish Lura was back here, I am so lonely in the great house with only mother and the Captain. I may be foolish, but somehow I have a dread of both."

"You shall not be left to the mercy of either," declared Wentword. "Lura will come, and she is a match for the Captain the best day he ever saw."

"I have always felt safe when my cousin was here," said Grace. "I was quite overpowered with joy when she returned, but she made me promise not to reveal her coming, as she wished to remain dead to the world for a time, the better to thwart the plots of Captain Starbright, who at that time I trusted more fully than I do now."

"He is a villain without one redeeming trait. I believe that it was he who attempted the life of Lura. They are bitter foes, and he feared she would stand in his way. The two tramps who hurled her into Fingman's Gulch that night handled some Captain Starbright's money for that I am fully assured."

"How terrible!" uttered Grace. "It does not seem possible that one so apparently kind, so elegant in manners, could be so deeply wicked."

"Perhaps you still doubt?"

"I confess to incredulity to a certain extent. I can not believe that Clinton Starbright would stoop to murder. It seems too horrible for belief."

"Time will tell," answered the young mechanic. "I have learned enough to satisfy me that no crime is too vile for this adventurer. By breaking the will and exposing the villainy of Starbright we throw every thing into your mother's hands, but there seems to be no other way."

"I shall be satisfied with that, knowing that I possess your love," said the beautiful girl, clinging fondly to his arm.

"I am satisfied to gain your hand without the fortune,' returned the infatuated young man, bending and imprinting a kiss on the pale cheek of his companion.

Night shadows were falling, and neither saw the form of a man crouching in the bushes near, a man who had listened to nearly every word that had fallen from the lips of the twain.

Presently he lifted himself so that his gleaming eyes took in the loving scene. "Neither shall live to crush me," muttered the prowler. Then his hand shot forward, a flash followed, then a loud report.

Grace Penroy sank apparently lifeless in the arms of her companion, the blood streaming down her face. The bullet of the assassin had been well aimed.

The suddenness of the crime quite paralyzed the young mechanic for the time. He felt the form of his betrothed a dead weight in his arms. He eased her to the ground, fully believing that she was dead.

An awful horror was cast over heart and brain. He had heard the report, and seen the flash. To discover the assassin was now his desire. He sprang forward and caught from the ground a smoking pistol. He glared about him fiercely, but saw no one. Then he strode back to the bleeding form on the ground, still holding the smoking weapon of death.

At this moment a man rushed down the path from the direction of the house and confronted Wentword.

It was Captain Starbright.

"So it has come to this at last," cried the Captain, in an awful voice. "I feared it all along. Poor Grace! to die by the hand of a miserable mudsill!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ARREST.

For one moment the two men glared fiercely at each other.

Austin Wentword was too terribly shocked to realize his position, or the full meaning of the words uttered by Captain Starbright. He even allowed the Captain to take the pistol from his hands, when he bent and lifted poor Grace in his arms and moved toward the house.

There was consternation among the servants when the young mechanic entered the house with his bleeding burden. Mrs. Penroy met him and screamed with fright, and fainted on seeing the blood.

To Mrs. Penroy's room the young man made his way, and placed Grace on the luxurious bed. Then, with pallid face and trembling fingers, he examined the wound in the head of his betrothed. He was unable to ascertain the full extent of the wound, but believed it fatal. Captain Starbright at once dispatched a messenger for a physician, the nearest one being at Stonefield, ten miles away. With this messenger he sent a note which the man promised to deliver to the county sheriff.

Soon after the accident a visitor was announced—Louis Fingal, the young hunter.

Wentword met him with a groan as he extended his hand. In tremulous accents he told the youth of what had occurred.

"And you think Grace will die?"

A tear stood in the young hunter's eye as he put the question.

"I fear she will."

"Then retribution must fall at once on her assassin," cried Fingal, in a stern voice.

"That it shall."

Both men turned to see Captain Starbright standing near, the same spirit of evil that he had ever been since his appearance at Lone Hollow.

"You here?" exclaimed Fingal.

"I am. No one has a better right. I mean to see that the murderer does not escape."

"You know him—"

"He stands there," pointing at Austin Wentword.

Fingal regarded the young mechanic in silence. He saw the pallor on his face deepen, caught a resentful gleam in the eyes, and realized that the words of Captain Starbright had struck deep.

"This is not the time nor place to resent such language, Clinton Starbright," returned the young mechanic, in a low voice, almost hushed under the shadow of his awful grief. "When I am assured that she will live, or death intervenes, then I will settle with you, sir, in a way that will prove satisfactory."

Then turning to Louis Fingal the young man took his arm and led him away. In another room, with the door locked to keep out intruders, the two young men sat and conversed long and earnestly.

"Just as my happiness had dawned it is awful to have it snatched from me by the bullet of a cruel assassin," groaned Austin Wentword.

"It is awful," agreed the young hunter. "Can you imagine who could be so wicked as to do this?"

"I can not."

"It is Captain Starbright's work," declared the young hunter. "He is wicked enough for any thing. He has plotted to gain the Vandible fortune, and nothing is too black in the way of crime that he will not do to gain what he seeks. That man must be watched. I have not seen the will left by Morgan Vandible, but I know its contents from one who has read it, and it is so worded as to leave every thing to Captain Starbright should Grace die or marry another. Depend upon it, Austin, it was a hand hired by the Captain that fired the bullet at Grace to-night."

"It may be so. I can not believe that one so pure and good has an enemy in the world."

"She has enemies only as she is an obstacle in the way of that devil's greed. He must be watched."

"Mr. Fingal, I quite agree with you," returned the mechanic, sadly. "The Captain must be watched, and I know of but one person who can do it successfully."

"Well?"

"I mean Lura Joyce. She is at Stonefield, and you know where. If you would only go for her I should feel under everlasting obligations to you. I like that girl, and believe now that Grace is—is ill, she would gladly come—"

"Of course she would," agreed the young hunter, touched deeply by the emotion evinced by Wentword. "I will go for the girl myself. I know her like a book, and am sure she will not delay coming one moment when she learns that her cousin is injured."

"You are very kind—"

"Not a word of that sort, Austin. I like you and Grace, and hope that you may both live to be united and happy in spite of the machinations of a contemptible villain."

Then Fingal turned from the room.

Austin Wentword sat like one in a dream until he heard the outer door clang behind the departing hunter, then he leaned his head on his hands and moaned in an agony of spirit.

A pair of glittering black eyes looked in upon the sorrowing young man, the malevolence in their depths indicating how venomous was the heart beneath.

"It is well. The game is now completely in my hands," muttered Captain Starbright, as he passed down the hall to the front door, after glancing in upon the bowed form of Wentword. He stood on the steps and peered down through the trees to the road and the gloomy hollow beyond. Night held full sway now, and a mist hung over Lone Hollow, as if the blue firmament was mourning for the beautiful girl so cruelly stricken down this night.

Captain Starbright became nervous after a little and began pacing the wide veranda with solemn steps and slow, his chin bowed upon his breast, a thoughtful, troubled look in his eyes.

He remained pacing here until the roll of wheels announced the coming of the physician from Stonefield.

Mrs. Penroy and young Wentword were at the bedside of Grace when the doctor entered. Both fell back to permit the man of medicine an opportunity for examination.

The widow, after recovering from the first shock, was extremely nervous, yet she seemed to realize her duty and at once assumed a place near the wounded girl.

Grace was still unconscious, but breathed, and when the doctor rose from a brief examination and turned to the widow, there was a look on his face that brought a throb of hope to the hearts of all—no, not all, for there was one present who was not pleased at the good doctor's announcement.

"A bad wound, but if the inflammation can be kept down, the girl will recover. A few days will decide. The skull has been slightly fractured, I think."

For the first time since the crack of the pistol had rung in his ear Austin Wentword breathed easy. His pallid countenance lit up with a glad light, while from his heart fell a silent benediction.

Dr. Faxon left medicine, washes for the wound and brief yet comprehensive instructions, and then took his departure.

He had scarcely gone when another vehicle drew up at Lone Hollow.

Austin Wentword stood over the wounded girl in a solemn, thoughtful attitude. He heard no sound of steps, although two men had crossed the threshold and stood at his elbow.

A hand touched his arm.

He turned then to confront a bluff-looking man, who, with wonderful dexterity, snapped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of the astounded Austin Wentword.

"What does this mean?" demanded the mechanic, reeling backward.

"It means that you are my prisoner, Austin Wentword," returned the man, in a stern voice. "I have a warrant for your arrest."

At the same time the officer, whom Wentword recognized as the county sheriff, produced a paper and began reading. So dazed was he that the prisoner only caught a word here and there, enough to inform him that he had been accused of an assault on one Grace Penroy with intent to commit murder.

The idea seemed ridiculous as well as horrible to Wentword.

He was not permitted to say a word in his own defense, but was hurried from the room and the house, and was soon being whirled over the road to Stonefield jail. It was a sad termination to the lovers' meeting of the evening.

And now two watchers were left beside the wounded and insensible Grace—her mother and Captain Starbright. For some minutes after the departure of Wentword in the hands of the sheriff not a word broke the solemn stillness of the room. The Captain was the first to speak.

"You see now what comes of permitting Grace to receive the attentions of a low mechanic."

Mrs. Penroy lifted her faded eyes and regarded the speaker fixedly.

"So you imagine it is to him my poor Grace owes this hurt?"

"Certainly. I have proof that will hang him should your daughter die. It was a lovers' quarrel again, and the use of a pistol in the hands of a low villain mad with jealousy."

"It is terrible!"

The tremor in the woman's voice went far to prove that, although seemingly heartless at times, yet Martha Penroy had an affection for her daughter that was a credit to her motherhood.

"Terrible, indeed," returned the Captain. "I hope you see the folly of countenancing a low fellow like Wentword now. I—"

"Captain Starbright, please don't," moaned the wretched woman, pleadingly.

She was pale and trembling, seeming absolutely ill, and even the Captain had not the heart to proceed further then. He turned on his heel and walked from the room.

He passed along the hall and entered one of the large front rooms in which a light was burning. The room seemed to be empty, and Captain Starbright threw himself into a large arm-chair beside the center-table and clasped his hands, with elbows on the table before him.

"If she would only die," he muttered, "I should feel better, for I know that she will never consent to be my wife. Should she die he would hang, and then—"

A touch on his arm startled him.

He sprang up, white and trembling, with an indefinable fear shooting to his heart. As he turned about he uttered an exclamation.

Before him stood his old enemy, Lura Joyce!

CHAPTER XXVI.

LURA AND THE CAPTAIN.

"She will not die, Captain Starbright, but if she should, you would be the one to hang instead of the man taken to jail this night by the county sheriff."

The Captain stared.

Had she then heard his muttered words? How came she here at this hour of the night? He had seen nothing of her since she appeared to him in the road in front of the mansion weeks before, when he had attempted to murder her. To him she seemed to bear a charmed life. How much did she know of his real character, of his hand in the first attempt that had proven such a disastrous failure? Had she learned aught from the maniac whose dead body slept so safely beneath the surface of the forest pool? He could not answer these questions, but he at once formed a plan of action, resolving inwardly to tide over present trouble as smoothly as possible.

"You choose to make yourself disagreeable, Miss Joyce," he said, with a smile, that caused the wings of his tawny mustache to lift and then droop suddenly. "I am nevertheless glad to meet you."

He held out his hand.

Wonderful as it may seem, she accepted the proffer of friendship, and returned his smile with one of equal cunning.

"I suppose you did not expect me, Captain?"

"No, but I am pleased all the same. Some one is needed at Lone Hollow who can take complete charge of the internal affairs during Miss Penroy's illness. Her mother is utterly incompetent."

"You think I could assume charge?"

"If you will, certainly."

Thus coolly talked the two who were deadly enemies. Lura knew that he was aching to strangle her, even while his dark face was wreathed in smiles. She had entered the house for a purpose that could be better carried through by assuming a meekness she did not feel, and so she smothered her true feelings.

"Of course I will remain. I heard that my cousin was badly injured, and hastened here at once. Really this is all the home I have, and I meant to come soon in any event. Many changes have taken place since I left here weeks ago. When I think of all that I have passed through I find myself wondering that I am yet alive."

"It is a wonder."

"Considering the hand you had in it, Captain."

She smiled wickedly as she regarded him, her red foretop quivering unpleasantly.

"You wrong me, Lura," he said, in a low, subdued tone. "I was mad that night, absolutely crazed when I assaulted you at the gate. I have never been fully able to explain that to myself. I meant at the first opportunity to beg your pardon."

"Indeed! And you had no hand in hurling me into the gulch that night?" Her eyes fairly pierced him to the quick.

She was treading on dangerous ground, but she could not resist the temptation.

"Into the gulch! I do not understand," he said, evidently perplexed. "I never knew what happened to you that night last summer, Lura. I meant to ask about that at the first opportunity—"

"Which, when it occurred, you attempted to strangle me out yonder in the darkness." Her hand was raised, a finger pointing toward the road.

"Lura, let me explain."

"I am listening," icily.

"You know that like most men I have a weakness—love of wealth. I admit that I have attempted questionable practices in order to obtain it. I came here to Lone Hollow to win its heiress. You see, I am frank with you. I never meant to stain my soul with a crime, however, for against blood I revolt as heartily as even yourself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHARTREUSE MONKS.

Lore and Legends Connected With the Ancient French Monastery.

A native of Grenoble who has known this ancient monastery and its inhabitants all his life, and has visited it en ouvrier en artiste and en touriste at all seasons of the year, gives an account in one of the French newspapers of some of the lore and legends connected with its history. "It is always with a sense of fresh pleasure," says the writer of the article, "that I knock at the hospitable gate of the monks, behind which a brother makes an examination of the arrival, in order to weed out lady visitors, who are not admitted. And with what a formidable appetite, sharpened by a walk of six or seven hours, I sit down to table in one of the three large halls bearing the names of ancient French provinces, and into one of which the pere procureur (I believe that is what they call him) shows travelers according to their position, as far as the latter can be judged of by their dress and their manners.

"In all the three halls, at all the different tables, the food is exactly alike. It is the price only which varies, those who appear the wealthier among the visitors paying slightly more than the rest. As to the fare, it is always simple but abundant, and deliciously prepared—that is to say, fish omelets, vegetables and butter are an advantageous change from the meat of the ordinary table d'hote. The butter especially—good heavens, what butter it is! a veritable cream, innocent of the existence of such a thing as margarine. Then there is the inevitable little glass of yellow liquor, which is first offered as an appetizer, and then again handed around as a dessert. Nobody complains of the fare, for at this place the liquor is genuine and not like it is on the terraces of certain large boulevard cafes.

"I have heard an eye-witness tell the story of a lady who entered the monastery, dressed in men's clothes, at the side of her lord and master. The fraud had been successfully accomplished, and the fair intruder visited calmly the curiosities of the cloisters which were shown and explained by a lay brother. But habit becomes second nature, and nature is a terrible habit. All at once the lady in the dress coat called out, 'Pardon me, brother, but where has my husband gone?' The poor monk was first quite stupefied at hearing a sweet voice come from behind the stiff, white collar, and looked terror-stricken upon the hypocritical overcoat and the fallacious trousers. Then some servants came up, carrying an old arm-chair, into which they put the intruder and carried her out of the monastery gate.

"Here is a story which does credit to the old 'General du Chartreuse,' who is said to be most independent and stiff-necked among the followers of the Holy Father. It was in the terrible year of 1870. After the first defeats, which filled with surprise and with woe French hearts all over the country, some young people at Grenoble founded a Republican society of young men whose object it was to assist by every possible means in the defense of the country. This society had the happy idea of organizing a stage play for the benefit of the wounded, which was a prodigious success and realized 4,000 francs, an amount which the directors of the Grenoble Theater had never before realized.

"We had, before the play was performed, sent a number of tickets to the various authorities and notabilities of the district, among others to the General of the Chartreuse, to the Superior of the Jesuits, and to the Bishop. The Bishop returned the tickets, but added no money. The Jesuits kept them and forgot to pay for them. But from the General of the Chartreuse we got a letter to this effect: 'Gentlemen, we regret not to be able to be present at the entertainment you are about to give for the benefit of our wounded soldiers, but as we should like to participate as much as possible in your charitable and patriotic object we are happy to send you a check for three hundred francs.' The graceful and gracious note was concluded with a few words of thanks for having remembered the inmates of the monastery."—London Times.

DETECTING FRAUDS.

Forgers Who Were Thrown Off Their Guard by Quick-Witted Lawyers.

Among the traditions of the Pennsylvania bar are preserved some examples of the sudden detection of fraud by the quick wit of a lawyer during a trial.

The late David Paul Brown was employed as counsel for the heirs of a wealthy old man, who had left a will devising his whole estate to a stranger. Mr. Brown, the judge, and the audience in the court-room were convinced that the will was a forgery, but it seemed impossible to prove it to be so. The trained nurse, a sturdy Englishman, was one of the witnesses, and swore stoutly to the genuineness of the will. Something in his manner convinced the lawyer that he was swearing to a lie, but how could he convict him of it?

When he was placed on the stand for cross examination, Mr. Brown opened the will and held it before him.

"You swear that this is your signature?"

"I do."

"And that you signed this will two days before Mr. Blank's death, he being then confined to his bed?"

"Yes," said the man, doggedly. "I signed it, and helped him fold and seal it."

The lawyer's eye kindled. "How did you help him?"

"'Joseph,' he said to me, 'fold this paper.' So I folded it. 'Joseph,' says he, 'look in yonder closet, and bring me my seal and wax and a candle.' So I brought them, and lighted the candle. 'Joseph,' he says, 'drop the wax.' So I dropped it, and as his hands were shaking so, I sealed it with his seal."

"You swear this to be true?"

"I do."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Brown, impressively, "this is the will. It has been fastened by a wafer!" and he won the case.

Another suit, the incidents of which have served as a basis for one or two novels, involved the possession of a large estate, which a distant relative of the late owner claimed by virtue of a deed of gift, which he asserted had been executed at a time when the owner was on bad terms with his sons. There was no will.

The paper bore every mark of being genuine; was formally executed; the witnesses swore to their signatures, and experts testified their belief that the name of the dead man was written by himself. All hope for the heirs seemed to be over, when their counsel, suddenly raising the paper close to his eyes, sent a messenger hastily out of court.

The claimant continued to bring in testimony in proof of the genuineness of the document for an hour. His case appeared to be fully established, when the counsel for the defendants called a grave old Quaker to the witness-stand.

"Friend Blank, please hold that paper up to the light. What is the water-mark on it?"

"That of my firm, Blank and Son."

"When did you begin the manufacture of paper?"

"In 1849."

"What is the date of the document?"

"July 10, 1844."

"That is enough. Gentlemen of the jury, we close our case."

The late Attorney General Brewster was counsel in a case which also hung upon the authenticity of a will. He observed that on the impression of the seal of the devisor, twice used upon the document, was a mark as light as a hair. He examined the seal itself, and found no crack which could produce this mark. He then caused a search to be made for engravers of seals in Philadelphia, and succeeded in finding the man who had made that used in the fraudulent will.

"I recollect the job," said the engraver, "for the seal was accidentally cracked; but the man who ordered it would not wait for another to be made."

He had made the seal three weeks after the death of the devisor. The forgery was proved, and Mr. Brewster won his case.—Youth's Companion.

HIBERNIAN BULLS.

One of the Special Intellectual Qualities of the Irish.

There are people who have expressed a doubt whether the Irish bull has any real place among intellectual fauna of these islands, and is not, as a matter of fact, as non-existent as that earlier product of the same soil, the Irish elk. They do not, of course, deny that certain examples of verbal condition or of incongruity between words and things have obtained currency as "bulls," but they decline to believe that any of them were really uttered in good faith, and they prefer to regard them simply as the products of a deliberately perverted kind of Irish humor. There can no longer be any doubt that there is something in the constitution of the Irish mind which predisposes it to perceive a congruity between words and things where no such congruity exists in fact, and to lose sight of the incompatibility of two conceptions which no man of any other race would even for a moment think of as reconcilable. Why this peculiarity should form one of the special intellectual qualities of the Irish, and to be absent from or not found to any thing like the same extent in other peoples, is a curious problem. Its most plausible explanation, however, is not otherwise than flattering to the bull-making race. There can be little doubt, that is to say, that the bull is only possible to a very quickly working intelligence and to a power of expression which responds with exceptional rapidity to the thought. No man whose ideas are slow of formation in the mind or of formation by the lips is capable of committing a bull, for the simple reason that the relation of his ideas to each other or to the world of external fact have time to get themselves accurately reviewed before any of these ideas are translated into words. It is necessary, too, to distinguish, for there are obviously bulls and bulls. One and perhaps the most fascinating, because the most natural, of all descriptions of the bull which is born, so to speak, of rhetorical emotion—the bull which betrays the speaker, like Europa, by the attractions of strength or grace. Mr. Keene's Irishman who, in indignant contradiction of his English friend's assertion that Irish absentee landlords were less common than formerly, exclaims: "Ye're wrong, me boy; me counthry swar-r-ms with them," made the ideal bull of the class to which I refer. The seduction of the phrase which he used was so great, it is so favorite a rhetorical commonplace for the description of a multitude of objects, that even an Englishman can here sympathize with the bull-maker and can feel that he, too, in a moment of unusual vivacity, might have made the bull himself. But there is another though not perhaps so common a variety of these mental stumbles, which has nothing to do with the form of expression, and which arises from sheer failure, of course only temporary, to recognize the repugnancy of two mutually repugnant ideas. The best, though possibly not the best authenticated, example of it is one in which the misleading influences of language are entirely eliminated, inasmuch as the bull was committed by the mere act of speaking, and not by what was said. I refer to the well-known anecdote of the man who, observing himself overlooked in the act of writing to a friend by the prying eyes of a neighbor in the parlor of an inn, abruptly closed his epistle with the words: "I would write you more but that an impertinent Irishman is reading every word of this letter over my shoulder." Of course the story goes on to relate that the words were no sooner put on the paper than the Irishman broke out into a wrathful denial of the charge. It is a story which distinctly "lacks confirmation," but I should hesitate to pronounce it impossible, and, though the most flagrant, it is not the only instance of a bull-inaction.—English Illustrated Magazine.

—The new French method of hypnotism for the cure of persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, is said to be wonderfully successful. The cure has excited so much attention that French specialists now have a hospital devoted to the treatment, and publish a review

FASHIONBLE FOLLIES.

All About the Latest Kinks in Stylish Gowns and Millinery.

The pansy is the favorite among flower pins.

A new lace pin is an emerald frog with diamond eyes.

In Paris gowns of nettle green are worn with dull-blue sashes.

Very "loud" stripes and plaids are now permissible where striking effects are desired.

A fashionable material for inexpensive tea-gowns is mousselaine delaine. It is in high favor in Paris.

A new tint of crushed strawberry promises to be a great favorite. It is softer in tone than the original shades.

With empire and directoire gowns Marie Antoinette fichus of white or colored linen will be worn this summer.

With elegant dress toilets the coiffure is arranged to correspond with the empire, Grecian, or other style of dress adopted.

The most stylish handkerchiefs are finished with a deep hem, above which is a dainty device in drawn work or an insertion of real lace.

The newest tints in millinery are English rose, magnolia, anemone, anemone pink, wisteria, lily-leaf green, oak heart, summer sky, and opal.

London costumers indulge in daring color combinations. Such combinations as green and tan, turquois and amber, old rose and pale green, lily leaf and biscuit, peach and amethyst, are frequent.

Dress shoes are slightly pointed at the toes and are cut down deep in front. They have plain pompadour heels. A narrow strap runs through an oblong buckle of French brilliants and holds the shoe over the instep.

A new costume called the Boulanger is very striking. The dress, which is of tea-rose silk, is embroidered all over with red carnations. The hat which accompanies it has a bunch of carnations and a garland of spinach for trimming.

The Empress Frederick displays great taste in her mourning outfit. She wears gowns of crepe and nun's vailing, which are softened by linings of white satin. Deep collars and elbow cuffs of white, embroidered with black, decorate her dresses, and one of her house gowns has long angel sleeves of white crepe, which flow and fall outside the black ones with an odd but artistic effect.

A lady well known in London society recently appeared at a drawing-room before the Queen in a Paris toilet of palest golden-green satin, draped with amber-brown tulle, and trimmed with a thick garland of pink roses and tender green and brown foliage, the flowers and leaves arranged straight up from the hem in easy grace, as if they were growing. The brocaded train was copied from a lovely old design, showing pink and damask roses, with curving stems on a ground of yellow-green brocatelle.—Chicago News.

THE CHARMED RING.

A Curious Superstition Concerning the Prussian Royal Family.

From the "Life of Emperor William:" One morning of the winter of 1865, in the Adjutant's chamber of the royal palace, the royal Treasurer, Mr. Geisling, entered, carrying a long, doubly sealed package. The address on the package, written by King Frederic William IV., was in effect: "I have opened this package in the presence of my sister Louise of the Netherlands, have taken cognizance of its contents, and then sealed it again with my seal, thereupon restoring it for safe keeping to the Prince Wittgenstein." A few days afterward there was found accidentally in the manuscript collection of the Berlin Royal Library, in an old folio volume, entitled "Alchemy of the Old Electors and Various Other Superstitions," a notice that King Frederic II., at the commencement of his reign, had, among various other things, also found a little box containing a ring with a black stone and a slip of paper by King Frederic I., on which was written about the following: "This ring has been given to me by my father of blessed memory, upon his death bed, with the remark that so long as this ring shall be preserved in the house of Bradenburg this would not only grow but increase and thrive visibly." Another notice, referring apparently to the same ring, said: "It is said that a princely person has brought in a large toad and set it upon the head of the Princess, who was at that moment in child's labor; this toad vomited forth a golden ring, mounted with one diamond and two rubies. This ring is still at present transmitted to the first-born of the house to the memory and intended good fortune and preservation of the owner."

Rumor has connected this ring with one said to have been drawn from the dying King Frederick William II.'s finger by the Countess Lichtenau. This says that luck left the Hohenzollerns in 1806, when the Countess possessed herself of the ring; she was treated harshly and unjustly by Frederick William III., and when finally she returned it in 1815, for a life pension, luck accompanied it. When she took the ring from the dying King's finger he exclaimed, feebly: "Her den ring" (return the ring); it was overheard by other persons, and, upon being interrogated, the wily Countess said the King had expressed a desire for her ring.

The late Emperor William was thoroughly free from mysticism, yet, from his manner of talking on the subject, he appeared as if he placed implicit faith in the power of the ring credited to it by the accompanying notices and remarks by his ancestors.

—Beans manured like squashes would grow leaves and vines but not many pods, while squash ground manured for beans would grow little worth harvesting. If one knows not the condition of his soil he should apply a complete fertilizer suited to the crop to be grown.—Rural New Yorker.

—Ninety-four per cent. of all the rum manufactured in the United States is made within five miles of Boston Statehouse, and nearly all the liquor exported from this country to Africa is shipped from the port of Boston.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The first silo was erected in this country in 1876. Since then 6,000 have been built. The silo is no longer an experiment.

—Water should never be used that has been held in a lead pipe all night, and it should be allowed to run freely before any is taken for use.

—For vermin on sheep use snuff or very fine tobacco. Dipping sheep is cruel, and should never be practised except when all other modes fail.

—Replanted corn does not, as a rule, bear large ears. The reason is that the plants are too much shaded by the earlier plants. It is like raising corn under the shade of a tree.

—Dip the fowls' feet and legs in kerosene to cure them of lime leg, or scurvy leg. Three such applications will cure the worst cases. Usually two applications are enough.

—The tendency to pack together in cruets and containers, may be entirely overcome by thoroughly drying the salt and intimately mingling with it a small percentage of dry corn starch or arrowroot.

—The fruit crop is doubling every ten years, and attendant evils have also increased. Insects are more destructive than ever. There are 220 different kinds of insects that prey upon the apple.

—An English writer of great experience, and a close observer, in writing of a tour of inspection of the agricultural interests of the United States, says: "If American stockmen used more roots and less corn they would have to pay fewer visits to Europe for breeding animals."

—If the farmer will remember that it is to be hungry himself he may sometimes have a kindly feeling for his young stock. If he add thereto the thought that long fasting adds no meat to exposed stock he may feel his pocket touched, for in the spring if the young things look well they will bring double the money that other fellow's will who took no care of his.

—The valuable elements of corn are starch, sugar, gluten and oil. Southern corn contains most starch. White corn contains about seventy per cent. of starch. Sugar corn has but little starch and this is the cause of its shriveling. Yellow corn has the most oil and a large per cent. of gluten. The hard or flint kinds contain the most gluten and the soft the most starch. Small kinds contain the most oil.

—Pot Roast: Put a thick piece of beef, with a little bone and fat, an onion, and, if liked, a sliced carrot, over the fire in a pot; just cover with boiling water. Put on a tight lid and boil gently for four hours, replenishing the water as it boils away with just enough to keep the meat from burning, so that there will be hardly any water left; when it is tender turn occasionally, and let it brown in its fat when done. Take the meat out of the pot and make a gravy with the drippings; pour over the meat and serve.

COOKING VEGETABLES.

A Culinary Accomplishment Possessed by But Few Housekeepers.

There is probably no subject on which housekeepers so often differ as the preparation of vegetables. The commonest of all vegetables, the potato, is cooked with cold and boiling water with equal success. Others insist that to steam them is the better way. This entire matter should be regulated by the season of the year and the variety of potato, some varieties becoming waxy and worthless boiled in cold water, even when they are old. All the advantages gained by cooking old potatoes in cold water may be gained by soaking them in cold water before cooking for four or five hours with their skins on. If they are then cooked in boiling water they will have lost the strong taste perceptible at this season of the year, and are in no danger of becoming water soaked. All root vegetables, after the 1st of January, are better for soaking six hours in cold water before cooking them, unless they are kept in a dirt cellar during the winter or buried in earth where they will not freeze. Another point of difference in cooking is the adding of salt. Old-fashioned cooks boiled all their vegetables in salted water, but modern science does not sanction this, and most of the best cooks add the salt to all delicate vegetables after they are nearly done and to strong vegetables, like onions and cabbages, before they are put in the water. The reason for this is that salted water retards the process of cooking, takes the flavor from the vegetables. This is ruinous in the case of a delicate vegetable like green peas, but an improvement to strong onions. One of the chief reasons in summer for the inferiority of vegetables is in leaving them to become old and tough before they are gathered. Too many gardeners, instead of a succession of crops of green peas, beans and other summer vegetables, plant their entire crop at once and insure a tough old supply during part of the season. No cook can prepare old peas, or any other overgrown vegetable, so they are fit for the table. Vegetables picked in the morning, with the dew on them, are superior to those gathered in the heat of the day, as every housekeeper knows. If the vegetables gathered can not be used at once, they should be laid in a cool, dark place till the time for cooking. Perfect cleanliness in preparation, cooking only till the root or herb is tender, not a moment afterward, and serving with salt, pepper and sweet butter, or a simple cream sauce, will give the most satisfactory results. No exact schedule of time can be given. This the housekeeper must learn by experience. Winter vegetables take usually twice as long to cook as summer, or three times as long if they have become withered and dried. Strong, old withered vegetables, however cooked, are unfit for the table, and something else had better replace them.

Housekeepers need to be reminded that there is no better purifier of the blood that has become clogged with coarse, greasy winter food than salads of watercresses, dandelion and other "good green herbs" which will soon clothe the earth with their beauty and bounty.—N. Y. Tribune.