WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

ARK-hear the bells.

Whose music tells

of Christmas joy

sinks and swells

Of happy things,

King of Kings.

Lo, on this day,

STAT.

And long ago,

In manger low,



A radiant star. Shone bright and far Above the plains where shepherds were, And led the way.

That Christmas day, To where the young child Jesus lay.

O glorious morn When Christ was born Among the garnered wheat and corn: O happy place Where His dear face First shed the sunshine of its grace.

Above the plain A heavenly strain Of music rang : and its refrain Is ringing still O'er height and hill: "Be Pence on earth, to men Good-Will."

Rejoice to-day. The glad bells say: Put all the cares that yex away; Let Christmas cheer Find welcome here. And bless this best day of the year.

To Christ, thy King. As tribute bring Thy heart, and let the offering With love be sweet. As at His feet

Thy lips its grateful yows repeat. Rejnice and sing.

The glad bells ring In honor of the world's dear King: Let love increase: May discord cease; All hall all hall thou Prince of Peace! -Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion

TWO CHRISTMASES.

How Amelia's Lover Circumvented the Old Man.



torian so delights to tell lurked along the Battery ten hours a day, or tore the reeking scalp from the head of his bosom friend or law partner on Bowling Green. He was proud of his great wealth, much of which he had inherited and much of which he had made in Wall street; proud of his record as a business man; proud of his

the

Each sound that sings This birthday of the and Amelia loved Arthur.

The glad bells say, It was Christmas Eve. As the weary In Bethlehem, far, far landlord pounded at Arthur's door that poor but undoubted genius went down the fire-escape. Bright lights-glowing Was born the Christ hearths-good cheer-holly-peace on Who loved thee so. earth-mistletoe-flip-flap-and all that sort of thing. (Ten pages of manuscript suppressed by the authorities at this point.)

Arthur was going to ask old Dollinger for Amelia. When he reached the house he touched the electric button. Jeames. in livery, responded. He was shown into the library, where Dollinger, cold, calm, calculating, stood before the fire. "Mr. Dollinger," said Arthur, in a firm voice. "I came to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage.'

"Sir!" thundered the father, "sir, how dare you? You, unknown: you, a beggar: you, an artist! Leave the house! Go! or I'll call the police!"

"But your daughter has given her consent." pleaded Arthur.

"That makes not the slightest difference," replied the old gentleman, growing purple in the face. "Go this instant, or my men shall throw you out!"

"I take it, then," returned Arthur, as his thin lip curled bitterly, "that you are opposed to the match?"

"Insolent puppy!" roared the old man. while the veins stood out on his neck and forehead: "begone this instant, or I will hurl you through the window! But stay one moment! Come back when you have one million in cash and possibly ed the money. He also said he would I may consider your suit. Now go?" "D n't sit up for me to-night," said

Arthur, as he turned away stunned and crushed.

"If Arthur goes, I go, too," cried a and hung about Arthur's neck, while he | They both wept, and they were still showered great, warm kisses on her lips and forehead.

"Go, both of you!" fairly bellowed the OHN K. DOLold man, with face vivid purple and LINGER, millveins almost bursting. "Never darken ionaire, was my door again!"

a cold, proud, "Yes, go, and never show your faces haughty man; he here again!" cried Mrs. Louise Kill Von was fond of his Kull Dollinger-Dollinger, sweeping in. family, which They turned, with arms twined about had come to this each other's necks, and passed into the country when hall. Here Arthur by mistake took a "lurking fine black silk umbrella instead of his savage" of own red-white-and-blue campaign affair. which the his-



found that he owed the man he borrowed with a box on the end of the rope. Dol- ing when a young man and laid up more the money from to do it about eight linger and his mining friend got in the However. I cleaned you out and I don't hundred dollars. Arthur was but a box and the hired man let them down. young, poor and struggling artist, and Dollinger didn't notice the little pieces he knew it would be years before he of red yarn tied on the rope, but the that I had to spend to sell you the could paint a lot of big war pictures and hired man did, because that was what mine?" take them to Russia to exhibit. But he he was paid for, and every time he came loved Amelia better than his own life, to one of them as the rope unwound he stopped so Harvey and Dollinger could sample the walls of the shaft and see how rich it was. Harvey showed Dollinger a million dollars' worth of gold every time they stopped, and they stopped five times; and when they got to the surface Dollinger offered two millions for the mine. Harvey looked as if he hated to, but at last he took it. He was a modest man and only called it El Dorado-Golconda mine, and Dollinger hired him at one thousand dollars a

month to superintend it, and started East Dollinger soon found that El Dorado-Golconda was somewhat expensive. He sent a big draft to Harvey for machinery, labor, etc., by every mail. The first thing he knew he had all the money he had in his mine. Still his manager kept calling for more. Pretty soon he got a letter from a Rainbow City lawyer named Snatchem, saving that there was a big mortgage on his mine before he bought it which must be settled. So he sent on the deed to his Fifth avenue house and collapsed into a chair, a ruined man without a cent in the world. Then came a parting letter

from Harvey saving that he took his pen in hand to inform him that he was in very good health in the dry climate of Colorado, and hoped Dollinger was enjoving the same great blessing. He inclosed a bill reading: "To salting mine before you visited it, \$200. Please remit." He explained that it cost fully \$200 to fix it to sell to him and he wantbe along about the 24th of the month (December) to take possession of the house, and closed by telling him not to forget that two hundred. Dollinger bowed his head and wept. His spirit wild, agonized voice. Amelia rushed in was broken at last. So was Mrs. D.'s. weeping when Christmas Eve came, the time Harvey said he would be on hand to

take the house. It was the same Christmas Eve, and the unprejudiced observer might have seen a pedestrian moving rapidly up Broadway. Why should I try to conceal the fact that it was Arthur Graves, the hero of the fire-escape? For it was he. Why did he scan every female face so closely? He was looking for his Amelia. of course. He had been out of town, for three years, but he had come back to find Amelia or to come pretty near dving in the attempt. It was a dreary Christmas Eve for him. The lights shone out from, etc. (Six pages of fine prose poetry are here omitted by request.) Arthur Graves had reached Twentythird street when he paused to buy a flower from a pale young woman who sold chrysanthemums and roses behind a little out-door stand. As he handed

know what more I could do. Could you let me have that two hundred to-night

"Sir!" thundered Dollinger.

"Beggar!" thundered Arthur.

"What do you mean?" howled Dollinger.

"Insolent puppy!" howled Arthur. "Answer me!" "Leave my house!"

"Stop!" "Git!"

Dollinger sank down in a paroxysm of rage. Mrs. Louise Kill Von Kull Dollinger-Dollinger fainted. "You mustn't be cruel with pape.

said Amelia, with a smile. "That's so," said Arthur. "I never thought of that. Of course we mustn't be cruel. What shall we do with him,

though?" "He might remain with us as coachman, couldn't he, dear?"

"Good idea." said Arthur. "John." he added, as he turned toward his fatherin-law. "you are coachman now. Turn down the tops of your boots and go out to the barn and see if the horses don't want some more hay."

Dollinger lowered his head and complied.

It was a happy, happy Christmasrather more so for Arthur and Amelia than for the old gentleman .- Fred H. Carruth. in N. Y. Tribune.

CHRISTMAS.

We Do Well to Make of It a Festal Day and a Day of Gifts.

What were the darkness of a world that had no Christmas birth? Think of a Christless world, one with no knowledge of a future life, no assurance of immortality. What is the darkness and the pain of a soul feeling after God and hope and ever groping in vain? Read an old philosopher encouraging himself to believe that a future life is likely because we have reminiscences of a previous life, or a modern philosopher in his last years ending his essay on Theism with the conclusion that the evidence for a God slightly predominates over the evidence against His existence, that He is wholly good. Because we have the birth in Bethlehem and the resurrection from the sepulcher of Joseph we have no fear of the grave. Its sting is removed; its victory is gone. We know in whom we have believed, and that He will keep what we have intrusted to Him until His great day.

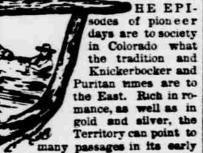
We do well to make this festal day a day of gifts. Christ was God's great Gift to man. It was when Paul was urging his readers to give gifts to others that he burst out with that exclamation which should be their loftiest example as it was their dearest joy: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" As give to us the life of His own well-beloved Son, what is there that we can not

"THE YANKEE GIRL"

How Its Discovery Gave Birth to a Quartette of Romances.

John Robinson's Lucky Find-Andrew Meldrum, the Wealthy Blacksmith, and Pretty Polly Bond-Polly's Infatuation for Mitchell, the Pugilist.

> [Special Correspondence.] LEADVILLE, Col.



history-hardly more than two decades ago - that were sufficiently thrilling to still live in memory. Not the least picturesque of these romances is that which relates to the discovery of the famous 'Yankee Giri" Mine and the loves of Andrew Meldrum and pretty but fickle Polly Bond.

John Robinson was a prospector, one of those useful pioneers who wandered, too often in hunger and want, over the western cliffs and barren, snow-capped peaks, laying the foundations for other men's fortunes: but he was destined to be one of Fate's favorites.

It was in 'SI that he went to Telluride and struck a job in the Pandora mill. Robinson was "nipper," that is, he was hired to carry the tools from a gang of men working on the grade to the blacksmith's to be sharpened. It was not an important position, but through it he became acquainted with the blacksmith, and that blacksmith was Andy Meldrum. At the grade, in turn, as he "packed" back the tools, he made many other friends, among them Gus Dietleif and Albert Lang, a couple of Germans, who having bad luck on farms in Nebraska, had come West to make their fortunes. They were working for three or four dollars a day; fairly comfortable wages, it is true; but their dreams were of nuggets of gold and mountains of silver, and into their ready ears John Robinson poured luring tales of the wonderful Red Mountain country just over the range; where no trails had yet penetrated; where scarce a prospect | fortune instead of the modest amount he but that there is no sufficient indication pole showed its black head on a mountain side, but where the precious metals lay rich, to be had for the taking. Then he repeated the stories at the other end of his | nearly forty years old and plain in face and perform the endless sharpening.

The Germans grew wild; they begged John to lead them to the Eldorado he described, and, throwing down their implements of labor, declared themselves ready to start at an hour's notice. But there came the rub; they had no means, and Robinson, why, like every other old prospector, he was always dead broke. When he got hold of a little money he tried to see how quickly he could "blow it in"-it did not take long-and he had not a nickel with which to equip a prospecting expedition. So, right here, he much as to say: If the Father God could played his big trump, he asked Andy Meldrum to grub-stake the party.

Andy consented. He purchased the sideat and flour and Ro nson and the

Crawford, an agent for a Pittsburgh concern, paid the four lucky owners of the new find a five-thousand-dollar bonus and started East with a hundred-pound lump of the ore. Within thirty days he returned, paid the price placed on the property by the discoverers, \$125,000, and the wonderful "Yankee Girl" Mine became the property, virtually, of the Standard Oil Company. Then each of the four fortunate prospectors pocketed his \$31,250 and went back East

Dietleif started for Germany to see his parents. On the ship going over he made the acquaintance of a pretty German fraulein. When the fatherland was reached the twain were made one, and Gus soon returned with his bride to Pueblo, where he still resides, one of its most solid citizens. Lang went no further than Nebraska, for there dwelt the sweetheart for whom he had christened the Einora claim. Their loving hearts were speedily united, and out of his comfortable little fortune he purchased a fine farm at Indianola.

Johnny Robinson went direct to New York, and at once proceeded to get married and locate with his Yankee bride on a farm in New Jersey.

Stalwart Andy Meldrum, the grub-staker, went to Canada, but returned in 1883 to Colorado and bought a ranch at Delta. There, at her father's place, he first saw lovely Polly Bond. Polly was seventeen, a beauty, fascinating in manner, dashing in style, and reputed rich; but she was uneducated, had a temper of her own, and the only visible accomplishment she possessed was that of spending money. Her father had made a snug little fortune in



a restaurant in Leadville, but had lost every thing except the ranch in the great Leadville bank failure. This was not generally known, however. On the other hand, Polly believed Andy to be the owner of a fabulous really possessed. He was not the ideal hero of a young girl, for, though six feet in height, slender and well-formed, he was trail while he waited for the blacksmith to manner. But her parents favored the match, Polly herself was inordinately fond of money, and elaborate preparations were soon under way for their marriage.

The bride-elect went to Denver with her pockets full of money to select her outfit. On this expedition she lost in cash the trifling sum of seven hundred dollars, and while returning to Delta missed a seal coat for which she had just paid six hundred dollars. But trifles like these did not annoy Polly, and Andy was too much infatuated to be troubled by any thing so long as Polly remained true to him. So, one month after their first meeting, Andy and Polly Bond were married.

The wedding trip was to Pittsburgh. They came back to Colorado, to Ouray, and y Mrs. Bond 1 discovered that

grand Fifth avenue home; proud of ever thing connected with John K. Dollinger. He was also, as I remarked, cold and haughty, and during his whole life in the metropolis he was never known to stop on Broadway, between Fulton and Ann streets, and buy a pair of suspenders of the red-faced man who is in that business there. Promptly at three o'clock every afternoon his coachman might have been seen waiting in front of his office in Wall street, with the tops of his boots turned down and a very stiff spinal column. Exactly at 3:15 o'clock Mr. Dollinger appeared 'and without shaking hands with the coachman, or otherwise greeting him, stepped into the carriage, which the man with the weeping willow boots drove rapidly to the Fifth avenue mansion, with the assistance of a pair of beautiful chestnut horses from which the tails had been carefully removed before starting.

Old Dollinger had a wife-Mrs. Dollinger. She was also cold, proud and haughty, as became the daughter of a Kill Von Kull and wife of a Dollinger. In fact there was nothing very affable about either one of them. A maiden aunt, poor in both purse and spirit, once came in from Stitchetyhatchet, N. J., and made them a six-weeks' visit in December and January, and she used to say when she got home that sometimes after a meal with the Dollingers, at which she had asked for soup twice and drank a little quietly out of her finger-bowl, that it was very pleasant and a great relief to her to go out on the stoop and associate awhile with the cast-iron griffins. She said she had never supposed that griffins could be so sociable and pleasant. She had always had an idea from the way a griffin held back its head and carried one jaw up and wore its tail at half-mast that it was far from warm in its affections or cordial in its manners; but she said that after she had eaten pie with her knife ten or fifteen minutes at her nephew's table it was surprising how pleasant and sociable those iron griffins could be.

There was another member of the Dollinger family-a daughter-an only child. She was not as were her parents. Reared in the frosty, gray atmosphere of the Dollinger brown-stone front coldstorage warehouse, she was like a being same coachman, wearing the same boots, from another world-like the soft cloud- | drove him away at the same hour, in the like pasque flower among the snows-a same carriage, drawn by the same violet amid the April chill. Proud she horses, with the same straining eviwas, to be sure, but proud of something dence that they had mislaid their better than wealth; and she was not cold | tails somewhere in England. Dollinger nor haughty. Her name was Amelia. Her mother wanted her to write it with the upper part of an exclamation point lating. roosting on the "e." but she refused. She said that if she should ever write a thin red-covered book she would put the a letter from a man named C. H. Harweathercock on the "e." but that while she staved in her right mind she could never think of it. She remonstrated linger as being a good thing, and he name Mrs. Louise Kill Von Kull Dollin- a long letter in reply, saying that he had ger-Dollinger, but it didn't do any good.

had a studio in East Fourteenth street. didn't have the capital to work it. Dolwhere he painted large, soulful pictures | linger concluded to go out to Rainbow and got behind them and breathed low when the landlord pounded on the door for the rent. That's about the only good the pictures ever did him, because he pleasant appearing and wore a full beard. couldn't sell many and when he did sell met him at the station and took him di-

GO. BOTH OF YOU."

and they went out past the griffins and down the stone steps, while the great white snowflakes settled down upon them with a soft, pitving touch.

Five minutes later they mounted the steps of the Twenty-eighth-street station of the Sixth avenue elevated. Dropping two red theater checks into the chopper-box, Arthur passed on to the platform followed closely by Amelia, while the guileless and near-sighted gateman pumped the checks.

"Love," whispered Arthur, as he ressed her little hand in his, "love, we will seek Rev. Mr. Tyemup; he shall make us one and I'll paint him a picture for his fee."

A train dashed up. "Harl'm!" shouted the man who had allowed his machine to eat the theater checks. Quickly Amelia stepped on. Guard No. 14.874 vanked the bell-rope viciously, slammed the gate in Arthur's face and the train shot away.

"I shall never see her again!" cried Arthur, reeling away. "She is gone from me-lost in New York-swallowed up in the shadows of a great city!" With a wild shrick he fell on the platform. The gateman tossed him over the railing to the street below. There they gathered him up and took him to the Seventeenth Precinct police station.

Nearly three years had rolled away. During all this time Dollinger had not heard one word of his daughter or Arthur Graves. He knew nothing of their whereabouts. But he was still the same cold, haughty, proud Dollinger. He still scorned to buy chestnuts of the man on the corner or give the faintest tip on the stock market to his footman. The was the same, only perhaps a little colder, a little harder, a little more calcu-

One day he was sitting in his office looking over the mail when he came to vey, who lived in Colorado and had a little mining scheme. It struck Dolthe biggest gold mine in Colorado, and Arthur Graves was a poor artist. He he wanted to sell it cheap, because he City, where the mine was located, and see about it.

The man Harvey, who was quite could have paid his debts he would have the ground, with a rope and windlass have had more if you had been more say- self such airs over it."-Harner's Bazar. pitched in the Red Mountain valley. George

closely, and, uttering a wild cry, clasped her in his arms.

her the money he looked at her more

"Amelia." he whispered.

"Still yours, Arthur," and each was too happy to speak more.

They stood thus for some five minutes, affording a very interesting entertainment for the passers-by. Then Arthur turned and kicked the flowerstand over into the middle of Madison square and motioned to a hatk-driver to approach.

"We will go to Rev. Mr. Tyemup for sure this time," he whispered, "and." he added, with a dreamy, mysterious look in his eyes as he gazed up Broadway, "I-I think I can manage to pa? him a small fee in cash this time."

A half hour later the reverend gentleman pronounced them man and wife. Tossing him a \$500 bill as a slight compensation for what he had done, Arthur took his bride on his arm and went out. "Drive to Dollinger's." he said to the man.

"Oh. don't do that!" said Amelia. anxiously. "Papa is as hard as ever-he won't let us enter."

"Never fear, love," replied Arthur, and again the far-away, mysterious look came into his eyes: "we will see if we can not soften the old gentleman."

They walked up past the griffins and Arthur rang the bell-much bolder than he had three years before. Jeames responded as before, but he looked sick. They stepped into the library and found



DOLLINGER BECOMES COACHMAN TO HIS SON-IN-LAW.

Dollinger sitting on the sofa, with his wife near.

"By heavens," cried Dollinger, "the beggar artist and my undutiful daughter! Leave my house instantly!" and his face began to grow purple again.

"Your house?" said Arthur, inquiringly. "Your house?" he continued as he took his place before the fire and Amelia rested her hand on his shoulder. "Your house, my friend?" he went on, arching with her mother when she wrote her wrote to the man about it. Harvey sent his evebrows. "It strikes me I have here a deed for this house myself," and he drew a legal-looking paper from his pocket.

"Are you not Arthur Graves?" cried the old man.

"That's my name," replied Arthur, carelessly. "For some time, however, I have been C. H. Harvey. of Rainbow City, Col., and on occasion Attorney Snatchem, of the same place. You told one he usually let the man get away rectly to his mine, which was on the out- me not to come back till I had a million without paying him. If Arthur Graves skirts of town. It was only a hole in -I've got twelve millions and I would seal plush, for all Mrs. Veneer gives her-

word still holds good in these latter Christmas days: if God could bestow such a priceless gift on us, we surely can give our lesser gifts to Him and to His children in their need, and to our own dear ones, as pledges of our lesser and finite love.

So let the feast and the gifts recall the day of joy when the angels and the stars sang the gladdest day of all earth's history. Let the children come from the chimney corner with their stockings filled with toys, to rejoice because Jesus came and therein blessed little children. Let the tables be loaded with the fruits of the year, and households gather around them and thank God for the Gift of all gifts. And before the day is over read again the story of the wondrous birth and recite the simple lines: "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." which any child can understand, and then let the elders read Milton's grandest, most majestic "Hymn to the Nativity," and end the day with thanks to Him whose Father-love gave humanity the Gift .-N. Y. Independent.

The Christmas Spirit. After all, it is not gifts of gold and

pearls and diamonds, of furs and lace and costly pictures, of checks and purses that maintain the Christmas spivit; for the little pin-cushion made by a child's hands has been known to be of more value than all of these put together and to afford more cheer and satisfaction and Christmas joy: the pebble, pressed leaf, are as precious when given and accepted with love: it is not the ringing of the church bell, sweet as the sound is over the crisp snow and in the early starlit darkness, for far away in remote Christmas spirit and the Christmas joy are felt; it is not the hanging up of holly and of pine, for Christmas is Christmas still among blooming orange groves and in the midst of tropical seas: it takes, in fact, none of the customs in vogue among our ancestors or know even to our childhood to give the day its own sweetness. It is the acknowledgment of the beauty and holiness of that character which the day commemorates, and the wish, if night. not indeed the endeavor. to do some of the same work as that which has been wrought by this beauty and holiness in all of nearly two thousand years, which gives the day its own power, its own loveliness. Wherever we are, at the North pole or at the equator, in poverty or in wealth, in a palace or a prison, it is possible that Christmas shall be a day of joy to us, and possible that we may make it a day of joy to others: that we may show, in our own feeble part of the showing, that we ourselves were included in the meaning of the song the herald angels sang. and that we have accepted our share of the blessed burden of carrying the message of good-

will to all the earth .- Harper's Bazar. HUSBAND (coming home from church) -"You seemed unusually thoughtful during the sermon, my dear. I was impressed, too. There seemed to be something genuine about it." Wife-"Well. there isn't. I'm perfectly sure it's only

give to our brethren in their need? The Germans climbed over the steep San Juan | Polly must accompany her on a trip to San range into the magnificent Red Mountain



ON THE WAY TO THE RED MOUNTAINS

valley and that fall located three claims. the Robinson, named for Johnny, the Gustay, for Gus Dietleif, and the Elnora, for Lang's sweetheart.

There was game in the Red _ountain country in those days: the explosion of dynamite and giant powder had not frightened all the wild creatures from their ancestral haunts, and the deer, antelope and dangerous bear furnished important additions to the log cabin men. Consequently the hunting expeditions were of no small interest. Dietleif and Robinson started out one day, being short of meat. The game was unaccountably shy. Up the sides of guiches, down precipitous cliffs, along the beds of the mountain torrents, the hungry company traveled, at last getting up to a small buck Robinson fired but missed : Dietleif followed with a shot that brought the creature down. He went after the carcass and returned to find Robinson reclining on frontier clearings, where the sound of the ground exhausted and ill. The long, the church-going bell is unknown, the | hard tramp had proved too much for him. Dietleif waited some little time for his comrade's recovery, but he grew worse instead of better.

> "You'd better go on, Gus," Robinson said, at length; "I can stay here all night and the other boys want the meat."

So Dietleif proceeded with his venison toward the cabin, leaving poor Robinson to battle alone as best he could. It would not have been the first time that he had lain with but the chill mountain air for a covering through all the long, dreary, lonely

But as he lay stretched out, helpless and suffering, the hand that he threw out listlessly fell on a small fragment of rock. He lifted it mechanically, with the instinct of a prospector, and noticed that it was unusually heavy. He broke it on the rocky bed on which he lay, and then sprang in ercitement to his feet, his iliness entirely forrotten, for that bit of rock was a piece of solid Galena, rich with silver. He eramined the spot where it lay and found it to be a great mass, ten feet square, like the small piece he had broken.

"God bless my Yankee girl!" exclaimed Robinson. "How she will be pleased when she hears that I have succeeded at last." And so the mine was christened.

Robinson dragged himself to the cabin. but scarcely to sleep. The Lext morning he came back and staked out the claim. When the mine was started it was cut, floor, breast and sides, out of solid Galena. It was paying mine from the grass roots.

The news flew. No one could tell how it went, but it caused at once the greatest excitement ever known in Western Colorado. Men came from East and West, from North and South, even from Mexico. The tents of two or three thousand prospectors were

Francisco. Andy, up in the mountains busy with his mines, was willing that his young bride should amuse herself, and readily gave his consent. He did not know that in San Francisco was handsome Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, who had been Polly's sweetheart long before her husband had ever seen her face.

While Polly was enjoying this visit the Guston Mine was sold to good advantage and Andy made a second pile. He generously made his wife a birthday present on her return of his ranch, a property valued at some \$15,000. In a few months a change of residence to Denver followed and the erection of a costly home, and this, too, was presented to Polly. Two weeks later Charlie Mitchell stepped off a train at Denver while on his way to California after a trip to England. Then Polly Meldrum left her adoring, indulgent husband, and, with all the assurance in the world, applied for a divorce and alimony on the ground of cruelty. She had done very well from a financial stand point; she owned a fine ranch, a \$30 .-000 residence in Denver, and had spent some \$10,000 or \$12,000 during her brief conjugal experience. Through the intervention of some of Andy's friends she was prevailed upon to reconvey to him the title of the ranch on condition that he should enter no opposition to her divorce suit. She believed she held the matter in her hand; but when the suit came on for a hearing it was thrown out of court. At the next term there was handed down a re-



markable decision by Judge Halleck, of Denver, which attracted attention throughout California and the West, Without the formality of an application from Andrew Meldrum a divorce was granted to him, and the residence property held by his wife returned by order of the court.

Two months after this decision was rendered Charley Mitchell turned his back on Polly, recrossed the ocean, and married the red-cheeked English daughter of "Pony" Moore.

Polly, now without means and broken spirited, went back with her mother to Leadville. She appealed the decision depriving her of the Denver property to th Supreme Court and it is still in Iftigation. Andy, after receiving the gift of his divorce, purchased a quantity of fine stock and repaired to his Delta ranch, where he still lives. But the stalwart blacksmith, though rich and honored, can not forget the beautiful girl who cast him off. Although despised and deserted by her, i.e declares that he would gladly again cir.sp her to his heart if she would consent tr, be once more his wife. No. 13.

